April, 1939

The American Mercury

We're Blundering Into War

By CHARLES A. BEARD

25 cents

"Gee! A Nickel Left for Candy"

TOYS, lamp bulbs, or bathtubs—whenever the cost of an article is lowered through economies in production, more people can buy it. And those who can buy the article anyway have money left to buy other things.

Take the case of the electric refrigerator. In 1927, when the average model cost about $350, only 375,000 people bought refrigerators. Ten years later, when improvements in manufacturing had brought the price down to $170, *six times as many people* bought them. And thousands who, perhaps, could have paid the higher price, were able to use the difference to purchase other comforts and conveniences.

The same has been true of hundreds of other manufactured articles. Because the scientists, engineers, and workmen of industry have developed hundreds of new products, have improved them, have learned how to make them less expensive, more millions of people have been able to buy them. And by this process, industry has been able to provide the American people with the highest standard of living in the world.

In this progress, General Electric, by applying electricity to the wheels of industry, has played an important part. By continuing these efforts, it is helping today to provide for America still MORE GOODS FOR MORE PEOPLE AT LESS COST.

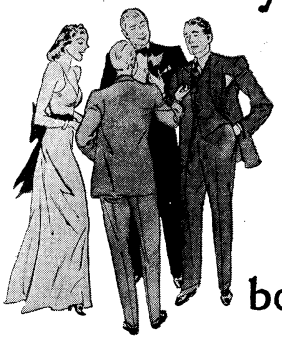
G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

NEW YORK — VISIT THE G-E "HOUSE OF MAGIC" AT THE FAIRS — SAN FRANCISCO

Commonest of All Excuses:

"I'm sorry—I never got around to reading that!"



Why miss *this year*—as you did *last year*—so many new books you would deeply enjoy?

THE self-examination provided on the next page will show *the degree* to which you may have allowed procrastination to keep you from reading new books which you want very much to read. Over 200,000 families — persons like yourself — have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club a really effectual means of solving this problem.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book *in advance of its publication.* If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

You Still Browse in Bookstores

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination.

If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying these miscellaneous recommended books from a favored bookseller.

In other words, instead of limiting your reading, this system widens it. You can browse among the books as always, but now do it intelligently; you know what to look for.

Once and for all this system *really keeps you from missing the new books you want to read.* You do actually buy and read those you want, instead of confessing sadly to friends, "I never got around to reading that!"

In addition, there is a great money saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway, because they are so widely talked about. (Outstanding examples of these in 1938 were THE YEARLING, WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME, THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR, and a list of others too long to include here.) *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

Free Books You Get

These book-dividends represent a unique system of saving through quantity production. The resulting economy is extraordinary. For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive over 75c back in the form of free books.

Some of the actual book-dividends distributed within recent months is the best indication of what can be done by this system: they included BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (a special $6 edition); JOSEPH IN EGYPT (2 vols., $5); the Pulitzer Prize edition of ANDREW JACKSON, by Marquis James ($5); MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie ($3.50);

—Continued from preceding page

THE ARTS, by Van Loon ($3.95). These books were *given* to members — not sold, mind you!

What's Your Obligation?

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.*

Your only obligation as a member is to agree to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club. These may be either current or past selections.

IN 1938 DID YOU READ EVEN TWO OR THREE OF THESE BEST SELLERS—GOOD BOOKS NOT TO BE MISSED?

Check those you have not read

THE YEARLING..... ☐ *Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*	ANDREW JACKSON..... ☐ *Marquis James*
JOSEPH IN EGYPT..... ☐ *Thomas Mann*	THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY..... ☐ *Harry Scherman*
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN..... ☐ *Carl Van Doren*	THE FIGHT FOR LIFE..... ☐ *Paul de Kruif*
MADAME CURIE..... ☐ *Eve Curie*	HELL ON ICE..... ☐ *Commander Edw. Ellsberg*
THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR..... ☐ *Arthur E. Hertzler*	THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM..... ☐ *Thurman W. Arnold*
FANNY KEMBLE..... ☐ *Margaret Armstrong*	A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH... ☐ *Jonathan Daniels*
PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY..... ☐ *Irwin Edman*	DRY GUILLOTINE..... ☐ *René Belbenoit*
LISTEN! THE WIND..... ☐ *Anne Morrow Lindbergh*	THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING..... ☐ *Lin Yutang*
OUT OF AFRICA..... ☐ *Isak Dinesen*	MY SISTER EILEEN..... ☐ *Ruth McKenney*
RED STAR OVER CHINA..... ☐ *Edgar Snow*	THE GENERAL'S LADY..... ☐ *Esther Forbes*
THE EVOLUTION OF PHYSICS..... ☐ *Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld*	MAN'S HOPE..... ☐ *André Malraux*
THE SUMMING UP..... ☐ *W. Somerset Maugham*	TESTAMENT..... ☐ *R. C. Hutchinson*
WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME..... ☐ *Margaret Halsey*	
THE COMING VICTORY OF DEMOCRACY... ☐ *Thomas Mann*	

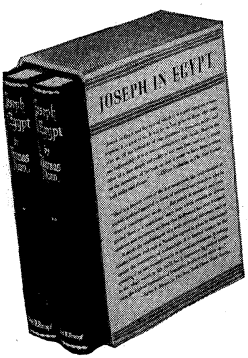
— and many others no less worth reading, too many to be listed here

FREE... TO NEW MEMBERS

Joseph in Egypt, by Thomas Mann

—or any of the other Book-Dividends listed in coupon

If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, a novel which has been acclaimed as "perhaps the greatest creative work of the twentieth century" — JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann (two volumes, boxed, retail price $5.00). This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose one of the other recent book-dividends listed in the coupon.



BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, 385 Madison Ave., New York A134

Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive, free, the book checked below, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

Check title you prefer to receive as your free enrollment book

☐ JOSEPH IN EGYPT ☐ THE ARTS ☐ MADAME CURIE
☐ BARTLETT'S QUOTATIONS ☐ ANDREW JACKSON

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Please check whether you would like us to ship the current book-of-the-month with the free book above YES☐ NO☐

Books shipped to Canadian members DUTY PAID, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Ltd.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XLVI

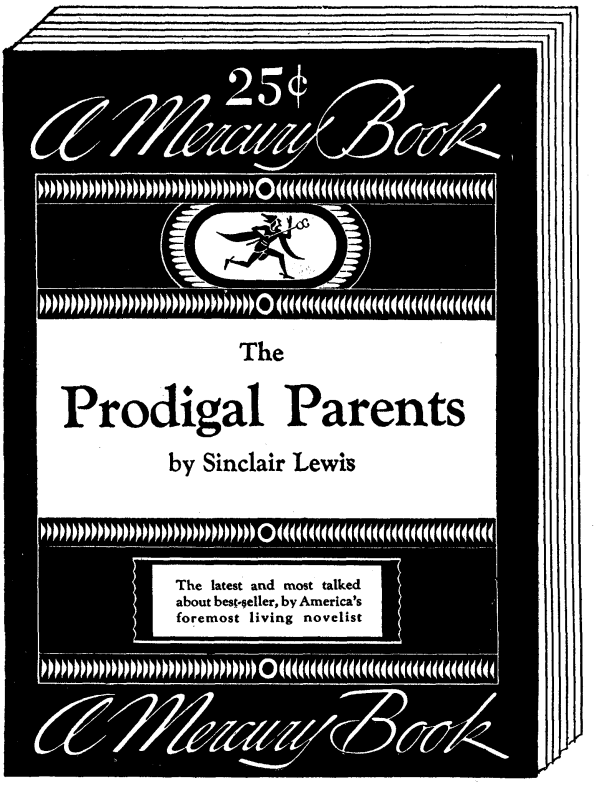
TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER 184

April, 1939

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Publisher* — Eugene Lyons, *Editor* — J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Foreign subscriptions, $4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.



The Prodigal Parents is packed with exciting, entertaining reading. Groverman Blake says, in the Cincinnati *Times-Star:* "It's the first novel I have read in months that I didn't put down until I had finished. And I didn't skip pages, either."

Fred Cornplow, motor car dealer of Sachem Falls, N. Y., is a memorable character. Lewis Gannett writes, "Fred Cornplow is superb;" and the Boston *Transcript* says, "To his famous gallery of American portraits, including Babbitt, Dodsworth and Arrowsmith, Sinclair Lewis now adds the fictional picture of Fredk. Wm. Cornplow."

Have You Read Sinclair Lewis' Latest Best-Seller?

If you haven't, this is your opportunity to get a copy for twenty-five cents in the Mercury Book edition.

The Prodigal Parents in this new edition will be on sale at your local newsstand on April 10th. But it won't remain there long. The supply will be limited. Better place your order for a copy now with your dealer or with us.

MERCURY BOOKS · 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

YOU CAN'T TELL *HIM* THERE'S NO FISHIN'

Let the Weather Man talk. Let the experts scoff. Youth goes fishing for the fun of it . . . in all kinds of weather . . . in all kinds of waters.

The man who has lost the spirit of youth is too busy with gloomy forecasts to gather bait, much less go fishing.

Men with the spirit of youth pioneered our America . . . men with vision and sturdy confidence. They found contentment in the thrill of action, knowing that success was never final and failure never fatal. It was courage that counted. Isn't opportunity in America today greater than it was in the days of our grateful forefathers?

Live Life . . . Every golden minute of it
Enjoy Budweiser . . . Every golden drop of it

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • ST. LOUIS

Makers of the World-Famous **BUDWEISER** *King of Bottled Beer*

Big *in Value*

...Little *in Cost*

FEW things give you so much convenience, happiness and security—all rolled into one—as your telephone.

Telephone service is not only exceptionally good—it's cheap. Nowhere in the world do people get so much service and such good service at such low cost.

Experienced management, trained people and good equipment are three important reasons for this fact.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

You are cordially invited to visit the Bell System exhibit at the New York World's Fair

VOLUME XLVI APRIL, 1939 NUMBER 184

The American
MERCURY

OUR TOTALITARIAN "LIBERALS"

An Editorial

THE standard reproach against liberals is that they are unable to make up their minds in time of stress. It is charged that they fiddle on their moral scruples and mental reservations while Rome burns. That complaint is implicit in the celebrated definition of a liberal as a person with both feet firmly planted in mid-air. Whatever validity there may be in the reproach in general, however, it certainly no longer holds for the *official* American liberalism: for the elements roughly represented by the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and latterly also the *New Masses*. The traditional liberal attitudes of scientific skepticism toward all dogmas, civilized distrust of those in power, open-mindedness and fair play, are as rare in those precincts as in the headquarters of Fritz Kuhn, Silver Shirt Pelley, or Earl Browder. From a political philosophy, liberalism has been converted in recent years to just another orthodoxy, with a calendar of demi-gods headed by Stalin, and a calendar of demons that includes every critic, however mild, of Soviet Russia, Loyalist Spain, and the New Deal. The feet of these liberals are no longer floating in mid-air, but firmly imbedded in the muds of totalitarian thinking.

Once the basic virtue of the liberal approach to public affairs was its application of independent reason to all problems and to the claims of all contending parties. Small trace of that approach can be discovered in the fashionable liberalism which flourishes today

in Hollywood and on college campuses, in certain penthouses and editorial offices. It is blindly sectarian, and as intolerant as the most intractable Calvinism. Its faithful scream "Heretic! Fascist! Reactionary!" at the first faint sign of non-conformist thinking on the sacred subjects. Certain ideas are respectable — others *verboten.* It is a fantastic liberalism that sees a "higher type of democracy" in the Kremlin's one-man show; that demands boycott of Germany by other nations while applauding the sale of Russian oil to the Berlin-Rome axis; that attacks imperialism but clamors for defense of "our interests and investments in China"; that has not yet noticed Stalin's curious refusal to allow any refugees from Nazi terror into his realm.

We submit that this fashionable liberalism is not only illiberal but hypocritical when it draws fine distinctions between different brands of brutality, instead of damning them all; that it promotes the very lunacies it pretends to combat, when it reasons on their level. We submit that liberalism yields to the totalitarian trends of the time when it refuses to face unpleasant facts. For years anyone who even alluded to the Russian famine of 1932–33 (now glibly admitted) was instantly branded an agent of Hearst and the Mikado. Likewise for years to come it will probably be heinous treachery among these liberals to allude to the seamy side of Stalinist deportment in Loyalist Spain. What to believe at a given juncture, whom to hate, whom to honor, a complicated lingo of praise and abuse — it is all rigidly prescribed for the faithful "liberals," precisely as for other totalitarian sects.

There was a time when a man's social outlook, his philosophy of life, was his most private and intimate possession. It was the sum-total of his own experience, thinking, and reading, filtered through his own character. An honest conservative defended a set of established values which he had come to cherish through the years. An honest revolutionary reached his radicalism through a long, and often painful, process of doubt and study. The liberal came slowly, by the use of his free intelligence, to accept certain humane and rational guiding principles. Read any true autobiography — whether the *Education of Henry Adams* or the life story of Lincoln Steffens — and you follow the slow maturing of a personal philosophy under the impacts of living.

But that was long long ago. Today, it would seem, a nice new shiny political religion can be ac-

quired as easily as a ready-made suit of clothes, and cheaper. No need to invest years in study and searching of conscience. Fascism, communism, Naziism, in uniform colors, complete with the latest gadgets, standard quality guaranteed by the swastika or hammer-and-sickle seal, are being sold over busy propaganda counters. Americans just can't resist the bargain prices for factory-made faiths.

In one blinding flash of revelation, perhaps while listening to some self-appointed savior on the air, a decent-minded, reasonable American suddenly feels himself transformed into a "crusader," ready for the business of exterminating his neighbors. In a moment of miraculous enlightenment, perhaps at a liberal cocktail party, a Hollywood clothes-horse is transmuted into a flaming revolutionary, ready to "liquidate" millions for The Cause. And the current liberalism is of the same caliber. Its faithful are in the main new converts who have acquired a full equipment of ready-made views in one mad leap from apathy to enthusiasm. In reckoning the forces of sanity in our land — fortunately still dominant — that bogus liberalism cannot be counted.

But there are millions of genuinely liberal-minded Americans who, though they disagree on programs, are remarkably unanimous on human fundamentals. They refuse to be stampeded by the shouting sloganeers of any camp into justifying mass slaughter and bloody intolerance with high-minded excuses. Murder remains horrible in their eyes, even under the most euphemistic label invented by any fascist or communist messiah. Persecution remains abhorrent to them whether it transpires in Germany, Russia, or the USA. They believe there is a vast middle ground between swallowing every New Deal gadget and being swallowed by the Liberty League. They believe it wholly consistent to criticize one type of horror without falling for another type. They are convinced, in brief, that all the black-and-white, angel-and-devil patterns of thought are so much snake-juice for political illiterates.

The transformation of American liberalism into another variation on current lunacy makes it that much more important for those who have not been swept into the maelstrom to oppose — as THE AMERICAN MERCURY intends to do — all totalitarian ways and totalitarian thinking, whether home-grown or imported, no matter how beguiling the colors and labels.

— E. L.

WE'RE BLUNDERING INTO WAR

By Charles A. Beard

In her column recently Dorothy Thompson, after speaking of the riches of the United States, said, "No country with such economic power can avoid international political responsibilities." In the same column she said, "In practically each American heart there is a timid soul pursuing happiness and wishing to avoid the burden and the headaches of power." These two sentences, so noble in emotional urge, express the vague sentiments which make difficult realistic thinking about foreign policy for the United States and tend to drive the country in the direction of war.

The first sentence is an empty truism. Of course the United States has "international political responsibilities." But at the very touch of exploratory questions the flimsy structure of the aphorism falls into meaningless dust.

What responsibilities? To help France, Britain, and Russia police the world? To take part in suppressing all disturbers of world peace, everywhere? To give the world's billions of poverty-stricken people economic goods sufficient to satisfy them? To see that the present distribution of territory and resources is altered only by "negotiation" in a manner to bring justice to all? What justice? Who are to be the judges of the justice or equity?

Responsibilities to whom? To the peoples of the fifty-odd nations possessing independence? To the peoples of the British, French, Belgian, Dutch, Portuguese, and Italian dependencies? To the Negroes of British South Africa? To Nationalists in India? To the natives of Zululand as well as the natives of Ethiopia?

And how much responsibility? Responsibility equivalent to the full economic and military power of the United States? To the uttermost limits of physical and moral capacity? Responsibility equal to the ability of the upper and lower income groups in the United States to pay the bills? And who is to fix the limits of capacity and ability?

Besides uttering a Peter-the-

Hermit cry, Miss Thompson tries to spur Americans on by shaming them. Americans are timid souls. They are selfish. They love their happiness. They shrink from the dreadful task she has laid before them. They are, in short, a cowardly crew.

President Roosevelt is apparently Miss Thompson's flaming knight ready to lead embattled hosts. In other places she has portrayed him as a man in a mess at home, and yet in foreign adventurism she makes him the hero competent to straighten out the whole world by assuming "international responsibilities." Who, in such circumstances, wants to be a coward? The psychological trick is simple and telling. The fact that it draws such cheering crowds indicates that a lot of American thinking about international complications is no more realistic than the apocalyptic visions of a backwoods camp meeting.

If we look less ecstatically on the world's nations and governments and consider their practices, as distinguished from their general professions, we do not find them wholly controlled by noble conceptions of their international responsibilities — responsibilities to other peoples and governments. On the contrary, we see them pursuing their national interests. But when it is proposed that the United States look to American interests and security, this is denounced as cowardly, selfish, and immoral — before the world of moral nations. According to this strange ethic, it is indecent for the United States to take advantage of its geographical position and seek to maintain peace and security in its sphere, where it is able to accomplish its purposes. How can this strange state of affairs be explained? Why is it that loose-thinking and passionate cries evoke loud echoes?

One clue to the anomaly is the fact that the United States is treated by resident foreigners as a boardinghouse, not as the permanent home of a people engaged in trying to make a civilization in their own land. These foreigners in letter or spirit are actuated by emotional interests in co-nationals in other countries and yet look with contempt upon Americans whose primary affections are attached to ties of their own.

When a British-born American delivers an oration on the duty of the United States to join Britain in saving democracy in Europe, he is acclaimed as noble in motive, high-spirited in morals, and generous in outlook — by one crowd. When an American of German or

Italian origin argues against serving notice on Germany and Italy that the Monroe Doctrine applies to them, he is greeted as heroic — by another crowd. When an American of whatever national strain refuses to have anything to do with either of these crowds and insists upon protecting the American sphere of interests against all alien intervention and upholding democracy here, he is condemned by members of the boardinghouse and homegrown missionaries as ignoble, narrow, and greedy.

Between the boarders and the missionaries it has become wellnigh impossible for the United States to follow any realistic foreign policy based upon its geographical position and its democratic ideals. No other government in the world is compelled to the same extent to shape its foreign policy under the pressure of powerful interests whose hopes and passions are linked with the fate of foreign governments and nationalities. If to aliens in fact are added missionaries hell-bent on spreading the American brand of democracy from Rhodesia to Formosa, and the communistic dreamers dedicated to saving Russia at any cost to America or making a world conflagration, it becomes painfully clear that the task of framing and pursuing an American policy is staggering in its proportions.

A few figures illustrate the fantastic situation. Of the 130,000,000 people in the United States, about 40,000,000 are either foreign-born themselves or are the offspring of foreign-born or mixed parents. In this class are 7,700,000 Germans and 4,500,000 Italians, 3,300,000 Poles, 7,600,000 British and Canadians, and 3,100,000 Irish. About one-fifth of the total American electorate is potentially composed of men and women from this group. And what a din they can make about an American policy for the United States as distinguished from a British or German or Italian policy for the United States!

II

But putting aside for the moment all the conflicting domestic interests which make American foreign policy a muddle and granting that the United States has unlimited responsibilities in Europe, it seems proper to inquire a little about the responsibilities assumed by the European powers themselves. What are they doing to bring peace, security, prosperity, a fair distribution of the world's goods, and stability in Europe? What are

they doing to brighten up the corner where they are?

Judging by all the weeping, wailing, and hand-wringing in the United States, the poor, little peace-loving countries of Europe are threatened by two monster powers, Germany and Italy, and could not, if they would, defend themselves against these frightful Leviathans. The truth of the matter is far different. The countries threatened by Germany and Italy outnumber them in population by at least three to one. For every soldier that Germany and Italy can put in the field, they can put three or more. These menaced nations far outstrip the two foes in wealth, natural resources, metals, and war materials of every kind. They have command of the seas and can impose an iron blockade on Germany and Italy.

And this reckoning leaves out of account all the man-power and material-power of the natives in the British, French, and Dutch Empires. Even if Japan should throw herself on the side of Germany and Italy in a new world war, the overbalance of power for war would still be on the side of the opposing nations immediately affected.

Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Turkey alone, to say nothing of France and Russia, have about 80,000,000 inhabitants, and surely they are directly and immediately interested in escaping German and Italian domination. Their combined population is equal to that of Germany, counting Sudetens and Austrians. Their combined armies, including trained reserve troops, number nearly 6,000,000 men. According to the estimates of Col. Frederick Palmer their present armed forces are nearly double those of Germany.

In other words, the countries immediately, directly, and palpably interested in preventing German and Italian domination are Great Britain, France, Belgium, Poland, Russia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, the Netherlands, the Baltic States, and Scandinavia. By their side we may also place the British Empire, the French Empire, and the Dutch Empire. And they have overwhelming power in men and materials.

These are the helpless pygmies that must be saved from the menacing Leviathans by the blood and treasure of the United States. Here is the American responsibility!

Such are the ponderables. Then there are the imponderables to be considered with reference to the formulation of American foreign

policy in this relation. What are the secret wishes, hopes, and maneuvers of Great Britain and France, so immediately concerned with the doings of Germany and Italy? I do not refer to any hints, notes, and friendly communications that they have sent to the State Department at Washington or that have been revealed to the Olympian columnists who daily instruct the people of the United States. I refer to the real intentions and preferences cherished by the governments of Great Britain and France. On this point we have no authentic information. Not for fifty or a hundred years will the archives of London and Paris be open to our children or grandchildren. For the government of the United States to operate on the ostensible fiction that a mere test of despotism and democracy is at hand would be nothing short of childish.

Some obvious facts run counter to the fiction. As to some real or pretended issues the objectives are clear. The quarrel between France and Italy is plainly over the spoils of empire in Africa. Italy demands more loot. The Italians were not given their "share" of the German spoils at Paris by the Treaty of Versailles. In fact the treatment of the Italians in 1919 was, from the point of view of French and British imperialism, nothing short of scandalous. They were greeted by noble words about self-determination while France and Britain carried off German colonies in Africa, under the high-sounding phrase of "mandates in sacred trust for civilization." Now Italy demands her share of the loot. I do not say that France should surrender it, but I do say that the present quarrel between Italy and France is openly, without palaver and hypocrisy, a quarrel over imperial spoils.

Should the United States pour out blood and treasure to help France hold Tunisia or Djibouti, or even Corsica?

And what has the Tory government of Britain really been doing in the past few years? I do not pretend to know. I suspect that its primary aim is to let Hitler liquidate Soviet Russia. Should the United States pour out blood and treasure in support of that British Tory policy?

If the countries of Europe that are directly and immediately involved in preventing German and Italian domination are primarily or even fundamentally interested in that operation they can call the bluff and stop the peril within forty-eight hours. They can estab-

lish solidarity, if that is their real and secret wish. They have the men, the materials, the money, and the power. But they do not establish solidarity. And my guess is that they do not for the reason that other hopes, fears, and ambitions enter into their designs.

Convinced that this is the truth of the business, I come to the conclusion that the intentions and enterprises which the United States is asked to underwrite with blood and treasure are only incidentally related to the fear of German and Italian domination. The business is far more complex than any such simple hypothesis. The internal conditions of the countries affected, as well as their external relations, are involved in their various maneuvers.

In saying all this I do not mean to condone in any way the recent conduct of the German, Italian, and Japanese governments. It has been, in most respects, barbaric, indecent, cruel, and inhuman. What I do say is that the underlying issues accompanying their conduct cannot be reduced to a single issue: democracy against despotism, humanity against inhumanity. And I insist that the business of preventing German and Italian domination in Europe is the business of the powers immediately and directly interested and that they have the men, money, and materials to do the work, if that is what they really want to accomplish.

For the United States to rush in and do what they obviously do not want to do seems to me quixotic beyond anything Cervantes ever imagined.

III

What, then, should the Government of the United States do in this situation? First of all, its officials, high and low, should stop preaching, lecturing, and hectoring the governments of other countries. They have done enough of that. Far from checkmating the egomaniacs of Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo, this tongue-lashing merely inflates their importance, gratifies their egotism, flatters their vanity, swells their self-importance, and evokes retaliations. It defeats its professed ends.

Of all the crazy institutions ever established in the United States, the press conference on foreign relations is the worst. On its face it is preposterous for the President of the United States or the Secretary of State to allow himself to be heckled by twenty-five or thirty newshawks bent on snatching sen-

sations even out of burning homes and new-made graves. There is dignity — and power — in silence especially about ticklish matters, when light words may be seized upon and twisted and slips of speech are sure to be made, even by the coolest President and Secretary. The press conference on foreign affairs should be abolished. If the President or the Secretary of State has anything to say of importance on foreign affairs, let him write it out in measured words and give it to all newspapers, without fear or favor.

As to the passion of underlings for ego-inflation through criticizing other countries, that should be suppressed immediately. No subordinate in the national administration has any business thundering at foreign governments in the press. It would be well, too, if the chairmen of congressional committees in charge of foreign affairs held their tongues and confined their sermonizings to the floors of their respective chambers.

The President of the United States is the official channel of communication with foreign governments, save in such matters as he chooses to delegate to the Secretary of State. Toward all countries with which the United States is at peace, the President should maintain a correct, formal, and reserved attitude. He should put his personal likes and dislikes aside when speaking to the public about foreign affairs. If he feels duty bound to tell the minister of a foreign government something unpleasant, he should call that minister to the White House, look him straight in the eye, give him the message in terse English, and let him guess as much as he likes. If the President is convinced that peace with any country is impossible, he should formulate his case, lay it before Congress, and call for action — for war, if he deems that necessary. In my opinion this is the only way to make the United States respected and feared in all matters in which respect and fear redound to the national interest. Any other procedure is both undignified and dangerous.

If the Roosevelt administration had really wished to put the screws on Germany, at a cost far below that of any war, it could have stopped the sale of war materials to Germany long ago by applying pre-existing law and without resorting to any hostile acts under the laws of war. Lawyers have argued, and with force, that the sale of certain munitions to Germany has been in contradiction to express treaty obligations and that the

State Department has winked at these obligations. However that may be, the State Department could have interpreted the law in a way to stop the sales of airplane materials and other specific articles of war demanded by Germany. But it has refused to take advantage of this power, while clamping the embargo on Loyalist Spain in clear violation of treaty obligations and the established rules of international law.

A still more important power belongs to the Administration under our own tariff acts, which have been on the books for years. The anti-dumping provisions of those measures are drastic and the Administration has wide authority to retaliate against any country that engages in such practices. Germany has flaunted her defiance of these legal barriers by dumping goods in the United States and the Administration has winked at it. Only by violating anti-dumping rules can Germany buy necessary raw materials in the United States. By applying these rules the Government can stop this life-stream that flows into Germany, without committing any acts of hostility.

All the reasons for failure to act in this manner are not known, but it is known that Germany is also a buyer of agricultural products, including cotton, and the influence of farmers and planters with the Administration is immense. Although it would be cheaper for the Government to buy up the farm produce and cotton than to prepare for and get into war, the Administration pursues the policy of cursing Germany publicly and allowing private interests to supply her with the sinews of economy and war.

So much for official procedure. On the other hand, citizens and newspapers are free to express their opinions on foreign as well as domestic affairs. And foreign governments are to be informed that such is the situation in the United States, if they are so foolish as to protest against private utterances.

Now as to policy: in my opinion, *the United States should and can stay out of the next war in Europe and the wars that follow the next war.* The countries immediately and directly concerned have the power to prevent German and Italian domination if they want to do it. If they do not want to do it, then it is certainly not the business of the United States to take on the job.

If, as assumed at the outset, it is the duty of the United States Government to promote, protect, and defend the security and wel-

fare of the American people, then its foreign policy should be determined with reference to that objective. It should maintain correct diplomatic formalities with all governments which it recognizes as *de facto* and *de jure*. It should take no notice of the fulminations made by the reptile press of dictatorships or the roaring speeches of their tyrants. It should deliver no sermons against them and make no threats that are not to be backed up by deeds. It should not dabble in quarrels and squabbles in Europe or Asia, about the origins and intentions of which it knows little or nothing. It should make known to the world clearly and positively that it does not propose to take part in any European or Asiatic war over any European or Asiatic interests. It need not say any more about the exclusion of alien interests from this hemisphere under the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. Enough has been said. Naval preparations adequate to this purpose are more important than words. They tell their own story and call for no verbal embellishments.

Under this American policy the countries that may want to prevent German and Italian domination will know what they must depend upon; that is, their own power and ability. They will not be able to shirk their own responsibilities and in a pinch shift an enormous burden to the shoulders of the American people. Nor will they be deceived any longer by the American practice of lecturing and eating crow, threatening and scuttling, boasting and writing letters of humiliation, asserting and denying.

IV

Can the Government of the United States pursue a policy of non-intervention and stay out of the next European war and the subsequent European wars? "Can" is an elusive word. Legally this policy can be followed. No treaties of alliance commit us to upholding any *status quo* in Europe. The Constitution permits the President and Congress to formulate and maintain such a policy. In respect of economic necessities, the policy is possible. Another war in Europe would no doubt materially disturb American economy but appropriate domestic measures could mitigate the difficulties and internal adjustments could even raise the level of American production and consumption. It would be foolish to minimize the task but, judging by the experiences of the World War, the perplexities, strains, and

burdens connected with neutrality would scarcely equal the costs, dislocations, and explosions inevitably associated with participation in a European war.

Legally and economically, abstention is possible. Will passions permit it? Is the prospect of a temporary escape from the impasse in American political and economic life too great for politicians to endure? There is nothing in human knowledge that permits unequivocal answers to these questions. If and when war comes in Europe, the emotional explosion in the United States will be immense and frightful. Missionaries and members of the great American boardinghouse will seek to bend American policy to fit their ideological or national or racial passions. The difficulty of maintaining any reasoned policy will be increased by the fact that Germans and Italians in the United States will be shouting for "peace." When it is remembered that man has been and is a warlike animal — none more warlike than most peace advocates — then we can easily foresee an emotional storm of the first magnitude, and a sacrifice of national welfare to the violence stirred up by sentimental attachments to the belligerents.

To any Administration in power at Washington, Republican or Democratic, a foreign adventure in war would be a temporary godsend — after us the deluge. All the politicians, as well as business men and the rest of the people, are bewildered, befuddled, and baffled by the economic crisis that has continued practically unabated since 1929. They talk bravely about lowering trade barriers and other political thimblerig but they know that they have no answer to the problem of business stagnation and unemployment that has stared them in the face for nearly ten years and still stands there before them, stark and brutal in its reality.

Are there any politicians in America as courageous as Lincoln in 1861? The Government of the United States was then in a frightful jam. It confronted a major domestic crisis. The slick and sinuous William H. Seward saw a way out for his crowd in a war with Great Britain. Lincoln would not have it. He insisted on facing his domestic crisis and applying his talents and energies to it. The analogy is suggestive and readers can make their own applications and deductions.

No less important for thought about American policy than the posture of our own domestic economy and politics is an inquiry

into the nature of policy itself. The very essence of great statecraft, at home and abroad, is a sense for the limitations of power and for the consequences that may flow from the exercise of power. Theoretically the sovereignty of the State is absolute; practically it is limited. As a matter of cold fact — men, guns, ships, and equipment — the United States cannot "whip creation" and police it. Nothing is easier than to get into a war and to hurl armed forces into a war. But participation in any war likely to break out in Europe would be participation in a coalition as an "associate" if not an "ally." What the United States could do and would be called upon to do would depend on the posture, designs, demands, and intentions of the associates or allies.

In a coalition the very attributes of sovereignty disappear. The will of the State must be bent to other wills and purposes. On this point the experiences of Woodrow Wilson are illuminating. And what guarantee is there now that so-called "democratic purposes," if actually espoused by the United States, would prevail in any coalition with which this country might be associated in a war against Italy and Germany? No guarantee. On the contrary experiences indicate that the United States would merely become a tail to the coalition kite, would receive lip praise, would have to supply more and more men and materials to the bitter end.

