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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY H. L. MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME I January 1924 NUMBER 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Lincoln Legend	Isaac R. Pennypacker	1
Four Poems	Theodore Dreiser	8
Stephen Crane	Carl Van Doren	11
Four Generations	Ruth Suckow	15
Huneker on Huneker	James Gibbons Huneker	22
Editorial		27
The Drool Method in History	Harry E. Barnes	31
Mr. Moore and Mr. Chew	Samuel C. Chew	39
Americana		48
Aesthete: Model 1924	Ernest Boyd	51
The Tragic Hiram	John W. Owens	57
Two Years of Disarmament	Miles Martindale	62
Santayana at Cambridge	Margaret Münsterberg	69
Clinical Notes	George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken	75
The Communist Hoax	James Oneal	79
The Weaver's Tale	John McClure	85
The Arts and Sciences:		
The New Sky-Line	C. Grant La Farge	89
The Pother About Glands	L. M. Hussey	91
The Test of English	George Philip Krapp	94
Sweeney's Grail	Leonard Lanson Cline	99
The New Thought	Woodbridge Riley	104
On a Second-Rate War	X——	109
The Theatre	George Jean Nathan	113
The Library	H. L. Mencken	120
Additional Book Reviews:		
Once More, The Immortals	James Branch Cabell	123
Brandes and Croce	Ernest Boyd	125
Brazil From Within	Isaac Goldberg	126
The American Mercury Authors		128

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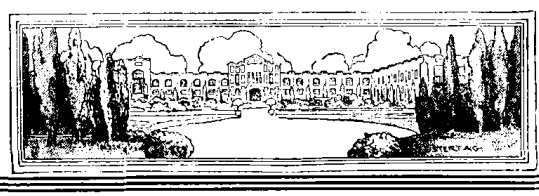

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VOLUME I NUMBER 1

The American
MERCURY

January 1924

THE LINCOLN LEGEND

BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER

AMERICAN fiction has never succeeded in portraying satisfactorily a typical American iron-master of the early period. The type has passed away and is now about forgotten. The early iron furnaces and forges in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey were distant from the seats of the civic authorities. Preliminary to pay day the iron-master drove his horses maybe thirty miles to the nearest bank, and on the following day rode back with the men's wages. He maintained the original company store, a necessity in those remote regions. If the workmen, often turbulent, engaged in riot it fell to him to walk into the battle and by force of character and personal authority restore the peace. If a wife appealed to him when her husband beat her, as wives often did, the culprit was brought to different behavior by means which were perhaps as good for the family and the community as the modern divorce mill. As the community about the forge or furnace grew to a town, it was the iron-master who took the first steps to supply its increasing needs—a burying ground, a bank, a bridge in place of the uncertain ford, a shady playground for the children near the unsheltered school-house. Such an iron-master in such a community, swept by a yellow fever epidemic from which the unstricken fled in a panic of fear, went from house to house, nursed the sick and with his own hands coffined and buried the dead. Good human fibre, thus strengthened and disciplined by responsibility, by calls to meet sudden and unlooked for difficulties and personal danger, did not deteriorate. In a family with such a head or a succession of such heads, precept and example set up standards that the offspring learned must be emulated if they were to be men like their fathers.

Contrary to the prevailing belief, it was from such a family that Abraham Lincoln sprang. As his rail-splitting appealed to the proletariat of his own day more than his Cooper Institute speech could do, so the legend of an origin so lowly that it does violence to the elemental laws of heredity has always been popular with the American people. At least once a year in many thousands of school-houses and from innumerable platforms and pulpits that legend is repeated and the accepted miracle is recounted anew. All of us are taught, year in and year out, that the Lincoln in whom was combined one of the shrewdest of politicians, a philosophical statesman, a master of English and an intellectual aristocrat came out of utter darkness into an effulgence of fame attained by but one other American since the beginning of the nation.

The truth is that the obscurity of Lincoln's father was but an accident in the

family history caused by the Indian's rifle which left him fatherless at six years—a child in a wilderness. Wherever the Lincoln family lived, in New England, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, its members were people of substance and local prominence. Mordecai Lincoln, the great-great-great-grandfather of the President, established the first furnace and forge for making wrought iron in New England. His sons Mordecai and Abraham went to Pennsylvania by way of New Jersey in or about 1720. The second Mordecai had a one-third interest in a forge and other iron works on French Creek in Chester County, by 1723, and he was the owner of more land than was owned by most of the early "cavaliers" of tidewater Virginia. His son Thomas became Sheriff of Berks County in 1758, owned many acres, wrote a copperplate hand and spelled with conspicuous correctness. Another son, Abraham, was County Commissioner from 1772 to 1779, a sub-lieutenant in Berks County in 1777, and was elected to the Assembly in 1782, 1783, 1784 and 1785. He was chosen to make the address to Washington in Philadelphia after the Revolution and was a member of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention of 1789-90. His family record book contains the entry of his marriage with Anna Boone, one of many evidences of close association between the Lincolns and the family of Daniel Boone, and is noticeable for its grammatical and other accuracy; he recorded with great precision that he was 5 months, 15 days and 22 hours "older than he." In the modern American language the entry of a fact so meticulously arrived at would certainly be written "older than her" by the average rural American. Besides his other public duties this early Abraham Lincoln was Road Supervisor and School Commissioner. His administrators, who were his two sons (like their father, skilled penmen), accounted for the considerable sum of £2627, 4s., 6ds., exclusive of his real estate.

Another son of Mordecai the elder was John—"Virginia John", his Pennsylvania relatives called him—the great-grandfather of the President. By his father's will, John was given 300 acres of land in New Jersey, which he sold in 1748 for £200. In the two years 1763 and 1765 he sold 331 acres, 49 perches of land in Pennsylvania for £794 and bought 161 acres for £260, and shortly afterward went to Virginia, where in 1768 he bought for £250 600 acres on Linville Creek in Augusta, now Rockingham, County. His son Abraham, the President's grandfather, in 1779 bought for £500, 52 acres on Linville Creek and in 1780 sold for £5000 250 acres, and with his family, including his son Thomas, the President's father, went to Kentucky, where he purchased 2600 acres. Four years after he had gone to Kentucky and while at work with his boys in a clearing, he was shot by an Indian. Thomas, the President's father, was then six years old. The death of the father and the then existing law of primogeniture, which gave all his real estate to Mordecai, the oldest son, was the cause of the humble condition of Thomas Lincoln. For 39 years —surely a brief period compared with the more than two centuries of family activity and prominence—this obscurity was unbroken. Then, at the age of 23, Abraham Lincoln began his public life, resuming as certainly as the fountain water seeks its former height the earlier family plane.

II

The sponsors of an early Lincoln legend would have avoided their initial error if they had attributed to the conditions of his youth and to his rounds of a rural Illinois circuit his limitations as a war leader instead of seeking in those conditions the matrix which moulded him into greatness. They were estopped from this by the assumption held by nearly all the people of the North that the preservation of the Union was chiefly due to Lincoln. After the war certain enthusiasts even asserted that he was the best general of the Northern armies.

De Amicis wrote that the Dutch ab-

horred that form of apotheosis which attributes to the individual the merits or vices of the many. General Henry J. Hunt wrote that God Almighty hated unequal weights and balances, but that the American people seemed to love them. It is possible, if one gives consideration to what Lincoln himself said and did in war time, to be left with admiration for his unerring sagacity in gauging mass momentum and at the same time to doubt with Herndon whether he judged the individual as shrewdly as he judged the mass, and further to doubt without Herndon whether as a war leader he was the equal of Jefferson Davis.

Lincoln was a far shrewder politician than Davis. Secretary Chase, after an interview with him, returned to his office and raising his hands above his head exclaimed before his private secretary, "That man is the most cunning person I ever saw in my life!" Lincoln's reasoning processes were far more sure-footed than those of Davis. It is impossible to conceive of Davis delighting in the rustic wit of the stories which Lincoln so often told to Stanton's displeasure, shown by his stalking out of the room and slamming the door. Also, it would have been impossible for Davis, had he been in Lincoln's place, to do as Lincoln did—listen patiently to the demand of a formidable group of New York bankers that he make peace, and then reply with such overwhelming power that they departed from the War Office in the manner of cowed school boys. Davis might have been as determined, but he would have been apt to show more signs of irritation. His reply would probably have been more personal and caustic. The bankers very likely would have gone away defeated, but not convinced. It is difficult to picture Jefferson Davis, punctilious, honorable, high-minded, able as he was, rising so far above the plane of his visitors as to convince them of his mastery and hold them as followers.

As commander in chief of an army and navy in active service Davis had the advantage over Lincoln of being a West Point graduate, of having been Secretary of War, of knowing the character and capacity of army officers. Training and experience gave him the effective method, so necessary to war time leadership, of disregarding to a large extent political and other civil influences. Davis lost, not for lack of men or food, but because the inferior industrial civilization of the South—a civilization which in the industrial sense was primitive—collapsed. With abundance of mere man power, the South could not replace its always inferior railroad lines and motive power; it could not transport the food supplies on which Sherman's army lived in Georgia to the army of Lee in Virginia. Davis knew Lee's ability and character and advanced him when Lee was under a cloud, and press and public were condemning him for his West Virginia failure. Davis declined Lee's offer to resign after Gettysburg; Lincoln, after every failure in the field, selected a new general, one after another, and for a long time a worse one. His selection of corps commanders for McClellan was poor; all of them had to be weeded out. McClellan was right in wanting to give some practical test to generals before selecting corps commanders. Beside Burnside, Hooker and Pope, Lincoln was responsible for other soldiers incompetent for the work assigned them—Halleck, Banks, Sickles, the last lacking in both military ability and character. Lincoln made Burnside commander of the Army of the Potomac just after Burnside's weak failure at Antietam, where he had spoiled McClellan's excellent plan. Burnside continued to fail weakly throughout his military career. Stonewall Jackson's opportunity, which he embraced by defeating one after another of Lincoln's generals, was based on Lincoln's inadequacy to the military prob'em. McClellan's critics find much fault with him, but the Northern cause was in far better shape after McClellan's Peninsular campaign, and again after Antietam, than it was under the Lincoln generals I have named.

By July, 1863, Lincoln had had ample time to learn much of practical warfare. But it did not occur to him, though there was long previous warning of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, to gather the many thousands of organized, equipped and disciplined troops scattered along the Potomac and at unimportant places in Virginia and throw them in the rear of Lee, the only method by which Lee's army, defeated at Gettysburg, might have been prevented from returning to Virginia. With a military skill at Washington in 1863 at all comparable with the scientific methods of the Germans in 1870, Lee's venture into Pennsylvania would have ended in his destruction. It is doubtful if Lincoln had the military instinct, in which lack he was like the American people, or, indeed, like all democracies. Witness the American Revolution, when the army at Valley Forge suffered with abundant supplies at Reading, only thirty miles away; the war of 1812; our war with Spain and its scandalous revelations of civilian incompetency. Or witness the poor showing made by the British in the World War, in which they were saved from defeat only by the energy of the most extraordinary propaganda that the world has ever known. So good an authority as General Smuts, on whom England placed so much reliance, has said that in the World War "Hindenburg commanded the only army; Haig and Pershing commanded armed mobs."

But as Lincoln's place in history depended upon success in war, the battles which contributed most to that success must necessarily find place in any competent biography of him, the most important of them of course, being Gettysburg. Many battles were fought which had no determining influence upon the war and need not detain the biographer, but Meade's victory at Gettysburg, McClellan's at Antietam and Thomas' at Nashville put an end to invasion of the North, and Gettysburg made an end also of the Confederate hope of English and French aid. That biography, if it is ever written, will show that the war during which Lincoln stood for a civilization based on free labor and Davis for one based on slave labor was not a civil war such as that between Charles I and Oliver Cromwell, in which both of two forces struggled for the control of the whole. To call it a "war between the states" as English writers and those Americans who follow them sometimes do, is inexact. Nor was it a war between the North and South, for not all the Southern states undertook to secede. The connection of Ireland with Great Britain, like the connection of the Philippines and Porto Rico with the United States, is involuntary; they are all conquered territory. The connection of the seceding Southern states with the American Union was voluntary. As rebels they united with Northern rebels to destroy England's authority over them, and, succeeding, they helped to draft the Constitution, and when it was perfected their representatives signed it and by separate state action adopted it. It was as rebels again that they fought in 1861-65. The once popular Virginian boast and toast "Washington and Lee—rebels both" expressed a truth with complete accuracy, the distinction between the two Virginians being that one succeeded and the other failed.

III

Herndon and Weik have furnished many instances showing that Lincoln was not an infallible judge of individuals, despite his accurate judgment of men in the mass, and that he was sometimes indifferent to the character and acts of men close to him. Writers still praise him and condemn Simon Cameron in discussing the latter's early retirement from the Cabinet, but they ignore the Lincoln statement that Cameron was no more responsible for the thieving war contractors of the time than the President himself—that the government had practically no war material and was compelled to buy in great haste wherever it could be obtained. The enforced retirement of Cameron to the position of Min-

ister to Russia was therefore a political measure adopted by Lincoln, not with any moral motive, but as a means of avoiding the effects of a public scandal created by the contractors. The purchase by the Navy Department from a relative of the Secretary of the Navy of a defective vessel at an exorbitant price created no furore, and hence did not cost Gideon Welles his head, though that purchase came closer to Welles than the army contracts had come to Cameron.

Of the strong men of Lincoln's Cabinet, Seward and Chase were placed there by existing political conditions. Stanton came from the Buchanan administration, and a rugged war horse he proved to be, making himself disagreeable to thousands of dishonest civilians and to the unfit who were trying to push their military or political fortunes, but thoughtful, considerate and kind to the meritorious in military and civil life who came up to his severe standard of duty. Chase's method raised the money for the war largely through the agency of Jay Cooke of Philadelphia, who once told the present writer that he had placed $3,000,000,000 worth of bonds, vouchers, etc., without a cent of profit. These three members of the Cabinet, Stanton, Chase and Seward, have suffered through the labors of writers seeking to attribute to Lincoln the results of the earnest work of all.

The future biographer of Lincoln will perforce sift, contrast and weigh with due consideration of the character, ability and experience of witnesses the great volume of contradictory evidence relating to the war and Lincoln's fortunes, and avoid the too frequent habit of accepting as uncontrovertible such books as those of Dana, Carl Schurz, and Gideon Welles and the military memoirs of the middle period. The historical difficulty may be illustrated by the opposing accounts of General James H. Wilson and General Horace Porter of the same incident. Both were present on the scene. Both heard what inevitably must have passed current among the officers close to General Grant. General Porter's book says that Grant remained serene after the first fierce attack by General Lee in the Wilderness; General Wilson's book says that Grant threw himself upon his cot in a paroxysm of sobbing. General Wilson's account is apparently the one to be accepted. It shows that Grant's imperturbability was not proof against a new experience in warfare, unprepared for by a Western career of successes won over feebler opposition and with losses slight as compared with those of Meade at Gettysburg. It is plain that General Porter, writing long afterward, was simply repeating a version of the incident deemed expedient at the time of its occurrence.

General Grant's memoirs and General Sheridan's need to be checked by reference to General Humphreys' scientific narrative and by Colonel Carswell McClellan's analysis. As to the value of Carl Schurz's judgment in military matters, there is a significant correspondence between Generals Sherman, Thomas and others revealing an effort to find a place for Schurz behind the lines, where he could do no harm. Thomas wanted to be rid of him because if Schurz remained an abler general would have to go, and bluntly said he did not think Schurz was "much good". The dispatches of Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, from City Point to Washington and his book of memoirs are in frequent conflict with the facts. Towards Dana's mission to City Point, higher officers of the Army of the Potomac maintained a degree of aloof contempt, and when his arrival became known talk was tempered with discretion by common consent. To this aloof attitude of responsible soldiers may be attributed the military insignificance of many of Dana's dispatches to Washington. He fell back on gossip, and got it, not from Meade, Hancock, Humphreys or Wright at the front, but from the members of Grant's staff, of whom Colonel Theodore Lyman, a shrewd and experienced observer, wrote that with few exceptions they were a commonplace group of

men. If the officers who, for nearly four years, had been offering in behalf of the Union every sacrifice that duty called for, enduring long, dirty Summer marches and Winter camps in the desolation of Virginia mud, could have read Dana's dispatches they would have had plenty of justification for their caution. In the midsummer Gettysburg campaign, marching day or night from the Rappahannock to the Pennsylvania battle field and back again, the corps commander, General Sedgwick, did not have his clothes off in six weeks.

The battle of Antietam gave to Lincoln the opportune moment for the Emancipation Proclamation. If General Thomas had lost the battle of Nashville, the fortunes of Sherman, Grant and Lincoln would have been in jeopardy. If General Meade had lost Gettysburg, Lincoln would be remembered today as Hamlet is.

IV

In Illinois Lincoln had trained himself and developed on well defined lines further than any other American has ever gone, but not as a war leader or administrator. Horace Binney, in his day head of the American bar, who defeated Daniel Webster in the Girard will case because Webster did not know the law, in his old age accounted for the deterioration of the Philadelphia bar on the ground that the removal of the National Capitol had caused a disappearance of the large problems that produced great lawyers. At Springfield, Lincoln had no chance to master problems that could qualify him as a great administrator or as commander-in-chief of the army and navy in a great war. Nowhere in America at that time could such experience be had. Army and navy officers learned as the war went on, profiting by their failures. But these officers gave their whole time and thought to military matters. Lincoln had unending civil problems to exhaust his thought and energy. Political considerations influenced him in the appointment of war Democrats like Butler and Sickles to military commands for which they were unfit. Similarly, Schurz, Sigel and Blencker owed their military positions to their German following, the Germans both in America and Germany giving sympathy to Lincoln's cause. A political, not a military reason was behind the refusal at Washington after the Gettysburg campaign of Meade's proposal to abandon the always threatened Orange and Alexandria line of communication. The removal of McClellan from command just after his great service in the Antietam campaign, when he had shown as marked an improvement as Lee displayed after his disjointed Peninsular Campaign of 1862, and the substitution of the incompetent Burnside are not to be explained on military grounds.

