

SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN ★ ERNEST BOYD ★ SHERWOOD ANDERSON
JAMES BRANCH CABELL ★ EUGENE O'NEILL

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THE DEATH OF AMERICAN SOCIETY

by RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

IT is to be regretted that Newport never contrived its Proust, so that American society died without the comforting and posthumously valuable attentions of literature during its crepuscular hours. Social historians will long debate before determining with exactitude the moment of demise, for the end eluded even that vigilant necrologist, Mrs. Wharton.

To-day irreverent confusion is inevitable in an impoverished Democracy whose citizens no longer relish caste enhanced by ill-gotten riches. With but few valiant exceptions they refuse even to impugn the motives of a junior Vanderbilt or the grisly punctilio of his "Farewell to Fifth Avenue."

Derided by its children, society is begrudged both the immunity of decent burial and the halo of lavendered memory. It has been tattled into obloquy, exposed, taunted, bombarded with ridicule until even its quondam existence is questioned by a new and mocking generation.

Now and then one does encounter an extant dowager, stiff with stays, and on occasion inviolate with actual diamonds, in some backwater or grim mansion impregnable to time. One retreats as from a dank sarcophagus, grateful for the fresh air of our own rude and turgid age.

Assaults upon the social citadel of the Four Hundred were fairly numerous until the Great War. Stagnant blood and internal scandals had not then weakened the structure sufficiently to afford easy ingress to ambitious millionaires like Henry P. Huntington, who with understandable pique bought Mrs. Siddons and had the Blue Boy scrubbed off to share his loneliness and his rose gardens in Pasadena.

Fifth Avenue once fraternized uneasily with Grosse Point and Nob Hill and treated Lake Forest and her packing-house lords with snuffy condescension. The Southern gentry were napping with their memories; self-esteem perpetuated only by handsome volumes of the "War of the Rebellion" which gathered dust in slightly mortgaged libraries. The West winked at its Crockers and Stanfords; sent the brash "Silver Dollar" Tabor to wed his mistress in Washington and slap a President on the back.

Washington was a law unto itself, always assimilative, governed by the administration's prestige and for a time by self-styled social arbiters. The legations lent color and changing legislators contributed piquancy to its social life. Yet despite the dignity of the White House, Capital society earned derision equal to that being heaped upon the careless scions of New York families. Items such as the MacLeans and their Hope diamond, the Alice-Dolly spitting bout, and Ettie Garner's domesticity were bread and circus to American readers before the writing Roosevelts turned society into something of a Sunday-school picnic.

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Society died because it was rotten at its roots, but no amount of sterling sap could have fed the numerous branches grafted on after 1914. It dowered nearly every dubious title from Monaco to the Balkans; mated with pugilists and Tin Pan Alley; slept with the stage; lionized pansy playwrights and trans-Atlantic flyers; leased its estates to gangsters, and finally succumbed to the M'Divanis and to such venereal follies as the movies.

Caught in the swirl of changing morality it was swiftly submerged in cheap and vulgar divorces, miscegenation, money marriages, amateur theatricals and similar perversions. It became a tony fake that deceived no one.

It lacked central autonomy, regulation, and pride. Despite their butlers, bath-salts and pedigrees of diminishing lustre, members of society soon resembled a Woolworth girl's conception of ladies and gentlemen, first conceived in celluloid by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Today the very pillars of society are less Doric than the lately lamented barber-pole. Proud names that were once earmarks of gentility and ornaments of our testy aristocratic tradition are now semi-trademarks for air-mattresses, pore-cleansing creams, and popular cigarettes.

Hollywood has its John Cabot Lodge and the memoirs of at least one midget would include their Morgan. The Hyde Park Roosevelts resuscitate Reno and even the celebrated Pickfair, the cinema's Mt. Vernon, is no longer a road-house for royalty, but a shuttered wigwam echoing the domestic lamentations of "America's sweetheart."

With a sizzling swish, society, like a gaudy pinwheel, blew itself to bits for the entertainment of the masses. The pity of it is that no writer was sober enough to take notes during the turbulent twenties. Scott Fitzgerald touched one phase in "The Great Gatsby." Sinclair Lewis remained in Zenith, neglecting a major opportunity. Our polished satirists scorned the near-by saturnalia, holding handkerchiefs perfumed with a romantic past to their nostrils. The young Marxians thumbed their dirty noses at Capital, but few of them had ever cooled their pants in a drawing-room.

Literature shirked its job. After Belshazzar's Feast there was no one to pass an ironic literary finger-bowl as Evelyn Waugh did with "Vile Bodies" and scant courtesy in Britain.

The death of a class was accomplished spiritually before the depression virtually cremated the remains and the New Dealers scattered the ashes. Society was decadent and deliriously debauched before it was down to its last yacht and in *extremis* with taxes. Its days of graceful affluence, poise and leadership were over.

Now a few remnants are scattered over the land, like the exiled playmates of Czar Nicholas, scribbling diligently to turn legends into cash, pathetic by-products of the universal doldrums.

The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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Published by THURNTON himself by the seat of his pants, but what Mr. William Saroyan is managing to do. He has not yet hoisted himself far, nor to a position of any great security, there has been a good deal of polite astonishment and applause in the more high-toned literary circles, and we can expect his continued efforts to draw more.

Mr. Saroyan's very first published story started the applause. Here was a young writer—(sixteen years old, the first announcement stated; when later corrected to twenty-six, some of us felt like demanding our money back)—here was a moderately young writer, at least, who seemed able to surpass all previous efforts in the shedding of beautiful, bitter tears. Not for Minnie the scrub-woman, nor Rosie the prostitute, nor Joe the factory slave: all that was old stuff, stale. Mr. Saroyan struck a brand new note, an original one: he wept for himself. For the young Armenian writer whose stories invariably came back, whose belly was hungry, whose pockets contained but a solitary, shiny, American cent. And it was very beautiful.

So sad and beautiful, indeed, that Mr. Saroyan has been able to weep frequently, of late, on some very good grades of eggshell paper. When he put his mind to it, he discovered a number of things about himself which were really quite sad. His room was cold. His hands froze in his cold room, his phonograph and typewriter froze. Once even his hair froze. And then there were a few things like being behind with the rent and needing a hair-cut, which was good stuff to fill in with. But the very saddest thing was the torture he went through every time he sat down to write a great short story. It was so hard to get over the idea of how stiff and cold and sincere he was. How elusive the ultimate answer. How his heart bled for Mickey Mouse and all those Assyrians, how hard to find the right word to begin with on that cheap yellow paper. How glorious to be alive, of course; but mostly big, beautiful, sad things.

The phonograph records and the doll for the little girl in the doorway. That was particularly sad. They were Schubert and Brahms all right, but the woman in the shop could only give him a dollar for them. Then, the dollar shot in a crap game, Saroyan couldn't buy a doll for the little girl who stood crying in the doorway. Society must be haywire, Saroyan thought, when a writer didn't have money for those emergencies. He wrote a little piece about it.

Then there was the time when he pawned his typewriter and went on a bust. There was nothing sad about that. But the scene where he and the beloved typewriter were reunited was, he saw, swell stuff, and he sat right down to write a story about it. As always, it was torture. Here he was, furiously smoking a cigarette in a tiny room, about to write a story, about to say something and see if it was the right thing. The moment was of great importance, he said. He was afraid, horribly afraid, of being clever. He wasn't.

We got no story then. We got only a kind of prefatory shadow-boxing, a storm, as it were, before the calm. And Mr. Saroyan shows little intention of writing of anything else. Why should he? It is pleasant to let your hair freeze and weep about your own spiritual belly-aches, and furthermore the editors of *Story* seem inclined to weep along for a time; *Random House* has uttered one volume of wails in an impressive fashion; and Mr. Edward J. O'Brien is in all probability weeping happy tears and many asterisks. Things are coming on.

But there may be trouble ahead. Mr. Saroyan is bound into a little money. What then? The pockets that held the cent will jingle pleasantly, the little cell will be all nice and the phonograph records redeemed, lots of food and drink, a state landlady, all smiles, coming up to see the famous man with his rejected manuscripts. What to do, then, for story ideas? as I

Maybe this. Pieces about how beautiful and sad it is to have money and not to be able to write great short stories. Not even to want to write great short stories. They ought to be pretty tragic.

Either that or Mr. Saroyan will change his tune and attempt to give us something which has a more serious claim on our attention. Nothing more about the phonograph records. Take a lesson from those phonograph records, Saroyan. When you put the needle down they scratch for a while. Sometimes you have to wait for a little time, but they don't go on that way forever. They do, finally, give you a little music.

DEATH ON THE CARRETERA

by MUNA LEE

University of Puerto Rico

Coffins and funerals are, as the Spanish phrase has it, "very present" in Puerto Rico; it would be difficult to play any changes upon the theme that would evoke surprise. Only yesterday as we came down the long walk bordered by bright hedges of hibiscus and royal palms architectural and frondant, two hearses shot past the entrance, racing each other along the crowded *carretera*. One was a large black hearse with a large black coffin inside, and the other a medium gray hearse with a coffin also gray. They darted expertly through a throng of Rolls-Royces, Fords, Baby Austins, pedestrians, oxen on the hoof, *jibaros* from the mountains astride small native horses descended from the steeds of the Conquistadors, and omnibuses. No one gave a second glance to the macabre racers as they speeded out of sight.

Funeral parlors are usually open to the public gaze, with an alluring casket of painted wood—violet, more than likely—displayed in the doorway. One meets the little hearse for children of the poor, bright blue with two carved and gaily colored child-angels on top, nodding in lifelike fashion with the turning wheels. A procession of children goes by, bearing a tiny coffin with withering gaudy wreaths; the spectacle like a child's travesty of a funeral procession—except that it is a funeral procession. Or adults with a heavier coffin pace slowly along the interminable road to the cemetery; the mourners, also on foot, bringing up the rear.

All too frequently a man walks down the crowded *carretera* not noticing and not noticed, a pitifully small coffin on his head. Such caskets are usually wrapped in bright crêpe paper, baby pink or baby blue, though sometimes even red or yellow, with enormous paper bows, festive as a Christmas package. They resemble in fact, all too hideously, those oblong boxes of sweets which itinerant vendors likewise bear along the *carretera* on their heads . . . except that these latter caskets are usually of stained wood, dark and sober.

Once in Arecibo I saw a pushcart hearse. Once in Martín Peña we passed a vendor who held up suddenly to our startled gaze a roast suckling pig, scrawny and golden-tan, for all the world like a naked baked baby. And once in Ponce, when a *señora* of great wealth and liberality died, the poor of the town, wishing to do her honor, turned out in full force and followed the coffin down the street, weeping and throwing confetti after it all the way to the cemetery.

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THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD VS. THE NEW DEAL

by CHARLES ANGOFF

Editor, *The American Mercury*

THE United States is obviously in for some mighty changes in its political and economic life. Like all of us, I have my own ideas as to what direction these changes will take, but that is not what I wish to discuss here. My chief concern at the moment is to bring austere scientific method to bear upon the social experimenting that is already going on in the land under the New Deal. Many of the innovations inaugurated by President Roosevelt are frankly experimental, as he himself has admitted on several occasions. This, I suppose, is all right. But what puzzles me is that the President and his fellow New Dealers have not thought of what the physical and biological scientists call a control upon their experiments. To be sure, men and women cannot be shifted about like so many test tubes or white mice. But that does not mean that a whole nation has to go through the horrors of the trial and error method. Why not confine the experiments to one section of the country? Which section, then?

The country is divided into forty-eight Federal states, all equal in the eyes of the central authority. Actually, however, they are no more equal than a random group of forty-eight individuals. Massachusetts is plainly a more pleasant place to live in, for an intelligent man, than, say, Georgia, and New York is far more inviting on all counts than Arkansas, and so on down the line. In 1931 *The American Mercury* conducted an extensive investigation into the relative standing of the forty-eight states on all important points of interest, which investigation resulted in the conclusion that Mississippi is easily the worst American state. It has a bad climate, no important industries or manufactures, no efficient police, and its rating in such matters as newspaper and magazine circulation, literacy, and expenditures on public education is the lowest in the country.

I therefore suggest that Mississippi be treated as a convict state, and that hereafter all social experimentation be first tried

upon it. If a particular experiment works there, the probabilities are that it will work in the rest of the country. If the experiment fails, it need not be inflicted upon the rest of the country. The failure, no doubt, will bring some hardship upon the citizens of Mississippi, but that need not bother us very much, for the state is, by all known statistics and by personal observation, a disgrace to the nation. Its submission to such social experimentation as I have outlined would really be a godsend to it; it would thereby achieve its sole reason for being allowed to remain in the Union.

Medical investigators frequently call upon condemned murderers and life convicts to submit to dangerous scientific experimentation, with freedom as the prize of success. Why may not a nation call upon its convict state to submit to social experimentation, with self-respect as the prize both of success and failure? If the elected leaders of the state really had the interests of their commonwealth at heart, they would leap for the chance to do precisely what I have outlined. By becoming the recognized experimental centre of the nation—I foresee, of course, a special act of Congress to this effect—Mississippi would instantly and for the first time be able to walk the earth on an equal footing with Iowa, Oregon, South Carolina, Utah, North and South Dakota, and perhaps even Rhode Island. I cannot guarantee that it would, by the mere fact of becoming the national social laboratory, earn the right to associate with Massachusetts or New York, but I am sure that the citizens of Mississippi are reasonable enough not to ask for too much. Say what you will about them, they do have several of the attributes of ordinary human beings, and among these attributes I am the first to place a sense of proportion. I am sure all impartial persons will agree with me on this point.

The CWA, the CCC, the AAA, the PWA, and several of the other children of the New Deal, have admittedly not brought peace and plenty to the United States, but the country as a whole had to suffer to learn all of this. Would it not have been better if these schemes had first been tried upon Mississippi? Their failure there would have saved the rest of us a lot of misery and false hoping, and Mississippi would have won the nation's respect for its heroism. The success of these experiments would have helped it, and their failure certainly would not have made it any worse off than it is.

The New Dealers no doubt have many more experiments up their sleeves, such as inflation, the dole, etc. It is not too late for them to give serious consideration to my plan. I can't think of any rational objection to it; it is, after all, only another experiment. Congress will meet in January, and I can think of nothing better it could do for the nation than to designate Mississippi—in perfect Constitutional manner, of course—as the social laboratory of the country. Such an act would not do anybody any harm, and it would be only polite to Mississippi.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

No. 2

Associated Press Dispatch to the New York Herald-Tribune:

Los Angeles, Calif.—Superior Judge Harry F. Sewell, who for weeks has been presiding over an empty court room, was arrested early today and taken to the psychopathic ward of the General Hospital. Should he be tried and found intemperate, he would either be put on probation or committed to a state institution.

The presiding judge had refused to assign cases to Judge Sewell the last two weeks, alleging that he was intoxicated on the bench.

ANATOL IN BERLIN

(With more than mere apologies to Schnitzler and
"Abschieds-souper")

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A private room in Horcher's restaurant, about supper-time.

Max (as Anatol begins to pace the room nervously): Suppose she doesn't turn up after all.

Anatol: It's only ten. She couldn't be here yet.

Max: The performance must be over long ago.

Anatol: Give her time to take her paint off and dress. Shall I go over and wait for her?

Max: Don't spoil her.

Anatol (laughing mirthlessly): Spoil her . . . spoil her!

Max: I know . . . you behave like a brute to her. Well . . . that's one way of spoiling them.

Anatol: No doubt. But, my dear Max . . . when I tell you . . . ach, Himmel!

Max: I see! There's another she you have your eyes on?

Anatol: Yes.

Max (with fullest comprehension): Ah!

Anatol (rapturously): And what another!

Max: Please to describe her.

Anatol: She makes me feel as I've never felt before. She . . . I can't describe her. She's an andante! If I take her a bunch of violets, the tears come into her eyes.

Max: So you've had supper every night this week with Mimi anyway?

Anatol: So I have. Two suppers every night this week! One with the girl I want to win, and the other with the girl I want to lose . . . I remember telling Mimi . . . when we first met . . . when we swore that nothing should part us . . . my dear, I said, whichever first discovers that the thing is wearing thin must tell the other one straight out.

Max: Besides swearing that nothing should part you. Good!

Anatol: Yes . . . but when it comes to the point . . . somehow I can't tell her. She'll cry. I know she'll cry, and I can't bear that. Suppose she cries and I fall in love with her again . . . then it won't be fair to the other one.

Max: And the one thing you can't stand, my dear Anatol, is deceit?

Anatol: It'll be easier with you here. There's an honest, unromantic air about you that would dry any tears.

Max: Happy to oblige. And how shall I start? Tell her she's better off without you? How can I?

Anatol: Something of that sort. Tell her she won't be losing so much.

Max: Yes. . . .

Anatol: That there are hundreds of better-looking men . . . men better off . . . younger men.

Max: Handsomer, richer . . . younger.

At this point, the waiter shows in Mimi.

Waiter: This way, Madame.

Enter Hitler.

NEWSPAPERS OF THE OLD WEST

by GEORGE FITZPATRICK

HISTORIANS of the West, who have written about everything from Redskins and the fight at Red Dog to the discovery of gold, have barely scratched the surface of a very fertile field.

The newspaper of the Old West was a unique product that deserves some attention. A combination anthropologist-psychologist-historian after a protracted study of the yellowed files of early day Western journals might be able to give the world a good picture of what the wild and woolly days were all about.

A more casual investigator would get a deal more fun simply picking out the little gems of salty writing. Read without regard for historical significance, the pages of dusty, old files provide an abundance of amusing reading.

Those early writers who heard the call of adventure and followed Horace Greeley's advice were a fearless crew of the frontier type, who have been caricatured into immortal fame by the Wild West magazines. They fought duels and fist fights, made their pen as mighty as the six-shooter, and in their weekly scrivenings treated their public to some mighty entertaining reading.

Most of the early editors had little money to work with, but they did the best they could with poor printing-presses, little type variety, and poor newsprint. Sometimes they were a day or two late with the paper or missed an edition entirely.

In June, 1876, the Albuquerque *Review* was printed on manila wrapping paper, and Editor McGuinness explained that it was due to slowness of subscribers in paying up.

But whatever they printed the paper on, or whether the faded print could be read at all, the customer usually got his money's worth in the review of the week's happenings.

Once in a while fetching titbits are quoted from the early-day Dodge City papers and from the famed Tombstone *Epitaph*. The musty files of Albuquerque, Santa Fé, and Las Vegas papers which flourished in the pre-railroad era provide typical examples of the reportorial style of the period.

It was the age of personal journalism, and the writer's comments and views liberally sprinkled his stories. Some of the editorials today appear grossly libelous and frequently vindictive but they were the product of the frontier environment.

There is some high jocosity and writing of the tongue-in-cheek variety in the old dailies and weeklies. The desperadoes were treated lightly by the press and, when a fast-shooting marshal or posseman finally beat a tough *hombre* to the draw, details were presented in half-humorous style, usually under a one-column head with some such caption as "Exit Bad Bill" or "Died With His Boots On."

In such stories the writer pointed the moral that "crime never pays" by making it plain where the bad men went.

The Albuquerque *Journal*, reporting the capture of five cattle thieves on July 13, 1881, said: "No ceremony was used. The ropes were speedily adjusted, and five cattle thieves were soon shoveling coal."

The town of Cimarron, which vied with Dodge City and Tombstone for the record of being the toughest town of the West, had killings so frequently in the principal saloon, operated by Henry Lambert, that the saying of the day was, "Lambert had another man for breakfast".

The Las Vegas *Gazette* announced one day in 1875, however, that things were quieting down. "Cimarron is quiet", said a first picking item. "No one has been killed there for at least three days."

The following year, the town was back to normal and the *Gazette* advised its readers in a report of a bloody gun-fight that "Cimarron is becoming a decidedly interesting neighborhood and life insurance companies are instructing their agents not to take any more risks in that section".

Life was decidedly interesting for the publisher of the *Cimarron News-Press*, and he awoke one morning to find that a group of cowboy bad men had dismantled his press and had thrown his cases of type in the river—as a joke!

Even the county correspondents followed the style-sheet of the period. One, in reporting a hanging in his bailiwick for the *Gazette*, wrote that the victim was cut down after nine and one-half minutes and discovered to be still alive. He was hanged again—this time for twenty minutes—until it was made certain there was no life.

"Such slip-ups do not occur often and are to be regretted," his account pointed out.

In those days Las Vegas numbered among its prominent citizens such men as Dirty Face Mike, Kickapoo George, Fly Speck Sam, Cold Deck George, Hold-Out Jack, Handsome Harry the Dance Hall Rustler, Beefsteak Mike, the Pock-Marked Kid, Chuck-a-Luck Betts, One-Armed Jim the Gambler, and scores more with names equally picturesque. So it is probably no wonder that the reading public demanded something a bit more enlivening than the conventional newspaper accounts we get today.

Hundreds of thousands of words have been written about Billy the Kid, the so-called Robin Hood desperado of New Mexico, but he has fared much better in the accounts of modern biographers than at the hands of contemporaries.

Under the heading "Obituary", the *Santa Fé Democrat* carried the following three-paragraph account of his death in its issue of July 21, 1881:

Billy Bonney, alias Antrim, alias Billy the Kid, the twenty-one-year-old desperado, who is known to have killed sixteen men, and who boasted that he killed a man for every year of his life, will no more take deliberate aim at his fellow man and kill him, just to keep himself in practice. He is dead; and he died so suddenly that he did not have time to be interviewed by a preacher or to sing hymns or to pray before that vital spark had flown, so we cannot say positively that he has clum the shining ladder and entered the pearly gates.

The bullet that struck him left a pistol in the hands of Pat Garrett at Fort Sumner last Saturday morning about half-past 12 a. m. in the room of Pete Maxwell. Governor Wallace will now breathe easier, as well as many others whom he had threatened to shoot on sight.

No sooner had the floor caught his descending form which had a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other than there was a strong odor of brimstone in the air, and a dark figure with the wings of a dragon, claws like a tiger, eyes like balls of fire, and horns like a bison hovered over the corpse for a moment, and with a fiendish laugh, said: "Ha, ha! This is my meat!" and then sailed off through the window. He did not leave his card, but he is a gentleman well known to us by reputation and thereby hangs a "tail".

Editors of the old West recognized no rules or standards of reporting. Some of the stories indicate that they wrote for their own entertainment as well as the of the readers.

The early Albuquerque papers are sprinkled with saucy comments about life in general.

In September, 1883, when Albuquerque heard of the death of Luke Short, the cowboy killer, the *Journal* reviewed his life and ended the biography on this note: "In 1877 he lived in Nebraska, but he got along for a whole year without killing anybody."

Bucky O'Neil, who has a statue to his memory in Prescott for his part in the charge on San Juan hill with Roosevelt's Rough Riders, was a gay young blade in the early eighties, and in February, 1882, the *Phoenix Herald* reported the "wild, wicked whirlwind of

San Simon is in Albuquerque." The *Albuquerque Journal* took note and advised Mr. O'Neil editorially that "while the wild, wicked whirlwind resides in this town he will do well to subside into a gentle zephyr."

Reporting politics in those days was really something for a man to spread his talents on. Reporting a political rally at a nearby town, the *Albuquerque Citizen* in 1883 narrated that "Soandso furnished the wine and Col. Somebody Else made a speech in five languages", while most of the crowd was "drunk in three languages and sober in none".

The editors weren't the only ones who were outspoken. The subjects of stories and interviews sometimes spoke their minds quite frankly and with a little old-fashioned swearing. The truthful purveyors of the daily news put it all into print, and didn't even hesitate at the words that men use only among themselves—or at home when they can't find a missing collar-button.

Interviewing was sometimes difficult, and the *Las Vegas Gazette* made it one of the higher arts when its reporter tackled General Phil Sheridan, whom the paper had three years previously described as "a little, hump-backed, bullet-headed Irishman with a bloated face".

The interview was featured on Page 1 under a one-column head with six inches of decks in the *Gazette* of March 29, 1883. Here is the story just as it appeared:

FRISKY PHIL

Gazette Reporter Holds Interesting Interview with the Hero of Winchester

The Great Warrior Receives the Newspaperman With Open Arms; He is More or Less Broken up on the Craft Anyway

He Travels in a Special Military Coach and Lives on the Fat of the Land

Sheridan Is Many Miles Away, but the Champagne We Drank with Him Lingers with Us Still

We Feel a Little Puffed Up Over Our Success Attending Our Reception By Little Phil, but Man is Mortal

May He Who Watches Over the Sparrows of the Field Never Remove His Field Glasses from the Diminutive Form and Great Soul of Phil Sheridan

Gen. Phil Sheridan and staff passed through the city yesterday in an elegant private coach bound for Washington. The party is in excellent spirits as the following will show.

Reporter—hat in hand and smiling blandly—"General, I am a member of the great daily press. I have been deputized by the owners of the *Las Vegas Gazette* to propound to you a few interrogations.

"Where are you going, General? Where have you been traveling to, and what is your program in the future?"

General Sheridan responded thusly:

"It is none of your God-damned business, sir."

Here the interview ended.

A STONEWALL JACKSON MAN

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

ON August tenth of this year there died, at the home of John Woods, of Grayson County, Virginia (my own county), a fine old commoner, Mr. George W. Sells. He was almost ninety-three years old and, except for a short interval, had lived all of his life in one mountain community. The interval was full of rich meaning for him.

Mr. Sells left Grayson when he was a young man to go into the Confederate army and to become a Stonewall Jackson man, and he was with Jackson in the swift marches, the plunging attacks and the determined stands that made Jackson what Lee called "his right arm."

They didn't begin to get Lee until Jackson was gone, shot by accident by one of his own men in the same battle . . . the bloody battle of Chancellorsville . . . in which our mountain man, George Sells, was also desperately wounded.

The bullet that got George Sells went through his upper arm as he was raising the arm to fire. The ball went on into his shoulder, making a great hole, and lodged there, stayed there until he died.

In the last five years of his life the old man, a thin, tough-fibered old fellow, rode often past my house in Grayson County, Virginia. We stopped many times to talk by a bridge or under a tree beside the road and we talked always of the Civil War.

"And did you go by the Furnace Road and then by the Brock Road to get to Hook's flank?"

"Yes. In the night."

In every battle there must be a moment. Grant knew and Lee knew. "Wait until they think you are licked and turn upon them." Grant at Shiloh and Lee at Chancellorsville. Joe Hooker, the Northern general, sending messages to Washington. "Lee is licked," etc. It is exciting to talk to a man who has taken part in such a moment.

It was a turning point in the war, when Lee began to thrust desperately into the North, the thrust that ended at Gettysburg; and in Washington, Lincoln was desperate. He had tried McClellan and then Burnside, who got his at Fredericksburg.

And then came Joe Hooker, called "Fighting Joe." Joe was a good deal the braggart. He talked too much and too big. He had even gone about talking of a dictatorship . . . "What this country needs is a dictator."

Nevertheless, Lincoln put him in there to stop Lee and at Chancellorsville Hooker thought he had done it. "You give us victories and I'll take care of the dictatorships," Lincoln had said to Hooker.

And Hooker thought he had done it until Stonewall Jackson made his march.

Another quick march, in the late day, in the night, by little country roads . . . George Sells, the Grayson County, Virginia, boy, marching with the others at the heels of Stonewall Jackson's horse. Oh, thou grim Presbyterian!

Through the woods, past little old Virginia houses, much like Southern mountaineers' houses. "There goes Stonewall Jackson and his men. Look out, Hooker."

There was Howard, trying to feel his way around Lee's flank when Jackson and his men came roaring down at them.

(Me, to George Sells, on a country road in Grayson.)

"And did you give 'em the Rebel yell?"

"We did that."

"And would you give me a sample of it now? I'm a Yank, you know."

He did. He sat on his horse and I was standing beside the horse in a country road. He stood up in his stirrups and there was a wild yell, half scream. The cry itself seemed like a living thing, flying over the hills, under the trees, and I shivered, hearing it. It may have been some old Yank tribal fear in me, hearing the yell on a rainy day in the Virginia hills.

So there was George Sells coming down, "out of the wilderness," with the Stonewall Jackson men—they giving that yell, Howard's forces crumbling up before the attack, another Northern disaster . . . "good-bye, fighting Joe Hooker, thou windy one . . . make way for Meade now and presently for Grant . . . another Westerner, like Hooker, but no braggart."

*"Old Joe Hooker,
Won't you come out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness."*

Jackson's men roaring down on Howard and, at the same moment, Lee himself on the move.

They got George Sells. He went down, lay writhing on the ground, blood spurting from his wounds.

"How long did you lie there?"

He said it must have been many hours. They didn't get to him, to cart him in to the field hospital, until the next day. They dropped him there. He said doctors kept going past him. "Look here," he cried, "I want some attention here!"

Now and then a doctor would stop for a moment, look down at him, take a look at his wounds. "I'd take your arm off, man, but it's no use. You'll be dead in an hour. There are men here who have a chance for life."

"Dead, eh?"

George Sells chuckled telling me of it. The doctors were like Joe Hooker. They were too cock-sure. "I told 'em, 'I'll live past all of ye,' and I have. They told me that and they're all dead now and I'm here and I've got my arm."

"I got my Yankee bullet too. It's flat there, against the bone of my shoulder." The old man chuckled the last time he told me about it. He gave me, at my request, the rebel yell again.

Mr. George Sells was a sturdy American commoner, a farmer. He worked hard all of his life on the land. He acquired land, a strip of woods here, a valley bottom piece there. He asked favors of no man. He was a man worth knowing. He was a good neighbor. He died, at ninety-three, August tenth, nineteen hundred and thirty-four.

RIDING THE FIRE ENGINE

by KENNETH CAMPBELL

Editorial Staff, New York World-Telegram

THAT strident clatter which you hear amid the basso profundo of major union labor protest is caused by the country's newspaper editorial workers angrily rattling their economic gyves. Hitherto mute in labor matters, they have given voice to a lusty "How about us?" and have banded together to make their protests heard.

They have organized The Newspaper Guild of America and have gone on the picket line to make good their demands for higher wages and better working conditions.

What sort of people are these workers, what is their position in the nation's life, and what chance have they of getting what they want?

The editorial branch of the newspaper business is composed to a large extent of men and women recruited from a strange and eerily precocious stratum of American life. This stratum is a sort of a cultural middle ground inhabited by emotionalistic gypsies. William Bolitho, in his sorting of world types, has cast Isadora Duncan as chief protagonist of the dwellers in this zone.

Today, the reporters and news writers who are so demonstrably drawn from this class are marching under reddish banners with demands startlingly like those of pants-pressers. Romany is demanding the enforcement of Section 7A.

The "average newspaper man" is as hard to find as the common man of the cartoon, but certain case histories occur with sufficient frequency to be available for rule-of-thumb guidance.

A great many newspaper people come from small towns and from families in which the tone is one of mild Edwardian bohemianism—the cultural betwixt and between which, while it is socially on the correct side of the railroad track, still falls somewhat short of the dignity of the formal professions.

As children, these embryo journalists went avidly through the hodge-podge family book-case and took to the Carnegie library under the admiring gaze of parents who saw them burgeoning into poets when they were only impairing their eyesight and neglecting their algebra.

If any progress has been made in ministering to the educational needs of this type, such progress has been made since the present crop of newspaper folk left school. In their school days teachers could only be puzzled.

"Harry is easily the best boy in his class in English, but he simply won't try with his geometry and Latin, Mrs. Randell. He writes brilliantly, but what is he going to do about his college books next Spring?"

At about this time Harry discovers the local newspaper office with the unerring instinct of a duckling finding the pond. He goes to work for nothing, or for five dollars a week, but he can ride the fire engine. Hatless, he sprints from the newspaper office with a wad of copy-paper in his pocket and rides to the fire while other boys, who won't have so much trouble with the comprehensive math examination, look on with envy.

Harry may manage a couple of years at college or he may even get a diploma. Of course, he works for the college paper and then he is ready for his jump to the next largest city.

Here he plunges into the police station, saloon and cat-house life of the city and becomes a full-fledged excitement addict. Here, fires are bigger and there are coon and wop cutting-matches to be covered. He starts short stories that he doesn't finish, and writes poetry that were best left unfinished, and marries the assistant society editor, who promptly produces a baby.

At this point, Harry's sturdy bourgeois acquisitiveness may conquer his feeble bohemianism and he may become an adver-

tising man or perhaps even a small publisher, of sorts. If he goes on in the editorial field he may go to New York or Chicago and wriggle onto one of the big newspapers, where he remains for a while and finally yields to the blandishments of politics, advertising, or the movies or radio. Whether he stays in the editorial department depends largely upon how deeply he is enslaved by the excitement addiction that first lured him onto the fire engine at home.

If he remains a reporter he is puzzled at first and finally discouraged and sore at what he considers the unfair pay scale accorded to news men. It cannot escape him that he is a bright young man and, lo, here he is working for little money.

Here the newspaper reporter is brought up sharply against the value that the economic system places on the work that he does. He may think that his calling is not accorded sufficient respect and remuneration, but can he change the verdict of history in the matter? What he thinks about his status makes very little difference, since his salary is paid by the publisher, who is a business man.

"We might as well have gone on the cops," was the remark frequently heard when the Guild was being formed. "They average higher pay than we do. And look at lawyers. Most of them are bluffers and many are crooks. The average lawyer hasn't half our intelligence."

This is perfectly true. It is also very much beside the point. What is the verdict of the solid burgher—the business-man publisher who pays newspaper salaries?

The publisher, like any business man, knows that the cop guards his property, of which he is extremely fond. The cop may be an Irish numskull, but he has to be paid more than he could make carrying a hod or he will carry a hod. That the cop has no literary pretensions makes as little difference to the publisher as the fact that his reporter frequently has such pretensions.

Similarly with the lawyer. The publisher, a man of property, is confused and terrified by the workings of the law and will pay well and stand in some awe of the man who can guide him through the gloomy maze. He cannot be convinced that his reporter is that valuable to him. He wants to be friendly with his reporter, but he knows that hundreds of his kind will spring up to take his place and do his unspecialized work if the reporter quits.

Casting the publisher in the rôle of villain is as easy as it is foolish. He is simply a propertied man who must defend his property if he is to keep it. Often he fancies himself a liberal and tries to work out a policy that will bridge what is rapidly becoming an unbridgeable gulf between those who have and those who have not. He sinks his doubts in hollow cheers for Roosevelt and NRA, but contemplates his rising tax bills with misgivings that in many instances are turning to wrath.

In the face of the strongest evidence to the contrary, the reporter feels that the publisher has a greater sense of social duty than the steel manufacturer or public utilities baron. The conduct of the San Francisco publishers in the recent general strike should, but does not seem to, dispel this hallucination. As the publishers drew together in guileful conspiracy to help smash the strike in the coast city, so will they draw together to smash the Guild if it shows signs of strength.

What weapons have the editorial workers to combat such measures? They do not have class feeling because their class is nondescript and impossible to charter or bound. They do not have solidarity because they are essentially individualists, many of whom would get out of the newspaper business tomorrow if they could get good publicity or movie jobs.

digit quotation. The picture industry was again revolutionized.

In their "front offices," the producers of rival companies must have trembled in their custom-built oxfords. These outlaws—these independents—these Warner fellers had popped a question the answer to which was to cost millions. Had they only known!

The major producers rushed in to buy this new sound apparatus. They found to their astonishment that here, for the first time in their checkered careers, was a commodity that could not be bought. All they could get from "the Street" was a lease on this magic equipment. The fans yelled for more. They wanted to see all the dames and mugs of the screen, or rather *hear them talk*. What an order!

Hollywood was undeniably left holding the bag. It was the old game of snipe-hunting.

They sunk millions. New talent . . . new stages . . . new this and that. Cinematic hysteria. Broadway was taking it right on the point of the chin now. She was being raided—her stages were sacked and she was left cold in the middle of the ring. A knockout.

The gold rush of 1928-29 was on. Every New York actor worth his salt was snapped up by the talkies. European stars taxed Ellis Island.

It was the same old story. Every one for himself and the devil take the last one. The lemon grove looked like an insane asylum. Company names were changed so often that even the sign-painters became confused.

Production rolled as it never had before. It was the old cost plus plan of the shipyard days of the war. Use anybody's money but make talkies . . . fast. The Hollywood producers were bound for a down-hill crash on greased wheels. They ground out phonograph records for the screen both night and day. Finally the hard hand of over-production jerked them to their senses with a bang. The market was as frozen as the North Pole, and twice as cold.

Have you ever seen seven or nine reels of passionate cinematic "art" packed for shipment? The package is slightly smaller than a case of tomatoes—storage batteries, or what-not, but not totally unlike its brother commodity. Naturally, cinematic "art" is one product designed to return a profit for its makers. Yet here is one product, despite all the publicized millions made on each epic, that has never made the grade. For the few concerns that can use black ink in their books there are millions in deep red ink in the offing. The picture business is the largest single gold-sink in our industrial formation. At the present writing its losses compare with nothing short of the fall of Rome. And you can believe that or not.

What a flop. Here is an industry that has reached the saturation point quicker than any other known enterprise on earth.

And does Broadway laugh? Oh my yes . . . and how she chuckles to herself. And why not? For this time, Hollywood, her arch-enemy, has finally jumped over the moon.

II

For a moment let us look at the findings of the new owners of the erstwhile "Infant Industry." In inspecting their cinematic white elephant they found:

That ladies' fine underthings gave them one producing team, the delicatessen business another, junk-dealers and pants-makers made up another combination, and an ex-glove maker dictated at still another plant. An ex-cabinet member had built a Sherman anti-trust barricade, a junketing bridal pair had dined at the White House and the Supreme Court had postponed the block-booking case, and, as the market wobbled, 5,000 studio workers were given the pink slip for their Christmas presents. Shades of Mark Hanna—born a half century too late!

They found that artist agents sold actors like so much cordwood for a ten percent cut, with the morality clauses included; that ex-floozies made four times the salary of the President of the United States, that chatter-writers had at least four "birthdays" a

year, and that money poured out of the front doors like the well-known Johnstown flood. Their questions were answered in the following manner:

The Exhibitor blamed the sales organization.
The Sales Organization blamed the producers.
The Producer blamed the director.
The Director blamed the writer.
The Writer blamed the supervisor.
The Supervisor blamed the producer.
The Producer blamed the sales organization.
The Sales Organization blamed the exhibitor.

The new owners went back to their hotel with a feeling that they had just taken over an enormous psychopathic ward. They knew less about their white elephant than when they began to ask questions. But there were some things they did know. And they were:

That no actress was worth \$30,000 a week.
That no executive was worth \$200,000 a year.
That no property (play or book) was worth \$125,000.
That no writer was worth \$5,000 a week.
That no director was worth \$10,000 a week.

These staggering costs must come down. The gold rush was over—and for all time. They began to take inventory, and to their amazement they discovered that they owned quite a number of stucco sound stages, hundreds of ratty buildings, reams of costly paper, hundreds of expensive contracts, and enough red ink, on the books, to keep a generation in utter slavery.

In the shake-down that followed, which has been active for a number of years, they tried to tell the gentlemen who called themselves "showmen" that they, the new owners, were not in business to produce great men, extra special specials, grand ideas, knockouts, wows and an endless string of carnival jargon. Their aim was very simple. They were in business to make money. The all-embracing shape-up reached to the ground. For three years heads were cut off and new heads replaced . . . and still the books were painted with red ink.

At this writing the banker-backers of the "Infant Industry" have let it become well-known that if the reigning messiahs cannot pull their respective studios out of the mud, someone else can, and will. The present "brains" of the motion picture business can be likened to the kings of Albania—they come and go, with the New York firing squad hot on their heels.

Perhaps you have guessed by now that the new owners of Hollywood didn't exactly *buy* the film factories. They got them as an unwanted gift, let us say. It is a case of the angels being presented with the biggest flop in show business, as the Hollywood boys would put it. The backers were to pay the bills, which, to date, they have done with as much grace as possible. They are gentlemen, and, can we say, scholars.

Wall Street has made other tenuous products pay a profit and so it doesn't exactly see wherein the motion picture racket is any different from any of its past enterprises. Perhaps it is right, but to date no one knows just how it is going to do it.

Broadway can stage her come-back any time now. The field is wide open. Hollywood as the dictator of amusement is done. The public can do with a change of entertainment. The American mob-public is satiated with the same dull, stupid type of amusement, and they have said so in no uncertain terms. There is a broad, long road ahead for the new theatre movement in this country. The cinematic stagnation will push the theatre to the front by leaps and bounds.

Hollywood is on the downward path. True she has a few more

The reporters have considerable dexterity in handling publicity media and they have succeeded in scaring the wits out of one small New York publisher by the skilful and bellicose use of this dexterity in behalf of their cause. It is doubtful if these methods would scare big-time publishers, however.

It is possible that the Guild will crumble because of divided counsels in its ranks or through the general apathy of editorial men who cannot be convinced that they can command the respect accorded to lawyers by picketing like dock-wallopers. But if it does succeed in hustling and harrying the property-owning publishers, those sturdy burghers will tighten their bonds of mutual self-protection.

The Guild will be stalled off with fair words and chummy conferences in city rooms. There will be a few bribes in the form of small general pay raises or a few judiciously placed salary boosts among reporters cool to the Guild. If these methods fail and the issue is drawn, the agitators will be flung out of their jobs on their necks and will get their skulls cracked if they come around picketing.

All this is as it should be. The Guild leaders may cry that these methods are un-American, but these cries will only serve to demonstrate the essential naiveté and lack of historical sense of the Guild organizers.

The plain facts are that the economic structure of this country was established by the efforts of, and for the benefit of, men with enough decent acquisitiveness to establish a money stake in their country's welfare. Guild enthusiasts and others who do not accept this should join the only effective opposition, the Communist party.

This the Guild members will not do, since so many of them are recruited from the right side of the railroad track in small communities and have an inborn repugnance for the sweating proletariat in Union Square.

What, then, is the answer for the newspaper man? There is no ready answer in the instance of persons who deliberately enter and remain in a calling that by its very nature must leave its ranks open to the competition of amateurs and novices.

Many of us now doing newspaper work will remain in the business. If a man can do the kind of newspaper work that is wanted he can make a fair living. If he is very good at it he can make a very good living and can have a lot of fun. And if we don't like the business, that's what we get for being the kind of people that moon in libraries, chase fire engines, and flunk our algebra.

BOLSHEVIKS IN WASHINGTON

by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

In a life full of disappointments, I have just been disappointed again. This time I'm going to let out a yell. Here it is: I CAN'T FIND ANY BOLSHEVIKS IN WASHINGTON! I've been hanging around off and on since last May, meeting people, talking to and at people, but nobody is a Bolshevik.

This is utterly and completely terrible. Here I, a conscientious reader of the conservative press (what else can one do when coverage of the news means something in one's business?) and a fanatical consumer, as a student of ideologies, of all the blasts and broadsides the conservative and reactionary boys get out (I even bought *The Saturday Evening Post* to read Hoover), find myself completely sold. I don't at all like being played for a sucker. I'm sore. I can't find any of the Bolsheviks I have read about so many times and I'd like to, for I like Bolsheviks.

Maybe my standards are too exacting. After all, I do know a Bolshevik from a hole in the ground. You can't take me in by calling Donald Richberg, Rexford Tugwell, Henry Hunt, Jerome Frank, Fred Howe, and Henry Wallace Bolsheviks—or even by alleging that they are Marxists. It's my guess that they don't own one of Marx's books or a Marxist book of any kind, orthodox or heretical. I'll bet the college professors among these alleged Bolsheviks never came closer to Marx than to master a refutation of his doctrines by some American ham Böhm-Bawerk. They aren't Bolsheviks. They are liberals who still believe in Santa Claus. They are still awaiting a new economic prophet who will teach them how to eat their cake and have it too. Only the other day one of them said, "Now it is just possible that all the social inventiveness of the world was not exploded between the two poles of Adam Smith and Karl Marx." Of course, no one ever said it was—nobody not ignorant of history.

Ignoring all the reformers, social legislation experts, corporation managers and lawyers, we still have Henry George, Edward Bellamy and Major C. H. Douglas. Maybe I should add Coin Harvey, who seems to appeal to some of these alleged Bolsheviks. But what of it? Can we sit around waiting for "nature" to throw off a new social inventor? Society is not static but dynamic; Ex-Judge Holmes said that 'way back when Herbert Spencer was an issue. While these boys—and a few girls—are icing the capitalist cake, the owners of it will be jockeyed into the position of shouting, "To hell with the icing," and protecting it from those who really want to take it away from by force. Where then will be your confectioners of new social inventions? Three guesses.

No—I can't find any Bolsheviks—high or low. I've concluded there aren't any. I've been sold. And I'm damned sore about it. For what will become of me if I can't believe what I read in the papers?

INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING

by JAMES S. DEAN, M.D.

Staff, The Neurological Institute of New York

My hopes for true international understanding dwindle daily. Recently I was invited to a French home in New York for an evening of bridge. My hostess had asked, for my linguistic benefit, an English girl. We chatted pleasantly enough over such matters as accent, the theatre and tennis while sipping a cocktail at the buffet, and, surprisingly, her charm was of such character as to provoke a bit of innocent Southern banter on my part—with minor Anglican adaptations. My host and hostess then excused themselves to fetch others, sufficient to make up two tables. My unblemished blonde followed them to their apartment door, closed it, then walked languorously enough over to the sofa and sat down close beside me. There was a moment's embarrassing silence, then her inimitable Sussex sigh, followed by a whimsical revelation of as sound British teeth as it has been my privilege to observe. With an accent as broad as the road to perdition she concluded, "Well!—shall we begin talking about it right away—or—shall we lead up to it gradually?" My ears having resumed something of their accustomed pallor, I finally managed to say that it had been my habit to employ the more gradual approach, but that, if only for the sake of international accord, I might be adaptable.

May I humbly inquire how on earth I was to know that, of course, she was referring to the yacht races?

A FAC

IN 1872 an English and mysterious sequence were the mercurial possibilities light of day at the Thomas Edison's picture machine.

Thirty odd years son's gadget has been daily life. The same at the place where penny arcades, who've turned stores and bag glove makers, butch—single reels to H: an accepted pattern.

Adolph Zukor in Europe—"Queen El Jesse Lasky was made a California town little citrus village was Broadway's. I side of the producer lost and the galloping office.

The public eager night the old two-reel producing companies bobbed up. Stores v the thing of the hour first real sock on the tacked up. Paramount Carl Laemmle, a mere the San Fernando va Imp gave way to the Universal. The battle

The motion-picture spotted among its cl artists from the stage new gold rush. It was. If this barnstorming w hands folded. The di shirt salesmen, brick-l conscious squatters of as producers. What a boards. Broadway la esteem. Later, when lemon grove amended Industry." Broadway this weak amendment b

Even the various were to be regurgitate referred to as "the even "The advent of sound" Some of the producers while others were lookin so often described as th versions, had reached coming up to the box-o To recapitulate a m

A FACTORY TOWN CALLED HOLLYWOOD

by PRESCOTT CHAPLIN

IN 1872 an Englishman, Edward Muybridge, made some unique and mysterious experiments photographing a galloping horse with a series of still cameras. These photographs when viewed in sequence were the first satisfactory conception of an idea with commercial possibilities as moving pictures. The new child saw the light of day at the Chicago World's Fair and, twenty-one years later, Thomas Edison's Kinetoscope emerged. It was the first motion picture machine.

Thirty odd years have elapsed since the summer of '93 and Edison's gadget has become an important part of the American public's daily life. The same span of years saw the picture business arrive at the place where it was a serious contender for the business of penny arcades, where it was exhibited in shooting galleries, converted stores and barns, where it was captained by ex-pants pressers, glove makers, butchers, and vaudeville flops. A long, hard course—single reels to Hyper-super-features. From outright ballyhoo to an accepted pattern of modern entertainment.

Adolph Zukor imported the first full-length motion-picture from Europe—"Queen Elizabeth"—starring Sarah Bernhardt. In no time Jesse Lasky was making "The Squaw Man" in a ramshackle barn in a California town called Hollywood. Time marched on and the little citrus village became a serious contender for the crown that was Broadway's. The lemon grove was becoming a thorn in the side of the producers of strawberry gulch. Money was made and lost and the galloping tin-types were moving up a notch at the box-office.

The public eagerly received these longer pictures. Almost overnight the old two-reelers became passé, merely program fillers. New producing companies came and went—a new kind of showman bobbed up. Stores were rented and stuffy little street shows were the thing of the hour. The public flocked in and the stage got the first real sock on the chin. Out in Hollywood glowing signs were tacked up. Paramount—Arctcraft—Cosmopolitan—Lubin—Essanay. Carl Laemmle, a merchant from the plains, took his Imp company to the San Fernando valley and there built a city for his operations. Imp gave way to the more imposing, practically all-engulfing tag of Universal. The battle of the future was on.

The motion-picture business began to take itself seriously. Spotted among its choice assortment of "ham" were a few stray artists from the stage who had come West to take a look at the new gold rush. It was a mad-house, a gold mine, and a revelation. If this barnstorming was acting, they could make a million with their hands folded. The directors were ex-spear carriers, ex-undertakers, shirt salesmen, brick-layers, and what not. The owners, the self-conscious squatters of Hollywood, modestly referred to themselves as producers. What a kick for the few artists who had walked the boards. Broadway laughed—and held P. T. Barnum in higher esteem. Later, when the razz died down, the showmen from the lemon grove amended the label—they called themselves the "Infant Industry." Broadway was topped—what could it say? Still later this weak amendment became the static alibi.

Even the various metaphors regarding the "Infant Industry" were to be regurgitated for what the motion picture trade press referred to as "the event of sound." And what a life-saver this was! "The advent of sound" found the picture business almost in back. Some of the producers were calmly waiting for the sheriff to arrive, while others were looking around for a new racket. What has been so often described as the "real art" of the motion picture, the silent versions, had reached a deadline. The customers simply weren't coming up to the box-office.

To recapitulate a moment:

New Books Worth Reading

HENRY FOR HUGH

by FORD
MADDOX FORD

The beguiling tale of one Henry Martin Alford Smith, who through unforeseen circumstances is forced to take the place of the wealthy Hugh Monckton Alford Smith, and assume all his bewildering difficulties (not the least of which are three beautiful mistresses). The master craftsman of English literature offers his best novel. \$2.50.

CROMWELL

by
HILAIRE BELLOC

Now England's great historical biographer had dug into ancient records to present Cromwell as he really was, the wastrel scion of a notorious family of millionaires, who never realized his military genius until he was 43! September Choice of the English Book Guild. Illustrated. \$4.

FIRE ON THE BRIDGES

by CARLETON BECK

The famous author of "The Crime of Cuba" and "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" has traced the history of the bridges of the world, from the earliest times to the present day. A most interesting and valuable work. \$2.50.

THE POWER OF NON-VIOLENCE

by RICHARD D. CRESS

Here is a most down-to-earth answer to people who ask: "What can we do about the world's ills?" Mr. Cress shows how nations and races have defended their rights in the past without bloodshed, and how a weaker nation can defend its rights against a stronger one without resorting to force. "The Power of Non-Violence" is a most interesting and valuable work. \$2.50.

By LIBRARIAN

Some years previous, Dr. Lee de Forest had been sought out of a substitute for the galena crystal in radio receivers. This substitute emerged in the form of the vacuum tube, which was made commercially feasible in the early twenties. The result was radio broadcasting. Wall Street had quickly moved into this strange new business, and emerged with the radio industry in the control of few mammoth electrical corporations.

Shortly after, the Radio Corporation of America was the dominant force in the field of entertainment by electricity. It moved quietly, and practically unnoticed in Hollywood, the electrical machines went ahead with the development of an apparatus for the synchronization of sound with motion pictures. By 1927 this system was commercially feasible. Heads were made ready for the basket. The Hollywood producers were checked cold. What would they do? Who would this new gadget? Some of them thought that it didn't make any difference because this new gadget would be a flop. Others thought it was ridiculous and said so. The trade press raved back and forth.

And again Broadway laughed. What would these producers do now, she roared. One Broadway producer saw the light, and was walking back to his big town on that night, but not yet. This was only a body punch.

In 1927 Warner Brothers had seen their stock drop to the one digit column and were ready and willing to try anything. They went into this new sound device in the fall. They lost nothing in loss and a world to gain. They turned out a production of "The Jazz Singer"—with the greatest singing talent in the country, and in the decade, it was the day of the silent picture. "The Jazz Singer" Warner Brothers stock market than the end of the third

digit quotation. The picture industry was again revolutionized.

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The gold rush of 1928-29 was on. Every New York actor worth his salt was snapped up by the talkies. European stars taxed Ellis Island.

It was the same old story. Every one for himself and the devil take the last one. The lemon grove looked like an insane asylum. Company names were changed so often that even the sign-painters became confused.

Production rolled as it never had before. It was the old cost plus plan of the shipyard days of the war. Use anybody's money but make talkies . . . fast. The Hollywood producers were bound for a down-hill crash on greased wheels. They ground out phonograph records for the screen both night and day. Finally the hard hand of over-production jerked them to their senses with a bang. The market was as frozen as the North Pole, and twice as cold.

Have you ever seen seven or nine reels of passionate cinematic "art" packed for shipment? The package is slightly smaller than a case of tomatoes—storage batteries, or what-not, but not totally unlike its brother commodity. Naturally, cinematic "art" is one product designed to return a profit for its makers. Yet here is one product, despite all the publicized millions made on each epic, that has never made the grade. For the few concerns that can use black ink in their books there are millions in deep red ink in the offing. The picture business is the largest single gold-sink in our industrial formation. At the present writing its losses compare with nothing short of the fall of Rome. And you can believe that or not.

What a flop. Here is an industry that has reached the saturation point quicker than any other known enterprise on earth.

And does Broadway laugh? Oh my yes . . . and how she chuckles to herself. And why not? For this time, Hollywood, her arch-enemy, has finally jumped over the moon.

II

For a moment let us look at the findings of the new owners of the erstwhile "Infant Industry." In inspecting their cinematic white elephant they found:

That ladies' fine underthings gave them one producing team, the delicatessen business another, junk-dealers and pants-makers made up another combination, and an ex-glove maker dictated at still another plant. An ex-cabinet member had built a Sherman anti-trust barricade, a junketing bridal pair had dined at the White House and the Supreme Court had postponed the block-booking case, and, as the market wobbled, 5,000 studio workers were given the pink slip for their Christmas presents. Shades of Mark Hanna—born a half century too late!

They found that artist agents sold actors like so much cordwood for a ten percent cut, with the morality clauses included; that ex-floozies made four times the salary of the President of the United States, that chatter-writers had at least four "birthdays" a

year, and that money poured out of the front doors like the well-known Johnstown flood. Their questions were answered in the following manner:

The Exhibitor blamed the sales organization.

The Sales Organization blamed the producers.

The Producer blamed the director.

The Director blamed the writer.

The Writer blamed the supervisor.

The Supervisor blamed the producer.

The Producer blamed the sales organization.

The Sales Organization blamed the exhibitor.

The new owners went back to their hotel with a feeling that they had just taken over an enormous psychopathic ward. They knew less about their white elephant than when they began to ask questions. But there were some things they did know. And they were:

That no actress was worth \$30,000 a week.

That no executive was worth \$200,000 a year.

That no property (play or book) was worth \$125,000.

That no writer was worth \$5,000 a week.

That no director was worth \$10,000 a week.

These staggering costs must come down. The gold rush was over—and for all time. They began to take inventory, and to their amazement they discovered that they owned quite a number of stucco sound stages, hundreds of ratty buildings, reams of costly paper, hundreds of expensive contracts, and enough red ink, on the books, to keep a generation in utter slavery.

In the shake-down that followed, which has been active for a number of years, they tried to tell the gentlemen who called themselves "showmen" that they, the new owners, were not in business to produce great men, extra special specials, grand ideas, knockouts, wows and an endless string of carnival jargon. Their aim was very simple. They were in business to make money. The all-embracing shape-up reached to the ground. For three years heads were cut off and new heads replaced . . . and still the books were painted with red ink.

At this writing the banker-backers of the "Infant Industry" have let it become well-known that if the reigning messiahs cannot pull their respective studios out of the mud, someone else can, and will. The present "brains" of the motion picture business can be likened to the kings of Albania—they come and go, with the New York firing squad hot on their heels.

Perhaps you have guessed by now that the new owners of Hollywood didn't exactly *buy* the film factories. They got them as an unwanted gift, let us say. It is a case of the angels being presented with the biggest flop in show business, as the Hollywood boys would put it. The backers were to pay the bills, which, to date, they have done with as much grace as possible. They are gentlemen, and, can we say, scholars.

Wall Street has made other tenuous products pay a profit and so it doesn't exactly see wherein the motion picture racket is any different from any of its past enterprises. Perhaps it is right, but to date no one knows just how it is going to do it.

Broadway can stage her come-back any time now. The field is wide open. Hollywood as the dictator of amusement is done. The public can do with a change of entertainment. The American mob-public is satiated with the same dull, stupid type of amusement, and they have said so in no uncertain terms. There is a broad, long road ahead for the new theatre movement in this country. The cinematic stagnation will push the theatre to the front by leaps and bounds.

Hollywood is on the downward path. True she has a few more

rabbits up her sleeve but they will run through the novelty stage so fast that the makers of reel art will be startled. Color added to a phonograph record will last just long enough for the fans to see how the variety picture in color and then they will say "So what?" The picture must centralize and combine to save its life. The new owners must show good money after bad.

Today the factory town called Hollywood is making a tough stand against the wrath of a million decent people. She must hang out her washing, clean up her product, and put her house in some kind of order. At any rate she must grind on to get out of the red . . . if for no other reason.

RETURNING TO BACH

by DAVID EWEN

Author, "From Bach To Stravinsky," etc.

EVER since Igor Stravinsky settled in Paris and, coming under the influence of French composers with whipped-cream theories but water talent, discarded his former fine power and genius and began to compose pleasant music sprinkled with toilet-water, the trend in modern-music often referred to as the "Return to Bach" or, more technically, "Neo-classicism" has grown and swollen until today important composers everywhere have been affected by its influence. The day of fearless experimentation and hotheaded revolt in music is about over. The hysterical cacophonies of, say, Edgar Varèse and the distraught polytonal ratings of Poulenc or Schönberg or Alban Berg reached a point in lawlessness and in the flaunting of tradition beyond which it was virtually impossible to go. Modern composers had suddenly come to the end of the road, and their alternative to standing still was to retrace their steps and to return to the world of classicism from which they had fled.

This might very well have been a fruitful development for modern music. There can no longer exist any doubt, even in the minds of the most conservative, that the experimentation of the musical pioneers of the past three decades was not in vain; we have learned much about modern sonorities, dissonance and pliant use of tonalities which, if utilized discreetly, might limitlessly enrich the power of music to give voice to new effects and poignant expressions. A combination of this new technique with the heritage that musical history has bequeathed to us might open up altogether new avenues of musical expression.

Unfortunately, modern composers seem to lack moderation, perspective and balance. Just as in their experimentation of yesterday they did not desist until they had converted musical art into something of tonal chaos, so, in returning to classicism, they did not pause in the nineteenth century, but continued their march until they reached the days of Handel and Bach. The result was that, instead of a fruitful wedlock of classicism with modernist technique, we have had, in the great majority of musical works produced during the past decade, more generally an effete attempt to imitate the simplicity and virginity of seventeenth and early eighteenth century music. Modern composers have once again gone to an extreme. In returning to the past they have completely dissociated themselves from the spirit of their own age and, in their music, have attempted to return to periwigs, doublets and slippers as though they had never known or experienced the machine age.

Their music, as an inevitable result, sounds very much as though it were dressed up for a masquerade.

By returning to the polyphonic style of Bach, the neo-classicist composers hope to free modern music of its cerebralism and to restore to it fine and sensitive and delicate feelings; they also aspire to create a "pure" music which does not have to lean upon a metaphysical, philosophical or literary crutch for support, but which

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attempts to say through sound that which sound alone can express. Their achievements, however, have not been so tasty as their aims. They have attempted, first of all, to "return to Bach" by composing music that is almost threadbare in its simplicity: the orchestra has been reduced from the grandiose choir of instruments employed by Gustav Mahler and Richard Strauss to a skeleton of its former self; the harmonies seem to originate from schoolboy text-books; the melodic and rhythmic materials are sparse and thin.

The neo-classicists have failed to realize that simplicity was most certainly not the only characteristic of the orchestral music of the seventeenth century; and that, after all, Bach was remote from being "simple" in constructing his works. Even compositions in which Bach attempted to express directly from his heart an elementary emotion proved upon closer inspection to consist of a very complicated and subtle fabric. Study, for example, the chorales "Wachet Auf!", "Wir Glauben All" and "Ich Ruf' Zu Dir" which, upon casual hearing, appear to be quite unostentatious melodic expressions of a poignant religious emotion, but which, upon scrutiny, disclose a most complex mechanism; their networks of polyphony are certainly as complicated as they are nimble-fingered. Besides, where can one find simplicity in Bach's greatest creations: the tremendous "Kyrie" of the B-minor Mass, the Passacaglia in C-minor, and those magnificent organ fugues in D-minor and G-minor?

Unfortunately, too, the neo-classicists too often mistake ingenuousness for simplicity, and puerile naïvete for crystal-clear lucidity. Take, for example, the latest works of those young Frenchmen, Poulenc and Milhaud. Character and individuality are completely absent; the works are sterile and jejune; this is pseudo-classicism, all technique and little soul. Stravinsky's last period is another eloquent example, beginning with "Renard" and the "Octet" and continuing through such vast expanse of wasteland as the Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, the Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, and the "Capriccio." And while there are scattered passages in the "Symphony of the Psalms" which remind one of the genius that was once Stravinsky, the writing for chorus is almost invariably academic, and the orchestra lacks a spine. Prokofieff was another victim of the poison of the new trend. The free and independent spirit who asserted himself so strongly in "Chout" and the Second Piano Concerto is but a spiritless and uninspired rhetorician in the "Classic Symphony."

Following the banner of these figureheads come marching the troops of younger composers everywhere, with simplicity in their hearts and platitudes on their lips.

One does not minimize the genius of the great Sebastian in acknowledging the fact that we have learned much about the art of musical expression—sonority, tonality, harmony, form—since his day. One merely recognizes the fact that music is a mobile, a growing art. To retrace one's steps two hundred years can never be progress. And why, after all, make a fetish of simplicity?

NATHAN DIGESTS THE PLAYS

"Within The Gates" (*Sean O'Casey*)—With this play, O'Casey has not only challenged the present-day stage; he has also challenged the present-day dramatic criticism. As the play is a test of the resources of the theatre, so is it, too, a test of the equipment of criticism. In England and in America, criticism has been strapped for so long a time in the sling of shoddy drama that, when such a thing as this emerges, it is so benumbed that it has difficulty in coping with it. The result is humorous, if tragic, confusion. For it is a way with theatrical criticism eventually to take color from its materials and surroundings; it becomes paralyzed out of all emotion and intelligence by the facile trivialities with which it is forced to deal. O'Casey has shot suddenly before its eyes a light, a dazzling light, to which—having been for long in darkness—they are not used; and it has caused much groping and painful blinking.

With a scythe dipped now in a stark and sometimes even colloquial prose and then in a star-singing poetry, O'Casey here mows down all the weeds of corrupting fear and hypocrisy that clutter up what should be the blooming garden of mortal man. And in the mowing he has simultaneously tossed aside and over the wall the outmoded dramaturgy that, with its spurious realism, has converted the modern stage into an orphan of glamour and beauty and misty majesty. His task has been a difficult, a very difficult one, but the genius that contrived "The Plough and the Stars" has not met with defeat. "Within the Gates" is not only one of the finest plays of our time; it is one of the most successful amalgams of true literature and true drama that our modern stage has known.

"Conversation Piece" (*Noël Coward*)—This is part and parcel of the little pretty-pretty theatre: stuff for mentalities in swallow-tails and for stomachs that have to be stimulated by numerous liqueurs. It is mildly agreeable in its little perfumed way, but criticism that looks eagerly to the higher qualities of the theatre reiterates the answer of the eunuchs when 'twas Christmas in the harem.

"Merrily We Roll Along" (*George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart*)—These two clever boys are still clever—there are no cleverer in the American theatre—but their ambition to compose a bitingly important slice of drama must be listed as still an ambition. Essaying to write a tragedy of the artist who compromises with his ideals, they have succeeded in writing only a comedy—with some excellent wisecracks—of a caricature of an artist whose ideals, so to speak, are dramatically articulated chiefly in a college graduation speech and in a subsequent momentarily alluded to scenario for a play about a coal-mine.

"A Sleeping Clergyman" (*James Bridie*)—Sir Barry Jackson, the Otto Kahn of Malvern, picked this one for his annual dramatic festival in England, thus proving himself, when it comes to modern drama apart from Shaw, in his usual form. It is a bloated, verbose and pretentious essay on hereditary influences (*Freshman Biology A*) laid into a ground plan of early H. Grattan Donnelly-Mary J. Holmes paper-back melodrama. The Theatre Guild has sponsored it in America.

"Personal Appearance" (*Lawrence Riley*)—A movie actress on tour in the provinces lays eye on a handsome filling-station attendant and tries to lay him, in turn, in a nearby barn. The lad is in love with a sweet country-town girl, however, and declines to yield. So the disappointed siren returns sadly to Hollywood. The *conte* is interlarded with ribald and occasionally amusing wisecracks. It has been ecstatically hailed by the metropolitan play reviewers as the cat's.

"Lost Horizons" (*Harry Segall*)—Of the what-would-have-happened-if school of drama. In order to get some life and movement into it, it was played on three revolving stages. In order to get some life and movement into it, it should have been played on Steinach's operating table after a ride on Voronoff's merry-go-round.

"Small Miracle" (*Norman Krasna*)—Like the above, this one was manufactured by a literatus of the Hollywood studios. Its big scene shows a gangster stealing out of a telephone booth, where he has been hiding from the police and lying in wait, and avenging himself on another gangster by potting

him in the middle. The married woman in clandestine rendezvous with her lover, the innocent young girl with illegitimate babe, the purloined diamond brooch, and much of the other 1902 delicatessen is also on tap. And did my critical side-kicks consider it swell!

"The Distaff Side" (*John Van Druten*)—Mr. Van Druten, who usually exercises a more skilful hand, here turns out a diffuse piece in which the rubber-stamp characters of modern sophisticated comedy are finally rounded into their moral senses by a sedate, soft-spoken, older sister who, at the final curtain, picks up the framed photograph of her dear late lamented husband from her boudoir dressing-table, presses it wistfully to her lips, and murmurs: "Don't worry any longer, darling, everything is now all right." Hailed as a masterpiece by our more soft-hearted and sentimental gangsters, racketeers and kidnappers.

"D'Oyly Carte Opera Company"—A Gilbert and Sullivan troupe whose performances in English have been confined largely to the provinces but which has been put over on the local trade as being the eighteen-carat genuine London Savoy Theatre article. Even so, despite much to be desired, it is a deal better than the troupes to which local customers have lately been accustomed.

"Spring Song" (*B. and S. Spewack*)—Copious tears spilled over a Ghetto maiden who is seduced and finds herself lamentably with child. Very wet.

"Divided By Three" (*Margaret Leech and Beatrice Kaufman*)—At the conclusion of the second act, the son discovers that his mother has a lover and, swatting her, loudly proclaims, as he stamps out of the door, that she is a whore. This is pretty damned hard, these days, on mamma, I think you will agree. The play itself was even harder on the audience.

"Between Two Worlds" (*Elmer Rice*)—Following close upon the heels of John Howard Lawson and his "Gentlewoman," it is now Mr. Rice who burrows in the storehouse of stale theatrical plots and once again emerges with the one about the man of the people and the swell society dame. As in Mr. Lawson's excavation, Mr. Rice's rough diamond leans toward Communism and, as in Mr. Lawson's and a couple of hundred other playwrights' exhibits, his noble speeches duly contrive at the end of the second act to make the erstwhile haughty one proceed illicitly to bed with him. Just how this proves the especial virtues of the Communistic doctrine, which Mr. Rice so highly admires, many Royalists, Fascists, Socialists, Republicans, Democrats and Mugwumps, who have achieved the same end merely by pouring out an extra glass of wine or telling 'em that their eyes are like deep pools in a forest, will perhaps experience some difficulty in making out.

"Allure" (*Leigh Burton Wells*)—At the second act curtain of this honey, in turn, the jealous wife seizes a hammer and smashes to bits the statue that her sculptor-husband has made of her young rival, which is all you need to know—except perhaps the further information that the play is of the "Where can Seonnie be?"—"Ah, here he comes!" school of dramatic composition.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife" (*Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly*)—Erie Canal lore, based on a novel by Walter D. Edmonds. A commendable, if not dramatically active, effort to break with the humdrum stencils of the local showshop. Spots are amusing, but numerous others are rather dull.

SERVANTS OF GOD: No. 30

Associated Press Dispatch:

Kansas City, Mo.—Officials today dropped their investigation of a complaint that the Rev. Earl A. Blackman, head of the Kansas City Youth Federation, had sought employment for an eighteen-year-old girl at a bath house described by County Prosecutor W. W. Graves, Jr., as a "place of ill repute." Graves said there was insufficient evidence at law to warrant a criminal charge, but he characterized the conduct of the minister as "unpardonable from a standpoint of moral and common decency."

JOE JOE: AN AMERICAN BOY

by MYRON GRIFFIN

THOUGH I hadn't seen him for several years, it was at once apparent that Joe Joe was still the same. Even before I could open my mouth or put out my hand in greeting he had brought forth a silver thing which produced a cigarette and a light at the same time, and had invited me up to his apartment for a drink. "Howsit going, howsit going?" he asked. "You been in town? You get through school O. K.? You working?"

I took the cigarette from the flame, but he had gone on talking. He had just got a new woman, the best he'd ever had. He wanted me to meet her. She had everything. Clothes. Personality. And looks. And her figure—! This feature he could only describe by a slow, swelling motion of cupped hands and a grunt of pure ecstasy. "Wait till you see her!" he promised, "Boy, oh boy, is she a bitch!"

I remembered that Joe Joe had nearly always had a woman of some kind, that even in prep school girls had been attracted to him. Not by his handsomeness, for Joe Joe had pimples on his chin; but by the glibness of his manner and by the fact that he had a car, a six-cylinder car. Only a few of the boys had cars, and those Ford bugs they had built over themselves, but Joe Joe's was a seven-passenger sedan, and it usually contained from eight to ten very happy and noisy girls.

We had begun calling him Joe Joe because it distinguished him from other Joes. Others were like him, others purposely imitated him, but it was he the teachers spoke of as the natural leader. Rarely, however, did he take an active part; I remembered him as usually watching from over our shoulders when we were engaged in the craze of the moment. When it was home-made radio sets, Joe Joe watched for a while, listened with the ear-phones, then said Oh Rats! and walked away. The next day he turned up with a portable radio, leather-cased, which would bring in even distant stations on a loud-speaker. When it had been the tedious building of model airplanes which rarely flew, Joe Joe said, "Why spend all that time?" and brought around his—a ready-made, beautifully contrived thing, light and strong and shining, which not only would fly, but would take off from the ground. It had been the same with kites, with slingshots (he had one of aluminum and bright red rubber), with fishing poles and tackle. It had even been the same as far back as our first clandestine smoking—our cut plug rolled in toilet paper, his cork-tipped Egyptian cigarettes.

He always had time to go to shows and dances. Somehow he never had homework to do. We spent long hours sweating out English themes which received poor grades, while Joe Joe practised a very simple method of obtaining good ones: for themes which had been graded A a few years previous he would pay twenty-five cents spot cash. The teachers thought they had an Arthur Brisbane.

Joe Joe was in all the school activities. He was usually a chairman of committees. He was manager of the paper, and had passes to all the shows. He called the football players by their first names, went along on trips, and sat on the bench at games, for he was also manager of the team. He was, in fact, regarded as by far the most substantial and trustworthy boy in the class, and at graduation was unanimously chosen to write and deliver the Senior Farewell. That cost him two bucks.

But he didn't go on to college. There was no percentage, he said, for he was already making money managing a crew of house-to-house salesmen. Every morning he put the pepper into them, and then was free to shoot pool until late afternoon, when he had to calculate the day's earnings.

And I found he was still managing salesmen, though now, of course, he had a much better position.

"Only thing is," he told me, "it's hard to get live ones nowadays.

Some way they're still kind of punch-drunk, and it makes it pretty tough on me . . . But I tell you, it's no use going along the way you are. Never get anywhere that way. You got to get somebody working for you, I'm telling you."

We drove along. It was quite wonderful to see the ease with which Joe Joe, lounging at the wheel, sent the car through traffic. I had never seen an automobile with quite so many of its operations automatic. I was conscious of nothing but buildings silently going past, and when we encountered an obstruction of any kind he simply sounded a blast on the horn—which he informed me could be heard, if conditions were proper, two miles—and the way became clear.

Though I was eager to look at Joe Joe's new woman, the moment we entered he sent her off to mix drinks, and I saw only that she was blonde with a face that looked to be enamelled to go through anything. He showed me around the place. The lights which went on at the opening of a door. The wall which opened and became a bed, upon the springs of which I had to bounce to see how soft it was. The invisible radio, seemingly without controls, which changed automatically from one dance band to another. The electric log which made a cheery light on the green tile hearth. It was certainly very nice. I murmured as much, and reached for a cigarette. But Joe Joe cried "Uh-uh-uh!", picked up a silver case, pressed a button, and out rolled a cigarette, already alight.

His woman came into the room then, and we sat down with our drinks. She didn't say anything, only sat between us, her ornamental legs crossed, silently filling the air with an expensive scent. I spoke to her, and discovered that, if addressed, she would plug in her smile and answer. She said either, "Yeah?", "Uh-huh," or "You're tellin' me?"

"Well," said Joe Joe, "I'll tell you. You're luckier than most, at least you've got some kind of a job. But all you guys that went to college out of our class, I dunno. I see them on the street. Most of them still living with their folks. That's a hell of a place to bring your girl."

It was true, I said, not many of them had jobs.

Joe Joe smiled and shook his head. He looked at me. "Just what the hell did you guys get out of that four years, anyway?"

"Oh," I said, "some of us didn't get much, but all of us got something. I'm not sorry I went."

"Well, just what did you get?"

I thought of the smooth feel of Joe Joe's automobile, the warm comfortable apartment, his woman, his Scotch. Of this I had certainly got very little, and what I had could not compare. He was waiting for an answer. "Well—"

"Look," Joe Joe said, flipping open his bill-book, showing me a red-and-white card much like the membership certificate of my alumni association, "here's what you got. An alumni card. Gets you good seats at the football games. Well, see mine? Special Courtesy Card. That outfit of yours is hard up, you know it? This didn't cost so much." He flipped the wallet shut and smiled fraternally. "Got yours yet?"

I laughed. "No, I haven't. Can't afford the dues."

"Haw! Haw!" Joe Joe said. "Well, there you are."

"Yes," I smiled, "there you are."

"Oh well—" he said in good humor, "here, finish your drink and let Baby give you some more."

Baby smiled and refilled my glass. Joe Joe held out his and said, "What you think of my woman? Pretty fine, like I said? Damn right. Smile for me, Baby." Baby plugged in her smile, holding her head on one side. "That's fine. Now kiss me." Baby put down the shaker and kissed him hard, running her hand over

the back of his neck. "That's fine. That's mighty fine. Pour yourself a drink, Baby."

I smiled to myself. Joe Joe, I reflected, certainly had made good. But then we had always known he would do it.

I got up to go.

"Oh," he said, "you going? I was going to get you a girl and we'd have a little party."

"Oh, never mind."

"Sure? Well—" he said, rising, "suit yourself—"

I was to drop in any time at all, and he'd have that girl. I thanked them; his woman politely showed her teeth; I shook hands and left.

Later on I found out why he had seemed so particularly pleased with her. She was equipped with an organic defect which rendered presenting him with a child an impossibility.

He always liked convenient little things.

RIOT IN THE ABBEY

by HORACE REYNOLDS

THE OPENING night of the play was a gala event. The Government had just granted the Abbey Theatre an annual subsidy. This and the success of O'Casey's two preceding plays had saved the Abbey from going dark. The house was sold out; the audience was distinguished and expectant. O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" had been a better play than his "Shadow of a Gunman." Would "The Plough and the Stars," his third play, maintain this crescendo of better and better plays? The directors knew they had a great play; that is why members of the recently-generous Government were in the audience by their invitation. Literary Dublin knew it, too: Yeats, A.E., Oliver Gogarty, Liam O'Flaherty, Walter Starkie, and many other Irish men of letters were in the stalls. Back-stage, the players knew it also; so did Lennox Robinson, the director of the play, and Sean O'Casey, its big-featured, then tousled-haired author. Everybody was excited. It was a world première.

The audience loved the play, its rich, torrential speech excited them like drink, charged their blood with joy. But there was much tension. Something was wrong. One felt suppression increasing as the play went on, damming itself up. There was much laughter and applause, but some people laughed in the wrong way.

Violence is deeply ingrained in Dublin. For hundreds of years the history of Dublin has been one flaming act of resistance. It is, consequently, a frustrated city: it is not at peace with itself. And frustration has bred spite and envy and malice.

The next day a group of Republicans led by Maude Gonne, a tall, gaunt, violent woman with the ruins of a great beauty in her face, saw a good chance to strike at the Government through the play. That subsidy had made the Abbey the Government's protégé: the Government in a measure was responsible for the play. On the second night of "The Plough" they picketed the Abbey, charging with the current of their destroying energy the men and women who brushed by them out of the February night into the theatre.

Inside the theatre the first act of the play went much as it had on the previous night. Again there was the tension that strung one to irritability, the feeling of expectancy and waiting. There was, however, little in the rich racial comedy of the first act to arouse anything but joy in even the most touchy Nationalist. But they could and did object to the Sinn Féin flag being carried into a public house at the end of the second act. They also objected to the prostitute that O'Casey had put into the same act. And then they just objected. They filled the inside of the Abbey with suppressed violence. And the rest of the audience caught and held

that feeling. Logic had nothing to do with it. One of the actors told O'Casey that he himself had seen the Tri-color in a public house, and many of the audience had doubtless seen it there too, but that only made them object the more. If it was true, it shouldn't be. Of course they all saw prostitutes every day on the streets of Dublin, but a play of the Dublin slums must not have any. Every good Irishman must act as if there weren't any.

But at this time Dublin was especially sensitive to prostitutes. Honor Bright, a beautiful young girl of the streets, had recently been very cruelly murdered. After a night of revelry two men had driven with her out into the Dublin mountains. There they had shot her and thrown her body into a ditch beside the road.

Dublin is an emotional city. Moods seize and hold it, as they seize and hold a sensitive man of nerves. The city is terribly, almost intolerably aware. I have seen a large public funeral enslave the attention of all Dublin for days. You couldn't escape the depression: it was everywhere, pressing down on the city like a heavy smoke fog.

So that tumultuous second act, through which Rosie, a Dublin harlot, flaunts her provocative prettiness, played to, and on, keyed-up nerves. Again the audience was strained and expectant, inclined to hiss. One knew that behind that hissing was strung a mob intensity which sought outlet, relief.

On Wednesday night the tension was almost unbearable. One was almost glad that the audience booed at Ria Mooney who played the part of Rosie; that they hissed when the Tri-color was carried on at the end of the second act. One wanted this tension released, as one wants instinctively to run to meet a danger and have it over with. "Honor Bright!" some members of the audience shouted at Miss Mooney, and "Get off the stage! If there is any shame in you, get off the stage!" And then they hissed and cheered and yelled. And with every hiss, and cheer, and yell, the audience gathered voice and confidence. The dam that had held them quiet and restrained during the first act was rapidly breaking.

II

Rosie and Tom, the barman, hold the center of the stage during the first part of that great second act, in which against the background of a low Dublin pub is flung so much of Joyce's and O'Casey's Ireland; the poverty, pride and passion of a people whose humor is that of the Dance of Death, who laugh because they have nothing else left. While Rosie and the barman talk, a political orator outside chants the speech which was the signal for the Revolution of 1916, a speech that has now become part of very Irish memory.

In the wings Sean O'Casey and the company and the stagehands stood cold with intensity watching Rosie and the barman. No one knew what was going to happen. That rioting element in the audience was getting more out of hand every moment. It was a good deal like a mob at a lynching: you could almost feel emotion ripple from spectator to spectator. That audience was waiting its chance. Had there been the slightest falter from the small, dark girl who played Rosie, they would have leapt instantly into wild uproar. But that small girl was a fighter. She put all she had, or could borrow, into playing her part: she played as she had never played before. The audience booed, threw pennies, bad eggs, even coal. One lump struck Rosie in the shin. Those watching in the wings started, as if it had struck them. But the girl didn't start; she never lost a syllable of her lines.

O'Casey watched with a great fury in him. To him Rosie was more than a character: she was a friend seeking what he had often sought from life—food and shelter. Cold, penniless, hungry, he had heard from the like of Rosie, "Have a bun, mate, have a cup of coffee, mate," and for those buns and that coffee there were great gulps of gratitude in him.

Finally Miss Mooney finished her scene and made the wings. It was a triumph for the small dark girl; with the odds greatly

against her she had beaten that audience. O'Casey took her in his arms and kissed her. He said little, just "Thanks, much," patting her shoulder comfortingly while she cried with anger, humiliation, and relief.

At the opening of the third act Mrs. Gogan and her consumptive child are alone upon the stage. Again the audience was taut as an E string. They ached to rid themselves of the curb that held them. And it was a young girl who started the pour and avalanche of released feeling. Her nerves strained to the breaking point, she leapt up like an inflamed Negress at a camp meeting, rushed down the aisle, climbed upon the stage, threw the consumptive child off the chair, and pushed the mother with the meaningless fury with which one angry child sometimes pushes another.

And then the dam broke.

Men and women both scrambled upon the stage after the young girl. From the wings, out rushed the stage-hands and several members of the company to meet them, and the fight was on, a hand-to-hand struggle for the possession of the stage. That stage was theirs, it belonged to the actors and the stage-hands, and they meant to keep it clear of the audience if they could. Like a flag furled, down came the curtain, but when it fell they fought through the curtain, striking and pushing at each other's outlines in it. It was all very much like a scene out of one of O'Casey's plays, life imitating O'Casey, as O'Casey had imitated life.

No Irishman can resist an opportunity to make a speech. You could see speech trembling on the lips of several members of the company. Barry Fitzgerald alone seemed to feel no immediate need of self-expression. In the preceding *mêlée* a rioter had afforded him in person what Tom the barman nightly denied him as Fluther Good in the play—the satisfaction of sending a perfectly-timed right to the jaw and seeing his man leave the stage head first for the stalls. So he looked on, satisfied, while F. J. McCormick, the Abbey's most versatile actor, shouted against a wall of shouting and jeering, "You mustn't blame the company. We are not these characters!"

To Gabriel Fallon, another member of the company, McCormick's speech, unintentionally, of course, had sounded too much as if the company was trying to save its own skin at the expense of that of the author. Riot, or not, he was for no compromise: he tried to justify O'Casey to his audience. But the audience was in no mood to take the balance of two cases. They were making dramatic history, but they weren't conscious of that. They were doing what they had wanted to do for two long acts, break the tension that was in them, interrupt the play, stand up on their legs and shout, hurling the force of their personalities against something on the stage they had found an excuse not to like.

In the meantime some one had sent to a newspaper office in the neighborhood for Yeats. As soon as he appeared back stage, the company surrounded him, crying, "You must make a speech!" "But what shall I say?" said Yeats, and then, his eyes filling with a thought, he stepped out in front of the curtain, the Prologo to this new play without the play.

III

When the crowd saw Yeats, they quieted as they had not for McCormick and Fallon: there is still left in the Irishman some of the reverence his ancestors felt for the poetic order, when the person of the poet was as sacred as that of the priest. Tall, handsome, iron-gray locks falling over the sides of a fine, high brow, his large, receding nostrils quivering with excitement, the thought of words trembling about the lines of his mouth, Yeats began his speech with a rebuke: "You have disgraced yourselves again."

And then the uproar was so great that one could not distinguish his words. A lady took off one of her shoes and hurled it at a Republican woman who she thought was trying to get upon the

stage, and it parabolized so close to Yeats as to look as if it had been thrown at him. I doubt if he even saw it: his mind was on what he was saying, if no one else's was. But as he went on, gradually the audience became quieter until he could be heard. He ended with a burst of rhetoric that, coming as it did at the height of a long series of mounting phrases, exploded like a rocket in the heavily charged air of that theatre, clearing the air like a clap of thunder: "You have rocked the cradle of genius! The fame of O'Casey is born tonight! This is the apotheosis!"

Yeats had quieted that turbulent crowd, as twenty years before he had quieted another audience which had rioted over Synge's "Play-boy of the Western World." One must admit that the rioting element in the Dublin audience is finical: it refuses to row over anything less than a masterpiece; then it allows only genius to calm its passion.

Now the audience was still, purged by its own action and Yeats' oratory of the suppressed feeling that for three acts had strung it tight and vibrant. And so when the C.I.D. (the Civil Investigation Department) arrived, there was little for them to do but maintain the order that Yeats had brought about with his words.

The play went on. The rest of the third act, and the fourth act were played, though with lights up and the C.I.D. in watchful attendance. But everything was quiet . . . The company had police protection home.

The next day the story of that riot went around the world. Once again a Dublin audience had paid to Irish genius its tribute of jeers; once again Dublin's violence had flung an Irish dramatist to fame.

WOMEN AND THE REVOLUTION

by H. GORDON

MY grandmother, having lived forty years of her life in Russia and thirty-four years in the United States, has had sufficient strength of body and of mind to retain her sanity, which, she maintains, indicates a certain amount of dulness in the constitution of her nervous system.

"You can estimate the quality of a social system," she says, "by calculating the percentage of unbalanced people in lunatic asylums—and out of them. I have never yet heard of a mad lion or a mad bear unless, of course, man has attempted to domesticate it for the amusement of the people. Man, too, has been domesticated—for someone's amusement, I suppose, whose, though, I am not sure."

As a result of her experience she has become a Radical of no particular party and no great consistency of principle. But she is a Radical. So much so, in fact, that when I wish to jolly her I call her "Babushka." Then she flares up and trembles so that I have a very difficult time calming her by reminding her frequently of her high blood-pressure.

I keep her posted on events by reading articles and books to her. She is not at all interested in the newspapers. "What," she says, "is the use of reading them? One kidnapping case or more? Does it matter? As for the important news, my eyes are far too old and weak to ferret it out. I shall leave that research work to you, Herbert."

And so, the other night, I sat down at her bed-side and said, "Grandmother, I have something for you."

"Quit the grandmother stuff, you deluded bourgeois," she replied quickly, her old face wrinkled with pleasure, "and out with it."

"It is an article about the proletarian woman of today."

"Oh, let me go to sleep."

"No, no, it is not what you think."

Trembling, I read her the article. Trembling, I waited.

"A glass of water, Herbert."

I hurried to fulfill the order. That is a good sign, you see. She likes to say, with a luscious relish of the vernacular, "How can I sing if I do not wet my whistle?"

"You are well aware, Herbert," she began, smiling broadly, "that all the progress in this world is made by diseased people. According to the nature of things it must be so. They are the ones who ferret out, because of their overbearing sensitivity which serves them as antennae, the inconsistencies, the injustices, the rottennesses of social systems. A strong, healthy constitution will not mind the noises and the thundering stinks of our system. A diseased one will, must, in fact, because its diseases are produced by those very aspects of the system, and it will, willy-nilly, throw fits and convulsions."

"Now, besides that, it follows logically that diseased individuals are ever and always in the van of the movements which stand for revolution, for these movements are formed to try to eradicate from life certain unnatural diseases, the same that they are suffering from. A healthy individual, in the first place, would not notice these diseases, and, in the second place, would not be interested in consulting a doctor about a disease he is not suffering from."

"Now, of all creatures, the female sex of the human species is the most diseased. She is the victim of more psychoses, neuroses, repressions, inhibitions and such Freudian gifts than I am qualified to enumerate or explain. Besides certain minor remedies and alleviations, marriage and children eliminate some of these. But, although I am not up on the statistics, I am sure that at the present stage of our system prostitution is increasing and population decreasing. Prostitution, however, is not absorbing the female birth-rate as quickly as it might, and an unfortunate result of this is that the number of females in lunatic asylums and sanatoria is on the steady increase. The same goes for the men. They, too, are entering asylums in ever-increasing numbers; but the women, being more diseased, have a better percentage. Oh, come now, Herbert, don't look shocked at me. Go out and hunt up a policeman and look shocked at him."

"Men have more opportunities for substituting and sublimating their diseases. For example, they can come home and beat up their wives. Still again, they can take a good shot of whiskey. More revolutions have evaporated with the perspiration on the beating arm of a husband and been dissipated with the fumes of alcohol than most Communists, in their bloodiest dreams, ever dream of."

"Women—or shall I say ladies?—cannot beat up their husbands nor can they very well drink themselves into a false kind of health. Comstocks and doctors advise against it. Therefore, there are, for the most part, only two alternatives, as anyone with a smattering of algebra can see."

"And I think, Herbert, that you will bear me out when I say that the number of girls entering the revolutionary movement is on the up-grade, even more so than that of boys. They are beginning to understand their predicament. They realize that the Revolution is their only salvation. And I predict to you, Herbert, that ladies—or shall I say women?—will grow more and more powerful in the work for revolution and to them will belong a great part of the honor of dedicating the New Jerusalem."

"You see, the choice is simple and clear-cut: it is the Communist Party or the Lunatic Asylum."

"No, no, Herbert. That is all. I do not want to argue. I want to sleep. Take the glass away and good-night. And I shall not wake you up unless you tell me to, unless you tell me that you want to behold rising from the fecal and saprogenic dregs of the haggish night the fresh and simple beauty of the new day."

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Act of March 3, 1933

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Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George Jean Nathan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is an editor of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations.

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JAMES BRANCH CABELL ★ EUGENE O'NEILL

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THE EVILS OF OUR BENCH

By JEROME J. LICARI

Member New York Bar and Former Assistant District Attorney

NOT so long ago the lower criminal bench of New York City was rocked from its foundations. Magistrates were ousted by the Appellate Division; one Assistant Attorney confessed the guilt that was not only his, but honeycombed a whole putrid system; several policemen proved felons; even a judge of a higher criminal Court was openly accused of pre-empting his judgeship and almost mobbed in a public street. Some years before, an aspirant to the Supreme Court had been sentenced to Sing Sing prison for attempting to purchase a seat on that exalted Bench, like a seat on the Stock Exchange. And the New York Bench is admittedly one of the cleanest in the country! The thinking public was recently disquieted by another scandal in the State of New Jersey, where a foul barter and sale seemed to have been consummated.

What is wrong with our Bench?

The Bench should be viewed in the light of a shrine. It should never be reached by simony or intrigue. It should be graced by the best in the legal profession, by the best obtainable upon all standards. If we compare our present method of selection with this ideal of the Bench, we must blush in shame, for our judges are not selected by any standard. The arbiters of their selection are politicians, total laymen of the law, and undeniable sticklers for their henchmen.

Let us take our City of New York. Here Magistrates and Special Sessions Judges are appointed by the Mayor; Municipal Court and Supreme Court Judges are elected by the people, as well as County and General Sessions Judges. So say the Charter and other applicable laws. But does the Mayor appoint, or do the people elect? The present Mayor of New York City is a conspicuous exception, and there is no question that he appoints his judges; still, in normal party rule, the Mayor has as much to do with it as the janitor of City Hall. How is it done? Simply. The District Leaders present names of candidates to the County Leader, and that gentleman has the final word and presents his choice to the Mayor. And the Mayor makes the appointment. Nor is any secret made about the whole matter. For days, often weeks, the newspapers blubber it all out. They publish, with naive candor, the names of the various contestants, their political angels, the different organizations that sponsor each, the County Leader's (not the Mayor's) stand as to this, that and the other aspirant. The candidates' qualifications are seldom, if ever, discussed. In the end, the winner may be more or less known, or entirely unknown; he may be a good lawyer, or an indifferent one, or a bad one; he may or may not have had experience in the District Attorney's or in the Corporation Counsel's office; but knowledge and experience are not his

main claims. He is selected with a political eye. He is subjected to no tests.

Identical methods obtain in the designation of candidates for elective judgeships. The District Leaders in the Municipal Court Districts together pick each candidate; the local County Leader (on contested claims) the City, County Court, and General Sessions candidates; and the several County Leaders pick the Supreme Court candidates for the respective Judicial Districts—not always in furtherance of public interests, often by bi-partisan barter, sometimes to advance the kith and kin of some brilliant party lawyer, or of a puissant boss. And after the candidates are thus picked, what happens? Why, the party electorate votes for them. There are no other candidates on the ballot. And so, when one party predominates in power, designation is tantamount to election. No tests here either. None. Candidates simply ride onto the Bench on a wave of favoritism.

Well, I should make one correction. I have said that Supreme Court Judges are designated by the several County Leaders. On the surface that statement is wrong, because Supreme Court Judges are, under our law, nominated in Judicial Conventions of Delegates purposely elected by the people. But who are the Judicial Delegates? Favorites of District Leaders, lodged on the ballot by District Leaders, instructed by District Leaders, who in turn are instructed by the County Leader. So, when the Judicial Convention assembles, the Chair recognizes some pre-designated Cicerone, who amidst aulic cheers, pompously nominates the pre-designated candidate, to the frenzied delight of the foregathered populace; and the Judicial Delegates elected by the people to exercise a free choice—the Judicial Delegates (all house-broken pets of District Clubs)—make it unanimous. And that is that. Here, too, no tests. There is no law that, anywhere in the Union, demands any qualifications, save the length of years of practice.

The aftermath of such a system must be calamitous. If he is at all human, the judge (whose tenure, by the way, runs only for a term of years) cannot be ungrateful. He cannot afford it—and he knows it. He knows that the Machine exalted him to the Bench. He knows also that, if he forgets, he can be reminded. Machines have long arms. And, furthermore, can a man of flesh and blood be expected to forget? The Machine comprises many acquaintances he has made in clubs, at balls, at political affairs; many public officers and politicians of whom he has in the past asked favors, and to whom he has done favors before donning his robe, so that favoring has become a reciprocal custom; the closer friends and powerful higher-ups that "made" him; good mixers,

with whom he has spent memorable days and evenings and with whom he has fought side by side in political campaigns; people who, by long militant association, are unquestionably the truest and dearest friends he has. Can human nature be expected to doff its frailties when it dons a robe?

Let us be fair about the situation. Neither judges nor politicians are to blame. Our judges are high-minded gentlemen who mean well. Let me add emphatically that, despite the popular misconception. I also know personally a number of high-minded politicians. Like every thinking individual, they, too, deprecate the present Judiciary System. But they found it as it is—and, under such a system, they must often act unpleasant rôles with as much compelling fatality as the characters in a Greek tragedy.

What is the answer? In England Judges are selected by an entirely different method. They must not only pass rigid examinations in all branches of the law, but they must also be scholars in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, and in most collegiate and university subjects. They must be cultured gentlemen. When they become candidates for the Bench, they must take fresh examinations in both *legal* and *academic* subjects. In France, Italy, Germany, in most European countries, much the same system prevails; it prevails as well, in some South American commonwealths.

In all those countries the Bench is, as it should be, a legal, not a political career. It is reached by the best efforts of the best members of the legal profession, not by a scramble of opportunists. A brilliant young man fresh from the University takes examinations for the *lowest* Bench, where he secures his first experience. He starts at the bottom and stays there for a prescribed term, before qualifying for a higher stall. His judicial conduct is severely scanned; his publications, if any, and his decisions give him the right to a higher place on the list for the next higher Bench; his reversals count against him; and, when it comes to actual promotion, he must submit to fresh examinations. Thus is his mind kept at razor's edge, and Law, not politics, becomes his vocation and his life-work. Is not that the answer for us, too, even if our tests may not be so severe?

The only method by which our Bench can be redeemed is to adopt some such system. A new leaf must be turned. The present antiquated system must be discarded. The Bench must be taken out of politics. Merit must prevail over time-serving. Competitive tests on high standards must be open to all. The best must be secured. The best must be continually kept at their best. The Bench must be their life-work, not a political reward. Higher Benches must be reached by promotion tests. Thus, and thus only, can our Bench rise to its proper level.

SOCIOLOGICAL NOTES

By WILLIAM SEAGLE

I

Leisure is the opportunity to rest from other people's labor.

II

A liberal is a conservative with a bad conscience.

III

If revolutionists want better results, they will stop throwing occasional bombs and take to the repeated throwing of rotten vegetables.

IV

Free speech should be regarded as the very foundation of the established order. Endless debate means endless procrastination.

V

Fascism: The Purgatory of Communism.

WEST-COAST BOHEMIA

By DONALD MILLER

SADAKICHI HARTMANN was in Florida—ill and broke. A banquet was arranged to bring him to Los Angeles. Giovanni Muschi, "last of the guerilla artists," and Maverick Terrill, a Hollywood writer, mailed four hundred invitations. I personally visited at least twenty-five of his friends, who promised to be on hand. Numerous singers, violinists, pianists and even a man with a marionette promised to entertain.

The banquet was held at the Fior D' Italia, a famous landmark in the old quarter of Los Angeles, a supposed rendezvous for painters, writers, musicians, and boozers whose conversation is interesting—a café containing a large, low-ceilinged room with a dance-floor in the middle, a piano and a bar at one end, and wooden booths along the sides; and best of all, a magnificent grape arbor enclosed by red-brick walls, and illuminated by colored paper lanterns.

On the night of the banquet fifty large caricatures of Sadakichi, made by a young painter named Brossard, were plastered all over the grape arbor. At eight-thirty about twenty people were in the café, but they sat inside to avoid paying an extra twenty-five cents to bring back Sadakichi. At nine o'clock there were about thirty persons in the grape arbor, mostly shop-girls and counter-jumpers who had come to gape at the Bohemians. None of sponsors of the banquet were present—no artists of any consequence—only a few hack writers, mediocre piano pounders and studio scenery painters. At nine-thirty only one of the entertainers had arrived, and he refused to sing, claiming the cold would injure his voice. The guest of honor, a famous illustrator, had failed to come. Muschi had invited Leopold Fleischman, a newspaper man, to act as master of ceremonies, and then walked off and left him alone. Fleischman decided to go home, but I caught him at the door, and he promised to remain. A little antique dealer lurched in wearing a chrysanthemum—Sadakichi's favorite flower—almost as large as himself, and began bellowing insults at everyone in the place, while he waved a whiskey bottle around his head. This enlivened the crowd for a short time. Then sixteen people entered, some of them wearing evening clothes, and sat in the grape arbor without giving a dime for Sadakichi.

I decided to have some action. With several recruits I lifted the piano out from under the pianist who was performing for the crowd inside, and took it into the grape arbor amidst a barrage of curses and complaints. A young fellow promised to play the piano, but disappeared after two pieces. Then Brossard did an excellent imitation of Sadakichi's dancing. A pause followed. Finally an Italian basso consented to sing, and was followed by an old woman who did a Spanish dance. Then our second pianist vanished. There was no one to entertain. While I looked for someone, a few irritated patrons from the inner room carried away the piano. The crowd asked where the entertainers were, demanded their food and called for more drinks to ward off boredom. Muschi, who had returned to the grape arbor, left in disgust.

When the crowd was intoxicated, laughing and shouting, Leopold Fleischman, who had risen from a sick-bed to attend, got up and started to speak. He was greeted by cat-calls and guffaws. People pounded on the tables. A dozen of them howled, "Who the hell is Sadakichi Hartmann?" Another dozen howled, "We paid our money to keep him in Florida, not to bring him back."

Fleischman continued talking, while a woman stuffed a napkin into the mouth of a noisy Hollywood sign-painter. His talk was good. At its end he made an appeal for money. I walked around with someone's hat. Nothing was dropped into it. Then a fine-looking Chinese youth rose, walked toward me, and dropped in fifty cents. Two more people put in dimes. Meanwhile, a young

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painter stood up, and holding onto the table to keep his balance screamed at the crowd, "There you sit, boozing, gorging—and Sadakichi, a better man than any of you, is in Florida starving! There you sit, a bunch of God damned swine, too cheap to let loose of the nickels you probably robbed from someone! What have any of you ever done? What the hell good are you? Sadakichi has done more than the whole room-full of you. You don't mean anything! You're riff-raff. Pigs, dolts, scum! You never did anything important. And there you sit, a bunch of God damned . . ." Someone grabbed him by the arm, and jerked him down into his seat, or perhaps his hands slid off the table.

The crowd was stunned. One man applauded. Several people arose and departed. I continued making the collection. The mob pretended they were too drunk to comprehend what was expected of them when I asked them for money. A few of them dropped in pennies. At another table a Jew donated five dollars. I didn't believe that a Californian could be so generous, so I asked him where he was from. "Chicago," he said. I chuckled. Two or three more Jews, probably from Chicago also, contributed currency. The rest of the gang present must have added at least a dollar *in toto*.

I took the hat into the inner room, accompanied by Terrill, who cajoled the crowd while I passed the hat, and there I collected from at least seventy-five people almost two dollars, and several insults. There were drunken women wandering around the room. An intoxicated female sat at the piano hammering out the "St. Louis Blues." A crowd, the same as in any low-class café, jammed the dance-floor. At the tables people were stomping, singing and yelling. Several arguments were going on.

I decided to get the cut from the house and leave. The owner of the place cried in my ears that she had six waiters to pay and was losing money, while the place was packed with humans and wine was on every table. A boisterous painter—one of the two or three there—tossed a tumbler of wine into the air, and it alighted on a woman's lap. Her escort leaped up and accused the wrong man. The proprietor ran after waiters to have someone thrown out. I got all the money I could and left the place.

Someone had told me Los Angeles had a Bohemia. This was it: a place where a mob of pot-wallopers and shirt-salesmen caroused and brawled like a bunch of hogs! I thanked God that Huneker had died soon enough.

PRODUCERS, PLAYWRIGHTS
AND CRITICS

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THERE is something to be said for our theatrical producers and playwrights who have lately been inveighing in the public prints against the drama critics. It is a pity that, for all their lush verbosity, they haven't been able to say it for themselves. To contend, for example, as Mr. Elmer Rice has, that certain critics are alcoholics and in the last stages of senility may—let us agree for the sake of argument—be sound enough truth in itself, but it has nothing to do with their competence as critics, however much it may have to do with what the police and their wives publicly or privately, as the case may be, think of them. Strindberg, who was not only a boozier and senile but commonly reputed to be downright insane, confected dramatic criticism that makes that of such a relatively youthful teetotaler as myself, for example, look like a child's scribbles. Coleridge, grantedly one of the finest critics that ever lived, was a dope fiend, and Hazlitt, Lamb and Steele, certainly all worthy fellows, as Mr. Rice would allow, were under the table night after night. Poe and Whitman, the latter senile by Mr. Rice's definition, were galoots for rum, and Saintsbury—as everyone knows—could drain a magnum in nine and three-eighths seconds flat. Huneker's beloved nose was often mistaken by strangers from out of town for a Rubra Superba peony, but Mr. Rice wouldn't argue that, even when Jim was in his latest years, it in the least diminished the brilliant color of his critical writings. Some of the profoundest asses who have ever mused up type pages with criticism, on the other hand, have been and are comparative youngsters or total abstainers. (Let us politely refrain from mentioning names.)

For a reason that is hard to make out, dramatic criticism is the only profession concerned with the arts in which a man of increased years is supposed to know less than he did in his earlier years, and in which a practitioner is supposed to be *non compos* if, like Shakespeare or Thomas Huxley, he likes a drink now and then.

Such animadversions as Mr. Rice's, accordingly, are blood cousins to stupidity. They are as hollow and empty, indeed, as the recent plays of Mr. Rice himself, who is neither senile nor a dipsomaniac. The arguments against the critics, which he and his fellow playwrights and producers seem to be unable to think up, are quite different. Not against all of the critics, to be sure, but against a sufficient proportion of them to give their statement a reasonable justice. In view of the foggiest of these critic-baiters, let one himself a critic come professionally and hospitably to their assistance.

The first objection the producers and playwrights might rationally make against much of the current dramatic criticism is its confusing habit of denouncing certain inferior plays and praising others that are equally inferior. Under such circumstances, it is no wonder the producers don't know where they stand so far as the critical press reaction goes, and gradually go crazy.

A second objection is to the kind of critic who lambasts the tar out of a play and subsequently, by way of attesting to his magnanimity and freedom from personal prejudice, hypocritically and self-insultingly (albeit he doesn't seem to recognize the fact) allows that he "hopes it succeeds anyway and makes a million dollars."

A third objection is to the kind of critic—usually one with punditlike overtones—who justifies his endorsement of a cheap farce and his condemnation of an ambitious piece of dramatic writing

with the ancient critical claptrap that a piece of work must be accepted on its own terms and that the cheap farce, which pretends to be nothing more than what it is and sets out only to be amusing, is deserving of greater praise than the ambitious play which sets out to reach the moon and on the way stumbles once or twice over a few stars. If a play is always and inevitably to be accepted critically on its own terms and the success with which it meets them, "Sailor, Beware!"—as every such contending critic must agree—is three times as critically commendable as Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" or Rostand's "Chantecler."

A fourth objection is to the species of critic who yaps loudly for beauty in drama and who, when at length he is vouchsafed just a little of it by some aspiring, uncommercial producer, loudly objects to the whole enterprise because there wasn't more of it—and declares the occasion, consequently, a total failure.

A fifth objection is the benevolent habit of praising a leading actress or actor in ratio to a play's lack of merit. The worse a play, the better notices the leading actress or actor seems bound to get.

A sixth objection is to the critics' constant plea for a finer and nobler theatre, a theatre of authentic dramatic art, and their unwitting discouragement of any producer who might have ambitions in such a direction with their periodic hysterical eulogies of the ordinary products of the present commercial theatre. Think of the producer who hopefully dreams of instituting a theatre of uncommercial dramatic splendor and then picks up a newspaper and reads such endorsements as these: "Dodsworth" is one of the greatest plays I have ever seen;" "The Distaff Side" is a masterpiece of our time;" "Lost Horizons" is one of the most notable dramatic experiments, and one of the most moving, of our times;" "Merrily We Roll Along" will surely make history in the American theatre;" "The Farmer Takes a Wife" is just what our theatre has been longing for and so badly needs;" "Judgment Day" is one of the modern theatre's most thrilling and stirring plays;" "Merrily We Roll Along" is a play which proved its power to blow its first official audience's heart into particles of sheer gratitude;" "Divided By Three" is one of the theatre's superior items;" "Roll, Sweet Chariot" is a remarkable achievement;" "Small Miracle" is exactly what the theatre has been crying for;" "Spring Freshet" stems from that inner urge which is the source of any author's finest work;" "A Ship Comes In" brings the kind of brave intelligence into the theatre that the theatre needs;" "Lost Horizons" is a stimulating and imaginative play, arresting in conception and engrossing to the end;" and—in the somewhat higher quarter—"L'Aiglon" is one of the world's plays magnificent!"

Even if the producer in question sought to put such stuff down to critical charity in an off season, what would he think when he reflected that the same deplorable absence of standards is visible year after year? Where would be his desire to risk something really fine when, after reading such tributes, he turned to the journals of the previous season and again encountered such disheartening critical news as this: "Come of Age" is a rare adventure in the theatre;" "Don't waste a minute. Run and buy tickets for 'Ten Minute Alibi';" "The Dark Tower" is a real treat for literate and intelligent playgoers;" "The Dark Tower" is a lavish experience in the theatre;" "Theodora, the Queen" glows with life as a drama;" "By Your Leave" is truly witty, often truly touching; it will be one of the pet plays of the town;" "They Shall Not Die" is a masterpiece;" "No More Ladies" is a comedy masterpiece;" "Men In White" is one of the theatre's more magnificent dramas;" "She Loves Me Not" is what the theatre must have more, a lot more, of;" "The World Waits" is in many respects triumphant drama;" "Double Door" is a gem;" and "The Shining Hour" pretty well represents all that is best in the theatre."

ASTERISKS FALL ON ALABAMA

By FLOYD TILLERY

DURING the months just passed in the state where the stars fell, agitators and organizers—supposedly emissaries of the Communist Party—reappeared in the rural districts near the noted Camp Hill community, where the white crusaders for racial equality, class solidarity and a proletarian revolution resumed their subversive operations among the Negro share-croppers and day-laborers. In the north-eastern corner of Lee County at least one successful "Union" was perfected, with a membership of fifteen or twenty colored "Comrades."

Several weeks later, in a white settlement near the location of this "Union," a number of farm-houses and barns were suddenly discovered in uncontrollable flames—all these burnings occurring on successive nights. In each instance the buildings belonged to well-to-do land-owners. Careful investigation disclosed that, unmistakably, wholesale arson had been committed. Quickly recalling former and similar depredations, calculated both to destroy and to terrorize, the white people immediately became suspicious of Communist activities among the native Negroes.

In addition and almost concurrently with the burning of the farm-houses and barns, several of the more prominent landlords began receiving—apparently from a common source—a number of brazenly insulting and menacing letters, all with black-hand signatures. In some cases the envelopes bearing the intimidations were embellished with crude drawings of coffins. Some of the letters were direct threats upon the lives of the men to whom they were addressed; others were in the nature of peremptory demands for higher wages.

Therefore, the adult male white citizens of the district deemed it urgently expedient that they organize themselves into a body of Vigilantes. Soon thereafter one Negro suspect was apprehended. When put through the third-degree, the culprit confessed—among several other more important items—that it was he who, at the instigation of the white leaders of the "Union," had set fire to the beautiful home and commodious barn of one of the most highly esteemed planters in eastern East Alabama.

* * *

Years ago, it is said that Benjamin Franklin, while in his cups, let the news leak out that he and his rebel associates had successfully signed a certain Declaration of Independence. Fear reigned in the hearts of many Philadelphians for many weeks following. Recently, however, in Lee County, Alabama (while much fear still reigns in many hearts), no one seems to know just who spilled the beans about the complete frustration of plans of another group of rebels—Alabama Black Men, this time, evidently bent upon securing what they had termed a New Independence for themselves and their oppressed comrades. But, anyway, the secret is out; and the well-grounded and generally accepted rumor goes to the following tune:

On the evening of the 1934 cotton-picking season, a certain "Union" of Negroes, organized in northeastern Lee County by white agitators from the North and East, were holding a midnight meeting, in a Negro cabin, for the purpose of determining who should have the honor of killing the leading white landlords of the neighborhood. A unique method of lot-drawing was employed. A "dead-line," it seems, was etched upon the floor at one end of the room, while the Militant Colored Comrades were huddled together on their knees at the other end of the room, holding curious little wooden blocks in their rebellious hands. On the 1-2-3 count, each zealot was to roll his block. The one whose token came closest

to the "dead-line" would win "highest honors;" and so on until all the Merciless and Avaricious Persecutors whose names were proscribed were properly allotted to the various conspirators.

When the first roll was made, an old Negro of sixty-five was the lucky man. He would enjoy the vindictive pleasure and honorable distinction of dispatching the community's richest farmer, and, therefore, the arch-enemy of the oppressed. But, very suddenly, the present was wholly forgotten in the old black man's God-fearing mind, and only the past and future existed. The marked white man was the old Negro's friend—his very best friend—he had lived with him peacefully for more than thirty years—he loved him. "I jes' cain't do it, Comrades!" the black traitor called out. "I jes' cain't do it! Y'all kin kill me if yo' wants to, but somebody elst is gwinter hafter kill dat man!" Whereupon a true and fearless Comrade—a young Negro whose block had come next closest—jumped to his feet begging for the privilege of playing Black Brutus to the Imperial White Tyrant.

But just as this young hero, in his own paraphrased vernacular, referred to his patriotic duty as "shooting the god-dam dirty brains out of the white bastard," the band of Vigilantes—who, like the Creek Indians of 1812, had been lying in wait for their prey, and eavesdropping the while—dashed into the cabin, took charge of the situation, and quickly restored law and order for a radius of fifty miles. A few days later the talk was going round the neighborhood and contiguous territories that some fifteen or twenty Negro men were "missing" from this particular community.

Some ten or twelve days afterward, the decomposed body of a Negro suddenly rose to the surface of the back-waters of the Chattahoochee River in the southeastern section of Lee County—a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles from the cabin where the block-rolling party was staged. Iron weights of various kinds had been fastened to the wrists and ankles of the victim. A few days later, and a second such body appeared. And simultaneously, but in another direction from the bailiwick of the aforementioned Vigilantes, the swollen and unrecognizable corpses of four more black men were found floating on the river.

Then some soothsayer gave out the prophecy that twenty-one more dead black bucks were destined soon to come up out of the Chattahoochee. Presently one native white, living on the bank of the river where the first two water-logged cadavers were observed, hastened to report that he and his wife were awakened in the dead of night by interminably thudding noises of the dead bodies as they were being unloaded from a truck into the deep stream. "Ker-plooonk! Ker-plooonk! Like so many logs being dumped into the river." Pretty soon, then, as days of avid watchful-waiting passed, there were "Five!" "Seven!" "Nine!" "Thirteen" and, finally, "Twenty-three niggers what have done come to the top, down in the back-waters!"

But, living close to this place where Dead Men Rise Up Ever, there are reputable and trustworthy citizens who are positive that only two bodies have appeared in the streams of that locality. According to the statement of one of these men: "A certain gentleman, well-informed, told me that some fifteen or twenty Negroes were unquestionably disposed of. Their bodies, however, he said, were distributed to various deep ponds of water, only two being apportioned to the Chattahoochee at this point."

A number of Negroes—good, honest, hard-working, poor, law-abiding inhabitants—were interviewed in the friendliest and most tactful manner possible for the purpose of obtaining, from their angle, information and rumor; for the purpose, also, of observing reactions and attitudes. Each terrorized black man answered: "Boss, I declare I jes' don't know nuthin' a-tall about it! Nawsir, I sho don't. Thankee, Boss, thankee! 'N good-day, sir!"

WOLFE, WOLFE!

by RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

THE American reader, fooled so often by his critical Cassandras, is himself loathe to acclaim an incipient fine talent which appears quietly without incriminating *kudos*.

Nevertheless, "Look Homeward, Angel" has gone through six large editions since its publication in 1929 and Thomas Wolfe's more casual prose has practically subsidized *Scribner's Magazine* during lean years. His major germination, "Of Time and the River," an immense novel of 450,000 words, is at last in the hands of the printer and the earlier work, recently canonized as a popular reprint Giant, may at length introduce our only young writer of any considerable stature to a wider public.

Wolfe, whose powerful, often ungainly prose placed him at once among the generic novelists of tradition, has not lacked individual praise. Speaking before the Nobel Olympians at Stockholm in 1930 Sinclair Lewis said: "Thomas Wolfe, a child . . . whose one and only novel, 'Look Homeward, Angel', is worthy to be compared with the best in our literary production, a Gargantuan creature with great gusto of life." And Percy Mackaye termed Wolfe's shorter work "quintessential poetry."

But there has been no organized cry of "Wolfe, Wolfe!", no publisher's pyrotechnics. Though it seems almost too good to be true, a young American writer has emerged in the fulness of his initial power without being swaddled in ruinous comparisons or suffocated by that contemporaneity surcharged with doom which gives him his blatant hour of photographs, autographs and literary teas—and certain extinction.

To my knowledge no one has yet written that Thomas Wolfe "writes like an angel". He has not run afoul of the law, the book clubs, the Pulitzer prize, or the literary lobbyists who inflate reputations and are effectively laxative in purging the reader's consciousness of all taste while confecting their best-sellers.

Wolfe is, almost literally, a Scribner virgin.

He is that *rara avis*, a modern author who writes, who writes diligently and enormously from a kind of inner solitude. Gertrude Stein didn't hatch him. He is indigenous to America and lives—of all prosaic places—in Brooklyn. His pre-nuptial liaison with letters was placid, for he did not learn about life from the insides of a shark or the small talk of Pamplona *aficionados*. He has been mercifully reticent about himself, and if his first novel grazed in the pastures of autobiography it did not come to a full stop beside a narcissist pool nor was its general objectivity blemished.

Wolfe's defects and faults of artistic discipline can be judged in time by the proper criteria of competent critics. The general public is permitted to read him for what he is worth and has not been forced to speculate as to whether he is a love-child or a hermaphrodite, a Marxian or post-Humanist throwback. His is the name above the printed work, that alone, and properly. The fortunate iconoclasm of such a position is attested to by the dislocated launchings of the apostolic Paul Engle, Paul Horgan, William Saroyan, Tess Schlesinger, *et al.* One does not need to get Van Wyck Brooks from the shelf to fathom the plight of the writer in America. Exploitation is the first frost that nips the careers of the youngsters. It seems to sell mouth-washes, but it is fallible in building up authors' reputations.

Some new writers possess creditable competence and it is no easy matter for them to get a hearing. No Upton Sinclair has arisen with an EPIC plan for the economics of literature. As things stand, the unendowed author who creates even passably worth-while stuff has no right to expect that his work will support him. If he is versatile and predatory he may wangle handouts from the radio,

the cinema, or the newspaper syndicates. But the reasonable dividends from his own profession, practised conscientiously, won't supply him with a change of galluses annually or any personal real estate more impressive than a lean-to. Unless he subsists on the government pay-rolls, a young writer must construe self-expression as something of a luxury—of no value economically and of scant interest to other beleaguered citizens outside his own kind.

Only the ablest can hope to survive indifference and the lack of cash. A literary tyro who expects a villa at Cannes or some private Vallambrosa in Beverly Hills as the result of one hastily speewed volume will, in the vernacular, get stung very badly. The youth with something important to say may experience the devil of a time while he says it, but his progress will be normal. His middle years of mature craftsmanship should provide reasonable security and stimulation sufficient for enviable accomplishment. Such writers may have to wait a decade before their names will mean anything in public libraries, but once there they will stick. They will be read because they have conceived something memorable, not merely a temporary gland stimulator.

One magazine has referred to the "incomparable richness" of Thomas Wolfe's work. Even his poorest pieces have vitality and his best, like "No Door", were conceived by a prodigious, untrammelled imagination and executed with such robust energy that one is forced to ponder again the source and resources of genius—an uncommon procedure in these days when we have flung at us the most provocative examples of what genius certainly is not.

The fate of a writer whose honesty and power prevent him from becoming a morbid fashion, whose creative sources are artesian rather than lightly sub-surface, who lacks critical coddling and the notoriety furnished by fraternal Peeping Toms, is currently a matter for intense speculation. Contemporary literary trends are as hard to chart as the ecstatic explorations of the New Deal. It is already a toss-up whether the work of the ascendant proletarian school or the intermittent swan songs of the writers who decorated the dreary post-war decade will be forgotten first. While the critics are sorting out the infant Whitmans and dolling up Iowa's Engle to be America's Rupert Brooke, Thomas Wolfe has the field of the traditional novel almost to himself. He projects no new formula and invents no dewy patois. He seems content to portray character, a love of earth and sky, and the troubled souls of men, all built into an impressive edifice by a poet's integration.

Can he be the real thing, at last?

MUSIC DEPRECIATION

By DAVID EWEN

Author, "From Bach To Stravinsky," "The Unfinished Symphony," etc.

EVERY Friday morning the glucose voice of Mr. Walter Damrosch pours, like so much thick syrup, from the radio loud-speakers of America bringing what he so optimistically terms a "music-appreciation" course to some six million young and plastic minds. "Good morning, my young friends," is Papa Damrosch's weekly signal to an army of would-be music lovers that the distribution of musical lollypops is about to begin.

It has been said before by other critics that, with the incredible opportunity of shaping and developing the musical tastes of an entire country resting snugly in the palm of his hand, Mr. Damrosch, pathetically enough, resorts to a mere twiddling of thumbs and

old-wives' tales for his weekly discourse. The lament, however, should be an even more poignant one. For I have long been convinced, after listening to Mr. Damrosch's music hours for several years, that they are not quite so innocuous as these critics might lead us to believe; that, as a matter of fact, these weekly broadcasts are a decidedly pernicious influence. They will ultimately smother any incipient sensitivity for appreciating good music that his young listeners might possess, and make any intelligent approach to the musical art quite impossible in the future. It will take a strong emetic to purge Mr. Damrosch's listeners of all the sweetmeats, cream puffs and charlotte russes which he has given them for a musical diet—and, if they have not already been altogether poisoned in their tastes, it will probably require many years of a new and rigorous diet in order to restore them to a healthy appetite for music.

I refer, first of all, to the strange partnership between great music and music of an altogether pedestrian quality that comes into being at the majority of Mr. Damrosch's broadcasts. I am always suspicious of musical tastes which are broad enough to embrace a Bach and a Suppé, a Beethoven and a Sousa. The intelligent man must be able clearly to discriminate. Yet a lack of any such discrimination is one of the outstanding qualities of Mr. Damrosch's courses. Mozart becomes a bed-fellow of Victor Herbert; Thomas' "Overture to Mignon" is treated with the same humility and reverence as Beethoven's "Coriolanus," a Sousa march will sometimes follow in the footsteps of Bach. What taste can the millions of young listeners possibly develop after listening each week to this amazing hodge-podge of sublime and jejune music, all treated with equal enthusiasm, zest and admiration?

But a lack of discrimination between the good and the mediocre is by no means the greatest fault of Mr. Damrosch's lectures. Much more serious, and even more lamentable, is the fact that Mr. Damrosch brings his listeners an altogether false and destructive approach to music. The most difficult problem in training a layman to appreciate great music fully and intelligently is to rid him of the infantile practise of searching in each piece of music for a story, of finding pleasure only in such musical works as may be translated in his mind from tones to pictures. True music-appreciation can come only when the layman has learned, at last, to hear "sound" alone, and to derive impressions, sensations and finally human experiences from different sound qualities, harmonic and contrapuntal effects, developments and enlargements of themes. This can only be done by purging the mind of the preconceived prejudice that music tells a story, and by acquiring the habit—either through concentration, experience, or through a knowledge of musical technique—of listening to music as music. This, I confess, is not an easy problem in music-education, but it should be the first and most important problem with which the educator must cope.

Mr. Damrosch, in his radio seances with music students, not only fails completely to solve this problem but, in his Dicky Dare school-reader explanations of musical works, merely further encourages his listeners in a practice they should avoid. He explains a sprightly scherzo not in terms of its form, but by sweetly explaining to his listeners to watch out for the patter of children's feet as they play ring-a-ring-a-rosy. He translates the sublimities of Bach and Beethoven in terms of Mother Goose rhymes. He invents the most puerile jingles to accompany great melodic passages. This, it is true, may have the effect of making the music more palatable to the listener at the moment; but it also teaches him the school-boy approach to music; the singling out of little pictures and stories in every composition he hears. And this is a lesson which can utterly destroy any intelligent approach to music on the part of Mr. Damrosch's young pupils—a lesson which, if they are fortunate, they can unlearn only after many years of grave effort.

NOTES ON AN AMERICAN CELLAR-BOOK (1920-1933)

by M. LAY

NOW that all reason for keeping up my cellar has been transmuted by "Time with his stealing steps" into mere matter for Mark Sullivan to write another book about, there is a good deal of nostalgic satisfaction, not unmixed, alas!, with recurrent spells of dizziness, in turning over the yellowing leaves and faded entries of my cellar-book from those receding times, if only to discover how soft we have since become.

I began my cellar late in 1920, though there are several pages of entries in the book which date earlier—principally telephone numbers, with such comments as "Ask for Frank" or Al or Louie. After some of these first entries I find hastily scrawled marginal comments—for example, "m. e. s." which, as I recall, stood for "made everybody sick."

Literature sadly lags behind Life. No writer of the order of immortality seems ever to have noticed the solid merits of that dependable creature, White Mule, the backbone of my cellar throughout its entire period of usefulness. Vintages, it must be admitted, varied considerably. The 1919 output of the beautiful Mule Blanc district was, for example, inferior to the *cru* of 1923. The '22 vintage possessed far more scorch and twang than its sister of '27. I laid down forty dozen bottles that year. The marginal notation is "potent, take Listerine"—probably on account of the bouquet which was lingering and slightly sulphurous. It was not a delicate vintage. But who, in those days, wanted delicacy? This *cru* carried potency farther than any other—indeed, to the point of unpleasantness, according to the more delicate palates. But what were the generality of palates in those days? Little curtains to be neatly drawn while the celestial fires burned their way unhindered to the stomach. The Mule Blanc vintage did not allow liberties to be taken with it, but properly combined with extract of juniper or syrup of pepsin, what drink hit the spot quicker—or harder?

One of the soundest cordial wines of the era was Dr. Smog's Indian Root Bitters. Slightly coarse, but rich and heady, I laid down three dozen bottles of this truly splendid growth, and I have never regretted it. I was sorry, indeed, to see the last bottle go, which it did one January morning, at a man who conceived the idea of running a woodsaw under my window. Whether one preferred this tippie to the more publicized Beef, Iron and Wine Tonic was, I believe, a matter of personal taste. The principal reason for my own preference was that Doctor Smog's preparation contained eighty per cent alcohol, whereas the darker and richer compound scarcely ever ran over twenty-five per cent, and sometimes as low as twelve. Nevertheless, I cellared six dozen bottles of the Tonic, vintage of '26, and always censured myself for not laying down more. Afterwards, they made them stop selling it.*

Among the lighter table wines, the venerable Home-made Blackberry of the years '27 and '28 will perhaps never be surpassed. Well I remember its fragrance as I sat crouched in our cellar (tunneled into the earth behind the furnace, so there was not room to sit up straight), decanting it through a muslin cloth to catch the fruit-flies that had drowned themselves in it during fermenting and bottling.

A growth more dependable than Home-made Blackberry (which many times insisted on turning to vinegar, when it was useful only for salads, or for polishing copper) was Livery-Stable Port, used in gallons by members of our summer colony. It was made by an elderly groom at the renting-stables back in the woods, and the operation of selling a demijohn-full would terrify him so that he usually went away and hid in a hollow tree, sometimes for so long as two days.

This abbreviated catalogue would not be complete without mention of that urbane, but not very suave concoction, Dago Red, although my cellar-book contains no reference to it. In truth, it was never a cellar wine, the liquor having a tendency, when kept over three weeks, to accumulate green mould on top and eat the corks out of the bottles. It was by no means a despicable fluid, however, and was often preserved by standing the bottles upright in the bin. It could be used either as a beverage or a liniment.

The turn of those times from early experiments to solid accomplishments is registered in my cellar-book by a series of entries made during a couple of winters in Arizona. The first of these entries read simply "Corn" and are endorsed "p. g." which meant, of course, pretty good. Later endorsements are less grudging, and run from "v. g." all the way up to "v. d. g."

Many entries are given to consignments of that hearty old liqueur, or *pousse*, which West Coast peasants then manufactured by boring through the bottom staves of a silo, draining off the grass-juices in a high state of fermentation, and distilling them for retail. They were sold under several different flavorings and trade-names. Touched up with cider, they became Martell's V. S. O. P. Brandy, and cost six dollars a quart. With creosote, burnt sugar and a little ether, they were known as White Horse or Black and White Scotch Blended Whiskey, and cost from five to nine dollars a fifth. You could buy them straight, and even, if you were a man, drink them. Those, alas!, were the days.**

Of household flavoring extracts (lemon, vanilla and the rest) my book contains no record. I never cared to cellar them, nor the various massaging-compounds containing denatured alcohol, nor yet Bay Rum and its derivatives, nor the solidified alcohol known as "canned heat". All these things had their place in the elegant living of those days, as did New England Stone Fence, or Applejack. But occasion never drew me to them, so I simply name them as exemplifying the ruggedness of the period, and pass on.

Mulled drinks of the day required both courage to drink and caution to make. Fortunate were the guests whose hostess had attained such a proficiency in the art of hospitality that she could prepare them without setting fire to her clothes, as very few of the contents of the average cellar in those days could be brought near heat without tending to burst into flames. Many a mild-mannered person, to keep abreast of the times, became a fire-eater. Who forgets Blue Blazers, poured, flaming, from goblet to goblet?

Very few brands of the wine of that era failed to mull well if they were sufficiently fireproof to mull at all. One of the credos of the times was that the hotter they were the easier they were to swallow.

Of wine-bricks, which came near the end of the manly era, I have little to say. They were pressed pellets of nasty-looking substance supposed to be grape-pulp, and they were supposed, when mixed with sugar and water, to turn themselves into wines of specified and lofty species. But I found the results weak, and the making and drinking of the stuff alike mawkish and effeminizing. Better far was it to put one's complete trust in Heinz' 57 Double-black Quick-Action Stout.

* I may be pardoned for inserting an anecdote. At a small party, I once served some of the Tonic. '29. Later, having fallen asleep, I was taken up from the lawn and carried some twelve miles away by the other guests, who had forgotten whose house they were visiting and who imagined they were taking me home. Incidents of this laughable character are, of course, no longer possible.

** I distinctly remember a friend of mine sitting before an open fire in the Fall of '25, draining off what the poets would have called a "beaker full of the warm South." This was silo juice.

OUR LITERARY CORNER SALOONS

By HERBERT BRINKEN

CIRCULATING libraries are a distinct depression phenomenon and so are the ladies that manage them. Many of the latter were well-to-do until the Big Disappointment of 1929, after which they had to busy themselves about a source of income. They selected library work because it seemed an easy and refined way of holding body and soul together. But it took most of them only a few weeks of actual contact with the public to shatter any such illusions and to supply them with the cynical streak that they now have in common with policemen, politicians, and ladies of the chorus.

Most of these literary ladies let their own private tastes be their guide and filled their shelves with Book of the Month Club selections and other such high-toned literature. After seeing their selections gather dust, while the latest hotsy-totsy novel had a long waiting list, they finally beheld the light. Former writers for the sex magazines had seen it long ago and had begun to devote their literary efforts to the remunerative production of full-length sex novels. In recent years these literati have sought to excel each other in painstakingly minute descriptions of erotic dalliance. It takes the novice circulating-librarian several months before she is able to hand out such books to readers in their early teens without loud bellows of her outraged conscience, but brisk demand and sharp competition soon strangle the protesting little voice.

It isn't long afterward that she will have become callous enough to acquire a selection of outright erotica from her inner circle of customers. Such books as "Fanny Hill" and the unexpurgated edition of "Lady Chatterly's Lover" rent for fifty cents to a dollar a day, and constitute a nice source of income. The risk of keeping these books is relatively small. So long as they are not rented out indiscriminately or to minors, the librarian has little to fear from the law. But sad to relate, even this source of income has shrunk to a considerable degree. Legitimate semi-erotic novels, renting for about three cents a day, are now so strongly spiced that they have taken the wind out of the sails of the suppressed books.

Readers of Western and Mystery stories are the despair of the struggling lady librarian. Such customers often read a thriller a night and return the next day for another, paying only the minimum charge. Naturally, the books do not pay for themselves. Mystery readers are a peculiar lot. They have certain strongly pronounced idiosyncrasies, one of them being their reluctance to read mystery tales by female authors. This sentiment is even more strongly pronounced in the readers of Western stories. One of the currently most popular authors of the latter is a woman, but she is forced to write under a male pen name and is careful not to reveal her true sex.

A large part of the shelves will be filled with the romances of Kathleen Norris, Faith Baldwin, Ruby M. Ayres, and the like—stories of the struggles of noble women against the wiles of the male. These writers have a large following among dully married women starving for love and romance and feeling that they couldn't endure their household drudgeries and the prospect of again facing their unappetizing husbands over the dinner table if it weren't for the escape provided by and in the books of these writing girls. Such, books, accordingly, are always in hot demand and a librarian could no more afford to omit ordering the latest Norris epic than to leave her shelves empty of the latest Donald Henderson Clarke, Tiffany Thayer and Jack Woodford item.

Every library has a small percentage of readers who demand a selection of the better-class novels. But this percentage is often so minute that the acquisition of books of this kind is a poor investment for a small library. The experienced librarian therefore says that the particular book requested is in circulation at the moment and makes a pretense of adding the customer's name to the waiting list.

The rest of the shelves are filled with translations and non-fiction books. The former range all the way from the Nobel Prize Norwegian peasant sagas to Colette's lingerie delicatessen. They are seldom money-makers and are kept solely for the benefit of a few patrons.

The circulating library is a mirror which illuminatingly reflects the likes and dislikes of our book-reading population. The realistic librarian accepts this fact and fills her shelves with the goods demanded of her. There are a few idealists who stubbornly refuse to listen to reason and who persist in trying to raise the adult reading level. They seldom stay long in business and soon go down with the ship, waving a copy of Thomas Mann in one hand and a Dickens in the other.

MYSELF IN A ROCKINGCHAIR

Translated from the Saroyan

by SYLVIA MEYER

I AM myself. I am sitting in a rockingchair. It is twilight, and I have exactly one lamb chop and my rockingchair in all the world. Soon it will be supper time. I am not interested in time. And what is time? I am full of longing, and on the table by my side is an open bird cage. The lamb chop is on the oil cloth table in the kitchen. I wish to speak. I intend to speak. I am determined not to be silent. What a wonderful thing is speech. I do not believe silence is golden. And what is gold? I believe in myself. This rockingchair is nothing. Havelock Ellis might consider it something. Edna St. Vincent Millay might consider it something. Albert Einstein. But Mr. Einstein is a scientist. And what is science?

Do not misunderstand me. I am not a nihilist. I do not deny. I wish only to say that I am simply I, and I am sitting in a rockingchair, and I wish to speak. But I do not want anyone to think I am bragging. Miss Millay is all right. I am not belittling her. Let her write poetry. I could write poetry. And what is poetry? But I insist I have to be myself to be what I am. I am not trying to reform you. I do not despair. I would not have you like me. And what am I?

I am sitting in a rockingchair, and I want to speak. I say to myself, "I shall fry that lamb chop on the oilcloth table for my supper." And I laugh. It is very sad. "Nonsense," I think, "this is the beginning of wisdom." I cease rocking. I start walking up and down. Without myself I am nothing. It is still Thursday. I return to the rockingchair. I admire that chair. I have rocked in it and rocked in it, and that is why I must speak out. I who am I. I shall talk. I shall proclaim it. And that is what I started out to say. Now you have the whole story. Nothing is hidden from you. True, there is no plot. And what is plot?

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WHEN YOU CALL ME THAT, SMILE!

by GENE GOLDSMITH

IF anybody tells me again that I behave in a certain fashion because I am a member of "the post-war generation," I shall make loud and unpleasant noises. All the superficial senses in which the term has been used have rendered it quite meaningless, and hence a little nauseating. Ever since Versailles, everybody between twenty and thirty, irrespective of calibre, intelligence or individuality, has been placed in a sprawling phylum called "the post-war generation." Then, whatever wave of thought happened to be sweeping the country, "the post-war generation" of that particular year was given an arbitrary character to fit the proposed thesis. The phrase has been used for generalities far-fetched enough to compare with many of the political gems one hears during a campaign period.

During the boom years, for instance, there was a notable tendency to reform anything that seemed in any way reformable. The youngsters promised to be as effective targets for such action as the saloon had been. Like magic, type faces in hundreds of presses were set to spell out the doom of "the post-war generation"—the dizzy, disillusioned children of the war, it appeared, were deliberately exchanging wings for tails by doffing their chaperons, corsets, waltzes and violins in favor of auto rides, décolleté gowns, fox-trots and saxophones. Every medium from pulpit to newspaper "viewed with alarm" the soul-killing pace. Scott Fitzgerald gave warning to the novel reader in "This Side of Paradise," and Joan Crawford gave it to the screen-goer in filmy lingerie. Committees and campaigns were organized by the dozen to abolish low necklines, gin and petting in order to Save the American Home.

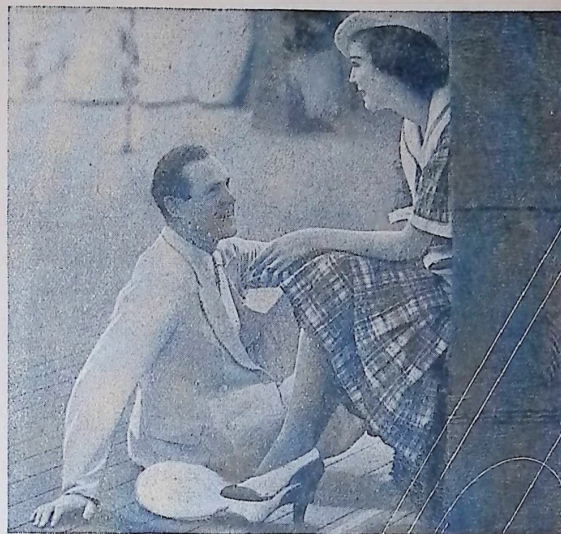
But "the post-war generation," blind and heedless youngsters that they were, didn't seem to quake very much at impending disaster. They continued to enjoy themselves in their own fashion until graduation. Then they found jobs in law offices and department stores, where they proceeded to apply nose to grindstone, having little more than next day's exam on the Seven Romantic Poets to worry about. Some of them even had the crust to get married, thereby upsetting all notions about free love and the twilight of maternity. They didn't enter the gaping jaws of Hell after all. Their more juvenile antics passed into good-natured history. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn proved themselves capable of growing up whether in the shadow of Gettysburg or Château Thierry, despite all Victorian or modern generalities to the contrary.

With the Depression, the country had something more to worry about than Saturday night amusements. Like the boy who has eaten too much cake, America was vowing never again to indulge in such sweetmeats as quick money schemes. Seriousness and conservatism became the order of the day. And the label "post-war generation," useless in its original sense, must promptly be used to convey a new principle. The charcoal sketch of Joe College, hat askew, with his inscription-covered lizzie and gin bottle, gave way to the marble statue of Joe Grind, bespectacled, serious, laden with books, and discussing economic determinism with his professor.

But this new dogma was possibly a little more out of kilter than the preceding one had been. In 1932, one of the blackest years, my own Alma Mater had one of the best riots in its history; a fraternity house was forbidden to hold dances because of a wholesale violation of chaperon rules; and the President told us quite frankly in chapel that the scholastic standing was "not all that it might be." Alcohol flowed just as freely on any campus that I visited as on our own; the more spicy publications were as much in demand as ever. There was, of course, a little more competition for scholarship grades, and there were, further, the usual isolated examples of common-sense industry and maturity, but one saw little that promised to transform the campus into a Puritan training-ground for the future.



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Today, having dropped from the balloon to earth, rubbed its shins and shaken itself back to a semi-conscious state, the country is gazing at its new surroundings with the ambition to adapt itself accordingly. Naturally enough, one hears more talk than ever before of dealing with all the problems that accompany world economic unrest, such as war, social conditions, and unemployment. In view of what has gone before, it follows just as logically that "the post-war generation" should be tagged with a brand-new illogical status. It is now the saving hope of society. People gush about eager youth, ready to throw all its enthusiastic energy, all its wisdom gathered from mistakes of its sires, into the struggle to set the world right. A group of college boys, inspired by the intellectual flush of the moment, declare they're not going to go to war, and the pacifist societies emit loud cheers. Some well-meaning girls from Smith or Wellesley or Vassar visit a few jails, maternity wards or insane asylums in connection with their Sociology Major, and various optimistic souls are sure to say that, with all this interest, conditions can't help changing.

Horse feathers—extra large size. For every pacifist in college there is a lad proud in his Sam Browne belt as he struts to R.O.T.C. practice; and at least two more brave youths who argue ruggedly: "If some one punches me in the nose, do you mean to say I won't hit him back?" And for every embryonic feminine sociologist, there is a girl who buries herself in Shakespeare, Swiss Government, or Comparative Anatomy, so that, hearing of a leprosy epidemic in a tenement house district, her reaction will be a few sympathetic clucks and a change of subject. As for the unbelievably large group of collegians who care particularly about nothing at all, we gladly take leave of the subject. The comparative alertness of European and American students has been commented upon sufficiently in the past.

There are probably young people in our midst today who will lend powerful arms to worth-while movements. Perhaps there are more of these than there ever were before. But calmly to talk about "the post-war generation" *in toto* as the New Messiah is to build castles in the air. Some day, all may be like the few who show cause for such hopes; but now they live, for the most part, to assure themselves of having "the happiest years of their life."

This insistence to label us with fads in keeping with the whimsy of the moment is beyond me. We youngsters constitute just as heterogeneous a world as any other. So, if "post-war generation" is used for anything other than a vague chronological category, thumb your nose, tongue your cheek, eye your neighbor—but don't believe what you hear.

BOYD DIGESTS THE BOOKS

"THE Smart Set Anthology." (Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin.) New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.50—A proof that it is possible to bring out an interesting magazine without recourse to dialectical materialism is furnished for the edification of the present lost literary generation by the editors of this anthology. They have taken the *Smart Set* from the beginning of its career under Wright down to the end of the editorship of Mencken and Nathan, and selected over a hundred contributions by the heretics of that time, the writers who frightened all the other American magazine editors. To call the roll of these names is to realize that a great blight has fallen over American literature today and that the American literary Renaissance is over. Burton Rascoe writes an excellent, informative history of the *Smart Set* by way of an introduction, which should take its place as an illuminating chapter in contemporary American literary history. It throws a sad light on the inexplicable twists and quirks of human destiny.

"The Georgian Scene." (Frank Swinnerton.) New York: Farrar & Rinehart. \$3.50—Mr. Swinnerton's "literary panorama" covers approximately the same period as the previous volume and presents for England a spectacle somewhat analogous. From his comment and criticism and his dexterous narrative the reader derives an impression of a great flowering of talent, of a twenty-five year period of intense

intellectual activity, which has no equivalent today. There appears to be a tendency on the part of those who had no first-hand knowledge of the time to describe these writers as "bankrupt," apparently because Marx was not their obsession. But there is not a panacea, from Marxianism to Distributivism, which was not advocated by some group or other of Mr. Swinnerton's Georgians. If the latter were bankrupt, then their successors have set up shop with a vast amount of bankrupt stock.

"Author Hunting." (Grant Richards.) New York: Coward-McCann. \$3.50—Here is still another work to exasperate the dialectical materialists. The ever genial Grant Richards tells the story of his first ventures as a publisher, just at the turn of the century, when he had the acumen to persuade Bernard Shaw to collect his plays for the first time into the two volumes known as "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant." The correspondence concerning this and other early Shaviana is vastly amusing and shows the eternal G. B. S. in the strange light of an expert printer, binder, and accountant. The story of Dreiser's "A Traveller at Forty" is also related from the publisher's, as distinct from the author's, point of view. But for Richards, his recalcitrant author would have perished on the *Titanic*. In this volume, as in Swinnerton's, one catches again glimpses of a world of gay adventure, of intellectual disinterestedness, of brave experiment. Shaw contends that Grant Richards fell in love with literature, a fatal proceeding for a publisher but, as he turns over the brilliant list of his authors and recalls the fun of it all, Richards evidently has no regrets, but smiles charmingly as he adjusts his monocle.

"Experiment in Autobiography." (H. G. Wells.) New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00—Even those who decided long since that Wells was dead should read this engaging story of one man's life. The author seems to be quite frank about himself and maintains a discreet silence only where complete candor would be necessary and would injure living persons. Wells presents a little problem, which he naturally cannot solve. A man of great talent and extraordinary industry and vitality, his life may be said to have been consecrated to developing in himself and others their finest powers and ideals. Yet, he succeeded neither with marriage nor friendship, in the sense that no human tie ever seems to have bound him very closely. One closes the book with the feeling that he is an interesting but not very attractive personality, incurably naïve in his endless enthusiasms, but impressed fundamentally only by success. An Arnold Bennett who envied the real Bennett's geniality and capacity for knowing his way about.

"Prelude to the Past." (R. G.) New York: William Morrow & Company. \$3.00—The heroine of the famous Ullstein affair, who prefers to be called by her maidenly initials, here essays to tell all, and her "frankness" has been duly cheered. Its quality may be judged by such wisdom as this: "In New York you are at home as soon as and as long as you have a job. In Paris you are at home as soon as and as long as you have a lover." Judging solely by the narrative as a whole, R. G. has spent most of her life living up to this theory, whether in Paris or not. The research unmagnificent, may I say, echoing Wells?

"Windfalls." (Sean O'Casey.) New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75—The stories, poems and plays here collected from the author's miscellanea will hardly send new readers to "Within the Gates" or "The Plough and the Stars," but admirers of those masterpieces cannot but read them with sympathy and interest. "Fall in a Gentle Wind," "The Star-Jazz" and "The Job" are the outstanding pieces, informed with those qualities which have made O'Casey's reputation. The two one-acters are perfect Abbey curtain-raisers.

"The Cingalese Prince." (Brooks Atkinson.) New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. \$2.50—From Broadway first nights to a freighter, en route for Yokohama, Hongkong, Cebu, Macassar, Sourabaya, Singapore and other remote places, is a far cry. But Mr. Atkinson undertook the trip joyfully, enjoyed it all, and communicates much of his enjoyment and much of himself to the reader, as he recounts the adventures of his soul, if not amongst masterpieces, then amongst various unusual manifestations of God's handiwork—not the least of these being the British, whom this New Englander analyzes with bitter detachment. Despite the blurb, this is not a rehash of Maugham or Conrad, but a pungent, thoughtful record by an independent traveler.

"Why Not Try God?" (Mary Pickford.) New York: H. C. Kinsey & Company. \$1.00—After all the authoress has been through, there seems to be no alternative.

LIGHTS OUT FOR "PRETTY BOY" FLOYD

by HAROLD PREECE

NO particular glamour attaches to the reputations of the constables who dispatched "Pretty Boy" Floyd into Kingdom Come. Had the late Mr. Floyd been content to rest on his own laurels, instead of attempting to emulate Tom Mix by shooting up a sleepy Ohio village, the chances are that he would have eventually retired with age and a substantial amount of cash. But this lurid escapade, so startlingly different from the conduct of an ordinary yegg, proved the undoing of both Mr. Floyd and his able colleague, Mr. Adam Richetti. Even so, the constables were only able to pot the rash Oklahoman in the back as, already wounded, he scurried for safety across the open country.

Before the writers for the detective story penny-dreadfuls get in their dirty work, before the Sunday School quarterlies begin their horrendous moralizings about a character who was both a bandit and a gentleman, I would assume the rôle of devil's advocate. It is true that my acquaintance with the deceased was so slight as to be hardly worth mentioning. I was seated in a hamburger joint near my moldering domicile when Mr. Floyd and a pal dropped in to sate their hunger. The proprietor, recognizing the Sallisaw Dick Turpin, proceeded to fetch out the best in the larder for his distinguished patrons. I kept my seat and unobtrusively watched the pair masticate their steaks. Knowing Mr. Floyd's prejudice regarding publicity, I made no play for an interview. For once, I was glad that it was beyond the power of a bumptious City Editor to hand me assignments.

"Pretty Boy" Floyd was the last of the classic road agents. He was intrepid, daring; he robbed the rich and gave to the poor; he had a way with the women, particularly those who ordinarily exacted monetary compensation for the bequeathal of their charms. One found in his personality a certain verve which was lacking in his rival contemporaries. Contrast the dashing Mr. Floyd, for instance, with a blustering blackguard like Mr. John Dillinger or a wizened cut-throat like Mr. "Legs" Diamond. I go further in my elegy and assert that, by comparison, Mr. Al Capone and his associated banditti are so much alley-scum. Mr. Floyd perfected the art of thievery to an unprecedented magnitude; and the peccadilloes of a first-rate artist are always preferable to the rabbit-like decorum of mankind at large.

True, Mr. Floyd was obliged to make various concessions to modernity. His palfrey moved on wheels instead of hooves. The gentleman-outlaw affected Kuppenheimer breeks and Florsheim brogans rather than the traditional accoutrements of his profession. In a sense, Mr. Floyd's sartorial fastidiousness complimented the American ego. Is it not proverbial that one can always be clean and neat, whatever one's calling?

I can well imagine that Mr. Floyd found those long months of hiding in the Cookson hills to be monotonous. Out of sheer ennui, he finally burglarized his home-town bank. No great man can endure his boyhood environment, in spite of the "Home Sweet Home" falsehood concocted by that dormouse of American poets, Mr. John Howard Payne. The social life of the Cookson hills is somewhat narrowly restricted to unpleasant intimacy with gallused moonshiners and decaying Cherokee sagamores. I can testify from personal experience that the red-eye made "down on the crick" would afflict Bacchus himself with the D. T.'s. It is even worse than the stuff distilled in the neighboring Arkansas Ouachitas, which is saying a lot. Undoubtedly, the prospect of spending a winter in this hound-dawg paradise must have irked Mr. Floyd's genius, hence that fatal sashay into Ohio.

Immediately, the Federal men began a renewed attempt to apprehend Pretty Boy for the Kansas City police massacre. Grave doubts

exist regarding the participation of Mr. Floyd in this protracted and somewhat gory adventure. But anyone who has resided within the precincts of Missouri knows that the Kansas City gendarmerie are the greasiest aggregation of nit-wits ever to masquerade in police uniforms. I have seen Kansas City cops beat pallid dope-heads from the North End into insensibility while permitting the offspring of the hog-packers to cavort through the streets at sixty miles an hour.