Beyond victory, immediately and at a distance, would be the consequences. Practice under the Wilson Administration makes it as certain as death and taxes that civil liberty would perish in the United States as soon as war is declared. We are not yet rid of the persecution mania let loose by the last world war and the prospects of another emotional rage are alarming to contemplate. Nor are the almost certain effects of a war upon our domestic economy, now deranged and debt-ridden, to be contemplated with any less anxiety. Even a victorious army, on its return home, will not accept the misery of unemployment and destitution such as we now have and which is likely to be augmented after the war speed-up and let-down. Why should it? Merely to authenticate the speeches of the war cheerleaders?

And what of the consequences in Europe and Asia? Far more than the last world war, the next one would be for the avowed purpose of making internal revolutions in enemy countries. Immense propa-

ganda efforts would be directed to that end — revolutions in Germany, Italy, and Japan. But would the revolutions to follow the defeat of these powers be to the liking of the United States and its associates? (Remember the Allied and American intervention in Soviet Russia!) Could the revolutions be confined to the introduction of Sunday School methods and the moderation of the New England town meeting? If not, what will the associates do after the war has nominally closed? Assuming, without warrant, the best of will on their part, could they assure to the defeated countries an economic underwriting that would sustain representative democracy in politics? Experiences after 1919 and knowledge of the economic conditions of Italy, Germany, and Japan make the very idea ridiculous — as ridiculous as the communist idea that out of a universal conflagration Utopia will spring in full panoply.

No, the United States could not hold the war to any alleged democratic purpose, and a rational adjustment of the consequences would be beyond the power of any government, in Washington or anywhere else.

In these circumstances, underwriting Great Britain and France in advance, allowing them to count upon the aid of the United States in whatever hidden schemes they may be pursuing, seems to me to be the policy of reckless gambling, not of reason or idealism. No better illustration of the follies inherent in such underwriting can be found than the action of the United States government in imposing an embargo on the republican government of Spain — presumably to aid the beautiful non-intervention policy of Great Britain and France which may help to bring Germany and Italy into the Atlantic. It is one thing to underwrite Great Britain and France in their tortuous diplomacy. It is another thing to prepare to meet the possibility that German and Italian navies may acquire dominance in the eastern Atlantic.

To entangle ourselves in the mazes and passions of European conflicts and tie our hands to British and French manipulators on the remote contingency of a German and Italian domination in the Atlantic seems to me to embrace immediate calamities when the possibility of security and peace in this hemisphere is clearly open to us. If this be immorality, the foreigners now boarding here and the home-grown missionaries can make the most of it.

In this MERCURY MINIATURE *the editor of an ultra-modern version of* The Bible *presents*

THE PURITAN MATHERS

BY ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THERE were four Mathers — three big Mathers and one little Mather. The three big Mathers were Richard, Increase, and Cotton; the one little Mather was Samuel. They loom large in the early history of American literature, yet most people are vague about them. It is not very difficult, however, to find out about them, for Increase Mather wrote a biography of Richard Mather, and Cotton Mather wrote a biography of Increase Mather, and Samuel Mather wrote a biography of Cotton Mather.

Perhaps Richard wasn't so very big after all. The chief thing that he did for the Mathers was to get them started. If he had never had any children we would never have heard very much about him — which, if there were no evidence for the other side, would be a powerful argument for progeny. He was an English clergyman in the reign of James the First. The Mathers did not like to wear what other people wore, and Richard would not wear a surplice. After sixteen years the authorities discovered this damning fact, and he was suspended from the ministry. Coming to America in 1635, he obtained a pulpit in Dorchester, which in lilac-time was not so far from Boston, and there "his loud and big voice, uttered with a deliberate vehemency . . . procured unto his ministry an awful and very taking majesty."

Being learned in Greek and Hebrew, he was commissioned, along with John Eliot, the missionary who tried to teach the Indians the sense of sin, and a certain Thomas Welde, to prepare the *Bay Psalm Book*, said to have been the first work published in America. It was a doggerel translation of the Psalms which the Puritans substituted in their worship for the *Psalter*. But for this precedent in sectarian hymnology, Sunday mornings might have been less raucous throughout America. Richard Mather's last work of note was a second marriage which united him with the widow of John Cotton, the foremost of Massachusetts

clergymen, and also united the Mathers with the clerical oligarchy which ruled the colony.

Mr. Mather's little boy Increase began badly, refusing to look at books until he was 14, but then he soon made up for lost time. He graduated from Harvard at the age of 17, the occasion being enlivened by a mettlesome wrangle with the president in Latin. In college he had been influenced chiefly by his tutor Michael Wigglesworth whose poem, *The Day of Doom*, is still remembered for its single line humanely consigning unbaptized infants to "the easiest room in Hell." A visit to Ireland brought out the rebel blood in Mather. At Trinity College, Dublin, where he went for his Master's degree, he refused, following the Mather principle of not liking to wear what other people wore, to don the customary cap and gown, and hence, at the taking of his degree, he was, as he recorded, "hummed" — whatever that was — by his fellow-students.

Two years later the exiled Charles the Second returned from idle wantoning in France to England, and Increase Mather hastily returned from laborious preaching in England to America. He then married the daughter of the man whose widow his father had married, or, to put it more simply, he made his step-mother his mother-in-law.

Extra-maritally, he became pastor of the North Church and president of Harvard, and managed, in one way or another, to have an aristocratic finger in every colonial pie. Phrases give the man: it was said of his pulpit eloquence that it had a "tonitrous cogency"; it was said of him, "the uncrowned king of New England." He wrote many books; among them his *Remarkable Providences Illustrative of the Earlier Days of American Colonization*, which saw a devil in every bush and God's hand outstretched above and did much to encourage a growing enthusiasm for witch-baiting. He went to England to fight for the colonial charter, didn't get what he wanted, and so took what he could get. He was ousted from the presidency of Harvard in 1701, which marked the passing of the theocratic order, but the old man soon became interested in the founding of Yale as a new citadel of orthodoxy. His death from "hickets" — hiccups? rickets? — was hastened by the news that Yale, too, had gone, alas, heretical.

Increase begat Cotton, and Cotton was a prodigy. He entered Harvard when he was 12 years old, and mastered all the languages and science of his day. But one does

not have a famous father and two famous grandfathers without paying a price. Cotton early developed a morbid self-consciousness, extreme vanity, and an ineradicable pomposity. He wrote incessantly, piling up in prose and verse over three hundred works, which, if their contents had been as fascinating as their titles would be best-sellers today. Who could resist *The Right Way to Shake off a Viper*, *A Warning to the Flocks against Wolves in Sheep's Clothing*, *Boanerges: a Short Essay to Preserve and Strengthen the Good Impressions Produced by Earthquakes*, *Hor-Hagidgad: an Essay upon a Happy Departure*, *Elegy on the Much-to-be-Deplored Death of that Never-to-be-Forgotten Person, Mr. Nathaniel Collins*, or *Elegy upon the Deaths of Seven Young Ministers?*

But more important to posterity was his *Diary*, an amazing record of personal ambition masked as religion; altogether a Freudian treasure. And for scholars, his pedantic, unreadable *Magnalia Christi Americana*, a history of the New England churches, is a mine of information.

Cotton Mather was largely responsible for the children's witch crusade. By giving notoriety to certain witch-haunted children in Boston, he inflamed the envy of the little ones in Salem to such an extent that no adult who fell under infant disapproval was safe from the chance of execution. The hangings, and even the pressing of one who denied the possession of supernatural power and seemed to prove it by succumbing to pressure, delighted Cotton Mather, who prepared an official defense of the merry-making under the title *Wonders of the Invisible World.* On the credit side for Cotton must be mentioned that he was a staunch champion of inoculation for smallpox and that he had his house bombed for his pains. He survived his father only five years, which were long enough for him to write his *Parentator: Memoirs of Remarkables in the Life and Death of the Ever-Memorable Dr. Increase Mather.*

The family tradition of self-laudation was carried on by Cotton's son Samuel, who wrote *The Life of the Very Reverend and Learned Cotton Mather.* Samuel was, however, the last prig on the family tree. Nobody wrote about Samuel, and neither shall we.

BROADWAY TRIES GOD

By Joseph T. Shipley

The Great White Way has been celebrating what may become known in the annals of the New York theatre as God's own year. Songs of salvation have turned the electric haze over Broadway into halos over the dramatic stars. At any moment we may expect Actors' Equity to form a united front with the ministers' league. The theatre has the devil by the tail and is pulling hard for the Lord. In every way — as a central subject, as a question to argue, as a taken-for-granted background — religion has been the dominant theme of most of the prize-winners and the hits of the season.

If the living theatre, and in America that means flood-lit Broadway, is a mirror of men's minds, it is evident that we are in the midst of a period frantically searching for a faith. The average American may have lost the comforting certainty that this is "God's own country," but he has not lost God. The movies, catering more directly to this box-office average, have never deviated from the paths of formal virtue; they have never ventured to seek out new ideological gods. But the sophisticate fringe which hatches playsmiths was tempted for a time into other pathways, and the theatre has dramatized their wandering quests. "Comes the revolution" — modeled on Russia, or on Italy, or on some other vision of economic beatitude — became the theme song of one shrill play after another.

But now, in a sudden season, we find the artificers of drama hot-footing for heaven. Run down the list. The Pulitzer Prize winner, *Our Town*, with its last act beyond the grave. *Shadow and Substance*, voted the best play from abroad, with all sorts and conditions of clergymen in its *dramatis personae*. *Murder in the Cathedral*, *Many Mansions*, *Father Malachy's Miracle*, *On Borrowed Time*, *Susan and God*. Those are from 1938. The 1939 season has not merely continued the flood, but has widened the range of religious reference. It flows into musical-comedy fantasy with *I Married an*

Angel. It shines through in manifest and homely piety in that pageant of patriotism, *The American Way.* It brings back several generations of ancestors in Elmer Rice's *American Landscape.* A coloratura variation sways in the revival scenes of *Mamba's Daughters* and the Federal Theatre production *The Big Blow.* Religion rides into the theatre in triumph in *The White Steed.* Judgment Day is the final scene of *Outward Bound.* And what a surprise awaits the out-of-town customer who judges only by the title when he buys *Here Come the Clowns!*

One or two in this list may seem at first sight irrelevant. Not all are pious. Not all are consciously religious in their intentions. Yet taken together they attest a new awareness of the things of the spirit. Either explicit in their subject matter or implicit in the handling is a recognition of forces beyond our earthbound frame. Even the plays about democracy, though political in purpose, have clear spiritual overtones. Whether they evoke the deep-rooted goodness of Abe Lincoln or the humble virtues of a few generations of simple Americans, these dramas emphasize elementary and eternal values related to the religious cast of heart.

Broadway did not wake up one night to find itself religious. No Billy Sunday surged upon the theatre and smote it with fist of righteousness to repentance and prayer. The crowding plays of the last two seasons are the climax of a fairly long and quiet growth. No theatrical season since the World War has been without one or more dramatic attacks on the enemies of religion, upon crass materialism and soul-starving mechanization. For two decades, in desultory campaigns, this undeclared war was waged. In 1931 the enemies came out into the open, when Eugene O'Neill's *Dynamo* erected the machine into a consuming idol. By 1934 *Days Without End* (likewise by O'Neill) and Philip Barry's *The Joyous Season* lifted high upon the stage a radiant cross. There were two brief interludes of whimsy, *Green Pastures* and the Bible story of *Noah*, from the French. Then, in 1938, the tide was suddenly at flood, and Broadway was trying God in earnest.

In earnest. The shifting emphasis that returned to the soul is neither a fad taken up in boredom nor a passing vogue. The growing disillusion of the ignoble peace that followed the noble Wilsonian consecration undermined faith. In many a country men clutched at

straw substitutes for older faiths. In the United States, prosperity centered many minds upon material possessions. The notion of a chicken in every pot and an auto to every chicken seemed no longer a cheap bourgeois ambition but a national ideal. In years when any Wall Street gambler was on the winning side, people forgot all else and hustled after "the things that are Caesar's." No wonder that a sawdust Caesar took them in!

The first reaction to the Depression was a sharpened hunger for the vanishing prizes of the earth. In disappointment or anger or panic American writers grasped for the slogans and solutions offered by fascism and bolshevism. They began to dramatize their discovery that the soul is located in the stomach. The fascist man ruthlessly takes what he wants by force and rejects any god that stands for love, pity, or mercy. In Russia the moujiks are assured that God is a capitalist invention overthrown at last by the laws of Marx and economic necessity. Between the upper millstone of Stalin and the nether stone of Mussolini-Hitler, God is squeezed out. The foundations of their smug certainties washed away by economic disaster, Americans looked to Europe, to the East, where all faiths and returnings of daylight arise. This European orientation, mentally, was reflected in books and plays.

Then the growing horrors of fascist-bolshevik destruction, famine, brutality, evoked a revulsion wherever totalitarian policemen did not exist to drive it back. In America, too, there was a shrinking away from the spiritual collapse of the European continent. It is one thing to glorify doctrines of blood and force thousands of miles away; quite another when Brown Shirts begin to drill in our back yards and imported "Party lines" promise liquidation on the Kremlin model. Now our intelligentsia, bewildered to the edge of fear by a dictator-driven world, are themselves seeking shelter.

II

The doubts about merely mechanical progress and technological salvation were apparent even in the boom days of prosperity. Plays like *The Belt* uttered scorching denunciation of unrestrained materialism. Capek's *RUR* and his *The Insect Comedy*, though brought from Europe, expressed our inner fear of the mechanical man that conquers, all but annihilates, the human race. In O'Neill's *Dynamo* a minister's son created a monster more de-

structive than Frankenstein's. Its whirring maws soon devoured the young man — representative of his generation — who worshipped the wonder-working machine. Then, as I have said, in one season, in one month — January 1934 — Eugene O'Neill and Philip Barry leaped to the attack.

In *Days Without End* O'Neill showed the evils that befall a man during his years of denial and of doubt. His loved ones, his worldly treasures, fall away. But with belief comes spiritual joy, and more: in the play's climactic spell, as he kneels in renewed faith before the shining cross, the believer hears that his dying wife will live. Barry's *The Joyous Season*, while not quite so bald a presentation of the power of faith, made much the same point. It centers around the visit of a nun to her relatives, and the influence of her quiet faith upon their thoughtless lapse of spirit. Once more, mountains are moved. Both plays were financial flops.

Their failure is no sign that the public was not groping for religion. The very fact that they could be staged, that producers (who are always practical, even though seldom astute) could be persuaded to put them on, shows that the subject was in the air. But we have been constantly warned, since the War, that propaganda is a deadly poison, no matter how valid the cause it pleads. Those plays were therefore more successful that approached God from roundabout. They looked with a sidewise smile at religion, as something quaint that we still may tolerate, especially in a more child-like people. The best-known of these dramas was Marc Connelly's *The Green Pastures*, an amusing yet tender and truly devout picture of religion as the simple Negroes might "walk all over God's heaven." Gabriel blowing the trumpet of the Lord to summon the angels to a fish-fry belongs in a paradise where dice are as valid as harps. Both this drama and the Theatre Guild version from the French of Obey's *Noah* (1935) showed the love — and the wrath — of God, touched with the tender humor of those who do not quite believe, or are not quite ready to confess that they believe, but look down as upon children at innocent play.

Not until 1938 did Broadway confront God without apology. The most obviously religious drama in subject last season was T. S. Eliot's *Murder In the Cathedral*, presented earlier by the Federal Theatre, then commercially on Broadway. It begins as a poetic presenta-

tion of the death of Thomas à Becket, in the Twelfth Century; but after the killing, the characters suddenly step forward and address the audience, explaining their actions in terms of spiritual conflicts today.

Wholly in terms of our own time were the problems presented in *Many Mansions*, where the life in a religious seminary is made to follow the patterns of hypocrisy and truth, of sham and sincerity, of doubt and faith, that crowd the world around.

The case for religion was more directly presented in *Father Malachy's Miracle*, an entertaining whimsy in which a Protestant and a Catholic argue over the active presence of God in the modern world. If faith can move mountains, there's little jounce to a tavern; and at the Father's prayer the local dance hall is transplanted to a rock in the Irish Sea. It's off the shore and on again; but though the miracle itself is not serious, the point of the play is reverent. Smiling at the parable, one may accept the thought beneath.

The strictness of the higher clergy was suggested, in *Father Malachy's Miracle*, by the Papal legate who comes to investigate the story of the dance hall's peregrination. This unbending attitude of the Church became the central point of the fullest religious argument, as well as the most discussed play, of last season, Paul Vincent Carroll's *Shadow and Substance.* Being a foreigner's work, it was not eligible for the Pulitzer Prize, but the Drama Critics' Circle voted it the best play from abroad.

Shadow and Substance runs the gamut of religious attitudes. At one end is the teacher, to whom clean hands and good food for his children seem more important than sustenance for their souls. At the other stands the stern archbishop, a man of aristocratic culture, who understands the true essence of the Church's faith, but who feels that compromise is the first yielding to Satan. As he would never have phrased it, Grant the devil an inch and the rest is a cinch. But his priests come in daily contact with ordinary men and women; they know both human hope and human frailty. They would have little sympathy, perhaps, with the cynic who on his deathbed remarked: "God will forgive me; that's his job!" but they do feel that God will be lenient when the dread hour comes.

Three other successes took religious belief for granted, as essential background for their stories. *Susan and God*, it is true, directs its satire

against the woman who takes up religion as she might adopt nudism or the five-foot path to beauty or whatever fad becomes the current fashion; but in its basic mood, as in her loving husband, there is a strengthening backbone of belief. *On Borrowed Time* literally gets death up a tree; but behind the fantasy of an aged man who refuses to die, who will not relinquish his grandson to unworthy hands, is an assured belief that they will all be reunited in heaven. And the last minute of the play actually depicts this heavenly reunion coming true. In the whole final act of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, the main characters are the souls of those dead and gone. And the chief spirit that animates the little town is godliness in action.

III

The season now with us, far from showing any slackening of religion in the drama, indicates a widening hold. This is deemed a propitious time for the revival of Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound*, the characters in which are journeying across the Styx to Judgment Day, and the play is selected for the "command performance" in Washington, as part of the President's birthday charity fete.

Barry and Carroll have both come directly to the charge again. Many prefer *The White Steed* to Carroll's earlier drama, because it cloaks the religious theme in a more realistic story. Its allegory is almost entirely in the title: the white steed whose mystic rider will rescue Ireland, so long as the little black people cannot draw him from the saddle. The action itself, however, is a battle between those who (honestly or hypocritically — usually the latter) set too high and rigid standards for their neighbors, and those who know that the spirit, however willing, is clad in weak flesh.

Barry's *Here Come the Clowns* suffers — both financially and artistically — from being once more too wholly religious. The public can take, and enjoy, *The White Steed* just as a story; it cannot make sense of *Here Come the Clowns* unless it reads the symbol of the stagehand who blunders through the play seeking God, and the magician-devil who cannot quite destroy the other's soul.

The out-and-out class war plays are fewer and less sure of themselves. Even the most-advertised "proletarian" dramatist, Clifford Odets, in his latest offering, *Rocket to the Moon*, is concerned with the dignity of an individual life rather

than Marxian formulas of salvation. Another recent play, *The Primrose Path*, a gaudy picture of prostitution, shows how times have changed. A few years ago the week-end lady would probably have stumbled upon the theory of economic determinism and gone forward to the barricades. Today she turns down wealth in favor of humble goodness, her soul having been touched by God.

There is, of course, no guessing how many manuscripts now going the rounds, destined to production or to the graveyard of playwrights' dreams, are built upon religion. One, at least, pictures a new Messiah born of lowly folk in America, intended as a fraud but by a miracle confounding the plotters and working toward man's salvation. Another, by now through rehearsal, is a straightforward picture of the life of a simple pious family, with one brother who is a black sheep — only that brother's name happens to be Jesus.

The world is sick. Quacks of all sorts have clamored, are clamoring, with spurious relief. Totalitarian medicine-men present surcease from uncertainty on the points of bayonets. But the feeling that economic and political medicine is not enough, that the malady is not alone of the body but the soul, asserts itself above the clamor. The theatre offers impressive proof of this fact.

1792– AND 1939

By Thomas Paine

Government ought to be as much open to improvement as anything which appertains to man, instead of which it has been monopolized from age to age by the most ignorant and vicious of the human race. Need we any other proof of their wretched management, than the excess of debts and taxes with which every nation groans, and the quarrels into which they have precipitated the world?

MOVE ENGLAND TO CANADA!

By H. W. Seaman

Today, six months after Munich, millions of my fellow Englishmen are still talking of the crisis and blaming it for their troubles. Trade is bad: the crisis. Children wet the bed: the crisis. Influenza: the crisis; it lowered our vitality. All my neighbors have gas masks, and some use them in peeling onions. Our parks are still closed and our golf courses crisscrossed by water-logged trenches. It was the most horrible scare that has been thrown into a great nation since 999 A.D., when Christendom got ready for the end of the world.

As in all the great scares of history, those who were scared turned westward. London businessmen brought sudden prosperity to the stricken valleys of the coal districts of South Wales by renting or buying derelict cottages and stocking them with canned goods. All roads leading west from London were jammed with cars. Cornwall, almost as thinly peopled as Arizona, was warned to be ready to receive millions. Estate agents received many inquiries concerning cabins in Ireland. But most significant of all was the overwhelming demand for accommodation in westbound ships. Thousands of passages for Canada and the United States were booked during those anxious days and canceled later.

If any leader of opinion had come forward at that time with a concrete and practical proposal for shipping the whole British populace to Canada, lock, stock and barrel, he would have been hailed as a deliverer. Such a scheme would not have seemed fantastic then, however it may be regarded today. We shall have more scares — indeed, there may easily be another before this gets into print. Now, between scares, is the time to decide how we shall meet the next. The solution that I now submit for the examination of the experts is surely no less dignified, practical, and reasonable than the measures which the people of this island were called on to take for their protection at the time of the nation's urgent peril.

Twenty-five years ago, when I first saw Ottawa, I was told, not by one but by dozens of its most respected citizens, "Ottawa is the future capital of the British Empire. Within a quarter of a century the Empire's center of gravity will have moved from England to Canada, and Ottawa will have taken the place of London." At that time, immigrants from the Motherland were arriving in Canada at the rate of thousands a week, and to me, one of them, the prophecy seemed by no means far-fetched but almost obvious. Twenty-five years of migration at the rate then current would certainly have shifted the Imperial axis.

Alas, nobody then foresaw the series of events which was to lead to the stemming of the westward tide of mankind and the corking-up of Europe. After the war, migration of British people to Canada almost ceased, while unemployment in England mounted. In 1924, when Lloyd George, having announced that he had a cure for unemployment, drew from the hat the old, moth-eaten rabbit of emigration, the nation groaned. That game was up. Canada as well as the United States had put up the bars, and from end to end of the Dominion the word was, "No English need apply."

But today a problem arises that transcends economics. We have seen the island race thoroughly scared — and with justification. When the radio, the newspapers, and those who do our thinking for us told us that the Hun was at the gate, that we were unprepared to meet him, and that the only thing to do was scram, is there any wonder that we got ready to scram? London was to be wiped out in the first onslaught. It was the most vulnerable city on earth. No less an authority than Lord Hailsham, the Lord Chancellor, told us that the Germans could loose 3000 tons of bombs on us in one day, and that in the first week or two of war the Germans might damage London to the extent of £500,000,000. The Government, it was said, was planning to abandon Westminster and set up shop on the west coast; Blackpool, the Lancashire Coney Island, was mentioned as a likely spot. Westward, ever westward was the cry.

So why should we English continue to live next door to a Continent that may blow up at any moment, and take us sky-high with it? Because we love England? That, of course, may be a good reason. We have a deep affection for this dim, damp, and misty island. Even we who do not own a

square foot of English soil are proud to hold that it is better soil, with a sweeter smell, than any other piece of loam, sand, gravel, or tertiary conglomerate on the rind of Major Planet No. 3. But if we have to leave it, then leave it we must.

Such a move might be embarrassed by the reluctance of the Dominions to accept us, it is true. But I believe that the time has come for this reluctance to be turned to an enthusiastic welcome. For what we can offer Canada today is not merely our horde of unemployed and unemployable, but the whole biling of us — King, Queen, Princes, Princesses, Dukes, Duchesses, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Baronets, Knights, and Commoners, with as much of the furniture as we can bring with us. If there is any doubt that we shall be welcome, let any Canadian imagine the blessings that would accrue from the presence of a real Royal Family at Rideau Hall. I submit that for such a regal boon, and all the glory that goes with it, the Canadians, if I know them, would be willing, nay eager, to put up with the rest of us; especially if we came bearing gifts.

And what gifts we could bring! Castles, abbeys, ancient inns, historic monuments, all the decorative and romantic features which the Canadian landscape, with all its beauty, is lamentably without. Millionaires have bought famous English buildings and transported them bodily to American soil. Surely the transplanting of Westminster Abbey from London to Ottawa is not beyond modern engineering. I suggest for it the present site of the Victoria Museum. Drury Lane Theatre would look well on the site of the vanished Russell Hotel and Theatre, facing the Parliament Buildings. Just round the corner, halfway between the offices of the Ottawa *Citizen* and the Ottawa *Journal*, I should plant the Cheshire Cheese, Johnson's chair, steak and kidney pudding, bottle-glass windows, and all, brought from Fleet Street for the comfort of the press-gallery boys in their hours of ease.

II

These are only suggestions, timidly presented, and open to modification. Others no doubt will present themselves as the scheme unfolds. We can spare enough castles, in fair working order, to plant one on each of the Thousand Islands and so make the St. Lawrence more glamorous than the Rhine; and enough Cathedrals, with Deans, Chapters, Bishops,

and satellite clergy, to make every Canadian town of 50,000 population an episcopal seat, thus lending stability to a social system which at present is in constant danger from Republican influences from the south. Imagine a Cathedral bang in the middle of Saskatoon, Sask., or Fort William, Ont., populated by *rentiers* hand-picked for their respectability and separated from the rest of the townsfolk by a high wall, and the benefits at once become apparent.

Here and there objections to the movement will be heard. Old gentlemen writing on club notepaper to the *Times* will complain of vandalism and desecration, just as they complain now every time a London terrace is torn down to make room for a block of flats. As none of these estimable objectors was ever known to dig down into his pocket to save an ancient building, no attention will be paid to such objections. Besides, by the time the scheme has gone so far the Rev. *Times* itself will be thinking of moving from Printing House Square to St. James Street, Montreal, or possibly to Yonge Street, Toronto. The *Times*, as always, will be thinking imperially, as I am in presenting this plan.

There will be some opposition from the populace at large. But the transplanting of Englishmen has never been difficult. We can make ourselves at home anywhere. Since the war nearly 4,000,000 English men, women, and children have been turned out of their homes under town-planning schemes, genuine or bogus, and sent to new slums on the outskirts of the cities. Thousands of property owners have been deprived of their houses and then have been billed for the cost of demolition. The one virtue — apart from our incomparable modesty — on which we of the island race pride ourselves, is our steadiness in the face of disasters and upheavals that would throw lesser breeds into screaming panic. It served us well during the General Strike of 1926, the economic crisis of 1931, the Abdication crisis of 1936, and the war crisis of 1938. As all the best-regarded newspapers observed on each occasion, we kept our heads.

And we shall keep our heads when, in obedience to established authority, we set off for Canada's shores. Arrival there will be for many of us a period of discomfort until we have adapted ourselves to the new and strange conditions. But for the hardships we do encounter we shall find compensation in the discovery that in Canada we can walk, within reason, where

we please, shoot birds and squirrels and even foxes, fish in the lakes, and climb mountains without asking permission of the owners and without being shot by gamekeepers or searched by constables.

We shall of course take our pubs with us, with dart boards, shove-halfpenny boards, and pianos; and some of our breweries — for there is nothing more harrowing for a man who is accustomed to one brew than to be made to adapt his throttle and jet to another. Every town will have a greyhound-track and a dirt-track, night-clubs, and bottle-parties. All our professional soccer teams will be brought over, and in May every year the King will journey from Ottawa to Toronto to witness the Cup Final and hear 100,000 football fans, full of beer and sporting enthusiasm, sing *Abide with Me*, the traditional hymn for these and other solemn occasions. The Dominion will be enriched in many other ways. There are not more than a score of fish-and-chip shops in Canada. We can bring 30,000.

At present there is a great deal of protest in Canada against the encroachment of an alien culture from the south. American books, magazines, and radio, it is said, are leading Canadian youth astray. Our British newspapers arrive too late; our British magazines (except those which contain stories by Damon Runyon and jokes stolen from the *New Yorker*) are unreadable, and our British radio stations are too far away for their uplifting influence to be felt. As things are, it is hopeless for our radio announcers to attempt to impose on the lumberjacks and cattlemen the elegant Cockney which our rulers and preceptors insist is standard English speech.

The proposed exodus will put an end to this state of affairs. We shall bring our culture with us, Oxford and Cambridge and all. It will cost little more to waft the British Museum Library over the bounding main than to make it bomb-proof in Bloomsbury. Eton, Harrow, and the rest of the great public schools will be taken over to provide the Dominion with the governing class it sorely needs. Within twenty years Winchester will have recognized the existence of Amherst, Dartmouth, and perhaps Exeter. By the close of the century Harrow may even unbend so far as to invite the snootiest of the New England academies to drop over to Winnipeg for a spot of cricket and some tea — on the strict understanding that no downright muckers be included in the party.

I see no obstacle to the transportation of all the best bits of Stratford-on-Avon to Stratford, Ontario, except that such a counter-attraction may put five little French-Canadian noses out of joint. All that is genuine and worth seeing at Stratford-on-Avon can be got into one boat, and all the worthwhile contents of the Shakespeare Museum into one fair-sized trunk. Not far from Stratford, Ont., is the thriving city of London, Ont., whose thoroughfares are wistfully named Fleet Street, Strand, and so on. I should present London, Ont., with the principal features of the original London streets.

III

Sentimental objections to the scheme, though they may do credit to the hearts of those who raise them, can hardly be called patriotic in the widest and noblest sense of the word. The true patriot, as I have been told from boyhood, thinks imperially. "What do they know of England," asked Kipling, "Who only England know?" The Dominions are as British as England itself, and in some ways more so. There are more Union Jacks to the acre in Toronto, on any ordinary day, than to the square mile in London. I never leave England without a pang, but I can face without dismay the prospect of Ottawa's becoming the heart of the Empire.

That the time is ripe for the resumption, on a grand scale, of the westward migration that was halted by the War is clear from events and utterances that have followed the crisis of last September.

"Canada is crying for immigrants," wrote Christopher Stanloke in a letter which the *Daily Mail* displayed importantly. "Canada is worried because so large a proportion of the actual immigrants are from Central European countries. This country has an enormous number of unemployed. How can these two facts stand unrecognized and unrepaired? Is there no one to get things moving?"

As if in answer, Mr. Crowder, a staunch Conservative and Imperialist, rose in the House of Commons and said, "Now is the time to take drastic action for the safety of the British Empire," and he moved a resolution urging the Government to promote "the early resumption of migration to the Dominions." Instead of groaning as in 1924, the House applauded. And then none other than Malcolm MacDonald, Secretary for Dominions and Colonies, with all the authority of the

Government behind him, spoke as follows:

> Increasing populations, prosperity, and power in the Dominions are the best way of all to augment the strength of Great Britain herself. In thinking of emigration to the Dominions it is of no use to think in terms of hundreds of thousands; the ultimate objective must be the settlement of millions.

There are only forty-odd millions of us in England. Less than the £500,000,000 which, according to the Lord Chancellor, a few days' air bombardment would cost will pay for the waftage of all of us across the Atlantic to safety. I have gone from Swansea to Montreal in a reasonably comfortable freighter for £12, and there is little doubt that the steamship companies will make a substantial reduction for large parties. For much less than the cost of three months of actual war, and with the Royal Navy hitching up its slacks with a Yo-heave-ho! and a double rum-ration, we can ship all the furniture and fittings.

At first the unavoidable mingling of the classes may seem to present difficulty, but as Englishmen we shall know our places, and sahibs, pukka sahibs, white men, cads, bounders, muckers, stout fellows, hearties, right-sorts, outsiders, and rank outsiders will sort themselves out easily enough.