Army officers of high intelligence knew before Lincoln selected Pope, Burnside and Hooker to command the army covering Washington that those officers were unfitted for so difficult a military position. Either Lincoln did not know it or he shared to an unwarranted extent the American faith in miracles. In either case he was at fault. A succession of disasters under his chosen military leaders, culminating in the battle of Chancellorsville, at last forced him to seek intelligent military counsel, and in the emergency of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania he found in Meade a general who, as Colonel Lyman wrote, could handle an army of 100,000 men and do it easily. But to the end Lincoln appeared less appreciative of greater military achievement than of the political effect of the comparatively easy victories of Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, won near the close of the Presidential campaign, and of more significance as an election day influence than as a feat of arms.

On the military side of Lincoln's record in the war which established his fame are his shortcomings; on the civil side his virtues and strength. With Washington and William of Orange, from whom was borrowed Washington's appellation, "The Father of his Country", Lincoln looms high among the few of earth's great ones

who have exercised great power in a large way. Of the three Welshmen, Henry VIII, Cromwell and Lloyd George, most widely known of all men who have represented English dominion, Cromwell, like the Prince of Orange, Washington, Frederick the Great and Napoleon, won a twofold fame, military and civic, but Lincoln's place in history is in an especial manner due to the victorious army commanders at Vicksburg, Nashville and Gettysburg. Lincoln's Gettysburg address made accurate measure of the comparative importance of soldier and civilian in the war, but Americans find it easier to follow his sentiment than his sense. Lincoln has a distinction shared with Washington, but differing from that of the European leaders named in that he was ready to lay power aside. Few men have ever shown that they could use power with his self-restraint. Lincoln would have executed no rebels as England was of late executing the Irish. His wisdom was clearly greater than that of the present rulers of France. The Lincoln who viewed the prospect of Jefferson Davis' escape with relief, were he alive today, would be sending all war-time political prisoners home to their families.

Many monarchs have excelled Lincoln in the sphere of military leadership. He was fortunate in that his armed opponents were poorly equipped for what they undertook; fortunate even in escaping by death an inevitable contest in which he, who was without hate, would have run counter to passions, always more fierce with civilians than with soldiers, fired to a white heat by decades of debate and four years of war; fortunate that his stage was set in a period when the Presidency was still within the compass of one man; fortunate that the country's great industrial development through organization learned in war, and led in most parts of the country by former warriors, had not yet taken place. Emperors or kings have surpassed, too, Lincoln's measure of administrative faculty. In exhaustless energy, hourly industry, method, sense of order, classification of practical details, Washington was superior to the Lincoln who carried legal papers in his tall hat or tied them in a bundle bearing the inscription, "When you can't find it anywhere else, look here."

It was the work of William of Orange, soldier and statesman, to bind together jealous provinces reluctant to submit to a union, and of Lincoln, statesman alone, to hold within a union already formed jealous states seeking to withdraw from it. In the similarity of conditions which each dealt with there is warrant for coupling the two in the admiration accorded human greatness. In the Netherlands and in the United States of Lincoln's time there were marked independence of character and strong individualities. In the one country personal attributes were stamped upon the different provinces of the United Netherlands and in the other upon the different colonies which formed the United States. Internal rivalries, jealousies, cross purposes, centrifugal groups clustered about energetic leaders, all threatening a political maelstrom perilous to the ship of state. William of Orange and Abraham Lincoln met and allayed these menaces with similar patience and skill until death came to each at the hand of an assassin.

In time the Netherlands, which Benjamin Franklin said had been our great example, lost their position as the foremost country of the world through an excess of democracy. That example which served Americans when they threw off England's control and formed the Constitution of our Union may serve once more now as a warning. Centuries ago the Dutch wrote free verse and refused to support their navy, an opportunity promptly embraced by envious commercial rivals. The period of free verse and navy limitation has arrived in the United States.

With the World War the remaining vestiges of Lincoln's America passed away, not to return. His period may prove to have been the best of our national life, and he, whom Lowell called "the first American", the last great American.

FOUR POEMS

By THEODORE DREISER

I

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF LOVE AND WONDER

THE little flowers of love and wonder
That grow in the dark places
And between the giant rocks of chance
And the coarse winds of space.

The little flowers of love and wonder
That raise their heads
Beneath the dread rains
And against the chill frosts;
That peep and dream
In flaws of light
And amid the still gray places
And stony ways.

The little flowers of love and wonder
That peep and dream,
And quickly die.

The little flowers of love and wonder.

II

PROTEUS

BIRDS flying in the air over a river
And children playing in a meadow beside it.
A stream that turns an ancient wheel
Under great trees,
And cattle in the water
Below the trees.
And sun, and shade,
And warmth, and grass.
And myself
Dreaming in the grass.

And I am the birds flying in the air over the river,
And the children playing in the meadow,
And the stream that turns the ancient wheel,
And the wheel,
And the turn of the wheel,
And the great trees that stir and whisper in the breeze,
And the cattle under them;
The sun, the shade,
The warmth, the grass,
And myself
And not myself,
Dreaming in the grass.

For it is spring
And youth is in my heart.
For I am youth
And spring is in my heart.

III

FOR A MOMENT THE WIND DIED

FOR a moment the wind died,
And then came the sense of quieting leaves;
And then came the great stillness of the landscape;
And then the chorus of unheard insects;
And then the perfect sky, pouring a blaze
of light through mottled leaves.
And then the wind sprang up again—
And there was coolness in the air,
And for the face,
And the tired heart.

IV

TAKE HANDS

TAKE hands
And tell sad tales,
One to another.

Has it filched from you your strength?
Your youth?
It has?
Has it robbed you of imagination?

Thwarted your dreams?
Withheld the fruits of hope?
The fruits of wit?
Of toil?
Of strength?
Of pain?
Has it blasted all
And left you chill,
Afraid,
Alone,
Yet facing still
A darker path
That must be trod
Alone?

Take hands with all who live
To left,
To right,
Or,
Make a gloomy choice of few
And with them sit
In some lone, sheltered place
Asking of each his story.
Or, better yet,
Or, best,
In silence sit
Harking the hopeless beat
Of each one's lonely heart
And wait,
Or dream,
Trusting a common misery to make soft
Or dull
The gorgon story
Of the human soul.

STEPHEN CRANE

BY CARL VAN DOREN

MODERN American literature may be said, accurately enough, to have begun with Stephen Crane thirty years ago. Its beginnings were far from clamorous and were at first very little noted. The nation in 1893 had the tariff, the panic, and the Columbian Exposition to think about. Among men of letters the elder classics were all dead but Holmes, who was chirping his valedictories in Boston; Mark Twain, Howells, Henry James, past middle age, had established their reputations on safe ground; the monthly magazines set the prevailing tone in literature—picturesque, kindly, and discreet. It is true that the sardonic Adams brothers were already at their work, but they, like the sons of Noah, concerned themselves with ancestral peccadilloes. It is true, too, that the poems of Emily Dickinson, posthumously issued, glittered like fireflies in the poetic twilight, but they were to have no heirs except Crane's ironic verses in their own century. Crane, breaking sharply with current literary modes, took the most contemporary life for his material and made himself heard before the decade ended.

Though "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets," appeared almost surreptitiously and by the public was altogether overlooked, it proved to Howells, at least, that Crane was a writer who had sprung into life fully armed. He had indeed gone through no formal training either as writer or as reader. So far as he had a profession, it was reporting for the newspapers; so far as he had literary models, they were odd volumes of Tolstoy and Flaubert which he had picked up. What was at once original and mature in Crane was his habit of thinking. He called himself a man of sense, and deserved his title. For him the orthodox, the respectable, or the classical did not exist, or at any rate had no binding authority. He imagined the world as a ship which some god had fashioned carefully and then had heedlessly allowed to escape his jurisdiction,

> So that, forever rudderless, it went upon the seas
> Going ridiculous voyages,
> Making quaint progress,
> Turning as with serious purpose
> Before stupid winds.
> And there were many in the sky
> Who laughed at this thing.

The state of mankind in such a world could not seem to Crane entirely glorious. Its orthodoxies and respectabilities were, he felt, only so much cotton in which it liked to pack itself; and its classical—that is, traditional—ways of representing itself in art, often mere frozen gestures. Too unschooled and too impatient to look for the reality behind accepted forms of manners or of art, Crane was too honest to pretend that he saw it there. If he could not see life face to face, he did not particularly care to see it at all. He had, therefore, to study it below or above the conventional levels; in the slums, on the battle-field, along the routes of difficult adventure. Reality for him, to be reality at all, had to be immediate and intense.

Both "Maggie" and its companion novel "George's Mother" illustrate this attitude. In the one a girl of the old Bowery neighborhood, driven from home by the drunken brutality of her mother, seeks refuge with a lover, loses him to a more practised woman, and drowns herself. In the other a young workingman of the same neighborhood, the last of five sons, falls in with

a gang of toughs, loses his job, and breaks his mother's heart. For either of these stories the earlier nineties could have furnished Crane a formula by which he might have exhibited Maggie's career as edifying and George's as sentimental, taming the narratives by genteel expurgation and rounding them out with moral disquisition. When Crane went into the slums he did not go slumming. He would not condescend to his material. He reproduced the speech of his characters as exactly as his ability and the regulations of the Postoffice permitted him. He did not in the least mind that the savagery of some of his incidents would be sure to shock some of his readers. His method was as direct as his attitude. Without any parade of structure, without any of the pedantry of the well-made novel, he arranged his episodes on the simplest thread. Detail by detail, he caught hold of actuality as firmly as he could, and set it forth without regard to any possible censure except that which his own conscience would bring against him if he were less than honest. Then he left the rest to the ironical perception of any man of sense who might chance upon his books.

By a paradox which is a rule of art, Crane thus achieved, in his way, the effects which he had appeared to be neglecting, and wrote novels which are, in their way, classics, though minor classics. Certainly the moral tendency is indisputable. No girl ever ran away from home as a result of reading "Maggie"; no son ever forgot his parents as a result of reading "George's Mother." The fact that it seems ridiculous to point out the moral tendency of such stories shows how far Crane lifted them, as he has helped teach later novelists to lift their stories, out of the low plane of domestic sentimentalism, with its emphasis on petty virtues and vices, to the plane of the classics, with their emphasis on the major vices of meanness and cruelty and the major virtues of justice and magnanimity. In something of the same fashion he lifted his stories from the plane of art on which the guide-post is important or necessary to the plane on which wisdom is communicated immediately, by example not by precept, and the reader, having lived something and not merely learned it, is less likely to forget. To his contemporaries Crane seemed heartless when he plunged into forbidden depths and brought up dreadful things which he showed the world without apology or comment. A less conventional taste perceives that it would have been more heartless, as it would have been less artful, for him to intrude his doctrines into the presence of Maggie's or of George's mother's tragedy. Here are certain veritable happenings, the books insist. What is to be thought, the books tacitly inquire, about the world in which such horrors happen?

Crane's procedure was not essentially different with his masterpiece, "The Red Badge of Courage." Less by Tolstoy or by Zola, a recent biographer points out, than by something much more native, Crane was led to his handling of war. Ever since Appomattox there had of course been going on a literary attempt to make the Civil War out an epic conflict, with all the appurtenances of pomp and heroism, But side by side with that had run a popular memory of it, not enshrined in books, which former soldiers exchanged in the vernacular and repeated, no doubt often tediously, to any others who would listen. In this popular memory Crane found his material. For his protagonist he chose an ordinary recruit, fresh from an inland farm, and carried him through his first experience of actual fighting. As the recruit naturally has no notion of the general plan of battle, he has to obey commands that he does not understand, that he resents, that he hates. His excited senses color the occasion, even the landscape. He suffers agonies of fatigue and almost a catastrophe of fear before he becomes acclimated to his adventure. Perhaps he seems unusually imaginative, but he is presented without too much subtlety. He speaks a convincing boyish dialect. His sensations are limited to something like his spiritual capacity. Though he is a pawn

of war, he is also a microcosm. When Crane later saw a battle he found that he had been accurate in his account, not because he had studied military strategy but because he had placed the centre of the affair where it belongs, in the experience of the individual soldier.

If "The Red Badge" afforded Crane a happy opportunity to bring his ideas to bear upon a matter which he thought had long been swaddled in heroic nonsense, so did it afford him a happy opportunity to exercise his art. The soldier is a lens through which a whole battle may be seen, a sensorium upon which all its details may be registered. But, being in the fear of death, he is not a mere transparent lens, a mere passive sensorium. The battle takes a kind of mad shape within his consciousness as the tangled items of it stream through him. Since the action of the narrative is all laid in his excited mind, it has no excuse for ever being perfunctory or languid. All is immediate, all is intense. This gives the excuse for an occasional heightening of the language nearly to the pitch of poetry, as here: "As he listened to the din from the hillside, to a deep pulsating thunder that came from afar to the left, and to the lesser clamors which came from many directions, it occurred to him that they were fighting, too, over there, and over there, and over there. Heretofore he had supposed that all the battle was directly under his nose. As he gazed around him the youth felt a flash of astonishment at the pure, blue sky and the sun gleaming on the trees and fields. It was surprising that Nature had gone tranquilly on with her golden process in the midst of so much devilment." And yet the thrill of the narrative does not arise from the language, so rarely and so delicately is it elevated. It arises from a certain air of integrity which the whole novel owes to the closeness with which the action is imagined and the candor with which it is represented. Once more Crane, disregarding the heroic and throwing the grand style overboard, had been justified, and had taken a long step in the direction which American literature was to travel for a generation.

Not merely American literature. In England where, says H. G. Wells, "The Red Badge" came as "a record of an intensity beyond all precedent," Crane seemed "the first expression of the opening mind of a new period." By comparison Henry James looked a little tenuous, Kipling a little metallic, Stevenson a little soft. Joseph Conrad, significantly, was among Crane's particular admirations and admirers. Without Conrad's brooding vision and his ground swells of rhythm, the younger man had something of the same concentration upon vivid moments. But the influence of Crane in England, as in America, was toward brilliance, toward impressionism. After the success which "The Red Badge" brought him he flashed brightly across many scenes. He went as a journalist to the Southwest and to Mexico; he tried to go filibustering to Cuba. He who had never witnessed a battle was asked, on the strength of his book, to be a war correspondent, in Greece and in the Caribbean. He moved back and forth between New York and London, always in the cleverest company. Scandal endowed him with a legendary eminence in wild oats which he would have been too busy to sow even if he had been disposed. In these circumstances, he tended to have better fortune with short stories than with novels. By some queer turn of irony the author of "The Open Boat", "The Monster", "The Blue Hotel" has been left out of the canon which the queer experts in the short story have gradually evolved, but of late his mastery of the form is coming to be more and more admitted. He could, as in "The Open Boat", tell a straight story of adventure with breathless ferocity. He could, as in "The Monster", expose the stupidity of public opinion in a cramped province. He could, as in "The Blue Hotel", show fate working blindly and causelessly in the muddled lives of men. At other times he was full of comedy. And always he was spare, pungent, intense.

He had Melville's bold combination of largeness and humor, with a pungency of phrase which is Crane's alone. Thus, for example, he gives an episode of the perilous voyage in "The Open Boat": "Canton flannel gulls flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of brown seaweed that rolled on the waves with a movement like carpets on a line in a gale. The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by some in the dingey, for the wrath of the sea was no more to them than it was to a covey of prairie chickens a thousand miles inland. Often they came very close and stared at the men with black bead-like eyes. At these times they were uncanny and sinister in their unblinking scrutiny, and the men hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone. One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of the captain's head. The bird flew parallel to the boat and did not circle, but made short sidelong jumps in the air in chicken-fashion. His black eyes were wistfully fixed upon the captain's head. 'Ugly brute', said the oiler to the bird, 'You look as if you were made with a jack-knife'. The cook and the correspondent swore darkly at the creature. The captain naturally wished to knock it away with the end of the heavy painter; but he did not dare do it because anything resembling an emphatic gesture would have capsized this freighted boat, and so with his open hand, the captain gently and carefully waved the gull away. After it had been discouraged from the pursuit the captain breathed easier on account of his hair." Without a touch of heroic language Crane here immensely heightens the scene by making it, though death crowds upon it, somehow droll. At such passages the drama grows breathless.

The demand for intensity in fiction, of course, goes in and out of fashion. Some other, calmer age may regard Crane as hectic. He occupies, however, a temperate position between the writers who seem flat and the writers who seem to have carried impressionism to a dizzy verge. Crane is never obscure. The first of the imagists, he never becomes jagged in his manner, nor sacrifices movement to the elaboration of striking detail. To call him a journalist of genius helps to define him, but there still remains the problem of his haunting charm. That charm springs, in large measure, from his free, courageous mind. Lucidity like his is poetry. Even when he is journalistically crude and incorrect, as he often is, he reveals an intelligence working acutely upon its observations. He has therefore the smallest possible burden of nonsense to carry with him. He does not worry himself with insoluble mysteries, such as the duties of the cosmic whole to the finite individual.