Pretty Boy died without benefit of parson or physician, a thoroughly unrepentant sinner who cursed his slayers to the last gasp. This doesn't mean that the Oklahoma bad man will get any sympathy from our more impassioned atheists. These militant blasphemers had their prejudices rubbed when Mr. Floyd's young son was inducted into the First Baptist Church, of Fort Worth, Texas. I think that our Ingersolls in knee-pants entirely missed the point. Dr. J. Frank Norris, pastor of the First Baptist Church, is a gun-totin' son-of-a-gun with some swell shooting to his credit. The baptism of young Jack Dempsey Floyd was a tribute from one strong man to another strong man, all the camouflage of ecclesiasticism aside. If the kid had to be saved, then, by God, his parents were going to have him saved by a sky-pilot quick on the draw!

The death of Pretty Boy marks the final eclipse of the frontier. In those hectic days before the advent of oil wells and barbed-wire fences, his deeds would have been compiled into a saga inspiring young desperadoes from San Antonio to Butte. Mexican sheepherders would have recounted his escapades on their mandolins after the flocks had been made secure from marauding wolves. Had he been captured, he would have been accorded the accolade of hanging from a mesquite tree instead of an ignominious death from behind.

Fame, so ephemeral nowadays, will not long adorn the memory of a man who, within his limits, possessed courage and integrity. One of MacFadden's hacks will be the richer for the bandit's untimely end; the city marshal of East Liverpool, Ohio, will bask in reflected and somewhat dubious glory. Presently, some awful imitator of Jimmie Rogers will compose a tuneless ballad entitled "The Death of Pretty Boy Floyd." It will be a sorry requiem for the last genuine outlaw of the West.

AIR

by GERRY ALLARD
Editor, *The Fighting Miner*

THE seventy-two-year-old Bear Creek mine whistle moans plaintively for the second time this morning, resounding monotonously in every nook and corner of regimented company shacks. It is 5:30 a. m. In iron-stead beds, working stiffers are aroused by the mine whistle—or the signal is relayed by the call of grouchy housewives who are already meddling around sooty cook stoves.

Shack number 17 is the home of Old Tim, known as Timothy P. Murphy to the company rent collector. With a grunt, several stretches, the aged miner lies with one eye half cocked over the sweaty covers. He steals away minutes that seem seconds; very confidentially he wishes the mine wasn't working today. Directly he hears the fat-back lively crackling on the stove, with final effort he stumbles from his bed, drags himself into pit clothes, slaps on his boots, gobbles his morning morsel, mechanically kisses the old woman and, presently, is on his way to the mine which lies three-quarters of a mile down the valley.

It's one hell of a day. The valley is enveloped in a thin but steady drizzle of moisture. It is mid-winter and the mornings are short of sunshine but long with pitch blackness. The slushing sound of boots in the black gumbo seems to keep time with the puffing wheezes of the steam boiler.

"No wonder the old woman is grouchy this morning," Old Tim thinks to himself. "Her rheumatism must be abotherin' her."

More boots are joining the intermingling paths leading to

the shaft. Here and there are carbide lamps flickering their eerie light against the falling rain and an occasional gush of wind. Several lamps go out. The miners strike their flints, relighting the extinguished lamps. More frequent than the lamps going out are the respiratory explosions and intervening fits of coughing that invariably clutch the breathing of hurrying coal diggers. The miners are already making coal . . . coughing it out of their lungs in pussy, black clouds which fall heavily to the ground.

Old Tim had had more difficulty with his breathing the last few days than ever. The dampness of the atmosphere, no doubt, aggravated his case of miners' consumption. Finally he was compelled to rest for several minutes to regain his normal breathing.

"It's Old Tim," said one passing miner to others. "Another spit and he's a goner, shure nuff!"

Old Tim knew that what the miner said was true; he took the remark good-naturedly. Like an articulate person who writes his autobiography when he is dead, if not physically, at least spiritually, Old Tim retraced the high-lights of his spasm through some sixty-six years of time.

Fifty-three years of his life he had spent in the Old Bear Creek mine—quite an achievement for a member of a section of the population who wander for comfort, which to the ordinary coal miner means a "room" without horse-backs, without nigger-heads, a good top, no pools of black murky water, plenty of good air, and a union. But this is asking something almost impossible, at least, that is what the mine bosses say. Old Tim's father had also worked in the same shaft. As a matter of fact it was grandpa Murphy who took Timothy by the hand and lead him into the mine more than a half a century ago. Old Tim's boys were working in the mines, too; the fourth generation were already past the ordinary age when young trapper boys start to work, but this generation was snubbed at by the "depression" with its long queues of jobless workers. Probably not ungenerously.

As these thoughts raced through Old Tim's mind he was already down some four hundred feet below the surface, sitting in the "mantrap" which daily takes the miners some three miles from the "bottom" to the "face."

Coming out of their working places scores of miners stopped at the "parting" to place their orders for props, rails, a clean-up man, etc. Practically everyone raised particular hell about the air shortage in the third west off the fifteenth north entries.

"I'll see about it," replied the assistant mine manager, in the mechanical way he answered all complaints.

"See about it, hell!" exploded one of the younger diggers.

The mine manager turned his back and walked away.

"You'd think that we were asking that possum-faced sonof-a-bitch for a million dollars when you ask for a brattice to boost some of their goddamned stinky air into the rooms."

The straight-from-the-shoulder punch pricked the assistant boss. He came back toward the men and said: "We have repeatedly told you fellas that when there isn't enough air to come out. That's the standing order of this company."

"Don't you think we know that?" quickly retorted the aroused militant. "Sure, we can come out. We can stay home, too. We can walk the streets, too. Yes, we can even starve!"

The company official walked out of sight this time. Old Tim had heard the entire conversation. His heart leaped affectionately for the young miner who threatened a revolt against the crime of making human beings work in black damp. On their way out the congregated diggers jabbered away, agreeing with the position taken by their youthful fellow worker.

"You mugs are all alike," he shot at his own men. "Why don't you spill your guts to the boss? Not here! If you'd stand on your hind legs like men, we'd have some air in this damn mine."

Weeks rolled by and coal miners kept reporting that in some

sections the air was so light that even a carbide lamp wouldn't burn for lack of oxygen. Each time the promise of "I'll see about it" was the only reply.

It was one day when the mine whistle moaned away at 5:30 a.m. and again the miners went through the routine of cocking one eye over the bed covers half unconsciously, stealing minutes, stumbling out of bed, putting on their pit clothes, eating their morsel, kissing the old woman, and making their way to work.

Old Tim had exerted every effort to make the trip to the mine. His breathing was more difficult. Usually with the clearing up of the weather he regained some vitality, but not this morning. He listened to the roar of the whirling fan at the air shaft which forced air from the surface through myriads of old working places, and through miles of entries and then back through the main shaft. As he prepared to enter the cage for the descent the smelly, soured air excreting from the main shaft nearly overcame him. He managed to get to the waiting mantrap. After thirty minutes of rough riding he made his way slowly to his working place. Resting for several minutes, he removed his overclothing and prepared for the day's work.

While making his way down the wooden track leading to the "face," flanked on both sides by gob and slag, he began to feel weaker than ever. Suddenly, his carbide lamp went out in an unusual way. He knew by that signal that he was trapped in black damp. His only recourse was to walk back to the entry, but he was already dizzy from lack of oxygen and he reeled—he fell to his knees and tried to shake his head clear. Old Tim tried to yell for succor, but he discovered that he had lost the power of even a dying man. His heart pounded heavily and faster. His lungs burned. In a minute he was unconscious, and in a few following seconds he lived no more.

The mule driver found Old Tim's body huddled on its sides. Gnarled fingers, tightly clutched about the neck, gave evidence of the frantic combat the aged miner had waged against the deadly black damp.

The news is flashed to the main sections of the mine by telephones, and then by the grapevine system to every man. "All Over! Man Dead!" becomes the repeated slogan that brings all of Old Tim's fellow-workers to the surface. Amidst curses for the mine bosses and sympathy for their fallen brother, the miners spill their guts, but to return the following day.

The company sends a nice appropriate card of condolence to the bereaved family; it's their traditional substitute for good air and old age pensions.

In the county courthouse is the coroner's office. In the office are long, dusty rows of files. Under the heading of "M" is added a new sheet with the following:

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General

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HE was a nice kid who wanted to be a writer. His parents, boys of poor parents in these days of the world, he had been treated to a college education which he could not afford and which accomplished what he had gone to college for about the same thing. He realized that he didn't want to be a writer, just wanted to learn how to write so they told him to quit and he did. He was giving him money, which made him

He didn't like it much and he thought what the hell, he could learn to write. New York and he getting actual experience, he thought, that might even be about life which would make him a better novelist, like Dreiser and Dos Passos.

So he went around and told people he was a great novelist and how he was being published. And, generally, all that would lead to it came to that stage he never could get it.

I remember once, when I first met him around-the-rosy about how he was being published on 85th Street but he would walk all the way down because he wanted to get away from the city. He couldn't even afford the subway fare the way down he didn't know when to walk all the way back and he should have ideas about his book which he was writing. He got back to work on. I must have been the point and I didn't offer him a word, or, in fact, any money. I just talked about his book he was writing.

It went on like that for a couple of years. He paid attention to him because he was really a pleasant sticky kind of fellow. S.O.S. of helplessness than anything. I about him.

Then he came over to my house. He flushed. I don't know where he got his money. He had just finished his novel, he said, "Please read it, will you?" he said, "your candid opinion."

Well, I was pretty busy but not so busy that I didn't want to offend the guy and who would like that at a time like that, anyway I would read it.

I read it. It stank.

When I saw him again, I told him: "It stinks," I said.

And then that kind of puzzled helplessness—I told you he had blue eyes, didn't I soften up.

"There's a good idea there," I said. "Attack is good," I said, "but I don't think it's good."

I looked around for somebody or something there wasn't anything or anybody.

"I think you can make something out of this work."

"Oh, well," he said, "that's all right. The first draft. I know I've got a lot to do. I'm tired about how it hit you generally."

THE BOY WHO WON THE PULITZER PRIZE

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

HE was a nice kid who wanted to write novels. Like most Jewish boys of poor parents in these glorified days and in this glorified world, he had been treated to a college education which his parents could not afford and which accomplished very little for him. After he had gone to college for about two years his father and mother realized that he didn't want to be either a doctor or a lawyer but just wanted to learn how to write novels, which proved he was crazy, so they told him to quit and he didn't want to and they stopped giving him money, which made him quit.

He didn't like it much and he resented it somewhat but he thought what the hell, he could learn how to write while starving in New York and be getting actual experience at the same time. Maybe, he thought, that might even be better and he could be bitter about life which would make him a better novelist, because all the best novelists, like Dreiser and Dostoevsky and Zola, were bitter about life.

So he went around and told people about how he wanted to be a great novelist and how he was bitter and how he was suffering. And, generally, all that would lead directly up to a touch but when it came to that stage he never could go through with it.

I remember once, when I first met him, he told me a long ring-around-the-rosy about how he was living with his parents way up on 85th Street but he would walk all the way down to the Village because he wanted to get away from the squalor of his home but he couldn't even afford the subway fare and now that he had come all the way down he didn't know when he would get strength enough to walk all the way back and he should go back because he had some ideas about his book which he was writing and which he wanted to get back to work on. I must have been pretty dumb, too. I didn't get the point and I didn't offer him a nickel for car-fare or a quarter or, in fact, any money. I just talked to him about what kind of a book he was writing.

It went on like that for a couple of years and I didn't pay much attention to him because he was really a nice boy but ineffectual and he always had a pleasant sticky kind of a smile that was more an S.O.S. of helplessness than anything. I liked him but I didn't bother about him.

Then he came over to my house one day. He was all excited, flushed. I don't know where he got my address, but there he was. He had just finished his novel, he said, and he wanted me to read it.

"Please read it, will you?" he said. "Please read it and give me your candid opinion."

Well, I was pretty busy but not as busy as I made out and I didn't want to offend the guy and what the hell can you say to a fellow like that at a time like that, anyway? So I said, well, all right, I would read it.

I read it. It stank.

When I saw him again, I told him.

"It stinks," I said.

And then that kind of puzzled helpless baby look came into his eyes—I told you he had blue eyes, didn't I? Milky blue eyes—and I softened up.

"There's a good idea there," I said, "and your general plan of attack is good," I said, "but I don't think you work it out very well."

I looked around for somebody or something to help me, but there wasn't anything or anybody.

"I think you can make something out of this," I said, "but it needs some work."

"Oh, well," he said, "that's all right, then. Because this is only the first draft. I know I've got a lot to do to it yet, but I just wondered about how it hit you generally."

"Yeah," I said, "the idea's all right enough, but you'll have to do some work on it."

Later I was mad at myself because I'm no great shakes at telling the truth and I haven't got any scruples or conscience or anything like that but why encourage a jackass to waste paper and annoy people with lousy crap like the thing he had shown me?

II

I'll make the thing short for you. It was worked on and worked on and rewritten and rewritten and still it was lousy. Then it began going the rounds of the publishers and it began coming back. He had quite a stack of rejection slips by the time it was first accepted.

I guess maybe Max was almost as astonished as I was when it was accepted, although he didn't let on like it was any kind of surprise (and I still think it must have been). I was plumb amazed. The publisher wasn't so much of a much, one who had once been a top-notch but was now on the skates and sliding rapidly.

He called him in and said he'd take the book, and even gave him a couple hundred dollars advance, only he wanted him to rewrite it. He told him to take the nice girl character and turn her into a prostitute and take the villain and turn him into a sap and to drop the happy ending and make it a double tragedy and he asked him to slap morality on thick throughout the book.

Max came to see me about that. He was worried about it. He wanted to know what about it.

"Do you think I ought to proselyte myself like that?" he asked me.

"Prostitute is the word you mean," I said, "and why not?"

(That's funny, too, because he had the right word and I corrected him and made him swallow the wrong one by sheer bull and he didn't object for a second, which gives you another insight on what I mean when I refer to him as a sweet little *nebish* in those days.)

Anyway, I convinced him that what the hell, if the publisher had faith in him and had ideas on the book and suggested how to rewrite it and had the book's interests at heart that much, and with all the experience that publishers had, why who was he, a little nincompoop beginner in the writing racket, to tell the publisher any different?

He agreed to do what the publisher had told him to do, but he wasn't too sure.

"Maybe I should ask somebody else," he said. "You newspaper guys are too cynical."

"Experienced, not cynical," I told him, and he was sucker enough to fall for that, too.

He worked hard on the changes suggested, rewrote the book completely and made a complete smear of it. After a couple of months of fussing around the publisher gave it up, released the book and Shapiro began peddling it elsewhere.

I saw him about that time and his equanimity is the thing I remember. Everything was swell. He didn't think much of that publisher anyway. He had the money and now he would sell it again elsewhere and be paid two advances for it. What a break!

And he did, too. He sold it a second time to MacGowans. MacGowans, of course, publish a strange type of cheap junk that nobody else would want and which doesn't sell much outside of renting libraries but pretty well there. I wondered vaguely why they took Shapiro's book, which wasn't that way at all, but then I remembered that he had submitted it as fixed up by the other publisher, with the prostie and the sap.

After MacGowans had it for a while they asked the kid to

fix it a little and their idea of fixing it up a little was to move the lady right into a houseful of sisters of her ilk and change the man into a complete cad who lives on her meagre earnings.

Shapiro fixed it, refixed it, and rehashed it, and eventually got the book back to do with as he pleased.

Still he was optimistic. Still he hoped. Still he planned. The milk was a bit more evident in his eyes than the blue and the helplessness a bit more marked but he didn't give up. I began admiring his determinedness.

He had a hard time selling it after that, but eventually he sold it a third time. This time it was an up and coming young publishing house the name of which I don't want to mention because they really brought the book out and I would like it to be a secret who the kid really is. They called Shapiro in and asked him if he would mind doing some rewriting and he said no, so they gave him an advance, his third, and asked him to brighten the book. Lighten it up. Make it funnier.

He said he'd try.

Poor kid couldn't write humor. He struggled with it and asked me for help and I couldn't give it to him, or wouldn't, and he struggled some more. But you've got the idea by this time that he was a diligent and conscientious worker. He continued trying and finally finished what he thought was a complete job.

"It's broad farce," he told me. "Maybe I shouldn't have done it. I started out to write a tragedy and now it's broad farce and the characters are changed around and the situations aren't the same. But I have to do what my publisher wants me to do, don't I?"

I told him yeah but I didn't want to read his manuscript.

III

The book was published. It took some months to publish because I later heard that his publishers, despairing of having Maxie write comedy, had fixed it up themselves. They had rewritten most of it and fixed it here and there. And then they lost courage and cut most of the jokes out and just brought it out as is.

And one of those things happened that make book publishing the nicest gambling racket next to Monte Carlo in the world. It clicked. The boys on the papers thought it was satire and they were at the particular point of the year when they wanted satire and they gave it swell notices. What I think really happened is that the public was becoming pretty annoyed with trashy sex novels and this was called a satire on one and nobody knows what satire is anyway but everyone likes to read satire when they know ahead of time that it's satire, so it clicked.

It sold and went into about eight editions in no time and the British rights were disposed of and the Polish rights were disposed of and the Hungarian rights, and in fact all rights were eventually disposed of including the Scandinavian, although in Germany it was banned by Hitler because it "tended to handle disrespectfully the moral lives of modern day humans." Maybe Maxie's name had something to do with it, too.

Max Shapiro became quite a personage and we sat down one day to eat a cornbeef sandwich, which I let him pay for, and counted up how much money he would make on the book and it seemed as though it might very well be as much as \$35,000 and he seemed more dazed than ever and more helpless than ever, but sort of triumphant, too.

"I knew my book would sell if the publishers only gave it a chance," he said. "I knew it would."

I asked for another glass of tea.

Then he sold the picture rights. Paramount wanted it and Metro heard that they wanted it so they put in a higher bid and it finally went for \$50,000, and in the meantime three more editions of the book were struck off and sold and Shapiro made four more speeches at different kinds of women's clubs and societies.

It went on and on and I met him one day when he was getting ready to sail to Europe for a trip and he said, "Why don't you come along and be my guest?"

I said no thanks I was pretty busy and gave him some good advice about saving his money.

"Oh, I know," he said. "I'm not going screwy. This is good luck and I'll probably get about \$100,000 out of it but I'll need it all because now I must take my time with my next book and be sure it's up to the standard. After all, I can't take a chance any more on writing anything that doesn't reach my mark. So it may be several years before my next book is finished but I intend to take it easy on money-spending until then. You don't need to worry about me on that score."

He was wearing a reddish-brown checked suit and there was a tiny feather in his hat and he had a shillelah sort of stick with a heavy, big knob of some kind of stone.

"You like this stick?" he asked me. "It's real amber. I got it at a bargain."

I didn't see him then for a long time, and in fact haven't seen him at all since.

But yesterday the Pulitzer prizes were announced and Max won the novel award. At the dinner at which the awards were made public they read a long cablegram from him saying how sorry he was he couldn't be there in person to tell them all how deeply grateful he was at the signal honor and so forth and so forth.

So Max Shapiro won the Pulitzer prize and I can now go around puffing out my chest and telling people how lucky I am. I am a personal friend of the guy that won the great Pulitzer prize.

THE ANCESTRY OF THE THRILLER

by RICHARD COSMUS

THE reactions of our literary-tea-goers to that vulgar genre, the mystery thriller, pirouette from Lofty Disdain to Ardent Enthusiasm with sprightly grace. Yet in each attitude they seem to betray a slight self-consciousness.

Their disdain recalls those school-boy critics who passed the test in Literature II and so feel qualified to damn in public the "Startling Stories" which they devour behind their geographies. Their enthusiasm somehow suggests the Salvation Army soul-savers who interlard their sermons with coarse humor to prove that they, too—despite their awful piety—have real red blood in their veins.

Just now this critical chorus appears about to rise from the symbolic altar—where salaaming toward the Left Bank it had been burning incense to the Dada-ists—to assume the more nearly native posture of Rabelaisian rooters for thin men and for postmen who always ring twice. It seems a fit time to remind it that the thriller holds an honorable place in the history of English letters.

Between the era of the melancholic bards, Gray, Blair, Young and Wharton, and the great romantics of the early eighteen hundreds, there stretched a long half-century of common sense. Throughout this age of reason, Dr. Samuel Johnson ruled his school of authors—a caustic literary headmaster who left the imprint of his neat, moral mind on the work of all his disciples and so on most British writing of his time.

But mighty as he was, not even Johnson was omnipotent. There were a few truants from his school, and notorious among them were the tellers of "tales of terror and wonder", the thrillers of the day. It is this handful of common souls, little known today, that I would have our wan critics of the mystery momentarily consider.

Their absorption with the supernatural was in itself, of course, of no particular significance. The antics of gods and ghosts permeate all literature, either as the principle ingredients of tragedy or as convenient solvents for precipitate and unruly plots. It is important,

however, that the eighteenth century romancers rallied their spooks in that most sinister of rendezvous; a ruined castle perched atop a rocky crag and flanked by woods and graveyards. For such scenes—or rather the impress of such scenes on richer minds—were one day to call to new life the great Lochinvar and Manfred.

Let me make it clear that I hold no brief for the Gothic romancers as literary discoverers of these settings. They had been used before. But always before they had been incidental to some high artistic argument. The importance of the thriller-writers, Walpole, Reeve, Radcliffe and Lewis, is that with sure knowledge of the vulgar taste they dragged their settings out of the frigid pages of Gray, Young and Wharton, mixed them up, stirred in a lot of mystery and a few cardboard characters, and served the product hot.

To say that the public liked it would be ridiculous. As well say that "Abie's Irish Rose" had a moderate success. Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" ran through edition after edition, as did Clara Reeve's "Old English Baron"—the same story in "modern dress". Around these first two Gothic romances, in fact there ranged a low-class literary war, with undiscerning boosters of both comparing their authors to the great Shakespeare himself. And all this during the years when the things that "really mattered" were "The Deserted Village", "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Rivals".

Popular craving for thrillers was not satiated by Reeve and Walpole. The Chatterton controversy gave it a sharper edge and made it felt to some extent even by the intellectual heavy-weights. The great Johnson, who had never missed a chance to swing his verbal bludgeon at MacPherson's "Ossian", and thought of romance only that it produced "an unsettled turn of mind", finally remarked of Chatterton: "He is the most extraordinary young man that ever encountered my knowledge."

To appease the clamoring public, Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, "Salvator Rosa of English literature", and most prolific of the romancers, published half a dozen tomes. The best of these, "The Mysteries of Udolpho", lashed the critics into frenzied superlatives, curiously enough, for her descriptions of European landscapes, which were considered particularly felicitous as it was known that the lady had never seen the places she wrote about. Even today so luscious a literary authority as Governor Wilbur Cross of Connecticut admits that in certain respects Mrs. Radcliffe was equalled only by Chateaubriand.

To contemporary readers it must have seemed that with Radcliffe the thriller-romance had reached the zenith of its fame. But, if so, they reckoned without "Monk" Lewis. This young man, really Matthew Gregory Lewis but nicknamed "Monk" after the hero of his masterpiece, decided to write a thriller to end thrillers. And he nearly succeeded.

He took all the elements of the tales of his predecessors—castles, cliffs, graves and portents. He lifted incidents bodily from Schiller, Cervantes and Diderot. He added rape, incest, blasphemy, and a few dashes of moral. He was lucky. "The Monk" was banned. Overnight, Lewis became the "most admired and abused of living writers". Byron hailed him as "wonder-working" Lewis. Scott dined with him and wrote home of the "greatest honor" in his life. "Monk" became the friend of princes and dukes, and more important, of Shelley, Keats and Byron.

With his help the vulgar thriller was able to cast off the overbearing weight of the Johnsonian utilitarianism and perform at last its real function. To a rising school of romantics it offered, ready-to-hand and vastly popular, the most effective kind of raw material. This material was only too quickly used, as see "The Eve of St. Agnes", "The Tragedy of the Cenci", and "The Giaour".

And so let the literary-tea-goers sneer not at the thriller, but ponder this relation: As "The Monk" was to "The Giaour", so "The Thin Man" will be to What? There may yet be written the epic of the cop.

PROFESSORS' WIVES

by ONE OF THEM

BEFORE discussing my fellow-members of the academic wifehood, I feel it only fair to present my credentials. I have been one of them for eight years. Likewise I was born with a talent for being one, *a priori*. This point of prenatal preparation I shall hope to make clear during the course of my discussion. Besides being a professor's wife myself, I was reared in a college town and associated from earliest memory with the offspring of professors' wives. Do not these qualifications fit me admirably for an analysis of my sisterhood? I have in preparation a manual on "The Care and Feeding of Professors' Wives." This is a chapter from that work.

The first curious fact about professors' wives is their husbands. Why do intelligent women elect to marry professors? This subject requires careful thought. I feel a slight delicacy in approaching the matter when I consider that my own husband might one day be informed of this analysis of mine. The truth is that, contrary to popular tradition, professors are not the intellectual giants they are reputed to be. They are, in fact, very low in the scale of intelligence. I should not put them quite in the class with first degree morons, but somewhere in the scale between bankers and politicians.

Likewise, they are very lazy as a group. The legendary figure of the absent-minded professor who is so immersed in his studies that he forgets his lunch always excites my utmost mirth. I never yet knew a professor immersed in any kind of study, and I never knew one who didn't make a home-run sprint when the dinner-bell rang. Occasionally one of them does dash off a little book of essays or compile a little bibliography for a reluctant new course; but for the most part professors are content to draw the curtains of their early study about them and lie down to pleasant dreams. Instead of having to con the Encyclopædia Britannica or *Englische Studien* to keep up with her husband's mental activities, the average professor's wife must learn how to play a good game of golf and study how to get the bottom crust of a green apple pie as crisp as the top crust. Why then should intellectual women waste their mental sweetness on a desert of college professors? The answer to this will be arrived at by further discussion of the wives themselves.

The second outstanding peculiarity of professors' wives is their offspring. The guileless outsider would naturally suppose that the children of academic women were from earliest infancy given a book to prod their brains toward a future of fierce mental activity. I ask you, however, to consider with me the offspring of the wives of some of my husband's colleagues. There were four of us drinking tea together recently, each having the modern allotment of two descendants or a single fine achievement of one priceless pearl. Roundly speaking, there were six children belonging to the group. I will enumerate their proposed futures as outlined for them by their mothers: one tap-dancer, one business secretary, two automobile salesmen, one golf pro, and one millionaire's wife. Observe please that there is to be no intellectual nonsense in the houses that these Jacks and Jills shall build. Why do intellectual women wish non-intellectual careers for their children? I again ask you to wait for an answer.

The next phenomenon of academic wives is their social aspirations. I early began to wonder why in an uncommercial atmosphere, on comparatively low salaries, there should be so much academic attention paid to possession of automobiles (frequently unpaid for), to dancing lessons for the daughters, to houses in a "good part of town"; in short to all the details of keeping up with the non-academic Joneses. Whisper the answer low. This is a dark secret of the collegiate world. Professors' wives are frequently uncertain of their social standing. I walk upon eggshells in analyzing this subject. To do so I must classify professors' wives into certain broad groupings. The first group is the smallest: Professors' Wives Who Were Born

"Aristocratic." Next comes the largest class: Professors' Wives Who Achieved "Aristocracy" by Marrying Professors. And lastly: Professors' Wives Who Are Not Yet Sure That They Have Had "Aristocracy" Thrust upon Them by Marrying Professors.

The first class is fairly harmless. It only slightly tends to snoot the others. Being "aristocrats" by birth, these women have conveniently forgotten that in many cases their husbands were only "aristocrats" by marriage, so to speak Ph.D.-in-laws of aristocracy. The second group, like all medians, is solidly innocuous. These women spring-boarded from farms and shops and factories. Being themselves graduates of colleges and universities, they only occasionally drop an aitch or insert a double negative. Like Presbyterian ministers' wives, they glory comfortably in their automatic social rank given them through marriage to another farm product, who also forgets only occasionally to avoid splitting his infinitives.

The trouble-makers, however, are in the third group. Here brew constant cauldrons of social intrigue and rivalry. Out of the pot boil beautiful plebeian professors' wives who must hide their origin by attempting to consort with the town's "best people," to the complete snubbing of their confrères' wives. Up with a burst of steam fly smart plebeian wives of F.F.V. professors who strive to cover their sense of social insecurity by always "running over for a little trip to Spain" each summer, and by having "four master bedrooms in their little town cottage." Why do intellectual women bother to concern themselves with social precedence?

Another peculiarity of professors' wives is their recreations. Before becoming one of these wives myself, I had naively supposed that nothing short of being a collector of First Editions of Browning or an annotator of Spenser would suffice me for a playtime alibi when I entered the intellectual sisterhood. I was soon exorcised of that concept. The recreative obsessions of professors' wives are as follows: dirt farming, golf championships, contract bridge, radio crooners, seeing Leslie Howard in the movies, tea with lemon, football games, and reading *Good Housekeeping*. Why do women of intellect follow such inutile playtime pursuits?

This leads me to the very crux of my argument. Like a true professor's wife myself, I must now advance to the blackboard and sum up my previous points in chalk:

- I. Why do intellectual women marry professors?
 - II. Why do intellectual women wish non-mental careers for their children?
 - III. Why do intellectual women bother over social precedence?
 - IV. Why do intellectual women follow useless playtime pursuits?
- The answer to all of these questions is that they don't. Professors' wives are not intellectual. They're just plain dumb.

THE NEW SIN CHART

By ERNEST L. MEYER

Editorial Staff, *The Madison, Wis., Capital Times*

THE general assembly of the Presbyterian Church formulated a list of eighty sins, including "road-hogging, inferiority complexes, and criticism." Since the list was promulgated a long time ago, other organizations and individuals, after wrestling with the devil, have come forward with their own improvements on the decalogue. Never behindhand in matters of reform, this writer herewith brands the following as sins most horrendous:

Laughing	Love
Generosity	Kindness
Tolerance	Intelligence
Humor	Beauty

Had I dictatorial powers, I would immediately provide the police with this sin chart, and let loose the hounds of the law on the heels of the public. Pastors and orators throughout the land would mobilize their eloquence, promising hell-fire to offenders.

Movies and posters would shriek warnings. After a year of prosecutions, trials, spying, Senate investigations, debate, furor, filibusters, and with the jails overflowing with sin-chart violators, our country would witness a tremendous increase in

Laughing	Love
Generosity	Kindness
Tolerance	Intelligence
Humor	Beauty

Such a result would be inevitable and desirable. The nation's late experiment with Prohibition warrants the conclusion. It is our nature to look with longing at forbidden apples. The lamentable experience of Eve seems to have been overlooked by the Presbyterian theologians, who, obtusely, concoct a list of sins including road-hogging and criticism. Since then the automobile fatality rate has increased tremendously and William Lyon Phelps has written another book.

My sin chart is preferable. Laughing and wit will be outlawed by federal statute. Instantly, a hundred thousand laugh-easies will spring up throughout our broad acres where, for a fee, patrons may sit in sound-proof booths and unbutton their larynxes to their heart's content.

The Federal Wipe-That-Smile-Off Squad will be kept busy hauling to jail people suspected of sniggery in the third degree. Grand juries will indict notorious outlaw members of the Ha-Ha Gang. Meanwhile, in laugh-easies, in cellars and behind drawn blinds, citizens will indulge in an orgy of laughing such as has not been witnessed since orators solemnly informed us that we won the World War.

With generosity officially forbidden by the sin-chart, the country would drift illegally to the Golden Rule. In my mind's eye, I can see a friend approach me furtively in the street and beckon me to follow him into an alley. Making sure that he is unobserved, he whispers into my ear: "I'm a tough guy, see, and to hell with the cops! Here, let me lend you \$10, and I don't care when you pay it back." Then he would slip me the tenner and race down the alley, with police at his heels.

The impetus to love would be powerful. At each corner there would stand a member of the Woman's Anti-Affection Association, ready to report to the gendarmes any sign of human tenderness. Again, in vision, I see a ravishing, golden-haired girl walk up to me, gaze into my eyes with passion (prohibited under Section 8 of the Federal Inhibition Law), and say to me swiftly and burning: "Beloved, thou art beautiful as the goats of Sharon and I am thine till the sands of the Sahara grow cold and the cows come home." Then, favoring me with an illegal wink, she would turn and run, followed by the Anti-Affection spy armed with a bumbershoot.

Intelligence would be positively prohibited. Morons would be given federal licenses to practice moronism, including Congressional speeches and newspaper serial stories. What a spur to human intellect! Locked in clothes closets, citizens would concentrate sinfully on differential equations, Kant and astronomy, with immoral side excursions into binominal theorems. And conscientious professors, hired after passing the test for legal idiocy, would deliver themselves over to the police, confessing a wicked indulgence in irregular French verbs. We would, in a word, move into a new intellectual renaissance, centering in the great Academy of Leavenworth.

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JAMES BRANCH CABELL ★ EUGENE O'NEILL

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MY PICTURE IN THE PAPER

by WILLIAM SAROYAN

Author, "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," etc.

NOW I know how it feels to be famous.

I have always been a bit famous, only it hasn't been an established fact the way it is now, my picture in the paper, the telephone ringing, letters in the mailbox, people taking second looks at me, etc. When they put your picture in the paper, and ask you how you write your short stories, why, and what are trends in contemporary literature, then you can feel you've arrived and that nothing can stop you any more, nothing, certainly, less than a major war.

Well, it happened, and now I am a public figure in this city, and it may be that I am an international figure. The sun is out today and I feel sort of international. Chances are I am.

A week ago today, Tuesday, January 30, 1934, I was standing in my room, being famous the old way, not having it established in the mind of the public. Then the telephone rang, and that started it, and ever since the weather has been rotten, no sun; clouds, fog, etc. It took the weather a week to get over my being famous, and today the sun is out, though a bit weakly. Usually when the telephone rings it means somebody wants two pounds of hamburger and a bunch of radishes, and I have to explain that although I once worked in a vegetable market my connection was severed when it was discovered that I didn't know the difference between a honeydew melon and an avocado. Or it means that the City Collection Agency is still trying to get those four dollars I never paid a dentist in 1926.

But this time it was fame ringing the telephone. When it is fame ringing the telephone the sound is the same as ever, so it is necessary to be very careful. To a number of people it is a fact that I died suddenly last year, and I have to be careful not to be alive again for these people. It would be embarrassing, and I would have to do a lot of swift explaining. Well, I lifted the receiver and said hello. A young lady gave my name and asked if I was there. No, I said, didn't you hear? He died last spring. That couldn't be possible, said the young lady. It couldn't be possible because he had a story in a magazine.

Oh, I said, I beg your pardon. I thought you were out to collect a bill. Hold the line a moment, I said, and I will get him.

I went to my room and put on my coat. I brushed my hair. Then I returned to the telephone and said the party she wanted was speaking. This is the young writer, I said.

The young lady, I learned, was a feature writer on the *News*, the best paper in San Francisco. It seemed that I was an infant prodigy, and she wanted to write a story about me. Well, this was a mistake. I was an infant prodigy at one time, but this wasn't

established either. And it's certainly too late to be trying to establish it now, me going on twenty-six and a moustache as big as the former Kaiser's. So I said I was no infant prodigy, but I was a grown-up one.

Hold the line, said the reporter, greatly disappointed.

You see, a typographical error in the date of my birth had made me ten years younger, and for a fifteen-year-old the story I had written was pretty startling. Of course ten years ago I wrote a story just as startling as this one, only a big editor rejected it and made me sore at him. But what is past is past, and I couldn't get out that old story and have them write about me the way I was ten years ago, no moustache or anything.

All right, said the reporter, come on down. I'll write a story about the brilliant young writer.

I'm not a brilliant young writer, I said. Maybe we ought to drop the whole thing.

No, said the young lady, come right down. I think your story is great."

Certainly it's great, I said, but it isn't news every time a twenty-five-year-old writes a great short story.

I'll be expecting you in a half hour, said the young lady.

Shall I wear my tan suit, I asked, or the dark one?

Wear the dark one, said the young lady.

Thank you, I said. It's the only suit I have. It used to be my brother's. I'll see you in a half hour.

Well, there it was, fame knocking at my door.

I got into my brother's dark suit, and ran to catch a street car. Everybody on the car took me for nobody. They didn't know I was going down to get my name and picture in the paper. They thought I was some young man who always looked a little excited. I went out to the front platform and started a conversation with the motorman. It was a misdemeanor to carry on a conversation with a motorman, but I did it anyway.

Well, I said, I'm famous at last. They're going to write about me in the newspaper.

What did you steal? said the motorman.

I didn't steal anything, I said, unless maybe a little space in one of our national periodicals. I wrote a short story a while back, and now I am famous.

You wrote a story? said the motorman. He took a good look at me. What was it about?

It was about a young fellow, I said, who starved to death.

What did you want to write a story like that for? asked the motorman.

I don't know, I said, but it's making me famous.

If you want to write, said the motorman, why don't you write good stuff? Stuff that will make people happy, cheer them up a little. We see enough sad stuff every day.

I'll do my best next time, I promised. I'll try to make everybody laugh. I won't write about a young fellow who starves to death. I'll write about an old capitalist who eats himself to death. I ought to be able to be very funny about that.

No, said the motorman. Why don't you write about nice things? What do you want everybody to die for?

I don't want everybody to die, I said. But that's the way it goes all the same. Take me, for example. Fifty years from now where do you think I'll be?

Well, said the motorman, you may live more than fifty years.

Sure, I said, but I've got a good head start on the fellows who were born this morning. Fifty years from now I'll be pushing up daisies, and if there is any flower I hate it is the daisy. I wish they'd let me push up a eucalyptus tree.

Why don't you write about love? said the motorman.

I do, I said. I write about love of death, the only love, the love that begins when being begins, when the evasion of death begins, which is life. The whole thing is an evasion, you know. We are just killing time now, waiting to get back into the emptiness.

You'll never be famous, said the motorman. All that crazy talk. Why don't you write about happiness?

I'll try it sometime, I said. I'll remember your good advice, and I'll try it.

I would advise all young writers to cultivate the friendship of motormen, conductors, day laborers, janitors, lending library clerks, and so forth, as these people constitute one of the greatest critical forces in native literature, and communion with them is of great practical use to the young writer. The criticisms are verbal and unstudied; therefore they are honest, and a young writer can greatly benefit by going to such people now and then for advice.

II

I got off the street car and went around to the newspaper editorial offices. The young lady appeared and I saw that she was lovely, which was what I wanted to find out in the first place. She had a pencil and a notebook.

How did you happen to write that story? she asked.

Well, I said, I was starving and there was nothing to eat, so I wrote that story.

It is the most propagandist story I have ever read, said the young lady. Did you intend it as such?

No, I said. I intended it to be unpropagandist, against groups, a young man dying quietly, by himself.

It sounded propagandist, said the young lady. Are you a Communist?

No, I said. I am just what you see. A young man with a moustache. Are you a Communist?

No, said the feature writer, but I thought you would be.

A young man can starve to death, I suggested, without being anything other than a young man. It is possible. That was what I meant to bring out, something alive becoming personally unalive.

When did you start to write? the young lady asked.

When I was ten, I said. When I was in the low fourth. One day I was doing my language lesson and instead of sticking to the subject I wrote a short story. My teacher began to talk to me after that. She began to keep me in after school, begging me to go to college. I told her maybe I would, but I never did.

What kind of books do you read? the young lady asked.

Technical books, I said. Dry facts, our finest poetry. Books about machine gun practice and tactics, descriptions of patents, and advertisements.

Why do you like such books?

Because out of them, out of the theories, man emerges. When you study machine gun practice, you understand that ideas, even when they are monstrous and destructive, constitute the heart of man. Man creates the idea, then the idea destroys man. We've got to be aware of the ideas we are creating, and the ones that are destroying us. It is part of our job.

How do you earn your living? asked the young lady.

I do not earn a living, I said. I sponge on relatives. Everybody alive is sponging on somebody, and I am sponging on relatives. I am doing it because I am a better writer than anything else. Rich people sponge on poor people. I am not rich and I do not hope to be, but I am sponging on poor people. I am getting something to eat and a place to sleep, but I am not piling up a fortune. If a man expects to write, he must be willing to do a little sponging. Think of anyone you like, anyone at all, and if you think carefully you will see that he is sponging on somebody. Mine is the most innocent form of the vice.

Well, we talked this way for about an hour, and the young lady made notes of some of the things I said. Then I was photographed and sent home. On Friday, February 2, 1934, my picture appeared in the paper, along with a story about me and my writing. The story said, He has tried various ways of earning a living, but prefers to loaf, he said.

I knew this would make a good impression on my friend Leah Wood, so I went around to her apartment with the story and the picture. Leah knows me as Joe, anonymously. She liked the story very much and was glad to learn my real name, but she continued to call me Joe, having very good sense. She asked if I wouldn't write the story of her life. I could go around week-day afternoons and she could give me all the details. She wouldn't be busy week-day afternoons and there would be time enough to go over her life from the time she entered the orphanage to the present moment in the apartment.

But I already knew Leah's life, and I may get around to writing it some day. Anyway, she was glad I was famous. She said I certainly deserved to be famous. Then she had to leave me to attend to business; somebody had rung the doorbell; so I beat it, promising to return sometime for a literary conversation, Leah being one of the most alert students of modern prose among any of the girls in the business in this city.

The people downstairs saw my picture in the paper, and smiled at me very nicely. They always thought I was a little cracked, but with my picture in the paper it's different. There he is now, they said, that fellow upstairs who is always coming in and going out all hours of the day and night. He is a writer. Look at him. He looks like somebody.

A young writer telephoned me. I saw your picture in the paper, he said. I am seeking a kindred spirit.

How old are you? I asked.

Thirty-two, said the kindred spirit.

Go down to the Newport Hotel, I said. 515 Jones Street. Take two dollars and ask for Leah. She is the most kindred spirit I know of. Take a manuscript with you. She'd be very interested.

So I hung up.

Letters in the mailbox. We saw your picture in the paper and read the story about you. We write too. We would like to meet you.

So I suppose I am famous all right. I know now how it feels to be famous, and it feels rotten. The weather has been bad ever since they made me famous, and the sun is very weak today. I am in my room again, doing my best to get over this sudden fame, trying my best to be famous the way I used to be, quietly, anonymously, and as soon as the sun comes out with all its might I'll know that I am famous again the old way, and that I can start writing again the way I like to write.

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HEIL HITLER!

by STRATFORD ENRIGHT

Scene: Just inside the Pearly Gates of Heaven. At the right is a large ornate building. To the left, Saint Peter dozes in a jeweled sentry box. As the curtain rises, someone pounds loudly on the outside of the Pearly Gates.

St. Peter: For the love of Christ! Stop that noise!

Voice outside the gates: Let me in.

St. Peter: Who are you?

Voice outside the gates: I'm Hitler.

St. Peter: What do you want here?

(St. Peter opens the Pearly Gates and admits Hitler.)

Hitler: I want to see God.

St. Peter: What do you want to see Him about?

Hitler: I want to see him about the Jewish Problem. I think there are too many Jews in Heaven.

St. Peter: Sorry, but you can't see God. He's in a conference.

Hitler: But I'm Hitler.

St. Peter: I don't care if you are Jonah's whale. God is a busy god.

Hitler: Listen, you go and tell God that Hitler wants to see Him.

St. Peter: You don't seem to understand that God is pretty important up here.

Hitler: You forget that I'm Hitler and that I want to see God.

St. Peter *(reluctantly)*: Well, I'll see what I can do.

(St. Peter enters the large building at the right. Hitler assumes various important poses and fiddles with his moustache until St. Peter returns.)

St. Peter: Wait here. God will see you for a couple of minutes.

(As God comes out of the building at right, Hitler strikes what he thinks is his most important pose.)

God: Vell, vot iss it?

(Curtain)

THE CRIME OF BEING orator of
COMMUNIST

by HENRI BARBUSSE

Author, "Under Fire," "Zola," etc.

IN the historic epoch in which we are now living there are certain people who say that we cannot escape the suffering, misery and catastrophes which are crushing and decimating the human race without radically altering the old social order. These extremists are logicians. As scientists do—and as all honest men should—they follow through their ideas and arguments to their rational conclusion.

They declare that the ills of society are curable; that these ills derive from a social structure which is absurd, defective, and even iniquitous; that in order to overcome present evils we must attack them at their roots; that these roots are the social system and the political régime of capitalism, namely private aggrandizement and nationalism—war to the tooth between individuals and nations. In place of this society, which is ruining and destroying itself to the great profit of certain parasites, another must be built up based on the common interest and on international solidarity.

This is the doctrine of socialism. Communists are thorough-going socialists.

Granted that all do not share this conception—though it may well be that everyone will one day do so. Time and the course of events will attend to that. Threats of war multiply like mushrooms on the decaying corpse of the existing order; the economic crisis, undeniably a consequence of capitalism, and the no less evident results of the building of socialism in the Soviet Union, have already weighted the balance with important testimony, and have shown that logic, wisdom and justice reside with the new formula.

Today, however, capitalism, propelled toward the abyss by deep-seated contradictions (sacrificing the interests of all to the interests of the few) is seeking, cost what it may, to drag with it into the abyss multitudes of human beings. To do this it is employing calumny and terror. In all the old countries of Europe it is hunting down communism, and one can count by the millions those who were assassinated, here, there, and everywhere, as a result of reactionary repression during the period after the war. One can also count by the millions those who were, and still are, tortured in public prisons.

Set aside everything that is rational and creative in the doctrines of the community of the workers. For the moment let us consider this matter merely from the human standpoint.

We are faced with the fact that those somber scenes of barbarous persecution and civil massacre which have been enacted in Italy, Germany, Hungary, the Balkan states, and so many other places—those scenes which have left a shameful blot on contemporary civilization—are being reproduced in that great and beautiful country, the Argentine Republic, and that we have the unhappiness of seeing them take place among a noble and youthful people whose destiny should be turned, not toward the past, but toward the future and the liberation of humanity. The facts which have been divulged to us strike a mournful knell in the hearts of all the workers of the world, and in the hearts of all intellectuals who are not domesticated and tamed.

* * *

Léopold Melo, Minister of the Interior, by agreement with President Justo, practises in the Argentine a police terrorism which for violence and cruelty yields in no respect, alas, to those terroristic régimes which have dishonored the governments still ruling, for the time being, in Berlin, Rome, Budapest, or Sofia.

In the Argentine, as in Europe, all public discussion directed toward social emancipation is strictly illegal—in defiance of the laws themselves. There is no liberty of the press, of speech, of assemblage. No guarantee, despite the clauses of a code professedly democratic,

the freedom, but of the lives, of such persons as are political opponents of the government. From the evidence available M. Melo aims at the physical destruction of these nonconformists.

A special police has been created entirely for the purpose of combatting communists: *La Seccion Especial contra el comunismo*. Its object is to break down the revolutionary working movement by every possible means and, quite simply, to get rid of it completely. This Argentine "Okra" is directed against the communist party and against all left organizations such as the Red Defense, the Red Syndicates, etc. Included in the vast special police force headed by M. Melo and Colonel Garcia is a group of "executioners" which functions rigorously. These men are expert at inflicting tortures of the most abominable, the most savagely refined variety.

Militant workers are arrested on the first pretext that turns up—whether it be that they have participated in a meeting, or that they have been pursued and tracked to their very doors, or merely that they have been recognized on the street. (In the latter case the accusation, usually gratuitous, of carrying arms "justifies" imprisonment. This charge of arms-bearing has even been frequently alleged in the arrest of women and young girls who had never carried weapons in their lives.)

Those who enter prison never know when they will leave it again. I have mentioned that there should be those guarantees of protection of which the Argentine law, by fixed agreement, assures the citizens. Men like Monaco, Manzanelli and Peano have stayed in prison, however, for more than a year without any definite charge being preferred against them.

But this is not all. The squad of executions comes into action as soon as the prey has fallen into the clutches of the agents of authority. In the quarters of the *Seccion Especial*, which the people of Buenos Aires call the torture chamber, acts of unspeakable horror take place. The prisoners are shot through with electric currents; their hair and their nails are torn off; pins are run through their testicles.

Throughout an icy winter night they are exposed, naked, in a stream; or the cement floor of a small cell is flooded with water, and there they are placed and there they stay, naked, for several days and nights. They are deprived of food and drink, they are maddened by hunger and thirst, and then they are forced to eat and drink filth while their torturers shout with mirth.

Their skin is burned with lighted cigarettes; or the nude victim is tied down on a chair and his mouth stuffed with a gag soaked in excrements. Then he is struck with iron rods on the heart, the stomach, the loins and the genital organs until, surrounded by laughter and abuse, he loses consciousness.

Matters are so arranged that the prisoner is not completely killed. Doctors are at hand, paid by the police, to revive the poor racked bodies and to warn the official assassins of the moment when a halt must be called if death is not to follow.

One can count by the hundreds the workers and students in Buenos Aires alone who, under the eye of the chief executioner Cassel, have undergone these sadistic monstrosities which surpass and improve upon the inventions of the Inquisition. When they leave prison they are affected by chronic maladies which are killing or will kill them.

Another mission of the *Seccion Especial* is the preparation of political trials. These trials are illegal in principle, anti-judicial in their procedure. The organization forces the hands of the judges, few of whom are capable of withstanding the pressure of public power. There are exceptions—as when the High Criminal Court did itself honor by declaring, on the occasion of the trial of the "Red Flag", that communist propaganda should not be considered as a misdemeanor. Such exceptions, however, unfortunately do little but throw the spotlight more strongly on the customary complaisance of the judges.

Hundreds of cases are in process, notably the suits against José Peter, of the Central Committees of the Communist Party, against Miguel Contreras, Secretary General of the Latin-American Syndical Confederation (J.S.R.), against Juan Nunez, editor of *L'Internacional*, against Oscar Creydt, secretary of the South American Committee Against War (offshoot of the Pan-American Congress of Montevideo). All these men have been in prison for six months on charges of "illicit association" and "incitement to revolt" based on articles criticizing the existing state of affairs. This is injustice organized and institutionalized. As I have said in regard to the Balkan nations, it is the law of illegality.

In relating these facts which will, I feel sure, be revelations to many Argentines, I am not fulfilling a partisan duty, but simply my duty as a man. It is essential that there should be knowledge everywhere of the type of argument which is being used to stifle opposition rising from below against a fascist and dictatorial government clique.

THE TYPICAL ENGLISHMAN

by THOMAS BURKE

Author, "Limehouse Nights," etc.

IN a review of a recent English novel I found a sentence which appears in many reviews of many English novels. The chief character, I learned, "is the typical Englishman with the usual English education." Reading on, I learned with a tired smile that the chief character's "people" had a country place, a house in Sloane Street, and kept five indoor servants and a chauffeur; and that the young man's education centered on Winchester and Cambridge.

Typical. . . Usual. . . How long, I wonder, will this legend persist? The reviewer, of course, was not thinking; he was using a convention imposed upon the English mind, ever since "Tom Brown's Schooldays," by an expressive one-quarter of the population. This figure is everywhere accepted as The Typical Englishman. It is accepted by all foreign writers on England, and even by those English who are themselves the typical. The bulk of our novelists, essayists, dramatists and press-writers have all conspired to present this minor and special product as representative of all. Yet if "typical" means the common denominator of the majority, the most cursory observation shows that this figure is anything but that.

It has been imposed upon us, I imagine, because most writers themselves belong to, or have joined, this small but expressive class, and seldom move out of it; or, if they do, they move about the streets with such physical and mental myopia that they are unable to see the mass of Englishmen outside their own set.

At the 1931 census, the male population of England was eighteen million. In the face of those figures, can our writers assert that the typical man of those millions received the education and lives the life which they present as "usual" to the Englishman? Five seconds thought should show them that they are toadying to a false standard.

Almost any Sunday you may read a notice of a play telling you that the play concerns "an average English family," and then telling you that Miss X gave a piquant performance as the parlor-maid, and Mr. Y was richly comic as the gardener. Average. . . When the average English home, to be seen all over the country, is a house of five or six rooms, with one daily help, or none. Have our writers never seen, even from a railway-train, the massed

streets of London or some other city, and their multitude of houses? If they have, can they still believe that the "average" house of that multitude keeps even two servants and has young sons at Repton or Rugby, or elder sons at Oxford?

You find a similar fallacy in children's books. From our juvenile literature a foreigner would get the impression that the average English child lives in a comfortable, well-furnished home, and is supplied with nursery, nurse and governess. In truth, scarcely one-quarter of the child population of England is brought up in this way. Yet only this quarter is presented in children's tales, plays and poems; so that those unusually fortunate children, Christopher Robin and Michael and Wendy, are accepted as Typical English Children, when the Typical English Children are something quite different.

The scores of books for girls which appear each year prop up the same false conceptions. Most of them are school stories set in high-sounding boarding schools. Actually, the large majority of English girls never know any kind of boarding school. At sixteen or seventeen they are either out at work or helping in the home. The popular daily papers, too, pretend that the cream is the milk. A stranger who wanted to learn something of the taste and behavior of the Typical Englishman, the common figure of the eighteen million, would have to seek the advertising columns. There you do meet the type true to average English life; there you may see its ways and little wants, its cheap pleasures and its necessarily crude habits of living.

As our writers seem incapable of perceiving the type, let us, ignoring their disgust at our tactlessness, bring the fellow into the light. The Typical Englishman, then, knows nothing of preparatory schools, and has not been on the roll of even a minor Public School. His "people" do not have town places and country places; they do not keep a chauffeur or even a cook. The Typical Englishman is born in a house or flat of four or five rooms. He does not have a Nanna; at the age of eight or nine he is usually himself looking after later arrivals in the family. He does not have a nursery. He sleeps wherever there is a corner to take a bed. He does not, after "coming down," read for the Bar, or enter the Diplomatic Service, or get adopted into the higher ranks of the City. He gets his education at Council Schools, Secondary Schools, and perhaps Evening Classes. At fifteen or sixteen he sets about earning his living, usually in an office or store; or, if he has the ability, in the lower branches of the Civil Service.

The Typical Englishman does not hunt or shoot. He is more often seen at Eastbourne, or on cheap Mediterranean cruises, than on the moors or on friends' yachts at Cowes. He does not change his clothes twice a day. He is not a member of any of the known clubs; he is, if anything, a Mason, a Druid, or a Buffalo. He does not drink cocktails and sherry, or take wine with his meals. His drinks are beer and whisky-and-soda. You don't see him at restaurants visited by the gossip writers; you see him in sandwich bars and tea shops. The peak of his prosperity is reached when his income touches six hundred pounds a year.

In English fiction you find him only in one or two of the novels of George Gissing, of Pett Ridge, of H. G. Wells, Frank Swinnerton, Patrick Hamilton, John Metcalfe, and J. B. Priestley. But in life he is all around you, the typical figure of every English city and town. You may see groups of him in every bus, train, tram, tube, movie palace, Corner House and football ground. He was seen most visibly, even by those who know nothing of these places, during 1914-18, when he showed that whatever he lacked in those social graces and polite virtues which are accepted as "typical," at least he knew how to die.

In normal times a dull fellow; scarcely a figure to present with any *éclat* on stages and in novels; but since he exists in many mil-

lions he fills truly the bill of representative of our country which most of our writers falsely fill with a figure representing one-quarter of us.

WHOOPEE MAKES ITS EXIT

by JAY WATTS, Jr.

RACING with dizzy speed since the early twenties, those super-cynical, hell-raising members of the original "younger generation" who gayly kicked the stuffing out of every revered convention in sight, scuttled their consciences, and merrily whooped through the colorful Prohibition years with the moral throttle wide open, have neatly buried their revelry with the depression and are now fast slipping into the first mild stages of paunchiness. The lads and lasses who worshipped Whiteman, gargled raw gin, and capered the Charleston have finally reached the end of their era. The generation whose design of living consisted largely of sheiks, sables, sots, saxophones and sex have, since Repeal, found unbridled whoopee a drug on the social market. However, there has been no maudlin concession to senility. Instead, with characteristic zest, they have publicly renounced the cycle of carousing and are launching, it appears, a fresh campaign of provocative conduct.

Retaining their flair for novelty, the terrors of the twenties seem to have delegated themselves to regulate the tempo of the thirties. Detouring from their trade-marked, brimstone path with astute nonchalance they are now gleefully high-hatting sin. The frenzied past brings mature chuckles. And the impressionable 'teens, groping about for some standard of convenient morality and attracted to sophisticated leadership, are being tactfully taught the same technique.

The net result is that all of the A-1 reliable virtues such as honesty, humility, modesty, charity and courage have been dragged from their copy-book obscurity, scrubbed up, inspected curiously, and unceremoniously kicked back into circulation. Chastity (you'd better look it up) is also receiving mild encouragement and doing damned well, considering everything. The once thriving pastime of seducing your date ten minutes after hanging up your hat has also been discarded (ignoring a few holder-outers) along with the boresome, bourgeois habit of mixed nude swimming. Both flirting and coyness are rapidly supplanting such miscellaneous orgies and reports reveal that the lost art of handkerchief-dropping is making a slow but determined comeback.

Backed by such vigorous and imposing sponsorship, the Repeal Reformation is spreading with alarming sanctity. Glamour is getting a big play everywhere. And old-fashioned sentiment is receiving an open and unashamed embrace. Synthetic Tiny Tims are popping up with disturbing regularity and there seems to be, in the process of development, a wholesale turning of other cheeks. Bankers are having their pasts legally dry-cleaned and "God Bless Our Home" signs are coming out of attics. Mistresses are trekking back to their typewriters, and patchwork quilt designs are appearing in newspapers. Nervous observers report a definite trend back to gnomes, elves, Micky Mouse, and outright, plain day-dreaming. And the children, hardened veterans of the speakeasy splurge, have generously taken the hint and are once again bringing apples to teachers instead of picketing for shorter hours and less homework. Roughly, very roughly, sweetness and light are rampant.

Further definite examples of the rapid retrogression (escaping the Depression if you insist) are everywhere apparent, although perhaps still embryonic. Glance at the current list of Best Sellers. Leisurely biographies. Historical romances covering a neglected

Lengthy epic novels of rollicking, impossible adventures—shades of the Rover Boys. And poetry, that reliable robin of artistic feeling, nervously chirping in the sunlight of renewed popularity. Even the movies, wading about in red ink deficits, are boldly venturing forth with dramas requiring a generous sprinkling of hoop-skirts, bustles, wigs, and duels with hip-bowing heroes. Old Doug Fairbanks, patron saint of chivalrous rôles, is again with us on the screen. Cinderella pulp magazines are deluging the newsstands. And, to crown it all officially, the White House, sponsoring minuets, has obligingly fallen into line.

II

Professional gentility has also invaded the home. Bored with bacchanalianism, people everywhere are stuffing their doorbells and rigidly censoring their calling lists. Swarms of buffet bums are no longer crashing intimate gatherings, sacking private stocks, wiping their feet on tapestries and working themselves up into a three o'clock four-alarm frenzy. Instead, alcoholic wards are reducing their staffs and patrol wagons are being retired. Added evidence that the isolationist movement is gaining headway comes from merchants who report a brisk demand for hymn books, fire-places, carpet slippers and cats, any size. And cuddling up with a good book, once ranking in popularity with hoof and mouth disease, was reported in a recent national survey as being the present favorite leisure activity of 4,000 out of 5,000 persons interviewed.

As might be expected, however, there is an annoying development that threatens to cause a shortage of straight-jackets. This sudden wave of artificial Victorianism, salted with modernity, has produced an avalanche of deliberate naivete. Briefly, and to the point, it's now smart to be simple. In fact, infantile. And, as a result, the haunting plague of Parlor Games has staged a lusty comeback. If the revival consisted of nothing more complicated than routine charades, post-office and donkey tail-pinning there would be little teeth gnashing. Instead, however, our masterful manufacturers have joyfully taken the trend by the halter and are permitting their fertile imaginations to gallop off into all sorts of fantastic directions. They have, it seems, overlooked nothing, including the very excellent quoit possibilities of Jimmy Durante's nose (See Sears, Roebuck catalogue, No. 49W14 for 87 cents), and with unforgivable craftiness are prominently labeling all game boxes as Entertaining and Instructive—Fun For The Entire Family.

Now, regardless of age, sex, nationality, or pomposity, all persons presently arriving at parties are considered potential Peter Pans and are treated accordingly. Protests, no matter how fervent, are lightly brushed aside as ridiculous. Everyone must play. And nurseries are now looted nightly by the nation. Tiny tots are getting a raw deal on their recreation but they should be glad of it, as the games are rapidly getting so complicated that an ordinary college graduate, equipped with only four years of standard, assorted knowledge will, after twenty minutes of participation, likely find himself floundering about in a pitiful state of stupefaction. Enthusiastic hostesses, after deflating the intellects of their guests with a rousing game of Questions and Answers involving identification of such insidious subjects as open golf champs, Russian ambassadors, prince consorts and Vice-Presidents, insist upon devising some private brand of horseplay. Eccentricities along this line include piggy-back, bubble blowing, cork catching, identifying smells, Pinchy Winchy, truth telling, cocktail roulette, three-dimensional puzzles, and forty other minor menaces.

No evening, it seems, is now complete without a full program of toys, tricks, and trivial tomfoolery. Social ratings will soon include tiddley-winks scores. And, whether you like it or not, this mania for whirligigs appears destined for a lengthy stay. By comparison, the age of whoopee, in retrospect, is already taking on the rosy halo of martyrdom.

THE HIGHER HYPOCRITES

by GEORGE WEISS, Jr.

INDICTING a whole people is admittedly dangerous—especially when the group comprises such a colorful range as machine politicians and saintly social workers, society women and Union Square roughnecks, bishops and *biesbozhniki*. Yet, however violently contrasting the backgrounds of our contemporary liberals, one trait appears common to them all: a strange penchant for flagrantly committing, or else condoning, the sins against which they most loudly inveigh. One can forgive liberals their narrowness, their smugness, their bad manners; but intellectual duplicity has never yet been recognized as one of the lovable vices.

Academically, no one is more insistent upon freedom of opinion than the liberal. Glibly he quotes Voltaire's fine phrase about defending to the death an opponent's right to differ. But when a real test comes, where on God's green globe is there greater intolerance of dissenting thought than among liberals? During our recent anti-fascist rash, who is it that has been calling for the proscription of meetings, the suppression of books and magazines, the resignation of officials, the breaking off of diplomatic relations?

When during late years the atheists demanded and got full rights for the propagation of the faith in America, liberals cried that even if they did not agree with the godless they would defend to the death, etc., etc.; and they watched with sardonic amusement the consternation of the pietists, assuring them that in this advanced age no topic is taboo, not even Jehovah immune from criticism. That these indulgent sentiments did not extend, however, to such opponents as fascists, prohibitionists, klansmen, nationalists, censors or fundamentalists, is quite evident from post-war history. Whenever you hear a liberal quote Voltaire, you may be sure he is defending one of the household of the faith; when a liberal ox is gored the Frenchman is forgotten.

Indeed, what was America's rôle in the World War, if not that of a liberal nation forcing its philosophical convictions down the throats of a group of peoples who had been adjudged insufficiently liberal (*vide* Woodrow Wilson and the other disciples of the New Democracy)? Even today socialistic liberals talk of certain situations in which "militancy" is advisable, and one of our pacifists declares that liberals must seize power in America: "I hope it can be done without force, but we should certainly be ready to sacrifice ourselves for the ideals of humanity and to make the world safe for liberalism."

This intolerance of dissent has as its natural consequence a certain inconsistency (to give it a kind name) which is especially apparent in the attitude toward international affairs. When the Kremlin liquidates a thousand *kulaks* or exiles a whole hamlet to Siberia, liberals say (as an American did): "The [Soviet] government has moved forward with a certain ruthlessness, but the suffering is incidental and regretted by those who inflict it." Let Pilsudski, Horthy or Schuschnigg crack down, and our liberals talk of "terror." Dollfuss' sin lay not in bombing citizens' homes, but in that the apartments happened to house social democrats. It is not a whit far-fetched to say that if he had shelled Nazis instead, we might have learned from liberal sources that the suffering was incidental, and anyway it served the Nazi so-and-so's right.

The solicitude of the left-wingers for the rights of the German churches is touching; but one hears of no mass meeting to condemn the Marxist kirk-burners of Spain, and American Catholics are still wondering at the silence that has greeted their appeal for liberal support in the Mexican anti-religious controversy. The liberals manifested no particular interest in the churches' tribulations when the merry wives of red Hamburg used to vent invective and spittle

upon every passing cleric, and when German social democratic city governments passed spite laws to hamper the work of religious hospitals and asylums.

Liberals who registered ire and contempt when Hitler burned the books profess to see no parallel in the Soviet embargo on bibles and other heretical literature. They whisper in shocked accents of weird phallic practices in German barracks, but cite as an example of communist open-mindedness the Russian law permitting the marriage of homosexual women to one another. Every Soviet shortcoming is speciously explained away, every opponent's weakness made capital of.

So, too, as concerns American affairs. Let vigilantes wreck a communist headquarters and our liberals demand to know Who Owns The Police Force. When domestic bolsheviks spatter their adversaries with acid and milk bottles, the liberals are silent, no protest telegrams go to the mayor, and no one seems to give two hoarse hoots just where the title to the police force rests.

II

To explain these discrepancies, this strange variance between creed and ethics (and the list could be extended almost to infinity), one must go back to the mass conversions to liberalism in the years immediately following the War. In an era when the moral screws were loosened and old inhibitions vanished, liberalism became the vogue of the day, and the proselytes represented quantity rather than quality. The mantle which had graced the shoulders of such as Spinoza, Newton and Jefferson was appropriated by any cluck with a buttoned-up mind who had a grudge against the local parson or a strict grandmother, any ex-rummy who resented having to walk up one flight for what he used to get on the ground floor, any semi-literate university student who had just learned that man is but a chemical product of warm mud and atmospheric gases, "putrescent dust of the weary satellite of a dying sun," and was rather fascinated by the idea.

The new liberal was, of course, no more broad-minded or liberal than he had been before he saw the Light—but he knew how to appear so. The technique is simple: By building up the idea that you are broad-minded and impartial and have discarded all old-fashioned prejudices, you invest yourself with a cloak of immunity. Anyone who dares assail your views may be put down as a bigot, an obscurantist, and eventually (as you swing farther leftward) an oppressor of the workers. With the opposition hog-tied, you are at liberty to be as narrow and opinionated as you please; a privilege which few liberals slight entirely.

The literature of this particular phase of liberalism is meager, perhaps because most of us are deathly afraid of being called medievalists or philistines. Stuart Sherman did good service in exposing some of the liberal shams (his essay on the Samuel Butler cult as an example). Chesterton in his "Orthodoxy" (chapter "The Paradoxes of Christianity") points out the insincerity of the liberals who use two sets of mutually contradictory arguments in combating Christianity—the eat-your-cake-and-have-it school of criticism. Everett Dean Martin and Ivor Brown have touched upon the phenomenon in recent writings. An occasional stray Letter to the Editor in the daily press gives a correct interpretation to some smug liberal casuistry. Tucked away in an article on child study was this quite accurate diagnosis of the condition: "Who does not know the liberal home in which children are permitted to collect money for strikers, or read radical magazines, but are frowned upon heavily if they decide to march with the Ku Klux Klan. There is freedom to be liberal, but not any real freedom to choose. A child should have a right to choose to be more conservative than his parents, as well as more liberal." Unfortunately, all this criticism of the critics is widely scattered, and nowhere is the subject given the attention it surely merits.

For the good of the causes which they profess to be orators of American liberals would do well to discard the idea that their political, social and religious opinions are characterized wholly by a white-souled love of truth and recognize that they are motivated, exactly like the rest of us, by partisanship and personal bias. When they cease comporting themselves like pinchbeck divinities and look to their own Augean stables before insisting upon a clean-up week for others, they will live down a certain sagacious critic's estimate of them when he dubbed them natural damned fools.

REPEAL IN CHICAGO

by LEWIS HERMAN

ON December 5th, 1933, Chicago threw off the yoke of Prohibition along with the rest of the country. A little more than a year has elapsed since that time. Among the promises made by the wets was one which declared emphatically that "the saloon will not come back!"

Well, here in Chicago, the saloon has not come back. Article 22 of the Illinois Dram Shop Act specifically states that "no person licensed to sell alcoholic liquors shall use the words *saloon* or *bar* in any sign or advertisement." However, by calling their places of business "taverns" or by hanging out signs such as "Harry's caBAREt" and "Piccadilly Pub", the licensed purveyors of alcoholics have kept to their promise. The saloon has not come back.

According to the statutes, the taverns are supposed to close at 1 a. m. Do they? Take a walk down Clark street, between the Chicago River and Chicago Avenue, at any time between 1 a. m. and early dawn. You'll find almost half of the fifty taverns open, wide open. The Bowery, The Nut House, The Parody, Liberty Inn, the Gay 90's, the Shamrock Inn, the Green Lantern, the Merryland, the Paradise, the Royal, the Agate and the rest, they're all open. McGovern's Liberty Inn brazenly advertises "open all night." How do they do it? Easy! They become "clubs" after 1 a. m. And how do they become "clubs"? Simply by buying a barrel of inferior beer every week from the proper—if you get me—parties.

In this short stretch of blocks on Clark street, the aforesaid fifty taverns cater to the liquid needs of the citizenry. Seven drug stores sell bottle goods. A number of grocery stores do likewise. New taverns are opening up every day. Here is as raffish a tenderloin as ever embellished New York, San Francisco, Memphis and New Orleans. Here the blowsy, ancient hooker once more blows her whiskey breath into the still unshaven faces of incipient Casanovas. In joints like the Liberty Inn, the Gay 90's and The Bowery, hostesses—young girls who have been poured into slinky evening gowns—hook their arms around the necks of unaccompanied males. By allowing them certain familiarities, they wheedle drinks out of them. When properly approached, they are more than willing to sleep the night out. The tea-houses in the Yoshiwara of Japan are no more frank in their system of assignments. In the back-room cafés of various places the entertainment offered is of the Sally Rand type. Everything goes (off) here. The quipsters rival the privy comics. The "strippers" weave among the floor-tables, throwing their indecencies into the faces of those who watch them.

Four gambling joints run wide open in the district. One of them is situated within a stone's throw of the Chicago Avenue police station. When he isn't in the joint, a copper can witness the activ-

knowledge of cooking is in the top of a ston's squad-room. Gambling places with three crap-tables, enuckaluck, keno, blackjack and roulette are scattered over the whole city. Handbooks can be found in practically every busy block, behind a cigar counter. Otherwise, the newsboy will take your bet. The taxi-dance halls that once flourished only in the outskirts of the city, before repeal, have all returned. The "Silver Slipper" in Stickney, with its cathouse right next door to it to take care of those who had been over-stimulated by the expert gyrations of the dancing teachers, has closed its doors. Instead, at 95th and Western Avenues, in the city limits, places like the "Beverly Gardens" are renting young girls to old men and cripples for ten cents a dance.

This activity is not confined to the tenderloin section. All over the city taverns are featuring floor-shows that are simply a number of acts booked mostly through an organization known as the "Amateur Talent Agency." The pay of the performers is negligible. For that matter, so are their talents. Fat old women shrieking sobby ballads in whiskey contralto voices, young girls in soiled spangled tights and brassières, pimply-faced young men tapping ungracefully to tinny music produced by sweat-shined jiggaboos: these are the "artists." Masters of ceremonies lead them from joint to joint, where they depend on the bounty of those in the tavern, in the form of pennies thrown on the floor after the show is over. Fan dancers also abound here. By the time their dance is ended, they have left nothing to the imagination.

In one year, more than 8,000 liquor licenses have been issued. The exact figure is not available because hundreds of places are operating under temporary grants, which means under no license at all. In the halcyon days of the pre-prohibition era, in 1916, only 7,152 saloons were licensed to sell liquor in Chicago. In 1918, the year before prohibition came in, there were only 5,624 saloons.

In 1933, the year before repeal, 442 people were arrested in Chicago for driving their autos while under the influence of liquor. In 1934, for the first ten months, 508 similar arrests were made. The number will be almost doubled when the wild-drinking holiday season statistics are all in. Chief-Justice J. J. Sonstebly, of the Municipal Court, says that arrests for drunken driving are on the increase and that they will reach alarming proportions unless something is done about the matter. "Oddly enough," the Chief Justice continues, "the gains have been more noticeable in the three poorer sections of the city, namely, in the vicinities of the Shakespeare district, the Stockyards district and the West Chicago Avenue district. Arrests for drunken driving in the Negro district have not changed because they had been driving while drunk even during prohibition. All in all, it seems that the better citizens have been doing their drinking in private and more lawfully."

Perhaps the cause for this can be found in the stuff that the poorer people are drinking. It is a well-known fact that Chicago has been the largest outlet for bootleg booze in the entire country. On Madison Street, in the Loop, straight-from-the-bathtub whiskey is selling for \$1.25 a quart, while Canadian, imported and the bonded American stuff, is sold for almost five times as much.

Every day the newspapers report tavern violences. A policeman was recently shot in a tavern owned by an alderman. A mother returned from a drunken tavern spree to find her baby daughter burned to death. A young bank clerk kills his friend with a blow from his fist after an alleged insult during a tavern party. Liquor is being sold to children five and six years old in the Austin district. High school boys and girls are being debauched in screened enclosures despite the law against screening in taverns. Prostitutes have been driven off the street into the taverns, as hostesses. The foulest rotgut is being sold as whiskey. Good beer sells for ten cents a stein and the inside of the stein is tapered. Sewer-wash beer is a nickel a glass and the stuff is "spiked."

But the saloon has not come back.

NATHAN DIGESTS THE PLAYS

"VALLEY FORGE" (Maxwell Anderson)—My handsome confrère, Mr. John Mason Brown, observes of this play that "it makes me proud that I am an American." Mr. Brown's praiseworthy patriotism, alas, has fuddled him out of the more purely critical observation that the play should not make him proud, in this instance, of the American drama. For what Mr. Anderson, otherwise a competent fellow, has done on this occasion is to lay hold of one of the most eloquent and thrilling episodes in our history and to project it across the footlights in what are largely the terms of hokum melodrama, not the least of which are polite paraphrases of such 10-20-30 "The Ensign" hip-hooray speeches as "We ain't got no manners, but we can fight like hell!"; the indignant ejection of the villain by the trousers' seat; the heroine who disguises herself in an officer's uniform and presumably fools all the sentries; the sensitive blond soldier juvenile who dies to much dry, stoic sniffing on the part of his sympathetic officers; and—the beleaguered garrison. Mr. Anderson has amply proved in the past that he is far above such hackneyed stuff. His periodic fine words only emphasize, by contrast, its stagey sham.

"Calling All Stars" (Lew Brown and Harry Akst)—The Warner brothers, movie magnificos, laid out the money for this one. A considerable portion of the aforesaid money was devoted to installing powerful searchlights and loud speakers outside the theatre and to the employment of a corps of thirty-five photographers to take pictures of the stooges in top hats who elegantly made their way in. Once inside the theatre all that they and the rest of us more bourgeois souls engaged was a large and expensive troupe of vaudeville actors who tumbled all over one another working up to the climax of the joke about the wife who ran away with the comedian's best friend, which was why the comedian considered him his best friend.

"Post Road" (Wilbur Daniel Steele and Norma Mitchell)—It is plain that Mr. Steele, an honest and skilful short story writer, conceived this simply as a means of getting some easy money out of the show business. As a magazine editor who appreciates that the writing of honest and skilful short stories isn't any too lucrative a business these days, I sympathetically hope he gets it. As a dramatic critic with some respect for the drama, I don't.

"So Many Paths" (Irving Kaye Davis)—Clara Kenny aspires to grand opera, but finds the going tough. In order to achieve her goal, she learns that she must surrender her anatomical pearl to a lubricious old millionaire with a pull. It makes her very sad, but no sadder than the audience and the boys in the box-office.

"Gold Eagle Guy" (Melvin Levy)—The melodramatic tale of a shipping pirate in the San Francisco of the eighteen-sixties. In the end, the uncompromising old roughjack is hit over the head and killed by some falling scenery, supposed to indicate an earthquake. If noise constituted reputable drama, it would be a masterpiece.

"The O'Tynn" (Brian Hooker, Russell Janney and Franklin Hauser)—A "musical romance" based on the Justin Huntly McCarthy play. Reminiscent of the very early Dennis King period. The quotation at the top of the program reads: "... But I'd change all the gifts that the King can command, for one smile of your eyes, one touch of your hand." Now you know all.

"The Sky's The Limit" (Pierce Johns and Hendrik Booraem)—They don't come much worse than this.

"Romeo and Juliet" (William Shakespeare)—This presentation has been confidently acclaimed by our younger critics as the finest since the time of the late J. Ranken Towse's great-grandfather. It seems to me to be as generally impotent a one as I have witnessed, and I have witnessed, my records inform me, in various parts of the globe exactly sixty-one. It is one of the few I have beheld from which, whether good or bad, there has emerged nothing of the warm song of love, but only a recitation of the words accompanying that song. Its Juliet, Miss Katharine Cornell, centres her performance so fero-

ciously upon the mere virginity that the amoro five-year-old Mr. Basil immunity to prosecution act. Miss Cornell plays Romeo with a passion the ring of being address Mercutio is directly out lightly tripped air and and solely had in mind a theatrical audience emot been successful.

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ciously upon the mere pictorial physical phases of the heroine's youth and virginity that the amorous duets with Romeo (played by the mature, forty-five-year-old Mr. Basil Rathbone) evoke worried misgivings as to Romeo's immunity to prosecution under the contributing to the delinquency of minors act. Miss Cornell plays Juliet to a motion picture camera; Mr. Rathbone, Romeo with a passion so understated that the lush Shakespearean line has the ring of being addressed to his mother-in-law; and Mr. Brian Aherne's Mercutio is directly out of a Charlot revue. The entire treatment, with its lightly tripped air and beat-the-eleven-o'clock-deadline tempo, has evidently and solely had in mind a satisfying of the present-moment impatient and trivial theatrical audience emotion. In that direction, at least, it would seem to have been successful.

"Mother Lode" (*Dan Totheroh and George O'Neil*)—Poorly written and unimaginative melodrama treating of the romance of the Comstock lode and the rise of San Francisco. All the stencils are on deck: the rough western saloon with its pure and beautiful singing girl and its handsome, romantic gambler who falls in love with her at first sight; the pure singing girl's avaricious old mother; the low-comedy harlot who marries a man of wealth and position and shows up in the next act elaborately dressed, carrying a poodle, and loftily spouting bad French; the suddenly rich hero's liaison with an adventuress-actress (foreign) and his understanding wife's high nobility in the face of marital disaster; the loss of the hero's fortune and the second act finale telegraph wire that clicks out the thrilling tidings that they've again struck ore; etc., etc. In a word, Hollywood hotcha.

"Ode to Liberty" (*Michel Duran and Sidney Howard*)—Even Miss Ina Claire, who is a very able comédienne, can't do anything in the way of injecting humor into this adaptation of a sapless French farce-comedy, although the pajama outfit which she seriously sports in the second act does its unconscious bit.

"Fools Rush In" (*Leonard Sillman*)—A pretty terrible revue. Sample items on the night I reviewed it: a travesty of "Within the Gates" wittily called "Within the Grapes"; an actress who conspicuously displayed her teeth and thus impersonated Mrs. Roosevelt; the joke about the Mdivanis; the spoof of Aimee Semple McPherson; the "Body by Fuller" wheeze; the couple with ten children who, at the blackout, decided to get married; the joke about Herbert Hoover in permanent retirement; the comic's rendition of "Ridi, Pagliacci"; the jest about the crudeness of Americans in England; the bar-room crack at the father of the Dionne quintuplets.

"Piper Paid" (*Sarah Smith and Viola Brothers Shore*)—*Hiatus valde de-flendus*.

"Rain From Heaven" (*S. N. Behrman*)—Our most accomplished writer of finished comedy again meets his own standard of smoothly literate and intelligent dramatic composition. While, because of the absence of what passes with the generality of playgoers for drama of action, the calmly poised conversational exhibit may seem to them like an interesting talker simply telling them of the good play he is going to write, it presents to the better-grade audience that most expeditious of entertainments: the drama of animated thought and phrase in place of mere physical monkeyshines. The theme is the clash of ideas and ideals in the chaotic, race-mad and prejudice-ridden world of the present. The performances of Miss Jane Cowl and Mr. John Halliday are delightfully first-rate.

"Birthday" (*Aimee and Philip Stuart*)—"The Children's Hour" as it might have been written by A. A. Milne. Goody-goody pap dealing with a young daughter's bitter hostility to her mother's second marriage. Antoinette Cellier's performance of the girl the only redeeming feature.

"Thumbs Up" (*Ballard MacDonald, Earle Crooker, James Hanley, et al.*)—Any show with Bobby Clark in it is *ipso facto*, so far as this critical academician is concerned, a good show. *Ergo*, a good show.

"Baby Pompadour" (*Benjamin Graham*)—Rubbishissimo.

"Portrait of Gilbert" (*Carlton Miles*)—Nothing at all staged with a comical gravity and air of importance.

THE DAISY MILLER CASE

by LOUIS REED

PERSONS who declaim against our farcical criminal trials as if they were a product of the twentieth century are ill-informed in the matter. Present-day courts—even criminal courts—are more dignified, more efficient, and much less given to horse-play than they were a hundred, seventy-five, or even fifty years ago. Where formerly the courtroom was a sort of club house in which lawyers vied with each other for the favor of the populace, courts nowadays have a more serious aspect and a more business-like manner.

One need only read the accounts of the famous Daisy Miller case, which was tried as late as the year 1878, to realize that this is true. Though that case was not appealed and no transcript of the evidence is extant, eye-witnesses at the trial committed their recollections in writing, and among them was the late Governor W. A. MacCorkle of West Virginia. The peculiar facts, the spectacle of the trial and, above all, the prominence of the persons involved made it a *cause célèbre*. The case was tried south of the Mason and Dixon line, which gives it a special variation, but numerous records of other cases in different parts of the country show that clowning in court trials was once practised on a much broader scale than would be possible today.

Daisy Miller was a notorious underworld character known in her profession as a "Madam." She had amassed a fortune, through traffic in vice and gambling, and the name Daisy Miller was no doubt an alias. Governor MacCorkle, in his account, speaks of her under another name. She was not herself a prostitute in the accepted sense of that term but more what we nowadays call a gold-digger. Withal she was handsome, comparatively young, and the sort of woman calculated at that time to reach the sympathies of jurymen.

Daisy was the proprietress of a number of houses of ill-fame in different cities, and it was an occurrence in one of these in Charleston that brought her into court. The complainant was an out-of-town cattle drover, one of those men who used to go about the country buying cows, steers and heifers, which they drove to the markets. Such men of necessity carried large sums of money on their persons, and this one swore out a warrant charging Daisy with robbing him of two thousand dollars. He consulted an attorney, who advised him that, since Daisy owned a considerable amount of real property, he ought also to prefer a civil action to recover his money.

It so happened, therefore, that Daisy was indicted and sued at one and the same time, and the law-suit was set for trial first. To defend her, Daisy retained Charles (Charley) Caldwell, the most eminent criminal lawyer in West Virginia and one of the outstanding criminal lawyers of the whole country. Thereupon the plaintiff hired himself a special prosecutor named E. W. Wilson, who afterward became governor of the state and a noted corporation counsel.

Both Caldwell and Wilson were brilliant lawyers, though as opposite temperamentally as two men of equal mental powers could possibly be. Caldwell was the elder. He was a thick-set man, with a round head bald as an onion. If his character had been equal to his brilliance or even if he had started in happier surroundings, Caldwell might have become one of the most famous men this country has produced. His learning was prodigious. He was a past master in jury trials, and he appeared in his later years to experiment with the most unlikely defenses. His last resource was to turn the laugh on somebody—the prosecution, the judge, the defendant, or even himself—on the theory that a good-natured jury will not deal out a harsh verdict. The subterfuges he sometimes resorted to make legal history and are by no means unentertaining reading.

By contrast Wilson, though learned in the law and a prosecutor of the first order, was younger and of a more serious turn of mind. He had been extremely successful as a practitioner by reason of his brilliant presentation of cases, and his skilful examination of witnesses. His method was to rely entirely on the evidence, and he was so expert at sifting testimony and simplifying matters in dispute that even the most stupid jury could understand him. Wilson's greatest drawback, however, in dealing with a man like Caldwell, was his ancestry. A scion of the old South, he was a gentleman to the core—proud, quick to take offense, and quick to show his anger when it was aroused.

II

The case came to trial at the old Kanawha County courthouse before a crowd of spectators that jammed the streets outside. This was the civil action to recover the money, but the proceeding was in the nature of a criminal trial. Conviction on the criminal charges later on must be based on the same testimony. Wilson, opening the case with a brief statement of the facts, plunged at once, as was his custom, into the evidence.

He put the plaintiff on the stand. The plaintiff testified that a friend had introduced him to the defendant, who had invited them both to her place. In the course of the evening the friend had mentioned that he (the plaintiff) had a considerable sum of money on his person; whereupon the defendant had suggested that he leave it with her for safe keeping. The offer was declined. Later, she had plied him with drinks, which, he believed, were doped, and the money had disappeared while he slept. He placed the amount at exactly two thousand dollars because he had that amount in a special wallet.

Wilson called two other witnesses, who added little except corroboration, and rested the case. The spectators could tell from the looks of the sober-faced jury at this point that his simple tactics had hit the mark. The river-front dives at that time were notoriously filled with thieves and cut-throats. Rumors of incidents of the same nature were current every day. A movement was on foot to reform the city administration, and many of the more respectable citizens would gladly have seen Daisy Miller bankrupt and in jail.

Probably a less clever and less colorful lawyer than Caldwell would have moved for dismissal here on the ground of insufficient evidence and, failing in that, would have counselled denying the whole story. That was the obvious thing to do, for the plaintiff's case was based on circumstantial evidence entirely. But whether he was afraid to draw the lines so sharply, or whether it actually happened otherwise, or whether he was experimenting with one of his fantastic defenses, Caldwell began his defense of Daisy Miller with one of the most astonishing courtroom exhibitions on record.

He said to the jury: "Gentlemen, the plaintiff has told you that in the company of this defendant and in one of the houses belonging to her he was robbed of the round sum of two thousand dollars. The charge is simple, and the answer equally so. The defense admits that the plaintiff parted company with that amount of money. It does not admit, but emphatically denies, that he was tricked or lured into any place whatsoever, or that he was doped and robbed in the manner alleged, or in any other manner.

"The defense rests its case on the simple proposition that the plaintiff, of his own free will, paid out his two thousand dollars for services rendered. If you gentlemen, when the evidence is placed before you, are of opinion that the charge was exorbitant, the defendant stands ready to pay back the money. Indeed, she has brought the full amount with her to this court, and to prove that such is the case I am going to ask her now to show you the money."

With that, Daisy Miller, who was a handsome, well-built woman, mounted a chair and, in full view of the jury and the crowded courtroom, lifted her skirts and exposed a roll of bills nestling against her shapely thigh.

From that moment on, the Daisy Miller case was a farce that would surpass belief were it not so amply authenticated by reliable witnesses. Caldwell had every good-looking prostitute in the City of Charleston in the courtroom, and some who were scarcely in that category. He placed them on the stand, one after the other, proved that they were all in Daisy Miller's employ, and proved further that the plaintiff had spent so much time with each and had given them each so much money. Then, he had a large packing box placed on the floor in front of the jury and, using the box as a dais, mounted each girl on it in turn, and invited the jury to decide for themselves whether or not she was worth the money.

Nor was that all. In addition to the girls Caldwell resurrected three or four old scrubwomen, former prostitutes whose usefulness in that profession had passed, and proved by them that the plaintiff had likewise spent so much time with them and had given them each so much money.

While this comedy proceeded, Wilson, perceiving that his client was becoming a laughing stock, objected time and again, and was continually overruled by the judge. At the same time Caldwell, who had things moving his way, undertook to goad Wilson to fury. He began to parry Wilson's objections with witty sallies, which brought down the house no less than would have the cracks of a professional comedian. He even punctuated his remarks with horrible facial grimaces and comic waggings of his enormous ears.

To a man of Wilson's temperament, being made a fool of in public was intolerable. He was a gentleman, accustomed to dealing with gentlemen before the bar; he resented anything that deviated from the gentleman's code. Caldwell's stinging sallies irritated him beyond reason, and at last his temper prevailed over his better judgment. Rising to his feet with the quiet dignity of a blue-blood born, he issued a challenge then and there to a duel.

III

The comedy ceased. Everyone looked at the judge, who looked exceedingly blank. This unexpected development was not covered by the rules of procedure. Two deputy sheriffs pushed forward, but Caldwell shook them aside, and addressed the judge. This time his face was serious.

"If it please the court," said he, "before I accept the challenge I should like permission to address the jury on a matter not connected with the case."

The court gave him permission. Whereupon Caldwell, in striking contrast to his former clownishness, launched into a serious and learned disclosure on the subject of duelling. He began with the duelling customs of the ancients, and from there traced the subject in all its meanderings through the Middle Ages and down to the present time. He spoke with the assurance of an authority, which he was. He called the jury to witness that duelling, though forbidden by law, is the only manly way to settle differences of opinion. He deplored the spirit of cowardliness in America, which branded duellists as criminals, and hoped to see that abuse removed from the statute books. He talked earnestly and eloquently for more than an hour while the spectators sat with bated breaths and his stony-faced opponent, arms folded, stood in his place waiting for the answer to his challenge.

When Caldwell finished, the spectators sat in complete silence. He wound up by assuring everybody of his own valor, of the comparative blamelessness of his past life, and of his readiness to die if fortune was against him. Then, he turned to Wilson, and accepted the challenge.

Before Wilson could reply, Caldwell again faced the jury. "You have heard me," he said, "accept this challenge to mortal combat, and you will recall that throughout the history of duelling the person challenged has had the right to choose not only the weapons but also the mode of combat. I ask Mr. Wilson, therefore, if he is ready to concede me that privilege."

Wilson signified that he was.

As Wilson nodded, Caldwell's manner suddenly changed. From a sober-faced scholar discussing an ancient human institution he was transformed into a raging beast. He leapt toward Wilson, holding outstretched hands before him, and crying, "Come on out, Mr. Wilson! Here's your duel for you! Come on out!"

Wilson, thinking that Caldwell had gone crazy, inquired, "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," Caldwell replied.

Then, pointing to his shiny dome upon which no sprig of hair had grown for twenty years, he screamed, "*I choose to pull hair!*"

Wilson was so angry at himself for not suspecting the trick that he stalked straight out of the courtroom. Nothing could induce him to return and go ahead with the trial. After some dickering, during which the girls were again brought forward for the edification of the jury, Caldwell and the plaintiff reached an agreement whereby Daisy Miller paid the plaintiff five hundred dollars, in consideration of which the plaintiff dropped all further prosecutions, civil and criminal.

CONGRESSMAN DE LUXE

by VICTOR WEYBRIGHT

Author, "*Spangled Banner: The Story of Francis Scott Key.*"

WE are always supplied with an abundance of funny Congressmen, some odd ones, some useful ones, some tall, lean, fat or crippled ones, a few bright and many stupid ones—yet in the whole history of our country I am convinced that we have had only one Congressman who was a truly great character, and he is now almost forgotten.

He was John Randolph of Roanoke, and he is obscure today because his antics have been recorded only by historians and biographers. Of all Americans, his story most deserves the services of an inspired poet, a dramatist, a novelist, a ballet inventor, yea, of an opera librettist, for in the grand manner of Cyrano, Hamlet and Don Quixote he transcends historical narrative. Not even shrewd Henry Adams quite caught the moving paradox of profundity and juvenility, of bravery and cowardice, of lust and asceticism that were Randolph of Roanoke's exaggerated attributes.

He was a great man, a scholar, and a fool. Study the old prints and old tales of him. Tall, thin, ambitious, bitter, mocking, cruel, yet oftentimes sentimental and gentle, his high-pitched voice terrified, wooed and hypnotized his auditors. Ill and often drunk, with his hound dog lying beneath his desk in the legislative chamber, he looked like the Pocahontas whose blood coursed through his nervous veins. He wore his straight black hair in Indian fashion and lived in a log house; but at heart he was an elegant. His hat was daily ironed, else his black boy was flogged; his rude house in the forest was fitted with at least one solid gold doorknob; his coach-and-four thundered across Virginia with outriders. The best families of Virginia had produced him—and they feared him as if he were a monstrous avenging angel of the Devil or the Lord.

His three hundred slaves knew the lash, and when he died they knew not what to do with the freedom he had granted them. Although a democrat, he abominated the very name of Jefferson who had begun the partitioning of the great estates and whose son-in-law once vanquished him on the hustings. At the same time that he emptied his purse into the bishop's hand he averred that he was a votary of Mohammedanism. Sometimes by sitting silent and dour

he intimidated men who knew he was the most fluent orator of the day and the pithiest wag who ever uttered a word along the Potomac. "All the bastard wit of a generation has been fathered on me," he once said—and it was true. Beginning his career as an understudy of Patrick Henry, he surpassed that compleat orator.

Like a starved watch-dog he leaped on raiders of the Treasury. He fought Supreme Court justices before impeaching bodies. He was foreman of the grand jury that brought a true bill of treason against Burr; and he made one of the best speeches of the century in opposition to Madison's unhappy and expensive war of 1812. Yet, when he was an old man, as special ambassador to Russia, he piled up one of the first great expense accounts to be criticized and analyzed and damned by Congressional Committees.

One day in a rage he plunged his pen into his veins and wrote a check drawing all his funds out of the bank in his own blood; he would go to Merrie England where lived a better breed of human. But, finding no ship handy except the *Henry Clay*, named for a man he hated and with whom he once had duelled, he refused to sail.

A queer fellow! Often in pain, for his health was scandalously poor, he cried, "I have eaten opium all my life." But, curiously moral, in the next breath he denied the drug habit lest he demoralize the young. His waistcoat pockets bulged with cloves, spices and headache powders.

His epistolary hand was known to scores of fellow-Congressmen, to bishops, lawyers, Negro foremen, bankers and ladies. He craved letters, because on his vast secluded plantation he was lonely, with no one for company except a physician and two nephews, one a deaf mute and the other tubercular.

Generously he sent poor boys through college, for he loathed ignorance; yet when Jackson was running for President, he defended his lack of education by asking if the country wanted a Scotch schoolmaster instead. With men and women he exchanged presents, bucolic verses, epithets and banter.

Strange as he was, he was an inspired and constructive statesman. For the first third of the nineteenth century he influenced all national legislation. He practically invented Dixie by dubbing the boundary of the Missouri Compromise the Mason-Dixon Line, perpetuating forever the names of the surveyors who had staked out the cleavage between Pennsylvania and Maryland.

In conformance with the great tradition of tragedy and comedy mingled, he never married. Many times in love, his sex life, controlled by chivalric respect for womanhood, was limited. At times he feared his physical capacity was inferior, as it may have been; and he worshipped ladies from afar, imagining they were like his mother and his sister. With the psychiatric ability and tender understanding peculiar to neurotics, he skillfully terminated the amorous desire of his deaf-mute nephew for a married woman. His humor was as robust as that of any baronial lord, which indeed he was; therefore his respect for women included only the good. His extraordinary letter censuring a female relative for committing abortion and flying to the arms of old Gouverneur Morris is a classic. She stung him to the quick by replying that she had shown the letter to her husband, and added that she would thank him for putting on fewer airs. "Randolph of Roanoke, indeed!" She remembered him when he was plain Jack Randolph, accounted a youthful fool.

In his biography of Randolph, Henry Adams makes the neat point that Randolph, a caricature of all Virginians, can be understood only in Virginia, where foibles are smiled at and brilliance is properly underestimated. A Don Quixote of the nineteenth century, a man of the manorial past living in the day of steamboats and Democracy, Randolph was an anachronistic Virginian. But, by being the quintessence of his constituency's dreams, he achieved greatness.

Living his own life, loathing all trespassers except fox-hunters on Roanoke horses bred from his own studs, he snarled at petty

reformers. Yet, land-poor like all Virginia planters after the Embargo, and therefore a Jacksonian, he was opposed to Mr. Biddle and the crooked Bank of the United States.

Because he contained all the paradoxes of a great dramatic figure, the rightness of his inconsistency and the grandeur of his simplicity were legendary in his own day. Alas, alas, that he is now remembered only by upstart Solons cribbing his fine phrases or by excellent but too precise scholars—and that he is neglected by fiery artists in search of fiery subjects.

The present sordid complexion of Congress perhaps deters artists from probing the Capitol of the olden time for a gigantic representation of life. This is unfortunate, for Randolph offers the whole panorama of American tradition from the day of Captain John Smith to the time of our first Democratic Dictator, General Jackson.

"BACH IN B MINOR"

by N. BRODER

WHEN Bernard Shaw assumed the post of music-critic on *The Star* about forty-five years ago, the editor said to him, "Say what you like, but . . . don't tell us anything about Bach in B Minor." The admonition might have been addressed to the present-day music critics of the New York newspapers, for they obey it almost as strictly as Shaw didn't. Musical criticism from the technical standpoint—that is to say the only kind of criticism that has any value to the musician, professional or amateur—is practically non-existent here. It is permissible, to be sure, to discuss a singer's placement and breath-control, a violinist's fingering and bow-arm, a pianist's legato and octave technique, for that is exactly what the artist's relatives, his teacher, his friends and his rivals are all waiting to read. But an equally detailed examination of the construction of a musical masterwork is taboo—it is "Bach in B Minor."

One does not look for a searching analysis of a composition in the mid-week revues, which are written with a frantic eye on deadlines. But why are the Saturday or Sunday columns, composed at leisure, generally so empty and superficial?

Two reasons for this state of affairs are usually advanced: one, a week-end column must be "readable" and therefore not technical; two, most readers would not be interested in the esoteric problems of style, creative technique, influence, interpretation and so on that are encountered by the thoughtful musician. As to the first, I offer the musical criticisms of Berlioz, of Hanslick and of Ernest Newman in proof of its falsity; and as to the second, I submit that there is a large and growing group of music-lovers who would gratefully flock to support a column of "Bach in B Minor."

One suspects that some of the critical gentlemen would indeed prefer to devote their weekly feuilletons to that sort of material. Mr. Gilman, for example, has gone so far as to print musical illustrations of his discourses. If the presumably outraged subscribers sent indignant letters to the editor of the *Herald-Tribune* demanding the audacious culprit's instant banishment, I have not heard of it. Mr. Henderson, of the *Sun*, usually begins a season with the solemn assertion that music will be the foremost consideration, not its interpreters. It is true that his Saturday articles devote little time to fiddlers and such, but it is just as true that any inquiry into the elements of composition is avoided. He is often on the verge of attacking a pithy question, only to retire hastily with the plaintive remark, "But this is not the place for a discussion of that sort."

Where is the place? "The musical journals," says Mr. Hender-

son. What musical journals? *The Musical Quarterly*? Yes, but in the twenty years of that periodical's life the music critics are represented thus: Henderson, 4 articles; Downes, 2; Gilman, 1; the rest, 0. A meager record, surely, but apparently not the *Quarterly*'s fault. *The Musical Quarterly* is a lonely peak in the American desert. There are one or two foothills: *Modern Music*, a magazine limited in scope, as the title indicates; and *The Musical Mercury*, too young and its aim too uncertain to have established a place for itself. Below these there yawns a vast descent to the arid plains of the musical gossip-sheets. Sometimes an interesting essay on a musical subject finds its way into one of the non-musical magazines. There have even been occasions when an article that could be read by an intelligent musician has appeared in one of the aforementioned gossip-sheets, flanked on one side by a dissertation entitled "How to Pass the Thumb under the Third Finger when Playing the Scale of C Major," and on the other by a large portrait of a prima donna, whose manager, by a strange coincidence, had taken advertising space in the same issue.

No doubt the general public wants to read the windy, mystical outpourings on Wagner, the futile exhortations to American composers to "write American," and the accounts copied out of Krehbiel of former casts of "Aida" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," which constitute its weekly lot. But what of the numerous class of intelligent students and practitioners of music? Any one of half a dozen critics (including one or two of the underlings) now writing for the daily journals could supply their need. Until they do, the newspaper-reading musician will have to depend, for sustenance and stimulation, upon the London *Sunday Times*.

THE PRIMAL CURSE

by RANDOLPH BARTLETT

PRIVATE advices from the expedition of l'Université de Falaïse sur l'Ante, which is conducting excavations near the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates, indicate that new light is to be turned upon the fall of man. Carvings have been discovered, which of necessity can be regarded only as new interpretations, or variants, of the old traditions of Creation, but which demand serious consideration because they antedate any of the evidence which has been advanced in support of the records in the Pentateuch.

One proof of this extreme age, for example, is that while nearly all ancient carvings contain references to the legend of the great flood, these discovered by l'Université de Falaïse contain only prophecies of that disaster. They also report the project of the building of a huge structure, corresponding in many respects to the Biblical Tower of Babel.

Most interesting of all, however, are fragmentary accounts of the existence of man in what is conventionally known as the Garden of Eden, and of his expulsion therefrom. Professeur Albert-Etienne Petitpas has sent a translation of these inscriptions to a friend in New York, with the request that they be not divulged until this week, when they will appear in the Paris archeological review, *Hier*.

Rendered into English, these inscriptions, carved on what was apparently the façade of a temple, read as follows:

After many days, God returned unto the garden, and it was the season of the moon Vahashah.

And when he looked upon the garden, he was exceeding wroth, for the face of the earth had been changed, so that the garden was not as he had given it to the man and the woman.

For a great ditch had been digged, and the waters of the river entered into the ditch, and the waters flowed from the river into the midst of the garden, so that the garden was no longer God's handiwork.

And God called to the man, and his voice was angered, and the man knew that God was wroth, and came and knelt before him.

And God said: "What is this that thou has done to my handiwork?"

And the man answered: "Behold, I looked upon the trees that grew beside the waters of the river, that they were great trees, albeit they bore no fruit; and I looked upon the trees of the garden, that they were lesser trees, albeit they did bear fruit, and I said in my heart: 'Even as blood is the life of the body, even so is water the life of the tree.' And I digged a ditch, to bring the water of life to the trees of the garden."

And the man said: "And lo, the trees of the garden have become great trees, even as the trees beside the waters of the river, and the fruit of the trees is greater and more abundant."

And God was exceeding wroth, and he answered the man, saying:

"Who art thou that thou wouldest change the handiwork of God? For the garden was my handiwork, and it was good, and very good, and there was fruit in abundance for thee and the woman."

"Hearken now unto my words, for this day is an evil day, and remember my words all the days of thy life, and let thy children and thy children's children remember them."

"For toil is the pain of God, and God has toiled that he might give unto man the blessing of life with joy and peace in which there is no travail."

"But thou hast become as God, for thou hast toiled, and thy toil was evil; for it was a toil of pride, that thou thoughtest the work of God was imperfect, and soughtest to make it perfect, which is an insult and a great foolishness."

"For it is as one who would say that the thing created is greater than the Creator."

"And I thy God am a jealous God, and in thy pride thou hast taken the path which leads unto thy fall."

"Hearken now unto my words, for this day is an evil day."

"For that thou hast toiled without need, now and evermore thou shalt toil because of a great need, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, until all the trees of the land are withered, and the waters disappear from the face of the earth, and the earth itself disappear."

"Get thou hence from my garden, and return to it nevermore, and go thou into the wilderness with the woman, and be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and dig thy ditches that there may be greater trees and more abundant fruit."

"For this day is an evil day, and the curse of God is upon thee and upon the woman, and upon thy offspring, and upon all thy race."

"And the curse of God is the curse of toil."

Obviously this is the familiar form of ancient allegory of an anthropomorphic and conversational, not to say testy deity, and yet it is surely entitled to as much respect as the Mosaic allegory in which a crochety Creator exiles the pair from the Garden for exercising the very functions for which he had so manifestly designed them. It is the simple and direct thinking of a primitive philosopher with a strongly deistic nature. Being so much closer to the source of human life than other "revelations", it is free from the perplexities which weighed upon even such a sketchy civilization as that of the nomadic tribes of Israel, and thus constitutes a philosophy which cannot lightly be dismissed.

In transmitting his interpretation of the carvings, Dr. Petitpas

admits that he has filled in many phrases where the wall upon which he found the writings had been eroded and splintered. The writing itself is pictorial and much simpler than the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and he is restoring the blanks and says that the spacings and contexts prove that his version is, for all practical purposes, correct.

There are certain symbols for which his transliterations are arbitrary, as in "the moon Vakashtah," but these, Dr. Petitpas says, he will justify in detail in his monograph which will be published in France simultaneously with the appearance of this issue of *The American Spectator*.

LET ME EXPLAIN YOU SOMETHING

by JEROME WEIDMAN

HE was short and fat and bald. His face seemed to have been polished to a high lustre, and when he talked his features worked so violently that at times his eyes were almost completely hidden by rolls of flesh. Twice a month, every second Monday, he arrived at the office, one hand holding his soiled derby to the opposite shoulder, like an officer in civilian dress saluting the flag, the long, narrow cardboard box under his arm resting a bit on his paunch.

The girl at the switchboard had strict instructions not to let him in, but I could always tell when he had arrived by the commotion in the outer office. There was no back door through which I could escape, and he knew that if he waited long enough I would eventually see him. In the beginning I used to try to outwait him. But his patience was inexhaustible. So as soon as I heard his voice, I hurried out to try to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

"Hullo, my friend," he shouted as soon as he saw me, advancing with his hand outstretched, carrying the box with him, and smiling. "How are you? How's business? How——?"

"Look, Mr. Prensky," I said, "I'm very busy now. And, anyway, I don't need any ties. Why don't you——?"

He stopped short with a gesture of amazement.

"Ties I'm trying to sell you? Who said something about ties? I can't come visit a couple my friends without they should think all the time I'm trying to sell them ties? Listen, let me explain you something."

He put the box down on a chair and seized my lapel with his free hand, still holding on to the derby with the other.

"Business I wish by you should be so good, a million dollars you should make every week. Orders you should get by the thousands so many, fifty letter carriers they should have to use extra for you alone special in the post office. But God forbid, you should get sick tomorrow, what good all the business and all the millioners is gonna do you? You should have a couple good friends better, then all the money in the whole world, first then you're better off."

I started to say, "I'm very busy, Mr. Prensky, and——," but he shook me into silence.

"Wait, wait. Let me explain you something. I'm walking past the building, just like this. I look up, I see the number, I say to myself I got a friend of mine in this building. Y'understand, I'm in a hurry. I got business to tend to, but I say to myself: What's business? A friend is a friend, but what's business? All the business in the whole world, it isn't worth a nickel compared next to a good friend. So I come up like this, just to say hello, how are you. And right away you think I'm trying to sell you ties."

"I'm sorry," I said, beginning to feel uncomfortable. "But I don't wear those ties anyway, and I don't want you to waste your time—"

"Sure," he exclaimed, jerking me violently by the lapel for emphasis. "I know you don't wear these ties. But who's trying to sell you ties? Listen, let me explain you something. I got a wife, she should live a hundred and twenty years; when I married her thirty years ago she went around so high class you would think, hoo-hah, she was a governor's daughter at *least*. But I said to myself, it's better it should be like that, then a dope who don't know nothing. When I took her to the theatre the second balcony wasn't good enough. It hadda be the dress circle. Came to get something to eat, a cafeteria she wouldn't even look on. Had to be at least the chinks, with a waiter. But I figured, all right, the more it costs, the better you get. So now I'm married thirty years, what do you think I got? Not even a son I haven't got. A daughter, she should live a hundred and twenty years, I got. And like her mother she is, to the minute. What do you think she's doing now?"

I shook my head and tried to break away, but he held me more tightly and even dropped his hat to seize my other lapel.

"Wait, just let me explain you something. She's already more than twenty-seven years, and my wife she keeps on telling me all the time she's worried Frances is gonna be an old maid, she's not gonna get a feller, she don't go out with boy friends enough. For my part, I'm not worried. I'm not saying I'm such a college professor, but I'm not such a dope neither. I figure like this, if her mother, she should live a hundred and twenty years, she could find a sucker like me, then Frances got nothing to worry. And what do you think? Just like I said, not long after, she comes home with a feller, they're engaged, go make them a wedding. All right, I said, why not, I'll make you a wedding. So I hire a hall, I make a couple supper, I rent a full dress, I buy schnopp, I hire a band. So it's good, no? But not by my wife. She goes around all day with a face long like a horse. What's the matter, I say, the hall is no good, the meat is got worms, the full dress got a hole in the pants? What's the matter? Everything is all right, she says, excepting the band. What's the matter with the band, I say. Well, she says, Frances got a friend, she got married not long before to a certified accountant, and everything was the same except she had a bigger band. Why shouldn't Frances have also eight pieces in the band, just like her friend, instead only six, especially Frances is marrying a lawyer, better yet then a certified accountant?"

He stopped for a moment and released me long enough to wipe his mouth with the back of his hand, but then he seized my coat again.

"A lawyer he is! Everything is called a lawyer! Such a lawyer like he is, all my worst enemies should be! Who is he, who? A little snotnose, he just finished school, he didn't even take yet the bar exam, go make him a wedding, he's gotta have a band with eight pieces. Six isn't good enough for him. Eight pieces it's gotta be! But what can you do! You got a wife and a daughter, they should live a hundred and twenty years, they got tastes like they was a regular Mrs. Vanderbilt. Not enough I gotta make a wedding, I gotta hire yet two extra pieces for the band."

Here he paused dramatically and stepped away from me, his arms outstretched.

"So what I'm telling you all this for? Why I'm taking up all your time, you a busy man like you? Let me explain you. A wife is like a tie. You think you pay more, you get better quality. Maybe you do. I don't say no. But you get more headaches, too. A high class wife, she wants for her daughter expensive weddings, with eight-piece bands. A high class tie, you gotta watch, no gravy should fall

on it, no soup should spill on it. But I got here"—he darted to the box and had it open under my nose in a single movement—"a selection ties, A number one, costs only fifty-five cents apiece, special price to my friends, looks just like a regular high class—"

I bought three.

COME AND GET IT

by RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

NOWHERE else on the civilized globe is the housewife so endowed with attractive literature pertaining to her domestic function of feeding her male and her clamorous offspring as in these recovering United States. Yet, despite the prolific prose of the culinary experts, the "To-day's Menus" of enterprising journalism, the alluringly colored advertisements of food manufacturers and the varied dispensations of the chain groceries, the American family is still eating the unimaginative fodder of its forefathers.

The more esoteric items of the cuisine are reserved for milady's bridge luncheons and the joyous pecking of her friends. Her husband is fed via the frying pan, as of yore. His appetite is buttressed with meat, bread and potatoes, a slab of bakery pie and an occasional vegetable abomination or limp salad doused with prepared dressing, meant to preserve the wage-earner from the perils of vitamin deficiency—with as little effort as possible.

The children fare better because the preparation of their widely advertised protective diet is simpler. They eat prepared and radium-treated cereals, milk and orange juice, Cocomalt and Ovaltine.

The American kitchen is gay with chintzes, crammed with electrical devices and labor saving machinery. It is a gleaming and attractive laboratory. But the American table still glorifies expediency and shatters all illusions about the dawn of a new gastronomy. The housewife's attitude approximates the erstwhile genial summons to a mid-day feast for harvest hands—"Come and get it!"

And thousands do.

The last generation of mothers and wives knew little about diet, and the ritual of their baking and basting may have approached drudgery. They canned and pickled, sun-dried and salted. They leaned heavily on starches and their happy zeal probably postulated the girth of a nation. They were blithely ignorant of caloric content, generous with butter and sugar, pardonably ignorant of the virtues of weeds and grasses and raw carrots. Their culinary offerings were seasonal, indigenous to clime and place, thoroughly American. But the products of their seething kitchens were appropriately stirring to the gastric juices, and they produced a contended, well-fed race.

Their daughters, the emancipated creatures of our day, have neither the cunning nor the industry of their mothers. They have never poked their heads inside an oven-door, never tasted cake with a broom-straw, or prepared fowl for the roasting pan. They lack any instinct for cooking, all natural aptitude for the job and, with that fundamental distaste as a handicap, all their manuals and atlases and magazines can't make cooks out of them.

Some have learned to open cans. Many know how to get in and out of a grocery store with a shopping bag. A few can operate the gadgets in their kitchens without injuring themselves. But their

knowledge of cooking is largely confined to what they can do on top of a stove. They are appalled by a mixing bowl or the cavernous mysteries of an oven. And if the truth were known, at least half the new generation of housewives can't execute the commands of the high culinary priestesses of the household magazines. They can't wade through the abracadabra of complicated recipes, nor for that matter accomplish fairly rudimentary ones.

If anyone doubts this generalization, why are prepared biscuits and pancake flours having such a vogue? And why is it that, despite the multiplicity of trick utensils, good coffee is hard to come by; that simple vegetables are always over or under done; that bacon is so seldom a crisp and rosy curl but so often a charred slice of hog or a gummy lump of fat?

Fortunately restaurants abound, and even the drug-stores are valiantly determined to keep the population from starving. But why can't the young wives decentralize the eating problem? If the sacred institution of the home is tottering, one contributing factor may be the impossibility of finding anything to eat there. Which leaves the home merely a place to sleep in. And even that necessity is diminishing, for according to statistics furnished by the New Morality many Americans are sleeping out.

A great many men pick up the bulky feminine journals to which their wives subscribe, with a wistful wonder which turns into a justifiable resentment. Their eyes are treated to visual splendor which is in direct contrast with the stuff their stomach gets. They read tantalizing tales telling how to make even spinach Lucullan, but the spinach they get is the same gangrenous slime. They grow faint looking at mounds of spaghetti garnished with pineapple, at incredible aspics, florid salads, golden meat-pies and frothy puddings. They try desperately to believe that their money is going to the grocer and butcher, and not to some Carioca instructor; but what are they to think?

They get canned soup, a smeary chop with fried potatoes, bread and butter, cottage cheese embellished with pineapple on a ghastly lettuce leaf and apple pie typical of the new regimentation. The ladies' magazines sell by the million, yet this is still a common American dinner.

What man has not thought that what women need is less reading matter and more kitchen calisthenics? Hitler may be right. A nation must eat.

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AMERICAN SPECTATOR
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HE-MAN'S LAND

By THOMAS WOOD

Editorial Staff, *The Boston Transcript*

THEY'RE big, brown and rugged and they take no thought of the morrow beyond picking a likely prospect for the fourth race. They take their loving where they find it, which is pretty nearly everywhere but the middle of Sydney harbor. They spit and pick their teeth and swagger around the beaches.

Among themselves, they go by the name of Austyrians, but to the irreverent Englishmen they are "dinkum Aussies." This infuriates them. To retaliate they call the Britons "Pommies," for no better reason than that their ruddy complexions somehow suggest pomegranates.

An American (a goddam Yank in the native patois) visiting their astonishing continent Down Under winces a bit at them, at the same time experiencing a puzzling sense of having seen them somewhere before. You know the feeling. After a little while the light dawns on you. They, and their country, are just like we were back in the boom days. When we were all 100% American. It's like coming across an old photograph of yourself taken at the age of nineteen or twenty. Just when you were beginning to feel your oats and had learned to tilt your hat over one ear.

Australia as a nation is of an age which compares most peculiarly to our own national adolescence, the age when we all wore badges and boomed around about "God's country." If you've ever wondered just what became of that slogan, there she is. Australia's got it and it's legal tender down there. It circulates freely and is accepted by everyone. It's a fact that across the harbor from Sydney, in Mosman, they've built a handsome amphitheatre for the second coming of Christ. They're convinced that when He does come back to earth, He's coming to Australia first.

But that's only a sample.

Australia, like ourselves only a little bit later, attained its world stature on an agrarian basis. But where we have split our openers and filled a more diversified hand, Australia stands pat on the soil, deeply rooted. Her great commerce is still in wool and hides and grains. The production and handling of these staples are her whole economy. In any but the worst of times—and even, I am told, through the Recent Unpleasantness—it is a rich traffic, and encourages a wholesale spending of easy money. As a result, her big cities closely resemble the big cities of our prairie states in harvest time. They are ungainly and ugly, teeming with appurtenances of pleasure that are both gusty and earthly, and not concerned with the elaborations and prohibitions which we call refinement.

About all America hears of Australia in a cosmic way is when her representatives leap up on their hind legs in some trade conference and demand this, that, and the other thing. Of course she has a nice export trade in race-horses and tennis players, which brings her some local fame but, as far as international noise is concerned, she sounds like a Billingsgate smelt merchant warning competitors off her corner.

I think this is explained by the close bond with the earth. As producers, Australians severely mistrust all middlemen—professional tradesmen and far-off brokers. With true rural morality, they suspect every move of the outside world. Manipulations of tariffs

and mark are their hobgoblins. Thus, England, *sui generis* a nation of shopkeepers, is their natural enemy. But America, being both shopkeeper and producer, is a competitor as well as a commercial trickster.

But that doesn't prevent Australians from drawing on us for certain things which no other nation, not even Dame Empire, can supply them. This traffic, grudgingly admitted but nevertheless real, consists largely in those frills and furbelows which are so essential in a democracy—those alleged luxuries which indicate that all men are equal from the neck down. All their relaxations except that which they acquire with puberty are adapted from the United States. Our movies give them the things they desire of us in the way of fashions, to wit, jazz and slang, plus a romantic treatment of concupiscence. A visitor to Australia cannot misapprehend the influence of the American cinema upon the Antipodean consumer. Every so often the London press breaks out in a rash over the Americanization of British youth. The matter has even reached the House of Commons. But actually England has much less to be concerned about than Australia. England is a tight little isle. Australia—if I won't be misunderstood—is loose, much more amenable to outside influences. That Australians are aware of it was indicated in a recent issue of *Variety*. Under some such heading as "Solons Quiz Yank Films," it reported that the legislators at Sydney were devising ways and means of keeping American movies out. They couldn't decide between an embargo and a quota. The same week I read elsewhere that Australia, alone of all wheat producing countries, flatly refused to cut her acreage. Didn't see why she should.

It all sounds very familiar. So does another little item I've come across. I'm putting it in my scrapbook. It says that in Sydney they're planning to build a mountain. They're going to get dirt from different parts of the world and different sections of Australia, and pile it all up in one big heap to commemorate the settlement of Australia one hundred years ago. Just what they are going to do with the mountain, once they construct it, no one seems to know; but it's a sure bet that ten years from now it will lie precisely in the path of something else they will want to build. But they're going to do it. They did a similar thing in Canberra. They built a handsome parliamentary edifice, lavishing millions on it. But when it was completed, it was found to be so far out of town that nobody would use it, and sessions still go on in the ratty, creaking, wooden structure in Sydney.

II

When I was Down Under, they were just dedicating the Sydney Bridge. There was something to live through! Every tradesman in town had a reproduction of the bridge in his window, made out of candy, playing cards, shoe-strings, handkerchiefs, and even fountain pens. Bridge specials were on every menu, and orchestras played a bridge theme song. No world-cruiser can forget the bridge. Solemnly declared to be the largest and finest in the world (and currently losing 230,000 pounds annually), it overshadows the city that conceived it, a Pantagruel's cat's-cradle, spun in iron. Undoubtedly it has a certain academic interest for the engineer, but for the average visitor it is little more than a sock in the eye . . . King Kong's coat-hanger, set in concrete.

Elsewhere in the dominion are similar awkward gestures. In Adelaide, for instance, a fresh, well-built municipality, as amorphous as Kansas City, the appearance of the town becomes its raw tradition like a new eighteen-dollar suit on a lumberjack. In Freemantle, to the West, with its neat American suburb of Perth, there is nothing—save a few convict motifs on a public building—to identify the town with the region, its history, or the great wild hinterland.

Sydney remains the first and Queen City of Australia. There,

one may see in its manifold life a fair representation of the people of the whole continent. This is not like taking one's impressions of America from New York, but more like accepting Angelenoes as typical Californians.

The position of a visitor in Sydney is paradoxical. A complete stranger can have a very pleasant time. But when he ceases to be a complete stranger, and can be identified as an American or English tourist, he is a pariah. There is little difficulty in making acquaintances, at least acquaintances that will serve for a dance, a movie, a stroll, or a swim.

The young women are beautifully made, often pretty of face. In their social relationships, because of the predominance of their sex, they have a definitely male quality. Not that they are any the less female, but they add to their femaleness a male's prerogative. At a party they show no girlish flattery, no bovine winsomeness, when introduced to a prepossessing male. For some minutes they silently listen, scrutinize and assay. If the scale tilts favorably, it tilts sharply. If unfavorably, they merely crush out their cigarette, say "Oh stow it, Johnny!", and turn to someone else. There is no redress or appeal. They sustain their own verdicts. But if one is accepted, the intimacy is swift and complete, often very pleasant.

Their independence is admirable as such. And it is further admirable in that they do not make a cult of their emancipation, that is, by rationalizing early and often on the injustice of male superiority. The stranger who comes newly to this sort of thing usually finds his sex *mores* somewhat out of kilter. These young ladies are perhaps less feminine but they are no less female.

On such occasions as a dance or a house party they are first-rate good fun. They know what to drink and how to drink it. I never saw one of them pass out, that awesome and prideful experience of American girls. Their excesses are intentional excesses, a form of vigorous and selective appetite rather than silly or experimental ignorance.

The males are hedonists of the first order. Like our own baseball, the race-track and the lotteries are matters of consuming interest to every male Aussie of six years and over. Similarly, the frequent drawings are as much a drain on people ill able to afford them as are our own nigger pools and "treasury balances."

On good Sundays in the summer, the city population moves *en masse* to the beaches. Possibly nowhere else in the world, unless it be in nearby Polynesia, will the traveler find as many handsome physical specimens. The men are superb swimmers and they worship the sun. Here the unattached populace gathers for sport and "contacts." One very popular form of contact seems to be that achieved by jumping into one of the big rollers in such a manner as to be flung against a nearby feminine bather. If she happens to be well attended, however, another type of contact, somewhat less pleasant, is inevitable.

A more dependable and more remarkable social fixture is the tea *shoppe*. It is several cuts above our taxi-dance halls and likewise several cuts below our better Broadway restaurants. Each of these *shoppes* provides an intimate dance floor, and music of the peculiarly galumphing British sort. You know, Tea for two, galumph, galumph, Two for tea, galumph, galumph.

From two o'clock in the afternoon until five-thirty, they are jammed with tea-and-music lovers. A comparatively small part of the patronage arrives in couples. Girls and men come singly—for contacts. There is no fuss about introductions. Any girl may be approached. A clever young man makes it a rule never to "contact" a girl nearer than three tables from his own. This insures that he won't have to pay for her tea.

The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN ★ ERNEST BOYD ★ SHERWOOD ANDERSON
JAMES BRANCH CABELL ★ EUGENE O'NEILL

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PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MASTER

by KENNETH CAMPBELL

Editorial Staff, The New York World-Telegram

WHEN the last company dick has sold out the last union local from within, the name of James McParlan, daddy of all industrial gum-shoe men, will lead all the rest. He has been dead these fifteen years and big business, to its sorrow, has not seen his like since. If he were with us now, he would waltz the industrialists through the valley of the shadow of Section 7A with jaunty ease.

McParlan hanged the Molly Maguires without benefit of Blue Eagle, and if he is forgotten now, it is because his story is too full of coal dust and bad whiskey to compete with the drawing-room detective tales of Philo Vance and kindred vendors of criminological tapioca.

In 1870 the Philadelphia and Reading Iron and Coal Company hired the Pinkerton Detective Agency to end the depredations of Irish hooligans who were not only festooning the culm heaps of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, with the corpses of company straw bosses, but were actually forming labor unions. The gang, which was probably nothing more than a few renegade chapters of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, came to be called the Molly Maguires.

The Pinkertons detailed McParlan, one of their operatives, to the job. He was a lean, well-muscled man of thirty-two, healthy and full of beans. At work spying out the Molly country, he was a frantic dancer of jigs and a vicious barroom battler—in short, a broth of a boy. On the witness stand he affected an attitude of mousey piety and a righteous uprolling of the eye that gave him the perfect phiz of the company dick.

The Molly Maguires were centered in Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Tamaqua and other settlements northeast of Pottsville. This is a country of somber hills gashed by gloomy ravines. In those days it was a region of killing labor at the bottom of mine shafts and of squalor and crummy living. Men worked twelve hours a day for six dollars a week. Clouds of coal filth brooded over the wastes like the wings of giant bats, and bestial mugs glowered from shanty windows. The battling micks gathered in saloons run by their leaders and there drank, cracked heads and did breakdowns, while frowzy females screeched accompaniment. The nights were filled with maudlin song and the bang of fire-arms.

Barrel whiskey was the tippie, and McParlan noted plaintively in his reports, which remain a Pepysian classic of private sleuthdom, that it was of such quality that it made his hair and eyebrows fall out and impaired his eyesight.

McParlan's first night in the Molly country was typical of many that he was to spend there. He turned up at Pottsville at the Sheridan House, run by a gigantic yahoo named Pat Dormer. The fiddler was playing his favorite piece, "The Devil's Dream." Without introducing himself he walked in and sprang into a fancy jig. There was thunderous applause and he was made welcome. Then he sang a song with an interminable number of verses and a stentorian chorus in which all joined:

*"With my rigadum du, an' to hell wid the crew
Wouldn't help save our nation.
When I look back I count 'em slack
Wouldn't join our combination."*

On that night he acquitted himself with further honors by breaking the nose of a man whom he accused of cheating him at cards, and Dormer forwarded him up-country to Shenandoah with introductions to certain Mollies.

He worked in the mines for a while but soon found that he could learn more by hanging out in saloons. He accounted for his supply of ready money by giving out that he was in receipt of a navy pension, fraudulently obtained. To this he added a story that

he was a fugitive from justice, having trampled a man to death in a Buffalo grain elevator. He blathered night and day in bars, and drank strangling doses of whiskey. But while his drunken companions snored on the floor, he scurried off to his room, where he wrote long reports to the Pinkerton office.

Soon he was secretary to a Molly group. A dozen or more murders rested with something less than the weight of eiderdown on the consciences of the Mollies and little by little he gathered the information that was to drape the gallows with the enemies of the Philadelphia and Reading Iron and Coal Company. He lived with the gang leaders and actually shared a bed with one of them, and his information would make a modern steel baron's mouth water. His Molly associates included one James Kerrigan, who had gained the nickname of Powder Keg by tossing a keg of gunpowder into a fire when the miners refused to make room for him one cold morning. Another pal was one of four Mollies who engaged William "Bully Bill" Thomas, a Welsh miner, in an eye-gouging and groin-kicking fight in a stable, where two large draught horses were killed, but not Bully Bill.

Finally the Mollies began to suspect McParlan, and on one occasion a dozen of them assembled at the Shenandoah station to meet a train on which he was expected to arrive. All had sledge hammers concealed under their coats. They planned to greet him with disarming effusiveness as he stepped from the car, hustle him off into the middle of a group, and quietly reduce him to pulp. He was warned and took another train.

Although he stood in danger of death at every turn, he brazened it out and stuck until he had all the evidence. Then he disappeared, to reappear on the witness stand to unfold a tale that hanged something like a dozen Mollies, including Jack Kehoe, the reputed leader.

On Dec. 10, 1905, former Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho was blown to pieces by a bomb attached to the gatepost of his home at Caldwell, Idaho. It was a labor war and the Pinkertons gathered fat retainers for furnishing guards and spies to the industrialists.

A few days after the murder of Steunenberg a quailing wretch named Harry Orchard was arrested for the crime, but denied it. Within a week he was visited in his cell by a portly and dignified, but withal jolly old boy with an Irish burr and an imposing paunch from which dangled a large Elk's tooth. Time had not dulled the sparkling eye nor taken the ring from the merry chuckle.

McParlan, for it was indeed he, seated himself, fixed a cheery eye on Orchard and asked him if he had ever heard of the Molly Maguires. Orchard knew little about the Mollies, and McParlan diverted him with a lively account of the ensnarement and hanging of the enemies of the Philadelphia and Reading Iron and Coal Company. If there was any intimation that the enemies of the Colorado copper interests might enjoy the same fate, it was soon merged with a gentle exposition of things religious—King David, to be exact—the big gun who let the little fellow do the dirty work and take the blame.

Orchard was soon in tears and Charles A. Pettibone, Charles H. Moyer and William D. "Big Bill" Hayward, all of the Western Federation of Miners, were soon indicted for the Steunenberg murder.

At this point, however, fate served up an indigestible dish to our hero. This dish was Clarence Darrow. Moyer, Hayward and Pettibone were acquitted.

McParlan died in Denver, May 19, 1919, following an operation for an infected foot. No man has ever gathered so many of whatever laurels await the private dick.

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Editorial Announcement

When we started *The American Spectator* just two and one-half years ago today, we told you that our purpose was simply to entertain ourselves and, we hoped, our readers, with a rather new type of literary-critical paper. And we told you at the same time and in our first editorial that when and if we got tired of the job, which involved no plans for any financial profits whatsoever and which had only a little belletristic diversion in view, we would, as we expressed it, "retire to our estates." Well, we are tired of the job, although it has been a lot of fun, which we feel from your generous response you may have shared. So we are merrily concluding our performance.

And here comes the strange part of it. At this moment *The American Spectator* enjoys the largest circulation of any literary and critical periodical in the United States. In the single month of December (the last for which complete returns are in) we jumped more than 6,000 in circulation over the previous month, which had shown an increase over the month preceding of 1,500 copies. What is more, subscriptions are now actually coming in at the rate of 175 a day, and they have been coming in at a rate of from 125 to 150 daily for the last three months. So, probably for the first time in the history of American periodical publishing, we are giving up—simply because we all want to do other and newer things—a property that has been constantly and steadily on the up-grade and that apparently has a very substantial commercial future. This isn't guff; it's the truth!

We wish to thank you for liking our efforts so much and we hope that maybe you will miss our paper a little.

Au revoir,
 THE EDITORS.

LAST OF THE GUERILLA ARTISTS

by DONALD L. MILLER

ALMOST every art-lover on the Pacific Coast knows and loves Giovanni Muschi. "Last of the guerilla artists," Idwal Jones called him back in the early months of 1925. At that time he had been invited to Los Angeles to decorate Zuka's Paris Inn, and shortly afterward met Joseph Urban with whom he began working in the motion pictures for one hundred dollars a week. The old San Francisco crowd shook its heads and uttered epitaphs—their last bohemian was gone, and bohemia was dead. But now, after several years as an art director and judge of beauty contests, Muschi is a guerilla artist again, painting everything from the walls of saloons to imitations of masterpieces, and living a vagabond life that is unusual in these days.

I visited him often at his studio in an old building on Broadway in Los Angeles. What a place! It was a barren room, dark and gloomy. At one end of it hung an excellent copy of a Van Dyke, and at the other end a saloon painting filled with naked women. He had a rickety cot in the dump, two old tables littered with rubbish, a few decrepit chairs and some wooden boxes. He had painted his windows so they resembled those of some antique church. Under a table amidst a debris of magazines, letters and drawings was a stack of photographs of beautiful women, all inscribed to him. In a corner was a cardboard box filled with yellowed newspapers containing outlandish stories about him. There were a few canvases leaning with their faces to the walls—his friends had walked off with most of his paintings—and a half-finished bust in clay standing on a wobbly platform.

Muschi hadn't enough money to afford electric lights so he illuminated the room with candles, and his gas had never been turned on so he wore his overcoat to keep from freezing. Nevertheless, he was a happy man.

When I first met him, his studio-rent was three months overdue, the landlord had threatened to throw him out, he ate one meal a day at a restaurant in which he had done some painting, and he borrowed his cigarettes from his friends.

A week later he obtained a job painting the battle of Château Thierry (without any dead men) for a sheriff, a member of the American Legion, for which he received five dollars a week, a new pair of glasses, and the privilege of dining each night with the detectives at the police station.

Before I left the West, he had been offered a job painting the scenery for the stage shows at the Cotton Club in Culver City. He accepted it. Muschi can paint anything.

During my stay in Los Angeles I had many conversations with Muschi, one that was particularly interesting; for he told me of his youth, his adventures, and the "good old days" in San Francisco. While a boy, in Switzerland, Muschi had studied art. At the age of thirteen he ran away from home, going to Turin where he studied at the Academy. At that time Marinetti, an Italian born in Africa, arrived in Italy, young, handsome and wealthy, and surrounded himself with a group of younger men. He started futurism. Muschi was with that crowd in Milan. Later he visited Paris, and there he caroused with artists, frequented the same cafés as Verlaine, and painted nothing. He lived in Gola's studio one week, Borgo's studio the next, and in somebody else's studio after that. Three times his father, who had established an Italian newspaper in San Francisco, sent him money to leave Paris; but each time he squandered it on one all-night brawl for his artist-friends. Finally he did come to San Francisco, almost immediately becoming friendly with Jack London who liked him because he was such a crazy lad, and because he could speak very little English.

In San Francisco Muschi soon became famous. He painted imitations of the masters to get money to survive, and he painted the things he wanted to paint to present to his friends, or give to some café owner for a few weeks' drinks. More than Muschi painted, he drank, spending every night at Bigin's, the rendezvous of every writer, musician, painter and boozier who lived in San Francisco. There was Christodoro, Jack London, Benvenuti, Bitter Bierce, George Sterling, Tina Modotti, Malone Blaine, Ray Boynton, Tofanelli, Sadakichi Hartmann, John Petrina and numerous others who are dead or who have disappeared, many of them committing suicide. Bigin opened his restaurant with the help of half a dozen artists. He was a painter himself, a handsome fellow, a gentleman who neither smoke nor drank but who loved the company of bohemians, much the same as Jim Moore who ran the Cabaret Francis in the old days in New York.

His establishment ran from Montgomery street through to Kearney street. It was a large place filled with wooden tables and chairs, and the walls were covered with paintings by the artists who frequented the café. Bigin was always very nice to artists. Any painter could always get something to eat at Bigin's. Gathered there, journalists, musicians and millionaires were nightly mafficking. Sorantini, coach of the opera company, or someone else with talent, usually played the piano, not the tin-pan music one hears in beer gardens today, but Strauss waltzes and Chopin nocturnes. Almost each night a rich Greek came to the place; he had invented a game of roulette, played with the tops of the sugar bowls, and lost purposely to the artists. Sometimes an artist would come with a new painting to show his friends, or a writer would bring his latest piece to read to the crowd. Sadakichi Hartmann used to read his poems, standing half-way up the stairway that led to the second floor, and George Sterling would follow him. There was always gaiety at Bigin's, always a spirit of camaraderie. As Muschi talked of the place his eyes lighted up and his voice was filled with longing. He made me wish to discover such a drinking establishment.

"Is it possible to have a café like Bigin's today?" I asked.

Muschi looked forlorn, and shook his head. "There aren't any more men like Bigin," he said. "The restaurant people of today would slit your throat for an extra nickel. Bigin never gave a damn about profits. He loved artists. You could sit as long as you liked in his place without buying anything. Today, when you quit spending, they throw you out on your ear. The bohemian spirit is dying out. Romanticism is dying out. The artists of today think too much of money. When they get together that's all they discuss: how much did you get for this painting, and what do you think they'll pay for that article you wrote? And today all the artists are jealous of each other, and knock each other. It wasn't like that at Bigin's. We were all good friends, always willing to help each other, always doing things to help the other fellow find himself. Today there's no place where a young man can go and talk to successful artists, and learn some of the things he needs to know, and that it would be so easy for them to tell him. A young man must fight it out alone. In those days we had some help. Now even the old men have become a crowd of snobs. They snob each other and they're snooty to the young men. They're hard to get together. They aren't interested in helping youths. Fraulich, who lived for three years with Jack London, and gave him all his information about the sea, is trying to start a place like Bigin's in Hollywood, but it won't succeed, for there aren't any artists in Hollywood. Hollywood ruins artists. Money ruins artists. Women ruin artists. Everything seems to ruin artists today. Perhaps, though, there aren't any more artists to be ruined. I don't know. But I do know there's nothing today like there was in those old days in San Francisco. Something's wrong."

Muschi asked me for a cigarette. After lighting it, he went on: "The candles are burning down, and I am rather thirsty. Some

other day I will tell you about Coppa's restaurant, but now let us go and get ourselves some wine."

Although Muschi is pessimistic, he still lives the same kind of life he lived in his San Francisco days, and attempts to hold at the Fior D'Italia a court like that which was once held at Bigin's; but aside from Sadakichi Hartmann, who will never die, Johnny Fabris, an artist and photographer, Leopold Fleischmann, an interesting journalist, and a few others, all he can surround himself with are Hollywood sign painters and the usual tribe of quacks and fakers who hang around bohemian restaurants imagining themselves intellectuals and stealing other people's ideas.

Nevertheless, bohemia will live as long as Muschi's heart beats.

SAILORS, BEWARE!

by HOWARD WOLF

THE United States Navy can be had by the Reds! And any time they want to take it over, too! From Commander V. L. Kirkman, U. S. N., comes the tip on just how it can be done. Not an impartial authority is Commander Kirkman, for he's so blind to the faults of the American Communist organization that he actually believes the party's pamphleteers are incomparably persuasive in their eloquence and the party's feminine attachées overpowering in their pulchritude. And to the best of our recollection that goes beyond anything that the *New Masses* has ever contended.

Yet there is no question that Commander Kirkman's high position in the Navy gives an authoritative ring to anything he has to say on this subject. So reasoned the House Committee Investigating Un-American Activities, at any rate. That's why the congressmen called Kirkman and other officers as witnesses, and were startled to hear that attempts by Communists to spread mutiny and rebellion among the nation's sailors and soldiers are causing these gentlemen to view the situation with "real concern."

At first this testimony reminded us of the reported Communist plot to capture Hollywood, a slapstick classic which climaxed with the Tarzan of the cinema roaring characteristic denials at the police chief who had accused the ape-man of mating with a Bolshevik. But then we read on and learned the truly serious nature of the new menace. It's a hellish campaign carefully planned and supervised from Communist headquarters in New York City, Kirkman deposed, and other witnesses asserted that the Gotham group is taking its orders direct from Moscow. As to the nature of the Big Threat, perhaps we had best allow the Commander to tell his story in his own words. We quote from the records of the House committee:

"Small groups of say two men and three girls will come aboard ship with the regular crowd of visitors and sightseers. Men of this group will circulate about the decks, stuffing their handbills into boats, behind ventilators, and so on, where members of the crew eventually find them . . . Meanwhile, the girls of the group—chosen for their good looks—will be picking out promising appearing enlisted men, engaging them in conversation with the object of making dates with them ashore and working on them there to convert them to the 'cause' and thus gain a recruit within the ship's company."

The inference is clear. To retain the loyalty of our sailors we must keep them in ignorance of Russian theory. Give them free access to the Soviet pamphlets and there'd be danger of their stampeding into the ranks of the hammer and sickle party as tars of another day made for the waterfront saloons. Expose them to workouts by the Communist cuties and all varieties of honor would be lost.

Personally, we hadn't realized that the Navy is so disaffected that installation of handbills and handmaidens behind ship ventilators is all that is needed to touch off revolution. And from what we

have seen of Communist pamphleteering, we still don't believe that the movement boasts a writer capable of wooing a single sailor from the perusal of *True Story* magazine or the *New York Daily News*. While from what we have seen of the Communist sisterhood we are quite certain that the cause can't show one moll gifted with sufficient pulchritude to flutter the pulse of the most susceptible tar.

Nevertheless, there undoubtedly is danger now that Commander Kirkman has rashly spoken in a way that may put ideas into Red heads. Let the Bolsheviks sign up a few high-class writers of real behind-the-ventilator stuff, along with Miss Moscow 1935 and a couple of Broadway choruses, and the fleet will be theirs. Will be, that is, unless statesmen prove alert to our peril and move swiftly to fight hot stuff with fire. Drafting Tiffany Thayer, Donald Henderson Clarke and the Goldwyn girls to the colors should save the day so far as the Navy is concerned.

The Army's peril isn't quite so immediate. On the day of the Kirkman testimony, in fact, Brig. Gen. Alfred T. Smith, chief of the War Department Intelligence Service, made affidavit that army plots of the Communists "have not met with a great deal of success." Let War Department chiefs continue their wise policy of keeping army posts free of boats and ventilators and that old Stalin will be permanently foiled.

WE CAN'T COME BACK

by T. PHILIP JOHNSON

DURING those long, arid years when Prohibition was keeping in temporary exile thousands of Americans who had refused to accept bathtub gin as a substitute for bonded liquor, another law was working quietly to make their self-imposed residence abroad permanent.

When Uncle Sam decided to saddle an income tax on the American people, he left to each citizen the task of computing his own annual resources, his exemptions and, finally, the blood-money due the Bureau of Internal Revenue. With a few exceptions, stay-at-homes made, and still make, the best of the situation. Fear of criminal prosecution and long terms in prison has insured a steady flow of dollars from saving and checking accounts to the coffers of the United States Treasury.

Those of us who sought refuge abroad during the Great Drought soon lost our respect for the long arm of the Law, which seldom extends across the Atlantic Ocean. Some of us paid our taxes once or twice, some of us never; but the man who, after three years in Europe, still turns up at his Consulate to pay concrete homage to his government is so rare a bird that he is looked upon as a Caspar Milquetoast.

The tax-dodger at home beats the government to hang on to his earnings; to do it with any degree of safety he makes use of plain and fancy figuring far more intricate than the mere reckoning of his tax. Abroad, the evader cheats on Uncle Sam simply because he is too lazy to do any calculating at all. The former lawbreaker is a deliberate swindler; the latter is a poor devil who falls out with the income tax collectors because of the obstacles that stand in the way of paying them their due.

A wise British government protects its lazy subjects by collecting income tax at the source. The Britisher at home or abroad may kick about paying a baby lion's share of his income to His Britannic Majesty's collectors—and make no mistake, he does; but he pays willy nilly, and neither desire to cheat nor laziness can change matters. The United States, on the other hand, optimistically assumes that every one of its citizens is both honest and a human adding machine; the taxable citizen is advised, through the newspapers as a rule, to provide himself with a tax blank, figure out what he owes, and come across. That the taxee may live in a

remote section of a foreign country, far from the nearest Consulate and its tax blanks, is no concern of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Lest the American in his native lair envy those of us who have strayed and are now beyond the reach of the tax collector, let him examine our situation as I am about to set it forth. There is, to be sure, no practical means whereby the United States government can bring back the defaulter who has taken refuge abroad. And as the exile cannot be brought into court, his income cannot be taxed at its source (so far as I can learn), for he is entitled to his say before the law. From our vantage points overseas, whether they be in France, Spain, Italy or the Insull Peninsula, we can thumb our noses at Uncle Sam and say, "Come and get it."

So far so good. But having been cheated out of its money, our angered government sooner or later sets itself to the pleasant task of making our lives in Europe as unpleasant as possible. This task invariably is achieved quickly and with complete success by the simple process of refusing the refugee a passport as soon as his original identification paper has expired. After two years of gambling on the continent, the exile suddenly finds his passport is no good. He hies himself to the nearest Consulate to request a renewal and what does he find? A blacklist a yard long, and somewhere between the letters A and Z his own name.

At this point, the exile becomes one of the sought-for evaders. In whatever country he happens to be when his passport runs out, in that country he will remain unless he decides to return to America and face the music—possibly to the tune of a long term in jail.

Fortunate, indeed, is he who is caught in France or Spain or in any other civilized country where the foreigner within the gates is expected to provide himself with the *carte d'identité* of the land and, having done so, need never again produce his passport. But even then his plight is not a pleasant one, when it is remembered that the average European nation is the size of a large state in the United States. To be in Paris on Derby Day is like being under arrest in New York when a world championship heavyweight fight is taking place in Philadelphia. Yet I know more than one American who has been chained to France for anywhere from two to twelve years simply because Uncle Sam is determined to get back his own.

Only the other day, a friend of mine who paid his tax in America last year was exulting because now that he is abroad he has the Bureau of Internal Revenue where the hair is short. He turned down the advice I gave him then, but he will remember that refusal to his sorrow before many years go by.

There is over here still another class of American income tax dodger—I have the misfortune to belong to it, too. In this class are those who are gainfully employed in Europe and whose incomes are earned, entirely or in part, in businesses in no way indebted to the American government for their support.

This class is composed almost entirely of deliberate tax beaters. Most of us would willingly pay taxes upon American-derived incomes if only the United States would make it a little less difficult; but payment of blood-money upon earnings already highly taxed in the countries of their source is another matter. The demand for a share in our hard-earned profits is too great a toll to exact for the privilege of calling ourselves Americans, and I have yet to meet a man who has paid it. Over here, we pay stamp taxes, property taxes and taxes on gross incomes before we are even allowed to figure our net earnings; then when we have computed what is left to keep the wolf from the door, we pay a net income tax; and if the remainder looks at all enticing, that old bogie, the sur-tax, appears. These amounts are paid regularly if grudgingly; but when the Bureau of Internal Revenue sends its vicar in Europe, in the form of a Consular servant, to demand a share in the loot, we tell him to go to hell.

STRAVINSKY: 1935

Author, "Composers of Today," "From Bach to Stravinsky," etc.

by DAVID EWEN

WHEN, twenty years ago, Igor Stravinsky visited America for the first time, he was the reigning genius of modern music. Although he was only past thirty, he seemed destined with the force of his volcanic personality to reconstruct the language and idiom of music and to direct it through new and greater channels. Revisiting America once again, Igor Stravinsky today—in the prime of his life—finds himself in his artistic senility, producing music which is without spine, character or vitality.

To contrast the music Stravinsky created before Germany entered the War with his efforts after the signing of the Armistice is illuminating. That a hot-headed rebel should change into a cool reactionary is interesting enough. But that, at the same stroke, an inspired composer, who created his art with an uncontrolled passion of genius, should have begun to turn to formulas and clichés in his composition, makes the metamorphosis doubly significant. Here is one of the most interesting phenomena of modern music: What has converted an unmistakable genius into a mediocrity?

The musician will no longer question the importance of Stravinsky's music of his middle period. From his "Scherzo Fantastique" (1908) which revealed a technical grasp that is instinctive and an instrumental coat of many colors, through the stirring "Sacre du Printemps" (1913), Stravinsky revealed an imagination that had no boundaries, a vitality that was fresh and electric and—we see clearly today—a musical beauty as sensitive as it was original. His was a pen that was bewilderingly elastic: brutal in its satire, tender in its loveliness, volcanic in its drama, deft in its humor. The Berceuse of "L'Oiseau de Feu" (1910) and the Introduction of the Sacrifice of the "Sacre du Printemps" (1913) contain some of the most poignant pages in modern music: Stravinsky could shape melodies in designs of rare beauty. And who has not succumbed to the malicious sparkle of "Petrushka" (1912) with its often rowdy and irrepressible humor and the bite and sting of its satire?

The Stravinsky who created the early series of masterpieces—"L'Oiseau de Feu," "Petrushka," "Le Sacre du Printemps," "Le Chant du Rossignol"—was not only a remarkable experimentalist who enriched the harmonic baggage immeasurably, who endowed rhythm with a new plasticity and variety, and who enlarged the scope of musical expression beyond the dream of his contemporaries and predecessors, but he was also an inspired composer who dressed his experiments with the garb of greatness. Our age has produced no music more important—artistically as well as historically—than "Petrushka" or "Le Sacre."

II

The contrast between this early remarkable music and the compositions which followed "Renard" (1915) is striking. In his later works, Stravinsky deserts the wealth of his harmonic language and turns to chord-combinations of schoolboy textbooks; his formerly dynamic and uncontrollable rhythmic force is now hemmed in; his originality yields to a stiltedness of melodic invention and to a shallowness of musical development. Theorists call this phase of Stravinsky's career "neo-classical." Stravinsky attempts to write in the style of Händel by producing fluid, lucid, transparent music—forgetting that had lucidity been the only characteristic of Händel's music it would hardly have persisted until our day.

One ruefully compares the often sublime utterances of "Le Sacre" with the hollow and pompous "majesty" of "Oedipus"; the contagious glitter of "Petrushka" with the forced and tired humor of the "Capriccio"; the inexhaustible zest and vitality of "Le Chant" with the wan, effete and spineless "Apollon Musagète"; the high inspiration of "L'Oiseau de Feu" with the emptiness and wind of

the Violin Concerto. There are moments—such as the air of Clytemnestra—which, in the later works, remind one of the earlier Stravinsky. These moments, however, are few and far between. "Les Noces" represents a ridiculous attempt to give artistic expressiveness to the tympani—the most uninteresting of orchestral instruments; this composition does not even possess the rhythmic electricity which one might expect from a work written for percussion. "Oedipus" is a larger and more ambitious canvas and, though occasionally Stravinsky here stabs blindly at sublime speech, the work as a whole is nevertheless a marked deterioration of its composer's talents. Some of the choruses are written with so heavy a hand that they seem to be the product of a pedantic academician. Not even the writing for the orchestra is distinguished here: it is without muscle or sinew; it is flabby and undistinguished.