Some of the *immeubles* we shall leave behind. The Albert Memorial, Broadcasting House, the new County Council offices, the Shell-Mex building, the Battersea Power station can stay, and so can the *Daily Express* building, unless Lord Beaverbrook wishes to take it over to show the boys at home what he did for London.

I suggest shipping a few of the older hotels, as museum exhibits, but none of the new ones. Whether Buckingham Palace shall remain or be moved naturally will depend on the wishes of the Royal occupants. Their preference for smaller houses, especially at Christmas time, is well known. Heated by gas fires and other makeshifts, Buckingham Palace cannot be the cosiest of homes, and would be uninhabitable in the Canadian winter. Unlike that Eighteenth Century barrack, Rideau Hall has every modern convenience, and besides is more beautifully situated than any of the present Royal residences, with the possible exception of Balmoral.

We can leave *in situ* a castle or two, a cathedral here and there, a few pubs and clubs, and other amenities for the comfort of citizens who refuse to shift. Those who own land will be allowed and even invited to stay behind and look

after it, with His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to look after their souls. They can enjoy huntin', shootin', and fishin' as never before. No longer will they have to complain of the industrialization of the countryside, of the unsightliness of filling stations and housing estates, and of farmers who put wire in their fences. England will be again the sweet, pastoral land which, as many of us believe, God intended it to be.

It will be more than ever worth defending. An invader would have to reckon, not only with the garrison, but with the whole embattled Empire. I do not believe that any nation would be so foolhardy as to contemplate such an invasion. Only we English and our near relatives are tough enough to live in England. Frenchmen, exposed to our fogs and vapors, would be exterminated in one generation. Italians would drop off like flies. As for the Germans, if the climate did not finish them, the Irish would.

THE AMERICAN WAY: *A Fable*

By Joseph Reich

Once upon a time there was a Manufacturer of Chromium Plated Blobbets who sorrowfully announced: "Business Conditions aggravated by Government Interference force us to reduce our workmen's wages by ten percent." The workmen had wisely foreseen such an eventuality and had, for the sum of five per cent of their wages, provided themselves with An Association fully equipped with An Official Spokesman. So insistant was the outcry of the Association that the Manufacturer of Chromium Plated Blobbets closeted himself with the Official Spokesman and, withal, did even witness a Pact reducing the workmen's wages but five per cent. Thus it came to pass all parties rejoiced and loud was the praise of Public Opinion.

AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE FOOL

By Clay Osborne

All Fool's Day should be nationally dedicated to the memories of certain men whose epic foolishness helped to make our country great. There should be solemn thanksgiving that Frémont was the kind of dunderhead who would dare raise the Bear Flag at Sonoma; and that Commodore Sloat was zany enough to commit the magnificent blunder of hoisting the Stars and Stripes at Monterey. Bells should be rung to Napoleon's folly in signing away his greatest empire, the Louisiana territory, for a paltry $18,000,000; and to the Grand Duke Constantine and Minister Stoeckl, those Russian dizzards who threw at us Seward's icebox of frozen wealth for the pittance of $7,200,000. Also a salute should be fired for the pirate Laffite, the simpleton who turned patriot and saved us New Orleans only to flee to an unknown grave; and to the English Admiral so goofy about his mistress as to defend her ship with his whole fleet while her child was a-bornin', thereby giving General Washington a heaven-sent opportunity to take New York.

But among the myriad dolts who contributed to the march of American empire, one man deserves special honor on this day dedicated to the breed. He may well be designated as the Number One Booby of American history.

This imbecile was the beetle-brained Englishman who handed us the Oregon Empire on a silver platter. And he did this only because of an idiotic outburst of petty peevishness.

The enormity of this gentleman's folly can be perceived only by remembering that the old Oregon country today comprises the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and a portion of Wyoming; that its wealth of natural resources and scenic wonders is immeasurable; and that its worth to Americans of this and of future generations is almost beyond estimate. The man who gave us this vast empire is Capt. John Gordon, commander of a British ship-of-war, and brother of the Earl of Aber-

deen, England's Prime Minister during the time of this story.

It will be recalled that the United States and Great Britain trembled at the brink of war when, in 1844, James K. Polk was elected President on the slogan: "Fifty-four-forty or fight!" While strong-tempered Britishers were demanding all of Oregon, hotheads in America were clamoring not only for the Oregon country but for all of the British Columbia coast up to Sitka! British conservatives had shown a willingness to compromise by accepting the north bank of the Columbia River as the international boundary. Cool heads in our own nation counseled proposing the forty-ninth parallel — our present boundary — as the international line.

However, in electing Polk the American electorate virtually declared, "We'll have all of Oregon if we must go to war to get it!" On the other hand, the Hudson Bay Company was frantically appealing to the mother country for ships-o'-war and marines to repel the invasion of the Far West by a tide of American pioneers.

England had learned that policies recommended by the world's greatest monopoly were not always the best. There was, palpably, only one way to obtain reliable information about the Oregon country, and thus determine whether it was worth a war. England decided to send a spy to the Pacific — and who was better fitted for this delicate mission than the Prime Minister's own blood brother?

Summoned before England's statesmen of the 1840s, Captain Gordon was given the facts. He was told that if he found Oregon valuable, as claimed by the Hudson Bay Company, England would fight for it. If it were worthless, as so many were saying, the United States could have it, and welcome. His report, based upon personal inspection and observation, would determine Great Britain's policy for war or peace with America.

Aboard his flagship — named, peculiarly enough, *America* — Captain Gordon and his British marines arrived at Puget Sound harbor in 1844, maintaining loudly that they would "drive every last Yankee back over the mountains in short order." The Captain sent two lieutenant spies to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia while he himself proceeded to the Hudson Bay post at Victoria.

There the anxious inhabitants did their utmost to make the pompous Gordon at home. Fatted calves and swine and poultry were

killed. Hunters were sent out for game. Fishermen brought choice salmon and trout for his table.

But the high-born gentleman was pleased with none of it. Half-breed servants didn't attend his wants with the skill and servility of English butlers; he groaned with the discomfort of sleeping in rude, frontier bunks; he was disgusted when he learned that deer were "still hunted," instead of run with dogs, as in Merrie England; he was displeased by the frontier's lack of sportsmanship in fishing with grubs, worms, and other "bait," instead of dry flies. On the few occasions when he ventured into the wilderness he returned physically and mentally sore, bruised, and sodden, complaining endlessly of the "savage, inhospitable land" and of the barbarous inhabitants who lacked all the graces of civilized living. The last, brittle straw of his patience broke when he asked for a bath — and was courteously led to the shore of the Pacific and invited to walk in!

When, in time, the Captain's two spies returned from Vancouver reporting that the Americans there were only a scattering of buckskin-clad, barefooted, tobacco-spitting settlers living in a region of forbidding mountains, roaring rivers, and awful distances — then Captain Gordon had learned enough. He stormed aboard his ship and set sail for England, away from this grim land fit only for savages and smelly trappers, and full of hardships too, too severe for gentlemen!

Called before England's leaders for his report, when he arrived home, Captain Gordon declared sulphurically that he "wouldn't give the bleakest knoll on the bleakest hill of Scotland for all of Oregon's mountains in a heap," and the word of this magnificent dim-wit was accepted without question. How much of Oregon he had actually examined; how much of the wilderness he had penetrated; how well he had inspected potential resources; how little he had considered the ultimate needs of England, and how much he was influenced by his personal discomfort in making his report — these questions remained unasked.

On the strength of Captain Gordon's misinformation, England abandoned all thought of war. The demand of the Hudson Bay Company for armed protection for English settlers in the Oregon Country went unheeded, and Great Britain accepted the forty-ninth parallel boundary compromise.

Captain Gordon had given us Oregon because he couldn't get a bath!

Pressdom's ace muckraker, who tracked down Judge Manton, analyzes the

MUCKRAKER: MODEL 1939

By S. Burton Heath

An anonymous postcard made a muckraker out of me. Every day newspapers receive tips like that. Most of them prove worthless. Very occasionally the stone in the oyster turns out to be a pearl. I followed the suggestion penciled on that card, and it led to a journalistic pot of gold. It introduced me to an investigating technique which then was rather new in general and almost unknown in journalistic procedure. Because I carried on, two judges have left the bench by resignation under fire; three of the largest insurance companies stand condemned in the public conscience; cheap equitable insurance is available to more than 12,000,000 in New York state; the taxpayers of New York were saved more than $3,000,000 on a few foul, sewage-swept acres of unused ocean bottom. . . . I could extend the list, but these items are enough to suggest what a muckraker rakes up when luck is running.

It was Theodore Roosevelt who originally applied the word "muckraker" to those who expose unfitness and corruption in public affairs. "There is filth on the floor," he said, "and it must be scraped up with the muck-rake." But the job of raking up anti-social practices has changed vastly since the Steffens-Tarbell-Baker era that popularized the expression. It may be the dirt is so much more expertly concealed nowadays that new and sharper instruments are required to pry it loose. In any event, the fine courage of an enthusiastic exposer and the talents of a good observer no longer suffice. Those qualities are needed, but they must be supplemented by others.

The technique which I was to learn calls for the combined qualifications of analytical accountant, mathematician, chess master, crossword-puzzler, and jigsaw addict. It needs also a smattering, at least, of curbstone law. The process is one of calm analysis of cold records: the collection and tabulation of facts and figures, their meticulous sifting and evaluation, and eventually their organization into a syllogism in which both premises are indis-

putable and the conclusion is inescapable.

The modern muckraker no more resembles his progenitor of thirty years ago than the G-Man of today resembles the furtive, unconvincingly disguised sleuth of yesteryear. I believe that some newspapers still have their reporters arrested on phony charges or stowed away through illegal entry, so that they may gather the dirt incognito. I am told, occasionally, of evidence acquired by methods which savor of the illegal. I wouldn't know. I believe those methods are out of date.

The information that I use is obtained legally and without deceit. If I choose, I can lay it before a grand jury, a district attorney, or the Supreme Court without shame as to how I obtained it. Moreover, when my case is laid before a court of law or before the jury of public opinion, no item of proof depends upon my own veracity. I am prepared to say, "In this public office you will find such a record; such a folio of Jones' ledger has an entry, of which this is a photostatic copy."

Present-day muckraking is thus an exacting vocation. It is no career for the indolent, the inert, the superficial, the impatient, the scatter-wit. Beyond the capacity for detailed analytical work, of course, the muckraker should have a wide circle of gregarious friends, who know the confidential gossip in most fields of public activity, who can obtain access to normally inaccessible sources, and who can distinguish between fact and hearsay. Bar associations, public officials, civic and professional organizations, and individuals have helped me in the many campaigns of exposure that I have conducted. Successful campaigning is never a one-man job. What I did, what any muckraker does, was to collect the ingredients, combine them into high explosive, put it where none could fail to hear the explosion, light the fuse, and stand by for developments.

The postcard came six years ago. Its scrawl merely said, "*Why don't you check the judgments against Harold Kunstler?*" Kunstler was one of forty-eight justices in New York City's "poor man's court." He had never attracted our attention particularly. I investigated as a matter of routine. Court files showed eight docketed judgments against him, for a total of $32,240.40. That, in itself, meant little. Reputable men may have bad luck.

But I checked every individual judgment. I found that some law-

yers and some litigants, whose success before Kunstler had aroused our interest, were involved in his personal financial affairs. I learned also that one Charles Leef, who had graciously subordinated his own $10,962.50 garnishment upon the judge's salary to a later claim of the State Banking Department, was known among lawyers as "Kunstler's fixer." Proceeding along these lines I slowly amassed a wealth of material. We took it to the leading bar association, and began publication. Thomas E. Dewey was just leaving the office of United States Attorney for private practice. The bar association asked him to prosecute removal charges against Kunstler. He discovered that in three years this judge, on a salary totaling $40,000 had banked $166,660. Dewey prosecuted. Kunstler resigned; later he was disbarred.

And a reporter on the New York *World-Telegram* was launched on a career. My first taste of the blood of corruption proved a heady draft — and habit-forming.

Soon I was the unofficial scourge of Tammany Hall, with a roving commission from my paper to tell Father Knickerbocker those things which his Tammany government would rather have concealed. I analyzed tax assessments, and showed that Tammany was making the little home-owner pay for tax cuts which capable attorneys were winning for the big property owners. I analyzed city finances, kept a day-by-day record and demonstrated that while Comptroller Berry was proving by hired accountants that New York could not possibly operate in the red, the city was doing nothing else. I showed that when the budget was reduced by Depression conditions, Tammany chieftains and their braves were kept on the payrolls with money taken from vital social services.

The campaign illustrated by these isolated examples put the Tammany Tiger in the doghouse in 1933, and placed a new lock on the doghouse door in 1937.

In raking muck there must be well-defined objectives, specific social purposes to be attained. There is no purpose in turning over filth from one corner to another merely that the carnal may revel in its stench. That's another thing which, I believe, distinguishes the latter-day practitioner of the art. Sensationalism for its own sake no longer is the vogue. The public is inclined to resent it.

Ida M. Tarbell did a marvelous job of research in her study of the Standard Oil trust, and put her

facts together cannily. Lincoln Steffens wrote a devastating series of articles about the "Shame of the Cities," and another about the "Shame of the States." Ray Stannard Baker exposed capably the prostitution of unions by employers. Any reporter, today and tomorrow, would be proud of such reporting and such writing. But none of these, so far as I have learned, did what a modern muckraker does. None of them set out, with a limited but attainable objective, to remove one at a time those individual evils which, in the aggregate, contributed to the major shames which Steffens, Baker, and Miss Tarbell excoriated.

The shame of a city or of a state consists of an infinite variety of relatively small flaws which, merging one into another, rot the entire body politic. One does not destroy a Tammany Hall in one fell swoop. It is a process of attrition, killing off one source of graft after another, closing avenues of corruption one at a time, substituting an honest man for a crook wherever and whenever occasion permits. The muckraker of today who sets out to defeat a vicious organization does not hope or try to win everything in one gesture. Selecting the weakest link, he keeps at it until he has broken the chain.

When a bench is weakened by undesirable judges, so that public confidence in the administration of justice totters, the wise modern muckraker does not, as he might have a quarter of a century ago, write a generalized article on "The Shame of the Courts," and then move on to new fields. Rather, he selects the most vulnerable judge. He goes over that judge's record with a fine-toothed comb. He builds up an indictment before which that judge must resign or be removed. He presents that indictment coldly, dispassionately, factually. Consider the case of Judge Manton, which made front pages.

II

Six years ago Judge Martin T. Manton of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, tenth ranking judge in the Federal hierarchy, assumed jurisdiction over a receivership of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, the nation's greatest subway-and-elevated system. It was a receivership "arranged" on a $25,000 debt while the company had a couple of million dollars in the treasury. As one receiver Judge Manton appointed a member of the law firm headed by the late Thomas C. Chadbourne, large owner of rapid-transit securi-

ties. The law firm of Chadbourne, Stanchfield, and Levy was named counsel to the receivers.

One day last summer a stranger brought me apparent evidence that, when Judge Manton took over this receivership, he was closely associated in business with Mr. Chadbourne and his partner, Louis S. Levy, and was obligated to Mr. Levy for a valuable indirect financial favor. Obviously this, if true, might ultimately warrant publication of the facts, with a specific public service to be accomplished. I took up the trail, and the end-product — one of the major judicial scandals of recent years — is by this time public property. The story of the trail, which I summarize here in this detail for the first time, is not.

The evidence about the IRT receivership was contained in Judge Manton's own sworn testimony, in court records upon which any newspaperman might have stumbled, but none had. These records indicated further that soon after Mr. Levy had arranged for Judge Manton's business partner a $250,000 loan (from which most of the proceeds were used for the benefit of distressed real estate of which Judge Manton was principal owner) the judge sat and wrote decisions in three cases in which Mr. Levy's law firm was counsel. They showed, moreover, that the loan came from a source having business relations with the American Tobacco Company, which was Mr. Levy's client in the suits in which Judge Manton acted.

That one paragraph shortcuts more than two months of grueling research. I studied a large number of documents, checking and cross-checking through dozens of public and private sources. In one place the record showed the $250,000 loan, its source, its negotiator. In another place it showed check by check how the judge's partner had used most of the proceeds of the loan for the benefit of certain real estate. Still other portions indicated that these properties were distressed financially. Here and there were hints that Judge Manton was principal owner of the properties, and that the interest of his partner, James J. Sullivan, was negligible. It was like fitting together a jig-saw puzzle which had many key pieces missing, while other key pieces were intermingled with the parts of another puzzle of similar type.

Then, from other evidence gathered all over the city, I proved the facts and circumstances of the $250,000 loan; I obtained photostats of every check by which

$228,000 was spent from it for the benefit of Manton properties; I traced the financial history of the many corporations involved; I proved that the properties had been in danger of foreclosure when the money was used for them. Weeks of work were involved in each of these steps.

I went to court records, and obtained evidence that this loan antedated by only a little the Interborough receivership, and the appointment of Mr. Levy's law firm and his law partner to receivership posts. I established the large potential value of those appointments to the recipients. In other records I located the proof that, shortly before the $250,000 loan was negotiated at Judge Manton's request, two cases involving the American Tobacco Co. and its major officers had been appealed to the Circuit Court and that Mr. Levy's firm represented the defendants.

It took time and effort to obtain proof that the largest outside subscribers to the stock of National Cellulose Corp., when Judge Manton and Mr. Sullivan organized that enterprise — identified by Judge Manton only as "Knapp and McLaren (*sic*) $75,000" — were Frank F. Knapp and Jessie McLardy, employees of, and dummies for, Chadbourne and Levy.

Then I traced down the fact that three months after Chadbourne, big utility stock owner, and his partner acquired beneficial interest in this stock of the Manton corporation, Judge Manton sold $10,000 worth of Interborough Subway bonds and sat in a case of tremendous financial import to the subway-elevated systems — writing a decision by which, but for the Supreme Court's intervention, the Interborough could have increased its fare per ride by 40 per cent. That much established, and documented with the utmost completeness, I turned to other interesting aspects of the Judge's business and bench career.

Thus the panorama of Manton operations unfolded. I plucked a piece from a Federal court record, another from one of several state courts, others from the files of the SEC and the RFC, in Washington; from two county registers' offices; the files of the Surrogates' courts in two counties; various public offices in Syracuse; the Secretary of State's office in Albany; the city departments of taxes and assessments, finance, and law; the state departments of banking and of taxation and finance; the Federal Comptroller of the Currency; the records of more than a score of corporations; the financial reports of

perhaps a dozen accountants covering some two dozens of corporations and individuals over a period of nineteen years.

One day last January we were convinced that we had enough evidence. We were ready to print our findings on the Manton inquiry. We knew that District Attorney Dewey had been working with his own material and with voluminous records that we had made available to him, or whose pertinency had been shown by our data. We did not know what Mr. Dewey had established, beyond what we had, or whether his findings would warrant indictment or presentment by the special grand jury, which, for months, had been quietly hearing evidence about Judge Manton's affairs.

We printed a first article. It had been written and re-written, arranged and re-arranged, edited and re-edited, with a lawyer checking every word, every phrase, every sequence, and every innuendo. Printed on a Friday, it described the relationships that existed among Mr. Chadbourne, Mr. Levy, and Judge Manton at the time the judge sat in the higher-fare case in 1928, and when he took the Interborough receivership in 1932. And of all the mass of material that I gathered in six months — of all the incidents which I had built up painstakingly in preparation for publication — that one story was all that has ever been printed. Sunday, District Attorney Dewey notified Chairman Hatton Sumners of the House Judiciary Committee, which is charged with initiating impeachment proceedings, that he could supply full information about six actions of Judge Manton. Two of these I had not known about.

Monday — seventy-two hours after I broke the story — Judge Manton resigned. A special Federal grand jury was impaneled to devote itself exclusively to his affairs and those of the Federal judiciary in the New York area. John Edgar Hoover took personal command of the G-Men assigned. Attorney General Frank Murphy maintained continual contact with the prosecutor's office. At this writing the pot is boiling. Already another judge is being probed by the official investigators. And the end is not yet.

The reading public, having received the information in a complete, orderly, well-balanced chunk, could not even surmise the magnitude of the job — the loneliness and weariness of the trail I had covered. There were pitfalls at every step, disappointments at every turn, and always the possibility

of utter failure waiting at the end. The whole effort had been closer in spirit to meticulous surgery than to guerrilla warfare. . . . And that, indeed, is the essential difference between the new muckraking and the old.

Today we gather in provable form every fact, no matter how trivial it may seem, connected even remotely with the matter under investigation, and check every individual whose path crosses that of the quarry. And having arrived at conclusions, we don't print them. The facts are printed; the provable facts, and nothing else. The conclusions are not the business of the present-day muckraker. Those are for the proper legal authorities.

CAPSULE WISDOM

Bosoms heave under stuffed shirts as the flood of diurnal wisdom gushes from the larynxes of leaders and mentors. Our experts in fustian, bathos, flummery, and other precious matter seek to rescue a few gems before they're carried to sea. The Stuff and Nonsense Award of the month, by general acclaim, goes to Herr Doktor Paul Joseph Goebbels, German Minister of Propaganda, with the others as runners-up:

Herr Dr. Goebbels: "In no European country does such true joy reign supreme as in the Third Reich."

Rev. S. M. Smith, Pittsburgh: "What if you are underpaid? Know the joy of being worth more than you get — the pure joy of unrecognized superiority."

Liam O'Flaherty, Irish novelist: "The praise of a civilized Frenchman is the greatest compliment in the world."

Mahatma Gandhi: "If India carries out Prohibition, it may well hasten the return of Prohibition in the United States."

Carter Glass, Senator from Virginia: "I don't care a tinker's dam for patronage."

Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, Nazi foreign policy chief: "National Socialism is always ready to try to understand the traditions and characteristics of other nations."

PORTRAIT OF A LITERARY CRITIC

A Satire

By Thomas Wolfe

The personality of the celebrated Dr. Turner — or Dr. Hugo Twelvetrees Turner as he was generally known to the reading public — was not an unfamiliar one to Joseph Doaks, the novelist. Dr. Turner's wider reputation had been well known to the public for fifteen years or more. And for ten years he had been the guiding spirit of the splendid journal he had himself established, the *Fortnightly Cycle of Reading, Writing, and the Allied Arts.*

The establishment of the *Fortnightly Cycle* marked, as one critic says, "one of the most important literary events of our time," and life without it, another offered, would have been "simply unthinkable." *The Cycle* came into being at the time when the critical field was more or less divided between the somewhat prosaic conservatism of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the rather mannered preciosity of *The Dial.* Between the two, Dr. Turner and *The Cycle* struck a happy medium; the position of *The Cycle* might be best classified as a middle-of-the-road one, and Dr. Turner himself might be described as the nation's leading critical practitioner of middle-of-the-roadism. Here, really, lay his greatest contribution.

It is true that there were certain skeptics who stubbornly disputed Dr. Turner's right to such a title. These critics, instead of being reassured by the broad yet sane liberalism of the Doctor's views, were seriously alarmed by it: they professed to see in Dr. Turner's critical opinions a tendency towards a disturbing — nay dangerous! — radicalism. Such a judgment was simply ridiculous. Dr. Turner's position was neither too far to the right nor too far to the left, but "a little left of centre." To such a definition he would himself have instantly agreed; the phrasing would have pleased him.

True, there had been a period in Dr. Turner's rich career, when his

position had been a much more conservative one than it now was. But to his everlasting credit, let it be said that his views had grown broader as the years went on; the years had brought increase of tolerance, depth of knowledge, width of understanding; ripeness with this valiant soul was all.

There had been a time when Dr. Turner had dismissed the works of some of the more modern writers as being the productions of "a group of dirty little boys." Indeed the first use of this delightfully homely and pungent phrase may be safely accredited to Dr. Turner himself; people on Beacon Hill read it with appreciative chuckles, gentlemen in clubs slapped the *Fortnightly Cycle* on their thighs and cried out "Capital!" It was just the way they had always felt about the fellow themselves, except that they had never found quite the words to put it so; but *this* man now, this What's-His-Name, this Turner — oh, Capital! Capital! It was evident that a fearless, new, and salutary force had come into the Nation's Letters!

A little later on, however, Dr. Turner's dirty little boy had been qualified somewhat by the adjectival words, "Who scrawls bad words which he hopes may shock his elders upon the walls of privies." This was even better! For a pleasing image was thus conveyed to the readers of Dr. Turner's *Fornightly Cycle* that brought much unction to their souls. For what could be more comfortable for a devoted reader of the *Fornightly Cycle* than the reassuring sense that just as he was settling comfortably to attend to one of the most inevitable of the natural functions, he might look up and read with an amused and tolerating eye certain words that various dirty little boys like Anatole France, George Bernard Shaw, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and D. H. Lawrence had scrawled up there with the intention of shocking him.

If Dr. Turner had made no further contribution, his position would have been secure. But more, much more, was yet to come. For even at this early stage one of the salient qualities of Dr. Turner's talent had revealed itself. He was always able to keep at least two jumps ahead not only of his own critics, but of his own admirers. It was Dr. Turner, for example, who first made the astonishing discovery that Sex was Dull. The news at first stunned the readers of the *Fortnightly Cycle*, who had begun to be seriously alarmed about the whole matter, shocked, appalled, and finally reduced to a state of

sputtering indignation by "This, this Sort of Thing, now; Sort of Thing they're writing nowadays; this, this, why, this Filth! This fellow Lawrence, now!"

Dr. Turner put these perturbed spirits to rest. Dr. Turner was neither appalled, shocked, nor incensed by anything he read about sex. He didn't get indignant. He knew a trick worth six of these. Dr. Turner was amused. Or would have been amused, that is, if he had not found the whole business so excessively boring. Even as early as 1924, he was writing the following in comment on a recent book of D. H. Lawrence:

> This preoccupation with Sex — really not unlike the preoccupation of a *naughty* little boy with certain four-letter words which he surreptitiously scrawls upon the sides of barns — (*observe how the earlier exuberances of the Doctor are here subtly modified*)— would on the whole be mildly amusing to an adult intelligence who had presumed that these were things that one had lived through and forgotten in one's salad days, if it were not for the fact that the author contrives to make the whole business so appallingly dull. . . .

The readers of the *Fortnightly Cycle* were at first amazed, then simply enchanted by this information. They had been dismayed and sore perplexed — but now! Why, ah-hah-hah, the whole thing was very funny, wasn't it? The extreme seriousness of the fellow about the Kind of Thing they had themselves forgotten since their Sophomore days — would really be quite amusing if he did not contrive to make it so abysmally Dull!

II

But there was more, much more, to come. The whole tormented complex of the 'twenties was upon good Dr. Turner. People everywhere were bewildered by the kaleidoscopic swiftness with which things changed. It was a trial that might well have floored a less valiant spirit than that of Dr. Turner. Hardly a week went by but that a new great poet was discovered. Scarcely an issue of the *Fortnightly Cycle* appeared but that a new novel to equal *War and Peace* was given to the world. And not a month passed but that there was a new and sensational movement in the bewildering flux of fashion: Charles Chaplin was discovered to be not primarily a comedian at all, but the greatest tragic actor of the time (learned adepts of the arts assured the nation that his proper role was Hamlet). The true art-expression of America was the comic-strip (the productions of the Copleys, Whistlers, Sargents, Bellowses, and Lies could never hold a

candle to it). The only theatre that truly was native and was worth preserving was the burlesque show. The only music that was real was Jazz. There had only been one writer in America (his name was Twain, and he had been defeated just because he was — American; he was so good just because he was — American; but if he had not been American he could have been — so good!). Aside from this the only worthwhile writing in the land was what the advertising writers wrote; this was the true expression of the Yankee clime — all else had failed us, all was dross.

The madness grew from week to week. With every revolution of the clock the Chaos of the Cultures grew. But through it all, the soul of Dr. Turner kept its feet. Turner hewed true and took the Middle Way. To all things in their course, in their true proportion, he was just.

True, he had lapses. In culture's armies, he was not always foremost to the front. But he caught up. He always caught up. If there were errors sometimes in his calculations, he always rectified them before it was too late; if he made mistakes, like the man he was, he gallantly forgot them.

It was inspiring just to watch his growth. In 1923, for instance, he referred to the *Ulysses* of James Joyce as "that encyclopedia of filth which has become the bible of our younger intellectuals"; in 1925, more tolerantly, as "that bible of our younger intellectuals which differs from the real one in that it manages to be so consistently dull"; in 1929 (behold this man!) as "that amazing *tour de force* which has had more influence on our young writers than any other work of our generation"; and in 1933, when Justice Woolsey handed down the famous decision that made the sale of *Ulysses* legally permissible throughout these States (in a notable editorial that covered the entire front page of the *Fortnightly Cycle*) as "a magnificent vindication of artistic integrity . . . the most notable triumph over the forces of bigotry and intolerance that has been scored in the Republic of Letters in our time. . . ."

Similarly, when one of the earlier books of William Faulkner appeared, Dr. Turner greeted it with an editorial that was entitled, "The School of Bad Taste." He wrote:

> One wonders what our bright young men will do for material now that the supply of four-letter words and putrescent situations has been so exhausted that further efforts in this direction can only rouse the jaded reader to a state of apathy. Is it too much to hope that our young writers may grow

> tired of their own monsters and turn their talents to a possible investigation of — dare we hope it? — normal life?

A few years later, however, when Mr. Faulkner's *Sanctuary* appeared, the Doctor had so altered his views that, after likening the author to Poe in "the quality of his brooding imagination . . . his sense of the Macabre . . . his power to evoke stark fear, sheer horror, as no other writer of his time has done," he concluded his article by saying darkly to his readers, "This man may go far."

Thus, although Dr. Turner was occasionally out of step, he always fell in again before the Top Sergeant perceived his fault. Moreover, once he got into the fore, he had a very brave and thrilling way of announcing his position to his readers as if he had himself been in the crow's nest and cried "Land Ho!" at the very moment when the faint shore of some new and brave America was first visible.

These then were among the Doctor's more daring discoveries; some of the more conservative of his following were made uneasy by such risky venturesomeness, but they should not have been alarmed. For, if the Doctor ever stuck his neck out, it was only when he had it safely armor-plated: his bolder sorties out among the new and strange were always well-hedged round by flanking guards of reservations. Upon more familiar ground, however, the Doctor would go the whole hog in a way that warmed the soul. His praises of the Joyces, Faulkners, Eliots, and Lawrences were always fenced in by a parenthesis of safe reserve; even the Dreisers and the Lewises had their moderating checks; but when the Millays, Glasgows, Cabells, Nathans, and Morleys were his meat, he spoke out of the fullness of his heart — in vulgar phrase, the Doctor went to town.

And curiously enough, it was just here, when Dr. Turner was on what he himself was fond of classifying as "safe ground," that his judgment was likely to grow giddy and was prone to err. This exuberance caused him some embarrassment; at various stages of his editorial career he had described Christopher Morley as being the possessor of "the most delightful prose style that the familiar essay has known since the days of his true contemporary and, may I say, *almost* his equal, Charles Lamb. Aside from Lamb there is no other essayist since Montaigne's time to match him"; of Ellen Glasgow: "Not only our greatest living novelist, but one of the greatest

novelists that ever lived"; and of that lady's many works, as " . . . in their entirety comprising a picture of a whole society that, for variety and scope, has no parallel in literature except the *Comedie Humaine*, and that, in the perfection of their form and style, achieve a faultless artistry that Balzac's cruder talent never reached"; of the whimsy-whamsy of Robert Nathan as " . . . sheer genius. There's no other word for it; it's sheer elfin genius of a kind that not even Barrie has attained and that has no rival in our language unless perchance it be the elfin loveliness of the Titania-Oberon scenes in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*"; of the baroque pilgrimage of Mr. Cabell in his Province of Cockaigne " . . . our greatest ironist. . . . The greatest prose style in the language. . . Perhaps the only Pure Artist that we have"; and of a young gentleman who wrote a book about a Bridge in South America: "A great writer. . . . Certainly the greatest writer that the Younger Generation has produced. And the book! Ah, what a book! A book to be treasured, cherished, and re-read; a book to put upon your shelves beside *War and Peace*, *Don Quixote*, *Moby Dick*, *Candide* . . . and withal a book, that, without one touch of the dreary and degrading realism that disfigures the work of most of our younger writers, is so essentially, splendidly American . . . as American as Washington, Lincoln, or the Rocky Mountains, since in its story are implicit the two qualities that are most characteristic of our folk: Democracy through Love; Love through Democracy. . . ."