> A man said to the universe:
> "Sir, I exist!"
> "However," replied the universe,
> "The fact had not created in me
> A sense of obligation."

Thus jauntily Crane can dismiss the larger metaphysics. He works within a tangible area. And when his intelligence has brought him close to his material he feels for it the desire of a lover. That he sees life under the light of irony does not diminish his passion but increases it. Are these characters, these situations, these comic or tragic consequences, after all, only the brief concerns of fate? Doubtless. But they have importance for the ephemeral creatures who are involved in them. And they have pattern and color for the unduped yet affectionate spectator.

FOUR GENERATIONS

BY RUTH SUCKOW

"Move just a little closer together—the little girl more toward the centre—that's good. Now I think we'll get it."

The photographer dived once more under the black cloth.

"Stand back, ma," a husky voice said. "You'll be in the picture."

Aunt Em stepped hastily back with a panicky look. Mercy, she didn't want to show! She hadn't had time to get her dress changed yet, had come right out of the kitchen where she was baking pies to see the photograph taken. She was in her old dark blue kitchen dress and had her hair just wadded up until she could get time to comb it. It didn't give her much time for dressing up, having all this crowd to cook for.

The boys, and Uncle Chris, standing away back on the edges, grinned appreciatively. Fred whispered to Clarence, "Laugh if ma'd got in it." The way she had jumped back, and her unconsciousness of the ends sticking up from her little wad of hair delighted the boys. When they looked at each other, a little remembering glint came into their eyes.

There was quite a crowd of onlookers. Aunt Em. Uncle Chris in his good trousers, and his shirt sleeves, his sunburned face dark brown above the white collar that Aunt Em had made him put on because of Charlie's. Uncle Gus and Aunt Sophie Spfierschlage had come over to dinner, and stood back against the white house wall, Aunt Sophie mountainous in her checked gingham. The boys, of course, and Bernie Schuldt who was working for Chris; and another fellow who had come to look at some hogs and who was standing there, conscious of his old overalls and torn straw hat, mumbling, "Well, didn't know I was gona find anything like this goin' on." . . . Charlie's wife, Ella, had been given a chair where she could have a good view of the proceedings. She tried to smile and wave her handkerchief when little Phyllis looked around at her. Then she put the handkerchief to her eyes, lifting up her glasses with their narrow light shell rims, still smiling a little painfully. She had to think from how far Katherine had come. . . .

Aunt Em and Aunt Sophie were whispering, "Aint it a shame Edna couldn't get over! They coulda took one of Chris and her and Marine and Merle, with Grandpa, too. . . . That little one looks awful cute, don't she? . . . Well, what takes him so long? Grandpa won't sit there much longer. I should think they coulda had it taken by this time a'ready."

They all watched the group on the lawn. They had decided that the snowball bushes would "make a nice background." The blossoms were gone, but the leaves were dark green, and thick. What a day for taking a picture! It would be so much better out here than in the house. Katherine had made them take it right after dinner, so that little Phyllis would not be late for her nap—nothing must ever interfere with that child's nap. It was the brightest, hottest time of day. The tall orange summer lilies seemed to open and shimmer in the heat. Things were so green—the country lawn with its thick grass, the heavy foliage of the maple trees against the blue summery sky of July. The thin varnished supports of the camera stand glittered yellow and

sticky. The black cloth of the lens looked thick, dense, hot. The photographer's shirt was dazzling white in the sun, and when he drew his head out from under the cloth his round face shone pink. His coat made a black splotch tossed on the grass.

"The little girl more toward the centre."

All three of the others tried anxiously to make little Phyllis more conspicuous. "Here, we've got to have you showing—my, my!—whether the rest of us do or not," Charlie said jovially. Grandpa's small aged frail hand moved a little as if he were going to draw the child in front of him—but, with a kind of delicacy, did not quite touch her little arm.

They had to wait while a little fleecy cloud crossed the sun, putting a brief strange cool shadow over the vivid lawn. In that moment the onlookers were aware of the waiting group. Four generations! Great-grandfather, grandfather, mother, daughter. It was all the more impressive when they thought of Katherine and Phyllis having come from so many miles away. The snowball bushes were densely green behind them—almost dusky in the heat. Grandpa's chair had been placed out there—a homemade chair of willow branches. To think that these four belonged together!

Grandpa, sitting in the chair, might have belonged to another world. Small, bent like a little old troll, foreign with his black cambric skull cap, his blue far-apart peasant eyes with their still gaze, his thin silvery beard. His hands, gnarled from years of farm work in a new country, clasped the homemade knotted stick that he held between his knees. His feet, in old felt slippers with little tufted wool flowers, were set flat on the ground. He wore the checked shirt of an old farmer. . . . It hardly seemed that Charlie was his son. Plump and soft, dressed in the easy garments, of good quality and yet a trifle careless, of middlewestern small town prosperity. His shaven face, paler now than it used to be and showing his age in the folds that had come about his chin; his glasses with shell rims and gold bows; the few strands of grayish hair brushed across his pale luminous skull. A small town banker. Now he looked both impressed and shamefaced at having the photograph taken. . . . And then Katherine, taking after no one knew whom. Slender, a little haggard and worn, still young, her pale delicate face and the cords in her long soft throat, her little collar bones, her dark intelligent weak eyes behind her thick black-rimmed glasses. Katherine had always been like that. Refined, "finicky," studious, thoughtful. Her hand, slender and a trifle sallow, lay on Phyllis' shoulder.

Phyllis . . . Her little yellow frock made her vivid as a canary bird against the dark green of the foliage. Yellow—the relatives did not know whether they liked that, bright yellow. Still, she did look sweet. They hadn't thought Katherine's girl would be so pretty. Of course the care that Katherine took of her—everything had to revolve around that child. There was something faintly exotic about her liquid brown eyes with their jet-black lashes, the shining straight gold-brown hair, the thick bangs that lay, parted a little and damp with the heat, on the pure white of her forehead. Her little precise "Eastern accent" . . . Grandpa looked wonderingly at the bare arms, round and soft and tiny, white and moist in the heat. Fragile blue veins made a flower-like tracery of indescribable purity on the white skin. Soft, tender, exquisite . . . ach, what a little girl was here, like a princess!

The cloud passed. Katherine's white and Phyllis' yellow shone out again from the green. The others stood back watching, a heavy stolid country group against the white wall of the farm house that showed bright against the farther green of the grove. Beyond lay the orchard and the rank green spreading corn fields where little silvery clouds of gnats went shimmering over the moist richness of the leaves.

"Watch—he's taking it now!"

In the breathless silence they could hear the long whirr and rush of a car on the brown country road beyond the grove.

II

Well, the picture was taken. Every one was glad to be released from the strain.

Grandpa's chair had been placed nearer the house, under some maple trees. Charlie stayed out there with him a while. It was his duty, he felt, to talk to the old man a while when he was here at the farm. He didn't get over very often—well, it was a hundred miles from Rock River, and the roads weren't very good up here in Sac township. His car stood out at the edge of the grove in the shade. The new closed car that he had lately bought, a "coach," opulent, shining, with its glass and upholstery and old-blue drapes, there against the background of the evergreen grove with its fallen branches and pieces of discarded farm machinery half visible in the deepest shade.

It wasn't really very hard to get away from Rock River and the bank. He and Ella took plenty of trips. He ought to come to see his father more than he did. But he seemed to have nothing to say to Grandpa. The old man had scarcely been off the place for years.

"Well, pa, you keep pretty well, do you?"

"Ja, pretty goot . . . ja, for so old as I am—"

"Oh now, you mustn't think of yourself as so old."

Charlie yawned, re-crossed his legs. He lighted a cigar.

"Chris's corn doing pretty well this season?"

"Ach, dot I know nuttings about. Dey don't tell me nuttings."

"Well, you've had your day at farming, pa."

"Ja . . . ja, ja . . ."

He fumbled in the pocket of his coat, drew out an ancient black pipe.

Charlie said cheerfully, "Have some tobacco?" He held out a can.

The old man peered into it, sniffed. "Ach, dot stuff? No, no, dot is shust like shavings. I smoke de real old tobacco."

"Like it strong, hey?"

They both puffed away.

Grandpa sat in the old willow chair. His blue eyes had a look half wistful, half resentful. Charlie was his oldest child. He would have liked to talk with Charlie. He was always wishing that Charlie would come, always planning how he would tell him things—about how the old ways were going and how the farmers did now, how none of them told him things—but when Charlie came, then that car was always standing there ready to take him right back home again, and there seemed nothing to be said. He always remembered Charlie as the young man, the little boy who used to work beside him in the field—and then when Charlie came, he was this stranger. Charlie was a town man now. He owned a bank! He had forgotten all about the country, and the old German ways. To think of Charlie, their son, being a rich banker, smoking cigars, riding around in a fine carriage with glass windows . . .

"Dot's a fine wagon you got dere."

Charlie laughed. "That's a coach, pa."

"So? Coach, is dot what you call it? Like de old kings, like de emperors, de Kaisers, rode around in. Ja, you can live in dot. Got windows and doors, curtains—is dere a table too, stove—no? Ja, dot's a little house on wheels."

He pursed out his lips comically. But ach, such a carriage! He could remember when he was glad enough to get to town in a lumber wagon. Grandma and the children used to sit in the back on the grain sacks. His old hands felt of the smooth knots of his stick. He went back, back, into revery. . . . He muttered just above his breath, "Ach, ja, ja, ja . . . dot was all so long ago. . . ."

Charlie was silent too. He looked at the car, half drew out his watch, put it back. . . . Katherine crossed the lawn. His eyes followed her. Bluish-gray, a little faded behind his modern glasses—there was resentment, bewilderment, wistfulness in them at the same time, and loneliness. He was thinking of how he used to bring

Kittie out here to the farm when she was a little girl, when Chris used to drive to Germantown and get them with a team and two-seated buggy. They had come oftener than now when they had the car . . . "Papa, *really* did you live out here—on this farm?" He had been both proud and a little jealous because she wasn't sunburned and wiry, like Chris' children. A little slim, long-legged, soft-skinned, dark-eyed girl. "Finicky" about what she ate and what she did—he guessed he and Ella had encouraged her in that. Well, he hadn't had much when he was a child, and he'd wanted his little girl to have the things he'd missed. He'd wanted her to have more than his brothers' and sisters' children. He was Charlie, the one who lived in town, the successful one. Music lessons, drawing lessons, college . . . and here she had grown away from her father and mother. Chris' children lived close around him, but it sometimes seemed to him that he and Ella had lost Kittie. Living away off there in the East. And when she came home, although she was carefully kind and dutiful and affectionate, there was something aloof. He thought jealously, maybe it would have been better if they hadn't given her all those things, had kept her right at home with them. . . . It hadn't been as much pleasure as he had anticipated having his little grandchild there. There was her "schedule" that Kittie was so persnickerty about. He'd been proud to have people in Rock River see her beauty and perfection, but he hadn't been able to take her around and show her off as he'd hoped.

All day he had been seeing a little slim fastidious girl in a white dress and white hair ribbons and black patent leather slippers, clinging to his hand with little soft fingers when he took her out to see the cows and the pigs . . . "Well, Kittie, do you wish we lived out here instead of in town?" She shook her head, and her small under lip curled just a little . . .

He saw Chris and Gus off near the house. They could talk about how crops were coming, and he could tell them, with a banker's authority, about business conditions. He stirred uneasily, got up, yawned, stretched up his arms, said with a little touch of shame:

"Well, pa, guess I'll go over and talk to Chris a while. I'll see you again before we leave."

"Ja—" The old man did not try to keep him. He watched Charlie's plump figure cross the grass. Ja, he had more to say to the young ones . . .

III

Aunt Em was through baking. She had gone into the bedroom to "get cleaned up." She had brought out chairs to the front porch. "Sit out here. Here's a chair, Ella—here, Katherine. Ach, Sophie, take a better chair than that." "Naw, this un'll do for me, Em."

"The womenfolks"—Katherine shuddered away from that phrase. She had always, ever since she was a little girl, despised sitting about this way with "the womenfolks." Planted squat in their chairs, rocking, yawning, telling over and over about births and deaths and funerals and sicknesses. There was a kind of feminine grossness about it that offended what had always been called her "finickiness."

Her mother enjoyed it. She was different from Aunt Em and Aunt Sophie, lived in a different way—a small plump elderly woman with waved grayish-silvery hair and a flowered voile dress with little fussy laces, feminine strapped slippers. But still there was something that she liked about sitting here in the drowsy heat and going over and over things with the other women. Sometimes, to Katherine's suffering disgust, she would add items about the birth of Katherine herself—"Well, I thought sure Kittie was going to be a boy. She kicked so hard—" "Oh, *mother*, spare us!" Aunt Em would give a fat comfortable laugh—"Don't look so rambunctious now, does she? Kittie, aint you ever gona get a little flesh on your bones? You study

too hard. She oughta get out and ride the horses around like Edna does."

Aunt Sophie Spfierschlage—that was the way she sat rocking, her feet flat on the floor, her stomach comfortably billowing, beads of sweat on her heavy chin and lips and around the roots of her stiff dull hair. Well, thank goodness she was only Aunt Em's sister, she wasn't really related to the Kleins. Aunt Em was bad enough.

They used to laugh over her fastidious disgust, when she sat here, a delicate critical little girl who didn't want to get on one of the horses or jump from rafters into the hay. "Kittie thinks that's terrible. Well, Kittie, that's the way things happen." "Ach, she won't be so squeamish when she grows up and has three or four of her own." Now she sat beside them, delicate, still too thin to Aunt Em's amazement. "Aint you got them ribs covered up yet? What's the matter? Don't that man of your's give you enough to eat?"—her soft skin pale and her eyes dark from the heat, dressed with a kind of fastidious precision, an ultra-refinement. A fragile bar pin holding the soft white silk of her blouse, her fine dark hair drooping about her face. "Well, you aint changed much since you got married!" Aunt Em had said. They expected to admit her now to their freemasonry, to have *her* add interesting items about the birth of Phyllis.

Phyllis—her little darling! As if the exquisite miracle of Phyllis could have anything in common with these things! Katherine suffered just as she had always suffered from even small vulgarities. But she sat courteous and ladylike now, a slight dutiful smile on her lips.

"Where does she get them brown eyes? They aint the color of your's, are they? Turn around and let's have a look at you—no, I thought your's was kinda darker."

Aunt Em had come out now, had squatted down into another chair. "I guess her papa's got the brown eyes."

"Yes, I think she looks a little like Willis."

Ella said almost resentfully, "Well, I don't know whether she takes after Willis' folks or not, but I can't see that she looks one bit like Kittie or any of us."

"Well," Aunt Em said, "but look at Kittie. She don't look like you or Charlie neither. But I guess she's your's just the same, aint she, Ella? . . . Say, you remember that Will Fuchs? Ja, his girl's got one they say don't belong to who it ought to. Her and that young Bender from over south —"

Katherine did not listen. How long before they could leave? She had thought it right to bring Phyllis over here where her great-grandfather lived, as her father had wished. But it seemed worse to her than ever. She knew that Aunt Em wouldn't let them go without something more to eat, another of her great heavy meals with pie and cake and coffee. Her mother had always said, as if in extenuation of her visible enjoyment of the visit and the food, "Well, Aunt Em means well. Why don't you try and talk with her? She wants to talk with you." But Aunt Em and the Spfierschlages and the whole place seemed utterly alien and horrible to Katherine. For a moment, while they had been taking the photograph out on the lawn, she had felt touched with a sense of beauty. But she had never belonged here. She felt at home in Willis' quiet old frame house in New England, with his precise elderly New England parents—"refinement", "culture", Willis' father reading "the classics", taking the *Atlantic Monthly* ever since their marriage. She had always felt that those were the kind of people she ought to have had, the kind of home. Of course she loved father and mother and was loyal to them. They depended upon her as their only child.

This porch! It seemed to express the whole of her visits to the farm. It was old-fashioned now—a long narrow porch with a fancy railing, the posts trimmed with red. Her ancestral home! It was utterly alien to her.

They were talking to her again.

"Where's the girl—in taking her nap yet?"

"Yes, she's sleeping."

"Ach, you hadn't ought to make her sleep all the time when she's off visiting. I baked a little piece of pie crust for her. I thought I'd give it to her while it was nice and warm."

"Oh, better not try to give her pie crust," Ella said warningly.

"Ach, that aint gona hurt her—nice homemade pie. Mine always et that."

"Ja, mine did too."

Katherine's lips closed firmly. She couldn't hurry and hurt father and mother—but oh, to get Phyllis home! Father—he was always trying to give the child something she shouldn't have, he wanted to spoil her as he had tried to spoil Katherine herself . . . She shut her lips tight to steel herself against the pitifulness of the sudden vision of father—getting so much older these last few years—looking like a child bereft of his toy when she had firmly taken away the things with which he had come trotting happily home for his grandchild. He had gradually drawn farther and farther away. Once he had hurt her by saying significantly, when Phyllis had wanted a pink blotter in the bank—"You'll have to ask your mother. Maybe there's something in it to hurt you. *Grandpa* don't know." He had wanted to take Phyllis to a little cheap circus that had come to town, to show her off and exhibit her. Mother was more sympathetic, even a little proud of retailing to the other "ladies" how careful Katherine was in bringing up the child, what a "nice family" Willis had. But even she was plaintive and didn't understand. Both she and Father thought that Katherine and Willis were "carrying it too far" when they decided to have Willis teach the child until they could find the proper school for her.

She heard a little sleepy startled voice from within the house—"Moth-uh!"