The "Symphonie des Psaumes," for all its pretensions, rings false; it lacks honesty; it is as cold and as lifeless as a slab of uncarved stone; it is all too obviously the product of a mind that is toying with theories, and not of a heart that feels musical messages intimately and sensitively. The "Apollon Musagète," the "Capriccio" and the Violin Concerto are, without mincing words, bad music. "Apollon" is an attempt at crystal clarity in contrapuntal writing—but it is as false a music as our ears have heard. Its artificiality and lack of conviction are apparent from the earliest bars; and it is as frigid as an iceberg—and as ugly. The "Capriccio" is an attempt at humor—a sort of Scherzo for piano and orchestra. But the humor misses completely; it has none of the chuckle and bright face of "Petrushka," for example. As for the Violin Concerto, it is so formalistic in its outline, so ingenuous in its selection of ideas, and so clumsy in its construction that it plainly stemmed from a composer who has lost all perspective and ability at self-criticism.

For the past twenty years, Stravinsky has been strongly hinting in his musical accomplishments that his genius had warped mysteriously. Now there can no longer exist any doubt. His last works—the "Apollon," the "Capriccio" and the Violin Concerto—are definite signs that their composer, as a creator of first importance, is through.

III

The question now arises: What has brought about the sudden death of Stravinsky's one-time soaring inspiration? What poisoned his genius at a time when it seemed certain that he was destined to become one of the immortals of musical history?

The different quality of the earlier and later music of Stravinsky gives us the key to the problem. The music of "Petrushka," "Le Sacre" and "L'Oiseau" is indigenously Russian; it stems from the same soil that produced Glinka, Borodin, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff. The later music of Stravinsky, however, is elegantly European. The truth of the matter is that the period between the last of his masterpieces, "Le Chant du Rossignol," and the first of his insignificant music, the "Octuor," was marked by the composer's migration from Russia to Paris, where he settled permanently. A little ashamed of his Russian uncouthness, he tried to adopt the suave elegance of a boulevardier. And not only in his manners, but in his music, too. The later music of Stravinsky is generally marked by the stifling of all Russian influences and the adoption of European manners in composing. Stravinsky failed to realize what Dostoyevsky (in refusing to satisfy a life-long dream to settle in Paris) and Turgenieff (in insisting upon returning to Russia once each year) knew so well: a Russian artist, robbed of his spiritual heritage, can produce only vacuous and characterless art.

Moreover, in Paris, Stravinsky began to visit salons and became captivated by the tinkling theories to which young composers were

giving voice. Music must be "pure"; it must be unemotional; it must be restrained and aloof; its form must always be elegant; it must be classical.

To Stravinsky, these clichés had a pleasant sound, and he succumbed to them. As a result, he who was a genius began to imitate and be influenced by those who were his rank inferiors. I do not think that musical history has another example as pathetic as the case of Stravinsky who, endowed by Fate with a musical language uniquely his own and which was nothing short of inspired, began to copy the feeble style and message of composers whose towering superior he had always been. And then, by dwarfing his own talents, rapidly assuming the pygmy stature of the young French composers whose theories he admired.

Had Stravinsky clung to his Russian idiom and permitted it to grow and develop naturally along the lines suggested by "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre" he might have been an immortal. The music of his second period clearly shows flowering and growth in a definite, clear-headed direction. As it is, he presents the sorry aspect of a composer who at the age of thirty touched greatness, but who at fifty sees dotage. Transplantation is often dangerous to sensitive plants. In the case of Igor Stravinsky, it ruined the flower and withered the root.

PYROTECHNICAL PROGRESS

by RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

THE nautical phases of Joseph Conrad were never easy sailing for me. Nevertheless, thousands of landlubbers who wouldn't know one end of a boat from the other read Masfield, Tomlinson and McFee and leap nimbly over the rigging of the M.M. Nordoff and Hall's "Bounty" without the aid of a glossary. These aqueous sophisticates must acquire their wisdom vicariously, for most of them have never set foot on a windjammer nor rounded the Cape by any means other than a disordered nightmare. Like myself, their real knowledge of the sea consists in knowing how much to tip the steward or how to wangle a seat at the captain's table.

On the heels of Conrad, modern novelists employ enough technical material to supply susceptible readers with a fairly liberal education. Only a few of them have the sporting sense of Ernest Hemingway, who provided his admirers with "Death in the Afternoon," a handsome manual which paraphrased the *leit motif* underlying his major work.

The exegetists of Joyce supplied numerous Baedekers for the halt who seriously meant to read "Ulysses." Miss Stein has been as helpful as possible in an effort to make her linguistic quinces palatable, without actually translating. T. S. Eliot implies that a hearty adherence to the Roman church would simplify matters for his intellectual converts. Jolas and Pound provide assorted canticles about themselves and their work, but journeyman authors are less kindly intentioned.

Thomas Mann's monumental "Magic Mountain" is replete with *materia medica*. Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night" has a plenitude of abnormal psychology. The *Saturday Review* currently employs a psychiatrist to analyze the literary case histories of Faulkner and Caldwell for lay readers. Gide invites investigation of inversion beside which Proust is simple stuff. Virginia Woolf, after bringing in several gushers, now has her trickle of consciousness under control, but she asks readers to be pretty nimble about Einstein time concepts and heterosexuality. For awhile Rebecca West was a self-constituted guide to the laboratory researches of Pavlov, with a little Riviera psychoanalysis thrown in.

Kay Boyle has her own coy legerdemain. The late Lawrence had plenty of Indian magic and seminal mysticism for those still on the threshold of an ABC approach to life. Cabell invented his own bright lexicon of the unfamiliar; Jeffers, his raw-Pacific and

gnarled-cypress symbolism. Really to understand the industrial novels one needs an I.W.W. card or a bear-hug from Emma Goldman. The earlier Evelyn Waugh was great stuff if you knew your Cavendish.

In better days a Harvard degree, plus a *Wanderjahr*, one scorching misstep with a chorus cutie, marriage and the birth of one's heir were sufficient preparation for the reading of novels. One read about birth and death, love and domestic relationships, romance and ambition, salted with local color and peppered with some occasional stunting by literary acrobats like Henry James. The reading of fiction was simple and entertaining. You brought enough of living to a book to make it your own, and reading was a pleasure, most often a relaxation.

To-day there is a difference. The better novelists tout specialized fields of knowledge; they probe and delve, often with a very personal idiom. Some are deliberately obtuse, many are vexingly iconoclastic, and nearly all challenge thought and compel unceasing attention or the reader is quickly bogged.

An excellent example was Charles Morgan's best-selling "The Fountain." Half a century ago the author would have written it as a tear-jerker, proper stuff for a lady with bon-bons in a hammock. As published, it was deliberately termed a "philosophical novel," yet subsequently transformed into a motion picture its sponsors hoped it would entertain millions of fans. It didn't, for the old-fashioned love story had become a ponderous problem in emotional calculus. Likewise, Scott Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night" was serialized as a "romance," frothy as it was with incest, frustration and clinical forget-me-nots.

The last decade saw the astonishing popular success of bulky "outline" books and what was deceptively called, in some instances, non-fiction. The learned professors were pleased to note in this trend the upturn in national culture and mass intelligence, whereas it might be safer to assume that the newer fiction was simply going over the heads of the masses who were compelled—when too much Kathleen Norris and Temple Bailey threatened diabetes—to turn to Wells, Durant and the Abbé Dimnet.

The intelligent fiction reader, however, is beset with problems. With all the talk about the paucity of genius in the twentieth century, there is plenty of readable fiction. There is, in fact, too damned much of it. One can only sample, and since critical mentors are untrustworthy, even tasting is difficult. The reader who is not a hypocrite tries to glean a modern novelist's substance. He must familiarize himself with his style, his vocabulary and his background-technique, if that is a new province. When all the adjustments are made and the initial travail is over, he may discover that some critic or book club gave him a bum steer. Or, even if the book is worth-while, after wrestling with some seven hundred odd pages he may feel justly fatigued.

There seems to be a conspiracy among publishers, writers and reviewers—few of whom have to read the stuff—to glorify bulk and put a premium on auctorial virtuosity. No writer is worth his salt until he does a trilogy. Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady" now receives critical condescension because of its brevity. "The Folks" is admired, like "Anthony Adverse," principally because the novelist can hold head under water for seven hundred or more pages.

The reader is the silent and long suffering partner in this fiction racket. Literature no longer seems to have its troubadors, who entertain briefly and go on their way. Instead, every writer aims to be a Paganini concocting *moto perpetuo* variations on the printed page. A simple theme is buried under an avalanche of cadenzas and virtuoso authors have the arrogance to believe that endless improvisation and pyrotechnical tantrums imply high creative seriousness and the stature of genius. Life is paced differently and before long the reaction must set in against the deliberate exhibitionism and loquacity of the padded, encyclopædic novel.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE BOOK-JACKET

by M. KLEIN

AN illegitimate offspring of the big arts, the book-jacket has followed in the footsteps of its elders. Like most of them, it was born out of a kind of necessity. It came into the world as a plain dust-cover, designed to protect good bindings. At first it was dressed in a coarse, homespun garment made of heavy wrapping paper. It was necessary to trim it in order to reveal the face of the book. Later it was furnished with ready-made round holes which enabled the title to peek through.

Then it began to be decked in more colorful costume. Its favorite dress was the goldenrod yellow of the Macmillan Company, which was much imitated. Covers stamped with various prints or designs were also used. More delicate garments, made of flimsy, transparent fabrics, were added to its growing wardrobe. All of these were in fashion during the eighties and nineties of the past century.

Just before the century closed, the book-jacket came of age. Like painting, which had been a handmaiden to its sister arts, the jacket was the servant of the decorative book-binding. Like painting, which struck out for itself and eventually outshone its mistresses, the paper-cover has practically crowded artistic bindings out of the picture.

But the jacket did not win its independence without a long struggle. Even when it was decorated, it was merely a slavish imitation of the design on the cloth-cover. Finally, it overthrew its oppressor and instituted a despotism of its own: it completely revolutionized the *status quo*, stripping the binding of all ornaments and lavishing them upon itself.

The development of the three-color process in printing opened the way to the renaissance of the book-jacket and helped to make the first quarter of the twentieth century the Golden Age of the Book Blurb.

This was an era of colorful representational art. In its simplest form it was merely a reproduction of the frontispiece of the book—a vestige of the days before its enfranchisement. At last it broke all artistic bonds with its ancestors and began to display original paintings describing incidents or scenes of the story.

However, the book-jacket did not rule its native land for very long. Its reign was soon broken—not by an internal revolution but by an imperialistic invasion. Its dominion was conquered by the forces of an avaricious commercialism. The advertising possibilities of the paper-cover were soon realized and all of its resources were exploited. The illustrated jacket became a poster whose purpose was to catch the eye even at a distance. It was used for brilliant window displays and book-counter advertisements. It left nothing untouched; it broke into the most sacred temples of bookland gaudily to bedeck aged and venerable classics, and even religious books.

Nevertheless, its artistic advance was not halted, even though it came to serve a purely propagandist end. As a matter of fact, its development was accelerated.

As a poster it continued to illustrate an episode from the book. But this incident had to stand out more boldly. It therefore became necessary to select a spectacular event—or to create one by distortion and exaggeration. The result was a deliberate straining for effect, which destroyed the earlier simplicity and restraint. The new form attempted to dazzle the eyes by melodramatic scenes displaying an extravagant and flamboyant fancy. This might be called the period of the Baroque in the art history of the book-blurb.

At this period a lurid jacket could actually "make" a book; it was even rumored that the success of "Main Street" was due to a not inconsiderable extent to its paper cover. In the relentless search

for the sensational, the book "dummy" occasionally got into hot water. A famous law case occurred in England in 1922 in which Sydney A. Moseley was granted an injunction against his publisher who produced the author's book, "The Much-Chosen Race", with a caricature of a Jew on the jacket.

The heyday of the Baroque was ultimately destroyed by its own excess. The conventional action-jackets became eye-sores and, in addition, were so much alike that none of them would stand out in a group display; they were all so colorful as to form a blazing background for whatever unadorned blurbs strayed into the fold.

Various reactions resulted, the earliest of which was discernible in the Borzoi books. Knopf abolished pictorial jackets and substituted intricate design and decorative type against a solid color background to create a sort of Rococo style. Other movements sought their inspiration from earlier periods, as in the use of a simple picture which did not refer to a specific incident in the book but caught some symbolic representation of the book as a whole.

The really drastic innovations, however, came as a consequence of the development of "modernistic" art. The advertising possibilities of the geometric "modern" in decoration as applied to the book-jacket were realized at the end of the twenties; the tremendous advantages of this form of art in creating an outstanding poster effect soon became apparent.

In order to create this effect it was necessary completely to divorce the jacket from the book itself; and thus, in order to serve the interests of its imperialistic master, the blurb was completely cut off from the ties which bound it to the contents of the book, "Dummies" began to appear without any symbolism at all; abstract design, detached from any representational purpose, came into use. Excess marked the first experiments, but order and discipline were soon instituted.

The history of the book-jacket, however, threatens to end upon a tragic note. Its very extinction is threatened by a new process of printing which enables oil paintings to be reproduced directly upon the binding, and which will merely be covered with cellophane. And so, under the dictatorship of the powerful commercial interests, the *status quo* in bookland may again be reversed and the book-binding set up as the "dummy" ruler.

II

The book-jacket has a literary as well as an artistic history. With the imperialistic pillaging of bookland, the literary treasures of the jacket were uncovered. Meanwhile, the language of the great commercial invader was assimilated into the native tongue, and the heathen jacket was christened the Blurb, a name bestowed upon it by Gelett Burgess who defined the term as "self-praise, to make a sound like a publisher."

The period of the Baroque in the art history of the blurb was paralleled by the period of riotous Romanticism in its literary history. The romantic blurb enjoyed a tremendous popularity. Its challenging adjectives were splattered all over the jacket—on the front, the flaps, and the back cover. It spread everywhere to leave its indelible stamp upon book advertisement, book catalogue, and book review alike. In the early twenties it announced a literary millennium; in the words of R. C. Benchley it heralded the advent of the "Extra-Heavy Golden Age of Literature." Led by that intrepid adjective "vivid," blurb became so very dazzling as to blind the prospective reader by its glare. However, as this continued, the electric adjectives—"sparkling," "intense," "stirring," "dramatic," *et al*—burnt themselves out to become dull, dingy, feeble, flickering, stereotyped expressions.

The reaction which set in as a result of this gongoristic excess occurred almost simultaneously with the reaction against the Baroque in the art-jacket. Signs of this revolt were evident among the critics, who began to review—and slander—the blurb on the book instead of the book itself. As a result of this criticism, the George H. Doran Company in 1923 presented the review copies of its volumes in a chaste jacket bearing only the title, author, and publisher upon it—although their regular jackets were retained for the trade. With the introduction of psychoanalytic technique, one critic uncovered a V-complex among blurbists, as evidenced in such adjectives as “vibrating,” “virile,” “vital,” “vigorous,” not to mention the dauntless leader, “vivid.” Still another reaction was the formation of an anti-blurb society by English novelists.

The decisive revolution in the later history of the art-blurb came with the influx of modernistic art. The literary-blurb, however, has not kept pace with this progress: the new developments in literature have not, as yet, been exploited by the book-jacket.

Yet it seems likely that the potentialities of the new literary forms will not go unnoticed. These new forms can open entirely new vistas to the literary-blurb, comparable to the influence of movements like cubism upon the artistic jacket. The methods of Gertrude Stein and E. E. Cummings—to mention but two examples—applied to the book-jacket could accomplish miracles, even to the extent of rejuvenating the old adjectives by giving them a new freshness and vigor. Indeed the most dazzling adjective of them all can be put back into reputable currency simply by applying the method of Gertrude Stein to the latest prospective best-seller, *viz.*:

And after this what's vivid
what's vivid after this, after
this what's vivid and what's
vivid after this and after this
and what's vivid and after this
and what's vivid after this.

Such devices would be particularly fitting when used as blurbs for books which employ the same mannerisms. Thus E. E. Cummings' latest book of verse might be blurbed in somewhat the following fashion:

n(o)w
this
howheehee
dis(guised cunning) book
mm S
is slapped: together with; haS tE
l
at
which (shal)lpounceupcrackw(ill)tens
of
DEfEndINGC
riTic!S iN
-visiblya mongmil(lionsindig-
nant readers?wha tm) eani ngi (essNess Un
rolli(ngl yS troll s (who leP o pulat-
ionscr
ybolo
ney.

Unquestionably the really significant innovations in the literary blurb will come from such sources.

The critics pass judgment on Passing Judgments

By
**GEORGE
JEAN NATHAN**

N. Y. TIMES "Nathan is the one man who can lead a fighting interest in the theatre or theatre alleys."

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE "Bravo! Mr. Nathan has a lusty cargo of hates that make better reading than fond affection."

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LAUGHTER IN THE BREADLINES

by GEORGE H. FREITAG

I WAS up to see the editor of our local newspaper here in Canton, Ohio. Every day he conducts a half page devoted to readers' views on various subjects, such as what the city should do about garbage disposal and why doesn't the city enlarge the courthouse, and numerous other subjects common to the average newspaper readers' page. The editor had several times before published small letters of mine, letters in which I described the carrying away of a dismantled Christmas tree or bringing home a big fat turkey for Thanksgiving, or some insignificant civic problem—just the type of material conservative newspaper editors like to publish. But for the past year my little contributions to the readers' page began to take the form of bitter pieces, of strife and unemployment, and these letters the editor quite nicely was refusing.

This time, however, I had said a great deal more about unemployment. So going into his office I said, "Here is a little piece about unemployment; see if you can use it."

The editor took the contribution out of my hand and began reading. (Editors read so fast; they scarcely begin before they are through. I enjoy watching editors of long experience read.) When he had finished, he looked up at me. He looked at my clothing, at my hands, and the way my hair was combed. Then he said, "I can't understand why you can't say something with a laugh, something humorous for a change; not this continuous stream of unemployment-machine-age claptrap. Why, people would *actually* read you if your stuff was funny, but you're too damned serious. You don't have a funny bone in you."

Then he turned around to his desk. His desk was full of papers. In a moment he turned to me again. I was still standing where I was when he stopped looking at me, holding the piece about unemployment in my hand.

He said, "If you were an old man, if you were even fifteen years older, I wouldn't say so much about your gloom. But you are young, not more I'll bet than twenty-five, and here you are talking about strife and starvation."

Then he turned around again and I went out of the office, out of the building and on to the street.

II

Song followed song in rapid succession: "Tell It"; "I Am Living in His Care"; "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child"; "Peter on the Sea"; "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, When I Lay My Burden Down". Most of them were sung unaccompanied; occasionally, however, the bass left his place on the platform to go to the piano, where he both played and sang. There were songs of the coming of Jesus, of biblical story, of a mother's love. The words were simple, with much repetition. Seldom was there a memorable line; it was the rhythm and melody that mattered, not the words.

Most of the songs were gay; they may have been sublimated sadness, but if so, the resultant joy had remembered little of the sorrow from which it sprang. A radiant Jesus, a glorious Heaven awaited the simple singers of these lays. Song after song described that heaven, and the terms in which it was imagined were simple. There were golden slippers, long white robes, starry crowns, and streets of gold on which to walk so apparelled.

Brother Hines introduced "Good News" with some remarks about the Depression. "In these days when the Depression is so high, it's good to hear good news." The song began with a statement by the leader: "There's a starry crown in heaven, I know", which was taken up in order by the baritone, tenor and bass. Then they all swung *con brio* into the refrain, "Good News, the chariot's come, and I don't want to leave you behind", sung antiphonally, the leader's "good news" being answered immediately by the other three in unison, voices leaping after voices until the four united on "An' I don't want to leave you behind".

Now fully warmed to their singing, the quartet began to dramatize some of the songs. Arms and hands were lifted to heaven, eyes shone, black faces were transfigured, as if they saw in the air the heavenly joys imagined by generations of spiritual-singing ancestors. They walked, marched, talked, knelt, prayed, feasted, rose, sang with the Jesus of their dreams and aspirations. First the tenor, then the bass, left the platform to wander about the aisles of the church, singing, gesticulating, matching actions to words. Excited by the emotion in his listeners, the leader held against the piano's steady vamp, the high, prefatory, solo "Oh" which introduced many of the verses until the blood pounded in our temples in sympathy with what must have been his breathlessness. Then when the voice finally glided down in lugubrious *portamento* to the first word and tone of the verse, and the leader breathed, one could almost hear the audience relax.

A solo by Mr. Parsons, the tenor, interrupted the steady flow of the part singing, "When They Ring the Golden Bells", an old-fashioned ballad, a song that must have graced the program of many a minstrel show in the days before the movies. The bass accompanied him on the piano in the old pre-jazz style of accompaniment, fancy grace notes, decorative broken chords, sentimental *tremolo*, and, at the end of phrases, the inevitable cadential movement up or down from the fifth to the third in chromatic thirds. In the old syncopated rise-and-fall rhythm of the 1890 ballad the tenor sang of the joys of hearing the bells of heaven rung, after one has crossed the "Jerdan" and joined the "Glory Halleluyer Juberlee".

Then to the spirited rhythms of "Do You Want to be a Lover of the Lord?", obviously a great favorite with the audience, the quartet sang itself off the platform to a much needed rest in the retiring room.

III

After the short intermission a sombre note was sounded in "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?" Again the leader sang alone the opening line, but this time the voice which had before created for us the joys of heaven was heavy with sorrow and sadness. This time the wail in the prefatory "Oh" was no stunt, vamp-supported: it was a cry in the wilderness; in it all the clotted misery of Russian or Armenian folk-song. The words were impressively simple:

*Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Where you there when they marched Him to the Cross?
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
Were you there when He rose from the dead?*

But the leader's cry that separated the asking of those tremendous questions took you to the foot of the Cross, to the tomb, to the Resurrection.

Brother Hines had stopped fiddling with his notebook, watch and pencil, and rose to change the mood. Very, very apologetically he introduced the three secular songs that followed. "Someone in the audience has requested them (I felt guilty). . . . We have consulted the pastor. . . . There is nothing immoral in these songs." Brother Hines doth protest too much. From his protestations one would have expected songs heavy with the innuendo for which the Negro is noted; instead the songs were as innocent as a fairy tale.

The first of this group was the "Watermelon Smilin' on the Vine". I have heard the Fisk Singers and quartets from Hampton Institute and Tuskegee sing it, but never have I heard it better sung than it was that night. And the audience loved it. On the line, "The white folks are so foolish to leave it hangin' on the vine", a wave of pure, child-like pleasure rippled over the colored people. Amused glances were cast to the section where sat the white folks; racial differences were enjoyed. The beat was irresistible, the joy on the four black faces infectious. *Con amore* they swung into the rapid chorus:

*Honey is sweet.
Bacon is good,
Possum is mighty mighty fine.
But give me, Oh give me,
Oh how I wish you would,
That watermelon smilin' on the vine.*

The applause at the end was thunderous. As it died reluctantly away, a gaily dressed, young, high-yellow gal switched down the centre aisle, leaving a cloud of scent behind her. She spoke to Brother Hines, and to our delight we had the song repeated.

The secular group concluded, more religious songs followed, among them "Sleep on Mother", a gay triumphant song to the air of "Swanee River" quickened in tempo, slightly changed here and there in interval and cadence. Then Brother Hines introduced the pastor of the church, a heavy-set man, unattractive in appearance, but a natural orator. He said simply something about these songs springing from the sorrows of his people; but outside some one cranked an old Model T Ford, and the noise of its racing engine blotted out his low, impressive voice.

The concert concluded with the beautiful "Bye and Bye, Bye and Bye, I'm Goin' to Lay Down This Heavy Load". The leader, singing the solo passages, wandered down from the platform, out the rear door into the summer night. From the back-stage of the spruce grove came his distance-softened cry: "I know my robe goin' to fit me well, for I tried it on at the gates of Hell".

Then a short benediction from the pastor, and the concert was over.

THE FIFTEEN-YEAR LAG

by RANDOLPH BARTLETT

AN INFALLIBLE system whereby an institution of learning can be assured constantly of being exactly fifteen years behind the times has been devised by Dr. Irving Brett Jackman, Chancellor of Southampton University. He has submitted it to the presidents of a score of the better-known educational establishments of America, and they have endorsed it unanimously. This appreciation encourages Dr. Jackman to predict that his system will be adopted by all important colleges as soon as he completes his treatise, which will present the plan in detail.

The Chancellor points out that a comprehensive survey of conditions has proved that fifteen years is the ideal distance in the rear of modern thought for a university to maintain itself. In the past, however, there has been no standardization, no cooperation among educators to arrive at and adopt the norm. Those few Boards of Regents which have approximated the perfect lacuna to any degree of consistency, have done so by the exercise of instinct rather than intelligence.

While Dr. Jackman abhors the recognition of chance, as a light evasion of mathematical analysis, he takes that short cut and says those colleges were simply lucky. But even these fortunate ones, he avers, have been embarrassed upon occasion by discovering from time to time that they have lapsed into a differential of as much as sixteen and one-half years. Almost before they knew it, they were being looked upon as antiquated.

Conversely, there was the instance of one of the more important universities of the eastern seaboard, whose governors were distressed last year to discover that their institution was being stigmatized as a breeding ground of radical principles. It was only after several months of intensive investigation that the embarrassing fact was revealed—they were only eleven years and a fraction behind current thought. The cause, innocent enough to all appearances, was the establishment a few years previously, through a specific legacy, of a Chair of Social Research Among the Catalans of the Balearic Islands. These Catalans, it was divulged, because of their perpetually rebellious tendencies, are known as the Irish of the Mediterranean, and through this influence an insidious poison of revolt against things as they used to be was infused into the scholastic pabulum.

The fifteen-year lag, which is the technical name Dr. Jackman gives to his motivating principle, was not arrived at arbitrarily or painlessly. Before reaching his conclusion he became involved in a number of acrimonious controversies. He found on Morningside Heights a coterie of restless and fiery minds, ready to fight to the last ditch in support of their conviction that twelve, or at most thirteen years, was long enough for any university to remain behind the march of modern ideas. In Boston and Syracuse, on the other hand, he encountered die-hards who declared this to be rank scholastic heresy, and those centres of learning held out for twenty to twenty-five years. But Dr. Jackman enjoyed the advantage over both factions of basing his calculations upon mathematics instead of emotion. He produced his graphs and his opponents were silenced.

"The capital difficulty," says Dr. Jackman, who is nothing if not a liberal, "lies in the nature of the resistance to independent, extra-collegiate conceptions. Resistance is imperative, of course, but it must be imbued with less of the spirit of excommunication. Let us take an absurd illustration, and suppose that in the world of unlettered thought there should arise a movement to reject the Dravingian formula of experience, and substitute therefor the theory of experimentation. The obvious, automatic, almost chemical reaction of all right-thinking schoolmen would be to treat the move-

ment with utter contempt. I would not say that this contempt is unjustified, but it is not the correct attitude for the educator. He should not allow such elemental disturbances to intrude into his cloister.

"My system eliminates both the justification and the provocation of this emotion. If an idea is contemptible, my device will establish the fact, leaving not the slightest margin of error. Yet, like all fundamental principles, it is alphabetically simple. It is nothing more nor less than a card index.

"Assuming that such a fantastic idea finds its way into circulation, this year, 1935, I simply make a note of its essential characteristics on a card and file it away under the date 1950. Now I am able to forget it, ignore it completely, relieve my mind of all speculation concerning it. The system has been put into operation and will take care of it. In 1950 these cards will be taken out of the cabinet and read at a meeting of the Board of Regents. It will then be found that most of the subjects have been completely forgotten, and that the abstracts are meaningless. These memoranda are then to be promptly destroyed.

"On the other hand, there are almost certain to be a few ideas which have been discovered, in the fifteen years, to have some valid bearing upon philosophy, economics, science, and so forth. These cards will be turned over to the members of the faculty in charge of the subjects to which they relate, with instructions to adjust the courses to admit their essence. Almost no research will be necessary, because in the interim sufficient data will have been produced by their proponents to provide ample material for text books and lectures.

"Also, the relation of the system to university finances is important. Fifteen years after any class has been graduated, a certain number of the alumni have achieved commercial or professional success, have acquired wealth. To them we must look for our endowments, contributions, legacies. The very future of education demands that the affections of such alumni shall not be alienated from the alma mater. They form the solid substance of our social fabric. It would be inimical to their interests, displeasing to their sound conservatism, and a confession of our own weakness, if we appeared to them as pursuing the evanescent glow-worms of fantastic ideology.

"When the alumnus has passed the fifteenth anniversary of his graduation, however, it seems that he regards his alma mater less as an institution for the dissemination of knowledge than as a social organization. He is increasingly interested in class reunions and decreasingly concerned with curricula. So the fifteen-year-old ideas can be slipped quietly into the study program without arousing his enmity."

Dr. Jackman vehemently denies that his plan was suggested by a study of the deliberations of the United States Senate.

SERVANTS OF GOD

No. 30

Associated Press Dispatch:

MILTON, Mass.—Rev. Harold Cutbill of the Third Religious Society of Milton, Unitarian, wants his congregation to enjoy itself—and the Third Religious Society will view some fan dancing. Rev. Cutbill said:

"I see no harm in a classical fan dance."

The dancer will be Miss Aleta Ray from one of the ERA entertainment units.

THE PROBLEM OF THE TSK

by LEWIS HERMAN

A LOT has been written about the radical innovations that James Joyce has introduced into literature. Stream of consciousness, Ulyssian parallelism and Walpurgisnacht symbolism, among the many, have all been fully discussed by Joyce's commentators. Yet nothing has been mentioned about his pioneer work in the matter of depicting the orthography of the common human grunts, yawns and ejaculations of pain, joy and anguish. Through the medium of juxtaposing the correct letters, Joyce has given us the correct spelling of the human exclamations together with animal sounds, and the clangs, hisses and bangs of a city street.

Heretofore, when a cat cried, it "meowed". But, with Joyce, a cat will "mkgnao" or "mrkgnao". And he distinguished the animal noise from the human attempt at it when he had Bloom call for his kitty with the word "miaow". The difference is in the feline guttural that Joyce depicts by inserting "kgn".

The ordinary writer, in describing a person yawning, either makes the bald statement that "so and so yawned" or else resorts to the ineptly standardized "haw-aw-aw". Joyce, however, with his hyper-sensitive ear for sounds, insisted on experimenting with the yawn. The result was Davy Byrne's yawn realistically spelled "iiiiichaaaaaach". The "ch" in the middle and at the end are touches of pure genius.

In most cases, Joyce's spelling of sounds is perfect. But he has incorrectly recorded the "tsk," an exclamation which is more common, perhaps, than any other in the entire world. In one instance he did as most authors would do. He referred to the act without spelling it. He says of Mrs. Breen, "her tongue clacked in compassion." A bit later he has Bloom voice a "tsk", but he spells it "dth".

Actually, there has been advanced no standardized spelling for the "tsk." The manner in which it is arbitrarily spelled here is the most common because the characters in the daily comic strips use it that way, particularly Ennmy in "Moon Mullins." Each author adopts his own spelling for the word. The result is confusion.

When the occasion calls for a "tsk", the perplexed author leans back from his typewriter. He reflects calmly. He tries to recall authorities on the spelling of the word. He tries to bring back to mind classical uses of it. Homer, Ovid, Shakespeare, Hugo. None furnishes him with a clue. So he contradicts the muse by crossing out the situation that called for the "tsk".

Let us dissect the "tsk" as Joyce must have dissected his classic yawn. The expression is one that indicates either sympathy or disgust. This paradoxical quality of the word in itself makes for a difficult standardization of its correct orthography. The true "tsk" is universally recognized as starting on the letter "t". Although Joyce disagrees with this premise and starts his "tsk" with the letter "d", all of the other users of the word start it off with "t". This "t" sound is obtained by releasing the tip of the tongue from the inner faces of the front incisor teeth, intermittently, the while a small quantity of air is sucked through the interstices formed by the tongue as it draws back from the teeth.

The divergent theories regarding the spelling of the "tsk" are caused by the question of what comes after the "t". Is it to be a mere sibilant "s" that peters out in rapid diminuendo? Or is the "s" sound to be cut off short and the "k" sounded added? Some authorities hold to the latter sound as being orthodox. Others advocate the plain unembellished "s". Kipling favors the double "s". Still others, the extremists of the more modern school of left-wing orthographers, suggest strongly the substitution of "ch" for "k", thereby formulating the word "tsch".

Another variant is the word "tut", a mutation. Although the original conception of "tut" was the "tsk", usage has drawn it away

entirely from its original pronunciation until it has become "tut tut tut", a distinct offshoot of "tsk tsk tsk". The nuance, the subtle difference, should be quite obvious to the honest orthographical man of research.

The only rule accepted by all is that the "tsk" should start off with a "t". Why not let it go at that? Continued experiments with the spoken letter should prove that practically the same sound is obtained from the single "t" as is obtained from a "t" with an "s" or an "sch" or a "k" added. Actually, these appendages are silent. Galsworthy uses a double "t". But the additional "t" is tautological. "T-t-t" would be the ideal word. It would be easy to remember. It would solve the problem of the "tsk".

CIVILIZED TOWN

by ERNEST PAYNTER

IF communities are products of heredity and environment it is understandable why San Pedro comes close to being a civilized town, probably the most civilized in Southern California. By "civilized" I mean holding a spirit of live and let live, physically, mentally, and morally. While San Pedro is a geographical portion of Los Angeles, no San Pedran is so lacking in pride as to admit that that mammoth warren of fanatical realtors and religionists is his home, and the place keeps up a constant battle to retain its identity.

The first whites to lay successful claim to San Pedro and its adjacent territory were Spanish Grandees, to some of whom the King of Spain granted "all the land they could see between the highest hill and the ocean." This spacious gesture resulted in a considerable overlapping of boundaries, but a few thousand acres in those halcyon days mattered little and the questions were settled by horse races or over jugs of wine.

The early Yankees who came there—ordinarily by sea—and married into the aristocratic Spanish families were a hardy, adventurous breed, ready for fight or frolic, while caring for money only as a means of furthering their immediate pleasures. Life went along graciously, with the masters feasting, loving, dancing and drinking; while their peons, or lower classes, did the work on the ranchos. Still, those laborers seem to have fared better and had more opportunity and reason for festivity than do our industrial and agricultural peons of today.

It has taken generations for the offspring of those lordly ones to lose the greater portion of their heritage of leisure and courtliness; even now they make but mediocre go-getters, since they retain some gentlemanly instincts and prefer to transact business during business hours and in their offices, holding their homes to be places for relaxation and entertainment.

By environment San Pedro has been a seaport as far back as our history goes. Cabrillo landed there about 1542; some say Drake visited it during his circumnavigation of the globe; Dana mentions it in his "Two Years Before the Mast." At present it is the home port of the U. S. Battle Fleet, while in merchant tonnage it ranks among the first three or four harbors of the country.

The population is cosmopolitan and, I believe, at least sixty per cent foreign born or but one generation removed from foreign parentage. The constant mingling of a dozen nationalities, with interchange of languages, ideas and habits, with not infrequent marriages, has helped educate the people, rendering them tolerant and destroying the dogma that all virtue resides in the natives of any one country. Excepting Negroes and Japanese, and these but seldom, I have never heard people condemned on racial lines.

In some manner most everybody there is connected with the sea, either directly or through trade. This, too, has exerted a civilizing influence on the place, for while sailormen are a hard-living, rowdy lot, they have been to far places and seen out-of-the-way things which they discuss in their ports of call, providing shore folk with

an understanding of the other fellow's point of view and method of life. Moreover, many sailormen, growing tired of deep-sea work, have settled in San Pedro, becoming longshoremen and fishermen, professions that have a background of adventure which the workers carry with them. Their youngsters are familiar with foreign countries from having heard their parents discuss them, and with foreign customs from direct observation.

It is essentially a workingman's town and without a wealthy class, so that, lacking prey, it is pretty free from high-pressure salesmen and other crooks. Located on hilly ground, with level land bordering the waterfront only, it has escaped the blighting influence of great factories with their robot labor and standardized ideals, and is barren of smoke-belching chimneys even during boom times. While longshoring and fishing are arduous jobs, they are intermittent, giving the laborers two or three days off each week. San Pedrans have learned to spend this leisure in a thoroughly urbane manner: drinking, feasting, singing, loafing and playing in the sun.

II

The current readjustment has not missed San Pedro but it does seem to have caused less turmoil than in other towns of the same size. The inhabitants, never having been accustomed to large incomes, had not the same amount of slack to take in as was necessary for the dwellers in such places as Long Beach, grown rich from oil, or San Diego, prosperous as the gathering-ground of Tia Juana and Agua Caliente riff-raff.

With some fifteen thousand Navy men pouring possibly two hundred thousand dollars a month of real money into a place of about fifty thousand it is small wonder that landlords, merchants, pleasure-vendors and payday sweethearts are still doing well.

It has, of course, its down-and-outs, at least, its downs: mostly ancient sea-farers. However, in a dozen places along the water-front are scores of old boats, fitted with banks and stoves and either temporarily tied-up or abandoned, to which these human derelicts have access. The tide brings them firewood, an hour's work a day will provide money for food. Should that hour not be available, a fishing line is always handy; this failing, a little panhandling will enable one to exist. During the course of months spent among these people I have yet to hear of one going hungry for so long as a day.

Where it is possible to buy a five-pound fish, six hours out of the sea, for five cents, where for seven months of the year fires are used solely for cooking, clothing is kept to the minimum compatible with decency, and a three-room furnished house rents for ten dollars a month, people have opportunity to relax from the mad scramble of making a living, and to indulge themselves in the niceties of living itself.

Since San Pedro and Long Beach have the same basic racial heritage—Spanish—the difference between being and not being a seaport explains, in all likelihood, why San Pedro is civilized and has considerable beauty, while Long Beach, five or six miles away, is probably the second most uncivilized town in Southern California.

Less than in any other place I know of do the police consider themselves censors of private morals. They seldom break in and enter to investigate other than crimes of violence and prefer either to ignore drunks, unless too boisterous, or to escort them home. Ladies of joy exercise their talents without molestation, provided they do it judiciously. As in all seaports, numbers of these delightful creatures flit to and fro, but so long as they keep reasonably sober in public, ply their trade in proper places only, and act in a seemly manner on the streets, they need fear no harm.

As a whole the people take their religion joyously, not as the dour mess in which many American communities wallow. They demand only that it not interfere with pleasure and that it fulfill its function on Holy Days, at marriages, christenings, and deaths.

Even the Protestant clergy behave in a fairly decent manner or get out. While the K.K.K. was at its vilest—it never had much influence in San Pedro—a minister of the gospel accepted from his pulpit a money donation from masked members of that band of thugs, but feeling against his action was bitter and he soon decided that God had called him to new pastures. Another, who started an evangelical racket and tried to cash in on it by the usual method of blackmail, was forced to depart under threat of suit for libel. This, in itself, is an evidence of civilization, when other nearby localities accept slander and extortion as sanctified prerogatives of the howling dervish species of Ambassadors of the Almighty.

The Catholic priesthood have, of course, little difficulty in meeting this civilized religious attitude, merely asking that their followers attend services as often as practicable, contribute to the Church, and bring up their children in the Faith.

Not long since, Father Cornelius was invited to the launching of a new fishing-boat. He attended, drank wine freely with other celebrants, bestowed a blessing on the craft, and went home.

The vessel started out on her trip, but had to be towed back into port when the engine broke down. Baptiste, the owner, still under the influence of a dozen dippersful of wine, hurried to the priest's home. Father Cornelius came to the door and asked, "What's wrong, B'tis?"

"My boat, she no run. I tink mebbpe you no putta de Holy Ghos' inna de good place. You come down an' fix. T'morrow I mus' fish."

Father Cornelius returned to the waterfront, had several more glasses of wine, and again blessed the craft, with a special benediction on the engine, which, Baptiste tells me, thereafter ran satisfactorily.

To some it may seem that this shows religion as having an undue hold on the people; but to me and, I feel sure, to the entire assemblage, Catholics and Protestants alike, the blessings were merely part of the pageant that should start a boat off in life.

The hilarity that marked the ceremony, particularly the recalling of the priest, and the chuckles with which Baptiste and his cronies relate the incident, convince me that in religion as in more important things San Pedrans come pretty close to being civilized.

A NOTE ON VOTE STEALING

by CHARLES ALLDREDGE

Editorial Staff, The Alabama Journal

VOTE stealing in certain Alabama counties is very similar to the game of shinny, a card game much played by the colored gentry. One of the rules is that it is all right to cheat, but not to get caught. It is not a matter of a player's conscience being bothered; it is altogether due to the fact that his pride is pricked.

The fact that vote stealing is practised with equanimity of conscience is due to the fact that vote stealing on a grand scale was introduced during reconstruction days by members of the very best Democratic families, who figured that if they couldn't outnumber the Republican Negroes at the polls they could at least outsmart them.

The trouble is, of course, that when the Negro was finally persuaded not to vote and he no longer was much of a problem in politics, the tradition of vote stealing and buying stuck and the Democrats of various factions have been practising their well-polished technique on each other. As a result, vote stealing has lost all of its glamour and romance.

Nowadays the incident which happened shortly after 1880 to

old Colonel Weathers couldn't happen, to the sorrow of those who delight in such goings-on.

Colonel Weathers had been an officer in the Confederate Army, but he was a perverse old gentleman and persisted after the war in voting the Republican ticket. How he maintained the respect of the other white men in the vicinity of Montgomery is more than people who knew him then can say now, but respected he was.

When the Republican leaders in Montgomery saw that Whistler's beat, which lay in the country to the east of the city, was regularly going Democratic in elections regardless of the fact that the beat contained about 1,200 Republican Negroes to not more than 30 Democratic white men, they grew suspicious. Naturally they picked old Colonel Weathers for service as Republican watcher at that box, knowing well, as did the Democrats, that the election could be stolen only over Colonel Weathers' dead body.

The Democrats in the Whistler beat heard that Colonel Weathers was going to watch the voting and were more or less perturbed. They held a council of war forthwith.

The voting was to take place in a sizable barn on the Meigs place. The barn was piled high with hay and corn shucks. The night before the election, five of the young Democrats who were to serve as officials at the box went to the barn and hollowed out a neat hole in the shucks which was invisible from the front. In the hole they decided to put Captain Will Jackson whose nerves were very steady. With the Captain was to go a box, a duplicate of that in which the votes were to be cast, and some 1,500 blank ballots, duplicates of those which would be cast in the regular box.

Morning came and Captain Jackson slipped under the shucks with his box and ballots, a couple of pencils, and refreshments. An hour later the first of the young Democrats walked in, a little later along came the Colonel and the rest of the Democrats—and the voting began.

As each of the Negroes voted the clerk sang out his name in a loud clear voice. Under the shucks the Captain would mark a ballot for Democracy and put it into his box. By three in the afternoon, nearly a thousand Negroes had voted and nothing had happened to upset Colonel Weathers.

The odor of barbecued pork just then floated in through the door. "Damn if I ain't gettin' hungry," one of the Democrats said, and stood up to stretch. "I think we ought to go out and eat us some of that barbecue."

All of the Democrats were hungry, it turned out, and they got up and started toward the door.

"Colonel," they said, "we'd be glad to have you come along and eat with us. We can lock the door and it's in plain sight of the table outside, or you can just stay here till we git back."

Colonel Weathers got up. "Boys," he said, "they been telling me how bad you all were out here but I ain't seen a better bunch of boys. I just as soon eat with you all as not."

Out marched the Colonel and the Democrats. With great care the Colonel locked the door and put the key in his pocket. And out from under the shucks crept Captain Jackson with his ballot box into which he placed a couple of hundred more Democratic votes for good measure. Having arranged things properly, the Captain took the real box back into the shucks with him.

In half an hour the Colonel and the boys were back. A few stragglers came in to vote and as five o'clock approached the boys began counting the votes. The teller called out the votes and the Colonel looked at every one. "Hmmm," he would say every hundred votes or so, "hmmm."

When the last vote had been tallied the Colonel looked at the impressive Democratic total. He leaned back in his chair.

"Wal," he said, "either you boys are mighty smart or them niggers are the God damndest bunch of lying sons of bitches ever I saw!"

COMMENCEMENT AT CRIBMORE

by WILLIAM NEWBERRY

WORDY Professors, Fellow Graduates, and Innocent By-standers:—

Robed in black though we are, we have assembled to celebrate a blessed event. Four years' indiscriminate dissemination of unrelated facts, disjointed ideas and incoherent ideals in the womb of moral and intellectual chaos have fructified at last. The culmination of this lengthy period of gestation reposes before you: Fifty-seven Bachelors of Arts, the majority of whom are neither celibate nor artistic.

An impartial diagnosis of our case histories reveals many interesting and illuminating data. During our academic careers, we have taken volumes of notes, of which not the tenth part were note-worthy. For each of us, a ceaseless stream of lectures has gone into one ear but never come out the other, presumably having fallen by the wayside into some unplumbed abyss. Lured by the legend of enduring contacts made at college, as exemplified by the case of the poor but honest minister's son who met and married the vivid but virtuous daughter of the Oil-king, we have made numerous contacts, the majority of which will in all probability prove more intimate than enduring.

We are also obligated to point with pride to the contributions of each of our academic departments. All of us have been exposed to required courses in foreign languages, yet could not read the headlines of a trans-Atlantic newspaper. We have engaged in casual encounters with courses in economics, yet could not be trusted to distinguish with clarity between a corporate and a corpulent body. Not one of the dates imposed upon us by the history department has made half the impression left by those of the extra-curricular variety. All of us presumably have mastered the mother tongue, without abandoning a persistent predisposition to massacre it. We have been drilled in analyzing various defunct and moribund literatures, without losing our preference for the sections of the diurnal publications mistakenly called comic. We have dabbled in the laboratory, and have acquired a speaking acquaintance with a smattering of technical terms, without once appreciating the scientific approach to the problems of life and the vexations of the universe. We have meddled and muddled with mathematics, yet still believe that two can acquire the economic necessities of existence as inexpensively as one. In Bible class we have made up for many a lost hour of sleep, yet still believe that the wisest man in the world would commit three hundred matrimonial errors in succession. Half of us have perspired through long hours in the home economics laboratory, yet know more about jouncing a cocktail shaker than about baking biscuits.

But think not, fond parents and patrons, that our academic accomplishments are our proudest boast. It is in the field of character development that our achievements have been most notorious. We have participated in many a moral victory in the athletic arena, crammed for examinations through many a compulsory chapel hour, and been confined to the Christian atmosphere of the campus for sundry offenses, yet we have never ceased playing the ponies when the dread hour of finals arrived.

In conclusion, the contributions of our wide range of extra-curricular activities must not be ignored. Indeed the professions in the future will be filled with graduates who gained their experience in the halls of dear old Cribmore. Where could our future politicians have learned to stuff the ballot box more adroitly? Where could our future journalists have practised manufacturing more blatant scandal? Where could our future taxi-drivers have spent more hours in one-arming driving? Where could our future bartenders

have acquired a wider experimental background? Where could our future school-teachers have learned to evade vital issues more dextrously? Where could our future voters have learned to avoid more assiduously debates on questions of public welfare? Where could our future ministers have acquired a more solemn brand of hypocrisy? Finally, where could our future gold-diggers have discovered more concerning men and their manners than in eliciting grades and giggles from our gallant professors?

Fellow graduates, in bidding you farewell, I wish to assure you that there is nothing more our Alma Mater could have done to us. With streaming eyes turned toward the scene of so many hilarious hours as we face with wreathed smiles the joyous future, let us go forth, O friends and comrades, into the huge and hustling world to take our station at the gasoline pump or in the bread-line.

THE BLACK FUTURE OF POETRY

by BOB BROWN

INDIGENOUS American poetry has ever been bucolic. Its theme song remains "When the frost was on the pumpkin."

Our earliest poets wrote almost exclusively about New England crops, colts and simple farm delights, even as Robert Frost does today.

An unknown pioneer poet rang the bell in 1630 with:

"Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies,
We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon;
If it wasn't for pumpkins we should be undone."

Our real poetry is like that. It stems from rutabagas, up through Ann Bradstreet and Whitman, to present day Negro rhythms. Will Carleton's "Farm Ballads" steadied our poetic standards for half a century. There was a plush-bound copy on every parlor table, and rivulets of tears sluiced down Grandpap's apple cheeks when Grandma read aloud, in a choking voice, "Over the Hills to the Poor House."

Up to ten years ago, chiefly bees, flowers and barefoot boy pathos touched our sturdy national heart. Thoreau, Whittier and Walt Whitman held the golden key. Emily Dickinson too. Our Angelus was eloquently chimed by Edwin Markham in "The Man With a Hoe." Riley's "Little Willie" poems were just the thing.

The "Sweet Singer of Michigan" personified our people, in homey, compelling couplets like:

When I go to a restaurant and order soup,
Your reflection comes to its surface and beckons me to
leave a group.

Eddie Guest's work has never been too citified, slick and sophisticated for us. Our taste has always called for ruddy rustic heart throbs wrung from the people. Harry Kemp almost made the grade with an early epic of the threshing machine; Stephen Benét nearly caught it in "John Brown's Body."

But a sudden change came over the public about ten years ago, and since then it has called for something even more elemental, truly primitive. Torch songs about long, thin, disconnected gals that make the preachers lay their Bibles down. "High Brown's Body" in place of "John Brown's Body."

Only Negro poets can adequately supply that. Our Negro poets hit the mark. They wind America's phonograph, make its radio hum with whispered blues, Minnie the Moochers, crooners and Way Down South in Dixies.

The past decade is marked by the discovery of the Negro in

art and literature. The publication of Negro poetry has bounded from somewhere near zero up to 90% in volume, while the issuance of white race poetry, except uncommercially in myriads of little reviews, has gone down in about the same proportion. Negro poetry is commercially successful, while pale-face poetry, beyond our handful of established Robinsons, Millays and Frosts, is a drug on a drugged market.

Poetry publishers have gone definitely negroid. If the issue of ebony dithyrambs continues at its present rate, will any white poetry at all be published in the future?

Paul Laurence Dunbar was the exception of his dusky day. Today he is the rule. In the dingy Nineties, Dunbar was the only colored *littérateur* allowed to sing of the cabin in the cotton field. He had a monopoly on racial melancholy. For a generation afterward, Negro poetry was published only in *The Crisis*. Then Stieglitz discovered African primitive sculpture, and America became color conscious and longed to go nudist. The *Crisis* poets came into their own.

Being a people built up out of equal parts camp-meetings, cake-walks and corn-pone, we rose to the throaty throb of our Southern brother. We realized for the first time that our poetry is strictly of the soil and that the Negro, who has been nearest it for centuries, can best interpret for us. America became a poetic nigger heaven. Every colored youth of talent threw away the traditional hoe, became The Man with the Fountain Pen and began burning us up with blues. Weakly, our Nordic poets fought back the black invasion of sweet singing scarlet tanagers, whip-poor-wills and hoot owls from below the Mason and Dixon Line. White poets even stooped to pinning up their poems on the walls of Greenwich Village studios at ten cents a pin. They became sensational, got up Pregnancy Poem Contests and gave prizes down to Fourth Honorable Mentions. They published mauve pamphlets and got out their own poetry journal with the competitive title, "Blues." It was no go. The Negro had captured and is still holding our national rhythm. The white poet ungracefully caved in.

Today there is no hope for the white race of rhymsters, rhythm-makers and poetic ribbon-counter clerks. Time was, when it was the Negro who wanted to pass as white, but Carl Van Vechten and other African primitives put an end to all that.

In poetry circles it is at present more of a distinction to be black than white. These days, Negro poets alone are welcome in publishers' offices. The poor white must stoop to subterfuge to get in. If he has a Southern voice he may get by the telephone girl; if he hasn't he must acquire one by mimicking Amos 'n' Andy. Otherwise, he is lost.

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The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

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EDITORIAL NOTE

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR is no longer edited by its founders—George Jean Nathan, Ernest Boyd, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, Eugene O'Neill.

Hereafter it will be anonymously edited because an editorial board hiding behind the cloak of anonymity can be more insidious. The former editors have been asked to contribute; former contributors have already sent in their material. But there is to be a considerable infusion of new blood from authors who sometimes go a year without a cocktail party and who get up long before noon.

WE PROMISE never to retire because of prosperity or boredom.

WE PROMISE to continue the task of burying the dead.

WE BELIEVE that the need to satirize, expose and run to earth is more urgent today than ever before in the history of *The American Spectator* or its spiritual ancestor, the old *American Mercury*—but we believe, too, that such destructiveness, amusing and audacious as it should remain, must be based on a concept of creative and constructive struggle against the increasingly reactionary forces around us.

WE PROMISE to print no poems by Theodore Dreiser.

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A PLEA FOR INDECENCY

by LOUIS PAUL

IN a morning paper there is a report of the trial of five filles de dépouiller of a New York burlesque house which is particularly interesting because it puts into language a piece of information about which I have always had an enduring curiosity. The charge against the girls was the pat, time-honored wheeze about "tending to corrupt the morals of youth and others." What is interesting was the definition which the prosecution applied to the charge. Pressed by a recurrent cycle of Presbyterian censorship in movies and manners, it seemed to me, as a lover of the American people pretty much as they are, that the prosecution finally owed us a definition. I've sat around for literal hours wondering about the precise metamorphosis a moral underwent when it became corrupt. Now I know. It was stated that the performance "aroused lecherous desires."

Here, anyway, was something to work upon, though not so much as one might wish. The phrase is still bound up in the vagueness which characterizes censorship. What, for instance, good readers, is a "lecherous" desire? A pitiful old man, in a German play called "The Blue Angel" conceives a terrible affection for a strip artist. Would that be lechery, by chance?

Overcome, let us say, by a manifestation of the procreative urge, what rule is to be established in order to determine immoral desire? Is it the extra-marital? What shall we decide of bachelors? Merely dismiss the rude subject by asserting that bachelors should stay away from burlesques? I fear they would show their strength at the polls were such harsh measures adopted. Or is lechery merely the particular urge felt by policemen or vice society investigators viewing a burlesque queen doing a strip act? The point is worth making, for investigators are charging good citizens with their own type of naive vulgarity.

My complaint, however, is not particularly with the lecherousness of vice investigators, or with the ministers possessed of hypersensitive sexual equipment who libel and malign the

Walter Pitkin

wholesome and virginal Miss West merely because, lover of humanity like myself, she is free with her invitations to visit her one day. Innuendo which assaults the moral reputation of a people is worth discussing at serious length. Categorically to brand a public work (not Miss West; I mean movies and burlesques and such) as indecent suggests an inevitable corollary: indecency is to be shunned, banned, and cauterized from the human mechanism. What I fail to understand, by my own simple processes of reason, is why indecency is to be shunned at all. I say "reason" in order to preclude charges of hedonism—a defensible and amusing enough approach in itself, but unfair to the vice crusaders and decency leagues. My point is that I have still to listen to a plausible argument against indecency.

Let us start where all things ought to start, with the very young. Premise of meddlers: fragile youth is to be protected from things obscene. They explain why only very vaguely. Is it because obscenity tends to corrupt, let us say, the morals of a 12-year-old boy or girl? This is to say, then, that it arouses "lecherous desire"? Oh, my God! What kind of children have they, please write and tell me. And if they don't mean that, then what right is theirs that they may suggest it?

It seems to me that in a matter as serious as the instant one, when indecency, one of the nation's major amusements, is being violently if implausibly attacked by a mad minority, that as noisy a defense must be aroused. Let idle pronouncement and questionable data be challenged. Give us one example of the fate they cry is in store for young lotharios palpitating before the lush and sinful Miss Harlow. Let the meddlers bring forth their horrible examples, their case histories, in order that reasonable proof may substantiate their careless accusations. Show us, damn it. Had Prohibition no power to demonstrate the error of their ways? Bad, bad people managed to get stewed regularly during the entire ridiculous hiatus. Hawthorne's lass wore the scarlet letter for love in Puritan New England. Youngsters will pet in the park whether burlesque shows are banned or not. Illegitimate children may, and have, gone far in the

world. Love will still sometimes be where scowling clerics have not whispered their magic jargon, and pimps will still walk down the aisle of great cathedrals. You can't prevent it. Preventing it, however, isn't the point. The particular point which I insist should be shouted from the housetops is not whether Mae West is lewd, but a demand for definite proof of whether such lewdness ever sent anyone to a bagnio, and, if so, what of it? If you are bagnio material you probably wouldn't waste money on burlesques and movies, anyway. It's an insult that calls for choice of weapons even to suggest that a nation of virile Americans requires a tawdry aphrodisiac like strip shows and smirky talkies.

The horrible truth is, let us confess straightaway, that there is all too little indecency. Those of you who have barged up a Main street of an idle hour hunting for it will be happy, I know, to bear sorrowful witness and sing a hymn of common agreement. You have, being human, as you must be if you've read thus far, at one time or another in your life smirked at a fair damsel with the wild desperate hope that you'd come along at the precise moment that the gal was thinking of the voluptuous arms of some movie hero. You surely must have been stuck at least one night in your travels in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore! Surely one of you has bought a little square package from a furtive specimen who hurried away in ostensible dread of the constabulary only to discover with a sorry curse that the contents consisted of scenes of the town's public buildings. Certainly, if you possess a humanly inquisitive mind, which all cultured and sociable people have, you've bought a book in your youth with the title, "What All Young Wives Should Know," only to find that it had to do mostly with the precept that puffy omelettes should be made with light cream, and the motherly advice that broiled meats should be seasoned only after cooking. Yes, there is no doubt but that there is a dreadful dearth of civilized amusements. We are strangers to each other, and many a maiden who longed deeply for human companionship

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FUGUE

by WALDO FRANK

SYLVIA saw the plate of eggs in her hand. The electric light above her head leered in the plate in her hand. Beyond the window, she felt Eighth Avenue crass and childish like a drunken sailor. Sylvia put the plate before the customer. Her eyes were somewhat blinded by the light she had looked at. She did not see the man.

She stood aside, leaning against an empty table. She felt, in her thigh through the white apron (—it's clean) the marble top of the table. —Like a stone slab on a grave. The funny thought made her aware of herself; then it vanished as she saw the man. —Gee! He has on glad rags. And he ain't eatin' nothin'.

She leaned now carefully at ease. She was afloat in a warm current coming from herself, yet sensed as from him. She did not smell the greasy air of the eating joint. The sweet tide of her nerves kept tingling up as from the man with the glad rags, suffusing her body. All at once she was sleepy. —Gawd, it's late! Won't I never get used to this here night shift? Soon I'll be goin' home. It was the thought of going home, again and again home, that made her tired. —But one time (oh, if I could see it!) will be the last time. I'll be leavin' this dump forever. "Sure," she hears her farewells to the boss and the

other girl, "we're goin' to git married." The last time, then, the subway, with its midnight jazz of iron and rouge and flesh. The last time, the little hall room beating, throbbing, like a buried body alive beneath the pavement. Sylvia blinked and looked again at the sobering naked bulb above her brow. She tossed her cropped, black head; she pressed both palms on her slim waist, and turned her body. She saw the man.

The man was looking at her with eyes that grew large like a close-up in the movies. —I am (my apron's clean) 'dark beauty' Peter said what skirt I wonder has that sap run off wid? My skin is soft this dirty air dont help it none I'm breathin' very quiet while he looks shouldn't I bind 'em it ain't the style to bind 'em if they allow it why should I care? it makes me feel so funny bindin' makes 'em fall they say they are too high . . . not if I breathe quiet. He was looking at her with those close-up eyes; in them a hunger that made her ache for joy.

She walked up to him, professional.

"Can I get you somethin' else, sir?"

—Something else? He did not answer her words. —There's nothing else. This is the end. He grew aware of her waiting

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WHAT PRICE ANALYSIS?

by JOSEPH JASTROW

The days when Psychology boomed as a word to conjure with are past and the conjuring has lost magic or manna and turned to confusion. To protect animal creation from human prying, Anti-Vivisection Societies were formed which, like other prohibitory movements, were noble in intention and wanting in wisdom. They confused inquisition with inquiry, a distinction worth retaining in considering psychic vivisection. By the same march of time, the protest against the crudities of psychoanalysis moved out of the expletive phase of "damn the whole business" to a more discerning and sympathetic, yet critical, appraisal. The camp of adherents became sufficiently diversified to include a small coterie of rational defenders along with the old and new guard of uninhibited disciples.

One may now inquire with the circumspection of maturity what price, what glory, what value there is in the practice of psychoanalysis and in the principles behind it. The appraisal is the more pertinent as the applications of "analysis" have extended far beyond theoretical psychology and therapeutics into every domain of

thought. Literature and drama, and polite as well as impolite conversation, have become unintelligible without a partial immersion in its font.

The prejudice against becoming a guinea-pig is reasonable, though we are getting used to scientific intrusion into our private affairs, and reconciled in many a situation to being merely an impersonal "case." The orthodox psychoanalyst is as opposed to anaesthetics as to reserve in any form; he has become by choice the nudist among psychologists, yet the only clothed member in his colony of patients. He retains his protective vestments as the clergy their cloth, as the badge of authority and the symbol of superiority.

Strangely enough, the key-note of psychoanalytic dispensation, that is, its rationale, has escaped analysis; everything has been analyzed but analysis itself.

The principle upon which analysis is based is ancient and familiar. From medicine-man days onward, there has always been something to get out of one's system. Purging is a universal art which runs the gamut from cathartics to Hitlerian bullets in the back. It was by this device, variously ceremonied, that the Devil was given his due. Exorcism developed rituals and techniques confirmatory of human ingenuity when faith replaces reason. Psychoanalysis, being a Teutonic product, had available a vocabulary more didactic than aesthetic, and named the process *abreaction*, which is no more nor less than getting "it" out of your system by articulation. The "talking cure" was the first and modest name of the procedure. It involved the closed, confidential walls of the confessional; but whispering was replaced by loud speakers, with the further revelation that a complex was not a sin but a doom, deep dyed in sex. Reticence became an exploded virtue, and obscenity a grace of sophistication. It became fashionable for one "psyched" guinea-pig to expose his insides to another. It was no longer a question of "speaking of operations," but an exchange of analyses, a comparison of oedipuses, in sessions of solace paralleling the gossip release of the Merry Wives of Reno who, while doing their time, are wont to trade marital experiences.

The only discussion of the preface to all analysis, that I know, is in a keen analytic essay by Schmalhausen, who asks and answers, "Is Consciousness Curative?" Since so much of neuroticism is excess of introversion, it seems a bit paradoxical that a prolonged immersion in the original deluge should cure. It is in fact substitution or reduction of one troubling burden of sicklied-dreads and hampering mind-cuffs for another, rationalized and channeled into a strange version of original sin, forbidden fruit, infant polymorphous perversion, damnation, predestination and clinical salvation through evocation and dissolution of Ids, Egos and Super-egos. The analyst is not a new homeopathist, believing that like cures like, but reminds one of a veterinary who had a cure of *botts*, and so converted whatever his animal patients suffered from into a case of *botts*.

The therapeutic technique which, in however scant a sketch, must not be omitted, is that of transfer, by which the analyst in person becomes the living hat-rack or manikin on which to hang, with Platonic drapery, the distraught emotions. In this depersonalized yet still human erotic companioning, the possessed patient relives the original complexes with all their perversion and intensity, until the new spell—a scape-goat for the old—is set free. Presumably the busy analyst keeps a card catalogue to prevent confusing the stages

The Theatre Guild

of his pseudo-amorous progress with Araminta and with Arabella, or does he develop a composite Don Juan and Pickwickian personality?

Continuing the consideration of whether and how consciousness is curative, by weighing the principles and observing the practice, I can come to no other conclusion than that generally and indiscriminately employed, it is not—least of all in the crude surgery of the average practitioner. "The psychoanalyst is using a method of exploring the mind that has unhappily within it the power to wreck that mind" is Schmalhausen's verdict, adding that liberation may as readily make one mad as free.

If there are any maladies of mind that need to be handled with gloves and anodyne, they are the dreads and obsessions, the compulsions and bewilderments of the psycho-neurotic victim, entangled in unwelcome cerebrations that grow out of temperamental liabilities—so brutally ignored by the analytic procedure—and out of environmental disharmonies which he is often as powerless to relieve as he is to put money into the bank and security into the lives of his all too trusting patients.

Psychic exploration of some sort, a psycho-diagnosis conducted with clinical tact and humane insight, is a contribution to psychiatry that was well on its way when the undulation of the Freudian and post-Freudian waves broke over the dykes which a knowing Mother Nature had provided for the safety of that inner life which, like humbler plants, sends its roots out of sight lest the growth wilt if rudely disturbed.

Disillusionment and an authentic facing of reality is the indispensable if hard way of all flesh, burdened as it is with a top-heavy emotionalism. The message of analysis to keep our unruly emotions in order is timely and welcome; as is the understanding that the values of civilization are rooted in the handling of emotions even more vitally than in the intelligent reconstruction that has changed the face of nature and the resources of material living. *Homo sapiens* may be an unwise vaunt of man, but the substitution of *homo Freudiens* is an unwise designation.

The price of psychoanalysis is too heavy, its value too precarious, its abuse too ready, to be entrusted to any but a race of supermen and to few of them. If Lincoln is right in saying that no man is wise enough to have complete control of the life of another, the psychoanalyst is too commonly a rusher-in where sages tread cautiously. The wreckage caused by doctrinaire methods, feeble in logic and misled by fantasy, appears in the distorted views of sanity that are all too prevalent; their undue popularization has resulted in amateurish dabbling in holy things. To wrecked conceptions must be added the toll of wrecked lives by psychoanalytic malpractice.

I have no sympathy with a reactionary program. I fully concur that a forward outlook is the only promising path. It was inevitable that in our rapidly changing world we should reexamine our designs for living and question their validity in many respects. We were bound to become more analytic, more daringly researching than our forefathers. Even before the economic catastrophe that disclosed the sand under our foundations, the radical temper had asserted itself. The Freudian *bouleversement* seemed to fit in with the swift reconstruction we were compelled to undertake in times of stress and distraction when dictators and bold innovators made their appeal. It is to the credit of psychoanalysis that in the present long-enduring crisis, it focused a strong light on motives; to its discredit that it defeated its own valid purpose by so distorted a perspective of the motivation that sets and maintains the human scene. I believe more strongly than ever that sound psychology has an increasing mission in restoring and sustaining the sanity of mankind. It is my deep regret that the type of analysis that has usurped the privilege, should have so egregiously failed in its high mission.

SHOULD THE NORTH SECEDE?

by CHARLES COHEN

ADOLF HITLER, Herr Thyssen's own private Golem, is rumored to be keeping a scrapbook these days; but not all of its pages are devoted to the Blood Purge and other classical rituals revived toward a higher civilization. A large part of the volume is said to be consecrated to the Southern division of the United States of America and includes clippings concerning one Huey Long, mob lynchings, share-cropping and other monstrosities peculiar to the territory below the Mason-Dixon line.

Aside from the staggering number of unprintables, many such adjectives as "barbaric," "bloodthirsty" and "maniacal" have been unreservedly slung at Adolf and his régime. After reading American periodicals, however, the Fuehrer is reliably reported to feel that he is being made a sucker of by the boys whose forebears were supposed to have accepted a major reproof with the formal conclusion of the Civil War.

The North, naively imagining it had demonstrated the injustice of slavery and given the franchise to the Negro, after a period of quiescence during which it dreamed that universal civilizing influences might affect even such areas as Georgia and Mississippi, is writhing again in a confusion of acute embarrassment and pop-eyed incredulity. It longs to glare in humanitarian reproof at the demented revivalist of Teutonic world-superiority, but it pauses in serious hesitation lest the lovely Adolf glower back at Maryland and all points below.

For Hitler once promised the Fatherland a regeneration; work for all; Germany, without coöperation from any other nation, would take its place in the forefront of the Powers. And the gentleman from Louisiana, freely exuding vitriol and bombast, plans to make Every Man A King without help from any intruders. He is to take the millions from the unloved capitalists, against whom he rants so unconvincingly, and divide them so that each adult male can possess at least five thousand dollars. Huey has spoken to everybody he can find about all this, but the lads currently in possession of the cash do not yet seem to have been consulted. It is suspected that the money boys are vastly amused.

Hitler is busily engaged in a process of enforced labor, with attendant indignation from all observers. In the South it goes by the name of share-cropping, an outgrowth of the Civil War and a "solution" of putting the freeman to work. Now the whites have become slaves along with the Negroes. In states where cotton is plentiful the landlord supplies the land, tools and seed; the sharecropper supplies the mere labor and is supposed to receive half of the crop. But the landlord controls credit for food and clothing. And when the accounting is reckoned after the picking of the crop, the tenant farmers are unfailingly found to be in debt to the landlord.

Here you will find no initiative-crushing law against child-labor. The young ones, withdrawn from school, are privileged to form the majority of this country's proud illiterates.

Southern senators recently recoiled in nausea over an anti-lynching law, crying horror if the flower of drawling womanhood could not be guarded in the South's own impressive manner of dealing with rapists, particularly if it happens to be a Negro whom somebody didn't relish for his political outspokenness. As often as not, the case fails to reach court. When it does, as in the recent case of the young man who was hanged following a debate with his accuser just before the trap was let from under him, the hanging becomes a gala event. Thousands come from miles around to witness the enchanting spectacle. It is not infrequently announced a few days ahead in print.

A Negro needs only to have an accusation leveled against him—and the punishment is as good as decided and executed. Only last month were the provincial officials of Alabama driven to admit to the Supreme Court of the land that no colored man or woman could have hoped to be on the jury that convicted the nine Scottsboro boys.

As a gigantic climax out of an Earl Carroll musical, Governor Talmadge of Georgia, fretting of late against the oppressive NRA, magnificently threatened to secede from the Union. It seems all too likely that he will convince Washington that Georgia wouldn't be missed.

Now there's an idea for the North. Shall we continue reeling, hiding, apologizing and blushing for the savagery and barbarism of the South? Let the North rid itself of this crushing burden of responsibility. Let us follow the example set by this very South.

Let the North secede.

This could surely be arranged with a minimum of dissent. Messrs. Long and Talmadge could serve as a committee of two to round up such States as feel they could do a better job of government by themselves. A really sharp boundary could be set between the two countries. The North would no longer have to explain such incredibilities as planted juries, share-the-wealth schemes and sadistic illegal hangings.

There remains only the problem of a flag for the joyously abandoned South. The replica of a five-thousand-dollar bill is suggested gratis. And the national anthem would, of course, be Huey's own inspiring ballad, "Every Man a King."

BATTLES OF THE CENTURY

Al Smith Against the Nudists

Charles R. Walgreen Against the University of Chicago

GUESS-CONDUCTORS

by DAVID EWEN

THE history of orchestral conducting has, in its comparatively short span, probably known more fashions than any other interpretative branch of the musical art. Louis Antoine Jullien—he who conducted with a jeweled baton, while wearing a pair of kid gloves—boasted of many imitators who would emulate his strange histrionics on the platform; the enormous fame of Safonov inspired a period of batonless conducting; and Hans von Bulow inaugurated an era of exaggerated and distorted interpretation. In recent years, however, a new fetish has been adopted by the orchestral conductor, which promises to be the most pernicious of all: it has become a style to direct entire programs from memory. As a result, the conductor who stands in front of a music-stand, referring to a printed score during the progress of a concert, is becoming more and more an obsolescent curiosity.

Conducting from memory is not entirely a present-day phenomenon. Gustav Mahler and Artur Nikisch occasionally directed familiar works without resorting to the printed page long before it became the universal fad. But, invariably, the event caused exclamations of surprise. When Hans von Bulow first heard Richard Strauss, what attracted him to the young composer-conductor was the fact that Strauss led his own work from memory; and when Artur Nikisch conducted a program of

Liszt music without a score in front of him, the event was something of a sensation. Today, however, conducting from memory is no longer a curiosity. A conductor feels disgraced before the eyes of his public if he does not perform at least the classics from memory. And I know of one important manager who has openly refused to engage any guest-conductor for his orchestra who cannot accomplish this feat.

With one or two conductors whose phenomenal memories make the support of a printed score quite unnecessary (one thinks specifically of Arturo Toscanini), or in the case of conductors who have directed a work so frequently that it is indelibly impressed upon their minds, conducting scoreless remains an unaffected gesture. In such instances, it is an intelligent move for the conductor to dispense with the music, for he can then concentrate entirely upon his men. It is only when this practice becomes a universal fashion, to be utilized indiscriminately for works old and new, familiar and unfamiliar, that it becomes exceedingly dangerous.

The truth is that most conductors, who today appear week-in and week-out on platforms without the customary music-stand in front of them, are only vaguely familiar with all the markings of a score. For them to attempt to direct their men without the support of the music is a very stupid and futile gesture. Inaccurate performances, innumerable omissions of subtle nuances and effects designated in the music, but which elude the memory of the conductor, are the inevitable results of this form of conductorial exhibitionism.

Sloppiness and inaccuracies have become more and more frequent intruders into orchestral performances since this fad has set in among conductors. The guest-conductor has now become a guess-conductor. I remember hearing Bruno Walter conduct a passage from Richard Strauss' *Schlagobers* in four-quarter time when the score clearly designated five-quarter, confusing the players to such an extent that the entire section of the work was completely distorted in performance; and this accident would have been quite impossible if Walter were referring to a score during the performance. I also recall a performance of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* by Koussevitzky in which the conductor suffered a lapse of memory with the result that he was compelled to push his baton feebly for several minutes—during which time the balance of the orchestra collapsed into confusion—until he could bring back to mind the exact notation of the score. Such obvious ineptitude of conducting is, to be sure, not an everyday affair with conductors of the stature of Bruno Walter and Serge Koussevitzky. What has become more habitual, however—and what is even more lamentable—is the persistent disregard of subtle indications in the score for slight, but all-important accentuations, syncopations, rubatos, etc.

The severest sufferer of this fad—if we exclude the audience and the composition—is the young conductor who directs from memory because he feels that he must keep abreast of the times. In the process of recreating a work of art, there are so many details upon which a young conductor must focus his attention that it is regrettable for him to divert so much of his attention, energy and time to a task so exacting as committing complicated orchestral scores to memory. The mere mechanical effort of memorizing concert-length programs will prove to be so enormous that, in spite of himself, the young conductor will be apt to neglect the much more important job of studying scores for their artistic content. Besides, it stands to reason that at the concert proper the more attention the young conductor devotes to recalling to mind the notes of the work he is directing, the less concentration can he expend upon the fine points of carving and shaping his interpretation as the music pours from under his baton.

LITTLE MAN, HOW MUCH?

by LAWRENCE VAIL

THE racket in the next room reminded me of the war. Poor Holgar, I thought. She's throwing the heavy furniture. Her nerves must be worse.

Holgar is my eldest daughter. My tallest. Six foot six in her socks.

"Poor child," said my wife. "He's thrown her over again. She's very upset."

"Thrown her!" I cried. "I rejoice Holgar has found a man who can stand up to her."

"He cannot," said my wife. "Holgar knocked him down, picked him up by the collar, shook him and bit his ear. Mr. Smoodles went off in a huff."

"Ah, the vicar. But why must Holgar pick on a man half her size?"

"She suffers," said my wife. "Since she was twenty, last April, she's grown another inch. Holgar should see a serious doctor . . ."

Next morning Holgar and I caught the 9:10 to town. Presently, as I read the paper, I had an idea:

"This Carnera fellow looks to me a fine upstanding man."

I showed Holgar the picture in the "Illustrated News." She shuddered. "He's too horrible, father. I loathe uncouth brutes."

I nudged her great flank. "Don't you think you could come to care for a tall, strong he-man? I have nothing against Smoodles, but he's not quite worthy of my little girl . . ."

Her good brown eyes filled with tears. "Father, I beg of you. I know I could never care for any other man."

"That's calf love," I said. Suddenly I got angry. "In any case, I refuse my consent."

Her mouth trembled. "Oh, father," she besought me, "don't take it like that. Josiah is getting used to me. It's only because I've been growing lately that he's a bit afraid. But surely those doctors in London will be able to stop that."

* * * *

"Let me see," said Sir Artemus. "Does Miss Mudget smoke?"

I shook my head. The well-dressed physician said:

"I take it you know that the theory that tobacco retards growth was refuted in 1908 by that eminent German experimentalist, the late Professor Hans Druck. Since that time, however, under the bridge of medicine much water has flowed: I mean that Druck's brilliant refutation has been discredited by the Scotch Board of Health. Of course, as a child your daughter should never have been forbidden to pick up cigarette butts and suck her father's pipe. But we must not give up hope. That would never do."

He sat before his desk and wrote a few illegible words in a small neat hand. "Nothing drastic, Miss Mudget. You will smoke three long black cigars before each of the two principal meals."

Holgar turned very pale. "Father, I couldn't. Josiah has sensitive adenoids. He can't bear smoky rooms. I am sure he would never marry a girl with tobacco breath."

"Couldn't you," I said to Sir Artemus, "suggest something else?"

"I wish you good morning," said Sir Artemus. "Yes, eleven guineas. Thank you. And, incidentally, it is possible Miss Mudget will shorten after change of life. A certain shrinkage and wizzening is apt to take place ten or twelve years after that date."

I dared not look at Holgar as we went out. "He's not the only doctor in Harley Street," I said. "Let's try next door."

Dr. Isadore Cohen reminded me of an Armenian conjurer I had known in a Swiss hotel. His hands never stopped twitching. He was sallow and lean.

"Exactly," he said. "You have a humility obsession because the young lady with whom you keep company is unusually tall."

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am quite well. But my daughter . . ."

"Precisely. Your daughter has a Goliath complex. She bullies the

household. She fills the house with lusty fellows. Your life is hell."

"It's not quite that," I said. "She feels clumsy, conspicuous—oh, I assure you we have done our best! My wife, my three younger daughters, even the butler, always go about the house with high-heeled shoes."

Dr. Cohen frowned. "Inadequate," he said.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "we might learn to wear stilts."

"I couldn't bear it," said Holgar, tears dimming her eyes. "And poor mother. It would be too cruel with her varicose veins."

"Let's leave mother out of it," I said. "It won't matter so much if she's the only short person in the house. As for me and the girls, I'm sure we would enjoy the elevation after a few days."

Holgar shuddered.

"Ah, the shudder," said Dr. Cohen. "That indicates frigidity. A virgin, I take it. Exactly, must be operated. Immediately. Frequently. Congenially, if possible. Miss Mudget must go the pace."

Without a word Holgar snatched her coat and made for the street.

"Father," she cried, "I'm not fit to live! You must shut me up somewhere. In a sanatorium, in a madhouse!" She shook hysterically. "Oh, I'm sure there are no strait jackets made for my size!"

"Don't be silly," I said. Suddenly a sign—*Dr. Jenkins, Osteopath*,—caught my alert eye. The exercise, I thought, will quiet her nerves.

The moment I saw Dr. Jenkins I knew we had come to the right place. He was a tremendous fellow. He came up to Holgar's chin.

"Sure," he said jovially. "'Course the little lady can be bullied down." He removed his coat. A ballet dancer, which stretched when he swelled out his muscles, was tattooed on his arm. "Come along," he said to Holgar. "I'm ready. Strip."

"Think of Josiah," I said to her. "You're doing it for him."

At last she consented, but I must leave the room. Finally, Dr. Jenkins joined me in the outer office. His face was wet and pale.

He poured himself a whisky. "I'll have my assistant with me next time you call. Two are better than one for this sort of job."

I made an appointment for the following week. "I hope he was not too rough on you," I said to Holgar as we descended the steps. She trembled. "It was horrid, father. He tickled me horribly."

We caught the 4:15. Suddenly, as we walked into our cottage, I felt her strong hand grip my arm. "Father," she said, "I've struck my head."

"That's nothing," I said. "A little cold water . . ."

"But, father, I didn't hit my head here this morning when we went out. That osteopath has elongated me. Oh, I wish I were dead!"

I looked at her. She did seem very tall. "Stand right there," I said. "Yes, inside the door where you hit your head. I don't think you're growing. It's only a bump. Still, if you are growing, the top of the door will hold you down. Meanwhile, I'll fetch Smoodles. Those banns must be published before you grow out of the house."

* * * *

I found Smoodles in the garden watering his peas. "Good evening," I said. "My uncle has sent me a pheasant. You must join us."

The little vicar peered up at me. I noticed a patch of pink plaster on his large sharp ear. "Mr. Mudget," he said "I am not feeling well."

I took him by the arm. "You don't look well," I said. "I propose we make a small detour and stop at the 'Egg and Shell'."

"I never . . ." said Smoodles.

"My dear vicar," I said, "God forbid I should urge you, but you don't look at all well. Now a brisk walk and a dash of bitters . . ."

It was a pleasant enough dinner until the dessert. Holgar and Smoodles hardly contributed to the conversation, but then they were in love. On the other hand, my younger daughters, Jack Porter and

Miss Tombs kept up a merry flow. Then, we had just finished the pheasant, Molly made the first break. She said to Jack Porter: "Have you read 'So Big'?"

My wife's attempt to change the conversation was not a success. "Mr. Smoodles, I've just re-read 'Little Men' and 'Little Women' for the fifth time. I thoroughly enjoyed myself. They're lovely books."

I glanced over at Holgar: as usual, my eldest daughter was stooping over her plate. Ah, I thought, that osteopath was helpful: she's too worn out to pay attention to what is being said. Then, suddenly, she raised her head and smiled over at me. Such a sad, courageous smile.

"'Little Women,'" said the vicar. "Yes, I read it when I was a lad. A delightful book, Mrs. Mudget, and . . ."

"My dear Smoodles," I cried desperately, "ever heard the story about the . . . about the . . . the story about the egg?"

He looked at me with small, polite eyes. "No, Mr. Mudget, I can't say I have."

"Too bad," I said.

The only one to laugh was the young one-toothed maid, Susan—she all but spilt the sauce down Miss Tombs' low neck. My wife, for I seldom ask riddles, gave me a puzzled glance.

"Talking of little men," said Miss Tombs, "I'm convinced I saw one today. They only venture forth into the open when there's a west wind and a waning moon. He was the cunningest little chap, with a green jacket and a russet cap. It was in Bishop's Wood, close to the Druid's stone. One expects to see anything in a place like that."

"I don't believe it," said Molly. "That's as ridiculous as a story I heard in the village this afternoon. Mrs. Mulligan, the apothecary's wife, swore to me she had seen a giantess in Fancy Lane."

"It must have been me," said Holgar, and her voice was very quiet. "I walked down Fancy Lane shortly after dark."

At last Polly broke the silence. "Jack," she said to young Porter, "been fishing today?"

He nodded. "I caught a three-pound trout."

I addressed the vicar. "Do you ever fish?"

"There's a friend of mine," said young Porter, "who manages to fish all year round. He follows the horse-mackerel. He's in Labrador now. Had a postal from him yesterday. Seems he caught a monster. Weighed half a ton."

"Those big fish," said the vicar, "I've been told they have no flavour." Suddenly, the first time that evening, he made bold to address his fiancée. "The smaller the fish, Miss Holgar, the more tasty the meat. It's like roses. Those large Argentine beauties are quite lacking in scent."

His face was very flushed. "It would seem," he continued, "that in Nature size cannot be achieved without a certain loss. Take the animal kingdom: you don't find the same intelligence in the giraffe as in the ape. In the same way the ostrich . . ."

Suddenly, an impressive spectacle, Holgar rose to her feet. For a moment she stood there, shaking, her face the colour of smoked salmon, her eyes filling with tears. Then, sobbing violently, she left the room.

Polly glared at the vicar. "You've gone and done it now. Talking of the giraffe's low intelligence. . . ."

A door slammed upstairs. "Oh, go after her!" cried my wife. "I'm so terrified she'll hurt herself. She's very strong."

Mr. Smoodles looked bewildered. "Yes, I know," he said. Then, appealing to Polly: "Do you really think, Miss Polly . . . ?"

"Leave Polly alone," I said. "She's only small fry. Go and do your duty, sir. Have a glass of rum."

It was then that through the open window we heard a thud followed by a cry. I ran to the garden. Fortunately Holgar had fallen on the flower-bed. She was alive.

* * * *

The surgeon from London said: "Triple fracture of the right leg. Quadruple fracture of the left. But unless morbid flux sets in we won't have to amputate."

"Poor Holgar," I said. "My poor little girl."

"I doubt it will be necessary to amputate both legs. I expect the right one will set properly though the muscles below the knee-cap have been considerably stretched. Yes, there's been elongation. Your daughter will be about an inch and a half taller than she was before."

"She could never bear it!" I cried. "I know my child. Better operate, doctor. We've always been very susceptible in the family to morbid flux."

The surgeon eyed me coldly. "There is no reason to operate now."

"But you could operate?" I cried. "I mean, you know how?"

"Sir," he said, "I have amputated as many as thirty-six legs on the field of action in a single day."

But I was not satisfied. Suppose, I thought, I ring up Sir Montague Phelps. He dotes on cutting out things. The sort of surgeon who would behead a man because he had the mumps.

Sir Montague promised to come by the next train. I then called up Smoodles. "It's Mudget," I said. "Ring up from the hospital. Surgeon says Holgar will live."

"Oh," answered Smoodles. "I am glad to hear that."

"She may have to be amputated," I said. "That's why I rang up."

"Dear me," said Smoodles, "how dreadful!" His voice did sound sincere.

"My dear vicar," I said, "I seem to recollect you were somewhat deranged by my daughter's size. Oh, don't deny it! I understand perfectly—felt that way myself. Still, as she may be operated, I thought it only fair to let you know. I mean, just how tall would you like her? If they amputate above the knee, she would be a nice, cozy little girl, just about your size."

The Editors wish to point out the tremendous box office appeal of a wrestling bout between President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia and President Frederick Robinson of C. C. N. Y.

We also suggest that in this contest Dr. Robinson be permitted to enter the arena swinging an umbrella, and that Professor Butler be permitted to swing Raymond Moley.

WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

by EMANUEL EISENBERG

AT least four times a year the gentle Sabbath drone of the metropolitan newspapers' theatrical departments rises impressively to a high stertorous breathing—and it appears that one of the high priests of Times Square who hover frettingly over play-production for a so-called living has taken stylus in hand to deliver himself of a grievance.

The lament varies only in degree and range, never in values or approach. And this is its composite burden: When will Hollywood cease to exercise its horrible attraction for the countless artists of the drama now prisoned there? How can the sensitive actor, the understanding director and the imaginative author remain so blatantly and lengthily interested in the sheer financial rewards there when there is clearly no hope of artistic satisfaction? And what is the stricken New York producer to do when he finds a beautiful

manuscript (a rarity in itself, with all playwrights shamefully rooted in the golden soil of the city of the angels), how shall he lure the needed performers away from the West Coast, when they have permitted themselves to be bound by relentless contracts on the one hand and been spoiled into demanding outrageously unreasonable fees for services on the other hand?

Readers of these asthmatic jeremiads are invariably startled and touched by their points, even soaring intermittently to a respectable peak of indignation at people so crassly commercial and unconcerned with the future of dramatic art as to shift to Hollywood in the first place and then entrench there once welcomed, ever so faintly.

To the date of pirouetting to press, no one has had the monstrous irreverence and calculated audacity to sidle up to these soulful shepherds of Manhattan's thespian pastures and whisper the foul suggestion that maybe the wholesale desertion of New York's theatres has been utterly justified in the main; that the army of renegades might very well serve the cause of dramatic art far better by continuing to function in Los Angeles; that the migration to the West Coast seems scheduled to grow even thicker than now in the months and years to come.

It is the intention of this brief article to whisper all of these suggestions with hoarse but vigorous insistence.

For as long a period as we can go back to in the search for appreciable documentation of production data, which is to say as far back as the earliest Italian commedia dell'arte, the theatre has been proudly distinguished for its sheer irresponsibility and anarchy in the department of presentation. To be associated with the theatre you had to demonstrate, almost under legal affidavit, that you were in some way swollen with the divine afflatus, totally removed from concern with the "humdrum" things of the world, delightfully demented, ready to put up with the most unsettling and humiliating conditions of daily living in the name of inalterable devotion to art.

That this concept should have flourished in the 17th and 18th centuries is comprehensible and pardonable enough, since all practitioners of the arts were then cheerfully assumed to be fascinating madmen forever divorced from the general obligations of society as well as the more intimate obligations of individual relationships. Art was a form of possession and obsession; in its name you committed every possible violence on the body politic or else the authenticity of your affliction was suspect. Exceptionally irrational behavior and fantastic conditions of work among associates of the theatre, which is the art that excites the most general and immediate kind of stimulation, were accordingly practically axiomatic.

It was about the middle of the last century, in a post-Hegelian world of scientific materialism, that artists as a whole came out of the long, long session of self-indulgence and sterilizing isolation to admit that they were particular members of an interrelative society whose function happened to be creative art. As such they were inevitable participants in all diurnal affairs that touched the world they clearly lived in. But did the lads and lasses of the theatre join them in this revivifying descent to earth? Don't be silly. In prompt contradiction they saw it as a richer holiday than ever for the display of idiotic waste, incredible inefficiency, conscious bohemian erraticness and sheer destructive irresponsibility.

And the public applauded. Even today so conservative and clear-headed a critic as Brooks Atkinson reveals his basis of attachment to the theatre as a charmed preoccupation with the unpredictable vagaries of the people inside of it. They're all a little cracked and that makes for magic.

Well, bamboozled audiences may continue to adore the mad, the freakish and the non-sensible in the theatre; and wide-eyed romantic critics may go on approving the thaumaturgic something-out-of-nothing which explodes on Broadway at dishearteningly spasmodic

intervals; but you can't fool the awakened workers in the theatre any more. People who know that the composition of plays is a complex job which takes sober and consistent concentration; that characterization of a role is something which can be carefully mapped out and sedulously worked on; that directing and costuming and scene-designing are combinations of art and craft which can be academically studied and then executed with technical thoroughness, — all these people have rebelled against the mushroom creativity of the Times Square production, the reading of manuscripts by desperately guessing incompetents, the sudden hysterical drives for adequate production funds, the gathering of an unrelated acting company from nowhere and anywhere, the nerve-wracking fret and uncertainty of the rehearsal period, the crazy hurling of the presentation onto a platform in an auditorium the nightly filling of which has been completely unplanned and left to the whims of itinerant audiences. The rebels have gone to a place where the theatre is organized, where it is understood as one of the controllable and reasonable departments of the regular work of the world, where people with training and talent in the different theatre arts are employed with a sureness and frequency and efficiency which improves one's own skill and effectiveness immeasurably.

It is undeniable that the first interest in Hollywood, the first reason for going there, is the pay. But what better instinct could any worker follow than the one that leads him to steady gainful employment? The accusation that theatre workers who go West soon relinquish most of their ability is preposterous and undemonstrable. The screen is quick to betray many of those whose skimpy qualities the stage has been amiable enough to adorn with a temporary cloak of protection. Far more frequently the screen is inclined to give the fullest possible play to talents in writing and directing and acting which the stage, by nature of its anarchistic and accidental functioning, has revealed very vaguely. In a measure this is due to cinema as a medium; but for the greater part the explanation lies in the order and organization of Hollywood.

That Broadway manifests no striving toward controlled and efficient operation would be too sweeping a generalization, since it can boast (if it chose, which it wouldn't) of such anti-Broadway elements in its own midst as the Theatre Guild, the Civic Repertory Theatre, the Group Theatre, the Theatre Union and the imminent Theatre Alliance. All of these aggregations stand against the theatre as glamor, madness, unpredictability and spasmodic employment; they all believe in elaborate advance planning and direct control of known audiences. But the first has relaxed into safe respectability; the second has all but abandoned its original ideals and has disappeared of late; the fourth is constantly threatening to go under because of incomplete public support; and the fifth is still no more than a promise for next season. The Group is the only organization constructed as soundly and competently as Hollywood. Its current successfulness is highly impressive.

But until the New York theatre is entirely established on such a basis (ignoring for the moment the equal necessity for decentralization of the drama), so long will actors and playwrights and directors follow the westward trail—and so long will the diehard bohemians and anarchists of Times Square send forth their coyote wails of loneliness.

REVELATIONS XXI. 1

New York, April 22, 1935.

"Everybody knows that I am an anti-capitalist."

Dreiser

FOR WHITE MEN ONLY

by JAMES T. FARRELL

"BOY, I tell you, don' you go there," Booker Jones, a small and yellowish negro, said.

"Booker, there is no white man alive who's gonna tell me where I is to go swimming, and where I isn't. If I wants to go swimming this lake here at Jackson Park, that's where I'm going swimming," Alfred, a tall and handsome broad-shouldered and coppery negro replied.

They were shirtless, wearing blue swimming suits under old trousers, and they walked eastward along Fifty-Seventh Street.

"Oh, come on Alfred, let's go to Thirty-Ninth Street," Booker said with intended persuasiveness, as they passed across Dorchester after they had ambled on for a block in silence.

"You go! Me, I'm going swimming over in Jackson Park, whether there's white men there or not," Alfred said, his face hardening, his voice determined.

"Alfred, you is always courtin' trouble, and just because you want to show off to that no-account mulatto gal . . ."

"What you say nigger?"

"Well, no, I'm sorry Alfred," Booker cringed. "But some day you'll go courtin' trouble, and trouble is just gonna catch right on up with you, and it's gonna say, 'Well, Alfred, you been courtin' me, so here I is with my mind made up to give you plenty of me.'"

"Shut up, black boy!" Alfred said curtly.

Booker shook his head with disconsolate wonder. As they passed under the Illinois Central viaduct, Booker again suggested that they go down to Thirty-Ninth Street beach, and Alfred testily told him that Thirty-Ninth Street wasn't a beach at all, just a measly, overcrowded pile of stones. The black man had no beach. But he was aiming to go swimming where he had some space without so many people all around him. He added that if the negro was to go on being afraid of the white man, he was never going to get anywhere, and if the negro wanted more space to swim in, he just had to go and take it. And he had told that to Melinda, and she had laughed at him, but she was not going to laugh at him again. Booker just shook his head sadly from side to side.

Turning by the lake, they passed along the sidewalk which paralleled the waters. Sandy beach ran down from the sidewalk to the shoreline, and people were scattered along it in bathing suits. Down several blocks from them, they could see that the regular beach was crowded. More white people frowned at them, and both of them could sense hate and fear in these furtive, hasty glances. Alfred's lips curled into a surly expression.

Half way down toward the regular beach, at about Sixty-Third Street, Alfred jumped down into the sand, tagged by Booker. He gazed around him, nonchalant, and then removed his trousers. He stood in his bathing suit, tall and impressive, strong, graceful. Booker jittered beside him, hesitating until Alfred, without turning his head, taunted him into haste. Booker removed his trousers and stood skinny beside Alfred whose arms were folded, and whose gaze was sphinx-like on the waters. They heard a gentle and steady rippling against the shore line.

White bathers near them stared in their direction with apprehension. A group of three fellows and two young girls who had been splashing and ducking close to the shore saw them, and immediately came out of the water and walked down a hundred yards to re-enter it. Alfred seemed to wince, and then again, his face became hard and intent. Booker saw various white bathers picking up their bundles and moving away from them, and still afraid of these white men, he hated them.

Alfred trotted gracefully to the shore line and plunged into the water, followed by Booker. They cut outward and Alfred suddenly

paddled around and playfully ducked Booker. They again hit outward and Booker, catching his breath and plunging beside his companion, told Alfred that they had made a mistake in coming here where they were two against a mob. Alfred retorted that he was not going to whine and beg the white man of anything. Some black man had to be the first to come, if they wanted to have the right of a place to swim. And he wasn't scared anyway.

"Here is one black boy that's not going to be mobbed," Alfred said.

II

Buddy Coen and his friends emerged from the water laughing, shaking their wet bodies and heads. They found a space of sand within the enclosure of the regular beach and dropped down, hunting for the cigarettes they had hidden.

"Well, boys, I was just going to say, if you lads want to provide the bottle, I'm all set for a bender tonight," Buddy said after lighting a cigarette.

"If you'd go back driving a hack, you'd have dough enough for your own liquor," fat Marty Mulligan said.

"What the hell have I got a wife working as a waitress for? So that I can drive a taxi all night? See any holes in my head, Irish?" Buddy said tauntingly.

"After the fight Buddy started last Saturday night with two dicks, I should think he'd stay sober once in a while and see how it feels," Morris said.

"Say, there's plenty of neat pickups around here, even if most of them are Polacks," the big Swede said.

"Boys, my girl is out of town tonight, and I'm dated up with a married woman I met out on my territory. Her husband works nights, and brother, she's the stuff," Marty bragged, following his statement with an anatomical description of her contours, charms and sexual technique.

The big Swede began talking about the old days, and Marty told anecdotes of how he used to get drunk when he was going to Saint Stanislaus High School. They talked on until suddenly, from a group close to them, they heard a lad say, "There's niggers down a way on the beach."

They became tense, and Buddy asked was that straight stuff.

"Bad enough having Polacks dirtying up the lake without diseased shines," the big Swede said in hate.

"A few weeks ago, a coal black bastard tried to get into the lockers here, but he was told that there weren't any. Then a couple of us boys just talked to him outside, you know, we talked, and used a little persuasion, and he's one black bastard that knows his place, and knows that this is a white man's park, and a white man's beach," Buddy said.

"Say, I just need to sock somebody to make the day exciting and put me in good spirits for my date tonight," Marty Mulligan said.

"Well, then, what the hell are you guys waiting for?" Buddy said, jumping to his feet.

They followed Buddy to the water, swam out around the fencing that extended along the formal beach limits, and walked along the shore line in search of the negroes.

"I know I don't mind pounding a few black bastards full of lumps," Norton said.

"Me, now, I ain't sloughed anybody since Christ knows when, and I need a little practice," Morris said.

III

"Alfred, I'm tired," Booker said.

"Nigger, shut up. Nobody's going to hurt you," Alfred said.

"Well I is, just the same," Booker said, his voice breaking into a whine.

Ignoring Booker, Alfred turned over on his back and floated with the sun boiling down upon his coppery limbs. Booker paddled after him, afraid to go into shore alone. He turned and looked back along the avenue of sand, filled with so many white people. Blocks and blocks of sand, populated with all those whites. The fears of a mob assailed him. He wished that he had never come. He thought of many negroes who had been lynched in the south, of many who had been beaten and mobbed in the Chicago race riots of 1919. He remembered how, as a boy in those times, he had seen one of his race, dead, hanging livid from a telephone post in an alley. He was afraid, and with his fear was hatred, hatred of the white man, hatred because of the injustices to him, to his race, hatred because he was afraid of the white man.

Again, he glanced along the avenue of sand filled with white men, and each small figure along it was a potential member of a mob to beat him and Alfred. He turned and again looked at his friend who was floating, unconcerned. He wished that he had Alfred's courage. With chattering teeth, he shook his head slowly and sadly, feeling, sensing, knowing that they were going to pay dearly for this venture. He treaded water waiting for Alfred, wishing that he was out of it. He saw a group of white bathers stand at the shore and look out over the water. He had a premonition.

IV

"There they are," Buddy said, curtly nodding his head toward the water, and they saw two kinky heads and two negro faces, diminished by distance.

"Let's drown the bastards!" Morris said.

Buddy said that they would walk off a little way and wait until the two shines came in. They moved a few yards away and waited, tense and eager. Buddy lashed out contemptuous remarks, keeping them on edge, and Marty remarked that they had driven the white man out of Washington Park, and that if things went on, soon the whole south side would be black.

"If they want Jackson Park, they got to fight for it!" Buddy sneered.

"Just think! Look at all these white girls bathing around here. With niggers on the beach, it ain't safe for them," Morris said.

"And do you fellows know, my sister nearly came out here swimming today," Morris said.

They saw the two negroes coming in, and heard the smaller one trying to convince the big one about something, but they could not catch enough of what he said. The two negroes walked slowly toward their small bundles of clothing, their wet bodies glistening in the sunlight. After they had sat down, Buddy arose and led the group toward them. Seeing the white fellows approaching, Booker grabbed his clothes and ran, and four of the white group pursued him, yelling to stop that nigger.

With a sulky expression on his face, Alfred arose as Buddy and Morris approached him.

"The water nice?" Buddy asked, his voice constrained and threatening.

"Passable," Alfred answered, his fists clenched.

"Been out here before?" Buddy continued.

"No . . . Why?" Alfred said with unmistakable fearlessness.

A crowd gathered around, and excitement cut through the beach like an electric current because of the shouts and chase after

Booker. A white bather tripped him as he ran, and joined the four other pursuers in cursing and punching him, mercilessly disregarding his pleas to be let alone. They dragged him to his feet, knocked him down, kicked him, dragged him up, knocked him over again, while he uttered more shrill and helpless cries.

"Anybody ever tell you that this is a white man's beach?" Morris asked Alfred.

"You know we don't want niggers here," Buddy said.

Buddy went down from a quick and surprising punch on the jaw, and Alfred countered Morris' right sudden swing with a thudding right that snapped the white lad's head back. Buddy sat down, rubbed his jaw, shook his dazed head, leaped to his feet, and went into the negro swinging both hands. While Alfred fought off the two of them, others dragged the howling Booker to the fight scene. The big Swede broke through the crowd of spectators and clipped Alfred viciously on the side of the head. Two other white bathers smashed into the attack. Defending himself, Alfred crashed Morris to the sand, and was then battered off his feet. A heel was brought against his jaw, and as he struggled to rise, five white bodies piled onto him, punching, scratching, using their knees. Spectators shouted and encouraged the white lads, females screamed, and Alfred was quickly and severely punished. Booker opened his mouth to beg for mercy, and a smashing fist brought blood from his lips; another wallop between the eyes toppled him over backwards.

A baldheaded Jewish man with a paunchy stomach protested, and a small, pretty blonde girl screamed hatred at him, calling him a nigger-lover. A middle-aged woman with a reddish bovine face, called in an Irish brogue for the men to hit the black skunks, while a child strained at her waist and shouted.

A park policeman hurriedly shoved through the spectators, and the slugging ceased. The two negroes sat in the sand, both of their faces cut and bleeding. The policeman sneered at them.

"You fellows better go home," he said roughly.

They slowly got up and Booker tried to explain that they had done nothing.

"Don't be giving me any lip," the policeman interrupted. "I said you better go home or do your swimming down at Thirty-Ninth if you don't want to be starting riots. Now move along!"

He shoved Booker.

"And you, too," he said to Alfred who had not moved.

Booker hurriedly put his trousers on and Alfred did likewise slowly, as if with endless patience. They wiped their bleeding faces with dirty handkerchiefs, and Booker sniffled.

"Go ahead now!" the policeman roughly repeated.

"We will," Alfred said, meeting their stares with a swollen and battered face, the left side of his swimming suit torn at the shoulder-strap, exposing his full chest.

"Go ahead!"

"We will, but we'll be back!" Alfred said challengingly.

The crowd slowly dispersed, and the six fellows stood there near the policeman.

"Shall we follow 'em?" asked Marty.

"They ain't worth hitting, the skunks,—and the dirty fighting. Kicking me that way!" said Collins, limping.

They turned and walked heroically back toward the beach.

"That bastard had the nerve to hit me," Buddy said, pointing to his swollen eye.

"Like all niggers, they were yellow," said Morris.

"Well, we did a neat job with them," Norton bragged.

"Boy, I caught that big one between his teeth. Look at my hand," Marty said, showing his swollen knuckles.

"Look at that, fellows. There's somethin'. I say there, sisters," the Swede said to three girls who were coquetting on the sand.

Looking covertly at legs and breasts, they leered.

FUGUE

by WALDO FRANK

(Continued from page 2)

for an answer. "Nothing else, I thank you." — I can bear nothing else. Except the end. Yes, now I know I can bear the end, because I can bear nothing else!

She has stepped back against the other table, but with her face so turned that she can feel his eyes, and the hard top of the table makes her feel her own body. — He sees me!

"Nothing else," half-aloud he murmurs. — I'm out, already. What a strange ease. Eased out, after thirty years of living. Living thirty years to know I cannot go on living. Mildred helped me know. Even if she'd have me now, it's too late. Mildred is life, and has made me know I cannot live. This place makes me know. Cheap eating joint . . . lived thirty years and never been in one before. The eggs . . . if I don't touch 'em, won't she think it strange? And if she does?

— He sees me! His eyes tell me. But he's scared.

— I'm going home. I know what I'm going to do when I am home. Oh, the good knowing at last what I am going to do! Mildred could not give this joy to me, except by driving me out. If you accepted me now, Mildred, how would I know what I was going to do?

— A swell guy. And has he had the blues! You ain't unhappy now. His eyes tell me.

— Out, brief candle. Snuffed with a noisy . . . I'll not hear the noise. Simson will hear it. The noise and the mess for him. Well, he'll be paid for it. Simson, you money-lover, just for a day or two you'll be thinking what a good place you've lost with plenty pickings; and you'll hate me for dying. Wait till they read my will. How you'll love me then! Simson, how your heart will melt for me. Damn glad I'm dead, and mourning. I must have one mourner. Mother's too full of pride for sorrow. Mildred'll say: "Are people going to suspect, and blame me?" Simson will be my mourner. One I can be sure of. Paid for.

The table top against her thigh was heavy and hurt her. — Whad'ya know about him? Maybe the kid's on'y drunk. Maybe he won't even remember. Please, God, don't let him be drunk!

— It's rather right that my last food be served to me in such a place. So I cannot touch it.

— But what's he doin' here? Why don't he eat his eggs? Did he lamp me in the winder, and is that why he come? He ain't hungry. Hungry fer me? She sees the swell guy in the window seeing her, as she leans, gracefully serving. — His face out there, he sees me, he stops, he stares. I don't see him. I ain't thinkin' o' no man. Clean thoughts. He knows that, lookin' at my face! And a sadness from me goin' out to him t'rough de plate-glass winder . . . He don't know what to do. Git along? Turn back? *He's here, don't worry!* This ain't his sort of a dump. *But he's here.* He looks at me, and he can't git away. He opens the door . . . The table top is pressing, hurting, she does not know it.

— All clear. Get out, then. And the eggs are cold.

— He's too scared to talk. The foist time. He'll be back; and then he'll say, he'll say what I am dreamin'. Thank Gawd fer the night shift. Them swells sleep all day. Ten more nights I'm on it. He'll come back before. Oh, he'll come back before!

— A decent tip to the wench would be more than the bill.

— Maybe he's too scared to come back. Gawd, what've I ever asked ya before? Please let him come back. I could speak to him now. Slow, kid! He don't know what y' are. What sort of a girl does he t'ink works in this sort of a dump?

— I'll slip her quarter under the plate. Now home! Now the end. What people! That trencherman chauffeur. So this is where they eat? How can they have an appetite trundling dead decencies from address to address? Get up. Is it so hard to leave? This styx of lard and sweat . . . this is the guts of the world. Good place for my exit.

The young man arose and reached, tall and suddenly frail, for his silk hat. He glanced past the girl, whose cheeks were pale, while all he saw was the door into the street's obscene commotion . . . the door toward the chastity of death.

Sylvia rides from her room to work. She has come through a night too dawning with hope for much sleep. She has listened to night reasons against hope; yet the sun rises! — Gawd, my whole body's livin' wid him, my whole breath is singin', my heart beats on'y de news, de news of his comin' back!

In the subway car the men and women clutter up the world between Sylvia and the moment when her man will come again from the street, and inside the door, and will speak. "*Little girl, you got me!*" Bright she is, and spring-like, against the dead indifference of the men and women in the subway car. They hold her in the car, they hold her back from making the leap of time into his arms. Beyond them, beyond the train, beyond Sylvia, there he is already, *and she is*, and the moment when he speaks.

— Better read the News. That'll help pass the time. She reads his face in every face before her, a palimpsest of his glowing eyes glowing for her, within the indifferent faces of the men and women. (— What could it be but love?) "Oh, I've waited for you, boy!" All the night she has said it and said it. When the real time comes, what'll there be left to say? — *Stop it.* "I kep' myself clean waitin' fer you." — *Stop it. Read.* "How didya happen to look in just that winder?" *Stop. Read the News.* "Hard to speak, boy? But didn't ya know I'd listen just because I never listened to no one, no one before an' no one ever after!" — *Read! Ferget it!* (Giants win . . . Show girl . . . Young millionaire) . . . "I knew it was you, I knew at once it was you who I'd been waitin' . . ." (Young millionaire . . .) "And boy, do you know what? I was scared stiff you'd come back de wrong hour." (Shoots self.) "Gawd, was I glad I had still ten nights of the night shift." — *Read, I tell you!* "Dat give you ten nights, see? to come back in." (Giants . . . Crack Safe . . .) "Ten nights, honey." — How can I wait one? (Young millionaire shoots self . . .) — Tonight he will come, tonight he will speak, and tonight . . . and tonight . . .

A PLEA FOR INDECENCY

by LOUIS PAUL

(Continued from page 2)

has slapped the man's face who offered it to her. An idiotic state of affairs. And now they try the burlesquers for promoting lechery when what they actually accomplish is probably a kind of homey instruction.

I've had in mind for some time now a fiction story which told the commonplace tale of, let us say, Nellie, the stenog. Nellie would be a good girl. Oh, human, of course. She would inevitably compare young Louie's manner of approach with Clark Gable's, to Louie's disadvantage and dismay. Eddie's neck would have a suggestion of the cut of Franchot Tone's, but Nellie doesn't like the way Eddie calls all girls "broads." Franchot Tone never calls girls "broads." Nellie isn't sure just what it means, but it doesn't sound so good. She's sweet on Bill, who isn't such a good looker but who has a swell job as head

superintendent of a scavenger concern. Bill, however, is saving up to buy a motor boat and never mentions marriage. The girls in Nellie's office had a mimeographed paper which Angie found in her kid brother's pants pocket while looking for a stray quarter. This was a monograph, written in understandable if somewhat over-ripe prose, entitled "Confessions of a French Model," and consisted of the Sapphic love adventures of a fantastic female Paul Bunyan of the boudoir.

The story would go on to relate how Nellie read the paper over Louise's shoulder, and giggled at the part where the French Model hides the fat man's pants. Many references, unfortunately, are obscure. Some time later Nellie goes to a burlesque show just for the hell of it with Eddie, who has get-up but faltering approach. She's sorry for the plump matron who hops about in a veil, as Eddie explains that she has to do all that hopping for seventeen bucks a week. Two days later Nellie's firm puts on a new bookkeeper. He's got a neck like Franchot Tone, and does not say "broad." Soon they are married. About eighteen months after the ceremony Nellie has a baby. Well, it's a good story, and has the ring of truth. It might stand movie treatment, but they wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole. The reformers'd be down on their tail. The office scene where the girls giggle over a French model's confessions would be definitely out. The burlesque wouldn't do—sordid realism. Such a story might send the youth of America into lecherous hysteria.

As a writer I have tried to learn, humbly, all that any one man's cumulative experience can teach him. I've seen impressionist plays and I've been inside of prisons; I've sailed on crummy boats and worn a tuxedo; I've bummed around on freights and studied sharply the prose of Oscar Wilde; I've read Tolstoi in translation and am married ten years; I've talked with some queer specimens of humanity, I've sat in expensive audiences, and I've gone out purposely looking for the startling, the unique, and the unbelievable. But I have never seen an American youth come away from contact with a piece of obscenity in the throes of lecherous hysteria. This does not mean that obscenity couldn't do it. There are some funny guys in the world whom I don't know. But if I haven't seen it done, then neither has any reformer nor minister. Ergo, he has no ground whatever upon which to base his vile and putrid accusations, except the flimsy sophism that he himself has lecherous hysteria whenever he sees an innocuous nude or goes to witness a Lowell Thomas travelogue or visits the museum or reads *La Vie Parisienne*. The sophism is amply demonstrated by the fact that he does not enjoy lecherous hysteria, thus divorcing himself from the normal segment of humanity. It is just too much to ask that morality be based on the reactions of weak-minded reformers and anacephalic imbeciles.

Away with these clowns, gentlemen. Imagine in your hand a good sound glassful of ripe Bourbon. Shall we rise? To reason and sanity, and a goodly measure of fine rousing indecency. And a little epilogue after the toast? But of course. I am reminded of the lecherous scoundrelly old boozehound who, after dissipating in ruinous fashion year after year, so swiftly played out his capacity to sin that, at the age of 107, he just wasn't worth a damn. It proves, probably, that indecency has its weak point. But tell me if you've heard of a reformer of that age. He'd have bored himself to death long before that.

Subscribers to The American Spectator will have their subscriptions extended two months to compensate for the April and May, 1935 issues, which were skipped.

RULE, BRITANNIA

by THEODORE PRATT

WHEN I presented a check, to be cashed in English pounds, at the New York branch of a great London bank, the young British teller examined it crisply, examined me. Crisper were the Bank of England notes handed to me. But when I counted them I found that England had paid me a whole pound, nearly five dollars, too much.

I pointed it out to the teller and he stared at me, unbelievably. If he had been crisp before, he was stiff now. "The amount paid to you, sir, is quite correct."

I had been sure it wasn't. To check up again and show him, I counted the money out on his counter. There was still an excess pound note. It crackled there between us, offering an opportunity for Anglo-American amity. But for the teller it didn't seem to exist.

"I beg your pardon," he insisted, "but the amount is correct."

I wondered if this was some quizzical generosity on the part of the British lion. Was it an ironical gesture to give Shylock an extra pound of flesh? Was besieged Troy once again throwing loaves of bread over its embattled walls?

I pushed the note over to him. He pushed it gently back.

"This bank does not make mistakes, sir," he said.

I told him not to be foolish, that everybody at one time or another makes mistakes. I tried once more to get him to take back the money.

He put it this time firmly into my hands. "The bank is not permitted to make mistakes," he said. Then, in a lowered, different voice that could not possibly carry to people near by, he added: "I should be glad to meet you any place you say after bank hours, sir."

At first I didn't understand. But when I looked at his face again, I did.

England had made a mistake after all. It wouldn't recognize it officially, but nevertheless the fact remained that the British lion had erred. It would be worth the teller's job to admit it in a formal transaction. To keep it a secret he was ready to stand the loss from his own pocket unless it could be arranged outside the bank.

I met the opportunity to uphold England's integrity by whispering my address. But as I left the solid institution I couldn't resist humming a national anthem having to do with God saving the King.

DYING IS DULL

by M. C. BLACKMAN

IN A dozen years of newspaper reporting I have witnessed a score of legal executions, and my critical conclusion is that such trysts with Death are, from the standpoint of the spectator, disappointing drama.

In fact, the execution of a human being is a pretty dull affair to watch. There are exceptions, of course, but the average electrocution or hanging lacks the dramatic qualities that stir the emotions and lift the observer to heights far above normalcy.

I once wrote for *transition* an impressionistic sketch—it was intelligible to such an old-fashioned extent that it was almost rejected by the editors—entitled "An I for an I," in which an overwrought witness of an electrocution so closely identified himself with the doomed man that he experienced the agonies of death and was shocked to discover himself alive after the switch was thrown.

Now, in so far as that piece pretended to reflect my own experiences, it was dishonest. I have never felt such emotions while watch-

ing the taking of a life by the state. It is possible, I suppose, to hypnotize oneself into a "state of mind," by repeating:

"My God, that man is alive and in a few minutes he will be dead. I am watching the transformation of a miraculous Something into a horrible Nothing."

But the scene itself in the death chamber is a flat anti-climax. The victim usually is past all emotion and is incapable of arousing any definite emotion in the observer by merely sitting in a chair and quivering convulsively a moment or two while passing from life to death. There is too little visible change. Death comes too quietly.

The first execution I ever witnessed was the hanging of a Negro in a state which required the sheriffs to serve as executioners. The event was to take place at noon, and my city editor, in giving me the assignment, gravely cautioned me to sleep well and eat a light breakfast before the ordeal. He may have been ribbing me; I was the cub of the staff.

At any rate I followed instructions and took the suggestion regarding breakfast so literally that, as I waited for the zero hour, my principal sensation was one of gnawing hunger.

The thing that impressed me most about that hanging was the fact that when the condemned man came out of his cell for the walk to the scaffold he was contemplatively chewing a match. I don't suppose he was aware that the match was between his teeth, but he kept it there and chewed it slowly until the sheriff removed it as he slipped the black hood over the black face.

The sheriff had to remove the match because he had already tied the doomed man's hands behind his back before he noticed the match. It was in the way of the hood, so he reached up gently, took it away and dropped it on the floor of the trap.

I searched the Negro's face for an identifiable expression, but detected none. He did not show fear, nor despair, nor hope. Those emotions, I guessed, had spent themselves in the hours of waiting. On the other hand, he was not placid, he was not eager, he was not visibly excited.

He was just a docile Negro facing the unwelcome attentions of a group of white men and the somewhat embarrassing solicitude of a black parson. His presence there was not of his own choosing and it was not to his liking, but he was resigned to the unhappy circumstance.

Before enveloping the kinky head in the black cowl, the sheriff asked the doomed man if he wanted to say anything. The Negro took a deep breath, mumbled something unintelligible, gave up the attempt, and shook his head.

The sheriff drew the dark hood, lowered the noose, adjusted the plump knot at one side so that it would snap the neck at the end of the fall, looked around quickly to see that everything was in order, and kicked the trigger that released the trap.

The trap opened to the floor below the death chamber of the jail. The Negro plunged through the opening, reached the end of the rope's length, snapped back a foot or two, swung to and fro a minute or two and was still.

That was all. He was dead, but the plunge to death didn't look any more horrifying than a football player being thrown ten feet to the gridiron sod. The witnesses knew the condemned man was dead, but it was their reason that told them that, not the happening before their eyes.

I felt cheated.

It can be readily understood that a hanging, which requires abrupt physical movement of the victim, is marked by far more action than an electrocution, which demands nothing of the doomed man except that he sit in a chair.

All of the electric chair deaths I have witnessed have been uniformly unexciting, but seven of them stand out in my memory, six of them because they occurred within eight days—four Negroes one Friday and two white men the next—and the seventh because of a

pathetic circumstance.

The man who aroused my compassion was a murderer, a white man who had killed in the excitement of an amateurish robbery. He was as friendly as a puppy and as eager for kindly attention. During his long stay in the death cell he became friendly with Joe, a police reporter, who was a sympathetic listener. Joe and I covered his execution together.

When this man came to die, he walked steadily into the death chamber and sat in the electric chair. He looked expectantly at the faces of those crowded against the iron railing in the tiny room. His look of expectancy changed to anxiety, and his eyes eagerly searched each face.

He was looking for one familiar, friendly face in that crowd. The witnesses were not hostile toward him, but they were strangers, curious but indifferent. . . . Finally, he saw Joe. A light came into his eyes. He half rose in the chair and waved one hand high.

"Good-bye, Joe," he said. "Good-bye. Good-bye!"

Then he relaxed in the chair, content, and waited without visible agitation for the straps, the mask, the death-dealing current. . . . Joe couldn't stand it; he bolted from the room.

Compared to Joe, I was an amateur witness of executions. He "collected" them, as a boy collects stamps, until a series of incidents such as the one described began to disturb his phlegmatic Dutch defense against emotion. His work necessitated a too close, intimate contact with the poor devils in Death Row.

There was one old man who balked at the chair until Joe appeared. When Joe pushed forward, the old fellow exclaimed triumphantly:

"There's Joe now. I knew he'd come. He promised me he would. Thanks, Joe. Good luck."

The real drama occurs in the death cell before the last walk. There the principal plays a role that cannot fail to stir even the most hardened observer. There you see hope give way to despair and hope born again. You see weakness and strength of character manifested in dozens of ways. You see ugliness and beauty of men's souls. You see remorse and defiance, pathos and babbling bathos. You see religious frenzy and astonishing stoicism. Sometimes you even see comedy.

Doomed men, when the crucial hour comes, seem to withdraw into a shell of apathy that makes them impervious to all that goes on around them. It is fortunate for them and for the officials charged with their execution that this is so.

My friend, Joe, tells of a particularly unpleasant quadruple execution accompanied by dreadful drama behind the scenes.

Preparations for this unusual execution were not as complete as they might have been. There were no accommodations for the undertaker who was to take the four bodies away; the death chamber was too small for four coffins and the augmented crowd of witnesses, and there was no other room convenient.

So it came about that the four coffins were deposited in the "run-around" of the death house, directly in front of the cells in which the four men were confined. If the doomed men looked through the doors of their cells, the grim row of coffins was directly in view. If they looked out the windows, they could see the hearse waiting to carry them away after the executions.

The Editors, resenting the charge that Congress consists of a bunch of deadheads, offer a recent incident as eloquent rebuttal. According to the Washington representative of the New York Times who is also a specialist in acoustics, objections to the proposal of Representative Mitchell of Tennessee that Congressmen be prohibited from putting members of their immediate families or relatives on the legislative payroll "came in such a roar that reporters who were out of the chamber at the time came scurrying into the press gallery in amazement."

But they didn't look up. They remained in their shells and were unaware of the macabre stage properties around them.

Two of the men were brothers. One was the first of the four to go. His body was brought back and deposited in one of the coffins. The other brother was second, and as he went to his death he had to walk past the row of coffins, one of which contained all that remained of his brother . . . He apparently did not see them at all.

While the third man was in the chair, the undertaker's assistants were engaged in carrying out the first two coffins. They had not returned when it became necessary to remove the body of the third victim from the chair.

"I offered to help," Joe relates. "We placed the body in the coffin and the undertaker was preparing to replace the lid, when I heard him gasp and saw him turn pale."

"My God!" he whispered. "Look!"

"I looked, and the figure in the casket stirred and breathed."

"We called the warden, and the guards carried the limp figure back to the electric chair, strapped it in, and the electrician administered the current for five minutes more. The electrician, who took pride in his work, was terribly embarrassed."

All of this transpired within plain view of the fourth victim, but he did not once look up, nor indicate that he was at all aware of what was going on.

The most dramatic execution I ever covered was a hanging in Canada which, paradoxically, I was not permitted to witness. The event took place in the county prison at London, in the Province of Ontario, and I drew the assignment from the city editor of a Detroit paper for which I worked.

Now, the Canadians are understandably scornful of American methods of dealing with criminals, and they despise American journalism, particularly the sensational brand I represented. The high sheriff said "No" very flatly to my request for permission to witness the hanging, and he warned me that if I even approached the gray stone prison on the bank of the little river Thames, I would find myself inside looking out in very short order.

I believed him, but I had to have a story, if I wanted to go back to my job. American city editors, safe at their desks, can't be intimidated by Canadian high sheriffs. Better to fake a story and take my chances on exposure than to admit I was unable to crash into a mere prison!

Still, faking is distasteful and hostility a challenge to the average newspaper man, so I set about devising a plan for circumventing the high sheriff. My first step was to enlist the aid of a London free-lance writer who was friendly with the city constabulary. He could do nothing about getting me into the county prison, but he thought he could arrange for me to peek at the death scene!

The city police headquarters and jail were in a four-story building diagonally cross the block from the county prison and overlooking the latter's jailyard, where the execution was to take place. My Canadian friend connived with the city police to admit me to the roof of this building shortly before midnight, when the hanging was scheduled to take place.

Alas, the county authorities had anticipated Peeping Toms on the roof of the city building. The scaffold was curtained on three sides with burlap, effectively screening the platform from our view. However, the roof seemed the nearest I could approach my assignment, so I stayed there. I saw a sight I shan't soon forget.

The open side of the scaffold faced the near east wall of the prison yard. The single light on the platform was so placed that it projected the shadows of the actors in this drama clearly upon the gray stone wall.

I realized this when, a minute after midnight, a single shadow appeared upon the stone-wall screen. It was a short, stocky, very busy figure. That would be the hangman.

Then came another and slighter figure, a uniformed shadow on either side. The doomed man and his guards. The slight shadow swayed a little, back and forth slowly, the head bowed.

A dark object descended, enveloped the bowed head, giving the central figure in this shadowy scene a weird, gnome-like appearance. Directly above this apparition dangled the noose. With a quick motion the hangman adjusted the noose around the cowed head. The sturdy figure of the chaplain appeared on the scene and was etched in shadow, his hand raised in benediction and supplication.

It was like something from a German film. The shadows on the brick wall, thrice enlarged but clear-cut, moved in absolute silence and suggested the presence of Death far more strongly than a direct view of the scene could have done.

The tableau of the victim, the hangman and the clergyman was held for a moment. Then the chaplain stepped back, the hangman moved quickly, and the scene blurred for an instant. Now!

Across the tomblike stillness of the jail yard came the queer, sickening clatter of a wooden trap sprung, then the muffled thump of a heavy object jerked short at the end of a rope.

That was all. The prison yard was as quiet as before. The figure I knew was dangling below the platform was out of focus; its shadow did not reach the stone-wall screen. The other shadows vanished. Presently the light went out.

I thanked my Canadian friend sincerely. At last I had seen a dramatic execution.

JEEBY-MILL

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

IT isn't Tin Pan Alley or a College of Acrobats; it isn't a zoo, and it isn't the Psychopathic Ward at Bellevue; it's a combination of all these, whirling around like a gilt-cracked carousel at an up-state county fair. And it's all housed under one gas-tight roof, a kind of hangar that keeps a thousand or more unballasted human balloons from going straight up into the clouds to kiss *Meshugga** and her constellations seven. Oh, there may be crazier buildings in the world, but this one is dizzy enough for me. The rational mortar that holds other buildings together, the common-sense underpinning that keeps them from collapsing into an abyss of utter madness, is completely lacking in this edifice. True, it looks like an office building, and has all the necessary appurtenances of one—elevators, mail-chutes, and a cigar stand in the corridor—but these, I have come to believe, are merely stage properties, dramatic furniture put in to intensify the staring insanity of what goes on there.

The building has a name, a street number and a good location, all of which we'll disclose as nearly as the law of libel allows. Suppose we call it the Theatrical Enterprises Building, and reveal that it stands on Broadway, at a point where that protean thoroughfare incandescens into Times Square. Eleven or twelve stories in height, it is constructed of a yellowish fire-brick, as sane and respectable as anything around it. There are three elevators in the main lobby, and one or two of them actually run. Honest, you wouldn't suspect, from anything that meets the unpeeled eye, that you were entering a *Maison de goof*, a loony-bin, a high-tension jeeby-mill in which every last nut is loose and all the wheels spin on eccentric axles.

Your first suspicion that all is not quite intelligent occurs when you begin to look for someone you're looking for. Let's suppose you want to find a man named Morey Pearl, and that he's a big fountain pen wielder for The Amalgamated Theatre-Booking Corporation of North America. You want to inquire of this man Pearl

*Omitted in some zodiacs, *Meshugga* is really the ancient goddess of the theatre, and still holds powerful sway over the inmates of the Jeeby-Mill.

just how much it would cost you to engage a troupe of midget bagpipers for an indoor Caledonian picnic. (It *could* happen; that's how I got into the place.) You begin by locating Mr. Pearl's name and office number on the directory board in the corridor. Ah, there it is: Morey Pearl, Independent Showmen, Inc., (h'm, he's in a different corporation already) Room 304. Well, anyway, it must be the same guy, so you go to Room 304 and after reading the names painted on the door you find that the office is not occupied by Mr. Pearl at all, but by Moe Maltz, P. X. (Professor of Xylophone); The International Popcorn Vending-Machine Co.; Gaetano Bonzaninni, formerly of the Bologna Opera-Casting Studios; and a man named Twombly. There is one desk and no window in the office, which is fully $\frac{2}{3}$ as large and $\frac{1}{3}$ as brilliantly lighted as a subway lavatory. As you enter, four people grab for the telephone and try to get in touch with Alfred Lunt, Walter Huston, Jed Harris, Charlie MacArthur, Ben Hecht and Jimmie Durante. When this little by-play subsides, you seek a trace of Morey Pearl. No one knows him, no one ever heard of him. Your conviction that M. Pearl is merely a figment of fancy, a nebulous Perseid of the theatre, impalpable, elusive, rare, grows stronger as you rove through the building calling his name. Fearfully be-rouged girls are tap-dancing all around you; the whinny of a horse reveals that an equestrian troupe is rehearsing in Room 12 B (which for some obscure reason is sandwiched in between Suite 672 and The Superintendent's office); the dying fall of massive dumb-bells denotes that the weight-lifting Karagousians are *not* selling their act to the pock-marked impresario from Wilkes-Barre. At last, quite without expectancy or logic, you come upon Morey Pearl in Room 888 begging a rude fellow in overalls not to take away the telephone till the Four Marx Brothers sign up with the Pearl Interests for 50 weeks on RKO. Look mister, the contracts are *practically* signed. But the telephone man starts to cut the wires anyway. At this point Mr. Pearl discovers who you are and what you want. "Midget bagpipers? Sure I got midget bagpipers, or better yet, I'll give you a refined yodelling duo, dreck from the Elps. No, alright then it's midget bagpipers. So Mr. Pearl extracts a six-dollar advance from you on the musical-midget deal, pays the telephone arrears, and then ascends in a manic flight to the uttermost ceiling of megalomania, seeking the goddess Meshugga that he may smack her gratefully on her juicy, abundant mouth. In a five-minute overture on the perpendicular pronoun he becomes a Maestro of Hallucinations, a combination of Ziegfeld, Barnum, Ringlink Brodders, and Oscar Hammerstein III. Why, those guys were *schlemiels* compared with Morey Pearl, King of Modern Showmen, the Jeeby-Mill Booking Agent who has just paid his telephone bill! . . . If Gatti-Casazza has trouble with the Opera House, so whose fault is it? Didn't I tell him, confidential, what he needed was divink girls. . . Say, mister, it's going to cost plenty busfare to bring those midgets in from Union City, New Jersey. . . Why not take the yodellers yet, they live right on 10th Avenue? . . ."

And what about the entertainers themselves, hanging around day after day in search of a job? They too are mad (mad with hope and delusion)—ham-and-eggars mostly, relics of the old days when vaudeville raced the movies neck and neck for audience favor. They show you faded yellow clippings of their triumph in the Bijou Dream Theatre, Lewiston, Maine, 1923, and they solemnly assure

you that they are just about to sign up for twenty solid weeks.

Mingled with these broken-down hoofers of both sexes is a scattering of young girls, would-be Follies' beauties, who will end up, if they are lucky, by getting shipped out as "hostesses" to some provincial roadhouse—for their board, room and \$9 a week. That's if they're lucky, mind you. If they don't get breaks—well, it makes an old sentimentalist just too sad to think what finally becomes of them.

I had hoped that the Jeeby-Mill was all a nightmare, and that there was no such place, ever, anywhere. Then I met T. B. Burns in the offices of the Ballyhoo Associates, and realized how fantastic the dream could actually be. The Ballyhoo Associates is a mammoth, stupendous, death-defying and otherwise breath-taking organization—and Mr. Burns is its only President, Treasurer and General Manager. From his headquarters in the Jeeby-Mill he controls the cockroach racing industry, and also handles a superior line of weasels, penguins, racing terrapin, and boudoir-sized monkeys. There is practically no entertainment problem that Mr. Burns has not solved for his clients: he rents out baboons to people who are lonely (monkeys are much more sociable, and affectionate than dogs, he claims) and will send you up a mongoose or two if you are troubled by rodents. But his real passion is cockroach racing, and if you can pay his price—35 cents a head—he will ship you an entertaining bevy of blooded racers, delivery charges collect.

Seated on a packing box in his office (overlooking the elevator shaft) Mr. Burns expatiates on the charm and gameness of his favorite animal. "The Roach," he says, "will outrun any six, eight or ten-legged creature in the world. In a five-yard dash it is invincible; when a roach gets beaten at this distance, another roach has to do it. Now that's where my breed comes in. By selection and judicious crossing of strains (not too much in-breeding, mind you) I have developed a racer that will spot the finest imported varieties six inches and still beat them to the wire. The best people are racing my animals in their apartments; a polished floor makes a very fast track. Just now business is a bit dull, but when the winter season opens I expect to be cleaned out." Mr. Burns did not say by whom.

As I walked down the stairs of the Jeeby-Mill (the bells on the elevator doors didn't seem to be working) I found myself wondering who paid for heat, light and taxes on this weird building. Perhaps there are enough rent-paying inmates to make the thing self-supporting. I *did* see a man (through a crack-paned door) initiating a class of bohunks into the art of Oriental Massage and the Spinal Yogi Business. Maybe they give him money for it—such things aren't picked up just by reading a couple of magazine articles. But after casting up the Jeeby-Mill's budget—figuring amortization, insurance, and wear-and-tear on telephone cords that get ripped out when Barrymore won't accept a straight business proposition, I've come to a fairly sound conclusion about who pays for Jeeby-Mill—and why. Of course I'll never be sure about this, but somehow I have a secret hunch that the State of New York foots the Jeeby-Mill deficit, or maybe pays the whole bill, in order to take part of the strain off our already overcrowded insane asylums.

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WHAT EVER BECAME OF —?

Max Eastman, an essayist Conrad Aiken, a poet

Floyd Dell, a novelist Gerhart Hauptmann, a playwright

Friday and two . . .

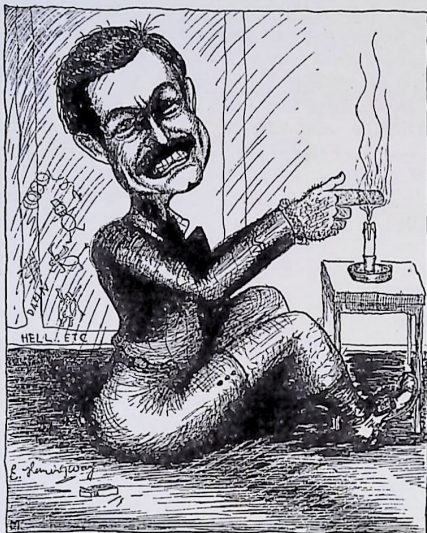
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JOLLY GIRLS

by RICHARD ALDINGTON

‘OH, but she’s such a *jolly* girl,’ said the voice defensively; and there wasn’t any need for defence, for I didn’t know the girl and had formulated nothing for or against her. But evidently, this was the form of apology devised by her ‘friends.’ Sometimes when I listen to the ‘friends’ of girls, I wonder what the devil sort of harpies their enemies may be . . .

‘. . . such a *jolly* girl.’ That flat little pebble of a phrase went ricocheting over my mind. It is old—or perhaps it isn’t, but it’s a fact—that we have invented no method of recording actual mental processes, nothing but a few improvements on the original hieroglyphs. Certainly that end isn’t achieved by the ‘stream of consciousness’ writing, because all the time something in the mind is recording, sifting, rejecting, arranging with extreme rapidity the suggestions, part thought, part image, part feeling, which start up, no doubt, from the unconscious. Yet to be comprehensible I must arrange the almost simultaneous responses of a

second or two seriatim, impose a false lineal logic, as if one were required to reduce a globe to straight lines. I don’t see consciousness as something running on a one-way track, but as a delicate recording centre acted on from many sides in many ways, dilating or contracting to accept or reject.

The voice spoke from behind me, so though I can’t see out of the back of my head I can evidently hear that way. An immediate feeling was one of dislike for the word ‘jolly.’ I refused instinctively to accept it. It is one of the pretence words, not a mere lazy-mind word like the common man’s ‘bloody’—which simply means ‘very’—but a nasty middle-class *suggestio falsi* word to which I am expected to respond with an appropriate false reaction of sympathy. I refuse to respond. I feel my face muscles tighten a little in opposition; no doubt I’ve already begun frowning, refusing to play that particular game. I *won’t* accept the ‘jolly’ girl on the pretence scheme of ‘jollity.’ I’m going to judge for myself.

I'm going to see her, not her social badge.

At the same time, or so near as to be indistinguishable, there spring up several half pictures, half feelings about the word 'jolly.' In a flicker I see and hear the London intellectual affectedly talking about 'that awfully jolly thing of Mozart's.' It is in fact a poignant adagio. It isn't, never was, never could be 'jolly.' Only, the man was too impure, too would-be original to say 'moving' or 'beautiful.' They have even sullied the word retrospectively. Flicker, flicker—and I see Shakespeare's 'This life is most jolly,' Milton's 'Jest, and youthful jollity,' both exactly right and true but somehow retrospectively falsified by later misuse, like Coriolanus's 'Rats!' Flicker again—I hear the schoolboy 'jolly,' and loathe again all that school pretence.

But this mind-play is subsidiary, barely conscious. I only recover it by a strong effort of memory. Chiefly I was thinking about the girl who was coming, for she had not yet arrived, though the owner of the voice behind me had seen her and announced her coming. Now I begin to feel the pathos of that 'jolly.' I've seen these jolly girls and their jollity before. It's pretty well a last ditch in the feminine battle, much more commonplace and desperate than the female highbrow—they haven't even that amount of brains . . . She will be *una disgraziata*. A wrong use of the word—originally it meant one in disgrace, then by a peculiarly Italian extension of meaning one who has met with an accident, disgraced, born unhandsonely. *Poverina*, poor little one, would be better and kinder . . .

My five seconds of mental flickering are over. She arrives. She isn't a bit of a *poverina*, not the very least—a whacking great lump of a woman in a bathing dress, with red arms and lumpy legs and a lumpy sort of face in spectacles. Aggressive. Already she is laughing like the traditional horse. So that's her line—aggressive, not responsive jollity. She doesn't make me feel a bit jolly.

Introductions. Intentionally she doesn't 'get' my name at first, though she knows it perfectly well—a stale old trick, but never mind. I don't rise to attention at the wonder of womanhood in the orthodox way. The reason is that my knee has been broken, is still in a steel and leather splint, and that to rise and sit down is a laborious and rather painful process. She knows this perfectly well too, has seen me cautiously limping about, but nevertheless chooses to be offended. However jolly a girl is she knows a man who doesn't pay ordinary decent homage to women by getting up must be a cad. I wonder a little at the obtuseness of women—don't they know that these ready spring-to-attention men are often the very ones who've been saying and thinking foul things about women half a minute earlier? There are better ways of honouring women, but never mind.

It would be a lie to say the encounter was a social success, but I at least found it interesting—this eternal mystery of other peoples' lives, the apparently insoluble problem, not of how they live (which is only too obvious) but why. The jolly girl refused a chair, perhaps a glance at my caddishness in not standing up, evidently a hint that she wasn't going to hobnob with us. So she stood formidably against the sky, and we could examine her inelegant proportions at leisure. A peasant woman gone pudgy, I thought; a peasant without the sparseness of hard diet, the elasticity of strong muscles, the fine upright swinging carriage which comes to those who carry burdens on their heads. Wouldn't the jolly girl be happier and healthier hoeing turnips than pretending to be a lady? She accepted a drink, and sipped it standing, full of righteous disapproval of us, a sort of British Israelite passing over from nothing to nowhere.

What did we talk about? Here my memories are very vague. Stupidity is strangely infectious. When I am with stupid people my intelligence abruptly switches off and retires into some mental

background, whence it sardonically observes—observing among other things that I am talking with contemptible vapidly. 'Who hath given man speech and who hath set therein' such opportunities for saying the obvious and the imbecile? Unwilling to be cumbered by the stupid phrases spoken and listened to, my memory has totally rejected them. I seem to remember hazily the jolly girl talking about some jolly people—awful mutts—and about tennis. She must have talked about tennis. But what did she add to our knowledge of that superb exercise? Only, I think, that it is jolly. We murmured acquiescence with a social hypocrisy which at this distance astounds me. Why didn't we say what we think, that the cult of tennis is a bore? Her tennis was only part of the jolly pose, a thing that is done.

We switched on to the bathing—that, of course, was jolly too. No doubt, it was jolly good. Somebody—it wasn't I—remarked how pleasant it was to come from a wintry England to a climate where one could bathe all day. This seemed to sting the jolly girl, who at once announced loudly and unnecessarily that she was patriotic. In fact, she went on boasting about her patriotism until she finished her drink and went away. Of course she was 'patriotic'—a war would give her something to do, feed her self-importance. I wondered how often she had delivered this discourse on her patriotism—she evidently had it by heart. Patriotism, my country right or wrong, white feathers for slackers, binding up the wounds of heroes, a romance with an unsophisticated and lonely subaltern, tableau. You could put it to music, beginning with Rule, Britannia, and ending with the wedding march. It was, I reflected, the jolly girl's only chance of getting a kick out of life, or rather, a kick into death. Let's have another war, and all be jolly together. And if there isn't another war, well, I could imagine how well the 'patriotism' would go down with the penny-newspaper men she knew. With that face and advancing embonpoint, it was no good her attempting the fanfrolico sex stuff of the suburbs. No good at all. But being jolly and patriotic—something told me she must also be 'unselfish to the marrow'—might land a curate.

Somehow I didn't see the jolly girl as a perpetual spinster. She hadn't given up all hope, I could swear. Doubtless, that clean straight hero from the illustrated magazine would never turn up; but nowadays there are so many poor and lonely youngish men and they all invariably marry. Someone, some lonely bachelor, would swear before God to endow her with two-fifty a year and Aunt Sylvia's furniture, and she would swear to honour and obey him. She'd make a jolly good wife, and jolly well make her husband toe the line too. And a jolly good mother—no scrim-shanking out of the O.T.C. for her sons. I could see their names living for ever—on a granite slab read by nobody . . .

It is written, Blessed are the poor in spirit. If it means, to blaze with the pseudo-intellectuals, then I agree. But if it means, Blessed are the fatheads, I can't agree. Give me the rich, the abounding in spirit. There aren't so many of them. Possibly the jolly girls are to be numbered among the poor in spirit, but I certainly find their spirit oppresses mine. They give me that feeling of uneasiness and shame which you experience at a thoroughly bad play or at seeing a man making a public fool of himself. How can they be content to pick up the shabbiest, silliest, shallowest newspaper ideas and activities, and think they are living? Poor in spirit indeed! Such poverty is frightening. We talk pompously of abolishing the slums, never of abolishing the slum mind. But slums are the result of the slum mind—in Italy you may see palaces which have been turned into slums. And even in the slums there is a crude swarming sort of vitality. There is a washed poverty of living which is almost worse; it is so devitalized, so bored, so false that its only hope is a war in which to immolate itself in unconsciously wished-for death. Meanwhile—play at being jolly. What a lugubrious farce! I shiver.

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IVOR BROWN	ALDOUS HUXLEY	WICKHAM STEED
THOMAS BURKE	JOSEPH JASTROW	BOOTH TARKINGTON
LOCAN CLENDENING	MUNA LEE	DEEMS TAYLOR
CLARENCE DARROW	TOM MOONEY	H. M. TOMLINSON
JOHN DOS PASSOS	SEAN O'CASEY	JIM TULLY
EMANUEL EISENBERG	LIAM O'FLAHERTY	ANTHONY M. TURANO
HAVELOCK ELLIS	LOUIS PAUL	LOUIS UNTERMYER
SUSAN ERTZ	ASHLEY PETTIS	LAURENCE VAIL
DAVID EWEN	LLEWELYN POWYS	JAY WATTS, JR.
JAMES T. FARRELL	BURTON RASCOE	W. E. WOODWARD

HUNGRY HARLEM

by KENNETH CAMPBELL

Editorial Staff, The New York World-Telegram

For the first time at a public hearing in New York City a negro has called a white police inspector a grafter and yelled at a white woman with an important city position to "take the gum out of your mouth so that we can understand what you are saying."

This is something new and it ought to interest those who look on Sambo as a droll fellow full of watermelon, fried chicken and good nature. The truth is that Sambo is very tired of starving in a cold-water flat and being thumped by the police and fooled by his Uncle Tom leaders. On March 19 last he turned out into the streets and smashed windows and looted. This he will do again unless somebody takes some interest in putting a good meal or two under his belt.

A few days after the riot Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia appointed a mixed color commission to see what was the matter, and this commission is holding hearings under the direction of such liberals

as Arthur Garfield Hays and Oswald Garrison Villard, who apparently think that the black brother will be calmed by the simple process of calling him mister and letting him work off steam.

It has been decreed that he may talk as much as he likes and examine witnesses to his heart's content.

Thus for the first time since the Reconstruction Period in the South, white patrolmen and detectives and white relief supervisors have been constrained to explain their acts to negroes for whom they have had slight regard in the past.

The picture of a thick-skulled Irish detective gulping and boggling his testimony while a negro laborer prods him with questions and the crowd howls with derision has been produced for the edification of anybody interested in social trends.

The sub-committee sessions on the actual events of the March 19 riots have been violent and immoderate, and racial emotions have been heated to a cherry red.

Arthur Garfield Hays has presided at these sessions, and newspaper reporters and negro and white attorneys for the International Labor Defense have been on hand.

James W. Ford, one-time negro candidate for vice-president and now secretary of the Harlem section of the Communist party, usually sits in, his café au lait brow knit in a sad, dreamy frown. The redoubtable Sam Battle, the city's only negro police lieutenant, is also present, heavy in the authority of his blue coat and gold badge and bars. His features are bland and his eyes sleepy and still.

Representatives of Harlem's welter of protective leagues, civic associations and equal rights organizations are also present, each delegation claiming final and absolute representation of all the city's negroes.

Noisiest of these delegates is Charles T. Romney, a slight but very bellicose negro who halts the proceedings constantly while he heaps abuse on Mr. Hays, the witnesses, and representatives of rival negro organizations. He works himself into an exhibitionistic frenzy until the veins bulge on his maple colored forehead. It was he who called Inspector John de Martino, Harlem police commander, a grafter and made that good gendarme take it and like it.

Ford and his I. L. D. lawyers have little interest in aiding the committee to bring out actual evidence of police brutality during the riots. They feel, and with some reason, that specific facts brought out at the hearing will make little difference because nothing will be done about them. The only effort worth while from the Communist viewpoint is to turn the hearings into a forum from which the Communist position can be publicized throughout Harlem.

The old-time negro politicians are also on hand. These spellbinders, heroes of a hundred burial society barbecues, deliver harangues that have no beginning and no end and that consist of nothing but wind. Further confusion is introduced when deep-bosomed mammies barge through the crowd to vent life-long grievances and to ask questions that take twenty minutes to unwind and are in the end perfectly incomprehensible.

The committee has succeeded in developing a few specific cases in spite of the confusion. These cases have been assembled through the shrewd and patient labors of James H. Tarter Jr., one of the commission's negro investigators.

The killing of Lloyd Hobbs, a sixteen-year-old high school student, is the best of these cases. This boy came from a compact and devout family of American negroes and had never been in any police trouble before. He was fatally shot during the riot by Patrolman John H. McNerney, a jowly Irish harness bull who said he was looting an auto supply store. The police report covered the legal points necessary to establish the boy as a fleeing felon who could be shot out of hand, and a detective was sent around later, not to see if McNerney had been justified in killing the boy, but to make out a case against the boy as a looter. It never

occurred to the police that there would be any flare-back in the case. To the police it was just another case. The facts were made to fit police needs and the police were certain from long experience that no negroes would put their necks in the noose by disputing these facts on behalf of a quiet little colored boy that none of them ever saw before.

But in this case something happened that has never happened in Harlem before. Mr. Tarter dug up no fewer than seven negroes who had seen the shooting and who said, contrary to the police, that the boy had no loot on him when he was running and that he was deliberately drilled in the back without warning. Five of these witnesses swore to this story before the commission.

One policeman testifying in that case heard someone in the crowd yell at the chairman to "tell the dog to speak louder" and a detective testifying in another case was called to the stand to hear

five negroes swear that he had called the spectators "black bastards" as he stalked through the court room.

At another hearing Miss Mildred Gordon, the white relief administrator in Manhattan, insisted on filling her mouth with chewing gum when she took the stand and was discomfited when the embattled Romney told her to take it out of her mouth. A few Southern gentlemen in the crowd nearly swooned on this occasion.

The white cops feel that the hearings have resulted in a body blow at the Nordic prestige that they believed necessary to preserve order in Harlem and they are quite right. Strong evidence was introduced to indicate that they have established and maintained this prestige by knocking the blacks about and calling them "black bastards" and "dirty niggers."

The general opinion among the informed is that the next Harlem riot will be a honey.

THE CHILD

by HENRI BARBUSSE

"BE a good boy!" said the mother, opening her arms as the child escaped like a canary from a cage.

"Yes," he answered sweetly, nodding his clean little head. He hopped across the garden, pushed open the gate and walked gravely down the path. He clutched his school-bag lovingly to him. A beret crowned his cute, delicate face from which two eyes shone like two drops of blue water. A scarf, knotted softly and tenderly around his shoulders, protected him from the cold.

He walked through the little village in which tiny, narrow roofs, red as cows, were scattered in the fields. There was no school in this rustic parish, and he had to go all the way to Trou-Mercey.