The world being the grim place it sometimes is, it is sorrowful but not surprising to relate that there were a few wicked spirits who took a cruel delight in unearthing these lush phrases years after they had first been uttered, and after they had lain decently interred in old copies of the *Fortnightly Cycle* for so long that presumably they were as dead as most of the books that had evoked them. Then the worthy Doctor had to pretend he did not know that they were there, or else eat them, and of all the forms of diet this is the toughest and least palatable.

But on the whole the Doctor came through nobly. The sea at times was stormy and the waves ran very high but the staunch ship that was Turner weathered through.

Among his followers, it is true, there are some whose tendencies were so conservative that they deplored the catholicity of the Doc-

tor's tastes. And among his enemies, there were some who were cruel enough to suggest that he wanted to be all things to all people, that Turner was not only the proper, but the inevitable, name for him, that the corkscrew shaped his course, and that if he went around the corner he would run into himself on the way back. Doctor Turner's answer to both these groups was simple, dignified, and complete: "In the Republic of Letters," said he, "of which I am a humble citizen, there are, I am glad to say, no factions, groups, or class distinctions. It is a true Democracy, perhaps the only one that now exists. And as long as I am privileged to belong to it, in however modest a capacity, I hope I shall be worthy of it, too, and broad enough to see all sides."

III

In appearance, Dr. Turner was scarcely prepossessing. He was so much below middle height that at first sight it seemed that one of Singer's Midgets had enjoyed a run of extra growth. His little bread-crumb of a body, for in appearance he suggested nothing so much as a piece of well-done toast, was surmounted by a head of normal size which appeared too large for the meagre figure that supported it. In its other qualities it resembled somewhat the face of the little man one so often sees in political cartoons, and which bears the caption of The Common People. It was such a face as one might see upon the streets a hundred times a day, and never think of later: it may have belonged to a bank clerk, a bookkeeper, an insurance agent, or someone going home to Plainfield on the 5:15.

Doaks himself was one of the good Doctor's more belated discoveries. When the author's first book, *Home to Our Mountains*, had appeared some years before, Dr. Turner had not been favorably impressed. The review in the *Fortnightly Cycle* had been a very gem of bland dismissal: "No doubt the thing is well enough," said Turner, "but after all, old Rabelais is really so much better" — a conclusion which the unhappy author was by no means minded to dispute.

Five years later, upon the publication of Doaks' second book the good Doctor was still undecided just what he was going to do about it or him. Three weeks before the book was released for general sale, in fact, the Doctor had met Doaks' publisher and, after confessing that an advance copy of the new work

had been sent to him, had added grimly: "I haven't made up my mind about Doaks yet. But," said he bodingly, "I'll make it up within a week or two." Within the next two weeks, however, Dr. Turner apparently felt the telepathy of moderating influences — "You can always tell," as he was wont to say, "when Things are in the Air" — to such a degree that when his critique ultimately appeared, it was much more favorable than Doaks or his publisher had dared to hope. Not that the Doctor was thoroughly persuaded, but he took a more conciliating tone. The book, he averred, "could hardly be called a novel" — he did not trouble to explain what could — it was really "a Spiritual Autobiography," and having arrived at this sounding definition, he discussed the volume freely in spiritual-autobiographical terms, and on the whole was pretty favorable about it, too, having neatly furnished forth a special little nest for Mr. Doaks, without in any way impinging on the jealous precincts of more splendid birds on more important boughs.

The way for a rapprochement was thus opened gracefully and when the author met the Doctor some months later their greetings were of a friendly kind.

"Darling," said Dr. Turner to his wife, "I want you to meet Mr. Doaks. By George! I can't get used to all this 'Mister' stuff, I'm going to call you *Joe!*" cried Dr. Turner with an air of bluff heartiness that was simply irresistible. "I know so many people that you know and I've heard them call you Joe for years, no other name seems possible."

Doaks murmured that he was enchanted to be thus addressed, meanwhile feeling a little helpless and confused under the hypnotic influence of Mrs. Turner who, still holding him by the hand, was looking steadily into his eyes with a slow, strange smile.

"You," she said at length, very slowly and decidedly, "*You!* You wrote the book," she concluded simply.

He felt definitely vague about this, but managed to mumble that he had. The lady's answer to this was to continue to hold the author by the hand, to regard him steadily with a fixed smile that seemed to harbor some dawning mirth to which no one else was a party.

"You," she said presently again. "I don't know, but somehow you make me laugh. You amuse me. There is something about you that is like — is like — an Elf!"

"Yes," said Dr. Turner quickly

and, meeting Doaks' bewildered eye, he went on with an air of hasty explanation in the manner of people steering away from well-known reefs: "My wife was *awfully* interested in that book of yours. *Awfully*. Of course, we *all* were," he went on rapidly. "Matter of fact, I wrote three full columns on it," he went on with just a tinge of nervous constraint, as if he hoped this would make everything all right. "I believe it was the longest review I have done since *An American Tragedy*. I was *awfully* interested in it," said the Doctor, now like Yser, rolling rapidly. "Did you see my review, by any chance?" he asked, and then quickly before the other had a chance to answer, "I was really *awfully* interested; I called it a kind of spiritual autobiography," he went on. "I mean," he said quickly, as the other opened his mouth as if to speak, "it really made me think of *Wilhelm Meister*. Not," the Doctor quickly cried, as Doaks started to open his mouth again, "not that that was all of it — of course there were passages in it that were *very* much like *War and Peace* — I remember saying to Mrs. Turner at the time, 'You know, there are times when he is very much like Tolstoi.' "

"And like an — *Elf*," said Mrs. Turner at this point, never for a moment relinquishing her grasp on the author's hand, and continuing to smile steadily at him in a slow, strange way — "So- like- an- Elf," she said and laughed deliberately.

"And, of course," said Doctor Turner rapidly, "there's the *Moby Dick* influence too. I know I told my wife at the time that there were passages, magnificent passages," cried Doctor Turner, "that were very much like Herman Melville —"

"And- like- an- Elf!" the wife said.

"And *very* much like *Moby Dick*!" the Doctor said decidedly.

"And *very*," Doaks, whose mind at last was beginning to work slowly, thought, "oh, *very*, *very*, like a whale!"

Meanwhile the critic's lady continued to hold him by the hand, looking steadily at him, smiling a slow smile.

In this way, after so long and perilous a voyage, the storm-tossed mariner, Mr. Doaks, came to port. And if he was not berthed among the mighty liners, at least he now had anchorage in the slips where some of the smaller vessels in the Turnerian haven were.

SHALL WE DROWN THE UNEMPLOYED?

By Fred C. Kelly

THE other day one of our Senators proposed exporting 2,000,000 Negroes to Liberia, on the theory that the government would then have 2,000,000 fewer recipients of PWA and Relief money. Thus an old fallacy persists in our august Congress, as it does elsewhere. If, say those who currently encourage this fallacy, everyone now on public works, Relief, and so on were banished (or persuaded to drown themselves, as so many have) the government would be able to stop the huge Relief and public-works payments, balance the budget, and, most important of all, lighten the tax load on John Citizen, Esq. This notion, for all its beauty, is sheer nonsense. Facts and figures show that removal of the present unemployed would only create a new batch requiring care.

Here are a few figures statisticians have prepared, proving that *unemployment is not an independent problem, but one which has interrelationships with other aspects of our whole national economy.* According to the 1930 census, there were 48.8 million gainful workers in the United States, out of a total population of 123,000,000. The average number of dependents for each gainful worker is thus about 1.5. If we assume that the 11,000,000 workers currently unemployed have the average number of dependents (of course, many are ahead of the average) about 27.5 million persons may be classed as unemployed or dependent on the unemployed — about 21 per cent of the total population. So if the unemployed workers were drowned, their dependents would still remain. We should have to dispose of these dependents, too, or else the cost of Relief would decrease only slightly, and the government would lose the compensating value of those now on public works.

About 2,500,000 are on Federal work projects; another 1,500,000 families and single persons are receiving Relief from State and local agencies. In addition 1,500,000 are receiving aid under Social Security. Since 1933, government expenditures for Relief and secur-

ity have been more than $13,000,000,000. Of this, more than $9,000,000,000 went for wages, direct Relief, or Social Security payments, and the rest largely for materials such as iron, steel, lumber, cloth, paint, cement, and tools.

If the unemployed had all been deported or drowned, those expenditures would not have been made. Thirteen billion dollars would not have trickled in various directions and no part of it would have reached the local grocer or hardware dealer. Indeed, total retail trade in 1937 was only a little more than three times that amount. It begins to look as if business might suffer a substantial loss if all the unemployed were eliminated.

Statisticians say that for every man employed on public works, an average of 2 to 2.5 are kept at work behind the lines. In other words, millions of workers in factories or on farms supplying materials and food have jobs only because millions of other workers have jobs on Relief paid for by the government. It is estimated that if we deported all the unemployed, including the 2.5 million on work projects, about 5,000,000 new unemployed would lose their jobs. That drastic cure for unemployment would cause more unemployment! If the 5,000,000 new unemployed had 1.5 dependents apiece, and we continued to deport everybody who was unemployed, we might then have a score something like this:

	Millions of Persons
United States Population (1937)	130.0
Less: Unemployed deported or drowned	11.0
	119.0
Less: Dependents	16.5
Revised United States Population	102.5
Less: New Unemployed	5.0
	97.5
Less: New Dependents	7.5
Revised United States Population	90.0

Thus we have eliminated 16,000,000 unemployed and 24,000,000 dependents. At first glimpse, the unemployment problem should now be much simplified. But new difficulties might arise. With only 90,000,000 customers, instead of 130,000,000, business would have difficulty in making profits. There would be such excess of both factories and dwelling houses that rents would decline; landlords would be delinquent in taxes and unable to pay mortgages; property values would naturally fall; banks and insurance companies would

have a tough time of it trying to liquidate their foreclosed properties. Business and industry would discharge workers and widespread unemployment would raise its ugly head once again. If public works today provide indirect employment for from 2 to 2.5 other men, surely the income of a privately employed worker provides a job for at least one other worker. Assuming that to be true, then the 5,000,000 thrown out of jobs by the elimination of the original unemployed would put 5,000,000 more people out of work and these would doubtless have the average number of dependents. If we got rid of all these, the score would be, in millions:

Revised United States Population	90.0
Less: New Unemployed deported	5.0
	85.0
Less: New dependents deported	7.5
Revised United States Population	77.5

With our population now down to only 77,500,000, we are getting back to the good old days and all should be well. But with 52.5 million fewer customers, many business institutions would have difficulty in maintaining dividends. They would have to retrench and make every possible saving. Every employee not actually needed would be dismissed. Another mass deportation or "liquidation" might follow. Assuming once more the ratio of one worker indirectly employed for each one directly employed, the last deportation of 5,000,000 would create a new set of 5,000,000 out of work. Deporting them along with their dependents, the new score would be:

Revised United States Population	77.5
Less: New Unemployed eliminated	5.0
	72.5
Less: New dependents got rid of	7.5
Revised United States Population	65.0

Our population is now getting down toward that of England or France, but England and France have unemployment and so would we. A new crowd would be thrown out of work because it was no longer needed to supply goods used by the last group we got rid of.

But before we went that far maybe even the most conservative among us would quit worrying about deporting or drowning people as a solution for our problem.

UNDERGROUND GERMANY

By Heinz Liepmann

A citizen of Munich, where the Nazi movement got started, put a coin into a slot machine dispensing chocolate, pulled the lever, and out came — a compact, neatly packed anti-Nazi booklet. Thousands of Munich residents thus paid for sweets and received some bitter truths.

In Cologne subscribers of an impeccably Hitlerite newspaper complained that inside the paper they had found, in place of the regular second section, an illegal pamphlet.

A Berlin or Hamburg or Vienna burgher, having purchased a routine Guide to one of the teeming patriotic expositions, finds it crammed full of anti-fascist information and exhortation. The first few pages contain the original text, but bootleg text fills the rest of the book.

A Brown Shirt dignitary turns on his radio, seeking some good relaxing *Bierhaus* music. A strange phrase freezes his fingers as he turns the dial. Denunciation of the Führer! A powerful secret radio station has crashed through.

No more than samples, these, of the melodramatic, persistent, ineradicable political underworld in Nazi Germany — a nether world that lives always in the shadow of torture and death. Risking life more surely, more dangerously than any soldier in war, men and women of the old Germany before Hitler — of the new Germany after Hitler — continue to keep opposition alive in the hearts and minds of their countrymen. They lead quiet, unobtrusive lives; hold government jobs; may even make Nazi speeches if their open lives call for it. But their real interest, their real consecration is underground opposition.

I was in one of the first underground units in the unequal, tragic, but heroic, war conducted by a small group of outlaws. I am still in discreet contact with that embattled group. The facts and figures cited in this article I use with the express authorization of the illegal underground movement in my native land. They are therefore strictly limited; only those that betray no secrets. The last thing I

should care to do would be to leave the mis-impression that the political underground is vast or, at the present moment, a real threat to the Hitler regime. But I can attest that it exists, closely-knit, reconciled to the almost inevitable price of death for the cause of German freedom; and that the German population is acutely aware of it. Millions of Germans know that, as long as the underground lives and labors, the memory of human liberty, and the hope of a new day, cannot be utterly snuffed out.

II

The illegal underground movement in Germany started as the idealistic and rather romantic enterprise of students and intellectuals in the spring of 1933, a few months after Hitler's triumph. Of course, a year before Hitler became chancellor the great Left parties, the communists and Social Democrats, had already prepared illegal groups in the event that the Nazis should come to power. But the Nazis have always been underestimated by their foes. From the very beginning, Nazi spies joined these illegal groups as members, and as soon as Hitler took over power these Left organizations were betrayed and destroyed. Thus, after the paralyzing victory of the Nazis, no organized opposition remained in Germany except those small, romantic groups of intellectuals.

The one I belonged to was in Hamburg. We met in twos and threes in subway stations, churches, hospitals, and such places. We could not trust anybody; the whole country was intoxicated with enthusiasm for the new regime. Everywhere hung large posters: "*Fellow citizens, listen to the conversation of your neighbor. He may be a traitor to the new Germany of your Führer.*" Every waiter who saw someone whispering, every hysterical old woman who had read too many detective stories, every small business man hoping to rid himself of a competitor, ran to the Secret Police with an accusation. Suspicion sufficed — from the beginning, as now. Everywhere little careerists were eager to climb to power over the bodies of those whom they denounced. How many thousand innocent men and women were herded into concentration camps in that hysterical summer of 1933 we shall never know. But there were also "guilty" people among them, members of the underground units.

The Germans are great organizers, and the Nazis carried that talent to a new level of effective-

ness. Not a single printing press in the whole country remained unregistered. Every German was turned into monitor and spy over his neighbors, his fellow-workers, his own friends and family. That in spite of this we succeeded in one dramatic *coup* seems in retrospect a kind of miracle. How many miracles desperation has achieved in these years! In a deserted factory we mobilized the raw materials and the machinery for making phonograph records. On a certain day, at a specified hour, 40,000 phonograph records were sold on the streets of Berlin, Hamburg, and other cities. In Berlin, one hundred men and women each disposed of forty records. When the buyers brought the bargain home, they heard a few bars of an overture, then a voice denouncing Hitler and Hitler's policies.

But that first romantic underground did not develop into a real opposition. Too many of us were caught. We had no means of communication with each other and with similar groups elsewhere. In Hamburg, I recall, we could only wonder desperately how many of our units were still extant. We had no experience and no real plan. In February, 1934, however, shortly after the wholesale arrests took off at least half the Berlin members, the movement was reorganized and began to operate with considerable efficiency. The membership was arranged into groups of three, and three only, so that none of the newer recruits, those not absolutely dependable, could know more than two others. The Berlin organization did not at first attempt any anti-fascist propaganda, but concentrated instead on educating its own members. At the same time as many as possible were put into various branches of the government, particularly the police, storm troopers, army, and Gestapo.

This Berlin organization, unconnected with any past political party at the time, became the foundation for the underground movement of to-day. Trained members were sent into other towns, especially to the ports and to the industrial cities of the Rhineland and Saxonia. The Nazis tried to find the new leaders, but without success. On April 24, 1934 the government, clearly alarmed, promulgated a law that has few parallels for ferocity in any modern civilized country. It made any attempt to organize an unauthorized political party, to maintain a party of that sort, or influence the masses through unauthorized printed matter, *punishable by death.*

At the same time the Ministry of Justice prescribed a new procedure for the execution of political prisoners. While other nations seek more humane ways of executing prisoners, the Nazi government sought and found a form of capital punishment more diabolically cruel. It ordered that political offenders sentenced to death be guillotined lying on their backs, *facing the falling ax.*

For all the boasts of 99 per cent support in "elections," there has not been a week since Hitler took control that foreign correspondents have not been able to report one or more political executions. From April 1, 1934 to November 30, 1938, although only twelve ordinary criminals were put to death on the guillotine, 912 political offenders were executed in the new style, facing the ax. Nobody knows how many others have met their end in prisons and concentration camps, "accidentally," or while "attempting escape," or simply as a result of unbearable conditions. Of the concentration-camp population (conservatively estimated by the European Trade Unions Council last December as 102,000), at least 30,000 to 36,000 (again according to the Council estimate) are there because they joined the illegal underground movement. That is the only figure on which any guess as to the extent of the movement may be predicated. My own estimate, based on careful study, leads me to believe that the undetected underground membership is at least 90,000.

In the first year or so the underground had no affiliation with any political party. It could not, because the leadership of those parties was scattered — dead, imprisoned, or abroad. The members came together because they were *against* fascism, rather than because they were *for* this or that political grouping. On August 10, 1934, for the first time, delegates from fifty-four local underground groups in all parts of the Reich succeeded in meeting secretly in Paris. They compared notes and arranged for more regularized mutual contacts inside Germany, including monthly meetings of key people. The authorized delegates at the same time established connections with sympathetic foreign groups: liberal and progressive organizations, as well as religious societies, in France and other countries surrounding Germany. Promises of financial assistance and propaganda materials were obtained. Finally, the meeting agreed to publish an information bulletin out of Germany for members outside the country.

This conference brought many benefits to the movement, but also serious disadvantages. Returning to their local groups, the delegates brought, for the first time, a fairly connected picture of the opposition nationally. They brought, too, new educational and propaganda materials. On the other hand, the conference introduced political differences that had been in abeyance until then. By the spring of 1935 the underground was infected with party politics. The communist members in the larger cities disagreed on methods of propaganda and attack, and proceeded to establish their own groups throughout the country. A few months later, the Social Democratic faction also pulled away and established its own headquarters in Prague. As to the original non-partisan idealistic movement, it had dwindled to extremely small proportions. But even this now split into two distinct elements, so far as political methods were concerned. One consisted of the underground oppositionists with strong religious interests: Protestants, Catholics, and Jews. The other, the so-called "Liberty group," included chiefly intellectuals, students, workingmen, liberals, primarily concerned with reviving democracy.

That's how the situation stands to-day. Four more or less distinct organizations make up the hunted political underworld: communist, Social Democratic, religious, and liberal. They still work together locally and exchange experiences. They still protect one another against arrest and extermination whenever possible. If a Social Democrat, let us say, working as assistant to a local storm-troop leader, should learn of a plan to raid a meeting of the Liberty group, he would instantly tip them off. And vice versa.

III

Obviously it is impossible to do more than indicate the kind of activities carried on by the underground. Numerous pamphlets, leaflets, and books are printed in neighboring countries and smuggled into the country. The distribution of such illicit political literature is far more risky than its transportation. The amazing thing is how few victims there have been, in relation to the volume of anti-Nazi printed stuff distributed. New devices must constantly be invented; no trick will work for long. The message of protest has reached German citizens in minute print on cloth, in packaged goods bought in the shops, at the bottom of

their tooth-paste tubes. Always the traces of such efforts must be eradicated, always there is danger of a leak, a slip-up, a sudden raid.

I was witness myself to a raid in which 2000 policemen and storm troopers, at four in the morning, surrounded an entire district in Hamburg. If there had been any illegal printing machines or other telltale equipment in this district, when the raid came, they had disappeared. The ambitious police chief, however, had promised a show to some foreign newspapermen, and so he had a hundred revolvers transported secretly from police headquarters to a deserted house. When he led the reporters to his "discovery," he found only sixty-six of the revolvers left. Members of the police force affiliated with the underground movement had recognized an opportunity to swell the arms supply of their illegal groups.

Both the Liberty group and the communist group possess illegal broadcasting stations, both of which have been operating for over a year in Germany. The Liberty station is of real importance and tremendously popular. It is apparently transported from village to village, and the frantic efforts of the police to find it have thus far been futile. In Berlin, three illegal daily newspapers appear regularly and at least one is published in each of sixteen other German towns.

The German illegal movement has three great aims. First, the education and training of its own members. Second, the distribution of true and reliable news to the German people who would otherwise know only what the Nazis tell them about national and international affairs. And third, preparation for the day on which they must be ready to take over the government. The day, they believe, cannot come without revolution.

Two conditions are always necessary for the success of a revolution: one is the disillusionment of, and discontent among, the masses, usually the effect of food shortage, war fear, and inflation hysteria. The other is the existence of a small group of well-trained men and women with the necessary qualifications for leadership. The American Revolution, the Russian Revolution, the French Revolution all support this generalization. Underground Germany is preparing for the moment the masses break through the totalitarian bonds.

THOUGHTS ON CURRENT DISCONTENTS

By H. L. Mencken

The New Logic: It would be nice if it worked. *Ergo*, it works.

*

Unquestionably, there is progress. The average American now pays out almost as much in taxes alone as he formerly got in wages.

*

The most dangerous of all follies is to believe in the palpably not true. It is the chief occupation of mankind.

*

A metaphysician is one who believes it when autotoxins from a dilapidated liver make his brain whisper that mind is above liver.

*

There are no institutions in America; there are only fashions.

*

I like the man without a collar, but the fellow in a dirty collar I can't abide.

*

Any defeat, however trivial, may be fatal to a savior of the plain people. They never admire a messiah with a bloody nose.

The lunatic fringe has begun to wag the underdog.

*

If Wall Street really wants to dispose of John L. Lewis, let it invite him to a swell feed, hand him a fifty-cent cigar with a torpedo in it, and so burn off his eyebrows.

*

The Reform of the Supreme Court: We have got rid of a flock of buzzards and put in a flock of poll-parrots.

*

Congress consists of one-third, more or less, scoundrels; two-thirds, more or less, idiots; and three-thirds, more or less poltroons.

*

It takes only one drop of *Oleum tiglii* to turn a respectable hooker of rye into a Mickey Finn. It takes only one communist to ruin a labor-union.

*

There are now only two classes of men in the United States: those who work for their livings, and those who vote for them.

Every decent man is ashamed of the government he lives under.

*

Men are the only animals who devote themselves, day in and day out, to making one another unhappy. It is an art like any other. Its virtuosi are called altruists.

*

The war on privilege will never end. Its next great campaign will be against the special privileges of the underprivileged.

*

Dispatch from Reno: The rich leap from the bed to the altar almost as fast as the poor leap from the altar to the bed.

*

The most valuable of all boons on this earth is privacy. Neither the rich nor the poor have it. It is the exclusive luxury of the middle class.

*

The only difference between communism, fascism, *et cetera*, on the one hand, and theology on the other is the difference between surrealist painting and painting.

*

Democracy tries an endless succession of arcana as a movie gal tries an endless series of husbands, hoping against hope for one who is sober, self-supporting, faithful, and not too watchful.

To believe that Russia has got rid of the evils of capitalism takes a special kind of mind. It is the same kind that believes that a Holy Roller has got rid of sin.

*

In Russia, everything is owned by the people. Similarly the prisoners own the House of Correction.

*

A social worker is a broker between two kinds of human delusion. He (or she) collects money from those who believe that they are generous, and disburses it (less a fair commission) among those who believe that they are deserving.

*

Always there is that world-shaking triumph of liberty, equality, and fraternity — but always a *Katzenjammer* follows after, with another triumph to come, and another *Katzenjammer*.

*

Government is the most impudent and oppressive of all natural monopolies. It is a public service company ten times as extortionate as any other public service company.

*

God must love the poor, said Lincoln, or he wouldn't have made so many of them. He must love the rich, or he wouldn't divide so much *mazuma* among so few of them.

DECLINE OF THE NEWSPAPER SOUSE

By Stanley Walker

There is no great mystery about how newspapermen acquired the reputation of being heavy drinkers. They earned the reputation on honest and sometimes spectacular performance. They drank. Not quite so much, perhaps, as popular legend had it, nor was the profession filled with souses from top to bottom, but there was a solid basis of liquid fact back of the general opinion that newspapermen as a class were unduly fond of the bottle.

Indeed, the term "newspaperman" would evoke the mental picture of an individual with most or all of the following distinguishing marks: a personable sort of chap, but inclined to be slovenly. From a pretty good family, but more or less an eccentric or a black sheep. Unreliable in his private life. Romantic as any Don Juan, but not a sound person to marry. Always broke. Always expecting to write a great novel or a play, the ideas of which he already saw clearly. Capable of tremendous feats of stamina, daring, and ingenuity. Resentful toward all authority and discipline. A touch of dandruff on his coat collar. A mind crammed with inside information on all manner of hair-curling topics. Able, by some curious freak of metabolism, to write just as well on twenty highballs as on nothing. Fond of insulting tycoons and statesmen and even bishops. A rapscallion, but lovable.

Now it must be remembered that this fabulous monstrosity was not altogether a piece of fiction. He was a plausible character because he really existed. No one reporter may have boasted all these characteristics, but a good many came pretty close. Literature, Hollywood, and the stage did the rest. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur's *The Front Page*, in which a reporter was described as having a bottle in one pocket and a copy of The American Mercury in the other, merely verified, and solidified, the impression already held by the public. From then on a newspaperman had to take a drink every few minutes, in a film

or on the stage, or the production was hooted off as lacking verisimilitude. Latterly the radio script writers have been following the tradition with a vengeance. Their newspaper heroes swagger drunkenly on the air waves as they plead with hard-boiled city editors to hold the front pages for that big scoop. And the path of that newspaper man of fiction might lead in one of two directions: (1) a sad death eventually of cirrhosis of the liver, or (2) regeneration and happiness through the influence of a good and beautiful woman, preferably one with a lot of money.

Now it's risky to generalize about newspapermen, at least for anyone who knows so many ungeneralized members of the species. One case history may be used to refute another, and doubtless will be so used. But one thing does seem to be true: the newspaperman of today drinks much less than his brother of a generation or two ago. He is of a "higher" type (though the adjective depends on the point of view from which the specimen is observed), better educated, and more "steady." With every year he seems to be farther removed from the guzzling, swearing, life-loving, hell-raising reporter of the dramatic legend. With every year he seems to grow more earnest; statistics are gradually replacing the red corpuscles in his blood stream.

Even in the foreign field, once reserved for newspapermen of the do-and-dare breed, correspondents of sad and scholarly mind are ousting the scoop-hungry sons of adventure. Richard Harding Davis and Floyd Gibbons are being replaced by experts in economics, sociology, and contending isms.

This is not to say that there has been a revolution. It really never was considered good business for a paper to have a staff made up of rum-pots. And, in all sense, there never was anything particularly attractive about an intoxicated reporter; he can be almost as objectionable as an intoxicated advertising man or unfrocked clergyman, and those are among the worst types when they put vine leaves in their hair. Thirty, forty, and fifty years ago it was sound practice for a new ownership, or a new managing editor, to get rid of the superannuated lushers who had been cluttering up the place. By sheer inertia, or a disinclination to fire anyone in any circumstances, it is easy for a newspaper after the space of a few years to accumulate a staff of bibulous and fuzzy-minded leeches who are no good for any purpose in a civilized community.

Everything that the lovers of sobriety (the late Frank Munsey, John Roach Straton, Morris Sheppard, Ella A. Boole, *et al*) ever said about the evils of strong drink is, in the main, perfectly true. Booze is capable of befuddling the brain, weakening the will, clouding the memory, dissipating energies. No doubt about it. It can be particularly bad in the newspaper business, which at its best requires the highest sort of alertness and intelligence. Most newspapermen know this perfectly well.

The newer sobriety in the business is hardly to be attributed to any sudden or widespread awakening of a feeling of pride in the profession; the better journalists always have felt that pride. In almost any period, moreover, the American journalist has been a more honest man, more sure of himself and the integrity of his paper or news service, than the journalist of almost any other country. But it was his custom to shrug off the derelictions of his drunken and incompetent brethren as merely something unfortunate, something to be ignored, forgiven if possible, and forgotten. And yet the idea that there is something inherently "cute," and even admirable, about the orey-eyed bum, dies hard.

II

A few years ago, at a small meeting in a New York hotel, some of the newspapermen present were called upon late in the evening to contribute their views to the discussion at hand. One of the newspapermen prefaced his somewhat incoherent remarks with, "I don't know that I can add much to what has been said, but, speaking simply as an ordinary drunken newspaperman —" There was, of course, a titter about the room. The guests nodded knowingly. But the odd part of the performance came later, when the other newspapermen denounced their colleague for taking an apparent pride in being an arrogant and sodden spokesman for the press. It may be a still small voice, but it is true that these days the over-exuberant newspaper drunk does get the pointed condemnation of his fellows — on occasion.

It is probable that, in New York alone (and certainly in Washington), there could be rounded up at least one hundred able newspapermen who are out of jobs principally because so many city editors and managing editors around town are familiar with their reputations as boozers. These men have killed themselves as effectively, so far as

their profession is concerned, as if they had blown out their brains.

In the old days their plight was not quite so serious. One reason why things were softer in former times is that there were so many more newspapers. If a man didn't like it on one paper, or got into a jam there, or objected to the way the managing editor parted his hair, he could quit and walk over to another paper and get a job. But today papers are fewer; jobs are terrifyingly scarce. Once a man gets a job he usually hangs on to it, and, unless he is a complete fool, he takes few chances on drinking himself out of it. When he is sent out on a story, he doesn't fall into the traditional pattern of failing to show up for several days; no, he reports back to the office on time, maybe with nothing very good, but he protects his job.

The foregoing remarks, it is submitted, are as sound as gospel, and, like the gospel, open to certain grave questions and dissent. Admitting that reporters are rather soberer, and that the papers have less tolerance for the inveterate toss-pots, is anybody, really, better off? A soul-searching question.

With certain exceptions the new generation of newspapermen, particularly in the larger cities, are an extraordinarily dull collection of serious-minded, supposedly socially-conscious, immature moppets. They would rather cover a labor convention than the most gory and romantic murder imaginable. They know Marx and Engels, but they have trouble getting genuine feeling into what they write.

Some of them (and this seems miraculous) are passable experts on foreign affairs, economics, and various theories of social trend, but, more's the pity, they turn out to be complete bores. Maybe it's all for the best — this is merely an observation. They are learned young fellows, even if they can't spell, but they are the dispirited and sober eunuchs of the Fourth Estate.

Offhand there comes to mind only one New York reporter who has been known openly, publicly, and unashamedly to laugh in the course of the last six months. That man is Lucius Beebe, the dude journalist, peasant-baiter, and congenital Tory; his raucous, but booming and somehow heart-warming guffaw, rising about the patter of ideological small-talk in taverns from New York to San Francisco, from Boston to Fort Worth, is a reminder to students of journalism that, after all, there is more to life than car loadings, soil erosion, embargoes, boycotts, and

the third party movement. Mr. Beebe, usually with well-bred condescension, has put up with the gibes of a great many high-minded young thinkers who resent the fact that he has a good time. It may not be pertinent, but Mr. Beebe will take a drink any time, and at any place, if the mood is upon him. It is probable that, in some happier time in the far-distant future, when the sour-faced young pipsqueaks of today are living off their social security income and spending their old age writing their dreary memoirs, the journalists of America will do something handsome by Mr. Beebe as the one man who kept the faith during the dark days.

III

Do we lie? Have we been trapped in sophistry? Is nostalgia getting the better of us? We think not. Consider the men who were the ornaments of journalism in New York twenty and more years ago; some have survived to greater glories, some are dead, and some plod on at about the same pace. Some drank much, some little, but not one was a teetotaler, and all of them had a good time. On such a list, to name only a few, would be such men as Frank Ward O'Malley, Martin Green, Walter Davenport, W. O. McGeehan, Edwin C. Hill, "Spanish Jack" O'Brien, Benjamin De Casseres, Charles E. Still, Larkin G. Mead, Martin Casey, "Deacon" Terry — the glamorous list is all but endless. All of them were men of intelligence and character; moreover, and this somehow seems important, they had a quality which is virtually unknown today, and that quality is feeling. They knew a truth that was enunciated long ago: that the fonts of tears and laughter lie very close together.