"Uh—huh! There's somebody!" Aunt Em exclaimed delightedly.

Katherine hurried into the darkened bedroom where Phyllis lay on Aunt Em's best bed spread. The shades were down, but there was the feeling of the hot sunlight back of them. Phyllis' bare arms and legs were white and dewy. Her damp golden-brown bangs were pushed aside. Katherine knelt adoring. She began to whisper.

"Is mother's darling awake? . . . Shall we go home soon—see father? Sleep in her own little room?" . . . Her throat tightened with a homesick vision of the little room with the white bed and the yellow curtains . . .

IV

They had left Grandpa alone again. Charlie and the other men were standing out beside the car, bending down and examining it, feeling of the tires, trying the handles of the doors.

Grandpa had left his chair in the yard and gone to the old wooden rocker that stood just inside the door of his room. His room was part of the old house, the one that he and Grandma had had here on the farm. It opened out upon the back yard, with a little worn narrow plank out from the door. It looked out upon the mound of the old cyclone cellar, with its wooden door, where now Aunt Em kept her vegetables in sacks on the damp cool floor, with moist earthen jars of plum and apple butter on the shelf against the cobwebbed wall. The little triangular chicken houses were scattered about in the back yard, and beyond them was the orchard where now small apples were only a little lighter than the vivid summer green of the heavy foliage and where little dark shiny bubbles of aromatic sap had oozed out from the rough crusty bark.

The shadows in the orchard were drawing out long toward the East, and the aisles of sunlight too looked longer. The groups of people moved about more. Everything had the freshened look of late afternoon.

Grandpa rocked a little. He puffed on his pipe, took it out and held it between

his fingers. It left his lower lip moistened and shining above the fringe of silvery beard. His blue eyes kept looking toward the orchard, in a still fathomless gaze. His lips moved at times.

"Ach, ja, ja, ja . . ." A kind of mild sighing groan. It had pleased him that they had wanted the photograph taken, with the little great-grandchild. But that was over now. They had left him alone. And again, with a movement of his head, "Ja, dot was all so long ago."

Beyond the orchard, beyond the dark green corn fields that lay behind it, beyond the river and the town . . . beyond all the wide western country, and the ocean . . . what were his fixed blue eyes, intent and inward and sad, visioning now?

The rocker was framed in the doorway of his room. Even the odor of the room was foreign. His bed with a patchwork quilt, a little dresser, a chest of drawers. The ancient wall paper had been torn off and the walls calcimined a sky-blue. Against the inner one hung his big silver watch, slowly ticking . . . His eyes blue, and his hair under the little black cap, his beard, were silvery . . . A German text with gaudy flowers hung on a woolen cord above the bed. "Der Herr ist mein Hirte."

He started. "Nun—who is dot?"

He did not know that little Phyllis had been watching him. Standing outside the door, in her bright canary yellow, her beautiful liquid brown eyes solemnly studying him. She was half afraid. She had never seen anything so old as "Great-grandfather". The late afternoon sunlight shimmered in the fine texture of his thin silvery beard. It brought out little frostings and marks and netted lines on his old face in which the eyes were so blue. One hand lay upon his knee. She stared wonderingly at the knots that the knuckles made, the brownish spots, the thick veins, the queer stretched shiny look of the skin between the bones. She looked at his black pipe, his funny little cap, his slippers with the tufted flowers . . .

"Ach, so? You t'ink Grandpa is a funny old man den? You want to look at him? So?"

He spoke softly. A kind of pleased smiling look came upon his face. He stretched out his hand slowly and cautiously, as if it were a butterfly poised just outside his door. A sudden longing to get this small pretty thing nearer, an ingenuous delight, possessed him now that he was alone with her. He spoke as one speaks to a bird toward which one is carefully edging nearer, afraid that a sudden motion will startle its bright eyes and make it take wing.

"Is dis a little yellow bird? Can it sing a little song?"

A faint smile dawned on the serious parted lips. He nodded at her. She seemed to have come a little closer. He too looked in wonderment, as he had done before, at the shining hair, the fragile blue veins on the white temples, the moist pearly white of the little neck, marveling at her as he would have marveled at some beautiful strange bird that might have alighted a moment on his door step . . .

"Can't sing a little song? No? Den Grandpa will have to sing one to you."

He had been thinking of songs as he sat here, they had been murmuring somewhere in his mind. Old, old songs that he had known long ago in the old country . . . His little visitor stood quite still as his faint quavering voice sounded with a kind of dim sweetness in the sunshine. . . .

"Du, du, liegst mir im Herzen,
Du, du, liegst mir im Sinn,
Du, du, machst mir viel Schmerzen,
Weist nicht wie gut ich dir bin—
Ja, ja, ja, ja, weist nicht wie gut ich dir bin."

The gaze of her brown shining eyes never wavered, and a soft glow of fascinated interest grew in them as the sad wailing simplicity of the old tune quavered on the summer air. For a moment she was quite near, they understood each other.

"You like dot? Like Grandpa's song?"

She nodded. A tiny pleased smile curved her fresh lips. . . . Then suddenly, with a little delicate scared movement, as if after all she had discovered that the place was strange, she flitted away to her mother.

HUNEKER ON HUNEKER

To Dr. T. C. Williams.[1]
The Carrollton,
981 Madison Ave.,
New York, April 2, 1908.

DEAR TOM: I'm glad you read (or dipped into) "Visionaries", as duly reported by my spouse. The book contains the scrapings of my magazine articles for the past ten years. It does not hang together—but what volume of short stories does? I'm writing to Scribners to send you my "Chopin" and "Iconoclasts". Perhaps you may remark that the first—since translated into German and French—is a real book, not a compilation. It demanded for its execution years of concentrated effort. It is now the standard work for teachers, so I am assured. The study of Ibsen—O joyful whiskers!—was, up to the time of his death, the longest in the English tongue—168 pages. Both of these books will be of value to you in your practise, being warranted to cure, or alleviate, insomnia, varicose veins and the pip. I am going to write that novel, but two other books are on the bridge ahead of it—my Liszt life and a volume of literary essays, due in 1919.

Yours with brittle veins,

JIM.

II

To Edward Ziegler.[2]
Marienbad, August 26, 1909.

DEAR BILL: We work here like convicts. Get up at 6 with a chorale; go to bed at 8 with a hunger. *Bergsteigen* all day, six hours at a lick. Think of your fat papa walking up narrow paths at an angle of 45 degrees! But the results! I've lost 16 lbs. in 15 days and have only begun. My doctor kicks, but as my nerves are good I sleep well, and he can't stop me. My clothes hang on my bony shoulders, my pretty jowls are gone, and my belly, O Bill, my fat belly has gone, vanished, disappeared! The waters are easy. Between you and me, it's all in the avoidance of liquids at meals—a thing I never found difficult. My gout has disappeared, my uric acid is diminished, and I am about to send to a tailor to have my clothes reefed in. Of course, I'll get 10 lbs. back on the voyage, but—no more beer or potatoes for this gentleman! I feel too spry ever to relapse into obesity again. My waist has shriveled from 45 to 38 and is still dwindling. What joy! I elbow Edward VII every morning and enjoy his huge coarse chuckle. He is a good fellow. So is the King of Greece. So is the Duc d'Orleans, and all the rest of the over-ripe gang down here flushing their insides. I read German every day—but my accent!

As ever,

JIM.

III

To John Quinn.[3]
Westminster Court,
1618 Beverly Road,
Brooklyn, June 4, 1914.

DEAR JOHN: I'm at work on magazine articles—various sorts. The one on Conrad reads fairly well in typescript, but you can't tell until it's in actual type. Have just finished for *Puck* a diatribe against Socialism and a review of the "best" fiction of the day—American. Dreiser leads in seriousness, but he writes clumsily. I think Rupert Hughes is a winner ("What Will People Say?"), and "The Salamander", by

[1] For many years Huneker's physician and friend.

[2] At the time of this letter, musical critic for the New York *Herald*.

[3] Lawyer, book collector and art connoisseur.

Owen Johnson, is a realistic study of a type known to us youths as teasers. But my favorite is Katharine Fullerton Gerould ("Vain Oblations"). She is the real thing —much art for a beginner, and more temperament, more red blood, than Edith Glacial Wharton.

As ever, yours,

JAMES HUNEKER.

IV

To Mme. Frida Ashforth.[4]

Brooklyn, August 11, 1918.

DEAR FRIDA: There is a possibility of our going to Philadelphia to end my days (I'll be 59 in January, 1919), as I have a fine offer from the *Press*. But it will be pulling teeth to leave New York; even Flatbush is nearer the Bowery than Philadelphia. And I've been here since 1886—left Philadelphia in 1878. Jozia[5] was born here. So we sorely contemplate the change—but what to do! The war has killed my business; newspapers and magazines want only war news or stories. I am not so spry as I was. Last season the Philadelphia job was comparatively easy—twice a week. However, "needs must when the devil drives." I'll take what I get and be glad of anything in these trying times. Four years of outgo, and no fixed income—phew! It has knocked my never corpulent bank-account into a skeleton. But I'm not a man easily beaten, and with health and a pen I'll pull through. Hard-luck stories are not interesting, so pardon this little wail of woe! Only—I don't like moving! I belong to one of the best clubs over in Philadelphia, my brother lives there, and I have many friends—still !?!?

Yours for cooler weather,

JIM.

V

To W. C. Brownell.[6]

Brooklyn, June 15, 1919.

MY DEAR MR. BROWNELL: Of course you are right, and if you had presented 1000 more reasons against the inclusion of those Shaw letters in "Steeplejack" I couldn't say nay. But one thing is overlooked: the vital issue, which reduces to the futile the academic discussion of the matter, *i.e.*, will or will not the letters sell the book? All other considerations are naught to me. The London sales would be negligible—they always have been with my books—, but the American sales might not be. Even a *succès de scandale!* Anything but the collecting of dust on top shelves! I am through with such nonsense, as for example, non-ethical, lack of taste, etc. The two offending words occur in a quasi-scientific communication, and to speak of their exclusion makes me rub my eyes. Is this 1880 or 1920? However, these are minor splotches. The chief thing is: will Shaw consent? You think the tale of our quarrel stale and silly? *Soit!* But the book is composed of ancient and often silly memories. That's why I wrote it—*en souvenir*. I believe the letters will materially swell the sales here and in London. You do not. A difference of opinion, but a serious one to our bank accounts. What will you say to the Mary Garden book, with its *mélange* of essays and short stories, many of them morbid, even risky? As for my novel, now well under way, it will shock you, I'm sure, for the title page bears a motto from Walt Whitman's poem, "A Woman Waits For Me". In a word, the book is frankly erotic, though well within the law. I hardly think your house will print it. When Mr. Scribner wired and later wrote I was told that whatever I chose to print would be tolerated by him. Already you are balking. It was for this precise reason that I had considered the offers of another publisher—one who wanted the book because of the Shaw letters. He was willing to take the risks—of lawsuits, etc. You are not. Now, why shouldn't I write to G. B. S.? If he says no, then you will know how to act. I haven't given up hope yet. But one thing I insist on, even if it comes to a disagreement: my copy must go in as it appeared in the *Press*. All of it—not only the Shaw letters. I must not be hampered by

[4] The well-known singing teacher.

[5] Mrs. Huneker.

[6] Literary adviser to Charles Scribner's Sons.

any moral (so-called) reasons. I'm weary of the dusty primrose path. We are in for a puritanical suppression of individuality at all costs, so I'm taking time by the forelock. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in "Steeplejack" or "Mary Garden" (the book,[7] not the adorable girl!) that is vulgar, obscene, or, I hope, tasteless except those damnable Shaw letters, and they are so brim full of vitality and sparkling *aperçus* that I honestly believe I should be a public benefactor if, aided and abetted by Charles Scribner's Sons, I gave them to the world. (Of course, this is only self-mystification, but I enjoy it.) If G. B. S. consents, then the letters must be printed.

Sincerely as ever,

JAMES HUNEKER.

VI

To Maxwell E. Perkins.[8]

Brooklyn, June 25, 1919.

DEAR MR. PERKINS: A woman rang me up yesterday. She belongs to a little so-called art magazine. She told my wife—I was not at home—that Mr. Scribner had consented to the republication of one of my articles from "Promenades". Furthermore, she was so blithely impertinent as to say that I should call her up this morning, otherwise the article in question would be reprinted, as they were "pressed for time"! I don't know whether you know who gave this alleged permission without first consulting me, but do please make inquiries and tell whoever it may be not to give assent to any such swindling propositions. They are trying to get something for nothing, and to that game I vigorously object. If they would pay a sum, say $100, then it would be different; Mr. Brownell suggests that in that case a fair division could be made with Scribners. But this damn nervy way of phoning and informing you that, etc., etc.! God! It's absurd to get hotter on a hot day over such a little matter, but when Rodin died I had to call down the *Evening Post*, sanctified ——, for printing about a page of my Rodin study in the "Promenades", and shortly afterward the *Tribune* for swiping without the ghost of an acknowledgment my Flaubert letter from "Egoists". Sorry to bother you. Life is so short and sweaty!

Cordially,

JAMES HUNEKER.

VII

To Maxwell E. Perkins.

DEAR MR. PERKINS: Here is the blurb for the "Steeplejack" cover. A rotten job. If I don't set forth the incomparable merits of this unique book, then the blurb no longer blurbs; if I told the truth you wouldn't print it; if I say nice, sweet, Dr. van Dyke phrases, then—that way egotism lies. So I did what most people do when they must face the music of facts: I dodged.

Sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER.

VIII

To John Quinn.

MY DEAR JOHN: You missed a hell of a hot spell, July 2 to 5 or 6. Another is due. We are, neither of us, lively. I have no urge, as Walt W. says. No booze since April 27, and never miss it. Yet I believe alcohol is a driving force when taken moderately, as I took it, say 12 or 15 bottles of beer daily. I'm writing 10,000 words weekly for my new autumn book, 1920, with a pen. It's to be 100,000 words. Fiction. "Steeplejack" (October), two big volumes, is discharging proof. I'm busy. Then the weekly stunt in the *Times*. We must eat, even if we can't drink.

With love from Jozia and

JIM.

IX

To Thomas R. Smith.[9]

Brooklyn, November 28, 1919.

MY DEAR TOM: You will certainly see the story when Scribners get through with it next week. It can stand on its merits with-

[7] The title was changed to "Bedouins" before publication.

[8] Of Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[9] Of Boni & Liveright, publishers of "Painted Veils."

out humorous elements. Of obscenity, vulgarity or indecency there is not a trace—only extreme frankness, and the sex side dealt with as if by a medical expert. Might I say—gynecologist?

As ever,

JIM.

X

To John Quinn.

Brooklyn, December 30, 1919.

MY DEAR JOHN: My novel will likely appear in the same series as George Moore's "Storyteller's Holiday", "Avowals", etc. The next to appear is "Aphrodite"; then "Istar"—title not yet decided on: either "Istar" (daughter of sin: you recall the old Babylonian epic) or "Painted Veils". But the chief point is that the story thus far has laid the experts out cold. Scribners, who want to publish the book *expurgated*, told me—and I blush to repeat the words! —that not in this generation have they read a fiction so original, brilliant, *human*, or so well composed and written! The joke is, John, that I wrote the damned thing in 7 *weeks*, less 2 days, although I planned it for 2 months. I wrote it because I had a story to tell, because it is largely characterization, with plenty of action. It may be made into a play next summer. Now, if you should care to read it in clean, clear typescript I'll fetch you a copy. The chief thing is that I should like you to see the publisher's contract. The best of publishers will bear watching. I need money and I'm going to get it. First the unexpurgated copy; then, later, for the purer public, the bowdlerized edition—catch them coming and going!

As ever,

JIM.

XI

To Henry B. Fuller.[10]

Brooklyn, April 18, 1920.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND FULLER: Suffering from intercostal neuralgia and diabetes—a bad case—I couldn't acknowledge your gift. I do so now. I may go to London in June, but, frankly, I care less for travel than I did. *J'ai mes soixante ans!* I'm doing Henry James' letters for the May *Bookman;* also the hideous musical season for the July *Century*. But I'm ill for the first time in precisely 50 years.

Cordially,

JAMES HUNEKER.

XII

To Horace B. Liveright.[11]

Brooklyn, September 2, 1920.

MY DEAR LIVERIGHT: When the expurgated volume publicly appears I shall use my original title, "Istar, Daughter of Sin". But for this forthcoming private edition I don't like "The Seven Veils", for, apart from the fact that it is not new, being used everywhere from ballet to opera, from book titles to vaudeville, I think it flat, commonplace, and not sufficiently arresting. Nor is it pertinent to the contents of the book. "The Seven Gates" would be closer, but that, too, is not eye-catching. Let me propose something far more striking and dramatic, *i.e.*, "The Seven Deadly Sins" . . . The money can be paid in two instalments, but really I think you might bring out 1500 copies easily.

As ever,

JAMES HUNEKER.

XIII

To Horace B. Liveright.

Brooklyn, November 23, 1920.

DEAR LIVERIGHT: I hear indirectly from London that "Painted Veils" is soon to be published there. Is this true? If it be—and I hope it is—I wish to suggest three typographical changes in the sheets. Last line, page 186, a bad "p", not to be found in the corrected proof. On page 272, seventh line from bottom of page, there is "or" instead of "nor"—not much of an error, but it should be corrected. The most annoying break is on the last page of the book, second line from last. "Lamp" should read "map". This is all the more an eyesore be-

[10] The well-known novelist.