At Arthur's Crossing (Croisement d'Arthur) the sun became so beautiful and bright that a ray of light turned up the little boy's nose and gave it a wrinkle as the wind sometimes whispers among dead leaves, making them tremble as if a heart was beating.

Kiki was already a dreamer and also a keen observer. He noticed a particularly beautiful bird perched on a fence. The bird had a yellow head and throat, and with sharp jerks, was moving his double tail, fine as two lines traced in ink, across the sky in the distance.

Unable to resist the temptation, Kiki shivered with delight. Feverishly he took a piece of string out of his pocket. It was a sling-shot. He aimed a pebble at the bird. It came close enough to make the bird fly away. At that distance, that was some shot! Kiki's eyes lit up with infinite pride, and he went on in the clear morning with a step grown suddenly majestic.

Meanwhile the sun was shining through silvery mists and banks of transparent gold. . . . Suddenly a nebulous object buzzed under the child's nose. Ah! A cricket! He had never seen such a beauty! All excited he dropped his school-bag on the edge of the path, bounded off among the flowers sprinkled with dew, and chased the green cricket which seemed to be both flying and hopping. He stretched out his hand for it and after several fruitless attempts, captured it.

He screamed. The insect had just stung or bitten him; a tiny prick, but the child was sensitive. He threw the insect violently on the ground and hastily put his shoe on the small emerald body. Then he withdrew his foot and bent over to see. A mixture of pride and distaste came over his face when he saw the formless mess made up of a crushed and muddy body and twisted legs. He walked away, still moved, but content that he had rendered justice, like a little god.

He jogged along to make up time. In front of Mother Jacques' house he frowned. She was an old witch, really bad, who hated

him for no reason at all. One time, long ago, hadn't she shoved him, so that he couldn't see the slaughter of the Labouge's pig from close at hand? And last winter, hadn't she screamed and threatened him with a stick, just as he was putting a heavy stone in Father Plantard's bundle of wood?—Of course, just for a joke—Just to fool the old man who carried the bundle home every day, limping, groaning, and creaking in every joint.

Kiki hated her as much as he was afraid of her. So, the week before, while playing "Vercingetorix" ("General") with his little friends Griöche, Blinbin, Bredoire and Coput, he had thought out the idea of gradually killing the old lady's walnut tree, the only tree on her tiny place. To do it they had begun to cut away the bark all the way around, near the ground.

This particular morning the little boy did not have time to go on with the work on the bark, and his darling little face screwed up with disappointment; but suddenly it brightened: the cat!

There she was, Mother Jacques' dirty animal, on the edge of the roof. She was old too, her fur was peeled off in spots where her hide shone like shoe leather. Around her, some kittens, about the size of rats, played.

Kiki pulled a peg out of the fence and untwisted the wire from it. Alive with eagerness, lips pressed tightly together, he took careful aim and threw the peg with all his might towards the bad old woman's pets. . . . Sharp cries, a topsy-turvy heap in the dust, and the whole family scattered. Excited and a little worried, Kiki said to himself that he had probably hit one of the kittens and may even have killed it! His heart beat quickly from the joy of revenge and also because of pride in his skill and strength.

Like a good boy, he went on. But he couldn't stop himself from taking a detour to play his innocent daily trick on the old simpleton Mehu. He jumped over a hedge, and entered a low room where a skeleton-like figure was sitting alone, shaking all over, with a plate of soup in front of him. On seeing the child, this human wreck, who could only move the muscles of his face and his left arm, made a horrible grimace of fear and anger; his eyes popped, his eyes jumped up and down. He tried to curse out the child. Then he cried and made a desperate effort to clutch the plate. But the child, nimble, and laughing continuously like a tinkling bell, confiscated his soup, as usual, and put it on the mantelpiece, out of reach of the hungry old fool. Now Mehu would not eat until late in the evening when his daughter came home. . . . Kiki dragged himself regretfully away from the old derelict with his yellowish, filthy hair, his greyish corpse-like skin, watching the emaciated face and neck

writhe in anger like a poppy in the wind.

Alas! It's late. The child runs. Too late! He pulls up his gallop at the closed door of the school. A great sadness fills him. This week the tardiness will keep him from carrying off the cross which he had won so often before. What a shock to his parents! He sobs, and then, all for the best, tells a story to the teacher who opens the door with a stern look. Out of breath and stammering, he explains that his mother has been very sick, that he had cried and that had made him late in spite of himself. . . . As he is a good student and a sweet child, the teacher believes him. The teacher, wearing a green frock which is too small for him over his suit, is very timid even though his name is Mr. Brave, and does nothing more than tap him lightly on the cheek.

The class begins. Twenty pairs of eyes watch for the moment when Mr. Brave will discover that the basket close to his feet contains not only two eggs for his convalescent granddaughter, but also a stone which has broken them.

Today it was Kiki's turn to smash the eggs. . . . There! They nudge each other: the teacher has seen it! He puts on an expression of indifference, but he has seen it! Kiki smiles. A moment later, having earned a "very good" for his recitation which he had read from an open book leaning on the back of the boy in front of him, he smiles again and then amuses himself by torturing a lady bug until it dies.

On Saturday Kiki won the cross again: and on Sunday, coming out of church—First Communion—the good priest looked at him tenderly. He had just confessed his "great" sins of the week: cheating at marbles; putting ink on Rouhier's seat because he was better in his lessons, and writing a terrible word on the wall of the church court-yard. The pure priest had quickly absolved this little cherub.

At home after dinner Kiki's father who was reading the paper suddenly exclaimed: "They arrested a murderer seventeen years old in Paris—almost a child—"

And the mother and father gazed at their Kiki, at his modest mien, at his cross. . . . If they had not seen it in print, they would not have believed that children with such instincts existed: Alas, the drunkenness of a father.

(Translated for the American Spectator by Alfred H. Hirsch)

CUISINE AMERICAINE

by LEONARD ROWE

THE difference between French cooking and American cooking is this: in France they have a way of making horse-meat taste like beef: in America we make the choicest cuts of beef taste like horse-meat. Go into almost any of the cheaper—but not too cheap—table d'hôte restaurants of Paris, and the chances are that their *boeuf Chateaubriand aux champignons* is really only super-annuated horse flesh cooked in such a succulent sauce that the unwary diner tastes only the sauce and not the meat, remaining happily ignorant of the equine character of the *pièce de résistance*. Time, patience, skill, and centuries-old culinary traditions have all combined to work this gastronomic miracle.

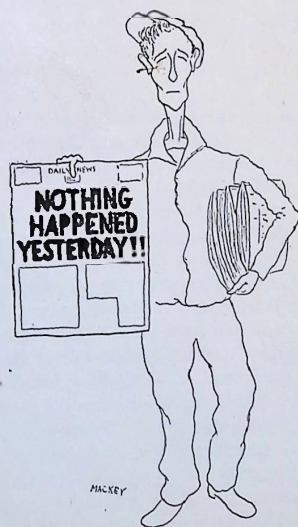
Here, in America, where beef is so plentiful and cheap that even the comparatively poor can afford it, we cook it so vilely that the finished dish tastes like horse-meat, or worse. So in order to destroy its evil flavor and render it somewhat palatable, we pour over the unappetizing mess some sharp pungent condiment.

In the typical American restaurant and in the average American home the center of the table displays a permanent array of such indispensable taste-destroyers as ketchup, chili sauce, vinegar, mustard, horseradish and so-called Worcestershire sauce. These are, for the most part, particularly efficacious in neutralizing the unsavoriness of woefully prepared meats. Their function is to cover up the botching of the cook by reducing all varieties of meat to one common denominator, so that beef is indistinguishable from veal, and pork from mutton. Indeed, if one uses a sufficient amount of any of them it makes little difference whether one is eating *canard flambé à l'orange* at Foyot's or corned-beef hash at Childs.

There may, possibly, be an additional reason why the American can swallow such abominations poured and smeared over his food. No human being (except an Eskimo or an Englishman) can long abide a flat insipid tastelessness in his diet. He craves for strong savory flavors that make the saliva flow. And, finding these flavors lacking in his food, he buys them in a bottle. Or he obtains them in such unspeakable concoctions as chili con carne and chop suey. True, chili is merely a soupy, runny potpourri of kidney beans and small chunks of meat of questionable lineage and doubtful vintage, so to speak. But—and this may well be the reason for its popularity—it is stewed in a sauce of red peppers as fiery as the proverbial sulphur and brimstone. While chop suey, though suspiciously resembling the contents of a garbage can, does possess an undeniably pungent "exotic" flavor.

A biologist might find a relation existing between the wild beast's periodic licking of salt rock and the American's craving for high seasoning in his food. A nation that subsists on canned soups, fried meats, bran flakes, allegedly vitaminized cereals, calorie-counted cheese, ultra-violet-rayed bread, sun-tanned spinach, pasteurized prunes, and wrapped-in-cellophane crackers—a nation that fills its belly with such fodder must compensate its denial of honest-tasting grub by resorting to something—anything—that stimulates its palate.

In such barbarous cookery there can be little joy; hence, eating in the United States is generally considered a mere counterpart of its reverse alimentary process; and, accordingly, held in little more esteem. Nay, in even less esteem: else, how account for the patent fact that our plumbing is vastly superior to our cooking, and our bathrooms superior to our dining rooms? It follows, then, that eating is a mere interruption of the more important business of life: something to be got over with—the sooner the better. When the American refers to his lunch as "grabbing a bite" he is indulging in no racy metaphor but is speaking the grim and literal truth. For if he frequents a Kwick Lunch, a drug-store luncheonette or a cafeteria, he grabs his food or goes without it.



The cafeteria represents the triumph of Ford over Brillat-Savarin. It is a microcosm of the machine-age millennium, the ultimate possible attainment of Spenglerian *Technic*. From such *hors d'oeuvres* as sour pickles to such desserts as banana pie à la mode there extends before one's eyes the entire American cuisine: fixed perfect, complete, unalterable. Everything of the unexpected—the capricious, the unpredictable has been eliminated. It is a world without potentiality of surprise or adventure. For in the cafeteria there is no occasion for the diner to wonder how the crêpes Suzettes are today: there, right before his eyes, he envisages the entire array of desserts: cornstarch pudding, stewed apricots, Jell-o, tapioca pudding etc., *ad nauseam*.

Ten or twelve meat dishes—the *spécialités du jour*—are ranged in nude visibility on top of steaming warmers; and whatever little flavor they originally possessed is long since dissipated from over-steaming, which reduces all foods to one dead level of mushy, soggy insipidity.

The cafeteria gourmet, as he passes along the line, piles on his tray his entire dinner: soup, salad, meat, potatoes, a vegetable or two, dessert, coffee—all in one conglomerate heap. Balancing his overlaid tray with both hands; carrying, perhaps, a package under his arm; dangling a wet dripping umbrella from his wrist; sweating mightily under his overcoat and derby; he presents a sorry sight as he thus walks about desperately seeking a table with a vacant chair.

He begins with his soup; but he notices that his ice-cream is already melting and his coffee growing cold. Better hurry! there's not a minute to lose! For the fried steak—smothered-with-onions—is, by this time, covered with a thick coat of paraffin-like grease, and the lettuce of the salad is beginning to wilt. Better hurry! As each dish is eaten the soiled plate is shoved hastily aside and a half-hearted attack is made on its successor; so that by the time the dessert is reached the table in his vicinity is in messy disarray, each soiled plate with its left-overs exhaling stale and sickening effluvia, driving away the flavor of the melted ice cream and the aroma of the luke-warm coffee. As he sips his coffee, a sense of fullness not unmingled with a slight nausea overcomes him: which,

assuredly, is not relieved by the sight of a newly arrived fellow-diner depositing his tray laden with this Lucullan feast: gen-u-wine mock turtle soup, veal stew with dumplings, boiled hominy and bacon gravy, cucumber-and-beet salad, rice pudding with marsh-mallow maple-nut fudge sauce, and a gargantuan glass of butter-milk.

The basic principle of medieval pharmacology would seem to be this: the more horrible a medicine tasted, the greater its therapeutic value. With this as their cue, enterprising food manufacturers have persuaded the American to believe that the more unpalatable a food the greater its healthfulness. It may look, smell and taste like cattle mash—so long as it is full of vitamins, calories, hormones and ultra-violet rays, and provided that it sells at a fancy price and comes in a gaudy package. This tendency accounts for the idiotic breakfast foods which the American is persuaded to eat: horrid concoctions that would put even the cast-iron digestive system of a giraffe to a strain. Thus the American may choose for his breakfast a certain widely-advertised cereal that possesses all the delicate and luscious flavor of sawdust, or another nationally advertised cereal with a striking resemblance to packing excelsior, or still another that suspiciously resembles the crumbs of stale pumpernickel.

The same guiding principle is responsible for the many coffee-substitutes that glut the market. Coffee is a delicious beverage: *ergo* it is bad, injurious, habit-forming. Concoct a substitute for coffee or decaffeinate it; give it a dubious taste and sell it at a fancy price—and your fortune is made!

In common with the Englishman, the American can claim the questionable distinction of having the best table manners in the world. The reason for this is simple: since the food he eats is not worth a second's thought he can concentrate on the minutiae of etiquette. It might, then, be only logical to assume that American table talk is also the best in the world, inasmuch as there is not the distracting competition of good food. This, regrettably, does not follow. For when the dinner is bad the table lacks that feeling of animal well-being, that mood of expansiveness, and that glow of mellow warmth that only good food can induce.

WARDHEELS AND DICTATORS; 1935

by BENJAMIN APPEL

WHEN the alarm clock went off at twelve noon, he shut it off and slept until the old lady went off.

"A politishun" she mocked. "Look at him. Twunty-eight years old and the ambition of a fly. Sleeps all day and all night throws the bull with them other out-of-works, them other politishuns and not a job in the lot. Get up. Get up."

You can't explain to your old lady that in politics things ain't done in a day. He got up, washed, ate and killed time with the technique of a fellow who's free until nine o'clock rolled around and the fellows started hitting the club. He walked around a couple hours, chewed the rag in the pool-room, and it was time for supper. And politics. And maybe a job.

There was the big sign up in the loft. THE INSURGENTS INDEPENDENTS CLUB. The wardheels were gathering to throw the bull and play cards. The place filled up fast with hot air and when the temperature was just right, the leader blew in. The 62 wardheels, captains and members rushed to the bandwagon. The leader stared at the suckers with that famous political benevolence.

He saw votes. They saw in the fat beerbelly, the jowls, the flashy smile, the sly voice—the only hope in the world of getting a job.

"It's working out," the leader orated. "Boys, I got a finger here and a finger there and talking of jobs..."

* * * * *

Once upon a time politics was the profession of elderly gents who'd devoted from ten to thirty years to the various arts of conniving, backslapping, promising, bullying and getting the boys out of raps when they pulled a little heist job. The profession had dignity. The political professors or wardheels were gray at the temples, paunched like pre-depression Rotarians and used to preside at clambakes and roast-beef parties with the aplomb of men whose futures are secure.

The advent of the Blue Eagle degraded a fine old profession. The first national industry became vulgarized. Every wild jackass, out-of-work, ex-bootlegger, forgotten man, and lads obsessed with the Horatio Alger complex, trooped into politics. The primary reason was simple. Politics was one of the last of the rugged individual professions where the ambitious individual could start at the bottom

and work up to the top. There was also prize-fighting but this trade required certain superior traits.

What did politics require of this new horde? A few human essentials: the perpetual smile; the gabby tongue; the handclasp; the slap on the back. With these essentials one was equipped sufficiently to drive the sachems and colonels of the old school plain nuts. And if the new initiate knew the art of the doublecross the sky was the limit, and a sky where the pie was guaranteed to be made of greenbacks.

This invasion of a monopoly business began to be noticed in every neighborhood. Innumerable clubs opened up in lofts, furnished rooming houses and wherever the rent was cheap. And the names of the new organizations painted in huge red letters on white canvas informed all pedestrians that the Fred O'Googran Association, or, The Young Harmony Political Club, or, The Federation of United Independent Voters, or, The Non-Partisan League had entered American life with the good, old, clean-up philosophy.

The furnishings of these clubs were sparse and neo-Spartan. Some chairs, a table and a lounge. From two inches to a foot of cigarette butts on the floor. Some spittoons. A lithograph of the President on the wall, for although many of these clubs weren't Democratic they subscribed approximately to the forgotten man doctrine.

The pastimes were pinochle, hearts, rummy and poker. There was endless talking most of which could be boiled down to one wish-fulfillment—a job. A political job with soft hours and lots of easy cash on the side. And endless, hair-splitting opinions concerning the local politics of the ward or assembly district, its home relief activities, its regular clubs and their leaders.

The members were mostly unemployed or mechanics or trades union men disgruntled with the regular clubs. And since they accumulated in mobs and paid rent, shyster lawyers drifted in to advise and map out plans and election campaigns. The clubs endured even though they failed to get any real patronage. The reason was psychological and subtly integrated to the years of the Blue Eagle. The club members were mostly in their twenties and thirties. They needed a place to hang out. Since most of them were broke, pseudo-broke or busted, the political club substituted for the movie, the gin-mill and the poolroom. The club was a place where a night could be killed cheaply. And all this was linked up to the wish-fulfillment complex of a job. The club members felt they were somebody, that they were in an organization, that they might get a break, that they were politicians. And they had to be *something*. The idea of being just unemployed was too distasteful. And they could only be *politicians* even if the gray-haired veterans got the spasms.

And these clubs in their present, inchoate state are the raw, potential material for a storm troop movement. They are the American dispossessed, bitter at the regular parties and ready to follow a Huey Long, a Coughlin or any other demagogue who'll oppose the regulars. These millions of little, forgotten men have no social consciousness. They are not critical of the system in which they live and do not get sore at yachts and the marriages of American princesses to bankrupt Europeans. They know one thing. They want *jobs*. The regular parties have failed to give them work. They must follow any puppet on a white horse who will promise jobs.

This is the human base on which American fascism can build. These are the men politically and psychologically conditioned to follow the Longs and Coughlins.

* * * * *

Up at THE INSURGENTS INDEPENDENTS CLUB, he felt damn blue. You got sick shutting off the alarm clock when it went off at noon, and listening to your old lady's lectures, and borrowing change for a pack of butts. He stared at the card players, the dopes hanging around for favors, the old bozos wanting home relief, the

guys in dutch, and it was all a pain. Christ, he'd do anything in the world for a job. *Anything*. A guy had to work. A guy had to have some dough.

Off to one side, the leader was gabbing about Commissioner Sowhat, Corporation Counsel Sowhen and Judge Sohoh, and what these big-shots had said about the chance for jobs.

"That's how it goes, fellers," the leader said. "You work yourself to the bone and all they chuck you is hot air—"

"How about a job for me?" he suddenly asked, his heart shaking at his nerve. "I got to have a job. Honest."

"He's got to have a job," the leader smiled. "So do all of us, kid. But it's working out. Boys, so help me I'm putting on the pressure and a finger here and there. And talking of jobs . . ."

AMERICAN CREDO

—That to write like Thomas Wolfe is better than to write like Rex Beach; and that to write like Rex Beach is better than being a plumber.

PORTRAIT OF AN IMPRESARIO

by EMANUEL EISENBERG

HE is always a European, sometimes Greek, more often Russian or Polish, since only Europeans understand how to convert art into a racket and how to clean up on the esoteric. He has been in this country for twenty years; he caught from almost the beginning the technique of embarrassing the United States into art appreciation. It is difficult to say how he does it. Naively violent advertising may be the clue. Or incredibly right timing in making spectacular entrances.

Though it is pointless to doubt his sincerity in despising American art and respecting the European product, this may be wholly attributed to a sheer incompetence to penetrate or examine the local work. He believes in Europe because he came from there and speaks its languages. Further, its striking juxtapositions of territorial difference impress him as infinitely more interesting than sprawling America with its apparent monotony. For, in his numerous wanderings over this country, he never bothers to look for any but his own kind.

That he actually speaks the languages of Europe is seriously to be questioned. Invariably a man with the thinnest shadow of culture behind him, he has trouble enough expressing himself with dignity or formality in his own tongue. If he is Greek, he probably has small Italian and less French. If he is Russian or Polish, his German is likely to be fair and his French the vaguest smattering of useless conventional phrases. His English is interestingly abominable, being quite without architecture and quite without tense-sense. He talks incessantly.

How he selects and secures his extraordinary importations is the ultimate mystery. His nameable or provable contacts are incredibly few. Yet let him go off on one of his frequent Continental tours and he is certain to return with a list of at least twelve exciting items, among which will be a Russian theatrical troupe, a sensational dancer, a brilliant pianist, a string quartet, a choir of folk singers, an intimate revue of high-class variety artists, a marionette show. That only two or three eventualize out of the promised and passionately publicized dozen is inevitable and noticed by no one; but that even these two or three should have any merit (and they so often have) is part of the ultimate mystery, since he has no

standards and he has no taste. To him a constantly inflamed gypsy singer is of the same calibre as a brilliant and profound pianist. Both are European and both are Art. So it is impossible to say what directs him to the really impressive number of good things he chooses and brings over. Maybe he meets the people in the know; maybe he reads the better critics in the better journals.

Because of the wild acclaim that so many of his importations evoke from embarrassed-into-art-appreciation Americans and the packed houses they play to, it is imagined that he is swollen with wealth. This is true on the average of once every four years. The other three years he is either appalled to find that he went and imported an authentic artistic phenomenon which has drawn no more than its natural small attendance, or that this is not the year for such a presentation, backward America being understandably but contemptibly resistant. Still, art and the esoteric remain a racket, even to a mind attempting to delude itself into the higher things, so he takes the bad years with the good. And it is not hard to be graceful about it, since the good years amply atone for the bad.

It is extraordinary how well the public mind has gauged him and come to the realization that he is not an authentic aspect of the theatrical horizon, since he is completely forgotten during the three bad years and regarded with incredulity and high suspicion during the good one. These alternations between utter obscurity and blinding prominence have their due psychological effects on him. He changes with startling rapidity from a humble and bewildered maker of strange plans to an intolerably officious and demanding money magnate. And the cycle is never-ending.

His clothes are an intrinsic feature of his personality, though they range in the type from sheer exhibitionism to utter neutrality. In the one case, he cultivates eccentricities of color or form which are ridiculed and imitated, so that for a time, at least, he becomes a public figure; in the other case, his dress has that lack of distinction which is never mistakable for retiringness but which immediately conveys the wearer's incorrigible foreignness and his inability to look as if he and American clothing had ever come to a real understanding.

He has a passion for exotic foods and is often known to make a meal of *hors d'oeuvres a la norvegienne*. As a kind of check to this passion, he periodically insists on bacon and eggs to prove that he is no mere alien with uncontrollable nostalgia for the foods of his country.

He keeps every variety of drink and liqueur, but never touches a drop of it himself. His business, after all, is to make an impression with no foundation whatever, and he dare not trifle with a reputation compounded of air and water.

His apartment is strictly masculine, even if its style is a slightly insane melange. Russian ikons and French bric-a-brac jostle with British sporting prints while characterless American furniture stares down at a profoundly Oriental rug. His home is a place of business and a place of professional entertainment. When he wants ladies, he visits them in their own homes. Stories of his involvement with the most ravishing female members of his importations are in constant circulation. None of them has ever been accurate. His taste runs to the mature and the companionable.

His method of handling recalcitrant newspaper reviewers is brilliant and exemplary. With utter casualness he summons the harsh critic to his offices, gives the man a job of scholarly research to do which he swears could be done only by this critic (and which, of course, he never puts to use), pays him a pleasant fee for the service, and unfailingly gets a good review with his consequent attraction.

He is about 50, tremendously in debt, and just about the last outpost of irresponsible individualism.

THE BOOK REVUE

THE CURTAIN FALLS—by Joseph V. Reed—Harcourt, Brace. (\$3.00.)

Mr. Reed wanted to get into the theatre in the worst way. He did! He was very anxious to avoid being an angel. They nicked him for a very handsome sum. He had little knowledge but a great deal of enthusiasm when he entered the producing business. He came out the same way. What is wrong with the theatre? Let Kenneth MacGowan's partner tell you. It's those damn unions. Unwittingly, Reed has given us a convincing account of the bankruptcy of the theatre. Strange where some books of reminiscence will lead you.

THREE PLAYS—by Clifford Odets—Covici Friede. (\$3.00.) Odets has a strong sense of dramatic values and an authentic ear. Which is another way of saying that he is the most startling arrival in the theatre since Eugene O'Neill (the O'Neill of "Beverly Hills" and before; not "Strange Interlude" and after). "Till the Day I Die" falls in the class of finger exercises. It is skillful, deft, but unconvincing. "Waiting for Lefty" packs startling power and precision. "Awake and Sing!" bears out the prediction that when the next great play is written—Odets is the boy who will do it.

FULLY DRESSED AND IN HIS RIGHT MIND—by Michael Fessier—Alfred A. Knopf. (\$2.50.) A pleasant piece of froth that starts off boldly in the direction of whimsy, changes its mind and becomes a murder thriller and then goes back to whimsy, as if that was its intention all the time. You are supposed to be able to read this at one sitting (Publisher's Note). You'd better, for if you don't, you'll never come back to it.

TIME: THE PRESENT—by Tess Slesinger—Simon and Schuster. (2.50.)

Tess Slesinger works in a corrosive medium. Her short stories are exactly the shorter pieces one would expect from the author of "The Unpossessed." This gal is exceedingly bright and can put her brightness down in words that bear up under rereading. She has been compared to Dorothy Parker and Katherine Mansfield. Which merely proves that there are people who don't know the difference between a diet of tulips and good robust fare.

Miss Slesinger has vigor, insight and wit. These can be a dangerous combination of talents, but the author of "Time: The Present" has achieved a high average in avoiding the phony, manneristic pitfalls.

College Liberalism, Incorporated

TWO instructors and three technicians are expelled from Columbia University Medical School for participation in anti-war activities—Charges of "radicalism" threaten Professor Frederick L. Schuman with dismissal from the University of Chicago—Granville Hicks is dismissed as assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute for a printed attack on the Book Review Section of the New York Times—Dr. Leinhard Bergel is asked to leave New Jersey College for Women for his anti-Nazi views—Because he organized a branch of the American Federation of Teachers, Professor Winslow Hallett is "fired" from Cedarcrest College, Uniontown, Pa.—The Universities of Chicago and Wisconsin order Legislative Red hunts—The states of California and Illinois seriously consider sweeping bills aimed at liberal and radical teachers—The loyalty oaths for teachers recently adopted in Arizona, Georgia, Michigan and New Jersey are effective licenses for authorities to snoop into the private beliefs of any teacher—Discussion of the college R.O.T.C. is taboo on the campus, having been forbidden by the trustees of Connecticut State College—At the University of California (Los Angeles), University of Chicago, Wisconsin University, Connecticut State College, Michigan State, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, more of the same thing.

LO! THE POOR INDIAN!

Associated Press Dispatch:

Akron, N. Y.—An ancient art, "mis-laid" for nearly two centuries, was revived today for a group of Seneca Indians as they gathered at a long forgotten flint quarry and were taught arrow and spear point chipping by Dr. Arthur C. Parker, director of the Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences. The revival of the "mis-laid" art is being carried out by Dr. Parker as part of the TERA program on the Tonawanda Indian Reservation, aimed at educating Indians in the crafts of their ancestors.

THE GWENCH

by LAURENCE VAIL

"WHAT is that, father?"
 "My son, that's a gwench."
 "What does it do, poppa?"
 "My son, it's a she."
 "What does she do, father?"
 "My boy, she lays eggs."
 "Why doesn't she peck, father?"
 "My son, she does."
 "Why does she weep so much?"
 "She does it very easily. And it makes me ill."
 "Do you like her, papa?"
 "I do and I don't."
 "Why do you like her?"
 "She's warm. She smells nice."
 "Why don't you like her then?"
 "She's hot. I don't like her scent."
 "Why does she run, father?"
 "She wants me to follow."
 "Poppa, will you follow?"
 "Oh yes. I don't want to."
 "What are you going to do with her?"
 "I don't know. Ask her."
 "Will she speak the truth, poppa?"
 "Of course not. She can't."
 "Why can't she, pop?"
 "She likes to be liked."
 "Is she liked, father?"
 "No. But she's needed and loved."
 "Why do you hit her?"
 "Because she is weak."
 "But why do you hate her so?"
 "I am in love."
 "Why throw her so far, papa?"
 "My son, she might stick."
 "Papa, don't tear your hair out."
 "I'm afraid she won't stick."
 "Why does she lean on you?"
 "To make me feel strong."
 "Isn't that nice of her?"
 "My boy—that's a trick."
 "Why do you stand for it?"
 "I like her tricks."
 "Why do you like them?"
 "They are pretty, sincere."
 "You mean she means them?"
 "Yes, she is that mean."
 "Why is that mean, papa?"
 "It always works."
 "Why don't you leave her?"
 "Where could I go?"
 "To the café, father."
 "There are too many men."
 "Well, to the park, papa."
 "She might be there."
 "Go to sea, father."
 "Why? Mermaids have no legs."
 "Do you like her legs, popper?"
 "No, they can't walk."
 "Why can't they walk, popper?"
 "She will wear the wrong shoes."
 "But why does she wear them?"
 "To make me rage."

"So you really hate her?"
 "I try very hard."
 "Why don't you try harder?"
 "I might succeed."
 "What do you want, father?"
 "The right sort of peace."
 "You mean alone, father?"
 "No, I mean with her."
 "Doesn't she like peace, papa?"
 "Sometimes. But I might be bored."
 "So she is a bore, father?"
 "My son, she is."
 "Why do you stay with her?"
 "I'm afraid to be bored."
 "Why does she roll her eyes so?"
 "She wants to be scratched."
 "Are you going to scratch her?"
 "No. I might fall in love."
 "Why shouldn't you love her?"
 "My son, it interferes."
 "With what does it interfere?"
 "With biting my nails."
 "Why do you sleep with her?"
 "To get out of the world."
 "Where are you going, father?"
 "Out, my son. To see the world."
 "What will you do there?"
 "My son, I must build a town."
 "Are you going to work, father?"
 "I'm going for a walk."
 "Why do you walk so much?"
 "My boy, I want to think."
 "Does she think too, father?"
 "No, she takes short cuts."
 "And you take the long way, papa?"
 "Yes, because it is long."
 "Is she stupid, father?"
 "No, she doesn't think."
 "What do you think about?"
 "About thinking, my son."
 "Does she mind, father?"
 "She might—if I thought."
 "Why don't you think, father?"
 "She gives me no time."
 "Isn't that mean of her?"
 "She thinks it is kind."
 "Is it kind of her, father?"
 "Much too kind, my son."
 "Why don't you tell her so?"
 "I'm afraid she might stop."
 "Will she stop, father?"
 "No, my son. She's wound up."
 "Who wound her up, papa?"
 "I did, by mistake."
 "Why does she lay eggs, papa?"
 "She says it's my fault."
 "Is it your fault, father?"
 "I hope so, my son."
 "If it isn't your fault, father?"
 "I'll knock her down."
 "Why don't you knock her down?"
 "She likes to lie down."

MINOR SURGERY: DISSECTING A FEE

by JULIAN FUNT

THE medical profession has for a long time clung to a fetish of mysteriousness. Perhaps the nimble Freudians have their own explanation as to why the men who tote stethoscopes and scalpels have made such hysterical protests against the invasion of their privacy by prying laymen. Others, less deft in the art of name calling, have dubbed the *nole me tangere* boys who run the American Medical Association merely a collection of stuffed shirts and explained their reluctance to admit the existence of any confusion in their ranks as a part of the essential vacuity of the strong, silent attitude. But such an explanation does not take into account the deeper, the antisocial implications of the pose.

It has been suggested that at this late stage it no longer matters that the American Medical Association still hides from the world the fact that the body of organized medicine is afflicted with a malignant tumor. The point has been made that it no longer requires clinical acumen to recognize its moribund state; even the untrained eye can see that the prognosis is hopeless.

Many symptoms of the nearness of the collapse have been cited. The A.M.A. has stubbornly refused to face the issue of birth control squarely. During the last war it patriotically barred from the pages of its *Journal* all news of medical activities in Germany. It has placed no such ban on accounts of Nazi-infested medicine. The A.M.A. has encouraged large groups of its bewildered membership in the belief that their economic plight is due to the laxity of the free clinics in admitting undeserving cases, giving support to the attempts of different state societies to push more stringent laws regulating free treatment in clinics through their legislatures. Its feverish attack on the recommendations and findings of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care is almost as revealing a symptom as the explanations of Dr. Morris Fishbein (editor of the *Journal* and bold critic of the nocturnal habits of Mesdames Roosevelt and Perkins) of why the average practitioner is hard hit by the depression.

A citation of the list of these symptoms would be endless. The fine reactionary hand of the A.M.A. can be found in the opposition to almost any activity of medical men which hints even remotely of a step in the direction of socialized medicine. It is significant to note, however, that throughout the country there are now large groups of physicians who, recognizing the seriousness of the parent body's malady, are contemplating daring surgical measures in order to obtain relief from their present precarious and traumatized state.

The manner in which the American Medical Association has handled (fumbled would perhaps be more apt) the problem of fee-splitting is a case in point. It is, incidentally, a vivid example of the persistence of the hierarchy in Chicago in maintaining the myth that every phase of medical practice should be completely hidden from obtuse laymen.

Briefly, this is the way it works. Someone in your family becomes acutely ill and you send out a frantic call for your family physician. He makes a diagnosis of acute appendicitis and suggests calling a surgeon for consultation. Dr. B., he suggests, would be a very good man. Dr. B. arrives, confirms the diagnosis and arranges for the transfer of the patient to the hospital. When the bills begin to come in, you find one for \$3 or \$5 from your family practitioner and one for anywhere from \$150 to \$500 from the surgeon. When the surgeon receives his fee, he performs a delicate, furtive operation. He bisects it and presents half of it to the family practitioner for recommending the case to him.

Why is this furtive? Because if they are found out, both the f.p. and the surgeon will be kicked out of their local County Medical Society, and possibly from the hospital with which they are associated. How common is this practice? Estimates from physicians as to its prevalence range all the way from 40% to more daring appraisals of 90%. What does the A.M.A. think of the practice? The A.M.A. thinks it is vile, reprehensible and unethical. Why doesn't the A.M.A. warn the public against victimization by the fee-splitters? Because publicity will hurt the fair name of medicine and undermine the confidence of the public in the entire profession.

The A.M.A. contends that fee-splitting is a menace to public safety. It tempts the family practitioner to be guided in his selection of a surgeon, not by the competence of the surgeon, but by his willingness to share the fee. Ring the bell of the nearest f.p.; when he comes to the door, tell him that you will positively not quote him, and then ask whether it is true that he recommends inferior surgeons because they split with him.

He's a much harried, worn out man. Be patient with him. Let him take his time. He'll come to the point. Here it is:

"Where did you get the idea that only the incompetent surgeons split fees? Why, I could name twenty men in this town (but I won't) whom I'd let operate on me any time of the day or night. And they all split fees. Why, they'd starve to death if they didn't—and so would we. And another thing. There are lots of surgeons in this town who don't split, either because they are independently wealthy or have wives who are, who have ten thumbs instead of a pair of surgical hands when it comes to operative technique and calcification of the brain when it comes to making a diagnosis."

Fee-splitting encourages needless operations, the A.M.A. maintains. It tempts the family practitioner to recommend surgery whenever payments on their cars become due or whenever the mortgage becomes troublesome.

Stop that man just leaving the hospital dispensary where for three hours he has been examining and prescribing for poor patients (a service for which he receives no compensation.) How about it, doctor?

"Sure, there are unnecessary operations. They're done by surgeons who split and by surgeons who don't. Fee-splitting is an economic problem. But that doesn't mean that any man who has to make a living is also a crook, and that every man who splits is also a scoundrel. Say, I could mention the names of men who have such large practices and such reputations that they don't have to split, but who rush patients into the operating rooms in a hell of a hurry because they know that if they don't, the patient will get well without an operation."

When you have climbed innumerable flights of stairs to earn a modest fee, when half your patients are on relief and you continue treating them because it's the "only human thing to do," when your unpaid monthly bills become an overwhelming obstacle to peace of mind, you get indifferent to such luxuries as medical ethics. You begin to look around and wonder. For instance, you wonder whether it is less ethical for a surgeon who holds a ranking position in a hospital to use a promise of hospital privileges and appointments as a means of "persuading" men to refer consultations to him. You wonder, is he always a Harlow Brooks at the bedside and a Charlie Mayo in the operating room? And because you have been around hospital wards for an exasperatingly long time now,

and because you recall the two well-known orifices which have been factors in enabling little men to acquire big jobs on hospital staffs, your answer is "Nuts," or whatever is its technical equivalent in the nomenclature.

There is no doubt that fee-splitting emits a foul odor; that very frequently many an unnecessary operation is performed and many an inferior surgeon chosen. But there is more than casual significance in the refusal of the medical profession to acquaint the unsuspecting public with the presence of this evil in their midst. It is in keeping with the A.M.A.'s delay in warning visitors to the recent World's Fair of the danger of amoebic dysentery until late in the Fall when the warning would not hurt Chicago business.

Somehow, one suspects that the A.M.A. itself understands that fee-splitting is a symptom of the present chaotic and confused state of organized medicine and that its refusal to lay the facts before the general public is not so much a fear of losing its dignity, but a dread of opening the doors to the bogey man of socialized medicine. Somehow, one suspects that they know that fee-splitting has far deeper implications—both economic and social—that it cannot be isolated and treated; and that once the body of organized medicine has been opened for a surgical exploratory, the cancerous growth will spread and merely hasten the end. In their present dilemma it seems to them the wisest policy to let the illness be as long drawn out as possible. Brazenly, they deny that such illness exists. Secretly, they know the infection is fatal and that the day is not far off when Private Practice, as we know it today (when the doctor roots for an epidemic to get you, and you, in turn, root for his collapse before he submits a bill) will have to be labelled *Deceased*: Cause of death—inability to breathe.

But as physicians themselves go on relief and as fewer patients are able to afford private fees, the bogey man of socialized medicine will become more persistent in haunting the pale, distinguished physicians of Chicago who run the A.M.A. And one day socialized medicine may be spared the trouble of having to batter down the door and fight its way in. When that day comes, it will be carried in on the tired backs of the small fry in medicine, the boys who shamefacedly have to split fees in order to make both ends meet and who hate the practice far more venomously than the inner-council of the A.M.A.—but for different reasons.

I BELONG TO THE CHURCH

by FLOYD TILLERY

I RECALL distinctly how it was in the beginning. I was fifteen, and a summer revival was registering 212° Fahrenheit at the rural church of my mother's choice. For ten days I had managed to hold out against the fervid sales-talk of the impassioned Traveling Man, but in the end his psychological subtleties got me. I am convinced, now, that someone tipped the fellow off to the fact that I was deeply interested in dramatics. Anyway, on the last day of the meeting, when he began picturing to me how beautifully impressive it would be for me to take everyone by surprise, make the Good Confession at the Waters, and be baptized immediately,—I simply could not resist the titillating appeal of such an opportunity. So, to occupy the center of the stage for once in my young life, I consented to become a sinner and let Almighty God save my wicked soul. If I remember correctly, I forced the singing evangelist to lead the outdoor-congregation through all six stanzas of "There Is a Fountain" before I finally stepped out on the Lord's Side, in my second-best suit, "right there by the side of the pool under the shade of the trees." Everybody seemed to get a big kick out of it—I know I did, especially when the minister declared openly that

this "truly apostolic scene" which I enacted that afternoon was "the sweetest experience of the entire meeting."

The year following my spectacular and picturesque conversion, another Man of God decided for me that I should, myself, become a professional Saver of Lost Souls. At that particular time I was almost frantic for a college education, but the whole thing looked utterly hopeless for me until this Brother opened up the way. He knew of a Bible College, he said—his own alma mater—where I could work my way through. (Where I could study Latin and Greek and Shakespeare—as well as Religion.) Immediately, therefore, I heard the Call, and answered with a "Yea, yea, Lord. I come, I come—just as soon as I can finish this last year in high school!" But when I was right on the point of leaving for the Bible College, another Great Religious Fixer happened to come into my life, and he re-decided for me that, before studying theology and homiletics, I should be prepared with a broad, liberal university education. I couldn't play football; but I had Religion, and I wanted to become a Great Preacher. Therefore a scholarship-loan was arranged for which would make all things possible.

As I have indicated, I was reared in the country, a very poor boy. I had never traveled beyond the hills which surrounded me. And when I arrived at State University, I did not know one person there; neither knew I which way to turn or where to go or what to do. But God would take care of me. I was met at the station by the "Y" secretary and his staff of Greeters—the college president had tipped them off, they told me, that "a ministerial student" was coming in. Well, we all had prayer-meeting that night in the Secretary's room; and before I was fully aware of the honors, I had been made a member of the "Y" cabinet, a brother of the "Inner Circle," a leader of a dormitory Bible-Study group; and had obligated myself to keep the "Morning Watch," to pray every day for a nation-wide revival, and to consider very seriously the question of joining the Student Volunteers—of dedicating my life to His service in the foreign fields.

The next day, Saturday, I received an early call from the local pastor of the church of my choice. The good man back home who had been instrumental in my obtaining the scholarship-loan had written on, ahead, I was told, all about me and about my ambitions. As a result, on the first Lord's Day in the university town, I was teaching a Sunday School lesson, leading in prayer, and taking up the collection. This grew. Our fellowship was a small one. Pretty soon I was presiding at the Lord's Table, making talks at Prayer Meeting, and serving as an elder of the congregation.

But, somehow, in the three years of my academic course—being compelled through circumstances to study biology and philosophy, and to consort with all kinds of publicans and sinners—I got sidetracked from my original purpose, deciding, in the meantime, that I wanted to become a lawyer, not a preacher. But how? I still did not have a penny in the world. Again a way was opened for me. This time I was offered the position of Student Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., with a small salary attached, together with board and room rent and free tuition in the law school. It was then that I had to get busy in dead earnest about the mechanics and techniques of this thing called Religion. Speedily I learned a lot of pretty little prayers, blessings, and benedictions; learned, too, how to contact freshmen of a deeply religious bent; learned how to pray for erring or struggling souls; learned how to raise money to pay my own salary, how to organize Bible classes, and how to save college men from the vicious damnations of the secret sin.

In the very midst of this my latest career, illness intervened; and when the fevers had finally vanished, and my head was cleared a bit, I decided to become a school teacher. The very first question asked me when I applied for a position in a boys' boarding school was: "What church are you a member of?" It so happened that the principal and I worshipped the same God; and then, after hav-

ing signed the contract, I was informed that part of my school work would be conducting Vespers in the dormitory, morning prayers at Chapel, and a short devotional in the dining-room. Thus, and for a period of two years, I was sewed up again in a devoutly religious way.

At the expiration of this term, however, something new had challenged me. I wanted to become a social worker. And when I applied for the position of Superintendent of the Boys' Club in a nearby city, the twenty-five good church women who were to be my bosses sounded me out at once on my religious views. By way of introduction it was plainly stated that they could not employ a Catholic, would not employ an evolutionist, and preferred not to engage a modernist. What they wanted was a deeply consecrated, orthodox Christian man—one who could actively and conspicuously represent their organization in the four-fold life of the community. I saw no reason why I could not fill such a bill—and did, after a fashion, for one short season.

Then the Great War came on. The first time in my entire career that my religious affiliations had not been made a condition for enlistment! When the recruiting officer and medical examiner damned me rather roundly for a piece of professional presumptuousness on my part, I was happy, for I instantly realised that a long-wished-for opportunity had finally come to me. Pretty soon, in the Navy, I would be privileged to sit down quietly and try to think the whole thing out—this thing of Religion and Soul Salvation, this thing of Hell-Fire and Eternal Damnation. . . . The truth of the matter is, when I received my discharge, I was very much afraid that I had completely lost my soul and perhaps left it forever down in New Orleans. But, like most discharged men in those days, I was more concerned about finding a job than I was in recovering my soul.

I did not dream of the luck that would be waiting for me when I got back home. A new Church had been organized recently by the free-thinkers of the city; and very soon after my arrival from New Orleans, I was approached (for a reason I understood later) by the Committee on Membership. "In this Church we don't care what you do or do not believe," the enthusiastic spokesman said to me. "We are not interested at all in creeds and beliefs. We leave all that sort of thing up to you. We simply want you with us on

this alluring venture. We already have many of the most progressive, intelligent, forward-looking people in town lined up with us. You are the kind of man we are looking for. We need you." Now, these men talking to me were unquestionably some of the big-shots of the city—men who could give me a good job. There was nothing else for me to do but join up. I did.

And the next thing I knew I was a part of the hired help of the new institution. I think I was called Director of Religious Education; but, in reality, I was only a sort of glorified bell-hop in the House of the Lord. I had charge of the Sunday School, the Young People's Society, the Boys' Work, the athletics, the church bulletin, the newspaper publicity; and I arranged for all meetings of the church officers, the men's club, the women's club, and for church-nights, banquets, socials, special services, christenings, confirmation classes, etc. When I was not busy praying, I was firing the furnace, or washing dishes; when I was not helping change the babies just before the christening ceremonies, or stealing Easter lilies from the church altar for the little ones to hold in their hands while being sprinkled, I was filling the holy baptismal font with hydrant water, or replenishing the ladies' lavatories with necessary toilet accessories. This consecrated life of mine continued for four long hectic years. Then ended.

God must have decided it for me—my next accidental venture in the work-a-day world was "keeping" a country store which had been left in my hands. Anyway, I thought, surely now—between checker games and selling side-meat—I can look into this matter of Religion; I can make up my mind and get everything settled. Whereupon I began spending my Sundays in the woods: meditating, contemplating, thinking, reasoning, communing with the streams and trees—looking for Light. But pretty soon my trade began falling off at the store. Customers stopped coming. Then it was that a friend warned me if I expected to do well at my new business, I had better affiliate myself very quickly and actively with one of the local churches. I did. I got me a Sunday School class. I began trying to explain the parable about Feeding the Five Thousand, and the story about Jonah and the Whale, and saying that modern Science . . . Then I went back to teaching school. "Of course you are a member of the Church," said the superintendent. "Oh, certainly sir!" said I.

AMERICA CONQUERS EROTICISM

by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE basic reason for conquest of the human aspiration to cultivate the erotic aspect of all things, historically an accepted adjunct of social living, is the rise of an utter frankness about the intimate construction of the female body, a phase of the campaign women have been conducting to bring back the world to the puritan ideal. In the old days any knowledge of how women actually appeared when deprived of their elaborate coverings was confined to married men, medical students and roués. Of these groups only the latter two achieved a complete immunity to the erotic effect of female dress for the knowledge of the former was strictly confined to one particular specimen of the sex and hence they were still open to the appeal of comparison of virtues which, alas, only too frequently led to their fall. For the last quarter century, however, the diffusion of this knowledge has proceeded at a rapid pace and in proportion as it has become available to the masses of mankind it has contributed to the decline of the erotic motive in women's dress. In no country has this evolution achieved a more complete

success than America which is perfectly logical in view of our long allegiance to the puritan way of life.

The first step taken by the women of America in their campaign was to de-eroticize their legs. With the blindness customary among such folk, the clergy, the lay moralists and the elderly who were so soaked in sin that they resented being deprived of their long established pleasures, raised a tremendous howl about this phase of the campaign as indeed they have about all the other phases of it down to the present day. But the women persisted and by gradually shortening their skirts until they had reached the arbitrary limit imposed by the standard length for silk stockings set by the manufacturers, forever killed whatever masculine interest there may have remained in the female leg. There were those who, in an excess of puritan fury, proposed that the short silk stockings be eliminated and that all manufacturers be compelled to present their product in the so-called opera length that the legs might be exposed well up the thighs. More intelligent counsels prevailed,

however, for it was pointed out that a sense of fitness might still be cultivated even in an anti-erotic campaign.

The base of operations was logically transferred to the public bathing beaches where the campaign of emancipation found the fullest measure of freedom. The de-eroticizing of the legs was immediately continued to an extent even beyond that possible through the required wearing of opera length stockings, for the complete construction of the leg could be exposed to the masculine gaze from the tip of the toe to the socket of the thigh. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to attack the problem of other parts of the body and the most obvious portion of the anatomy was the back. By a slow process extending over several beach seasons, but considerably accelerated by the migrations to the Southern beaches during the Northern winters, the line of back exposure was rapidly pushed down to the "small" of the back and once that level had been reached in bathing attire, it was promptly adapted to evening dress, "sports" dresses for street wear, pajamas, etc. This forced a complete revision of the traditional technological equipment for manipulating the feminine figure for erotic purposes. It was the necessity of achieving a successful and rapid solution of the problem which gave to the women the daring to make a tremendous forward step almost against the will of the majority. Most of them discarded such equipment altogether. With the elimination of any covering on the back and the exposure of the legs there remained only a few eroticizing areas in concealment. These were chiefly frontal in their situation and were, as it happened, the principal objects controlled by the technological arrangements now discarded. Deprived of the possibility of wrapping the devices around the body, and their consequent abandonment, the breasts, the belly and the hips were freed from their long concealment. But if these aspects of the female figure were freed from such technological devices as corsets and brassieres, they were not entirely exposed to the weather even on the bathing beaches. They remained, in short, areas for future operations, but not for long.

Within the last two or three seasons in isolated sections of the country, the belly has emerged into the open air but only at the expense of a retreat from the gains made earlier in this vital campaign for a completely unerotic America. Reducing the bathing suit to trunks would have seemed the logical move but it was one which the women found themselves unwilling to make, not liking, as is customary with them, to lay all their cards on the table at once. They therefore adopted the expedient of using the trunks as a separate garment and covering the breasts with a wrap-around brassiere which, of course, destroyed the clean line of the naked back. The obvious way to regain the ground lost by this retrogressive measure was to attack the problem of the trunks and the brassiere in a scientific fashion and the first step taken was to reduce the thickness of the materials used in their construction, followed by a campaign, extraordinary in its ingenuity, to reduce the area covered by them as far as possible and as rapidly as possible.

Fashion experts of Paris have consistently cooperated with the puritan women, contrary to what one might expect of them from their past history, and have this year evolved bathing suits with the back line lowered so that the cheeks of the buttocks are revealed. Moreover they have split the trunks into two parts held together by fine but strong cords of beads so that the hips are exposed and have also cut down the brassiere to two pads which cover the breasts but fully reveal their contours, joined together, front and back, by cords similar to those used in the trunks. The fine line of the naked back is now but little disguised, so little that even the feeblest imagination is not discommoded. Obviously, trunks and brassieres are in their final stages of evolution and will shortly and completely disappear. The ladies will then have achieved their purpose of de-eroticizing their bodies entirely. And if they are

tempted to dally on the road to perfection they have before them the example of the professional nudists who have skipped several stages in this evolution and are generally taken to be the advance guard, not of the proletariat, but of the puritans. For, as the philosophers of the movement assure us, contrary to the supposition which has ruled Europe for centuries and found a foothold in this country, "The unclothed body rapidly becomes commonplace, neither shameful nor erotically stimulating."

* * * * *

Abandonment of underdress was, of course, obligatory on the bathing beaches but it was rapidly extended to street and evening dress with the desired result. More and more women helped the cause on which the sex was embarked by reducing their underdressing to a pair of filmy and in latter days skin tight "pants" as they were derisively called, leaving the breasts and belly free and the hips as near their normal configuration as possible, a move which was found to advance us toward the unerotic paradise by leaps and bounds especially when combined with clinging materials in the outer garment. The belly was thus brought into prominence and if it was not always as beautiful as that of the lady in the Song of Solomon, it was found to assume in the young and the cautious very gracious contours indeed which invariably centered delicately upon the navel. Thus it came about that the ladies were at one and the same time able to, without for a moment discontinuing their campaign to de-eroticize their dress, proceed to reduce their bathing costumes to a constantly diminishing minimum and increase, by way of passing fashion, the area of materials used in street and evening dress. The complete and open admission of the intimacies of construction of the female figure was admirably achieved. America was at last set free from the ancient and very vicious habit of allowing females to use their clothing to eroticize the male and a truly puritan view of feminine clothes, entirely aesthetic in its considerations, was achieved.

One refuge for the operation of the feminine delight in deception still remained however, but even the effect of that was considerably neutralized by the insistence, on the part of franker women, on complete publicity. Nature is notoriously unjust in her distribution of perfect figures, whether female or male, and while the male, with his customary philosophy, has tended to accept his deficiencies with good humor, the female has always tried to circumvent nature by resorting to technological devices. These devices were promptly bent, not in the direction of concealment but in the direction of the simulation of an ideal of perfection. What the more fortunate of womenkind were able to achieve by the free play of their natural figures, the less fortunate have been induced to simulate by these remnants of the dark, erotic ages.

This nefarious practice has, however, done remarkably little to hinder the campaign for complete and puritan frankness, for the manufacturers who exploit the baser instincts have been forced to sell their merchandise by advertisements in the public prints of all kinds, newspapers, magazines read by both sexes indifferently, street-car and subway cards and even billboards. No one not an illiterate is in the least fooled by such dodges for even the male ordinarily most unobservant can, if he is attracted by one of these cheating females, quickly detect her subterfuges. He has merely to watch her for a few moments and see whether or not her clothing follows her bodily movements with reasonable exactitude. If it does she is relying on nothing but nature and if it does not, the observable rigidity of the underpinnings gives the lady away.

There is, consequently, no refuge finally possible for those backward women who cling to the ancient ideal that clothes should be used for erotic purposes. Correctly basing their campaign on the scientific proposition set forth by the nudist scientists that the unclothed body is not erotically stimulating, the advanced women

of America, firm in their puritanism, have seen to it that their clothing has been reduced to a minimum on all occasions and that even when it is necessary to achieve variety to relieve boredom and insure the continued health of the clothing industry by using more materials than are necessary for warmth in winter or decoration in summer, they make no effort to conceal bodily construction. The women of America have made impossible any indulgence in social eroticism on the part of the American male, have cleansed the country of a scourge which was surely bringing us as low as the Romans and the French. The relations of the sexes in their social phases, being completely de-eroticized are now rapidly becoming entirely mental and spiritual, puritanism is truly triumphant and only in retarded communities is it possible to indulge in the degenerate "pleasures" induced by concealment.

REVELATIONS XXI. 2

A good movie can be made without an original plot.

Gilbert Seldes in "Today"

AFTER LUNCH

by LOUIS PAUL

Cliché

ONE of the tritest clichés in drama and fiction is the situation wherein a lady finds herself being forced to yield her virtue—either to rescue her true sweetheart, save the old homestead, or preserve the antique silverware. Pious commentators have been known to assert that such yielded virtue has a psychological consequence worse, in some cases, than death. Personally, I've kept well on the lookout for one of these beastly males in real life, but have not struck pay dirt yet. Perhaps the cliché is repeated with some subtlety for the benefit of Miss Dubuque, who derives an intense satisfaction contemplating her virtue's desirability. There was the colored girl who accused her boy friend of, as the sedate journals put it, a statutory offense. "He tukin' me in the woods thataway, suh," she explained, "an' we done find a big lowg." "A log!" exclaimed the magistrate. "Will you be good enough to explain to the Court just how it was possible for the defendant to force his will upon you in such a situation?" "Yassuh, jedge, suh, yo' honah," she replied; "I jes' balance myse'f awn thet there lowg, yo' honah, like I allus do."

Savoir-faire

Too much entirely is left to extra-curriculum activities in our colleges. In order that the technique of at least one popular activity should not become haphazard, some benevolent soul ought certainly to endow several chairs of applied clowning.

Literature

An author's magazine has come in which an editor outlines his requirements. He writes: "We are looking for novels of American life with broad outlook. They must be civilized, written with distinction, and contain a strong central idea. We believe that books which do not unduly stress the seamy side of life have a better chance for success just at present. There should be romance of a high order: sex themes must be handled with exquisite delicacy or not at all. What we really want is the powerful novel with sweep, pace, and excitement, such as the works of Willa Cather, Booth Tarkington, Kathleen Norris, and so on. We are always glad to consider the manuscripts of unknown authors." What are they offering these days for the anti-climax prize?

Art

You will make allowances for any artist of your acquaintance who appears to you to be slightly dotty. The concentrated repetition necessary to achieve a polished technique is sufficient to unbalance the sanest of men. If the endless toot of a trumpet in the next apartment drives you to distraction, think of what the tooter suffers who must both listen and produce the noise. I'm never impressed with the mechanic's cry about the deadening influence of the machine. He would no doubt howl for his machine back after working a few days within the straightjacket of the sonnet form.

Evolution

If our zealous diggers should unearth in Oaxaca the skeleton of a man eleven feet tall containing a brain cavity large enough to house a watermelon, this in the ruins of an ancient palace having been equipped with radio and refrigeration, our conception of evolution would undergo some disturbing changes. Such discoveries are no less conceivable, let us say, than Clifford's and Einstein's and Lobatchewsky's belief in the possibility of converging parallel lines. Yet I cannot imagine any discovery so revolutionary in the field of aesthetics that would destroy the absolute qualities in the lines of William Shakespeare. It does not argue the relative merits of beauty vs. science, but merely that the aesthetic approaches the absolute closer than science can ever come. If some Darwinian inquirer will eventually demonstrate an absolute in human psychology the biologists' theory of unbroken evolution must crumble as Aristotle's universe fell before the telescope of Galileo. Evolution is predicated on mutation. But if ever an immutable, permanent quality in human nature is demonstrated it will completely destroy at least the intellectual premises of evolution.

Comment

Nothing is quite so depressing as the way other people bring up their children.

Evolution (2)

"In St. James Park," reads my newspaper, "across the street from the jail, the victims were strung up to separate trees while thousands of men, women, and children, looking on in a carnival spirit, cheered with a lustiness that could be heard for blocks." No doubt, if the report is accurate, they are the evolved descendants of those who encouraged Torquemada, crowded the yard of Old Bailey, invented the guillotine, murdered Oscar Wilde, massacred the Indians with the same detached amusement with which they use shotguns on harmless wild animals and nesting birds. They thrill to death as an emphasis of their own sweet quickness. "No kidnaper will ever be turned loose or pardoned while I am Governor," said Mr. Rolph. He forgot to add, oddly enough, that Mr. Mooney and Mr. Billings are to be eternally safe, too, behind strong walls.

Literature (2)

American writing has become a business in which the hope of good return has been immeasurably raised by increasing literacy, mass production, and the seemingly endless parade of periodical literature. Education, we know, does not necessarily predicate the sort of culture essential to the appreciation of fine writing. In an effort to tailor material to fit a low intelligence writers are sacrificing some craftsmanship and much integrity. Criticism must ebb because the criterion has shifted from excellence itself to the

Nicholas Murray Butler

achievement of popularity. Editors insist on changes, both in style and content. Stories cannot be published because they may offend either (1) The Steamfitters Union of Buffalo; (2) Boston's idea of sexual propriety; (3) The national government in Washington; (4) American womanhood; (5) The Mexican, Japanese, or Russian peasantry; (6) The Idaho potato growers; (7) Ten year old girls; (8) The great classes of morons and Ph.D.'s. It is true, indeed, as someone says, that Shakespeare might encounter some difficulty in getting blank verse produced on today's New York stage. Mr. Dreiser pockets the movies' money and then rants all over the place because they don't do right by our little Tragedy. The S. E. P. turns down several of Mr. Beer's innocuous tales as being too . . . too—you know. Kay Boyle, brilliant Guggenheim Girl, asserts that "the only other woman whose writing I can endure is Gertrude Stein," while Mr. Erskine Caldwell says that he can read anything in a magazine, but cannot abide books.

Loquiter

A man in Philadelphia sends a quart of ice cream to San Francisco by airmail—a defense for all time for soapbox oratory. My own pet aversion is charity. Not while the dregs of humanity are licked into submission with the measly doles of charity will man achieve the laws of social justice. It stands in the forefront of all unsocial acts. It is the drops of wine spilled from the brimming cup, the sop that prevents riot and revolution, the cheap satisfaction, when genuine, derived from the beggar's nickel. While the poor themselves divide their sorry dollars with the poor under the smirking exhortation of their priests and Croesii, eighty percent of the country's wealth sneaks off to wallow in its fatuous luxury. If man were not inherently a ninny and a slave there would be more white anger in the world.

Rule

Æsthetically a robin is as handsome as a mountain, an obvious rule not come upon by many artists.

Progress

Progress to the average politician means more hospitals and bigger jails.

Paradox

In the ultimate grace of flesh nature herself is startled at the gross overtones in a pair of lips, and the paradoxical exquisiteness of a thigh. The arm is not an arm, but the reflection of a gesture—as grace is an instant of motion, captured definitely. The flashing limbs are not sculptures, but the suggestion of movement. They express the repose of flight.

Architecture

Men through the ages build from national compulsion monuments that express their history in a truer sense than literature will ever do. Books may easily distort the essence of truth. The rose window in a Gothic church, the round white tower of a mosque, the pagoda of a Buddhist temple: their images tell you more truth about the character and temper of their creators than a thousand histories of events. Our steel and granite temples are the signature of our civilization as Egypt's pyramids and luxuriant tombs were hers, as the austere geometry of their architecture was Greece's.

Nonsense

There is an element in nonsense which may be the portrait of man risen above reason, magnificently amused at the tottering superstructure of coherence. There is an intuition in the sanest of men that reason and truth are merely bricks held in place by the mortar of common consent. How amusing to see the stones come down with a few well-placed jabs of mockery such as John Kendrick Bangs and Ambrose Bierce and Mark Twain knew how to give.

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The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

Vol. III. No. 32 ★

AUGUST, 1935

Price Ten Cents

HUTTON: HEADLINE QUEEN

by RUTH McKENNEY

THE birth of a newspaper celebrity is as obscure as that of an early Italian saint.

Every newspaper maintains a standing cast of characters; two or three villains, several clowns, a saint or two, a beleaguered heroine, and something fancy in the way of a romantic lead. Most of these characters have no relation to reality. The villains are the authors of small-time crimes, the clowns are funny only when the right re-write man handles the story, the saints are specialists in clay feet, the hard pressed heroines deserve a good beating or a jail sentence, and the romantic lead is a hard-boiled hussy.

This is no secret to the reporters who run around after the celebrities, to the re-write men who coin the phrases about them, to the city editors who put them on page one. But the sculptor who fell in love with the marble lady he made with his own hands has nothing on newspapermen who drag their celebrities out of the obscurity of the society page or the political comment column, or the legal news.

The weaknesses of the newspaper celebrity are a trade secret until the time is ripe to retire him from the cast.

Barbara Hutton, the current glamour girl, has gone a long way for no particular reason. She made Gene Howe's list of important Americans—the only woman on the list. She beat out Mrs. Roosevelt and Amelia Earhart for this all-American honor. The public knows all about her life and loves and has even had the dubious pleasure of reading her poetry.

Miss Hutton appeared in society columns for years, and nobody on the city desk gave a whoop for the fat faced girl who paraded as Columbia the Gem of the Ocean at exclusive charity fetes. There was a little tentative feature story writing about the richest girl in the world by Sunday section writers hard pressed for lack of chorus girl scandals. But it was weak, very weak. In the first place, Miss Hutton wasn't during her childhood, is not now, and never was the richest girl in the world or even the second richest girl in the world.

The Woolworth pride faced a crisis in her career on that eventful morning when she made the front page. She made good. In the first place, she said—at some length—that she considered newspaper publicity vulgar, degrading, and annoying.

Everybody was delighted. She was even billed as the Ivory Tower Heiress, a title that Miss Doris Duke later copped from her.

Next she came through with her marriage to Alexis Mdivani, the romantic Georgian phony. Nothing could have been sweeter. It gave picture editors the lovely opportunity to run layouts of Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett and the darling of the dime stores under the provoking caption: ex-sisters-in-law.

America was on its ear for months wondering whether Madame Hutton would divorce her prince. Miss Hutton, with a pretty sense of climax, kept everybody guessing. Grown up newspapermen sat patiently in foreign hotel corridors waiting for a pearl to drop from the lips of the princess.

Then she confessed she was ready to say uncle to the polo playing Romeo. She boarded a boat for America. This was her zenith. I went down the bay on the coast guard cutter with sixty-two newspapermen, photographers, foreign correspondents, news reel men and columnists, on the day the Bremen docked with its precious cargo.

What publishers refer to as the greatest newsgathering mechanism in the world was on that cutter in all its dubious glory. The great press services, the tabloids and the dignified mornings, the news reels and the picture associations, the foreign newspaper alliances, we

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were all assembled to catch each word as it fell from the lips of the five and dime heiress. We arranged ourselves on the cutter according to our castes. The ship news reporters, aloof, yawning, spatting, caned, stood in the rain on the deck. The news reel photographers sprawled on the seats inside, their checked caps over battered ears, idly watching the regular camera men play cards. The society editors sat in a genteel group, trading rough gossip.

The prima donnas and the news photographers, the Brooklyn Daily Eagle man and the representative of the Associated Press, were all on that cutter in a fine state of jitters, wondering whether the cardboard princess would see them—and tell all.

True, Miss Hutton had already told the world why and how and when she was to divorce her prince. Everybody knew her plans as well as she did. Offhand none of us had any idea of just exactly what we wanted to ask her, if we did see her. Apparently, we felt we were liaison men between the princess and her public—and we wanted to get within coughing distance of the fabulous creature.

There was a lot of polite shouldering to get aboard the Bremen. The customs men had to be firm about it, to hold back the excited press. Then, like unleashed dogs, we tore up the gangplank, queried the first cabin boy, and in a mighty pack, descended upon Miss Hutton's suite.

She wasn't there, of course. During that long, insane afternoon of following maids, peering in keyholes, getting firm with ship's boys, we snooped and hunted and haunted that boat until we all felt humiliated. We crowded the corridors, raised annoyed voices. One daring soul kicked the suite door viciously, after the second hour. We applauded in our hearts, but looked prim.

Miss Hutton made the first mistake of the season that afternoon. She hid herself too well. Nobody did find her. She was lurking in the crew's cabins all afternoon and came off triumphant in the game of hide-and-seek. Next day, the Herald Tribune and the Times carried savage stories about the haughty Miss Hutton.

A few days later Miss Hutton was revealed as a strong candidate for Bore No. 1 in the New York Post's contest. This was the beginning of a long end—it will take months, perhaps years before Miss Hutton fades out of the newspaper cast. But she's slated for a retirement to the society columns. Ridicule is a deadly weapon to turn on a society mogul, and there are other angles except the awe-struck one to tell about the number of Miss Hutton's dogs, gowns, trains, and husbands.

The New York Post, for instance, stunned by all the votes and savage letters readers sent in about Miss Hutton, plotted a neat trick for the day America's gift to glamour made her second marriage.

Every other newspaper in New York would carry a picture of La Hutton with an inset of the Count—under it would appear the

story of the wedding. But the Post would carry a monster picture of a pretty girl, and the face of an unknown youth in the corner. Over the picture would be the caption: "Five and dime girl weds," or "Woolworth girl is bride today." The story would begin in stately, dignified fashion: "Miss Louise L. Jonah, a Woolworth girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonah, Flatbush, Brooklyn, was the bride today of Harry Simpson, The Bronx." For a column Post readers would learn all about the Jonah-Simpson romance, how they met on a subway, fell in love at Coney Island, saw romance blossom at Roxy's and finally heard the words: "and so I pronounce you man and wife."

In a two line shirttail, Post readers could learn that Miss Hutton married her Count and everything was lovely out in Reno.

This would certainly hold the v and x countess, everybody thought. It would also create some pleasing moments of confusion in rival newspaper offices as they got over the first shock and discovered the make-up editor hadn't made a horrid mistake.

Unfortunately for this noble experiment in journalism, a cog in the far flung Woolworth wheel put the finger on the idea. After incredible labor, a bright lad finally ran down a five and dime girl whose marriage had been celebrated within a week. He was retired from the business of aimlessly buying egg beaters and cotton lace and talking to Woolworth clerks. Armed with sweet words and a little cash I went off to see our proletarian bride, and sell her on a brief but glorious career as the girl who stole page one from a countess.

She fell back on her heels at the suggestion. She couldn't see why anybody would want her picture instead of Barbara Hutton's. She turned shy and humble when I told her: "Pooh, people would rather read about you." But she finally agreed.

On the way out of the store, she spotted the heavy bulk of the store manager. "Say, this wouldn't hurt my job, would it?" said the little bride.

"Certainly not," I replied.

But the Woolworth clerk wanted something definite on that most important subject. She sidled over to the store manager, and breathlessly, humbly asked: "You wouldn't mind if I had my picture in the paper because I got married and Miss Hutton is, too, would you?"

The store manager wheeled his portly figure around and stared at his clerk. I stepped up and glared, too. He waved us away with wordless muttering. But before I could rush our five and dime bride out of the store, a runner from his majesty, the store manager, had overtaken us.

Miss Hutton, the store manager felt, wouldn't like the idea. And that, sadly enough, was that.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

by ROBERT de LANY

A WAY we sped in the studio car. "How strange," I reflected. "Here am I, a mere newspaper man holding the five-year-old movie star, Pearly Dimple, on my lap; riding in her car, talking with her, fondling her—just as I would fondle some obscure dirty-faced child, or a baby of my own! I wish I might convey to my readers what this all meant to me as we rumbled along toward her modest little bungalow, nestled in the Hollywood hills.

"How does it seem to be a real screen actress, with a great big salary?" I inquired. Pearly thrust a fig newton into my mouth. "Eat that," she instructed. "When we get home I'll show you my library."

What is the Secret back of the Success of this young film figure?

It is simply this: Pearly Dimple is normal. She is just an American girl. Nothing more.

The car swerved to the left and stopped. Pearly jumped out with great glee, as many a girl her age might have done.

"There it is!" she cried. "There's where I live-and-play-and-eat-and-study-and-sleep-and-work!"

Tugging at my hand she urged me to follow. "Come with me" is the way she expressed it.

A tall dark woman shook my hand and invited me inside.

"Do be seated," she said. It was as though I were in *any* home.

"This is my Momie and there is where I eat," said Pearly, pointing first to the woman and then toward a Spanish balcony which

(Please turn to page 16)

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THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR

by LEONARD ROWE

IN those recurrent periods when the public mind is diseased with some form of nationalistic phobia, or barbarous sadism, the leaders of the people (having already worked up the rabble to the desired degree of frenzy) turn to the university professors to convert the "higher classes" to the prevailing madness. Whereas the masses can be won over by the most palpable demagoguery and unmasked propaganda, their betters require "scientific" proof and "authoritative" evidence. At this point the university professors are duly enlisted, so that they may give the imprimatur of respectability to whatever fantastic nonsense and vicious lunacy happen to be the order of the day. The sainted Wilson spake: and forthwith, the professors "proved" Germany's guilt in the war. Hitler cracked his whip; and the professors "proved" beyond a peradventure the anthropological truth of Nordic supremacy. The messianic Roosevelt now gives orders; and the Brain Trust reveals new truths every day—nay, every hour—to a startled world.

University professors are, in a manner of speaking, the whores of the intellect. Like many lawyers, they are willing—for a consideration (usually nothing more than the security of their jobs)—to prostitute their erudition for any and all causes their clients espouse. In olden days the learned doctors would devote their sophistry to disputations over such innocuous matters as the constitution of the Holy Trinity, the cosmogony of the heavens, and the physiology of angels. Since 1914, however, the professors have forsaken their ivory towers, regretted their cloistered withdrawal from the world, and preened themselves on their shrewd practicality. With these results: thousands of Americans permitted themselves to be slaughtered (on the "altar of freedom," of course) to make the world "safe for democracy"; the Jews in Germany are now being sacrificed to make a Nordic holiday; and millions of Americans are daily despoiled of their savings by the vagaries and chicaneries of New Deal economics.

When pedagogues collaborate with demagogues, watch out! War, persecution, sabotage—anything is possible.

Perhaps the most pathetic example of the professors' intellectual prostitution is their occupying chairs of "Business" in such obscene parodies of the professional school as the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. To include such an undisguised trade school in a university affords a measure of the arrogant contempt our business civilization has for a once-honored institution.

By every definition a university's function is to seek truth to the farthest outposts of human knowledge, unhampered by mischievous *a priori* beliefs. A medical school, for example, exists only incidentally to teach its students the practice of medicine; its primary concern is to make fresh contributions to the science of medicine: to seek new discoveries through research and experimentation. And whenever this added knowledge destroys former hypotheses and undermines even the most time-honored theories they are ruthlessly scrapped.

Business Schools, on the contrary, accept the creeds and tenets of business as unquestioningly and uncritically as Wall Street brokers. If they did not, they would lack a *raison d'être*; and there would be no George F. Bakers to endow them. Suppose, for example, the researches of a Business School professor led him to the anti-capitalist conclusions of a Lewis Mumford, a Matthew Josephson, a John Strachey. Only one result could possibly follow such heresy: he would be kicked out.

The Business School professor is a paradoxical fellow in another sense. As an underpaid teacher he lives precariously near the borderline of poverty. He belongs to the exploited classes as surely as does the proletariat. Yet, his life is dedicated to the advancement of that body of "learning" which teaches the shifty tricks and shabby practices of business.

SERVANTS OF GOD

No. 31

WOODBURY, N. J., June 28.—The Rev. Clarence Davis, 55, Negro clergyman, was charged before Justice of the Peace Guy Lee here with theft of the edifice of the Church of God, Glassboro Lawns, N. J., of which he until recently was the pastor.

The complaint, filed by members of the congregation, not only charged that the minister dismantled the 12x20 foot portable edifice and stored it in the basement of his Glassboro home, but that he also took 26 chairs, seven bibles and eight song books belonging to the church. The charge is larceny.

Justice Lee held Davis for the Grand Jury, and committed him to the Gloucester County Jail, in default of bail.

GOD IN 115th STREET

by JEROME D. ROSS

THE Kingdom of Heaven is four stories high, a neat brick facade jammed up against a garage; and a big sign welcomes you, in case you're a stranger, and a smaller sign tells you, in the name of the Father, that you dassn't sit on the stoop. There's a big sky-blue bus outside the Kingdom for the angels to ride in, and, if God's at home, his Rolls-Royce is at the door.

Inside, celestial music, antiphonals that start around ten a. m. and by nightfall reach a glorious, unearthly frenzy. Peace, brother, come on in. The singing-room is full, a cavern that was once a dance hall. Several hundred negroes are in full-voiced song, maybe thirty whites.

The place is dank with the sweat of two races. Anthropoidal creatures wave their arms; people are cakewalking in the aisles; yaller gals writhe in the heat of religion, hotter than any Cotton Club floor show; enormous rumps bob up and down; a white hag snaps out of her lethargy into a witches' sabbath dance, throws off her hat, her coat, starts lifting her dress. Black kids race helter-skelter; "Father Gott, Father Gott," chants a Jewess, huddled in her shawl. Pounding feet shake the building. Glory, glory, glory, the words are repeated crescendo, and with each repetition another believer shoots to his feet in convulsive ecstasy. Peace, brother, peace, it's wonderful, they shout. Peace, you reply.

Now you understand why the Kingdom is making Bellevue psychiatrists work overtime.

The song fest was only a warming up before supper. Downstairs they gather round the angels' table with a zest that puts college glee clubs to shame. Just as you thought: there's no equality in Heaven. The faithful fall into two groups, the angels and the paying guests. Angels are staff members who sit with God and eat on the House; and the rest eat for fifteen cents in the Kingdom's restaurant next door. Of course, everybody wants to be an angel.

God enters, joins His host. The Giver of life immortal; Abundance of the fullness; Heavenly dove; Whose eye is on the sparrow; Whose precious smile feeds hungry souls—He is diminutive and His raiment is a speckled grey, grey spats, cream-colored vest. His countenance is celestial: high forehead, spreading moustache, splendid dome. The dome! It is polished like ebony and myriad lights gleam on its baldness. Daytime, when the sun's upon It, there's a blinding aureole of coruscation. Godhood's on that dome, all right. And God is Major Morgan J. Divine.

A dead silence. The multitude awaits the Word. Peace, says the Father, peace. They sing His favorite: "All is Heaven now He Come," and pancakes are served. God helps Himself to five. Remember the fish fry in *The Green Pastures*? "Is you served, Father?" asks Faithful Mary, big-bosomed archangel. "Yes, I've served." God dunks His pancakes in golden puddles of maple syrup, munches with mundane appetite and divine unconcern. He blesses the dishes; now they can eat.

God's in His Heaven, stronger than ever, in spite of newspapers, courts, police, welfare agencies and other godless aberrations. He has been growing steadily ever since Creation and Expulsion down in Sayville, since the Exodus to Orange and the Babylonian Captivity at Newark. Like all messianic pilgrimages, Father Divine's road has been full of detours. A thousand irate Long Islanders drove him forth from Sayville where he founded Heaven number one, in New Jersey a ponderous legal report was gathered against him, in half a dozen other states the welfare agencies, and the clergy pounced upon him, and the citizenry stopped the all night singing of the faithful.

Charges against God are usually of the following nature: He is a public nuisance. His heavens violate city health ordinances. He promotes domestic discord. He encourages parents to neglect their

children. He destroys belief in the efficacy of medical science. He teaches an economic fallacy when he suggests that God will provide.

His chief crown of thorns are the courts of earthly law. Time and again the jesting pilates have accused him of driving people mad, of urging countless swift departures of the faithful in the dead of night, in the lamplight of Lenox Avenue or the back alleys of Newark, leaving behind them flats full of babies and frantic spouses.

Divine's cult is undoubtedly full of psychotics who stole out of life's misery into the frenzy that is the only joy they'll ever know. They are said to swarm to him by the hundreds of thousands. New York City alone contains forty-six "kingdoms, peace missions, extensions and connections" and there are hundreds more throughout the country, with California, of course, fertilest of fields. The cult grows as the depression continues, especially with the chance of free pancakes and spareribs.

And, surely, another factor in the success of this new God is his color. His Negro followers must always have found their old God a white man's God. Here, suddenly, are two tangibles, for the first time: a flesh-and-blood Lord, whose existence doesn't tax the imagination, and a temperament and body belonging to them. For generations the enslaved waited for redemption, and now it has come. God revealed himself in their image.

That Divine denied his divinity doesn't matter a whit. They have forgotten already the event of last March 1st.

"Bring this Father Divine to me," ordered Judge Jacob Panken in Children's Court. "Are you God?" asked his honor, who is not only a disbeliever but a right-wing Socialist. "Answer yes or no."

Divine, in his infinite wisdom, knew that an affirmative reply would mean contempt of court. God knew how to be practical; he hedged. "I'm not God, but millions think I am. Maybe I'm the devil."

Lucky Judge Panken, who's still alive, breathing the good air, say the faithful. God can be a God of wrath, especially with judges. "You are a menace to society," blasphemed Judge Smith at Mineola in 1932, handing Divine a year in Suffolk County jail and fining him \$500. The father smiled, so the faithful tell you. Judge Smith, he died five days later . . .

Now the Harlemites who flock to 115th Street, leaving hubby or wife, as the case may be, to watch out for the kiddies, aren't doing it simply to Get Away From It All. That could be accomplished partly by joining the cult and living at home. But the real thing to get away from is The Evil. And in Harlem (meaning all Negro communities) that is no cinch job. The Evil, according to Father Divine, is sex.

This credo is raising havoc in passionate, love-throbbing domestic Harlem. It is incredible that such a belief could have taken root. Strong black bodies that until now regarded lovemaking as casual a procedure as buying policy slips or picking a horse, are suddenly transmogrified into holy ascetics. Freud, Havelock Ellis and the other sex boys could write volumes about the reaction, not just in the Kingdom and heavenly extensions, but in the hundreds of crowded flats—where Mamie has told Henry to sleep in the livin' room because "she's tuck up with Father Divine." Harlem relief investigators hear the constant complaint of neglected wives: "It jest ain't natural." And, on the male side, complaining witnesses have said in court: "Honest, Jedge, she shuts the door in my face evvy time I go in our room." In families where babies used to arrive like clockwork, year after year, that Greek salad of misdirected energy—Platonic love—has crossed the threshold. Believe it, this is anathema to the non-Divine portion of the population, just as it would be if a similar thunderbolt struck any other community. The cult member finds complete release in singing "It's Wonderful" or eating pan-

cakes at the Kingdom, but his or her better half, who still believes in marriage on the good old basis, is driven to extreme measures. Infidelity (if it can be called that, under the circumstances) is more rife in Harlem, as a result of the Father's doctrine. And Lesbianism is spreading among the girl ascetics. When a husband and wife have both joined the Kingdom, in many cases, each has gone his separate way.

There is a rumor that this doctrine of repression can explain the secret of Father Divine's finances. For years the great mystery has been: where does God get his money? The Father maintains a fleet of autos, a private airplane, an elaborate wardrobe. He flashes five-hundred-dollar bills in court when asked for bail. His food bills are enormous; in Sayville the storekeepers still talk of the daily purchases of chickens, beefs and vegetables for the 2,000 who attend services. Divine's reply had always been: "Heaven sends me the cash." Harlem whispers of a wealthy crackpot, some white man or

woman, who has stood the financial burden all these years. Why? To foster race suicide of the Negro as a means of solving the race problem. Yes, millions have been poured before this into such eerie schemes. As for the possibility of the cult's sexual abstinence having any real effect on the total birth rate, that is highly dubious. But the crack-pot donor theory persists.

The probable answer is simpler. Harlem used to be easy pickin's for insurance salesmen. An eager populace snatched their life policies, under the pardonable impression that the odds were good and that there was some way of beating the game; this must have been especially true of those susceptible fleawits who later joined the Kingdom. Now their policies are being tossed back at the insurance companies for redemption, and the proceeds, presumably, are being given to Father Divine. And why not—when he's given his followers their immortality in return. Besides, you don't have any use for a life insurance policy when you're not going to die.

TOWER IN THE FOREST

by TRAVIS HOKE

THREE or four times people that found out I was in Europe that time asked me what impressed me most over there. So I have thought it over, and this is what impressed me most while in Europe. It was a thing at Schwartzwald, Germany. Schwartzwald is German for black forest, and it really is a forest, although not black but evergreen trees, and the specialty there is cherry brandy that they call kirschenwasser.

I was at a very little town on the narrow gauge road that did not have any other American in it. There was not even a German tourist in it. The only one that spoke any English is a local that I figure is the town playboy, because they all shake their heads about him, so they bring him around to the hotel to talk. There is not much he can say in English, and he mostly laughs, but he explained about the kirschenwasser. I had one of those little pocket dictionaries and at first we passed it back and forth so we could talk, but finally there was nothing new to say, so we mostly made signs and let it go at that.

I asked him what was the thing to see around there, and he said, the forest, so I would go and look at it during the day, and at night he would come to the hotel and we would knock off a few kirsches with the owner and some other locals. Almost every night they had a stag meeting in the back room, but I only went once. The owner made a speech about Germany, I guess it was, and they all stand up and salute and yell "Hoch" and "Heil" and all that. So the playboy makes a speech about me and wants me to make one, but I don't, so they all stand up and salute again and yell all together, "Noots, U. S. A.," only they say it "Oo S. Ah," and then sort of wait for me to say something, but I don't, and they start in making speeches again, so I walk out on them and did not go to the meetings any more.

The forest is very shady and quiet and does not have any weeds or even sticks lying around, and no animals or birds except once I see a couple of squirrels. At first it was too much like a vacant house, but I got so I liked it. One time the playboy went with me, but all he wanted to do was sit on the edge of a gully and look over the fence of a nudist park down below, that I had seen once and that was enough. Another time the kirsch drinkers came out in a gang and brought their lunch and made speeches and sang out of little books and made a lot of noise. So I would go by myself and lie around all day and drink a little kirsch, but mostly sleep.

The day the towners came out I had enough of them by the time they broke out their sandwiches, so I went back in the woods to take a nap, and run into a young fellow and girl. They had on

the local hikers' outfit, which is leather shorts like the 86th Street beer waiters', and sacks strapped on their backs. They were sitting on the ground with their arms around each other, so I started away. But they began talking, so I haul out the dictionary, and one thing led to another, and pretty soon we split our lunch three ways, though they would not take any kirsch, and started off together. The place they are going to is a tower on top of a hill, and they are surprised I have not been there, because they heard you could see a very fine view from there, but I did not care, so we walked along and they sang, but not out of books, and I fake a barytone. Finally we climb a long hill, and on top is a log beer joint, and then the tower. It is a round, wooden tower, maybe two hundred feet tall, with a platform to stand on at the top. I was winded from climbing the hill, so I sit down and have a kirsch, but the young fellow and girl go up right away, because they have to make some other place that night. When they come back they say it is a very fine view and that you can see lots of Alps way off. So we had a beer and they give me the salute and the "Noots, U. S. A." like the towners, and laugh and shake hands and go away.

So I thought I might as well see the view, so I start to climb the stairs. It was like that kind of place would be here, with names written all over the walls, mostly couples—"Otto und Frieda, Muenchen," "Rudi und Gretl, Muenchen," "Willy und Vicki, Berlin," but all German names.

When you get up there you are on top of the world, all right. Whichever way you look is the top of the forest under you, dark green and smooth without a nick in it, until you come to the sky. On the side opposite to the sun and away off there were a lot of mountains that were the Alps. I thought at first they were clouds, but that was the snow on the tops. They had a brass plate around the railing with names and marks cut in it that you could sight along and tell which Alp you were looking at. It was quieter than in the forest, even, and when you looked way off at the mountains you almost thought they would make a noise. It was that quiet.

I thought I would write a few American couples' names on the walls, like Bishop Cannon and Peggy Joyce, for a gag, so I started to go back. The door from the platform to the stairs is very high, maybe twelve foot, and all along it were names, all the way up both sides and across the top. Some were cut in the wood, but most were written. The people that put them across the top must have had to be boosted up. And highest of all, over all the other names, some guy had cut very big and deep. There is no date or town, but just on top of everything, "NUTS Ed Bush U. S. A."

So that is what impressed me most while in Europe.

"THE GREAT AMERICAN CONDUCTOR"

by ROY A. DICKINSON

IT HAS been commented upon before that the paradox about orchestral conducting is the fact that in this, the most subtle and intricate of all the interpretative branches of the musical art, it is easiest to palm off fraud and bluff (for a short period, at any rate). I am reminded of this singularly amusing paradox in connection with the young American conductor who for an entire season was permitted to walk in footsteps of immortals. I allude, of course, to Mr. Werner Janssen who, last year, shared the assignment of directing the world's foremost orchestra with such unquestionably great conductors as Toscanini, Bruno Walter and Klemperer.

I do not want it to be assumed that I consider Janssen a musical faker. He has proved, I believe, an indisputable talent for the stick. He seems to possess an instinct for baton technique, a sincere enthusiasm for the finer elements in the art, and a flair for interesting program-making. The case of Werner Janssen is that of a novice conductor, green with immaturity, who was permitted to assume the most important post a batonist can hope to reach; that he should fulfill it for half a season of guest-performances without confronting the derision of an amused, perhaps insulted, public merely proves emphatically that either the American music-audiences are the most amiable in the world, or else that it is a comparatively easy trick to substitute quackery for talent on the conductor's platform.

Carrying upon his shoulders the garland of "European triumphs," and the laurel of Jan Sibelius' feverish approval encircling his brow, Werner Janssen stepped from obscurity to the platform of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society almost overnight. Blatant bugles of publicity heralded him as the "great American conductor." Enlisting all the Barnum tactics in the conductorial repertoire (Janssen presented spectacular programs of unknown music, all of which he performed from memory), Janssen attempted to fulfill an assignment that, I am afraid, was far beyond his capabilities and experience.

Rehearsals are merciless in disclosing the stuff of which conductors are made; and they were merciless to Janssen. One can point to innumerable picayune examples to prove the pregnability of his musical armor. Upon performing certain unfamiliar symphonies—Schubert's *Fifth* was one outstanding example—he changed his *tempi* three different times upon three different occasions. He has frequently given wrong cues in his conducting—at one time signaling to the second violins four bars too soon, at another time heralding the oboe for an entrance when it was a clarinet that was called for, and a third time designating the wrong rhythmic pattern with his stick. In difficult passages he has been known to eliminate all accelerations and retards so as not to be confused in his conducting. At concerts, he has been known to expend so much effort and concentration upon remembering the score (his lips move, while he conducts, as he mumbles the beat to himself!) that he is sublimely oblivious of what is happening in front of him. Most amazing of all, this young conductor who is endowed with a most phenomenal visual memory (he can recite every note that each musician plays by rote!) has been known time and again to fail to detect obvious

mistakes in rhythm and tonality. Can it be that the "great American conductor" is somewhat tone-deaf?

But the most serious shortcoming of Janssen as a conductor—a shortcoming which is perhaps best recognized by the musicians who have played under him—is the apparent fact that he lacks a clear conception of the music he conducts. At rehearsals, he permits the orchestra to play through a program several times, and rarely does he contribute any perceptible interpolations as to style of performance or interpretation. "Gentlemen, we'll clean it up tomorrow," is a favorite remark of his, after a casual reading of a new work; and the "cleansing" process, the following day, invariably consisted in but another casual reading. In short, most compositions performed by the orchestra under Janssen were virgin pure of any Werner Janssen influence.

The interesting phenomenon of all this, to me, is the fact that, for so long a time—notwithstanding the most awkward blundering and helpless confusion on the part of Janssen in shoes too large for him—he should have been taken so seriously. If it seemed strange to the members of the orchestra that the audiences did not notice Janssen's punctured technique, his naïve "conceptions" and his ridiculous *tempi*, what then can be said of their reaction to the fact that audiences vigorously applauded the young conductor after his "readings" of the Vincent D'Indy Symphony and the MacDowell Piano Concerto in both of which Janssen was so confused, and confusing, that for several pages the performance degenerated into complete chaos?

It may very well be asked: But what of Jan Sibelius' extravagant praise of Janssen's "genius," what of Janssen's "European triumphs"—both of which paved his way to Carnegie Hall? The answer is not difficult to uncover, if one is willing to penetrate beyond the surfaces. Sibelius' tears and hysterical effusions over Janssen's performances of the great composer's symphonies is by no means an unusual reaction. Sibelius had previously been as wildly enthusiastic over Stokowski and Koussevitzsky in their interpretations of the symphonies; and before that Sibelius had referred to Robert Kajanus as the foremost conductor of his music in the world. As a matter of fact, only a few days ago there was a performance of Sibelius' music in Copenhagen under a conductor whose name at the moment eludes me; and the event reached the American newspapers only because Sibelius liberally showered the conductor with his generous praise. One suspects that in the eyes of this master, every conductor who performs his music is a "genius." As for Janssen's "European triumphs," one can afford the luxury of skepticism. I have heard from a musician who was in Berlin, when Janssen gave his guest-performance with the Berlin Philharmonic—that if the event caused comment among musicians, it was certainly not flattering to Mr. Janssen. And in Rome, after Janssen gave his supposedly "triumphant" performance, the musicians gave the young conductor a little gift: a cigarette box which, when opened, softly tinkles the tune of "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby!" Mr. Janssen is inclined to consider this a very cute gesture; for my part, I think it is very acute criticism.

William Lyon Phelps

MATILDA RECEIVES HER CALLERS

by SAMUEL GRAFTON

ALWAYS, pale with the thin neck and the horn glasses (from the time he had forced himself, jittering in his trousers, to climb the white marble steps and say lady do you want any magazine subscriptions; only for the price of postage I am working my way through college) he had made himself do what must be done. So now he stood on the cold brownstone step with the wind spooning into his ears and waited, colder because he could not keep his hands in his pockets; they became sweaty in his pockets and the old man might answer the door and want to shake. There were two long, narrow panes of the glass in the front door and a red curtain behind them; if he twisted so and so he could sometimes see who was coming down the hall to answer his bell, and maybe hide one shoe behind the other if he had not shined. It was Matilda who came; the heavy girl stepping girlishly and lightly; lost to everything else, her mouth open and all eager to see who was at the door for her. The house was run so that it must be someone at the door for her; if it were someone at the door for someone else in the family it was in no way important. But if for her the old man and the old lady would be at the back of the hall to take a long quiet look and go back to the kitchen and talk about it while she took whoever it was to the parlor and turned on the radio. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she said to Joe, but she was not glad and the old man and the old lady looked doubtfully at him and walked, he could almost say disapprovingly, back to the kitchen. But he was not worried, he would sit in the chair no matter if the other man came; they could not, after all, throw him out of the chair if he chose to stay there all night.

She busied herself at the radio for a moment and it began. He had made quickly for his chair, his refuge, and was already in it; inside him the determination that had made him ask the lady about the magazines, which she had not bought. She stood there, big and tall and quite broad across the breasts for a senior high school girl, and wide through the hips, her nose whiter than the rest of her face with powder and her lips painted in a cupid's bow that crossed her upper lip and made her look puckered if not pert. She had done her hair in a wind-blown bob that was too cute for her large head and large expanse of white skin. She stood with her back against the papered wall, and he remembered choosing the wall-paper with her (the house was for her, the high school girl; the old man and the old lady had to be told) and he remembered the gradual rebuilding of the room with newly-faked hardwood floors, not real parquetry, but surfaced, the crystal chandelier and cut glass here and cut glass there and cut glass here. They had talked for whole evenings about the new wall-paper and what it ought to be like. She hated a room that was ordinary. "Do you wanna dance?" she asked him. She half closed her eyes and swayed her middle and tapped a toe. They had perfected all their steps together, and he wanted to dance anyway; when the other guy came and found them dancing the other guy would feel out of it, and he would dance close to her when the other guy came in the door.

But when the other guy came she broke away to answer the door-bell herself and he popped into his chair. He knew what to do; whatever hints, whatever suggestions there were, he would close his ears and eyes too for he was afraid that to go away now and leave the other guy in possession would be to go away to stay away. The other guy wore a double-breasted suit of a grey mixture, fitted about the hips; his trousers hung full and broke right above the insteps. Maybe, he thought insanely, it's the double-

breasted suit she likes, none of us in the neighborhood have them. Grossman on Girard Avenue had a nice line, but conservative stuff; all the boys stood on the street while you went in to buy your first suit by yourself for twenty-two dollars; or maybe one went in with you and pinched the fabric and said that's a nice piece of cloth, and nodded while Grossman nodded and you twisted your neck in the mirror.

The other guy, Victor, was very polite. He put out his hand and shook warmly. His hands looked scrubbed, with stubby well-kept nails. His eyeglasses were rimless, the lenses octagonal, held gingerly from above at the sides by two white gold ear-pieces. His dark eyes were wide apart, the nose a little short and squat, and his figure was chunky; like the kind of heavy man who dances light on his feet, glides with authority and smiles at the orchestra leader. He invariably put his heels together (effortlessly) when he was presented and bowed a little, and his eyes never changed in expression much. I wonder what that guy does about his pimples, thought Joe, and he hated him sincerely; street-corner science told him the guy must know plenty women to be smooth-cheeked like that and he had no right to come to Matilda's house. Joe rubbed his shoulders against the back of the chair; he had not risen; I'm staying, he thought.

"I'm awfully glad to see you again," said Victor to Joe. "I've been thinking you promised to come up to the store sometime and you never showed up." He sat down on the sofa beside Matilda and opposite Joe. "I'd like to know all of Matty's friends better."

The guy's moving in, thought Joe. It's Matty now. He called her Matilda last time. "I'm going to take a walk over sometime," he said, "and see your layout up there."

"All right," said Victor. "Make it Thursday."

"Thursday's okay," said Joe.

"Okay, Thursday," said Victor. "Wednesday and Friday my clerk will be on, so don't come around then unless you just want a prescription filled."

"Shall we dance?" asked Matilda.

"You don't mind?" asked Victor.

"Okay by me," said Joe.

What struck him funny was this: Matilda was looking at the radio when she said shall we dance, and there was no way of telling did she mean Victor or did she mean him; yet this guy goes ahead and figures it's him, and then it is him. Here he came in from the outside; nobody in the neighborhood ever heard of him, and right away he has the inside track. He sits there in his double-breasted suit and if there's anything to be done and he wants to be the one to do it why he becomes the one to do it, and he does it. They didn't dance very well together; Matilda stumbled once or twice, but the guy straightened it out smart; he doesn't dance with her the way I dance with her; we learned together, thought Joe. (You went to Matilda's house on Friday night, Saturday afternoon was when all the telephoning was done for the Sunday night party, and you danced around all Friday night and learned the Westchester go-away so you could do it for the party; and everybody at the party knew you had a new step and would stop, stand back and watch it.) The floor was covered with little throw rugs which made dancing hard; Matilda and Victor stumbled together, and stopped, and laughed, and swished back the rugs, still holding each other, and then went on dancing on the faked hardwood floors. I ought to do something to show I'm in on this party, thought Joe, and started up to adjust the radio, which was

wavering, but remembered, sick, how he had embarrassedly fiddled the dials all the time Victor was here the other night and then had gone out, and he sank back into the chair. The tune ended, and he arose quickly, and said I'll have this one, and started dancing with Matilda. They did all the steps they knew.

After watching for a few moments Victor jumped up from his chair.

"I haven't said hello to the folks!" he said. "I'll go back now while you're dancing."

That's the way he does everything, thought Joe, makes himself a hero. For the first time he realized none of the boys in the neighborhood ever said hello to the folks; the folks just sat back there in the kitchen and peeped out when anybody new came into the house and then went back and sat in the kitchen, its blue painted plaster screaming under a 100-watt light. Joe had only been in the kitchen a couple times since he knew Matilda; once he had stood there at the door and watched them all eat, because he had popped in to tell them about something and had been too embarrassed to leave, and stayed, now on his left foot, now on his right. Victor swooped to the kitchen yelling hello mom, hello pop. Moving in every way he can, thought Joe.

"How do you like Victor, Joe?" asked Matilda.

"Okay by me," said Joe.

"You know, I think he's so mature," said Matilda.

"He's an all right guy," said Joe.

"You know what I mean by mature," said Matilda. "I mean he's sort of mature. You know."

"I guess he gets that way running a store," said Joe.

"A lot of people call him doctor," said Matilda. "I guess I really ought to introduce him as doctor. What do you think?"

"He's a druggist," said Joe.

"It's not so easy being a druggist," said Matilda. "He told me he had to go to pharmacy college three years."

"It's not like a real college," said Joe. "Or a real doctor."

"He's sort of mature, like a doctor," said Matilda.

"I guess a druggist has to kind of impress people," said Joe.

"I don't think he shows off," said Matilda. "If you mean he tries to impress people."

I'm not going to say anything against the guy, thought Joe. I don't have to do that.

"I thought I could dance pretty good," said Matilda, "but I don't think I'm in his class. What do you think, Joe?"

"You dance okay by me, Matty," said Joe.

"Maybe it's because you and me've been dancing together so long," said Matty. "I can't dance so good with anybody else."

"I think you're better'n he is," said Joe.

"I don't think he minds dancing with me," said Matilda. "But he's so mature, I mean in his manners, you can't know what he thinks. Don't you think so, Joe?"

She's worrying about whether he likes her enough; she's worrying about him liking her, thought Joe. He ain't doing the worrying. She's doing the worrying.

And I'm doing the worrying. Victor came back and Joe fought against an instinct to stop dancing and surrender her to him. He made up his mind he didn't have to do that; he could keep right on, for any druggist. But Victor walked over to the radio and shut it off. Then he raised an arm. They stopped dancing.

"I'd like to talk to you alone for a minute, Matty," he said.

"I'm sorry, Joe. But there's something wrong. I'd like to talk to Matty alone for a minute."

He's being a hero again about something, thought Joe.

I ought to say right now, listen, I want to be in on this, he thought.

But he could not swing himself into the rhythm of what was

happening fast enough. Victor moved fast, the way a heavy man glides over the dance floor, and took Matty's arm. He led her back into the rear hall separating the parlor from the dining room and kitchen. They talked together.

Joe could almost hear. The manners that even the boys of his group had on occasion, the etiquette that only came to him now and then, the bounce of right doing that made him wait until the lady was seated in a restaurant though he would never wait any other place, made him now move out of earshot. In some peculiar way, just as you stand when the principal talks to you about your marks, the crisis evoked the response, and, for the first time of the evening, he fiddled with the radio dials, though he did not turn the music on, and could not even see the figures with the dial light out, the instrument dead.

There had been only two or three such moments in all his life. Once he had taken a girl home late after a party, and her old man had been up, waiting, a scared old man, not trusting his daughter, pushing red eyes at him, and he had stood stiff and still while the girl, horrible in embarrassment, pulled her father away, and spoke to her old man tensely, telling him to shut up. Everything in him had coiled springlike then as it flexed now and waited. The mood of that other contretemps returned and flooded him; he had been in a darkened room both times, waiting for a conversation to end, and conversation that concerned him and that he could not, was not allowed to hear.

"Listen," said Matty from the hall. "Joe, you can come here."

He was conscious of erectness as he walked to the hall, again of a gallantry and bearing evoked by the occasion.

"Listen," said Victor, "the thing is this. Mother isn't feeling well."

"Mother?" asked Joe.

"Matty's mother," said Victor. "She isn't feeling well. So we thought, Matty and I, we'd hop in the car and drive over to my store and get something for her."

"She isn't feeling well," said Matty.

"I'm sorry to hear she isn't feeling well," said Joe. "Maybe I ought to go along with you."

"Well, the thing is this," said Victor quickly, his heels together and his dark eyes candidly on Joe's. "Maybe they need you to help out here. We'll call back when we reach the store and see how things are going."

"Maybe Matty oughtn't to go," said Joe. "If you're going to have to drive fast."

"Matty knows the sort of things her mother needs when she's not feeling well," said Victor.

It's up to me, thought Joe. I got to stop them from going. He knew that the concealment was hardly attempted seriously: had Matty's mother really been ill Matty would have rushed back to the kitchen at once; the mood and tone of the explanation were frauds. It's up to me, he thought. I got to fight it out right now, if I can think of something to say.

"There's a drug store right at the corner," he said. "I could run over there and get what they need."

"I'm a druggist myself," said Victor, "and I know I could do better in my own store. Only ten minutes in the car, after all, and why put these people to a lot of expenses?"

It's up to me, thought Joe. I only got about one more chance.

"Listen," he said. "If she don't feel well maybe we better all stay here and call a doctor."

"She doesn't need a doctor," said Victor. "I can tell that. But we oughtn't to delay like this. We ought to start right away."

Victor started to the front door, and they tagged after. A gust of cold fresh air blew in when he opened it, and he hopped out to start the engine. Joe grasped Matty's hand at the doorstep.

(Please turn to page 15)

OUR HOMESPUN LAW MAKERS

by JOHN BROWN MASON

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INFORMATION pertinent to this inquiry about Congressmen may be gathered from two impressive volumes, known respectively as the *Congressional Directory* and *Who's Who in America*. Each of these books constitutes a mine of information by itself, furnished in each case by the men it tells about.

The *Congressional Directory* is printed, sent out and delivered at the expense of the United States government by individual Congressmen, to constituents who count politically and especially to newspaper editors who are expected to pass onto their readers the kind of information it provides. *Who's Who*, on the other hand, is an expensive and privately published work mentioning Congressmen only incidentally, among a host of other celebrities. It is by comparing the two volumes that one gets a composite picture of a Congressman, rather than scattered segments,—several sides rather than just one carefully chosen and favorite pose. And of poses there is no dearth in the *Directory*, all of which, one must presume, are there for a purpose.

An old American tradition has it that men *born on a farm* have qualities not possessed by others, at least not to the same degree. It is whispered that they have horse-sense. They "are close to the plain and sound people, and therefore make trustworthy representatives in the capitals of state and nation." A good many of our Congressmen wish to be no exception, for forty-two Representatives and three Senators make haste to claim the distinction. Some of those who were not "born on a farm," the rugged "old homestead," or on a "stock ranch" in the wide open West pride themselves on at least having spent their impressionable "boyhood" or "early life" on a farm. Others, having lacked such excellent foresight in the days of their youth, try to make up deficiencies by now owning farms and "residing" (of all things) on them. Still others point with pride to their farmer fathers or pioneer parents. In one case, a pioneer father-in-law is rated as a distinct asset.

The next best qualification for making good in the big city on the Potomac seems to be the accident of birth in the city, or at least district which the well-equipped legislator represents in Congress. As many as eighty-eight Representatives and eighteen Senators claim this prime achievement. If some poor fellow cannot help having originated elsewhere—due, presumably, to short-sighted parents or some other regrettable accident—he can at least point out the fact that he has been "practically" a life-long resident of the district which elected him, or a man who has lived in the good, old home-town ("no better place on earth . . .") since 1890, or 1894, 1906, etc. The Democratic Senator from Wisconsin, F. Ryan Duffy, beats all previous records by stating that he "lives to-day in the house of his birth" (in 1888). The purpose of his statement is not quite clear unless it is to indicate the sacrifice the man had to make when he consented to move to Washington, D. C., for six long years.

Voters often have a curious prejudice, against bankers, manufacturers, and public utility men in politics. To run for Congress under such designations might be considered personally honest but it does not seem to be politically sagacious. More can be accomplished by the use of harmless sounding names of professions. Why not put pride in one's main accomplishments aside and run for office as a "farmer" pure and simple? Or as a "lawyer," also pure if less simple? Actually, we find Congressmen who would have us think that the (lawyers') bar means everything in their public, political life but who, in their private lives, after all have substantial other interests. We might cite as a few examples members of

Congress who are, 1) (Oliver H. Cary, Kentucky) a bank president, director of two other banks and a trust company; 2) (Mell G. Underwood, Ohio) president of two commercial companies and director of a bank; 3) (Zebulon Weaver, North Carolina) a specialist in corporation and real estate law; and, in the case of Senators, 1) (Alva B. Adams, Colorado) president of a savings and trust company, vice-president of a bank, and director of a manufacturing concern; 2) (Robert J. Bulkley, Ohio), president of a firm of contractors and chairman of the board of a bank.

A Kansas farmer, W. P. Lamberton, demonstrates, though not openly, that it is possible to be a member of the board of directors of the wild and woolly National Farmers Union and also a director of local telephone and elevator companies. A former United States Senator and present Representative from New York, J. W. Wadsworth, proclaims that he is in the "livestock and general farming business." A check-up shows that, perhaps as a sideline, he is also president of a bank and trust company.

Something that may be referred to as "political modesty" bids a good many in Congress hide their private business interests under a bushel. While giving some interesting and relatively complete information in the bulky red volume, some go to the careful extreme of making no pertinent statement whatsoever in the official source book. Two Senators may be referred to especially as outshining all others in this respect, 1) (W. W. Barbour from New Jersey) who is a manufacturer, president of a thread mill, director of a bank and trust company, and of a shoe company, and (last but not least) treasurer of the American Protective Tariff League; 2) (Hamilton F. Kean, also from New Jersey) a president of a bank who "has also served as officer and director of various corporations."

Some pearls found by the observant reader can be grouped only under *miscellaneous*. There is the physician in the House, Dr. Wm. Sirovich from New York, who, it is found, became president of a bank after his election to Congress but who does not consider this fact an achievement of public interest. An eastern Senator, J. H. Metcalf from Rhode Island, was "educated in the schools of Providence," which modest statement fairly breathes the democratic air of our great public school system. Here, at last, is a man who comes straight from the city people. Alas, according to the more explicit and less official source of information, he was educated in *private* schools and in Yorkshire College, England. Senator Norbeck from South Dakota shyly volunteers the information that he is a "well-driller by occupation." The humble artisan who did so well in politics, however, is the president of " . . . Co., Well Drillers," and a former university student. The same Senator and two Representatives, Ulysses Samuel Guyer of Kansas and Benjamin K. Focht of Pennsylvania, are the sons of "Reverend . . ." in the *Congressional Directory* but the offspring of plain "George . . .", etc., elsewhere.

A Delaware Senator, J. G. Townsend, Jr., informs us that he is "actively engaged in farming, fruit growing, and banking." In *Who's Who* he neatly reverses the order, saying that he is "largely identified with banking, farming and business interests in Delaware." Incidentally, he usefully occupies his spare time with being president of the Baltimore Trust Company of which another Senator, P. L. Goldborough of Maryland, is vice-chairman of the board.

Why not do some digging on your own sometime? You might spend a rainy afternoon with some dusty old library tomes—you'd be amused at the revelations!

INTELLECTUALS AND THEIR CELEBRITIES

by JULIAN FUNT

IT'S quite complicated, this celebrity problem. It takes years to master—and even then you're never free of those horrible moments of doubt. Perhaps this is because, while it frequently appears in what is laughingly known as social intercourse, it is never mentioned by name. Certainly it is never acknowledged to be a problem. That would be fatal.

Whenever the names of celebrities are introduced in conversation, it must be done casually, artlessly. There must be no trace of strain; no hint of pride. To do otherwise is to betray yourself instantly, to reveal that you have no right to call yourself an intellectual.

Learning of these painful restrictions, people have asked: why bother about the celebrity problem at all? Why not merely ignore it? The answer is that no intellectual dares. As a matter of fact, if he neglects the celebrity problem for too long a time, it becomes a serious reflection on his right to call himself an intellectual.

At all costs, then, the intellectual must tackle his celebrity problem squarely. Complicated? Exasperating? Impossible? Of course, but to an intellectual these must, of necessity, become minor obstacles.

Sometimes intellectuals have attempted to straddle their celebrity problem by a clever but superficial device known as the "acquaintance-by-innuendo." This is usually accomplished with the aid of an intimate—preferably a husband or wife.

I say preferably a husband or wife because usually married people have so much on each other, that knowledge of their mutual shame and desperation in celebrity hunting won't essentially change their opinions of one another. With friends, however, there is always the possibility that the friendship will rupture and that there will follow some very ugly and unpleasant recriminations—each friend recalling, with nasty emphasis, the other's sweaty desperation during the anxious days of the celebrity chase.

Roughly, the "acquaintance-by-innuendo" technique takes the following form: Friend wife, while entertaining the Bronx Corpuscles, says suddenly, "Theodore dropped in this afternoon." Friend husband, taken by surprise, not knowing who Theodore might be, and knowing that no one really dropped in, treads cautiously. "Oh, is that so? Sorry I missed him. What did he have to say?" And then friend wife says, "Why he's having trouble with his agent (or his landlord; or his poems) again."

And then, of course, there is the follow-through, the punch line. Turning to the Corpuscles, friend wife says, "It's Dreiser, you know." (Or Gloria Swanson, or Rex Tugwell, as the case may be). She says it casually, artlessly. She hopes it will sink in. At the same time she does not want the remark to be too vividly remembered. (This is the sort of contradiction which intellectuals frequently encounter.)

But, of course, not all intellectuals are married. And then, too, the opportunity to use the "acquaintance-by-innuendo" technique is not always present. As a matter of fact, the point has been made that this practice is somewhat unethical; there are even those who hold that it is a form of fraud. Particularly as in this case the hosts of the Corpuscles actually didn't know their celebrity (Dreiser) at all.

To meet your celebrity requirements with intellectual honesty, you must know each celebrity personally.

To add to the complications, there is the ephemeral quality of the celebrities themselves. What may be a celebrity today may be something foul tomorrow. What may be merely a case of castration complex today may be tomorrow's guest of honor. Alas, there's no hard and fast rule you can lay down.

Then, too, there is the problem of how many celebrities you have to know.

Fortunately, it has been established that five bona fide celebrities adequately fill the bill. But when you try to establish the qualifications of a bona fide celebrity, you run smack into what is practically a brick wall.

Obviously, not all that glitters or makes sparkling quips is a celebrity. Thus, at the moment, three standard, acceptable celebrities plus Dorothy Parker (a few months ago you could have substituted Tallulah Bankhead, in another few months you will be able to substitute Madame Frances Perkins) equal the minimum five required. Again, nine of the staff of the Theatre Guild and four dance critics, the first nine counting for three and the second four for two, make up the minimum five required. Sometimes this is even more complicated. For instance, eighteen members of the Philharmonic still leave you with the problem of filling the remaining four units.

To illustrate further:

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur count as five celebrities one day and as one-half of one celebrity unit the next. (Ever since their entrance into movie production there have been wild fluctuations in their market value, each new release playing havoc with former values.)

But, if up to now we have been haphazard and evasive, at least from this point on we can, by way of compensation, list a few simple rules.

First, there is need for detachment, occasional firmness and sometimes even outright cruelty. Each celebrity is under the impression that by himself he constitutes more than enough to round out the five minimum units required. It is an ingrained and unshakable belief. And it creates quite a complication, especially when the celebrity asks for five times as much of a loan as you can afford, or five times as much appreciation as he is entitled to.

Yielding too readily to celebrities, even when they are reasonable, is a fatal error. Merely because an intellectual occasionally finds a celebrity useful in his intellectual life, there is no need to let him play ducks and drakes with one's self-respect. The best results can be obtained by firmness, especially in those cases when the celebrity in question really rates a fraction of one unit. "I've put up with your nonsense long enough. Don't forget you began as an intellectual yourself," has often been sufficient to put a celebrity in his place.

It is a mistake for the intellectual to feel that he is limited in choosing his minimum five from celebrities enjoying good health. As a matter of fact, some of the best contacts have been made with those who were dying. A dying celebrity will soon be a dead celebrity, and a dead celebrity is a celebrity indeed. A man may be a celebrity today and just another commuter tomorrow. But if a man dies a celebrity, he is a celebrity forever. And to intellectuals who like their celebrities to stay put, this is an important item.

Not only that, but intellectuals, when discussing their celebrities with others, sometimes stretch a point or two in their enthusiasm and tell little stories which should have happened but never did. They get rather loose about details. Only those who are familiar with the essential *joie de vivre* of the intellectual can understand how this happens. If the celebrity is alive, the true facts may sometimes come out and prove very embarrassing. This danger is not present when a celebrity is dead.

Many seasoned intellectuals, therefore, make a practice of haunting hospitals and other places where dying celebrities gather or are likely to be brought. Some of the finest intellectuals have met some of the finest celebrities in this way. It's a very pleasant ar-

rangement all around. Celebrities are very agreeable and ingratiating when they are dying. "Say nice things about me when I'm gone," they beg with unwonted meekness, demonstrating that their minds as well as their bodies are going.

Of course there will always be the problem: how can you recognize a celebrity? For years intellectuals have literally begged for a rule of thumb, a distinguishing sign. "At least," they have asked, "give us a working definition." Your correspondent has himself devoted a number of years to research. He maintains that as yet it is too early to expect anything definite. Nevertheless, recognizing the need of a definition for temporary use, he submits the following test: if a celebrity were caught naked, would it show?

AT THE SIGN OF THE "G" STRING

by BERNARD SOBEL

Author of "Burleycue," a history of Burlesque

"LEG" shows began to affect my life when I reached the receptive age of five.

At that time I lived in a small town in Indiana on the corner of 11th and Main Streets, opposite a family by the name of Beitler. They had an imposing-looking house with a large, old-fashioned porch, wide lawn and cherry trees. They had, also, two children about my age, attractive and friendly youngsters. But nobody ever came to see either of them. Hour by hour and day by day they stood looking through the iron fence.

Once I ran across the street to play with them and I had a wonderful time gorging myself with licorice, playing with a toy train and jiggling mercury along the grooves of a red plush puzzle box.

But I never got a chance for a return visit.

"Don't you ever dare to go near those Beitlers again," warned my aunt. "They're not fit company."

Only later did I understand that the Beitlers weren't considered respectable because the old man ran a "leg" show—"Beitler's Burlesque House," a sore spot in the town, the weekly morality exhaust for the clergy and the yellow journals, and a general target for the police.

Determinedly and unabashed, Beitler plastered the town every week with bawdy posters; planted them on the back of fences, in saloon corridors and in front of the railway station.

From the first time that I saw the picture of one of his golden-haired beauties, extremely decolleté, and beckoning to me with a garter, I was lost. And by the time I was wearing long pants I was a weekly attendant at Beitlers.

Never will I forget the excitement and the pleasure of those performances! Men guzzling beer out of bottles, the room thick with smoke, the shouting across the footlights, "Get hot, old girl, get hot." Brawls were frequent and the ushers and bouncers had their hands full.

From the gracious distance of the gallery, the chorus girls looked like boudoir divinities. May Howard, who eventually became the most famous of all burlesque queens, played the lead in some kind of side-of-the-mouth, bedtime story that now stars Mae West.

Four comedians led the fun: a Jew with a derby, an Irishman with a red nose, a Dutchman continually adjusting his trousers, and a Negro. Sometimes there was a Chinaman, too, or a dude with yellow hair and a red tie.

The leading ladies were tall, usually blonde, Amazons. Their work was easy. They sang a sentimental ballad or two, "fed" the

energetic comics and usually paraded in tights in the big finales.

The origin of the modern revue skit or blackout—the "bit"—formed the bulk of the entertainment. I liked best the ones that employed mechanical "props," the squirting siphon and the dear old bladders.

There was always one short sketch in which the young lady came into a medical office for an examination. Then the doctor, one of the comics, would begin a mock professional consultation. The allusions to her anatomy invariably rocked the house. In the photographer sketch, the comic took the girl's picture by leading her into the "dark room," and continuing the word-play with words like "focus" and "negative." Another showed a hotel with two adjoining rooms. In one there was a bridal couple, packing a trunk by sitting on top of the lid; in the other a farmer and his wife, who, hearing the conversation through the transom, misinterpreted their behavior. One of the most popular "bits" ever written, revived recently in the last Ziegfeld Follies, had to do with word-play in which a son kept saying continually to his father, "Sandy Beach, popper, Sandy Beach?" Always, too, there was a bedroom scene, showing the bashful young husband and the not-too-innocent young lady, seeking lodgings for the night. From the moment that the curtain rose, all eyes would center on the bed, and all the stage "business" and dialogue was directed there also. But, as far as the young couple were concerned, it was no go. They never managed to get into it, because a wise-crack, the explosion of a toy gun, or the entrance of another comic nearly always broke up the scene just before its consummation. The shows closed with what was called an "Added Feature" or "Special Attraction"—a hooch dance, an amateur bout or a shin-kicking contest.

The burlesque managers were in constant fear of police raids. Most of them had a system whereby their employees warned them, backstage or front, as to whether they should put on a "whore" show, or keep things down. One or two managers, for their own security, went so far as to have special electric systems installed whereby red and green electric lights in the office or backstage announced the presence of a new police inspector or city official.

In Chicago, during the late 90's, the big burlesque houses were "Sam T. Jack's" and the "Trocadero." Their shows were good ones; featured the best comedians and served as the training ground for players like Jack Pearl and Alexander Carr. It was at Sam T. Jack's that the famous Little Egypt, supposedly the originator of the hooch, made her debut.

Meanwhile burlesque was growing, demonstrating her right to be called the "half-sister of musical comedy and revue."

At the beginning of the World War came the golden age when audiences packed the theaters, stars demanded "billing," and burlesque stocks brought rich dividends.

At one time, forty shows were running simultaneously; and Rose Sydel's "London Belles" rounded out a twenty years series. "Wine, Women and Song," the greatest of all burlesques, ran a year in New York and made a fortune. It drew the cognoscenti and the round-the-towners. Caruso and Lillian Russell went to see themselves imitated by Bonita and Orville Harrold and Jerome Kern contributed a song number.

The great favorites of this era were men and women who became, eventually, the stars of the musical comedy and revue world of today: Al Jolson, Fannie Brice, Leon Errol, Jack Pearl, W. C. Fields, James Barton, Bert Lahr, Willie and Eugene Howard, and Clark and McCullough.

Some of the comics were known nationally by their slogans: Alexander Carr by "Toblitzky Says"; Al Reeves by "Give me credit, boys." Others, like "Billy" (Beef Trust) Watson, Billy "Sliding" Watson and "Bozo" Snyder were popularly identified by nicknames, personal wise-cracks, and special stage business, all symbols of robust entertainment.

Ah, those were the good old days! Beer drinking, hot desire on the loose, laughter, jeers, amateur nights, the hook, "The Girl in Red," the candy butcher's spiel on the souvenir books with nude girls in 15 different positions, and the old, old story of the drummer and the farmer's daughter.

Then, suddenly, burlesque blew up! The whole thing went to pieces and nobody could tell exactly why. The reasons, numerous and ready, ranged from the trivial and incongruous to the practical.

"Motion pictures killed us," said some producers, "we couldn't fight their low admissions." But others declared that transportation costs and stagehand salaries put the kibosh on the road shows.

"The Broadway revues stole our stuff," whined the disgruntled. And they were partly right. For musical comedies and revues certainly hastened the breakdown by stealing the double entendres, turning the "bits" into blackouts and introducing nude bodies as a feature of refined entertainment. The "kick" of profane speech, a popular burlesque convention, also lost its force when "The Hairy Ape," "What Price Glory" and "Rain" introduced blasphemy into the legitimate drama.

Among the minor causes, too, must be counted the disappearance of the Dutch or German comedian at the beginning of the World War, and the fad for short skirts in women's street dress which made a full view of a pair of legs commonplace.

For a year or two after the Depression, burlesque fought a terrific battle for existence. But gradually one burlesque wheel after another died, leaving as the only remaining stronghold, the Minsky's National Winter Garden.

When burlesque began to revive about five years ago, it introduced a new type of thriller, the strip-tease artist.

The audience (what remained of it) used to go for this in a big way; it still does. As a matter of fact it's probably the last stronghold of burlesque. You know the technique. First she sings a song. Then she slips off a shoulder strap as she exits. Applause brings her back. A few minutes of strutting, and the top of the dress hangs down from the waist like a forlorn pair of suspenders. But her brassiere is still intact. As she exits, there is the business of fumbling with the hooks of the brassiere.

And so it goes. In some towns the momentary glimpse of a pair of painted nipples is the high spot. In New York the epileptics are harder to please. They want a long, lingering look—and get it. Today the audience is so spoiled that the entire chorus has to take 'em off.

The last sad stage in burlesque I saw some time ago in Cleveland. Walking through one of the slum districts, I came unexpectedly to a burlesque, a dilapidated old playhouse with most of the electric bulbs in the marquee dead or broken.

At a second glance, I wasn't even sure it was a burlesque, because in addition to the soiled pictures of girls on the house boards, there were posters likewise of motion picture stars with names once famous, but now dead or forgotten—Rudolph Valentino, Maurice Costello and Theda Bara.

Determinedly, however, I walked up to the hut-like box office and asked the tired looking blond inside about the program.

"Burlesque and second-run motion pictures," she said listlessly. "How much?" I asked; and as I handed her the required 15c, I realized that it was the lowest price I had ever paid for parquet seats at a burlesque.

And what a show it was!

The whole traditional cycle, from the first part through the olio was compressed into a tabloid. The usual group of three or four comedians was reduced to two; the customary chorus of about twenty, cut down to eight; and the women principals limited to two.

Yet this little company went through the complete routine of blackouts, stale gags, pirated wise-cracks and "Finale by the Entire Company." Tired voices repeated for about the fifth time that day the old-fashioned sentimental ballads. Over and over again, drab faces and frayed bodies recited lines and made gestures; stage galley slaves, mirthless and spiritless.

Finally, the show closed with a feature picture of years ago and this was followed by another and another.

Then, about midnight, the picture operator flashed this message on the screen:

"Stay all night if you wish."

Yes, for 15c. "Stay all night." Sleep, too, if you haven't a bed; and snore also!

Burlesque had turned into a flophouse!

PANTOMIME

by KENNETH FEARING

*She sleeps, lips round, see how at rest,
how dark the hair, unstrung with all the world,
see the desirable eyes, how still, how white, sealed to all
faces, locked against ruin, favor, and every risk,
Nothing behind them now but a pale mirage
through which the night-time ragman of the street below moves
in a stiff and slow ballet,
rhythmic from door to door, hallway to curb and gutter to stoop,
bat's eyes bright, ravenous, ravenous for the carrion found
and brought by tireless fingers to unreal lips,
Her hand relaxed beside the enchanted head, mouth red, small,
see how at peace the human form can be, whose sister, whose
sweetheart, daughter of whom, and now the adorable ears,
coral and pink,
deaf to every footfall, every voice,
midnight threats, the rancor stifled in rented bedrooms,
appeals urged across kitchen tables and the fury that
shouts them down, gunfire, screams, the sound of pursuit,
all of these less than the thunderous wings of a moth that
circles here in the room where she sleeps,
Sleeps, dreaming that she sleeps and dreams.*

THE BOOK REVUE

SEX AND TEMPERAMENT: In Three Primitive Societies—by Margaret Mead—William Morrow. (\$3.00.)

Margaret Mead has returned from the South Seas with a mass of astonishing data. Her observations are guaranteed to give a severe case of the pip to the boys who have been writing with such assurance about the inherent psychological differences between the sexes.

In Arapesh, both men and women display delight in "that part of parenthood which we consider to be specially maternal." In Mundugumor, "both men and women are virile and masculine." In Tchambuli, the men depend upon the women for support. They must wheedle their allowances for spending money from their wives "in return for languishing looks and soft words."

A vital and important book of special value to those students of economics and civilization who are seeking the answer to the question, Can You Change Human Nature?

THE MAN LISZT—by Ernest Newman—Charles Scribner's Sons. (\$3.00.)

It must have required a prodigious amount of research to unearth this material, proving that Liszt was a cad as a lover, a social climber and a neurotic. The question is, even if it's all true, what of it? There is still the fact that Liszt was a distinguished musician and composer, and that his influence on modern music and his battle in behalf of it, add to his distinction. Mr. Newman writes about Liszt with the bitterness of a man whose sister has been violated by the subject of his biography.

JUDGMENT DAY—By James T. Farrell—The Vanguard Press. (\$2.50.)

"Judgment Day" is a penetrating and brilliant piece of portraiture. It reveals some of the minor flaws of the other volumes of this trilogy—the piling on of details in order to make certain that a point goes over—but it also leaves the cumulative impact of a solidly conceived and significant piece of work.

PATHS OF GLORY—by Humphrey Cobb—Viking. (\$2.50.)

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PYLON—by William Faulkner—Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. (\$2.50.)

In this story, Faulkner reveals the same gloomy intensity and mastery of the macabre, which a short time back skyrocketed him to sensational heights. The question is, how long will he continue to nibble a small mouthful of dust, when his talents warrant the expectation that he can bite off a substantial piece of earth and do things with it? The catch may be that he thinks he's doing it now.



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No. 2: William Faulkner

BRIGHT IN AUGUST (A Faulknereality)

by B. D. CUTLER

DOWN there in the deep and deepening deepness and the dark increasingly dark darkness he went step and step down into the pit. He knew that it grew deeper and darker as he descended because each step took him farther away from the top and the light, thinking,—it gets deeper and darker because I am going away from it, because I am going down and it is up, and the darkness is down and *up* is overhead, farther and farther. Darkness and deepness are the same because they are both down; and *up* and light are the same because they are both overhead, farther and farther and further. It was as if the deepness were a great vacuum of gloom and darkness, a shroud furling around him, covering and shutting all light from his eyes. But he had to make it, had to get down to the bottom, thinking,—that will fool 'em. It'll be safe once I make it. They'll never catch on.

At last he was on the bottom and he sat down feeling only the deepness and not feeling the darkness because darkness can not be felt at first but must be lived with and in. He sat down because he wanted to keep the deepness always under him, so he would always be situated to know perfectly where it was, thinking,—I don't want to get mixed. I can feel the deepness here, sitting down, but I can't see *up*. And I don't want to get mixed. I ain't goin' to get mixed, neither. I got nothin' to be feared of here. They'll hunt and hunt but they'll never catch on. After a while I'll go out and do it. Them ears of her'n won't be hearin' no more. They can't hear even nothin' now, because they're in the upness and I'm in the deepness. They're same as the sheriff and fellows, and Jed, too, most likely, all huntin' and huntin' and listenin' and listenin'. But they'll never find me. And later I'll go out and do it. Then they can't do nothin'.

A week later with the deepness under him and *up* over him and the darkness all around him he sat thinking about the deepness, the darkness and *up*. It was as if it had always been so, like he had been sitting there forever and so forever was deepness and

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darkness; and *up* was out of reach of the deepness and darkness and so was out of reach of forever too. The darkness had been there before, sooner than the deepness, because the deepness had been dug there. And *up* was older than either of them because the deepness and darkness were the result of *up*. Down and the darkness and deepness were the same and the result of *up* because *up* had always been where it was, even before. *Up* was more endurable than any alteration, but not quite so much as memory, which was before and after and in between. So memory was everything. Remembering, them ears! Them ears of her'n! I'll fix 'em! And they'll never find out because I'm doin' it beforehand. And later I'll go out and do it.

Time passed unseen because in the darkness it was impossible to see it. In darkness time is something abstract and so cannot be known because it cannot be seen; and it is not the same as in light when the day and the night and the brilliance of dawn can be watched and time can then be accounted for and so is something material. So he was wondering how long he had been in the pit and wondering if he were getting hungry when suddenly he sat rigid, motionless. Stealthily he passed a hand over his face. Then he pushed his hand into the darkness, pushed it slowly, while with the other hand he rubbed carefully his chest and the back of his neck. He became more rigid, more tense, as if the darkness had become material, something he could handle, poke his fingers into, gather into his arms. Then he felt under him, thinking,—that is the deepness under me. I know because I been sittin' on it on purpose so as not to get mixed and because I would always know where it was if I kept it there. I couldn't get mixed that way. But now I can feel the darkness. I know I can. I can feel it like it was all around me. And if it's all around me it might get underneath me. Then how could I tell? I better get out of here or I'll get mixed. I better be gettin' to *up* else I won't know how. They must be all through huntin', anyway. So now I'm goin' to do it. Them ears of her'n!

At the top of the pit he stood up, stretching his limbs and looking into the moonlight. At first he crept cautiously around the pig-sty, heading for the kitchen door. Then he jerked his body upright and stepped forth boldly, thinking, there ain't nothin' to be feared of. They're all done. I done it already, beforehand.

As he approached the kitchen he saw Jed leave and go towards the woodshed, leaving the door of the kitchen open. He stood before the door, hesitated and then crawled noiselessly through an adjacent window. Once inside he moved catlike across the floor, slipping through shadows as if he had always been a part of them, and grasped a chair. Returning to the window he swung the chair furiously, chuckling in the shadows at the resounding crash and clatter of broken pieces of glass falling to the ground, thinking, might as well make some racket. No need to be quiet. They can't do nothin' now.

He walked swiftly through the dining room, through the parlor into the front hall. Overhead he could hear hurried footsteps, thinking, she's gettin' into some rags. He started up the stairs.

"Sam. Is that you Sam?"

He was going up, step up and step up.

"Sam!"

He was on the landing, going down the hallway.

"Sam! I can hear you Sam! Is that you, Sam?"

He stood before the door. "It ain't nobody else," he cried.

"Bells! Ringing bells at this hour? The very idea! Come in here this instant. Where have you been for the past week? Answer that! Come in here!"

Bells . . . Bells . . . Who rang bells? Then thinking, them ears! Always hearin' and never knowin'. Never gettin' anything right. He pushed the door open.

Just before he clutched her, in his rush, tiger-like and swift, he threw the bridge lamp out of the window, ripping the wire from the socket, and not hearing or caring about her startled cry. In the

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moonlight he threw her to the floor, not hearing her piercing cry or agonized, terrific shout followed by a deep despairing groan as his teeth clamped together through the soft flesh. He flung her limp body on the bed, not hearing the steady challenge of the ringing telephone, like the reincarnation of a conscience crying for a crime.

When Jed came in he was sitting beside the bed and Jed saw him in the moonlight, holding them up in the moonlight and changing them back and forth from one hand to the other as if they were cards being shuffled and saying, "Always hearin' and never knowin' right no matter what she heard."

"You done it," Jed said, looking into the moonlight, seeing him hold them up and change them back and forth in the moonlight.

"I did," Sam said.

"What you goin' to do now?" Jed said.

"Nothin'," Sam said.

"Boy, you made enough racket," Jed said. "Roused the whole neighborhood," he said.

There was a commotion downstairs and knocking and hollering at the front door. Sam sat quietly beside the bed, holding them up in the moonlight, looking at them in the moonlight.

"That'll be the sheriff and the boys," Jed said. "What you goin' to do?" he said.

"Nothin'," Sam said.

"Say, you better beat it," Jed said, "I'll have to let 'em in," he said.

"Sure, let 'em in," Sam said. "I ain't feared," he said.

"Boy, ain't you goin' to hide?" Jed said.

"Not no more," Sam said.

"What you mean, not no more?" Jed said.

"I done it beforehand," Sam said.

"Boy, you better beat it," Jed said.

"I done it beforehand," Sam said.

"I got to let 'em in," Jed said. "You better hide," he said.

"I done it beforehand," Sam said. "And they're all done huntin', just like I thought," he said.

"How you know they been huntin'? Maybe they ain't been huntin' at all," Jed said.

"Maybe they ain't," Sam said. "But all the same, I been hidin' like I said, beforehand," he said. "There ain't nothin' to be feared of," he said.

"All right," Jed said. "I'll let 'em in," he said going to the door, watching him in the moonlight, seeing him hold them up in the moonlight and change them back and forth from one hand to the other and hearing him mutter, "I done it beforehand. Them ears!"

MATILDA RECEIVES HER CALLERS

by SAMUEL GRAFTON

(Continued from page 8)

"Do you really have to go with him?" he asked her.

"I have to hurry," she said, and broke away, leaving him standing on the doorstep, the door still open. So much was he an habitue of the house she could go off like that and leave him standing in the open door of her own house. The car took off.

He stepped back into the hall and took a long look at the parlor he would not see again. The depression he had made in the chair he had intended to occupy all evening was still visible, and when he laid a hand on the radio cabinet it was still quite warm.

He sat down in the chair, as he had intended to sit in it. Then, suddenly feeling himself an intruder, and frightened at his boldness in staying, he rose, and walked softly to the front. Laughter floated to him from the kitchen where the old man and the old lady sat, and for a moment he poised to slam the front door. Then, once again he stood erect, closed it softly, and walked down the street, very straight, as a man walks on a most formal, most elegant occasion.

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LITTLE MISS MUFFET

(Continued from Page 2)

clung to one of the Old English walls. "And there's a table and here's a rug!" Bounding across the room—in much the same way she did in her last picture—this little whisp of an actress climbed upon a lounge, raised her arm over her head triumphantly and cried, "Look! This is an oil painting!"

Momie took this moment to hand me a large photo of Pearly showing her seated on a pony in back of the studio during the lunch hour of a busy day. It was signed "Oodles of love, Pearly" in large printed script. Speaking to me quickly from the corner of her mouth, Momie said:

"We have invested her salary we don't touch a penny of it Pearly studies eight hours every morning she loves to play with negro children she adores flowers blue dresses swimming kittens oatmeal and her tricycle. She is an intimate friend of Garbo's attends church regularly answers all her fan mail doesn't appreciate the stir she has made is a regular little trouser we have invested her salary we don't touch a penny of it..."

Pearly scrambled into my lap. "You know what?" she challenged.

"No. What?" I replied, with a wink to Momie, feeling she would understand.

"Well, when I had to cry in *Baby Afloat*, I just couldn't. They tried and tried and tried and I just couldn't cry because I just couldn't feel unhappy. Momie had to cry first, then I cried because Momie cried and then they took the scene. Momie made them pay her for crying, isn't it funny?"

"We won't talk about that," said Momie, with a wink at me, feeling I would understand. "Show the nice man your garden, your inside garden."

With a leap the little star skipped and opened the doors of a huge teakwood cabinet on which were mounted several carved ivory characters from an early Pearly film.

I wish I could describe the indoor garden of this little Hollywood movie queen. All the flowers one can think of, made from colored glass. For an hour and twenty-five minutes we examined the petunias, the dahlias, the pansies; orchids, hollyhocks and pussy willows, neatly arranged on shelves within the cabinet.

Momie watched from a distance. "Careful, darling. Don't break," she would say. And Pearly would poke an impudent finger into the innermost petal of a fragile rose and giggle, just as we all have seen her giggle on the screen.

Then I realized I must leave this modest bungalow where America's big little sweetheart actress sleeps and plays and—for all one knows—memorizes the very speeches she delivers before the cameras! She begged me to stay to see her collection of Ethiopian antiques but I told her I must get to work on this interview.

We had talked of many things during our afternoon together. Of books and flowers and furniture and acting and modern art and politics. Yet all the while my mind kept wondering what the future will bring to our little Pearly. Will she be the same sweet girl tomorrow that she is today? Or must she go through the horrible Hollywood marriage and divorce mills?

"Are you going to grow up to be like your sister stars, with their horrible Hollywood marriages and divorces?" I ventured.

"I am going to have a baby," she replied.

I walked into the open air. As I passed down the lane, the voice of the little child star, speaking from the veranda of her modest bungalow in the Hollywood hills, arrested my progress:

"Make it a double column spread!" she cried.



"Good God! He's painted you like a moron!"

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MATILDA RECEIVES HER CALLERS

by SAMUEL GRAFTON

ALWAYS, pale with the thin neck and the horn glasses (from the time he had forced himself, jittering in his trousers, to climb the white marble steps and say lady do you want any magazines; only for the price of postage I am working my way through college) he had made himself do what must be done. So now he stood on the cold brownstone step with the wind spooning into his ears and waited, colder because he could not keep his hands in his pockets; they became sweaty in his pockets and the old man might answer the door and want to shake. There were two long, narrow panes of the glass in the front door and a red curtain behind them; if he twisted so and so he could sometimes see who was coming down the hall to answer his bell, and maybe hide one shoe behind the other if he had not shined. It was Matilda who came; the heavy girl stepping girlishly and lightly; lost to everything else, her mouth open and all eager to see who was at the door for her. The house was run so that it must be someone at the door for her; if it were someone at the door for someone else in the family it was in no way important. But if for her the old man and the old lady would be at the back of the hall to take a long quiet look and go back to the kitchen and talk about it while she took whoever it was to the parlor and turned on the radio. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she said to Joe, but she was not glad and the old man and the old lady looked doubtfully at him and walked, he could almost say disapprovingly, back to the kitchen. But he was not worried, he would sit in the chair no matter if the other man came; they could not, after all, throw him out of the chair if he chose to stay there all night.

She busied herself at the radio for a moment and it began. He had made quickly for his chair, his refuge, and was already in it; inside him the determination that had made him ask the lady about the magazines, which she had not bought. She stood there, big and tall and quite broad across the breasts for a senior high school girl, and wide through the hips, her nose whiter than the rest of her face with powder and her lips painted in a cupid's bow that crossed her upper lip and made her look puckered if not pert. She had done her hair in a wind-blown bob that was too cute for her large head and large expanse of white skin. She stood with her back against the papered wall, and he remembered choosing the wall-paper with her (the house was for her, the high school girl; the old man and the old lady had to be told) and he remembered the gradual rebuilding of the room with newly-faked hardwood floors, not real parquetry, but surfaced, the crystal chandelier and cut glass here and cut glass there and cut glass here. They had talked for whole evenings about the new wall-paper and what it ought to be like. She hated a room that was ordinary. "Do you wanna dance?" she asked him. She half closed her eyes and swayed her middle and tapped a toe. They had perfected all their steps together, and he wanted to dance anyway; when the other guy came and found them dancing the other guy would feel out of it, and he would dance close to her when the other guy came in the door.

But when the other guy came she broke away to answer the door-bell herself and he popped into his chair. He knew what to do; whatever hints, whatever suggestions there were, he would close his ears and eyes too for he was afraid that to go away now and leave the other guy in possession would be to go away to stay away. The other guy wore a double-breasted suit of a grey mixture, fitted about the hips; his trousers hung full and broke right above the insteps. Maybe, he thought insanely, it's the double-

breasted suit she likes, none of us in the neighborhood have them. Grossman on Girard Avenue had a nice line, but conservative stuff; all the boys stood on the street while you went in to buy your first suit by yourself for twenty-two dollars; or maybe one went in with you and pinched the fabric and said that's a nice piece of cloth, and nodded while Grossman nodded and you twisted your neck in the mirror.

The other guy, Victor, was very polite. He put out his hand and shook warmly. His hands looked scrubbed, with stubby well-kept nails. His eyeglasses were rimless, the lenses octagonal, held gingerly from above at the sides by two white gold ear-pieces. His dark eyes were wide apart, the nose a little short and squat, and his figure was chunky; like the kind of heavy man who dances light on his feet, glides with authority and smiles at the orchestra leader. He invariably put his heels together (effortlessly) when he was presented and bowed a little, and his eyes never changed in expression much. I wonder what that guy does about his pimples, thought Joe, and he hated him sincerely; street-corner science told him the guy must know plenty women to be smooth-checked like that and he had no right to come to Matilda's house. Joe rubbed his shoulders against the back of the chair; he had not risen; I'm staying, he thought.

"I'm awfully glad to see you again," said Victor to Joe. "I've been thinking you promised to come up to the store sometime and you never showed up." He sat down on the sofa beside Matilda and opposite Joe. "I'd like to know all of Matty's friends better."

The guy's moving in, thought Joe. It's Matty now. He called her Matilda last time. "I'm going to take a walk over sometime," he said, "and see your layout up there."

"All right," said Victor. "Make it Thursday."

"Thursday's okay," said Joe.

"Okay, Thursday," said Victor. "Wednesday and Friday my clerk will be on, so don't come around then unless you just want a prescription filled."

"Shall we dance?" asked Matilda.

"You don't mind?" asked Victor.

"Okay by me," said Joe.

What struck him funny was this: Matilda was looking at the radio when she said shall we dance, and there was no way of telling did she mean Victor or did she mean him; yet this guy goes ahead and figures it's him, and then it is him. Here he came in from the outside; nobody in the neighborhood ever heard of him, and right away he has the inside track. He sits there in his double-breasted suit and if there's anything to be done and he wants to be the one to do it why he becomes the one to do it, and he does it. They didn't dance very well together; Matilda stumbled once or twice, but the guy straightened it out smart; he doesn't dance with her the way I dance with her; we learned together, thought Joe. (You went to Matilda's house on Friday night, Saturday afternoon was when all the telephoning was done for the Sunday night party, and you danced around all Friday night and learned the Westchester go-away so you could do it for the party; and everybody at the party knew you had a new step and would stop, stand back and watch it.) The floor was covered with little throw rugs which made dancing hard; Matilda and Victor stumbled together, and stopped, and laughed, and swished back the rugs, still holding each other, and then went on dancing on the faked hardwood floors. I ought to do something to show I'm in on this party, thought Joe, and started up to adjust the radio, which was

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wavering, but remembered, sick, how he had embarrassedly fiddled the dials all the time Victor was here the other night and then had gone out, and he sank back into the chair. The tune ended, and he arose quickly, and said I'll have this one, and started dancing with Matilda. They did all the steps they knew.

After watching for a few moments Victor jumped up from his chair.

"I haven't said hello to the folks!" he said. "I'll go back now while you're dancing."

That's the way he does everything, thought Joe, makes himself a hero. For the first time he realized none of the boys in the neighborhood ever said hello to the folks; the folks just sat back there in the kitchen and peeped out when anybody new came into the house and then went back and sat in the kitchen, its blue painted plaster screaming under a 100-watt light. Joe had only been in the kitchen a couple times since he knew Matilda; once he had stood there at the door and watched them all eat, because he had popped in to tell them about something and had been too embarrassed to leave, and stayed, now on his left foot, now on his right. Victor swooped to the kitchen yelling hello mom, hello pop. Moving in every way he can, thought Joe.

"How do you like Victor, Joe?" asked Matilda.

"Okay by me," said Joe.

"You know, I think he's so mature," said Matilda.

"He's an all right guy," said Joe.

"You know what I mean by mature," said Matilda. "I mean he's sort of mature. You know."

"I guess he gets that way running a store," said Joe.

"A lot of people call him doctor," said Matilda. "I guess I really ought to introduce him as doctor. What do you think?"

"He's a druggist," said Joe.

"It's not so easy being a druggist," said Matilda. "He told me he had to go to pharmacy college three years."

"It's not like a real college," said Joe. "Or a real doctor."

"He's sort of mature, like a doctor," said Matilda.

"I guess a druggist has to kind of impress people," said Joe.

"I don't think he shows off," said Matilda. "If you mean he tries to impress people."

"I'm not going to say anything against the guy, thought Joe. I don't have to do that."

"I thought I could dance pretty good," said Matilda, "but I don't think I'm in his class. What do you think, Joe?"

"You dance okay by me, Matty," said Joe.

"Maybe it's because you and me've been dancing together so long," said Matty. "I can't dance so good with anybody else."

"I think you're better'n he is," said Joe.

"I don't think he minds dancing with me," said Matilda. "But he's so mature, I mean in his manners, you can't know what he thinks. Don't you think so, Joe?"

She's worrying about whether he likes her enough; she's worrying about him liking her, thought Joe. He ain't doing the worrying. She's doing the worrying.

And I'm doing the worrying.

Victor came back and Joe fought against an instinct to stop dancing and surrender her to him. He made up his mind he didn't have to do that; he could keep right on, for any druggist. But Victor walked over to the radio and shut it off. Then he raised an arm. They stopped dancing.

"I'd like to talk to you alone for a minute, Matty," he said. "I'm sorry, Joe. But there's something wrong. I'd like to talk to Matty alone for a minute."

He's being a hero again about something, thought Joe.

I ought to say right now, listen, I want to be in on this, he thought.

But he could not swing himself into the rhythm of what was

happening fast enough. Victor moved fast, the way a heavy man glides over the dance floor, and took Matty's arm. He led her back into the rear hall separating the parlor from the dining room and kitchen. They talked together.

Joe could almost hear. The manners that even the boys of his group had on occasion, the etiquette that only came to him now and then, the bounce of right doing that made him wait until the lady was seated in a restaurant though he would never wait any other place, made him now move out of earshot. In some peculiar way, just as you stand when the principal talks to you about your marks, the crisis evoked the response, and, for the first time of the evening, he fiddled with the radio dials, though he did not turn the music on, and could not even see the figures with the dial light out, the instrument dead.

There had been only two or three such moments in all his life. Once he had taken a girl home late after a party, and her old man had been up, waiting, a scared old man, not trusting his daughter, pushing red eyes at him, and he had stood stiff and still while the girl, horrible in embarrassment, pulled her father away, and spoke to her old man tensely, telling him to shut up. Everything in him had coiled springlike then as it flexed now and waited. The mood of that other contretemps returned and flooded him; he had been in a darkened room both times, waiting for a conversation to end, and conversation that concerned him and that he could not, was not allowed to hear.

"Listen," said Matty from the hall. "Joe, you can come here."

He was conscious of erectness as he walked to the hall, again of a gallantry and bearing evoked by the occasion.

"Listen," said Victor, "the thing is this. Mother isn't feeling well."

"Mother?" asked Joe.

"Matty's mother," said Victor. "She isn't feeling well. So we thought, Matty and I, we'd hop in the car and drive over to my store and get something for her."

"She isn't feeling well," said Matty.

"I'm sorry to hear she isn't feeling well," said Joe. "Maybe I ought to go along with you."

"Well, the thing is this," said Victor quickly, his heels together and his dark eyes candidly on Joe's. "Maybe they need you to help out here. We'll call back when we reach the store and see how things are going."

"Maybe Matty oughtn't to go," said Joe. "If you're going to have to drive fast."

"Matty knows the sort of things her mother needs when she's not feeling well," said Victor.

It's up to me, thought Joe. I got to stop them from going. He knew that the concealment was hardly attempted seriously: had Matty's mother really been ill Matty would have rushed back to the kitchen at once; the mood and tone of the explanation were frauds. It's up to me, he thought. I got to fight it out right now, if I can think of something to say.

"There's a drug store right at the corner," he said. "I could run over there and get what they need."

"I'm a druggist myself," said Victor, "and I know I could do better in my own store. Only ten minutes in the car, after all, and why put these people to a lot of expenses?"

It's up to me, thought Joe. I only got about one more chance. "Listen," he said. "If she don't feel well maybe we better all stay here and call a doctor."

"She doesn't need a doctor," said Victor. "I can tell that. But we oughtn't to delay like this. We ought to start right away."

Victor started to the front door, and they tagged after. A gust of cold fresh air blew in when he opened it, and he hopped out to start the engine. Joe grasped Matty's hand at the doorstep.

(Please turn to page 15)

Stories by Jan

The
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Vol. III. No. 33

OUR HOMESPUN LAW MAKERS

by JOHN BROWN MASON

Head of Department of Social Sciences at the Colorado Woman's College in Denver

INFORMATION pertinent to this inquiry about Congressmen may be gathered from two impressive volumes, known respectively as the *Congressional Directory* and *Who's Who in America*. Each of these books constitutes a mine of information by itself, furnished in each case by the men it tells about.

The *Congressional Directory* is printed, sent out and delivered at the expense of the United States government by individual Congressmen, to constituents who count politically and especially to newspaper editors who are expected to pass onto their readers the kind of information it provides. *Who's Who*, on the other hand, is an expensive and privately published work mentioning Congressmen only incidentally, among a host of other celebrities. It is by comparing the two volumes that one gets a composite picture of a Congressman, rather than scattered segments,—several sides rather than just one carefully chosen and favorite pose. And of poses there is no dearth in the *Directory*, all of which, one must presume, are there for a purpose.