O. Henry once wrote a story about a young author who knew all the technique, had all the surface knowledge, but who still could not become a successful writer; and O. Henry compared that man's work with a symmetrical pile of clamshells from which all the vital and succulent substance had been removed. Many of the youngsters of today seem to lack the sense of the juices of life. By this ignorance, to be sure, they probably will miss a great deal of heartache, and even tragedy, but they will also have missed a vast amount of pleasure.

One young man, when asked why he regarded newspaper work today as preferable to that of, say, twenty years ago, remarked that the five-day week alone, now in al-

most universal practice, was a tremendous boon in itself. But of what use is an extra day, or an extra two days, to a dullard? It merely gives him that much more time to allow that gelatinous organ which he fondly calls his brain to solidify. Does he work on that book, does he get pleasantly squiffed, does he do research into some abstruse but fascinating subject, does he engage in profitable amours? Alas, he rarely does any of these things. The five-day week, as applied to daily journalism, has only served to accentuate the almost unbelievable torpor of the general run of present-day newsgatherers.

This is not to suggest that it is necessary to drink to be a good newspaperman, or that all the consistent drinkers in newspaper history were drinkers because of some obscure but compelling love of the good things of life. Far from it. Newspapermen, like other classifications of men, drink for a variety of reasons. No one ever drank in order that he might write a great news-story; he may have told himself that he did, but he would have been wrong. Liquor in excess is invariably bad for writing. On the other hand, it can be a great help to the man who is merely groping for ideas. Some of the soundest and most penetrating ideas in journalism have come from the mind of an editor who had, by all ordinary standards, imbibed just a little too much. Of course such an editor can have some pretty bad ideas when in his cups, but he can always discard these duds when he gets to his office the next morning; the pure gold residue is sometimes worth the experiment.

The upshot of all this disquisition? Well, it would seem to be that liquor is bad, killing potential genius and wasting time and making unreliable bores out of otherwise valuable fellows, and that, so far as that is true, the general decline of the souse newspapermen has been a good thing. But, to balance that gain, there has been a loss of camaraderie, of imagination, of the comic spirit, and of the sense that, in a myriad intangible ways, the newspaper profession is a good profession for a man who is alive.

Perfectionists in the newspaper business will hope that some day we can combine the best features of the two schools of thought and have a breed of newspapermen who will laugh a little, but not too loudly; who will drink some, but never get riotously or violently drunk; who will be gentlemanly within reason, but never cloddish prudes, and who, while sensible to

the grave matters with which the modern world is grappling, are not bowed down by them. This is a utopian notion, and impracticable. A suggestion for immediate use — we offer it gratis to the Newspaper Guild — would be to force the solemn young men to go upon a fixed, and rather heavy, ration of malt, vinous, or spiritous beverages, for which their bosses, of course, would pay. It would either (1) accentuate their stupidity and boorishness and thus give ample grounds for firing them; (2) lift them out of their lethargy and inflame them to deeds of a noble and inspired nature; or (3) kill them. In any event, journalism would profit.

COMPLACENCY

By Alfred Kreymborg

Couples
who merely
sit at
the hearth
and share
a common
fate
know naught
of fire,
human
desire,
beyond
a selfish
state.

Let them
doze on
or sip
their tea,
quite
satisfied
with that:
No one
will know,
when they
die down,
where it
was they
sat.

The final episode of an American communist's adventure in Spain.

ESCAPE FROM LOYALIST SPAIN

By William G. Ryan

Valencia was more crowded than usual. Dumpy little street cars rattled by almost submerged in swaying brown waves of humanity. Thick clusters of small, olive-skinned soldiers in ragged khaki uniforms blocked the narrow sidewalks and overflowed into the roughly cobbled streets. They shuffled their straw-soled, canvas-topped peasant sandals over the stones in short uneasy rhythms. In the fast riffles of liquid Spanish I caught a recurrent clear sentence — "In a little while the war will be over." This time the rumors were true, I felt. It did look like the end. My leave had been canceled along with that of all the other Internationals, and I had seen our convalescents loaded into big American trucks at Benisa and Albacete to be sent back to the front. "Very good. International bandits to the front," a wit had called out to the vast amusement of all.

I pushed my way through the throngs and entered a café. A solid block of soldiers six or seven deep surrounded the long bar. All of the tables were occupied by officers and commissars in trim, creased uniforms, strong boots, and shiny puttees. Five-pointed Soviet stars bobbed significantly in caps set at jaunty angles and an arsenal of revolvers nestled cozily against a wall of fat thighs. Spain had no shortage of political commissars. The heavy, sweetish odor of burning anise seed made me a little dizzy and the thick fumes stung my eyes. Going on two years in Spain and I hadn't got used to smoking anise.

I felt really thankful for the three packages of American cigarettes in the lining of my Russian shoddy jacket. There was a severe tobacco famine; no one except the officers and "comic stars" (as we called the commissars) had cigarettes. The stop in Alicante had been fortunate. My wife had taken advantage of her nurse's uniform to get on board one of the British vessels in the harbor and obtain a carton of American cigarettes. As a result I had three

precious American packs in addition to the issue packet of Spanish anti-tanks which soldiers going up the front usually received.

I took a double cognac into a corner and thought things over. It was tough having my leave canceled almost before it had started. All through the bitter suffering of the frigid Aragon winter I had comforted myself with the thought of the few happy days with my wife at the hospital, if I survived and went into rest. The promised ten days had dwindled to a few hours and now I was going back to the front to fight again for a cause in which I no longer believed.

Then I began to wonder if Tony, the devout young English communist with whom I had marched across the Pyrenees and discussed the glorious dawn of a new millennium in Spain, was still a believer. He had an office job in Valencia somewhere. I decided to look him up. At the Soccoro Rojo (Red Aid), where I inquired for my friend, the young man behind the wicket glanced at me sharply and conferred with a commissar in the rear of the office. They gave me an address, instructions how to reach it, and told me to ask for a Capitán Galigas, who would tell me Tony's whereabouts.

I had no difficulty in seeing Capitán Galigas. The guards conducted me through the corridors of a large stone building to a pompous little Italian who sat behind a shiny desk and received me alone except for a scowling commissar who strode up and down the room. Capitán Galigas brushed aside my inquiries about my friend with a quick motion of his plump hand and squealed in bad Spanish, "International, eh? We'll take care of you! Call the guard!"

In answer the guards, rifles swinging from their shoulders, rushed into the room and grabbed me firmly. Surprised by the suddenness of the move I jerked away, at which the commissar half drew his revolver, and one of the guards raised his rifle. I had witnessed casual executions in Loyalist Spain often enough to realize that my position was highly dangerous. I must not give them an excuse for shooting me out of hand. I asked the captain as calmly as I could to examine my papers, which were in order, and tried to impress upon him that I was a volunteer with long front-line service, a clean record, and citation for valor; that I was returning to the front from leave of my own free will; and that he had no right to treat me in such a manner. His answer was to order the guards to take me away.

We finally halted in front of a big iron-studded door at the rear of the building and I was thrust rudely into a stone-walled cell already jammed to suffocation with bewhiskered, verminous men. All were International Brigadiers. They were from many lands — France, Poland, Belgium, Germany, Hungary, England, America, Canada. There were no toilet facilities except the stone floor.

When my anger had cooled a little I talked with the English-speaking comrades. All the prisoners, sick or well, were going to the front under guard at nightfall and I decided that I must get out in some way. I began to hammer on the door and shout for water. Five minutes of pounding and the exasperated guard opened the door a crack and vouchsafed a surly, "*Que quiri?*"

With all the eloquence at my command I poured out my story, emphasizing my own front service, and the evident fact that the Italian captain had been doing his fighting at the rear. The reference to Capitán Galigas seemed to strike a responsive chord. Italians, even those fighting on the government side, were not popular. The guard nodded his head and muttered, "Capitán Galigas is an Italian bastard."

Suddenly I remembered my American cigarettes. Taking out a packet I slowly tore off a corner, extracted a cigarette and lit it. The guard's nostrils quivered as the smoke wafted in his direction and his bird-like black eyes clung to the package. Casually I offered him one. His face crinkled into a joyous smile. I thought rapidly. The corridor was deserted except for my guard. If I could get through that door I would have a chance. I looked at the pack of cigarettes in my hand for a long second and then gazed steadily into the guard's eyes without speaking. He opened the door just enough to allow me to pass through, turned sidewise, and stared down the corridor. The palm of his free hand was toward me, the fingers spread wide. I slipped the cigarettes into his hand and walked down the corridor. The door closed softly and the bolt clicked.

The guard at the entrance did not halt me. I turned down the Avenida Largo Caballero, a hold-over name which the commissars talked of altering to Avenida Jose Diaz or some other appropriate Stalinist appellation. I made up my mind to find the harbor. I was through with Loyalist Spain — or through with life; I didn't know which!

II

The ubiquitous hammer-and-sickle emblems and communist clenched fists, which had thrilled me so on my arrival, taunted me from every wall and post as I went toward the harbor. Stalin stared through the bleak windows of barren shops with iron ferocity.

At the waterfront I spoke to a sailor who told me that there were plenty of ships in the harbor, but he advised me not to try to board them as the guard was heavy and deserters were being shot. He wished me luck when I told him that I meant to have a go anyhow. As soon as darkness came, I crept by the first guard, but the second halted me. A pack of cigarettes, and a promise to return with more, induced him to let me pass.

A long, swinging stride crunched through the darkness ahead. Spaniards walk with short, quick steps; that fellow must be a foreigner. "English?" I called softly, and the answer warmed my heart. "Yes, I'm English." He was, he told me — Reed, cabin boy on an English ship carrying supplies to Loyalist Spain. I liked his voice. We talked a little and I told him that I was an American International Brigader and wanted to get food and cigarettes to take back to my comrades at the front. He offered to accompany me to his ship. I decided then to confide in him.

"Yank," he said gravely, "I don't think you have a bloody chance on our ship. Two International Brigade blokes are on there now and the *carabineros* are almost certain to find them when they search." He thought a minute and then said, "Come on, anyhow, and we'll see another fellow on the ship; he may be able to think of something to do."

We boarded without being observed. My guide conducted me aft to a little cabin in which two of the crew were quartered apart from the rest. One of them, a muscular fellow called Jimmy, seemed to be a man of force and character. He had been in Russia a few times and had made several trips to Loyalist Spain. His observations had left him sour on communists and I saw at once that he would help me.

I stripped off my uniform, which the cabin boy weighted and threw over the side, and quickly donned the sailor's garb provided by Jimmy. We discussed the situation a little. They were agreed that my chances of escape on the ship were slim, but Reed suggested an alternative. "Yank," he said, "I've thought of a way. I've always

wanted to snaffle a boat and go somewhere, but it didn't seem quite right, you know. Now this makes it right; I can do it to save a man's life, a man that speaks my own language too, and it won't be stealing." In his strolls around the harbor he had noticed a number of launches and motor boats tied to the big pier and he proposed to join me and make off with one of those boats under cover of night, heading for Oran in French Algeria. He assured me that he could navigate by the stars and I agreed to the scheme. The boat Reed had in mind was in another part of the harbor and we expected no difficulty in passing the guards. They did not, as a rule, stop men out of uniform, but Jimmy gave me his pass to display in case we were questioned.

Our pockets filled with dried apples and raisins for the three-hundred-mile trip, we made our way to the pier. We told the guards that we were going to visit the English ship there. Working quickly and silently in the darkness we transferred gasoline to the largest, cut the ropes and pushed off (we did not dare start the motor until we were well out), but the propeller caught in a steel cable stretched over the water and we were unable to get clear. One after another we cut loose six more boats. The cable blocked all of them. We had to do something quickly; our operations would soon be visible to the guard patrolling the land end of the pier. We took the smallest boat, threw in an extra pair of oars and a few coils of rope, and shoved off. We cleared the cable and rowed silently past the end of the pier and out to sea. A mile or two from shore we discovered that the cockpit which we had supposed covered the motor was merely a place to store rope and thole pins. We had started a three-hundred-mile ocean voyage in a ten-foot rowboat!

But it was too late to turn back. Reed said that our best chance was to row out eight or ten miles and signal the first ship not carrying the Spanish or Russian flag.

A few hours after sunrise a sailboat came out of the harbor and headed in our direction. She circled around us. Fifteen or twenty Spaniards lined the side and observed us with interest. One of them cupped his hands and shouted "*Donde va?*" We did not answer. Finally, throwing up his hands in the familiar Spanish gesture he bawled, "*Lunatico, loco!*" The sailboat swung around us once more and put out to sea.

III

At dusk a French battleship steamed out. We hailed her but she did not stop. Discouraged, we decided to go back. Our best hope seemed to lie in an effort to slip by the lookouts on the sea end and effect a landing in the center of the pier from which we had taken the boat. We had an outside chance of making it. Hours of rowing followed. It was pitch black by the time we reached the pier and we slipped by successfully. We could not go to the shore, for the guards would be certain to see us, and the waves were slashing fiercely at the concrete side of the pier. Reed got the boat into what seemed a good position and I jumped for the wall.

The first joints on the fingers of my left hand caught the top and clung desperately. For a long second the water swirled me about so that I was unable to reach the wall with my right hand. I had a flash of the boat far beneath me and then way above my head. The smashing water spun me around; I caught the wall with my right hand and drew myself up. Reed flung me a rope and in a second he was beside me. "Yank," he said, "I thought you were gone. And I wouldn't have gone in after you. No one could swim down there."

Fortune favored us again — we got aboard the ship unobserved. Reed decided to hide me in the storeroom aft for the balance of the night and consult Jimmy later. In the morning they devised a hiding place for me in an old pile of repair lumber, arranging so it looked like a solid stack of heavy fifteen-foot planks. They had made a hollow place in the center, just large enough for me to squeeze in. The plan was for me to remain in their quarters until searchers came aboard. They would keep a lookout for this and warn me in time. I would get into the hole and one of them would lift the planks over me. They ate in their own quarters and there would be plenty of food to spare.

Followed five days of waiting. On the morning of the sixth day the boys boarded me into the hole: we were to sail. I could hear the clanking of chains and windlasses. Then two sharp, strangely familiar cracks — rifle fire. I wondered. Steps were clumping down the iron stairway. I heard the gurgle of rapid Spanish — the *carabineros!* They were searching the sleeping quarters. Now they were coming out of the cabin, opening the storeroom door. Closer . . . closer . . . they must be right against the pile of lumber directly in front

of me. I stopped breathing and talked silently to my heart, "Be still, you. Don't make so much noise!" The clang of hob-nails on metal again and then — silence.

Jimmy came down and lifted off the planks. "Yank," he said shortly, "they found those two other I. B. blokes and shot them right on the dock. The bloody bastards!"

The ship had not taken on a full cargo in Valencia and was scheduled to stop in three more Loyalist harbors — Gandia, Alicante, and Cartegena. In each I must go through the same ordeal. At Gandia the search was perfunctory, but Alicante almost finished me. One day while the ship was taking cargo and no search was expected, the cabin boy burst into our quarters stuttering, "Yank, Yank, the *carabineros!* They're searching. They're coming aft." I did not have time to get into my hiding place, so I went behind the cabin door, a place where the searchers had always looked previously. Through the narrow crack of the door I could watch them making the search. They glanced into the cabin and under the bunks, and then my heart almost stopped beating when I saw them lift off the planks and examine the hollow in the lumber pile. They went away without thinking of the door.

At Cartegena, the last stop, Snowball Kennedy, an Irishman who had been told of my whereabouts, stationed himself at a ventilator shaft directly over the woodpile hiding place and whispered down words of encouragement. His brogue came faintly to my straining ears. "We'll be away soon, Yank. They're casting off. Kape quiet now, Yank — the *carabineros* are going aft. They'll not find ye. Kape still now."

The hob-nails rattling on the stairs . . . the slow gliding motion . . . the engine turning. . . . We were away.

Next morning dull gray half-light was filtering through the porthole when I awoke. I heard Jimmy's voice calling from the head of the companionway. "Come on up, Yank, I've got something to show you." Shielded by the doorway I looked across the smooth water. The dark, shadowy outlines of a towering cliff reared abruptly from the water's edge into the rapidly lightening sky — Gibraltar! "You'll be alright now, Yank," Jimmy said, "that's Gib." The ship moved forward slowly. Rows of neat brick houses with clipped green lawns . . . the Union Jack climbing to the top of a glistening white flagpole. I *was* all right now.

Shelby asked for the Dempsey-Gibbons match and still nurses a headache.

MONTANA PICKS A FIGHT

By Eric Thane

"You've managed ham-and-eggers so long that you're a cross between a porker and a hen!" a red-headed lady said one night in February 1923, and because of that ill-natured remark Jack Dempsey fought Tommy Gibbons for the championship of the world in Shelby, Montana. The recipient of the lady's scorn, one Sammy Sampson, owner of an Army & Navy store in Shelby, and occasionally a promoter of local fights, rose to defend his honor. Bolstering himself with another drink of tarantula juice, he hastened across the frosty prairie to the telegraph station, where he dispatched a message to Jack Kearns, suggesting a fight between Dempsey and Tommy Gibbons on July 4, at Shelby. Pecuniary consideration being of small concern at the moment, he offered $200,000. The red-headed lady chipped in to pay for the telegram.

Thus began as screwy a tale as any in the annals of sport. Shelby was a cow-town of some five hundred inhabitants, where a recent oil boom had stampeded big money into existence. The preceding summer a horde of strangers, sniffing easy lucre, had descended upon this dusty huddle of buildings sprawled in the bottom of a dusty coulee. Promoters, gamblers, drillers, tool dressers, roustabouts, businessmen (legitimate and illegitimate), riff-raff, and the usual feminine throng established themselves within convenient distance of the greasy gold. Winter in Shelby, however, means 45° below and the migration at its advent had been practically complete.

February 1923 found the oil fields congealed and the remaining citizens of Shelby blessed with time, tarantula juice, dreams of millions during the coming summer, and a yen to break the awful monotony. So Sammy Sampson's brainstorm met with instant approval. The inhabitants backed Sammy to a man and, thus encouraged, the dreamer of dreams and connoisseur of redheads dispatched a wire to Mike Collins, editor of the Minneapolis *Boxing Blade*, requesting his services as matchmaker.

Collins decided, naturally, the whole thing was a publicity stunt. And he had precedent for this belief — Shelby had sought and made news ever since the town consisted of a box-car sidetracked from the main line of the Great Northern Railway. Indeed, they tell of a drummer who, asleep in his berth at a station stop at some point down the line, was roused by a bullet brushing his nose. The shot had come from two men outside who were settling a slight difference in the manner of the period. The drummer sat up, yawned, and groaned, "Good God, are we in Shelby already?"

With such a reputation, Shelby was qualified to chew off quite a hunk. Mike Collins, still suspicious but lured on by a barrage of follow-up telegrams, headed for the prairie settlement. He stepped from the train into the arms of the assembled populace, and such being the enthusiasm and persuasiveness of the citizenry, presently found himself not only convinced, but as rabidly enthusiastic as the most optimistic individual present.

Optimism was present in inflationary quantities. One man predicted that Missoula, Montana (pop. 12,000), would send 30,000 fans to the fight, and another matched him with the claim that Calgary, over the line in Canada, would provide the same number. All this suffered a slight check when the actual color of the money needed was distastefully mentioned. Collins decided he needed $110,000 to promote the fight, and thereupon a deep silence descended. But the people of Shelby were no pikers; after preliminary moaning at the speakeasy bar, they jumped in and scratched gravel. With insufficient money in Shelby, the rest of Montana was called upon. Great Falls gave $25,000; various posts of the American Legion contributed $10,000; and another $25,000 came from Great Falls for Dempsey's training camp. After which there was a lull.

And then a minor miracle occurred. Up stepped a big, blond man, six feet in height, two hundred and fifty pounds on the boot — Big Jim Johnson, oil-field figure and, by his own admission, a sport to the limits of the sky. He waved his personal check for $5000, whereupon other Shelbyites, not to be outdone, recalled caches in old socks and babies' banks, and shelled out. The drive went over the top.

About this time someone decided that Gibbons ought to be notified that he was to fight. His information to date had consisted solely of what he read in the

papers, and official confirmation must have been somewhat of a shock. He said nothing, but Kane, his manager, demanded a $100,000 guarantee, which considerably perturbed the promoters, who had set his share at half that figure. Mr. Kane's unwillingness to compromise might have been fatal to the whole affair, but somehow the manager got the impression that Dempsey was trying to duck the match. After that, as far as Kane was concerned, neither hell nor high water could keep his man out of the ring.

What followed in Shelby was no boom — it was a paroxysm. The population jumped to 1500, to 4000 on July 3d. An arena capable of seating 45,000 spectators blossomed, hideous in its green lumber and encircling yards of wire. The Great Northern constructed a new depot, with miles of side tracks for the special trains anticipated. Land values skyrocketed 3000, 4000, 5000 per cent. Dance halls and gambling joints boomed. One cattleman dropped $55,000 in a single night. To a lesser degree, speakeasies joined the stampede, though Prohibition at times reared a slightly soiled, admonitory palm. An enterprising woman filled the post office basement with cots and rented them at $3 a night. Church pews were filled with sleepers. A meal cost $3; ham and eggs brought $1, with bread, butter, and coffee extra. Coffee was universally 20¢.

The Chamber of Commerce constructed, at a cost of some $10,000, a tourist park which they boasted was the largest in the world — capable of caring for 2864 cars. A band of Blackfeet Indians was imported to add color to an already crimson, if somewhat damp, atmosphere and solemnly adopted Tommy Gibbons into the tribe.

There were more financial difficulties. Shelby and northern Montana shelled out until there was nothing more to shell. The management of the fight changed hands five times. Rumors stampeded everywhere. *Fight's on . . . fight's off . . . fight's on . . . .*

And through it all, rain fell. Rain on the Montana prairie has a peculiarly wet quality, probably because there is so little of it. The gumbo underfoot, baked hard by sunshine, but melted to a slimy mass at the first touch of moisture, churned to mud that had all the clinging consistency of glue. Chamber maids gave up in despair; eastern papers reported that they had thrown away their brooms and taken up shovels. . . . *Fight's on . . . fight's off.* Final payment came

due — and no money talked. *Fight's off.* Trains from the east were canceled; the big arena, washed by dismal rain, squatted forlornly in the mud. Gloom settled on the people of Shelby and their empty pockets. Indeed, their only consolation was that they had Tommy Gibbons in their midst. They idolized him as only Americans can idolize an underdog. Dempsey became the villain of the piece, and councils of war were held in Shelby for the purpose of devising ways to aid Gibbons if the fight did materialize. Even psychology was suggested. "When he climbs in that-there ring," old Ed Reamer, ex-sheepherder, suggested, "we-all will jest set still an' look at him. All our eyes will be like an accusin' conscience, an' he won't be able to duck them haymakers Tommy is a-goin' to throw at him."

II

Meanwhile, at Great Falls, Dempsey trained; took long walks; played with Mary, his camp kitten and Gertrude, the camp cow, and, according to newspaper advertisements of the period, ate a local brand of bread. Reports of his unpopularity in Shelby worried him; the special train which eventually took him to Shelby also carried a strong bodyguard, and just outside his corner of the ring hovered a pair of gents whose faces left little doubt as to their calling.

Fight's off, the chant ran, but the promoters prayed hopefully — and their optimism was justified. When final financial arrangements struck a snag, Jack Kearns, whose insistence upon wealth as a necessary corollary to the fight branded him locally as lower than Simon Legree, refused to let Dempsey fight. But the champion vetoed his manager's orders and entrained.

Independence Day dawned dry and slightly less hot than a furnace, another miracle considering the previous rain. There was not a cloud in the blue overhead — an emptiness matched only by the acres of tracks for the special trains, and the 156 cars in the tourist park. Seven thousand people were deployed in the arena for 45,000 when, at 3:30 P.M., Dempsey appeared. The two tough gents whose cactus-pusses struck terror even into the Indians quickly took their position, and the champ's handlers hoisted a large umbrella over him thus provoking the Gibbons supporters (99 per cent of the crowd) to the insinuation that Jack was fearful of freckling — a gross canard, for a man does not freckle through a quarter-inch of unshaven

burr. Five minutes after the champion, Gibbons was on deck. There was the usual prologue, and then the fight was on.

Gibbons lasted the full 15 rounds but Dempsey won the decision. The challenger started out to beat the champion at his own game of slugging, which was an error, for in the third he was already groggy. Then, according to ringsiders, a woman's shrill voice cut through the roar of the crowd, "Remember the kiddies at home, Tommy!" and Gibbons began to display remarkable adeptness for clinching and waltzing.

From the first, it was evident that the Mauler was scarcely in his usual form. He missed fire completely. Perhaps he had at last run into a fighter who was his match; perhaps the psychology of old Ed Reamer had something to do with it. Or it may have been the fear of a bullet smashing his ribs. There were spectators in the crowd, hard-bitten prairie men, who were capable of that, capable and willing. They hated Dempsey, not in the ordinary way of the prejudiced fan, but in a manner more deadly — by way of their pocketbooks. The people of Shelby were flat broke, and in a dangerous mood.

The fight proved Gibbons' merit as a boxer, but he lost in more ways than one. He did not receive a cent of cold cash. His share of the proceeds was simply bruises and contusions, though not too many. For 15 rounds he ducked, danced, and dodged, closely watched by One-Eye Connelly, who as usual was there, the 96-year-old Blackfeet chief Selavis, some of whose 168 legitimate descendants flanked him, and Mae Murray. Nobody in the crowd went to sleep, but there were those who yawned. It was that kind of a fight.

Shelby's boom population disappeared at once, and the town which had backed Sammy Sampson found itself with one of the biggest financial headaches on record, extending even unto the present day. For many years after that Fourth of July a dime was rated big money. On July 5, workmen entered the arena and began ripping up boards. The executive committee of the Arizona state department of the American Legion passed a resolution regretting "that Gibbons did not knock Dempsey's block off." The Montana conference of the Methodist church denied, with some heat, that a committee had been instructed to view the battle.

The statement that history is a headache had found ample confirmation in Shelby.

THE WELL-TRESSED MAN

By John T. Winterich

You have no idea how many folk, including a few of your intimates, are bald in privacy, for all the public luxuriance of their hair. A list of notable toupee wearers would astonish you, but in the name of good sportsmanship it will not be offered here. After all, there, but for the grace of God, go you and I, and perhaps we go there anyway. It may only be hinted that the list includes certain male screen and stage actors whose tug on female hearts is enhanced by hair that is genuine enough, but grown on other heads.

Wigmaking today is mainly in the hands of fine old practitioners — a fussy and clannish folk, maintaining the apprentice system and regarding their art as a life's study. They inform the writer that nearly half the American men overtaken by baldness wear some sort of artificial scalp cover. If the estimate sounds too high, the guild of wigmakers will accept your doubts as a compliment. The best toupees, whose cost may run into hundreds of dollars, are so skilfully fashioned that not even rival perruquiers can detect them on casual inspection.

Hollywood is the toupee capital of America, and therefore of the world. The impelling motive is not so much vanity as economics. Bald actors and musicians are an abomination in the sight of the booking-offices; hence the great traffic in "street pieces" — a term used in the trade to distinguish the workaday wig from the special creations required by theatrical roles. But many stars and even starlets of Hollywood have their toupees re-treaded in New York, where their head measurements are on file with some artist wigmaker.

Rudolph Valentino, Hollywood's first great triumph in rigged romanticism, would have been bald had he lived, but was facing the prospect with equanimity. He was already in the hands of experts, who were keeping pace with his desiccating follicles and stood prepared to follow through. The ultimate achievement in the perruquier's art is a whole sequence of toupees designed to make the hair

look a little longer every day, until presto, the wearer appears among his friends with an obviously fresh haircut! Probably Valentino would have invested in this masterpiece.

The art is not merely in fitting the scalp and matching colors and textures. It also involves endless tricks for obtaining verisimilitude. For instance, the wig may leave bald patches that are not too unseemly, thus diverting attention from the very possibility of a toupee. Often it simulates thin or thinning hair, rather than a full crop that might arouse doubts. In one instance a wigmaker created the impression of artificial tinting of the hair, thus concealing the greater artifice by revealing the lesser.

The hair the perruquiers work with may come from as far afield as China and Africa, and may cost as little as two dollars a pound or as much as twenty dollars an ounce. The source of supply is never (as Samuel Pepys feared) from the dead, but from the living. The inmates of prisons represent one of the most important sources. Monasteries, nunneries, and thrifty peasants supply large quantities. Most of the donors are women — their hair is not only more abundant but likely to be finer; and hair has no sex, at least by the time it is planted in a toupee. The impeccable bank president three tables down, the one with the fine shock of hair, actually owes his crowning adornment to a young woman doing time in a Bulgarian hoosegow for pig-stealing.

The Musica brothers of recent front-page fame, it will be recalled, began their careers in higher racketeering in the human-hair traffic. The business, however, is not a bit less respectable than drugs, finance, and other enterprises to which these gentlemen applied their talents. The Bank of England itself is the world's clearing house for human hair, or at least for the credits that move it. That may be one reason why it will be forever impossible to dislodge the British tradition of the ceremonial wig. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* displays a color-plate of the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord High Chancellor of England in perruqued magnificence; alongside them is a "judge of the Supreme Court of the United States of America" — a mousy little fellow who, save for a light fuzz above his ears, is completely bald.

Contemporary toupees are built to stay on. The old-fashioned method of affixing them by means of little wax pellets which melted

into place with the heat of the scalp has been largely abandoned. A toupee is now fitted over a strip of "lace" which is itself woven of human hair — a fantastically tenuous fabric as delicate as a spider's web, almost invisible, and actually so against human skin.

All kinds of things used to happen to toupees. When an Englishman of Queen Anne's day declared, "There'll be wigs on the green" he signified thereby that two or more of his fellowmen must come to fisticuffs and that their wigs would come off in the scuffle. But today a pugilist could carry a toupee straight through a fifteen-round slugfest. Joe Louis could, anyway.

There is an occasional exception to prove the rule. During a performance of *Norma* at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, Giovanni Martinelli embraced Bruna Castagna and then, emerging from the clinch, yanked off her theatrical wig in his armor. Thus, for a hideous moment, a tryst in Roman Gaul became an American Indian scalping party!

The Metropolitan's 4000 wigs incidentally make it one of the great perruque repositories of the world. The custodians of this vast hairorium are Adolph Senz and his son Ira, perruquiers extraordinary. The younger Senz recently appeared on a radio program, and among the words put in his mouth were these:

> Hair today; gone tomorrow — and I'm the man that men come to on the morrow. I make and fit toupees; the only business there is where you start at the top and work down. The modern toupee, or lace-piece, is an artistic hair covering so cleverly fitted that it looks exactly like a natural head of hair. I fit an average of fifteen a day, 5000 a year. They must be tops. I have fitted many clients so realistically that barbers have tried to sell them hair tonic. One man actually went so far as to ask me to supply some salt for artificial dandruff. Those who come to me never get hot-headed, for every toupee is ventilated. And men who wear toupees never show any fear. Did you ever see one whose hair stood up on end?

This soliloquy seems to run the gamut of wigwaggery. It is not typical of the toupee trade, but of the broadcasting studio, certain of whose occupants are looking forward with considerable palpitation to the perfection of television. In that day Mr. Senz and his fellow artists will find their doorsteps cluttered with a whole new classification of clients.

THE T-MEN WILL GET YOU—

By Upton Close

For thoroughness, determination, and tireless persistence, take the T-Men, Uncle Sam's most efficient detectives. They were responsible for 67 per cent of all Federal penitentiary convictions last year. They laid Al Capone, Waxy Gordon, and Dutch Schultz by the heels. They have broken up the trade in machine guns, smashed smuggling rings, run down dope kings, and in the past year seized 11,400 stills and thirty-two illicit tobacco factories, run down a ring washing "CANCELLED" from revenue stamps, and garnered $26,000,000 from "criminal" tax dodgers. But the Intelligence Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue is only the spear-head of 22,000 investigators, collectors, inspectors, revenuers, and miscellaneous tax agents who know all about you and me, who questioned the returns of 1.9 million income-tax payers in 1938, and assessed $250,000,000 additional on us "good" citizens.