[11] Managing partner of Boni & Liveright.

cause it makes nonsense of the sentence and also because I must have passed it. Don't forget that I am to get 12 free copies—don't send me signed ones—and that, for my bother in signing the sheets, you promised to mail free for me a half dozen extra copies, to Arnold Bennett, Joseph Conrad, Havelock Ellis, George Moore and Edgar Saltus. And how about that check, for I presume the book has been over-subscribed? Can't you send the entire amount in one check? Then we could talk over another book I have in mind.

Cordially,

JAMES HUNEKER.

XIV

To Mme. Frida Ashforth.

Brooklyn, September 22, 1920.

MY DEAR FRIDA: Your letter found me at my desk correcting the final proofs of "Painted Veils", in which you figure as Frida Ash. Liveright, with whom I made a fairly good contract—I'm not giving away my books; I can't afford it—told me he recognized the portrait at once. You go straight through the story. Its merits, if any, are its frankness and character dissection. Naturally, you will get a complimentary copy from me. The book is expensive—at least $10. Later it will fetch bigger prices, but neither Liveright nor I will benefit; there are only 1200 numbered and signed copies; another *de luxe*. If you show the enclosed circular to any of your friends, as you so kindly suggested, tell them that the book is not to be advertised, nor, indeed, talked about. For you, unprejudiced and acquainted with good French and German literature, the story will not offend. It is not a smutty story. It's truthful. The New York, artistic and Bohemian, of 1895-1905, is the theme. The old Felix Hotel where I lived, in West Twenty-fifth street; your music-room in Eighteenth street—these old landmarks are described. But it is the characterization that will, I hope, interest you.

As ever,

JIM.

XV

To Horace B. Liveright.

Brooklyn, December 3, 1920.

DEAR H. B.: Only this, Friday, morning I opened the "Painted Veils" package which came last night and saw the book. It is truly a stunning volume and I'm all het up at the thought of such a beautiful garb. Altogether the goose hangs high. I sent a circular to my old friend, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, this morning. If he should subscribe, try to dig him up a volume some place: he is an epicure of literature.

Sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER.

XVI

To H. B. Fuller.

Brooklyn, December 19, 1920.

MY DEAR MR. FULLER: I can't help telling you that, after "The Chevalier", which was a marking-stone in my development, nothing you have written has so stirred me as "Bertram Cope's Year". I've read it three times, the last in London during a rainy spell last July. Its portraiture and psychological strokes fill me with envy and also joy. *Ça y est!* And Chicago! It is as desolate, your dissection, as a lunar landscape. We are like that, not like Whitman's camarados and his joyful junk. Why do you speak of your last book? You are only beginning, you implacable Stendhal of the lake! My first novel, written in my sixtieth year, is a fragment: if I had a copy I'd send it to you. But you won't like it. It's too bitter, and cynicism is always unreal. I had to get it off my chest. The book is privately printed at a prohibitive price and sold like the first oysters of the season. Its title is "Painted Veils".

In all friendship,

I am yours,

JAMES HUNEKER.

EDITORIAL

THE AIM of THE AMERICAN MERCURY is precisely that of every other monthly review the world has ever seen: to ascertain and tell the truth. So far, nothing new. But the Editors cherish the hope that it may be possible, after all, to introduce some element of novelty into the execution of an enterprise so old, and upon that hope they found the magazine. It comes into being with at least one advantage over all its predecessors in the field of public affairs: it is entirely devoid of messianic passion. The Editors have heard no Voice from the burning bush. They will not cry up and offer for sale any sovereign balm, whether political, economic or aesthetic, for all the sorrows of the world. The fact is, indeed, that they doubt that any such sovereign balm exists, or that it will ever exist hereafter. The world, as they see it, is down with at least a score of painful diseases, all of them chronic and incurable; nevertheless, they cling to the notion that human existence remains predominantly charming. Especially is it charming in this unparalleled Republic of the West, where men are earnest and women are intelligent, and all the historic virtues of Christendom are now concentrated. The Editors propose, before jurisprudence develops to the point of prohibiting skepticism altogether, to give a realistic consideration to certain of these virtues, and to try to save what is exhilarating in them, even when all that is divine must be abandoned. They engage to undertake the business in a polished and aseptic manner, without indignation on the one hand and without too much regard for tender feelings on the other. They have no set program, either destructive or constructive. Sufficient unto each day will be the performance thereof.

As has been hinted, the Editors are not fond enough to believe in their own varieties of truth too violently, or to assume that the truth is ascertainable in all cases, or even in most cases. If they are convinced of anything beyond peradventure, it is, indeed, that many of the great problems of man, and particularly of man as a member of society, are intrinsically insoluble—that insolubility is as much a part of their essence as it is of the essence of squaring the circle. But demonstrating this insolubility thus takes on something of the quality of establishing a truth, and even merely arguing it gathers a sort of austere virtue. For human progress is achieved, it must be manifest, not by wasting effort upon hopeless and exhausting enigmas, but by concentrating effort upon inquiries that are within the poor talents of man. In the field of politics, for example, utopianism is not only useless; it is also dangerous, for it centers attention upon what ought to be at the expense of what might be. Yet in the United States politics remains mainly utopian—an inheritance, no doubt, from the gabby, gaudy days of the Revolution. The ideal realm imagined by an A. Mitchell Palmer, a King Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan or a Grand Inquisitor of the Anti-Saloon League, with all human curiosity and enterprise brought down to a simple passion for the goose-step, is as idiotically utopian as the ideal of an Alcott, a Marx or a Bryan. THE AMERICAN MERCURY will devote itself pleasantly to exposing the nonsensicality of all such hallucinations, particularly when they show a certain apparent plausibility. Its own pet hallucination will take the form of an hypothesis that the progress of knowledge is less a matter of accumulating facts than a matter of destroying "facts". It will assume constantly that the more ignorant a man is the

more he knows, positively and indignantly. Among the great leeches and barber-surgeons who profess to medicate the body politic, it will give its suffrage to those who admit frankly that all the basic diseases are beyond cure, and who consecrate themselves to making the patient as comfortable as possible.

In some of the preliminary notices of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, kindly published in the newspapers, apprehension has been expressed that the Editors are what is called Radicals, *i.e.*, that they harbor designs upon the Republic, and are bound by a secret oath to put down 100% Americanism. The notion is herewith denounced. Neither is a Radical, or the son of a Radical, or, indeed, the friend of any known Radical. Both view the capitalistic system, if not exactly amorously, then at all events politely. The Radical proposals to destroy it at one blow seem to them to be as full of folly as the Liberal proposals to denaturize it by arousing its better nature. They believe that it is destined to endure in the United States, perhaps long after it has broken up everywhere else, if only because the illusion that any bright boy can make himself a part of it remains a cardinal article of the American national religion—and no sentient man will ever confess himself doomed to life imprisonment in the proletariat so long as the slightest hope remains, in fact or in fancy, of getting out of it. Thus class consciousness is not one of our national diseases; we suffer, indeed, from its opposite—the delusion that class barriers are not real. That delusion reveals itself in many forms, some of them as beautiful as a glass eye. One is the Liberal doctrine that a prairie demagogue promoted to the United States Senate will instantly show all the sagacity of a Metternich and all the high rectitude of a Pierre Bayard. Another is the doctrine that a moron run through a university and decorated with a Ph.D. will cease thereby to be a moron. Another is the doctrine that J. P. Morgan's press-agents and dish-washers make competent Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors. Yet another, a step further, is the doctrine that the interests of capital and labor are identical—which is to say, that the interests of landlord and tenant, hangman and condemned, cat and rat are identical. Such notions, alas, seem to permeate all American thinking, the shallowness of which has been frequently remarked by foreign observers, particularly in the Motherland. It will be an agreeable duty to track down some of the worst nonsense prevailing and to do execution upon it—not indignantly, of course, but nevertheless with a sufficient play of malice to give the business a Christian and philanthropic air.

II

That air, of course, will be largely deceptive, as it always is. For the second time the nobility and gentry are cautioned that they are here in the presence of no band of passionate altruists, consecrated to Service as, in the late Mr. Harding's poignant phrase, "the supreme commitment". The Editors are committed to nothing save this: to keep to common sense as fast as they can, to belabor sham as agreeably as possible, to give a civilized entertainment. The reader they have in their eye, whose prejudices they share and whose woes they hope to soothe, is what William Graham Sumner called the Forgotten Man—that is, the normal, educated, well-disposed, unfrenzied, enlightened citizen of the middle minority. This man, as everyone knows, is fast losing all the rights that he once had, at least in theory, under American law. On the one hand he is beset by a vast mass of oppressive legislation issuing from the nether rabble of cowherds, lodge-joiners and Methodists, with Prohibition as its typical masterpiece. And on the other hand he is beset by increasing invasions of his freedom of opinion, the product of craven nightmares among the usurers, exploiters and other rogues who own and try to run the Republic. If, desiring to entertain a guest in the manner universal among civilized men, he procures a bottle or two

of harmless wine, he runs a risk of being dragged to jail by official blackmailers and fined and lectured by some political hack in the robes of a Federal judge. And if, disgusted by the sordid tyranny and dishonesty of the government he suffers under, he denounces it righteously and demands a return to the Bill of Rights, he runs a grave risk of being posted as a paid agent of the Bolsheviki.

This Forgotten Man, when he is recalled at all, is thus recalled only to be placarded as infamous. The normal agencies for relieving pyschic distress all pass him over. The Liberals have no comfort for him because he refuses to believe in their endless series of infallible elixirs; most of these very elixirs, in fact, only help to multiply his difficulties. And the Tories who perform in the great daily newspapers and in the Rotary Club weeklies and in the reviews of high tone—these prophets of normalcy can see in his discontent nothing save subversion and worse. There is no middle ground of consolation for men who believe neither in the Socialist fol-de-rol nor in the principal enemies of the Socialist fol-de-rol—and yet it must be obvious that such men constitute the most intelligent and valuable body of citizens that the nation can boast. The leading men of science and learning are in it. The best artists, in all the arts, are in it. Such men of business as have got any imagination are in it. It will be the design of THE AMERICAN MERCURY to bring, if not alleviation of their lot, then at least some solace to these outcasts of democracy. That they will ever actually escape from the morass in which they now wander so disconsolately is probably too much to hope. But at all events there is some chance of entertaining them to their taste while they flounder.

III

In the field of the fine arts THE AMERICAN MERCURY will pursue the course that the Editors have followed for fifteen years past in another place. They are asking various other critics to share their work and they will thus be able to cover a wider area than heretofore, but they will not deviate from their old program—to welcome sound and honest work, whatever its form or lack of form, and to carry on steady artillery practise against every variety of artistic pedant and mountebank. They belong to no coterie and have no aesthetic theory to propagate. They do not believe that a work of art has any purpose beyond that of being charming and stimulating, and they do not believe that there is much difficulty, taking one day with another, about distinguishing clearly between the good and the not good. It is only when theories begin to enter into the matter that counsels are corrupted—and between the transcendental, gibberishy theory of a Greenwich Village aesthete and the harsh, moral, patriotic theory of a university pedagogue there is not much to choose. Good work is always done in the middle ground, between the theories. That middle ground now lies wide open: the young American artist is quite as free as he needs to be. The Editors do not believe that he is helped by nursing and coddling him. If the obscure, inner necessity which moves him is not powerful enough to make him function unassisted, then it is not powerful enough to make a genuine artist of him. All he deserves to have is aid against the obscurantists who occasionally beset him—men whose interest in the fine arts, by some occult Freudian means, seems to be grounded upon an implacable hatred of everything that is free, and honest, and beautiful. It will be a pleasure to pursue such obscurantists to their fastnesses, and to work the *lex talionis* upon them. The business is amusing and now and then it may achieve some by-product of good.

The probable general contents of the magazine are indicated by this first number, but there will be no rigid formula, and a number of changes and improvements, indeed, are already in contemplation. In the

department of *belles lettres* an effort will be made to publish one or two short stories in each issue, such occasional short plays as will merit print, some verse (but not much), and maybe a few other things, lying outside the categories. The essays and articles, it is hoped, will cover a wide range; no subject likely to be of interest to the sort of reader before described will be avoided, nor will there be any limitation upon the free play of opinion, so long as it is neither doctrinaire nor sentimental. To the departments already set up others may be added later on, but this is a matter that will have to determine itself. The Editors will welcome communications from readers, and those that seem to be of general interest will be printed, perhaps with editorial glosses. No effort will be made in the book reviews to cover all the multitude of books that come from the publishers every month. The reviews will deal only with such books as happen to attract the staff of reviewers, either by their virtues or by their defects. The dramatic reviews will, however, cover the entire range of the New York theatre.

In general THE AMERICAN MERCURY will live up to the adjective in its name. It will lay chief stress at all times upon American ideas, American problems and American personalities because it assumes that nine-tenths of its readers will be Americans and that they will be more interested in their own country than in any other. A number of excellent magazines are already devoted to making known the notions of the major and minor seers of Europe; at least half a dozen specialize in the ideas emanating from England alone. This leaves the United States rather neglected. It is, as the judicious have frequently observed, an immense country, and full of people. These people entertain themselves with a vast number of ideas and enterprises, many of them of an unprecedented and astounding nature. There are more political theories on tap in the Republic than anywhere else on earth, and more doctrines in aesthetics, and more religions, and more other schemes for regimenting, harrowing and saving human beings. Our annual production of messiahs is greater than that of all Asia. A single session of Congress produces more utopian legislation than Europe has seen since the first meeting of the English Witenagemot. To explore this great complex of inspirations, to isolate the individual prophets from the herd and examine their proposals, to follow the ponderous revolutions of the mass mind—in brief, to attempt a realistic presentation of the whole gaudy, gorgeous American scene—this will be the principal enterprise of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

THE DROOL METHOD IN HISTORY

BY HARRY E. BARNES

THE GENERAL tendency of the human race to stampede when confronted by the truth is nowhere more evident than in its reaction to history. As it says in the preface to Anatole France's "Penguin Island," "if you have any new insight, any original idea, if you present men and affairs under an unwonted aspect, you will surprise the reader. And the reader does not want to be surprised. He seeks in a history only the stupidities with which he is familiar." In the recent and still continuing war of the accountants, plumbers, druggists, blacksmiths and lawyers who constitute our school committees upon feeble and helpless historians who have been making some faint beginnings in the way of telling some small fraction of the truth with respect to our national development, this attitude has been frankly avowed.

In a recent number of the *American Historical Review* Dr. J. F. Jameson introduces his readers to a "pure history law" passed in the most progressive State in the Union—Wisconsin—which thus encourages fearless candor on the part of textbook writers:

> No history or other textbook shall be adopted for use or be used in any district school, city school, vocational school, or high school which falsifies the facts regarding the War of Independence, or the War of 1812, or defames our nation's founders or misrepresents the ideals and causes for which they struggled and sacrificed, or which contains propaganda favorable to any foreign government.

The law further provides that the State superintendent of education must hold a hearing when any five citizens complain that a book does not, for example, make it clear that the Irish volunteers won the Battle of Bunker Hill, or fails to emphasize properly that the Loyalists in the Revolution were a gang of degenerate drunkards and perverts, or mentions the smuggling proclivities or land piracy of the Fathers, or refers to the fraudulent sale of United States citizenship papers preceding the War of 1812, or suggests that there has ever been a civilized German. If, with an eye to his political future, the superintendent rules the book unfit for exhibition to the young morons whose parents have thus manifested their righteous indignation, it is to be withdrawn immediately from every school in the State under penalty of the forfeiture of all pecuniary aid to the offending district.

The Drool Method in history thus becomes official, and as State after State follows the example of Wisconsin it will become necessary for every professional historian to study and master its technique. What are its essentials? They may be stated briefly and certainly. First, every orthodox American history book must start off with Gobineau's dogma of the superiority of the Aryans, the sole builders of civilization, and then show how all able-bodied and 100% Americans are members of the noblest of all the Aryan tribes: the Anglo-Saxon sub-division of the great Nordic Blond people. The colonial period must then be expounded in such manner as to make plain the fact that a spiritual urge to complete religious and political liberty was the sole cause of our ancestor's embarking upon the wintry seas; no hint may be given of sordid economic motives, nor any suspicion aroused of any failure to set up and foster that liberty to the full. It

must not be said, directly or indirectly, that by 1787 more than half of the inhabitants of one of the most populous colonies were descended from redemptioners and indentured servants, or that there was a large admixture of criminals in all our Nordic ancestry. But it must be made clear that all the French and Indian wars in the colonial period were won solely by the colonists, with no help from England.

In treating the Revolution it must be interpreted as a determined effort of all Englishmen to back their German king in the effort to exterminate the liberty-loving Americans, who were united as a man in the disinterested effort to repel foreign tyranny and secure for the world at large the blessings of freedom. Drawing and quartering would be inadequate punishment for the historian who dared to utter the falsehood that New Englanders were addicted to smuggling, or the landlords and frontiersmen to envying and lusting after the land west of the Alleghenies. Only punishments not permissible to name in print will suffice for the pedagogue so depraved as to suggest that the Loyalists were about as numerous as the Patriots and really constituted the intellectual and social aristocracy of the colonial age—before whom the Patriot leaders had been only too willing to scuff and bow a few years earlier. Blasphemy laws may be appropriately invoked against those who have the shameless audacity to aver that George III was eager to conciliate the colonists and not to conquer them, and that his commander-in-chief in America was as appropriately appointed as though Mr. Wilson had selected the Great Commoner from Lincoln, or Eugene Debs, to lead our troops overseas in 1917.