An old American tradition has it that men *born on a farm* have qualities not possessed by others, at least not to the same degree. It is whispered that they have horse-sense. They "are close to the plain and sound people, and therefore make trustworthy representatives in the capitals of state and nation." A good many of our Congressmen wish to be no exception, for forty-two Representatives and three Senators make haste to claim the distinction. Some of those who were not "born on a farm," the rugged "old homestead," or on a "stock ranch" in the wide open West pride themselves on at least having spent their impressionable "boyhood" or "early life" on a farm. Others, having lacked such excellent foresight in the days of their youth, try to make up deficiencies by now owning farms and "residing" (of all things) on them. Still others point with pride to their farmer fathers or pioneer parents. In one case, a pioneer father-in-law is rated as a distinct asset.

The next best qualification for making good in the big city on the Potomac seems to be the accident of birth in the city, or at least district which the well-equipped legislator represents in Congress. As many as eighty-eight Representatives and eighteen Senators claim this prime achievement. If some poor fellow cannot help having originated elsewhere—due, presumably, to short-sighted parents or some other regrettable accident—he can at least point out the fact that he has been "practically" a life-long resident of the district which elected him, or a man who has lived in the good, old home-town ("no better place on earth . . .") since 1890, or 1894, 1906, etc. The Democratic Senator from Wisconsin, F. Ryan Duffy, beats all previous records by stating that he "lives to-day in the house of his birth" (in 1888). The purpose of his statement is not quite clear unless it is to indicate the sacrifice the man had to make when he consented to move to Washington, D. C., for six long years.

Voters often have a curious prejudice, against bankers, manufacturers, and public utility men in politics. To run for Congress under such designations might be considered personally honest but it does not seem to be politically sagacious. More can be accomplished by the use of harmless sounding names of professions. Why not put pride in one's main accomplishments aside and run for office as a "farmer" pure and simple? Or as a "lawyer," also pure if less simple? Actually, we find Congressmen who would have us less simple? The (lawyers') bar means everything in their public, political life but who, in their private lives, after all have substantial other interests. We might cite as a few examples members of

Congress who are, 1) (Oliver H. Cary, Kentucky) a bank president, director of two other banks and a trust company; 2) (Mell G. Underwood, Ohio) president of two commercial companies and director of a bank; 3) (Zebulon Weaver, North Carolina) a specialist in corporation and real estate law; and, in the case of Senators, 1) (Alva B. Adams, Colorado) president of a savings and trust company, vice-president of a bank, and director of a manufacturing concern; 2) (Robert J. Bulkley, Ohio), president of a firm of contractors and chairman of the board of a bank.

A Kansas farmer, W. P. Lambertson, demonstrates, though not openly, that it is possible to be a member of the board of directors of the wild and woolly National Farmers Union and also a director of local telephone and elevator companies. A former United States Senator and present Representative from New York, J. W. Wadsworth, proclaims that he is in the "livestock and general farming business." A check-up shows that, perhaps as a sideline, he is also president of a bank and trust company.

Something that may be referred to as "political modesty" bids a good many in Congress hide their private business interests under a bushel. While giving some interesting and relatively complete information in the bulky red volume, some go to the careful extreme of making no pertinent statement whatsoever in the official source book. Two Senators may be referred to especially as outshining all others in this respect, 1) (W. W. Barbour from New Jersey) who is a manufacturer, president of a thread mill, director of a bank and trust company, and of a shoe company, and (last but not least) treasurer of the American Protective Tariff League; 2) (Hamilton F. Kean, also from New Jersey) a president of a bank who "has also served as officer and director of various corporations."

Some pearls found by the observant reader can be grouped only under *miscellaneous*. There is the physician in the House, Dr. Wm. Sirovich from New York, who, it is found, became president of a bank after his election to Congress but who does not consider this fact an achievement of public interest. An eastern Senator, J. H. Metcalf from Rhode Island, was "educated in the schools of Providence," which modest statement fairly breathes the democratic air of our great public school system. Here, at last, is a man who comes straight from the city people. Alas, according to the more explicit and less official source of information, he was educated in *private* schools and in Yorkshire College, England. Senator Norbeck from South Dakota shyly volunteers the information that he is a "well-driller by occupation." The humble artisan who did so well in politics, however, is the president of " . . . Co., Well Drillers," and a former university student. The same Senator and two Representatives, Ulysses Samuel Guyer of Kansas and Benjamin K. Focht of Pennsylvania, are the sons of "Reverend . . ." in the *Congressional Directory* but the offspring of plain "George . . .", etc., elsewhere.

A Delaware Senator, J. G. Townsend, Jr., informs us that he is "actively engaged in farming, fruit growing, and banking." In *Who's Who* he neatly reverses the order, saying that he is "largely identified with banking, farming and business interests in Delaware." Incidentally, he usefully occupies his spare time with being president of the Baltimore Trust Company of which another Senator, P. L. Goldborough of Maryland, is vice-chairman of the board.

Why not do some digging on your own sometime? You might spend a rainy afternoon with some dusty old library tomes—you'd be amused at the revelations!

Stories by Jan

The
SPE

Vol. III. No. 33

INTELLECTUALS AND THEIR CELEBRITIES

by JULIAN FUNT

IT'S quite complicated, this celebrity problem. It takes years to master—and even then you're never free of those horrible moments of doubt. Perhaps this is because, while it frequently appears in what is laughingly known as social intercourse, it is never mentioned by name. Certainly it is never acknowledged to be a problem. That would be fatal.

Whenever the names of celebrities are introduced in conversation, it must be done casually, artlessly. There must be no trace of strain; no hint of pride. To do otherwise is to betray yourself instantly, to reveal that you have no right to call yourself an intellectual.

Learning of these painful restrictions, people have asked: why bother about the celebrity problem at all? Why not merely ignore it? The answer is that no intellectual dares. As a matter of fact, if he neglects the celebrity problem for too long a time, it becomes a serious reflection on his right to call himself an intellectual.

At all costs, then, the intellectual must tackle his celebrity problem squarely. Complicated? Exasperating? Impossible? Of course, but to an intellectual these must, of necessity, become minor obstacles.

Sometimes intellectuals have attempted to straddle their celebrity problem by a clever but superficial device known as the "acquaintance-by-innuendo." This is usually accomplished with the aid of an intimate—preferably a husband or wife.

I say preferably a husband or wife because usually married people have so much on each other, that knowledge of their mutual shame and desperation in celebrity hunting won't essentially change their opinions of one another. With friends, however, there is always the possibility that the friendship will rupture and that there will follow some very ugly and unpleasant recriminations—each friend recalling, with nasty emphasis, the other's sweaty desperation during the anxious days of the celebrity chase.

Roughly, the "acquaintance-by-innuendo" technique takes the following form: Friend wife, while entertaining the Bronx Corpuscles, says suddenly, "Theodore dropped in this afternoon." Friend husband, taken by surprise, not knowing who Theodore might be, and knowing that no one really dropped in, treads cautiously. "Oh, is that so? Sorry I missed him. What did he have to say?" And then friend wife says, "Why he's having trouble with his agent (or his landlord; or his poems) again."

And then, of course, there is the follow-through, the punch line. Turning to the Corpuscles, friend wife says, "It's Dreiser, you know." (Or Gloria Swanson, or Rex Tugwell, as the case may be). She says it casually, artlessly. She hopes it will sink in. At the same time she does not want the remark to be too vividly remembered. (This is the sort of contradiction which intellectuals frequently encounter.)

But, of course, not all intellectuals are married. And then, too, the opportunity to use the "acquaintance-by-innuendo" technique is not always present. As a matter of fact, the point has been made that this practice is somewhat unethical; there are even those who hold that it is a form of fraud. Particularly as in this case the hosts of the Corpuscles actually didn't know their celebrity (Dreiser) at all.

To meet your celebrity requirements with intellectual honesty, you must know each celebrity personally.

To add to the complications, there is the ephemeral quality of the celebrities themselves. What may be a celebrity today may be something foul tomorrow. What may be merely a case of castration complex today may be tomorrow's guest of honor. Alas, there's no hard and fast rule you can lay down.

Then, too, there is the problem of how many celebrities you have to know.

Fortunately, it has been established that five bona fide celebrities adequately fill the bill. But when you try to establish the qualifications of a bona fide celebrity, you run smack into what is practically a brick wall.

Obviously, not all that glitters or makes sparkling quips is a celebrity. Thus, at the moment, three standard, acceptable celebrities plus Dorothy Parker (a few months ago you could have substituted Tallulah Bankhead, in another few months you will be able to substitute Madame Frances Perkins) equal the minimum five required. Again, nine of the staff of the Theatre Guild and four dance critics, the first nine counting for three and the second four for two, make up the minimum five required. Sometimes this is even more complicated. For instance, eighteen members of the Philharmonic still leave you with the problem of filling the remaining four units.

To illustrate further:

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur count as five celebrities one day and as one-half of one celebrity unit the next. (Ever since their entrance into movie production there have been wild fluctuations in their market value, each new release playing havoc with former values.)

But, if up to now we have been haphazard and evasive, at least from this point on we can, by way of compensation, list a few simple rules.

First, there is need for detachment, occasional firmness and sometimes even outright cruelty. Each celebrity is under the impression that by himself he constitutes more than enough to round out the five minimum units required. It is an ingrained and unshakable belief. And it creates quite a complication, especially when the celebrity asks for five times as much of a loan as you can afford, or five times as much appreciation as he is entitled to.

Yielding too readily to celebrities, even when they are reasonable, is a fatal error. Merely because an intellectual occasionally finds a celebrity useful in his intellectual life, there is no need to let him play ducks and drakes with one's self-respect. The best results can be obtained by firmness, especially in those cases when the celebrity in question really rates a fraction of one unit. "I've put up with your nonsense long enough. Don't forget you began as an intellectual yourself," has often been sufficient to put a celebrity in his place.

It is a mistake for the intellectual to feel that he is limited in choosing his minimum five from celebrities enjoying good health. As a matter of fact, some of the best contacts have been made with those who were dying. A dying celebrity will soon be a dead celebrity, and a dead celebrity is a celebrity indeed. A man may be a celebrity today and just another commuter tomorrow. But if a man dies a celebrity, he is a celebrity forever. And to intellectuals who like their celebrities to stay put, this is an important item.

Stories by Jan

The
SP

Vol. III. No. 33

Stories by James T. Farrell and Langston Hughes

The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

Vol. III. No. 33 ★

SEPTEMBER, 1935

Price Ten Cents

THE STRIKE BUSTING MILITARY

by WALTER WILSON

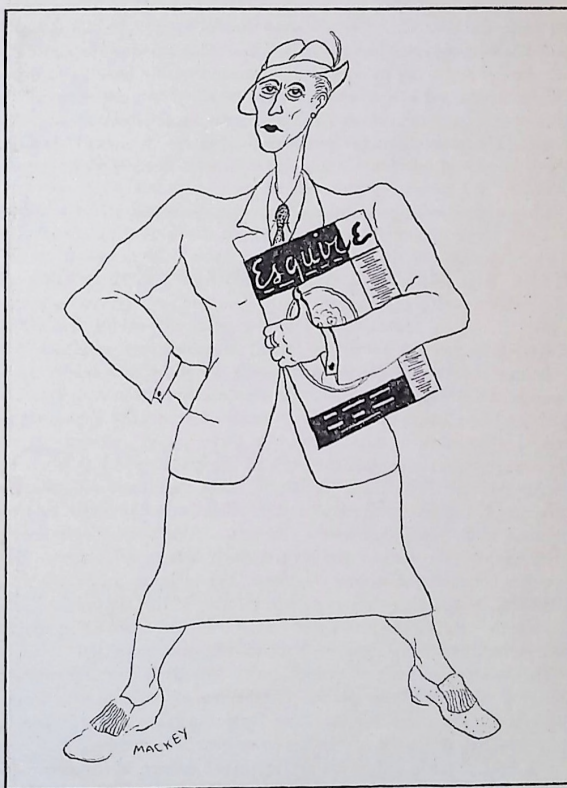
IN olden times in Sparta, we are told, the young would-be warriors got an important part of their military training in a highly unique though entirely practical fashion. It was by a method which approximated as nearly as possible the actual field of battle, even to the carnage. During one period in Spartan history there was a class of untouchables or slaves called Helots. Sometimes when these Helots got a little insolent or discontented with their lot they were chased out into the fields and woods where they were hunted down by the Spartan youth. In this way—in addition to putting the Helots in their places—the young men learned to be swift in order to catch up with their fleeing and terrorized victims and they learned to be alert in order to seek them out in their hiding places among the trees, caves and other places of cover. They learned to cast their spears with strong arms and unerring aim in order to prevent a desperate Helot, armed, perhaps, with a stone or rude club from coming to close quarters. We may be sure that prizes were given to those who speared the most Helots. And most likely the spearing of a young, healthy male was more to the young warrior's credit than the spearing of a child or a woman or an old man, though these undoubtedly counted on the record too.

For many years American army officers considered the job of putting down strikes and breaking up demonstrations a most onerous one. They could see no value in such work. But recently there has been observed a more cheerful attitude on the part of army officers toward such service. Why the change?

War can't be studied in a vacuum. Obviously such training as our future heroes get in gassing and bayoneting and machine-gunning labor pickets, in subduing farmers who fight mortgage foreclosures, in putting down demonstrations of the unemployed, in evicting a Bonus Army,—this is practical experience. And to think that it required so many years before anyone with enough vision to see it came along.

1934 saw over 3,000,000 workers on picket lines, the largest number in any single year in the history of the country with the exception of 1919 when around 5,000,000 were out. The greatest peacetime army, completely equipped with the latest war-making weapons ever to march on American soil moved against these 3,000,000 workmen. Over 40,000 National Guardsmen in 19 states saw action in 22 big strikes. All over the country—in Toledo, Minneapolis, Koehler, San Francisco, Macon, Pawtucket and many other centers—

grim, khaki-clad figures with loaded and bayoneted rifles, machine guns, gas bombs . . . patrolled the highways and streets. Had the patriot army of the American Revolution contained half so many well-fed men throughout the war, the war would have ended long before Yorktown.



A Magazine for Men

That the mobilization during 1934 was not intended merely as a bluff can be seen from the long casualty list—mainly on the side of the workers—which included several score killed and hundreds wounded. Thousands were arrested, often without charges, under cover of "martial law." In Georgia huge concentration camps, similar to those of Herr Hitler, were set up; barbed wire charged with electricity is said to have surrounded the concentration camps into which men, women and children were herded.

The life of a soldier in training is no longer what it was several years ago when George Bernard Shaw wrote of him: "He has no real work to keep him from going mad, except housemaid's work; all the rest is forced exercise, in the form of endless rehearsals for a destructive and terrifying performance . . . which, if it does come off, is not like the rehearsals." That might have been true then; it certainly is not true of our army today. No one will deny that the time-worn war maneuvers or games between imaginary foes—the "blues" and the "reds" the "speckled" and the "polka-dots"—were a boring sport. No one, except possibly the soldiers' immediate friends or families, noticed them. They were usually held, too, in the most God-forsaken spots in the whole country.

But today! The training a soldier got in 1934 in the armies of the "New Deal," which in so many respects resembled the old Spartan method, was highly motivated and therefore highly interesting. "Riot" duty now takes care of the problem posed by Shaw. Training becomes real when on such duty. Just think! In civilian life an officer might never get his name on a front page or see himself in a news reel but by leading a body of soldiers against strikers he has a chance to see himself in the rotogravure sections of large daily newspapers or even on the silver screen.

But even more important the young warrior learns the new instruments of warfare—machine guns, various kinds of gases, tanks, liquid fire throwers . . . He observes the destruction he can deal out with these weapons. And not only the combat but also the auxiliary services of the army stand to learn much from the new war games. For instance, what a treat it is for the army surgeon who won't, any longer, have to mess around with guinea pigs and rats when he can use the bodies of men, women and children who have been shot, stuck or gassed on picket lines. He will learn how to treat wounds made by the modern implements of war. Can one doubt but that other services will also receive much valuable training?

I can think of but one weakness about this kind of war training. The Spartans had the same difficulty when they practiced on the Helots. The soldier being better armed than his "Helot" foes on picket lines and being backed up by the state and national governments is apt to become brave to the point of recklessness. The danger being small he is not taught to take cover and seek out "dominant terrain features" as he will certainly have to do when later in the next World War he comes up against an equally well-armed and well-trained foe. Workers and farmers are beginning to regard the soldiers who break up their picket lines as much their enemies and as much the tools of the industrialists as were the Pinkertons at Homestead. Strike-breaking therefore will take on the proportions of a real manly sport. This is doubly apt to be true because of the fact that many veterans of the World War are in every picket line thrown out by striking workers or farmers. But even in spite of the above weakness, the training soldiers got in 1934 and the training they are getting today in the lumber strike of the Northwest, is away and ahead of the old maneuvers where make-believe battles were fought with make-believe ammunition.

This whole idea isn't as fantastic as it sounds. Colonel Henry A. Bellows, who wrote the manual for the use of national guardsmen in domestic disorders for the War Department—a sort of bible in its field—has this to say: "It has been generally assumed that one could fight a battle only with an organized enemy, his forces composed of armed combatants. In the TRUE SENSE OF THE WORD, HOWEVER, A BATTLE TAKES PLACE WHEN-

EVER TROOPS FACE THE DUTY OF DISPERSING A DISORDERLY CROWD OR A RIOTOUS MOB. (WW capitals.) On page eleven of his indispensable book: "Riot duty presents almost limitless opportunities for the exercise of tactical ability. In no form of action is a keen perception of the exact nature of the problem more essential, or a shrewd comprehension of the spirit, plans, and potentialities of the hostile forces. Those who doubt the tactical possibilities of riot service may recall that it was because of his signal success in such a tour of duty that Napoleon received his first general command. A riot threatened the government, and Napoleon, a young and obscure artillery officer, quelled the riot."

There have been other hints that officers who were particularly successful in crushing strikes or demonstrations would likely win promotion and glory. A year or two ago General Roy Keehn, chief of the Illinois National Guard, issued an elaborate emergency plan for coping with labor groups in the depression. In it he pointed out that "An ambitious officer in decisive action may acquire fame."

We must conclude that from now on the National Guard and the Regular Army will go about their job of "policing strikes" with greater zest. And if the Army likes the new war games we may be sure that the employers of labor are no less pleased. Think of the millions and millions of dollars which they have spent in the past in hiring private detectives and gun-thugs and strong-arm men generally to mop up picket lines. Think of the reams of unfavorable publicity they won for themselves by their seeming ruthlessness.

In 1892 the Carnegie Steel Company at Homestead, Pennsylvania, defied its striking workmen and prepared to bring in strikebreakers. Henry Clay Frick, the steel maker and art expert—the bigger the picture the better the art—who was in charge of the plant while Carnegie was abroad that year, rushed about getting ready to protect his scabs. In the first place he went to great expense and trouble building a fort to house them; portholes five or six inches in diameter appeared at regular intervals; barbed wire, stretched along the top of the fence, gave the palisade the appearance of a Verdun of impregnability. At strategic points platforms were built to hold huge searchlights. Frick had turned the Carnegie works into a turreted fortress. Now to provide the garrison and the workmen to start production.

On July 6, 1892, he wrote to the Pinkerton detective agency asking for 300 guards, the tougher the better. They were to be armed with high-powered rifles. Said the letter in part: "As soon as your men are upon the premises we will notify the Sheriff and ask that they be deputized at once or immediately upon an outbreak." Of course the Pinkertons were overjoyed with the order; their business was that of supplying private armies to break strikes. Like the Landgrave of Hesse, who in 1776 sold his soldiers to King George for use against the Americans, the Pinkertons sold armies to big employers of labor to be used against striking workers.

A boatload of 300 heavily-armed Hessians sailed down the river to Homestead. They arrived late at night in order to surprise the rebellious patriots. Fatal to their plans some minute-men pickets saw the boat packed with armed strangers and Paul Reveres of the steel mills darted in and out of the hovels in Homestead town awakening the occupants. To come to the kernel of the story, from behind stone fences and other natural breastworks the Middlesex villagers and farmers from Concord and Lexington poured shot into the ranks of the terrorized Red Coats. No, we're confused. From behind natural breastworks of piles of steel bars the miners and their sons, some still in shirts and drawers, armed with weapons of every description, including home-made bombs, fired into the boatload of man-hunters. The latter returned the fire at first and then rushed to the cover of the engine room. The miners triumphantly poured oil on the water and set it afire expecting to burn the ship and rout the Carnegie Company's army. Failing in this because of the channel of the river, they rigged out an old cannon and

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ANNOUNCEMENT

The publishers take pleasure in announcing that with the October issue Charles Angoff will become editor of *The American Spectator*. He was formerly editor of the *American Mercury* and has just resigned from the Editorial Board of the *Nation*. His learning, courage, liveliness, and critical vigor have formed one of the most exciting chapters in contemporary American journalism. We feel confident that under his editorship the *Spectator* will forge to the front of periodical publications, and will set a new mark for journalistic enterprise, originality and vitality.

Mr. Angoff will present his program in the October number.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR PUBLISHING CORPORATION.

HEAVEN TO HELL

by LANGSTON HUGHES

THERE we was dancin' up the steps of glory, Mackenzie and me, our earthly troubles over, when who should we meet comin' down but Nancy Smothers!

"That hussy!" I said, "How did she get up here?"

She had her white wings all folded around her, looking' just like an Easter lily, 'cept that her face was black.

"Nancy Smothers, if you come a-near my husband, I'm gonna crown you!" I said, "I done stood enough from you down on earth, let alone meetin' you in heaven."

All this while, Mackenzie ain't said a word. Shamed! He knowed he'd done wrong with that woman. He lifted up his wings like as if he was gonna fly, but I dared him!

"Don't you lift a feather, you dirty dog! You just hold your horses! I'm gonna ask God how come this Harlem hussy got to heaven anyhow."

And Mackenzie and I went on up the golden stairs. I could see him strainin' his eye-balls, tryin' to look back without turnin' his head.

Nancy Smothers kept on down, I reckon.

But I never did find out how she got in heaven—cause just then I come out from under the ether and I looked up and saw that pretty white nurse standin' there by my bed just like an angel and I hollered, "Where is Mackenzie? Was he hurt much, too? You know he was drivin' when we hit that pole!"

"Shss-s!" the nurse said, "don't worry, madam. Your husband's alright. He just got a broken arm when the car turned over. But he'll be in to see you by and by. They're keeping him in the men's ward overnight."

"I'm glad he's safe," I said, "I sure am glad!"

Then the nurse said, "A lady's been here with you a long time, sitting by your bed. An old friend of yours, she says. She brought you some flowers."

So I turned my eyes—and there sat Nancy Smothers! Right at my bed, just as long-faced and hypocritical as she could be!

"Nancy," I said, "where am I—in heaven or in hell?"

"You still on earth," said Nancy sweetly, "and, honey, I just come from the men's ward where I seen Mackenzie. He says to tell you he's doin' well."

Even with three broken ribs I would have tried to kill her—the hussy, bringing me messages from my own Mackenzie—but there was that white nurse standin' there beside me like an angel, and I always did hate to act up in front of white folks. So all I said was, "Nancy, I wish you'd a-been with us in that wreck! Then I could a-got some pleasure out of it. I'd just love to see you all crippled up."

"Shss-s-s!" said the nurse. "You're weak! You mustn't talk so loud!"

"You shouldn't excite yourself, either, dear," said Nancy rising, "so I'll be going home."

"I wish you'd go to . . ."

"Shss-s-s-s-s!" said the nurse.

Then I realized I was startin' to act up in front of that nice white lady, so I just tried to smile and say, "Goodbye, Nancy."

She said, "Goodbye, Amelia." And her eyes gleamed like a chess-cat's, in spite of her long-faced sympathy.

The snake! An old black snake!

When the nurse took my temperature again, she said, "Why, that's strange! Your fever's gone away up!"

"Strange nothin'," I thought. But then how could that nice nurse-lady know that I was layin' there worryin' myself to death 'bout whether Nancy Smothers went on home or not—or if the hussy went back in the men's ward to sit beside Mackenzie?

YOU SAID IT, BABY!

ALFRED E. SMITH

I tell you that no matter what the stress, we must let children see wild animals and let them learn about their habits. I don't know of any better education in a child's early years than to give him the privileges of a zoo.

GERTRUDE STEIN

Huey Long will not end in nothing. He is stimulating, he is not ephemeral, and he will not end in nothing because he has a capacity of knowing what men are doing, and that will not end in nothing because he has a sense of human beings.

DR. E. GRAHAM WILSON

Jesus did not concern himself with the politics and economics of his day. If he had formulated contemporaneous policies instead of expounding principles, he would have been so up to date that he would have soon been out of date.

BRUCE BARTON

The day when work was merely a duty is passing; with not enough to go around, work becomes less a duty, and almost a privilege.

SWIM, COLLEGIAN, SWIM

by JAMES WECHSLER

OUR colleges have gone in for throwing people into the lake in a big way—so much so that bright students are cautioned to take up swimming before enrolling. A great crusade against collegiate Bolsheviks has set in and before it is over they will probably have to remove Thomas Jefferson's statue from the University of Virginia as incitement to riot. What is most pathetic, however, is that in the excitement the patriots are tossing innocent ministers, good Christians and Bull Moose Republicans into the same water with the Leninists.

There have thus far been several illuminating examples of the procedure. With the reopening of college, it is freely predicted that the sport will reach a new high in popular favor, far outranking crap-shooting and wench-hunting among collegiate preferences.

It all began last Fall out in California. At the University in Los Angeles five students suddenly found themselves suspended from school because they had advocated a student-controlled open forum. Provost Moore, an amiable old gent announced that the victims had been "using their student offices to encourage communism." (Four of the five had been members of the Student Council and had voted down a proposal for a Navy Day parade on the campus.) Whereupon the patriots rushed forward to applaud. When concerted protest against the suspensions appeared, the Provost called together a leading group of fraternity men and athletes. Within twenty-four hours the Los Angeles "Americans" Society had been formed. (They were more frequently described as "Vigilantes.") The now frantic Provost invited them to "take the radicals to the edge of the campus and drop them off." Fred Dawson, one of the football coaches, reminded his players to "remember who gives you your scholarships." Fraternity Row leaped gallantly into the fray. Before Provost Moore could say "Joe Stalin," several of the dirty foreigners had been gently bumped around. In the furor they forgot that of the five Student Council members suspended, only one could be regarded as a left-winger. It was an error which has been casually made in several thousand instances to the great discomfort of solid citizens.

Encouraged by this demonstration—(there was no ducking in California; that phase came later)—the healthy-minded boys of Michigan State decided to rid their schoolroom of everything but sweetness and light. An anti-war meeting had been called for early last April; whereupon the lads in red, white and blue whipped out their flag. Within exactly fourteen minutes after the meeting began the student chairman, and a local minister who was scheduled to speak, had been tossed into the Red Cedar River. A couple of other bystanders were thrown in to make it a foursome. This was done shortly after the Secretary of the college—a gentleman named Hannah—had informed the press that he wouldn't mind "if the boys throw some of the radicals into the river." It will be seen how revered were his words by the great rank-and-file of the student body. Here again the football warriors and the frat boys, under the leadership of the military officials of the college, engineered the foray; the President of the college stayed out of town until it was

over. Some naive soul asked the police to protect the victims and later couldn't understand why the troopers just grinned and stared at him. The ducking was reputedly a great success and will now be included in the college social calendar at the slightest provocation.

Not long afterward the blue-bloods of Connecticut State found a similar problem on their hands. The Trustees had passed a ruling which forbade all criticism of the Campus military department. This edict was unpleasantly described as a "gag-rule" by certain malcontents who decided to agitate for its repeal. After a series of preliminary gatherings, a meeting was held near the campus one night to discuss the statute. One student—who knew virtually nothing about the general situation—asked that a "test case" of the ruling be made. For his request he was rewarded, less than an hour later, with a cooling dip into the neighboring pond. Only several miraculous circumstances saved numerous others from a similar fate. It should again be recorded that the expedition to the water was conducted by the military department with the cooperation of the gridiron heroes.

The last of the immersion sessions was conducted beneath the progressive shades of the University of Wisconsin. A great upheaval had been created in the vicinity by a legislative investigation of the University to ascertain its political complexion. One of the liberal Campus organizations, whose meetings were normally attended by a throng of twenty-five, discovered one night that more than 200 had turned out for the activities of the evening. Any cheer this might have occasioned was soon dispelled. In less than ten minutes—a record for the sport—the principal speaker had been hurled into the lake, an instructor who sought to defend him was soon with him, and one or two others had been added. Fraternity Row and King Football again contributed the main impetus to the offensive.

So the bright-eyed thousands who traipse into college this month should immediately learn the taboos. If you talk about the depression you're a malcontent, if you don't like war you're distinctly out of step and if you are susceptible to musing about social reform, you're in the wrong pew. The purge is on. The sons of Alpha Gamma Gamma, the stalwarts of the R.O.T.C. and the 215 pound left-tackles are searching for new prey. They are not quite fluent on the economics of the problem but they are sore as hell about something. While their professors are busily absorbed in the defense of the great public utility corporations, the boys are likely to break loose with new vigor this year.

Meanwhile, there is a movement on foot to gain official recognition for "ducking" as a major sport. Considering the favor which administrators have bestowed upon the first experiments, it should not be too bitter a campaign. One more juicy Red scare may prove decisive.

The tragedy is that the healthy-minded Vigilantes are only rarely paid for doing the dirty work of the higher-ups. Usually they do it *pour le sport*.

Daddy! What did you do in the last War?

TWO SISTERS

by JAMES T. FARRELL

SLOVENLY dressed, her beefy face dirty and unpowdered, Bridget waddled through the crowd which flowed out of Saint Clement's church after the ten o'clock mass. At the foot of the steps, she met her younger sister Susie who, while corpulent, was lighter than Bridget and also more neat in appearance. Wreathing smiles on one another, their greeting was tender, and they decided that since it was such a fine spring morning, they would take a walk over to Jackson Park.

"I'm not going home and cook for the mob," Bridget said as they walked toward the park on heavy feet. "I'm not their housemaid. I'm their mother, and they have to care for me. I'm a lady, a lady, and I'm going to stay a lady, and not soil my hands over a kitchen stove. The commandment says, *Honor thy father and thy mother*. If they don't, the Lord will curse them with evil days all their lives."

Susie tried to explain to Bridget how she thought that the children needed a good home-cooked meal on Sundays. They were dutiful children, supporting their mother without any complaint, and it was their due. Bridget said that she had suffered enough bearing them, and done enough for them washing their dirty diapers, and that was all that any woman should do for her family. She could just see herself slaving for them now when she was beginning to age. Susie said nothing in reply, and Bridget told her that she had been to Sadie McCarthy's wake a week ago.

"Glory be to God, I mean, Lord have mercy on the poor thing's soul!" Susie said.

"Yes, poor Sadie is gone. She died a hard death of a cancer of the stomach. And oh, wasn't she laid out like an angel, though! Her poor mother was heartbroken. She's going to miss poor Sadie, may the Lord have mercy on her soul, so much, because Sadie was the last of her children. And Sue, guess who was there, and guess what she said?" Bridget remarked, waxing loud with enthusiasm.

Susie made a wrong, and half-interested, guess.

"Nora Moran, Nora Moran who used to live at Twelfth and Blue Island. Remember how her father, Tim Moran, used to get drunk and beat her poor mother with a horse whip every Saturday night? Nora was such a pretty girl, too. Oh, but she was just a perfect doll! And remember, Nora married Frank Crane? Frank Crane was a good man. He was a good man, but he died on the other side of the fence. I always did say that mixed marriages was against the law of God, and that Catholic should marry Catholic, Protestant, Protestant, and the Jews should stick to each other. It was the sorrow of poor Nora's life that Frank was never converted. But he was a good man, and a good husband, a good provider, even if he was a Protestant. Nora, she told me at Sadie's wake, poor Sadie, that Frank Crane never as much as once opened his own pay envelope. And he died, leaving her enough insurance to take care of herself and the children, and her own house. And Nora asked for you. She said to me, 'How is your dear sister, Susie?' Why, she nearly cried when I spoke your name. Sue, you're the cake of the walk with all the old people from Blue Island Avenue. Every place I go, people are asking me, 'And how is your dear, beautiful sister Susie?' At the wake, Nellie Branagan, she cried when she heard your name mentioned, and she said that Susie was just . . . IT."

Bridget continued talking, describing the wake, the gossip she had heard there, their old friends and what they and their children were doing, who amongst them was rich, and who was not, how poor Mrs. Collins, from Saint Rose's and Saint Patrick's

parishes, had cried so heartbrokenly because her daughter, Peggy, who had married a Protestant against her mother's wishes, had lost faith.

They came to the park, which was fresh with budding spring greenness, and they laboriously walked along a gravel path, puffing noisily. Bridget suddenly said that her boy, Charlie, had to be watched. He was only a boy still, only twenty-one, and she did not favor his going to dances. Because girls these days were just hussies always on the lookout to hook a young fellow who worked regularly and had no bad habits. If she didn't watch her Charlie, some older girl, some she-devil of a siren, would take him off and marry him. And he was her precious, only a boy of twenty-one. Susie said that Bridget shouldn't attempt to be so strict with her children because a boy like Charlie wanted to have a little fun and some good times. But still, Susie added, it was always, of course, a parent's duty to see that her children didn't lose their immortal souls.

"I'll split the head of the girl that marries him. I'll bash her brains out against the walls of Saint Clement's church for all the world to see," Bridget said, her voice rising with belligerency, causing strolling strangers to turn and eye the two sisters with amused curiosity.

Susie said that Bridget was too extreme in her attitude. Bridget looked at her sister with unveiled annoyance. She said that Charlie helped to support her, and she would fight to hold him. Let any girl try and get him, just let her try! She would split the little bitch's head in two, and sue her for alienation of her son's affection. She was not going to answer to Almighty God for her son's innocent soul because of some worthless chippy. She would guard her son, Charlie, her precious, she would guard him with her life!

"And I'll string up any little whore that tries to get him, I'll string her up a telephone post by her ears!" she shouted in repetition, brandishing a fat fist.

Susie quickly asked Bridget how the children were, adding that she was proud of her nieces and nephews, because they were all so fine, so sweet, so good and so respectful to their mother. Bridget immediately contradicted her sister, and said that they were a disrespectful lot, always complaining, always selfish. Charlie stayed up to all hours playing his radio, and on Saturday nights, he usually had his gang over to play cards all night and gamble. June, who was now working in a jewelry store, wouldn't as much as move her little finger around the house because she thought that she was such a lady. She came home from work, demanding her supper, and she was just so finicky. Bridget said that if June was a thoughtful and dutiful daughter, she would come home and cook supper for her mother and brothers, and wash the dishes instead of wanting to run out chasing anything with a pair of pants on its legs. And the whole mob of them, they complained because they said she went to church too much. And wasn't her first duty to God? Nobody, not even her children, would turn her from the worship she owed to the great man above.

After a pause in their conversation, during which they walked slowly on, Bridget asked how Pete, Susie's husband, was? Susie said he was well and not complaining, and his business was progressing quite satisfactorily. Bridget acidulously said that she was very glad to hear that Pete was happy and prosperous. Susie directed a dirty look at her sister, but Bridget met it without flinching, and resumed her complaints about her children.

They were breathing rapidly and limping, so they occupied a bench under a shaded oak tree. While they spoke of their tired-

ness, two flimsily dressed flappers passed, Bridget looking at them with hostility, Susie with wistful eyes.

"Those ones ought to be spanked by their mothers. The sinful way they roll their butts! Humph!" Bridget snapped.

Susie irresolutely agreed. After another brief period of silence, Bridget began to speak of religion, telling of the goodness of the Little Rose of Jesus Christ. If one joined the Society of the Little Rose of Jesus Christ, that saint would work wonders for one. She would carry one's appeal straight to the throne of Almighty God, and He would not turn down the petitions and requests of his Son's own little Rose, whose soul was as white as the purest snow. She added that all the saints had a power if one prayed to them for the right things. If one lost something and prayed to Saint Anthony, he would find it, and every time one mailed a letter, one should initial S.A.G., for Saint Anthony Guard, on the back of the envelope so that the letter would not be lost. If one wanted peace in the home, Saint Joseph was the patron saint for that, and Saint Rita was best for curing colds, and Saint Christopher for protection from automobile accidents. But for all special difficulties, the Little Rose of Jesus Christ was the best.

Bridget suddenly interrupted her discourse on the powers of the saints to tell Susie that at the last novena to the Little Rose which she had made, she had seen fat Mrs. Mahoney. Susie should see that one, the airs she was putting on these days. She was just so killing, bragging about her Lilly who was keeping company with the son of a Congressman, and her Patrick, that dude son, who couldn't hold a candle up to Bridget's own Charlie, and her clubs, and her pet canary, and her husband who got his start selling meat not fit for pigs to eat. The airs of her, she with a rump on her that looked like a tub of butter!

A sixteen or seventeen-year-old couple strolled arm-in-arm past their bench, hungrily interested in each other.

Bridget elevated her nose and sneered after them, snarling that the boy should be home studying his lessons, and the girl helping her mother with housework.

They again lapsed into silence. A slight wind ruffled Susie's brown hair. A leaf dropped at Bridget's feet. Sparrows chirped about them. A baby ran bow-legged on the lawn extending away from the gravel path and opposite their bench. A young man sang from somewhere nearby. And Susie seemed to grow melancholy, and moodily she told her sister that it was peaceful in the park. Bridget did not answer. Then suddenly she again spoke of what Mrs. Mahoney had told her about the Cardinal Archbishop. He was German and the Irish priests did not like it, having a German as their superior. And she didn't blame them because she knew from her own life that the Germans were tricky. Yes, they were tricky, even trickier than the Jews, and almost as tricky as the black niggers. Susie said that she thought the Cardinal was a great and a good man. Bridget said that he was a great and a holy man because all Cardinals and Archbishops were great, but that if you asked her, he was like all Germans. He was all for himself. He did not give the Irish priests parishes. And Mamie McDermott over west, Mamie had told her about what the Cardinal had done when he had first come to the diocese. Why, he had gone around to the parish houses in an old Ford disguised as a priest. Imagine the commonness of it. An archbishop who would drive his own automobile, and a tin lizzie, at that. And he would knock on the doors of parish houses like a common beggar, and when the housekeeper would answer and ask who was it, he would ask her with oh, such a sweetness in his voice, he would ask her to tell Father that the Archbishop wanted to see him. Yes, Bridget repeated, none of the Irish priests liked him. He was a German, and favored the Germans and Dagoes and other foreigners instead of the Irish. And why? She knew, and she wasn't afraid to say why. Because he wanted to be Pope, that was why. And the Lord spare them all from the day when they would have a German

in Rome as Christ's Vicar on earth. The Good Lord spare them!

Susie attempted to disagree with her sister, but Bridget loudly repeated herself, and Susie again became broodingly quiet. Bridget again reverted to the wake, and soon the two sisters were nostalgically talking of the days of their childhood and young girlhood, their eyes softening into dreaminess, their voices becoming tender. Young people flowed by them on the path like pinching remembrances of what they had once been. Susie, her sadness increasing, suddenly remarked that anyway Bridget did have the consolation of her children, who were so young and fine, and a parent could live again the days of youth through her children. Bridget sharply said that little comfort they were, bickering all the time, and expecting their mother to stand over a hot stove ruining her complexion cooking their Sunday dinner so that they could stuff themselves like hogs. Susie said that it reminded her that she would have to be going home to cook Pete's dinner. Bridget flushed, glanced angrily at her sister, told her suddenly to mind her own goddamn business, and never mind hinting for her to go home and cook. Susie said she hadn't. Bridget told Susie to run her own house and not go trying to burn her nose by sticking it into other homes. Susie looked at Bridget nonplussed, too shocked to speak. Bridget said she hated jealous people, and of all jealousy, that of blood sisters was the worst. And she said that Susie was jealous of her because there had been no fruit from her womb. She said that Pete had good grounds even for separation, because Susie had an empty womb. And Susie's empty womb was the punishment which God had visited upon her for having had that abortion before she married Pete. It was a sin against God and nature, having an abortion, letting a tinker like Joe O'Malley do that outside of lawful, holy wedlock. It was a sin against God.

Susie flared, and called Bridget a goddamn slob, told her she could mind her own goddamn business, and said that Bridget was just jealous and envious because she had always wanted Joe O'Malley, and he never would have her. There was nothing in Bridget to entice a man or make another woman jealous of her. And if she were a child of Bridget, she would leave.

"Humph! Humph! Well, let me tell you! Let me tell you! My children love their mother. They know that she was always a good woman, that she has never been a whore and she will never break their hearts!"

"Why, you, you always were a devil. Even Dad when he lived, he used to call you that she-devil. You always were a dirty selfish devil, and I don't see how you ever got a man. And you certainly made life miserable for poor Pat, God have mercy on his soul!" Susie said, her voice rising until she was shrieking and people were stopping to enjoy the quarrel.

"May God have mercy on you and forgive you for talking like that of me . . . A Catholic, a Christian, a sacred mother."

"Well, I'm a Catholic, too."

"But you're no good. You were a whore with Joe O'Malley and you went to a midwife."

"That's none of your goddamn business, and let me tell you, you big fat slob, you wanted Joe and you wanted him goddamn bad. Why, you ran after everything in pants around Twelfth and Blue Island."

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no! I'm a lady. If I didn't go to school, still, I'm a lady! I'm a lady! Oh, no! Oh, no! I was always a lady! And see this blessed wedding ring! Look at it! A man had to give me that! My bed was blessed by God!"

"And yes, you just let me tell you something, and don't forget it. You're nothing but a dirty old hypocrite. You go to church and pray, and then you come out and fight and backbite everybody. You won't even cook a decent meal for your children, who support you, you're so busy being a gadder and a backbiter. You're ignorant Irish. What kind of a Catholic is that? You're a fine kind of a Catholic, a fine kind! A fine kind of a Catholic!"

"Oh! Oh! I'll have you know that I'm a decent Catholic woman. A decent Catholic woman! This ring. See it! It was never made filthy by an abortion. I never killed a poor unborn babe and bashed its innocent soul into the eternal fires of Hell. I never murdered a poor unbaptized little innocent. No, I never did that. I'm not that kind of a Catholic. I'm not that kind of a murderer!"

"Why, Jesus Christ, you lousy hypocrite!" Susie said while the crowd about them increased, many laughing.

Bridget arose, and, sneering, she stood before her sister performing a clumsy jig.

"Oh, how refined we are! How swell we are! Da . . . da . . . da . . . dee," she sang, continuing her jig.

Suddenly Bridget flung her dresses up around her neck, and shoved her abdomen toward her sister.

"Kiss my backside," she said.

She walked away, her nose elevated.

Susie sat on the bench crying and told her sad story to a

sympathetic young girl. Then she went home to dinner with her husband, and cried as they ate. Bridget returned home to find her children clumsily trying to assemble a meal for themselves. Afterwards, Susie's husband hastened off to a ball game, and Bridget's children left. About three o'clock, Bridget telephoned Susie. They met and went out to the shrine of Saint Jude, in a South Chicago church, to pray. They prayed until the janitor asked them to leave, and closed them out of the church. Coming home, they waddled side by side, talking of old times as if they had never quarreled. Bridget told Susie how powerful Saint Jude was, and how she stood, next to the Little Rose, in God's sight. As they were climbing up the steps at an Illinois Central suburban station, they saw a young Polish girl smoking a cigarette.

"Humph! If she was my daughter, I'd beat her with a strap until her flesh cracked!" Bridget said.

They parted in good spirits, agreeing to meet and make the novena to the Little Rose which was commencing next Tuesday.

SOBSISTER? OR SOB SISTER?

by RUTH McKENNEY

A NEWSPAPERWOMAN is not presumed to be able to write about anything but little diapers hanging in the sun, or the despairing shriek of a gangster's mother when she hears the bad news that the cops got Joe. She isn't presumed to care about such sordid things as money, either. The weekly brass checks and soap samples she gets in lieu of what the men call wages are supposed to be a gesture, and a big hearted gesture at that, on the part of the men who employ her.

There are so many thousands of girls and women storming newspaper editors' offices on every daily in the country, that the rare and fortunate lady who rakes off a job is presumed, again, to spend an hour by her little white bed each night, thanking God for the fact that she has a job at all.

City editors pass around a lot of bitter remarks about the lady reporter. Competition is so fierce that the lady in question is the first to kill off her rival with a dirty dig.

This isn't an apology for newspaperwomen—it's an attempt to explain why they may be called Underdog A in the newspaper business.

In the first place, the matter of getting a job. During these off years in the newspaper business, young fry just out of college aren't being exactly snapped up, whatever sex. But there are a certain number of jobs open on every newspaper, labelled "cub." The earnest youth may be sent to pounding beats, or putting his feet on the desk with the boys at headquarters, or dutifully being the inquiring reporter.

These jobs are open to men, not women. Generally speaking, about half the daily newspapers in this country have one woman reporter on their staffs. A few of the New York and Chicago papers have two or more, but two big dailies—The Times and The Herald Tribune—have none.

There are about a dozen jobs open to newspaperwomen in New York City, compared to the hundreds available for men. Since there are no lady cub jobs open, the woman applicant must have experience. The girl just out of college must, unless her father is a publisher or her uncle president of a bank, lie in her teeth and hope she can learn enough by looking around fast, to hang on.

And there's just one job she can apply for—feature writer. Women reporters are expected, every one of them, no matter how young and inexperienced, to hold that most difficult of all newspaper jobs, that of a first class feature writer. That's the

central point to the whole sad story. Back in some dim age when newspapermen took off their hats in elevators when a lady rode with them, the first woman reporter was hired. This was the pedestal period. Men believed that all that women did was pure and sweet, except the bad women and they didn't count. Naturally, then, women had a corner on the softer emotions. They could be expected to weep over lost babies and cry their eyes out over the sad plight of lady murderesses. Now everybody knows that if generalizations can be made at all women are the fiercer sex. As a rule, normal women waste no sympathy on other people's children. If they understand why a hard pressed woman fed her husband arsenic, they don't drip tears about her fate.

By the time newspaperwomen have written for ten years of babies born in subway stations and mothers about to be hanged the whole thing has grown to be a macabre pattern to them. The dismal phrase: "Let's have some feeling in this," haunts them in their sleep. Nobody, and particularly not a woman, can be expected to shed tears three times a day for a decade and still not use an onion.

On many a Hearst paper, on many even a family newspaper in the middle west, women are expected to do all the phony, dirty jobs. It's the lady reporter who is expected to pass off as a nurse, or an applicant for a job, or a bereaved bank depositor just gypped out of her life savings. The times I have been photographed riding elephants in circus parades, standing on statues, and, all dressed up in my grandmother's dress, beating on the door of a closed bank!

The city editor wouldn't dare ask his men reporters to pretend they are convicts back from the pen, just wanting a chance in life. But I was once forced to appear as a girl wronged early in her innocent career and wanting only a home for her poor, starving baby. The whole field of stunt reporting, that cheap and noisome department of journalism, is pretty generally left, by the gallant men, to the ladies. For some odd reason, we are expected to combine tender feelings about children with a surprising callousness about personal honor.

City editors groan because their women reporters are careless and inaccurate and sloppy and lazy. They catch them faking and mourn their stereotyped style. But it's a rare newspaperwoman who has ever been taught even the fundamentals of her craft, let alone any sense of dignity, honesty and decency in the handling of news.

But suppose that the woman reporter somehow gets a decent training in the business of reporting and writing news. Suppose that some kind city editor gives her a chance to learn how facts are reported and set down on paper. Suppose, finally, that she falls heir to a job where she is given intelligent assignments, allowed to cover her share of the interesting and important events of the day. Add that she is allowed to write in a dignified and sensible style. This does happen. It happens more often in New York than anywhere else, but sometimes papers like the Cleveland Plain Dealer or the Scripps-Howard sheets allow their women reporters to be human beings, working at a sensible, dignified job.

She still faces an economic and intellectual struggle. A few famed newspaperwomen, mostly special, or woman's writers are paid high salaries in New York. The general run of women reporters in New York are paid from 30 to 40 per cent less than men with equal experience and talent. Outside of New York women's salaries are even lower. I knew one woman reporter who had worked eight years for a large middle western paper. She had a good job, did front page stories, filled an important place on the paper and in the community. The one man on the city staff who compared with her in talent and local fame made \$85 a week. She made \$35 a week—and her husband was out of work, at that. When she complained, fiercely, to the publisher he answered: "Listen! girls, clever, well educated girls come in here and beg to work for nothing. I can hire a dozen experienced women reporters for a song."

The only organization which has ever offered the newspaper-

women any hope of equal pay—and its corollary equal consideration—is the American Newspaper Guild.

Its largely masculine membership has proved for once and for all that it is not the average reporter who insists on the miserable place women have always occupied in the city room. Instead, the Guild constitution specifies that "there shall be no discrimination because of sex . . . etc."

When and if the newspaperwoman is made the economic equal of the men in the city room, her intellectual liberation may follow. So few women are properly trained now, so few are given a decent opportunity for advancement, that all that most newspaperwomen may look forward to is an endless round of stunt assignments, and an endless repetition of sobstories.

Ruth Finney, of Scripps-Howard, and Marguerite Young of the Daily Worker are very nearly the only women reporters in Washington who don't spend all their time following around Mrs. Roosevelt to see what she's wearing today. No woman writes labor news for an important newspaper. No woman writes politics. No woman that I know of, sits on a copy desk. It goes without saying that few women hold executive positions in newspapers. City editors say: "they couldn't do it." American women have been first class magazine editors and writers, movie directors, playwrights. Russian women run newspapers with huge circulations.

The pedestal period is over for most women except the ones who work for newspapers. And they are very tired of being called "sob sisters" and paid accordingly.

YOUNG GIRL

by GRACE FLANDRAU

WELL, she didn't care, she didn't care. If only they would go, if only Aunt Jennie Barker would go, and Uncle Bill Barker standing there so dumb with his black hat in his hand and that Agnes Barker she couldn't bear, who kept looking down at the inscriptions but only half read them not to show, by too much interest, any disrespect for what had brought them there; and the two little boys always running around but careful not to step on the graves.

If it were only over, if only the Barkers would go home. (Evy, you tell them to go, you get rid of them.) Hadn't they had enough with all the fussing and Aunt Jennie Barker with that pile of crepe on top of her head and her hat on one side, the tears running down her face making her nose red and her upper lip all red and blistered?

Crying—and what if I don't cry? What if I can't cry? What if I don't care? What business was it of theirs? She turned away not to look at them—she turned away facing the evening that came like brown smoke upon the prairie. And all at once there was the cool dampness blowing soft and steady against her face as if it were going somewhere, to some lovely place far away, some place where she wanted to go, where it had always seemed that she belonged. And before her eyes the quiet country stood up real and strange like a picture—the black furrows in the ploughed field beyond the fence, the coarse grass that masked the cut where the railroad ran, the autumn colors beyond that smouldered under the low smudge of mist. Frost had blackened the reds and gold and the grove was like a dying fire, burning itself out in mist and coolness. And she felt her apartness in all her ways, in her thin cheeks and her broad forehead too high and spoiling her looks—not low like Evy's, pretty, with a widow's peak. Trying—always trying—to remember something or forget. I want, I want, she cried, her hands in their black gloves hanging helpless at her sides.

"You'd better go, Aunt Jennie," Evy was saying. "You'd better start, you've got such a long ways."

Aunt Jennie didn't answer. She stood holding little Mary May by the hand and the tears kept running down her cheeks. She stood not saying a word not moving and it was too much having her stand there so dumb holding little Mary May by the hand and crying. Well, why don't you speak, why don't you say something, do something, get a move on? Feeling at the same time as if Aunt Jennie must know what she was thinking, as if she could hear Aunt Jennie say, wasn't it just like Margy to be so ugly at a time like this—Margy who'd always been so selfish, such a trial to her poor dear Mama? Only Aunt Jennie wouldn't really say that, nothing she thought about Aunt Jennie was true. Nothing was true except the feelings that struck through your own heart like arrows, like shafts of light, like burning bars of pain.

Evy, she wanted to cry out, Evy! Needing something, needing someone as she always had, as she had that night a long time ago when she wakened beside Evy wanting she did not know what, wanting to put her head on Evy's breast, to have Evy comfort her. But instead had lain silent, saying nothing, hiding it from Evy, hiding it always and especially from her—Mother, who had always been reaching, always asking for that, nothing but that.

Evy had her arm around Aunt Jennie and was walking with her toward the road. Aunt Jennie didn't want to go without them, she didn't think they ought to be alone. "Dear me, Evy, but you girls—You girls ought to come home with Uncle Bill and I. You girls—"

(You girls . . . my girls . . . My girls, Jennie, it's having to leave them,—it's leaving my girls, Jennie . . .) A line drew tight around her throat and her breath squeezed out so tight she was afraid it would make a sound Aunt Jennie and the rest would hear.

Aunt Jennie's old car shuddered, it roared away and when it

went it took all sound with it. The hearse stood still on the road as if it never meant to move. It stood still and high as a house, and then she saw the men with spades. Slow and sure the men mouth dragged down, all her pretty smooth face creased like a monkey's and obliterated with tears.

Evy, she might have cried out but didn't, only went quickly to the road. Inside the hired sedan it smelled stale of cold and roses, and the cushions were blue black and smooth as silk under her hand. And when Evy came the sedan rolled away very smooth and warm. She looked out of the window the other way from Evy and saw the brown mist that was like smoke over the dying red, and then through the city. And like the sea, like heaven, like the beginning of love was the grey twilight between the strong walls—shaped that leaned together, closing but not quite, upon the twilight that was like a promise of something that would never be hers for the guilt that was in her, the weight upon her heart. . . .

Evy was saying something, she was speaking about a restaurant. "Margy," she repeated, "listen. We could eat down town, Margy, we could eat at Hoffman's. It doesn't cost much there."

Evy, yes—at Hoffman's. The lights were so bright there and when they went in there was such a good smell of German things cooking. They were glad to be sitting down there, they even said they'd have beer to drink with their supper. They even joked about Aunt Jennie—if she could see them now—*drinking!* Aunt Jennie had made all her family sign the pledge, even little Mary May, and the two boys who sang temperance songs in Sunday school and at church festivals.

"What a fool she is!" Margy exclaimed, spirited. But at the same time she felt the frown that ran up her brow, and the old thoughts began, fast in her head, over and over. Why did they have to be the way they were, Aunt Jennie and all of them? Stupid, with their pledges and their Sunday schools and goodness knows what. Why couldn't they be like other people and keep up with the times and read good books and talk about interesting things? *Stupid.* (Ah, and I said that to her—I even said it to her and she never said anything back, only her face was —).

"Evy," she cried, "Evy, those pictures on the walls, aren't they crazy, and that old Woodrow Wilson needs his frame washed. . . ."

Evy didn't answer. The beer had come and stood before them, foam gone down so that it lay in splotches of white scum on the top. Evy put out her hand and took hold of Margy's. Her fingers clung and all at once Margy snatched her own hand away. The waitresses' dresses, they were too green, the greenness hurt her eyes, and the spots on their white aprons made her sick. It seemed to her then she could not bear anything that was not pure white and clean as snow. The lights were too bright, bright like the Welsbach burner when she was a little girl sitting on her Mother's lap before supper, her Mother's breast soft—hard where the corsets began, a smell of black satin and lilac satin sachet, her mother's cheek. . . .

Evy—she was on her feet but she could not speak. She ran to the door, lips tight shut to keep in the sound. Outside the night was cool-polished like dark glass and shining with lights, and she read over and over again the running words of fire above the theatre—The Thin Man William Powell Myrna Loy The Thin Man William Powell Myrna Loy The Thin . . .

When Evy came out she didn't say anything. She took Margy's arm and they walked home careful what they talked about, careful when they opened the door and went in. Careful too, not to look at each other when they kissed good night.

And Margy went to sleep quite soon. She must have slept hard because when she waked she didn't know where she was. She woke still in her dream, still filled with the peace, the joy, the incredible relief. All that had been so heavy upon her was gone, the

great burden of her pride and her fear, and the hard wall that had been about her, shutting her away. Free and soft and feather light she lay upon her bed, saying to herself the words of her dream: Oh, Mother, Mother, I had thought you were dead, Oh, Mother, that you were gone and it was too late—too late to say all the things I never said, do all the things I never did. Oh, Mother, that I would never see you again. Knowing in her heart her love, yielded up to it and without fear.

And she was crying. At last tears had come, they rose and overflowed, they poured like rain into dry earth. Oh, Mother, that I would never see you again! But even as she repeated the words the truth of them went from her, even while she wept the sense of her dream began to fade. Dawn came, her eyes were dry and she could no longer remember, all this was as if it had never been. Hard and cold she moved in daylight, closed and separate and alone.

But sleep and dreams would come again.

LOST: Somewhere in the woods called "Promising Young Men" a writer named Lawrence Stallings. When last seen he was floundering in the marshes of Hollywood. If found he will undoubtedly be unrecognizable and slightly offensive. No reward offered.

" SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH"

by D. L. VICTOR

MEEKLY he waited until a table was empty. Meekly he accepted the table when it was. The waiter hurried him when he took his order, but he didn't seem to mind. Always waiters hurried him—the mouse, the meek one—and always he rewarded discourtesy with a heavier tip.

Quietly he ate his meal. He sat there and listened as the musicians came in from the street and played first "You're the Top" and then something he didn't recognize.

When the fat man sat down at his table, the meek one was so intent on trying to find out what that second number could have been, he didn't notice him. When the fat man began pushing aside the side dishes and the bread basket to clear a generous space for himself, he helped him. Amiably he helped him. When the fat one glared at him, he smiled a gentle, obsequious smile.

He was still trying to think of the name of that second piece, when the violinist (his companion had a brassy accordion) squealed into the third number, rolling his eyes and beating out the time with his foot and giving it "everything." The meek one knew this one—the "Isle of Capri."

The fat man gave his order. He kept looking at the mouse. He seemed annoyed that the mouse would not leave the table. He wanted to be alone. You could see that in the way he reached over and grabbed the pepper and salt shakers . . . the way he pulled the table closer to him so that a glass of water narrowly averted falling into the meek one's lap . . . the way he spread his newspaper so that the little man was practically behind a screen. If the mouse noticed all this, he didn't say anything.

Then the violinist continued to play while the fellow with the accordion took the hat around. When he came to their table, the meek one dropped a half dollar into the hat.

Then the accordionist turned to his table companion. He had a servile, fawning smile on his face; accordionists, too—like waiters—know their customers.

"We're together," the fat man said.

MY SISTER'S HAPPY DAY

by EUGENE JOFFE

AS I rode in the subway early that morning, the prospect of home was heartening before me, and I thought almost happily of returning there to stay. I looked forward to befriending my mother and sharing my young sister's elation, and even the thought of my father could bring back none of the wild fury that had finally forced me to leave.

Besides, as I had achieved a little clarity and direction by myself, I had gradually come to think of my mother and father not only without irritation but even with sympathy, and to feel for my sister not merely friendship but a contrite and pitying love—a new compassion that grew stronger each time she wrote me a tearful letter describing how much she "suffered" from our parents' unawareness of her self. Whenever I reminded her that they truly loved her, she countered with a fresh instance of their harshness, and when I tried wearily to show her the sordidness and uncertainty of my own life she retorted fiercely, "I *know* all about that—but when you were young you had it good, didn't you? At least you had a happy *childhood*!" And then there was no sense in reminding her again of what she knew so well—our father's debts, his failing dental practice, my mother's numbing fear for all of us, our family's frightening closeness to financial ruin.

But as I neared home that morning I was beset only by pleasant thoughts, and although my father had stonily ignored my existence ever since I had left, I felt a strong companionship for him in his struggle against the destruction that swirled about us all. I felt sure that before much longer I would enable my mother to live in all the peace and pleasure that she deserved; and then I thought of my sister's eager face, and her swift letters, and now of her graduation from grammar school, and I was filled with a warm confidence in her life.

Yet the moment I entered our apartment I winced as always before the pervasive cheerlessness of those rooms, and my mother's saddened face, trying to appear delighted, touched me with apprehension. But then to release the warm flow of love she felt for me, and as a wise substitute for all the discomfiting questions she hungered to ask, she told me with a quivering smile how my father had come out of his room early that morning, bowing to my sister and congratulating her in affectionate rhetoric, and had later bought her a graduation bouquet that had not been the cheapest (as my sister had tearfully feared it might be.) My mother herself had, with a true martyr's patience, attended my sister all morning and had humbly executed each contradictory and superfluous task that was assigned her.

Meanwhile I remembered with hot contrition how I had stubbornly promised myself not to endure what I had feared would be a ghastly ceremony and had been persuaded to come only by my sister's final letter: "Dear *darling* brother, I COMMAND you to come Friday morning for my graduation. Bring some money, blast your soul." And then with compassion I felt how my mother and father and I had realized that only in an intangible way could we make my sister's graduation so happy that it would cancel all the wretched hours that she had endured.

My sister had already left, and my father, since he would have to close the office for the morning anyway, had hurried downtown to dispose first of some minor business matter. And as my mother and I walked along the familiar streets and I reassuringly answered her questions, I began to feel a growing closeness to my people and my home. Gradually I thought that perhaps . . . if somehow I returned to them . . . our uncertainty might be less destructive. If no patients came to my father's office, he would at least have the money that I managed to earn, and I with a new understanding would perhaps not mind the petty dissensions that would inevitably occur; a

little sadness would surely leave my mother's heart . . . and there would be at least one person who would appreciate my sister's exuberance. . .

The moment I saw her I felt how breathlessly and with what enviable pleasure she had been bustling through the rooms, and clattering up and down the stairs of the school that she was excitedly leaving. As we entered the auditorium she burst through the flung-back stage door, and sped to a smiling teacher and whispered a swift message to her. Then she beheld us starting down the aisle and gestured joyfully to me, and fleetingly acknowledging the classmates who clamored to her, she hurried to where I waited, her face glowing and blushing above the careful white of her dress, the small bouquet nestling like a baby on her bare arm, her whole warm presence more lovable than ever before.

She chattered to me eagerly, describing and explaining and revealing, in a ceaseless flow of elation, all that infused her morning with excitement. The auditorium swarmed with bustle and exclamation, it was fertile with happiness and depthless love, all restrained as if in anticipation of a sacred rite; and before the eagerness of my sister, pulsing at the very heart of all the glory, I surged with a growing affection for all that I had left.

When she passed us slowly in the hushed procession of graduates, brimming with a deep pleasure that she dignifiedly restrained, I prayed that by some inconceivable magic her joy might be rendered constant, and her radiance gifted to her forever. Seeing her so richly alive at this height of her childhood, my mother and I breathed more than our love for her, and with a deep excitement I felt how this morning had purged our lives forever of all strife.

When she acted in the play, hugging against her heart all the fabulous glory of her world, it was as if I sat high above the others and like a stranger commanded her fiercely to be happy for all time. And when she crossed the stage to receive her diploma, all joy glowing through her, my heart was clenched with more than love, and it was as if I were attaining a new completion, and perceiving at last the true direction of my life. . .

Her face hot with delight, my sister pushed her way to us in the crowded aisle; and I pressed my arm awkwardly about her soft shoulders, and my mother took her face in her hands and kissed her, and with her eyes glistening and her chin quivering, kissed her again. And I throbbed with a nameless hunger, and thought with burning humiliation of all the time that I had cruelly and stupidly shunned this warmth.

When my sister turned to me again she was embarrassed by what she thought was merely my intense gratification at her happiness, and she burst out with a request that I meet the teacher who had directed the play, and when I refused, smiling at her eagerness, she persisted, "Ah, *come on*," having yet found no other direction for her joy in the moment, "*please*," hungrily seeking only an excuse for some immediate activity.

"And you forgot all about your poor daddy," my mother reproached her tenderly: "There he is waiting for you all alone."

"Where . . . Oh—"

My sister rushed to our father, standing awkwardly at the back and watching her with a smile; and as she pushed her way through the press of happy people he stepped heartily forward to receive her. My sister flung herself into his arms and raised her face to kiss him, then quickly began to exclaim to him in a further shedding of excitement, as he held her close and smiled down at her with protective love.

Then he began to whisper to her. In consternation I saw my sister suddenly gasp and clench her hand, and her face winced in dismay at each word he breathed against her. She flinched from him

in swift repulsion and looked frantically at the passers-by, then shook her head at my father in terrified pleading. "What does he want from her *now*?" my mother whispered shakily beside me, and as if my blood had slowed I saw my father plunge his hand into his pocket. Instantly my sister clutched his arm and clung desperately to it so that he couldn't withdraw his hand, while she whispered to him with wild stricken pleading.

His jaw clenched and his face hardened, and the fist in his pocket surely nearly burst; and as hot anger began to steel his body my sister bit her lip in fear and anguish, and shook her head in tortured refusal, and tried hopelessly to restrain the tears that glistened in her eyes. The thinning press of people about her began to hesitate and stare at her imploring face and frantic gestures—suddenly in desperation she tore herself free from my father's grasp and fled sobbing back to where my mother and I had waited. With a glare of rage my father turned away and pushed fiercely through the door, and as if the blood had left my chest I could hardly wrench my gaze from the place where he had stood.

My sister clung limply to my mother, and as I raised my hand to her shaking shoulders she tried to hide her face, her back shaking uncontrollably as she sobbed in utter wretchedness, miserably hearing the whispers of the strangers who slowly passed us. My mother

shook her head at me in weary resignation, then smoothed my sister's hair and tried tenderly to see her face.

"What is it, darling . . .?" she whispered.

My sister suddenly looked up at her with exhausted violence.

"I can't *stand* him! I can't *stand* him!" she rasped with burning fierceness, stamping her foot. "Do you know what he wanted me to do?" she begged, suddenly weakly humble, turning to me imploringly: "Hand out his Dentist cards to all the children and tell them—" mimicking his persuasive voice with suddenly passionate exactness—"If your teeth ever hurt you, just come to my daddy and have them fixed!"

She clutched my mother again, and weakly sobbed. "How can I go around now . . ." she begged . . . "And-if-you-don't," suddenly gritting her teeth and narrowing her tearful eyes to imitate her father's fury, "if-you-won't-do-it—never-ask-me-for-any-money-ever-again!" she swore tearfully, "never-never!"

My mother hushed her softly, whispering, "Don't you understand . . ." and my sister dried her eyes and tried gaspily to stop crying. Suddenly she looked frantically up at me as if I were a god from another country whom she must force to save her.

"Please take me away!" she implored, clutching my sleeve in her trembling fingers. "Please!" she entreated, her quivering body praying against me, her eyes beseeching me in naked anguish.

THE AMERICAN EXPATRIATE DESERTS PARIS

by DAVID EWEN

ANYONE intimately acquainted with Paris before and after the 1933 days of American inflation, will realize that the capricious tumblings of the dollar has resulted in at least one blessed event: it has restored Paris to the French. As the American colony continues to stream out of Paris—bewildered and confused by the strange collapse of the one-time Almighty dollar—Paris can once again return to being the Capitol of France, instead of merely an unannexed colony of the United States.

That Paris was throttled by the relentless clutch of the American colonist is a truism to anyone who has known Paris when the dollar was drawing twenty-five francs and some forty centimes to spare. The American colony in Paris consisted of well over 10,000 émigrés, who were making Paris a permanent home. This is, perhaps, a negligible number in a city of more than five million Frenchmen. But the American colonist had a peculiar felicitousness in making himself seen and heard. He may have come to Paris because he wanted to absorb French culture and French environment—but once having crossed the Atlantic he remained more stubbornly American than he had been in his own country. The American colonist may have lived in Montparnasse and strolled its boulevards every sundown; each afternoon he may have gone to his pet café to sip leisurely at *Pernod fils* or *Dubonnet sec*; he may have rubbed elbows with French people—but despite all this, he remained bewilderingly virgin of all exotic influences. Nothing seemed capable of defiling the pure-white chastity of his Americanism. He surrounded himself with American influences through which nothing French could possibly hope to penetrate.

Besides his own libraries, churches and hospitals, the American colonist in Paris boasted of three English-speaking theatres, catering to the American clientele with American plays, usually the dregs of Broadway and Piccadilly productions, and no less than twenty English-talking moving-picture houses. To add insult to injury, such restaurants as the "Chicago Inn" on Avenue de la Bourdonnais, as "Sam's" on Boulevard des Italiens, as the "United States Restaurant" on Rue de Douai (which blatantly specialized in beef-steaks, hamburgers and corned-beef and cabbage!), or as

the "American Quick Lunch" on Rue Pigalle in Montmartre made it their business to see that the American palate of these colonists was not defiled by the delicacies of French cooking.

Patriotic societies sprang up in Paris during these pre-1933 days like mushrooms—and like some varieties of mushrooms they frequently succeeded in being poisonous. There was an American Woman's Club, an American Legion Post, an American Chamber of Commerce, an American Aid Society, and a Paris chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution (to mention only the more formidable groups) to perpetually remind the colonists of American ideals, principles and patriotism. Ostensibly, most of these societies were founded for the nympholeptic ideal of creating greater harmony between the French and the American colonists. But these societies long before this had forgotten their original aim, or else they had a perverted idea of how to attain it. They did more to excavate a chasm between the two peoples than any diplomatic differences might. Their pompous and loud-voiced adherence to the strictest American ideals was often purchased at the price of tact and good-taste. Forgetting completely that they were visitors in a strange land, the members of these groups repeatedly flaunted their nationality to the face of their hosts. They refused to stomach gracefully any criticism—either in the press or in the addresses of statesmen—which might be directed against their country or the more famous of their countrymen—and in their voluble and heated protests (usually in the form of prolific letters to the editor, mass meetings and petitions) made themselves objects for scorn and ridicule among intelligent Frenchmen.

The accusation against the American colonist becomes even keener when we realize how great his influence had been in making Paris a subsidiary of New York. The American colony asserted itself so strongly—notwithstanding its insignificant number—that its influence was becoming more keenly felt with each passing year. English, for one thing, was becoming more and more audible in the streets, shops and cafés. Soda-fountains—formerly an American curio—are rapidly springing up in the more de-luxe coffee-houses. Sandwiches—also an American curiosity—can now be had,

at any eating house, and at any hour. Lunch-counters—an even greater American monstrosity—now rear their heads in department stores on the Champs Elysées and in the Opera section. The more celebrated cafés of Paris—the *Dôme*, the *Deux Maggots*, the *Coupole*, the *Rotonde*—had been taken over, body and soul, by the American clientele, so much so that a Frenchman at one of its tables was a glaring anachronism. The traditional two-hour lunch of the average Frenchman (so long an institution in French life) seemed to be rapidly yielding to American "Express Service," a sign which—mirabile dictu!—has sprung up, like warts, upon the face of more and more Parisian restaurants. And last season saw the birth in Paris of two cafeterias and one Automat!

A body within a body is often considered a cancerous growth. That's precisely what the average Frenchman considered the American colony. Frenchmen were finally beginning to rebel against this Americanization of Paris. It was probably because of this rebellion that a few restaurant-keepers in Montmartre—in a stinging irony that would have pierced skins even thicker than those of American colonists—have inserted in their window a sign to the effect that "*Ici on parle français!*"

Frenchmen need, however, rebel no longer. The falling dollar has made the colonists ask one another if America was not, after all, the most interesting and secure place to live in during these tempestuous times. The American expatriates are expatriates no longer. And, if you've been in Paris during the past year, you will no doubt have noticed the Parisians heaving a sigh of relief.

WANTED: A few college professors to make money in their spare time. Clean, wholesome work on behalf of utility companies. References exchanged.

PORTRAIT OF AN ABORTIONIST

by JULIAN FUNT

IT probably never occurs to the bewildered young pair pinning their faith in violent exercises, quinine, hot baths and mail order products that feature "DELAYED?" in bold type, to consult a cab driver for advice. He may not have any old wives' remedy on tap, but he has at least one address of a practicing abortionist. Up to the present writing this seems to be the most direct way of meeting the situation.

If, while sauntering through an exclusive section of the city, you see a line of cabs and after a search you fail to find a hotel, hospital or railroad terminal, look for a doctor's shingle. And if you are still in doubt, hang around for a half hour. If few patients pass through the front door, you are on a false trail—it is merely another doctor. If they literally stream in and out of the office, you are in the neighborhood of another New York abortionist.

The cops may have special orders to prevent cabs from parking. Nevertheless, a cab always manages to be at the door whenever a pale, shaken young woman comes out; and then ten minutes later when another patient emerges, another taxicab is waiting discreetly at the curb. Sometimes the boys can form their line around the corner or a block away; sometimes they have to keep rolling past the door. This makes it tough, but not tough enough to discourage them. With bookings from hacking what they are today, the drivers will tell you that the abortionist's front door is better than the main entrance to the Ritz any time.

The abortionist himself is very often annoyed by the obsequious

friendliness with which the boys who drive the cabs greet him. But, really, he ought to be grateful. While they wait in front of his door, their conversation is subdued; they never race their motors; there is never any of the usual horseplay and roughhouse. Cab drivers are as much interested in avoiding giving offense to the neighbors as the doctor himself. In short, they are very careful not to kill the goose that lays the golden egg, although, of course, in this case that is not the type of laying that gives the abortionist his business and, as a by-product, puts passengers in the taxi driver's cab.

It does seem a little unreasonable for the doctor to be so obviously annoyed with the cab drivers. Certainly he hasn't any reason to be snooty, for when it comes to a choice between the average abortionist and the average cab driver, you can put your money on the cab driver. Maybe it's his job that makes the a. b. man hard boiled; but driving a cab for fourteen hours a day and averaging less than \$15.00 a week is not a special sweetener of the human disposition.

The cab driver may occasionally take a roundabout way to get a bewildered fare to his destination, he may sometimes not be above taking a drunk for a long wearisome drive in order to run up a bill, but he will hesitate a long time before he risks physical damage to a person in order to increase his income. The average abortionist has no such scruples.

When you have been practicing furtive and disreputable medicine for a number of years, a great many of the human decencies begin to wear off. It is quite conceivable that an abortionist should be a civilized sort of fellow, contemptuous of the fact that his work is labelled illegal. It may very well be that he looks upon his work as the humanitarian enterprise it can be and tries, within reason, to keep it that way. If he does, he is the rare exception.

Perhaps it is the strain, the fear of being caught. Perhaps it is the boomerang character of the disrepute in which the community holds him. Whatever it may be, the average practitioner of abortions is usually unscrupulous, greedy for large fees, and not above shabby tricks in order to get them. Since the introduction of the Ascheim-Zondek tests, it has become more difficult to extract fees and go through the motions of performing curettings when they are not necessary. But, with patients who are bewildered or ignorant, or both, it is still possible to put over an occasional fast one.

The business of abortions is one enterprise which has not suffered during the depression. Of course, it is not quite as easy to get the \$300 fees as it was before the stock market break washed away 1929 living standards, as well as the abortionist's own substantial stock holdings. But then, too, there weren't quite so many desperate patients who had to get rid of pending babies at all costs.

The net result has been that abortionists have to do twice as many cases as they used to in order to earn the same amount of money. But the cases are there and so their total incomes for the year remain at the same pre-depression levels.

The average successful abortionist grosses between \$60,000 and \$80,000 a year. Deducting from this amount splits to doctors for referring cases, bribes to local political moguls and occasional cops, salaries to secretaries, nurses, etc., he is left with a net income of between \$25,000 and \$30,000.

Many abortionists retired from practice during the two or three years preceding the stock market crash. Some of them went into play producing; others closed up shop to spend their days watching the ticker in a broker's office; some went abroad for six months of study and returned ear, nose and throat specialists, counting on their savings to see them through the lean years of setting up a new practice. But the stock market crash changed all that. Within six months, all the abortionists were back at their old stands.

It would be quite futile to attempt to determine what makes a man an abortionist in the first place. The decision to go in for abortions carries with it as many implications of bravado as it does of

cowardice, as many implications of analytic shrewdness as it does of reckless desperation. Doubtless, some of these abortionists, possessed as they are of a reasonable amount of skill, nerve and psychological shrewdness, would have done just as well in the pursuit of some respectable branch of medicine. It would have meant harder sledding at first, but eventually they would have gotten there. On the other hand, it is not unlikely that thirty years of practice would have left them in the same boat as many of their colleagues who got out of medical school at the same time—namely, harried with debts, perennially broke and worn.

The life of an abortionist is no sinecure. Even though he is reasonably cautious and scrupulously avoids handling of cases where the pregnancy has progressed too far, there is always the danger of a death on the table, the same kind of "1 in 10,000" death which every surgeon experiences when patients react badly to anesthetics, or die of fright, or suddenly get an embolus. But these are the chances he must take.

Usually, when an abortionist gets to be past fifty, he becomes sentimental. He smarts under his unsavory reputation. While he professes to be indifferent to hospital appointments, recognition by medical societies, etc., etc., which he stoutly maintains are achieved through graft and politics, he, nevertheless, has long periods of melancholia. Almost invariably, the thought of what he might have done with his life makes him ill, although all about him are men who took the honorable road and bitterly regret it. He speaks constantly of the imbecility and knavery of doctors who enjoy "respectable" reputations. He becomes vituperative about the American Medical Association.

It never occurs to him that, of all people, he should be the most grateful for the pig-headed conservatism of the A. M. A. If this organization had manifested more than a superficial interest in the welfare of the community, towards which it professes such high-sounding obligations, if it had displayed just a reasonable amount of courage and social perception, the abortionists would have starved to death.

For the failure of the A. M. A. to adopt an intelligent attitude towards the wider dissemination of birth control information; its supine willingness to carry out restrictions against abortions, which sound as if they were imposed by the Church rather than an enlightened scientific body; and, finally, its obtuse refusal to acknowledge that economic incapacity to bear children is as valid an indication for birth control and abortions as a pathologic organic disorder, have combined to make it possible for the abortionist to run a profitable if somewhat covert business.

THE STRIKE BUSTING MILITARY

by WALTER WILSON

(Continued from page 2)

fired on the boat. After the ship had been broken into splinters and after several men had been killed and wounded, the detectives surrendered unconditionally. They left town promising never to return.

Tzar Frick never condescended to call upon the Governor of Pennsylvania for troops. He was too much of a real he-man for anything like that. He belonged to the old school. He had been confident that his "armed janissaries" would take care of the situation to his satisfaction. However, the Governor voluntarily sent in the soldiers and the miners were cowed into submission.

Obviously the lesson to be drawn from such experiences as Homestead, Ludlow, Colorado, and other big labor (vs) capital wars is that the use of private armies was expensive, wasteful and inefficient as compared to the use of the National Guard or the Regular Army. In justice to the industrialists like Carnegie and Frick

and Rockefeller, it must be said that they probably regarded it as unfair for the state to have to bear all the expense and go to all the trouble of sending troops for the use of putting down strikes. Besides they had some consideration for the officers who, at that period, regarded strike-breaking as an extremely unpleasant and unprofitable job.

But let a strike break out now. Do the employers get excited and begin stocking the company arsenal; laying in provisions for an army; building a fort; rushing orders to private detective agencies for an army? Not at all. Or at least they did not in 1934 nor have they done so thus far in 1935. They call up their old friend the Governor from the country club and pour their story into his sympathetic ears. Within 24 hours troops are marching in front of the factory gates, armed with tear gas, machine guns, sawed-off shotguns and on occasion tanks . . . There is no expense whatever to the employer. How inexpensive and happy! It seems so obvious that one wonders what prevented the old and astute "Robber Barons" from seeing it. But however that may be, the use of private guards to break strikes is being relegated, where it belongs, to the past. Today the military authorities would probably consider it un-American for an employer to deprive the army of its training by hiring private gunmen to break strikes.

The employers in 1934 were entirely pleased with the conduct of the National Guardsmen on strike duty. In San Francisco the business men decided to show their appreciation with something tangible. A committee was organized composed of members of the leading clubs, bank officials and high army officials to collect funds and give little "remembrances" to the individual guardsmen who saw action during the water-front strike there last year. The *New Republic* says of this generosity: "We are almost prepared to assure these gentlemen that any gift to the California National Guard can be entered on their income tax as an operating expense necessarily incident to their business." This magazine suggested "artistically modeled swastikas" as being highly appropriate for the little "remembrances."

Everybody is happy under the new dispensation. The army because it can get practical training while routing pickets and demonstrators. The employers because the army can break strikes much more efficiently and with infinitely less expense than can the employers. Think what it would have cost private business men to have equipped and kept in the field the 40,000 National Guardsmen who saw strike duty in 1934! Mark Hanna and his criticism of the "meddlesome militia" is outdated. The only ones who are not pleased by the new wrinkle of training the future heroes of the next World War are the workers and farmers who are on the receiving end of the bayonets.

¶ Why print what some stuffed shirt says about the "SPECTATOR"? Stuffed shirts don't like it anyway.

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THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

by LEONARD ROWE

IF, as Voltaire observed, lawyers ruin their clients (and he might have added, doctors kill theirs off), architects immortalize theirs in brick and stone. A man's fortune is dissipated by his lawyer; his mortality terminated by his doctor; but his delusions of grandeur are perpetuated by his architect. Architecture then, is not so much a matter of frozen music as of frozen nightmares.

True, the fashionable portrait-painter panders even more shamelessly to his patron's vanity. But whereas a portrait of a very ordinary-looking plutocrat depicted with Augustan grandeur can be stuck away by his children in a dark closet, no such oblivion is possible in the case of the fancy house he inhabited: short of razing it to the ground.

Trashy books, too, live their brief day only to mould away on obscure library shelves; silly fashions bore or amuse one for a time and then ephemerally vanish from sight forever. Even popular songs in the heyday of their popularity contain the seeds of their decay. But architectural eye-sores have a pertinacity and an insistency that one cannot possibly avoid.

A generation dies; but its architectural sins live on. A walk through the main section of any large American city in 1935 reveals to one's distressed sight the monstrosities of the Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and McKinley periods: their *recherché* conceptions of the *beaux arts* embodied in immortal granite and limestone. This lush artistic heritage is what Deuteronomy probably had in mind in its curse, "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

A hundred years ago there were no laws prohibiting men from assailing the noses of their neighbors with noxious odors. Today, the law protects our noses from such nuisances. Some day, it is hoped, the law will protect our eyes from bad architecture. It will then be as illegal to outrage the aesthetic sensibilities of the passer-by as to assault his person. Just as factory owners are now arrested for polluting the atmosphere with excessive smoke, in the future men will be hailed into court for ruining the landscape with jigsaw houses.

And the following architectural practices will also be indictable offenses: Suburban subdivisions with cute pseudo-Elizabethan, pseudo-Norman, pseudo-Spanish, and pseudo-Pseudo bungalows. "Cape Cod Farmhouses" in New Rochelle. Imitations of imitations of Roxy's erstwhile theatres. Gasoline filling-stations masquerading as Dutch windmills, lighthouses, shrines of love, eskimo igloos, Chinese pagodas, and "ivy-covered" cottages. Small-town banks masquerading as Greek temples. Tea-rooms, cafeterias, and Childs' Restaurants disguised as olde Englishe taverns, Spanish bodegas, German rathskellers, Swiss chalets, and Mexican haciendas. Churches embodied in skyscrapers. (The incongruity between Christian poverty and Big Business is too much to swallow). Movie Cathedrals in any "period" style whatsoever—even Gothic. Tudor manor houses for cloak-and-suit manufacturers and Florentine palazzos for patent-medicine magnates. Chippendale and Sheraton bathrooms.

Luigi Pirandello

ONE LOOK TOWARD FAR HORIZONS

by KENNETH FEARING

How to Make a Rowboat, By Thos. Collins. Handyman Series. 120 pages. \$1.75
Murder Aboard the Bridge, By Avery Remington. Fingerprints Club, Inc. 342 pages. \$2.00
Social Life of the Sub-Phylum Vertebrata, By Prof. V. W. Smith. University of Omaha Press. 986 pages. \$5.00
My Escape From Philadelphia, By Elmer Edwards. New Fiction Guild, Inc. 412 pages. \$2.50
I Come Singing! By L. Stanley Downs. Chrystiancism Press. 48 pages. \$2.50

WHEN one seeks to inquire, as today one surely must, into the forces that go to form the delicate, complex relationship between man considered as man and the society in which, more often in sorrow than in anger, he finds himself, one is sooner or later compelled to raise the basic question: Is the modern spirit one of hope? And a glance at the five books here under review, presenting as they do a well-rounded picture of all the extremes in contemporary literature, would seem to yield a vigorous answer in the affirmative.

For each of these books, despite superficial differences in theme and scope, are nevertheless united by the bonds of a common language and typography, and through the pages of each there resounds the same clear, clarion call that has always rallied humanity in its struggles, old yet ever new, against the overwhelming powers confronting it, the same note of deathless challenge to youth that spurred the scaling of the Matterhorn and summoned to the conquest of the malarial Panama lowlands.

Of the five writers, it must be said that Mr. Collins with his limpid and gracious "How to Make a Rowboat" seems the more successful. Not his, the spirit of disillusionment or satire that springs,

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usually, from overwrought nerves. Rather, he writes from a companionable nature that radiates joyousness. The two motivating themes of his book, passionate desire to get the boat finished at the most economical costs and, if possible, to have it seaworthy, are handled with a satisfying craftsmanship that culminates in a quiet, deeply moving climax rich for its confident outlook to the future:

With the launching of our little craft, all the toil and patience that has gone to make it will seem well rewarded.

We are now ready for the summer vacation.

Although the book does not quite reach the stature of Finnegan's "Fundamentals of Carpentry"—to which, incidentally, Mr. Collins owes much—it is, nevertheless, by all odds the most brilliant addition to the literature of boatbuilding we have had in many a season.

One wishes the same could be said for Mr. Remington's swift and nerve-racking "Murder Aboard the Bridge," but the idyllic tone of Mr. Collins' work is here totally absent. Not only is there scant charm and absolutely none of that invigorating give-and-take humor which is the novel's birthright—farm life, with its slow, timeless quality and far healthier atmosphere, is nowhere so much as hinted at—but Mr. Remington, by the all too evident prejudice against murder which permeates his work has destroyed whatever claim he might have laid to being an impartial observer. Nor is this said in disparagement. No one would deny the superb economy and power that Mr. Remington can give to his pen when he so chooses. For sheer felicity of phrasing, the art of compressing precisely the right details into the fewest possible sharp, well-chosen words, Mr. Remington has no equal. Witness the uncanny accuracy of the adjective "pale" in the following passage, and the unbearable tautness of the whole scene:

There was a kind of a noise somewhere down the companionway and we all turned around at the sound of it and took a look. It was Elsa, looking more than average pale. Half-staggering, half-stumbling, she came up to us.

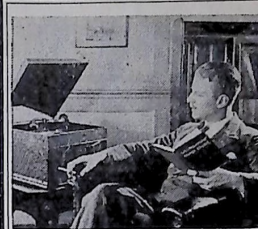
"Captain," she cried, "it—it came out of the starboard ventilator."

Slowly, then, she crumpled at our feet, garbed in her silk-lined negligee trimmed with organdie and ostrich feathers, while the ship's bells sounded twice in the deathly silence and no other sound was to be heard but the gentle swish of waves along the hull, the throb of the engines, the heavy, asthmatic breathing of the purser.

Pungent reading, this—at least for those hardy souls not averse to a close-range glimpse at the seamier side of our civilization. Yet even Mr. Remington, in the love that comes to Elsa and Sergeant Quinley at the conclusion of the novel, seems to tell us that the future, however uncertain, is not without its promise.

Touching upon the same theme but from an entirely different angle, is Prof. V. W. Smith's "Social Life of the Sub-Phylum Vertebrata." Rich in the experience of sixty years during which he headed the zoological staff at the University of Omaha, Prof. Smith's present volume, the thirty-second of this young man's work to reach publication, provokes greater expectations than it fulfills. True, the book covers with absolute thoroughness the field it has set for itself. But when one has said that, one has said all. For, despite this thoroughness and an exemplary refusal to write in a controversial vein, one comes to the end of Prof. Smith's 986-page study of our scaly, subaqueous friends with a feeling that some final touch is lacking. Where is the tragedy and, yes, the ecstasy, one has the right to demand of so vast a theme handled with such a wealth of cautious erudition? Where is the quaint serenity Sir Isaac Walton brought to a subject so remotely similar? A glance at Prof. Smith's style will suffice to indicate its serious limitations:

The cranium is closed in front by the ethmoid bone in which may be recognized a colorless (is this a printer's error for "colourless") median plate which divides the

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nasal cavity into right and left halves, and on either side a lamina cibrosa perforated for the passage of the olfactory nerve which shows only the most rudimentary sensitivity to odor. (Again, does the Professor, perchance, mean "odour"?)

But the Professor, too, looks toward the horizon of a limitless future. The forces of evolution, he says, are everywhere at work. In writing "My Escape From Philadelphia" Mr. Elmer Edwards, former guard at the art institute of that city, has rendered humanity an incalculable service. The truth about Philadelphia needed to be told, and though Mr. Edwards' story is not, one feels, the one we will ultimately have of that strange, terrifying region, it nevertheless has the ring of authenticity. Beginning with the day when Mr. Edwards, no longer able to remain silent concerning the atrocities confronting him every day and every hour in the grim halls of Philadelphia's academy of art, is forced to resign his post and accept whatever consequences may ensue, the narrative proceeds at break-neck speed from horror to horror. Hungry, exhausted, frequently hunted and always bored, we see Elmer wandering helplessly through the bleak streets of Philadelphia, going from museum to museum, park to park, flophouse to flophouse—institutions of such misery, these last, that the American language holds no word to render even their approximate equivalent—until finally, with the unwitting connivance of a freightyard "bull" (member of the railroad diplomatic corps in plain clothes) he boards a westbound freight train and makes his escape. The history of Elmer's flight across the vast stretches of the Ohio River Valley, through the chaos of politically torn and bleeding Chicago, over the burning sands of Kansas, Maine, and Nevada, until he reaches Hollywood and the sanctuary of the M-G-M studios, makes for epic reading, a saga of hardships faced and the inspired heroism that overcame them.

For those to whom melody in poetry, delicately polished rhythms and exquisitely attuned rhymes, are more important than the frequently sordid, and always temporal, aspects of contemporary life, the poetry of L. Stanley Downs needs no introduction. In "I Come Singing!", the first volume he has given us in more than six weeks, Mr. Downs pipes as naturally as a Tennyson, a Sandburg, or a De La Mare. Individuality of cadence, a striking originality of image and mood, are the qualities we have come to expect of Mr. Downs, and he does not disappoint us, as witness these lines that seem spun of sheer dew and springtime fantasy:

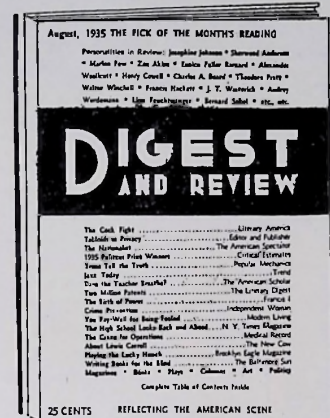
I will arise and go now, and go to some far land
Where druids dance in moonlight, upon a moonlit strand.

Nor is Mr. Downs unaware of the great problems that face our troubled decade. Proof that he is awake to the life about him, does not disdain to tread the humblest boulevards, reads an occasional copy of the *Literary Digest* or even, at times, a newspaper, is amply furnished by his bold, sensitive approach to questions of economics in the poem "Up, Proud Sussex Hearts!", here quoted in full, which strikes a major note throughout:

O, fly with me from the city's marts
Away to moonlit strand and dune
Where no man wastes his mortal power
Getting and spending, late or soon.

Inheritor of all that is best in the past, present, and future of English, French, German, Russian, and Greek poetry, Mr. Downs must be reckoned among our few significant, possibly great, singers, and if there are moments when he seems to write obscurely one may at least be sure that he does so out of a lucid, brooding—yet ultimately optimistic—knowledge of all the vicissitudes in which, no less obscurely, man's fate lies wrapped. His poetry, with the work of the four other writers, gives conclusive evidence that the modern spirit—shunning all saccharine sentiment, empty rhetoric, transparent sophistry, vapid whimsies and drooling platitudes—marches joyously, fearlessly, vigorously onward.

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"ALL THE NEWS PRINTED TO FIT"—Page 3

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

October, 1935

THE MUNITION MAKERS GO HUNTING

by H. C. ENGELBRECHT

TWO CENTS FOR FIORELLO LA GUARDIA

by ALLAN CHASE

"Mayor LaGuardia—a splendid choice! You have never been a member of our party and though, strictly speaking, we are not allowed to love anyone outside of our party [the Socialist Party], we still have many a warm hearted affection for the Chief Executive of our city. There are some members of our party who feel that reform is needed in the ranks of radical Socialists in general. They want a broader outlook. So we can consider the Mayor one of us."

—The great Abraham Cahan, at the induction of Socialist Jacob Panken as Justice of Domestic Relations Court, January 1, 1935.

THE liberals, together with the right wing of the Socialist Party, always referred to the mayor as "Fiorello" before the elections. It was a very friendly "Fiorello," too. He was secretly with them. Like Roosevelt, he would proceed to bring about Socialism-in-our-own-time under the unsuspecting noses of the Wall Street boys.

Not very long after the inauguration the liberals and the right Socialists had a change of heart. Now they speak of him prosaically as "The Little Flower," and they use the term with all the bitterness that individuals with zweiback spines can summon. To this day, whenever they make a dollar purchase, they always slap down their 2% sales tax with a cutting, "... and two cents for the Little Flower."

Today the idealists are in their third stage. When they speak of La Guardia they usually say: "That god-damned fascist bastard," and let it go at that.

Now they wail that La Guardia is good for nothing. As usual, they are wrong. The mayor is very good at shaking a pudgy fist in the direction of a Hitler 3500 miles away. He is also very good at conducting Edwin Franko Goldman's brass band on the Mall in Central Park. In addition, he throws the best fast ball of any mayor in the big league cities. What else the Little Flower is good

(Continued on page 9)

NEXT to furnishing machines of slaughter for war, the biggest business of the munitions makers is in the hunting industry. There are 7,500,000 hunters in the United States. Their annual outlay, estimated modestly, is \$300,000,000. Of this, \$40,000,000 goes directly to the manufacturers of guns and ammunition. Hunting is obviously "big business."

Nobody knows exactly what our national kill is, but between 10,000,000 and 14,000,000 migratory birds alone go into the bag each year. And 8,000,000 humble little muskrats lay themselves on the altar of business and vanity. It's a gory altar.

Wild life began to disappear from our land about 1900. The cause was obvious. The number of hunters was growing with frenzied rapidity. What had been one hunter in 1890 was at least six hunters in 1900. The automatic and pump guns did the trick. Various conservation groups rushed into action to save our resources of life from this mechanical death. They fought against the automatic guns and tried to reduce the hunting season. In 1907 Pennsylvania barred the automatic gun, and nine other states considered following this example.

The gun-makers became jittery. An automatic gun costs more than the old-fashioned kind. And it uses a lot more shells! Something must be done to protect our tender industry of carnage.

And it was done. The bosses looked around and saw that what threatened their business was the conservation movement. One of them must have remembered the Biblical injunction, "Agree with thine adversary quickly." Instead of fighting the conservation movement, they joined it. Just the way the alligator joins the pickaninny when it swallows him.

Game protection and propagation were all right—in fact, necessary, if hunting was to continue. But this fact, the gun-makers argued, need not involve a curtailment of hunting—and, incidentally, of the gun business. Birds and beasts were dwindling because of predatory creatures, lack of breed-

(Continued on page 6)

MENDACITY ON A FACTORY BASIS

by SIDNEY WALLACH

ON APRIL 1, 1930, approximately twenty newspapers shocked Germany with a sensation. Their Warsaw correspondent reported the discovery of new documents from which it appeared that in the occupation of the city during the World War, the commanding general had received an invitation from Grand Rabbi Rachmonas to visit his home. A week later, the documents showed, the general, surrounded by his entire staff, drove through the streets of Warsaw's ghetto to call upon Rabbi Rachmonas. They found him, an earlocked gentleman dressed in his religious vestments, in a room crowded with his disciples who at once set up a chant, "Baruch habu, baruch habu, der General is du." (Welcome, welcome, the general is here.) Followed, so wrote the correspondent, a veritable love feast. The rabbi and the general exchanged mutual compliments and the meeting ended with the general accepting an invitation to a bite and smacking his lips over a tasty dish of gefuete fish.

That was all. But since the general of the story was Erich von Ludendorff, German war lord, reactionary, and violent Jew-baiter, the sensation spread with the rapidity of a prairie fire. To Jews who read this story it was a palpable hoax. Warsaw has no chief rabbi. The name given in the dispatch was obviously humorous; it was a Hebrew word meaning "compassion." The chant welcoming the general was a traditional humorous couplet used by Jewish schoolboys. Besides, the date of the publication was Germany's April Fool's Day.

It did indeed turn out to be an April Fool story. Yet long after the exposure it was to plague the general until he had to institute legal suit to obtain a retraction.

But even that did not kill the story. For in the reactionary circles in which Ludendorff

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WAGE SLAVERY IN NEW ENGLAND

by JOHN LOWELL

[The following article is based on notes made by a veteran New York newspaper man, who began an industrial survey of New England immediately after the collapse of the NRA. The information obtained by him, aided by three other investigators, has not hitherto been published, either by his own or any other paper. The name of the writer is fictitious.—THE EDITOR.]

Blue Eagle Body Snatchers

THIS is, basically, the story of nine black-robed judges who managed to keep one little factory girl from going to the toilet. That notable achievement was perfected by locking the door—literally—and hanging the key out of reach.

Some Connecticut chisellers were already dancing on the grave of the Blue Eagle within forty-eight hours after its demise. They launched a movement which spread through the New England textile centers with disturbing rapidity. Before the bird was decently interred, thousands of busy chisels were chipping away at the Hours and Wages inscribed on its monument.

Nobody of importance bewails that friendless Fowl, whose already-forgotten epitaph reads:

"Sacred to the Memory of
Fourteen Dollars and Forty Hours."

Employers denounced the living Bird, and radicals sneered at it. Now that it is dead, nobody grieves for it—except thousands of embittered workers.

They may know very little about politics, economics or dialectical materialism. But they do know that they have caught hell since the Supreme Court declared the NRA unconstitutional. New England's industrial workers caught most of it at first. Almost immediately they were staggered by increased hours, reduced wages and petty abuses.

A fiery little French matron—one of the 2034 members of her sex employed in the factories of South Norwalk, Conn., greeted us cautiously. Three children played around the poverty-stricken home, while a jobless and bewildered husband contributed occasional remarks to the conversation.

Madame Le Blanc (the name is fictitious) talked more freely after she read a letter of introduction from Miss Mamie Santora, the very able supervisor of the Amalgamated Association of Clothing Workers at Bridgeport. Miss Santora had recommended Madame Le Blanc warmly: "You can rely upon what she tells you. I have known her a long time. She's one of the most expert operators in the industry." Madame Le Blanc had a great deal to tell.

"I am so sorry the Blue Eagle is dead!" The little matron sighed as if she had lost a member of her family. "The boss told us the day after they killed it. He stood up and made a speech. He laughed at us. He said: 'You've had your fun for a year and a half. Now it's our turn.'"

"So now the boss locks the—the—pardon, M'sieur, but he does! He locks the toilet at 7:30 in the morning, as soon as the girls sit down to their machines; and he does not unlock it until 12:30, when they stop for lunch. Then he locks it again at 1 o'clock, and keeps it locked till 5."

She drew a long breath. "Even before the Blue Eagle ended, they started cutting the wages. Look! here are the last two pays I got, even while we had the Eagle. Now, of course, it is worse!"

Bobbing about the room, like a withered little bird, she finally produced the pay envelopes. One of them had contained her remuneration for 40 hours' work. It was marked \$7.18. The other held her wages for 28 hours. It was \$5.04.

She said, "I am a good operator. When the Blue Eagle came I made \$25 each week. I turned out my 175 dresses a week. Then they began this chiseling. Before long, I was lucky if I made \$10 or \$11 a week. Then it got worse. Then they began making us 'stay after school.'"

"Stay after school?" asked the investigator.

"What do you mean?"

"That's what they call it," she answered.

"The boss himself calls it that. Just before quitting time, the forelady comes round and picks all of us that talked to each other during the day. Even if you just said one word to your neighbor, you have to stay 'after school.' They fill a whole table with us, and make us work to make up for lost time."

"There is a little crippled girl up in Norwalk. She can't hurry to get to work on time, and sometimes she is a little late. If she is five minutes late, they make her stay thirty minutes 'after school.' The boss told her: 'If you don't like your job, you can get out!' And she has to earn a living."

Madame Le Blanc called in some of her neighbors—fellow workers—to reinforce her testimony. She told about the bootleg factory that runs all night long in an attic, and sends its goods out to the workers' homes in their own suit cases. She told about the factories that hired her as a "beginner," even during the NRA, and paid her a beginner's wages of \$6 a week for thirteen weeks—then fired her as soon as the code would have forced her salary increase.

She proved an expert on petty chiseling. She brought out her collection of samples: bits of goods on which she had worked in various Norwalk factories. They proved of great interest to the former Code Authority executive, who acted as an expert adviser during the survey.

He ran over them with knowing fingers.

"Cotton," he pronounced. "What was the wage scale for this?"

"They said it was \$13," said Madame Le Blanc.

"O.K.," declared the expert. "And this?"

"The same," she replied.

He struck a match and ignited the swatch.

It flamed riotously. Quickly he extinguished it, and sniffed the charred surface.

"Rayon," he diagnosed. "They didn't pay \$13 a week for working on this?"

"Yes, they did—at first," she insisted.

"Later it was less. They said it was cotton."

"Chisellers!" raged the expert. "The code called for \$22.05."

The Le Blancs agreed that the future looked hopeless. "We can't even have a union in Norwalk," they said. "Miss Santora came over to organize the girls, and hundreds of them promised to attend the meeting. Not a single one showed up. The bosses passed the word—and they were afraid."

Up at Hartford, Labor Commissioner Joseph Tone flamed angrily as he discussed the flood-tide of post-NRA chiseling, welling from every corner of his state. He was especially bitter about child labor.

"Sweat shops have moved from the factory into the home," declared the youthful head of the State Labor Department. "At Devon I recently found 75 presses that had been moved from the factories into the homes—and veritable babies toiled about them. Even under the NRA," he continued, "whole families were discovered working far into the night for wages as low as \$1.75 a week! Recent studies in the department have revealed 5,000 persons engaged in such home-work. Two-thirds of them were not even affected by the NRA. Children as young as five years of age have been found working there. That would break your heart to see!"

"But can't you control it?" he was asked. "You have your Child Labor Law now. Why don't you use it?"

The husky young man (whose work has been cited as a national model by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins) brought his fist down on the desk with terrific force.

"Use it?" he barked. "Well, look here. Here's what I said in my Annual Report." The words gleamed bleak and bare: "The enforcement of any law regulating home-work is impossible, unless an inspector can be assigned to every city block where home-workers are employed."

Joe Tone shook his head. "I haven't enough inspectors," he added, simply.

The commissioner turned back to his records. The figures told a horrible story, but it was necessary to read between the lines to interpret the misery and squalor they depicted. Even in 1934, when the NRA was in effect, 90% of the home-workers of the Nutmeg State had averaged less than \$7.50 a week; and more than half of them received less than \$5.

The State Labor Department made a survey of the home-work situation last year. They studied conditions in 129 families, and children under sixteen were discovered in 98 of those families.

"In those families, 246 children were discovered working at home-work." Thus the cold figures ran: "Half of them were less than twelve years old; 34 were eight years, and under; 12 were less than five years old."

Commissioner Tone continued: "Teachers report that it is not uncommon to have children fall asleep during the day, due to late hours the previous night!"

So much for some of the high-lights. Now for the background.

(Continued on page 16)

ON January 23, 1924, the day that Lenin's death was announced to the world, the New York Times, in its leading editorial culminated seven years of misrepresentation of his doctrines and slander against his person with the statements that "Lenin's death finds the revolution of which he was the head a failure," and that "he was, in a real sense, Europe's first great Fascist." That same day, in its news columns where objectivity is presumed to be strictly adhered to, a story was run under the headline, "Lenin Lived To See His Theories Fail." Still not content, the editors took the opportunity the next day of comparing him with Ramsay MacDonald who had just become the first Labor Premier in English history. The editorial bears the heading, "MacDonald and Lenin," and the Times puts itself on the wrong side of history thus: "If the British people regard the advent of Labor Socialism without alarm, one reason is that they know that they have to deal with a Labor government soberly aware of its limitations and its responsibilities. . . . The example of Russia is a virtual guarantee against any tendency on the part of responsible Labor and Socialist leadership in Western Europe to run amuck."

The logic of error drove the Times still further—first into adolescent bewilderment and then into wish-fulfillment. On January 28 it said: "Why so much and so obviously sincere sorrow should be felt in Russia for the death of Lenin is a mystery." The next day the Times bade farewell to Lenin's memory in this manner: "The sober truth is that the absolute breakdown of the ill-judged experiment in Russia has made the capitalist system everywhere else stronger than it was before. One insensate effort of the Russian kind has been enough for this generation."

The Times first became aware of Lenin's existence when he arrived in Petrograd in April, 1917, one month after the charlatan Kerensky took power. Lenin's first aim as head of the Bolsheviks, then the left-wing of the Russian Social-Democratic Party, was to stop the war in Russia. For this he was branded a German agent, and until a few months after the armistice, the Times periodically accused him of this. On April 28 the Times's Petrograd correspondent wrote: "It is generally assumed that he is in the pay of Germany, and at any rate his return from Switzerland, facilitated as it was by the German government, leaves little doubt in the minds of the great majority of Russians that he is working in the interests of a separate peace at the instigation of Germany." On May 1 Lenin made the editorial page of the Times under the heading, "Germany's Agent a Failure." "The new government," we read, "took exactly the right course with respect to the German agent Lenin. His speeches in favor of immediate and separate peace were seditious, of course, and there was in them no small element of danger, but the leaders of the revolution decided that it was better to let the scoundrel talk than to make a martyr out of him."

In a special article, unsigned, on May 6, 1917, there was revealed the "Turbulent Record of Russia's Disturber, Lenin." He was referred to as "the arch-trouble maker against the new democratic régime in Russia." The next day, a special correspondent, one Herbert Bailey, wrote that "ignorant dreamers have been reinforced by shirkers, pacifists,

"ALL THE NEWS PRINTED TO FIT"

by GEORGE SIMPSON

and traitors, including Lenin." On June 25 the Times made the startling discovery that "Lenin's real name is Zederblum." A short time later it admitted that this discovery was a fraud. When Kerensky became Premier, succeeding Prince Lvov, the Times on July 22 said, "Lenin was suspect from the first. The Germans would never have allowed him to pass through Germany on his way to Russia if they had not been sure of their man."

In November, 1917, the Bolsheviks seized power and the Times became more worried than ever. On November 9 there appeared an editorial headed, "The Russian Overturn," which said, "We need not point out the disaster to the allied cause which a Bolshevik triumph in Russia would be." Nine days later, one Donald C. Thompson, an American war photographer in Russia, reported to the gullible Times that Lenin was anti-American as well as pro-German. Mr. Thompson revealed the following secret information: "What Lenin talked about when he got to Petrograd and what the Bolsheviks have actually wanted to do was to take all the money out of the banks, and even the private houses, and just divide it up!" On November 22 the Times announced editorially that "It has been repeatedly charged and it is generally believed that they [Lenin(e) and Trotsky] are German agents in German pay and there is much supporting evidence." The next day, however, the paper, a dog for accuracy, carried the statement of a Frenchman that Lenin was not in the pay of Germany, but only a dreamer with hallucinations.

As a separate peace between Russia and Germany grew nearer, the Times grew wilder. Democracy, of course, was at stake. On November 23 it ran an editorial, "A Lenin-German Peace," arguing that "Separate peace, for which Lenin and Trotsky instructed the Russian Commander in Chief to open negotiations with Germany, would open the way to the establishment of German control over the destiny of Russia."

On November 30 the Times decided that there was only one course for the Allies to pursue with regard to Russia: "The Allies cannot reach the minds of the army or of the peasants, they cannot convince the minds or arouse the apprehensions of Lenin, of Trotsky, and the other Socialist 'Commis-saries' of Petrograd. Reason will not save Russia. There is but one salvation for her, but one way in which she can be saved from herself and from Germany; it is force, and Russian force arising from the body of Russian society, dethroning the Socialist government, which is a greater despot than ever the Czar dared to be, and reasserting the control of the sober, sane, worthy part of the Russian people over their own affairs and their destiny."

The Times closed its record on Lenin for the year 1917 with a bang. First, a special article, reprinted from *Asia*, appeared on December 2, written by Dr. Moissaye J. Olgin, who is now a high official in the American Communist Party but who then wrote like

the most rabid of patriots. His article was headed, "Bolsheviki's Chief—Record and Theories of Nicolai Lenin—He Mistakes the Creations of His Mind for Realities." A few samples of its learning, vision and logic:

"Lenin's program . . . is in keeping with his general political conceptions. It follows the line of least resistance. It formulates things that can easily be grasped by an untrained mind. It throws out a bait to attract the mob. At the same time it avoids touching upon the most vital problems. It would seem that Lenin's 'radicalism' only blocks the road of the Russian Revolution by calling forth a reaction and by adding to the disorganization of a country shaken to its foundations. Here, as ever, Lenin's tactics, seemingly extreme, are in reality weakening the strength of democratic Russia. Lenin is a man who sees life only from the angle of his own ideas."

A bit later the Times asked that colossal thinker, William English Walling, for an article on Lenin. He replied, in effect, that Lenin was not worth a whole article, and so he sent in a letter. The substance of the letter, printed on December 30, was this:

"The personalities of Lenin and the other Russian revolutionists have never struck me very strongly. . . . They all seem to me to be entirely theoretical persons, without sufficient intellectual character or grasp of reality to make them personally interesting. I take them all as leaders of factions or sects. Hence I spent my entire time in trying to grasp their theories, as I believed that is all there is to them. In themselves these theories are neither interesting nor important, but they are fanatically believed by large sections of the Russian people. The more ignorant and inexperienced a people the more it is given to intense devotion to shallow metaphysical formulas."

On January 15, 1918, in an editorial entitled, "The Bolsheviks and the Russian People," the Times reached perhaps the lowest depths of its misinterpretation of one of the greatest political genius of history. I quote from it:

"We have learned much about Lenin. He is not a founder, but a destroyer. His writings and his behavior show him to be not a revolutionist in the sense of desiring to supplant a bad governmental system by a better one, but an advocate of perpetual class struggle. . . . He might

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OF NOTHING AND THE WOLFE

by CLIFTON FADIMAN

THERE they were, two dark wandering atoms.

Uncle Habbakuk, though one of the legendary, far-wandering Gants, and full to the bung of their dark, illimitable madness, was of but average height, being only eight or nine feet high. He lifted his fork from one of his characteristic disgusting, unsavory, and nauseating messes which he had been Wolfe-ing in the most extraordinary manner. It consisted of old iron filings, chopped twine, oats, and clippings *hachis* from the *Times* classified ads section. With his hard, bony forefinger he prodded Aunt Liz. Ceaselessly he prodded her, hungrily, savagely, with maniacal intensity. But she gave no sign. She was lost (Oh lost! lost! who shall point out the path?) in a dream of time.

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In the telling phrase of Baedeker, the situation "offered little that need detain the tourist," but Uncle Habbakuk, with demonic, fore-fingered energy, continued to lift up his idiotic, wordless and exultant howl. It was monstrous, yet somehow lovely, not to say fated, this gaunt confrontation of these two lonely atoms. . . . How strange and full of mystery life is! One passes another in the street, or a face flashes past as the great huge train-projectiles of America hurtle by, in all their thrill and menace, over the old brown earth, and the soul fills with sadness and irrecoverable memories. Why is this? Is it because we are the sons of our fathers and the nieces and nephews of our aunts and uncles?

Who will answer our questions, satisfy our furious impatience, allay our elemental desires, soothe our tormented unrest, and check our heavy baggage? Who?

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At this very moment, so pregnant and prescient with the huge warp of fate and chance, the dark, terrific weaving of the threads of time and destiny, there was heard one of the loveliest and most haunting of all sounds, a sound to echo in the ears of Americans forever, surging in the adyts of their souls and drumming in the conduits of their blood. The doorbell tinkled.

"A moment's—*beep!*—peace for all of us before we die," snarled, hellowed and croaked gaunt Uncle Habbakuk, prodding himself violently in the midriff with his hard bony forefinger. "Give the goat-cry!"

"Phuh! Phuh! Ow-ooh! Beep!" came the goat-cry from without, and Aunt Liz opened the door. It was he, the youth, of the tribe of the Gants, eleven feet, eight inches high, with elabored cheeks, high, white, integrated forehead, long, savage, naked-looking ears, thirty-two teeth, one nose, and that strange, familiar, native alien expression to all the Gants, wandering forever and the earth again. It was the youth but no less was it Jason and Faustus and Antaeus and Kronos and Telemachus and Synopsis and all those shining young heroes who want merely to know everything, who have hungered amid the *gewirr* of life and sought their fathers in the congeries of the compacted habitations of man, hot for the alexin of our cure and amorous of the unknown river and a thousand furious streets.

With a loose and powerful gesture Uncle Habbakuk, in frenzied despair, luminous hope and frantic entreaty, welcomed the youth, snuffling.

"Where have you been, youth? Have you touched, tasted, heard and seen everything? Have you *smelt* everything? Have you come from out the wilderness, the buried past, the lost America? Are you bringing up Father out of the River? Have you done any delicate diving for Greeks? Tell me, have you embraced life and devoured it? Tell me! Open the adyts of your soul. Beep."

"Beep," chirped the youth sombrely. "I have been making mad journeys, peril-fraught and passion-laden, on the Hudson River Day Line, eight journeys, watching my lost, million-visaged brothers and sisters. I have been lying (in my upper berth) above good-looking women in the lower berth on a thousand train-wanderings. They were all of them tall and sensual-looking Jewesses, all proud, potent, amber, dark, and enigmatic. I always felt they would not rebuff me if I spoke to them, but yet I did not speak. Later on, however, I wondered about their lives. Yet I have been with a thousand women, their amber thighs spread amorously in bright golden hay. After ten thousand others have I lusted, making a total score of eleven thousand. O hot amorous flesh of sinful women!"

"Pent in my dark soul I have sought in many countries my heart's hope and my father's land, the lost but unforgotten half of my own soul. In the fierce, splendid, strange and secret North have I sought; and, on the other hand, in the secret, strange, splendid and fierce South. In the fatal web of the City strangely and bitterly have I savoured the strange and bitter miracle of life; and at N. Y. U. (Downtown Branch) have I wondered darkly at the dark wonder of man's destiny. Amid this phantasmagoric

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THE MEDICAL CLINIC BUSINESS

by M. D.

SAY clinic to any doctor having difficulty collecting and paying his bills—and that means most of us—and watch his blood pressure go up. I'll tell you why. Like dumb and well-drilled soldiers, we report to some booth in some out-patient-department of some private or public hospital, where we try to take care of more patients in two hours than we could conscientiously see in six. And more than we hope to see, in our private practice, in the next two days.

The patients pay for this slipshod care, and they pay enough to cover the costs, with sometimes a comfortable margin of profit for the hospital. The nurses, technicians, orderlies, secretaries, filing-clerks, and scrub-women who help run the clinics all get some sort of a living out of it; as well as the ornamental executives, who get a very good one. But we physicians don't get a cent. We have been taught to sacrifice our time, energy, and private practices for science and humanity. We have been told that:

1. Clinics are philanthropic enterprises run for the benefit of the sick poor. It is therefore the doctor's duty to contribute his services free.

2. The doctor is amply rewarded by the knowledge and experience he gains from solving the same problems a hundred times instead of five.

3. The hospital repays the doctor by extending its facilities to him for the treatment of his private patients—within a year, or two, or three. And subject, of course, to the constant approval of the ranking chiefs.

4. In university hospitals his name goes on the teaching staff, and he enjoys the opportunity of sharing his knowledge with students.

5. Connection with a first-rate hospital classifies him immediately as a competent physician, and is therefore of enormous benefit in building up his private practice.

Some of us still swallow the whole dose, and keep it down. But most of us, who know there is a pound of hokey to each ounce of truth in it, report as usual to our respective clinics because, as a rule, our patients want to go to the largest and best-publicized hospitals. And these hospitals are open only to physicians on their clinic lists of conscript labor.

If clinics were really philanthropic enterprises, and we could give first-rate medical care in them, most of us would be satisfied to do it gratis. But they are profit-making purveyors of cheap medicine able to operate as such only because we physicians are forced to work in them for nothing.

Cheap medicine, like cheap cars, is possible only on a mass-production basis. This means that a sick human being has to be divided into so many parts. Put on the assembly line, he must report one day to the general clinic for a history and examination, another day to special clinics, still another day for X-rays, a third for laboratory work, and so on. Plus repeats and further tests, frequently necessary because the highly mechanized routines make no allowance for personal variations and peculiarities.

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"Phuh-phuh! Ow-ooh! Beep!" came the goat-cry from without, and Aunt Liz opened the door. It was he, the youth, of the tribe of the Gants, eleven feet, eight inches high, with slabsided cheeks, high, white, integrated forehead, long, savage, naked-looking ears, thirty-two teeth, one nose, and that strange, familiar, native alien expression to all the Gants, wandering forever and the earth again. It was the youth but no less was it Jason and Faustus and Antaeus and Kronos and Telemachus and Synopsis and all those shining young heroes who want merely to know everything, who have hungered amid the *gewirr* of life and sought their fathers in the congeries of the compacted habitations of man, hot for the alexin of our cure and amorous of the unknown river and a thousand furious streets.

With a loose and powerful gesture Uncle Habbakuk, in frenzied despair, luminous hope and frantic entreaty, welcomed the youth, snuffling.

"Where have you been, youth? Have you touched, tasted, heard and seen everything? Have you *smelt* everything? Have you come from out the wilderness, the buried past, the lost America? Are you bringing up Father out of the River? Have you done any delicate *diving* for Greeks? Tell me, have you embraced life and devoured it? Tell me! Open the adyts of your soul. Beep."

"Beep," chirped the youth sombrely. "I have been making mad journeys, peril-fraught and passion-laden, on the Hudson River Day Line, eight journeys, watching my lost, million-visaged brothers and sisters. I have been lying (in my upper berth) above good-looking women in the lower berth on a thousand train-wanderings. They were all of them tall and sensual-looking Jewesses, all proud, potent, amber, dark, and enigmatic. I always felt they would not rebuff me if I spoke to them, but yet I did not speak. Later on, however, I wondered about their lives. Yet I have been with a thousand women, their amber thighs spread amorously in bright golden hay. After ten thousand others have I lusted, making a total score of eleven thousand. O hot amorous flesh of sinful women!"

"Pent in my dark soul I have sought in many countries my heart's hope and my father's land, the lost but unforgotten half of my own soul. In the fierce, splendid, strange and secret North have I sought; and, on the other hand, in the secret, strange, splendid and fierce South. In the fatal web of the City strangely and bitterly have I savoured the strange and bitter miracle of life; and at N. Y. U. (Downtown Branch) have I wondered darkly at the dark wonder of man's destiny. Amid this phantasmagoric

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THE MEDICAL CLINIC BUSINESS

by M. D.

SAY clinic to any doctor having difficulty collecting and paying his bills—and that means most of us—and watch his blood pressure go up. I'll tell you why. Like dumb and well-drilled soldiers, we report to some booth in some out-patient-department of some private or public hospital, where we try to take care of more patients in two hours than we could conscientiously see in six. And more than we hope to see, in our private practice, in the next two days.

The patients pay for this slipshod care, and they pay enough to cover the costs, with sometimes a comfortable margin of profit for the hospital. The nurses, technicians, orderlies, secretaries, filing-clerks, and scrub-women who help run the clinics all get some sort of a living out of it; as well as the ornamental executives, who get a very good one. But we physicians don't get a cent. We have been taught to sacrifice our time, energy, and private practices for science and humanity. We have been told that:

1. Clinics are philanthropic enterprises run for the benefit of the sick poor. It is therefore the doctor's duty to contribute his services free.

2. The doctor is amply rewarded by the knowledge and experience he gains from solving the same problems a hundred times instead of five.

3. The hospital repays the doctor by extending its facilities to him for the treatment of his private patients—within a year, or two, or three. And subject, of course, to the constant approval of the ranking chiefs.

4. In university hospitals his name goes on the teaching staff, and he enjoys the opportunity of sharing his knowledge with students.

5. Connection with a first-rate hospital classifies him immediately as a competent physician, and is therefore of enormous benefit in building up his private practice.

Some of us still swallow the whole dose, and keep it down. But most of us, who know there is a pound of hokey to each ounce of truth in it, report as usual to our respective clinics because, as a rule, our patients want to go to the largest and best-publicized hospitals. And these hospitals are open only to physicians on their clinic lists of conscript labor.

If clinics were really philanthropic enterprises, and we could give first-rate medical care in them, most of us would be satisfied to do it gratis. But they are profit-making purveyors of cheap medicine able to operate as such only because we physicians are forced to work in them for nothing.

Cheap medicine, like cheap cars, is possible only on a mass-production basis. This means that a sick human being has to be divided into so many parts. Put on the assembly line, he must report one day to the general clinic for a history and examination, another day to special clinics, still another day for X-rays, a third for laboratory work, and so on. Plus repeats and further tests, frequently necessary because the highly mechanized routines make no allowance for personal variations and peculiarities.

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CLERICALISM INVADES AMERICAN POLITICS

by FERDINAND LUNDBERG

EVER since Church and State were formally divorced by constitutional stipulation in this country there has been informal cooperation between the two, and from time to time the churches, as in the Civil and World Wars, have openly involved themselves in political affairs. But today we find that Church and State have, in response to historical propulsions, drifted much more closely together than ever before.

The active rôle of all the churches in helping the government during the crucial World War years was the principal preliminary to the existing *rapprochement*. Throughout the war the churches vied with one another in denouncing the Huns. They assigned clergy to the military forces, assisted in Liberty Bond drives, and generally spread war-time propaganda. They also helped technically. General Hugh S. Johnson, who had charge of conscription, in a speech on March 4, 1935, paid eloquent tribute to his ecclesiastical aides. He said: "The good fathers of Georgetown University helped me work out the mechanics of the draft in 1917." Organized religion participated even more concretely than this.

Very large portions of religious endowment funds were patriotically diverted into government bonds, so that today more than \$2,000,000,000 of church funds are invested in federal, state and municipal securities. This new financial development has, manifestly, created strong economic links between Church and State, and each has taken pains to be of help to the other.

The churches today take a direct interest in the fiscal policies of the government and the government takes a direct financial interest in the churches. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has become, without benefit of newspaper publicity, a large holder of church obligations obtained in taking over the assets of defunct banks, with which the church did a large business. It was the economic crisis that intensified the interest of many churches and churchmen in politics. The long train of Detroit banking difficulties in 1931, involving extensive funds of the Catholic Diocese of Detroit, to mention one instance, brought Father Coughlin to national attention as a Savonarola publicly castigating the sinful bankers.

The churches of Detroit as a whole owe the R. F. C. more than the churches of any other district. The Catholic Diocese of Detroit alone owes the R. F. C. \$11,000,000 out of \$17,000,000 owed by all the Detroit churches. The obligations are mostly short-term 6% notes. In December, 1934, the Detroit churches signed a round robin addressed to the R. F. C. requesting "sympathetic consideration" in the matter of reducing the interest rate from 6 to 3%, and continuing somewhat ominously: "We feel that it is necessary to urge upon you that in these unsettled times the institutions devoted to religious worship and teaching are among the strongest bulwarks of American institutions and the most efficient agencies for social rehabilitation in our country."

The churches also wanted their obligations segregated from the merely commercial assets taken in by the R. F. C., and the maturity dates extended for fifteen years. The petition was signed by officials of the Catholic, Episcopal, Hebrew, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Lutheran, Evangelical and Christian churches.

These interlocking economic ties of Church and State are paralleled by political ties of recent creation. General Johnson boasted over the radio that he had secured the appointment on the Review Board of "Monsignor Ryan—our foremost Catholic economist," and that "Father Haas has served devotedly on the Labor Advisory Board of NRA from the beginning." But General Johnson, in his effort to disabuse Coughlin of any notion he may have had that he was the sole cleric in the national political arena, could have pointed to many other churchmen, mostly Catholics, who were assisting the Roosevelt government in bringing in the More Abundant Life. Perhaps the general refrained from citing the full record out of a desire not to astound his radio audience.

The Roosevelt Labor Front has especially required the services of the clergy, more particularly the Catholic clergy, because of the heavy Celtic, Slavic and Latin populations in the industrial centers who yield magically to the persuasions of priests in labor disputes. Father John P. Boland, of the Buffalo Catholic Diocese, has been chairman of the Buffalo Regional Labor Board. Father William A. Bolger, of Notre Dame University, has been a member of the Chicago Regional Labor Board along with Father J. W. Maguire of the Chicago Archdiocese. Father Frederic Seidenberg, S. J., of Loyola University, Chicago, has been acting chairman of the Detroit Regional Labor Board. The Very Rev. Peter M. H. Wynhoven, of the New Orleans Catholic Diocese, has been chairman of the New Orleans Regional Labor Board, and the Rev. Father Louis Hirshon has been vice chairman of the Cleveland Regional Labor Board and chair-

man of the Toledo Regional Labor Board. James Myers, industrial secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, has been a member of the New York Regional Labor Board.

Almost all students of the question agree that labor has lost ground steadily under the New Deal. These churchmen, as part of the government apparatus, have, quite obviously, helped throw labor for a loss. They have all, whatever their personal intentions, acted as "window dressings" for boards that were rigged in advance to prevent labor from realizing its aims. Not a few of the churchmen have shown themselves to be extremely reactionary apart from their jobs as labor mediators settling disputes in industries wherein the churches themselves have large investments. The Very Rev. Wynhoven, for example, propagandized against ratification of the Child Labor Amendment by the Louisiana State Legislature. Monsignor Ryan more recently appeared in favor of the proposed Post Office legislation which birth control advocates feel is directed against their cause.

The government ties with the Catholic Church in the field of foreign affairs today are less apparent than on the domestic Labor Front, but they are nevertheless very real. Ever since 1898 the State Department has recognized the political value of cooperation with the Catholic Church in clearing

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"Ave Maria"

THE MUNITION MAKERS GO HUNTING

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ing places, and encroaching civilization. Anyhow, our wild life was certainly disappearing, and we could account for the phenomenon by any reason we wished, just so we didn't mention hunting.

Thus, in 1911, conservation became a hunters' and gun-makers' project. These cash-killers founded their own "conservation society," they created a propaganda clearing house in the form of an annual game conference, they gained influence in established conservation societies, they placed the "right" men as government advisers in Washington, they hired eminent naturalists to make game surveys, and they worked furiously through lobbies for government appropriations to provide shooting grounds. Today at a Congressional hearing on wild life you'll find hunters, hardware dealers who sell guns and ammunition, and the munition makers themselves—but very few representatives of those immediately concerned, the 122,000,000 Americans who don't hunt and the beasts and birds which belong to them.

The details of this story are seasoned with chicanery and irony. It began in 1911. The Browning patents, generally adopted by then, were supplying hunters with repeating and automatic guns that fired five or six shots in five or six seconds. The hunters eagerly bought these instruments of sport, and soon 85% of them owned weapons that multiplied the odds in their favor five times. Nobody perceived that the sport itself became only one-fifth as exciting.

Hunting seasons were long, bag limits were very large, the sale of game was still legal. And game hogs, or commercial hunters, stood proudly over terrible heaps of bloody bodies to be photographed.

In about fourteen years, many species of wild animals and birds deemed safe by a great nature society in 1897 had been practically wiped out. George O. Shields began a campaign against such mass destruction in his magazine, *Recreation* (1904). The New York Zoological Society instructed the indomitable Dr. Hornaday, head of the zoo itself, to issue a bulletin against the automatic guns. People listened with respect to these conservationists. Various Canadian provinces forbade the new guns, and many state legislatures in this country weighed bills for the same purpose.

The gun-makers weren't so bright then as they are now. It took them six years to start their counter-offensive. Dr. Hornaday, the outstanding authority on wild life and a militant conservationist, had managed to establish the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund, and he was pushing his objectives vigorously with the small income available.

One day he received a letter from H. S. Leonard, vice-president of Winchester Arms, asking for an appointment. At first Hornaday refused, but friends urged him to see Leonard and finally he consented. An account of what happened at this conference we have in Dr. Hornaday's own words. The scientist reports that Mr. Leonard said:

"The manufacturers of fire-arms and ammunition realize that the game is going fast,

and they know that when it is gone, their business in the production of sporting fire-arms and ammunition will be wiped out. As a plain business proposition, the people I represent are disposed to invest a considerable amount of money in the better protection (sic!) of game. I am here to propose that you organize a small body of men to handle a large fund. The gun and cartridge manufacturers are in earnest and they are willing to put up \$25,000 per year for five years for game protection. . . ."

"Mr. Leonard," Dr. Hornaday said, "your people would not make that arrangement with me except on one condition. They would never make it unless I would agree to stop fighting the automatic and pump guns; now, would they?"

"Well, of course, they would not expect the man who was spending \$25,000 a year of their money to go on fighting their product."

The interview ended rather abruptly. Hornaday resented what he considered an attempt to buy him off.

But the death-dealers weren't through. They offered that \$25,000 a year for five years to the National Association of Audubon Societies next. Here let us make the distinction. For once, the words "national association" in a title mean something. The State Audubon Societies are so different from the National Association as to be working at cross purposes with it sometimes. The gun-makers' offer to the national president, Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, stipulated that Dr. Pearson himself was to receive a handsome increase in salary. The munitions boys had learned something. They had learned two things, in fact, for they also ordained that Dr. Hornaday should have nothing to do with the expenditure of the money! It should be added that these stipulations have been denied by the gun-makers, although Hornaday affirms them.

But they didn't keep their spoils long. Dr. Hornaday got busy and publicized this gift, and the New York *Herald* carried an article reporting exactly what had occurred. A roar of protest came from the ranks of Audubon members. Again the directors met—and returned the money to the gun-makers!

This incident had a deep influence on all that followed. Hornaday henceforth bore the tag of "fanatic." And the Audubon Society (National) has marched along with the munitions manufacturers ever since—without the endorsement.

Twice defeated in their attempt to capture an established conservation society, the gun-makers fabricated their own. They called it the American Game Protective Association, but have since wisely dropped the "protective." The founders were the American Powder Mills, E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, Marlin Fire Arms Company, Peters Cartridge Company, Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Selby Smelting and Lead Company, J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, United Lead Company, United States Cartridge Company, Western Cartridge Company, and Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Don't those names sound protective?

Such sponsors could have secured a huge membership; but they didn't wish to do so. They explained to a Senate committee:

"Our offices are located here in Washington. Our activities cover all of North America. We have a representative membership extending from coast to coast, with members in a number of foreign countries. We do not maintain a large mass membership, but obtain our mass strength through numerous affiliated state and local associations and clubs. We cooperate with all game officials and organizations interested in wild life."

In other words, they had built a strong lobby in Washington, and from Washington they inspired and directed hunting clubs, wild life organizations, and hardware dealers.

The munitions industry and its "conservation society" could count on the aid of the retailers; in *Field and Stream* (1919, p. 492), a Remington advertisement declared that there are 82,700 dealers who handle Remington products. The most important single group are the hardware dealers, numbering about 25,000. Just three years ago, Mr. S. Norvell, then president of Remington Arms, told a Senate committee that he was, and had been for twenty years, associate editor of *Hardware Age*, and that the gun-makers were striving mightily to make "the hardware trade of the country conservation conscious." Gun-makers, hunting clubs, and death's middle-men had banded together to conserve life!

The zeal of the manufacturers carried them even farther. They organized the American Game Conference. This is a yearly congress of state game commissioners, naturalists, conservationists, and hunters. Its meetings are open to all. But its programs and resolutions aren't. A dutiful committee does masterful editing. The conference every year publishes an elaborate volume of proceedings, full of learned papers on game breeding, predators, game surveys, and so on.

But one topic is taboo: Hunting. To declare that the elimination of automatic guns and the extending of closed seasons would solve 90% of the conservation problem would be blasphemy in this assembly. Everything rolled along nicely until 1929; and the revolt of that year did not really shake the gun-makers out of power. A few years later, when disastrous droughts had imperiled all migratory birds, the Game Conference still voted by a comfortable majority that there should be no closed seasons.

The next step in conservation as practiced by destroyers was to seize the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture in Washington. The federal government has supervision of migratory birds, and so vast legislative and executive authority rests in this department. An Advisory Board, appointed in 1911, was to counsel the Secretary of Agriculture on bag limits, shooting seasons, baited waters, live decoys, the use of automatic guns, and related matters. The chairman of this Board for seventeen years, through Republican and Democratic Administrations, was John B. Burnham, president of the American Game Protective Association. Furthermore, Burnham organized the Board! He admitted no "fanatics" as members, whatever their recommendations and their standing as scientists and conservationists. Letters are on record showing that Burnham turned down real conservationists because their appointment to the Board would "in my judgment defeat the end for which it

was desired." That end, if one is to judge by the resolutions of the Board, is to veto any rule that might damage the business of the gun-makers.

The manufacturers' own organization strengthened its lines in 1929, too. It adopted as official title the Sporting Arms and Ammunitions Manufacturers Institute, and its membership consisted of these companies: Black Products Company, Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Federal Cartridge Corporation, Hercules Powder Company, Hunter Arms Company, Ithaca Gun Company, Parker Bros., Peters Cartridge Company, Remington Arms Company, Savage Arms Corporation, United States Cartridge Company, Western Cartridge Company, and Winchester Repeating Arms Company. This group together did a normal year's business of \$40,000,000, employed 12,000 persons, and sold about 800,000,000 shells. It has a conservation committee headed by a high executive of Western Cartridge and Winchester Arms, it pays the bills of the American Game Association and the American Game Conference, it hires leading naturalists to make game surveys. It is the spearhead of conservation—of the munitions business!

It is very modest, too, and cringes from publicity. Wire-pulling and lobbying, of course, generally remain underground. Nor does the outside world know much about what becomes of the Institute's annual \$100,000. This little bunch of death-dispensers is rather proud of its silent toil, as one of the members naively told a Senate committee:

"The plan of the Institute has never been to seek publicity, never to claim any credit. I think probably this is the first time on record that they are claiming any credit, and I am claiming it now for them. This is the first time. You have never seen an article in a paper or magazine about the Arms and Ammunition Institute and the work they were engaged in doing. . . .

"Now, to show you how careful we have been not to claim credit for the Institute, or to claim individual credit, we have bought articles and paid hard cash for them to conservationists, and those articles have been published . . . but no name of any individual manufacturer, nor the name of the Institute, has ever been used in those articles."

In the face of such coy sweetness, it would be mean to point out that propaganda hardly ever bears a label; and that a hungry scientist who sells himself would not likely advertise the sale.

And so all we can do is to admire the ingenious set-up. The gun-makers have organized to protect the hunting business; they have their own "conservation society" and game conference; they dominate hunting clubs and wild life societies, as well as gun retailers, through affiliation and interlocking directorates; they dictate to the Advisory Board of the Department of Agriculture and, through it, to the Biological Survey; and all these groups comprise a most magnificent lobby.

THEY'VE named the new industrial high school in the Bronx after Sam Gompers, whose place in American history as the best cigar-maker who ever sat at the elder Morgan's table will forever be unchallenged.

MENDACITY ON A FACTORY BASIS

(Continued from page 1)

lived, it was no small thing to be regarded as a Jew-lover. Every enemy of the general, every political opponent who was also an anti-Semite, quoted the story, commented upon it at length, and in a hundred and one ways made damaging use of it as evidence that Ludendorf was no real German leader since he was no real anti-Semite. Denials and explanations by friends of Ludendorf were unable to put a stop to the slander on his good name. For years the assault was repeated, eloquent testimony that a lie will not down.

Yet another distinguished German of an opposite political faith from that of Ludendorf was to go through the same experience and to witness the spread of a falsehood about him despite every attempt to set the record straight. In December 1909, Walter Rathenau, a distinguished German industrialist and later a minister of the Republic, wrote an article in which he declared: "In the impersonal democratic field of economics, three hundred men, all of whom know one another, direct the economic destiny of Europe and choose their successors from among themselves." It did not take long before anti-Jewish agitators made use of this quotation as "proof" of the existence of international capitalism and Jewish plans for world domination. A cartographer might have drawn a map of the spread of the distortion throughout Germany. At first it was done with a direct quotation of what Rathenau had said. Later the three hundred men were changed to three hundred Jews; still later to three hundred Jewish bankers; and finally to three hundred Sages of Zion. No repudiation, no challenge to quote the exact text altered the determination of anti-Semites to misinterpret and exploit Rathenau's statement. Indeed, before long, Rathenau himself was regarded as one of those mysterious three hundred. In testimony before the German court, the murderers of Rathenau described him as such.

The World War had already given evidence of the tenacity that a lie possesses. Perhaps the classic story is that of the capture of Antwerp in late 1914 by the German Army. When news of this capture arrived in Germany, the newspapers published a story to the effect that the church bells in Germany were rung to celebrate the event. A Paris newspaper took that story up with a slight alteration that the church bells at Antwerp were being rung on this occasion. The English newspapers in turn reprinted it with their own amendment that the Antwerp priests were forced to do the ringing. Next the story appeared in Italy where it was reported that the Antwerp priests were forced at the point of a gun to ring the church bells and that those who refused were shot. Using these newspapers as a source, the French newspapers reported the episode with a mild addition that those priests who refused were hanged to the clappers as the bells were being tolled. This story was one of thousands deliberately circulated to arouse partisan passions.

War does things like that. In the heat of a life and death struggle, all rules of decency

and morality are broken both on and off the battlefields. Every government had its own so-called propaganda bureau whose business it was to deceive its own civilians and to spread falsehoods among the civilians of other countries. All countries were equally guilty in this respect although some were more skillful than others at wholesale deception.

Not the least of the consequences of the World War has been the fact that the technique of corruption by mendacity has lingered on during peace years and has been developed and exploited on a vast factory scale. By a strange coincidence not infrequent in history, Germany, which was for the most part victimized by the superior strategy of lie manufacturing of the Allied Countries, subsequently developed peace-time uses of the lie to their greatest extent. From the very day of the Armistice, if not earlier, contending forces in Germany were grappling with each other in a vital struggle for control. At this point the lie factory came into being on a grander and a more efficient scale than had ever been conceived before. The German military man, always ready to adopt methods and machinery of other countries that would contribute to the perfection of his army, quickly realized the value of a highly efficient propaganda instrument.

Hitler, though born a citizen of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire and having merely the rank of corporal in the German Army at the close of the war, saturated himself to the full with the German Army mentality. He was, as Goering later declared, "more Prussian than a Prussian." Hitler's enormous concern with propaganda was a reflex of the actual Prussian military spirit. In his book, "Mein Kampf," he writes of propaganda again and again. The most pertinent of Hitlerian wisdom, not to be found in the English translation, but appearing in the original (p. 200), reads as follows: "Propaganda must not serve the objective truth, especially not insofar as it might bring out something favorable for the opponent . . . but propaganda must serve uninterruptedly its own purpose."

The direction this propaganda was to take soon became plain. The first problem of the German military clique was to wipe out the memory of their disaster. If the militarist spirit and the society upon which it was constructed were to reestablish themselves, a scapegoat had to be found for the defeat. As early as 1919, therefore, Major General Count von der Schulenberg suggested that "it will have an excellent effect among our people if we told them that the Jewish war profiteers and draft dodgers have stabbed them in the back." This keynote was soon sounded from a thousand passionate throats, in many hundreds of columns of newspaper space, in innumerable pamphlets, books, signs, speeches, campaign slogans, and all the other paraphernalia of a typically efficient machine for the manufacturing of falsehoods. It did no good to show that Jews had been in the German Army to the same extent as non-Jews; that Professor Fritz Haber had helped maintain German resistance by his inventions; that another Jew, Walter Rathenau, had made heroic efforts to salvage German economy and to organize the German people for their last attempt to avert defeat. The lie persisted none the less.

Under the stimulus of Hitler, a fanatic on

the need for propaganda activity, the National Socialist Party proceeded to build up the most powerful peace-time machinery in the world. With Joseph Paul Goebbels at its head, a man at once inordinately skillful and utterly unscrupulous, the propaganda factory began pouring out an avalanche of lies against which all the liberal forces in Germany, and for that matter the rest of the world, with their self-imposed restrictions, were completely helpless.

The lie factory, heavily machined and staffed, never slackened. Newspaper organs of this propaganda made their appearance throughout Germany. Handbills and wall posters blazed their message. Street-corner speakers harangued the passers-by. Packed stadiums heard the passionate voices of high-powered orators. Cartoons dripped their insidious influence. Sandwich men endlessly paraded their various messages. Lapel buttons added to the conditioning influences. Songs, marching tunes, and cheers became part of a premeditated manual of incitement. Production went on at top capacity.

The strategy behind this propaganda was based on the realization that it was easier to scream hatred than understanding, and that a disarmed country like Germany could not with impunity libel another country but had to vent its passions upon a defenseless minority within its own borders.

From that point two general plans of action developed. One was a large-scale campaign to vilify Jews, to libel them politically as the destroyers of German morale, to stamp them as enemies of the people, and to picture them in other respects as the very devil incarnate. Once that was achieved the second step was to undermine every political opponent by labeling him a Jew. The "stab in the back" legend was made into a cult. Jews were burdened with the responsibility for the Versailles Treaty. Jews were accused of lack of patriotism despite their proven record of participation in the German Army. The pernicious ritual murder libels were revived. Talmudic forgeries were exhumed. The German people were told that General Dawes and Owen D. Young were Jews; in fact, that all those against whom they had or could have any grievance were Jews.

The most effective and wide-spread lie, one which was made the basis for all the subsidiary charges, was the notorious forgery of the "Protocols of Zion." The high priest of National Socialism, Alfred Rosenberg, gave this forgery a distinguished place in his Nazi classic, "The Myth of the Twentieth Century." International syndicates proceeded to scatter the book far and wide. By the simple trick of repeatedly referring to the "Protocols" as genuine, the belief was fostered in millions of German minds that here was a genuine historical document capable of shedding light upon the world's problems.

Reactionary forces in England, France, and other countries of Europe were not slow to learn the power of the lie. To a slighter degree, because the underlying economic forces were in a less critical stage, the propagation of falsehood was carried on throughout the world. As the world's economic crisis deepened, however, this propaganda became more unrestrained and more powerful.

Large scale lying for political and religious motives has emerged in the United States within the last three or four years. The

success of European demagogues in achieving political power by dint of their Jew-baiting propaganda has encouraged American counterparts to make similar attempts. An example of native hoaxing on the German style emerged recently with the exposure by Professor Charles A. Beard of the Benjamin Franklin forgery.

On February 3, 1934, William D. Pelley, a journalist aspiring to achieve with the Silver Shirts what Hitler had achieved with his Brown Shirts, published a passage that purported to be an extract from the private diary of Charles Pinckney, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, in which Benjamin Franklin was quoted in an attack upon the Jews that could compete with the vilest outpourings of Hitler or Goebbels. Mr. Pelley's story was that Pinckney's diary had been destroyed in Sherman's march to the sea during the Civil War, but that a copy in the hands of a descendant had yielded the opinion that he quoted. Mr. Pelley was careful not to state in whose possession the copy was at the moment.

Thereafter this latest libel began to follow the usual road of anti-Semitic charges. In August of the same year an anti-Jewish international news service with headquarters in Germany reprinted this alleged quotation giving another source for it. From Germany it traveled to Switzerland where a Nazi organ published the quotation giving the German periodical as its source. From Switzerland the libel traveled to New York where the correspondent of the anti-Semitic *Stuermer* in Nuremberg, Germany, sent it to his paper as another peg on which to hang the villification of the Jew. Late in September the *Jewish Daily Bulletin* reported this article as it appeared in the *Stuermer*, and five days later Robert E. Edmondson of New York, who has been specializing in the distribution of anti-Semitic handbills, sent out this alleged prophecy to his mailing list.

When Professor Beard came across this handbill, he was at once amazed and shocked by the document. He said: "This alleged 'Prophecy' ascribed to Franklin is a crude forgery, and his name should be cleared of the crass prejudices attributed to him. There is in our historical records no evidence whatever of any basis for the falsehood."

As the flood of lies rise whereby Roosevelt the Episcopalian becomes Rosenfeld the Jew; whereby Bernard M. Baruch is converted into Manassas the sawyer; whereby the "Protocols" are fed to the credulous in increasing doses; it becomes increasingly questionable whether the traditional policies of liberalism are adequate for their own self-preservation. The traditions of the liberal bid him cling to the preservation of freedom of speech, of the press, and of assembly. By and large, liberals hold aloft the banner with the inscription, "Give the people light and they will find their own way." At the same time, even the liberals, once they depart from the political scene, know that this slogan is not enough. An instance of this is to be seen in the rallying of liberal influence to the support of legislative measures to regulate advertising, in order to protect the consumer from deception and exploitation. It is common knowledge that in the sale of commodities the best and comparably the least costly item will rarely, if ever, meet with the success that comes to the best advertised item.

The application of this truism, however, has not yet been made in the realms of politics.

The same liberals who are solicitous about the consumer of advertised commodities have not, it appears, squarely faced a far greater menace to society—propaganda which ruthlessly disseminates lies that falsify history, fortify bigotry, eternalize prejudice, and, in the last analysis, lay the groundwork for international strife. The defenseless public is being protected, in a measure, from deception by manufacturers of patent medicines, drugs, and foods, by a federal statute and by state laws. As for advertising, some newspapers and magazines exercise a more or less strict censorship, aimed at keeping out of their publications obviously fraudulent advertising. Little or no censorship, however, is applied to billboard and radio advertising. Even the newspapers do not turn away notices which exaggerate or stretch the truth. But attempts are being made by the public itself to close these gaps in the defenses surrounding the consumer. A beginning was made by the consumers' research organizations, which, besides providing a clearing-house for information to consumers, aim also at developing "an art and a science of consumption by use of which ultimate consumers may defend themselves against the invasions and aggressions of advertising and salesmanship."

Can it be denied that it is at least as important for consumers of ideas to defend themselves against the invasions and aggressions of those propagandists who are unprincipled in their methods and ruthless in their perversion of truth? That speech and press should be kept free for the expression of opinions and views all reasonable persons will agree. Is it in the interests of society, however, to extend such freedom to the malicious distortion of facts, a freedom that encourages the perversion and, eventually, subversion of freedom of speech and of press, and hastens the advent of a régime of suppression and reaction?

"So what?" the acquiescing reader may ask. It is not proposed to apply the idea of the pure food and drug laws to propaganda. But why not create some instrument to deter falsehood-mongers with an axe to grind, from plying their nefarious trade? Such an instrument could be the inauguration of a judicial process by which any citizen or group of citizens could call upon the malicious falsifier to prove his allegations or pay a penalty sufficiently severe to deter him from further abuses.

The effective administrations of such a law may be difficult, but its potential social benefits entitle it, or something like it, to a conscientious trial. In addition, since such a device will not relieve society of the duty of vigilance, any more than measures in respect of the branding of foods and drugs have made *caveat emptor* a dead letter, a propaganda research bureau could be established to serve as a clearing house for information to the ultimate consumers of speech and press, to enable them to defend themselves against the invasions and aggressions of merchants of lies and their salesmen.

We see in the papers that Hearst endorses Smith, but we don't see Smith rejecting the endorsement. We remember when Al would have spit in Hearst's eye, but as the years have grown over Al's head his mouth has tightened and his aim become very uncertain.

TWO CENTS FOR FIORELLO LA GUARDIA

(Continued from page 1)

for I'm sure I don't know—but, then, I'm not a liberal.

The liberals who hollered rape after going to bed with Wilson, Al Smith, and Roosevelt, submitted cheerfully to La Guardia in 1933—and their present bleats of seduction and betrayal don't mean a damn thing. Had they really considered La Guardia's past record, they might have acted otherwise, but since they are going to fling themselves under the feet of the next La Guardia or Roosevelt to come along, we can't very well pretend any further interest in their feelings. At that, even when they knew his past, they persisted in believing that he was stalling for time.