Their right to snoop was firmly established by George Washington's forcible suppression of the Whiskey Rebellion in 1794, and snoop they do. They have authority that we deny the police, or even the G-Men: the right to scrutinize books, read files, examine bank accounts, quiz employees, watch charge accounts at stores, and keep track of Bingo winnings. This omniscience has made the T-Men the terror of the underworld; and has made the ordinary citizen feel that the worst crime he can commit is to be caught in some discrepancy in his tax returns.

By recent Presidential order, Elmer Irey was made co-ordinator of all five Treasury sleuthing agencies: the Secret Service, the Enforcement Divisions of the Narcotics Bureau, the Alcohol Tax Unit, and the Customs Service, and his own Bureau Intelligence Unit. The Coast Guard co-operates with this force of 3000 and the whole set-up comprises the best detective agency under the stars and stripes. It's wonderful, but frightening.

Racketeers, more than anyone else, have learned the scope and might of the Bureau of Internal

Revenue. Few "good" citizens yet sense its vastness, thoroughness, and importance (and its possible menace) although 9,893,000 of us sweat over its Income-Tax forms and Social Security returns. And 42,000,000 of us have bulged its files with our Social Security cards.

The Bureau is the greatest collection agency in the world. It squeezed nearly 5.7 billion dollars from the American turnip last fiscal year. Less than half was income tax. The Bureau collects everything from $500,000,000 on tobacco and $400,000,000 on estates and gifts to odd sums on pipe lines, electric power, radios, theatre tickets, club dues, phonograph records, cameras, golf sticks, tennis racquets, toothpaste, toilet water, and soap. Its efficiency is the envy and awe of private business. Costs last year were $1.03 per $100 collected. That was down 9¢ from the year before; a saving of $5,000,000. But the Bureau is far more than a collection agency. It is the financial pillar of the most expensive government on earth. Its sensitive finger on American buying and earning informs the Administration of the economic health of the nation and provides the basis for policies and figures for budgets. It is a barometer of changing national habits, showing, for instance, that we are drinking less hard liquor and less beer but increasing our cigarette smoking. It shows likewise that the number of incomes above $25,000 has taken a decided drop, but that the number of taxable incomes from $10,000 down has increased.

Crime without a money angle escapes the tax man's jurisdiction. But the profit aspect is so broad that it includes much. Blackmail? Naturally. Kidnaping? As soon as ransom is intimated, the kidnaper will be owing an income tax thereon! Thus, before the Lindbergh Law authorized the G-Men, on the inter-state theory, to take a hand, Elmer Irey supplied for twenty months the only Federal participation in the Lindbergh case. It was Irey who persuaded the Colonel to use registered money, including many gold certificates, for the ransom. It was the gold certificates that eventually trapped Hauptmann. President Hoover set the tax men hunting gangsters. Visiting Miami, he was disgusted with the ostentation and effrontery there of Al Capone. Returning to Washington, he asked if the G-Men were getting anywhere near bringing the gangster to book. The answer was "No." The President then issued the order to the revenue men to

get busy. Two hundred racketeers thereafter offered to pay income taxes on their "gambling profits," as they phrased it.

The Bureau took their money. Our government makes no distinction between profits licit or illicit when taxing. Theoretically those whom it did not choose to suspect of holding back something due were permitted to relapse into obscurity. Owney Madden chucked it all and became a gentleman farmer in Kansas, but not many found peace after the pay-off.

However, not all the color is provided by the Intelligence Unit. A 28-year-old deputy collector in Los Angeles, John V. Lewis, out to clear up some old items, discovered that the mighty Japanese Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Imperial Mail Steamship Co.) had become owner of the assets of a defunct little company delinquent to the Bureau. He billed the NYK, was told he would have to go through diplomatic channels — not the Bureau! He went down to San Pedro Harbor and seized a $30,000,000 NYK ship on the eve of sailing. The cables hummed, and Secretary of State Cordell Hull made telephone calls to deputy Lewis. Before morning the company settled. "Just routine!" said a Bureau spokesman. "It happens every day!"

II

If you are just an ordinary taxpayer you get the attentions of the less spectacular, but no-less-thorough, Accounts and Collections, Income Tax, and Miscellaneous Tax Units of the Bureau. You may think your government is penny-wise and pound-foolish when it spends hours to arrive at an additional assessment of, say, $6, which perhaps may be argued down to $4. That's not the way the Bureau looks at it. The penny-ante extractions sum up to millions of dollars. The Bureau is making the American people a nation of bookkeepers, and teaching them that the old idea that their business is their own affair has gone with the horse and buggy. Each year it is easier.

If you are a $5000 a year man or less, making your income tax return on short form 1040A, you are cared for by the collectors and investigators of one of the sixty-four collection districts. If you make more than $5000 a year, your return goes directly to Washington and thenceforth rates the special attention of the Income Tax Unit Agents, a civil-service force that handles no money.

Commissioner Guy Tresillian Helvering has 4600 honeybees who work in the two-acre, three-

story Internal Revenue hive between Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues on Tenth Street in Washington. Here came 25,500,000 "informations" on you and me last year. The "infos" are from our employers notifying every instance of $1000 or more paid us in a year for services, from company treasurers notifying every dividend of $100 or more paid us, from business rivals or neighborhood squealers who envy us (the Bureau may award informers 10 per cent of recovered sums for their tips), from state-taxing agencies which exchange information with the Bureau, from the Bureau's own investigators and, if we own property or make money in foreign lands, from foreign governments with which the Bureau negotiates tax conventions. In fair exchange the Bureau supplies state-income-taxing agencies with those tell-tale green slips we have to fill out, and gives desired information on us to foreign governments.

The Bureau's collectors and agents follow society notes, real-estate transactions, and news items in our local newspapers. "Officially" they must have court orders to examine accounts in banks, but since these can always be obtained it is in practice not necessary. Your banker might as well accommodate, first as last. Would the investigator like to know whether you keep a safety-deposit box? You pay, through your bank, a tax to the self-same Bureau on your box rent. Bureau men watch our sweepstakes and bank-night winnings. If we win an automobile or a trip in a contest we must pay on its money value. Bureau men are informed of large store accounts. They know of our automobile and luxury purchases and of our tours abroad. From security returns they learn how much we pay our employees and how much we receive for our own services. They can find out what we buy abroad through the customs service, and what we do in any line of business subject to taxation. The Social Security tax is "self-policing." Employees are invited to tell the Bureau of deductions, which are checked against credits sent by employers.

Your local collector keeps a complete list of taxpayers in his district with the amount to be expected from each. If you surprise him he finds out why. If an investigator has placed a case against you he gets a statement of your standing with all other taxing units. Most important of all, collector or agent can demand a full examination of your canceled checks and records and books at

any time. If you have no books, you accept his judgment (he will, however, discuss everything with you). Failure to keep books is sometimes costly. The Bureau can slap an assessment on you and you have to show cause why you should not pay. If you want to fight it in the courts you have to hire legal aid, as a rule, but the Bureau has five hundred lawyers.

The informations provide only half of the Bureau's check-up. Our returns go through the hands of specialists — in traveling salesmen's proper expenses, in motor-car maintenance and depreciation, in charity contributions, in family dependents, in interest on mortgages and installment payments, and so on. These experts have ideas as to what a man of your profession and income should allowably deduct under these items. If you deduct more, they attach a query slip to your return. Then you explain to the deputy collector.

Both taxpayer and Bureau man walk some fine chalk lines. For the taxpayer, the distinction between legitimately avoiding taxes and crookedly evading taxes is sometimes fine. J. P. Morgan hit it when, asked why he had engaged so many tax accountants, he said: "To see that I pay the government just enough and not a cent too much!" As for the Bureau man, if he assists the taxpayer to make legitimate savings he gets a commendation for courtesy. If he shows him sharp tricks, he faces ruin.

III

The big facts about the Bureau for the taxpayer and citizen are: 1. Every man who labors, even at Relief wages, gives 20 per cent of his earnings in multifold, overlapping taxes, three-sevenths of which is taken by Uncle Sam's Bureau and four-sevenths by State and lesser taxing agencies. 2. So swiftly and surely does the Bureau crack down that the average American is coming to feel that the most serious crime he can commit is a tax default. So thorough is its knowledge of all possible sources of revenue that Congress, advised by it, can continuously increase the Federal government's takings. The states have no taxing equipment competent to compete. The taxpayer can rebel more easily against State taxation, and is doing so. No one has yet dared a tax strike against the Federal Bureau. The result is that the states become squeezed and are progressively forced to throw themselves on Federal sustenance. Our entire States-rights system may

vanish under the pressure of the great Bureau.

There are those who suspect that such is the intent. A clever man out to make himself dictator of the United States would find the Bureau a ready and quite sufficient instrument. He could ignore Congress (save for a few more tax laws), Supreme Court, and Army. By hogging revenues the Bureau could starve the states, by cracking down it could strangle opposition. Meanwhile by spending, the executive could reshape the nation.

The Bureau educates its own men. In fact it maintains one of the biggest colleges in America, with 500 instructors, 7930 correspondence students, and local classes in Washington and the districts, teaching law, accounting, and the "psychological approach." It operates twelve laboratories with trained chemists to test wood alcohol, dope, oleomargarine, and motor oil. It employs expert oil, coal, and pipe engineers.

While Herbert Hoover is credited with putting the Bureau into crime suppression, Andrew Mellon is credited with initiating it as a major political bludgeon. The crusty Secretary of the Treasury sicked the Bureau on Senator James Couzens of Michigan. In the following Administration the Bureau was used to whack back at Mellon. Whatever design there may be in the present Administration's financially-settled-but-criminally-dropped cases against Huey Longites, in its bringing action in the Dupont and Raskob cases, in initiating then abandoning the "pink-slip" publicity given incomes, the rank and file of Bureau executives and deputies would not know. They think of themselves as earnest, honest servants of Congress, executing their tremendous job with as many short-cuts as permitted, knowing that nobody loves a collector, that all taxpayers are negligent and few are conscience-smitten if they escape.

The bitterest critics of the Bureau's methods say that considering its position as tax planner for Congress, its Supreme Court-like powers of interpreting Congress' tax acts and laws, its combined function of prosecutor and judge, and its executive power to make arbitrary rulings, to harry and to put taxpayers to ruinous expense, and in view of the temptation that must exist to use these powers politically, the wonder is that they have not been used more. But so far as the Bureau men are concerned, they would as cheerfully proceed against an apostle of the current Administration's creed as against an infidel.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

SHAKESPEAREAN scholars in Conway persevere in pursuit of sweet Poesy, as reported in the local *News:*

> Conway Shakespeare Club was entertained by Mrs. H. B. Ingram and Mrs. C. E. McNutt at the former's Center street residence. Mrs. J. E. Sanders was guest speaker and entertained the members with a talk on anthropology.

CALIFORNIA

A CONTRIBUTION to the cultural wealth of a great city is revealed by Hollywood press agents:

> Dorothy Lamour's sarong has been presented to the Los Angeles Museum of History, Science and Arts. She said, "Personally, I am glad to get rid of it."

COLORADO

LITERARY note offered as consolation to disappointed magazine writers by an experienced contributor in the Denver *Author & Journalist:*

> Perhaps nothing gives a writer more deliciously torturing pleasure than to open a magazine he is trying to hit and discover a louse.

CONNECTICUT

THE jubilant news that our Founding Fathers were "collectivists" in spirit is announced to the Connecticut Writers Congress in a paper by no less a historian than Van Wyck Brooks:

> . . . do we imagine that collectivism is an alien notion? The Declaration of Independence speaks in the name of "all men." Is there not something collective in this conception?

FLORIDA

THE Muses have their inning in the want-ad columns of the esteemed Miami *Herald:*

> I am a Celtic optimist,
> Although I need a meal;
> You see I am not opulent,
> But still I will not steal.
>
> A job is all that I desire,
> Entrust me with your wealth;
> Not much of it do I require,
> Content am I with health.
>
> Whatever you will have me do,
> I'll do it with good will;
> But ask me not what I can do,
> I am quite versatil'.
>
> To find the job that suits me best,
> I'll keep my flag unfurl'd;
> So if you want to know the rest,
> You'll reach me through the Herald.

HAWAII

THE blessings of American civilization are transported to Honolulu by missionaries of California culture, as revealed proudly in the San Francisco *News:*

> Today saw the noisiest sailing ever from San Francisco's Embarcadero when 300 Shriners and their families and a "noise wagon" left on a special cruise to Hawaii aboard the Matson liner Lurline.
>
> Fastened to an automobile chassis, the noise machine is a special ear-splitting device equipped with a siren whose screech may be heard for 10 miles, a loudspeaker system, amplifiers, microphones and record players. With this gadget the Nobles expect to break all records for screaming and howling and broadcasting their arrival. At a farewell luncheon the Shriners pledged to make themselves heard and make Honolulu turn around when the siren gets going.

IOWA

SELF-PORTRAIT of flaming youth, 1939 model, is offered by the Senior Class President of the Mechanicsville High School, in the local *Pioneer-Press:*

> I am a boy of five feet eight inches in height and weigh 145 lbs. My hair is brown and my eyes are green, believe it or not. My favorite sport is basketball (incidentally I am a member of the team). I like to listen to Henry Busse's orchestra. My favorite entertainment is going to shows, my favorite movie stars being Dorothy Lamour and James Cagney. I also enjoy bowling. My favorite studies are Bookkeeping and Agriculture. For midnight lunch I greatly desire Tenderloins. My dream girl, with whom I should enjoy eating Tenderloins, should have the lines of Mae West, the complexion of a school girl and the singing ability of Kate Smith. She should have the lips of Dorothy Lamour and the wittiness of Mary Livingston. She should also have the hairdress of Claudette Colbert.

NEW JERSEY

Two great universities devoted to the higher arts investigate audience reaction to operatic music, according to the New York *Journal-American:*

> Songstress Lily Pons is going to try out her high notes on 2,000 cows at the Walker-Gordon Farms in Plainsboro, N. J., it was announced today, and representatives of Princeton and Rutgers Universities will be on hand to record for posterity the cows' reactions.

NEW YORK

A NEW alibi for bachelors is offered in Number 206 of the ready-made telegraphic messages offered by Western Union for Valentine's Day:

> If you were seven and I were nine,
> I'd say "Please be my Valentine."

THE Child Study Club of Ithaca, as reported by the meticulous *Journal*, introduces a humane note into criminology:

> Another definition of discipline stated was training through suffering. Many considered capital punishment unwise, especially after a child is three years old.

AN earnest champion of justice in the *New Masses* carries his zeal into a critique of music:

> If American music has a Tom Mooney, it is Charles Ives, whose compositions have for many years been imprisoned in an obscurity which amounts to criminal neglect.

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED department store mixes the fine arts, business, and an ancient joke; announced through the advertising columns of the New York *Times:*

> First meeting of the
> MOTHER-IN-LAW
> ASSOCIATION
> on the Fourth Floor of
> SAKS AT 34TH STREET!
>
> Come and see the officers elected! Help pass the resolutions against harsh and vulgar mother-in-law jokes! See the ideal mother-in-law picked by this imposing slate of prominent judges: Rose Bampton, Metropolitan Opera star; Crosby Gaige, well-known producer; Judge Jonah J. Goldstein, former General Sessions judge; Vincent Price, star of *Outward Bound;* Vivienne Segal, co-star of *I Married an Angel;* Walter Slezak, stage and screen star, and Benay Venuta, star of *Kiss the Boys Goodbye.*

TENNESSEE

THE learned Circuit Court of Sumner County establishes price scales for justice, as duly recorded in the *Sumner County News:*

> Ellis Anderson plead guilty to two cases of possessing liquor and was fined $100 and costs and given 30 days in jail in each case.
>
> John Henry Hill plead guilty to assault with attempt to commit murder, and was fined $50 and costs.

TEXAS

SOLEMN proceedings in the chambers of the State Senate are reported by the AP out of Austin:

> Two bright, giant oranges reposed on the desk of each senate member today. Senator H. L. Winfeld of Fort Stockton staged a juggling act with his oranges and then engaged in a game of pepperball with Sen. R. C. Lanning of Winsboro, former semi-pro baseball star.

VIRGINIA

IF bigger and better prayer meetings are developed Clintwood will develop them, according to the *Coal Field Progress:*

> The Layman's club of Clintwood is sponsoring a 24-hour prayer and Bible reading effort for members of all churches on the last night in January and the first day in February. It is planned to read the New Testament through without stopping.

A PLAYFUL linotypist for the *Writer's Digest* underlines the importance of birth in listing the literary criteria of the Richmond *Southern Literary Messenger:*

> We publish stories by writers who were born in the South, have taken up long residence in the South, or non-Southerners who write on Southern themes. Authors on any subject should include brief biological sketches.

WASHINGTON

THE Red Cedar Shingle Bureau, in Seattle, champions the Truth in a letter to the press of the nation:

> During the past several years an increasing amount of anti-wood shingle propaganda has been disseminated by the competitors of wooden shingles. . . . If material defaming wooden shingles is offered you for publication, we would appreciate your checking the accuracy of such material with us.

WISCONSIN

THE newly elected Governor of a great state immediately tackles the agrarian problem, as recounted in two citations in the Madison *Times:*

> "If I can do anything for you at any time, the door to the governor's office will be open when I am governor. I just love the farmers and you don't have to have any special dress when you come to see me — even if you have a piece of cow manure on your overalls, you come right in." — *Speech by Governor Julius P. Heil.*
>
> * * *
>
> As a farmer, I resent Heil's statement very much. If and when we come to call on him, we'll clean up so the barnyard odor won't be embarrassing to him. We were all barefoot boys once but we all couldn't grow up to be millionaires.
>
> By the way, my wife just spoke up and says that Heil's remark doesn't make her feel very good, as she spends a lot of time every day washing overalls.
>
> Most of us farmers wear clean overalls and change them as often as the "money bags" do their suits. — *A Farmer With Clean Overalls.*

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

CLASS struggle on the home front, as revealed in the London *Daily Worker:*

> Sale. 20 per cent, non-bourgeois furniture. One day only. — Adv.

A POLITICAL moral subtly conveyed by a waggish book club in a London *Daily Telegraph* advertisement:

> The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain's authentic and copyright book of speeches *In Search of Peace* specially authorised by the Prime Minister and only available to old and new members of The National Book Association. The National Book Association was founded in 1937 to give its members important new books that have a sound, moderate and non-revolutionary aspect. N.B. — The next choice is Hitler's *Mein Kampf.*

GERMANY

THE New Science in Hitlerland puts humanity in its place in this summary by Hermann Gauch in his *New Bases of Racial Research:*

> Only in the Nordic woman, even with the arm at her side, do we find a firm, rigid semi-circular breast. . . .
>
> The non-Nordic man occupies an intermediate position between the Nordics and the animals, next to the anthropoid ape. He is not a complete man. He is really no man at all in true contradistinction to animals, but a transition, an intermediary stage. Therefore apt for him is the appellation sub-human.

(THE MERCURY *will pay $1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.*)

THE STATE OF THE UNION

By Albert Jay Nock

Culture Migrates to the U.S.A.

The world is full of events which we believe are making history and are therefore important. Franco is making history in Spain, Roosevelt in America, Hitler in Germany, Mussolini in Italy, Chamberlain in England, Stalin in Russia. Wars threaten, political tangles tighten, armies are shifted about, "men of the hour" pop up here and there, the currents of trade are turned into new channels, exchange moves from one center to another; and all this is important because it makes history.

But does it? I am not so clear about the answer to that question as others seem to be, but I am open to conviction. I know what the immediate effect of these events is. I know, for instance, how Mr. Roosevelt's history-making affects me and the people around me, and I have a fair notion of how the other contemporary efforts at history-making will affect the world for the next few years, say fifty or so at the most. But fifty years is a short time in the life of the race. There is certainly nothing new about the kind of events we are witnessing; they are only what has always gone on and apparently always will. They seem doomed to impermanence, and if history be defined as a record of actual human achievement rather than as a mere chronology of events, I hardly see how history can afford to make much of them.

We know, at any rate, that when history has tried to make much of such events hitherto, it has succeeded only in making itself as dull and uninforming as a newspaper. Thoreau said that only once or twice in all his life did he get any news out of a newspaper. One fire, one murder, one burglary is in principle just like another, and when you have once established a principle, what news is there in a simple repetition of examples? Suppose lightning strikes a shelter and kills a hundred persons; all you learn from a report of the calamity is that electricity follows the path of least resistance, and you already knew that — everybody knows it. Similarly the course of political

rivalries, ambitions, enterprises, collisions of interest, all that we classify under the name of "public affairs," follows a set pattern — one might put it that political rascality, like electricity, always follows the line of least resistance — and is therefore easily predictable in any given circumstances. The upshot of it is invariably the same and is arrived at by the same methods. What, then, can history make of it beyond a mere catalog?

It is interesting to observe that, as a matter of fact, the human spirit, the self-preserving instinct in humanity, has established this very ground of discrimination between the persons and movements that have actually made history, and those which have seemed to be making it. We look at the catalog — some of us have had it rammed down our throats in school — and see that it is no true record of progressive human achievement, we see that there is nothing in it worth informing us about, and so we lose interest and forget it. We do not forget other men and movements of the same period, because they are vital *to us*. No more does the human race forget them, because they are vital to the race, permanently so. They bear directly upon the best reason and spirit of man, while the others do not.

Try it by the simple test of a half-dozen names. Who made history in France after 1851? Persigny, de Morny, Maupas, de Gramont, Walewski, Ollivier — how many of them have you even heard of? Ernest Renan, Delacroix, Gounod, George Sand, Turgeniev, Offenbach — how about those? Lump together all the nobodies who have misgoverned France since 1870, and put them against the two names of Curie and Pasteur — how about that? Is it not at least conceivable that two hundred years from now the name of Hitler will be remembered only as belonging to somebody or other who ran Albert Einstein out of Germany?

II

I speak of all this because there is taking place in this country a movement which is making real history, and which I think is perhaps not fully recognized as so doing. We all know it is going on, but I doubt that we have taken its measure as the most important movement of our time — infinitely more important than the whole sum of intrigues, connivings, threats, lies, and general swineries which are the "news" of the period, and which we regard as making up the history of the period. I refer to

the great westward migration of European culture, and the effort to transplant it in this hemisphere.

Such a movement is strictly historical; it takes place not once in a decade or a century, but once in an epoch. At long intervals — long as the life of men or nations goes — the center of culture has regularly shifted from region to region, from place to place, in deference to two basic human wants, one spiritual and one economic; the proponents of culture want to exercise their several arts and practices in peace and freedom, and they also want to eat. In time past, as now, economic and political pressure has repeatedly destroyed their centers of activity and squeezed them out to form another center somewhere else. Thus the center of culture moved from Babylonia to Assyria, from Asia to Europe, from the Near East to Greece, from Greece to Rome, and so on. In the last century culture established its headquarters on the Atlantic seaboard; and now, apparently, its next general establishment will be on this side the Atlantic, unless conditions forbid its taking root here.

This migration is probably the most numerous of all that have taken place hitherto, because a larger cultural area in Europe has become disaffected. Hardly anywhere in Europe can the pursuit of culture go on at the present time, and the prospects are that it must remain in abeyance for quite a while. In some European countries, as we all know, culture is officially outlawed; the individualism and intellectual freedom which are the primary essentials of its existence, are proscribed. In other countries the pressure of preoccupation with matters of the moment — poverty, fear, exhaustion, discouragement — is so overwhelming as to leave little energy for the pursuit of culture.

Culture's refugees, therefore, come from all Europe — to our universities, our press, our urban centers of creative activity. They come out of all peoples, nations, and languages, bringing their big and little hoards of cultural experience and creative intuitions and artistic energies. In our country they see, or think they see, a refuge where they may be safe from the cruder forms of repression and persecution, and where they may find the chance to maintain themselves. They are aware that the USA is vast, rich in nature's resources, and possesses a certain factitious homogeneity. If they cannot come physically, then the

products of their Western culture come to us anyhow, because we have the money to pay for it, a population not only able to read but able to buy reading matter, and margins of wealth for acquiring pictures and statues, opera stars and scientific brains.

Creative European minds are sensing, too, that America has numerous centers of commercial and industrial activity, each of which may be a potential focus of culture as well. In Austria there was but one Vienna — its demise, culturally speaking, is almost a symbol of the decline of the Old World. In France, Paris had few and puny cultural competitors. In pre-war Germany, true, the geographical distribution of culture was extraordinarily wide; there were many centers, all eminent, all contributing to make the most highly-civilized country in Europe — but that seems in a distant past. There is but one Copenhagen, Oslo, Stockholm, Prague, Buda-Pesth in their respective countries. In the United States, on the other hand, there are perhaps as many as twenty cities, all American, and each one possibly susceptible of development into a cultural capital with an extremely long effective range of influence.

For these many reasons, great numbers of Europe's practitioners of culture — one might say virtually all of them who can see their way to get here — are either here now or are on their way. Hence my belief is that the philosophical historian — I am careful not to say the professional historian, but the historian of civilization, the forthcoming Guizot or Henry Adams who really knows what makes a nation great and its life memorable — will find this wholesale migration of culture the most important thing that has happened in our time. Contentedly letting the dust deepen on the memory of a dozen Roosevelts, Stalins, Hitlers, and all their misfeasances, he will carefully examine this most impressive redistribution of culture, and will pronounce his judgment on what came of it.

III

What will come of it is, of course, quite beyond prediction. The long and short of the situation seems to be that we are fast falling heir to a couple of thousand years of civilization, whether we will or no. The legacy is being dumped in our lap without so much as a by-your-leave. We have, then, the responsibility of choosing whether we shall welcome it as a windfall or resent it

as alien and un-American. The latter has been our traditional attitude, and whether we have modified it appreciably remains to be seen. Our whole educational system stiffens us in this attitude. Our literature, our theatre, our social life, our system of manners, all reflect it. Our institutional voices are all united in a perfect harmony of loud assurance that this attitude is the only one proper for us to maintain. Under these conditions it is far from clear how well this implantation of culture can succeed in taking root in our society, and its chance of ultimately making itself prevail over our traditional views of life and demands on life — views and demands which are essentially barbarous and therefore inimical to culture — is quite unpredictable.

In the society of Rome, culture remained always an exotic; it never, as we say, "struck in." It remained encysted, like a fly in amber, preserved from decomposition, but having no effect upon the society around it; and that society, we may well remember, was perhaps more like our own than any other that ever existed. The character and qualities of the average Roman of the Empire can best be imagined by posing him as a composite, say, of Henry Ford, Herbert Hoover, and Charles Evans Hughes — resourceful, pushing, dogged, matter-of-fact, unscrupulous, unintelligent, legalistic, grasping. Similarly in England the high culture of many individuals, the culture promoted by institutions like Oxford and Cambridge, has not in four hundred years succeeded in pervading and tempering the essentially middle-class prejudices, opinions and ideals of British society; and ours, too, is and has always been, a strictly middle-class society, but with Oxford and Cambridge left out.

It seems, then, that the closest historical parallels we can draw are hardly encouraging for the outlook of culture in America.

Still, in another view, by showing us so clearly what must be met and overcome in order to better that outlook, these parallels may serve as red lights to keep us safe in the road which leads to the transformation contemplated by culture, which is nothing less than a transformation of the whole man. The trouble is that the transformation is so difficult, the road to it is so steep and arduous, while simply remaining as we are is so very easy. Culture is knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world. Its purpose is to transform the raw and crude individual by

setting up in him an overmastering *feeling* for the best; and this not only in the realm of intellect and beauty, but in the realm of morals and conduct as well. In short, the aim of culture is to transform the individual by inculcating a controlling sense of all spiritual values, a sense of what is right, just, fair, honorable, as well as of what is beautiful, dignified, graceful, and becoming.

Thus culture is opposed to all that has its root in the spirit which is dominant at the present time. In Renan's great phrase, culture has but one enemy, which is *le matérialisme vulgaire, la bassesse de l'homme intéressé*. What else but this is the spirit which appears in public life as fascism, New-Dealism, Naziism, communism, "democracy" — movements which merely liberate and glorify *la bassesse de l'homme intéressé*, and bid it run rampant? The practical question for us now is whether it is worthwhile to apply the solvent of culture to this spirit's works and ways.

The center of culture has moved westward once more, and is landing on uncommonly arid soil; so much is certain. Certain it is also that enabling it to establish itself to any good purpose here will be grueling hard labor; and our immediate responsibility is that of looking over the prospects carefully and deciding whether the results will ever pay out the investment of work and time and patience. Do we really want to be any different sort of beings from the sort we are? — that is the sum of it. If we do, here is the greatest chance that has ever come to any people.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S UMBRELLA

By James Russell Lowell

Compromise makes a good umbrella, but a poor roof . . . it is a temporary expedient often wise in party politics, almost sure to be unwise in statesmanship.

DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

Life and Death of a Worm

In a damp earth-tunnel under the subsoil a minute cocoon stirs gently with emergent life. Out of it, presently, there issues a tiny ribbon of pink crawling flesh. An earthworm, commonest of all the annelids, has been born.

The human infant, emerging out of foetal unawareness, comes into a world bright with colors and clamorous with sound. So does a fox-cub, or a new-hatched jay. The earthworm's birth is no such transition. Out of the darkness of the egg, this wriggling fragment of flesh and muscle emerges into a world that is hardly more fraught with awareness, hardly more informed by mind, than was the egg-mass from which it came. The earthworm is unseeing, for it has no eyes. It is unhearing, for it has no ears. The world into which it has been born is only a darkness and a silence.

But this eyeless and earless morsel of blood and skin is sensible of inner urgings, responsive from the moment of its birth to dim behests. It is stirred by vague restlessness, such as never infected a mushroom or a sumac-root, and which is token of its membership in animal creation. It is blood-brother, this blind, unhearing worm, to the high hawk and the running deer, and is equipped with compulsions even as these are. It is not exempted from the twin necessities which are visited upon every creature of earth: the necessity to eat and the necessity to beget. These things being so, the earthworm stirs and wriggles in its dark earth-chamber, and sets forth presently on the great adventure of existence.

In obedience to an inner bidding it directs its body upward, toward the topsoil and the outer air. The way of its going is very slow, and it is this: just under the body-skin runs a layer of circular muscles, and just under these a layer of muscles that lie longitudinally; alternately the earthworm contracts the circular muscles at its anterior end, rendering the body extended and thin, and contracts the longitudinal muscles, render-

ing the body short again. It is a slow, laborious way of locomotion, and effects movement at all only because of a curious device. On each segment of the earthworm's body are arranged four pairs of tiny spiny hairs, called setae, under the direct control of muscles. They extend obliquely backward from the sides and underparts of the earthworm's body, and the earthworm moves them as though they were little legs. As the worm thrusts upward now, boring blindly toward that outer other-world which it cannot know exists, the setae press and grip the burrow-wall and translate the worm's muscular churnings into a slow but steady movement.

Unhaltingly the earthworm struggles upward through the soil. Its infinitesimal brain, in an anterior segment above the pharynx, is incapable of harboring the thing that men call Mind; a subtler and a stranger species of impulsion informs the nerve-cords and directs the muscles in their work. Mindless, the earthworm is yet gifted with perceptions and recognitions. The pressures and stresses of the soil against its flesh are intelligible to it; the sensations of dryness or of moisture are somehow meaningful. When now, on its upward voyage, the earthworm reaches a stratum of hard dry soil through which it cannot penetrate by muscular effort alone, there comes to it — perhaps out of the misty realm called Instinct, perhaps out of an otherwhere never to be plumbed — the knowledge of what must be done. The earthworm begins to eat.

Grain by grain it sucks the hard-packed soil into its muscular pharynx, grain by grain reduces the barrier impeding its progress. Millimeter by millimeter, as the obstructing earth is nibbled away, the worm ascends toward outer air. It reaches the surface at last, thrusting its wriggling way through grass-roots and the final crust, and when ultimately its tunneling is completed it deposits on the surface, in the form of castings, the swallowed earth which has passed through its alimentary canal. No man wholly understands the worm's earth-eating, or comprehends the chemistry whereby its body extracts from the eaten soil the bits of humus and vegetable matter which will give it nourishment. The feeding-process of earthworms is a curious thing, and this much is known of it: from the pharynx the food goes to an oesophagus, and is there mixed with gland-secretions which neutralize the acids. Thence it enters

a thin-walled crop, and thence a gizzard, where it is ground to bits by spasmodic muscular contractions — and by the sharp grains of sand that have been swallowed — and is rendered ready for entrance into the worm's intestine. The network of tiny veins and arteries by which the earthworm's blood is circulated carries likewise waste-products of the digested food, and on every segment of the body is a pair of organs, called nephridia, for the excretion of these wastes. Such is the manner of the earthworm's nourishment, and such the processes which have attended its upward voyage through the earth.