Space does not permit bringing this syllabus of "proper" American history down to the present time, but many additional articles will suggest themselves to the judicious reader. For example, it will be apparent that no discreet historian will think for a moment of mentioning the gigantic land steals synchronous with the establishment of national independence and unity, of inquiring just how George Washington had millions thrust upon him in moments of absentmindedness, so that he died the richest man in the country, or of questioning the unswerving loyalty of Timothy Pickering, the calm analytical powers of Andrew Jackson, the dignified bearing and incorruptible character of Ben Butler, the aristocratic leanings and other worldly detachment of Abraham Lincoln, the wise and statesmanlike tolerance of Thad Stevens, or the political subtlety and acumen of General Grant. John Brown's distinguished achievements as a horse-thief may be adduced only as a proof of his need of ever swifter steeds to carry him forward in the Lord's work. And, of course, an attractive daily chant will have to be provided on the basic *motif* of Gladstone's revelation that the American Constitution "is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

As to the choice of subject matter, the Drool Method will recommend undivided concentration on the more gentlemanly and heroic activities—the diverse major and minor slaughters in our national history, the escapades and intrigues of diplomats, and the quadrennial political buffooneries by which one batch of grafters and incompetents is replaced by another. The achievements of "great" men will be described at length, but it must be borne in mind that true greatness is a quality possessed alone by generals, diplomats and politicians. Only a pensioner of George V will ever suggest that Franklin was greater as a scientist than as a diplomat; no one but a snivelling subaltern of Ludendorf will hold Eli Whitney to be more important in his country's history than General Gates, and no more certain proof of the receipt of a weekly check from Moscow will ever be found than a hint that Cyrus McCormick or William Kelly ought to rank higher in American annals than William H. Marcy or Winfield Scott. The history of ideas,

opinions and institutions is especially to be eschewed, for the cultivation of this field may well lead to the conviction that the majority of our conventional views and custom-bound institutions are about as anachronistic as the spinning-wheel. Texts which introduce the student to such incendiary notions will be burned with formal ceremony. Above all, the historian must be impressed with his duty to prove the American race, language, culture and institutions superior to all other examples of God's creative ingenuity.

Those who thus follow piously the precepts of the Drool Method may not achieve success in certain university history departments, some of which are already honeycombed with anarchists, communists, renegades and traitors, but they will develop great popularity with the alumni and will be highly esteemed in the public school systems, approvingly decorated by superintendents, commended by state departments of education, invited to address the most diverse organizations on Washington's birthday and the Fourth of July, and given an opportunity to syndicate articles on cosmic philosophy, universal history and contemporary politics in the daily press.

II

In their palmiest days neither Kid Lavigne nor Tommy Ryan possessed any approximation to the shiftiness and elusiveness of truth as she is wooed by the historian. He begins his attempt at seduction with the handicap of two millstones about his neck. He is himself a frail product of clay, with his own complexes, restrictions, biasses and prejudices derived from his Baptist, Republican, Nordic, Confucian, single-tax, protective tariff, Pennsylvanian or Texan heritage, and his most painful effort to achieve impartiality can do little more than suspend momentarily and partially the operation of the more flagrant of them. Worse, even, than these personal defects is the fact he can rarely gather his data by direct observation, but has to rely for them upon the accounts and interpretations of a yet more notorious group of liars and distorters than he is himself. Religious bias, for example, has been steadily debasing history from the days when the Assyrian monarchs praised God that He had made it possible for them to serve Him by assembling pyramids of the heads of their rivals. It is difficult for a youthful Protestant to comprehend that a Catholic playmate can actually be a member of the same biologic species, even though the young papist apparently can swear, swim and steal apples with almost Protestant zeal and efficiency. But even his parents, if they were pressed for their reasons for holding the Catholic inferior, would be hard put to it for anything beyond some vague innuendo concerning certain idolatrous Catholic practices and a disloyal acquiescence in papal suzerainty. But both Catholic and Protestant are willing to unite in a pogrom against the Jews, from whom they both received a vast majority of their religious practices and beliefs, bigotry and illusions. And Catholic, Protestant and Jew will, when occasion arises, lock arms in a savage onslaught on Mohammedans, Buddhists and free-thinkers.

Another prejudice distorting the vision of the historian is that growing out of the alleged racial monopoly of superior capacities. As a matter of truth, it can scarcely be shown that, even as between the three major races, there is any proof of comprehensive superiority. Racial superiority or inferiority is as yet as undemonstrable as hellfire or the immortality of the soul. The Chinese had a genial and urbane civilization of respectable antiquity when our Nordic ancestors were drinking the blood of their enemies out of human skulls, and the Negro exhibits a marked superiority over the white race in meeting the requirements of the environment in which he was differentiated and to which he is adjusted. But this is the least of our troubles with racial mythology; we are asked, by various chauvinists, to believe that only the Nordic, the Celt, the Slav or the Iberic

type within the white race is capable of civilization. The most offensive nonsense that has been recently loosed in this field is that in Madison Grant's "Passing of a Great Race." This book, consciously or unconsciously but a literary rehash of Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, is in its implications as flagrant a blast of *Deutschland über Alles* as ever was issued from Potsdam, and might have led to the deportation of its author if he had been an East Side Jewish Socialist instead of a rich New York lawyer. Progressively debased, this doctrine has been widely disseminated by Lothrop Stoddard, Clinton S. Burr, Charles W. Gould and others, until now we are asked by one Eckenrode to interpret the American Civil War as a struggle between the degenerate commercial Nordics of the North, and the haughty tropical Nordics south of Mason and Dixon's line. The preposterous absurdities of this racial doctrine ought to be apparent to anyone with no more historical knowledge than is normally possessed by the inspector of historical studies in a state education department. The plain facts of history are that the Nordics in relative purity have never built up a single high civilization, save in Scandinavia, in modern times,—and this civilization, singularly enough, Mr. Grant repudiates. They seem, in general, to have been gifted in war and physical prowess, but, whatever their innate intellectual and cultural capacity, they have thus far fallen short of the cultural achievements of the Celtic and Mediterranean types. All of the great historic civilizations down to those of western Europe in modern times were, without exception, non-Nordic in their physical basis.

The worthless nature of this Nordic garbage becomes even more apparent when one critically examines the attempt to expound national culture on the basis of race. Granting, for the sake of argument, that France, for example, has produced the highest civilization in the history of mankind, shall we interpret this as due to the Nordics of the Northeast, the Celts of the central plain and the Northwest, the Mediterraneans of the South, or the more numerous mongrels who are a mixture in varying degrees of all these types? The most regrettable aspect of this comedy of errors is that its absurdities have tended to obscure or discredit the real significance of biological factors in history. The important element is not the indeterminate, and perhaps non-existent, difference in capacity between separate races or sub-races, but the very real and demonstrable difference in capacity between members of the same race. If it cannot be shown that the evolution of culture has been due to Nordic impulses, it can at least be demonstrated that all civilization has been the product of the labors of an able minority. As Professor Thorndike has phrased it, "the ability of a hundred of its most gifted representatives often accounts more for a nation's or race's welfare than the ability of a million of its mediocrities." The biological key to history, then, is to be found along the path pointed out by Galton, Carr-Saunders, Schallmayer and Pearson rather than in the illusory labyrinth suggested by Gobineau, Edmond Demolins, Madison Grant and William McDougall.

Nationalism and patriotism are sentiments not less barbarous and uncivilized than racial egotism and arrogance, to which they are so closely, if fallaciously, allied. To be sure, if one defines patriotism as the sense of civic obligation, as was done by the philosophers of classical antiquity, and by German idealism, then we may frankly admit that it is one of the highest and noblest of human emotions. But we are not concerned with that here, for what passes for patriotism with the vast majority of the population of modern states is no such lofty sentiment, but that essentially savage type of attitude and behavior, the contemporary American manifestation of which is popularly known as hundred percentism. The tribal hunting-pack ferocity towards strangers endured but little diluted among the great masses of man-

kind down to the middle of the Eighteenth Century. The modern methods of swift communication were suddenly foisted upon these barbarians, and now a hundred millions who still retain almost unimpaired the psychological attitude of the Todas or Bantus are able simultaneously to open their daily papers and learn that the American consul in Timbuctoo has been foully slain by a native official, and to be moved with almost perfect synchronism to the demand that our country's honor be summarily avenged by the invasion of this dastardly land and the putting of all its inhabitants to the sword. To give complete cultural and pyschological harmony and symmetry to the breakfast table equipment of the average patriot of this variety we should add to his coffee, rolls, shredded-wheat and morning paper a tomahawk and a scalping knife.

The manner in which this mob influence affects historical writing is easy to understand. The most scholarly historian, like all of us, is something of a group-conditioned savage himself, even in times of peace, and may be entirely so in times of war, as was evidenced by the words and behavior of many American historians in 1917-19. As if his own weakness were not enough, the mob camps on his trail, seats itself resolutely on the library steps awaiting his exit, and clamors for his head if he has the courage and honesty to exhibit candor in his utilization of the sources of information at his disposal—which are themselves likely to be very largely the product of an earlier barbaric interpretation of the relations between states. While there are in some cases relatively good approximations, it may be safely said that there is not in existence a single complete and impartial history of the foreign relations of any modern state. But suppose there were? The lust of the herd would still be for what it desires to believe—what it likes to think is true.

This is exemplified by the ideas yet prevailing in the United States about the origins of the World War. Due to revolutionary overturns in several of the major states which were at war, particularly Russia, Austria and Germany, the activities of the various politicians and diplomats from 1908 to 1914 have been revealed to their own generation—something hitherto unique in the history of war and diplomacy. These newly opened archives have not lessened our contempt for the Austrian and German militarists but they have completely upset all of the mythology upon which the Allies and Wilson built their high sounding appeals to the idealism of the world. Not only is this material available in great collections of documents, such as those by Pibram, Kautsky, Gooss, Siebert, Marchand and Baker, most of them translated into English, but it has been analyzed, sifted and clearly condensed by Mr. Nock and by Professors Pevet, Fay, Gooch and Beard. Nevertheless, it has not affected by an iota the thinking of the French, English and American people. Not only have all the criminals who brought on the war escaped the gallows, in spite of the fact of their perfectly demonstrable guilt, but Poincaré, probably the most culpable of the lot, has been allowed to do nearly as much injury to Europe in the last two years as was caused by the war itself.

III

Not less foolish, but also not less human and natural than these religious, racial and patriotic prejudices is the myopia due to partisan affiliations and obsessions. As is well stated in a paragraph cited by Professor Schlesinger from the London *Chronicle* of over a century and a half ago: "Party is a fever that robs the wretch under its influence of common sense, common decency, and sometimes of common honesty; it subjects reason to the caprice of fancy and misrepresents objects; . . . we blame and pity bigotry and enthusiasm in religion, . . . but are party principles less reprehensible, that, in a worse cause, are apt to intoxicate and disorder the brain, and pervert the

understanding?" Since classical days republican and imperial historian, supporter of pope and emperor, protagonist of Whig and Tory have slanderously assaulted the persons, deeds, motives and policies of their opponents and cried up their own brands of thievery and imbecility. Partisan zeal has corrupted the history of our own country from Colonial days. An almost Persian cosmic dualism appears in the strictures of John Church Hamilton on Jefferson and his party, while in Randall's apology Jefferson appears as in daily communion with the Almighty. The following comment of Theodore Dwight, an eminent publicist of the Jeffersonian period, upon the objects of the followers of the Sage of Monticello reminds one of some of the hysterics of the Lusk Report dealing with the fatal and dastardly menace of Bolshevism. The Jeffersonians, he contended, "aim to destroy every trace of civilization in the world, and force mankind back into a savage state. . . . We have a country governed by blockheads and knaves; the ties of marriage with all its felicities are severed and destroyed; our wives are cast into the stews; our children are cast into the world from the breast and are forgotten . . . Can the imagination paint anything more dreadful this side of hell?" Yet it was little more than a decade later when George Bancroft pronounced his eulogy upon Jeffersonian democracy and prepared the way for the egalitarian orgy of Jacksonianism by declaring that "the popular voice is all powerful with us; this is our oracle; this, we acknowledge, is the voice of God." And again, "true political science venerates the masses. Listen reverently to the voice of lowly humanity!" This sort of burlesque and buffoonery has continued in the interpretation of American party history through the Abolitionist-Slavery controversy, the Civil War and Reconstruction, to Bryan and our own day.

It may, of course, be conceded that James Ford Rhodes and Professor Dunning long ago eliminated much of the diabolism and eschatology from the history of the Civil War and Reconstruction periods, and that Professor Hart has gathered a group of scholars who have told the whole story of American political life with reasonable freedom from partisan distortion, but the majority of American citizens still view their party opponents and their past in the temper of Dwight and of the editorials of the New York *Tribune* on Bryan and Cox. The writer remembers that as an exuberant youthful Republican he was perplexed by the possession of an unusually talented, urbane and genial relative who had, by the viscissitudes of conjugal mesalliance, been born under the astral auspices and party crest of the donkey. He impressed me as possessing most of the physical stigmata of *Homo sapiens*, but it was apparent by definition that he thereby presented but a biological illusion.

Scarcely less disconcerting than partisan travesty is the interpretation of history in terms of the alliance of God with a particular economic class. From the time of Cato and the Gracchi we have had interpretations of history representing all culture and civilized decency as the sole product of the landlords, the *bourgeoisie* or the laborers. The landlords held sway until the Seventeenth Century, when the *bourgeois* epic began to make its appearance; it culminated in the dithyrambic pæns of Macaulay, Guizot, James Mill, Bright, Say, Bastiat and John Fiske. Then, beginning with Owen and Marx, we discover the appearance of the proletarian apology and the critique of capitalism, though the panegyrics and prostrations to *bourgeois* benevolence and omniscience have not ceased, as is evidenced by the rantings of Chancellor Day, Walker, Hillis, Eddy and Francis. The honest and fair-minded historian will find much to accept and more to reject in all of these warped claims for the possession of a monopoly on divine aid and wisdom. He will freely admit the remarkable contributions to culture and civilization made by the landlord, merchant and manufacturer, and will also ac-

cept much of the proletarian claim that without the lowly laborer the efforts of agrarian and town classes would have been futile and immaterial.

It is difficult to understand how either a capitalist or a Socialist can feel like showing his face again publicly after having read Marx's works—the capitalist from shame over the waste and cruelties which his system has perpetrated, and the Socialist from mortification over the naïveté and simple-mindedness of the Marxian proposals for a substitute. One point is, however, worth making here, inasmuch as it is rarely called to the attention of the contemporary reader of history, namely, that whereas we are adequately warned against the biasses of the socialistically inclined historians, we are never cautioned against those of the infinitely greater number of professional historians who assume that the capitalistic system is as permanent and faultless as the wisdom of God. No honest and educated person can maintain that we need less to be put on our guard in reading the last two volumes of Rhodes's "History of the United States" than in preparing for the perusal of Gustavus Myers' "History of the Great American Fortunes."

Another source of bitter discouragement to the optimists who expect an interest in truth on the part of the human race is the tendency of the intellect to collapse when confronted with an antique exhibit from the museum of the past follies of mankind. We tend immediately to lose our critical spirit and to fall into a reverential and credulous mood whenever we are asked to contemplate ancient myths and institutions, and we almost identify good and evil with the old and the new respectively. This tendency is probably in part a vestige of the primitive myth-making proclivity, the worship of ancestors and subservience to ancient tabooes. In part it may also be a neurotic flight from reality, seeking compensation for the inadequacy of the present in the illusion of a former golden age. This particular variety of human mental frailty leads to what may be described as the spontaneous generation of the historical epic. An institution or practice which was originally approved and adopted only after a bitter struggle, and which at the time was admitted by its most ardent protagonists to be but a working approximation to adequacy, becomes after several generations a colossal product of collaboration between God and supermen. Likewise an ordinary mortal who may have attained to some position of importance through a lucky combination of fortunate ancestry and accident, and who exhibited during his lifetime every symptom of human weakness will, after a few generations, be erected into a giant of unimpeachable virtue and unparalleled omniscience. It is this fact of the impotence of our cerebration in the presence of the antique which, more than anything else, vindicates the Sneer Method, with all its admitted defects, as an infinitely more salutary and healthy approach to history than the attitude fostered by the Drool Method.

IV

The above observations, I hope, will make it reasonably clear that mankind in general, and even a majority of the teachers of history, still have little regard for the majesty of truth. Even those who have been able to emancipate themselves from the more vulgar types of national and racial prejudice are rarely able to keep an open mind on all subjects. An historian, for example, who can preserve a nice balance of impartiality in regard to the question of Celt versus Teuton in the Middle Ages or of Democrat versus Whig in later times may develop a moral fervor surpassing that of Tacitus when confronted with a case of sex dereliction. The writer once remembers sending a Freudian analysis of the character of Abraham Lincoln to a distinguished historian who had triumphed over both partisan and sectional bias. His enthusiasm for this document, based wholly upon repugnance to the sex issue involved,

was comparable to that which might be exhibited by a Southern Baptist King Kleagle for a plate of Irish stew.