I remember talking to an allegedly brilliant lawyer about the city's milk problem. By then the other liberal lawyers were already in their "Little Flower" stage. This counsellor stuck to "Fiorello." I pointed out to him how his Fiorello had sabotaged a plan whereby, with the aid and backing of the AAA, the City of New York could distribute and sell milk to its needy citizens for something like four cents a quart—as against the thirteen cents charged by the milk monopoly. I told him that La Guardia, single-handed, had thereby delivered the control of the city milk situation into the hands of the monopoly. The lawyer merely shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Fiorello," he said, "is just making it all the easier for the people to take over the whole works from the big companies."

I asked how La Guardia, who rants about a yardstick power plant against the power trust, could justify his wrecking of this yardstick to curb the milk trust.

The lawyer smiled and rolled his eyes in the direction of the ceiling. . . . That was the only answer he had, and he was one of the men who took part in the discussions of the milk yardstick plan.

What was La Guardia before becoming mayor? Then, as now, he was first and foremost a shrewd and calculating politician, with no genuine feelings for anything but his own sweet self and the present order. While it is true that he is still a dues paying member of Local 83 of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, a Socialist union, it is equally true that at the time of his nomination he was the counsel for the Textile Refinishers Association, with offices at 1450 Broadway. These are the people who have been bending heaven and earth to wreck the labor movement in Paterson, and Lodi, and the silk industry generally.

During the war, when jingoism was the rage, La Guardia outjingoed the jingos. He joined the air force, became a major, and profited by the glorious publicity. After the war, when the reaction against the Mitchell Palmer hysteria had set in, La Guardia managed the admirable feat of running on an Independent Republican ticket, making militantly goosy eyes at labor and the liberals and doing all this without committing himself to anything more militant than the policies of James J. Davis, then Secretary of Labor. He campaigned in a working-class dis-

trict, and went to Congress as a "secret Socialist" in the eyes of more than one person who voted for him.

He never called himself a Socialist—no. But he did get the neat and juicy plum of chief attorneyship for a Socialist garment workers' union. Posts of this type are usually saved for orthodox Socialist wheelhorses like Louis Waldman and Charles Solomon. Right wing Socialism did well by its prominent "secret Socialist,"—but he did some queer things in Congress. When, on the floor of the House, another Congressman accused La Guardia of being a real Socialist, the Little Flower belated a challenge to the *Record* that any man who said that about him would have to step into the cloak room for mortal combat.

It is true that Congressman La Guardia made many kosher sounding noises under the noses of Coolidge and Hoover. He sponsored and advocated "liberal" legislation. But ask the employees of the United States Steel Corporation or the General Motors Corporation about the benefits such legislation has brought them—and then duck for your life.

When the National Hunger March invaded Washington in December, 1932, Congressman La Guardia put on his big black hat and strutted up and down before the news cameras clicking along that solid mile of mass misery on New York Avenue. He muttered sweet and holy nothings to the curious reporters, and when the pictures and the sweet and holy nothings were run in the papers, La Guardia was played up as a Congressman with dangerously militant sympathies for the unemployed. (When he was installed as mayor, two years later, an unemployed delegation led by James Gaynor, an unemployed engineer who had voted Fusion in 1933, visited him at City Hall. When Mr. Gaynor started to speak, the Little Flower went into a righteous tantrum. He called the leader of the delegation a trouble stirring "yellow dog," and threatened the delegation with everything from the militia to an earthquake.)

Like all prime demagogues in the crisis, La Guardia also indulged in his due of pre-election banker baiting. While angling for the Fusion nomination he spoke to a WOR radio audience on May 1, 1933. Among other things, he said: "The advice of bankers should not be heeded. They have not only been exposed of their wretched conduct and selfishness and disregard of public interest, but their incompetency as well. They are discredited and are now cringing, seeking to perpetuate a cruel system of exploitation. . . . We can never emerge from the present financial depression by maintaining high interest rates, continuing to give all of the profits and all of the fruits of labor and toil to the money lenders."

It was on the basis of such phoney gestures in the directions of the disinherited, plus the usual mealy-mouthed viewing with alarm of Tammany rule flung out by any Republican candidate, that La Guardia loomed as the ideal candidate for the upper-class anti-Tammany elements before the election.

During his campaign he promised to end the ballyhoo and the hippodromes traditional to his office. But after he got into office he never even attempted to remember this promise. Hardly a day goes by without the mayor

going through more screwy stunts to get his pictures in the papers than any movie press agent could ever devise.

La Guardia has made more noise than any mayor of New York, not excepting Jimmy Walker. He set out to create the impression—and the press has aided him—that he is busy day and night "getting things done." Neither he nor the press ever gets around to listing many of these good deeds. He has actually accomplished very little.

He inherited a bankers' agreement from Tammany Hall. This agreement, attacked by the Little Flower during the campaign, set aside \$179,000,000 of the city budget for the debt service. This sum amounted to \$500,000 a day, or 30% of the city budget. For a man who uttered the above quoted indictment of the bankers, there was only one thing to do upon becoming mayor, and that was to adopt a radical attitude towards the debt service. This would have meant the declaration of a one year moratorium on the bankers' pound of flesh. Once the largest city in the country defaulted, almost every other city in the country would have followed suit. Out of the ensuing stalemate, the bankers of the nation would have been left with only one choice—accepting an interest tribute of no more than 2% and liking it.

But the "secret Socialist" gentry of the National City Bank crowd knew what they were doing when they backed La Guardia. They knew he would do just what he did do—protect the bankers' agreement at the expense of every other element in the city.

Before the election La Guardia and his running mates addressed very flowing letters to the civil service workers. I have copies of these letters in my files. They promised restoration of salaries to the 1932 levels, and promised it in no uncertain terms.

Once elected, La Guardia, the bankers' agreement in mind, instituted an "economy wave," which is to say, a wave of civil service wage cuts, of payless furloughs, and of discontinuance of essential social services. Together with that other "secret Socialist," Governor Lehman, he pushed through an Economy Bill which empowered him to institute still further "economies" in the interests of protecting the "discredited" and "cringing" bankers.

But this was not enough. After all, non-civil service workers had to pay tribute to the bankers, too. So La Guardia pushed through a 2% sales tax "for the relief of unemployment." When, in January of this year, La Guardia stepped up to the microphones to sum up his first year in office, he was able to crow: "New York City now has a commanding position in municipal credit." Which should make us very happy, indeed.

La Guardia boasted that he would wipe out the Tammany swivel chair brigade on the city payroll. He did, and replaced them by a Fusion, Republican, milk-monopoly crew. He promised to wipe out useless jobs. He did. He also created new useless posts—particularly in the Health Department. In this department, a scientific plumbing specialist holds a \$7250 job as director of a Food Bureau; a batch of Borden Milk Company-Millbank Foundation (Millbank is President of Borden's) people have been installed in high office, over protest; and the services of the department have been turned over to the propaganda bureaus of the milk monopoly,

the Metropolitan and the John Hancock Life Insurance Companies.

Typical of La Guardia's political appointments is Fred Kracke, commissioner of plants and structures in Brooklyn. Kracke, an old line Republican boss, has thus been put in control over the petty patronage which makes ward politics. Maurice Davidson, for his rôle in the campaign, is now commissioner of water supply, gas and electricity. I would like to know what his qualifications, other than political, were for his present job.

The stench of La Guardia's labor record in office is too well known for me to attempt any detailed analysis. Let us forget, however, let us review some of his shenanigans.

Frank Farley was a reporter for the *Daily Mirror*. What he wrote about La Guardia made the Little Flower so mad that Farley is now out of a job. The *Sun's* City Hall reporter nearly suffered a like fate. The city editors in town also know how La Guardia stands on labor. On Tuesday, May 29, 1934, he called a conference of city editors and publishers, and told them that there was "danger of a revolution beginning in New York." He said that the police had about lost patience with the unemployed who were demonstrating for adequate relief, and warned that the cops might shoot into a demonstration and kill some people. Therefore, would the good editors and the good publishers cooperate with the Administration in the event of such incidents? In other words, would the press defend cold blooded murder? By a stroke of good fortune, the details of this conference leaked out to the *Daily Worker*, which reported the conference a few days later. In the midst of heated denials, *Editor & Publisher* ran the story.

When the elevator operators went out on a general strike last November, the mayor took the time-honored position of an official strike-breaker. "The public" he said, "must be protected."

Much has been said, particularly by ex-Police Commissioner O'Ryan, about the mayor's "pro-strike" stand in the taxi strike. It is recalled that more than one cop received a good beating, and had his gun dropped down the nearest sewer, by the enraged cab strikers. La Guardia, according to O'Ryan, countenanced such action. La Guardia did nothing of the sort. As a realist and a member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers union, he knew that a cabbie on strike was not a pants-presser on a picket line. Most of the strikes in this town are garment strikes. The average cop is more than a match for the usual needle-worker. To a cab driver, however, the long awaited opportunity to bust a cop on the nose was something he was prepared to grab with his last breath. La Guardia knew better ways of breaking a cab strike. He called in Jacob Panken, and together they accomplished in a week what it would have taken the police a year to do. The trick was known as "arbitration." Since the strike La Guardia's police department has revoked the hack licenses of the militant strike leaders.

As this is written, La Guardia and General Johnson are scooting about the city and hollering to the unemployed that they must either take WPA jobs at below-starvation levels or starve. If family men refuse these jobs, then it means being cut off home relief and being sent to jail for non-support.

Everybody in Washington knows that Johnson was removed from his NRA post because even the A. F. of L. began to object to his strike-breaking tactics. La Guardia knew this. He also knew very well how Johnson feels about labor. And he knew this when he personally appealed to Washington that Hugh S. Johnson be appointed WPA chief in New York.

La Guardia is playing a hard and fast game. He rushes, hustles, blusters about like a man possessed. In the presence of newspaper men, his mouth seldom stays shut. He comments on everything he feels will be quoted in the papers. A word or two about this last habit. His verbal shafts at Hitler are well known. They make good Fusion bait for the large Jewish vote of New York, which in normal times is almost solidly Tammany. But the loud mouth of the mayor has been conspicuously silent on the subjects of Father Coughlin and the late Huey Long, generally recognized as standard bearers of American Fascism. Here his silence is just as severe as the silence of Father Coughlin on the persecution of the Catholics by the Nazis—and both silences arouse similar suspicions on the part of realistic observers. To be sure, La Guardia did turn down the leadership of the Khaki Shirts when it was offered him by Art Smith in 1932—but no one has ever accused Master Politician La Guardia of being a god-damned fool.

THE MEDICAL CLINIC BUSINESS

(Continued from page 4)

This process delays diagnosis and treatment, takes more time and money from the patient, and by reducing him to a collection of organs each functioning in a separate department, makes it extremely difficult, if not impossible, in the short time allotted, to get a complete medical picture.

As philanthropic enterprises, clinics expect appreciation and support from both doctors and patients; but extend no right to share their control. Doctors may make suggestions—trustees make the decisions. But, though presumably run for the benefit of the patients, the clinic management does not consult them nor consider their wants and conveniences primary. As "charity cases" they are no better than guinea pigs for medical students. Nevertheless, they are charged all the traffic will bear, cross-examined to prove they should really pay more, and as often as possible transferred to still more overcrowded and more inefficient city hospitals if they claim destitution.

Every doctor has been angered and embarrassed by the irresponsible medicine imposed upon him by his clinic, and knows of many cases like these:

Mrs. Jones, with a severe asthma, went to a large general clinic in New York City for relief. She was examined by a medical student who optimistically found nothing wrong with her chest and relayed her to the Nose and Throat department. The earliest appointment available was one week later. Nose and Throat examined her only from the neck up and decided it must be the sinuses, which made an X-ray desirable. The earliest appointment available was five days later, "the

sinus day." She then had to return to the medical department for her follow-up visit. The instructor (two months in arrears on his rent) found a music-box chest—and wanted an immediate X-ray. The earliest available appointment was one week later. Mrs. Jones, in pain as usual, reported four days later to Nose and Throat for her follow-up there. The sinus X-rays were negative but a hypertrophied turbinate called for an operation. (The cost will be \$50 plus \$20 for hospital expenses, on the strength of her brother-in-law's \$25.00 a week. Her husband is unemployed. She'll think it over.) She reports back to the medical clinic for another follow-up. Her chest plates must be repeated, will she please return for retakes. The earliest appointment available is next week. Her bill to date is \$17.50, \$1.50 per visit and \$5.00 for each X-ray. Each time she has waited one or two hours; she has been coming for three weeks and she is still in pain. The repeat chest X-ray shows conclusively that she has asthma. The doctors tell her so, and refer her to the asthma clinic. This was six months ago. She now reports regularly once a week for blood, skin and other tests and follow-ups, and she hopes to borrow money from her brother-in-law for that sinus operation.

Miss Blank, aged 16, has a rash. At the third visit the rash is diagnosed to her mother as syphilis and immediate treatment is urged. Her mother doubts the diagnosis. At her insistence the tests are checked and rechecked and are found negative. She is referred to Dermatology.

Jack Robinson has a rare disease. He drinks and expels gallons of water every day. He is the pride of the clinic. He pays it \$10 a week out of a salary of \$15, for his rare medicine. His treatment takes so much time that he loses his job. No one in his family can give him \$10 a week and Social Service is sorry—but the budget does not provide for such cases.

These stories give a cross section of poor man's medicine. It exists as a kind of crutch to sustain the system of expensive rich man's medicine, which imposes high overhead and small volume on the average private practitioner and at the same time exploits him in "philanthropy" to justify the existence of that system. The wealthy patient able to pay for all the advances and facilities developed by the clinic, benefits; as well as his wealthy physician, who as a rule has all the hospital facilities at his disposal without bartering his time for them. The burden is carried by the patient who cannot afford to go to a private office, and by the doctor who cannot afford to run it.

WE didn't notice a single editorial on the passing of Henri Barbusse, though the death of Little Queen Nobody of Belgium had the vassals wringing their hands in editorial grief. We have had an uneasy suspicion right along that the Messrs. Sultzberger, Reid, Hearst, Patterson, Howard and Dewart were not exactly admirers of pacifists, and particularly of pacifists who happened to be Communists as well, but we didn't believe they would let it interfere with the recognition of a distinguished man of letters. Which only shows how wrong we can be.

"ALL THE NEWS PRINTED TO FIT"

(Continued from page 3)

trouble the peace of Russia for years, but he never can bring into subjection that great, intelligent, industrious, sober-minded, conservative middle class which, in every country, is the foundation of the prosperity, the security, and the happiness of the people. A man who in belief and practice is an enemy of society, even though he be the head of a 'Government,' cannot expect civilized nations of the world to extend the right hand of fellowship."

Later that year, in September, the *Times* ran a series of seven articles, made up of alleged German-Bolshevik documents, gathered by George Creel's celebrated Committee for Public Information, and supposedly proving for the hundredth time that Lenin was a paid German agent. The documents, it need hardly be said, were a tissue of lies, but the *Times*, that paragon of American journalism, apparently believed every word of them. It ran an editorial on September 16 on the material entitled, "The Bolshevik Exposed." Some excerpts:

"Nowhere does it appear that any German officer ever commanded Lenin or Trotsky to press his trousers for him; but the correspondence as a whole proves that if any such order had been given they would have regarded it as comprehended within the terms on which they entered the German service. And for what did they betray Russia, their nominal country; the socialistic creed they pretended to believe in, and the working class in whose interests they pretended to be laboring? For money; money paid them at the outset, paid to them since they overthrew Kerensky, and paid to them still through the German Imperial Bank."

The editorial ended with this indictment: "They have ruled [Russia] as German valets and are despicable."

October 5, 1918, Lenin became "Robespierre Incarnated." "He has lost control of the Reign of Terror," said the *Times* editorial of that date, and "it would be well for him to think of what happened to Robespierre when he placed himself in opposition to the gang he had unleashed."

With the signing of the Armistice in November and the ending of the war, the *Times* took a different attitude towards Lenin. He no longer had to be calumniated as a German agent. The paper began to try to understand what kept him in power, and what this thing called Bolshevism was all about. It never succeeded in doing either. In 1919 it still thought that, "Bolshevism is not socialism. It contemplates the government of the people by a few for a few." In 1920 it gave up the quest and for a while satisfied itself with mere sneering. At one time it referred to "Nikolai Lenin, only authorized interpreter of the Marxian Koran, prophet and caliph of Bolshevism and sole judge of orthodoxy."

But in 1921 it was on Lenin's trail again, and the New Economic Policy (the famous NEP) gave the *Times* its opening. Through

it, the paper said, Lenin gave up his ideas and surrendered communism. In reality, of course, as everybody knows now, the NEP was political genius of the highest order. It ended the period of "war communism," it staved off counter-revolution, it gave the Bolsheviks a breathing spell, and it laid the groundwork for the Five-Year Plans. But the *Times*, with its usual profound stupidity, thought differently. In January, 1921, it saw hidden meanings in Lenin's statement that Russia must open up foreign trade. "In other words," runs a January 7 editorial entitled, "Remarks from Mr. Lenin," "having stripped Russia bare, being unable by communist enterprise to produce anything that Russia needs, let us open up trade with capitalist states, drain them of the goods we need, and count on the coming revolution to make them all Bolshevik." On March 30 the *Times* again tried to interpret the NEP and again failed:

"Lenin cannot get what he wants, so he will pretend to want what he can get, always with the hope that after a little while the credulous peasant and the foreigner eager for trade will have set the Soviet government a little more solidly on its feet, after which it can turn back to the business of revolution. But in the meantime all this is being represented abroad as a complete economic conversion. Bolshevism has been abandoned and Lenin has turned capitalist."

On January 12, 1922, the *Times* tried to tell Lenin why he should go to the International Genoa Economic Conference, as he was planning to do. "The best of reasons, perhaps, is that at Genoa he would hear many things which nobody dares to tell him at home, and so he might acquire some accurate and much needed information on which to exercise the intelligence credited to him by his admirers." The next day, an editorial appeared commenting on the two topics of the Genoa Conference and the agitation in America for recognition of the Soviets. It said, with typical bizarre inaccuracy, that "No amount of palaver about recognizing past debts and abstaining from propaganda can hide the fact that in recognizing the Soviet government we are opening relations with savages and cutthroats."

On November 16, 1922, the *Times* commented editorially on Lenin's speech before the Fourth World Congress of the Communist International, under the heading, "A Self-Reversing Dictator," announcing to the world that "Lenin is essentially a military autocrat. He has to give an account to nobody. He does not have to look out for his reelection. Evidently he does not have to be consistent with himself." Finally, on November 23, it discovered what brought on the NEP. The whole business was a nefarious Tammany plot. "What was gained was the jobs. Gentlemen who once set up socialism as a holy ikon got control of the government. The time came when they had to give up communism or the jobs, and they held on to the jobs and let communism slide."

In January, 1923, Lenin became gravely ill, and was very near death. Throughout that year he lingered on but could do little work. On January 26 the *Times* ran a contemptuous editorial on the fact that Lenin was getting the best of medical services, while the Russian people were in dire misery, but at

PRAYER ON A SLEEPLESS NIGHT OF AN IDEALIST DESIROUS OF FORFEITING GRACE

by GEORGE WELTNER

*My God, my lean unrest,
Fever of my search, destroyer of the
sought,
Conjurer of goals remote from thought,
Contemner of the mere mortal best—
Pray, try the rigor of our pact,
Tempt me with some low-born, heavy-
plodding fact,
And suffer me to yield—unblessed.*

last it had something good to say about its pet barbarian:

"Many charges against Lenin are true, and unquestionably he has brought hardship and death on millions of Russians, but he has never been accused of rapacity—of exploiting his powers for his own financial advantage. [Except by the *New York Times* in the balmy days of 1917 and 1918.] According to all accounts he lives with the utmost simplicity, and, though obviously he has not starved, as have so many victims of his theories, that hardly is enough to prove him insincere."

It took the *New York Times* six years to say something about Lenin that was true, and then it said something unimportant.

On March 23, 1923, it ran an editorial entitled, "Commissar Jekyll and Comrade Hyde" in which Secretary of State Hughes was warned not to trust Lenin, and to recognize the difference between Lenin the Commissar and Lenin the Communist. This sophomoricism was followed by the charge that Lenin had given up the world revolution. "When Lenin, at least, talks about the hopeful prospects of world revolution one suspects that he is like some clergymen who maintain doctrines in the pulpit which they would prefer to ignore at home. The Communist Last Judgment recedes further and further into the future."

As the years went by, the *Times* grew chary of besmirching Lenin's greatness. Lately, the editors have come to use him as a yardstick by which to judge his successors in the Soviet state. In this way, they do not add to their toll of lies about him and they are enabled, by odious comparisons, to put the present Russian leaders in what they think is a bad light. On March 27, 1934, there appeared in "Topics of the Times" a paragraph entitled, "Joke is on Lenin." It contained the following: "Our dispatches from Russia have noted with the passing years the pictures of Lenin on ceremonial display grow fewer and smaller and the pictures of Stalin bigger and more common. A great many people today believe that it was the Bolsheviks who overthrew the Czar, forgetting the democratic revolution and Kerensky. So there are no doubt more and more people every day who find themselves thinking that Stalin put Kerensky out of business, forgetting Lenin."

All of which only goes to prove that the logic of "impartial" ignorance can sometimes lead to a cessation of arrant falsehood, but never to "all the news that's fit to print."

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The Un-Americanism of Mr. Roosevelt

WE were all taught in school that the United States government is divided into three branches: executive, legislative, and judicial. So the federal Constitution says, but in reality it has not been so since Grover Cleveland broke the Pullman strike. The day he sent federal troops into Illinois he added a fourth branch to the national set-up, namely, strike-breaking. It has remained for President Roosevelt to perfect it and to make it a part of the unwritten law of the land. Aided and abetted by Secretary Perkins he broke the strike of the Detroit automobile workers last year by the simple device of promising them everything and giving them nothing, and only two months ago he came to the assistance of General Johnson in breaking the WPA strike.

The basic theory of all these three strike-breakers is that no one can strike against the government, which reminds one of the labor theory of Mussolini. If the federal government, by means of loans and subsidies to major industries and of direct outlays in the form of relief project funds, continues to gain dominance in the country's business life, it will achieve the status of the nation's biggest employer. And if the Roosevelt labor theory is not challenged, the power to strike will eventually be taken away from labor, and once that is gone, the American workers will have lost most of the progress they have made in their struggle for decent conditions and the American standard of living during the past fifty years.

The right to strike is the inalienable right of workers at all times and under all forms of government. It is their chief weapon of defence and of offence. Without it they are mendicants at the table of their political and economic overlords. All thinkers, save those in the pay of totalitarian states, recognize this. In the United States this right has been incorporated into law, both by statute and by innumerable decisions of the courts, from the Supreme Court down. It has been "approved" directly and by implication in the platforms of the Democratic and Republican Parties since 1896, and all Presidents of the United States in the past forty years have given it lip-service.

This lip-service continues, but there has arisen a new and vicious form of bogus patriotism claiming that the inalienable right to strike stops with employes of the government. Nothing could be in more violent contradiction to all that American democracy stands for. The right to criticize the government as executive, legislator, and judge is admitted by everyone. The same right to criticize the government as em-

ployer should also be admitted by everyone. The principle involved is the same. Criticism in that department means not merely the right to protest verbally and in writing, but also the right to strike, which is labor's only effective form of criticism.

The government as employer is no more sacrosanct than the government as anything else. There is really nothing sacrosanct whatever about the government. As the elected instrument of the people, it must forever remain subservient to it. What is against the interests of the people in any capacity cannot be favored by its servant, the government. This is not revolutionary doctrine. It is Americanism at its purest and simplest. It forms the very basis of the federal Constitution. All power, all rights, and all privileges reside in the people. They can do with the government as they wish. If they have a right to overthrow it when it violates their welfare, as Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln have said, then they surely have a right to strike against it. The recent WPA strike was thus, despite what President Roosevelt and General Johnson said, in the strictest conformance with 100% Americanism. It was President Roosevelt and General Johnson who were acting in an un-American, undemocratic way, and not the WPA strikers.

The shocking thing about the Roosevelt theory that no one can strike against the government is that the American Federation of Labor has, at least by implication, accepted it. President William Green has not said a word against it, and neither has Matthew Woll, nor John L. Lewis, nor Joseph P. Ryan, nor any of the other high officers. Mr. Ryan, in fact, as much as approved it when he said about the forthcoming Great Lakes longshoremen's strike: "I'm afraid it's going to come, although we don't want it. We don't want to hamper the government."

It is inconceivable that the American people will take the Roosevelt theory of the strike as complacently as this, once it is explained to them in full. It should be explained to them from the rostrum of the coming convention of the American Federation of Labor in Atlantic City. Here is an issue upon which all factions in the Federation should agree, and they should come out vigorously against the un-American Roosevelt doctrine. No greater issue confronts the country. The manner in which American organized labor faces it will determine to a very large extent not only its future course but whether or not it is to continue living.

WE'D like to know how much the Red Cross did for the hurricane victims, and when we say "how much" we don't mean the number of field-secretaries or staff-physicians it sent to Florida, but the material things that can be computed in dollars. If Dr. Grayson, the Red Cross chief, will furnish us with the information (in affidavit form, of course) we'll furnish it to our readers.

WE haven't been able to work up much heat over what we've read about Aberhart's Social Credit Plan up in Alberta, in spite of such lovely terms as "cultural heritage," "basic dividends," "velocity of circulation," and so on *ad infinitum*. Somehow we can't help reading for Alberta "Louisiana" and for Aberhart "Huey" ("Selig"), and then our back begins to itch and we have to stop and scratch it.

ODDLY, whenever we see anything in the papers about De Valera we skip it, though it must be said in fairness that he should be credited with one extraordinary accomplishment: he has waged the only revolution in history that revolutionists don't give two damns about.



"Say, why the hell don't you let me go to bed?"

BOOKS

by Charles Angoff

Heywood Broun

IT SEEMS TO ME, 1925-1935, by Heywood Broun. \$2.50. Harcourt, Brace & Company: New York.

THE 106 pieces here were culled from Mr. Broun's writings in the old *World*, the *Nation*, the *Telegram*, and the *World-Telegram*. The selecting was largely done by Alexander Crosby. He might have included more of Mr. Broun's recent writings on the New Deal, but on the whole the present volume represents the cream of Mr. Broun's writing during the past ten years.

The depression has been very cruel to many of the writing folk who were in the public eye in the middle twenties. It has made them seem irrelevant. Cabell, Hergesheimer, Cather—their very names now sound almost mythological. The depression has been even harder upon the daily columnists. The collapse of F. P. A.'s column is a dramatic case in point. In 1925 his banalities and cheap turns of phrase were the chief stock-in-trade of all the bad writers and all the brazen young women. Today he is a mere legend, like Irvin S. Cobb.

But Broun is different. He is now more widely read than ever before. The reason for this is very simple. He has kept up with the changing world, and during the past two years, when he has been so active in the American Newspaper Guild, he has helped change it within his own sphere of influence. His knowledge of public affairs and of literature is frequently embarrassing, but he has an almost unerring instinct for the right side of major social issues and personalities, and when his moral sense is moved powerfully he can write in the manner of a revolutionary pamphleteer.

His piece on Sacco and Vanzetti, published in the *World* for August 5, 1927, will long remain memorable for the magnificence of its sheer sense of social wrong. "We are the dead, and in us there is not feeling nor imagination nor the terrible torment of lust for justice. . . . Popular government, as far as the eye can see, is always going to be administered by the Thayers and Fullers. . . . A cry should go up from many million voices. . . . We have a right to beat against tight minds with our fists and shout a word into the ears of the old men. We want to know, we will know—'Why?'"

The history of American journalism has very little to show as stirring as this. Neither has it much to show as full of sound feeling as Broun's obituary on Eugene V. Debs, or his defense of the underpaid scrubwomen at Harvard with its accompanying denunciation of former President Lowell, or his onslaught upon the strikebreaker as "an anti-social member of the community," or his superb plea for greater sense in our dealings with agitators, or his beautiful sneer at Bishop Manning, the uptown St. Paul in a silk hat. He is at his best when confronting a simple case of flagrant social injustice, which is to say, when his moral sense is outraged.

He seldom understands the deeper political and economic implications of affairs, and as a result he generally goes far astray in his comments upon temporarily belligerent liberals. He was thus an easy mark for Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Justice Holmes and Brandeis. He has changed his mind recently about all three, but his change of mind is no guarantee that he will not fall for their kind in the future. At bottom Broun is little more than an amateur radical. His heart is big and sound, but his head is full of echo-wisdom.

His excursions into the fields of literature and the whimsical essay often make sad reading. He thinks that William Bolitho was "the most brilliant journalist of our time," whereas he was no more than a miasma of verbose unintelligibility. Bellamy was "America's most authentic prophet," a characterization which either means nothing or is obviously absurd. Of Rudyard Kipling, Broun has said: "Of all living authors his chances of survival is the best."

Daily columnism is a very difficult job, and one must forgive a lot of coasting, but some banalities are inexcusable at all times. After all, it is not quite news that "marriage must always remain among the extra hazardous risks," that "the true business of education is to . . . let reality flourish in light and air," that "eggs are not a simple dish," and that "neither ice nor fires nor floods have checked the succession of human kind." And the remark that "the crane is mightier than the Crain [the Tammany district attorney] and much more stalwart" is a rank sophomoricism.

But despite all his defects in learning, insight, and English prose style Broun's influence has been mainly for the good. In intellectual grasp he is but a few steps superior to his readers, which explains his hold on them. He speaks their language. He can't tell them much as to how the world is run, but he can tell them a great deal as to how they should feel about the major frauds who manage public affairs and especially about the outstanding victims of the perennial crime of plutocratic government. This is a very great power in a democracy whose electorate is notoriously swayed more by emotion than by theory, and whose journalistic theorists have nothing better to show than the burps of Walter Lippmann.

The Dream of a Free Press

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, by George Seldes. \$2.75. The Bobbs-Merrill Company: New York.

THIS is easily Mr. Seldes's most satisfactory book since his "You Can't Print That." He knows what he is writing about, and there is a healthy passion in his manner of presentation, which is more than could be said for his previous two books on the Vatican and on the munitions industry. His conclusion is that though "we have had a very few liberal, fearless newspapers, we have never had a free press." In support of this he offers a mass of evidence from his own vast and varied journalistic experience.

His chapters on the flagrant suppression of the news by advertisers is excellent, as is his detailed examination of what the food and drug people did to the Tugwell Bill. The same can be said about his chapter on "The Utilities Corrupt Press and Public," as well

as about his chapters on "The Poisoned Springs of World News" and "Free Press Vs. Free Labor." Finally, there are his devastating analyses of the Associated Press, the *New York Times*, and William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. Seldes, unfortunately, is not a first-rate writer, and so his volume suffers from some very jerky English and a considerable haziness of fundamental journalistic philosophy. Moreover, he is not always as critical as he should be of prominent newspaper men and newspapers. He should know that the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Jewish Daily Forward* are rapidly sinking to the level of the Hearst press, and that the Scripps-Howard papers are more opportunistic than liberal and more whimsical than vigorous.

All this merely means that Mr. Seldes is not a philosopher, which he probably does not pretend to be. He is, on the whole, a good reporter with an intense interest in the ethics of his profession. He has gathered a large amount of useful information, much of it fresh, in his present book, and it deserves a wide reading. It is published at an ideal time, for probably never before in American history have the people been so distrustful of their press. If his book helps to confirm their distrust, it will have performed a good service.

William Allen White recently said that American journalism used to be "a noble calling; now it is an 8% investment and an industry." No one can deny the accuracy of this remark, except for the first clause. American journalism was never a noble calling; it was always a big business. The past differed from the present only in its greater number of able and courageous editors and reporters. But even the great Dana of the *Sun* did not always live up to the letter and spirit of his excellent principle: "What the good Lord lets happen I am not ashamed to print in my paper."

More Blah for the Poor Student

A STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY, by Henry Seidel Canby & Alfred Dashiell. \$2. Henry Holt & Company: New York.

THIS book was first issued in 1913 and is now published in revised form. Some new contemporary pieces have been added to the section of "Illustrative Short Stories." The authors have also brought the history of the short story up to date. The anthological part of the book will be useful to students, but the historico-critical part leaves much to be desired. I doubt whether intelligent critics will agree that "the most influential and, in many respects, the greatest of nineteenth century writers of the short story has been Rudyard Kipling." I doubt whether there is any truth whatever in the distinctions that Dreiser is objective while Anderson is subjective, and that "where Dreiser shows only a vast pity for humanity, Anderson reveals hope for the creation of a better life." And of what help is it to the student to tell him that a short story generally has "a beginning, a middle, and an end," and that it usually deals with "the life of man, or a group of men, or the important details of that life"? The lowly state of the study of literature in American colleges, I'm afraid, will not be raised very much by the present volume.

OF NOTHING AND
THE WOLFE

(Continued from page 4)

chaos, in a thousand little sleeping towns built across the land (O my America! O my!) I have pursued my soul's desire, looking for a stone, a leaf, a door we never found, feeling my Faustian life intolerably in my entreats. I have quivered a thousand times in sensual terror and ecstatic joy as the 5:07 pulled in. I have felt a wild and mournful sorrow at the thought, the wonderful thought, that everything I have seen and known (and have I not known and seen all that is to be seen and known upon this dark, brooding continent?) has come out of my own life, is indeed I, or me, the youth eternal, many-visaged and many-volumed.

"Whatever it may be, I have sought it through my kaleidoscopic days and velvet-and-duvety-breasted nights, and, in my dark, illimitable madness, in my insatiate and huge unrest, in my appalling and obscene fancies, in my haunting and lonely memories (for we are all lonely), in my grotesque, abominable and frenzied prodigalities, I have always cried aloud—"

"Who-oops," gargled, snorted and snuffled Aunt Liz from out her dream of time.

"What is it that we know so well and cannot speak?" continued the youth, striding a thousand strides across a hundred floors. "What is it that we speak so well and cannot know? Why this ceaseless pullulation stirring in my branching veins, not to be stilled even by the white small bite and tigerish clasp of secret women, of whom I have had one thousand in round figures? Whence the savagery, the hunger and the fear? I have sought the answer in four hundred and twelve libraries, including the Mercantile, the 42nd Street Public, the Muhlenberg Branch, and the Brooklyn—ah, Brooklyn, vast, mysterious, and never-to-be forgotten Brooklyn and its congeries of swarming, unfathomable life, O Brooklyn! I have read in ten years at least 20,000 books, devouring them twelve hours a day, no holidays, 400 pages to a book, or in other words,—and I am furiously fond of other words—I have read 33 pages a minute, or a page every two seconds. Yet during this very same period I managed with ease to prowl ten thousand wintry, barren and accursed streets, to lie, you recollect, with one thousand women, and take any number of train-trips (Oh! the dark earth stroking forever past the huge projectile!) This is it to be a Gant! Questing my destiny lying ever before me, I have been life's beauty-drunken lover, and kept women and notebooks in a hundred cities, yet have I never found the door or turned the knob or slipped the bolt or torn off the leaf or crossed the road or climbed the fence. I have seen fury riding in the mountains, but who will show me the door?"

At this point Aunt Liz, with broad, placid, harmonious strokes, swam up out of her dream of time, and, uttering no word, arose from her chair. Out of her dark pocket, pursing characteristically her underlip, she drew a Key and with it opened, at the back of the room, a Door. The youth followed her within. Before him stretched, extended and was a combined and compacted pantry,

provision-chamber, larder, storage-cellar and ice-house.

From the ceiling hung slitches of bacon, strings of onions, and festoons of confetti. On the walls hung and depended the carcasses and bodies of rabbits, hares, sheep, lambs, chamois and gazelles. On smaller hooks and on shelves were stored partridges, grouse, plovers, geese, turkeys, pheasants, snipe, capercaillie, royal bustards, and three penguins designed by Walt Disney. On the floor at the rear lay sadly a small whale. Ranged on shelves were seasonings and condiments—serried boxes, packages, canisters, bottles and jars of salt (including Epsom, Kruschen, Enos, Seidlitz and Glauber), cinnamon, saffron, olive oil, palm oil, colza oil, groundnut oil, castor oil, and just the old oil. In a tumultuous variety of bread-boxes were to be seen cornbread, rye, gluten, white, whole wheat, buns, pumpernickel, scones, bannocks, oatcakes, biscuits, *croissants* and *brioches*, and many cubic feet of permanently buttered toast. In the section reserved for *charcuterie* the youth's brilliant eye fell on quantities of ham, tongue, smoked eels, salami, pork, caviar, smoked salmon, bacon, pimentoes, gherkins, pickles, *foie gras*, anchovies, sardines, *liverwurst*, *cervelat*, *chipolata*, *mortadello*, and striking quantities of plain loneliness. In an enormous icebox rested crates, boxes and cases of eggs deriving from the hen, the sparrow, the bantam, the duck, the turkey, the goose, and the bald-headed eagle. In another, nestled in ice, lay, deliciously, salmon, trout, carp, perch, eels, pike, herrings, mackerel, and shark's-fins. The cheeses included Roquefort, Camembert, Cheddar, Cheshire, Stilton, Gorgonzola, Brie, Saint-Marcellin, and Snacks. Of fruit and vegetables there were too many for recounting in this volume, but the curious reader will find them in the sequel, "Eugene on the River in a Catboat."

Dazzled, astounded, bewildered and amazed, the youth, thoroughly surprised, surveyed these riches, then turned, in a paroxysm of joy, to Aunt Liz, forever brooding on her dream of time.

"This, then, was the Key," he ululated, "this the Door from which the Wolfe cannot be kept!" Triumphant he snatched a few dozen forks, knives, spoons, and can-openers and set to, his long, weary and unfathomable quest at last over forever.

"Beep," chuckled Uncle Habbakuk gauntly.

IT was very considerate of the Standard Vacuum Oil Company to scam out of Ethiopia at Secretary Hull's request. Now, no doubt, the Secretary will follow up his good work by telling certain New York banking interests to scam out of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Haiti. But we're not holding our breath till he does.

WHEN Magistrate Brodsky freed the five who were alleged to have torn down the swastika on the Bremen he gave, for the first time in our history, judicial sanction to something closely approaching direct action. That's what comes of a judge who, as it is reported, admires Old Sam Adams, late of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts there she stands.

The Nazis Find A Friend

"The Semites reject everything that pertains to the pig. The Nordic peoples, on the contrary, accord the pig the highest possible honors. . . . In the cult of the Germans the pig occupies the first place, and is the first among the domestic animals. This predominance of the pig, the sacred animal destined to sacrifices among the Nordic peoples, makes it right to conclude that the religion of these peoples has drawn its originality from the great trees of the Germanic forests. . . . Thus out of the darkness of earliest history arise two human races, whose attitude in respect of pigs presents an absolute contrast. The Semites do not understand the pig, they do not accept the pig, they reject the pig, where this animal occupies the first place in the cult of the Nordic peoples."

HERR WALTHER DARRÉ, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE IN THE THIRD REICH.

CLERICALISM INVADES
AMERICAN POLITICS

(Continued from page 5)

the way for the penetration of Latin America and the Philippines by Wall Street capital. The ruthless exploitation of the Latin Catholic population by American capital has time and again shocked liberals, but the Catholic leaders in the United States have never denounced it. They have, on the contrary, gone on record urging the State Department to take steps against independent Latin-American Republics which refused to sanction the predatory policies of the church, as, recently, in the case of Mexico.

General Leonard A. Wood was the first head of the provisional government of Cuba after the Spanish-American War. In that post he first came into contact with the Catholic Church in its political aspect, and the ties that grew between Wood and the Church in Cuba stood both in good stead when he became Governor of the Catholic Philippines. His appointment to the last job may even have been influenced by the church, whose position in the islands, now recognized by official Washington, was so obscure when the United States took possession that Congress was openly hostile to it, as is shown in a Congressional report of Philippine conditions made at the beginning of this century. For his services to the church, of which he was not a communicant, General Wood was made the recipient of the Order of Pope Pius IX. This decoration is the highest the church can confer on a non-Catholic.

President Roosevelt, appreciating the reality of Catholic influence in the increasingly unruly Philippines, appointed a member of the Catholic Church as Governor, former Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit who was once a member of the faculty of the Catholic University of Detroit. Murphy's appointment was immediately recognized in Washington as a church-inspired move. The New York Herald Tribune said: "By sending a Catholic to the Philippines Mr. Roosevelt, it is thought, will appease those elements who thought there should have been more than one Catholic in the Cabinet. As origin-

ally selected, the new Cabinet contained two Catholics—James A. Farley, as Postmaster General, and Senator Thomas J. Walsh, as Attorney General."

No attempt is being made here to argue that every Catholic or Protestant who holds a government position explicitly represents a church within the government organization, although the facts show that avowed Catholics go further than non-Catholics, or appear to, in representing the viewpoint of their church. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Catholic policies are more noticeable in a Protestant governmental environment. Under Mr. Farley, for example, the Post Office Department is sponsoring legislation directed against obscene literature which the birth controllers fear is merely a veiled attempt to get at them. Catholics have appeared in Washington to contest a proposed amendment which would specifically exempt birth control literature from the new legislation, lending color to the contention that Mr. Farley is attempting to put over a fast one for his church.

The Protestant churches, it cannot be denied, have also tried, often successfully, to get the government to implement their policies with legislation. Both the Abolitionist and Prohibitionist movements originated in the Protestant churches, and, while it is true that neither movement was officially successful until advantage seemed to accrue to certain financial groups as the result of such legislation, the fact remains that the movements were born in the Protestant churches. But the case of the Protestant churches is somewhat special, for the nation has from the beginning been overwhelmingly Protestant in temper. The Catholic Church in the United States is in a different position with its special policies, and often requires a *quid pro quo* from the government. Supported by ancient traditions and relatively inflexible and autocratic in structure, the Church of Rome has always found it necessary to seek governmental assistance in combatting new ideas that appeared to challenge its moral power directly or indirectly.

In no national campaign prior to that of 1932 did an outstanding Catholic cleric take the stump aggressively for a Presidential candidate. Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Church in 1928 set the record for clerical activities on an anti-Catholic basis. It matters not that the 1932 candidates were both Protestants and that one of them would have won hands down even had Father Coughlin not supported him. The important thing is that a precedent was established for Catholic clerics in an American political campaign, a precedent which will certainly be built upon in the future. Coughlin, it is true, does not speak for his church; the bishops, archbishops and cardinals of the rich dioceses are against him. But he does speak for a large section within the church and even the public opposition he gets from such personages as Cardinal O'Connell has the effect of forcing an internal church dispute into the open political arena and thereby influencing political developments. Clericalism, that bane of European politics, must now be recognized as an active factor in American political life.

Feeling entitled to more support from a government they have assisted in the past, and not often for progressive purposes, various Catholic spokesmen have recently

suggested that government funds, state or federal, be allocated to parochial schools. There are relatively few such Protestant schools, so this would mean subsidies to Catholic schools. The *Tablet*, Catholic organ of the Brooklyn diocese, first made this suggestion publicly, and was supported by spokesmen of poor dioceses in all parts of the United States, many of which are in default on their obligations. The idea of a federal subsidy appears to have been dropped temporarily because the country as a whole would hardly endorse the idea of financing a competitor of the cherished public school system, but Catholic lobbyists and politicians, aware of the church influence with voters, are at present actively working to produce a formula which will enable funds of certain states to be funnelled into parochial schools. This is true both in New York and Massachusetts, and may be true elsewhere. Anti-birth control legislation in many states testifies to the political might of the Catholic Church.

The civil services must not be overlooked in appraising the development of Catholic clericalism in American politics. Members of the Catholic Church, who on the whole take their church membership much more seriously than do Protestants, are in the majority in the civil services of large cities like New York, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Detroit and San Francisco, and often predominate in federal civil services in the Northern cities. The church has long been aware of this and for many decades has asserted a religious organizational interest in these government workers. The Holy Name Society, formed in this country in 1882 as an "indulgence confraternity" with its original membership consisting mainly of immigrants who had obtained city government jobs through Tammany Hall, now requires all its members to take Communion every three months—in a body. In the large Catholic cities it is not unusual to see large groups of police, firemen and postal carriers marching in their government uniforms to communion breakfast, where they are exhorted by various politicians and church dignitaries.

These integrated voting bodies—for that is really all they are—who, by their group participation in special religious services in their status as governmental employees are made conscious of the difference between themselves and other groups of citizens—are manifestly destined in the new relationship between Church and State for larger political rôles. That the Catholic Church realizes a new stage has been reached in its political fortunes is manifest in the recent launching of the Catholic Action under the leadership of Alfred E. Smith, the nation's most celebrated Catholic layman. The political meaning of the Catholic Action cannot be fully understood unless one has studied the course of the Catholic Action in countries like France, Austria and Spain. The whole purpose behind it is to place approved Catholics in political offices and to endorse non-Catholic office-holders who prove friendly to the Catholic viewpoint on questions like birth control, immigration, school subsidies and Catholic affairs in foreign countries. In Austria and Spain the Catholic Action at an advanced stage of development became Fascist. It is virtually Fascist now in France. Will it become Fascist in the United States?



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WAGE SLAVERY IN NEW ENGLAND

(Continued from page 2)

Chiseling and Gouging

The first ten days of the survey identified more than 13,000 workers already gouged by greedy employers in the area between New York and New Haven alone. More than 8,800 of them have been put on longer hours, and 4,000 have received wage cuts since the deace of the NRA.

These estimates were verified by a flood of complaints, pouring into the State Labor Department at Hartford. Within a fortnight such complaints were filed against 88 different firms, in twelve cities and towns of the section referred to. These complaints inspired Deputy Commissioner of Labor W. J. Fitzgerald, in charge of factory inspections, to declare: "The attempt to keep alive the industrial and labor standards of NRA by voluntary agreement is hopeless!"

Analysis of the complaints received in the Labor Department revealed that they ranged from 50% salary cuts, to 108% increase in working hours. It was evident that the greediest gougers are small business men. And lengthening hours, without increase in wages, proved far more popular than salary cuts.

Outstanding among the latter, however, were two garment concerns in South Norwalk, which discharged most of their 350 employees, and then re-hired them the next day at exactly half of the Blue Eagle wage! One Bridgeport garment factory cut wages 10%; and another reduced them from \$15 a week to \$11. Some Norwalk textile mills imposed a 15% reduction.

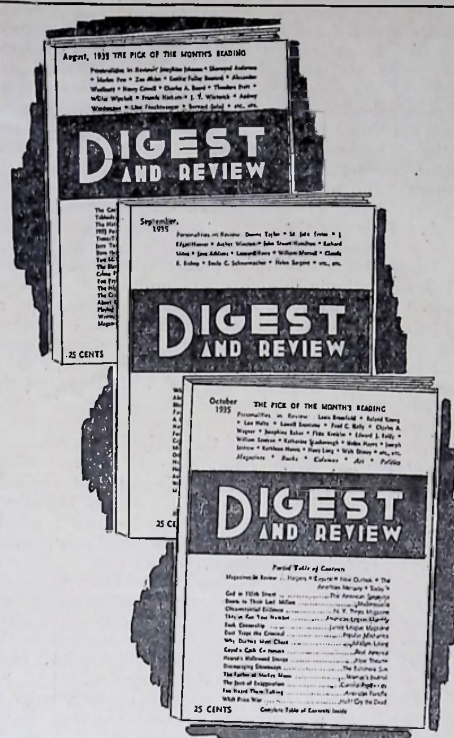
Labor Department officials cooperated with officers of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Association, to end a strike called on June 4, in the plant of the United Shirt & Blouse Company, at Shelton, Conn. The 200 girls employed there walked out, some of them declaring their \$13 a week minimum, had been cut to \$5 and \$7 a week.

Against this flood-tide of chiseling, the State Labor Department is making a valiant effort to do a King Canute. State law violations are being instituted, and convictions secured. But minor successes only serve to prove the prevalence of the abuses.

Recently, Mrs. Lydia Marazita, proprietor of the Marie Dress Company of Bridgeport, was fined \$600, and sentenced to 43 days in jail, for failing to pay 24 garment workers the wages they had earned. The investigation revealed, incidentally, that the girls who registered complaints against the Marie Dress Shop are already experiencing difficulty in securing other positions—although employers in the garment industry were quick to proclaim denials of the existence of any black list. Two of the women were forced to move to Ansonia in order to obtain work.

A conviction was secured against the New Haven Dress Company, and 27 girl witnesses testified that they were paid considerably less than the amount shown on their time cards. Many of them made affidavit that they received as little as \$6.50 for a week's work.

These figures seem to indicate that the industry is threatening to flop right back to the pre-NRA status, and that status was admittedly disgraceful.



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CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEXT WAR

by FERDINAND LUNDBERG

NO matter how many neutrality bills and pious resolutions are passed by Congress and no matter how many anti-war demonstrations are staged, the rôle of the United States in the next war, and the effect of the war upon it, will be determined by the world economic system of which the nation is a significant unit.

The immediate effects in this country of the next European war will probably be quite different from those in 1914 when all markets and exchanges were deranged under the impact of heavy selling. The selling was occasioned by the endeavor to repatriate funds. The major markets and exchanges of the world were all closed. In the United States they remained closed for several months until a new financial perspective was achieved. When the American markets reopened a period of trade confusion and stagnation prevailed well into 1915. Nobody knew how long the war would last. Uncertainty was the keynote until the Allies began placing heavy war orders on the basis of a huge credit arranged through J. P. Morgan & Company.

Everybody is familiar with the disastrous long-term effects of the last European war. Although the United States came in for an unprecedented industrial and financial development and obtained a strong foothold in the South American market, in the end it, too, was crushed economically, for the years since 1929 have been consequences of the war.

Predicting the economic consequences of the next war really requires far less guess work than many people think. Most of the consequences of the last war were foretold by such economists, political theorists and sociologists as H. N. Brailsford, J. A. Hobson, Irving Fisher, Frederick Engels, Leon Trotsky, and Lenin. The Bulletin of the National City Bank for September, 1914, in a moment of frankness, also forecast the economic disaster that followed. Then there was the extremely brilliant "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," by John Maynard Keynes. It is, therefore, through no lack of insight that one finds so much reticence

current in discussions about the probable effects of the next war. The public which may be called upon to expend its blood and money in another holocaust is being guarded from knowledge of its fate.

On the eve of the next European war, as I have said, the world outlook is distinctly different from what it was in 1914. The international trade and credit system is bogged down. Large sections of the world are still prostrated from the last carnage. Millions of people are unemployed. In 1914 the world was strong, prosperous, and healthy.

Unlike 1914, again, the initial economic effects in the United States of a renewed European conflict will probably be "favorable," if rising prices and heavier movements of goods are favorably regarded, as they usually are. At first there will undoubtedly be a measurable increase in employment, giving the war some popular support.

There will be no large-scale dumping of securities by Europeans on the American market chiefly because Europeans hold very few securities nowadays, but also because Europeans have come to consider the relatively isolated United States as a safe repository for their investments. The financing of the war will depend on New York to a very considerable extent from the very beginning, and there will, therefore, be no movement of funds away from New York. On the contrary, there might possibly be a heavy transfer of balances to New York for safety and in anticipation of later war purchases. This will be reflected in a sharp advance in the dollar quotation.

While the demand for all goods in the United States would increase, with emphasis on the heavy industries, and unemployment would diminish very perceptibly, the boom would probably not be frenzied except perhaps in the first stages. The modification of the immediate boom which might otherwise be expected to attain tremendous proportions would be wrought by the shifting of long-term holdings by trust funds, etc., in anticipation of later adverse developments such as I shall discuss in a moment.

Another reason why there will be no immediate boom of terrific proportions such as amateur speculators anticipate is that European credit today is an unknown quantity. It is not in quite as bad shape as is popularly supposed, and it could, in an emergency, be revived to a very considerable extent, but the limits of European credit can now at least be seen. Since the general default on her obligations, particularly on her war debts to the United States, the moral as well as financial credit of Europe has been at a low ebb. But there are many ways in which Europe could call resources into action. Moreover, credit is always relative to the situation underlying it. If "safe" outlets are denied it, greater risks are taken. That is all.

There is no reason whatever for supposing that the "bad" condition of European credit will either delay or prevent the war. As well-known a financial writer as John T. Flynn, adviser to the Senate committee investigating the munitions racket, has given utterance to this invalid theory. France and England are both rich in credit resources consisting of gold, international securities, and colonial resources. The fact that the last two items are already pledged to the limit for the account of their citizens matters not at all. It is a simple matter of war financing to "purchase" such properties with newly printed money, pledging the properties in New York against war credits. German credit is, of course, virtually non-existent today, but it could easily be revived, especially if assistance came from London. Hjal-

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"HOW MY WIFE GOT THAT WAY"

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HOW MY WIFE GOT THAT WAY

by HOWARD HAYES

DO you think she'll be all right now, Doc? Will she be okay when she wakes up? Let's go in the kitchen where we can talk. I'll tell you all how it happened and then maybe you can give me some advice, though God knows it isn't advice we need, Doc, it's money. I mean advice is okay, your advice is, but us people living on relief get too much advice and not enough anything else. You even said that yourself.

Here, Doc, sit over here, this chair ain't so wobbly. You want anything, a drink of water or anything? Okay. You've been a friend of ours ever since the little girl died and we certainly appreciate it. I mean you know us long enough so you know my wife ain't crazy or anything like that. She's just emotional, that's all. Doc, she and me, we're pals. We been through everything together. We been taking it equal on the chin ever since this damn depression began. When she got one of those guns in her hands and got to thinking what a hell of a mess we are in, and the country too, the relief going to hell and everything, well, she just lost her head.

But I tell you, Doc, you can't understand it unless you got an idea what it's like living on relief. I mean you got to appreciate that first. You know my wife and me are young people yet, Doc. We still got some hopes in the world. But you can't have hopes on the relief. You just keep slipping back all the time, everything you got is wearing out on you and you sure feel like hell. We had a nice little home here once, but look what a wreck it is now. Another year of this and we won't have a thing left.

What I mean is, it makes a bum out of you. I used to be one of the best in the structural steel game but today I feel like I never was in it.

Well, we were living along like this, both of us still going out to look for work a couple times a week and hoping all the time something would happen, we'd get a lucky break or something, when of course something did happen. But it sure was the wrong thing.

My wife was going to have a baby. God, Doc, it sure is funny about babies. If they really come from Heaven, or anywheres like that, you'd think they'd never send them to a home like ours. People on the relief ain't got a right to have kids.

Well, there it was, anyway, and boy, we felt awful. Not that we wouldn't've liked a kid. Don't get me wrong. But what in the hell would we be doing with one, living the way we are?

My wife began sitting in that rocking chair there and staring out the window. Of course, I made her stop looking for work, she used to go out just like me. You know they give women jobs before men because they work for less and don't have unions. Well, this made her worse, our nerves are all shot anyway, and I was already getting worried about her when some more had to happen. I'd been out of the house alone a lot, God, I'd go nuts if I stayed at home all day, when this lady that gives us our relief came around.

My wife let her in, I guess she'd been lying down and crying, when this woman makes some crack about no more relief or something. I never did get it straight because my wife must have got a little wild right then and there. Anyway, she had a miscarriage after the relief lady left and when I got home the neighbors had taken her to the city hospital.

Doc, I suppose you know better than I do what such a thing does to a woman, specially when she's all worn out from worrying anyway. When she came home she was so changed I didn't know her. She was cold and dead-like and wouldn't say a thing. When I talked to her she just turned her head the other way. She went a whole day without eating or opening her mouth. It made me just about nuts. She was like ice.

I took her back to the hospital and then I got one of the young docs alone and he told me what she needed was some relaxation. She ought to quit worrying for a while and have some fun. She needed to forget things. I told him there wasn't a chance, but he told me to do the best I could anyway.

Well, the way we used to forget things was to turn on some jazz, have a few drinks and then maybe go out or dance. I mean when I was working. Since we been on relief we can't do a thing. Anyway, I decided to give her a good time, just once at least. I had three bucks from my brother in Chicago that he had been owing me for a year for some tools. I figured I'd take the three bucks and we could have just one good time, sort of make a break for it, and it might get her out of this mood she was in. You know how a person gets, Doc, sometimes you just got to bust loose.

I went out and got a bottle of gin and some ginger ale and made us a couple of stiff drinks. I tried to cheer her up then by clowning around the house, and by God, it did seem to be doing some good. I got her to smiling a little, anyway. It was the first time in nearly a year she'd had anything to drink.

After a while we decided to go out and just walk around and see the sights. I'd got her to talking a little by this time and it sure was good to see her beginning to act a little natural again.

We went around where there was some lights. Then we went into a cafeteria to have a sandwich, the first we had eaten out in a hell of a while. Being a little drunk I kidded some of the people sitting around us and they kidded us back. It seemed to make my wife feel better. I should of left well enough alone but then I got the idea to go out to the amusement park. We had a drink and then set out.

On the way out my wife began to quiet down a little so I gave her another nip from the bottle.

You see I wanted to keep her warmed up, keep the ball rolling.

Doc, you know that amusement park? I guess you must of been there once in your

life. Well, all that noise and bright lights was just the right thing for us. We began spending pennies, even nickels and dimes, right and left. It sure was fun. But in a little while she began to quiet down again. In spite of everything she was beginning to think too much. I gave her another drink but it didn't make any difference at all. I guess she was thinking about that baby we didn't have, and about the little girl that died. You know they say it is a sign a woman is weak if that happens. Well, my wife never has been weak, you know that, Doc. But this idea that maybe she was getting weak, maybe because of the depression, or too much worrying, or us eating so badly on the relief, well, she just couldn't stop thinking about it. I used to promise her all kinds of things, kids, money, a nice home, all that stuff. But she probably got to thinking we'd never have any of it now.

Well, about this time we came to a shooting gallery, a nice place. So I said to her, "Come on, let's shoot. You used to be a good shot." She isn't afraid of guns like most girls so we went in. She used to shoot with her brothers where she was raised just outside Milwaukee.

The man running the gallery could see we were kind of drunk but business was rotten so he didn't mind. I guess nobody spends any money for such stuff these days unless they are kind of drunk. He loaded up the guns for us and put them in our hands with a smile and told us to go ahead. He could see we knew how to handle them.

We began to shoot, kind of slowly at first, getting used to the sights. Then we tried the finer targets. I sure felt fine when I saw I was just about as good as I ever was. I used to shoot a lot as a kid. But what I got to tell you, Doc, is how that gun in your hands makes you feel. You can't understand about my wife if you don't get this.

A gun that way sort of lifts you up, makes you feel strong. You get the idea that maybe you might be able to shoot your way

Nicholas Murray Butler Destroys the Collectivistic Idea

"It takes all sorts of human beings to make this world. Not only is it a fact that individuals are not and cannot be equal in respect to physical force or technical skill or intellectual power or moral excellence, but that all progress would come to an end if they were. If there be no higher end at which to aim than this equality, then the stagnation of death will displace the activity of life. These differences between individuals which have been and are the moving cause of all progress in the history of civilization, must be reckoned with as permanent forces, unless through their extermination we propose to bring civilization to an end. This is why all forms of collectivism are of necessity reactionary and can, in the end, bring only unhappiness, suffering and disaster to those masses which they are supposed to be able to aid."

—From Dr. Butler's address at the Parrish Art Museum, Southampton, Long Island.

out of the hole you're in, I mean if you couldn't get out any other way. And with a few drinks in you, you wouldn't give a damn if you got hurt a little doing it. I mean, living the way we are, you feel like an animal caught in a trap, wild-like. You'd do anything to get out of the trap. Did you know that some animals will chew their own feet off just to get free of a trap? It sounds crazy, they probably die afterwards, but they don't die in the trap anyway.

Doc, you got to excuse me, but you probably can't appreciate all this, being fairly well fixed the way you are. I'm only telling you because you asked for it.

Well, the guns were automatics and would shoot as fast as you could pull the trigger. I used to be a good shot as a kid. I could clip the necks off a row of beer bottles one every second. My uncle used to hold a watch on me. Well, I banged away like this for a while without paying any attention to my wife. When I had enough for a minute I laid the gun down and took a look at my wife. There she was, banging away just as cool and steady as could be. She just leaned there and shot and shot. The gallery man and me and a couple of passers-by just stood there and watched her. I finally said something to her but she didn't hear, she just went right on shooting till the gun was empty and then made him hand her another one, all loaded. I got a little worried, she was so cool and steady, and told her to give it a rest for a while. But she wouldn't listen.

Finally I put my hand on her shoulder and said, "Honey, take it easy." But she jerked loose and went right on shooting. I waited for a while, watching her knocking over those little iron ducks and rabbits, and hoping she would get tired and lay the gun down by herself.

Then the guy that was running the gallery got nervous and told me I ought to stop her. I told him she was all right and not to worry. While we were arguing she went right on, banging away to beat the band, and then asking for another gun when hers was empty. When she laid a gun down the barrel was hot . . .

Here, Doc, let me get it for you. This is a clean glass. I'll let the water run a little. Sit down, I'll bring it to you.

Well, what happened? I know you want to know what happened. When I think about it, it wasn't so much. It could have been a lot worse. We couldn't get the gun away from her. She wouldn't lay it down or give it up. I finally had to fight with her and it was then she began yelling. She said we had to have it, we couldn't live without it. She said we had to have it for when there was no food in the house. She said they'd let us starve if we didn't have a gun. We had to fight. We had to have guns because we couldn't wait any more on the bankers and the rich bosses. They'd let us die. She said . . .

What's the matter, Doc? I'm not yelling. What are you looking at me that way for? I'm just telling you what she said. And she ain't crazy, either. She's just as sensible as your wife is. She's just high strung and this goddam depression is driving her nuts, and me too. Listen, Doc, I'm just telling you all this so's you'd understand, so's you'd know how my wife got that way. For Christ's sake, Doc, you're our friend. . . .

STREICHER'S GRIP ON HITLER

by NATHAN CARO BELTH

IT IS not to the credit of the enemies of German fascism that they have failed to grant the Nazi party recognition for its greatest achievement. But then, not even its friends have stressed sufficiently the Nazi party's success in the rehabilitation of criminal types and men who have failed in the ordinary walks of life. No political party or group of reformers anywhere in the world can point to such an impressive array of ex-convicts and social misfits who, under Nazi guidance, have regained respectability and attained to high government and party position. There is Heines, the condemned murderer; Roehm, the pervert; Goering and Rust, men with uncontrollable nerves. And there is Julius Streicher.

A charge that he committed rape in 1918 while a soldier at the front, is Streicher's earliest claim to public notice. He has since added stature to his international reputation by facing charges and—when his political influence failed him—convictions of theft, bribery, embezzlement of Nazi party funds; of libel, slander and incitement to violence; of seducing the wives of his benefactors, and ravaging girls in the employ of his scurrilous newspaper *Der Stürmer*; of consorting with and elevating into public office men with criminal records.

Let no one scoff at such accomplishments, for when the complete story of Julius Streicher is finally told, it will be discovered that civilization owes an everlasting debt to his rapacity, his sexual degeneracy and his complete unscrupulousness. For Streicher has lifted scandalmongery from the pastime of fishwives to a high art, and converted pornography from a mild form of perversion into a potent political weapon. Less imaginative and less talented pornographers have plied their craft for more penny profits and the amusement of the populace, but it took the genius of a Streicher to find power and political preferment in erotica.

Streicher's career before the rise of the Nazi party, like that of most of the leaders of Germany today, is modest. He was born in 1885 in Fleinhausen of middle class parentage. He became a teacher in the public schools and served in the army during the World War. When the 1918 Revolution broke out, Streicher was a member of the left wing of the Social Democratic party. By 1920 he was an agitator for the German Socialist party, and in 1921 he supported Drexler, founder of the Nazi party, in an effort to oust Hitler, who was then only chief propagandist of the party. Hitler's victory spelled the eclipse of Drexler, but Streicher was saved by the power of the votes he controlled in Nuremberg.

This early test of strength made a lasting impression on Hitler and left him with a healthy respect for Streicher's political position. Despite many protestations that Streicher is not a power in the Nazi party, Hitler decided that he was very desirable as an ally and has always come to his assistance at crucial times. Streicher's vulgarity, unscrupulousness, and degeneracy were at once

his strength and his weakness. While building up a following among the Franconian masses with his pornographic anti-Semitic newspaper, he nevertheless estranged other Nazi leaders.

Even Drexler finally refused to deal with him. Holzwarth, the National Socialist writer, found Streicher and his henchmen "the worst terrorists and liars" and refrained from discussing Streicher's financial management of the Nuremberg Department of the party "in order not to bring to light still more muck." He accused Streicher of seducing and running off with the wife of a doctor who was Streicher's benefactor, and of consorting with criminals, notably Steinberger, who has a record of fourteen convictions and Weisbacher, who has a record of eleven convictions and whom he made a member of the Bavarian Parliament. There was no need for Streicher to deny these accusations. The facts were common knowledge.

Feder, the Nazi theorist, attacked Streicher vehemently as a detriment to the party and Police Chief Poehner declared that he "refused to have anything to do with the man [Streicher] because he refused to sit down on a heap of dung." Ertl, Nuremberg's member of Parliament, accused him of raping girls employed in his publishing office, and of other sexual crimes. In 1930 the Bavarian Parliament finally suspended Streicher's immunity privilege. But again Hitler came to his rescue and persuaded party members to withdraw their charges. And Streicher repaid Hitler with his loyalty. He stood with him in the Strasser Crisis and was then intrusted with the management of the anti-Jewish boycott campaign.

Streicher is essentially an old-fashioned machine politician. In the early days of the struggle for supremacy within the party, his ability as a vote getter very nearly outweighed the heavy gold of Hitler's industrialist backers. And now, of all Nazi leaders, Streicher remains closest to the people. Therein lies his great strength. With the exception of Hitler, he is probably today the strongest man in Germany, for he holds his

(Continued on next page)

Nazi Enlightenment Towards Labor

"The main issue with the workman is not his ridiculous wage pennies but the dignity of his position; and ultimately wage questions settle themselves if the worker respects himself. In the last resort the mine worker cannot be paid with money at all; what he receives is only a petty remuneration for his unremitting labor. It is therefore all the more ridiculous for people to begin to haggle about such little things."

—Dr. Robert Ley, chief of the German Labor Front, addressing the miners of Neukirchen.

(Continued from preceding page)

constituency in a steel vise whereas such men as Goering and Goebbels have gone to the "center" and lost their local machines. With the votes of the Nuremberg party at his back, Streicher can make his demands upon Hitler and the "center" without fear of being refused. It explains why Hitler has bowed to Streicher's wishes in many of his anti-Semitic escapades which have turned foreign public opinion against Germany. Nuremberg's votes are to be reckoned with and Nuremberg belongs to Streicher. Despite Hitler's seeming supremacy, he nevertheless leans heavily upon such local chieftains as Streicher for his support and his continuance in office.

This former school master who has made of anti-Semitism an outlet for his sadism, of sexual crime a personal privilege and of pornography a political weapon, is an agitator who can compete with Hitler himself for effectiveness. What he lacks in intellect and oratorical power, he replaces with rowdy courage and utter unscrupulousness. There is nothing fastidious in his mudslinging. Heiden, the historian, finds that "any mud he threw he picked up himself." The man has no reticence and never knew how to blush.

His public addresses go unquoted even in the Nazi press—except his own, because not all Germans have lost their inhibitions. The newspapers content themselves with reporting that Streicher said a "few colorful things."

The man who never called a spade by any other name found early in his career that he could couple his anti-Semitism and his overdeveloped sense of the pornographic to his political advantage. He began to publish *Der Stürmer* in the days of the Weimar Republic which refused to suppress his scurrilities because it would be inconsistent with its ideals of a free press. From that time on, no bed-room was safe from invasion, especially if it was in the home of a Jew. With the uncanny intuition developed by his own abnormal sex desires, he ferreted out for public display every bit of scandal in Nuremberg. And where none existed, he invented it.

His chief victims, of course, were Jews with Aryan wives and vice-versa. Degradation and violence were visited upon them while the circulation of his paper grew enormously and with it his political power and the agitation against the Jews.

Streicher is not a strange phenomenon in the Nazi set-up. He is of the warp and woof of the Nazi political fabric. One need but review the principles and motives actuating Hitler to see that they are the same as those of Streicher—though less crude—and that Streicher fits into the scheme of things. Hitler, hating the masses, has nevertheless made them the object of all his impassioned agitation. He has brought political consciousness to the unpolitical and thereby destroyed the value of the intelligent voter. Streicher, too, has appealed to the lowest, the most ignorant in the population. But he does not despise them. His hatred is turned against what he calls "grand people." He, like Hitler, tells the stolid mass that it is the élite of the nation, but unlike Hitler, he believes it. The worst shall be first and the ignorant in high places.

SOME MARGINAL NOTES ON ADDISON

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

PERHAPS never in English history has the world of writers so interpenetrated itself with that of lords and statesmen as in the first decades of the eighteenth century. It is not hard to see why. The great men of the day being enmeshed in politics, they needed the help of persuasive pamphleteers to gain their ends. Whigs and Tories, forever fighting, never fought harder than in seeking to win over men who knew how to write. The writers, on their side, had even more to gain, and fought even harder than the statesmen to gain it. They could not exist without patronage; they were eaten up with vanity and ambition; they realized that to a fortunate few the rewards were dazzlingly high. Accordingly they were sucked into the social whirlpool near which they spent their lives. If with one side of their nature they set up as satirists and exposed the vices of Augustan high life, with the other side they capitulated before its values.

The very men who, in their writings, denounced treachery and hypocrisy and time-serving, became traitors and hypocrites and time-servers; and by such means they became successful. . . . There was no one among them more successful than Addison.

Compared with his great contemporaries—Swift, Defoe, and Pope—Addison has long suffered in popularity and significance. If he is still a classic, he is no longer a force. But in personal reputation he has come off better than any of them. Who is not familiar with the spellbinding talker of But-ton's, with the Christian gentleman, with the unswerving Whig? Macaulay extolled him without stint, Taine eulogized him, Thackeray praised him, Johnson approved of him, Professor Courthope acquitted him, only yesterday Virginia Woolf looked and found him fair.

Of all his commentators, only two—the earliest and the most recent—have taken an adverse view of the matter. Pope's characterization ranks among the most uncompromising opinions in the language:

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer. . . .
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike. . . .
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged. . . .
and all the rest of it. But of course Pope went in for that kind of thing. There is also Mr. Bonamy Dobrée who recently attacked Addison and applied to him an epithet that Pope could hardly have been expected to know. Addison, says Mr. Dobrée, was the first Victorian.

The Nazi principle of leadership has been to elevate the second rate into positions of power. Hitler prizes loyalty (Streicher's loyalty was long in doubt) above ability and has therefore raised rascals to places of responsibility and respectability where they may remain only as long as their loyalty to *Der Führer* is unimpeachable. The old guard whom Hitler has extolled so touchingly are either pathological cases or men who have failed in ordinary walks of life. Administration by tools is National Socialism's chief tactical error and will eventually spell its doom.

After being at Charterhouse and Oxford at the same time as Richard Steele, Addison came as an obscure young man to London with some idea of entering the Church. By his early writings, however, he won praise from Dryden, and soon after caught the eye of Montague. Montague saw talent in Addison which he felt the Whigs could use. He sent the young man, with all expenses paid, on a tour of the Continent. From Paris he went to Germany and from there to Austria; and at length reached Italy, where he seems to have looked at all the right things and to have greeted them with all the right quotations.

On his return to London, unemployed and penniless, he joined the Whigs. They had come into immense power and, to test his steel and whet his appetite, gave him a small sinecure. Then, almost it would seem for Addison's sake, Marlborough triumphed at Blenheim: at any rate, Blenheim was the occasion for so many bad poems that Addison was sought out to compose, in Marlborough's honor, a good one. It was not good but it made Addison's fortune. His rise, from then on, was rapid: he became a Whig scribe, a commissioner in the excise, a chief secretary in Ireland; in time he entered Parliament and before he died was a cabinet minister. Nor did his literary career lag behind his political one: the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* he wrote had a revolutionizing success, and "Cato" ran for thirty-five nights, a very long run considering the age, not to speak of the play. He made distinguished friends and, in middle age, a distinguished marriage with the dowager countess of Warwick. Their life together is supposed to have been discordant; Addison's own was fast approaching its end. He died, in 1718, at the age of forty-seven.

His political success is the more remarkable in that he was never in any real sense a politician. It is true that in Addison's day good writers sometimes became party leaders because parties led chiefly by the pen; but even so, a career as flourishing as Addison's must have resulted from more than just literary ability. The answer lies, I think, in a shrewd ability to bargain. Addison possessed diplomacy and saw no reason why it should remain a merely social asset; why not, one can hear him say diplomatically, make of it a party asset? He could write, and saw no reason to be paid by the line; he wanted reward of office, and the salary of a statesman. Addison was never exploited by the Whigs, as Swift was by the Tories; he was paid in full. In return, though negligible as a statesman, he proved to be a loyal and honorable party man, and should be remembered for attacking corruption, though he could not have fared so well had his age, or even his party, been less corrupt.

Unlike his political career, his writings have consequence; and are the best mirror

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of the broad, bourgeois life of his time. If the *Tatler* and *Spectator* papers have been overrated as art, they cannot be dispensed with as memoirs: they provide an intimate and, for all their moralizing, an objective picture of London under Queen Anne. You must discount Addison himself as the fashionable Fifth Avenue preacher of his day; but he knows his subject and he knows how to express it. He has the skepticism of his age, but unlike his age does not make a vice of it; he has its wit, though not like Swift the wit to impeach such wit; and he has the very valuable gift of keeping his temper. His values are high for his times, though not high enough for a great nature or a virile thinker. In the ideal they would produce an urbane Christian, but in practice they offer nothing better than a genteel rector.

It is when we come to the man himself that we rub up against a psychological interest that is quite lacking in his career. For two centuries most people have thought of him as a paragon, with here and there a fault-finder to suggest that he was also a prig. In recent years, perhaps, it has been a kind of open secret that Addison was a prig, and it must be at least a generation since anybody devoted his days and nights to the study of Addison. And there has always been Pope's annihilating thumbnail sketch to reckon with: it is obviously scurrilous, but it clamps your imagination. For though we knew that Pope never required much, he must have required something to build on; and the atoms of truth he discerned have sufficed to set the worst of the fault-finders wondering. Thanks to modern scholarship, some evidence has been forthcoming.

Addison, as has already been implied, was a careerist. Above everything else he wanted to get ahead. But he had the vanity to want to get ahead gracefully, as if it were none of his doing; and he wanted to get farther ahead than any of his friends. This last ungenerous quirk was deep-rooted in him; generosity he could show only to his inferiors, and in return for it he demanded homage. He always preferred the companionship of disciples to that of equals. There is no doubt that he worried over appearances, as there is no doubt that he knew how to keep them up.

He never lost his temper; there could have been no better way of making other people lose theirs. He never quarreled; but Swift, Steele, and Pope all grew cold toward him. He never gave himself away; but he had the manner of one who has something to conceal. He never made mistakes; but that, while an unquestioned asset, is not necessarily a virtue. He cultivated, in other words, the arts required by a careerist. He mastered himself, he ingratiated himself. He had a cool brain for doing these things, and for the best of reasons—because he had a cold nature.

Whether or not he was a good man depends on what importance you attach to the letter, and what to the spirit, of morality. But what one can conclude, with some show of reason, is that to get as far in life as Addison did, in the age he himself has so tellingly described, he must often have been clever, and politic, and disingenuous. He must have been very knowing, since we can say with assurance that in those times naïveté got you nowhere. It is the next step, how-

GIANT IN SILVER AND A BRASS CLOCK

by ANITA BRENNER

PRINT is poison to the United States. Smelting & Refining Company, the world's largest single producer of silver. Its Boston Tory heads are not at home to reporters and researchers, and its employes, down to third assistant engineers and office clerks, guard their talk about silver and mining when strangers are around. To visit U. S. & R.'s richest holdings (Real del Monte mines and mill at Pachuca, in Mexico), is practically a social-climber's job. And the visit itself is nicely routinized to give a bird's-eye view and no details. Because certain doors may not be opened; certain questions must be evaded; and certain photographs must not be made.

Within the company itself there is also a good deal of solemn maneuvering whose object is to keep each man and each department familiar only with part of the company's work. Only the men in the most private office and the people from Boston cross the departmental lines, and only they have access to all the books. But they are not the only people who know what the U. S. & R. wants to hide. Every employé, and even the most casual visitor, knows the name of the secret: profits. But not the quantity. For like every other capitalist giant with no need to sell shares, U. S. & R. would like to pass as a dwarf.

Its president says that there is a spirit of socialism abroad in the land, and any corporation that is making exceptional profits is singled out as a source of popular prejudice and resentment.

The U. S. & R. has holdings in Alaska, Utah, and Mexico, and it mines for silver, gold, lead and zinc. But the bulk of its exceptional profits come out of silver from Mexico. Oddly enough, in some years the total net profits declared come to a good deal less than the net in Mexico, calculated from its production at the same rate usual for other Mexican mining companies, though the U. S. & R., as a large operator, has somewhat lower costs, especially for ore transportation, because its ore is shunted directly from its mines to its mill nearby. Operating, as now, at capacity, the U. S. & R. mills around 1,500,000 metric tons of ore a year, which contains an average of half a kilogram of silver to the ton, and a small amount of gold and other by-products. At present rates

ever, which really seems to damn him: since his successful maneuvering never turned him into anything of a cynic, it is fair to conclude that his make-up must have contained a good deal of the hypocrite. He must even, to avoid being found out a self-seeker, have risked being thought a prig. He took the risk to the very end, with posterity as his last customer. "See," he said to his scapegrace stepson on his deathbed, "See how a Christian can die." The stepson, incidentally, disliked Addison.

But the "Atticus" of Pope, who was also a Secretary of State and the husband of a countess and a writer greatly esteemed for both poetry and prose, was no fool. He learned wisdom and applied it—applied it so well that it passed for virtue also. And

THERE are not many things we can admire in English newspapers (the *Manchester Guardian*, of course, excepted), but at least they give their readers some information on what is happening in the universities. But here in America the press almost ignores such news. Last September, for instance, when the colleges re-opened, about all we could learn from the papers was that Princeton would have a strong back-field this season.

the value of the silver alone, per ton milled, is \$10 to \$12. Top costs figured by other companies, including taxes, transportation, amortization and absentee salaries, run around \$3.50 per ton; which figure government experts and sources acquainted with U. S. & R. books agree is a generous maximum for this company. Net per ton is therefore from \$6 to \$8, which means around \$10,000,000 net a year; about twice as much as the total net, for the entire company, that the U. S. & R. is in the habit of reporting.

This figure, moreover, takes no account of profit on gold, not inconsiderable, nor on other metals. Nor on the silver and gold salvaged from the "tailings" after the ore has been milled; nor on the profits made by the refinery from processing other people's ore—about 1½% on about the same metal net as that refined for the U. S. & R. itself. How the \$10,000,000 plus are dwarfed to half and less is the core of the secret, no doubt, that the U. S. & R. is convinced is none of your business. And a secret especially dangerous in Mexico, where the "spirit of socialism" might be inclined to take it as a symbol of the thing that has kept that country oppressed and in poverty for more than four hundred years—absentee ownership.

Silver is No. 1 item of Mexican production, the biggest single factor in national wealth—and national politics. The history of Mexico's conquest and exploitation for absentee benefit is the main common denominator of all Mexican history. And silver, which averages about half or a little less of the total world output, is consistently the biggest single base for that conquest and exploitation. About 90% of Mexico's gold and silver profits are now foreign profits. Perhaps 85% absentee. And the profits exist, even when silver is low, by reason of the factor that always makes colonial capitalism richly rewarding: cheap labor.

(Continued on next page.)

perhaps he deserves the good name he has so long borne; perhaps men in history, like characters in fiction, fail to be convincing if more than reasonably virtuous. Addison was rather disarmingly virtuous. Hard though we search, it is impossible to say anything worse of him than that he was vain, secretive, smug, covetous, and calculating.

You cannot impeach such conduct on legal grounds, and in an erring world it would be rather sanctimonious to abuse it on moral ones. Perhaps lynx-eyed posterity, with whom he tried to bargain, has provided him with punishment enough: the Addisonian mold is now thought a trifle stilted, and Addison is coming in for a touch of what made him writhe the most—ridicule.

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When playing dwarf, the company groans about labor and taxes. This is what they amount to: twenty-five years ago the U. S. & R. employed about 12,000 men, paying at from 75 centavos to a peso a day, around \$200,000 a month. And around \$35,000 for its foreign staff (office men, technicians, engineers). Ten years ago, the payroll in pesos was almost double, but a high exchange made it, in dollars, \$250,000, plus the foreign payroll a total of a little less than \$300,000. In 1935 mechanization has brought down the number of Mexicans to 6000, and depression chiseling has also cut the foreign staff in two. The Mexicans, due to a militant union and national labor legislation, are getting wages in some cases more than double the old rates. But the high rate of exchange and the decreased number of workers brings the payroll, in dollars, to about \$280,000 for the Mexican workers and around \$25,000 for the foreign staff. Thus in twenty-five years, while production has more than doubled, and silver prices glint the skies, less than a third increase goes to labor; with the number receiving it, halved.

In percentage, this means that from 12% to 15% of production goes to labor (including the foreign staff and executives), which with taxes, is what is spent in Mexico. Taxes, even given the recent law raising the ante on silver, are a maximum 15% of production. Thus from 50% to 60% of the capital made by the mines is exported.

The money that goes to the foreign staff supports about 500 people. While in the United States their salaries would give them modest-to-comfortable middle class standards, in Mexico, due to exchange kept pegged high for the benefit of exporters, they can afford more than comfort. The fact that their salaries are calculated in dollars whereas the Mexicans' wages are set by peso standards, draws a very sharp line between foreign and native labor. Moreover, the fundamental jeopardies of a colonial enterprise make an almost Kipling group out of these people, whose dominant taboo, like that of the British in India, forbids all except official intercourse with the people of the country in which they live. In Pachuca itself the company doctor is the only one of them who breaks the taboo to clap a Mexican on the back and call him *amigo*; wherefore he was one of the few who could safely remain in Pachuca during the fighting days of the revolution.

Shop-talk, bridge, gossip and golf takes up most of the leisure of the U. S. & R. aristocracy, which is American with a sprinkling of British. Except the share-holding executives, if most of them could be sure of as good a living at home, they would go back like a shot. Because the isolation and the risk—Down with the gringos! is always the first cry of revolution—gets on their nerves, and the health and education of their children is a constant problem. A few are acutely aware of what their position does to their children; who play "mines" by standing over small Mexicans and ordering them to dig. And, comparing their salaries with pretty accurate estimates of the company's profits, they are neither grateful nor happy, especially when they remember, as they do constantly, how ruthlessly half of them were fired two or three years ago. Some, men

WHY I SHALL FIGHT RADICALISM

by JOHN CURTIS

[The author of this article is well-known in Eastern banking circles. He is an educated man, as education is understood in the United States these days, and his point of view on public affairs is that of a large number of well-heeled Americans. His article forms a revealing sociological document, and is here presented as such.—THE EDITOR.]

I DON'T want the reader to get the impression from the title that I'm entirely a sap, so it will be necessary first to etch a picture of myself. I'll try to make it short and snappy.

I am thirty-nine years old. I am married and have two children, a boy of fourteen and a girl of ten. I am a graduate of an Eastern university. I studied law for two years, but gave it up to take a job in a bank. That was seventeen years ago. I am an officer of that bank today. Last year I made \$14,000, including a \$2,000 bonus. This year I hope to do as well. I own my home. It cost me \$22,500. It is clear and free, I having paid off a small remaining mortgage last year. I own two automobiles, one costing \$700 and the other \$1,600. I paid for them with trade-ins and spot-cash. I say this not boastfully, but to make clear my dislike of buying things on credit.

I am not literary, though I like to read. Damon Runyon is my favorite author. I am not musical, though I enjoy opera. La

who had been with the company ten and twenty years.

But, though they suffer from the terror of all workers—insecurity—they think like middle-class Americans and would not dream of considering they had anything in common with the 6000 Mexicans. The visible differences are too great. The Mexicans live in huts, without light or water. Their women have to carry mine-water home in large cans. They have no beds, no mattresses, a few thin blankets only between themselves and the sharp highland winds, and their clothing, budgeting the wages of 6000 among about 20,000 to 30,000 people, has to cost no more than about \$45 yearly per family. Of this, about \$10 has to go for miner's hat, respirator, and hard-toed shoes—the first two from the company store at company prices.

Allowing for miner's tools and rent, the ordinary supposedly "good" miner's wages leave him around forty cents a day on which to feed his family, in a region and town where food is considerably higher than in farming sections of Mexico. The miners' union budgets other possible spending as follows: Education (newspapers and cheap books) \$6 a year; medical care, \$10 a year; entertainment (movies almost exclusively) about \$25 a year, which they admit is proportionately high but essential given their maddeningly grim jobs. The company big shots say the miners live like coolies because they drink up their wages. Yet at one time, when a back-pay settlement was made involving several hundred thousand pesos, a pair of curious Mexican economists went up

Bohème is my favorite one. I am absolutely ignorant of painting and sculpture, and time spent in museums has always been to me a pain in the neck. I see two or three movies a week, attending them always in the evenings in the company of my wife. My favorite actor was Will Rogers. I play a very fair game of bridge (I have the knack of mental concentration), and once was considered a good tennis player. Golf, somehow, I never excelled at, but I like the social side of the game and play regularly on Saturdays, weather permitting.

I am an Episcopalian but I seldom go to church. The last time I went was on Easter Sunday of this year, but that was more to please my wife. Not that she is a church-goer either; but I suspect she wanted to show off her new finery. And that, I think, about completes the picture of me. . . . Oh no, there is one thing more: John Curtis is not my right name.

As you can see, I am not what you would call an intellectual, but I am far from being an out-and-out jackass, and I hope you will not think I believe that capitalism is something that has the sanction of Heaven, or that I am ignorant of the fact that there are today 12,000,000 out of work in America, whereas in Russia there are more jobs by 800,000 than there are men to fill them. I know all this, and I know a lot more besides. I know capitalists probably better than any

to Pachuca to keep count of how it was spent. It went 90% for shoes and clothing, 5% for household utensils and furniture, and 5% for entertainment and drink.

There is one cost for labor which is not down in the miners' budget nor in the company's allowances for depreciation. This is silicosis, which, due to the structure of Pachuca rock, occurs, say the miners, almost inevitably within a couple of years; certainly after that. This is why you seldom see men over forty working in the mines. They are all at home coughing their lungs out, or dead. The company doctor won't give his figures for the percentage of silicosis; they are too high. When a man is hired, he is given a thorough examination and gets his job only if he is perfectly sound. After that, he is supposed to be examined periodically and to be laid off with a pension—it's a law—at the first signs of silicosis. But the miners laugh like hell if you ask them about that. The company's idea of when a man should be relieved from labor, they say, is when he's lying on a slab in the morgue.

The Pachuca-Real del Monte mines have been worked for over four hundred years. Two thirds of that time, by Spanish grandees; the rest, by British and Americans. They have produced, in that period, millions and millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver. But the only sign of wealth in the community is, aside from the machinery and buildings of the mining companies, and some ruined churches, a gigantic baroque clock in the center of the Pachuca plaza. It is made of brass.

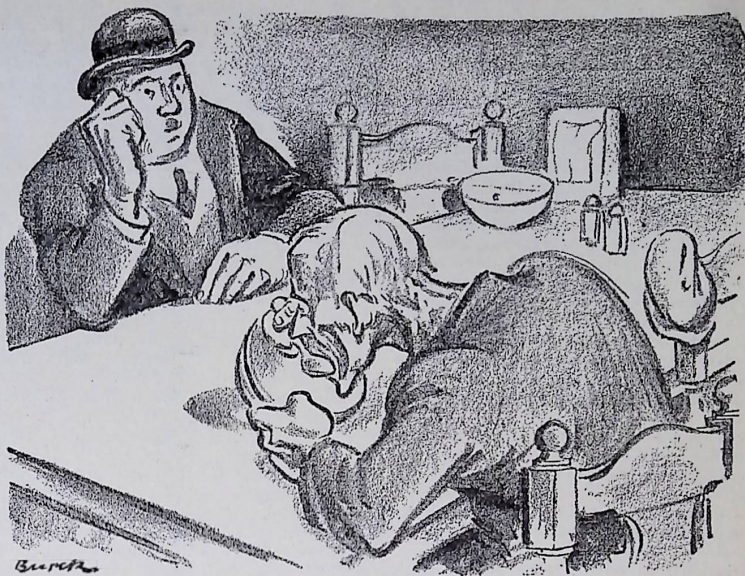
reader of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, and I know them to be hogs whose beltlines have no limits to the gorging they can do; hogs they are without a single qualification and without a single exception. In my seventeen-years' experience of them—by which I mean daily contact with bank-officials, bank-directors, big industrialists, corporation lawyers, promoters, and stock-market manipulators—I have yet to meet one who would not shave a wage to the bone if he dared, or sell out his best friend for two pieces of silver.

Do you think their righteous phrases fool me? Do you think they can make a move without their motives smelling to the skies? Not much! I know their every trick—and one more! If you accused them of being dumb they would not believe you. But dumb they are, for they are bringing on the end of their epoch faster than they know. What often disturbs me is that they are bringing it on too fast. Sometimes I feel like telling them that they ought to "kid" labor and "string along" with the unions a little bit—just for appearances, I mean. But I keep my mouth shut. I know where my children's butter is.

Now you probably have guessed from the picture of me that "pickings" are pretty soft for me and that my family enjoys downy comfort. Your guess would be right: we have everything we need and even a lot of things we don't need. As the years pass, what with promotion, increased salary, and continued bonuses, I suppose more luxuries will come to us—a finer home, better cars, additional servants, an annual European trip, and, last but not least, the one hope of my life, a yacht (not a "millionaire's liner" but a modest 70-footer). These are not improbabilities, considering that in the past I have always made the most of "market opportunities"—golden tips whispered to me by industrial giants who believed that in that way they could purchase my loyalty. And then there is always the chance of a partnership in a large New York banking-house, in which case we would, of course, have to move to New York and re-orient ourselves domestically and socially.

These, then, are the advantages that the years ahead promise: if not all, at least some. I cite all this without hesitancy because I wish to say something without hypocrisy. It is this: the condition of the 12,000,000 unemployed in America is not going to cause my heart to bleed, any more than is the condition of labor-shortage in Russia going to make of me a communist. I promise you that I will get that annual European trip without the contribution of those 12,000,000 to national production, and as for the boom in Russia, I have no interest in it whatever. My eyes are open only to what brings grist to my mill. Anyway, communism would never buy me that yacht.

"THE Constitution has protected the weak, guarded our homes, given dignity to labor by defending the right to work and the fruits of toil, served justice—we almost forgot: it's Bainbridge Colby talking—and suppressed tyranny, met the tests of every crisis in every age for a century and a half." What are you selling this season, Bainbridge?



"I Wanted to See if You Really Were Hungry."

The reader by now will believe that he has caught my drift, but were he to go no further he would still not know my main reasons for fighting radicalism to the death, for after all is said and done, I suppose I *could* get along without seeing Europe, without owning a yacht, without driving a better car, without moving to a finer home. But could I get along, by which I mean, could I ever again draw an untroubled breath, if my two children were not securely taken care of? I do not mean taken care of as children merely, but as adults; taken care of for the rest of their lives so that their comforts would never be the stakes of luck, as, to a great extent, were mine. Put bluntly, it is my children, not the baubles, who stand between me and radicalism; it is for them, and them only, that I must hate what I privately admire and fight what I privately respect.

This past summer my wife and I took a motor trip through Western Pennsylvania and a section of West Virginia. Every year I like to spend my vacation in a different part of the country; in that way I combine my holiday with business in that I give the industries of the places we drive through the "once-over", making a note of plants, condition of buildings, and general outside aspect; it often comes in handy to have seen the mill or factory of a concern that applies for banking accommodations. Anyway, let us say the trip was business for me and pleasure for my wife.

But it turned out that on this particular trip she got very little pleasure. It was her first visit to the mining districts, and what she saw made her wince a little too often for pleasure. The sight of so many underfed children, contrasted with our own who were away at camp, gave her the feeling that there was something very badly ordered in this man's world. (I never permit such things

to penetrate to my sentiments; otherwise I would be whipped.) She asked me if conditions could possibly be worse in Russia. "Much worse," I said. But she didn't believe me. She said in her simple way that, in a land where no man was rich, no man's children could be so poor.

I got her out of that neck o' the woods as quickly as I could, and tried to make her forget what she had seen. But she seemed unable to forget; she would talk and talk, and a few times broke into tears. Finally I had to ask her flatly if her own children's happiness did not mean more to her than the misfortune of a million other kids. She thought for a moment and then she said that she wasn't quite sure. I told her I thought we had better change the subject, which we did—conversationally, at any rate.

But fortunately my wife cannot influence my thinking. If it pleases her to believe that labor should be coddled, she is free to do so, for all of me. At times—possibly when she has our trip in mind—she becomes melancholy. Once I had to scold her for it. I told her that she was carrying on as if she had given birth to all the anthracite and

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THE editorial writers hinted that the late Huey, olav hasholom, was really a very high-class gentleman and that his public didoes were merely to show his constituents that he was a regular guy. We can't say, never having known him intimately, but we're inclined to believe it, for he bore many of the marks of a very high-class gentleman: he wore green silk pyjamas, sported black-and-white shoes, and had a swell gold belt-buckle made of his monogram.

JUDGE BRODSKY OF THE BREMEN CASE

by EDNA BRAND MANN

A YOUNG colored fellow is brought into night court under arrest. Judge Brodsky is sitting. The officer, jittery looking and indignant, claims the Negro was abusive; when told to move, he did not show proper respect. The judge turns to the colored lad, who says, "He shoved me and told me to move along. I said I don't move for white trash in a blue uniform."

"A dollar fine," the judge decrees and turns to the next case on the crowded calendar. But he manages to see the black hand dig into the pocket, come out with nickels, pennies, dimes and pile them slowly on the desk.

"Just a minute. We don't want to take your last cent. You'll show proper respect in the future? Sentence suspended." The judge's words were run together and quick—but not quick enough to beat the Negro's stubborn "I want to pay my debts. Don't want no favors."

"All right. All right. Good spirit." The judge drowned him out. . . . "Sentence suspended. You'll show respect in the future? Sentence suspended," and the man was hustled out muttering something or other. Maybe it was that he'd show respect.

"It takes a big man to handle a case in that way," an eminent lawyer in the ever crowded night court audience murmured to his seat mate. The night court is always crowded to capacity when Brodsky sits—not more now than before his famous *Bremen* opinion.

It is a good place to see what kind of man is this who tells the Hitler government what the League of Nations is afraid to tell it—who today receives thousands of letters from all corners of the world congratulating him for his statesmanlike courage, his long range view of history, and his technical acumen in meeting the immediate situation with a legally unchallengeable opinion. Brodsky,

with an insignificant "unlawful assembly" case, has managed to dramatize for the whole world the fight which is now being waged between the forces of progress and retrogression. The front pages of newspapers in England, France and Holland carried Brodsky's opinion to the ends of the earth.

What kind of a man is Louis B. Brodsky? Look at him on the bench. He wears a pince nez; his brows are upraised, his forehead triple-arched in deep frowns as he concentrates on the case before him. His manner is that of a physician, concerned, interested, tentative, probing, balancing. His sentence is his diagnosis and treatment. He doesn't seem to care what kind of figure he cuts, whether he is duly impressive; he doesn't mind changing his mind or retracting an order if some cogent reason strikes him. He has no dread of declaring a mistrial should the complainants wish it. If they'd like another judge better, let them go to it. He is human, decent, has a sense of humor, a level pleasing manner of speech. He is not sentimental but has a power born of intuition or long experience which smacks of second sight. Court workers who have watched him for years comment on it. It is a trait common to great diagnosticians in the medical profession.

Brodsky gave up a tremendously lucrative practice of law to accept an appointment in the Family Court—an appointment which few judges wanted because one could, in the early years, die in the Family Court and nobody would know or care.

Brodsky has said that the less law a Family Court judge knows the better. Let him look at each case as if the troubles had happened in his own family. That will give him the lead he can safely follow.

Perhaps this attitude explains the comment of a veteran social worker who has worked under several judges in the Family Court. "When Judge X is severe on delinquent husbands, they resent it but, somehow, when Brodsky is equally stiff in his demands, the husbands don't seem to feel sore."

So humane and effective was Brodsky's approach in the Family Court that three months after his initial assignment in 1924, Chief

Magistrate McAdoo, acting on the urgent request of several social agencies, arranged to have Brodsky spend most of his time sitting in that Court.

Today, many social agencies desire to have Magistrate Brodsky transferred to the new Domestic Relations Court (the old Family Court and Childrens Court, now combined) but they find it hard to enlist the support of Labor in their campaign, though Labor agrees as to his fitness for family court work. The reason is this—Labor prefers to have Brodsky remain where he is in the Magistrate's Court. They claim that he gives Labor the dearest deal. A leading union man in the garment industry recalls how two judges in succession meted out two and three months' sentences for picketing—to be followed by Brodsky who, on the first day of his assignment to the Jefferson Market Court, dismissed 200 out of 200 pickets. Labor does not consider Brodsky a radical but a decent human being. He himself would not claim more than that he considers property rights as well as human rights—with an effort to make the former subservient to the latter.

A good example of his philosophy is his handling of the case of a large business Association vs. the Peddlers. The Association's claim was that the peddlers were a menace to them.

"How a menace?" asked the judge.

"Competition," was the answer.

"Well, let's see" tried the judge, "how much money have your clients, X Association, invested?"

Answer: "\$200,000,000."

"And the peddlers?"

Answer: "\$20,000."

Judge: "At the rate of even 10% profit, that means a return of \$2,000 to the peddlers—and to the X Association, \$20,000,000. Do you see how infinitesimal the competition menace is?"

End of that argument. But the judge is not through. "Furthermore," he says (freely paraphrased from memory), "you owe a debt of gratitude to these peddlers. Here they chase out in rain or shine, all hours of day and night to track down a living instead of applying to Home Relief. And if you bar them from earning a living, they might take it into their heads to question what rights you folks have to display in your windows fur coats and diamonds? Some day they may realize their strength and use it. Tell your merchants of the X Association that—and tell them, too, that there was a time when many of them were peddlers."

The same human decency which characterizes his attitude to peddlers and pickets is in evidence in the Women's Court. His first rebuke in that court ran along these lines—"Judge Brodsky, your batting average here is very poor. Your fellow judges have averaged 85% to 95% convictions of prostitutes, whereas you have dismissed 80% of your cases." He did not alter his record but he interrupted his dismissals long enough to expound on his contempt for any judge who

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bituminous children in Pennsylvania. She said she had; that every mother gives birth to all the children in the world. . . . Naturally, I never tell her that I am fighting the fathers of those children, and that I will do so with my last breath.

Yes, with my last breath—you may trust me for that. But, as I say, the fight is already on, though it is yet only in the stage of "underground skirmishing." By that I mean, I can inflict punishment on the "enemy" without openly showing my hand. For example, I can use my influence to prevent radicals getting bank loans—and do. I can use my influence in throwing the advertising of our obligated customers (borrowers) to "patriotic" newspapers—and do. I can use my influence in obtaining campaign funds for "safe" candidates—and do. I can use my influence with the police to break up radical street assemblages—and do. What other influences I can bring to bear on the enemy—and do—would not be good strategy to make public. What I have divulged here can hardly be news to radicals. But what I could divulge would, indeed, be mighty

hot news to every last one of them.

If the reader—and I assume he is a radical—thinks I am an isolated case he is ignorantly discounting the strength of his opposition. There are thousands of executives and under-executives in this country today—loathers of capitalists, yet defenders of capitalism—who are actively engaged in this very underground skirmishing. If you doubt that the fight is already on, just let any workers' party try to put through favorable labor-legislation in any state in the land; let it try to get a fair hearing for labor in any court in the land; let it attempt to wage a large-scale strike in any section of the land. . . . You cannot accuse us of having been asleep, can you?

In view of all I have here set down I do not think it can be said that I am quite a sap. I warned you at the outset that though I am not an intellectual I am far from being a jackass. Still, the reader may feel incensed to call me something even harsher than a jackass. Well, he may do so. Sometimes, to be perfectly frank, I almost think I deserve it.

WE should like to have been behind the door a few weeks ago when Alfonso visited Wilhelm at Doorn. Our guess is that the conversation was very similar to that of two push-cart vendors as they're being chased from a profitable stand.

"puts a woman outside the pale of decent society to make a record for himself." This occurred at the time that the Committee of Fourteen was investigating the Family Court.

The papers later told the story of two girls, freed by Brodsky, though two policemen testified to their guilt. Brodsky did not hold them for prostitution despite the damaging testimony of the officers. Perhaps it was his famed second sight which made him see innocence in the faces of the girls and crooked framing in the eyes of the policemen. Later, when this case came up before the Seabury Investigation, the stool pigeon Accina confessed that framing these young and innocent girls struck even him as so raw that he came down from their room and told the waiting officers he just couldn't go it. The officers brushed him aside, climbed upstairs, made the arrest and brought the girls to Court—luckily, Brodsky sitting.

His work in the Women's Court convinced him that the source of crime here, as in other courts, was basically economic. He concluded that we attack the problem of prostitution from the wrong angle—he has not suggested any solution—perhaps thinks there is none—but he would approach prostitution solely as a health problem, making it a crime for any person (man or woman) to communicate a venereal disease. He believes, roughly, that passing on a disease can be made a felony. It is the same as taking part of a man's life. This point of view would eliminate all the sordid preliminary courting and pick-up by police officers who have to bring in their quotas of girls or lose their jobs.

In all of these everyday problems of the Court, Brodsky strikes one as having a peculiarly keen sense of fitness. How, then, in the *Bremen* case, did he come to take such an unfitting "impudent Jewish" stand—(quoted from General Goering's statement to the Reichstag self-liquidation session on September 15?) Or, to ask the same question the way many Jews of German extraction are putting it, "Couldn't he just have dismissed the case? He needn't have said anything"—meaning he should not have. Or, to quote liberals who feel that way but don't like to look at themselves naked, "Doesn't Brodsky's decision set a bad precedent? A judge might criticize Soviet Russia!"

And from other quarters there have been the criticisms that Brodsky's opinion might provoke anti-Semitism, and that he is guilty (this from many still comfortable lawyers) of violating the canons of judicial decorum by restating in his opinion an argument urged by defendant's counsel which contained a severe indictment of Fascist Germany.

To take up the last point first—the matter of form. I quote a brief statement given me by an experienced and scholarly lawyer:

In form the decision contains no departure from ordinary judicial opinions. It is not uncommon for

judges to state and dispose of arguments raised by counsel—and the more eloquently and earnestly such points are urged by one side or the other, the more usual is it for the court to treat such points in its opinion. Here Judge Brodsky considered a defence, forcibly urged by counsel, resting in justification—and concluded that, however, much the defendants may have been moved by the "gratuitously brazen flaunting of an emblem" that to them symbolized darkest reaction, nevertheless if the evidence showed a *prima facie* case of guilt, it would have been his sworn duty as a magistrate to hold them. The legal point raised by the defence is serious and important and merited a consideration regardless of the political nature of the case. Having disposed of this point, the judge concludes from the evidence that no *prima facie* case of guilt on the charge of unlawful assembly was presented.

Lawyers and Cabinet officers will differ in their enthusiasm for the form or structure of the opinion, depending "rightly or wrongly" on their enthusiasm for the substance. The lawyer just quoted considers that the substance is completely justifiable under our present legal system, embodying as it does our struggles for liberty since the Middle Ages.

"If the law is based on the ethical conscience of the community, then a judge fulfills his function if he considers the roots of the question before him, especially when they involve fundamental social and ethical concepts. Free speech must extend to the court which should not be muzzled where an antithetical social system adopted by another country has led to a disturbance."

As to Russia, Judge Brodsky probably feels that it is up to Russia to take her chances on the truth of facts as stated by the courts. Russia is not so thin-skinned as Germany, for the reason that the greater the truth the greater is the libel.

Now to the more serious charge of anti-Semitism. The plain fact is that the Jews were doomed to slaughter as soon as the Nazis needed a goat. Brodsky may not be conscious of social forces to the extent of seeing Fascism as the last stand of a sick social order, a shot in the arm for a dying and panicky body politic. He may not be trained to interpret in broad Marxian terms—but he can see what is going on before his eyes. He sees that anti-Semitism didn't wait for his judicial pronouncement. Nor did the meeching tactics of many German Jews (in and out of Germany) assuage the onslaught during the last two years. There is a time to stop groveling, to stop being humble and self-effacing and polite. There comes a time when a man must speak out while there is spirit still left in his body.

Brodsky could have dismissed the men without saying anything, as the Emily Post school of jurisprudence holds. But had he done this, what would have been the result? There would have been the same protests by the Nazi government about the dismissal of men who had assaulted their flag, but they would not have known what the dismissal meant. Brodsky wanted to be very sure that they did know just that.

And today the whole world knows. The opinion has been broadcast wherever men are still allowed to read. And Judge Brodsky, the modest, kindly, conscientious, busy family doctor of the magistrates court, has attained world stature because he is not afraid to count human relations and world culture as more important in the ultimate scheme of things than judicial decorum and personal security from criticism.

THE CENTRAL BANK FOLLY

by PETER EHLEERS

THE Banking Act of 1935, like nearly all the other New Deal laws, is at least 75% fraudulent, and in the long run will take the public for another ride. Huzzahed by its proponents as setting up a central bank and stripping the bankers of their control over the country's supply of money, the law actually does nothing of the sort. Moreover, the bootstrap economic theory underlying a central bank has been definitely exploded by the recent phenomenon of a vast accumulation of bank reserves, which phenomenon was plain for President Roosevelt and his advisers to see before the original Eccles bill was even drafted.

Roosevelt, it should be said, has from the first been merely tolerant of the whole idea. (The Warren Plan fizzle is doubtless still fresh in his mind.) But he allowed the bill to be introduced, put it on the Must List, and failed, directly or indirectly, to deny the published theory of his Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, Marriner S. Eccles, who largely wrote the measure. The theory, as Eccles has put it, is that "fluctuations in production and employment, and in the national income, are conditioned upon changes in the available supply of cash and deposit currency, and upon the rate and character of money expenditures." This is the central bank theory plus the Keynes spending theory.

As is the case with most of his unorthodox ideas, sound or hollow, Roosevelt had to be backed into this one. The bill was introduced, in fact, chiefly to appease Father Coughlin, who had been preaching up the virtues of the central bank for some time, with great ferocity and misinformation. Although Coughlin refused to be appeased, the measure, as written, would in effect have set up a central bank. The point here is that first, because the bill was emasculated by the banking lobby, and second, because the underlying idea is demonstrably bogus, a large part of the public is going to be let down.

In order to understand the act, it is necessary first to understand the simple theory of bank check money—or "credit currency," or "deposit currency"—as distinguished from ordinary cash currency—dimes, quarters, dollar bills, gold-backed notes. Ninety per cent of all business is transacted by means of the former. Although both kinds have equal value, the total volume of the first kind fluctuates enormously, and at the low point of the depression it was only two-thirds of what it was in 1929. The aim of a central bank is to prevent such fluctuation. It can do this if it can control bank loans, for it is through bank loans that credit currency is created. When a bank loans a business man \$100, it simply increases his check-book account by that much, and *pari passu* increases the total of outstanding credit currency. Obviously, a bank will make such a loan only when it has faith in the borrower, but to prevent a débâcle resulting from the simultaneous failure of several borrowers, banks are required to maintain cash currency "reserves," which under present law amount to about 10%. In the example given, the bank

(Continued on page 12)

HOLLYWOOD Note: Mr. H. G. Wells, the historian, biologist, anthropologist, geologist, political economist, eugenicist, and novelist, who believes that the cure for the world's economic ills is a microscope in the home of every worker, has just signed a contract to write movie scenarios.

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The Italo-Ethiopian Tempest

AT THIS writing Italy stands outlawed by the League of Nations and by the moral opinion of the whole world, and all the indications are that soon it will become very hot for her. Mussolini's initial victories at Aduwa and Adigrat prove nothing. The Ethiopians offered no resistance at either point, as they were careful to notify the Italians they would not, long before General De Bono decided upon his offensive. The Fascist soldiers still have to prove their prowess. The chances are heavily against them, despite their superiority in armaments.

Italian soldiers have from time immemorial been third-rate. Their war with Austria was a subject of ridicule all over the continent, and their victory over Turkey in 1911 only proved that when the other side doesn't want to fight the Italians are great conquerors. Then there were the disaster at Aduwa in 1896, which revealed the Italian general staff as a quorum of boy scouts, and the Libyan War, which Frank McCullough accurately called "Italy's War for a Desert." Italy never really did win the Libyan War. The Italians occupy some of the sea shore hamlets, but they have not been able to subjugate all the tribes in the inland. General Graziani, one of the commanding officers in the present war with Ethiopia, was after them for ten years, and for every Libyan tribesman he killed he had to sacrifice two Italian soldiers in battle or to disease.

A good deal of the difficulty in Libya has been due to the excellence of the natives at guerilla warfare and also to their congenial resistance to African climatic and economic conditions. These same considerations will apply to the Ethiopians, who are superior fighters to the Libyans. All foreign military representatives have marvelled at the Ethiopians' marksmanship, obedience, ferocity, and uncanny feel for group movement. Their signal system is the most primitive and yet extremely effective. The less they have learned of European methods of fighting, the better will it be for them, for thus they will have saved themselves, as Captain Liddell Hart has pointed out, from "tactical arthritis."

There are, finally, the questions of water and communications. The supply of drinkable water in Ethiopia is limited. The natives can get along with very little water, as Wehib Pasha, the Turkish general, has pointed out, but the Italians will need what they were accustomed to. To get it the army will have to build pipe-lines into the Ethiopian desert, an expensive and almost impossible task from the point of view of topography. Or else the soldiers will have to be supplied with filters, which are also very expensive, and in the present state of

Mussolini's finances practically out of the question.

The matter of communications is equally important. There is only one railroad track in Ethiopia, and the Italians are still far from it. Should they capture part of it, the communications problem would still remain along the rest of the front, and already the Italians have learned that the very same sand and marsh into which many of their bombs have sunk without exploding will also not permit tracks to be laid across them.

All this assumes that the world will sit by and watch the conflict, but the probabilities are that the League of Nations, at least England and France, will do something. If the English block passage through the Suez Canal, either openly or by naval threat from a base near the mouth of the Canal, the supply of ammunition and foodstuffs for Mussolini's troops will automatically be closed, or Italy will have to declare war on England. In either case the Duce will be done for. If the French really go through with their threat of invoking sanctions, the chief source of Italian coal will be closed, and without coal Italy cannot fight, for she has almost no oil reserves of her own.

The reasons for French and British concern are plain enough. Should Italy conquer Ethiopia, the English colonies along the Suez Canal and the route to India would be endangered, and there would be the very serious possibility of an alliance between victorious Italy and the shaky Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. There is also the matter of Lake Tsana, the source of the Blue Nile. The chief uneasiness of France is over her possessions in Tunisia, which Italy has for long claimed to be hers "by historical right."

The French and English talk of guaranteeing the territorial integrity of a League member is, of course, blarney. China was also a League member when Japan stole Manchuria. The difference, it need hardly be said, is that French and British capital had little at stake in Manchukuo, while they have a great deal at stake in Ethiopia.

The irony of it all, from the diplomatic point of view, is that when Ethiopia applied for League membership in 1923 both England and Italy protested, while France strongly urged acceptance. Two years later the first two powers signed a secret agreement dividing up Ethiopia into distinct spheres of influence. In other words, England, which had been working in cahoots with Italy against Ethiopia, has now double-crossed her former partner in plunder. But this is not the first time that England has double-crossed a friend. The very fountainhead of English foreign policy is double-crossing.

Had Mussolini been the good diplomat and publicity-man he thinks he is he would have accused England of being false to her solemn word, instead of howling about his desire for a place in the sun. Haile Selassie has outmanoeuvred him on all diplomatic fronts. By insisting on the sanctity of the League covenant and upon the rights of small nations he has won the sympathy of the whole world. His rights to his throne are pretty shaky and he treats his people with no more humanity than the Italian government treats its subjects in Libya and Eritrea, but he has carefully avoided the discussion of these subjects and has based his

appeals to the world on the high level of peaceful international relationships. Mussolini's repeated references to the barbarism of Ethiopia have only served to call the attention of everybody to his own barbaric treatment of the Italian colonials.

Should Italy conquer Ethiopia, despite all the considerations mentioned heretofore, only God knows what would be the full consequences. There would almost certainly be a European war, with England and France and their allies pitted against Italy, Germany and their allies—for Hitler and Mussolini see eye to eye on most things. There is also the possibility of an African uprising against the white race. We might witness for the first time in human history the strange phenomenon of African patriotism, in which case the Japanese government would very likely side with the Africans.

If the war were confined wholly to the European terrain, there would be the mounting labor discontent to consider. The workers of all the European countries are far more belligerent than they have ever been, and they have had the example of Russia for nearly twenty years. Precisely where Russia would stand and when it would decide upon its stand are at the moment somewhat problematical in view of the new line of the Comintern and in view of the various pacts of the Soviets with several of the capitalist countries. The United States will most surely be drawn into the next European war, whenever it comes, because the next war will, at bottom, be the first great struggle between the socialistic idea and the capitalistic idea.

Should Italy lose the war with Ethiopia Mussolini would probably be destroyed, but what would happen to the Italian people is questionable. The majority of them, as every honest reporter knows, are discontented with the dictatorship, and their discontent has risen to such alarming proportions that Mussolini was forced to try to smother it by embarking on a foreign war—the immemorial last resort of dictators.

But there is no effective radical leadership in the country, and the Italian people are notoriously inept at organized politico-economic agitation. In the past they have nearly always followed the most gaudily dressed piccolo player. Whether or not the example of Russia has taught them anything remains to be seen. Whether or not they will follow the example of our own democracy also remains to be seen. They have suffered the most abject slavery during the past fourteen years, and the logical way of redemption should be obvious to them. But if they take that way, will England, France, and Germany leave them in peace? Or will they swoop down upon the country and partition it into "spheres of influence?"

HITLER once again shows his megalomania by claiming to have alone stopped the rising tide of communism. What of Mr. Simeon Strunsky on the editorial page of the New York Times?

THE perfect example of the radical in-office in America is Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, friend of labor and Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr.

BOOKS

by Charles Angoff

An Honest Story Teller

FLOWERING JUDAS AND OTHER STORIES, by Katherine Anne Porter. \$2.50. Harcourt, Brace & Company: New York.

ALL contemporary American short stories suffer from lack of size, and most of them also suffer from lack of truth. One would be inclined to conclude, from the character of the best selling stories nowadays, that the quality most desired at the moment in our short fiction is plausible fraud. The people who write this shoddy, like John O'Hara and the later Faulkner and Hemingway, seem to cherish the illusions that there is salvation in physical heroism and that all the problems of the world are disposed of in bed.

It is therefore a great pleasure to come upon an author of such obvious maturity and unimpeachable honesty as Miss Porter. The immemorial bewilderments of the heart are her chief topic, as they should be those of every genuine writer of fiction. She knows what every woman deep down in her heart knows, namely, that love at its most magnificent is love across a living room at nine in the evening, and that infidelity is the greatest of all crimes. She also knows what every man deep down in his heart knows, namely, that the devil sings the best tunes.

Her present book consists of a reprint of a volume of the same title first issued five years ago, together with four new stories. Altogether there are ten stories. Naturally, they vary in quality. Six of the stories—"Rope," "Magic," "He," "Theft," "Flowering Judas," and "Hacienda"—represent Miss Porter's less successful efforts. They are expertly written, full of a fine warmth and sympathy for the vagaries and torments of genuine affection, but their insight, in the end, is little better than commonplace. "Rope," which deals with a petty squabble between husband and wife who quickly make up, and "Magic," which describes briefly the power of magic in a brothel, are not much more than movie scenarios, but Miss Porter's unshakable honesty in handling even the most banal impulses and the lowliest credulities lifts them to fairly readable performances.

The same can be said for "He," which has to do with a mother's hysterical solicitude for her imbecile son. There is not a maudlin line in it. "Theft" and "Flowering Judas," the one taking place in New York and the other in Mexico, portray very delicately the emotional befuddlement of two young women who are immersed in the world of affairs, and yet are not at home in it. "Hacienda," perhaps the feeblest story in the book, is a long exposition of the Mexican people in terms of the troubles of an American movie company making a picture of the country. It is sloppily put together, and it reads more like meandering table-talk than carefully thought-out fiction.

There is another story, "That Tree," which in general tone belongs to the class of those already mentioned, but is far superior to

them. It is the story of the woman who comes back. It is a simple, almost banal tale, but in brief space and with barely a false note it gives the complete history of a young woman's education in human charity and in the realization that at bottom love is a mutual recognition and acceptance of common weaknesses.

The three best stories in the book are "Maria Concepcion," "The Jilting of Granny Weatherall," and "The Cracked Looking-Glass." Maria Concepcion was married in a church, which made a lady out of her. She catches Juan in the act of infidelity, and her whole world collapses. She kills Maria Rosa, her understanding neighbors stand by her in court, and Juan is overwhelmed by her devotion. But while she is immensely grateful for her new lot, he can't help looking upon the whole episode as somehow unreal, and his sole reaction is to forget about his wife and his late mistress and fall asleep. Which is as inscrutable Providence seems to have ordained it.

"The Jilting of Granny Weatherall" is a superb study of a woman's delirium of death. The pain of George's jilting of her in early youth torments her. "She could not remember any other sorrow because this grief wiped them all away. . . . I want you to find George," she says to herself in her last fever. "Find him and be sure to tell him I forgot him. I want him to know I had my husband just the same and my children and my house like any other woman. A good house too and a good husband that I loved and fine children out of him."

But easily the very best story in the book is "The Cracked Looking-Glass." It is a sympathetic yet merciless portrayal of woman as cheat and liar. Rosaleen is Dennis's second wife. Both are long past middle age, and he is much older than she is and devoid of his manhood, but she plagues him with her talk about dancing and her gabbiness with whatever man comes to the house. She is also forever dreaming strange dreams, the dreams become truth to her, and Dennis knows her for the liar she is. She carries on so with her lies and her gabble that the neighbors think she is a loose woman, which she is not.

It finally occurs to her that she is making a pathetic spectacle of herself, and she decides to end her days in peace with her husband. He is bewildered yet attracted by her, and she is completely lost in the trap of reckless imagination which torments her small, rubber soul. In describing her Miss Porter has betrayed her sex, and thereby achieved one of the most powerful stories in contemporary American literature.

Miss Porter is one of the few short story writers who seem to have the wind it takes to write a novel. But whether she writes a novel or not is really of little importance. There is nothing disgraceful in confining oneself to the short story. Chekov, in straight prose, wrote only short stories, and he is still remembered in large part for his fiction. Miss Porter is no Chekov, but if she continues writing stories of the same honesty, warmth, insight, economy, and precision as the best ones in her present collection, she will be remembered long after the popular frauds of the moment are forgotten. Already she has made all the white hopes of New York look like pismires.

The Lee Family

THE LEES OF VIRGINIA, by Burton J. Hendrick. \$3.75. Little, Brown & Company: Boston.

RICHARD HENRY LEE moved the Resolution of Independence, two Lees signed the Declaration of Independence, "Light Horse Harry" Lee performed notable service during the Revolutionary War, Robert E. Lee led the Confederacy in the Civil War, Fitzhugh Lee was a major-general in the Spanish-American War—in short, the name of Lee has appeared in almost every historic public event in the United States during the past 150 years. Next to the Adamases of Massachusetts, the Lees of Virginia have been the most notable family in our annals.

The two families differed in many respects. The Adamases were learned, cantankerous, conservative in politics, democratic in manners, and imbued with an overwhelming sense of the utter seriousness of life. The Lees were at best dilettantes, conservative in both politics and manners, and they looked upon life as a well-ordered and elegant picnic. General Robert E. Lee, true enough, talked a great deal about duty, but all it meant to him was a gentlemanly relationship between man and man, and not a violent passion with regard to the entire human race, the universe, and God. Both families have passed into oblivion. Fitzhugh Lee was the last Lee of any consequence, and the present Adams was a standard joke in Washington while he was Secretary of the Navy in President Hoover's Cabinet. Mr. Hendrick's book is the most complete story of the Lees in print. It is a good straight piece of reporting, with, fortunately, little philosophizing. Mr. Hendrick's past attempts at philosophizing, as in his books on Walter Hines Page, were not encouraging.

A New Force in American Politics

ROME STOOPS TO CONQUER, by E. Boyd Barrett. \$2.75. Julian Messner: New York.

FROM a politico-sociological point of view this is the most important book Dr. Barrett has written to date. The Catholic Church in the United States, he points out, is now richer, more highly organized, and more influential than ever before. It is rapidly developing a powerful Catholic Action, it is strengthening its press, and it is tightening its grip upon an increasing number of governmental functions. As a result, it will probably soon achieve the status of a mighty political force, with the inevitable consequence, as the contemporary history of Austria shows, that the old American principles of democracy and the freedom of conscience and worship will suffer greatly.

Pope Pius XI is very solicitous about the welfare of his church in this country. In Europe the historical trend has been away from domination of the clergy of all denominations, particularly the Roman, and the struggle for a second Holy Roman Empire appears hopeless. America is thus the last stronghold of Catholicism. As Dr. Barrett says, "Were Rome to fail to dominate American thought and . . . lives, her civilization, her moral code, all her glorious incredible dogmas would perish from the earth."

Dr. Barrett's book deserves the very careful study of all realistic students of the times.

THE CENTRAL BANK FOLLY

(Continued from page 9)

loaning \$100 had to have \$10 in cash reserves. Thus the transaction created \$90 of credit currency.

It is now clear that to control the ability of banks to make loans—and so create credit currency—it is necessary to control the amounts of their reserves. Such control has hitherto been vested in the benign hands of the bankers, through the Federal Reserve System. This consists, first, of the twelve regional Federal Reserve Banks (not commercial banks at all, but quasi-central banks, or cash currency reservoirs) and, second, of the Reserve System member banks, which are the commercial banks that make loans to business men. As a sort of government policeman over the system there is the Federal Reserve Board, but up to now its powers and accomplishments have been slight. The new act will greatly increase those powers and, through fourteen-year terms of office and \$15,000 salaries, will probably insure in the board a relative minimum of the odor of hack politician. But this remains to be seen.

The original Eccles bill gave the Reserve Board control over the system, lock, stock and barrel. It gave the board the three chief instruments of credit control—the three instruments for regulating the reserves of member banks—viz. (1), the power arbitrarily to change the legal reserve requirements (now, as just stated, about 10%), (2), the power to dictate "open market operations" of the twelve Reserve Banks, and (3), the power arbitrarily to fix the "re-discount rate." The first of these is self-explanatory and, as will be shown, towers over the second and third, which are means of changing the amounts of reserves.

In open market operations the Reserve Banks buy and sell government securities (and also what are known as bankers' acceptances) from and to the member banks. When a Reserve Bank buys a \$1000 government bond from a member bank, the member bank gets a check from the Reserve Bank for \$1000, which is equivalent to cash currency and potentially can be used for the creation of \$9000 of credit currency. Conversely, sale of government bonds in the open market decreases the cash reserves of member banks. The rediscount rate is the interest rate charged by the Reserve Banks for taking over commercial loans made by member banks, as well as for direct cash loans to them. A low rate will induce member banks to discount loans and will thus tend to increase their reserves. It can now be seen that the second and third powers change the amounts of reserves of the member banks and consequently their ability to grant loans, provided the legal reserve requirement remains fixed. Per corollary, it can be seen that the power arbitrarily to fix the reserve requirement dwarfs the other two powers.

The original bill would have enabled the Reserve Board, if it chose, to fix the reserve requirements at 100%, thus practically taking over the banking system. In addition, the board could have ordered open market purchases direct from the Treasury. This provision would have eliminated any possibility of a "bankers' strike," and would have given

the government unlimited resources in time of depression—wherewith to implement the second part of Eccles' theory.

The New York bankers, who have always dominated the Federal Reserve System, were outraged at such communism, and consolidated their Washington lobby for a finish fight. Headed by Winthrop W. Aldrich, chairman of the Chase National Bank, and Russell Leffingwell, Morgan partner, and assisted by Senator Carter Glass, the Du Ponts' Townsend, and the pimp press, the lobby did a characteristically good job.

In the final legislation, the board is allowed only to increase the reserve requirements up to double their present amount, and is not allowed to lower them. The provision for direct purchase of Treasury bonds is stricken out. The board has full power over the re-discount rate (the weakest of the three credit levers), but the open market operations are to be determined on by a special committee, consisting of the seven members of the board and five bankers.

What is the net result of all this? It was testified before the Senate Banking Committee that "the hand that holds the purse strings rules the roost." The bankers still hold the purse strings, for the government must wait upon their pleasure in borrowing money, through the prohibition of open market purchases direct from the Treasury. Eccles, a sincere and capable man, is thus left with only a weak central bank setup, and he will lose this if the President decides to "be fair to both sides," and appoints three or four bankers to the Reserve Board.

Let us, now, suppose that drastic alteration of the reserve requirement isn't necessary, that the Reserve Board will be composed of men who are not merely office boys of Mr. Morgan, and that Eccles will control the open market committee, which will be smiled on by God and President Roosevelt, and which will convert the Reserve System into as well-oiled a central bank as one could ask for as a means of increasing the total supply of bank check money. What then?

The most that can happen, so far as the efforts of the central bank go, is that reserves of member banks will increase, enabling the banks to make loans and expand credit currency. With this in mind, look in your paper next Friday morning for the weekly Federal Reserve statement. There you will find that, through gold imports and Reserve Bank purchases, excess reserves have piled up to the extent of almost \$3,000,000,000—more than enough to enable the banks to expand credit currency up to the 1929 total. In other words, the central bank theory, in respect to deflation, is proved hokey.

There remains the possibility of a too-rapid boom, such as occurred in 1928-1929. To curb this, even a banker will admit, is practicable, for, obviously, the process amounts to nothing more than the application of restrictions. It does, that is, if those with the responsibility have the political guts to discharge it. Yet there is nothing in the new banking act which makes it mandatory on the Reserve Board or the open market committee to step in and swing an axe when an inflationary boomlet passes certain specified limits.

The New Deal had a shining opportunity here to safeguard the people against their own speculative greed. And it muffed it.

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CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEXT WAR

(Continued from page 1)

mar Schacht, financial dictator of the Nazi régime, has already made much progress toward placing the German economy on a war basis.

Against a united front of all Europe the matter of financing Germany would be a difficult problem, although not insoluble. But there is no reason to believe that Germany will face a united front of all Europe. Both the United States and England have large credits immobilized in Germany today, and are interested in being repaid. Apart from the assistance Germany may count upon from outside she may, for example, raise a considerable fund in the United States by the sale of coveted industrial patents perfected since 1917. Theoretically, a country like Germany would face a shortage of cotton, rubber and petroleum, but the experience of the last war has led all European nations, Germany included, to maintain huge stores of such commodities sufficient for five years or more of large-scale warfare.

Aside from the gold and credit balances the Old World has one tremendous asset which would raise money in the American market. The asset is simply the European art treasures, as negotiable as a valid letter of credit. At the first indication of a military deadlock Europe would begin cashing in this art heritage. Toward the end of the last war it was suggested in this country that Europe divest itself of publicly owned art to pay for war purchases; indeed, much privately owned art did find its way into the hands of eager Americans. It is significant that through the past summer Germany has been conducting a vast and systematic inventory of its art treasure. Does this mean that the Nazis have suddenly become interested in art?

But the salient characteristic of Europe on the eve of a new war, a characteristic that optimistic observers such as Mr. Flynn fail to consider fully, is that Europe in a new war would require less external credit than she required in the last war. The reason is simply that the industrial preparation for the next war has, since 1919, been much more intense than in the years preceding 1914. Behind the shelter of tariffs every European nation has been building war industry plants and has been storing all the necessary raw materials. *The next war has been financed already, and it has been done by means of American loans for "post-war reconstruction."* Most of these loans are in default, but the industrial plants they created are operating.

Moreover, the economics of war-time production has been shifted to a less expensive base than in 1914-18. Cheap chemicals, light aircraft materials, and aluminum will play as great a rôle in the next war as expensive steel played in the last. It is, therefore, fallacious to assume that Europe's credit structure cannot support another vast and destructive conflict.

When Europe begins the war all the talk about neutrality and embargoes in this country will terminate quickly. It will be a case of "business as usual." The United States will first sell goods to the belligerents and then will, perforce, enter the war on one side.

(Continued on next page)

The Horrors of Modern War

A graphic, documented, detailed article describing how men die individual deaths in battle

THE DIGEST AND REVIEW publishes in the December issue *The Horrors of War*, an article of extraordinary importance to every man, woman and child in the United States.

The article has been written exclusively for DIGEST AND REVIEW. It is the result of long, painstaking research. It concerns a problem which is primary in the minds of all of us. There can be no question that the furore aroused by this essay will have far-reaching results, may, in fact, vitally alter the destiny of American policies.

The Horrors of Modern War is the story of War. Not the war that we see in the movies. Not the war that newspapers write about. Not the war of patriotic organizations. This is the war of men who died in it. This is the story of their individual deaths. It tells of their minutest agonies when hit by new-type bullets that explode when they strike the victim, mangling and irreparably shattering a radius of six inches of flesh and bone; and of incendiary bullets that set fire to the clothing and make of a human being a charred hulk resembling a burnt log. It tells of noses sawed off, and of bodies—live bodies—dangling by a piece of gut. Of funeral pyres whose fuel is living civilians. Each shriek, each stench, each pain, is documented.

Perhaps the article is "too strong." Perhaps you will not be able to stomach this cool summary of death in its various forms. But this is not the time for compromise. Better that disillusion shall come before a war than with it.

The manuscript of *The Horrors of War* was presented to several American editors before publication. They have been united in calling it the grimmest, but at the same time the most vivid document of its kind ever written. It will appear in no other American publication.

Other Features

An article by Major General Smedley D. Butler—"Who Are the War-Makers?" reveals what goes on behind the scenes in the army. General Butler mentions names when he states how the army is preparing fascism for the U. S. Exposes the role of General MacArthur in getting the biggest appropriation in history for the army—and rendering the army useless at the same time.

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(Continued from preceding page)

The United States may keep out of the war for a time, as it did during the last conflict, and enjoy a brief industrial boom. But as European purchasing power diminishes the boom will end.

At this point the situation will be crucial for the ruling financiers of the United States. Verbal isolation will be discarded by Washington as quickly as it was in 1917. Theoretically it would be possible for the United States to remain out of the war, but continued non-participation in a war which had disrupted normal world trade would bring a long train of banking, commercial and industrial disasters. European credit would be exhausted by this time. From the standpoint of the dominant financiers, the United States as presently constituted could not afford to see the war continue indefinitely. We may be sure they would not acquiesce in any scheme to have the government take over and operate industries which were failing.

If the United States stayed out of the war and attended to its own domestic crisis flowing from the war-time stimulation and subsequent derangement, Europe could go on and work itself into a situation paralleling that which existed at the close of the Thirty Years' War. Europe does not have to wage a war at the maximum of efficiency, as some deluded observers assume. But even such a development would be disastrous for the United States, for it would mean that the major half of the world economy was flagellating itself to death, and our own economic situation would be in a tight fix.

However, there is no reason to suppose that the United States will stand aside and permit all its foreign customers to kill each other. If the United States enters the war, to bring about a "quick decision" and to "save civilization," the internal condition of boom will be somewhat prolonged, the final collapse will be delayed. The prolongation of the boom will produce various economic novelties. There will be a gigantic cartelization of all industry under government auspices and small business will simply be squeezed out of existence entirely. There will be a great increase in the mechanization of agriculture and, owing to the impoverished condition of the farmers, one may expect emergency farm corporations to be established with private and public capital. These corporations will undoubtedly operate canning factories as adjuncts, and may even be integrated with existing grocery chains as huge food trusts.

The induction of millions of men into the military services will make necessary even greater economy in the use of labor and will prepare further unemployment problems for the end of the war; mechanical devices for production will be refined to a degree unforeseen even today and, indeed, thousands of them which are now deliberately kept off the market by big corporations will be released for war service. In 1918 the railroad system was very nearly breaking down, food was rotting at many terminals because it could not be moved. In the next war this collapse will not necessarily take place because of the increased utilization of the automobile and airplane. There will be more bus and truck traffic; soaring prices and taxes will probably make it more difficult for individuals to own automobiles.

A significant result of the war will be a much greater standardization of all commodities. There will be a greatly restricted consumer choice in styles, types and models of all goods. The rentier class (bondholders, savings bank depositors, insurance policy holders), moreover, will be virtually ruined in the depreciation of the dollar which would certainly result from the war. Taxes will be enormously increased over their present-day swollen proportions and there will be a great decline in the aggregate of small property holdings by individuals. The middle class will be practically wiped out in an economic sense.

The war will increase the population of the cities as the farms become more highly mechanized and the factories appeal for workers at "high" wages. Already there is available an efficient mechanical cotton picker, which can displace much labor in the cotton fields. The flood of people into the cities will create a tremendous housing problem, which will be "solved" by the erection of large barracks for workers. These will be found defective and either demolished or reconstructed at great expense. The defects will not be the result of technical ignorance or cruel profiteering necessarily, but of the feverish tempo required for the work.

The return of the troops after the war will face the authorities with another problem. Very possibly, there will be no general demobilization, as after the last war. To add the soldiers to the horde of unemployed would merely be to throw kerosene on the fire of inevitable social unrest. This problem can be "solved" by retaining a large standing army as a domestic peace force, the soldiers being relatively well treated and in this way set apart from the industrial population. City life will be very congested; unrest will be prevalent; but the army will have the situation "well in hand."

The principal political result of the war will be the gradual creation of a strongly centralized government with a highly developed bureaucracy supported by a large permanent standing army. All the emergency provisions introduced during the war will be retained, unlike the procedure following the last war.

As post-war production slacks off the government will be faced with a grave economic crisis devoid of the compensating features such as materialized in 1919. In the first place, Europe will be a very poor place for investment. Some of the new European governments may even be hostile to the United States. Some may be communistic.

The economic development of Latin America may be attempted on a large scale, but in that part of the world there are natural limitations such as climate and altitude. However, a drive toward Latin America may easily be the result of the post-war stagnation. Too, there might be a union of the United States and Canada as a result of the war, but this would depend, of course, on the post-war status of England, with revolt undoubtedly blazing in nearly all her colonies. But all this could not save the United States from economic prostration along with Europe.

Survival would eventually be effected, of course, but under heavy difficulties. Radicalism in politics would receive a significant impetus. Some of the Northwestern farm

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states might even revolt and a condition bordering on civil war would at least be possible as regional interests refused to bow to the new Wall Street cartels and the fresh group of new millionaires.

It cannot be asserted that a new European war with the United States participating will bring about all these results at once or will bring them about in just this pat fashion. I am outlining only general probabilities based on sound economic principles. If anything, I have been extremely conservative in visualizing the possible world effects of a new war, which might conceivably result in thorough revolution on an international scale. But even though the war does not directly bring forth an international social revolution, it will establish the preliminary conditions for it, because the impoverishment in the daily life of the multitude will be unprecedented and virtually unbearable.



BEYOND SHANGHAI FRANCIS WOODWORTH

"Arrive Shanghai on tide." Thus read the steamer schedules. And day after day boat-loads of travelers, having crossed from Japan via the Yellow Sea, the Yangtze River and the Whangpoo River, arrive with the tide and pour ashore onto Shanghai's Bund for two days, or two weeks, or two months of sightseeing. They head for the big hotels and swanky clubs. They go bargain-hunting in Nanking Road, stroll through the Native City, and perhaps motor to the outskirts, to Lungwha Pagoda or the Woosung Forts. They spend a lot of time finding out for themselves whether the night life is as gay as they have been told, and they usually find that it is. Then, having prolonged their stay to the last possible minute, they sail away, believing that they have seen China.

If you see Shanghai you see one of the most fascinating cities on earth. But you don't see China. Shanghai is a potpourri of Paris, London, New York, and Tsarist Moscow—in an Orient setting. To see the real China, as it is and as it has been for thousands of years, you must travel beyond, to one of the ancient centers of the "Middle Flowery Kingdom."

Fortunately, this is very easy to do. Just one hundred and thirteen miles southwest of Shanghai lies Hangchow, a city that is second in interest only to Peking (Peking) and only one-eighth as far from Shanghai. You can go there by through express, cheaply and quite comfortably, in less than six hours.

As early as 2000 B.C., when Peking was a mere frontier town, Hangchow was an important city. Its site is one of the loveliest in all China. On one side is the celebrated Si-wu or "West Lake," one of Marco Polo's favorite spots. On the east is the mile-wide Tsientang River, flecked with the white sails of junks. A range of rolling hills, dotted with temples and pagodas, stretches away to the southward; while on the north is a vast fertile plain intersected by countless canals and covered with rice fields and cotton plantations, through which you pass on your way down from Shanghai.

When you arrive at the big modern railway station in Hangchow, then proceed to your hotel through up-to-date paved streets crowded with auto-

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This sailing list is published by the Advertising Department of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR as an aid to readers contemplating a sea voyage. Routes as well as sailing dates are subject to change and cannot be guaranteed. Before plans are concluded, consult The American Spectator Travel Bureau.

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Oct. 24, 1935—COAST	11 days
San Juan, Domingo City, San Juan	
Oct. 24, 1935—HAIJI	18 days
Pt. au Prince, Kingston, Pt. Colombia, Cartagena, Cristobal, Kingston, Pt. au Prince	
Oct. 26, 1935—ATLANTIDA	13 days
Santiago, Kingston, La Ceiba	
Oct. 26, 1935—TOLCA	18 days
Kingston, Cristobal, Cartagena, Pt. Colombia, Santa Marta, Kingston	
Oct. 26, 1935—ROSALINDO	12 days
Halifax, St. Pierre, St. John's, Halifax	
Oct. 27, 1935—LADY NELSON	28 days
Bermuda, St. Kitts, Nevis, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad, British Guiana and return via same ports	
Oct. 29, 1935—QUEEN OF BERMUDA	7 days
New York, Bermuda, Nassau, New York	
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	" 7 Siboney	" 14 Pres. Johnson

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" 26 Sat.	Santa Elena	17 Pt. Col., Cart., Pan. Can., Los Angeles, San Francisco
" 31 Thur.	Pres. Hayes	19 Havana, Pan. Can., Los Angeles, San Francisco
Nov. 2 Sat.	Pennsylvania	16 Havana, Pan. Can., San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco
" 7 Thur.	Pres. Cleveland	17 Havana, Pan. Can., Los Angeles, San Francisco
" 9 Sat.	Santa Paula	17 Pt. Col., Cart., Pan. Can., Los Angeles, San Francisco
" 14 Thur.	Pres. Johnson	19 Havana, Pan. Can., Los Angeles, San Francisco

WHEN PLANNING A TRIP

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mobiles, you find it hard to believe that you are in one of the oldest centers of Chinese culture, in a city that was China's capital eight hundred years ago. You begin to realize the antiquity of the place and to understand why many Chinese love it more than all their other cities, only when you leave the modernized quarter and take a 'rikisha along the lake shore towards the old stone pagoda famous subject of landscape scenes.

Probably you'll need a guide (you can get one at the hotel), for there is a bewildering variety of things to see, and many of the most interesting places are reached only by footpaths. There is the Pearly Spring of the Dancing Fish, for instance. This is a temple with a large pond full of big golden carp. They don't exactly dance for you, but now and then one leaps above the surface, and the friendly priests will tell you it is dancing.

One of the most delightful excursions in Hangchow is the trip by sampan across the clear, shallow waters of the lake to the celebrated little island where the Willow Pattern story is supposed to have taken place. There is a Willow Pattern Teahouse in the Native City of Shanghai, but the Hangchow people will tell you that theirs is the true original. The island is like a miniature atoll, with bright green willow trees all around the edge, and a lotus pond forming the center. A zigzag bridge (designed to foil the evil spirits, who can travel only in a straight line) leads to a pavilion shaped like a giant swastika. Here you can sit and drink jasmine tea while you gaze out over the gorgeous lotus blossoms. Then, rejoining your boat-girls, you continue on to Won-sing-ding and the historic Imperial Island.

For the shopper, Hangchow is a treasure house, especially in these days when the exchange rate makes the American dollar worth so much in the Orient. For centuries Hangchow has been a center of high-grade silk production.

If you're going to China and want to see China, stop over and spend three or four days (or as long as you can) in Old Hangchow. The night clubs and cabarets of Shanghai will thrill you, but in Hangchow you'll find a totally different thrill. You'll see the mystic East that you have read about. You will sense its age-old tranquillity, and some of this will remain a part of yourself ever after. (Courtesy Dollar Steamship Line)

NOTES ON THE CR STRIKE

By JAMES RORTY

FROM the point of view of persons genuinely interested in organizing consumers—an enterprise made the more imperative by the collapse of the Roosevelt administration's make-believe attempts to do something for the consumer and the progressive squeezing of the American masses between the government attacks on the wage structure on one hand and rising prices and sales taxes on the other—few episodes in recent history have been more unfortunate than the strike at Consumers Research.

Any attempt to say what is the matter with Consumers Research necessitates some critical speculation as to what is the matter with F. J. Schlink. This is because Schlink has given the determining coloration to his so-called movement. Both the initial success and the present disaster which has befallen CR are largely attributable to certain admirable qualities and certain exasperating defects in its president.

The qualities are financial and scientific integrity, an extraordinary if somewhat neurotic energy, a generally conceded technical ability, and a capacity for analyzing and exposing the surface abuses and absurdities of our limping social order in the field of distribution.

The defects are, first, a humorless and somewhat pharisaical conviction of his own special Grace and Election. A corollary of this conviction is Schlink's intense suspicion that the world is full of crooks and that practically everybody is out to get Schlink and Consumers Research—the identification is complete in his own mind and by this time substantially so in fact.

But always, in upsets of this kind, there are more fundamental explanations of the trouble, and Consumers Research is no exception. In this case it seems clear that CR has always been potentially in a bad way, first because its basic organization was ill-conceived since it gave the subscribers no means of control, and second because CR's policies and programs never got far enough to make any kind of fundamental economic or social sense. CR is not a coöperative and is not affiliated with the Coöperative League of America. Neither has it any connection with the labor movement.

As far back as 1930 Mr. Schlink was urged vainly by the writer and others to expand CR's service into the coöperative mail order field along the lines later developed by Coöperative Distributors. The later organization was formed in 1933 by E. J. Lever, formerly vice-president of Consumers Research, and Milton Wend, formerly employed by the United States Bureau of Standards.

It is in this context—the total context of the labor union and coöperative movement—that the present difficulties of Consumers Research and their solution must be considered. One hopes that the present Board of Directors will permit or encourage the independent organization of the subscribers, and that the subscribers, in the process of salvaging their organization, will establish new and constructive policies of coöperation both with labor and with the coöperative movement as a whole.

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

December, 1935

THE BOY SCOUTS PREPARE FOR WAR

by M. B. SCHNAPPER

IT WAS July and it was hot. Try as hard as they could to look as impressive as the occasion required, the members of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, assembled in open-air session on the clearing of a Bear Mountain, N. Y., Scout camp, could not help make those evident signs of discomfort which men of all nations, classes, and races must make when the sun blazes down with merciless intensity. But on the whole they were dignified and attentive as they listened to the address by General Pershing. He said:

I believe that discipline the world over is the same, whether under the auspices of civil or military organizations. I would not introduce military discipline or training into the Boy Scout program if I could.

I believe the work you are doing is broadening. Perhaps it is broader than that which would be given under a military régime. In any event, you are teaching boys the right thing—citizenship. You are teaching them to be good citizens, and any man who is a good citizen will make a good soldier in time of peril.

These significant words of General Pershing, spoken twelve years ago, should be kept in mind today when the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America is being hailed by, it would seem, every Rotarian, minister, Legionnaire and politician who has a voice and can collect an audience.

These words reveal the profound militaristic implications of the Boy Scout movement. I believe, says General Pershing in bald effect, that the discipline and civic education of Scouting is of far greater militaristic value than the outright military training of boys, and that not even a militaristic régime could reach as many young people as the Scout movement.

Discipline is, indeed, emphasized by Boy Scout traditions, training, and literature with almost the same insistence of the Army. Consider the following excerpt from page 16 of "The Boy Scout Handbook":

He [a Boy Scout] should so learn to discipline and control himself that he will have no thought but to obey the orders of his officers.

Compare this statement with the definition of military discipline which may be

found in the "Manual of Military Training" by Moss and Lang:

In its deeper and more important sense, discipline may be defined as the habit of instantaneous and instinctive obedience under any and all circumstances. It is the habit whereby the muscles of the soldier instinctively obey the word of command, so that under whatever circumstances of danger or death, the soldier may hear that word of command, even though his mind be too confused to work, his muscles will obey. . . . It [obedience] is the compliance with everything that is required by authority. It is the mainspring, the very soul and essence of all military duty.

The claim made by "The Boy Scout Handbook" that Scouting "neither promotes nor discourages military training" is belied not only by the militaristic nature of Scout discipline but by statements in "The Handbook for Scout Masters," which admit that Scouting "does teach valuable information which a soldier must have" and that "Scout drill is founded on the infantry drill of the United States Army."

One has only to examine the origin of the Boy Scout movement to see its fundamentally militaristic nature. For in a very literal sense the Scout movement was born of war. It came into existence during and because of the Boer War. In order to keep all of his men in the fighting lines during the siege of Mafeking, General Robert Baden-Powell, head of the British forces in South Africa, enlisted, drilled, and uniformed

the younger boys of the city for military service behind the fighting lines. Mere youngsters were made scouts, signalmen, liaison messengers, orderlies and lookouts. These were the first Boy Scouts. The results were so favorable that, upon returning to England, General Baden-Powell formed similar groups there, putting them through training quite similar to that given Scouts by the British Army.

In his 1932 edition of "Scouting for Boys," General Baden-Powell notes with some restraint that:

The curious result of our training is we are continually being asked by officers in the Service to send them recruits who have been trained as Boy Scouts; they prefer them to any others for soldiering duties.

It was with less restraint that General Baden-Powell informed a group of former Army officers, according to a London *Daily Herald* report, that:

Our young chaps should play not only football, they should play the game of soldiering and join the Territorials, so as to be ready if it becomes necessary to defend their homes and country. Who said the Scouts was not a military recruiting ground?

So aware is British labor of General Baden-Powell's militarism that the New South Wales Labor Council protested against his proposed visit to Australia in 1931 on the ground that the mission would encourage militarism.

Having sprung from General Baden-Powell's idea, it is not surprising that the American Boy Scout movement should have military implications. General Pershing's observations about the military virtues of Scouting were old stuff to the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America. They all must have read a little confidential leaflet entitled "Policies and Regulations of the Boy Scouts of America, A Series of Interpretations, No. 1: Technical Military Training and Use of Firearms" (issued, significantly enough, shortly after the United States entered the World War). I quote from the pamphlet:

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"I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY"
A Brilliant Short Story
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I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY

by CARLTON BROWN

NOW of course you don't know her so very good, but say someone was to ask you what kind of a broad is this Jane Folinsbee that Gil's living with? You'd probably say that she seemed like she was refined, from a real good family, and all like that, now wouldn't you? Yes sir, and that's just what I thought myself, when I first see her here at the Elmore. I check her in—it's in the evening, see—and she ain't got nothing fancy in the way of baggage. Just a Gladstone, see, that looks like it's seen plenty of service, and one of these here little over-night bags.

And no kidding, Lousy, when I first see Jane I say to myself, now there's the kind of a broad that it don't pay your old Doc Gilbert Noguera Correia to even try and get to first base with, because you can see right off that she's too ritzy to give a guy like me a tumble. I figure now there's a broad that has class. So at first I don't try and fool around with her.

But there's one thing, in spite of her looking like a debbie and all that, and that is the kid don't look like she's had a square meal in all her life. Well, what the hell, there's plenty of society girls that they're skinnier because they don't lead the right kind of life—you know, cocktail parties and the rest of the old hi-dee-ho.

Well, so the kid hangs around the lobby a lot, but she's kind of reserved, like, and she don't pick up with nobody, know what I mean. Only a couple of old dames that sits there doing their knitting—she chews the fat with them. She's got a cheap room up on the fifth floor, only she don't stay in it much, all the time she's in the lobby or the lounge. So after a while she gets a job, and I don't ask her what kind of a job, because at this time we don't hardly speak to each other, only I know she's got a job because Vic tells me she goes out early every morning.

Of course, working nights I don't see her much, but once in a while I'm standing by the newsstand, shooting the bull with Fat Jackie Bergenstein, and she comes up and buys like a piece of candy and stands and passes the time of day with me and Jackie. So why do I happen to notice this broad right off like that? I don't know how or why, because as you might say she's not so strong on looks, and you can tell right off she's no roundheels, but there's just something about her that gets me, know what I mean?