II

The earthworm has attained the outer world now, although no sight or sound can apprise it of that fact. In the damp darkness (for the ascension has been made at night) the earthworm fastens its tail by the setae to the top of the burrow, and, stretching its soft elastic body to full length, explores the neighborhood in which it finds itself. It is in quest of fallen leaves, of minute fragments of weed-stalks and roots and decayed bark. Having no organs of sight, the earthworm is nevertheless able, perhaps by a dim awareness akin to scent, to detect the presence of these morsels and to seize on them; and it is able, further, to single out those foods for which it has a special preference . . . such foods, for instance, as cabbage-leaves and carrots.

Slowly the earthworm investigates the night, thrusting its blind naked head this way and that. Its recognition of the universe is hardly more complete than the recognition possessed by a burdock-leaf or a floating water-weed. The texture of its awareness is scarcely more complex. From time to time, now, as it forages blindly and deafly in the damp night air, it wriggles suddenly in response to the glinting of a light or the vibrance of a tread upon the nearby earth. These are the things to which its delicate flesh responds — these the limits of the universe it can perceive. Presently, when it has taken in a sufficiency of food, it terminates its explorations for the night and withdraws once more to inner earth.

There is small variegation in the pattern of the earthworm's succeeding days. During the sunlit hours the worm stays buried in the cool darkness beneath the surface of the soil, for the thin slime of mucus that covers its skin would be dried up by the sun. But when

the nights come — or when the sun is hidden and rain falls — the earthworm grows obscurely aware that it is time for seeking the outer world again, and once more the pink flesh thrusts upward. After this fashion does day follow day, unmarked by any incident but the worm's feeding and breathing. Even the breathing is almost as simple as a plant's. Blind and deaf and unequipped with mind, the earthworm lacks also lungs. It absorbs the oxygen directly through its body-walls into the sluggish blood, and similarly, imperceptibly, the carbon dioxide is expelled.

Some time before it dies, the worm must beget young. The individual earthworm is both male and female, having the reproductive organs of each sex, and when the time for egg-laying comes it secretes from a thickened place in its body — the clitellum — a cocoon in which the eggs are secured. This done, the eggs are then fertilized by the spermatozoa of another worm, and the most vital of all animal rites has been accomplished. A few days or a few weeks longer the earthworm feeds and forages and pursues its eyeless way, and then the life goes out of it as unknowledgeably as it came, and the briefly animated morsel of blood and sinew reverts to parent earth.

An earthworm, I suppose, will hardly attract the contemplation of the kind of man who can be stirred by no less gaudy natural marvel than a Grand Canyon or a shooting star. Charles Darwin, though, thought earthworms were worth studying for forty years, and Darwin made some curious discoveries. He found, for instance, that in a single acre of ground there may be 50,000 worms, and he found that they carry to the surface, in a single year, some eighteen tons of earth-castings. The earthworms in an acre, Darwin learned, would in twenty years carry from the subsoil to the surface a layer of soil three inches thick; and it became evident to him that the honeycombing of the earth by its earthworms was what aerated the soil and made it porous and rendered it fit for man's agriculture.

It is good sometimes to be reminded that the ephemeral shifts of politics and ideologies are not the things on which our human welfare actually depends. The ultimate welfare of our tribe depends on things like worms.

POETRY

ANONYMOUS AS DUST

By V. F. Calverton

Before I die I should like to know
That what I've felt, been, was more than sense or sentience,
More than color, sound, smell, compacted within my brain,
More than the machinery of my own deception,
Telling me what is not, is,
And what is, is not.
To know that I was really I
And not some chimera of corpuscles, ligaments, nerves,
Anonymous as dust,
That I that lived above, beyond, bone and tissue
Possessed in my I'ness a secret
Unrobbable as light.
To know that would mean knowing all:
The quiet strength of trees, the warm fecundity of earth,
The sinews of silence, the magic of speech,
The whys, the wherefores, the whens.
Where knowing would be being, and being knowing,
Both without end.

STREET CORNER COLLEGE

By Kenneth Patchen

Next year the grave grass will cover us.
We stand now, and laugh;
Watching the girls go by;
Betting on slow horses; drinking cheap gin.
We have nothing to do; nowhere to go; nobody.

Last year was a year ago; nothing more.
We weren't younger then; nor older now.

We manage to have the look that young men have;
We feel nothing behind our faces, one way or other.

We shall probably not be quite dead when we die.
We were never anything all the way; not even soldiers.

We are the insulted, brother, the desolate boys.
Sleepwalkers in a dark and terrible land,
Where solitude is a dirty knife at our throats.
Cold stars watch us, chum,
Cold stars and the whores.

TWO ALABAMA WILDCATS

By Julian Lee Rayford

I came upon two Alabama wildcats,
panting, panting in a cage.
And they bent upon me all the venom
in their flaming, yellow eyes,
their spirit no more diminished
than fire is tamed within a grate.
Two Alabama wildcats, glowering, smoldering,
in a rage that Death alone subdues.
And I thought, watching those inferno-eyes:
"Little brother, little sister, teach me,
endow me with this flame that devours
all cowardice, all resignation.
So many fears imprison me,
I need your flame of hatred
to burn my cages down."

THE LIBRARY

We've Paid Our Debt to Lafayette

By John W. Thomason, Jr.

I remember one of those freight cars our doughboys found so comic. It stood in the railroad yards of Brest the raw July morning in 1919 that my battalion of the Second Division arrived from Germany, on its way home. Some rude American soldier had chalked across it words, as follows:

> We've paid our debt to Lafayette.
> Who in hell do we owe now?

Which was recalled to me by W. E. Woodward's vivacious biography *Lafayette*,[1] now presented. The question of that debt, loudly raised by patriotic circles during the war-time, has never before been so thoroughly examined as by Mr. Woodward, in his presentation of the life and acts of Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roche Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette.

I don't think the debt is Mr. Woodward's basic idea, although he is a biographer of the impish school. This biography, as most others, starts with its subject; which is inadequate, if not wrong. Because your subject is more than himself. Your subject is heaven only knows how many generations of ancestors and environments, gentle and simple, obscure and conspicuous, crowding behind him. He is this racial impulse crossed with that other blood; he is one grandfather's experience, tangled with atavistic recollections of some great-grandmother's indiscretion. He is things adventured, and things evaded, matters achieved, and matters lost, through all the generations before he was born, but persisting in his life-stream to come into focus with his day. So Thomas Carlyle approached his Frederick the Great. But there was only one Carlyle.

Mr. Woodward, launching into his tale, tells you little about Lafayette's origins. There were, it seems, Motiers in Auvergne from the Twelfth Century onwards, the males being soldiers with a talent

[1] *Lafayette*, by W. E. Woodward. $3.50. *Farrar & Rinehart.*

for getting killed. By various legal and domestic gambits, the name Lafayette came into the family in the Sixteenth Century. His father, Colonel the Marquis de Lafayette, was killed at Minden in July of 1757, and the son, with whom Mr. Woodward is concerned, was born the September following.

One may remark, however, that these ancestors of young Lafayette knew how to accumulate, or at least how to marry well, for he inherited estates in Brittany and Touraine amounting to a great fortune. His life followed the pattern of one so bred and born. At fourteen, he had a commission in the Black Musketeers, a famous regiment. When he was seventeen, a marriage was arranged, and took place, with Adrienne, of the high house of Noailles, which placed him in the first magnitude of the French peerage. Here is noted an incident which may have been the germ of his later ardent republicanism; the court genealogist failed to find the Lafayettes in the *Dictionnaire de la Noblesse*, and in the routine of his office asked the young gentleman to supply his proofs. Nothing came of it; you infer that the marriage arrangement was financially robust; but Lafayette was indignant. I wonder that Mr. Woodward makes no more of the exchange, for he is sharp on such motivation.

The year of Lafayette's marriage was 1774 — great events making up across the Atlantic — and in 1775 he was on garrison duty in Metz, and occasionally about the Court, as became his station. Nothing yet to indicate military aptitude, and even less to promise a career under the eye of the Most Christian King, for the young gentleman was lank, and uncomely of body, with a forehead singularly slanting backwards, and an awkwardness of repartee, and no part of a courtier's graces. Here Mr. Woodward indulges himself in a search through obscure intrigues, involving the Comte de Broglie, first soldier of France; Vergennes, minister for Foreign Affairs, a cunning Anglophobe; and that lean, ambitious soldier Johann de Kalb, called Baron de Kalb; St. Germaine; and the curious fellow Beaumarchais. Offstage, Dr. Franklin, his agent Deane, and the American rebels, all at once occupying a gratifying amount of English attention. Of Lafayette, you need remember only that he had a huge fortune, no particularly exciting prospects in France, and the temperament that went with his narrow skull and ardent red hair.

II

The upshot of it was that, on a Friday, the thirteenth of June, 1777, the French vessel *Victoire* stood in to North Inlet, up the coast from Charleston in South Carolina, and dropped anchor, fifty-four days out of Bordeaux. From her there put off the young Marquis de Lafayette and fourteen officers more, de Kalb among them, eager for the shore. Towards midnight, in the scented, firefly-starred darkness of the Low Countries, they got ashore on the plantation of Major Huger, whose descendants are still in residence thereabouts; and, after they convinced the family that they were not a landing party from the British frigates on the station, were made welcome.

In due time, and after some financial adjustments over the ship *Victoire*, which Lafayette appears to have bought or chartered out of his own pocket (his ideas about money were noble all his life), the party proceeded to Philadelphia and presented themselves before the Continental Congress there assembled. They had credentials, issued by the Silas Deane aforesaid; for the Marquis a Major General's commission, for de Kalb a Major General's commission, for the others further commissions, with pay and allowances duly stipulated; and in de Kalb's pocket certain obscure proposals involving the Comte de Broglie, and the conduct of the war, not quite clear to this day. Mr. Woodward thinks Silas Deane issued them in good faith, but the Continental Congress was not impressed. Since the beginning of the American War, they had seen a-plenty of foreign paladins, and were tired of them. At first, there had been a deficiency of American technicians, notably engineers and artillerists; but the Continental forces were beginning to produce able commanders of their own. A French accent, a Prussian swagger, and an acquaintance with the professional jargon of the European armies were no longer to make a man a Colonel. The Committee on Foreign Affairs treated the young Marquis with scant courtesy, and de Kalb with none at all.

But Lafayette was a stubborn, if not a brilliant, youth. He addressed a letter to Congress, the meat of which was, he desired to serve without pay, at his own expense, and to be allowed to serve first as a volunteer. This alone put him in a class by himself. The Congress had never met a foreign officer, of whatever ardor in the cause

of Freedom, who was not quite sharp on the matters of rank, pay, and emoluments. Further, it began to be understood that this remarkable young man was extremely well-connected, in those circles which regulated French war loans and trade agreements. True, the young sprig was only nineteen, and had never been shot over, or learned English. But, after all . . .

On the last day of July he received a Major General's commission, purely honorary, although Lafayette, with his imperfect understanding of English, never understood it that way. A week later, a belated letter arrived from Franklin, recommending him as a nobleman of great wealth and high station, influential at court. This, with Lafayette's own generous efforts, sufficed to wangle a Major General's commission for de Kalb, who was really a distinguished soldier, and to procure either appointments or passage home for the rest of the Lafayette party. As Mr. Woodward, a man chary of approval, points out, Congress did well in the affair: de Kalb rendered fine service in the field until he died valiantly in action; Lafayette, so far as the French interest was concerned, lifted the American War into the Social Register, and his interest proved to be a definite step towards that formal recognition of the Colonies which gave them money, munitions, sea-power, and, finally, independence.

More familiar is the tale of Lafayette's association with General Washington. He became one of the very few men for whom the austere Commander-in-Chief showed affection; called him his son-in-arms. He was wounded at the Brandywine, and starved and froze most honorably through the winter of Valley Forge. He was of undoubted value as a liaison officer when the French Expeditionary Force appeared. Given the small light column which harassed and hazed Cornwallis across Virginia towards Yorktown, he demonstrated military aptitude of a high order. His command of Americans had good morale, held together, and fought. What the tough veterans of the Continental Line thought, as he was promoted over their heads, is not on record, but they followed him loyally. He served four years, bore his own charges, spent all of his large income and 750,000 francs besides — nobody knows how — and went home after Yorktown to find himself the most famous man in France, acclaimed as the Hero of Two Worlds.

He had also the thanks of the Continental Congress, and the gift

of American citizenship for himself and heirs forever. He was still rich; he was fortunate, and young; and until the disastrous effects of participation in the American War began to dawn upon the French Court, he was admired by persons of the highest consideration. It was the peak of his long life.

III

That would be the year 1782. Before him were tremendous events, the Revolution, and the Napoleonic Wars. Mr. Woodward dissects with his usual ironic skill and patience the connection with the Revolution, for which, with intention or not, Lafayette was one of the men who sowed the seed; but neither temperament nor ability fitted him to direct or control revolution. With the French masses, whose information on the American episode was vague, if inspiring, his name was synonymous to Liberty.

Circumstances presently flung into his lap opportunity after opportunity, every one of which he fumbled. The Robespierres frightened him, and he distrusted the Bonapartes. His was not one of those figures which diverted and appalled Europe through the next thirty years; he escaped from the guillotine to an Austrian prison from which Napoleon set him free; but Napoleon found no use for him (and he none for the Emperor, it is fair to add), and he lived in precarious retirement until the Empire fell. Recurrent crises brought him out again and again, but never to any decisive purpose. He never got along with kings or dictators. Undoubtedly, without definitely understanding it, or knowing what to do about it, he did love Liberty.

Now, as to the debt. In 1803 his friend Jefferson was zealous to make sure that Lafayette received his proper share of the public lands donated by a grateful republic to its soldiers. He was awarded 11,520 acres in Ohio, and the grant, after the Louisiana Purchase, was transferred to the region around New Orleans, where property had higher value. Jefferson did it all, because the Marquis, characteristically, had never entered a claim and probably never would have. A few years later, his creditors pressing him, the sale of part of this land was sufficient to discharge debts in excess of 600,000 francs. In 1824 Congress voted him $200,000 and a township. The total, in cash and kind, must have exceeded a million.

I have not been able to translate these emoluments into modern exchange, but as they stand, they

are impressive in the line of American soldiers' pay. It seems to me that some substantial installments had already been applied to that debt before 1917. I consider him, in fact, well compensated.

Mr. Woodward's work is readable. He belongs to the backstairs group of annalists, delighting in the pimples of the great. It is all very well to humanize history, but I cannot see that the kleptomania of Lafayette's great in-law, the Maréchale de Noailles, is pertinent to his career or to the study of his character. The author is at his best in describing the tawdry magnificence of Louis XIV's court, and the incredible leaders the Revolution cast up — he goes into the Revolution at great length and destroys accepted versions with his customary gusto. Yet he is kinder to Lafayette than to any person who has enjoyed his attention. He finds him "not too wise and profound . . . not at all oppressive . . . a likable human being." The reader, I think, will agree; and as for Mr. Woodward's gossip, pertinent or not, most of it is spiced.

There is an index and a brief bibliography, but the material is not documented. Altogether a very pleasant and informing book.

THE CHECK LIST

BIOGRAPHY

FROM UNION SQUARE TO ROME, by Dorothy Day. $1.50. *Preservation of the Faith Press.* Whatever readers of this autobiographical, well-nigh confessional, story may think of the author's views they can scarcely doubt the earnestness and nobility of her spirit. In restrained, unpretentious style Dorothy Day tells of her devotion to the faith of radicalism which evolved, almost without her own awareness, into a faith in the Catholic religion. Addressed to an unbelieving brother, the book aims to explain the religious attitudes to a radical mind; it succeeds, perhaps even better, in explaining radicalism to the religious mind. The compassion for the sufferings of the lowly which led Miss Day into the IWW and other Left movements, she carried over into her Catholicism. She is editor of the *Catholic Worker* and active in liberal Catholic undertakings.

EMPEROR NORTON, by Allen Stanley Lane. $3.00. *Caxton Printers.* The career of Norton I, Emperor of the United States and

Protector of Mexico, not only amusing Americana but a fine tribute to the generous spirit of old San Francisco. Born of poor Jewish parents in England, brought up in South Africa, Joshua Abraham Norton at the age of 31 came to California during the gold rush, prospered as a trader, became a prominent merchant and civic leader in San Francisco, and then, through an over-ambitious attempt to corner the rice market, lost his entire fortune. His mind gave way. The ordinary mortal died; an extraordinary character was born — Emperor Norton I. From that day in 1859, when he walked into the office of the *Bulletin* with his first royal decree proclaiming himself Emperor of the United States, until his death in 1880, San Francisco paid tender homage to this unique lunatic.

APOSTLES OF REVOLUTION, by Max Nomad. $3.50. *Little, Brown.* The most readable book on revolutionary history to appear in decades. Through the biographies of seven outstanding revolutionary types (Bakunin, Blanqui, Nechayev, etc.) the author gives not only a summary of a century of revolutionary striving, but conveys his philosophy of social change. Mr. Nomad writes well and his ironic wit leavens a serious work. All revolutions, the author contends through his analyses of his seven characters, end with the enthronement of new exploiting groups. Despite this, he does not consider the struggle for justice to be futile. He succeeds brilliantly in stepping on the toes of radicals and conservatives alike.

MISCELLANEOUS

THROUGH EMBASSY EYES, by Martha Dodd. $3.00. *Harcourt Brace.* The daughter of the American Ambassador to Berlin was with him throughout his incumbency there, from 1933 to 1937. She was friendly to the Brown Reich when she arrived, but watching the unfoldment of Hitlerite civilization she came to abhor the whole regime. This is the record — dramatic, well-written, full of inside information — of her change of heart. Unhappily Miss Dodd seems to have jumped right out of the Nazi frying pan into the Bolshevik fire. The whole book is falsified and distorted by a naive faith in the nobility of the Bolshevik type of fascists at home and abroad. Her chapter on Russia, which she visited briefly, is stereotyped propaganda nonsense.

THE SCANDINAVIAN STATES AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, by S. Shepard Jones. $3.00. *Princeton University Press.* This learned monograph by a Rhodes scholar (the present director of the World Peace Foundation in Boston) was first written as a doctoral thesis under the supervision of Sir Alfred Zimmern of Oxford, which doubtless invests it with ample authority. But alas, the scaffolding of its scholarship was never removed and badly clutters an otherwise monumental and not unattractive edifice. The patient reader will find this a useful reference book on a somewhat recondite phase of the League's career.

THE NEW WESTERN FRONT, by Stuart Chase. Cloth bound, $1.50; paper bound, 75¢. *Harcourt, Brace.* A compact handbook on the economics underlying foreign policies, prepared in collaboration with Marian Tyler, offering useful information in easily assimilable form. After drawing a dramatic contrast between virtually self-sufficient America and the economically insufficient countries of Europe, Mr. Chase points out that the stake of American citizens abroad is inconsiderable and not worth the risk of war. He therefore recommends withdrawal of our foreign trade from the Old World in favor of the Western Hemisphere, the cultivation not only of commercial but of genuine friendship with our neighbors on both American continents, adequate naval and military defense, especially around the Caribbean, and a lot of intensive home work to "stimulate business activity and reduce unemployment, without piling up debts which may ultimately be repudiated."

STEVENSON AT SILVERADO, by Anne Roller Issler. $3.50. *Caxton Printers.* Mrs. Issler draws a pleasing picture of Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Osbourne among their appreciative neighbors and the natural beauties of Napa Valley, where they lived immediately after their marriage in 1880. Sheds additional light on Stevenson at that crucial point of his career when he emerged into adulthood.

MEN MUST ACT, by Lewis Mumford. Cloth bound, $1.50; paper bound 75¢. *Harcourt, Brace.* A rousing sermon on the text, "Fascism is a worse evil than war." Brushing aside both isolationism and collective security — the first as futile, the second as thoroughly discredited — the author proposes to isolate instead the "three militant fascist states that are actively threatening the world today: Germany, Italy, Japan" through a "comprehensive non-intercourse Act" supplemented by a civilianized volunteer army prepared to resist fascism in war, if need be. Mr. Mumford also proposes no less than "the revamping of our economic system" (without saying just how) to solve our unemployment problem and the dislocation incidental to the task of isolating the three main fascist aggressors. While his batting average is impressive as long as he belabors the obvious, slugging fascism, extolling the virtues of democracy and discoursing on its shortcomings, his performance sinks far below that average when, having hit the ball, he starts running around the bases to make the points of his program of action.

WOMEN AND THE REVOLUTION, by Ethel Mannin. $3.00. *Dutton.* A splendid introduction to the subject stated in the title, certain shortcomings notwithstanding. Ethel Mannin offers no rule-of-thumb social program. She merely provides an intelligent discussion of woman's role in the march of history, and illustrates it through the stories of distinguished woman revolutionaries. Her speculations on the future position of women, and her highlighting of women's changing place in China, Russia, Spain, Ireland, etc., are particularly interesting. The weakness of the book is in its portraits of the heroines. Most flagrantly misleading is the author's portrait of Vera Zassulich, whose character she greatly underestimates. The sins of omission are striking; no word, for instance, of Krupskaya, Kollontai, Angelica Balabanoff, at least one of whom logically belongs in the book.

LUNACY BECOMES US, by Adolf Hitler and His Associates, edited by Clara Leiser. $1.25. *Liveright.* Amusing and amazing selection of utterances of Hitler and his disciples which add up, indeed, to lunacy. There are nuggets of profound science such as Hitler's revelation in *Mein Kampf:* "Originally the Aryan was probably a nomad and then, as time went on, he became settled; this, if nothing else, proves that he was never a Jew." Or the discovery announced by a Nazi leader in Brooklyn that "Justice Brandeis wants Negroes to rape white women in the South." We also learn from Hitler's own mouth that "No European nation has done more for peace than Germany". But the selection does not overlook solemnity, as when Church Minister Kerrl utters the name of the Lord of Europe, announcing that: "Der Führer is Jesus Christ as well as the Holy Ghost of the Fatherland." Most of the quotations are so grotesque that only a grotesque could have hatched them.

SOUTH OF HITLER, by F. W. Fodor. $3.50 *Houghton Mifflin* An extension and revision of the author's *Plot and Counterplot in Europe*, published some two years ago. While the current work incorporates unchanged whole chapters of the original book as written before Munich, new chapters analyze the situation since. Replete with interesting anecdotes and flashes into hidden political motives, the book is one of the most complete and up-to-date analyses of the Central European situation, of the internal struggles and bickerings of the various political factions, presenting at the same time a coherent dovetailing of the various forces at work.

NAZI SPIES IN AMERICA, by Leon Turrou. As Told To David G. Wittels. $2.00. *Random House.* Purporting to be the inside stuff on Nazi spies in America and told by the special investigator of the FBI to a newspaperman, this volume outlines the official yarn concerning the detection, apprehension, and conviction of several small fry and the escape of the big fish. Americans may sleep at night assured that our defense secrets are safe without benefit of the G-Men, for never were there such inept spies in the history of spying. The Turrou-Wittels' prose is as muddy as the contents.

INSIDE GERMANY, by Albert C. Grzezinski. $2.50. *Dutton.* A depressingly revealing story of the gradual suicide of the German Republic, told from the inside by the former Social Democratic Minister of Interior of Prussia and Police Chief of Berlin. Half the book deals with events since Hitler's success and provides little that is new. The other half, however, is exceedingly pertinent: a sort of auto-autopsy. The political grouping to which the author belonged must share with the communists and others the blame for the tragedy. Mr. Grzezinski tells how "secret" meetings of communists were reported to him by his spies posing as communists; how Hindenburg and his clique thwarted every attempt to resist the overthrow of the Republic; how the anti-Nazis were left disarmed and Hitler's forces retained their arms. But "conspicuous by its absence" — a phrase the author uses constantly himself — are the story of how Minister Grzezinski's subordinates machinegunned a May Day demonstration, one of the episodes in the debacle; and how, at the very start of the Republic, Socialist ministers used monarchist force to shoot down workers' uprisings. These, too, were among the reasons why the German masses failed in the long run to defend their "socialist" government. Discounting such silences and the author's natural bias in favor of his own party, the book presents a valuable document, easily read, on post-war German history.

INDUSTRIAL VALLEY, by Ruth McKenney. $3.00. *Harcourt, Brace.* The author of the highly amusing *My Sister Eileen* writes a serious survey of Akron, Ohio, and its rubber workers under Hoover Depression and Roosevelt Recovery. Told in the form of day to day items, largely as reported in the local press, it resembles Mark Sullivan's *Our Times,* with emphasis on the labor struggle and the unionization of the rubber industry. Through it all Miss McKenney (staff member of the *New Masses* that she is) would convey that the Communist Party is the real hero of Akron. Ultimately the book may become a textbook on communist subtlety.

MY DAY IN COURT, by Arthur Train. $3.50. *Scribner's.* A very readable autobiography of two careers: Train the prosecutor and Train the story teller. Pictures New York thirty years ago, with copious anecdotes, as seen by an assistant district attorney under William Travers Jerome, and really good stuff, despite a Peglerish over-emphasis on the criminality of the Italian race. When the atmosphere of the Criminal Courts Building is abandoned in the search for perfumed plot material, the man and his personal history become less interesting. Nevertheless, a lengthy excursion on how to write marketable fiction for slick magazines is illuminating.

INSIDE RED CHINA, by Nym Wales. $3.00. *Doubleday Doran.* The author, wife of Edgar Snow (*Red Star Over China*) was with the Chinese Soviets during the final months before they abdicated authority over perhaps 9,000,000 people, and placed themselves and the legendary Eighth Route Army at the disposal of Chiang Kai Shek. She has compiled interviews with all the important communist leaders. Those interested in the Chinese edition of the Party Line will find a wealth of material here. With due allowance to the author's pro-Stalinist bias, it would appear that, in a primitive agrarian society, Bolshevism heightens the political consciousness of the most backward, before canalizing it to sectarian and ultimately totalitarian ends.

THE OPEN FORUM

TO THE NEW EDITOR

A new editorial broom sweeps up a lot of messages, ranging from congratulations to condolences, and tapering off in enthusiasm at one end and verbal mayhem at the other.

Somewhere in this range is the message from H. L. Mencken, first editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY:

"Editing a magazine is a job almost comparable to fighting bulls. There is no cure whatever for the constant headaches. You must learn to endure them, but no man will ever learn to love them . . . It is a great pleasure to see you take over the bridge, for I have a very great liking for *Assignment in Utopia* . . . I hope you bang away at the quacks now flourishing in the USA. They were never more impudent."

As to the headaches, we have been on the job only a month, but oh! how true, how true! We begin to appreciate what William B. Ziff, himself an editor (*Popular Aviation*, etc.), meant in writing "I don't know why I should congratulate anyone who deliberately fashions a rope around his neck" . . . Walter Winchell greets the new editor warmly in his column and another columnist, Leonard Lyons, flashes, "Congratulations on the new job. I hear you're changing your name to H. L. Mlyons" . . . Simeon Strunsky of The New York *Times* sends on, "I do hope you make a success on THE MERCURY, which now has a vigorous editorial pen worthy to be compared with the original Mencken instrument" . . . Warm encouragement comes out of Washington from Susan B. Anthony, relative and namesake of a lady who once stormed that city, and from Congressman Bruce Barton, who is storming it now.

To these and to others piled high on the editorial desk, our blushing bow. Among the others are William Allen White; Roy W. Howard; Bertrand Russell; Prof. Charles A. Beard; Dorothy Thompson; W. E. Woodward, who invented (and loathes) the word "debunking" which THE MERCURY has so well exemplified; Prof. William Ellery Leonard of Wisconsin University; Harry Scherman, generalissimo of the Book-of-the-Month club; Samuel Chotzinoff, well-known music critic, now with the NBC; Whit Burnett, editor of *Story;* Bennett Cerf, of Random House; Robert S. Allen, he of the *Washington Merry-Go-Round;* Leo C. Rosten, creator of K*A*P*L*A*N; Raymond Clapper, Washington commentator; Louis Adamic, author of *My America;* John Mason Brown, drama critic; Max Miller, who covers waterfronts; M. Lincoln Schuster of the Simon & Schuster team; Arthur D. Pierce of the Philadelphia *Record;* Max Eastman, poet and publicist; Prof. Irwin Edman of Columbia; Abraham Epstein, the social security expert; City Manager Bill N. Taylor of Longview, Texas; Joseph Clark Baldwin, New York City Councilman; Irene Kuhn, leading newspaper woman and author of *Assigned to Adventure;* radio commentator Linton Wells; James E. Abbe, father of the three little Abbes who made the world famous in eleven years; Ferdinand Lundberg, beloved of the 60 American Families; Evelyn Scott, novelist; Charles Yale Harrison, author of *Generals Die In Bed;* Harry Weinberger, labor lawyer; Ulric Bell, Washington correspondent; Willi S. Schlamm, former editor of the Berlin *Weltbühne;* John Dos Passos, author of *USA.*

The music, however, is not all sweetness and harmony. Sour notes were not missing.

Michael Gold, once a writer, now columning in the *Daily Worker*, writes with the sportsmanship for which that journal is celebrated:

"Lyons is the right man to do dirty work for the Fascist MERCURY . . . that notorious character who has displayed such remarkable ingenuity in Soviet-baiting has been rewarded by a fine job where his talents will find their full expression. . . ."

And that, we admit, is the mildest thing Mr. Gold said on the subject. At the same time letters have arrived from a number of our domestic peanut-Mussolinis, nightshirt-Hitlers, and other political paranoiacs conveying inelegant sentiments in words to match. So long as the brickbats come from the lunatic camps of both Right and Left, there is no cause for alarm. We trust we may merit them richly as we mature on this job.

ARE CONSERVATIVES STUPID?

SIR: Your February number asks, "Are Conservatives Naturally Stupid?" The answer is No, but they are college graduates. Do you realize that American intellectuals suffer a cultural lag of more than two centuries? They have not yet joined the American revolution. Europeans created the political philosophy that created this nation. *American intellectuals have always remained European-minded.*

America has never had its own voice. No American has spoken the genuine beliefs of this people; no American has expressed the American idea. America endures as a blind adherence to principles formulated by Eighteenth-Century Europeans and since then perceived only emotionally by Americans with no pretensions to intellectual prestige or scholarship. Do you know that there does not exist in America one single college textbook presenting the American political philosophy? Not one.

If America be doomed, it is destroyed by the marvelous development and extension of our marvelous educational system. And I think that the mystery engrossing scholars in future ages will be this: why did intellectuals in America have no intellect?

ROSE WILDER LANE

New York City.

MATANUSKA IN ALASKA

SIR: Having spent the past summer in the Matanuska Valley and knowing considerable about its political, economic, social and educational set-up, I cannot let go unchallenged the article "Cabbages and Commissars," by Ted Leitzell. I should like to present some facts concerning Matanuska and let the reader judge for himself as to the future prospects of this colony. Out of the 200 original families selected 86 have departed. Of the 60 replacements 10 have left. Of these 260 families, 63 per cent remained as of July 1, 1938. Prior to February 1, 1937 the development went forward rather uncertainly due to frequent administrative changes. Then Leo Jacobs became the manager of the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation Corporation, and progress became more evident. Prior to 1938, buildings for the colonist, his family, and his live-stock had received major attention. Since then land clearing has received the attention.

As the land was cleared and crops came up it became evident that a co-operative association would be the most advantageous plan for marketing the produce. In September 1936 the Matanuska Valley Farmers Co-operative Association was formed, and officers were elected by the colonists. Units operated by the co-operative association include the cannery, the hatchery, the creamery, and the meat department. The trading post, the warehouse, and the garage are now operating for the association, independent of ARRC. From January 1938 to June 1938 the trading post did a gross business of $62,000 with a 6 per cent profit, and the garage did a business of $25,000 with a 5 per cent profit. As soon as possible other activities of the community will be purchased by the co-operative association, and managed independently.