But the immunity of society from the ravages of truth is further safe-guarded by the obstacles interposed in the path of the rare bird who has a real urge to disseminate it and possesses enough intelligence to acquire some slight modicum of his stock in trade. He will be viewed with suspicion by trustees of colleges, denounced in the columns of newspapers, (which will also send his books for review to notoriously unfavorable critics), excluded from respectable periodicals, railed against by ministers of the gospel, ostracised from the favor of school committees who select textbooks, persecuted privately and publicly by innumerable hundred per cent organizations, and regarded as queer and unstable by his closest neighbors and intimate circle of friends. He may even be driven from the academic field into the professions of life insurance agent or plumber—which may at least enable him to acquire a competence and enjoy an old age of contemplative leisure. The intimidation of secondary school teachers to induce them to refrain from any ogling, to say nothing of wooing, of truth is even more direct and effective. But though we may well bewail the fate of the exceptional historian who meets disaster as a result of his professional candor, we are in danger of unnecessary and misplaced grief concerning the alleged "repression" of a vast host of teachers who, we tend to assume, would carry the flaming torch of truth with ecstatic enthusiasm but for their fear of dismissal. As a matter of fact, the majority of history teachers swallow with infinite gusto the great collection of buncombe which constitutes the mental and cultural equipment of the man in the street, assimilate readily what is true to what is "proper", and approve heartily the martyrdom of their few intelligent and courageous colleagues. Mr. Pierce has drawn the following admirable picture of the mental content and attitude of the majority of secondary school teachers, which would probably apply equally well to most of the teachers in the general run of colleges:

> Knowing nothing thoroughly, unable to take pride in his skill or to feel a sense of mastery, the high school teacher cannot be a real scholar. He cannot achieve a critical intelligence. He thinks, as he teaches, without depth. One need never fear, when he is invited to meet a group of his colleagues socially that he will have to exert himself mentally. Nowhere on Main Street is a critical discussion or a serious conversation more taboo than among high school teachers. The weather, the children, a show, a concert, school politics and a few empty platitudes comprise our subjects of conversation. . . . Indeed, for intellectual stimulation, the last place to go is to a group of teachers. Discussions about capital and labor, foreign events, local civic affairs or even important movements in education itself, are limited to the barest and most elementary observations. If one were to mention Bryan and evolution, or the Rev. Dr. Grant and Bishop Manning, or the higher criticism, our confrères would stand aghast and the subject of conversation would be hastily changed. . . . In his social life the high school teacher has not emancipated himself from the *mores* of the small town. . . . Physicians, lawyers and engineers do not permit the most conservative elements to dictate their social life. Teachers do. They tamely submit when an ignorant village parson raves at dancing and the sin of an occasional game of bridge.

In the midst of His early enthusiasm Christ is said not only to have believed in the possible attainment of truth, but also that it would emancipate man from his fetters of superstition and bondage. At the close of His ministry, when He could boast of more contact with human material, He had become so disillusioned in this respect that He declined to accept the invitation of the representative of the majesty of the Roman Empire to open a discussion of the matter. Most thoughtful and seasoned historians can make a valid claim to an *imitatio Christi* in this respect, if in no other.

Mr. MOORE AND Mr. CHEW

BY SAMUEL C. CHEW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

GEORGE MOORE.
SAMUEL C. CHEW, *an American.*
A MAID-SERVANT.

SCENE: *The dining-room at 121, Ebury Street, London, S.W.*

THE MAID. Mr. Chew.

MOORE. Oh, my dear Mr. Chew. I am so happy that you received my message and could come. I rather reproached myself for not asking you to dinner, for a friend sent me some grouse from the country; but afterwards I was glad you were not here, for the birds were dreadfully tough and doubtless you had a better dinner at your hotel. Come, sit here by the fireside; it is more comfortable than upstairs in the drawing-room; and Molly shall bring you a glass of port. Or would you prefer coffee?

CHEW. Port, please.

MOORE. But why haven't you brought Mrs. Chew with you?

CHEW. She was so very tired. We've been at South Kensington all the afternoon, and nothing is more exhausting than a museum, if one tries to observe the collections intelligently.

MOORE. And still more exhausting if one observes them unintelligently. I am distressed that your wife isn't with you. I fear you keep her too constantly in the galleries and museums. She seemed a bit weary when I met you the other day at the Tate.

CHEW. Perhaps it was the sight of the forlorn portraits of yourself and Mr. Hardy that wearied her there.

MOORE. Perhaps. The artist has a very genuine feeling for color, but the likeness is poor. The portrait by Mark Fisher hanging over there by the side-board is a better likeness. I do not remember the picture of Hardy. But really this visit is not complete without Mrs. Chew. She is a charming woman.

CHEW. She will be pleased when I tell her you have said so.

MOORE. There is one advantage in her absence, however. I have been reading the Conversation, the dialogue between you and me, which you brought me the other day. She might be hurt by what I feel I must say about it.

CHEW. I don't think so, for the fact is she didn't like the Conversation herself. She thought the descriptions of you which I introduced were not in the best taste.

MOORE. Well, to tell the truth, I was somewhat puzzled by your comparison of me to somebody's picture of the White Knight; and I suppose no man would really relish the remark that he was "just a little pathetic, here in his prim little house by himself." But never mind the question of taste; I have not always spared the self-esteem of my own subjects. But in a Conversation it is better to leave out description altogether or else to put your descriptions in the form of dialogue.

CHEW. You departed from that strict form in the dialogue with Mr. Husband which you have just published.

MOORE. True; but I think I was wrong.

CHEW. I think my Conversation would be considerably less interesting if I omitted

the descriptions of how your "gently waving hand traces unelaborate patterns in the air" as you talk, and of how when silence falls here by your fireside your expression becomes languid and your eyes, which, when you are talking, are so full of wit, become for the moment dull and overcast. And I should hate to cancel the passage about "the pleasant turn and fall of the silken snow-white hair."

MOORE. Yes, of course your readers will like such impressions of me, and I do not advise you to omit them altogether. But I feel strongly that it would be better to work them into your dialogue.

CHEW. Perhaps it would be better; at any rate I can try.

MOORE. However, there are far graver faults with your Conversation than the mere introduction of descriptive passages. You do not distinguish between art and reality. In life we talk of a dozen different things, but in art we talk of one thing, especially in a Conversation. In other words, we choose a subject.

CHEW. The old problem of unity of action, unity of impression! My intention was that beneath the diversity of subjects, as the talk flitted from one theme to another, there should be a unity. You were to provide the unity, for the Conversation was a portrait in miniature of you.

MOORE. That is not the function of a literary Conversation, except incidentally. You must choose a theme and then develop it.

CHEW. But why? It seems to me that you are setting up *a priori* rules as strict as those of the old French drama. Why can't there be a variety of forms of the literary Conversation?

MOORE. Possibly there can be; but at all events that is how I have composed my Conversations.

CHEW. You wouldn't have me write mere pastiche?

MOORE. I don't know that you could do anything better, to begin with.

CHEW. But—

MOORE. If you will listen I'll try to show you what I have in mind. If you had chosen the art of painting as your subject, you would have done well to talk to me about my experiences in the French studios, why I gave up painting, if I ever dabbled in it still. Modern painting would lead up to modern sculpture, and I should tell you stories of Rodin and should explain why I consider sculpture so inferior to painting.

CHEW. But—

MOORE. After this we should pass—but I need not develop that train of thought further. Let us take another theme. If, for example, you wished to write a Conversation with me about literature, you would have done well to contrive some carefully selected remarks that would fill a couple of pages and lead up gracefully to—shall we say Balzac? And then we would proceed to contrast Balzac with the Russian novelists.

CHEW. But—

MOORE. And that would lead naturally to English novels, and I should tell you what I thought of my prose narratives, and we would contrast them with other books. We would speak of your article on "Héloïse", and I should tell you more about "The Brook Kerith", and so forth.

CHEW. But, Mr. Moore—

MOORE. Just a moment. If you had chosen my relation to painting as your subject, you would, of course, have had to leave out Balzac and the Russian novelists, "Héloïse" and all the rest; and if you had chosen literature, you would have had to leave out Siegfried Wagner and a half a dozen other matters that have no connection with the art of prose narrative.

CHEW. But why may not one follow actuality closely enough to branch off at least occasionally, as in real life, from the chosen topic? That incident of Siegfried Wagner recognizing the piece of music as by Grandpapa Liszt is certainly amusing.

MOORE. Amusing, yes; but out of keeping, unless indeed you had chosen as a theme the influence that music has had upon my life.

CHEW. I can't help thinking that your rules are more rigid than your own practice. Take, for instance, the long account of "Les Arcanes de l'Amour" in "Avowals". What on earth has a description of that disreputable book to do with a Conversation on the English novel?

MOORE. That is episodic.

CHEW. I intended some of my incidents to be episodic. But where, by the way, did you come across "Les Arcanes de l'Amour"? An extraordinary book!

MOORE. I did not come across it; I invented it myself. There is no such book. What fun I had composing the French verses! I thought of several of the lines while riding on top of omnibuses. I chuckled so loudly over some of them that my fellow-passengers were alarmed for my sanity. There are some very clever elisions in those verses, and the caesura is managed very nicely. And the best of the joke is that I selected Gosse as my auditor for them—the prudish Gosse! Some people affect to be shocked at the introduction of such anecdotes into a serious criticism of literature. Fudge, my dear Mr. Chew, fudge! They give a relish to a book. I have no objection to your introducing some such episode into your dialogue—that story I told you about the death of Watts-Dunton, for example. Why don't you bring that into the Conversation?

CHEW. I could hardly do that.

MOORE. Perhaps not. But to return to the dialogue you have written—

CHEW. It is good of you to take so much interest in it. Aren't you tired of talking of it?

MOORE. No; I am able to illustrate your faults by reference to my own successes. You will have to take your Conversation to pieces and do it again. You will have to rely upon your imagination for the dialogue, supplying me with words and yourself with words, and you'll have to develop your subjects. As it is, you do nothing, for example, with Mr. Hardy. You just make me shake my shoulders and say he is a very bad writer. There is nothing interesting in that. What I probably said was that Mr. Hardy's novels were merely melodramatic stories, ill-constructed and ill-written. But even if you had quoted my very words, they would have been insufficient; you would have had to develop the subject for yourself, and then develop an answer to it. You might make me outline to you the story of Lord Uplandtowers—an absurd name, an impossible name for a nobleman—in Hardy's "Group of Noble Dames". You remember: the husband defaces the bust of his wife's former lover so that it becomes the likeness of her lover after, instead of before, the accident that disfigured him for life. The wife finds the defaced portrait and shrieks and faints, and is a dutiful and loving wife to Lord Uplandtowers ever after. Sheer melodrama! And written in a style that is bog-water! Now, if you admire that story, which I hope you don't (though you have thought it worth your while to write a book about Mr. Hardy), you should put my outline into your Conversation and then, in reply, attempt to show me where I am wrong. When I was writing "Esther Waters" somebody told me that Hardy had just published a book on somewhat the same theme. I at once bought a copy of "Tess" and read it, and failed to find any reason why I should not continue my work on "Esther Waters". You might bring in that remark and develop a comparison between the two books. But I think it would be a mistake to devote much of the Conversation to Mr. Hardy. And remember: you must not rely too much upon your memory; you must create; memory plays us false. Let me cite a specific instance from the dialogue you gave me to read. Zola

never said to me that he could tell by my eyes that I was a story-teller; there's no sense in such a remark. I was saying that I wrote with difficulty, and he said "Your eyes tell me that you write with difficulty". There's nothing in the remark; it isn't worth quoting; but if it has to be quoted it had better be quoted correctly.

CHEW. Well, evidently, as the caterpillar said, it's all wrong from beginning to end.

MOORE. I don't understand the reference to the caterpillar—but don't trouble to explain. Let me epitomize: you've not only not attempted to create, but you have not even selected; and as your very sincere friend I advise you to begin again, select a definite subject, and remain within it. To be still more frank: my own impression is that your talents lie in another direction. Why don't you write a book about your wanderings in Italy?

CHEW. There have been so many books written about wanderings in Italy. I could not hope to do anything that would compare with Symonds's "Sketches".

MOORE. Symonds—Oh yes, the consumptive literary critic. I do not know the "Sketches" you speak of.

CHEW. Well, you should read his essays on, say, Orvieto, or Girgenti.

MOORE. I have, as I've frequently remarked, lost the art of reading; and even if I had not, I do not think I should turn to Addington Symonds again. He is associated in my mind with despots and assassinations and Jesuits and Tasso; and what I remember of him struck me as being rather rococco in taste, like the plaster ceilings of some of his late Renaissance palaces.

CHEW. Then how about Vernon Lee? Certainly her "Genius Loci" is an extraordinary book—don't you think so? Its title is not empty of meaning nor a mere boast, for she conveys to her reader the very spirit of a place, its bygone traditions and bygone grandeur.

MOORE. I've really read very little of Vernon Lee. I've always understood that she was a sort of she-Pater of inferior taste and greatly reduced mentality.

CHEW. Em! A follower of Pater? You ought not to object to that.

MOORE. We cannot all follow Pater successfully.

CHEW. Then—to return to Italy—you think I have a free field? For I won't venture to ask your opinion of Grant Allen and Augustus Hare and Maurice Hewlett and Mr. Lucas.

MOORE. No, we need not speak of them. Yes, I think there is an opportunity to write about Italy.

CHEW. But would such a book meet with any success?

MOORE. You must not worry about that; if you are at all inclined to write about Italy you must go ahead and do so. Whether your book is successful or not is a very unimportant matter. Surely you have not been eight months in Italy without gathering impressions that you'd like to preserve. Were you ever there before?

CHEW. Yes, twice—long ago and again a few years before the War.

MOORE. Then you have an opportunity to compare the impressions received as a boy with those received as a young man and again with those of the last few months.

CHEW. But my memories of those earlier visits are very dim and vague.

MOORE. That is not a disadvantage, for memory should soften contours and blur outlines. The touch of sentiment is imparted by the very indistinctness, as in my—

CHEW. Then you would have me write a sort of new "Sentimental Journey" through Italy? Your remark about sentiment suggests an opening to me. What do you say to this opening?—"They order these things better in Italy, I thought, sipping Frascati as I sat in the *loggia* of the Cesare Restaurant and looked out towards the Palatine."

MOORE. I don't say anything to it, Mr. Chew, for I do not understand. Your opening seems to be a sort of parody of Sterne.

CHEW. So it is, and by "these things" I of course mean wines, and I should go on to compare those unfortunate fellow-countrymen of mine who stay at home and drink furtively the wretched substitutes that Prohibition has forced upon them with those other Americans who, like myself, are beyond the reach of the enforcement acts. There is no wine in the world more delicious than *Orvieto bianco* unless it be the divine *Mavrodaphne* one gets in Greece.

MOORE. Let us talk of the comparative merits of Greek and Italian wines some other evening. I'd like to hear more about them, for I've always understood that the Greeks put resin in their wines.

CHEW. Not in *Mavrodaphne*—

MOORE. Never mind the Greek wines. We were talking of the opening of your book.

CHEW. You don't approve of it?

MOORE. No; it will not do to bring the question of Prohibition into your book. If the Americans find themselves mentioned on the first page they will expect to be discussed throughout the book and won't be content to read about Italy.

CHEW. I had not thought of that. The idea of the opening sentence came to me on the spur of the moment.

MOORE. It was obvious that you had not thought it out thoroughly. But you have not been married long. You must begin your book with the suggestion that you were tired of your old way of life, and marriage offered the opportunity for a change, and you said to your wife, "Come, let's see something of the world together." What a fortunate fellow you are to have a companion! Why, your travels in Italy and Greece have been a sort of honeymoon.

CHEW. Pray don't call it a honeymoon! The word has disagreeable associations, for only three days after we were married my wife fell desperately ill with influenza—it was in the winter of 1918—and nearly died. We had a dreadful time, for nurses were not to be had and doctors were terribly busy, and we were in a big New York hotel.

MOORE. Why, my dear Mr. Chew, what better beginning could you possibly find? It's a far better one than I could invent for you. You simply must begin with that illness. Three days after marriage, you say? And you nearly lost her? That charming woman! To think you nearly lost her! What an admirable opening for a book!

CHEW. It has possibilities for the literature of autobiographic reminiscence, hasn't it?

MOORE. I'm afraid you are a little sly, Mr. Chew. But you are certainly lucky to have kept your delightful companion. Sometimes, when I go to visit friends out beyond the West End, where the air has a little of the freshness of the country, I almost come to think that I may have made a mistake, that marriage is best. I can even contemplate myself pushing a perambulator. No; I had no companion, and so I never visited Italy. To my mind Italy, companionless, would not be Italy.

CHEW. But how strange, Mr. Moore—you who have ventured alone so much farther, all the way to Palestine!

MOORE. Ah, but that was absolutely necessary in order that I might write "The Brook Kerith". I did not want to go; in fact I tried to write the book without going. But it simply would not do. I could not depend on other people's descriptions. People never describe the things one wants to know. In one chapter I found myself wondering whether a line of hills bounded the horizon when viewed from a certain point, and I could not discover if the hills were in sight from that point or no. Why, composition absolutely stopped. Again, I wanted to know the exact position of

a particular well, and no book told me, and composition stopped. The whole thing was quite impossible. So I packed my bag and went to Palestine. No one was with me except my dragoman, and he was insufferable. I was horribly bored. But I attended strictly to business and made a quantity of notes and sketches, and came home. I hate travelling, especially by water. I am a good sailor, but I have had miserable experiences crossing the Channel. Oh, miserable experiences! Only last May I crossed in a terrible storm. I stayed on deck; below it was indescribable. All the stewards were busy, and a woman next to me was sick, Oh, very sick! I had to help her; in common decency I had to do what I could for her. The wind blew her skirts about, and she kept moaning "My legs! Cover my legs! Pull my dress down around my legs!" and I said "Never mind your legs, Madame; nobody is looking at your legs." It was a dreadful scene.

CHEW. It must have been.—But tell me: did you have as much anxiety about the background of "Héloïse and Abélard" as you did in the case of "The Brook Kerith"?