Well, me and Jane start to pal around a little—you know, just kidding in the lobby and like that, when Merkle ain't around, and it comes out that just like I thought she's from a real toney family down South, or at least that's her line at the time. So I say to myself, Gilbert, there's no use getting hot and bothered over this head because what the hell, you get just so far with these snooty dames and then *bingo!*—the gate. Take them society girls, they might take a kind of a liking to you and fool around a little, but then when you mean

business it's *goombye pliz!* But I see she goes to a show now and then with Fat, and I say what the hell, if she can stand the sight of a guy like that there ain't no reason why your old Doc Correia shouldn't try and date her up.

Being that I was on the loose myself at the time, I figured that there wouldn't be any harm in fenegalin' around a little. What the hell, just because a guy's hopping the bells don't mean that he's the scum of the earth and that a broad won't take a second look at him, and for some reason Jane seems very friendly to me at that time, and she don't give nobody else a tumble.

Of course, being that I only had one night off a week, and that she only had one-half-a-day off, it made it hard to get together, but now and then we took in a show or went up to Roseland for a whirl.

Well, I just wanted to give you a kind of an idea as to how the thing started, see, and there ain't no use of going into all the details of how we took up. Fact of the matter is, the kid was lonesome and there was your old Doc Correia, always ready to help a girl in distress.

Now Fat Jackie may tell you that at first he fooled around with her, and I don't bother to break the guy's head because what the hell, at first the dame was lonely, here in New York like that, without no friends, and I figure there wasn't no harm in her making a friend or two, even if it would have to be a punk like Bergenstein. But that's neither here nor there. The kid was lonesome, like I said, and even Fat Jackie is more of a bargain than some of these cheap heels that hang around the lobby trying to pick up anything that wears a skirt.

But what I wanted to tell you is how she and me started living together, and how at first I thought she was a society dame. Another guy might hold it against her, making out that she was Little Miss Park Avenue herself, but what the hell, you can't blame the kid—fact of the matter was she was just trying to make a hit.

Now listen, Lousy, if I was to show you a letter, could you keep your trap shut about it? I carried it around with me five, six months, ever since me and Jane started to get serious about it, and I ain't showed it to nobody. You might think that I'd let Vic in on a thing like that, but I didn't, and you know the reason why? Vic's a pal of mine and all that, but you tell the guy a thing like that and first thing you know he gets tight and starts ribbing you about it, or else he spreads it all around the block just to make conversation. It seems like a frog just can't take a thing like that serious.

Now you've got an education and you've been around and you know enough to know that there's some things you can't kid about. So, so help you Christ, you won't tell nobody about this letter, will you? I don't know if you can read it so good, because the writing's kind of smooched up from me carrying it around in my pocket, but if there's anything you can't make out, just ask me. I

know the thing by heart, know what I mean?

My DEAR GILBERT—

I am writing this letter to you because I am afraid that if I told it to your face I wouldn't be able to do it and you would be awful angry and not have anything more to do with me but I guess any ways you will not want to see me any more but I do not want to deceive you any more so I will tell you the truth about my self. Gilbert I lied to you when I told you I was from a rich Family in the South, that was not true because really my Dad works in the Mill in Birmingham where my Mother worked until she died four Years ago, and we have never had no money except just barely enough to live on and sometimes not even enough to live on and I also worked in the Mill sometimes when they were not laying off people.

I told you I was a rich girl I guess because I wanted you to pay some atention to me and I didn't think you would like me if I was a poor girl looking for a job as a Waitress, which I got just a few weeks ago thanks to the kindness of Mister Purgoy, who I will tell you about in this letter. Any how I am going to tell you the *truth* about my self and then I will at lease know I am not kidding any one any more. My Dad made me marry a man Charly Folinsbee that I *Hate* and did not want to marry him only my Dad forced me too because we didn't have any money and this Charly Folinsbee was supposed to have some money, which I don't know if he did or not. Any way I married him God Save me and after a while I had a Baby. My Dad was layed off from the Mill and we didn't have any money but I guess Charly did only he was very stingey with it and it was just the same like before. When the Baby come it was a homeley little thing all twisted up like there was something wrong with it, the Doctor come and he said the Baby looked like it was Deformed but if we took care of it good and did like he said it might live. So then the most *God Awful* thing happened, Charly took when the Doctor was gone and *killed* the Baby.

I know he done it and my Dad knows he done it too only my Dad he didn't say anything against Charly and when I said I could of *Killed* Charly my Dad said that it was a *Mercy* the Baby was *dead*, it would only be unhappy all it's life. Charly killed the Baby by pushing a pillow over it's mouth and of course there was no signs and if I told the Police it would be my word against Charly's and my Dad's and they would of locked me up for crazy or something, and there was nobody that I could tell about it because nobody would believe such cruelty was possible. Gilbert I am telling you all this and it is the *God's Truth* because I want you to know the worse about me and then if you are still serious like you said you are well I will not be deceiving you at lease.

Well I was a little sick from having the Baby and I couldn't leave right then so I waited a while and then I started to come North, I got rides from one town to another working sometimes as Waitress and getting rides because I wanted to come to New York because I heard here you can get \$15 or \$20 a week as a Waitress and I wanted to get as far away as possible from Charly and my Dad. So like I said I got rides from one town to another and finelly I got here to New York City. The last ride I got was a long one all the way from a town in Maryland, I forget the name, that was with Mister Purgoy and he was a very nice man, honest Gilbert he didn't even try to get funny with

THAT educational mill known as Bryn Mawr, which fits women to become wives of investment bankers, public utility executives, and polo players, has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Oddly, or perhaps not oddly, in all its history there is no record of a first class poem or novel or play or any other work of sensitive creation ever having been turned out by one of its alumnae. Still, why should we complain if the investment bankers, public utility executives, and polo players are satisfied?

me once, he got me a separate room at the Hotel where we stopped in Pennsylvania and then when we came to New York City he went to the Hotel Greer and paid for my room here at the Elmore Hall and then finally it was him that got me the job of Waitress at the Hotel Greer, where I work now. I told Mister Purgoy all about Charley and the Baby and it come out that Mister Purgoy he is a lawyer in Atlanta which is not so far from Birmingham and he says maybe he can do something to bring Charley to Justice. I don't want you to think Gilbert that there is anything between Mr. Purgoy and me because *Honest To God* there isn't he is just a real Friend and wants to help me all he can and there aren't many men so kind in the World. Now you know all the truth Gilbert and I'm sure you won't have any thing to do with me now that I have told you this but I can't help it I have got to be *Honest* with you before we go any further. You have got to promise me to tear this letter in pieces and then burn it will you and then if you don't want any thing to do with me you can forget about me. Only you did say you loved me Gilbert didn't you and if it's true then maybe you can understand how terrible I feel because I love you more than any man I ever met and I can't go on telling you lies. Please try and forgive me because I didn't do anything bad except lie to you and I don't know why I did that only I wanted you to pay some attention to me.

I am yours if you want me,

Jane

P. S. Be sure and burn this letter.

That's some fightin' letter, ain't it? You can imagine how I felt getting that, after figuring her for a society dame and all that. You can see what kind of a state the poor kid was in, with no friends in the city except this Purgoy, who I don't know nothing about except what Jane tells me. So what am I supposed to do, tell her it's all washed up between her and me just because she got a lousy break?

I don't mean to make out that I'm any Society For The Aid of Wayward Girls in person, but what the hell, I was pretty hot and bothered about the kid and I figured she deserved a break. It wasn't her fault, the way I figured it, that her old man forced her to marry a rat that killed her kid, and while it was quite a jolt to me at the time to get that letter, still and all I felt sorry for the kid at the same time that I wanted to make her, see.

Of course, I can't afford to get caught fooling around with her too much here at the Elmore, and where I am staying at the time the landlady won't have nothing out-of-the-way, so Jane and me move into a place on Lexington Avenue, same place where Vic's living now, and we tell them that we're Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Noguera Correia, if it's all the same to you.

Now get this straight—I don't believe for a minute that Purgoy ever got to first base with Jane, in fact I know he didn't, but it wasn't because he didn't try. No sir, boy, I knew right off, in spite of what Jane might think, that that shyster was on the make. From what she told me about him, I figured he was an old guy that didn't quite have the nerve yet to make a pass at her, and I figured he couldn't do her no harm; that broad knows her way around, in spite of she sounds dumb sometimes. You know, there's old guys like that Purgoy that'll be nuts about a dame and do anything for her but if they know she don't want no fooling around, why they'll be nice.

Well, like she said in this here letter, Purgoy was figuring to give this Charley his lumps, one way or another, but what she didn't say in the letter, but what she tells me later on, is that this Purgoy is pretty

PEACE, FREEDOM, AND BLARNEY

by ALLAN CHASE

YOU must have seen a strange placard in your drug store lately. It is being displayed in 35,000 drug stores throughout the land. "A Penny For Peace," reads the heading. And under it: "For each one of these Squibb products that you purchase, Squibb will give—A Penny For Peace." Another placard, entitled "A Mighty Power For Peace," says:

The House of Squibb has agreed, at the request of World Peaceways, to give a penny on each of the millions of packages of Squibb Products sold in the drug stores of the United States, to make possible the World Peaceways Radio Crusade to end War. . . . Squibb will give these pennies as long as these broadcasts are on the air.

My interest in world peace is no slighter than yours, so I took the trouble of running up to see Mr. Carleton H. Palmer, the president of the great pacifist drug firm. I wanted to ask Mr. Palmer two questions: first, whether the Squibb company would sell supplies to any army, including ours, in the event of war, and second, just how the penny donations were to be spent for peace.

Mr. Palmer was too busy to talk to me

about peace, said his secretary, but perhaps I would care to see Mr. Theodore Weicker, the executive vice-president. I said I would. Weicker's secretary heard my story, nodded gravely, went back to her boss, and then came out with a new idea. "Why don't you see Mr. Y. K. Smith of the Geyer-Cornell Advertising Agency?" she asked. "They handle all of our advertising, and if you want a statement on the peace program you can get it through them."

I agreed to see Mr. Smith, and Weicker's secretary drifted back to her desk. On my way out I noticed that on either side of the doorway hung large picture frames. The frame on the left bore a dull tinted picture of Dr. E. R. Squibb, the founder of the firm. The frame on the other side contained an impressive sheepskin. On the top of this certificate was an engraving of a huge bald eagle, wings spread for flight. Below it was the following inscription:

THE WAR DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA RECOGNIZES IN THIS
(Continued on next page)

sure that he can get some kind of a cash settlement from this Charley, and what the hell, the dough would do her more good than to have Charley sitting in the jug, the way I figure.

A thousand bucks is what this Purgoy figures Charley to be good for. Purgoy is down South now, and he's been looking up this Charley Folinsbee and he finds that the guy has some dough, not a lot, but enough so that he could cough up a grand without it hurting none. He also finds that this Folinsbee has a charge against him on the books, just disorderly conduct, but that's enough to get a guy scared of being in the lineup again, you know.

Now this Purgoy ain't exactly started any proceedings against this Folinsbee, but the way it stands now, he writes to Jane that he figures he can clamp down on him pretty soon. He figures that Jane will have to come down there and appear before Charley with him, so as to let Folinsbee know that they mean business, and then if the guy ain't willing to come across, why it's the jug for him.

Now listen, Lousy, I ain't breathed a word about it yet to Vic or Merkle, but as soon as that grand comes through, your old Doc Correia is going to quit this dump cold. Marve is figuring on unloading his newsstand concession, and him and me will concentrate on the machines, maybe taking Fat along to run errands and like that. So I figure that when Jane gets that grand, why Marve and me will take and invest it in pin machines. What the hell, we're taking our fifty, sixty a week each on them that we've got now, and with a thousand bucks' worth more stuck around in good spots, why we'll be in the dough.

And another thing—the way I figure it, I'm not cut out for family life, know what I mean. Now Jane, what she really needs is

a guy that will have kids with her, you know, a nice easy-going guy and a home out in Sunnyside or some place like that. I'm not the right sort of a guy for her, you know. Easy come, easy go, that's my motto; I just ain't built to stick with the same broad year in, year out. So what I figure on doing is fixing Jane up in a place of her own, where she won't have to worry am I coming home stinko or do I get slugged by some yegg.

I took her out of that lousy Greer dump right off, you know, and got her a job up at the Memphis, where she averages her thirty a week. With that and what I'll throw her from what we take in on the machines, why the dame'll be in the chips. And without me around, I figure she'll have a chance to get hooked up with some guy that won't give her so many headaches.

What the hell, it's for her own good, know what I mean. She worries her head off when I don't always come home right after work, and she's all the time scared I'm going to get socked on the head, and the kind of a life I lead just ain't right for her. And, like I said, I like a little variety now and then. Course, she's going to bawl like a baby when it comes to splitting up, but she'll be better off in the long run.

You know, I often think what a lucky break it was for that broad that she didn't get in with the wrong type of a guy, here in New York alone like that.

THE great height and enormous weight of the American Legion's new national commander (he is six-feet-one and tips the beam at 250) somehow doesn't thrill us, for Primo Carnera is taller, heavier, and just as intelligent.

(Continued from preceding page)
AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE THE LOYALTY, ENERGY AND EFFICIENCY IN THE PERFORMANCE OF THE WAR WORK BY WHICH

E. R. SQUIBB AND SONS
AIDED MATERIALLY IN OBTAINING VICTORY FOR THE ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN THE WAR WITH THE IMPERIAL GERMAN GOVERNMENT AND THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL AUSTRIAN-HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT.

This was signed by the then secretary of war, Newton D. Baker, and by the Director of Munitions.

Touched to the quick by Squibb's devotion to the founder of the house and the welfare of the United States, I put my pencil away and hurried down to see Mr. Smith. I missed him twice, and finally had to put my questions in a letter. Then I ran down to see Mrs. Estelle M. Sternberger, the guiding genius of World Peaceways.

We had an interesting discussion of peace, Squibb, and the World Peaceways. Mrs. Sternberger explained how the Squibb pennies were being spent by World Peaceways. The pennies were and are being used to pay for the radio time used by the Squibb-Peaceways programs. These programs are half-hour affairs with music, guest soloists, skits by authors like S. S. Van Dine, John Erskine, Fanny Hurst and others, commercial announcements, (Squibb), and talks on peace by men like Senators Borah and Nye, and publicist Bainbridge Colby. Colby is best known these days for the pacifist editorials he writes for the peace-loving publisher, William Randolph Hearst.

"Please don't ask me about Mr. Colby," said Mrs. Sternberger. Colby, it seems, had offended most of the pacifists who listened to his radio peace (Squibb) talk. The protests were loud and prolonged. "After all," she said, "the radio series are a forum on peace."

"O.K.," I said. "So they're a forum? How does World Peaceways propose to end war? By forums?"

Now Mrs. Sternberger was on firmer ground. "Well, the World Peaceways doesn't believe in mass meetings and such things. We want to show big business that war doesn't pay."

"In other words, you want to bring about peace from the top?" I asked.

"Exactly," she said, "now you take Robert C. Stanley, the president of the International Nickel Company."

"No," I mumbled, but Mrs. Sternberger ignored my refusal. "Last May," she went on, "Mr. Stanley made a speech in England. He said war would disrupt trade and industry. We received his permission to reprint the speech, and we sent out copies to numerous business leaders." She handed me a copy of the reprint. "And then we received a very nice letter, in return, from Charles M. Schwab."

"Very interesting," I said. "And you believe you will stop war by receiving nice letters from Schwab?"

"Not exactly. We believe in mobilizing industry behind the idea that peace pays. If big business gave to peace as much as they give in proportion to war, there would be no more war."

"Now we're getting somewhere. Do you hold war inevitable, in view of what we've seen in recent months?"

"War is not inevitable. It never was."

"What makes you say that? What do you hold responsible for war?" I asked.

Mrs. Sternberger didn't have to think very long over this one. "Economics," she said.

"What kind of economics?"

"Why—why economics!" As simple as all that. She showed me a copy of her speech to the Peace Council in London last July. A line on the first page called attention to "governments . . . sending forth their tentacles of empire."

"Do you hold imperialism to be a cause of war, too?" I asked.

"Isn't imperialism economics?" she countered.

"I guess it is," I said. Fascism had also been mentioned in that London speech.

"And fascism? Is that, too, a war-cause?"

"Sure! What's fascism?"

"What?" I asked.

"Economics!" she answered.

"I guess you're right. But if fascism means war, what is World Peaceways doing about the trend towards fascism right here in America?"

"Fascism does mean war," Mrs. Sternberger insisted. "I think that the whole fascist trend should be watched."

"But is your organization doing anything to fight fascism?"

"No. We stay out of that sort of thing."

"I see. But if fascism continues to gain here, where will the chances of peace end up?"

"That," said Mrs. Sternberger, "is politics, isn't it?"

"Maybe," I said. "Maybe it's economics."

QUEEN MARIE of Rumania, according to the Associated Press, recently celebrated her sixtieth birthday "by riding through new-fallen snow on a thoroughbred horse, a birthday present from V. P. Sassu, Minister of Agriculture." She was also presented "with items of gorgeous jewelry, including a necklace [from] Premier George Tatarescu." King Carol arranged a grand dinner for her, and a good time was had by all those invited, including Prince and Princess Friedrich of the House of Hohenzollern, the Princess of Hohenlohe, Princess Ileana, and Prince Nicholas. We wonder what the Rumanian people, who paid the bill, thought of it all. We wonder what the Rumanian soldiers, the most neglected, worst fed, and most shabbily dressed in the world, whispered to each other when they heard of it. How much longer will they keep quiet? Of all the Balkan countries, with the possible exception of Yugoslavia, Rumania is the most corrupt. There is hardly a high official in the land who is not open to bribery, as the munitions makers learned long ago. The royal court is so graft-ridden, so lecherous, and so incompetent that it almost rivals the court of the late Czar Nicholas II of Russia. Queen Marie is a notorious international gold-digger, and her son, King Carol, seems to have the mind and morals of a Long Island alley cat.

Maybe it's politics. I don't know."

"I don't know anything about politics. I'm not interested in politics."

"All right. Let's skip politics. How about peace?"

Mrs. Sternberger handed me a Peaceways pamphlet, "Propaganda." It urged its readers to see "The President Vanishes," which some of you might remember as the movie which showed a president opposing and frustrating the war schemes of a gang gotten up to resemble Morgan, Rockefeller, Hearst and kindred gentry. The entire picture had one transparent message: "Sure it's true that capitalism sires fascism, and fascism sires war, but Franklin Delano Roosevelt will save you from all three, if you just trust him."

Mrs. Sternberger went on to describe the peace work of her organization. She mentioned the Peaceways advertisements which appear from time to time in leading magazines. The advertisements stress the fact that war is unpleasant. "We believe very strongly in advertising," said Mrs. Sternberger.

So, it seems, does the Squibb company. Mr. Smith did not answer my letter, and he probably never will. It was, however, no accident that I was referred to Squibb's advertising agency when I wanted to ask questions about Squibb's peace crusade.

Squibb's uses the advertising facilities of the press and the radio for the same reasons any other company uses them.

But why peace? The answer, to use an oft-used term, is "economics." A commercial radio program must attract the attention of enough people to listen patiently to the commercial announcements. The Fleischman program uses Rudy Vallee as a come-on; Kraft cheese has Paul Whiteman. The salaries of such drawing cards run well over \$10,000 a performance. Radio time costs huge sums. Most of the big drawing cards are already contracted by radio advertisers.

Squibb wanted a program with a drawing card. Music, comedy, drama were popular—but expensive. Well, the smart advertising man sits down and considers the other desires of the public. Why not try peace? A war is brewing in Africa. Peace demonstrations grow larger and more numerous. Anti-war resolutions are flying thick and fast. Ah! Why not peace instead of Whiteman?

A question here, a query there, a few key lunches, and Squibb learns that peace is as good a drawing card as Rudy Vallee, and what's even more important, it doesn't cost a cent. Out of such wombs spring radio peace crusades.

Tied up with the radio crusade are the World Peaceways pledges, which the Squibb outfit has distributed to the 35,000 drug stores of the land. In every drug store, surrounded by the placards described at the beginning of this article, you will find a pad of these pledges on the counter. Originally, the pledge distributed read:

(Continued on next page)

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THE NAZIS DECIDE TO MATE HORSES WITH MEN

by LOUIS WEITZENKORN

BERLIN (Grapevine Telegraph).—Another forward step in the perfection of the Nazi Totalitarian State was announced here with the conclusion of conferences held by the Wir Brauchen Keine Weiber Mehr Gruppe.

Under the sponsorship of Herr Professor Doktor Hodensaft, plans have been perfected whereby all possible ancestral blood taints will be removed from Teutonic posterity by the simple, but strangely enough, hitherto unthought of, eugenic method of breeding the best specimens of Aryan men with horses.

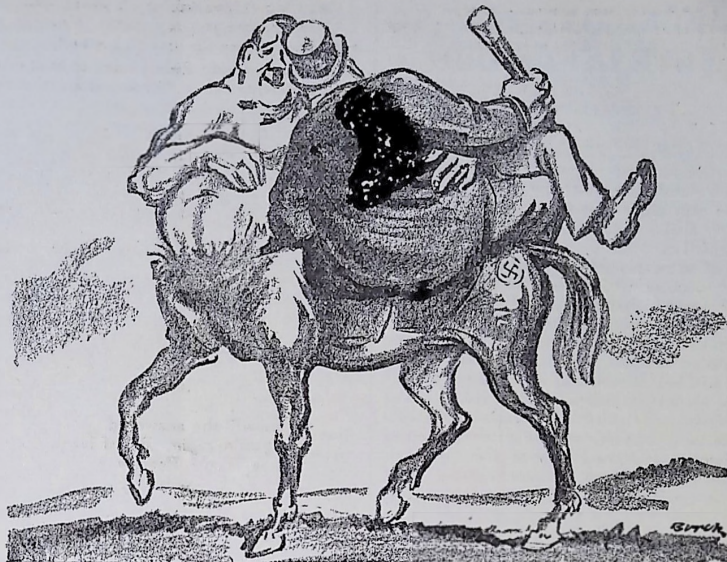
"This will not only produce a continuing blonde human male, but in the event of *equus caballus* atavism, a beautiful line of sorrel horses fit for the German cavalry," declared Herr Doktor Hodensaft.

An objection to Doktor Hodensaft's plan was put forward by the famous but modest Nuremberger, Geheimrat Doktor Bauchgedanke, who demanded to know what would be done in the event that breeding German men to German horses resulted in the production of mules. Doktor Hodensaft replied to this pedanticism with considerable heat.

"By the iron resolution of German science," thundered Doktor Hodensaft, "we shall reverse the process and breed the horses to our best men. No man shall be selected for this honor by our leader whose rank is beneath that of an Ober Leutnant!"

"It was men of this rank and better who produced that great army of the Vaterland in the days when for a German officer to have cohabited with a woman was an offense under military law.

"Those days shall be revived," cried the Doktor whose words brought Geheimrat Bauchgedanke to his feet leading the cheers of the eugenicists. "Germany today is a Totalitarian and self-sufficient State under our beloved Fuehrer. The hour of the old-fashioned and race-dangerous female womb has struck. The female womb! What is it but an insidious, vicious Bolshevik—Jewish—non-



Aryan Landscape

Aryan plot to undermine German Kultur?

"I stand here before this congress and repeat that in my laboratories in the University of Uebel-Riechen I shall produce synthesized uteri which may be transplanted into our young men at birth.

"Does this answer the Geheimrat Doktor Bauchgedanke? If there is still an unpatriotic skepticism here I shall add that we will thus gradually abolish women and produce within the borders of the Nationalist Socialist State a Totalitarian male nation wherein we shall not only furnish our beloved and holy Fuehrer with nothing but men and soldiers, but soldiers, each of whom can be a mother!"

As the result of Herr Professor Hodensaft's forthcoming experiments it is believed that a decree will soon be issued by Der Fuehrer

closing all horse slaughter houses throughout Germany. This will throw the population to further dependence upon pork and mutton, which leading Nazi party members consider would be merely temporary.

It is felt that once Doktor Hodensaft's experiments are developed the nation will substitute women as a diet instead of horseflesh. By the time all German women are consumed the nation will be ready for its conquest of France and Russia and the army will then subsist upon the wives and daughters in all conquered territory.

An addendum to this decree, suggested by the Ministry for Propaganda and Enlightenment, will forbid the cooking and eating of Jewesses. They, however, will be canned and shipped to Japan where there is little, if any, racial prejudice.

(Continued from preceding page)

World Peaceways
Pledge of Support

HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT
and to the
CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

As a citizen of the United States, I pledge you, the Chief Executive of this nation, and to its chief Legislative body, my wholehearted support for all that you may do to put an end to the destruction of human life by the merciless machinery of war, and to lead the nations of the world toward the light of mutual tolerance and understanding.

Later, another pledge, with very similar meaningless wording, was substituted.

A glance at the names of some of the militant pacifists to face the Squibb microphone is very revealing. There is General Hugh S. Johnson, beloved by everyone except the unemployed and the working people of America. There are Dr. Glenn Frank and Senator Arthur Vandenberg, more distinguished as bores than as thinkers. Finally, there is Al Smith, who has called for relentless warfare against the foes of the private property eco-

nomics," which all pacifists agree has been the mother of all wars.

Now, if these were carefree times, the Squibb-Peaceways tie-up would not merit more than a satirical cartoon alongside of an hilarious paragraph. Exactly the opposite condition prevails. War is so close upon us, that we must examine and explain every scheme professedly aimed at eliminating war.

Peaceways, by itself, is a pacifist outfit of the old war-is-hell school. Its chief efficiency, in the past, has rested in its striking color advertisements which played up the fact that women and children will be killed in the next war—as, indeed, they are now being wiped out by Italian bombs in Ethiopia.

The union of Squibb and World Peaceways, however, is something else. The spectacle of a representative part of those "economics," which cannot exist without causing wars, sponsoring a pacifist drive is a cutting indicator of our times. Those who listen to the Squibb-Peaceways radio program cannot see the certificate awarded the firm as a memento of the profits it made in the last war.

THERE probably will never be another American multi-millionaire so intelligent, so un-meddling, so talented in minding his own business, so free of sanctitude, so sincerely embarrassed by great wealth, as was George Eastman of Rochester. Unlike any American millionaire we ever heard of, except Stephen Girard, he disliked churches and dominies, and when he died he gave them the one hereditament that best expressed his sentiments—a nice big horsecollar. But he loved music and technology, and for their furtherance he left many of his millions. We mention his name here because we should like to print a good memoir of him, not alone for the sake of his memory, but in the hope that Henry Ford and our other prominent rich opinion-givers-on-all-subjects might read it and be reminded of their own social vulgarity.

FRANCE CONTINUES TO MOVE LEFTWARD

by ARNOLD ROLLER

THE ARGUMENTS against the probability of an early seizure of power by the French fascists seem to be crushing. Most of the conditions that favored the great success of Hitler and Mussolini are absent in the Third Republic. There is no countless army of unemployed workers, college graduates and other white collar men—the reservoir from which both Mussolini and Hitler drew their enormous supply of desperate followers. There is no spectacular Duce or Führer to capture the imagination of the masses. Their best advertised aspirant to that rôle, Colonel Casimir de la Rocque, a lineal descendant of the royalist emigrés of 1792, has neither the eloquence of Hitler, nor the astuteness of Mussolini, nor the plebeian background of either of them.

Being strongly in favor of an understanding with the Nazis, the French fascists are unable to exploit the potential nationalist fury of the masses. For it is the anti-fascist Popular Front, the coalition of Progressives (the so-called Radical-Socialists), Socialists and Communists, whose hostility to Hitler now expresses what could be called the "anti-German" sentiment of the country. Nor does the problem of Jewish competition play such a rôle there as it did in Germany. Workers, minor government employés, farmers and the large mass of small shopkeepers stand solidly behind the Popular Front, which is determined to defend the democratic institutions of the country.

The fascist semi-military organizations, such as the Croix de Feu, have no support among the masses, as was demonstrated by the recent electoral defeats of the Rightist elements. They have with them only the sons of the upper middle class, and a certain section of the university students and other intellectuals.

Yet for all that, the possibility of a sudden transition from the multi-party system of a dozen parliamentary groups to the one-party dictatorship, German or Italian style, hangs like a sinister threat over the democratic majority of the French Chamber of Deputies. The fascists are backed by the financial interests and they have arms, machine guns, airplanes and all the other equipment which is continuously being spirited into their hands by sympathizing army officers. And they are strengthened by a tragical lack of determination on the part of their opponents from the Front Populaire, which, though mustering a majority in the Chamber, seems to be afraid to take over the government.

The reason for that hesitation on the part of the Left lies in the contradictions within the anti-fascist bloc itself. It is an open secret that the assumption of power by the Left would be followed immediately by a financial panic engineered by the banking interests which are in control of the press. (The mere report that the Radical-Socialist Party intended to demand the dissolution of the semi-military organizations, such as the fascist Croix de Feu, caused a sharp

decline of the *rente*, i.e., the government bonds). A situation of this kind confronting a Leftist government would require radical measures, such as the nationalization of the credit system and of the key industries. Socialists, Communists and the Left wing of the "Radical-Socialist" progressives are ready to take that step. But the powerful Right wing of the latter party, that is, Herriot and his following, closely connected as it is with the capitalist interests of the country, is opposed to anything that smacks of socialism even in its mildest form.

The coming national elections of May, 1936, are expected by many to result in a still greater swing to the Left than the recent municipal elections. Many things, however, may happen before the voters have their last say. If the Left does not assume power before that time—and it could do so in a perfectly constitutional way—the fascists, who are armed, may do it without bothering about legal formalities. If the Left overcomes its hesitation but, in deference to the wishes of its own Right wing, refuses to tackle the financial and other basic problems, it runs the risk of disappointing its own following, which would then fall prey to the demagoguery of the Right. Colonel de la Rocque is gradually borrowing one plank after another from Hitler's famous program which promised everything to everybody.

Will the Left parties find a way to steal a march on the fascists? There are indications that they probably will. They have taken a leaf from the history of the post-war years and have bowed to the popular demand for a leader. They have found such a man in the person of the energetic Edouard Daladier—the "Incorruptible" among the middle class politicians of present-day France. The hundreds of thousands of Parisians who followed him this year in the July 14 parade of the Front Populaire rallied to the cry of "The Power to Daladier," a cry in which the communists and socialists also joined. . . .

The Italian adventure has added to the great rift dividing the two sections of France's public opinion. The fascists are holding big "pacifist" meetings and their enormous posters carry the inscription, "Down with War." Their protests are, of course, directed not against Italy's aggression in Africa, but against the "bellicose" attitude of the Left, which is in favor of sanctions against Mussolini. The fascists' Italian sympathies are easy to understand: a defeat of Mussolini would mean a considerable weakening of fascist influence in France as well.

In their attitude the French fascists are supported by a large section of the press, which is openly pro-Italian. Exactly twenty years ago a French administration had supplied the money to buy Mussolini's allegiance to the cause of the Allies and to establish the daily *Popolo d'Italia*, which is still the personal organ of Il Duce. Now the Italian dictator is spending lavishly a large part of his gold reserves to maintain the tradition of the "abominable venality of the French press."

So far, however, the progressive press has proven impervious to the seductive wiles of the Roman conqueror. And the trend towards the Left, as exemplified by the recent elections to the Senate, still continues. . . .

THE LAND OF THE FREE SEEN FROM A BUS

by MERIDEL LE SUEUR

THIRTY-TWO people are crowded into the huge swift moving bus that will take you cheap and fast over America from one locale of the depression to another. You can be hungry. You can be miserable, but you can be transported with speed and dispatch and landed with your misery and sorrow, at another junction.

I have been driving two days through Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. On the bus everyone talks swiftly, easily. You touch anyone and they bleed. America never talked volubly like this before. They talk about horses, cattle, seed, land, death, starvation. The bus goes swiftly through the lovely spring country and they point out the window at land owned by the insurance companies now, at mortgaged houses being taken over by the banks, and gradually the land seems to split open like a long rotting fruit and the core, years of growth and decay, the worm, the fruit lie exposed under the early spring sun of 1935, the fifth year of the depression.

The depression has made us known to each other. Prosperity concealed us, but poverty is known, and unlike competition, nurtures kinship and sympathy.

We are driving through the fine looking, thrifty Wisconsin country. It looks like Germans live here, and the Swiss and the Scotch. I know neat people are begotten neatly here since the days of pioneering. I also know that not two weeks ago many of these farmers came to Madison and stood on the capitol steps all night asking for seed relief and they didn't get it. In Minnesota they came to the capitol with their starving cattle.

Lambs look up from the spring earth with muddy noses. We pass quickly two men standing in a blooming apple orchard talking together earnestly. We whisk around a greening mound and will never see them again.

We stop at a little town and some drivers get on. They will go up to Madison and drive back with trucks. They are spacedrunk young men, already tanned a little. They like to drive swift and mad over the country like this. They like it very much. We went 300 miles yesterday, one of them says. Something lean and desperate in them makes them like it. Just so they can get a girl fixed up at both ends of their run. They slouch down and sleep on the go, their huge half-man and half-boy faces lolling.

This is the good American earth with its loveliness and lingering savagery. There is something about going about like this in the mid-American earth that makes you lose a sense of identity. La Salle, when he came through this country, said its richness was such that it could feed a merry populace for thousands of years. Now they are starving.

The trees are cut down more than usual. People have been cold this winter. Wood has been cut out of the valleys and in some places even the wind-breaks have been cut down for stove wood. I never saw this before.

We have just left Chicago. It looked like a wreck in an idioecy of decay with the thick

slow stir of people through the eye sockets of rotten buildings and the dirty arteries of the streets, quickening a little. I saw a man come out and paste up a sign opposite the bus station saying that the relief station in that building was closed. I bought a newspaper and read it hurriedly in the crowded bus just before we pulled out.

IDLE IN ILLINOIS PLEAD FOR FOOD

367,000 Persons, Third of them Children, Besiege Private Charities.

By night 1,800,000 will be hungry in Illinois.

A man across the aisle is talking in a loud voice. He says over and over in amazement, Anyway you figure it, everyone looks pretty well dressed-up, you couldn't tell they were starving. I can't make it out. You can't see that people are hungry or poor. Anyway you figure it they look pretty good. He keeps repeating this.

The country looks lonely and silent. I wonder why. Then I realize with a start that it is plowing time and there is no plowing. They have no seed. The few places it is plowed look rich like the black hair of a woman combed with a fine tooth comb.

A farmer gets on at Fond du Lac and sits beside me and begins talking to me about the land right away. They can't get them no seed, he says, to plant this year. Last year the drouth ruined everything and this year they can't get them no seed. I'm from the Southwest myself, I come up from there to my brothers in Oshkosh on account of the dust storms. My farm plumb blew away. The Southwest is sure for certain ruined this year and my land is ruined for a sight more time than that. Why, he says, look, I got me cousins in North Dakota last year had a big farm, rich soil, and last year it blew right out from under them. The fields packed up against the barn so you could just see the top and the thistles caught the dust at the fences so you could walk, clean as a whistle, right over the fence on solid ground. My cousins just up and left and went to St. Paul. That there land of theirs won't grow nothing for a thousand years.

Jesus Christ, the man behind us leaned over and said. He had been listening. We look out the window; a woman is bending over putting something in the ground, a strong, gaunt barren-looking woman. The soil is blowing away over mid-America. The strong, barren woman lifts her body and looks at the fleeing bus.

What's going to happen, says the man next to me, this is the bread basket of the country that is blowing away do you know that? Millions of acres are turning into desert.

I'll betcha they'll be a shortage of wheat this year, the man next to me says sadly. They are both like grieving men.

And now, says the man behind me, what do you think they are doing, why only yesterday three families from my home town, people from pioneer stock mind you, are going off to Mantanuska valley in Alaska to pioneer all over again. People that have made this country rich mind you are going off to the ends of the earth to pioneer some more. . . .

Holy mackerel, says the man beside me. It's like in the Dakotas, says the man be-

hind, they are moving whole ruined villages to another part of the state. What will they do there? Don't ask anybody that. Everybody would start out screaming together.

Jumping cats, says the man beside me. But look, I say, the country looks wonderful. The country is wonderful, says the man next me, it's the bastards sucking off it.

Our friend behind suddenly says, look at my friend here, I am going with him to St. Paul. His baby died yesterday at 2.40 in the morning. He came up here looking for work. The mother of it was starving so the baby was born weak.

We pull into Madison.

We stop in a beer joint to have a beer. The two bus drivers come in also for a beer. The morning paper says that the liberal University of Wisconsin has just been the scene of a near riot. Four students were ducked in the lake and a meeting of the League for Industrial Democracy has been broken up. One of the drivers has a bottle in his pocket and is getting a little tight. He begins to make a very good speech to the bartender, the other driver and myself. Social justice, he says, is dead, cracked up.

A man in a tattered coat and shoes split down the sides comes in and hopes he will be asked to have a drink on the house. In the meantime he too listens to the speech.

The constitution is a good one, the young man says, there's a difference between the constitution and the government you can bet your bottom dollar on that. According to the constitution there is no such thing as sedition and the constitution permits life, happiness and shall we say the pursuit of freedom, yes, ye shall say it, freedom is beautiful. Your mother told you that you were going to be President. That's the bunk. Who in hell wants to be? Why didn't she tell you you were going to live a good life? Why didn't she tell you that, see? Live a good life, that's the ticket, that's the stuff. You're a man, you got the parts of a man, well, that's what the constitution says for a man, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The man with the tattered clothes waves his hands surprisingly. But what about private capital, he says, and you could have knocked us over with a straw. Yes sir, what about private capital? Suppose, he says, suppose I want to put up a skyscraper, or an apartment building, what about it?

Holy Jesus, says the driver laughing, have a drink on us, brother.

We slide along the country at terrific speed. In three hours we will be in St. Paul. The man who is going to his dead child, looks out the window. The man beside me, who has lost his dairy farm, falls asleep.

Here you are America, there is a strong, powerful aroma rising now from you, from the dispossessed, rising from your black soil, from your dreary unpainted houses, from the blown and hungry soil, from the sheep looking up to the slaughter, from the women, gaunt and strong.

These hills are still waiting. You can see in the old houses something gracious, something intended, every man on his land, the beginning of the American legend that moved too swiftly to the bright glint of the machine and rapacious exploitation. These old houses bear to us the taste of Jeffersonian democracy, an old culture already dead, standing equivocally amid the present disaster.

OIL AND INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

by ROBERT LANE

RECENT reports of an Ethiopian oil concession obtained by an Anglo-American group, which finally turned out to be the Standard Vacuum Oil Company, came as a shock to the public at large, but to the foreign offices of Europe and America they formed a familiar story. For years the secret war for oil has been fought by the diplomats, and it is only occasionally that the lid is lifted sufficiently to allow the layman to peer within. In the past petroleum has been the cause of such minor conflicts as the Greco-Turkish War in 1922, and has formed the basis of such fundamental policies as those pursued by the German government in its "drang nach Osten" program prior to the 1914-1918 débâcle. In both cases the petroleum deposits of Mesopotamia became one of the hard fought for prizes, just as it is clear that oil has a share in Mussolini's Ethiopian campaign.

For the past few years Mussolini has given substantial bonuses to prospectors in Italy in the hope of obtaining this liquid fuel, so necessary to the maintenance of an efficient army and navy as well as to a self-sufficient national economy. But all efforts to find oil in Italy have met with disappointment, so Italian policy is now confined to the construction of a refining industry.

Ethiopia undoubtedly looks promising to Il Duce as a crude oil source, since Italy's only other petroleum interest lies in her share in the British Oil Development Company, Ltd., located in Iraq, in which British, German, and Franco-Swiss capital also participates. At present no oil is being transported from this source, because the product has been found to be too thick for shipment via pipeline.

But this is only one phase of the international oil tangle, and of the part it plays in international diplomacy. With the exception of the United States and the U. S. S. R., both of which have adequate supplies of petroleum within their own borders, every major power is making a herculean effort to obtain control of the known crude sources throughout the world, and at the same time is pursuing a crude oil storage policy, so as to be prepared as far as possible for every contingency in the event of war.

Great Britain, within the past ten years, has allotted £7,000,000 for the construction of oil storage facilities to provide supplies for the British navy and air force. For instance, Glasgow has been allotted £1,145,000; Plymouth, £630,000; Portland, £956,000; and Pembroke Dock, £416,000. British colonies have also received allotments, as for example, Singapore, £950,000; Ceylon, £535,000; Hong Kong, £110,000.

England is also searching for oil sources within the British Isles, and has arranged for a subsidy to the Imperial Chemical Industries for the hydrocarbonization of coal into oil with the expectation that shortly 30,000,000 gallons of gasoline will be produced within her own territories.

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Germany likewise is rapidly approaching at least a degree of self-sufficiency in gasoline requirements, and at present is the largest producer of synthetic petroleum products in the world. During the first five months of 1935 the country succeeded in increasing her natural crude oil production 70% over a similar period in 1934.

But has Germany given up her "drang nach Osten" dream? Reports tell of Germany's increased holdings in the British Oil Development Company, Ltd., amounting to 40%, while the Italians are said to have acquired 36% of the shares. This would leave 24% for British and Franco-Swiss capitalists. Whether these percentages of ownership are accurate or not is unimportant, when compared to the recently proposed revival of the Berlin-Bagdad railway program under obvious British auspices, since Iraq is a British mandate and according to the by-laws of the company none other than an Englishman may act as chairman.

It is as yet uncertain whether this is a part of the apparent growing understanding between Britain and Germany, though indications point strongly in this direction. Ever since the Anglo-German naval treaty last Spring, and the less generally known fact of the Bank of England's financial assistance to the Reich, the two governments have become more friendly.

An undoubtedly important figure in this growing understanding between the Nazis and Great Britain is Sir Henri Deterding, chairman of the Royal Dutch-Shell. It was the Shell's oil properties which the Bolsheviks nationalized when they came into power in Russia, and with the British failure at the Genoa and Hague conferences in 1922 to obtain any concessions from the expropriators, Sir Henri has since fought Soviet Russia as well as Red oil upon each and every occasion. He is said to have been one of the first financial supporters of Adolf Hitler, who wrote, "It is with England alone, that one might under cover undertake the new Germanic migration," as he adds, "at the expense of Russia."

Such sentiments could not fail to please the ear of Henri Deterding, for Germany's expansionist policy toward the East would be extremely helpful to the British. If one were to speculate upon the objectives of such a campaign it would not be unreasonable to assume, as the Nazi leaders have stated themselves, that the Ukraine would be parceled out to Germany, while Britain would not be adverse, as she demonstrated in 1919, to taking Baku and Grosni, where the rich Soviet oil fields are located. Simultaneously the annihilation of communism would be accomplished. At the same time, control of the Russian oil fields would give Britain virtual domination of the world,

WE should say that the least admired man in all Roosevelt's crew, past and present, used to be Morgenthau. But the other day, after listening to General Johnson over the radio, we made up our mind that we wouldn't trade one Morgenthau for three bushels of Johnsons, with a bunch of bananas thrown in—and we like bananas.

since with these properties would go those of the northern provinces of Iran (Persia), with the latter necessarily becoming another British colony.

But it is doubtful that such a campaign will ever succeed, if past history is any criterion. The armies of capitalist Europe failed in accomplishing this objective in 1919-1921, and there is every reason to believe that they will fail again the next time they try. Moreover, such a program could hardly meet with the approval of the United States, where the trend of internal oil production has been downward, reaching, for 1934, the lowest figure in twenty-eight years, or 59.72% of the world output. There is no question but that American oil interests would raise heaven and earth to stop the English from taking possession of the Near and Far Eastern oil lands.

Meanwhile Russia is leaving no stone unturned in preparing herself against any such possible aggression. In 1921 the Soviet government relinquished all rights in Northern Iran (Persia) which had been a Russian sphere of influence under the Czar. Friendly commercial relations have been fostered between the two governments, and while other nations eye the activities of the Communist Internationale within their own borders with apprehension, in Iran no communist propaganda exists. This genuine neighborliness between Iran and the U. S. S. R. is, of course, a constant threat to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, which has large holdings in Southern Iran, and the majority stock of which is held by British interests. Until recently the Anglo-Iranian has been the chief oil source of the British navy, but since the first of the year the new Iraq field has given Britain a valuable second string bow.

Russian relations with Turkey are likewise friendly and both countries cooperate closely in their military, commercial, and political activities. In 1922 the Soviet aided Turkey and her able dictator Mustafa Kemal Ataturk in the war against Greece, while the latter had the support of Great Britain. The cause of this conflict was the rich Mosul oil-fields, which finally fell into British hands despite the victory of the Turks.

The trail of oil leads in still other directions in Europe. One of the new major developments since the first of the year has been the oil flow from the wells of the Iraq Petroleum Company. Part of this new supply is being shipped to France in large quantities, thereby giving her an assured crude oil supply, since French capital holds 23 3/4% of the Iraq company shares. Rumania has felt this development keenly, because there has been a drastic decline in her oil shipments to France, formerly a large customer. Rumania is obliged to export 80% of her oil production, and petroleum forms from 30% to 40% of her total exports. The new Iraq production will therefore seriously affect Rumanian finances.

While the French purchases of the Rumanian product have been declining, Germany has been pursuing an aggressive petroleum policy. These circumstances have brought about a commercial agreement, during the first half of the present year, between Germany and Rumania, which contains a special provision allowing for the investment of German capital in this industry as well as in others. Since Rumania is a member of

Glenn Frank Offers Another Example of his "Flexible Intelligence," and Again Proves that he has a Mind as Good as Former President Hoover's.

"The culprits of capitalism are, after all, but a handful of malefactors in the crowded ranks of sincere and capable business men, industrialists and bankers. And, if we are not to go boldly and bodily over to fascism or to communism, it is to this vast body of sincere and capable business men, industrialists, and bankers that we must look to make capitalism again function for the creation of abundant new wealth. . . . With so much of the world under the spell of the new gospels of fascism and communism, it is important that the political leadership of the United States, once it has dealt decisively with the sins and sinners of capitalism, shall so restate the case for private enterprise that a truly popular passion for its preservation may be aroused and its honest leaders given a sense that they are serving a significant national end when they create great business and great industries that employ men and create wealth."

Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, addressing the Rotary Club of Chicago.

the Little Entente and in the past has been friendly to France, certain circles within the country have criticized this German-Rumanian commercial agreement, though economically it is beneficial to both countries. Hence there is a conflict in Rumania between the pro-Nazi and pro-French factions.

With the new shifting of forces caused by the Italo-Ethiopian situation, Germany may possibly stand in a new and increasingly strategic position. If Britain succeeds in smothering the flames of the rising Italo-Ethiopian conflict and localizing it, Germany will undoubtedly be faced only with the alternative of a mad adventure toward the East. On the other hand, if Italy becomes heavily involved in a long drawn-out Ethiopian campaign, not only may *Anschluss* be revived, in which event a general European conflict may follow, but a program for a renewal of the "drang nach Osten" policy may be aggressively undertaken.

From this it can be readily seen that black gold or oil may become a major irritant in another great war; but curiously enough this precious liquid also possesses certain healing qualities. An indication of these possibilities is illustrated in the reported negotiations for a pooling arrangement of Russian oil exports to be shared by Standard Oil, Royal Dutch-Shell, and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. If such an agreement is consummated it will unquestionably be a step toward world peace, despite Italy, Germany, or Japan, and likewise will draw the destinies of the United States and Russia into a closer harmony.

Thus oil may bring about the coöperation of the three great powers, the United States, Great Britain and the U. S. S. R. into a combination that will preserve world peace.

THE PARTITION OF GERMANY

by FERDINAND LUNDBERG

HITLER'S appeal for support from influential opinion abroad has been mainly that he saved Germany from Bolshevism. That he saved Central Europe from going Communist, that he is the bulwark against the expansion of Soviet Russia, has been the Nazi cry in seeking support for a Polish-German drive into the Ukraine in accordance with the fantastic Rosenberg memorandum presented by Germany at the London Economic Conference of 1933. This plan has the support of such people as Sir Henri Deterding, the British oil magnate, and William Randolph Hearst.

So vigorously has Nazi propaganda advanced the notion that it is either Hitler or Bolshevism in Germany that many presumably intelligent people have come to believe that the slogan exhausts the alternatives. Many persons who privately decry the Hitler methods nevertheless accept his government because they are not prepared to accept communism.

But there is a third solution of the "German problem" which the Nazis never advert to, even negatively. It is by far the most plausible, and in accord with the trend of European history. In brief, it involves the partition of Germany and the distribution of its main parts among the leading European powers and their satellites.

It may seem fantastic to speak of the partition of a great unified industrial power like Germany. But is it? Germany has been a unified nation only since 1866, so it may be argued that the historical precedent for a unified powerful Germany is extremely short. Austria-Hungary, unified for many centuries, was broken into its constituent parts after the World War. Poland, an ancient nation, was divided among three powers for more than a century and a quarter.

Partition, of course, is never a final solution. But in Europe there is a long tradition supporting the idea of partition whenever one nation moves out of step in relation to its neighbors. It is very dangerous for a European nation to isolate itself diplomatically, which is what Hitler Germany has very nearly done. And Germany, surrounded by other powers, is much more susceptible of being split up than any other big European nation.

Weimar Germany, at least, had an understanding with Soviet Russia, heeding Bismarck's advice to keep friendly with the East. Partly as a result of that understanding Germany was slowly gaining many diplomatic points from the war-time Allies, who may be blamed exclusively for the present desperate régime which has been established in Germany. Hitler Germany, at best, has only the tenuous support of England and the dubious blessing of Wall Street.

The present German régime dwindles down to a once powerful state in decay organizing for a last supreme effort on the battle-field against a united Europe. No nation of any importance in Europe today, except Germany, has anything to gain by a European war. With Germany it is a case

of gambling with war and diplomatic threats or reconciliation to a process of slow internal decomposition in an economy divorced from independent supplies of raw material.

The Hitler solution of expansion at the expense of Russia at first sight appears to be a threat to nobody except Soviet Russia, which has no real friends among the nations. Unfortunately for the Hitler government, it is realized in all the European chancelleries that after Germany and Poland once have their way with Russia (according to the Rosenberg plan) Germany would be in a position to dictate to France about the Balkans, about the Rhine frontier, and would be even strong enough to speak on equal terms with England in the matter of naval and air armaments.

Nobody can doubt any longer that Hitler will try to settle the issues on the battle-field, against a united front of all Europe if necessary. Some observers hold forth the possibility that Germany will be able to break the united front of the other powers, and will be able to detach at least one of them, possibly England, from the others.

Again, unfortunately for Hitler, he cannot succeed, because all have something to lose in a German aggression. Of course, if one assumes that England will sit back in neutrality while Germany tackles France and her Allies, one must concede some validity to the Hitler maneuvers. The truth is, however, that England can no longer afford to witness a fairly evenly balanced military contest in Europe. The experience of the last war showed (and one may be certain that the lesson was not lost upon the generally level-headed London foreign office) that any sort of a gigantic, evenly-balanced military contest with modern weapons spells disaster for England, whether she participates or not.

The economics of the situation alone would prevent England from sitting idly by while Europe shot itself to pieces. As a matter of plain economic self-preservation England must now place all her influence on the stronger side.

Disaster to France with her vast colonial empire would be disaster for England. If France became involved in a death-grapple with Germany, the smoldering nationalist movement in the French colonies would flare into flame, and would affect the natives in many of England's restless colonies. Any upset in the present European *status quo*—bad as that status may be—could only have international repercussions of the gravest import for England.

Quite obviously none of these considerations will deter the Hitler government, which is evidently proceeding on the basis of creating as much unrest as possible in Europe and elsewhere. It will not cease its agitation until it obtains what it wants: the restoration of its colonies, *Anschluss* with Austria, the return of various continental territories like Eupen-Malmedy, Schleswig-Holstein, Memel, and Danzig. The surrounding European Powers, on the other hand, quite as obviously, have no intention of acceding to any

of these demands, cannot accede to them without causing serious dissension among themselves.

What, then, does Hitler Germany face? She faces war, and is preparing for war against a united Europe, a Europe which becomes more and more closely knit diplomatically with every fresh German outrage, with every fresh plot against the internal peace and order of surrounding states. In such a war Hitler Germany will inevitably be defeated, but this prospect is hardly a deterrent for the government now in power in Germany, which realizes that it also faces defeat by simply sitting still and contemplating the nation's economic decay.

What will happen after Hitler Germany is defeated by a united Europe, by a Europe which Hitler himself has united even more than he has united Germany? Will Bolshevism then sweep Germany? This is what the Hitler propagandists say to frighten conservative opinion throughout the world.

A Bolshevik Germany laden with industrial equipment and united with a Bolshevik Russia in possession of unlimited raw materials—that is indeed a spectre for conservatives.

Most of Europe would then undoubtedly become communistic, and perhaps that is what history has in store for the world in the next century.

But as an immediate possibility this alternative may be rejected because upwards of twenty powers would participate in the war against Hitler Germany and would exert every pressure conceivable to prevent such a development. Bulgaria, Poland, and Hungary are the only possible allies for Germany, and both are negligible military assets. Nor could Germany hope for assistance from Japan, who would be more likely to wait for a general European embroilment to seize additional Asiatic territories, possibly more of China, the Dutch East Indies, and the Philippines.

The nuances of history afford much material for ironical reflection. Today we find Soviet Russia united with capitalist Europe to prevent a revival of capitalist Germany, which the Soviets correctly view as a gun aimed at themselves primarily. However, after a united Europe has crushed the fascist state in Germany the Soviets may be counted upon to resist a typically capitalist solution, which would be, and could only be, the partition of Germany and the distribution of her constituent parts among the anti-Hitler powers.

But unless the power of Soviet Russia has increased very much by then we may be sure that the European capitalist coalition will have its way in bringing about the partition.

(Continued on page 14)

MUSSOLINI got the trains running on scheduled time, cleaned up the streets, and chased the beggars off them. These are the only fruits of his fourteen years of power. Thus it is seen that the necessary qualities of a fascist dictator are to possess the geniuses of a signal-man, a street-cleaner, and a cop.

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Have Athletes Minds?

NEEDLESS to say, we are opposed to American participation in the Olympic games in Berlin next year. Our participation, in the words of Jeremiah T. Mahoney, president of the United States Amateur Athletic Union, would imply "the tacit approval of all that the swastika symbolizes." Nazi sport, like everything else Nazi, is shot through with a race hatred that should shock all Americans, including former military men and athletes.

But apparently the good Lord did not choose to endow the latter two classes of people with the quality of high-mindedness. A large section of American amateur athletes, inspired by their leaders who include several ex-Army men, see nothing indecent in competing with the athletes of a nation where terrorism, exile, and murder are employed daily, with governmental sanction, in the endeavor to purge the country of non-Aryan influences. We cannot help people who feel this way. They are beyond the reach of intelligent argument.

Why are athletes and soldiers, as groups, so dumb? Is it because their occupations make so little sense to rational people? Whatever the reason, the facts are plain enough. With the possible exception of Caesar, Napoleon, and one or two others, all the generals and admirals of recorded history down to date form a group which in mentality is little distinguishable from a Republican national committee. Frederick the Great, the legend in the school books says, was a very wise man, but Voltaire, who knew him well, confided to his note-books that he could barely stand his twaddle. General Grant's record outside the Army is well-known. As President he was a disgrace.

Von Hindenburg knew so little about the world and about his own country that those closest to him in Neudeck were in daily terror that he would say or write something that would shame a cretin. He finally did succumb to Hitler. General Ludendorff has been in intimate communication with dragons and elfs for nearly twenty years. As for Foch, consult the war books of Clemenceau, who could smell a fool many miles away. As for our own General Pershing, consult the memoirs of General Peyton March, once chief of staff of the United States Army. And as for the loud-mouthed General Hugh Johnson, consult your daily newspaper. The rule seems to be that once a soldier always a goof.

The same rule apparently applies to athletes. We do not recall a single remark of any athlete from the beginning of time that bears repeating for its intellectual content. Had their managers, a shrewd group of high-jacking business men, allowed them to act

and talk as their instincts propelled them, they would have shocked even their fans. There have been, of course, exceptions, but most of them have been easy bait for every crook, faker, and mercenary woman.

We are therefore not surprised at the number of American athletes who see nothing wrong in our participation in the Olympic games in Berlin next year. We only wish to remind them that if they go to the games they will be representing nobody but themselves. Most decent and intelligent Americans will look upon them with scorn.

Jimmy Walker and the Dizzy Twenties

FOR the past ten or fifteen minutes we've been trying to work up a hate for Jimmy Walker, but we find we can't. So, taking one consideration with another, we are rather glad that his home-coming was marked by hand-clasps instead of hand-cuffs. Certainly he has as much right to be among us as have Charles E. Mitchell and Albert H. Wiggin, late of the National City and Chase National Banks respectively. And we noticed enough in his manner in the news-reels to feel that Jimmy really meant it when he said that he was a very tired man and through with public life, and we haven't the heart to rake up old scores.

Jimmy's return from his three years of self-imposed exile recalls to us a now half-mythical period in the national life, the Dizzy Twenties. No truly satisfactory explanation for it has yet been offered, except the very obvious and profound one that a country, like an individual, goes insane every so often, and that there is nothing to be done about this insanity but to wait till it peters out. All sorts of quakeries were in the air. Everybody seemed to believe that continuous intoxication was a state of bliss, that cohabitation with a large variety of the opposite sex was the sure road to the solution of all the problems of the world, that capitalism was the guardian angel of the heavy laden and sore beset, that the works of Anita Loos, Thornton Wilder, Will Durant, and Walter Lippmann were the real American literature and philosophy, that it was much smarter to laugh at the antics of primitive Baptists and Methodists than to read Thorstein Veblen and Herman Melville, and that the height of good taste was to take your mistress to dinner with your wife.

The country was in a welter of fraud surrounded by tinsel, with three little, preposterous men in the White House—Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover—setting the pace of what future historians will probably consider as the first great American bacchanalia. So deep was the stupor engendered that when the entire economic structure of the nation collapsed in 1929 for all to see, our best minds, including the President of the United States and his Secretary of the Treasury, rushed to deny it. Soon there were bread-lines everywhere, and we were heading straight for the abyss of economic despair. We are still heading that way, for the New Deal is now admitted by all to be a colossal failure. What the future holds in store for us is the guess of any well-informed pessimist.

But even though we are in the grip of economic despair, the sleazy enchantments of

the Dizzy Twenties continue to have power over us, in accordance with the psychological rule that what the mind and the senses have tasted the imagination retains long after we have lost the means to satisfy them. We are still as cheap and shabby a people as we were then, but now we have also become desperate, and our despondency has naturally bred childish romanticism and sentimentalism. This probably helps to explain the strong hold of so flabby, sickly, and boring a book as "Anthony Adverse" upon the nation.

Perhaps it also helps to explain the great change which has come into the life of Jimmy Walker. His own and his wife's public statements that they will hereafter embrace the old virtues have the ring of desperate honesty in them, and that ring is but an echo of what is going on in nearly every home in the land. It does not bespeak a proud and vigorous people, but one terribly bewildered and appallingly lacking in resources. Jimmy Walker was the epitome and flower of the Dizzy Twenties, and his collapse symbolizes perfectly the fate which has overtaken the nation as a whole.

The Greek Comedy

THE return of George II to his throne in Greece is full of international humors. He hasn't a drop of Greek blood in his veins, and in the brief period of his previous reign he proved himself to be utterly incompetent. Apparently he did not want to go back. He preferred roulette in Paris and playing with dowagers in England, and his pride was sufficiently salved by the annual invitation King George V extended to him to have tea at Buckingham.

But the English Foreign Office had different ideas for him. They wanted another strong naval base in the Mediterranean for the next World War, and troubled Greece, heavily in debt to England, seemed like a good country to annex for that purpose, but in 1935 robbery of this sort has to be done a bit more smoothly than in the last century. For a while the British thought of working up in the Greek people a passion to have the Duke of Kent as their King. This accounts for the marriage of the Greek Princess Marina to him a little over a year ago. The British Foreign Office figured that if the Kent deal didn't go through, they would at least have the exiled George II sewed up, for Marina is his cousin.

The deal didn't go through, George II has been "elected" back to the throne, and everything is fine for Britain. The international amenities of the modern world have been scrupulously adhered to, and Greece is as good as a colony of the English crown. You may be sure that if there are hostilities in the near future between England and Italy, England's request to use the Greek ports as naval bases will be immediately granted. Meanwhile, the one man who did more for Greece than anybody else in the last fifty years, former Premier Venizelos, a sworn enemy of the monarchy, is in exile with a judgment of death upon his head. Perhaps this is what Colonel Edward M. House meant when he said recently over the radio that "today there is a new order of international morals."

BOOKS

by Charles Angoff

Sinclair Lewis's Latest Novel

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE, by Sinclair Lewis. \$2.50. Doubleday, Doran & Company: New York.

MR. LEWIS'S new novel is not quite so poor as "Work of Art" or "Ann Vickers," but it is feeble enough. There is not a single integrated and wholly credible character in it, the attempts at humor and profundity are very embarrassing, the writing is sloppy, and the analysis of contemporary American politics and economics displays vast gaps of knowledge and insight. The central thesis of Mr. Lewis is that fascism can happen in America, and he is obviously in violent opposition to everything it stands for, as all decent people are. But it is one thing to be on the intelligent side of a major public question and another thing to transform that conviction imaginatively into a powerful novel. Harriet Beecher Stowe was probably on the right side of the slavery issue, but no one now claims that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has any artistic value.

The story proper of "It Can't Happen Here" is very simple. Doremus Jessup is the bourgeois liberal editor of the Fort Beulah, Vermont, *Daily Informer*. It is spring, 1936, and everybody is talking about the coming presidential nominations and elections. One of Jessup's cronies brings up the matter of fascism in America, but the editor dismisses it with the remark that it simply can't happen here. In a few weeks it does happen. Senator Berzelius Windrip—a close resemblance to the late Senator Huey Long—a resounding demagogue, head of the League of Forgotten Men, and "author" of "Zero Hour—Over the Top," is elected President.

Before long the country is swarming with Minute Men, composed of the lowest elements in the population, who turn the United States into a Hitler Germany. There are concentration camps, protective arrests, questionings, book burnings, etc. Jessup loses his paper because of his unwillingness to string along with Windrip's Corpo (Fascist) régime, and in short order he is hurled into a concentration camp for writing illegal anti-Corpo leaflets.

An old admirer, Lorinda Pike, helps him to escape to Canada, where he immediately joins the American exiles who are conspiring against Windrip. The Corpo state soon shakes with scandal and jealousy, Windrip is exiled, two other gangsters capture the government, some of the Middle Western states revolt, and Jessup is sent into the United States to do underground work in the West. For that he becomes William Barton Dobbs, representative of the Des Moines Combine and Up-to-Date Implement Company. The Corps get wind of him, and he is on the run again. "And still Doremus goes on in the red sunrise, for a Doremus Jessup can never die."

Mr. Lewis has plainly transferred what

he has read or heard about Hitler Germany to the United States. He should have given closer study to the American scene. His analysis of the fascist forces at work among us says much too little about the intricate machinations of finance capital. The revelations of the Congressional investigations into "un-American" activities among us seems to have escaped Mr. Lewis completely. He also betrays very little knowledge of the rôle of the Catholic Church in our public life. It has tremendous investments in American industries, has been openly anti-labor on innumerable occasions, and would probably acquiesce to a fascist dictatorship as easily as the Church did in Austria and Spain.

Mr. Lewis's descriptions of several of the Corpo activities, personalities, and writings seem plausible enough, particularly his excerpts from Windrip's "Zero Hour." And as always, his ear for the conversation of shabby Americans is almost perfect. The cogitations of District Commissioner Effingham Swan probably form an appallingly accurate advance report of what the likes of him are to be when and if fascism comes to America. But as an individual he does not seem credible. Neither does Jessup, nor Windrip, nor any of the other characters in the volume.

The one love affair, that between Jessup and Lorinda Pike, seems dragged into the book for no other reason than Mr. Lewis's apparent belief that a little adultery would make Jessup seem more real. Perhaps it would, but surely adultery needs a more logical explanation than the mere say-so of Mr. Lewis. As for the other members of Jessup's household—Emma, his wife, Sissy and Mary, his daughters, and Julian, Sissy's sweetheart—they are all stock *Saturday Evening Post* characters.

Mr. Lewis's attempts at philosophizing never go beyond this banality: "Holidays were invented by the devil, to coax people into the heresy that happiness can be won by taking thought." His essays into the realm of humor and satire are even less successful. The onslaught begins on page 2 with this sophomoricism: "... the Flag, the Constitution, the Bible and all other peculiarly American institutions." Thirteen pages later there is another: "[Fort Beulah] was a town of perhaps ten thousand souls, inhabiting about twenty thousand bodies—the proportion of soul-possession may be too high." On page 33 there is a reference to the "Republican standard-bearer—meaning the one man who never has to lug a large, bothersome, and somewhat ridiculous standard."

There is a lot more callow stuff like this, but the most shocking involves the family dog Foolish. Doremus was very gloomy on hearing of Windrip's nomination as Democratic candidate for President, and Mr. Lewis immediately adds, "so possibly was the dog Foolish, as well, for at the turning off of the radio he tail-thumped in only the most tentative way." When Doremus's grandson David was alternately crying and going back to sleep, "Foolish woke up to cough inquiringly and returned to his dream of rabbiting." On another occasion, when Doremus was particularly concerned about the fate of the United States, "Foolish started, snorted, looked offended but, catching the spirit of the moment, comfortably laid

a paw on Doremus's knee and insisted on shaking hands, over and over, as gravely as a Venetian senator or an undertaker." One afternoon Buck, Mary, David, and Foolish took a walk through Burlington, "where none of them were [sic] known—though a number of dogs, city slickers and probably con-dogs, insisted to the rustic and embarrassed Foolish that they had met him somewhere." This is the writing of America's first Nobel Prize Winner in literature!

"It Can't Happen Here," as a novel of character and of situation, has almost no standing whatever. At best it is no more than table-talk, and mostly boring table-talk. Mr. Lewis is to be commended for his choice of a lively and important theme, but he did not have the knowledge, the full-blown maturity, and the artistic skill to execute it effectively. Whether or not it will influence the country against the fascist menace I don't know. That remains to be seen. It's an irrelevant question anyway. A bad book is a bad book no matter what influence it has on public affairs.

Bertrand Russell's Innocence

IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS, by Bertrand Russell. \$2.50. W. W. Norton & Company: New York.

THERE are fifteen essays here on such subjects as idleness, the soul, fascism, youthful cynicism, comets, socialism, stoicism, insects, education, and architecture. Some of the essays have previously appeared in *Harpers*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Outlook*, and the *New Statesmen and Nation*. Old readers of Mr. Russell will find nothing fresh in them, and new readers will find that he has little to say that is truly enlightening. He thinks that "a great deal of harm is being done in the modern world by the belief in the virtuousness of work, and that the road to happiness and prosperity lies in an organized diminution of work"; that "leisure is essential to civilization"; that "men as well as children have need of play"; that "useless" knowledge "promotes a contemplative habit of mind"; that "the communal element" in architecture would be a boon to wives; and that "uniformity in matters of thought and opinion" is "dangerous."

This sort of stuff is surely not nonsense, but what virtue is there in repeating at this late date, even in the simplest and clearest English, that two and two make four? Since Mr. Russell has given up his researches in symbolic logic and epistemology, to both of which he made ponderable contributions, he has had less and less to say to intelligent people.

He is the perennial novice in sociological speculation, and what seems like an exciting discovery to him is generally a truism to most of his audience. His well-composed and industrious innocence in the fields of politics and economics might be helpful to the readers of the sensational and backwoods press, but does Mr. Russell want to end his days as another Dr. Frank Crane? His writings during the past fifteen years have greatly embarrassed those of us who found so much genuine profundity in "Principia Mathematica" and "Mysticism and Logic."

THE BOY SCOUTS PREPARE FOR WAR

(Continued from page 1)

SCOUT TRAINING MAKES GOOD SOLDIERS

The military authorities have always characterized the fundamentals which are covered by the Scouting program as essential for those who take up military life as well as for those in industrial, commercial, or professional pursuits. In preparing our new army, as much emphasis is placed upon the importance of this character of training as is given to proficiency in the manual of arms and the use of the rifle. . . .

Technical military training and rifle practice when given under the direction of the U. S. Army, Navy, Marine Corps and our State National Guard officials is comparatively easy to acquire by any young man 18 years of age and over. If he has had a training equivalent to what is given by the program of the Boy Scouts of America, his progress is more rapid and he is more effective as a soldier or sailor. According to military authorities, the preparatory training given by the Boy Scouts of America is of the greatest practical value to those who enter military service and all boys should have it.

EXPERT OPINION

The Boy Scouts of America has purposely been promoted as an organization which is neither military nor anti-military, as militarism is commonly understood, because it is the consensus of opinion of educators as well as military authorities that other features of our program are more important for the proper development of the adolescent boy—even in times like the present, when it may be expected that a large proportion of Scouts will be called into active military service as they reach maturity.

SCOUT TRAINING IN THE ARMY

Indeed, in the training of our great new army, the military authorities find it essential to give preparatory training along lines which practically parallel the Scouting program.

The testimony of military experts to the effect that the program of the Boy Scouts of America is the best kind of preparatory work recognizes that physical fitness, proper attitude of mind and a sense of discipline are as fundamentally essential to make a good citizen as to make a good soldier.

Among the military authorities who, according to this extremely enlightening document, have testified that "the preparatory training given by the Boy Scouts of America is of the greatest practical value to those who enter military service," are Major-General Hugh L. Scott and Major-General Leonard Wood.

Major-General Scott: "The necessary elementary instruction that every young American should have in order to be prepared to play his part in the national defense can be obtained by his work in the Boy Scouts of America."

Major-General Leonard Wood: "I consider the work of Scoutmasters a patriotic duty of great importance toward building up a spirit of national solidarity. The Boy Scout movement tends to make a self-reliant boy, one capable of taking care of himself in the open. It also teaches sound morals, encourages patriotism and imparts a certain amount of discipline, in short, it does a great deal to prepare boys to take up their military work; indeed, the training covers many things which it is most important soldiers should know."

Obviously, then, it would be absurdly unnecessary to introduce military paraphernalia into Scouting when far better militaristic results can be obtained without such paraphernalia. (It should be noted that during the World War the Military Training Commission of New York State officially accepted the program of the Boy Scouts of America as giving training "equivalent in value" to that which was being given under the Commission and accepted "active membership in the Boy Scouts of America as compliance with all of the regulations which have been adopted because of the compul-

sory military training law in the State of New York for boys between the ages of 16 and 19.") Besides, explains "Policies and Regulations of the Boy Scouts of America, A Series of Interpretations, No. 1: Technical Military Training and Use of Firearms":

To add the rifle to the equipment of the Boy Scouts of America would mean a policy of questionable value, according to military experts, and would involve problems which none of the leaders of the Boy Scouts of America have thus far been able to find ways and means of adequately handling. . . .

Under these conditions the Boy Scouts of America have proceeded on the theory of doing the things which were most serviceable for the character development and citizenship training of the boy and of the greatest service to the state and the union. The wisdom of this course in the last eight years from a purely military point of view is fully justified by the splendid support of General Pershing and other military and naval authorities, under whom over 100,000 former Scouts and Scout officials are now doing active military service.

The Boy Scouts of America have at all times encouraged marksmanship and the use of firearms under proper supervision. Indeed, from the very start a merit badge for proficiency in marksmanship has been offered, stipulating, however, that all practice and the test for this merit badge must be on an approved rifle range under adequate supervision. This condition reveals the basis of concern on the part of the Boy Scouts of America with reference to the use of firearms.

In view of the fundamental unity of interests of the United States Army and the Boy Scouts of America it is perhaps only natural that there should be an intimate relationship between them—but should not the country be informed of this happy circumstance? It is not generally known that Army and Navy officers have been expressly and officially invited to become Scoutmasters. A resolution passed by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America at its 1923 meeting formally urged Army and Navy officers to extend "their cooperation in the future to an even greater degree." The text of this resolution, which was forwarded to General Pershing, reads as follows:

Whereas, the Boy Scouts of America is non-military in spirit and in program.

And whereas, for this reason Officers and Former Officers of the Military Establishment have in spite of their genuine desire to do so, expressed a hesitancy to serve as Scout leaders for fear that such connection might create a public misapprehension.

Be it resolved, that we re-affirm at this time our policy that the Scout program is and shall continue non-military, although encouraging at all times the virtues of courage, loyalty, obedience, and endurance; qualities that are no less desirable in civic than in military life.

And it is further resolved, that we express sincere appreciation for the splendid cooperation which has been given us by the officers of the Army and Navy and by members and Posts of the American Legion and others in military and naval service and express hope that we shall continue to enjoy their cooperation in the future to an ever greater degree.

General Pershing lost little time in assuring Chief Scout Executive James E. West that both he and the Secretary of War "should be glad to see members of the Army everywhere take such active part in Scouting as official duties and local conditions permit." I quote from Pershing's letter to West:

Having kept in close touch with the work of the Boy Scouts, I thoroughly approve of its object for the good it does the boy, and further, I approve of it as a soldier for the good it does to those who may be called upon to serve as our future defenders, and finally, as an American citizen I approve of it for the training it gives in preparing the boy to be a worthy citizen of his country.

I feel that it is a distinct recognition of the high qualifications of Army men to be asked to participate in a movement which has accomplished so much for the youth of the land and which has so

(Continued on next page)

"...you just can't lump it"

"The American theatre," says Robert Garland of the *New York World-Telegram*, "tired of wasting its time on the tired business man, has turned definitely to the left. Nowhere is that current trend more capably handled, more thoroughly discussed, more alertly projected, than in *NEW THEATRE*. You may not always like everything *NEW THEATRE* has to say, but you just can't lump it."

"If we want to keep abreast of the living theatre," writes Harry Hansen of the *World-Telegram*, "we cannot ignore *NEW THEATRE*—it is virile and challenging."

"The Broadway theatre has no program and no convictions; and in the midst of a vast social upheaval it has no comment to make," says Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times*. . . . "The theatre of the Left is becoming increasingly dynamic and is no longer a skirmish on the fringe of the theatre . . . it knows where it intends to go and it does not doubt its ability to get there . . . it is ably served by *NEW THEATRE* magazine which is edited with professional skill and publishes excellent dramatic material."

20,000 readers agree with these *New York* critics that *NEW THEATRE* is vigorous and important—stimulating reading for anyone interested in the theatre, film and dance.

20,000 readers know *NEW THEATRE* as the "scoop" theatre magazine because it publishes vital material on the theatre arts long before others are aware that such material exists. *NEW THEATRE*, for instance, published the complete text of *Waiting for Lefty* two months before its Broadway production.

20,000 readers admire *NEW THEATRE*'s enterprise and courage in reporting Hollywood stories too charged with dynamite for other publications to touch. Such stories as *Louella Parsons: Hearst's Hollywood* *Stooge* have won us the admiration of hundreds of film workers and the hatred of a handful of movie moguls.

We think that you as a reader of *The American Spectator* will enjoy every page of *NEW THEATRE*. To make it easy for you to get it every month, we are offering a special 8 months' subscription for only \$1.00. The coupon below and a one dollar bill will bring you *NEW THEATRE* every month until June, 1936. Mail it NOW!

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(Continued from preceding page)

much of promise for the future.

The Secretary of War, with whom I have discussed the matter, joins me in hoping you may find many Army men who will appreciate and take advantage of this opportunity to become useful workers in a great undertaking.

This letter, copies of which were transmitted by the office of the General Staff to the various branches of the Army, was received by Army officers as formal recommendation to become Scoutmasters and has since constituted the Army's policy toward the Boy Scouts of America.

Suggested the *Army and Navy Register* of November 10, 1923:

Take an active part in the community Boy Scout movement. If there are no Boy Scouts, do what you can to get the movement under way.

The U. S. Air Service of July, 1923, expressed a similar opinion.

The concern expressed by the U. S. Air Service about the future aviators of America may help explain why such outstanding aviation figures as Commander Rosendahl of the dirigible *Los Angeles* have gone out of their way to interest Scouts in aviation. To Commander Rosendahl goes the distinction of being one of the first successfully to start a group of Boy Scouts on the "air-minded road." Arthur Brisbane pointed with patriotic pride in his column "Today" on March 4, 1926:

At Lakehurst yesterday a group of forty Boy Scouts from Monmouth County organization established the first Boy Scout contact with aviation.

Commander Rosendahl of the *Los Angeles* arranged to start the Scouts on the "air-minded" road. Commander Starr of the Foreign War Veterans drills the boys, and they are proud of their teacher, knowing that he has made more than one hundred parachute jumps.

To recruit fliers of the future among Boy Scout organizations is a good idea. A million boys of today will be fliers twenty years hence.

To the Boy Scouts of Fredericksburg, Virginia, goes the distinction of being, according to a N. Y. Times report, the first group of Boy Scouts to have the privilege of training under an armed branch of the government. Let the N. Y. Times dispatch put the matter in its impartial way:

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., July 25, (1925)—The Fredericksburg Troop of Boy Scouts will establish a record which every other troop of Boy Scouts in America undoubtedly will hope to equal when it goes into camp today at Quantico, Va., with the United States Marines themselves. The Fredericksburg Troop of Boy Scouts will be in camp with the Marines for ten days until Aug. 4. . . .

In throwing open the Marine Base at Quantico the commanding officers of the corps will extend to the Scouts the privileges and conveniences of the Marines. General Eli Cole, commanding officer of the Quantico base, was quick to see an opportunity for broadening the usefulness and scope of the Marine Corps. . . .

Daily the Scouts will be instructed in drill, setting-up exercises, and they are going to get instruction also in flying airships and repairing the flying machines by members of the Aviation Department, who, however, will not take Scouts on actual flights. Everything except food will be free.

The Fredericksburg Troop is the first in the history of the organization to be taken under the wing of an armed branch of the government for summer encampment instruction. Announcement is made that the same privileges will be accorded to any other groups of Boy Scouts who can arrange to go to Quantico in groups of fifty.

It is conceivable that invitations to Scout troops to visit Army camps and forts are motivated by a desire on the part of paternalistic officers to give the youngsters a good

(Continued on next page)

The Horrors of Modern War

A graphic, documented, detailed article describing how men die individual deaths in battle

THE DIGEST AND REVIEW publishes in the December issue *The Horrors of War*, an article of extraordinary importance to every man, woman and child in the United States.

The article has been written exclusively for DIGEST AND REVIEW. It is the result of long, painstaking research. It concerns a problem which is primary in the minds of all of us. There can be no question that the furor aroused by this essay will have far-reaching results, may, in fact, vitally alter the destiny of American policies.

The Horrors of Modern War is the story of War. Not the war that we see in the movies. Not the war that newspapers write about. Not the war of patriotic organizations. This is the war of men who died in it. This is the story of their individual deaths. It tells of their minutest agonies when hit by new-type bullets that explode when they strike the victim, mangling and irreparably shattering a radius of six inches of flesh and bone; and of incendiary bullets that set fire to the clothing and make of a human being a charred hulk resembling a burnt log. It tells of noses sawed off, and of bodies—live bodies—dangling by a piece of gut. Of funeral pyres whose fuel is living civilians. Each shriek, each stench, each pain, is documented.

Perhaps the article is "too strong." Perhaps you will not be able to stomach this cool summary of death in its various forms. But this is not the time for compromise. Better that disillusion shall come before a war than with it.

The manuscript of *The Horrors of War* was presented to several American editors before publication. They have been united in calling it the grimmest, but at the same time the most vivid document of its kind ever written. It will appear in no other American publication.

Other Features

An article by Major General Smedley D. Butler—"Who Are the War-Makers?" reveals what goes on behind the scenes in the army. General Butler mentions names when he states how the army is preparing fascism for the U. S. Exposes the role of General MacArthur in getting the biggest appropriation in history for the army—and rendering the army useless at the same time.

Heywood Brown tells what he thinks of radio, radio sponsors, and their methods. "A sponsor," says Mr. Brown, "is a man who thinks that toothpaste can be made a thrilling theme for listeners." The article is full of laughs and sound advice to the moguls of radio.

Why Fiction Characters Are Fakes.

An author reveals the sad conditions under which he must write—conditions which stereotype both him and his characters.

What America Is Thinking—by James Rorty—a poet-reporter tells what he heard and saw on one of the most eventful trips any man ever made through the U. S.

Is It Human Nature? By Dr. Mark Craubard. Must we be the way we are? Human nature isn't at all what you have suspected it is. Dr. Craubard has the most interesting and revealing things to say on the subject that have yet been said.

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time, but the following account in the Portland (Maine) Press Herald of July 9, 1925, hints of something less altruistic:

Yesterday was a big day for the Boy Scouts of Portland and vicinity. In fact, it was probably the most important day in their young lives with the possible exception of the rodeo and annual outing. All day, the Scouts were the guests of Colonel George E. Fogg and the 240th Coast Artillery, Maine National Guard, which is now on its two weeks' tour of duty at Fort Williams.

The Scouts were here, and there, and everywhere over the grounds. They were given the freedom of the entire fortification, and they proceeded to take in every nameable thing of interest. They climbed the ladder leading to the massive flag pole and scrambled over the big 10 and 12 inch guns and other batteries.

Taking as an illustration the motto of the Scouts, "Be Prepared," Colonel Fogg told the Scouts that both the National Guard and the Boy Scouts had a great deal in common, and that both organizations were carrying out the principles of this motto.

The guardsmen, he said, were actually working out this motto through their tours of duty and other drills, and that they were preparing not only to serve as protectors against any possible invaders, but also to be ready for any emergency that might arise. They are also being prepared, Colonel Fogg said, as the Scouts are, along the lines of better citizenship and service to mankind.

It was no doubt with an appreciation of the many militaristic characteristics of the Boy Scout movement that the editors of the manual "Military and Naval America" listed the Boy Scouts as a "semi-military organization" which is "instilling a love of country and the flag and a willingness to fight for them if need be."

And no doubt a similar "love of country and the flag and a willingness to fight for them if need be" has stirred the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars into sponsoring Scout troops throughout the country, but there remains something unseemly about the close relationship of the Boy Scouts of America—which is, after all, as every Scout official and document asserts, a non-military organization—with two of the most militaristic groups in the country. According to a statement credited to Paul McNutt, then national commander of the American Legion, by the Iowa Legionaire of March 8, 1929, some 3,000 Legion Posts were in that year sponsoring Boy Scout troops and more than 7,000 Legionaires were themselves acting as Scoutmasters. It was an awareness of these facts that inspired the Junior Legion movement, which draws a large portion of its membership from the Scouts.

In accordance with a plan and organization approved by the American Legion in 1924 each convention annually "reaffirms the policy of coöperation with the Boy Scouts of America and urges all departments and posts to include this activity as an integral part of the Legion's program." Under this policy, American Legion Posts organize Scout troops in communities where none exist, recruit additional troops where Scout troops already exist, inculcate in Scouts everywhere the American Legion brand of love for country, and urge Legion members to attend Scout leaders' training courses and to assume active Scout leadership.

An organization born of war, intent upon disciplining young people along militaristic and patriotic lines, coddled by the Army, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, chambers of commerce, and simi-

THE PARTITION OF GERMANY

(Continued from page 9)

tion of the Third Reich. Such a solution would, indeed, probably be a guarantee for Soviet Russia against future aggression by a united Europe, which would have all it could do to assimilate Germany and keep the inevitable German nationalist movement under control.

What general lines would the partition of Germany follow? France would probably move up to the Rhine at every point and might even take over the Ruhr, perhaps transferring some of her own colonies to England as a *quid pro quo* unless England could be induced to return to the continent. The latter is unlikely, but England has had continental European possessions before. Should England return to the continent she might assume mandates or protectorates over the North German ports and the Baltic ports, which would be of immense value to the British maritime industry and would enable Britain to monopolize the trans-oceanic business for most of Northern Europe. An additional slice of Germany could be transferred to Denmark, which received Schleswig-Holstein as a result of the last war, although she did not participate in it. Holland, too, could be requested to assume responsibility for a slice of German territory whether Holland was involved or not in the war.

East Prussia could be allocated to Russia, Lithuania and Latvia as partial recompense for participation in the war of subduing Germany. Poland could be given the balance of Silesia and perhaps more German territory to the west. Czechoslovakia could also take a slice of German territory. The movement to revive Austria-Hungary under French and Catholic auspices, with the Hapsburgs returned to the throne, could be expedited. This movement in its present form looks to the appropriation of Catholic Bavaria from Germany. The restoration of the Hapsburg legitimists is at present opposed by the former constituent parts of the empire, but how strong this opposition would continue to be in the face of inducements taking the form of additional territory for all is questionable.

Unless Italy were given a good slice of Austria it is difficult to see what territorial expansion would fall to the lot of Italy as a result of the partition of Germany. But France has many colonial possessions with which to reimburse Italy for participation in a general war against Germany, and Italy, by reason of her position, might hope to obtain commercial concessions throughout the

lar groups and interests which observe uneasily the current widespread unrest and discontent with conditions that are becoming increasingly worse—such an organization, if manipulated as have the youth organizations of Germany, Austria and Italy, can undoubtedly serve as a useful weapon of reaction in times such as these. In recently addressing the Boy Scouts of America, Colonel William J. Donovan, World War commander of the Sixty-ninth Regiment and former assistant to the Attorney General, ominously declared, according to the New York Times of May 17, 1932:

It is no uncommon thing today to have people say it will not be long before we are threatened

Balkans. Then, there is always Ethiopia.

Very possibly, to speak thus of the partition of Germany—for centuries the cultural cradle of Europe—may appear to some people as ridiculous. However, in the heyday of its cultural ascent Germany was not a unified political state. The partition of Germany would not be synonymous with the decay of German culture. Indeed, that culture might become even stronger if partition led to the economic revival of Europe, as it might well do by giving all the surrounding powers, themselves beset by economic problems, more territories, however expensive it might be to garrison them.

As a result of such a partition Germany would consist solely of a truncated Prussia, which could be ruled by an Allied commission and which could be severely penalized in various ways for overt nationalistic actions. All the powers, partners in the "Crime of Partition," would have reason for hanging together and preserving the new *status quo*.

The dismemberment of Germany would complete the process begun in the World War, which saw the dismemberment of Turkey, of the proud Austro-Hungarian empire, and the partial dismemberment of the German Empire. The forces which began the process of dismemberment are still in operation and have been re-awakened to a considerable extent by the Hitler dream of a great Teutonic empire, which seems so much like a nightmare to the rest of Europe.

In the event a united Europe does not succeed in easily subduing the Third Reich, in the event German diplomacy detaches some forces from the Allies and succeeds in making the war a generally devastating affair, there is only one possible result: social revolution throughout Europe. Looking back on the stormy events succeeding the last war one cannot lose sight of the fact that there is also a revolutionary process gnawing at the vitals of ancient Europe.

WE are very happy to hear the report that the German ambassador, Dr. Luther, is to be recalled, and we hope that Hitler sends in his place a real Nazi, for the good Doctor appears to be a secret friend of the old Germany. What we would like to see is a genuine Nazi ambassador in Washington who would talk good Nazi language; a fellow who would mix among the lowest elements of the German population in this country; who, when the swastika is again torn down would make a hoodlum out of himself like Goebbels or Goering. What we're driving at is that we in America haven't seen anything yet in the way of first-class Nazi hoop-la, and that it will take a 100% Nazi ambassador to start it. Then, we hope, even General Sherrill will see the light.

with revolution. If we have to meet revolution, it will be easier than to meet the process of disintegration of our moral fibre as we meet the challenge. . . . If civilization is not sound and we are set for destruction, don't let us go down like slaves to a dungeon, but like real people with our fists in the air ready to fight to the end.

Colonel Donovan went on to advocate, according to the New York Times, "an organization within the civil ranks of the citizenship of the country similar to the non-commissioned officers in military organizations, 'to hold together until a leader is needed.'" These words addressed to the Boy Scouts of America contain a very real warning of the probable utilization of the Scouts during a period of reaction.

THE PROGRESSIVES STORM THE A. F. OF L.

by CARL REEVE

THE deliberations of the last American Federation of Labor convention were suddenly interrupted by what the press termed a "riot." Chairs and tables were scattered as fists flew in the spacious Westminster Ballroom of the palatial Chelsea Hotel on Atlantic City's boardwalk. Vice-president of the A. F. of L. John L. Lewis got in a hard right and a left to Vice-president William L. Hutcheson's face. Hutcheson, president of the Carpenters Union, was escorted from the hall with his face dripping blood. John L. Lewis, head of the Coal Miners Union, chewing a cigar, adjusted his torn shirt. Order was finally restored and the stormy debate proceeded.

This violent eruption was but a culminating point in the clash between two principles of organization which had occupied most of the attention of the delegates during two weeks of discussion. On the one side were those who demanded a campaign to organize the workers in the basic, mass production industries. These progressive forces said that only on the basis of industrial unions could the A. F. of L. be built. They pointed to the records of the past year, where little progress was made in building the auto, rubber, metal mining, steel and other unions because the workers were divided up into twenty-five or thirty different craft unions. Those fighting for industrial unions included the large industrial unions, the coal miners, textile workers, needle trades and metal miners; the new unions such as the rubber and auto unions, and the federal locals such as radio and cement who have not yet been granted charters as national unions. The majority of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L., composed of craft union officials, stood pat, refusing to change the time honored craft union policy.

The industrial union champions polled 10,933 votes as against 18,024 votes for the reactionary craft union policies (each vote represents 100 dues paying members). But this formal vote settled nothing. Until the final gavel banged, the debate raged between the progressives and die-hards. Now the battle is to be fought out among the industries, to be settled in the factories and mills.

Far from entrenching its position, the conservative leadership centering around William Green, received a body blow at the convention. Change was in the air. The continued unemployment of 11,000,000 men, the cry of distress and poverty rising up out of the membership, made itself felt at the convention. John L. Lewis said:

There are great influences abroad in the land, and the minds of men in all walks of life are disturbed. We are all disturbed by reason of the changes and hazards in our economic situation and as regards our own political security. There are forces at work in this country that would wipe out, if they could, the labor movement of America, just as it was wiped out in Germany, or just as it was wiped out in Italy. There are those among us who believe that the best security against that men-

ace and against that tendency is a more comprehensive and a more powerful labor movement. We believe that the way should be paved so that those millions of workers who are clamoring for admission into our councils might be made welcome upon a basis that they understand and that they believe is best suited to their requirements.

"The fact that after fifty-five years of activity and effort we have enrolled under the banner of the A. F. of L. approximately three and one half millions of members of the thirty-nine million organizable workers speaks for itself," said the minority report of the industrial unionists. "We declare that the time has arrived when common sense demands the organization policies of the A. F. of L. must be molded to meet present day needs. Continuous employment, economic security, and the ability to protect the individual worker depends upon organization upon industrial lines."

How the conflict between the industrial and craft unions is raging in the industries was brought out in the debate on the demand of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers Union that their charter rights be restored.

A strike was called last year in Butte, Montana, by the metal miners union, involving 6,600 miners. While the struggle was on, Charles Frey, head of the Metal Trades Department, together with officials of the Building Trades Department of the A. F. of L., signed a secret agreement with the Anaconda Copper Company, covering six hundred of the strikers. This dealt a heavy blow to the strike.

"They took those men," Lewis told the convention. "They got some six hundred men out of it. Some raid! Fifteen or sixteen organizations making a raid of that character, and what did they get out of it in the form of loot? They got some 600 men, 38-40 men for each organization—marvelous loot!"

"I regard it as a raid," Lewis explained to the convention, "as a thrust against the jurisdiction of the United Mine Workers of America, because if the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Union can be emasculated with impunity, then the U. M. W. A. can be raided with equal impunity."

All members of the Executive Council, with the exception of two vice-presidents who were added last year, are leaders of craft unions who are united behind the conservative leadership of William Green. Last year the industrial union advocates succeeded in having John L. Lewis and David Dubinsky, of the International Ladies Garment Workers, added to the Executive Council.

The industrial union forces lost, as I have said, in the formal voting. But the issue of industrial unions would not be downed. The problem again came up in a more specific form when the resolution of the rubber workers union, calling for jurisdiction over all workers in the rubber plants, was discussed. Delegate W. Thompson, from a large rubber factory in Akron, Ohio, told how after the rubber workers organized several thousand members into his local, more than four hundred were taken out of the rubber local by the Executive Council and put into the machinists union. Thompson demanded that the convention carry out the promises made by the A. F. of L. convention last year, to organize the rubber workers into their own

union. He demanded that the restrictions placed by the Executive Council upon the rubber union, confining it to production workers, should be removed. President Green declared Thompson out of order. Thompson

(Continued on next page)

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son's appeal from the decision of the chair was lost by only four votes—and the vote was counted by Secretary Morrison, whose eyesight, on occasion, is none too good.

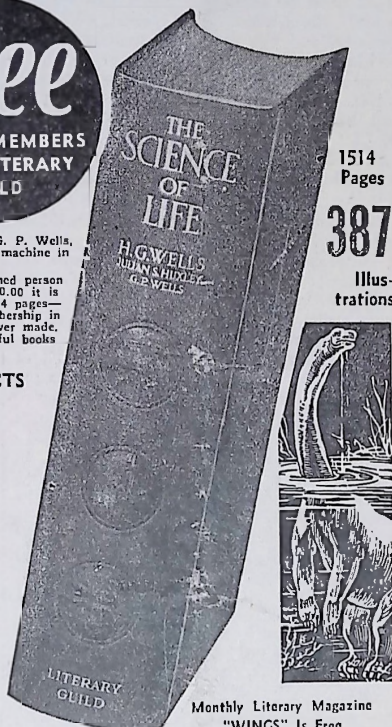
But those who sat through the two weeks of debate at the convention, cannot have any doubt as to the will of the majority of the A. F. of L. membership—they want to organize the unorganized workers, especially in the basic industries. And they realize that these unions can only be built along industrial lines. The base of the A. F. of L. is rapidly shifting from smaller craft organizations, to the large industrial unions.

The will of the membership for more democracy in the unions had its effect on the convention decisions. The proposal of the Executive Council for an amendment to the A. F. of L. constitution to expel communists and other radicals from the unions was very much toned down in the resolutions committee. It was obvious to the right wing forces that this resolution would have been defeated had it been brought before the convention floor in the form proposed by the Executive Council. As brought out of committee, the anti-radical amendment proposed only to allow city central bodies and state federations the power to refuse to seat communists and other radicals in those bodies. The amendment as passed does not interfere with membership in the unions, while it is a move against democracy.

Francis Gorman of the United Textile Workers Union, in his demand that the A. F. of L. launch a campaign for a Labor Party, said openly what every delegate knew deep down in his heart. "The workers are sorely disappointed in the New Deal," he said. "Distress has not abated but increased." Gorman gave the direct lie to Frances Perkins' honey words. Frances Perkins, in addressing the delegates, had said, "Prosperity has returned. The workers are riding around in shiny new automobiles. The children have new bicycles." Gorman, in an exhaustive analysis of the New Deal, which he had supported only a year ago, proved by government figures that wages have gone down, profits have soared sky high and terrorization of unions has increased. The menace of fascism and world war hung in the air at the convention. The cry of hunger and unemployment from the millions back home haunted the convention hall. "We have a mandate from our membership," Gorman said. Sidney Hillman also made a ringing plea for the building of the unions and for the unity of labor in the teeth of the fascist danger.

The battle for industrial unions, for a Labor Party, and other progressive measures now continues along a wider front. The progressive elements will now proceed to build the unions. The wise old men of the Executive Council, doddering to their graves, had better not try to stand in the way of history.

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

January, 1936

BELLOZI OF THE ITALIAN INFANTRY *A Mussolinian Tale of the Next War*

by HERB LEWIS

NEWS ITEM: Five-year-old children enrolled for military training in Italy. . . .

BENITO BELLOZI grew tired bouncing his ball, because the cloud of war hanging over Europe weighed too heavily on his mind. He sat down on the stone stoop in front of his house in Naples and puckered up his little brow.

It was fortunate, he realized, that Italy was prepared for any national emergency. The friction between Italy and Germany was becoming more intense every day. Only yesterday, during a game of Red Rover in Pontebba on the Austrian border, several members of the new Austro-Nazi Reichswehr had precipitated a near riot by greasing themselves so that it was difficult for the Italian Reserves to catch them.

Well, Benito decided, Italy was ready! Consider his own career, for example. He thought proudly that he was a representative Italian, typical of the ten million soldiers his country had primed for combat. At the age of two and a half he had entered the Naples Military Academy, and had been graduated with high honors at four. There had followed his year of conscription, consisting of hard field training in the Italian Alps. He had brought honor to his family and himself. Now, at the age of five years and two months, he was a sergeant with full pay—one of the best-trained infants in the Royal Italian Infantry.

Benito's mind flew back over the glorious pages of Italian history. He thought of that great man, Benito Mussolini—Saint Benito, his namesake. A great man, indeed, though his theories of national defense, perfected in the dim past when Italy was conquering Ethiopia, had become obsolete. Imagine waiting until a male child was five years old before starting its military career! It was a huge joke. Oh well, Benito mused, today things were different. Different and better.

For a moment his face grew sad as he thought of his family and the hardships they would suffer if there was another war. It was a lucky thing, Benito decided, that his thirteen-year-old brother Fiorello had a pension from the government for honorable military services in the Colonies. Fiorello was lame and deaf and too old to fight now, but at least he would take care of mother and daddy.

Benito's musings were harshly interrupted by a babble of voices up the street. "War, war, war!" people were shouting.

He rushed inside his house. Military Headquarters already was on the telephone. They gave him the brief, dramatic details. Enrico Capuzzo, marbles champion of Europe, had been assassinated by a Nazi during the semifinals of the knuckles-down tournament in Vienna. Italy's ambassador had withdrawn from Austria. Germany's ambassador had left Rome by fast plane. There were rumors of atrocities on the Italian border. Some Reichswehr soldiers, it was said, had dragged an Italian nurse from her post at the military hospital and ravished her doll-house before her very eyes. All Italian soldiers were to mobilize at once!

Benito's mother and daddy tottered into the room. Fiorello, who had been sunning

himself upstairs, hobbled down as quickly as he was able.

"By all the saints!" cried Benito's father. "It is hard to be twenty-nine and unable to defend my country's honor. Go bravely, my boy, we will carry on at home."

Benito put his hand tenderly on Fiorello's shoulder. "It is up to you to provide for mother and daddy while I'm gone," he said. His voice broke.

"Ah youth!" Fiorello sighed.

Benito put on his knapsack, took his gun, clicked his heels, kissed his mother, saluted his father and walked proudly out of the house. "Viva la Italia!" he shouted as he ran double-quick to the barracks.

That was in the spring of the year. Two weeks later all Europe was an armed camp. England, France, Italy and the rest of Europe were allied in combat against Germany, Austria, Hungary and Yugoslavia. The Central Powers and the Allies were throwing millions of soldiers into the front line trenches, and it seemed likely that Europe soon would be reduced to a shambles.

Somewhere in No Man's Land Benito Bellozi—now Lieutenant Bellozi—lay in a daze in the middle of the night. During an assault he had gone over the top to take part in a vigorous attack on the German lines. The Germans had forced the Italians to bent a hasty retreat.

Shells burst over Benito's head. Rocket bombs illuminated the sky. He realized his arm was bleeding. In desperation he crawled towards a shell-hole. It was his only chance. Machine guns flared around him. But the saints were with him that night. He made the shell-hole safely and crawled in, exhausted. Almost crazed by thirst, Benito's mind raced wildly. Details of the war swirled fantastically through his feverish brain. . . . There were rumors that France already was putting ten-year-old veterans into the third-line trenches. . . . The German troops, it was

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said, were being breast-fed on the Polish frontier for economy's sake. . . . There was a rumor the English soldiers were getting synthetic mush for breakfast.

Benito laughed hysterically. The farina at the Italian mess-wagon wasn't so good, either.

"What's the difference?" he screamed. "I'll be dead soon and it all won't matter."

He thought of Naples and the days before the war. His sweetheart, little Angelica, was she still keeping his checkers until he got back? Was Fiorello bearing up under the strain of caring for the family?

A shell splattered mud over Benito. He felt he was going to die. Suddenly another soldier scrambled into the shell-hole. In a daze, Benito realized he was face to face with a German. Near fainting, he was tempted to draw his pistol and fire. But then he realized the German was mortally wounded.

Their eyes met. All at once, they felt a bond of friendship between them. After all, they both were human beings, weren't they?

With a brave smile, the German tore a strip off his rompers and tried to bandage Benito's wounded arm. Then he fumbled in his pocket and took out a top. "Give this to my mummy," he sobbed. "Tell her I lost the string." Suddenly the German gasped. He closed his eyes and died.

Benito read the German's credentials: Hans Fritz, from Nuremberg, four years and five months old, private in the Bavarian Army.

"Poor fellow," Benito said. "You had everything before you. Ah well, my friend, that is war. Maybe you're better off dead."

He lay the German on his face. Their meeting had given Benito new strength. He decided to risk crawling back to his own lines. Bullets whizzed past his ears as he crawled. At last he reached his trenches. Eager hands pulled him down to safety. His friends pressed water to his lips.

"For God's sake," Benito moaned. "Give me a suck on a lollypop, somebody!"

In the Winter a terrible epidemic of whooping cough swept the trenches of Europe. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers died quicker than the living could bury them. There was never any quiet now; when the shells ceased their screaming and the bullets stopped their zipping the convulsive whoops of the soldiers traveled up and down No Man's Land all night long.

This, coupled with the agony of growing his second teeth, was almost maddening to Benito, whose strong constitution resisted the disease.

Sometimes Benito felt he hated the war. Sometimes he thought it was all senseless. He was getting tired of the bad food; farina and milk day in, day out, with a bit of spinach on Sundays, perhaps, for a touch of variety. And the same endless round of drilling, fighting, trying to sleep. Was there any rhyme or reason to it?

But then he remembered Italy—dear old Italy with her spaghetti fields and garlic trees. The Central Powers were trying to destroy Italy and Benito must fight to save his country.

When he thought of things in this light he felt better. Then, too, one had to admit the war was thrilling. The Italian Red Cross was always staging games. There were Hop

(Continued on page 14)

THE DEPRESSION AND HEALTH

by GEORGE W. ASPINWALL

THE economic depression has greatly damaged the health of the people of the United States, especially those who have suffered the severest dislocation downward from their accustomed environments. The remote effects may only be envisaged by deduction, but already there are signs a-plenty.

In 1900 the general death-rate from all causes was 1719.5 per 100,000 of the population; in 1910 it was 1562.4 per 100,000; in 1920, 1376; in 1928, 1229.3; and in 1933 it was 1222.2. The reason for this drop in general mortality is that during this period there has been considerable progress in public sanitation, preventive medicine, medical diagnosis, and treatment.

The general mortality of the community, however, is not an index of its health. Ninety-nine per cent of common illnesses are not death dealing. The decreasing mortality of the prosperous only serves completely to mask the increasing death-rate among the submerged classes. The only way to judge the health of a people is to determine the amount and severity of its illnesses.

The poor and near-poor have always had a higher death-rate, illness-rate, and birth-rate than the more prosperous groups. It may be predicted with certainty that the sickness among the submerged classes will be found to be of appalling proportions. Social workers and others who know the facts are of the opinion that even in prosperous times the poor were visited by the greatest amount of sickness.

Evidence is accumulating that the depression-poor have more sickness than their more fortunate neighbors and even more than the habitually poor. In 1933, for example, the depression poor had an illness-incidence of 186 cases per 1000 persons, or 56% higher than those whose financial position could be considered comfortable. The greatest increase of illness-incidence occurred among adults, those between the ages of 25 and 34. Even among children the illness-rate was definitely higher than that among the comfortable group (117 cases per 1000 persons

as compared to 81 per 1000). These figures apply to disabling illness only, not taking into account mild or transient indispositions that impair vitality but allow the individual to carry on his or her usual activities.

Infant mortality and tuberculosis are increasing, particularly in certain areas of New York City where unemployment has been more serious than elsewhere. A preliminary survey shows an increase in the death-rate in 1933, as compared to 1929, among families in which the wage earners have been mostly unemployed. For the year 1933 the New York State Department of Health reports an all-time high mortality-rate in diabetes and cancer; the measles death-rate was the highest in five years, and there was a slight increase in deaths from diarrhea and inflammation of the bowels in children under the age of two. The mortality of women from childbirth, in the same year, was the highest in fifteen years.

The effect of the depression on the mind of the community may be gauged by the rise in suicides, beginning in 1929 and reaching its peak in 1932. In 1934 the suicide-rate was higher than in 1927, which means that the depression was sufficiently acute in 1934 to produce self-destruction because of a continuance of economic insecurity.

The depression has served to remind us that man adjusts himself reluctantly to new adverse conditions. The unemployed have displayed very little tendency to alter their occupations to fields of work where employment was more likely. Only 3% of the skilled and unskilled laborers changed their occupations, whereas 8% of the unemployed among the proprietary classes became clerks, salesmen, etc. As for professional people, it is known that many of them have become taxi drivers and insurance agents.

Wage earners and their families, when they found themselves without work and money thought that the condition was temporary and made no effort to adjust their situation to meet the new conditions, or were so bewildered by the calamity and the hopelessness of the outlook, that they allowed things to drift without considering the dangers. Because of the lack of money wherewith to pay for housing, some families were dispersed, and a great number of related families combined their households, thus crowding two or more families into apartments that were suitable to house only one comfortably. Others, already poorly housed, were compelled to move to slum areas where poor ventilation, filth, bad sanitation, a minimum of sunlight, and crowding started them on their experiences in ill health.

The children of the slums generally contract measles, whooping cough, diphtheria and scarlet fever before they go to school because of the enormous opportunities for contagion through crowding and their lack of resistance to infection. Among the more comfortable groups, children acquire these diseases after they have entered school, and usually such illnesses are slight because the children are older and their resistance is

What Happens to One of Our Best Minds When He Tries to Think Out Loud

"Do people pray intelligently? I wonder? For the last six years I have been attending church regularly—rarely have I missed a Sunday. I have attended other religious gatherings—some of a national character. I have even been to prayer meetings—an outworn and mild/Victorian custom—but I have yet to hear from pulpit or pew a person who prayed, 'Lord, give us more hard times!'"

"Probably there is no one of our modern achievements in which we are so inclined to glory as in the really marvelous accomplishment of modern philanthropy and modern medicine. Sometimes one wonders, though, whether they have done more good than harm. Philanthropy which has established hospitals and institutions to prolong the lives of the unfit is of very doubtful value. The result has been a protected race rather than a resistant race, and some day the protection is going to find itself inadequate and the race will be decimated, if not doomed."

—Dr. George Barton Cullen, President of Colgate University, addressing the University Convocation.

greater. Hence there was a marked increase in the number of cases of contagious diseases among the depression poor in children of pre-school age. Their resistance was below par.

Families on relief and those in markedly reduced circumstances, not on relief, do not have a sufficient amount of food to keep up their resistance to infection. The average amount of money they have for food, \$3 or less per person weekly, is grossly insufficient to maintain health.

For the moderately active male 3000 calories per day is necessary to keep him in good nutrition. Women can get along on about 400 calories less, but children, especially those above puberty, need 3000 calories or even more. Three dollars per capita weekly for food can provide about 2800 calories when expertly managed with no provision for kitchen waste, but \$2 per capita weekly provides less than 2500 calories per day for each person. More than half of the depression poor belong to the \$2 class.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find in New York City that out of 346,074 school entrants in 1933, 68,931 children were suffering with malnutrition, or 7.5% more than in 1929. This general condition is not confined to children. Recently, in the same locality, it was found that for every five workers who applied for Works Progress Administration jobs, one was physically unfit. The most common ailments were nervous disorders, heart disease and malnutrition.

Through the efforts of the United States Public Health Service, state and local boards of health, medical research foundations, hospitals and doctors generally, we had, before 1929, developed a system of health conservation that we displayed with pride to other nations. And then, through the mistakes and greed of an archaic and ruthless industrial system, all this magnificent work was destroyed, bringing unnecessary deaths and preventable illness to untold numbers.

It will never be known how much sickness there was from 1929 to 1935, but from the crowding of charity hospitals, both in the out-patient departments and in the wards, we know that the figure is far greater than any person can imagine.

People who had not accepted medical charity before now were compelled to apply for such aid. In many instances lives were forfeited because medical services were sought when all the skill and efforts of doctors were of no avail. Neglected cases of diabetes, some in coma and many with other preventable complications, were admitted to the wards of hospitals in large numbers. Cases of cancer that might have been cured came to medical attention for the first time when the condition was hopeless.

Many of the new poor were adept pupils in the art of taking advantage of the doctors' benevolence.

In one survey of 28,959 individuals in 6,686 families, 61% of all physicians' calls to the poor, 33% of calls to the moderately fixed, and 23% of calls to the comfortable, were free. The medical profession did not fail the people in its emergency, but the public gave no heed to the financial problems of those without whose services the health of the nation would have been even worse. A great section of the medical profession has been made penniless by the process of giving free medical service.

BIG BUSINESS AND THE PRESS

by HY KRAVIF

SCRATCH a newspaper publisher and find a business man. All the high-minded slogans on editorial pages notwithstanding, the modern newspaper is a commercial enterprise, a private property operated for profit.

Why don't publishers admit this? Why do they go on deceiving readers into thinking that a newspaper is concerned solely with the "public welfare"? The answer is simple. To admit the commercial nature of the daily press, to reveal the outside ties with banks and industrialists, would be tantamount to the admission that a newspaper is not the impartial service it pretends.

You may not agree with this view. If so, listen to the hard boiled *Wall Street Journal* (January 20, 1925):

A FICTITIOUS PUBLIC INTEREST

It is difficult to guess what the editorial writer of the *New York Herald-Tribune* means, or what he thinks he means, when he says that "the American newspaper has always been an institution affected with the public interest." . . . It is flatly untrue, but there is much ignorance and hypocrisy about the matter, calling for some plain speaking.

A newspaper is a private enterprise, owing nothing whatever to the public, which grants it no franchise. It is therefore "affected" with no public interest. It is emphatically the property of its owner who is selling a manufactured product at his own risk. . . . Editors, except where they own their own newspapers, take their policy from their employers. . . . But for ridiculously obvious reasons, there are many newspaper owners willing enough to encourage the public in the delusion that it is the editor of a newspaper who dictates the selection of

news and expression of opinion. He only does so subject to correction and suggestion of the proprietor of the paper who, most properly, considers his newspaper as a plain business proposition. It is just that, no more and certainly no less.

Some years ago the Federal Trade Commission revealed that the International Paper and Power Company had bought into a number of dailies, among them the *Chicago Daily News* and the *Boston Herald and Traveler*. At the subsequent convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association a motion was introduced to censure the paper and power firm. As George Seldes tells it in his "Freedom of the Press," this motion was tabled when a facetious amendment was introduced—among roars of laughter—requesting all members of the association to make public their utility, banking and other outside connections. There was ample reason for the assembled publishers' cynical laughter, for there is nothing about which they are more secretive than their big business tie-ups.

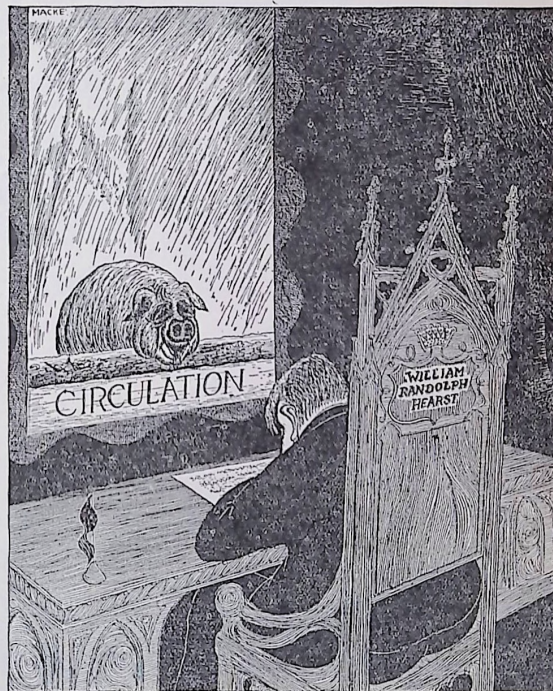
For instance, I was very much interested in the *New York Herald Tribune's* recent bitter campaign against increased taxation of the rich. I was moved to wonder just how disinterested Ogden Reid's paper was on this issue in view of the following facts. When his mother died in 1931, she left a net estate valued at \$18,589,000. Her securities alone were worth some \$16,000,000, but were

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reputed to have shrunk to only \$9,725,000 in 1934 as a result of the crisis. Moreover, for some years prior to her death, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid "had made gifts of \$17,082,520 to her son, Ogden Mills Reid . . . and her daughter, Lady Jean Templeton Ward, which was not taxable." (New York Times, May 26, 1934.) "Taxpayers have learned that it is cheaper to give away property than to die with it," is the way Edgar Goodrich, formerly of the United States Board of Tax Appeals, recently put it.

Even more interesting, however, is a partial list of stocks and bonds held by Mrs. Reid, many of which have undoubtedly passed on to the *Herald Tribune* publisher. For example, a sizeable block was in National Biscuit Company, 6,000 of whose workers struck early last year against the company's failure to pay equal wages for equal work and against the firing of trade unionists. Other corporations in which Mrs. Reid had invested were: the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, of company union infamy; the New York Central Railroad; Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; Commonwealth Edison, formerly Insull-controlled; the Morgan-linked National City Bank and the Chatham Phoenix National Bank, both of New York City; and Pullman, Inc., one of the very few corporations on which J. P. Morgan himself sits as director.

Publisher Ogden Reid himself is on the executive committee of Morgenthau's Linotype Company, which promotes company unionism, and serves as director along with Ogden Mills. The Reids are, in fact, related to the Mills family, with the *Herald Tribune* publisher acting as vice-president and director of the Mills Estate.

Now it ought to be obvious from the foregoing that the *Herald Tribune* cannot even pretend to impartiality when it comes to a struggle between capital and labor. In fact, Reid's paper is definitely anti-labor as witness a recent editorial applauding the use of tear gas in the late Terre Haute strike. On July 25, 1935, the *Herald Tribune* declared:

... modern warfare, so indiscriminately damned for its frightfulness, has supplied them [the National Guards] with a much more humane and also a more effective weapon. The use of tear gas in quelling mob disorders is nothing new. But familiar as we are with it, at least in the news columns, we can still afford a pinch of gratitude for its invention. Give the devil his due.

There is also the Chicago *Daily News* whose editor and publisher, Colonel Frank Knox, aspires to the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1936. He was formerly general manager for the Hearst papers. When he took over the *Daily News* it soon lost whatever reputation for liberalism it had had.

In August, 1933, Knox spoke over an NBC national network sponsored by the Crusaders, a semi-fascist, big business outfit. Ironically enough, his subject was "Business Free From Chains"—despite which chains his own paper's profits averaged \$1,401,521 a year in the three years 1932-34. This was about \$360,000 more than the average for the preceding three Hoover years, 1929-31!

In January, 1935, the *Daily News* joined with the reactionary Chicago *Tribune* in at-

tacking American Federation of Labor organizational efforts. The *Daily News*, according to Carl Haessler, a Chicago newspaper man, "belittled the efforts of the A. F. of L. to organize the automobile and steel industries and warned organized labor that enforcement of the majority-vote rule in representing workers for collective bargaining means regimentation." (Question: If a majority of his party picks Knox as its standard bearer, will this also be regimentation?)

I can well understand this paper's concern with organization of the steel industry. One of its directors, Sewell Avery, president of Montgomery Ward & Company, is also a director of the Morgan-controlled United States Steel Corporation. George Eaton Scott, another *Daily News* director, is president of American Steel Foundries.

These are not the only substantial business men who are directors of the Chicago *Daily News*. There is Max Epstein, chairman of the American Transportation Company, whom John L. Spivak exposed as a contributor to Harry Jung's labor-spying, Jew-baiting American Vigilant Intelligence Federation; J. E. Otis, chairman of the defunct Dawes' bank, the Central Trust Company of Illinois, and director of several utilities, banks, and the Dawes' Pure Oil Company; and John Stuart, president of the Quaker Oats Company and director of the union-hating International Harvester Company, among others.

To complete the record I add only that publisher Knox himself is a director of the City National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago with Charles G. Dawes as chairman.

Sidney W. Winslow, Jr., is president of the Boston *Herald-Traveler*. So far as I know, he is one of the few leading newspaper executives who does not conceal his big business connections. For one thing he is a director of the First National Bank of Boston which, with its subsidiary, the Old Colony Trust Company, is the central financial unit of New England, directly tied in with the leading corporations of New England and cross-linked with the Chase National Bank, Morgan's Guaranty Trust Company, and the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. Winslow is on the executive committee of the powerful United Shoe Machinery Corporation, which through patents and a licensing system leases without selling shoe machinery, giving it a monopolistic position in the industry. Among Winslow's other directorates are the Island Creek Coal Company, the United Last Company, and the United States Smelting, Refining, and Mining Company.

The Boston-*Traveler* board has as director no less a person than the president of the aforementioned First National Bank of Boston, Daniel G. Wing. Just what this means to labor readers of these two newspapers can be seen in Wing's other directorates, among which are the United Fruit Company, which has employed thugs to break up strikes on its docks; and the Morgan-controlled Pacific Mills, employing thousands of textile workers whose efforts at unionization it fights. Finally there is John S. Hall, *Herald-Traveler* vice-president, who is tied in with the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

While in Boston recently, I had occasion

ONCE more a court in New York has upheld the reading of the Bible in public schools, only this time the court pointed out that the Book should be considered solely as literature and not as revelation. The court might have added that as revelation it is written in a partisan spirit very favorable to God.

to observe the *Herald* and *Traveler* campaign to "sell" readers on Roosevelt's low WPA wages. The *Traveler* (August 8) adopted the following ingenuous argument. If "these federal works were necessary works," it argued, "the prevailing rate of wages should be maintained. Because they are 'made works,' projected simply to keep men and women employed, there is no good reason why union wages should be paid." In the meantime, however, other newspapers were urging acceptance of the WPA wage and discontinuance of strikes because the controversy was holding up necessary, not "made works!"

In an editorial entitled "Wage-Scales Or Humanity," we find the Boston *Herald* (August 10) presumably arguing for humanity with the declaration: "If the unemployed are allowed to determine what their wages shall be, Washington will have sunk to lower depths than ever before." The audacity of the unemployed, actually wanting to determine whether they should receive living or starvation wages! Two days later the *Herald* employed the dishonest trick of making it appear that WPA workers were refusing wages of \$93.50 a month, although this is the maximum monthly wage only for the highest skilled. "How can that reasonable [sic] proposal be fairly excoriated by American workingmen who have for several years declared that what they wanted above all things is work?" it asked. And further, "The contention that acceptance of the security [!] salary would tend to break down the hourly rates of the union scale is not demonstrable." Nor did the *Herald* apologize to its readers when, exactly one week later, New York contractors—spurred on by the government's WPA wage-smashing campaign—reduced the daily wages of A. F. of L. plasterers' helpers below the union scale.

The late Cyrus H. K. Curtis was one of the most reactionary publishers in American press history. He left some \$18,600,000 when he died in June, 1933. In Philadelphia he published the *Public Ledger*, the *Evening Public Ledger* and the *Inquirer*, and in New York City the *Evening Post*. As head of the Curtis Publishing Company he issued such periodicals as the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Country Gentleman*. The money coined from these publications enabled him to hold directorates in the First National Bank of Philadelphia, the Equitable life insurance

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company, the Real Estate Land Title & Trust Company, and so on.

The Curtis tradition is being carried on by his step-son-in-law, John C. Martin, who publishes the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, the only remaining Curtis-Martin daily. Until recently, Martin was a director of the Chase National Bank, the Philadelphia National Bank, and president of the Wedgwood Investing Corporation. He was on the Morgan "favored" list for 1,000 shares of Allegheny Corporation via the Morgan affiliate in Philadelphia, Drexel & Company. This, no doubt, explains the militant editorial defense of Morgan which appeared almost daily in the New York *Evening Post* during the Pecora investigation in May, 1933.

Other instances of publisher-big-business tie-ups could be cited. Those of William Randolph Hearst are now well known. With these facts in mind, can it be other than an insult to the intelligence when we read in *Editor & Publisher's* review of the year 1934 that "Publishers generally were resisting the American Newspaper Guild on the ground that editorial workers must be free of class conscious affiliations?"

Are the affiliations of the newspaper publishers themselves conducive to other than (owning) class consciousness? When the publishers, for example, rail against increased taxation in the higher brackets, isn't this because their class consciousness tells them that such taxes will chisel so deeply into their own well-lined pockets?

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR'S CITATIONS

WALTER LIPPMANN—Sorrow's crown of sorrows is the memory of happier days.

HERBERT LEHMAN—A sphynx without a secret is merely a curious ancient mud-pile.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—It is always permissible for a third-rate man to amuse himself at the expense of those who deserve it.

HERBERT HOOVER—Some men find comfort in looking down from the heights of an ant-hill.

ALFRED E. SMITH—The Arctic is a tropic compared to the last fires of a setting sun.

ROY HARRIS—In music there is something worse than irreverence; it is irrelevance.

GLENN FRANK—Beware of the man who is too busy to make sense.

GENERAL CHARLES SHERILL—The rule seems to be that once a soldier always a goof.

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY—In the eyes of God one floor-walker is no better than another.

ABRAHAM CAHAN—The general of an encircled army of deserters has a right to any form of suicide he chooses.

BRIFFAULT'S "EUROPA" —A MINORITY REPORT

by JAMES T. FARRELL

FEW first novels have enjoyed the happy destiny of Robert Briffault's "Europa." In fact, I doubt if any book in recent years has been more publicized, more heralded, more praised by critics. As a result, it has been a best seller since its publication. And so, like many another unsuspecting reader who is anxious to keep pace with the literature of the age, I was convinced that I must read this book immediately.

Before I had read one page, I hit head-long into these sentences:

An American countess, once a Broadway star, sororised with an artist's model . . . and fraternized with a group of young men whose sartorial and tonsorial eccentricities proclaimed their dedication to art. . . .

He was distinctly squiffy.

A shock. But, then, I realized that one page does not make a novel, and that Mr. Briffault was only getting the old soupbone warmed up. I read on, and soon my hope was shaken by this passage:

It was a pathetic ruin, not without discernible traces of faded nobility and former glory that sat beside me that evening among the hub-bub of a jazz age crowd. His mumbled soliloquising assumed gradually the form of articulate claims to acquaintance more intimate in degree than the casual exchange of a remark on some former occasion appeared to warrant.

This did not impress me as being Proust, precisely. But then it was still early in the book. And as I read on, I observed clauses that marched out of step, and prepositional phrases which always threatened to about-face and tramp in the wrong direction. Sometimes, the sentences seemed like barbed wire entanglements thrown up to prevent the reader from getting inside to the author's intended meaning. A few more pages, and I began to develop the suspicion that Mr. Briffault was like a college cheer leader practicing wahoos and locomotive sis-boom-bahs for his own private delectation.

And when I had reached page 135, I had frankly wearied of finding any improvement on Joyce and Proust, but then I remembered the advice of friendly critics who had warned me against the initial difficulties of Joyce and Proust. Interest even threatened to pick up when the hero approached his first seduction. I began to think, as the vulgar saying goes, that it would get hot. But when Mr. Briffault turned on the heat, he only managed to achieve:

The libidinous god leered.

Well, I still retained an open mind. Then I arrived at that point in the narrative where the hero managed to make himself at home in the amplitude of the best available leather chair.

The blood rushed and clotted in my head. Only an Anglophil could write such a sentence. Why, a writer who penned such a line was perfectly capable of singing "God Save the King." And while I was striving to discipline my Celtic chauvinism, I read this of the suffragettes:

Their powers of argumentative resistance weakened by champagne, the defeated Amazons were driven back in cabs to the fastnesses of Griton at an hour which necessitated concerted prevarica-

tions on their part to appease the wrath of the presiding Minervas.

And kicking on the heels of the suffragettes came some boys from the playing fields of Eton who talked thus with some girls.

. . . the dread that any indication of their being emotionally affected by the irruption of feminine charms could be detected by their fellows was so prepotent in these young Greek gods with hypertrophied muscular and atrophied cerebral tissues that the affectation hardened into an authentic physiological fact, and they bore themselves, in intersexual social commerce, with the easy indifference of perverts.

Now, I knew. It was clear as clarity itself. Mr. Briffault, I told myself, may be the best novelist in recent years, the most intelligent man in the world, but he does not know how to write. Not even Hervey Allen translating the babbling language of the babbling brooks to babbling young lovers, not even Thomas Wolfe discovering a sunrise can write as badly as Mr. Briffault.

But, then, I recalled at least one critic's remark that "Europa" was a "novel of wisdom." That made me think. True enough, style is not all. Even bad writers may say something, and many a wise man has not written like Walter Pater. So I determined that, for the remainder of the book, I would ignore the writing, and read only in search of wisdom hidden behind the rough edges of misplaced clauses. And on page 172, after the hero had listened to Wagnerian music, I found wisdom.

In Julian's ears still rang the cry of naked emotion. . . . What an anticlimax it was to be sitting observing sedate formalities, feigning indifference, feigning unconcern. Feigning, feigning. The crowd of men and women chattered noisily amid the rattle of plates. . . . Had these people actually had their insides churned a few moments ago, by the raw, indecent emotion? They sat there pretending to be decently behaved. Through the safety valve of art the seething lava was permitted to break the thin crust of the conventional hypocrisy. He was sitting, his white brow uncrumpled, his shirt front stiff, before a beautiful woman who had just been his accomplice in the unbridled orgy of the music, and had been at pains to uncover her bosom for his delectation.

Would not the natural reaction called for by the sublime immodesty of emotion in which they had just been wallowing be for him to seize the woman and conquer her? Julian laughed inwardly. What a comedy it all was! What had become of nature?

I strove to assimilate this wisdom, but despite my efforts, I couldn't rid myself of the feeling that Mr. Briffault simply had nothing to say.

Also, at this point in the narrative, I began to be troubled by a vague nostalgia. The royalty on nearly every page reminded me of something. What? Reading on, I was troubled with a memory that I could not remember and Proustianly I sought to trace it down, repeatedly asking myself, now where, oh where had I gained an impression similar to the one that I was receiving from Mr. Briffault's descriptions of royalty. So back, back through many remembrances of things past, I strained, until I arrived at page 175:

"Kattie" was lady Katherine De Nivelle. She was not hard to discover in the apartment where Lady Irene had indicated. In white and silver, with a small tiara of diamonds on her light brown hair, she dazzled an admiring circle that gravitated within the orbit of her splendor. At her side, Lord De Nivelle, with reddish beard and still redder aquiline beak, was talking with Baron d'Erlanger and the Duchess of Portland. Lady Katherine caught sight of Pallier almost as soon as he entered

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the room. . . . Presently Lord De Nivelles, while engaged with the Cackwar of Baroda and Sir Haviliard Chausmarew, the authority on Eastern history, excused me. . . .

I beamed. I had conquered the slippery paths of memory. What I had sought to recollect was a quality in the writing, and a view of characters. And now, I had it. The writing was reminding me of a society chit-chat column in a newspaper.

Suddenly, I ran afoul of another realization that troubled my equanimity. I recalled the truism that one of the basic ingredients of the novelist's art is the ability to recreate character. And up to page 175, I had not found one plausible character. Instead, the people in the book seemed wooden, sometimes impossible, and if they belonged anywhere, it was in a vaudeville or burlesque show skit. It also occurred to me that some fiction writers had been able to recreate a sense of character in a few words, a few pages. I thought of the surprising economy with which Chekov had always managed to make his characters come alive. But, then, I immediately was aware of my unfairness. For after all, Chekov only wrote short stories. And "Europa" is a panorama of a society, a continent, an age, a world. So I continued reading.

I failed to find good writing. I failed to find real characters. I took fresh recourse to the reviews, and I discovered that "Europa" had also been praised for its journalistic features, and many had been impressed by Mr. Briffault's introduction of historical figures into his narrative. There are really very few novels in which one can find Mussolini, Rasputin, the Kaiser, D. H. Lawrence, D'Annunzio, Henry James, Arnold Bennett and others. I checked back through the historical personages I had already met. On the very first page was Arnold Bennett. Thus:

In a far corner Arnold Bennett smoked a cigar, and occasionally burst into boyish laughter over some story which Harold Nicolson was telling a group of journalists.

So, here I was nearly half way through the book, and suffering from acute disappointment. But then, there was the weight of critical authority in America, telling me that one could not and must not put down the book until it was finished. So I read on, avid with hope. And I puzzled over the hero. He was not a human being. What was he?

He was a series of footnotes to the Encyclopedia Britannica, and a show-window proving that Mr. Briffault had read books on Hindu thought and physiology. But, to repeat, I obeyed the commands of American criticism. I read every word of "Europa." And after page 501, I knew what the book is. It is a very badly contrived, awkward, wooden, lifeless, pretentious first novel written by a man who does not write well, and who cannot recreate a single convincing character.

NOW that General Emilio De Bono has been retired from his "victories" in Ethiopia and "promoted" to the rank of Marshal, we recommend that he devote the next few months to a study of the life and works of the great Italian radical Matteotti, in whose murder he played a leading part. Such a study might lead Marshal De Bono to suicide, which would be a more honorable end than the Italian people have in store for him.

THE NEGRO GETS INTEGRATED

by LOREN MILLER

SHORTLY after the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt an ambitious Negro songwriter composed a little ditty entitled, "There's a New Day Down South." The song, which celebrated the New Deal as a sort of second emancipation, never caught on; nor, for that matter, has emancipation come. But at that time there was hope in the air. The new President, a very pleasant and liberal New Yorker, was surrounded by reformers who were talking bravely of social planning and security for all, and by a quirk of political good fortune the Brain Trusters were men and women who had interested themselves in the Negro question.

There was another favorable factor; a number of prominent Negroes had broken with tradition to support the Democrats in 1932. Jim Farley handed out a few plums to the politicians, while Mr. Roosevelt nodded approval and the Negro press applauded. The cheering grew in volume when the Brain Trusters, with their characteristic early-day assurance, announced that they planned "to integrate the Negro into the American Social order." In theory, their plan was supposed to be a long-range project for wiping out social disabilities that impede Negro progress. In practice, it has meant the appointment of Negroes as advisers or special assistants to Cabinet Members and administrative heads.

The New Dealers wanted none of Mr. Farley's political henchmen for this highly important work; they demanded trained Negroes. And they got them. It is one of the oddities of Negro life that most Negroes who gain national prominence do so through their connections with funds, social agencies or schools financed by white philanthropists. When the administration looked around for Negroes to serve in advisory capacities men of the kind just mentioned stood out.

By the end of 1933 a Negro Brain Trust had been set up in Washington. The roster included such men as Eugene Kinkle Jones of the Urban League, Henry Hunt of the Fort Valley, Georgia, Normal School, and Lawrence Oxley, North Carolina social worker. In all, fifty Negro social workers and educators found government berths. At least one of them was employed only after the Julius Rosenwald Fund agreed to pay half of his salary. But the king-pin of the Negro advisory set-up was Clark Foreman, ten generation white Southerner and relative of the Atlanta Constitution Howells, all of whose salary was paid by the Rosenwald Fund until very recently. Some of the appointees are honest devotees of the Roosevelt revolution, others are harmless hacks who have spent their lives cadging money from philanthropists, while still others are only self-seeking opportunists.

The personalities of these job-holders are not as important as the legislation around which their activities have centered. In keeping with their plan to "integrate the Negro," New Dealers set their faces, tacitly or openly, against special racial legislation. Their theory is that as a group composed predominantly of workers and farmers Negroes will

MUSSOLINI claims that he saved Italy and the rest of Europe from communism. Hitler claims that he saved Germany and the rest of the Continent from the same plague. And we remember from the same plague. And we remember similar claims made by Machado of Cuba, the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, and other murderers of international repute. We are therefore surprised that Bruno Richard Hauptmann, who will soon become a Nazi angel, does not claim that he saved the United States from communism. Surely he has as much right to this claim as have Hitler and Mussolini to theirs, and we have no doubt that they would be honored by this additional evidence of understanding and friendship.

benefit from all legislation that hastens recovery. And wasn't the New Deal—isn't it, rather—going to enrich the farmer and open closed factories for the worker?

The NIRA was hailed just as enthusiastically by Negroes as by whites, and every time a code hearing got under way a Negro adviser turned up to cite facts and figures. True to their pledges, New Dealers at first frowned on racial differentials in wage codes, but they did permit sectional differentials. Low wage scales were set for Southern states where prevailing wages were lower than in the North and West. The catch is that the Southern wages are low because of a large number of Negroes whose living standards are low. Negro workers were trapped in a vicious circle: private employers had fastened a sub-standard wage scale on them and a reform government gave it sanction because it was already there.

There were other shortcomings: codes never applied to domestic and agricultural laborers and many Negroes, North and South, fell in those classifications. Some employers simply refused to pay the code scale and in effect dared their Negro employees to complain, while others, faced with the prospect of having to pay standard wages, fired Negroes and hired whites. As time wore on, bolder Southern employers enlisted tractable Negroes to help them prove to code authorities that wages ought to be lower for Negroes. They won, too, and by the time the Supreme Court winged the Blue Eagle, Negroes were saying that NRA meant "Negroes Robbed Again."

Other New Deal legislation backfired in a similar manner. Negro tenant farmers in the South curtailed cotton production under the Agricultural Adjustment Act and checks were made out jointly to landlord and tenant. When the checks arrived, the planters made the tenants sign them and pocketed the money with the result that hapless share-croppers got neither cash nor crops. In all justice, it must be said that white tenants were swindled in somewhat the same manner, but it is easier and safer to steal from Negroes; in a pinch the landlord can always shout "rape" and call in a lynching party of white tenants who were robbed the day before. The farce reached its climax last spring when planters herded Negroes, who had never before been permitted to get within hailing distance of a ballot box, to the polls to vote for continuance of AAA—so the landlords can steal more checks.

New Dealers demonstrated this same inability to deal with realities of the Southern scene when they set up the Tennessee Valley Administration, hailed by Norman Thomas as Mr. Roosevelt's only socialist ex-

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THE FINANCES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

by FERDINAND LUNDBERG

THE deepest secrecy shrouds the finances of the wealthy Catholic Church in contrast with the open publicity voluntarily given to the finances of the Protestant and Jewish churches in regular annual statements. Public protest has been great against the secret financial practices of the big corporations, resulting in the formation of agencies like the Securities and Exchange Commission. But the right of the Catholic Church to keep its investments confidential has been unchallenged.

It is a questionable public policy to permit an enormous organization like the Church of Rome to withhold information about its interests, especially when the Church in the United States is making a strong bid for greater political influence as it is now doing through the agency of the Catholic Action headed by Alfred E. Smith and various older organizations such as the Holy Name Society and the Knights of Columbus.

The phenomenon of Father Charles E. Coughlin is also an expression of this bid of the Church, with 20,000,000 claimed members, for a larger voice in public affairs. Father Coughlin, it is worth noting, recently supported the Italian assault on Ethiopia, and Italy is the world political centre of the Church.

The Catholic Church differs in two important respects from rival church organizations. It conceals its real financial interests, not

only from outsiders, but from its own communicants. It is a thoroughly undemocratic enterprise, in which the masses of the laity have no voice whatever. It is in the light of these two characteristics that its political and social activities deserve closer scrutiny, with matters of dogma not entering into consideration. So far as our thesis is concerned the dogma and the ritual of the Catholic Church are every bit as valid as those of any other church.

In structure the Catholic Church is wholly autocratic. Decisions reached at the top by the hierarchy must be implicitly obeyed without criticism by the lower orders of the clergy and by the laity. In other churches freedom of expression on all political and social questions is the right of the lower clergy and the communicants, and they regularly take advantage of this right with frequent benefit to the public interest.

Although having financial interests which are no different from those of the Catholic Church, the other churches, by reason of their democratic structure, have no way of enforcing social and political policies among their membership and clergy which will be consistent with the narrow economic interest of the upper bureaucracy. Many cases could be cited where Protestant clergy have fought in public against tricky policies sponsored by church leaders with an investment position to protect. No similar cases can be shown

with respect to the Catholic Church. Very possibly the high leaders of the other churches are just as reactionary as are the Catholic leaders, but they are unable to infuse their whole church organization with these reactionary tendencies.

At the present time, with leaders of thought worried about the increasing possibilities of political reaction under the guise of opposition to the negligible forces of radicalism, it is pertinent to note that in the Catholic Church we already have an autocratic, reactionary organization, admitting for the United States alone in scattered obscure data a capitalization of about \$7,000,000,000 and a membership of 20,000,000 people (over-estimated by perhaps 50% owing to the inclusion of all children over nine years of age, but nevertheless a big bloc), operating in our midst. In Austria, France and Spain the political reaction has been grouped around the Catholic Action. In Germany and Italy political reaction had to fight the Church reaction, but this was merely a dispute among different brands of political absolutism. The fight of the Catholic Church against Hitler, for example, has been mistaken by some foreign observers as a struggle of liberalism against reaction, but it was Chancellor Heinrich Brüning, leader of the Catholic Centrist government, who first invited Hitler into the Cabinet. The split between the two brands of

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perment. Everything has run on schedule down there; first the administrator sent and got a Negro social worker to act as adviser. Then Negroes were given low-paid unskilled jobs or, worse, were placed as skilled workers at unskilled workers' pay. TVA built model homes—for white workers; Negroes are still housed in their shacks, far enough removed from white settlements to preserve good race relations, in the best tradition of the South.

The Works Progress Administration is the latest Roosevelt agency to adopt what is becoming a tradition of kicking the Negro in the face while helping him out of the ditch. Sectional wage differentials were set up with low wage scales for Southern states with the largest Negro population. Local agencies do the rest by classifying Negroes as unskilled workers, thus giving them the worst of a sorry bargain at best.

The Wagner-Lewis social security bill is the capstone of the Roosevelt revolution, and here again Negroes suffer from sins of legal omission. The act, by its own terms, excludes from unemployment benefits those who work for employers of less than eight persons, all farm and domestic workers and, of course, tenant farmers and professional people. The crux of the matter is that Negroes fall largely into these categories. Pensions for mothers, the aged, children and the physically handicapped are provided for by federal grants-in-aid to the states on a matching basis. Backward Southern states do not provide these payments, because they are unwilling to aid their Negro population that way.

Mr. Roosevelt covers up the shortcomings in this program with that same cheerful smile that he uses for other and graver exigencies. When Negroes got peevish about the WPA wage scale the President closed the case by pointing out that Negroes constitute more than their numerical proportion of those on relief. He was right, too. Harry L. Hopkins figures that 20% of those getting relief are Negroes, although Negroes are only 10% of the population. Mr. Roosevelt was so pleasant about the matter that nobody has ever found out whether he knows that these figures reflect the unfavorable social position of Negroes, or whether he thinks the arithmetic proves that Uncle Sam favors his dark children.

The President is not above making a little grandstand play now and then, as he proved when he went to Warm Springs last year and discovered that his Negro neighbors needed a new school. He promptly got in touch with a philanthropic agency and its directors obligingly dug up the necessary cash to build it. Busy man that he is, Mr. Roosevelt has never found time to see the delegations that have dropped in to see him about the Scottsboro Boys and Angelo Herndon. But he did take time out to be photographed with a committee of Negro Elks last September.

The only time that the President came close to getting in a real jam with Negroes was when the Costigan-Wagner lynching bill was before Congress. The measure was a mild wrist-slapping affair, but it intruded on Southern states-rights doctrines and opposition was vigorous. Mr. Roosevelt left it off

his "must" list and Southern senators filibustered it off the calendar while the great humanitarian President was busy with other matters.

Of course, the administration hasn't tackled age-old problems like disfranchisement and discrimination. Nor has it encouraged anti-Negro legislation as such. Wherever Negro workers are organized they get the same benefits, however small, that other organized workers receive. Some Negroes got HOLC loans, and part of the drop-in-the-bucket slum clearance funds have gone for Negro housing.

The presence of Negro advisers in the government has not served to protect Negroes. True enough, they may have prevented isolated cases of particular injustice, but the fault in the New Deal lies in the fact that it is no more than a grandiose scheme to preserve a system that penalizes those at the bottom of the social scale to the benefit of more favored groups. Negroes happen to be the lowliest and least favored group in America.

In short, Roosevelt reforms operate to the detriment of Negroes in precisely the degree to which they are inadequate and bunglesome pieces of social planning. When genuine social planners get hold of America they will realize that, because he has been peculiarly penalized, special attention must be paid to the Negro's problem and thorough-going measures devised to clear away the debris under which he is buried. Part of the wreckage that will have to be cleared away will be that left by Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal.

with the political inactivity of the leaders

(Continued from preceding page)

absolutism came after Hitler's seizure of supreme power. In Italy the Church-State dispute was composed by the Fascist government, whose policies now receive the blessings of the Pope.

In looking over the Catholic investment position in the United States, where an authority like E. Boyd Barrett, in "Rome Stoops to Conquer," finds the Church has its world economic center of gravity, it is well to keep in mind that only a partial listing is being made. Catholic organizations of one sort or another have investments in almost every firm listed on the New York Stock Exchange, according to the New York State Banking and Insurance Department. In this, by itself, there is no harm. However, Catholic clergy, in their guise of mediators of labor disputes, frequently figure in the settlement of strikes involving properties where the Church has its funds invested. Usually, as the record shows, the settlement is against the interests of the workers. Owing to the nature of its investments the Church is capitalistically conditioned in its political and social attitudes, and is generally very laggard in pressing for social measures that will increase the taxes on the big corporations whence it derives revenue.

Selecting items at random from the portfolios of the Church's investments—I quote from the New York State banking records—we find securities, stocks and/or bonds, of the Indiana Electric Corporation, Oklahoma Gas and Electric, West Penn Power, City of Cleveland Aircraft Landing Field, New York City Rapid Transit, Seattle Light and Power, Atlantic City Convention Hall, American Commonwealth Power, Central States Power, United Public Service, Louisiana Hotel Company, 59th and Madison Avenue Office Building, Cleveland Terminal Building, Fox Theater Building (St. Louis), Squibb Building (New York), Kansas City Public Service, Allegheny and Western R. R., Baltimore & Ohio, Bedford Belt, R. R., Rock Island, North Western, Erie, Seaboard Airline, New Orleans Terminal, Missouri Pacific, Pere Marquette, General American Tank Car, Montana Power, Los Angeles Pacific Company, Continental Gas, International Securities, Libby, McNeil & Libby, North American Car, Marion Steam Shovel, Pennsylvania Glass Sand, Pure Oil, Timken Silent Automatic, Akron, Canton and Youngstown, Fox Metropolitan Playhouses, Certain-teed Products, Goodyear Tire and Rubber, B. F. Goodrich, Hudson Coal, Associated Electric, Arkansas Power, Commonwealth Edison, International Match, International Rolling Mills, Denver Joint Stock Land Bank, Texas Electric, New York State Electric, Houston Lighting, Indianapolis Power, Koppers Gas and Coke, Lane Bryant, Minnesota and Ontario Paper, National Radiator, National Dairy Products, Savoy Plaza, Thermoid, Washington Silk, Brooklyn Edison, New York Edison, Pacific Gas and Electric, New York City bonds, American Chain, American Smelting, Armour, Beaver Mills, Bethlehem Steel, Canadian International Paper, Firestone Tire, Fisk Rubber, Gulf Oil, U. S. Rubber, Trumbull Steel, Shell Union Oil, Pressed Steel Car, Pillsbury Flour Mills, Toledo Edison, Southern California Edison.

These investments are administered precisely in the same way as those of any bank

Even Hitler, Mussolini, Hoover, and Nicholas Murray Butler Know Better

"I may be controverted on this judgment, but I dare affirm that in spite of all the sacrifices of the Russian people in the last eight years, through trying to realize an enforced government plan, the national wealth and national income of Russia have not increased, and that Russia today may be a poorer country than when she entered upon her grandiose scheme."

—Dr. David P. Barrows, former president of the University of California, addressing the American people over a nation-wide NBC network.

or trust company are administered. Mortgages on farms and homes are foreclosed upon non-payment of interest or principal. The deadly silence maintained by the Catholic Church on questions like pay-cuts for police, firemen and public-school teachers is explained eloquently by the concentration of a good part of these funds in the obligations of municipalities. New York City, for example, pays more than one-third of its budget in bond interest, which has not been reduced at all, although civil servants' salaries have been reduced and many have been sent to the bread-line.

A long roster of brokerage houses, members of the New York Stock Exchange, and of banks, members of the American Bankers Association, the New York State Bankers Association and the Investment Bankers Association, is patronized by Catholic institutions, with mutual profit. The Ladies Catholic Benevolent Association has its bank deposits of \$1,145,690 allocated to thirty-one separate banks.

In addition to investing in orthodox capitalistic mediums these Church funds also purchase Church obligations. We find in the portfolio of the Catholic Knights of America, sampling at random, the following obligations: Union That Nothing Be Lost 5s, Sisters of Mercy 5s, Sisters of the Precious Blood 5s, Sisters of Mercy Female Academy 5s, Sisters of Charity 5s, Servants of the Holy Ghost 5s, and Poor Sisters of St. Francis Seraph 5s and 5½s. The First Catholic Slovak Ladies Union holds, among other items, St. Barnabas Parish 5½s, St. Genevieve Parish 5½s, St. John the Baptist 5s, St. Josephs 5s, St. Killian 5½s, St. Mary's College 5s, St. Scholastica 5½s, St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus 5s, Reading National Bank stock, Our Lady of Help of Christians, Our Lady of Pompeii 5s, Providence of God 5s, Catholic Bishop of Chicago gold note 5s, and Associated Laundries, Mayflower Hotel, Fox Detroit Theater Building, Park Central Hotel and Roxy Theaters Corporation.

More of these satellite organizations, not listed for business in New York State, are revealed by other state records. In Pennsylvania the following are licensed to do business: the Holy Name Beneficial Society, Delaware Polish Beneficial Association of Mater Admirabilis, Holy Family Society, Holy Family Sick and Relief Society, St. Adelbert Beneficial Society, Providence Association of Ukrainian Catholics, Catholic Knights of St. George, Pennsylvania Catholic Beneficial League, and others. In Connecticut we find these registered: the Roman and Greek Catholic Gymnastic Sokol, the Catholic Fraternal League, and the Ladies Catholic Benevolent Association. In Massachusetts, a stronghold of the Church, there are the Italian Catholic

Mutual Benefit and Aid Society of Saint Mary of Carmine, the Massachusetts Order of Foresters, the Catholic Association of Lowell, the Independent Slovak Roman and Greek Catholic St. Stephan's Society, Knights of St. Stanislaus, Portuguese Association of the Holy Ghost, Portuguese Catholic Benevolent St. John Association, Portuguese Mutual Association of Our Lady of Light, Society of St. Casimir, St. Catherine Benevolent, Protective and Charitable Society, Saint Joseph's Benevolent, Protective and Charitable Society, St. John the Baptist Society, St. Jean Baptiste Society and St. John the Baptist Mutual Benefit Association.

In Michigan are registered the Catholic Ladies of Columbus, the Croatian Catholic Union and the Women's Catholic Order of Foresters of Illinois. In Ohio are the Bohemian-Slavonic Roman Catholic Benevolent Union, the Polish Roman Catholic Union of U. S. A., the Polish Roman Catholic Union of the Immaculate Heart of the Holy Virgin Mary, and the Slovak Catholic Cadets Union. In Missouri we find the Ceska Katolicka Proni Ustredni Jednota, and in Minnesota the Catholic Aid Association, the Catholic Family Protective Association, the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association and the German Roman Catholic Women's Aid Society. In Texas are registered the Bohemian Roman Catholic Union, the Catholic Staatsverband, and the Catholic Workmen.

Thus far we have been looking at the more or less accessible records, but they are only part of the investment funds of the Catholic Church in the United States. We are permitted this glimpse because the law requires all insurance enterprises to reveal their holdings. *The largest portions of Catholic investments are held in the names of individuals, and hence do not appear as Church funds on the public record unless they figure in litigation or some similar public transaction.* Parish and diocesan and arch-diocesan funds are carried either in the names of the higher clergy or wealthy communicants. In short, they are handled through dummies. One of the most salient recent examples of carrying wealth through a dummy was afforded in the revelation during 1934 that Father Coughlin was holding \$250,000 of silver bullion in a Wall Street brokerage house on margin in the name of his secretary, an unknown young lady.