In 1938 the farmers of the Co-operative

Association produced the following: 3000 tons of hay, 12,000 bushels of barley, 10,000 bushels wheat, 50 tons of canning peas, 500 tons of potatoes, 200 tons of cabbages, 200 tons of carrots, 200 tons of rutabagas, 200 tons of turnips, and 50 tons of beets. In September 1938 the colony was transferred from the WPA to the Department of the Interior. Mr. Jacobs resigned and Federal aid has been curtailed. But don't let anyone tell you that these colonists are going to quit their farms on account of this!

LAURA B. HARNEY

Mount Vernon,
New York.

SIR: "Cabbages and Commissars," is a masterpiece of distortion, for I saw a wholly different picture last summer. What right has the author, for example, blandly to label the colonists "comrades?" I did not hear the term used there. What he leaves unsaid is equally calculated to mislead. He did not contrast the orderly, decent appearance of the Colony Center with the slattern town of Palmer across the railroad track. Paragraphs might have been written about the richness of the soil, the business-like way of clearing the land, the blooded stock, lucious vegetables, community life, up-to-date school, and modern hospitals. The spotlight is focused on mistakes made in the beginning, but nothing is said about how far the colony has already gone to rectify them.

The hero of the piece is one Pipple, rugged individualist, who seems to be the only colonist capable of making a profit. That he refuses to play cricket is not recorded. Just because the rules of the game don't suit him, and because he capitalizes his nuisance value doesn't make him a Patrick Henry. His farm, we are told, may be snatched away from him at the whim of the "commissars." Yet in another passage we learn that all the king's horses and men haven't succeeded yet in dislodging him. It sounds cockeyed.

H. E. KLEINSCHMIDT, M.D.

Manhasset,
New York.

DO WE LIKE WAR?

SIR: Being a soldier in the army of the United States of America, I feel that I have a right to complain about your article "Why War Is So Popular." The author never stopped to think that army men are in reality civilians in uniform, and that we are not a bunch of drunkards with immoral thoughts, as he implied. According to him, soldiers had a merry time of the last World War. To my estimation a man that can eat stale bread, sleep in the mud, fight in the rain, go for days without food or water, and have a good time is decidedly a super human being. I have every respect for a man that can go through all that and still smile. Why not give them a lift instead of a kick?

PFC. WILLARD O. THOMPSON

Jefferson Barracks,
Missouri.

SIR: My disgust with you that you would print such an article as "Why War Is So Popular" is absolutely nauseating. Fools we shall always have, so, I suppose, there may be a few who, unfamiliar with history and unaware of the ruin we are in from the last war — which no one I know has emphasized more than you in your denunciation of this Administration — may think war a great lark. But ask the veterans; consult the nurses. . . .

ROBERT J. CALDWELL

New York City.

SIR: The article "Why War Is So Popular" has pleased me so much that I cannot do anything but write this letter. I have read a great many articles for and against war. Of all of them, none have been so clearly stated or presented such definite proof as this one.

LOUISE SCHNEIDER

Pittsburgh.

MEDICINE — NAVY STYLE

SIR: In the January MERCURY appears an article entitled "State Medicine, Navy Style." I write to express a contrary view of medical practice in the Navy. I have been

many months a patient in a Naval hospital where I came in daily contact with numerous fellow patients of all grades, no one of whom, in his right mind, had any but appreciative and grateful comment to offer.

F. B. UPHAM
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, Retired
Washington,
D. C.

SIR: Since the hospital the anonymous author of "State Medicine, Navy Style" describes is obviously a well-known Naval hospital on the west coast, and since I am very familiar with that institution, you can "come with me" (as he invites his readers to do) and take a look at the style of State Medicine practiced in that hospital.

Living in that city are some 20,000 active-duty Naval personnel, perhaps 30,000 of their dependents and about 20,000 retired personnel and world war veterans, all receiving practically all their medical care from the hospital with its 1400 beds, large out-patient department, 40 doctors, 60 nurses, and about 200 attendants and lesser employees. It also uses beds at a neighboring hospital, but under the care of the Naval hospital staff. Everywhere there is feverish activity and a grim intensity of attention to the job. Throughout the day, you may go into any of the twelve departments and see the doctors sweating, worrying, and hurrying. They are all good; they have to be or they wouldn't be sent there. The department heads are from the top flight of specialists in the Medical Corps, many of them outstanding in their special fields, and the juniors who work with them consider themselves highly privileged.

It would be pointless to enter into a description of the technical phase of the work. The important thing is that this hospital is putting out as high a type of medicine, State or otherwise, as one can produce anywhere. Ninety-nine per cent of the patients are infinitely appreciative and grateful, which is good pay in any doctor's league. My description of the hospital is scarcely in accord with that by your Mr. Anonymous. But I worked there several years and I know I have given here a faithful and true account of the attitude of the staff and the patients.

R. P. PARSONS,
Commander, Medical Corps
U. S. Navy
Pearl Harbor,
Hawaii.

SIR: As a physician, until recently in the active practice of medicine and intimately associated with recognized affiliates of Organized Medicine, I cannot let pass without criticism the gross distortions and mis-statements incorporated in the article, "State Medicine, Navy Style." It has been my privilege to be a patient for four months in the Naval Hospital, Philadelphia. While there I have been able to observe at first hand the unequaled physical equipment of a thoroughly up-to-the-minute hospital; it's medical and surgical personnel is unsurpassed by any of the many civilian institutions with which I am familiar.

J. ALLAN BERTOLET, M.D.
Philadelphia.

POINTERS FOR CONGRESS

SIR: If the seventy-sixth Congress wishes to make a good record it will: Stop supporting the Dies Un-American Committee. Return Relief administration to the states. Regain control of the public purse. Balance the Federal budget. Cut expenditures to the marrow. Throw the National Labor Board in the junk heap. Scrap both the CIO and AFL. Amend the Wagner Act to make it fair to all. Induce Secretary Perkins to resign. Send the Corcoran-Cohen boys back to their desks. Stop the "bleeding" of business by social security taxes. Enact sensible laws and quick necessary measures toward relieving railroads of their troubles. Make adequate but not hysterical appropriations for national defense. Revise the undistributed profits and other taxes which affect businessmen. Induce Roosevelt to retract both recent messages to Congress. And last, but no means least, make a real start toward a return from bureaucracy.

If those who comprise the new Congress accomplish these points, they can return to the folks they represent, knowing full well they have accomplished much.

HERBERT J. MANCINI

Cleveland.

SCHOOLS

SIR: I have been reading your recent articles and letters on prep and military schools. As a cadet at the Valley Forge Military Academy, I feel they are doing a great injustice to military academies. I resent the fact that they call us "Wooden Soldiers" who have not intelligence to see that a Full Dress Parade wasn't only for its beauty but that it teaches a cadet discipline, self control, co-ordination of the body, alertness and keenness of mind, and poise. The physical education a cadet receives at a military academy makes him superior to most high-school students. You will find that when a man graduates from a good military academy, he ends his life successfully and not as an usher or bell-hop.

CADET JOSEPH F. MEYERS

Wayne,
Pennsylvania.

— AND SCHOOLS

An advertisement in the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* reads:

SIMS SCHOOL FOR BOYS advises parents and educators to read "College is No Place to Get an Education" in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for February. We know most of it is true.

COMMON-SENSE POETRY

SIR: May I thank you for sticking to rhyme and reason in your poetry? The versifiers who streamline their stuff have driven me to versified frenzy. Here's the proof:

The poet I'd kill
  Nor miss, guys
Is one who rhymes syll-
  Ables this-wise.

The poet I'd clout
  With pleasure
Is one who just doesn't give a hang
  About measure.

The poet I'd brain —
  Say when! —
Is one who rhymes again
  For again.

And that doesn't exhaust the list of poetic mannerisms to which I am allergic.

LAURA SILLS BENTON

New Orleans.

DEPARTMENT OF INTROVERSION

SIR: Random thoughts of an unemployed young man on a chilly afternoon sitting in a heatless Greenwich Village flat: business rise predicted for 1939 . . . sorry, sir, job's filled . . . try again tomorrow . . . president roosevelt asks congress for millions . . . you walk till you feel pavement burning through shoe soles . . . it's filled . . . sorry . . . so sorry . . . you can't walk much farther . . . miss jones' debut high spot of new york society season . . . fifty thousand spent to make gala evening . . . champagne flows . . . fat women . . . fatter bellies . . . you can't spare nickel for beer . . . beer and crackers . . . time to go home . . . sunset on purple sage . . . dirty dusk on dirty manhattan . . . subway clatters on like endless chain . . . vacant faces . . . three flights up . . . musty dingy room . . . cracked dresser mirror . . . cold water . . . henry ford . . . millions . . . comfort . . . bulging bellies . . . debuts . . . fox hunts . . . dirty smelly waiting rooms . . . come back tomorrow buddy . . . try again . . . walk-walkwalk . . . sleep sweaty sleep.

G. CRAWFORD

New York City.

RE-PHRASING MR. HOOVER

SIR: I wonder if Mr. Guild, your Open Forum correspondent who was expectantly

awaiting the delayed delivery of a Dodge automobile, might be induced to consider the possibility that the delay, in part at least, could have been due to the technique introduced and popularized in the automotive industry by the Messrs. Lewis, Martin, Roosevelt, and Murphy? If Hoover had put it another way and had said, "Cobwebs will gather on the assembly line while the assemblers wear calluses on their fannies," etc., maybe Mr. Guild would grudgingly admit that our only living ex-President had the makings of a first-rate seer.

ONE WHO DIDN'T LAUGH

Columbus,
Ohio.

HANGED, NOT BURNED

SIR: I've just read "How Pure the Puritans?" by John W. Thomason in the March MERCURY. All I can say is, "How Well-Informed the Editors?" For his and your information no "silly old women" were ever burned at Salem, or anywhere else in this country, as witches. We Puritans may have drowned and hanged a few, but we never burned 'em.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD

New York City.

AFTER MUNICH

SIR: Collective security to preserve peace by war and force of arms is the most idiotic idea ever conceived, and it is the idea most dear to the hearts of the New Dealers and the communists. The communists behind a false front of "peace and democracy" are resorting to every means to conceal themselves as advocates of war, so they agitate for defense against dictators as the surest way to world war in which Russia and communism will be the victors. Even though Mr. Dennis' article, "After the Peace of Munich," is the best he has written for THE MERCURY, the communists and their dupes will no doubt berate him for not confining his remarks to a venomous tirade against Hitler and all his works. I have an idea that such readers will really be somewhat abusive and rough in their handling of Mr. Dennis, but he is on sure ground and his arguments cannot be successfully assailed.

P. G. INGRAM, JR.

Chicago.

ATTENTION MRS. LUCE

SIR: Australia has so far had little if any opportunity of becoming acquainted with leisured American women. She is now learning from the play *The Women*, by Clare Booth, at present running in Melbourne, that they are coarse, amoral, vapid, and vain, and that their chief interests in life are midwifery, divorce, and beauty parlors.

Those of us who have traveled in England and in Europe, and have had the pleasure of meeting Americans, distinguished for their culture, fastidiousness, and reserve in matters affecting marital relations, deplore this sordid presentation of American womanhood.

PHILADELPHIA N. ROBERTSON

Melbourne,
Australia.

IS SEX NECESSARY?

SIR: Well, after long, deliberate, and serious consideration, I still have no definite ideas on whether sex articles are good or bad, in THE MERCURY or elsewhere. But they do make interesting reading when you're 23.

FRED C. ALLEN

Schumacher,
Ontario.

DANGEROUS HISTORIANS

SIR: The articles of Nathan Schachner published in your publication are not in my opinion in the best interest of the people of this country. Anyone who has a real love of his country would not write or publish such articles.

It took many years for teachers and others to build up in the minds of school children the thought that the founders and others who

played a prominent part in making this country what it was before it went into the World War were great, honest, and sincere men. Now we have people like Rupert Hughes and Schachner telling us all the faults and weaknesses of these men. Their object in doing this, in my opinion, is to besmirch the characters of these men and to belittle them in the eyes of the youth of today.

C. W. MITCHELL

New York City.

SIR: Why, please, does Mr. Schachner think the signals were arranged in the church tower to tell the messengers which road the British were taking, if Paul Revere and William Dawes were both ordered to Lexington and Dawes had already set out? Where did he get his version of the story anyhow? It sounds like one that was current some ten years ago at a time when for some reason or other there was a propaganda drive against Longfellow. One charge I encountered in a letter from a Virginia correspondent was that the poet in *Miles Standish* tried to claim for Plymouth priority over Jamestown as the first English colony, because in one line Plymouth Rock is called "the cornerstone of a nation" — not *the* nation, notice.

So far as I see, there is no ground for supposing Longfellow a propagandist in the interest of New England; on the contrary he was the first American author to influence his readers to adopt something like a cosmopolitan point of view and see much that was admirable in other countries; nor did he show any bitterness toward the South when many of his contemporaries — not by any means all New Englanders — did.

I think the most preposterous slam at this poet that I saw was a furious attack on him for *not* taking as a subject the ride of Emily Geiger of North Carolina instead of Revere's. That would have been a natural story for the landlord of the Sudbury Tavern to tell, wouldn't it?

L. LAMBREY

Limerick, Maine.

THE STORK

SIR: In the light of your outspoken discussion of motherhood and related problems, and similar candor in American life generally, your readers should be interested in my plaint in verse:

TO A VICTIM OF TECHNOLOGICAL PROGRESS

The Stork, among birds once the busiest,
Now languishes idle in her dizzy nest,
Brooding (not breeding) on glories
When everyone, not merely Tories,
Had need for her specialized service;
When parents, inhibited, nervous,
And others still steeped in old piety
Did add to the bird's notoriety.

* * *

No more are her talents respected
Since youth is no longer protected
From knowledge of facts anatomical;
Begetting has grown economical
Since days when each girl and each boy meant
For storks some busy employment;
The infants a stork now hatches are
Only its own; no more batches are
Required to aid the too-reticent;
In short, the stork is now jettisoned.

SALLY DANIELS

Los Angeles.

FOR MR. STRACHEY

SIR: John Strachey in your February issue agrees that under certain conditions, namely, ever-declining rates of rent, interest, and profit, the capitalist system would work for a long time yet. Is it possible that the well-known communist, Mr. John Strachey, is weakening?

However, one must disagree with Mr. Strachey's contention that with declining rates of rent, interest and profit, there should be no diminishing of volume of investment spending. The greater maladjustments or "snags" which have arisen in the functioning of the so-called capitalist system have been due to the directing of too much purchasing power into channels for investment and too little into channels of purchasing power for

the consumptive needs of those who work.

Mr. Strachey sees imperialist expansion as the only course for Nazi economy. But imperialist expansion can only end in the condition of stalemate, that the further investment of surpluses in Germany would end, for the reason that Mr. Strachey himself gives — that surpluses are invested in expectation of further surpluses, and in this respect the world is one economic unit.

Modern economies, whether they are of the so-called communist, fascist, National Socialist, or capitalist production, are a matter of definite arithmetical requirements for the purchasing power of those who work. The "dictatorship of the proletariat" if one wishes to use this term, is an essential fact of modern production, the essential fact of the definite requirements for the purchasing power of the so-called proletariat.

A. L. HEWETT

Bayside,
New York.

THE CALENDAR

SIR: I have been devoted to THE MERCURY for many years now, and for the first time I wish to raise my voice in protest because of the article by Anthony Turano on the subject of calendar reform.

I am a Sabbatarian, a Seventh-Day Adventist, and a bit concerned as to how the squeeze-play is to be worked on us, a minority in a democracy that is progressively denying every principle of democratic government. Research proves the weekly cycle has not been tampered with. And because the Sabbath commandment is the only one to begin with *remember*, and because the Sabbath is a memorial of the creation of the world and man, I believe we should not be so presumptuous as to seek to change established times and laws.

MILDRED C. BALL

Rutland,
Vermont.

SIR: As though there were not enough calamities to plague mankind as a result of the many reforms he has insisted upon, along comes your Mr. Turano with the announcement that "The Calendar Is Out of Date." Well, maybe it is, but the fact remains that we have been able to shift along with it for several centuries without any great inconvenience, and to introduce a new style of dates merely means that we would have two instead of one system to carry along. Our continuous prayer and supplication should be: Good Lord, in Thy infinite mercy save us from reformers!

ROYAL P. JARVIS

El Oro,
Mexico.

SIR: Of course we all agree with Mr. Turano that the calendar is out of date and that the World Calendar, as reproduced in his article, is the most acceptable proposal offered. But is there any reason why the year should begin, as at present, eleven days after the shortest day of the year? Could we not close the year with the shortest day and begin the new year with the turning of the sun and the first lengthening day? This would simply mean shoving the year around 11 days and calling January 1st the day which now figures as December 21st. This would seem a more logical beginning of the year and was evidently so considered by peoples in past ages.

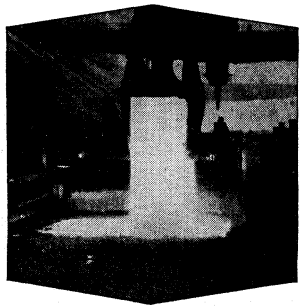
CONRAD WEIL, M.D.

San Francisco.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES (*The Puritan Mathers*), Ohio born, Columbia trained, edited *The Bible, Arranged to Be Read As Living Literature* . . . CHARLES A. BEARD (*We're Blundering Into War*), the most distinguished living American historian, will soon bring out *America in Midpassage*, a review of the past decade written in collaboration with Mrs. Beard. His numerous works include *The Idea of National Interest* and *The Open Door at Home* . . . V. F. CALVERTON (*Anonymous as Dust*) is founder and editor of the *Modern Monthly* . . . UPTON CLOSE (*The T-Men Will Get You*) writes and lectures extensively on foreign and domestic public affairs. He is the author of *Challenge: Behind the Face of Japan*, *Eminent Asians*, and other books . . . S. BURTON HEATH (*Muckraker: Model 1939*), of the New York *World Telegram*, is probably ranking muckraker among American reporters . . . FRED C. KELLY (*Shall We Drown the Unemployed?*) is a well-known magazine writer . . . ALFRED KREYMBORG (*Complacency*) is the noted poet and author . . . HEINZ LIEPMANN (*Underground Germany*), newspaperman and novelist, escaped from a Nazi concentration camp, and has lived in America since 1937. His works include *Murder — Made in Germany*, *Poison in the Air*, and *Underground Fires* . . . CLAY OSBORNE (*America's Number One Fool*) was born in Indian Territory and raised in the Oregon backwoods. He now lives and writes in Gardena, California . . . KENNETH PATCHEN (*Street Corner College*) is a well known poet whose latest book, *First Will and Testament*, will be published in the fall . . . JULIAN LEE RAYFORD (*Two Alabama Wildcats*) is a sculptor whose verse has appeared in many magazines . . . WILLIAM G. RYAN (*Escape From Loyalist Spain*) lives in Milwaukee, where he is writing a book on his experiences with the International Brigade . . . W. H. SEAMAN (*Move England to Canada!*), an English journalist, has worked on newspapers here and in Canada . . . JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY (*Broadway Tries God*) is an instructor in literary criticism at the College of the City of New York and at Brooklyn College, and author of *The Art of Eugene O'Neill* . . . ERIC THANE (*Montana Picks a Fight*) lives in Missoula, Montana . . . STANLEY WALKER (*Decline of the Newspaper Souse*), author of many books and articles, is an executive of the New York *Herald Tribune* . . . JOHN T. WINTERICH (*The Well-Tressed Man*), was formerly editor of the *American Legion Monthly* . . . THOMAS WOLFE (*Portrait of a Literary Critic*), the distinguished author of *Look Homeward, Angel!* and *Of Time and the River*, died recently at the age of 38.

INDEX TO VOLUME XLVI



The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

This is the season when country homes and gardens receive special attention, when the city man feels a yen for the outdoors, and when the outdoors man has much work to do. In many families one member may be an authority on flowers, another on radio; a third may be the oracle on soil conservation. Here is a chance to become an authority on steel in the home and on the range.

Count 20 points for each question. 40 is the passing grade, anything better is commendable, 60 to 100 gives grounds for an authoritative manner.

Correct answers on page xiv.

1. New homes are being built throughout the land. The carpenter nails the lath in place, traditionally keeping a reserve supply of nails in his mouth. To minimize possible infection from this habit the steel trade sells sterilized lath nails. The nails are sterilized by:

(*a*) *Being heated in a cylinder and then packed in paper-lined kegs without human handling.*

(*b*) *By dipping in a strong solution of carbolic acid.*

(*c*) *By a coating of enamel.*

2. This is the season for installing woven-wire fencing for controlling pastures and rotating crops. Clean, bright wire fence is also made for poultry yards and for protecting lawns. Chain link fence, frequently used as tennis court enclosures, is also used for four of the five following purposes:

(*a*) *Around country estates*

(*b*) *As protection for school yards*

(*c*) *In city parks*

(*d*) *On sheep ranches*

(*e*) *In zoos*

3. Which one of the following statements best distinguishes steel from iron?

(*a*) *Steel is harder than iron.*

(*b*) *In general, steel contains less carbon than iron.*

(*c*) *Steel is a more highly refined product than iron.*

4. Copper-bearing steel sheets are frequently used for roofing, gutters, rain spouts and ventilators. The purpose of copper in the steel sheets is:

(*a*) *for appearance* (*c*) *for strength*

(*b*) *for ductility* (*d*) *for resistance to rust*

5. What steel company produces a full line of road steels, such as reinforcing bars and guards used in highways which connect the cities with the great open spaces?

". . . . and Superb Service Is One Reason I Always Go Hapag-Lloyd!"

Ask the Hapag-Lloyd trans-Atlantic Commuters

FROM Hapag-Lloyd Commuters you will learn about the deep and satisfying enjoyment of an Atlantic crossing to Europe. They form a majority of Hapag-Lloyd passengers and they will tell you that these lines have thoroughly mastered the art of pleasing. This year, go Hapag-Lloyd — then you, too, will want to repeat your trip many, many times.

These ships provide Luxury, Speed, Comfort, in frequent sailings with arrivals of clocklike precision in England, Ireland, France, Germany.

BREMEN · *EUROPA* · Giant Lloyd Expresses to Cherbourg, Southampton and Bremen, with the swift *COLUMBUS* adding calls at Ireland.

NEW YORK · *HAMBURG* · *DEUTSCHLAND* · *HANSA* · Popular Hapag "Famous Four" to Cherbourg, Southampton and Hamburg, frequently adding Ireland. *ST. LOUIS* · *BERLIN* · Our lowest rate liners. Germany via Galway-Southampton.

The 1939 edition of "Your Trip To Europe" is now available. Send for this 230-page book of helpful, up-to-date information about European and trans-Atlantic travel. Write Dept. XK-4.

YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, or

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE · NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

57 Broadway 669 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities of United States and Canada

The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT

Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Personal assistance for placement and publication of fiction, non-fiction. New Authors invited. Expert reviews, criticism, rewriting, editing, ghostwriting, revision.

49 West 42d Street, New York City

WANTED Authors' Manuscripts for immediate marketing. Prompt examination. Send manuscripts to REVEL SYNDICATE, 73 W. 44 St., New York City.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 20 YEARS

Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Ave. at 51st, N. Y. C.

GENERAL

ARE YOU without congenial contacts? Then the services of Contacts, the Clearing House of Friendship, will interest you. 2400 members enrolled since 1927. Write for free details. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

WANTED — Original poems, songs, for immediate consideration. Send poems to COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., Dept. H78, Toronto, Can.

WANTED — Short Stories and novels for immediate consideration. Send manuscripts to MEL J. MCLEAN PUBLISHERS, 32 Manchester Bldg., Toronto, Canada.

NEW CONTACTS

Through our PERSONAL SERVICE dedicated to the promotion of friendships. Discriminating clientele. Write or telephone.

AMERICAN SERVICE
Grace Bowes, Director
3140-AM Godwin Terrace, New York City
TELEPHONE KINGSBRIDGE 6-2921

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free.
Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

Book Manuscripts Wanted — All subjects for immediate publication. Booklet sent free.
MEADOR PUBLISHING CO. *Established 1925*
324 Newbury Street Boston, Massachusetts

UNUSUAL MANUSCRIPTS

requested for publication by New York book publishers. National selling facilities. Mail manuscripts for free editorial report to
PEGASUS PUBLISHING CO., 67 West 44th St., N. Y. C.

5¢ EACH LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Send postcard for our **free catalogue.** Thousands of bargains. Address:
HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk M-307, GIRARD, KANSAS

(Continued on page xiv)

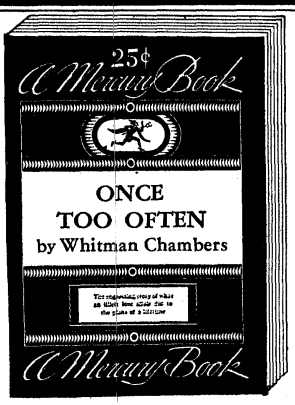
It's as *easy as this!*

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt"... He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby... Time-saving convenience and complete comfort... Satisfying meals... Restful rooms, from $5.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT
BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

ONLY 20 MINUTES BY EXPRESS SUBWAY TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

Now on Sale



Any Newsstand—25¢

FILEWORTHINESS

Not all items in the average newspaper are fileworthy. But there are, on the average, about six items in each issue of a newspaper that I find necessary to clip and put into properly identified folders in my Newsclip Filing System. The average good magazine gives me about twice as many fileworthy clippings. It's important to be able to call such clippings back into use at one time or another, and it's here that an efficient, handy, simple, filing kit is essential. The H-J Newsclip Filing System is right down your alley. It solves the problem of how best to file clippings so they may be available in a few seconds when wanted for reference purposes. Send me only $1 (plus 25c for packing, handling and carriage) and I'll send you the H-J Newsclip Filing System, containing 100 folders, gummed labels, and full instructions on how to put away 5,000 fileworthy clippings. Address: E. Haldeman-Julius, Box 6, Girard, Kansas.

Answers to Bethlehem Steel Quiz

(*See page ix*)

1. (a) The heating process is used. Carbolic acid would not be good on the tongue, and enameling would not be a sterilizing process.
2. (a, b, c & e) Chain link fence is closely woven and has strength. These qualities would not be necessary for a sheep ranch which could just as effectively use a lighter, more open mesh of wire fence.
3. (c) Usually the term iron is understood to apply to the trade product and not to theoretically pure metallic iron. Commercial iron is currently a very minor percentage of iron and steel production, as most industrial users require the better physical properties to be found in steel. Answer (a) would be incorrect because some grades of steel are softer than some grades of iron.
4. (d) For resistance to rust. Tests at Pittsburgh, Annapolis and other points by the American Society for Testing Materials developed that under exposure to atmospheric corrosion copper-bearing open-hearth steel outlasted competitive steels by substantial margins.
5. Bethlehem Steel Company.

Recorded MUSIC

**** indicate an outstanding performance, ** a competent performance, * an acceptable performance. ‡‡‡ denote exceptional recording, ‡‡ efficient recording, ‡ poor recording.*

ORCHESTRAL

***‡‡‡*Symphony No. 102, in B Flat, Haydn:* (Victor Album 529, $6.50). The finest recording of the ante-Beethoven orchestra ever made. These disks have an importance beyond the Symphony they contain; they bespeak new progress in reproduction. The impetuous performance is immediately recognized by anyone who has heard the original as the work of Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

(*Continued on page xv*)

**‡‡*Cotillon, Chabrier:* (Columbia Album X-113, $3.25). Four delightful pieces by one of the finest of minor composers, assembled and familiarized by the Ballet Russe, played here with competent verve by Antal Dorati and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and recorded with a proper combination of brightness and solidity.

***‡‡*Rosamunde: Ballets No. 1 and 2, Schubert:* (Victor 12534, $1.50); *Coriolan Overture, Beethoven:* (Victor 12535, $1.50). These two disks take rank as the best of their rich compositions. A fine Schubert conductor, Bruno Walter, redeems some recent poor work coincident with a change to the London Symphony Orchestra. His measured pace gives full value to the exquisite *Ballets* (whose identities are exchanged on the labels). The *Coriolan* is singularly well-knit, coming from this romantic conductor. The recording is resonant and meritorious, without surprises.

VOCAL

***‡‡ Excerpts from *Parsifal* and *Lohengrin, Wagner:* (Victor Album 516, $4.50). Lauritz Melchior, one of the best Wagnerian tenors despite the suggestion of coryza in his lower tones, sings two separate sections (*Amfortas! Die Wunde!* and the *Schlussgesang*) from *Parsifal;* and a moving *Abschied* (without the coryza) from the lyric *Lohengrin.* The value of the records is multiplied infinitely by the thoroughgoing accompaniment of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy.

***‡‡ *Sigurd: Le bruit des chants, Reyer;* and *Mireille: Anges du Paradis, Gounod:* (Columbia 9147M, $1.50). The Reyer with its reminder of the Damnation of Faust is not a contemptible item. The control and enunciation of a pleasing tenor, Georges Thill, are exceptionally good; and the accompaniment provided by an orchestra under Eugene Bigot is resonant and full.

***‡‡ *Feldeinsamkeit, Brahms; Waldeinsamkeit* and *Zum Schlafen, Reger:* (Victor 15218, $2.00). Caressing lieder-singing by Maria Mueller, not long ago a soprano adornment of the Metropolitan Opera. The well known *Feldeinsamkeit* is pleasant as usual; but the surprise is in the beauty of the two Reger songs. A fine record, heartily recommended. — C. G. B.

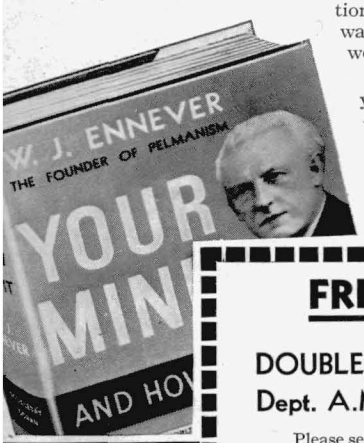
Your Mind AND HOW TO USE IT..

(Continued from Back Cover)

. J. Ennever, the author of **r Mind and How to Use** is world famous as the der of Pelmanism — the wned system of mind- and nory-training that has ed more people to conquer, ess and utilize their minds any other. Now he has e his tremendous wealth of rience available to every desirous of acquiring the l-power that IS theirs by — and putting it to work, uctively. Step by step his book reveals the secrets give you a lightning-ac- memory — bring wander- ing powers of concentration back into focus — banish self-consciousness and feelings of inferiority — and by doing these things MULTIPLY your earning power and your chances for success!

Mr. Ennever shows you **HOW TO LEARN.** And then REMEMBER what you have learned. And then USE what you have remembered, with increased effectiveness! In every one of his book's 108 complete divisions there is set forth in clear language the easily-mastered processes by which YOU can keep your mental machine running at top speed, smoothly, accurately, without exertion — along the highway to a successful, well-rounded life.

Either the guidance you are seeking is **here** — or you pay nothing for having made the investigation. Put **Your Mind and How to Use It** on trial — in your mind — for five days — FREE!



Who Is W. J. ENNEVER?

DER of Pelmanism — stem of mental training ted into many languages, h branches established in ntries. Used by more than) people.

now Mr. Ennever has this book, from the vast nce of 40 years of helping nds bring to the surface powers they always pos- but did not know how to o profitable daily use.

SEND NO MONEY — TAKE NO RISK

Merely mail the postcard below — without payment of any kind. When your copy of **Your Mind and How to Use It** arrives (in its plain container) — read and test it for 5 days. If, after this examination, you do not honestly believe it can change your whole life — return it without further obligation. Otherwise, after 5 days, send only $1 and the balance in two payments — $1 one month later, and 95 cents one month after that.

You take absolutely no risk — yet an entire new world may be revealed to you, if you mail this postcard now!

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Inc.
Dept. A.M.4, GARDEN CITY, New York

FREE EXAMINATION CARD

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Inc.
Dept. A.M.4, Garden City, New York

Please send me at once, for 5 days' reading **Your Mind and How to Use It,** by W. J. Ennever. When my copy arrives (in plain container) I will read it for 5 days, with the distinct understanding that if I then wish to return it, I may do so and there will be no obligation whatsoever. Otherwise I will send you only **$1** as first payment — $1 one month later — and 95 cents one month after that, as payment in full.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if for your own convenience you prefer making a single remittance instead of three. In that case enclose this card in an outside envelope with your check or money order for $2.95 as payment in full. Same 5-day examination privilege applies, of course.