Revealing how individuals transact business for the Church is the bond issue of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Manila, dated 1929, in the amount of \$2,500,000 at 6%. We would not know anything about this had not the Archbishop defaulted to the National City Bank, trustee for the bonds and a power in the affairs of the Philippines. What is of outstanding interest about this bond issue is that it was secured by a pledge of 2,623 shares of the capital stock of the Bank of the Philippine Islands and 81% of the stock of the Philippine Trust Company, in both cases representing control of these two important island financial institutions. The aforementioned bonds were issued in the name of Archbishop Michael O'Doherty.

In 1932 Daniel J. O'Connell, a broker who operated the Cathedral Bond and Mortgage Company of New York and specialized in church business, was convicted of swindling various Catholic clerics of \$4,000,000 and was sentenced to Sing Sing. It was brought out

during the trial that the clerics merely endorsed notes in blank and turned them over to O'Connell, who, as it turned out, began transferring the cash to his own account instead of to the account of the clerics.

The Catholic Chancellery of New York, asked by the New York Times on February 25, 1932, if it, too, had done business with O'Connell, answered austere: "We don't do business through brokers, but through

The Jesuits are reputed to be the richest of all the many Catholic orders in the United States, yet the records show no secular investments for the Society of Jesus. All of its financial business is handled by individuals, which naturally makes it difficult to trace its holdings.

Why does the Catholic Church, of all the churches, observe such secrecy about its investments? Is it not that it does not wish its real economic and political bias to be revealed and measured in the light of its avowed policies?

Following the stock market débâcle of 1929 Beatrice Baskerville, Rome correspondent, sent the following dispatch which was printed in the New York World on November 14 of that year:

Vatican City—Persistent reports that the Vatican has recently suffered heavy losses in Wall Street are current here and in the financial district in Rome. Roman brokers mention American public utilities and steel stocks as having largely attracted the business men who advise the Cardinal Secretary of State about investments. None of these reports can be verified because the Holy See is always silent regarding business investments. Its business is never done in the Pope's name or in that of any prominent citizen of Vatican City.

If current rumors are to be believed, certain parcels of American stock were sold early in the present slump. Others were held in the hope that the market would steady after the first week of wild selling. When it did not, more holdings, it is said, were disposed of at a heavy sacrifice. Plans for the establishment of a Papal State Bank within the frontiers of the Pope's temporal domain have been temporarily abandoned, the World learns.

For more than a decade, at least, the Vatican has enjoyed excellent Wall Street credit connections. It is not generally known that in October, 1923, the Vatican floated a private loan with Blair & Co. and the Chase National Bank in the amount of \$1,500,000 at 4.9%. After this deal, Elisha Walker, of Blair & Co., later head of the Transamerica Corporation and now a partner of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., was decorated by the Vatican, joining the goodly company of American financiers and Tammany politicians who hold decorations from the Holy See.

All along the line the leading clerics of the Church hobnob with financiers and brokers. Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago appeared at the Insull trial as a character witness for Harold L. Stuart, of the investment house of Halsey, Stuart & Co., and was not cross-examined by the government as to his financial interests.

On the stand the Cardinal admitted, "On my petition and recommendation Mr. Stuart received one of the highest orders the Catholic Church can confer. That was the Order of Pope Pius IX. Only one other non-Catholic holds that. Without Mr. Stuart's service we could not have built the International College of the Propaganda Fide in Rome."

The other non-Catholic referred to by the Cardinal was the late General Leonard

EAGLES OVER MOBILE, OR THREE YAIRS FOR FAULKNER

by T. S. MATTHEWS

"BABY wants a new pair of shoes."
"Shoes?" the clerk said. "The pair in the window?"

"Yair," Maggie said. "How much?" But the clerk did not move. He leaned back on the counter, looking down at the infant figure, the hard, tough, button-nosed, dish-face, wall-eyed, cauliflower-eared and in which the hot green eyes seemed to whirl and sputter like a snake's do approaching for the first time the moulting season; at the dirty swagging diaper, held precariously in place by one huge rusty horseblanketpin, the short, thick, musclebound body streaked with dirt, oil and sweat.

"Oh yair?" he said, staring.

"Yair."

"Twenty-two bucks."

When the baby dug her hands into her jeans the clerk could follow it, filthy fingernails and stubby knuckle, the entire length of the diaper like watching the author in the suspensatory swallow his adamsapple. The hand emerged a fist with a wad of greenbacks which it tossed grumpily up onto the counter. The clerk made no move to touch the money, he still stared fixedly at the smouldering child. "Yair," he thought. "It ain't the money. It ain't that. . . Yair."

"A tough baby," he said. "Yair?"

Maggie's lips curled back from her stumpy

teeth. "You bastard," she said quietly, "you gonna gimme them shoes?"

It wasn't until she was actually out on the plane's wing that he could see she was nervous about something. He sat in the back cockpit with the airplane in position, holding the wing up under her weight, gesturing her on out toward the wingtip, almost angrily. As she edged slowly on, she kept dropping off pieces of clothing which the wind snatched away like they were butterfly spawn against the choral drop of the dawn's biding white wings. He saw her looking at him with that blind and completely irrational expression of protest and wild denial on her face, her mouth open like she was about to vomit.

He cut the engine and listened. She was screaming, "You bastard, you bastard rotten pilot"—over and over.

"You want to take your pants off?" he said.

"They are off."

"Oh yair. I forgot." He could see now, as the wind whipped the hem of her skirt out of the parachute harness about her loins, that she had on no undergarment, pants.

"I see you have on no undergarment, pants."

"Yair."

She looked like she was about to start screaming again, so he cut in the motor to drown her noise. "Jump!" he whispered to himself through tight clenched teeth. "Why don't you jump? Can't you see the lake?"

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Wood, former Governor of the Philippine Islands!

The Cardinal said it was the first time in his life he had appeared in court as a character witness for anybody.

It is up to Catholics in the ranks to force the Church to place on the record all of its financial holdings and to stop doing business through dummies. If secrecy is to be condemned on the part of big corporations, as it has been condemned generally, it is subject to double condemnation on the part of a vast organization which presumes to advise about holy matters and to direct its communicants in social and political paths, ostensibly chosen on purely humanitarian and spiritual considerations.

Why do Catholic clerics oppose the abolition of child labor? Is it because many of their investment profits would be curtailed if children were forbidden to work? It was the Church opposition to this Constitutional amendment in New York State, supported by many Protestant and Jewish clerics but by no Catholic clerics or spokesmen, that secured its defeat on the preposterous ground that it would remove children from the supervision of parents.

If the Catholic laity led the fight, as it should, for a revelation of the organizational investments of the Church, it might discover why the Church, oddly enough, opposes the cremation of the dead. Is it because the Church has heavy tax-free investments in many cemeteries?

The Church, along with certain Protestant organizations like the Y. M. C. A., has availed itself of its tax immunity on ecclesiastical property to secure immunity on secular,

profit-producing property. The Knights of Columbus owns a big hotel near Times Square, New York, on which it was disclosed in 1933 that the Tammany Administration of the city had been giving it complete tax exemption. It is bad enough when ecclesiastical property is not taxed, but when this privilege is extended to revenue-producing property, and especially in a time of general stress for all people, the condition becomes intolerable. The Catholic Church is a notorious tax-dodger in all communities where it has close interlockings with the political authorities.

The persecution of the Church in Germany under Hitler, which I heartily condemn, has nevertheless revealed the preoccupation of the Church and its officials with high finance, unknown to its humble communicants. The economic collapse of Germany and the rise of Hitler proved to be a serious blow to the Church, its financial affairs tangled all over the world. It was able to remove \$15,000,000 from Germany, after the wholesale German default, through the English syndicate agent, Col. Francis Norton, former member of the British Reparations Commission, but this was relatively a small sum. More recently the Hitler régime has successfully dammed the funds of the Church within the nation.

The Church in Germany has big obligations outstanding in the United States. The Roman Catholic Church Loan of Bavaria, dated 1926 and issued through A. Iselin & Co., of New York, members of the Stock Exchange, in the amount of \$5,000,000, went into default in 1933. The Roman Catholic Welfare Institutions in Germany 6% loan of

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No. 37

Nietzsche the Sophomore

ADOLF HITLER and other high Nazi officials were present at the funeral of Nietzsche's sister, Frau Elizabeth Foerster, in Weimar a few weeks ago. She richly deserved this tribute from the mob of gangsters now running the government of Germany, for she was on their side from the very beginning, but her brother, who was thus honored by proxy, deserved it even more. Frau Foerster told the truth when she said some two years ago that were Friedrich Nietzsche alive he would be heartily pro-Hitler. He hated the common people just as much as *der Führer*, he also loathed democracy and pacifism, and he was one of the originators of the nonsense about the Superman. Hitler picked up many ideas from Nietzsche, and his autobiography "Mein Kampf," in so far as it makes any sense at all, obviously derives from the more preposterous passages in "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "The Birth of Tragedy," and "Beyond Good and Evil."

Nietzsche, of course, was not altogether a pre-Hitler. For one thing, he was not a hoodlum. He could also read and write, he had a considerable poetical gift, and he was an internationalist. Finally, he did not keep company with murderers, blackmailers, and perverts like Goering, Goebbels, and Streicher. He was wrong-headed and fanatic in his foolishness, but no one was reluctant to sit with him at the table, for the man, after all, was a relatively decent human being, which Hitler obviously is not. No intelligent and sensitive person would any more dream of being in the same room with Hitler than he would dream of being in the same room with Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

But to come back to Nietzsche, the main reason for these remarks. He is rapidly becoming a mere name to the general public, and even academicians are beginning to lose interest in him, as is revealed by a perusal of the doctoral theses in philosophy during the past ten years. This collapse of the Nietzschean cult among intelligent men and women was inevitable. He was never more than the darling of sophomore minds.

Young boys and girls, in the throes of the immemorial emotional and biological annoyances, either go to Yale and settle down if they have no imagination, or they become Nietzscheans if they are too shocked by the fraud of the world. The appeal of Nietzsche to young minds is that he is so sure of himself, that his answers to the riddles of the universe are resoundingly yes or no. There is a specious superiority in him, which is exactly what the sensitive, fumbling sophomore wants to quiet his unrest.

It is comforting to a bewildered young man or woman, aghast at the revolting phenomena of Herbert Hoover, Walter Lippmann,

the New Deal, "Anthony Adverse," Ramsay MacDonald, and the *Saturday Evening Post*, to be told that the world is the paradise of yokels, double-crossers, and thieves. It is also comforting to him to be told that the only salvation lies in the breeding of a race of Supermen, because it immediately makes him think that perhaps he is one of the elect. The fact that the concept of the Superman is at best the creation of a Utopian mind more eager for solutions than for understanding, and the fact that the notion of the world being run by yokels is the most ancient banality, do not disturb the sophomore.

He wants instantaneous relief from his confusion, which Nietzsche supplies in brief, literate, and even poetical affirmations and negations. If the young man or woman grows up, he or she learns soon enough that affirmations are not logical explanations, and that there is a vast difference between the comfort that comes from calling people yokels and thieves and the very deep pleasure that comes from the knowledge why people are yokels and thieves.

In short, Nietzscheanism is a natural cult for young people of the higher intellectual and imaginative brackets. It is a very good thing to outgrow, and no adult is truly adult unless he has discarded it. A person's maturity can very well be judged by the distance he has traveled from Nietzscheanism.

A Challenge to American Justice

ON July 4, 1933, Norris Dendy, a thirty-three-year-old Negro, was dragged out of the Clinton, South Carolina, jail and lynched. The facts of his case are well-known to readers of the liberal white and Negro press. The Dendys were one of the most successful and cultured families of Clinton. The white Southern trash of the neighborhood resented their good fortune, and began to annoy them. Norris was the most sporting of the Dendys, so the white mob set out to get him. They had him arrested a number of times on baseless charges, but he was always acquitted. This made the whites angrier than ever.

Then came July 4, 1933. On that day, at a Negro picnic on Lake Murray, Norris got into an argument with a white man, Marvin Lollis, over the relative merits of their trucks. It was a senseless argument, the sort two men, somewhat liquored, are likely to engage in. Some blows were exchanged. Lollis soon left the scene and in short order Norris was arrested on a charge of "reckless driving." He was clapped into jail, refused bail, and the following day his corpse was found not far away.

Immediately his brother, Robert Dendy, a federal employé in New York City, began an investigation. Five men were identified as the lynchers and their names presented to the Clinton grand jury. The jury "deliberated" and did absolutely nothing. The state conducted an "investigation" of its own, but it had no evidence to offer the grand jury.

This is precisely where the case stands today. Robert Dendy, the brother of the lynched man, has almost despaired of bringing the murderers to justice. Nothing can be hoped for from the law officers of South Carolina, one of the most benighted and corrupt states in the Union. Robert Dendy has approached many of our leading liberal law-

yers for aid, but to no avail. We hope that they will reconsider. Here is a rare opportunity for them to be of real value to the welfare of 13,000,000 American citizens. The Dendy lynchers are known, the case against them seems conclusive. He admittedly committed no crime. He admittedly committed no rape. He was a decent, respectable citizen, the son of decent, respectable parents. The conviction of his slayers would be a tremendous object lesson. What have Senators Wheeler, Nye and Wagner to say about it all? What of Congressman Marcantonio and Maverick? What of the attorneys of the American Civil Liberties Union?

The Italians as Soldiers

THE news from the Ethiopian front bears out what we said about the Italian soldiers in this place in November. In the south they seem to have lost every inch of ground they had gained the preceding two months, and the latest reports say that the Ethiopians are driving Mussolini's slaves to the sea shore of Italian Somaliland. In the North the situation is only a trifle better for the invaders. They still hold Aduwa, Adigrat, and possibly Makale, but these positions are of little value to them. Should the Ethiopians decide to move upon them in force, the Italians, most military experts agree, would have to flee back to Eritrea. The Italian soldiers are discouraged: the incessant harrassing by the natives is doing great damage to their morale.

But the most important point in the whole mess is that whatever gains the Italians did make at the beginning appear to have been made not by them but by their colonial troops, the Somalis and the Askaris. What the Somalis and Askaris won for them the Italians were quick to celebrate—and get their pictures in the papers. Altogether, the Italians have shown themselves up again as third-rate soldiers. We hope that when the time comes in the near future to get rid of Mussolini and his thugs they will show more daring.

True to Form

WE have a large respect for Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States for the grand fight he put up to keep American athletes from going to the Olympic games in Germany. His side lost by a small majority, the result, most likely, of some last-minute double-crossing on the part of a handful of the "friends" of the boycott. All decent people will applaud Judge Mahoney, but he was perhaps doomed from the beginning. American athletes, even more so than the Brundages and the Sherrills, want to go to the Olympics. As a group they have no intelligence and no honor. They read nothing and know nothing. They would rather run or swim in Germany than uphold a principle in America. They would rather run or swim than do anything else. They are a sub-human gang, fit only for the company of generals, admirals, and chorus girls. In the matter of the Olympic games this year they had an opportunity to redeem themselves somewhat, but they acted true to form. Dr. Goebbels will not have to waste any precious Nazi time enlightening them.

BOOKS

by Charles Angoff

Caldwell's Best Book

SOME AMERICAN PEOPLE, by Erskine Caldwell. \$2. Robert M. McBride & Company: New York.

LAST year Mr. Caldwell visited the most hard-hit sections of the United States and interviewed a large number of common people, from gasoline clerks to sharecroppers, and from waitresses to automobile workers. In the present book he reports what he saw and heard. The substance of his observations is now familiar to all readers of newspapers, but the evidence he presents is largely fresh. He is especially good in what he has to say about the lot of the automobile workers and the Southern tenant farmers. The human degradation that is practiced daily in the factories of that most revolting of all American millionaires, Henry Ford, and of his brother motor car magnates is almost on a level with that practiced daily upon the Italian people by Mussolini.

Congress owes it to the American people to investigate the slavery in Detroit and its environs. The cheap, petty, foolish, vulgar, scheming man who controls that section of the country has inflicted an incalculable amount of suffering upon his generation. Mr. Caldwell's chapters on him are superb as reporting and as writing.

He is almost as effective in his discussions of the growing misery of the South. Russia in the blackest Czarist days hardly knew such depths of human despair.

Says Mr. Caldwell:

In many . . . Georgia communities syphilis is as common as dandruff. Incest is as prevalent as marriage in these tenant regions where normal access to the outside is shut off because of the inability to travel. They are unable to travel except on foot, because there are few horses and mules, and almost no automobiles. . . . Nearly all the organs of public opinion are in reactionary hands. And the victim of this machine of error is the tenant farmer. He is too poor, generally, to pay a poll tax, and hence cannot vote. He cannot read or write, and the newspapers never receive his political or economic protest. . . . The economic condition of this class of white tenant is lower than that of the Negro. His standard of living is lower, his education is more limited, and his health is worse. The Negro can be threatened into submission; the white farmer still thinks he should have what he earns, and as a result he is discriminated against.

Mr. Caldwell merely reports. He has no remedy to offer save a vague sort of collectivism. But this is not against him, for a good reporter does not also have to be a philosopher. Mr. Caldwell's present volume is easily the most satisfactory he has done to date. It is sound and honest stuff, simply and effectively put on paper. His eye is sure, and his emotions are genuine. He makes such people as Edwin C. Hill and Morris Markey look like riff-raff.

It is therefore a pity that Mr. Caldwell has his heart so set on fiction, for which he betrays a very meagre talent. He has never written a genuine short story or novel. All his stories, long or short, are only incidents, clumsily reworked and devoid of point. Oc-

asionally there is a kernel of sound reportorial observation in them, but most of the time they are a sort of proletarian chit-chat. Their reputed humor lies solely in their lack of significance. Mr. Caldwell is forever telling banal tales and staring at his audience. The audience sometimes laughs, not because of the humor in the tales but because Mr. Caldwell looks so funny when he stares. But so do Laurel and Hardy.

Thomas Wolfe's Rubbish

FROM DEATH TO MORNING, by Thomas Wolfe. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

THERE are fourteen stories in this collection. One deals with death in the subway, another with life on a circus ground, a third with the glories of Brooklyn, a fourth with the plight of a physical giant, a fifth with the reveries of "The Bums at Sunset," a sixth with "One of the Girls in Our Party," and a seventh with "The Men of Old Catawba," Catawba apparently being Mr. Wolfe's home state, North Carolina. The rest of the stories deal with God knows what. Mr. Wolfe has a good deal to say in them about "the old wild wordless hope," "the old unsearchable mystery of time and the city," the "dimensions of fathomless and immemorable sensation, . . . nine thousand enthusiasms back, twenty thousand nights of drunkenness ago, eight hundred parties, four million cruelties, nine thousand treacheries or fidelities, two hundred love affairs gone by," and "the face of the night, the heart of the dark, the tongue of the flame." The book is made up almost completely of such stuff. What it means I don't know. Reading it is like putting your head in a revolving cylinder of sand.

Mr. Wolfe's first book, "Look Homeward, Angel," was also preposterously written, but there were many impressive pages in it full of sharp characterization. The book smelled of honest literary passion and was therefore a relief from the drug-store novels of such phoneys as Thornton Wilder and Robert Nathan. One hoped that Mr. Wolfe would hold tight to his very considerable virtues and learn to write as honestly as he feels. Instead, he has taken on new vices of composition and organization.

"Of Time and the River" is a gargantuan mud pie. In it Mr. Wolfe yells his head off that he is a lonely man and comes from lonely and sensuous folks, which marks him as a sensitive person but not necessarily as a novelist. A novelist must know precisely what he wants to say and must have some talent at saying it in intelligible language. Mr. Wolfe is never sure of what's boiling within him and he is so intoxicated with words that he hugs them all to his breast without the slightest discrimination.

His present book of short stories betrays all the faults of his previous two books with many additional ones. In several of the pieces here he leaves the realm of sense completely. The longest story in the volume, "The Web of Earth," defies the understanding. What Mr. Wolfe is aiming at is for a regiment of psychoanalysts to determine.

The other stories are really not much better. The following passages from "Death the Proud Brother" are typical:

They come! Ships call! The hooves of the night, the horses of great Sleep, are coming on below their manes of darkness. And forever the rivers run. Deep as the tides of Sleep the rivers run. We call! They come: My great dark horses come! With soft and rushing thunder of their hooves they come, and the horses of Sleep are galloping, galloping over the land.

Oh, softly, softly the great dark horses of Sleep are galloping over the land. The great black bats are flying over us. The tides of Sleep are moving through the nation; beneath the tides of Sleep and time strange fish are moving.

For Sleep has crossed the worn visages of day, and in the night-time, in the dark, in all the sleeping silence of the towns, the faces of ten million men are strange and dark as time.

Turbulent gibberish is not art. It is turbulent gibberish.

More Rubbish

OUR LORDS AND MASTERS, by the Unofficial Observer. \$3.50. Simon and Schuster: New York.

"THIS book," says the anonymous author, "is an attempt to find the men who run the world, to tell who they are, what they are, and how they got that way." The men he discusses are those you find regularly in your newspaper: King George V, Stanley Baldwin, Stalin, President Roosevelt, Pope Pius XI, Hitler—about 200 altogether. The Unofficial Observer, in his previous two books, "The New Dealers" and "American Messiahs," showed himself up as a poorly-informed, glib, and wise-cracking reporter, and his present volume does not redeem him in the slightest.

His information here seems to have been gathered from the writings of other second-rate reporters, and his understanding of the world continues to be that of a staff philosopher for the smooth-paper and heavily illustrated magazines. He says of the New Deal that "it is a challenge to the vested interests of three continents." Nothing could be more inaccurate. He says that Lenin died "under circumstances which have never been fully explained." Why this cheap and preposterous innuendo? Everybody, even the New York Times, knows that Lenin died mainly as the result of a bullet wound inflicted upon him in 1918. And what does the Unofficial Observer mean when, in discussing Maxim Litvinov, he quacks, "But you can't keep a man named Finkelstein [Litvinov's real name] down"?

He seems to think that all the troubles of the world will be solved if women have more babies: "No race, nation, or civilization ever perished from having too many babies. The girl who prefers the Cadillac to the cradle is the mother of a crisis." About all that can be said for this sort of rubbish is that it is not much worse than the philosophizing of Walter Lippmann, Arthur Brisbane, and Frank Kent.

The Middle Class

THE CRISIS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS, by Lewis Corey. \$2.50. Covici-Friede: New York.

MR. COREY belongs to the first dozen economists in the United States today. His present book is perhaps the first major economic discussion of the past rôle and probable future of the middle class all over

the world, but especially in America. He points out, among other things, that the middle class was formerly a propertied class and the upholder of the traditional principles of democracy. Today it is largely a propertyless class, heading straight for the abyss of unemployment, and apparently the fertile ground of fascist, anti-democratic agitation. All this is the direct result of "the crisis of capitalism," and the only solution for the plight of the middle class, as for the plight of society as a whole, is the creation of a socialistic order.

Mr. Corey presents a mass of evidence to support his thesis. His section on the historical development of the middle class in the United States is particularly good, and there is considerable illumination in what he has to say about the degradation of the middle class in fascist countries. For these chapters alone the volume is well worth reading. Unfortunately, Mr. Corey still writes rather feebly. "The Crisis of the Middle Class" is full of repetition, hasty thinking, and cheap rhetoric. It could easily be cut by about a fifth.

Consider the following lines: "Man is not man if he is deprived of the rational and the right to understand, of the urge to struggle for perfection . . . Man, the worker, will progress and fights for it." Mr. Corey seldom commits such atrocities in his articles, when he takes his time. His present book, as I have said, is full of excellent and valuable stuff, but it is a pity that he was in such a hurry. I shall have more to say about the volume in a future issue.

THREE YAIRS FOR FAULKNER

(Continued from page 9)

They had been up here a long time. He started to figure the months in his head, but he was too dizzy. Was it nine, or ten? This diet of cylinderoil, cylinderoil, nothing but cylinderoil, was beginning to get him down. That and the air, the heavy, damp, bayou-and-swamp-suspired air. He remembered that Saturdayafternoon, months ago, when it had all started. When she came scrambling and sprawling into the cockpit he had tried to fight her off for a while, but she had had the author, the perennially undefeated, the victorious, on her side. Just before he lost consciousness he thought, "Anyway, a record!"

When he came to, the plane was standing on one wing, and she was holding a can of cylinderoil to his lips. After that she never let him land except to refuel. He had begun to feel like a character in a book. And now at last she had decided she was tired of it, she wanted to get off and walk for a while. He had not noticed her condition because he was so preoccupied with his own, and besides, every time she came near him he shut his eyes.

She was still out there on the wing, and still shouting, like she was mad at something. He saw now that she had taken off all her clothes, and was covered with nothing more than the parachute harness. She was clinging to the inner bay strut and shouting at him. He cut the engine again.

"Why don't you jump?"

"Jump, you bastard? The two of us?"

That was how Maggie was born.

Yair, the reporter thought, clashing the unhermetic screendoor of the comfortation behind him, it was about time I found my way to this place. Yair. And I suppose there'll be a corncob hanging here instead of the Sears-Roebuck catalog. He looked with naked and urgent concentration at the old countryman, goatbearded, rheumyeyed, who was splashing away at the only water basin like he was trying to accomplish total immersion. The old farmer looked up, fumbling with the towel.

"Them eagles," he said disgustedly, wiping his eye. "Them durn birds."

The reporter watched him abstractedly in the mirror, fingering gingerly the left side of his face, leaning to the blunt, wavering mirror the replica of his tentative grimace as he contemplated his diploma-colored flesh.

"Yair," he said quietly. "Yair. It's lucky cows don't fly. . . ."

GERMAN MUSIC COLLAPSES

by DAVID EWEN

WHEN in the Spring of 1933 the Nazi government first assumed power, it immediately announced its musical creed: "Only that music which expresses the highest ideals of the German people, and which is untainted by foreign influences, can be encouraged." To the Nazi mind, the only music that could express "the highest ideals of the German people" is blatant and formulaistic artistic expression which in its vulgar pompousness gives voice to German chauvinism; and "foreign influences" not only refer to the Jew, but also to every composer with an original thought and an individual viewpoint. With these ideals in mind the Nazis set out to revolutionize music (they called their revolution a *Sauberung*—a cleansing) as ruthlessly as they remodeled their government.

With the recent banishment of Richard Strauss to that musical Siberia to which the Hitler government has, in the past sixteen months, exiled all German musicians who cannot conform to rigid Aryan standards, the Nazi revolution in music approaches its final stages. It is no secret that, before Hitler assumed power, he had promised Strauss that when *Der Tag* arrived, the great composer would be appointed commander-in-chief of all the musical forces of Germany. It is also no secret that the moment Strauss assumed his sovereign position he began to goose-step with the Nazi forces, yielding to their every madness. But a *Sauberung* can clean the cleaner as well. And Strauss—as a result of an ill-fated collaboration with the Jew Stefan Zweig—suddenly discovered himself out in the cold.

German music—for two hundred years enjoying undisputed leadership the world over—has overnight changed its body and soul.

FOR a few days recently the New York Times printed letters from readers on the carelessness of dog-owners in permitting their pets to mess up our city sidewalks. The letters were printed—very appropriately, we thought—in the column adjoining Mr. Strunsky's "Topics of the Times," and on the days they appeared the intellectual tone of the editorial page was considerably improved.

FROM all we're able to make of it, the Republican Party is split two ways, one group being loyal to Public Bore No. 1, Hoover, and the other group to Public Bore No. 2, Borah. In other words, it comes down to a contention for a bone that isn't there.

Organizations like the Berlin Philharmonic and the Berlin State Opera, whose artistic standards were once of the highest, have in one year degenerated to brass bands. It is illuminating to glance at German music as it is today and see what the Nazi revolution has accomplished in music. Of that prolific group of important modern composers who enjoyed world prominence before the Nazi revolution, only one has been retained as official composer of the new régime. Hans Pfitzner—now that Richard Strauss is outside the fold—is the official *Kapellmeister* of the Nazi government, not merely because of his viciously anti-Semitic writings (his reflections on the influence of the Jew in music recently appeared between book-covers in his "Gesammelte Schriften"), but also by virtue of an artificial, characterless and inflated musical style which lends itself so felicitously to the expression of chauvinistic propaganda (c.f. "Von Deutscher Seele"). Composers more vital and original in their speech, such as Ernst Krenek, Paul Hindemith and Walter Braunfels, and Jewish composers such as Arnold Schönberg, Ernst Toch and Alexander von Zemlinsky—the harvest of Germany's modern musical expression—have been discarded as "tainted and foreign." In their places have arisen a new group of composers—entirely unknown before 1933—whose artwork possesses the ingenuousness and naïveté of nursery jingles.

What composers are in vogue in Germany today? First, there are the older men who have suddenly burst from complete obscurity to national prominence by virtue of works which, in the estimation of the *Kulturkammer*, are apt expressions of Nazi idealism. Composers like Georg Schumann, Max Tropp and Georg Vollerthun had been writing music top-heavy with cheap rhetoric for more than two decades without attracting any respectful attention. Now they are important people. Georg Schumann's symphonies and ponderous fugues, Tropp's chamber-works and Vollerthun's puerile songs find frequent performance.

The younger composers who have suddenly soared to prominence are equally sterile. Among the more important of these new Nazi voices are Kurt Stiegler, Herman Grabner and Kurt Thomas. Stiegler, whose opera the "Schmeide" I heard in Hanover in 1933, is a composer of bombastic brass-band music that offends the ear; I am certain that music so preposterous could never have reached performance in Germany before 1933. Kurt Thomas, before he was elevated to importance by the Nazi government, was the composer of an innocuous string-quartet. And Herman Grabner—whose works are a combination of Bach and faucet-water—writes music that is virgin-pure of character or individuality. I am not familiar with his larger work, the "Christmas Oratorio," but I have heard smaller pieces for piano and organ which attempt to speak Bach's messages with a language that arises from the gutter. Other young composers, like Hans Vogt and

(Continued on next page)

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST BAD LIQUOR

by RUTH BRINDZE

THE solicitude and enterprise exhibited by state and federal agencies to protect the liquor consumer against being cheated or poisoned is truly remarkable. Some of this protection, of course, is a by-product of the government's endeavor to protect its own pocket-book. For example, the mandate that no distillery may be operated unless the Treasury Department's storekeeper and gauger is present to check the proof of the liquor, was written to eliminate cheating in the payment of taxes, liquor being taxed according to its proof. But this close watch by the Internal Revenue agents directly benefits the consumer.

His interests are also served by the Federal Alcohol Administration, another division of the Treasury Department, by the Federal Trade Commission, the Food & Drug Admin-
(Continued on page 15)

(Continued from preceding page)

Friedrich Miltz, are so imbued with the ideal of creating a national music that they mistake cheapness for fervor and complexity of style for profundity.

In the same fashion the Nazi government has replaced virtually every first-rate conductor with a mediocrity. Wilhelm Furtwängler, after a temporary banishment, has returned to the Aryan bosom—with the result that, momentarily at any rate, Nazi Germany is in possession of a great orchestral leader. But knowing Furtwängler and having spoken to him, I realize that it will be impossible for him to march to the tune of the Nazi musical credo without soon discovering once again that he is out of step.

With the exception of Furtwängler, all of the former glories of the German baton are gone—Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, Erich Kleiber, Hans Knappertsbusch, and now Richard Strauss. Who is there to replace these imposing artists? From Vienna there has been imported Clemens Krauss to replace Erich Kleiber. But Krauss is, at best, a third-rate conductor. He is not above twisting a composition into unrecognizable shapes in the hope of "improving" its effectiveness. His Mozart is overromanticized, and his Wagner is inflated bombast. But at least he can read a score, and occasionally can follow a line of musical thought. Other conductors include the senescent Hans Pfitzner, whose sluggish readings of symphonies I shall remember a long time; and a whole group of nonentities risen from the ranks of brown-shirts, headed by Peter Raabe and including Otto Frickhoeffer and Rother.

From what has already been accomplished it is clear where German music is heading. It is plunging to a disaster from which it will not be able to recover in a century.

A DOLLOP of pabulum now being thrown to the slaves in Rome is that, once Ethiopia is taken, laws at home will be liberalized. When we think of the degradation of Mussolini, from a citizen of Proletaria to a procurer of Fascism, the promise becomes one of the most grotesquely improbable ones we ever heard of. A man may become a eunuch, but a eunuch can never again become a man.

IS IT NEWS?

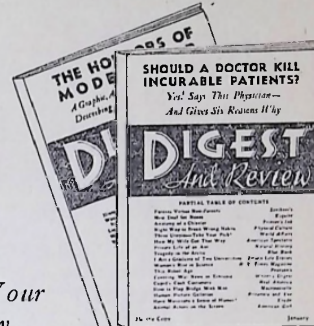
There's More to News Than the Newspapers Write About!

NEWSMEN always haggle about the question: "What's news?" Big news to the N. Y. Times is often unimportant to the N. Y. Daily Mirror. There are certain kinds of news that both these estimable sheets leave out or minimize.

But there are some kinds of news which are of vital importance and interest to everybody. It's the kind of news that isn't always new. An example of this type of news is that striking article *The Horrors of Modern War* in last month's issue of DIGEST AND REVIEW. We knew it would be news. Editorials about the article appeared all over the country. Some of these editorials said this is the kind of thing that will keep us out of war. Others (like the Chicago Tribune) said Americans shouldn't read articles of this kind—it will make us a nation of peace lovers—and Lord forbid we should become that! People—no matter what their views—were startled out of their equanimity by *The Horrors of Modern War*. We had to make thousands of reprints for organizations that wanted to distribute the article widely.

The Horrors of Modern War was news, important news! So is the article *Should Doctors Kill Incurable Patients?* in the current issue. This article advances a new argument in the controversy which has shaken the medical profession.

THE NOSE FOR NEWS is rather a new thing in digest magazines. The editors of DIGEST AND REVIEW have adopted a new editorial formula. It is this: DIGEST AND REVIEW will collate the authoritative, entertaining, and vital periodical literature of the month. At the same time, when the editors feel that vitally current topics have been inadequately treated elsewhere, they undertake to cover such timely topics in original articles; policy demanding that such articles be the result of long and painstaking research.



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BELLOZI OF THE ITALIAN INFANTRY

(Continued from page 2)

Scotch contests always going on at the Canteen, and it was fun to be on the Shiny team and beat the other regiments. It was also fun to get letters and packages from home. The packages especially, with their precious allotments of lollypops and gumdrops. The war taught a soldier to be frugal; not to eat all the gumdrops at once. It taught a soldier to be helpful and generous; to share them with the less fortunate companions. And then there were the thrilling war songs. His mind hummed with the words of the most popular tune:

You can tell the enemy snipers
By the color of their diapers.

Benito was shaken from his reverie by the sound of a bugle ordering another charge. For weeks now the Allies had been driving back the Germans. The Germans had been drawing on their reserves; little brats only recently out of military school and green in hand-to-hand fighting.

Automatically, Benito went over the top. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his head and his mind went blank.

When he awoke he was in a hospital. His face was swathed in bandages. A smiling little nurse told him he had been shot in the head by a German sniper aiming low, and his jaw had been blown off.

No more gumdrops, Benito thought. No more gumdrops! He wept.

Benito never forgot the hospital. He stayed there until the second summer of the war, slowly mending. Daily he received exciting reports of what was happening on the battlefields. The fighting waxed hot everywhere, and it was tough and go, with neither side making perceptible gains.

A serious epidemic of mumps had ravaged the Allied forces, but thousands of Germans were down with measles, so the loss was even on both sides.

The nurses were very kind to Benito, though they had a heavy burden of work. Benito often thought about the nurses. They were mostly young nurses, some not quite twenty-five months old, and the strain of the war was telling on them. Most of them were bow-legged, except those that were knocked, but Benito reflected that this was due to the war and that everybody was expected to make sacrifices.

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And he was depressed in his house. With thirteen-year-old Fiorello, who was rapidly sinking into his dotage, he had nothing in common. And Benito could not stand the caresses of his mother and daddy. The war had hardened him against these things.

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FINANCES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

(Continued from page 9)

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All these financial problems clearly influence the social and political attitudes of the Church. The Knights of Columbus and various other Church organizations recently demanded that the State Department bring pressure to bear on the Mexican government for presuming to regulate the affairs of the Church in Mexico. Ostensibly the question of Catholic education was at issue. When the United States government refused to embark on this extraordinary action against a friendly government Catholic publications indulged in bitter recriminations against President Roosevelt, stirring up political opposition to him on an issue that has nothing whatever to do with the well-being of American citizens.

In 1916, the latest date available, the Catholic Church had ecclesiastical property valued at \$52,331,894 in Mexico and productive property worth \$64,073,180, or an excess of 20% of productive property over purely ecclesiastical property. Was it this stake which influenced the Catholic Church in America in its singular demands on the State Department?

BELLOZI OF THE ITALIAN INFANTRY

(Continued from page 2)

Scotch contests always going on at the Canteen, and it was fun to be on the Shiny team and beat the other regiments. It was also fun to get letters and packages from home. The packages especially, with their precious allotments of lollypops and gumdrops. The war taught a soldier to be frugal; not to eat all the gumdrops at once. It taught a soldier to be helpful and generous; to share with the less fortunate companions. And then there were the thrilling war songs. His mind hummed with the words of the most popular tune:

You can tell the enemy snipers
By the color of their diapers.

Benito was shaken from his reverie by the sound of a bugle ordering another charge. For weeks now the Allies had been driving back the Germans. The Germans had been drawing on their reserves; little brats only recently out of military school and green in hand-to-hand fighting.

Automatically, Benito went over the top. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his head and his mind went blank.

When he awoke he was in a hospital. His face was swathed in bandages. A smiling little nurse told him he had been shot in the head by a German sniper aiming low, and his jaw had been blown off.

No more gumdrops, Benito thought. No more gumdrops! He wept.

Benito never forgot the hospital. He stayed there until the second summer of the war, slowly mending. Daily he received exciting reports of what was happening on the battlefields. The fighting waxed hot everywhere, and it was touch and go, with neither side making perceptible gains.

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HOW TO GUARD AGAINST BAD LIQUOR

(Continued from page 13)

istration, and the State Alcohol Commissions. In enforcing the various rules and regulations enacted since repeal, the several agencies not infrequently find themselves in head-on collision.

But despite the confusion and lack of coordination, the regulation of the liquor industry is working out very nicely for the consumer. Today, there is less chance of being cheated when buying liquor than when buying canned goods, meat, fish, bread or butter. Standards of identity, standards of fill, requirements for informative and honest labels and advertising have not only been established but are also pretty well enforced. When you realize that it is just such regulation that the food industry successfully fought during the days of NRA, you can better understand why the liquor industry is howling so loudly, and why other food industries are not unsympathetic. For the regulation of the liquor industry may set a precedent for government policing of other industries.

This being so, it is particularly interesting to note that even an apparently stringent law has loopholes which the trade can use to cheat the buyer. The new FAA rules, for instance, require that "straight whiskey" bottled on or before June, 1936, must be aged for not less than twelve calendar months; that straight whiskey bottled between July, 1936, and January, 1937, must be aged for not less than twenty-four calendar months. Age, of course, is not a complete indication of quality. Still this attempt to force young liquor off the market is praiseworthy. The catch is that there is no age requirement for whiskey sold as just "whiskey," and few buyers will note the absence of the word straight.

There is another nice loophole in the FAA provision that the name of the actual distiller or rectifier need not be given on the label when the name of the company for which the beverage is bottled appears. Many distributors have made a pretty penny by establishing a reputation for their private brands and then switching distillers to get a cheaper beverage at a better price—to them. The consumer has no means of knowing, except by taste, whether the liquor is the same in the second bottle as it was in the first. Distillers object that such a provision gives the distributor an unfair advantage, and New York State has now amended its liquor laws to require the name of the distiller or rectifier on every label in addition to the name of the company for which the liquor is bottled.

It appears, however, that the FAA rules will eliminate two ingenious frauds which many of our allegedly ethical distillers and purveyors of alcoholic beverages have regularly perpetrated. To describe liquor as "four summers' old" is dishonest only by implication. Between four summers there are only thirty-six calendar months, or three years, but few buyers stop to figure. There was also a popular "Consumer's Guarantee" that "the youngest liquor in this bottle is . . . months old." Again, by implication, the consumer was led to believe that there was older whiskey in the bottle. The lie was one of omission. Such juggling of words is now

THE CRIME OF THE CRIME CONFERENCE

by JOHN LOWELL

ONE mathematical genius has revealed that the recent New York State Crime Conference spouted a million words. They were all wasted except fourteen, which saved the show, and just in the nick of time! They were spoken at the last session of the final meeting. They injected some sex interest. The fourteen significant words: "Police Protection for Courting Couples," "Amorous Activities," "Contemplating matrimony," and "The Necessity for Exploratory Adventure."

There they are, and when you hook up the last two phrases, as did the eminent speaker, you get audience reaction. He did anyhow.

It remained for the Honorable Justin Miller, former dean of Duke University Law School, and now special assistant to the United States Attorney-General, and chairman of the Attorney-General's Advisory Committee on Crime, to brighten up the conference at the last minute. Delegates, soothed to semi-somnambulism by sixty-four solid hours of oratory, suddenly shook themselves awake as they heard Mr. Miller say,

"For years we have refused to accept as a fact the necessity for exploratory adventures upon the part of young people who are contemplating matrimony."

That jarred them out of their lethargy with a vengeance. They seemed especially interested in his plea for what appeared to be a kind of civic spoon-holder. Mr. Miller's idea was undoubtedly the high spot of an otherwise almost completely cut-and-dried conference. There were two other minor diversions.

One occurred when New York's police commissioner interrupted the love feast by blurring out just what a cop thinks of the parole system! This was tactless in the extreme, and annoyed the professional social workers no end.

The other was when Mr. Osmond Fraen-

ruled out by paragraphs 3 and 4 of section 39 of the FAA rules. They provide that the age of the youngest straight whiskey must be stated in years and months in the following manner: "The straight whiskeys in this product are . . . years (and/or months) or more old." The FAA promises that these labeling provisions will be strictly enforced.

A restraining influence is likewise exerted by the FTC on the more imaginative frauds indulged in by our purveyors of alcoholic beverages. Thus the California Vineyard Company, a corporation chartered under the laws of Illinois and having its principal place of business at Chicago, has been prohibited (Stipulation 1472) from using the name California Vineyards for the simple reason that it does not own vineyards in California, or any other place, and from describing its carbonated, fermented apple juice as champagne.

Out and out misrepresentations are strenuously objected to by the "better elements" of the industry who are interested in maintaining a good name and the good will of the public. In September, 1935, the wholesale

kel, of the Civil Liberties Union, displayed an equal lack of tact, along with an inclination to discuss such unpleasant topics as police brutality, free speech, strike injunctions, and kindred matters. Mr. Fraenkel was graciously granted five minutes out of the sixty-four hours.

Just what the conference accomplished is a moot question. Those cynics who always smell a hidden reason for everything, were busy trying to decide why Governor Lehman called the conference in the first place. Nobody was quite certain.

But one thing was evident: there was plenty of resentment behind the scenes, though everything was sweet, pretty, and terribly idealistic on the surface.

The friends of Jack Bennett (New York's youthful and ambitious attorney-general) were raging. "What's Lehman up to?" they demanded of all and sundry. "He's stealing Jack's stuff! He's taking Bennett's only issue right away from him! If he wants to run again, why doesn't he say so? No need to knife Jack that way. He could wait another two years."

It was whispered that the attorney-general shared more than a little of his friends' resentment.

Nor was that all. A number of proud ornaments of the Governor's Thirty-Member Committee went about breathing fire and brimstone, buttonholing newspaper men and explaining in acid accents that they had been ignominiously ignored and deliberately insulted.

It was Governor Lehman's party from the beginning, with Charles Poletti acting as assistant host. He is the Governor's counsel. He welcomed delegates, arranged programs, ran errands, and soothed the Press. The Press required considerable soothing on the last day when Austin McCormick's foot slipped and almost precipitated a first-class row.

The New York City Commissioner of Correction attempted to impose a one-man censorship on his own speech, and the assembled newspaper men gleefully grabbed the gauntlet which he hurled at their feet.

(Continued on next page)

liquor license of the Lionel Distilled Products of New York, Inc. was revoked after an investigation by the State Liquor Authority, which the *Beverage Retailer and Wholesaler*, a weekly trade paper, had been instrumental in bringing about. The mislabeled products used as evidence were Lionel Rye, Broadmoor, Black Feather and Merrydale. All, it was charged, had been relabeled in the New York warehouse, and on the new labels, the age was increased by approximately one year. In some instances, the original label was not even removed, but the new one was pasted over the old.

E. and D. inspectors have little time left from their other duties to check up on the distillers, rectifiers and bottlers. Beverages that represent a health hazard because they contain an added poisonous substance must be caught chiefly in transit. The danger of arsenic poisoning from the consumption of apple brandy or hard cider has been exaggerated, but it must always be guarded against. During the last fiscal year nine importations of German wine were denied entry because of the presence of arsenic.



NINE PLAYS

BY
EUGENE
O'NEILL

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WE suggest simply that you send the coupon below and get full information as to what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for book-readers. For instance, are you aware that as a member, you are not obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month chosen by the judges? You may buy it or not, as you please, after reading the judges' pre-publication report about it. *Nor do you have to pay any fixed sum.* You simply pay the regular retail price for such books as you decide to buy. What then is the advantage of joining?

There are many: first, book-dividends; for every dollar its members spend on books they receive back on the average over 50% in the form of free books. Second, without a penny of expense, through the reports of the judges you are kept completely informed about all the important new books, so that you can choose among them with discrimination, instead of having to rely upon advertising and hearsay. There are several other advantages, not readily measurable in money, that cannot be outlined here for lack of space. Surely, within the next year, the distinguished judges of the Club will choose as the book-of-the-month or recommend as alternates, *at least a few books* that you will be very anxious to read and which you will buy anyway. Why not—by joining the Club—make sure you get these *instead of missing them, which so often happens*; get the really substantial advantages the Club affords (such as the book-dividends mentioned, if nothing else), and at the same time get a copy of *NINE PLAYS* by Eugene O'Neill, free.

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With all the round-table conferences going simultaneously, it was impossible for the reporters to keep track of the five-ring circus. Consequently, they scattered to the various rooms and compared notes at the end of each day. Hickman Powell, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, happened to be the only one present at the final session of Round Table No. 4, discussing "Institutional Care." Dr. Walter N. Thayer, Jr., State Commissioner of Correction, was its chairman, and MacCormick vice-chairman. Both of them quoted some statistics concerning the prevalence of the acceptance of lesser pleas by certain New York judges.

Mr. Powell found the figures rather interesting, and sent word to his colleagues that there might be a story in Room 332. The journalistic reinforcement arrived too late, and requested the gentlemen to repeat the figures. The request was refused.

A little later Mr. Powell hurried into the press room and informed his associates that Mr. MacCormick had advised him that those figures were not for publication. A threat to secure them from the official transcript had been countered by a promise that this transcript would not be released. The reporters rushed to the transcript room, and were informed that the remarks of Messrs. MacCormick and Thayer were not available.

Journalistic rage boiled over. Mr. Poletti was informed that real trouble was brewing.

"The Governor can have his choice," he was told. "He announced that this conference would be open to the press. Now, he can either release this transcript, or he'll read plenty tomorrow morning about how a censorship was clamped down as soon as anybody criticised Tammany judges! That will be a better story than anything that's come out of this flow of oratory yet!"

There was a lot of hasty telephoning, at the conclusion of which the transcript was released. That ended the teapot tempest. The figures in question merely verified the widely-prevalent belief that it is not an uncommon occurrence for the big time crook to get off easily by pleading guilty to a *misdeemeanor* before a friendly jurist, after having been indicted for a *felony*.

A cataract of oratory was unleashed concerning the cause and treatment of crime. But, so far as this conscientious observer could see, nobody was brash enough to attempt to link up either phase with the present economic system. Many speakers agreed that slums breed crime; but nobody cared to discuss what bred slums. The conference reports included these conclusions:

It was even pointed out that business itself has frequently resorted to the initiation of "rackets" in order to lessen competition.

The maladjusted child is the future delinquent. The ethical and moral aspects of child-training were vigorously discussed, and the views differed so widely that, while one speaker offered instruction in the Decalogue as the most immediate solution, another referred to morals as the physiological effects of metabolism.

It must be understood that even under our criminal law and procedure, it is impossible that full and exact justice can be done. An approximation is the best that can be obtained.

Stress was also laid upon the necessity for the expenditure of funds for crime prevention and rehabilitation.

One million words to bring forth that nest of mice! *There* was the real Crime, by God!

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

February, 1936

EUROPE BEHIND THE FASCIST CENSORS

by GEORGE W. R. THORNTON

I WAS pounding the pavements of Berlin for hours without being stopped once by anybody to ask me a question of any sort. Everyone seemed to be feverishly minding his own business, scared even to ask street, bus or trolley directions.

At last the icy feeling which gripped me was broken. At Friedrich and Tauben Strasse, I suddenly felt a firm hold on my arm. It was a soliciting street-walker.

"Heil Hitler! May I accompany you?" she asked.

"No, I am very busy," was my prompt reply.

My accoster walked on with me, nevertheless.

"Won't you let me have a cigarette?"

"Sorry, but I don't smoke," I answered curtly.

"Then let's go to a café, just for a few minutes."

When I told her that I was on the way to meet my friend I felt sure I had her stumped. But soon she asked, "Well, how about going to bed with me later tonight?"

I was at a loss as to how to shake her, suspecting her persistency and disturbed by her firm grip as she continued to accompany me. At last I found my road to freedom. "I am terribly sorry, but I am a Jew," I told her.

For a few moments the boulevard princess was silent. Soon she turned, looked me straight in the face, rather carefully, and said with marked distrust and anguish: "Yes, that's what they are all telling me these days. Heil Hitler!"

New and significant moods are developing in the lower ranks of the Catholic hierarchy as well as among their followers in Germany. There is a growing resentment against the do-nothing policy of the Vatican. From the Catholic priests in the smaller communities one often hears, "For lesser crimes the Holy See has denounced Mexico and Moscow. Why the silence on Goering?"

There is brewing serious dissatisfaction with the political inactivity of the leaders

of the former Centre Party—Bruening, Wirth, Kass. The Centre's Reichstag delegation voting for Hitler at the beginning of 1933 has inflicted an unhealable wound on the feelings of very many. The workers and certain Catholic intellectuals especially resent Bruening's spending so much time on his memoirs. Thus, a mimeographed paper, having considerable influence and underground circulation, recently made the following rather pointed remarks:

"Further silence is no longer self-indictment but is now self-prostitution. It is at the same time the prostitution of the Catholic People in its hour of dire straits. Our clerical leaders are today limited to activity in their official capacity. A good many of them are offering themselves in holy sacrifice in defense of eternal truth. With persistence and hope they are conducting the struggle which the Catholic church is compelled to wage."

"However, we are not only in need of martyrs but also of courageous leaders. We, therefore, await the call to action of those who have been fortunate to escape the direct pressure of violence. Their leaving Germany was certainly not voluntary but due to a desire to help our common cause. We now expect them to rally openly to our cause once again and to proclaim those words which we dare but whisper." (*Deutsche Briefe*)

A feather in the new winds blowing

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amongst the Catholics is the following incident in Cologne: After the beheading of four workers, a priest, in deep grief, visited an imprisoned communist and, in an effort to solace him, said: "These are very hard times. It's bad, very bad. Terrible. These fine brave men died for their convictions. Jesus also died for His convictions. We must all hold firmly to our convictions."

Seeking to exploit these moods which are flourishing in the soil of an ever-worsening economic situation, the leadership of the Communist Party of Germany recently conferred with some German Catholic dignitaries. The Communist Party spokesmen were quite abashed when the Centre representatives criticized them for asking merely for the return of the Weimar constitution and leaving out all social and economic demands.

But this growing Catholic opposition is far, very far away from and determinedly opposed to radicalism. Its battle cry is: "Hitler's race-theory is anti-Christian." Its mainspring is the defense of the vast resources and organization of Catholicism, particularly among the youth. The Catholic Youth Organization, Jugendkraft, now has more members than it had before Hitler's rise to power. The Hitler Jugend (Hitler Youth) is in mortal combat with it.

Two Bavarian peasants were walking along a highway. Soon one of them spotted a crucifix. He stopped instantly, performed the Nazi salute and said: "Heil Hitler!" The other peasant turned to him in surprise, saying: "Why do you say 'Heil Hitler'?" Don't you know this is Our Saviour, this is Jesus, on the cross? What would you say if Hitler were on the cross?" The first one promptly replied: "Then I would say, 'Blessed Be the Lord!'"

This story reveals far more accurately the sentiment of the great mass of the population in Bavaria than do all the noisy Nazi-forced marches throughout the cities and hamlets of this Catholic sector.

(Continued on page 14)

YOU WOULDN'T KID US, LADY?

by HOWARD HAYES

NOW I will get today's luxury, one lamb chop, it should cost about eight cents. Then I shall go home and toast it and my feet in the oven of the gas range.

In the tiny Italian butcher shop where she was known they were nice to her, as usual. She was, after all, a good-looking single girl, and though her trade was microscopic her presence in the store was a great change from the heavy mothers who came in only with their domestic problems on their minds.

So they gave her a very nice lamb chop for her eight cents. She received it with thanks and, picking up her other tiny parcels, smiled her way out, her head up as usual. "You got to admire a girl like that," said the young butcher to the older one, "independent."

Out in the street she had the pleasant sensation that she had been a success again in these little things; that she could go on being a success with simple people like the butcher. It was too bad they didn't count. Success with them didn't solve the problem of her joblessness at all. They'd give her credit, had, in fact, but a little credit at the butcher shop wouldn't see her through the depression. With the landlord she was a success too. He'd let her run farther behind than anybody else in the building because he had confidence in her, because he could see that she was the real stuff.

Confidence was supposed to be the magic formula for lifting us out of the depression. The President and all kinds of newspaper writers said it would bring back prosperity, put people to work. But Ruth Fenton knew that confidence didn't put people to work if there was no work. Two days ago, in desperation, she'd wheedled a man, begged, promised, displayed brilliantly all her business experience, and he'd answered, "Good God, girl, I'd put you to work this minute if I had one little thing for you to do, but I haven't!"

So it wasn't entirely confidence. Somewhere there had to be work, and money.

Money. It got dark at five now, and cold. Your quickness and confidence were as useless against that as they were in making a place for you in a world where hundreds of thousands had been squeezed out of their places despite all the pleadings of the President.

She wrenched her mind away from this inward gazing and tried resolutely to relax a little more and to enjoy the pretty effects of light in the street that were produced by the warmly lit-up store windows. She could afford to shop no more, so the sight of the inviting windows gave both pleasure and pain. She should resist the pain, but since she was tired and the day was done she could give in to it a little without thinking of what it might do to her self-confidence. She would spend the evening at home alone, and try to recuperate that reserve of energy which was the true basis of confidence. She hoped nothing would happen, because she felt very close to the "ragged edge."

She turned into the entrance of the run-down remodeled apartment house in which she lived. The hall was long, narrow, and dimly lit by very small bulbs. In the middle was the narrow stairway. She hoped she'd meet no one, because if she did, she'd have to smile, and she didn't feel like smiling. She began mounting the stairs.

It's good to get home, it's wonderful to get home and shut yourself away for awhile. Tonight, nobody, nothing. Fall on the bed, rest, relax. Ah, God, relax, as if anybody without a job ever could!

Anyway, forget everything for tonight. Cook something on the gas range, a little later. The gas range, the gas meter. Another jam awaiting her any day. She must do something about it. Go to the company, tell them exactly what happened. If she could only talk to the right official . . . but she had to have money first.

She passed the second floor and looked down the narrow hall at the closed doors of other people's apartments. She went on up, her mind a blank, to her own floor, the third. Instinctively she turned toward her locked door, took one step, then saw two men standing there, staring at her. They were broad, healthy men, neatly dressed. A light like a flash of powder burst in her brain. Detectives. The gas company. Stealing.

They were quickly upon her.

"You live here, Miss?"

"What's your name, lady?"

If her body had been like an idling engine before, it now came to life with a rush, as though a desperate hand had jerked the throttle wide open and every moving part was striving to reach top speed in the shortest possible time. But despite this frantic acceleration, her body, her features remained under control. Seeing her path blocked she recoiled slightly and looked at them. They were men. Well, she could be cool, calm with men. Her mauling, pawing bosses had taught her that.

"No, two flights up," she said quietly.

"Who are you looking for?"

"You wouldn't kid us, would you, lady? Ain't your name Ruth Fenton?"

"Tell us the truth, lady, if you live in that apartment."

They were cold, armor-plated as they jerked their thumbs toward her door. But her mind was snapping and sparkling.

"I told you I live two flights up. My name's Catherine Coyle." Catherine Coyle was an old school friend. One of the men's gaze flickered.

"Listen here, lady, we got a warrant for Ruth Fenton for stealing gas from the gas company. If you're her you might just as well tell us. It don't do no good to lie about these things."

There was an instant of dangerous silence.

"The easier you make it for us, the easier we can make it for you."

Lies. She braced herself, set her chin, looked them in the eyes. For years and years

she had been coached and trained in bluffing, lying, faking in the business world, both for herself and for others, as secretary, as saleswoman, as everything. All lies.

"Look here," she was sharp, "I told you who I am and where I live. Go ask the janitor. I don't know what right you have stopping anybody and everybody in the halls this way. Now leave me alone."

The accumulated energy in her arms and legs was screwed up horribly. She could have taken sudden flight and cleared all obstacles, or she could have turned and fought with teeth and nails like an animal. But she merely put one foot before the other and waited for her body to be carried past the stocky, dangerous figures. The two detectives stared coldly, viciously, but extended no restraining arm. She turned firmly up the stairs, her eyes blazing straight ahead.

She held herself violently in check while she tramped up two flights, then fled like the wind on tiptoe to the roof. Unhooking the tin-clad door she stepped boldly out into the blackness. With an outstretched hand she groped her way around to the back of the little tar-paper penthouse.

A few drops of rain blew in her face and some wisps of hair were whipped into her eyes. It was impossible to see anything near at hand in the sudden darkness, though the red neon signs in the stores and streets below sent a warm glow up the fronts of the opposite buildings and into the rainy sky.

Slowly the outlines of the roofs about her took form. In her block they were separated one from another by low brick walls. Each had a tiny tar-paper penthouse like the one against which she was leaning. Somewhere one of these doors must be open. She decided to jettison a part of her bundles. The salad, the potatoes could be chucked. So could the evening paper. But she'd keep the lamb chop.

She moved cautiously over to the first wall, sat on it, then swung her legs up. Her skirts drew up over her thighs. She saw with surprise the legs, her legs, and good legs they were. The penthouse door was locked. She went to the next wall and swung her legs over that. I used to be able to run like a blue streak, she thought. And climb, too, when I was a little girl. Strong legs. The penthouse door here also was hooked from the inside. She got over the third wall without thinking of anything. There were only two more roofs left in the block. But this door was open. She could see through the crack the hook hanging down.

With a sigh of relief she decided to collect herself before adventuring into the strange halls below. She felt more safe now. The darkness that enveloped the maze of objects on the old-fashioned cluttered roofs gave her a sense of protection.

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She wasn't guilty. The gas company had turned her gas off in the middle of the morning while she was cooking a stew. She'd flared up in anger both at the company and at the gas man. But it had done no good. "I'm sorry, lady," he'd said, "I hate to do it, but it's my job. I got a family to support." Then as he was going he'd said, "I'm not supposed to say this, but if you're really up against it, why don't you get on relief? There's plenty nice people doing it now."

It had ruined her day. The next evening Jimmie Bergen and his girl and a friend of theirs whom she'd never seen before had come in slightly drunk and laden with food and wanting to cook it there. Coming to cook in her kitchen was partly an excuse for doing something for her, trying to help her—she had known Jimmie and his girl in the smaller city where they had all come from—and partly a way of keeping their own cramped kitchen from becoming messed up. But she didn't like it. They were cheap, dizzy people. When she explained about the gas they thought it was an outrage and the friend had said, "I'll fix the goddam gas for you," and had dashed down to the car and got some tools and broken off the lock and turned on the gas, all while she was still protesting.

Afterwards they'd taken it for granted that in view of the broken lock, plus the bills, and all the back rent she was clever enough to owe, she'd jump the whole works within a few weeks. They were so prying, tried to be so intimate, that she'd wanted to chuck them out, food, drinks, and all. But somehow she hadn't. And when she had finally got rid of them she stood alone in the kitchen and looked at the gas meter and the ruined lock and cried. She'd had an unshakeable sense of doom ever since. And now the doom had finally cracked and here she was in full flight. All the soft organs under her ribs gave a great heave.

The rain and mist had increased, bringing even closer over her head the cozy red glow from the streets. As though from a dozen mammoth camp fires the rosy light streamed up into the night sky from the big intersections and amusement centers of the city. The far office buildings towered black and solid into the unlit upper mists. As she gazed, her mind went restfully, sweetly blank. Like a child she stared unblinking at the grandeur and beauty of the vast, pulsating city.

When the momentary fatigue had passed new energy flowed into her mind and cleared it for action, for resumption of the flight. Quickly she arranged her clothes, tucked in the blowing strands of hair, and gathered her remaining bundles tight in the crook of her arm.

The unguarded electric bulbs made her blink as she opened the penthouse door and prepared to descend into the world of light and action. She hooked the door behind her and went down lightly, unhurriedly, floor after floor, quietly, under control.

She stepped into the street cautiously, then walked briskly away, her legs strong and springy, full of a great reserve. She turned the first corner without glancing back. Then the next and the next. Others followed rapidly, left or right, it made no difference so long as they led away, away.



"Well, cheer up. It's smart to be thrifty, you know."

She turned into a brightly lighted cafeteria and stepped up to the long shining counter. After examining everything she decided upon a glass of beer. It would quench her thirst and take the tingling edge off her nerves. She got the foaming glass and carried it to a far, hidden table, conscious of the gaze of the many men about her. She was used to this studied gaze from lone men sitting idly over their coffee and cigarettes, it had always been the least of her problems. But tonight she was sharply aware of it. It seemed to sting her sight. So many of them looked like detectives, like real detectives, not just men out after girls like her, who hoped every evening to find a girl in trouble and to help her by taking her home to bed with them. Tonight there were real detectives out looking for her. She shuddered.

A half hour slipped by while she hunched over the glass of beer. Somehow, she couldn't seem to think. Possibly it was because during the last few weeks she had already thought of everything, had combed over carefully every plan or scheme or source of help that she might turn to so that she could continue living as before. She sat for awhile longer, her mind empty and aching.

Most of her beer was gone. She turned the glass slowly in her fingers, then suddenly drained off the last two inches.

There were girls she could turn to, and wives, the wives of some of the men she knew. They would take her in but they would have a fear. She knew how they'd look, what in private they'd want to know. They'd take her in for tonight because it was urgent, and they'd want to show how generous they could be, how they could help a friend in distress. But she couldn't tell them anything, or take them into her confidence. They would want to know, "How are you going to get out of this mess?" and she wouldn't be able to answer. And if she told them about this gas company business, how she'd let it go . . . no, they couldn't stomach that. Detectives. The Women's De-

tention Home. Never. She could never tell them that. No, she'd be better off with men.

She was conscious of the calming effect of the beer. It had come tardily, but it did lay a damper on her tingling nerves. She fished another cigarette from her bag and drew in the drugging smoke deeply. She got up and ordered another beer.

There was no use, she reflected, in being too down-hearted. She was alive and well, and once again, in her long career of narrow escapes, she had slipped free. She took from her bag her little address book and idly thumbed it. Many of the names she rejected with a smile, others she put in order on an imaginary list. She felt almost gay as she flatly refused some of them. In the end there was really only Clayton, the oldest, the best paid, the most sympathetic. He'd tried to help her many times but she'd always neatly turned him aside. But she liked him and would be glad to see him.

She played with her memory of him, waiting for her gaiety to bubble up a little more before going to the phone. How did he picture her? How did he think she lived? His voice was cold, cautious as it came on the line, then suddenly cordial, too cordial.

"May I come over and grill myself a lamb chop on your gas range?" She must be light, this was a light matter.

The answer came back cheerful, confident, warming. Why of course, come right away. He had some drinks. They'd be alone and she could tell him all about it. Yes, it was warming, it made her feel better, so she joked, "You won't mind if I stay late?"

No, of course she could stay late. She could stay all night. In fact, that was an excellent idea. She could bring her pyjamas. In fact, she must bring them.

Over the phone this too sudden rushing warmth chilled her, made her quake and recoil in deep, inner places. Nevertheless she was gentle, cool, when she turned aside the question. But she'd be over right away, and they could talk. Did he want a lamb chop

(Continued on next page)

GIVING RADIO THE AIR

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

BEING at the moment the victim of a bad cold in the head and unable to exercise my brain in any substantial direction, I have this day devoted its minor cells to a contemplation of radio performances. The conclusion that these smaller cells bring me to is that the major uses to which one of the great scientific achievements of the twentieth century have been put are analogous to an employment of electrical energy solely for purposes of barbershop facial massages and to a restriction of the airplane to stunt fliers at county fairs.

Any person possessed of an intelligence quotient slightly higher than that of a partly civilized baboon must, after listening to the larger and older networks' programs for a few hours, wonder if the American public's taste is quite so low as the radio boobahs and their clients apparently imagine. And, wondering, he must admire the political sagacity with which the aforesaid boobahs not long ago put over on that federal radio commission down in Washington the lulu idea that it shouldn't, in the holy name of culture and the fine arts, interfere with their great aesthetic crusade.

From its cuckooish and routine human speaking voices to its mildewed vaudeville wheezes and from its endless jazz to its moist moanings about him and her in the moonlight under the South Sea palms, the radio idea of cultivated entertainment is for the most part on a par with a Swedish servant girl's notion of a day-off's ecstasy.

Begin with the speaking voices. The rarest thing that anyone encounters on the radio is a natural, wholly unaffected, plain everyday pleasing American speaking voice. The majority of the voices are of three kinds, all of them driving their listeners head on to the gin bottle. First, there is the announcer or master-of-ceremonies voice. This is a salad of imitation Harvard and swell Flatbush drawing-room accents rendered in the tones of a taxi dance-hall crooner. Second, we have the news-of-the-day and events-of-the-week voice, with its idiotic, breathless, mil-a-second delivery. It suggests nothing quite so much as a hook-and-ladder galloping madly across town to extinguish a match. And third, we have the commercial program voice. This honey gives its listeners an acute colic by gravely reciting the virtues of some obscene bowel regulator or other such delicate commodity in the majestic inflections of a second-

rate ham in some tank-town Shakespearean troupe. In comparison with any of these voices a good old-fashioned natural American speaking voice would be worth a million dollars. And one such voice, being pure American, that guaranteed in addition never to pronounce luckshury as lux-ury, record as recawrd, or appreshiate as appreseate would be worth two million.

Take, also, the other departments of joyful ether education. From early morning until late at night the helpless American ear is assaulted by such a program of mental depressants as hasn't been equalled for sustained imbecility since the inmates of the Stuttgart Asylum For the Insane celebrated the centennial of the institution by giving a two weeks' dramatic tournament of plays written by themselves, in their less lucid moments. The respites are slight. A symphony concert now and then, an occasional entertaining newspaper-columnist chronicler of the sportive doings of homo Americanus, or an effective singer provides the sole relief from the pervading megrims.

When the radio isn't reporting a prize-fight or a football game, or giving over its mechanism to the address of a President or something of the interesting news sort, it resolves itself under the larger companies' present dispensation into something indistinguishable from children's day at a yokel oprey house. Clowns horning in on the easy radio money with 1890 vaudeville jokes, screeching hill-billy songsters accompanying their caterwauling with noises on strange instruments, amateur hours that are notable chiefly for their complete lack of any kind of talent, stale barn dances and pseudo-comical barber-shop quartets carry on their interminable sniping against the possible culture of a nation. Baby-talks on music and the other arts reduce that culture further. Blackface comedians with a patter that makes Lew Dockstader's grave doubly uncomfortable for him, sixth-rate violinists, crudely acted snatches of old plays, schnitzels of juvenile detective tales, and such items as "Riddles and Grins" and such sketches as "Six-Gun Justice" play havoc with God's clean air.

There is small surcease. If the ear isn't mauled with "Mysterious Mr. Mac" or by someone dubbing himself The Whistling Barrister, it is smeared with Stamp Club reports, "Nursery Jingles," readings of third-rate poetry, and the cross-roads platitudes of Uncle Ezra. Turn on the radio at this moment by way of clinical experiment and if you don't get someone sighing through his nose about the isle of Capri or the Hawaiian moon it is a pretty safe bet that you'll get a Sunday-school paraphrase of the joke about the hotel clerk and the blonde or a restaurant orchestra tooting some Hollywood jazz tune.

Surely there must and should be room on the air for a somewhat loftier species of entertainment. The public must soon get weary of the present kind of fare. It may tolerate it for another year or two, for the public is notoriously a patient and long-suffering animal, but it is inconceivable that one day it will not gag and demand something fresh

and new and just a little bit more reputably stimulating. It is unreasonable to suppose that year in and year out it will continue to be enchanted, or even passively contented, by "Pick and Pat, Comedians," adenoidal coloraturas, grocery store banjo players, reminiscences of school-teachers who have made a trip to Terra del Fuego, gipsy songs by Allentown, Pa., tziganes, chop-house string quartets, and half a dozen daily renditions of "Sweet Adeline." It is more reasonable to suppose that it will pray, at the very least, for a little variety and that it will then at the top of its voice beseech the radio big-guns once in a while to give it something else besides Billy and Betty sketches, "Hearts and Flowers" played on an accordion with an harmonica accompaniment, "Grandma's Night Out," and Uncle Don.

One doesn't ask the radio to be an idealist and dedicate itself wholly and singly to the improvement of the American taste. All that one asks of it is that it doesn't dedicate itself, as it at present so largely does, to the debasement of that taste. Its occasional symphony orchestra concerts and interesting newspapermen talks and operatic vocalists aren't a sufficient alibi. Hours upon hours, day after day, month after month, and year after year of Joe Miller wheezes, boiler-room jazz, honky-tonk songs, small-time vaudeville skits, Newark-Spanish guitar strummers, Tennessee hill-billy Carusos, night-club wisecrackers, beauty lectures by passée piffaces, Weehawken marimba orchestras and Columbus, Ohio, cowboy trios are sore thumbs adjusted derisively at that alibi's nose.

A YEAR OF EUROPEAN ROYALTY

by LESLIE READE

THE opening of the ex-Kaiser's series of winter lectures marks the close of a triumphant year for royalty. In the second week of November Wilhelm von und zu Hohenzollern, sometime Admiral of the Atlantic and ex-All Highest, delighted the aristocratic refugees and their satellites, who toil under the name of the "Doorn Labour Community," with a scholarly discourse on the Gorgon Temple of Corfu.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the ex-Kaiser's rise from wood-chopping to archeology, but it would be wrong to neglect the more typical evolutions of royalty in other parts of the world. Judging by the comparatively small attention these matters have received there seems to be some danger that the glories of this royal year will not receive their due acknowledgment. While the Duke of Gloucester's wedding was described in columns, Mussolini's heroic defence of Mussolini against Ethiopian aggression was set out in full pages, and Professor von Hohenzollern's lecture itself was recorded—one should perhaps say insulted—in a mere seven lines. The capitalists who so often tell the unemployed to find work should be more gracious to those of their servants who have accepted the advice.

Unfortunately, the ex-Kaiser's impressive discoveries in the Gorgon Temple of Corfu must perforce remain obscure, but sufficient

(Continued from preceding page)

too? No, he'd eaten. That was too bad. Did he need anything else? No. Then back to the other question. No, no, but she'd be right over.

As she took the heavy receiver from her ear a sickening moment of weakness passed over her. She leaned back in the booth to gather herself. She wished she could chase the coming struggle from her mind. Chase everything from her mind. For just an instant she wished passionately that she were dead. . . .

material exists on which to base a tardy tribute to the other royal triumphs of 1935.

Not the least splendid of these affairs was the ball given in New York to commemorate the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. The visit was protracted, unimportant, and occurred in 1871, so it may be admitted that no more touching display of abiding loyalty has ever been seen in America.

The ball was held under the auspices of the Association of Former Imperial Naval Officers. The ballroom was decorated with flags of the former Empire, crests of the former Russian nobility, and ensigns of the former Imperial Navy. Children of prominent members of the former Russian aristocracy, including a young former princess, presented a number of quaint old folk dances formerly popular with former Russian serfs, and former Princess Dolly Obolensky selected the music, which was the work of former Imperial composers. The attendance was drawn exclusively from the Social Register, and the event was entirely formal, not to say former. The present Czar of Russia, whose name escapes us for the moment, was unfortunately detained in the little Winter Palace in France, but otherwise the gathering was fully representative of the richest and rarest society of the United States and Russia. It is well that those who have paid no little attention to the upstart Soviet Union should be thus sharply reminded of the permanent realities of government.

In Europe the monarchs have done even better. Prince Otto of the House of Hapsburg returned to Austria and was rapturously welcomed by several of his subjects-to-be, who happened not to be in prison.

Even in Italy the House of Savoy has advanced. To help finance the Ethiopian war the Queen recently deposited her wedding ring before the tomb of the Unknown Warrior and thereby initiated a charming method of reversing ancient alchemy by turning gold into blood. King Victor Emmanuel has been allowed to have his photograph taken on numerous occasions, and has twice spoken in public. The first time His Majesty said, "Viva il Duce!" and the second time he said, "Viva il Duce!"

But it is to Greece and England that one must turn to witness royalist sentiment of the most fervent kind. England's connection with Greece is long, sentimental, and naval. It dates from the amours of Lord Byron and the Battle of Navarino to the modern version of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid as performed by Prince George and Princess Marina, and the recent visit of British warships to Greece.

It would be less than generous not to acknowledge England's share in the restoration of King George II, but His newest Majesty owes even more to the firm tactics of Marshal Kondylis. Unlike many Balkan adventurers, this great soldier—with the exception of arranging a murder or two—bears a quite unblemished character. Therefore, the world was delighted when it heard that the Marshal had taken all appropriate steps for the restoration of the monarchy, including the kidnapping of the republican Prime Minister, the torture of political opponents, and the encouragement of patriots to vote for the King as often as they pleased. In

these circumstances, when King George II returned, wearing a monocle and a stern expression, he was quite justified in thanking his more-or-less adoring people for their unanimous welcome.

And so finally we come to that "royal throne of kings" over which the House of Windsor holds sway. For a year "the isle has been full of noises." The loudest of these, of course, was the "Silver Jubilee," an anniversary unprecedented, unforgettable, and untrue. The origin of this strange display is lost in the more fuliginous recesses of Tory polity, but however doubtful its birth, the Britannia metal Jubilee undoubtedly served its purpose in compensating the majority of the British people for their insufficiency of bread with a unique performance by the most costly royal circus in the world. The leading performers were naturally the King and Queen, the leading beneficiaries the Tory Government, and the financial sponsors the working class. A perusal of the capitalist press during those stately days proved how intensely the British workers enjoyed the unexpected opportunity of exercising their hereditary privilege of footing the bill for those who toil not nor spin. The streets were decorated, bonfires lighted, oxen roasted, and the national sentiment epitomized in a banner bearing the words, "Lousy but loyal." True, in one or two places there appeared large streamers referring to "25 years of exploiting the workers," when the correct phrase was "benefiting the people," but this surprising allegation was quickly suppressed, and His Majesty jovially remarked, "That didn't stay up long, did it?"

It is to be hoped that the ruling class, having proved the ability of their King to play a successful part in a completely spurious commemoration will now avail themselves of His Majesty's talents to celebrate events which have some claim to be remembered. For instance, on April 13 next, on the seventeenth anniversary of the affair at Amritsar, when the relatives of the slain were compelled to crawl past the place where an unarmed crowd of men, women, and children had been massacred by King George's soldiers, King George, followed by the little Princesses, might crawl past the Indian Office as a fitting, if novel, tribute to those of his departed Indian subjects, who had been rash enough to believe that even the slaves of an Emperor retain the right to live; or, on May 29 King George might lay a wreath at the entrance to the Bank of England in celebration of the first anniversary of the murder of the Rhodesian copper workers who were shot down as a gentle and general hint not to protest against starvation wages coupled with crushing taxation.

But even if it should be decided that the histrionic talents of the Royal Family would not be seen to advantage in these suggested festivities, nothing can detract from that masterly mendacity known as the "Silver Jubilee."

The Prince of Wales also has not let 1935 pass by without increasing his importance. As his income from the Duchy of Cornwall including his London slum property is already considerable and would not be raised if he should get married, he has not presented the British public with a new princess, but

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR'S CITATIONS

BERTRAND RUSSELL—Innocence is not knowledge, and clarity is not profundity.

SIMEON STRUNSKY—That remarkable instrument known as logic has kept many men from being decent.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON—Infantilism is not art. It is infantilism.

DR. HENRY SEIDEL CANBY—Literary criticism is something more than trying to guess which way a crowd will go and then following it whether you have guessed right or not.

RAMSAY MacDONALD—There is no home so bleak as that of a defeated traitor to the dream of his young manhood.

in public affairs he has done the bankers and munition makers more than one good turn. Humorously describing himself as an "ex-service man," the Prince advised the British Legion to go and shake hands with his Nazi friends, and later he denounced those who oppose military training in schools as "misguided cranks." When last heard from His Royal Highness was shooting porpoises in the Mediterranean.

But a more prominent figure than the Prince of Wales was the Duke of Gloucester, who ended the royal year very appropriately by marrying the daughter of one of the richest Dukes in the Kingdom. As a tribute to his good sense Parliament will shortly increase his income from £10,000 to £25,000.

The new Duchess of Gloucester is, of course, not only wise, gracious, etc., but also an accomplished painter. She has already held two exhibitions, but as these occurred before her betrothal the importance of her work was not understood. Her Royal Highness may be confident that her next show will be treated with more kindly appreciation.

It is hoped and expected that the royal couple will enjoy a further triumph one day in the government of a British dominion, for which position they are eminently suited by past experience. Neither has ever done any work, and the Duke has shot much big game in Africa, while the Duchess has spent considerable time in Kenya with her uncle, Lord Francis Scott, who is not only the owner of many acres and Africans, but also an important polo player and protestor against colonial income tax.

When one realizes the enormous and unceasing self-sacrifice on the part of royalty which all these activities have entailed, it becomes almost unbearably painful to admit that the monarchs have not received anything like adequate gratitude. So nobody could blame them if they gave up their thrones in disgust and went into retirement. If they unselfishly hold on, obviously the kindest thing is to insist on their going.

CARDINAL HAYES: PRINCE OF CHARITY

by E. BOYD BARRETT

FROM the Lower East Side have come a Red Hat and a Brown Derby. For the wearer of one was coined the sobriquet, "Cardinal of Charity;" for the wearer of the other, "Happy Warrior." Circumstances conspired to make them distinguished citizens, or, if we apply the Cardinal's pious metaphor, both "emerged from the womb of nothingness at the touch of the Creator's omnipotent hand."

The great churchman is best understood by bearing in mind the career of his lifelong friend, Alfred E. Smith, who is regarded by the Church as "the greatest lay Catholic of America." For fifty years they have lived in close proximity, and for a long spell, as Archbishop and Governor of New York respectively, they worked openly or covertly hand in hand. The tragedy of their friendship and association has been that each has marred the fortunes of the other without wishing to do so. The politician suffered in his worldly ambitions from too close contact with the fluttering skirts of Roman ecclesiastics; the churchman lost credit as a disinterested spiritual leader from his association with the politician and the politician's friends.

Education came to Patrick Hayes and Alfred Smith in modest draughts. As devout Catholic boys there was available for them only what the Irish Christian Brothers, the De La Salle Brothers, and Manhattan College could supply. Neither built loftily on early foundations of scholarship. Both, however, were, thanks to their Celtic aptness, adepts at assimilating the usages and practical arts that count in career-making in this country. Of cultural endowment they remained shy, and as the Cardinal's devoted biographer, Dr. James J. Walsh, assures us, "his Eminence's heart is more developed than his head."

In 1894, at the age of twenty-six, Father Hayes had the singular good fortune to be appointed assistant priest at St. Gabriel's, on East 37th Street, under Mgr. Farley, the coming man in the diocese. The handsome and companionable curate found favor with his suave, good-looking pastor, and when the latter was appointed Archbishop of New York, he took Father Hayes along with him as secretary. In turn Father Hayes became Chancellor of the arch-diocese, President of the Cathedral Seminary, and co-adjutor Bishop to the then Cardinal Farley. He owed all to his patron, down to his nomination, in 1917, as Chaplain General to the U. S. Forces. When Cardinal Farley died the following year there was a brief, hectic struggle for the succession. Stories are told. Bishop Hayes, though a useful sub-administrator, had done nothing to merit the high dignity of Archbishop of New York. But apparently he had learned a thing or two from Al and he secured the post.

Five years later Pius XI, in sore need of funds, sent out an SOS. Archbishops Hayes and Mundellheim raised an immense sum and rushed with it to Rome. There, on the same day, both were created Cardinals.

The culmination of Patrick Joseph Hayes's ecclesiastical career came last September when Pius XI named him Legate or proxy-Pope at the Cleveland Congress, saying: "Therefore, beloved son, we choose and proclaim you as Our Legate. You have been honored with the splendor of the Roman purple; you are in charge of a great and distinguished diocese; you have the esteem of Catholics and of all citizens because of your prudence and charity."

The Legate who, not so long since, had courted publicity by receiving Dr. Dafoe at St. Patrick's and presenting him with five silver medals for the Dionne Quintuplets, now found himself saluted and cheered by tens of thousands of processing Catholics on the streets of Cleveland. They marched past in brightly colored uniforms with blaring bands; mitred Bishops; Monsignori in red; papal nobles in black velvet; Knights of St. John in full dress with plumed hats; Knights of Columbus of the Fourth Degree with flashing swords; nuns; brothers; "trim young nurses in starched uniforms and caps;" etc.

At his side, sharing his triumph, stood Alfred E. Smith. When Al's turn to address the vast audience came, he discounted the solemnity of the occasion and told the cheering thousands: "Now I'm going to tell you a hot one." He launched out against the Reds. "I'm the honorary night superintendent of the Central Park Zoo," he said, "and the inmates of the monkey house look like a group of college professors compared to communist leaders." The Cardinal still has shrewd old Mgr. Lavelle as advisor; but Al has lost Belle Moskowitz who used to keep him from such imbecilities.

In appraising the work of Cardinal Hayes in his high capacity as Archbishop of New York, we consider his efforts under the three heads, social, moral and religious. In doing so we bear in mind that he inherited and enjoyed from the first immense political influence. Downtown, St. Patrick's has been familiarly known as "the power house." Most city departments have thought it wisest to co-operate with His Eminence. Tammany has been invariably accommodating.

It might have been more fortunate for His Eminence's good repute for citizenship if he had owed less to Tammany. For when the cry was raised that Tammany was raping the city, and when proofs forthcame, and when the storm broke, His Eminence could not find it in his heart to condemn his old friends and benefactors. Mayor Jimmy Walker continued as a welcome speaker at Communion breakfasts. Curry, O'Brien and the rest remained in full favor with the Church.

Though indifferent to the crying need of an honest city administration, Cardinal Hayes was all ears to the cries of widows and orphans. In 1920 he undertook to organize and consolidate the Catholic Charities of New York. He combined over 250 into a federation which resulted in large economies. Of each dollar now subscribed to Catholic Charities in the City about 87 cents arrive safely. This percentage compares fairly well with that achieved by the non-sectarian lay committee in charge of the Irish Free State Hospital Sweep. His Eminence,

has, however, been unduly lauded for the new set-up, for he borrowed the idea from his predecessor, Cardinal Farley.

In respect of the cause of labor Cardinal Hayes has done little, save perhaps issue warnings against the evils and dangers of communism. He loves to foretell that "a decisive conflict must be fought between Christianity [by which he means the Catholic Church] and communism." He declares that "by its very nature communism hates the Church preaching the gospel of charity." Naturally, he does not see eye to eye with Lenin who held that the Church has always striven to prevent workers from helping themselves. His Eminence in his ermine, silk and brocade, surrounded by papal knights and nobles, and paged by a dozen boys in medieval costumes of fancy colors and cuts, believes workers should intone "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus!" ("Behold the Great High Priest") rather than rant about wages and living conditions. One who enjoys a few months in the Bahamas every winter, and a salary of a few hundred thousand a year, finds it easy to cherish "sane" views about social questions.

In respect of morals, in the Catholic sense of the word, His Eminence has been on the job. He has done everything humanly possible to oppose and discredit birth control, and has gone the limit in securing police raids on clinics. He has taught that "little children troop down from heaven because God wills it." Naturally, to obstruct their arrival is blasphemy! Through Martin Conboy His Eminence kept "Ulysses" off the book stands for years. His best organized effort to keep citizens of New York (of all denominations) chaste and pure-minded, was the establishment of a permanent Arch-diocesan Legion of Decency Council. On this Committee, to which he named Alfred E. Smith chairman, he placed ex-Mayor O'Brien, Judge Talley, and other Tammany notables as the most reliable exponents of virtue. This Council soon got to work against nudism and had the Legislature at Albany enact laws to the liking of His Eminence. It is curious, however, to notice that all through the Tammany régime smutty periodicals remained on the news-stands. Not until the Fusionists arrived were they driven under cover.

In respect of religion, while encouraging piety, His Eminence has been badly wanting in orthodoxy. As a son (however unworthy) of Holy Church I accuse Cardinal Hayes of fostering instead of denouncing the heresy of his friend Al Smith as formulated in the latter's famous credo: "I believe in the absolute separation of Church and State."

Again, as a Catholic, I accuse Cardinal Hayes of neglect of duty in not forbidding New York Catholics, lay and clerical, to participate in interdenominationalism so-called. Worse still, the Cardinal has on occasion sent a personal representative to "inter-faith Conferences" against the obvious prohibitions of Canon Law. Surely His Eminence must know that such co-operation with heretics is damnable in the eyes of the Church. Is he secretly selling the holy heritage of the true faith in exchange for an increase of popularity among Protestant unbelievers?

Thirdly, as a Catholic, I accuse the Car-

(Continued on next page)

HITLERISM'S SECRET ENCYCLOPEDIA

by SIDNEY WALLACH

DESPITE the well-oiled and efficient propaganda machinery of Germany's National Socialist Party, comparatively little has been told of what is without doubt the Nazis' greatest contribution to contemporary scholarship. Books and articles have appeared all over the world telling of Hitler's war on culture, on the banishment of Germany's leading literary lights, on the exiling of scientists, on the emasculation of the proud German universities. But a heavy cloud has enveloped a Nazi monument to scholarship of sorts.

Lest light minds be taken in by the story of the Nazi assault on the life of the intellect, the account of this stupendous achievement must now be told. It concerns nothing less than the publication of an encyclopedia, entitled "Sigilla Veri" (The Stamp of Truth), under whose classical title the new German erudition has compiled the standard work on anti-Semitism.

Unlike most works of scholarship, however, this "Sigilla Veri" is not offered for public sale. It is an esoteric fabrication, not intended for the prying eyes of Jews, liberals, friends of Jews, libraries of general research, or any but the most approved reader. To

(Continued from preceding page)

dinal of condoning and even encouraging a form of Catholic apologetics that is so pugnacious and offensive as to be utterly out of keeping with papal instructions. Has he not endorsed, "because of its long years of useful service in a truly Catholic spirit," the spit-fire *Catholic News* which deluges those it finds "hostile" to Catholic aims with abuse and insults? And yet the *Catholic News* is mild in comparison to other units of the diocesan press—all of which are under his control.

Cardinal Hayes's philosophy of life, as far as published, may be subsumed under two doctrines. He says that life is like a game of golf and that we should avoid traps and keep to the fairway. He says also that true Americanism and true Catholicism work hand in hand and are the founts of happiness. In obedience to the first doctrine he usually seeks to avoid trouble. He refused to face Father Coughlin and confront him with Canon Law when the latter made his profane raids on Madison Square Garden.

The Brown Derby and the Red Hat now cover what is left of thinning grey hairs. The promise of great achievement has failed. The Church that both, for divers reasons, sought to serve has lost rather than gained by their efforts. The great opportunities for leadership that Cardinal Hayes was given in his capacity of Archbishop were missed. The big things he might have done, in cleaning up the city administration; in securing a fair deal for Harlem; in lending support to labor unions, he failed to do. He remains, no doubt, a picturesque figure-head for the Catholic Church of New York, but he inspires less admiration among intelligent members of his flock than among the devout and simple-minded.

secure "Sigilla Veri" a reader must be pure anti-Semitic Aryan, preferably a Heiler, but in any event under no suspicion of harboring liberal opinions or Jewish sympathies. Indeed, before one can hope to obtain the four volumes of 1200 pages each already published and the two additional volumes still to come, the prospective purchaser must certify under oath that: "I am not of Jewish descent and I have no Jewish relatives, nor have I any Jewish blood in me. I promise not to sell this book to anyone or give it away as a present. I testify on my word of honor that I am not acting as the agent of any other party."

Only then will the publishers, who claim that they are acting at the order of "The World League Against Falsehood and the Christian Aryan Alliance," condescend to accept honest Reichsmarks in return for their laboriously assembled treasure store of anti-Semitic material.

The full title of this masterpiece of encyclopedias is "Sigilla Veri (Ph. Stauff's semi-Kuerschner) Lexicon of the Jews, Jew-friends and Jew-enemies of all times and all zones, especially of Germany; of the doctrines, customs, trickeries, and statistics of the Jews as well as of their thieves' tongue, deceptive names, secret unions, etc."

Fully 100 pages are taken up with a fuller explanation of the whys and wherefores of the compendium. According to this introduction, the material is divided into six categories as follows:

1. Judaeology (life and trickeries of the Jews): assets, army, women's movement, honor, sexuality, pseudo-science;
2. Protective troops of Jewry: bastards, Jew-friends, artificial and symbolically circumcised Jews;
3. Non-Jews and those who know the Jews

(i.e., anti-Semites), who are called Jews by the Jews;

4. Jewish study of names (onomatology), aliases;

5. Judaeography (statistics);

6. Miscellaneous: *sub specie* Judaeorum! thieves' and robbers' tongue; internationality of a Jewish lexicon.

Enlarging upon "Jew-friends," the authors describe them as "a people of inferior mentality, often physically inferior as well, who have become affected with the Jewish parasitic poison at school, at home, or in the church by Jewish litterateurs, doctors, or advocates; themselves unnerved, they admire the energy of the Jew."

With the utmost German thoroughness, the compilers of the encyclopedia prepared a table of abbreviations and symbols. Since no reader is likely to encounter these symbols in any other encyclopedia, they are worth recording here in its own language:

▼ The dark demonic triangle with point downwards: denotes racial Jew of any faith.

△ The light theonic triangle with point upwards: denotes non-Jewish; if put after a name, it means that the person, while non-Jewish, is married to a Jew.

Means converted Jews.

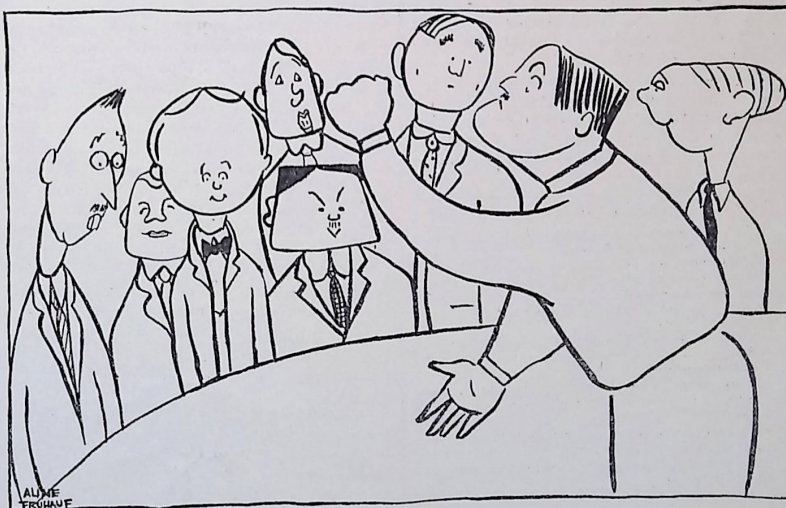
? Before a name means Jewish race, origin, mixture is doubtful.

← Jew-friend.

∴ Freemason, belonging to the international lodge.

Although this is not intended as a free advertisement for the publication, every reader is sure to find unexpected thrills in thumbing through the pages. This encyclopedia possesses one advantage over all others in that it contains not only varied accounts of what took place, but elaborate accounts

(Continued on next page)



"We must protect our noble blood from the race defilers, the breed mixers . . ."

(Continued from preceding page)

that a more conservative encyclopedist would be reluctant to include as "accurate" or "truthful." The very first item gives a cue to the contents. Under the letter "A" there appears the following item:

"A, raper of girls, teacher of the Jewish community, Tokay, Hungary, was tried by a court in July 1890 on the charge of immorality which he had committed against a dozen very young Δ school girls. The press kept his name secret except the initial." Budapesti Hirlap.

Thereafter the reader can browse at his own discretion and be sure to pick up nuggets of information unobtainable anywhere else save in obscure records of provincial anti-Semitic sheets.

The publishers of "Sigilla Veri" have shown their progressiveness not only in the unusual form in which they are selling the book, but also in their handling of the great and the near-great in history. The reader of, let us say, the Encyclopedia Britannica or any other accepted standard of reference is likely to find a great deal of information on Alexander III, the Czar of Russia; but unless he consults "Sigilla Veri" he cannot know that Alexander III was "assassinated"; or read the shocking statement that appeared in 1892 in an obscure publication revealing that "the Austrian regiment of which the anti-Semitic Czar Alexander III is a titular chief has not less than 28 Jewish officers."

Under the item "Arzt" (physician), you will find extraordinary information not vouchsafed anywhere else. The reader will learn, for example, that "the profession of medicine is very popular among the Jews because it gives them the easiest access to our families and permits them to saturate thereby with authority the oldest and youngest generations of non-Jews with Jewish conceptions and Jewish spirit. . ."; and "While the Jews have taken over the medical profession, general and specialized all over the world, the Jews themselves, for fear that they could be recognized and for fear of punishment according to the Shulchan Aruch, are forbidden to take any medicine from a Christian physician. . ."—information that will no doubt surprise many thousands of Jews who consult non-Jewish doctors.

Of special interest to Americans will be the section under the heading "America." Here the reader will find, believe it or not, that Presidents Cleveland, Taft, and Wilson, at some time in their lives, made addresses in

which they praised the achievements of Jews! On the other hand, the Hitlerite reader of "Sigilla Veri" is sure to glow with satisfaction over a report quoted from a Hamburg newspaper in 1879 in which an anti-Semitic American hotel episode is described.

Under the heading "Aberglauben" (superstition) we learn that the "Jews, in spite of their 'intelligence' and 'enlightenment,' are more superstitious than the Negroes." The quotation marks are the editor's.

Under "Baedeker" the learned authors make it a point to hint that there is something suspicious in Baedeker's discontinuance of information on the distribution of religions in the cities of Germany.

Of General Dawes one is told that "although called General Dawes he never was a soldier"; and a story is included, attributed to a number of German and Canadian papers, of a man who had committed a number of embezzlements and "was finally identified as Dawes."

The temptation to quote at greater length from this monumental lexicon is great, but one must spare the publishers an encroachment upon their special province.

While it is obvious from the above how accurate the encyclopedia attempts to be, an apology is made in advance. Say the learned editors: "Errors which when proven will be rectified at once wherever a person is erroneously referred to as Jew, Jew-friend, or mixed-Jew; there may be an oversight, but never a malicious intent on the part of the editor and publisher; needless to say that in case of such erroneous reference with regard to the race or consequences to be drawn from such an assumption all such references are to be disregarded."

In greater detail this is amplified in another page: "Whoever is erroneously mentioned in the Jew-dictionary, he, it or she, may now be quite formally assured of sincere regrets and apologies even in cases where these signs concerning Jew-protection and non-Jewish were mistakenly applied by misprint or were omitted. The editor and his staff would be glad if they could in good conscience draw some of the tremendous amount of Jew-blood accumulated in the Jew-dictionary."

As for the Jews themselves the publication is much too austere to engage in disputes with them. "All of us," it says, "adhere to the so-called Weidhof principle which prohibits a non-Jew from duelling with a Jew or Jew-friends. We therefore request all blood-thirsty Maccabbees and their non-Jewish seconds to kindly leave us alone since we could never accept their demands for duels. The honor code of the human race is different from that of the counter-race and its followers."

Unlike any other encyclopedia, the names of the contributors are not given. We are informed, however, that "the book was written, sponsored, and made possible through the assistance of German men and women in Germany and abroad, as well as by many other now enlightened people in Switzerland, in North and South America, in France, Italy, England, and her colonies, Japan, Scandinavia, Russia, and in all countries which are united by the same common needs as Germany and coöperating in word and

GERMANY'S REBORN LITERATURE

by ARNOLD ROLLER

NOW that so many of Germany's best writers and newspaper men are either in exile or deprived of the right to make a living, a special *Reich-Press-Schule* is training the younger generation in the gentle art of official journalism inspired by the new classics written by Hitler, Goebbels, Streicher and Rosenberg.

The rebirth of German journalism was fraught with certain difficulties. The disregard of all the baneful Jewish, Christian, freemasonic, "liberalistic," Marxist and humanitarian traditions of the recent and remote past has brought in its wake a certain cynical contempt for every branch of knowledge that is not directly concerned with military training and the racial mythology supplementing it.

As a result, some of the older editors of the Nazi papers sadly comment upon the somewhat excessive exuberance of the younger generation of party journalists. For these enthusiasts have no compunctions about informing their defenseless readers that Albania is an African state, and that Moses was the founder of the Zionist movement. The more experienced men are rightly apprehensive lest such unorthodox notions about Balkan geography or major biblical figures have an unfavorable effect upon the credulity of the steadily dwindling number of Germany's newspaper readers.

That credulity has been taxed to an extent which to a fortunate outsider seems almost unbelievable. Eighteen years after the Rus-

action for the common cause."

The catholicity of the contributors' sources is matched by the international concern of the worthy publishers who extend the following hearty invitation: "Frenchmen, Italians, and Scandinavians need only translate our book into their language to gain a complete picture of the situation as it prevails in those countries also for a long time in a like or similar manner. The individual countries could almost save the trouble of having a separate account of their own Jews if the same task has once been performed in a country like Germany or France."

Consequently, the "Sigilla Veri" aims at a translation as a whole or in part all over the world. It has already instituted negotiations with England, Sweden, Spain, and France.

N. B. For the present, however, subscribers to "Sigilla Veri" can continue to regard themselves as among the elect. Not only are they few in number, but they can rest easy in the knowledge that the secrecy of the sales methods and the contributors has been carried one step further. Every subscriber is assured that his identity will be kept a secret. Apparently, as in the case of the names of the authors, the editors are concerned, since "many wild beasts and real criminals are at large." The Jews are assured, however, that these precautions are taken, not out of cowardice, but as a matter of convenience.

The Nazis Discriminate Against "Jewish Cows"

"Wolfrathshausen is a small town in the Third Reich in which cattle are sold.

"Wolfrathshausen has a mayor, Ernst Schreyer. "Wolfrathshausen also has its paper, the *Wolfrathshausen Tageblatt*.

"In this newspaper the mayor made public the following decrees:

"Cows which are bought directly or indirectly from Jews will not be permitted to mate with the village bull.

"Cows in stalls which contain cattle bought by Jews must remain under observation for one year."

"The first decree is the application of the Nuremberg race-pollution law to cattle.

"The second decree ordains a concentration camp for 'Jewish' cows.

"Thus wills the Wolfrathshausen ox."

From *Gerechtigkeit*, Vienna

sian Revolution, Martin Mutschmann, District Leader, i.e. Governor, of Saxony, writes in his paper that Lenin was "a Mongoloid type with an admixture of Jewish blood; his original name was Sederbaum, but he is the son of the Jew Goldmann who in 1867 was exiled to Siberia for counterfeiting." Julius Streicher, Germany's champion anti-Semite, pornographer, debaucher of minors, and greatest spellbinder after Hitler, "quotes" Marx as having said that people and money are identical, and persistently refers to the assassinated Foreign Minister Walter Rathenau as the Jew Chancellor of the Weimar Republic. According to the official press, the Catholic opposition in Germany is "directed by Moscow." And the war in Africa "has been engineered by Jews"—as a sequel to the verdict of a Swiss court which branded as a forgery the famous "Protocols of the Elders of Zion." The theory runs this way. Since an appeal to the Superior Court is pending, and as the international Jewry are afraid lest the sentence be reversed, they have pitted the Italians against the Ethiopians so that the war-news may take up all the attention of the world's readers, with no space left for the final vindication of the authenticity of the "Protocols"

Literature proper is likewise beginning to show the results of Germany's revaluation of all values. The Schiller prize which has been awarded every six years, was due in 1935; yet even the "coördinated" trustees of the endowment declined to grant the coveted 7,000 Marks to anybody "because no poet of higher stature creating in the spirit of National Socialism has appeared as yet." Schiller himself, though still the great classic of the school-books, is gradually being "liquidated." His "Don Carlos" has been taken off the stage because of the famous line demanding "liberty of conscience"; "Wilhelm Tell" seems to have suffered the same fate because it glorifies tyrannicide; and his "Maria Stuart" has likewise incurred the disfavor of some critics who demand its withdrawal "because in the love affairs of the two queens there is no mention of the offspring as the real purpose of love."

Yet, for all that, Schiller is faring much better than poor Goethe whose ignominious doom seems to be sealed. The semi-centenary celebration of the Goethe Society was shunned by all members of the Cabinet, including even the Minister of Education. A freemason and an unpatriotic admirer of Napoleon, the author of "Faust" is, moreover, accused of having poisoned Schiller, whose growing literary fame had aroused his envy. Launched by Ludendorff's wife, whose book on that subject sold 30,000 copies, that contribution to Goethe lore is gradually gaining credence among all the sadistic maniacs now at the helm of Germany. Goethe, it must not be forgotten, had once said: "National hatred is always strongest and most virulent on the lowest levels of civilization."

Heine's name is, of course, never mentioned in the schools. His "Lorelei," which all Germans have been singing for the last hundred years, is incorporated in the textbooks under "Author unknown." A "Letter Box" answer in a recent issue of a Southern-German Nazi paper contained the following information about the country's greatest lyric poet: "Heine was a Jew. What else he

INQUIRY INTO A SCOURGE OF GOD

by LOUIS WEITZENKORN

ALL this began in one of those last drink saloons—you know the kind, the suffocating, stinking joint one remembers when drunk and never finds when sober. They are like the saloons one formerly saw in Canada as one approached the arid borders of the United States—"Last Chance Cafe," or "Drink It Now Or Repent Shoppe."

It is in these places scattered about New York that the fattest prostitutes outside of Egypt abound—the slimmer and more luscious having long since been bargained to bed,—and logically enough, the thinnest pimps, for these gents have pickings slim in exact ratio to the size of their balloon-tired nymphs. . . .

She sat at the bar, or rather, her enormous hindparts sat for her, sagging around the high chair like dough overflowing a bread-pan. She was drunk and confidential. It seems to be one of heaven's bitterest jests that little glasses of whiskey poured into these monsters fly like typhus germs to the farthestmost outposts of the body. Her feet were drunk, her hands were drunk, her eyes, her hair and her ears. Out of her mouth drooled slobber and complaint. She leaned on her victim and slid off him and just managed to keep from uppercutting herself against the beer-slopped counter.

Her victim was a little man, not very old and not very young, and not much in harmony with the staging or the actors about him. He was a man who might have had a beard and a man who might not have had one.

His hair could have been gray and flowing or short and black. Somehow he seemed to go in and out of focus. But there was one quality in him which maintained itself, a sad, unflinching patience. She clung to it.

"I don't like Jews," she said and propped herself up for a moment.

The little man seemed to nod.

"I don't like Jews," she said again, sagging toward him, "an' I'll tell you why."

He waited. There was a long intermission while her head bobbed.

"Why don't you like Jews?" asked the little man finally.

"They ain't got culture. They think they got culture but they ain't."

A sleepy-eyed man with a face as narrow as an axe stepped up to her. He addressed her sharply:

"Come on you goddam bag and get the hell out of here. What am I gettin', standin' around without a dime showin'?"

He took her off. The little man gazed dreamily into the mirror behind the bottle racks. Then he, too, walked out into the streets.

When the little man was next seen, and it was days, perhaps weeks, after the episode of the fat prostitute, he had a mission. His whole being exuded purpose. It was as if Almighty God had breathed upon the face of the Inquiring Reporter.

He swung onto a Fifth Avenue bus and allowed himself to be jolted into a seat, like a roulette ball dropping into a cup. He fell against a retired hotel-keeper.

"The Jews have no culture," said the little man. "Why do you hate Jews?"

"You're from a Hearst paper, I see," said the retired hotel-keeper smiling. "Oh, they got culture enough. I don't like Jews because they ruined the Pocono mountains and Atlantic City. Yeh, you know, like the niggers ruined the South."

The little man only faintly heard this. He was on the move. He swung from the bus and clambered nimbly to the sidewalk. He pointed his course toward a sign which had

(Continued on page 16)

was besides we dare not tell you lest this paper with our answer may accidentally fall into the hands of your children. We can only say: *Pfui Teufel!* [an exclamation expressing extreme loathing].

As to the writers of the last few decades preceding the establishment of the Third Reich, Hitler stated his final opinion during this year's Party Convention at Nuremberg. He simply called them "crooks or fools," whose place was either in prison or in an asylum. The *Fuehrer's* favorite reading matter are the three score volumes by Karl May, Germany's Zane Grey.

Undisturbed by any competition on the part of the "crooks and fools" who are either abroad or forbidden to publish anything, the Nazi writers have now come to blows among themselves. With the old gods either dethroned or debunked, and no respect left for any authorities other than their supreme party-leaders, the very youngest of today's licensed writers are out for the scalps of their literary sires of the same political persuasion.

They are openly clamoring for a sort of June 30 purge within their own profession, the victims to be the "old" men between thirty and forty who had been Hitler's literary bodyguards during the lean years of the Weimar Republic.

"Pastime, luxury, remoteness from life, exclusivity, sectarianism and betrayal of the people as a whole"—these are some of the accusations the ambitious cubs now fling at their indignant fathers, most of whom were Nazis "from the first hour." In other words, driven by the sacred hunger, the father of all change, the belated contestants for the nation's imposed reputations, lucrative royalties and editorial chairs are pitted against the charter members and preferred stockholders of Nazi literature and newspaperdom, who have cornered all the material benefits of the great victory.

It is all so incredibly sad, and one wistfully thinks of the latest French *bon mot* giving a definition of National-Socialism: "The victory of the Boches over the Germans."

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Premier Laval of France

THE career of Pierre Laval, Premier of France, is something fearful and wonderful to behold. Not since the days of Lloyd George in England has Europe seen so slippery, ignorant, and untrustworthy an international statesman as he. Double-crossing, in his hands, has reached a finesse that would tax the intellect of a mathematical physicist. Principles, ideals, confidences are to him so much merchandise. What he thinks in the morning has never been a guarantee as to what he will think in the afternoon. His chief aims in life are to keep his fortune secure and to preserve his political position. Nothing else matters.

Laval's recent speech in the French Chamber of Deputies defending himself on a charge of two-timing France, the League of Nations, and Ethiopia, was so full of obfuscation and pious irrelevancies that even the Parisian press, the most venal in the world, was disgusted. He was ostensibly afraid of the proposed oil sanctions because of Mussolini's threat of war. The League was ready for them but without the consent of France it could not move. Everything hinged on Laval. Had the oil sanctions gone through, Italy would have been out of Ethiopia within eight weeks, as the Italian General Staff has openly admitted, and Mussolini would possibly be a Fascist angel by now.

But Laval hesitated. Not because of any principle involved, but because the forces in his own country favoring oil sanctions and opposing them seemed to be evenly divided, and Laval is not one to jeopardize his premiership even for the cessation of an obvious war of aggression. Moreover, Mussolini seemed to offer as much future help in the next Franco-German hostilities as did Baldwin. So Laval did the usual Laval thing. He passed the buck. He impressed upon the gullible Sir Samuel Hoare that oil sanctions would mean a long European war, which he knew was nonsense, and he frightened him into signing the now notorious Hoare-Laval peace proposals.

Public opinion forced Sir Samuel out of the British Foreign Office, and Captain Anthony Eden was put in his place. Laval had foreseen this development, and for days before the announcement of the proposals he had protested to Eden his love for the League of Nations, Eden's pet. In the hullabaloo the oil sanctions were forgotten—which was Laval's chief aim in the whole maneuver—and he can still say that he is the friend of England, Captain Eden, the League, Mussolini, and Ethiopia.

France has seen some very "realistic," which is to say, highly dubious, people in

the Premier's office—Viviani, Clemenceau, Tardieu, Briand, Herriot, Daladier—but never anyone so unreliable and poorly-informed as Laval. In 1914 he was almost as radical as Jaurès. But in 1920 he decided that integrity did not pay large dividends, so he left the socialist party, quickly amassed a fortune as a lawyer, though not through his legal ability but through his "fixing" talent, and began to trade with the more "reasonable" parties. He is now Premier for the second time.

His tactic is the simple one of admitting nothing, denying nothing, and being friends with all factions—the extreme right, the extreme left, the moderate left, the moderate right, the Catholic bloc, and the anti-clerical party. Nobody with a vote to sell need fear Laval.

His ignorance is almost as vast as his lack of character. Pertinax, in a recent issue of *This Week*, reports: "I can vouch that when he traveled to Rome last January [1935], he did not know for certain the name of the reigning Pope." Pertinax continues:

Upon two different occasions, when in conference with British ministers, he was bold enough to launch upon an ambitious exposition of his European program. But after a short while he lost the thread of his discourse. In one case, one of his attendants, fearing the worst, handed him a memorandum which he had drafted for his own private use. M. Laval grasped it with thankfulness and coolly read it aloud without even knowing its contents. On the other occasion, he himself took from a drawer a document of the same kind, which he had not found time to peruse before, and proceeded to transform it at once into a ministerial statement.

All intelligent people, especially in Europe, know Laval for what he is, but they fear him because he represents the dominant type of statesman today. Periods of burgeoning change from one economy to another, whether within one nation or all over the world, are nearly always days of glory for men of gelatine souls. Consider the cases of Masaryk and Benes in Czechoslovakia, Brüning in Germany, and President Franklin D. Roosevelt in the United States. All of them have more decency than Laval, but as a group they fit into the same basic mould of statesmanship. That we are living in a historic period of transition is obvious to all, but how long it will last and where it will lead to are the guesses of any well-read misanthrope. Until these problems are solved, nationally and internationally, we shall have Laval. They are a natural product of bourgeois democracy in decay.

Sweetness and Verbosity

AMERICAN literature, it seems, is in for a siege of sweetness and verbosity. "Anthony Adverse" led the list. Then came "While Rome Burns," by Alexander Woollcott, "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips," by James Hilton, "Of Time and the River," by Thomas Wolfe, "Why Not Try God?" by Mary Pickford, "The Woollcott Reader," and "It Can't Happen Here," by Sinclair Lewis. We pick these books at random from among the best sellers of the past two years. We could add to them the latest books by Willa Cather, Ellen Glasgow, Robert Nathan, and Edna Ferber, but they would only clutter up our evidence. We believe that the popularity of these books clearly indicates something in current

American literary taste, namely, a desire to escape from reality and to be engulfed in well-composed sweetness together with a desperate attempt to find out, preferably in fiction form, what brought on the present misery, what is there ahead, and what to do about it. This is a large generalization. It admittedly does not pretend to account for the big sales of such books as "North to the Orient," by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, and "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," by T. E. Lawrence. But these are the exceptions. With the authors' same reputations, they would probably sell just as well in any other year, past or future.

Here we are dealing with a main trend, and we think that our generalization holds with regard to it. It is inconceivable to us that the Hilton and Woollcott books would have sold in 1928. People were too rich and therefore too sophisticated to tolerate such maudlin guff. In those days people read Anita Loos or Will Durant. It is true that they were just as swindled then with these authors as they are now with Hilton and Woollcott—swindled, that is, from the point of view of what they thought they got and what they actually did get, bogus learning and the most banal of blue-stocking smartness—but the fraud they now choose they would not have thought of choosing then.

The cases of Thomas Wolfe and Sinclair Lewis are really no different from the cases of Woollcott and Hilton. In 1928 crisp writing, short sentences, and pointless thinking were the vogue. The lumbering, mainly unintelligible palaver of most of Wolfe simply would not have got by. Wolfe did get by just about when people were grasping for the slightest bit of seriousness, especially if it was clothed in mountainous self-pity. As for Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here," we incline to think that it got by not so much on account of its topical theme, but because that theme was written up in a sort of careless Woollcott style. The theme and the style were a guarantee of a good sale. We doubt that Lewis's name had much to do with it. His previous two books were so bad that many readers were ready to give him up.

We have become a despondent people, and that despondency has bred sentimentality, which has become intensified in direct ratio with our helplessness. As a people we do not want charming sweetness as much as we used to; we prefer sweetness made damp with tears. We also want occasionally some serious thinking, and being a gullible people—perhaps like all other peoples—we mistake verbosity for profundity.

These stray thoughts, we know, do not take into account the power of book-thumping over the radio, a relatively recent art, nor the increasing influence of bad literary criticism (more men and women seem to be reading book reviews, the average critical level of which is far from what it should be). They do not take into account many other factors. They also contain some shaky philosophizing, but on the whole we think that they are sound and that they help to explain an undeniable fact, namely, that sweetness and verbosity are now upon us again, as they were in all our periods of misery, particularly immediately after the Civil and Spanish-American Wars.

BOOKS

by Charles Angoff

The Anatomy of Fascism

SAWDUST CAESAR: THE UNTOLD HISTORY OF MUSSOLINI AND FASCISM, by George Seldes. \$3. Harper & Brothers: New York.

THIS is a valuable and extremely important book. To the best of my knowledge, it is the most comprehensive discussion of Mussolini in the English language. Its chief virtue is due to Mr. Seldes's chief defect as a writer, namely, his dislike for philosophical profundities. He merely reports the known and authenticated facts about Il Duce and the operations of Fascism. He does not attempt to explain them in terms of intricate psychological or politico-economic terms, because, fortunately in this case, that is not his habit of mind.

The probabilities are that they cannot be explained in the generally accepted sense of the word explain. Fascism is not a system of thought; it is a gangster's pay-off checklist. The "theory" behind it is a sort of political Christian Science, made to suit the needs of the moment. To say that it gratifies a mystical something in the Italian soul, as various commentators, pro- and anti-Fascist alike, have said, may be satisfying to a lazy mind, but it really makes no sense.

Fascism came into power largely by accident, and it has remained in power, against the wishes of the vast majority of the Italian people, because the Fascists had and still have more ammunition than the opposition. They have more ammunition because the Italian capitalists are supplying them with plenty of money for the very simple reason that Italy run by the Fascists means more profits to the Italian capitalists with a minimum of labor trouble. Most of the writings about the inner workings of the Corporate State gloss over the glaring fact that it is nothing more than a big company union. Mussolini and his thugs are similar to the police of a company union town, and they are being paid by the Italian capitalists for being just that.

Mussolini became the head of the Fascist thugs because the Italian capitalists knew they could trust him. They had followed his career for years and grew to admire his rubber soul. A violent opponent of the World War, he immediately became a rabid orator for the side of the Allies when he began to receive big checks from French government officials and industrialists. All the while he protested his devotion to socialist principles, and he continued to protest his radicalism even after "he was publicly accused and tried by the journalists' association for using the starving babies of Fiume fund to run his own election campaign" in November, 1919. Mussolini denied the charge, but he admitted "diverting" some of the money. In the next three years he wiggled from one set of principles to another

in a manner that would elicit the respect of even Laval of France.

In 1922 he became Premier of Italy. The coup was nearly all pre-arranged. As Mr. Seldes says, "There was no revolution. No blood was shed. It was a military conspiracy to which the generals and the government were party and the industrialists in the north the financial backers." But there was nothing inevitable about it. The people, as represented by parliament, the press, and the trade unions, were definitely anti-Fascist, but this vast mass of democratic opinion had no leader. Premier Facta was frightened by all the shouting of Mussolini and King Victor Emmanuel did not know enough about what was going on. The Nationalist Party told the King that the Duke of Aosta was about to storm Rome with 30,000 Fascist sympathizers, and that the royal army would not defend the crown. Both statements were at least three-quarters untrue, but the King believed them and he gave in.

Soon enough a leader did spring up in the person of Giacomo Matteotti, one of the few truly magnificent public men who walked the earth in our time. For days in the Chamber of Deputies he hurled invective and irony at Mussolini, and shortly it became apparent to all, so effective were his onslaughts upon the Fascists, that it was a question of time before the Italian people would rise up against the usurpers. Mussolini decided to "make life difficult" for him, to use the Duce's own phrase. So he dispatched Emilio De Bono and Italo Balbo, now marshals of the royal Italian forces, to murder Matteotti, which they did. Nobody sprang up to take his place in the Chamber, and thus Fascism was grafted upon Italy.

Mussolini immediately looked around for a program, which the big industrialists, who had backed him, were glad to give him. It is called the Corporate State. Its cardinal principles are murder, robbery, and tyranny. Under it the Italian people have become the worst fed and the most tyrannized in the whole civilized world.

The lesson of Mr. Seldes's excellent book is plain enough. Fascism need never have come to Italy if the people had been organized to fight it, and if there had been leaders ready to martyr themselves for the preservation of political and industrial democracy. Had there been three Matteottis, or even two, the chances are that Mussolini would now be in a petty thieves' jail—petty thievery was his chief claim to police attention until 1915 when the French government began to supply him with money—or a murderer's grave.

Fascism is undoubtedly spreading over the world, and the chances of its coming to the United States are more than even. But Mr. Seldes cries wolf too soon when he says in his Foreword, "Fascism not only exists in America, but it has become formidable and needs only a Duce, a Fuehrer, an organizer." This simply is not true. We are still largely a democratic people, in spite of Wall Street and the Liberty League. But we can remain a democratic people only if we organize politically and economically along democratic lines. There aren't many things in this forest of lemons worth fighting for, but surely liberty is one of them.

Memoirs of the New Freedom

THE STREET I KNOW, by Harold E. Stearns. \$2.75. Lee Furman: New York.

IT SEEMS to be the rule of history that the symbols of eras are generally minor participants in them. Herbert Croly, in the field of political revolt, and Van Wyck Brooks, in the field of literary revolt, were among the very few really sizeable products of the New Freedom period in American history, but they had too much to say to grasp the imagination of the intellectual rabble. Mr. Stearns, on the other hand, who from the point of view of influence and mental stature, was no more than a lisp in the night, has somehow become the symbol of all the belligerently callow yearnings of those days. His present book, which is an autobiography, is a small monument to that symbol.

It is also a little tombstone commemorating an innocent dream. The New Freedom era believed in honest government, legislative reform, sexual emancipation, and the literature of abandon and reminiscent agony. The economic basis of politics was only vaguely understood, and freedom usually meant the freedom of the oppressed to waste away a bit more comfortably. The group around the old *Dial* and the *Freeman* was perhaps a trifle more clear-eyed and better informed than most of the liberals in those days, and at least one of them, Thorstein Veblen, knew what it was all about, but he had an esoteric following. The dominant political theory of the *Freeman* was the Single Tax, which is an economics stricken with asthma.

Mr. Stearns's autobiography presents a fair picture of the daily life of the camp followers in those days, and as such has documentary value. But while the leaders have long since either died or lifted themselves out of the fog, he continues to live in it. He is callow emotionally and amateurish intellectually, and he still seems to be happiest when practicing self-pity. He thinks that love is not what it used to be.

The 1935 American girl is the most demanding on earth... She wants (still being a woman) the romantic trimmings, but she wants security, too. Maybe the depression left a scar... but she will not gamble with possible poverty. (And I can't really, in my heart, blame her.) Unfortunately, however, when the gamble is taken out of love and marriage, some of the charm is, too... Marriage should mean sharing the early struggles together as much as enjoying the later successes.

Even when Mr. Stearns is on the side of political realism, he writes like a boy who has just learned the truth about George Washington and the cherry tree. For example:

And only the vanishing memory of many of those boys [in London, on August 4, 1914] who reeled about London that night remains with a few relatives. I hate hypocrisy; I am glad they did reel—damn it, I am glad they did get drunk, if they wanted to. At least they don't sleep any less securely in their graves than do the noble boys who believed all the war myths, never took a drop, never winked at a girl, and died for dear old Chelsea or cheaper Lambeth, which had never given them a decent thought... If you can show me any great economic, spiritual, or social byproduct of our entering the war that can be set in the balance-sheet against what we lost, I should be glad to know what that byproduct is.

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Albert Jay Nock's Naivete

OUR ENEMY, THE STATE, by Albert Jay Nock. \$2.25. William Morrow & Company: New York.

THE persistence of Mr. Nock's political naiveté is something marvelous to contemplate. He is shocked by "the accumulation of state power in various countries, [which] has been so accelerated and diversified within the last twenty years." This leads him to the profound conclusion that "there is never, nor can be, any strengthening of state power without a corresponding and roughly equivalent depletion of social power." The differences, he says, between Fascism, Bolshevism, and Hitlerism are "superficial distinctions . . . the concern of journalists and publicists; the serious student sees in them only the one root-idea of a complete conversion of social power into state power."

The New Deal, at bottom, is apparently no better. If the ideas behind it finally prevail, the United States will be no more:

Our pride resents the thought that the great highways of New England will one day lie deep under layers of encroaching vegetation, as the more substantial Roman roads of Old England have lain for generations; and that only a group of heavily overgrown hillocks will be left to attract the archaeologist's eye to the hidden debris of our collapsed skyscrapers. Yet it is to just this, we know, that our civilization will come. . . .

Mr. Nock's devotion to the principles, nay, the mere name of Thomas Jefferson continues as strong as his belief in the miraculous qualities of the Single Tax. He nearly always refers to him as Mr. Jefferson. Such merely human people as Thomas Paine, Herbert Spencer, Parkman, Rousseau, Kant, Hegel, Fichte, and Roger Williams, he mentions as here, without a Mr. preceding.

I often wonder what Jefferson would do about Mr. Nock, were he alive today. I have a feeling that, polite man that he was, he would probably ask to be excused from comment, unless, of course, Mr. Nock made a public nuisance of himself with his worshipful adoration.

INTER-AMERICAN NOTES

by ANITA BRENNER

THERE are crises of revolutionary character in several Latin-American countries—Cuba, Mexico, Venezuela, Brazil, Bolivia, and Uruguay. They are reported in an isolated manner, as arising out of internal conditions and episodes, but as a matter of fact the root-cause is international, and in the majority of these countries it is specifically the economic condition of the United States. Whether Mr. Cordell Hull and the Pan-American Union admit it or not, the Caribbean countries especially are economic colonies of the United States; the 1929 crash was forecast in those countries and all over South America by political break-downs beginning after 1921, and the deepening crisis, has developed under colonial pressure into the first serious attacks on American capitalism.

As all students of imperial histories know, revolt comes first at the most exploited

WHITE COLLAR WORKERS IN RETREAT

by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THERE is a tradition of superiority among white collar workers which grew up in part because of the mere whiteness of their collars and in part from an identification with the middle and owning classes of the nation. The original prejudice was cultivated with assiduity by the employers along such lines as the alleged existence of greater opportunities for white collar workers, as a means of driving a wedge between two sections of the working class. To a very great extent the prejudices, myths and the division of interest still remain, but they seem definitely to be dissolving at the present time. More and more white collar workers must seek a way out of their difficulties by resorting to working class devices, seeking the kinds of protection long sought by and for workers, and adopting the only rational ultimate objective of the working class.

Who They Are. Like so many sociological terms currently being bandied about, "white collar worker" is not susceptible of exact definition. The major confusion arises out of the inclusion of professional and managerial persons in the group and, occasionally, even small proprietors. In the interest of precision these groups should be excluded,

points. Revolution in Cuba bears exactly the same relation towards the American capitalist set-up as revolution in Egypt towards British domination. The two have precisely the same prophetic significance and the same economic meaning. The same methods are used to brake them: support of native counter-revolutionary and even Fascist factions, with gun-boats in the background. In Cuba the American Embassy has managed to come to an understanding with Batista, who with American support has become a military dictator in no way different from Machado. The same terrorist methods of suppressing all civil liberties, crushing all labor organizations, persecuting all articulate liberals and radicals, are again being used to keep sugar and electricity safe for American capital. The same hocus-pocus with envoys and experts continues to fix elections in advance.

In Mexico the pattern is not quite so obvious but it is flagrant enough. When General Calles and Postmaster Farley go junketing off to Honolulu on the same boat, and Calles returns to attack the radicalism of the Cardenas government and to plan its overturn for the protection of capital, the implicit exchange is patent and the interference that the Mexican people have found many times intolerable is again clear. This time with an added ironic twist: through Calles, if the scheme works, the Catholic vote can be won for Roosevelt without open action of the sort that the Knights of Columbus have been demanding.

Farther south, the machinery is harder to discover because very little information is allowed to leak out. In Venezuela a dictator-

as their problems are different—frequently obviously different—as, for instance, the existence of a considerable number of self-employed among the professionals (doctors, dentists, lawyers, artists, writers), and the possession of governing powers, especially hiring and firing, by the managerial personnel.

The term white collar workers should be confined to those workers who depend upon others for employment, who, while trained, are usually trained on the vocational level, and who have small power over their fellows except, perhaps, in a directive sense and very frequently not even that.

The basic facts about these workers can be very briefly rehearsed. From 1870 to 1930 the group as a whole increased 2067.5% and from 2.9% of all workers in 1870 to 16.3% in 1930.

The white collar workers are amazingly homogeneous, literacy and fluency in English being presupposed. The very method by which they are selected for employment and the criteria used in the selection, continue to give them a sense of being "special." Vocational experts state that in addition to the routine facts like age, birthplace, height, weight, etc., white collar workers are examined for, and great stress is laid upon, personal appearance, tact, diplomacy and a winning personality, qualities which are apt to be associated with a sense of personal superiority. It is also apparent that, judging

(Continued on next page)

ship that was exercised for more than three decades in the interest of American oil money, and with its support, has just ended, apparently, with the death of the man that our papers liked to call a "Cincinnatus." This was because he lived on a "farm," with a heavy guard around it and all roads patrolled. He was highly praised every year on his birthday or something, because he saw to it that American bankers were paid to the cent, and because he had roads built for commercial and military convenience, with draft and convict labor, some of it college boys who died on the job or were crippled for life with ingenious tortures.

Already reports are coming through of "bandit gangs" raiding estates and threatening the oil-fields. Already the inevitable suggestion of "proclaiming independence" in the oil-zones has been put forth. And the first time-worn imperialist device has been used, a quick "election" by the hand-picked congress left over from the dictatorship, putting the old-time war-minister in the saddle while the galleries jeer. And the next, an appeal made by the middle-class emigrée who rushed back from the United States to beg the people to be patient and submit to the Gomez machine now that Gomez is dead.

Dutch cruisers have been sent to the vicinity. American boats can get there speedily from the Canal Zone. If the Venezuelan people do not take to the brand of patriotism their returned prodigals offer, the chances are that Venezuela will become another Cuba and the next move from Washington will be some sort of a Dodds, to sustain and nourish colonially the thing we dread and fight at home: Fascist dictatorship. And there is a prophetic menace in it.

(Continued from preceding page)

from the facts about workers on relief, most of those in the latter broad group have 8 grades of schooling or less, while the white collar workers do somewhat better.

Wages and Hours. Certainly examination of the "salaries" of white collar workers makes it clear that "wage" (if it connote monetary inferiority) is the more accurate descriptive of the stipend. What they get does not really raise them above the poverty level. While in most large cities, there is some residential segregation, the white collar districts are merely more "shabby genteel" and hence less honestly poor than the overall and apron districts. The pretentiousness of the former is merely a façade which is erected as a phase of the effort to emphasize the "superiority" of the group.

Unfortunately, the group designation is still so vague in meaning that a discussion of earnings must necessarily be incomplete, and most of the figures drawn from studies of clerical workers who, however, constitute over half of the white collar group. Of general applicability are the differentials—sex, city, grade of work, size of establishment, and industry. Exact studies of routine clerical workers (including telephone operators, typists, stenographers, bookkeepers and clerks—all large groups) have shown that, in general, females earn less than males, both earn less in small cities than in large, both are subjected to infinite variations in earnings according to type of work done and the size of the establishment in which it is done, and earn less in some industries than others (e.g., in insurance companies the pay is less than in banks for comparable work).

White collar pay on the average (which means that many thousands of workers received less) in 1929 was around \$30 a week. Assuming that all white collar workers have taken two 10% cuts during the depression, they now earn about \$24.30 a week—say \$25—or approximately \$1,300 a year if they work full time, certainly not enough to give them a superior socio-economic status to skilled workers in general.

A review of the occupations designated white collar will reveal how many of them are directly connected with the operation of machinery or dependent upon machinery for their existence. For example: radio, telephone and telegraph operators, typists, and the occupations associated with railroads. Many of the occupations, however, do not betray by their names the probable influence of mechanization, but the prominence of "business machine" houses in any sizable city should give one an idea of the extent to which this particular white collar field has been invaded by mechanization (retail value of the office-appliance output in 1929, \$900,000,000). Examples are billing, photostat, addressing, stamp-fixing, steno-type, calculating, tabulating and adding machines, and dictaphones. Mechanical bookkeeping systems are a commonplace; filing systems are increasingly complex; and the human brain and hand are chiefly used, not to carry out actual operations but to control machines which do the work.

Immersed in this complex of machinery, the white collar workers cannot escape (a)

(Continued on page 15)

IS IT NEWS?

There's More to News Than the Newspapers Write About!

NEWSMEN always haggle about the question: "What's news?" Big news to the N. Y. Times is often unimportant to the N. Y. Daily Mirror. There are certain kinds of news that both these estimable sheets leave out or minimize.

But there are some kinds of news which are of vital importance and interest to everybody. It's the kind of news that isn't always new. An example of this type of news is that striking article *The Horrors of Modern War* in last month's issue of **DIGEST AND REVIEW**. We knew it would be news. Editorials about the article appeared all over the country. Some of these editorials said this is the kind of thing that will keep us out of war. Others (like the *Chicago Tribune*) said Americans shouldn't read articles of this kind—it will make us a nation of peace lovers—and Lord forbid we should become that! People—no matter what their views—were startled out of their equanimity by *The Horrors of Modern War*. We had to make thousands of reprints for organizations that wanted to distribute the article widely.

The Horrors of Modern War was news, important news! So is the article *Should Doctors Kill Incurable Patients?* in the current issue. This article advances a new argument in the controversy which has shaken the medical profession.

THE NOSE FOR NEWS is rather a new thing in digest magazines. The editors of **DIGEST AND REVIEW** have adopted a new editorial formula. It is this: **DIGEST AND REVIEW** will collate the authoritative, entertaining, and vital periodical literature of the month. At the same time, when the editors feel that vitally current topics have been inadequately treated elsewhere, they undertake to cover such timely topics in original articles; policy demanding that such articles be the result of long and painstaking research.

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EUROPE BEHIND THE FASCIST CENSORS

(Continued from page 1)

Despite all the optimistic claims made by Herr Kerl, Minister for Church Affairs, the struggle between the Nazi government and the Confessional Movement is far from over. He will have an increasingly difficult time regardless of one or another important pastor going over to the Hitler-ordained church.

It would be folly to exaggerate the importance of Bishop Marahrens's going over to Kerl. This Bishop of Hanover has for some time been an ardent advocate of coöperation with Hitler. But his insistence on coöperation has had the opposite effect from that which he desired and from that which Hitler had expected. On December 4 the Provincial Berlin and Brandenburg Synod of the Prussian Confessional Church defied Kerl's ordinance. The latter's threat to charge the Synod with high treason and to confront some of its members with the death penalty did not frighten them. Doctors Jacobi and Scharf replied: "The Author of the Christian Faith was put to death on the same charges." They were thrown into jail over the Christmas holidays in order to give them a chance to do a little more meditating.

But it is not only the bishops on top who are resisting the Kerl onslaught. Down below, in the ranks of the Confessional flock, there is a storm brewing. Underground literature is being published; private letters assume the character of chain letters. The attitude of the Confessional Church in these critical days is reflected in a circular sent by one of its pastors to all his parishioners. I quote:

Yesterday was a day of momentous decision. In essence it removed all doubts. Our outlook is again clear. The Confessional Church finds the entire Evangelical church faced by struggles of tremendous seriousness. Yesterday a responsible representative of the church told us that we are on the eve of a period of suffering. But there is a most cheering gift of the Lord in this unequivocal statement, inasmuch as the Confessional Church is unanimously determined to wage the struggle against force and violence to the end for a fight to the finish. . . . The situation is of inestimable seriousness, but it is, thanks to the Lord, unquestionably clear to us that we must not doubt for a moment as to the road we are to take. The heavens point to storms. . . . He who still desires to remain in the Evangelical church of Germany must realize the seriousness of the situation. This consciousness will enable our associations to pray to the Lord earnestly for the saving of His church in Germany. Dear brethren, this is our only but also our strong and invincible hope in the struggle which has been forced upon us.

A prayer follows, ending in these words: "Step by step our praying will bring victory to our friends and death to our enemies."

Mussolini is giving the chancelleries of Europe the jitters. Undoubtedly the Hoare-Laval proposal for carving up Ethiopia was actuated, in a large measure, by fear on the part of powerful French and British interests that Mussolini would be doomed at home unless he could score some substantial military successes in Africa. Despite the pathetic weakness of the Socialist and Communist underground organizations in Italy, many a European statesman is actually disturbed over the prospects of social revolution there.

And it was none other than Il Duce him-

self who has helped manufacture and inflate these fears. Here is how he did it. On October 2, 1935, in his world broadcast, Mussolini spoke of "Proletarian and Fascist Italy." He thundered: "Italy of the revolution, to your feet!" On November 3, he declared: "The international forces of plutocracy are against the proletarian and Fascist Italy."

The use of such Marxist words—prohibited since the establishment of Fascism—as "proletarian" instead of "Prestatori di mano d'opera" (those who give their own labor) has caused some keen foreign observers no small consternation. They are asking themselves: what is Mussolini up to now? Some of these diplomats even see in this demagogic return to Marxist phraseology an attempt to find a line of retreat for himself, in the event affairs should go badly in Ethiopia and class conflicts should, as a result, sharpen at home.

These observers are of the opinion that if Mussolini has to choose between disappearing like a spent swimmer in the rising tide (of social revolution) and breaking with the monarchy and capitalism, he would unhesitatingly take the latter course. Fantastic as such speculations may appear, quite a number of first line diplomats are seriously disturbed by them as practical possibilities. Of course, to avoid social revolution in Italy, the big imperialist powers would be prepared to sacrifice more than one Negus.

The world is due for some surprises and shocks from Paris in the coming months. The so-called People's Front is facing shipwreck. No laws can check the rising organized Fascist forces which are well financed by the Comité des Forges and amply, though clandestinely, armed by the highest officers of the French military establishment.

France which was not so long ago hailed by Daladier as "the last trench of liberty" is now subject to government by blackmail. The Chamber of Deputies is terrorized by two extra-parliamentary forces in the service of the most powerful financial and industrial magnates. Constantly decaying French parliamentary democracy is today in a vise between "la rue"—the street—the Fascist gangsters, hoodlums, and military battalions of the Croix de Feu, and the Banque de France (*sous les menaces fascistes et chantage des banques*). In order to bring into line the biggest political party in the Chamber of Deputies, the Radical Socialist Party of Herriot, the Bank of France has worked out a technique of its own in organizing a panic atmosphere, a sort of ramp modeled after the stunt put over by the Conservatives against the British Labor Party in 1931. Thrice within about a week it raised the discount rate. Soon the dissidents in the Radical party were cowed properly. A "sound" budget was assured.

In the so-called Front Populaire (People's Front) the leadership is in the hands of the Radical Socialist Party. The latter is adamantly opposed to any extra-parliamentary action. It holds in check the Communist and Socialist Parties whose members are developing a revolutionary mood and are hell-bent on stopping the Fascist onrush. The big Federation of Labor (C.G.T.) is not yet either in the united labor front or in the Popular Front. The Communist Party is anxious to maintain this People's Front and

has desisted from all criticism of the policies or actions of the Radical Socialist Party or its leaders. In this respect the Socialist Party of Leon Blum is a little less silent. However, it takes the most vigorous and systematic coöperation of the leaderships of both the Communist and Socialist Parties to prevent their memberships from organizing special self-defense groups to meet the Fascist attacks on the extra-parliamentary field to which the scene of struggle is rapidly shifting. Especially after the Croix de Feu massacre of the workers at Limoges, has there arisen a strong unsuppressable desire amongst the masses for building effective self-defense organizations.

If any one wants to know how misleading are the names of French political parties, let him consult the diary of achievements of Herriot's party. It is neither radical, nor socialist, nor a party in a cohesive sense. It is far to the right of a good deal of the Roosevelt crowd. Today the strategy of the Radical Socialist Party is something like this: It wants to be the French government. It realizes that the drift among the mass of voters is still leftward. Therefore, it seeks an alliance, a bloc, with the parties of the Left—Socialist and Communist—in the elections. However, it does not trust the Left as partners in the government. Therefore, the most influential leaders of the Radicals want to govern with the more Right forces.

As a matter of arithmetic in the Chamber, the Radicals will and can throw out Laval from the premiership at a moment's notice. But they are terribly afraid of the financial pressure of the Bank of France and the threats from "the street." Yet, sometime before the coming elections (May, 1936), the Radicals will throw out Laval and set up a government which will help organize the elections more favorably for them. It may be a Mandel-Herriot government. Mandel, who is said, by people in the know, to be an illegitimate son of a Rothschild, is now Minister of Post and Telegraph and is quietly building up a machine of his own. Having been Clemenceau's cub for years, he has earned the confidence of the biggest interests.

Furthermore, the Radicals fervently hope that the franc will soon be devalued. Devaluation is considered inevitable by almost everybody. The only question that remains to be answered is who is to take the responsibility for it. The Radicals would like to see Laval be the goat. But here Laval has shown skillful maneuvering.

Finally, it must be stressed that evermore the proletarian members of the Socialist and Communist Parties, which are now negotiating a merger of their organizations into one united revolutionary party, are developing distrust in the strictly parliamentary, solely legalistic, tactics employed by their leaders in their efforts to stem the Fascist tide. One hears with increasing frequency the workers in the "red belt" around Paris say: "Perhaps after all, our common front with the Radical Socialist Party and its five ministers in the Laval government is making us an easy target for the Fascists tomorrow. We must stop marking time while Colonel de la Rocque is preparing to strike *vite et fort*; we must organize to defend ourselves not by grace of Herriot and Daladier but by our own class might."

WHITE COLLAR WORKERS IN RETREAT

(Continued from page 13)

temporary displacement through the introduction of machines from which the only recovery is retraining, usually at the expense of the worker; (b) constant obsolescence of skill as new and more intricate machines and models are introduced which also necessitates self-financed retraining; (c) probable reduction in salary when transferred to machines as is illustrated by the difference between the earnings of bookkeeping machine operators and routine bookkeepers; but (d) very little permanent displacement from office work thus far because of the multiplication of tasks which has taken place at the same time that machines have been introduced. (Permanent displacement is an increasing hazard as business ceases to expand.) In short, the status of the white collar worker is, with respect to mechanization, indistinguishable from that of skilled overall and apron workers—the group to which they are most nearly comparable.

Health, in a society in which medical care is a vendible commodity available only to those who have the price, except in so far as it is available at free clinics to which white collar workers are reluctant to resort because of "pride", is correlated with economic status. The discussion of earnings made it clear that white collar workers are far from being oversupplied with money. It should

occasion no surprise, therefore, that health conditions among them are bad. Since poor health is no more acceptable in a white collar worker than in any other worker, the employment handicap is nearly as great, the only difference being unimportant and certainly difficult to measure, the greater ability of slightly handicapped people to carry out typical white collar tasks.

In matters of health and sickness, the white collar workers and skilled workers suffer about the same handicaps from illness and incapacity in obtaining and holding positions, from the drain on income earned to pay doctors, and from the reduction of the total earnings for the year by reason of absence from work.

The age factor as it affects white collar workers is difficult to assess because of the existence of several special factors in some of the occupations. Many of those in which women are largely represented (telephone operators, stenographers and typists, clerks in stores, and clerks not in stores) are peculiarly fields for young women and the turnover in them is large because of marriage before the age of thirty. However, it should be recalled that 18.3% of all women clerical workers are married, and, while the proportion was increasing before the depression, there is now a rising prejudice against women workers which has resulted in some administrative rulings against them both in government and private industry. There is a natural selection of young women.

That a discrimination exists at the time of hiring is made clear by the following passages from "A Study of Job Openings in the Philadelphia Employment Office, 1932-1933": "About 65% in 1932 and 1933 were for [women] workers 35 years of age or under . . . In clerical work . . . all of the job orders are for women under 35 in both years studied, and over half specify 30 as the maximum age limit. Three-fourths of the job-openings in trade also specify 30 as the maximum age limit. . ."

Unfortunately, the distribution for men is omitted, but it is noted that "Many firms in practice hire men only under certain age levels, although they may not announce a maximum hiring-age limit." In short, the old gag, "go up or go out," seems to have definite application to white collar workers. It seems likely that while many are called into the occupations, few are chosen for advancement to levels where age does not matter. The women go "out" into marriage or down and out into domestic service. Where do the men go?

The opportunities for advancement are strictly limited. A Women's Bureau study of 42,897 female clerical workers concluded: "There was little job progression, and two of the pitfalls of job advancement seemed to be that many of the office jobs are routine in nature, afford little training and few leads for advancement and belong to the blind-alley class. Promotions become less possible as the number of routine jobs increases and opportunities to rise above the clerical field seem uncertain."

The Taussig and Joslyn study of business leaders, whatever else it showed, illustrated that the business leader group is rapidly becoming self-perpetuating. A study made by the American Management Association reported that in one large firm 80% of the

clerical force did not expect promotion. While education and length of service do push salaries slightly upward, they are not avenues to power and opulence. Only 8% of the women studied for the report just quoted above had risen to the secretarial and supervisory level with these aids.

As good measures as any of the current conditions among white collar workers are the facts as to unemployment and relief. It is clear that, to quote an inclusive study of unemployment in Philadelphia, "The clerical and trade classes have more unemployment than the professional-executive group, but not nearly so much as the manual and industrial workers." Closer analysis reveals that the "nearly" needs qualifications, for white collar workers approach the skilled workers in their proportionate representation in the relief population—much more nearly than they approach the professional and managerial or proprietary groups. Moreover, as the depression has continued they have risen in both proportion and number. In February, 1935, according to an FERA study, "Current Changes in the Relief Population," "White collar workers joined the relief rolls in higher proportions than their ratios in the total relief loads . . . these increasing accessions were not offset by removals." And the trend continues.

How long it will take for this final lesson, and all the other facts about their precarious position, to sink in is impossible to say. As the *New Masses* once remarked in an exasperated moment, white collar workers make up "the most unstable and deluded class in our social system." They possess the mechanics of literacy and show all the evidences of intelligence, but they provided much of the fodder for European fascism (along with the professionals who may be similarly described).

This is disquieting. An indication of the trend of the times is the appearance on the scene of such organizations as the Office Workers Union, the Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants Union, the Association of Workers in Public Relief Agencies, and, among those already on (work) relief, the Associated Office and Professional Emergency Employees of New York City, as additions to unions already in active operation for certain white collar occupations.

WHEN there were 6,000,000 unemployed in this country, Hoover said the depression would soon be over; with 12,000,000 unemployed, Roosevelt says recovery is fast returning; at this rate it isn't likely that real prosperity will return till the number of unemployed reaches 20,000,000.

THE British Foreign Office, in the quick succession of Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, and the Hon. Anthony Eden, has witnessed the parade of a shyster lawyer, a clumsy ice-skater, and a magnificent clothes-horse.

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INQUIRY INTO A SCOURGE OF GOD

(Continued from page 9)

attracted him. It was a large sign, made of wire that could be set glowing. It twisted the words:

"Welcome for Rest, Meditation and Prayer."

The little man walked into the church. At first its dimness confused him and he stood, somewhat bewildered, until a young man, in the vestments of a cleric spoke:

"This is the Tabernacle of the Holy Ghost," said the young man.

"The Jews," said the little man after the pause, "have no culture and they have ruined the Pocono mountains and Atlantic City. Why do you hate the Jews?"

"Ah, well," said the young cleric, "I have never been to the Pocono mountains nor Atlantic City but I have always admired the noble writings of St. Paul. I dislike Jews," he added thoughtfully, "because they cast lascivious eyes upon Christian young women."

The little man turned to go but finding a delicately carved font at the doorway he paused a moment to dip up some drops of Holy Water. With these clinging to his hand he again ventured into the daylight of the city.

Before the drops were dry upon his fingers he had stopped and questioned a Lady with a Spaniel, a former city editor of the New York Herald Tribune and a Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry.

"Jews are very pushing," said the Lady with a Spaniel.

"Jew reporters don't like to work for fifteen dollars a week," said the former city editor of the Herald Tribune, "and you have to keep one or two around because of the advertisers."

"Jews have no ancestry," said the Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry.

The little man was growing fatigued. He had walked miles. He had learned that Jews did not bathe, that Jews cluttered up the sidewalks in the fur district during the lunch hour, that Jews were always trying to get onto the best golf courses, that Jews could not be assimilated, that Jews were going in too much for medicine, that Jews were going in too much for law, that Jews had trapped Franklin D. Roosevelt and turned the country over to the Socialists, that Jew bankers owned the United States, that Jews were getting the best jobs, that almost all Jews were on relief and why should we feed them, that Jews practiced circumcision, that Jews wouldn't eat pork and had ruined the farmer, that Jew prize-fighters changed their names to O'Toole and McGinty and Casey, that Jews were yellow, that Jews had hooked noses, that Jews had curly hair and anyway Jews were Jews.

The little man stood for a moment at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets. Then he walked into a gray building and presented himself to a tall, florid man who sat in a quiet office where the only sound to be heard was the breathing of three jonquils swaying in a slender glass upon his desk.

"Sit down," said the florid man. "My advice to you, if you've got money to invest, is to put it on Purple Knight in the fourth race at Pimlico."

"The Jews," began the little man, "have no culture. They have ruined the Pocono mountains and Atlantic City. They cast lascivious eyes upon young Christian women, they are pushing and they clog up the streets in the fur district."

"I know," the florid man interrupted. "We get these things whispered around until they gravitate down to the pickpockets and thus fulfil Kropotkin's formula for the spread of doctrine."

"Why do you hate Jews?" asked the little man wearily.

"Talking to you up here above the mud level of the mob," said the florid man, "I'll give you the truth. We hate Jews because they produced Jesus Christ."

There was, indeed, a pause.

"I don't know who it was who first got the idea of persecuting these bastards," the florid man continued. "But whoever he was, in the remotest smear of antiquity, may he be everlastingly damned in the deepest Jewish hell the prophets ever invented. Ah, me, if they had not been persecuted and driven about the earth." He sighed.

"Don't interrupt me," the florid man went on. "It took centuries to divert Christianity from that Palestine share-the-wealther. Crusades, swiping Aristotle, the Sicilian Vespers, burning John Huss, electing Borgias and Farneses to the papacy, murdering Huguenots, and, finally establishing church property as an untaxed vested interest for the sanctification of the Industrial Revolution. Every foot of the Occident a grave and just when we succeed what happens?"

The little man seemed to be growing opaque. His mouth started to open like that of a ghost.

"I'm not finished," said the florid man. "Just when we had broken up Christianity into ten thousand sects including the Greek Orthodox Church, and could have looked forward to a comfortable future, these Jews, out of the misery of their ghettos, spew forth another trouble maker. Nineteen hundred years to reduce Jesus Christ to a bloody wooden idol and these miserable tailors present us with Karl Marx!"

"Now is there another two thousand years ahead for us—struggling to pervert this new Communist messiah into a plaster saint? Must we start a children's crusade to his London garret to get the holy tin cup which he drank from on his death bed? Must we create St. Lenin and St. Trotsky, and St. Stalin and shift them into holy desuetude?"

"Good God, we can't even afford a decent war because these Jews have corrupted the world once more with a Jesus Christ talking economics!"

The florid man snorted.

"This is between you and me, my friend. For publication you may say that the reason I hate Jews is that they have trapped Franklin D. Roosevelt, that Jew bankers own the United States, that they won't eat pork and are ruining the farmer, that—"

The sunlight had struck through the great western window of the office. It fell upon the chair where the little man had been sitting, but the little man was no longer there.