MOORE. No; for I know France, and I did not know Syria. The mere fact that I had to deal with the France of eight hundred years ago did not present any great difficulty, for the contours of a country remain from age to age the same, just as human nature does not change. Woodlands vanish, and the beauty of the countryside may be marred by modern buildings, and small holdings may take the place of the vast old common lands and great estates; but the essential features of undulating fields and winding rivers and enfolded hills do not change. Nor does human nature. It is with these essentials of character and environment that I have to do as a story-teller. Great harm was done to the art of prose narrative when writers began to concern themselves with what is called local color. I think it was Scott who first began to try to achieve what the critics call an "atmosphere" by delving into ancient documents and by inquiring into the mere ephemeral details of the past. You may expend infinite pains upon the exact pattern of a helmet or the precise fashion in which a lute was constructed, only to have some archaeologist confront you with documents proving that that particular kind of helmet had been discarded fifty years before your period, or that that sort of lute was not used till the following century. Human nature is such that the writer of the book flies into a rage and attempts to defend his antiquarian accuracy and his story is judged and pronounced a failure on quite other grounds than those on which it should be judged. Yes, Scott was much to blame.

CHEW. The quest of local color begins in France, I think, rather than England. Certainly it can be traced considerably farther back than Scott—to Fénelon, for example, or to the oriental tales which Galland's translation of "The Arabian Nights" brought into vogue, or to some of Voltaire's remarks about Shakespeare. As for Scott, his antiquarianism is neither very profound nor very accurate except when he depicts Scotland. There are glaring faults in "Ivanhoe", especially with regard to the relations between Normans and Saxons, a matter of great moment since the action of the story depends upon it. But "Quentin Durward" is an astonishing recreation of the past, for Scott had never visited the scenes which he describes and for the history and biography of the period was mainly dependent upon Philippe de Comines.

MOORE. Indeed! I had imagined that he delved very deeply into old records.

CHEW. Not so deeply as is often thought. But in any case the problem of local color came much to the fore about a century ago. You remember, no doubt, the wise remark of Stendhal on the subject.

MOORE. No, I do not. What is it?

CHEW. Let me see if I can quote it; let me see: "A serf's dress and brass collar"—yes: "L'habit et le collier de cuivre d'un serf du moyen age sont plus faciles à décrire que les mouvements d'un coeur humain."

MOORE. That is admirably said. It exactly sums up my own view of the matter.

CHEW. Nevertheless it was an achievement to describe such externalities so accurately and so vividly that they seemed to embody and symbolize the spirit of an epoch. Scott was especially successful in his descriptions of great edifices, and it was from him that Victor Hugo learned how to crystallize, as it were, an age in his picture of Notre Dame de Paris.

MOORE. Perhaps so. The inordinate emphasis upon local color was not reached till Flaubert.

CHEW. Yes; Flaubert certainly occupies a large chapter in the history of *couleur locale*.

MOORE. He read, I believe, two thousand books in preparation for "Salammbô". And the result—a stark magnificence, quite dead.

CHEW. Not quite. There are magnificent things in "Salammbô": the crucified lions and the Mercenaries starving in the valley and the scene on the Aqueduct.

MOORE. Such things count for very little. Flaubert was more interested in archaeological details than in human nature. He could describe a Carthaginian weapon, but he could not make Hamilcar and Salammbô live before us. You may remember that in "Avowals" (I think it is) I have said something about his inability to imagine conversation, an inability that grew more and more pronounced in his later years. It is specially evident in "Bouvard et Pécuchet". The ability to write natural dialogue is a test of the novelist. Jane Austen was as wonderful in this respect as in her knowledge of the heart. She had a complete mastery of patter. After her I know of no such mastery until you come to my own books.

CHEW. How curious it is, Mr. Moore, that Flaubert should have prided himself upon the least essential part of his work. You remember, I suppose, the letters to Ste. Beuve and to some other critic whose name I have forgotten who had taken him to task about inaccuracies in his reconstruction of ancient Carthage—the water-supply, for example, and the ritual of Moloch. His letters triumphantly prove the accuracy of his knowledge.

MOORE. No, I do not remember the letters. Perhaps Flaubert would not have triumphed in a controversy which turned upon the truth of the characterization of his heroine. But I do not think I want to talk about Flaubert. Let us turn to other examples of the use of local color.

CHEW. I suppose you do not object to it in novelists of what is called the regionalist type—Miss Edgeworth, for instance, or John Galt, or Mrs. Gaskell.

MOORE. I have not looked into their books for years; Mrs. Gaskell is the most commonplace of writers.

CHEW. Well, how about Mr. Hardy? I know you do not admire his books; but surely you must admit the beauty of his Dorsetshire settings: the cider-makers and the heath-dwellers and the harvesters and the burning rick and shepherds returning at evening with—

MOORE. Yes; the shepherds returning at evening with crooks on their shoulders and their flocks following them and a full moon, three times too large, rising over their left shoulder! Barbizon school! A mere exaggeration of Troyon and Rousseau. That's a very good comparison; I must keep it in mind and make use of it in a Conversation some day.

CHEW. Really, you are scarcely fair to Mr. Hardy.

MOORE. Perhaps not. But I noticed that you yourself used the phrase "the beauty of his Dorsetshire settings". The explanation of Hardy's failures lies

in that word "settings". He sets his stage. He is theatrical, melodramatic. And even if his local color be accurate, his pessimism is out of place in such surroundings. If we must have pessimism, let it be offered us in the golden vase of Ecclesiastes or Shakespeare, not served up in a pie-pot. An admirable phrase, that! I shall certainly introduce it into a Conversation on Mr. Hardy. Let me fix it in memory: If we must have pessimism, let it be offered us in the golden vase of Ecclesiastes or Shakespeare, not served up in a pie-pot.

CHEW. Surely you can't call "The Dynasts" a pie-pot!

MOORE. I have not read "The Dynasts". "Jude the Obscure" is certainly a pie-pot. Have I ever told you what Henry James said about that book? But I won't tell you now. I don't want to talk about Mr. Hardy. I want to point out to you that the little discovery I made in "The Brook Kerith" and in "Héloïse and Abélard" was anticipated by Shakespeare, who took it for granted that ancient stories were just as good as modern, as interesting in every way, on condition that the writer did not trouble the reader with archaeology, dress, furniture, and, above all, ancient modes of speech. But Shakespeare's admirable example was not followed and the lust for archaeology spoilt many good novels. I think I was the first since Shakespeare to discard archaeology, for in writing "Héloïse and Abélard" I thought only of a woman and a man, and became passionately interested in the story when I discovered that Abélard wrote songs in the popular idiom, was, in fact, a *trouvère*. This discovery provided me with a most entertaining means of escape from the tedium of theological controversy. If you ever expand your article on "Héloïse and Abélard", in order to include it in the volume of criticisms which I hope you are going to publish, I wish you would insist on this matter of archaeology. Pray wheedle my remarks into your text, if you care to do so.

CHEW. I shall certainly bear them in mind. What you have just been saying about the tedium of theological controversy suggests another phase of the interest aroused by "Héloïse and Abélard". You were concerned primarily with the love-story, and yet you have managed to give a vivid portrait of Abélard as a philosopher and theologian.

MOORE. True; but you must note how all that side of Abélard's character is pictured early in the book. I was keenly aware that when once the love-story was paramount it would be impossible to return to mere disputation. Even at the risk of wearying the reader I had to show Abélard in the lecture-room at once. Then that part of his character could be taken for granted later on, and when for long years he disappears from my story my readers would be able to picture to themselves his controversies with the church and his manner of conducting them.

CHEW. The parting of the lovers is of course the parting of the ways in your narrative. I have sometimes wondered how you faced the problem of conducting the latter part of your story. You could not return to the old clumsy method of Scott, telling a bit about Héloïse and then turning to her husband with a "Meanwhile Abélard was doing such and such a thing."

MOORE. No, I certainly could not. I had to choose between them. And the temptation was strong to place Héloïse in the convent at Argenteuil and leave her there while I followed the fortunes of Abélard. There were great allurements in the prospect of Abélard's adventurous life, his wanderings, his conflict with the church, culminating in a scene of terror and atrocity which presented a wonderful opportunity for a story-teller. But all the while that I meditated upon Abélard's years of separation from Héloïse the thought pressed

in upon me that my tale was of Héloïse. You will recall that in one of my imaginary conversations with Gosse I spoke of Miss Austen's great achievement: that it was she who first introduced "the burning human heart" into English prose narrative. That was my theme in "Héloïse and Abélard," and though Abélard's wandering life in the pleasant French country offered so many attractions, I all the while knew that I must follow the woman into the convent, where the only adventures were those which the changing seasons brought and where she waited for her husband. All that it was possible to do with Abélard's life during these years was to have him recount it briefly to Héloïse when they met again.

CHEW. And the beautiful conclusion of your story—tell me whether it was always in your mind or whether the idea of it came suddenly.

MOORE. It came suddenly. My original intention was to carry the tale on to the death of Héloïse; but as I was composing the narrative of their last ride together, to the convent of the Paraclete, there came to me the thought: Here I must leave them, for the rest of their lives is known from the Letters; and what better place is there for me to break off than this?

CHEW. Certainly there was very genuine inspiration in that thought, Mr. Moore, for you could not have more movingly brought your story to a close. But it is late; I must be going.

MOORE. Don't go yet awhile, Mr. Chew. I never go to bed early. Sit for half an hour longer. You have led me astray from what I really wished to talk about —your book on Italy.

CHEW. "Héloïse and Abélard" is a better subject for conversation than a book on Italy which will probably never get written.

MOORE. Keep your book in mind nevertheless; and keep in mind what I said about the literary conversation. You must select; you must have a unified theme. Our pleasant chat to-night, for example, would not do for a literary conversation. It has ranged too widely; it lacks unity.

CHEW. Yes, it lacks unity; but I believe that if it were recorded it might give an impression of actuality and truth to life, and hence might be not uninteresting. But I must really be going. It is a long way to my hotel.

MOORE. I am selfish in keeping you from Mrs. Chew. Be sure to bring her with you the next time you come. But wait a moment; I'll get my hat and walk with you as far as Victoria.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

FINAL triumph of Calvinism in Alabama, October 6, 1923:

> Birmingham's exclusive clubs—and all other kinds—will be as blue hereafter as city and State laws can make them. Commissioner of Safety W. C. Bloe issued an order today that Sunday golf, billiards and *dominoes* be stopped, beginning tomorrow.

ARIZONA

FROM an harangue delivered to the Chamber of Commerce of Tucson by the Hon. H. B. Titcomb:

> The person who objects to the ringing of cracked bells from a church-tower I do not believe is a good citizen of any community.

CALIFORNIA

RENAISSANCE of a neglected art in the home of the movie, as reported by the Los Angeles *Times:*

> In response to thousands of requests from the almost countless admirers of this famous American star, I take pride in announcing Mr. Guy Bates Post's return to the speaking stage. The consensus of many of America's foremost critics is—"His intensity disturbs and arrests. As the greatness of his genius governs the trend of thought, aroused in the genius that is—to a greater or lesser degree—the thing that governs—controls—dwarfs or magnifies—the actions—attitudes—good or bad qualities—that makes or unmakes man. By his genius compelling every auditor to feel they are parcel and part of the play—causing their pulses to throb with his, their hearts yearn—glow—ache and are glad with the beats of his heart, until actor and audience become welded as one—fused in the finesse of a single thought."
>
> THE PLAY—"The Climax," a play filled with suspense that comes spontaneously from that soul, secreted in every normal person's breast of thinking age—interspersed with natural effervescing comedy that bubbles into chuckles and bursts into roars, causing tears to recede into the ducts from whence they came, at the critical moment when more sorrow would be anguish—more selfishness produce pain.
>
> MELVILLE B. RAYMOND,
> Director of Tour.

CONNECTICUT

THEOLOGICAL news note from the free imperial city of Middletown, the seat of Wesleyan University, the Berkeley Divinity School and the Connecticut State Hospital for the Insane:

> The Rev. Minard Le G. Porter, pastor of the Methodist Church at Long Hill, near Middletown, has won the Bible Marathon by reading the New Testament in thirteen hours. Commencing shortly before midnight, he kept reading without interruption save for a few minutes to take nourishment.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

REPORT of a modern miracle in the shadow of the Capitol, from the Washington *Herald:*

> The odor of perfume was wafted through Centennial Baptist Church, Seventh and I Streets, Northeast, last night, as the Rev. E. Hez Swem, emphasizing a vigorous sermon, waved a scented handkerchief at his congregation.
>
> "Want to smell it?" he asked. "It's perfume, and it came from the Lord above."
>
> Inspiration for a message had come to him when a feminine member of his flock gave him a bottle of perfume, the Rev. Mr. Swem said. He really wanted some perfume, and God knew he wanted it and gave it to him through this good woman, he said.

GEORGIA

MIRACULOUS work of the Holy Spirit at Arlington, Ga., as reported in a special dispatch to the Fort Worth (Texas) *Star-Telegram:*

> The boll weevil hasn't touched the seven acres set aside here for the Lord.
>
> Furthermore, the seven farmers who consecrated an acre each to the church are prospering in everything they have planted.
>
> In contrast to their flourishing farms is the devastation that has been wrought everywhere in this section by the boll weevil. Cotton has been eaten up bodily and almost without exception the only farmers near Arlington who will make money this year are the seven who set aside an acre each for God's work.
>
> At the opening of Spring, the Rev. H. M. Mel-

ton, pastor of the Bluffton Baptist Church, near here, asked each farmer in his church to stake off one acre and give the proceeds to the church.

Seven pledged themselves to do this and signed the following agreement: "We the undersigned farmer members of the Bluffton Baptist Church, do agree to stake off, plant, cultivate, and harvest one acre of our respective farms. The product of said acre, when in marketable condition, is to be turned over to a committee appointed by the church to receive and sell, and the proceeds of said acre to be used in the work of the Lord."

Through the acres devoted to the Lord, the church expects to raise money enough to pay its pastor's salary.

ILLINOIS

MAKING the bride an honest woman in Chicago, as described by the local newspapers:

The Chicago meat packing industry and the University of Chicago, long rival attractions shown to visitors as examples of the city's industrial and cultural activity, are to be united. Meat packing is to take its place in the curriculum of the university, along with Latin, economics, psychology, and the rest.

IOWA

COLLAPSE of the work of the Sulgrave Foundation in Iowa, as reported from Sioux City:

When Lady Eleanor Smith, daughter of Lord Birkenhead, former lord chancellor of England, smoked a cigarette on the campus of Morningside College here last Wednesday, and when Lord Birkenhead himself produced his own bottle of wine at a luncheon at which he was the guest of the Methodist college professors, they started something. Now the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Sioux City want the world to know that they do not approve of the conduct of the distinguished guests. The women declare that in addition to the aforementioned acts, Lord Birkenhead, just before his lecture at Grace Methodist Church, attended a gathering of lawyer acquaintances in the basement of the church, where he opened for them a bottle of "the king's own". Resolutions adopted by the women declare that "the union wishes to go on record as being opposed to the earl's propaganda against the established laws of this country and the lack of propriety of his daughter."

KANSAS

LATEST triumph of the Higher Patriotism in Kansas, as reported by E. W. Howe in his interesting *Monthly:*

The attorney general of Kansas has ruled that if a child in school refuses to repeat the flag pledge, its parents may be arrested and fined. A good many children are tired of repeating the flag pledge every day, which is as follows: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." . . . The pledge was invented, and forced on the children, by an old maid engaged in welfare work.

MARYLAND

NEW zoölogical classification from the estimable Baltimore *Evening Sun:*

Two men were sentenced to jail for 30 days and a negro for six months in the Traffic Court today.

MISSOURI

CALLING out the *Landsturm* against the Devil in Kansas City, as reported by the United Press:

A world's record for Bible class attendance was set here yesterday by the men's class of the First Baptist Church, when 17,833 men jammed Convention Hall. The Baptist Church here is in a contest with a business men's class in Long Beach, Calif. The Long Beach class, according to messages received here, had 9,756 yesterday.

NEW YORK

FROM an interview with the Hon. John S. Sumner, Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in the New York *World:*

The stage last season was the cleanest in years and this season it is the worst in history, according to John S. Sumner:

"It has touched a lower level than ever before," he declared, "both in the exploitation of salacious themes and in the exhibition of nudity. Complaints to the society have been very numerous. Many organizations have shown great interest in the matter."

He said the statement had been made to him *that the moral character of the scene shifters was being imperiled in one or two shows.*

OHIO

PHILOSOPHICAL conclusions of the massed realtors of Toledo, as given in the Toledo *Realtor*, the organ of the Toledo Real Estate Board:

1. Everyone should strive to give to the world a distinct personality as the one contribution above all others to make.

2. No personality will be marked with any particular individuality that has constantly been copied from others.

3. New ideas in human endeavor are scarce.

PENNSYLVANIA

FROM a list of "Educational Books For Home Study" sent out by a bookseller in Youngsville, Pa.:

The Art of Making Love (2 vols.), $1.00.
The Life of Harding (illustrated), $2.50.
Salesmanship as a Fine Art, $2.00.
How to Develop a Strong and Healthy Mind, $2.50.
How to Make Shoes Waterproof, $.25.
How to Tie Different Knots, $.35.
1000 Ways of Getting Rich, $.50.

SOUTH CAROLINA

FROM a call for 33,373 volunteers to teach the 33,373 white adult illiterates of the State how to write their names:

Just a few days ago a man said in our presence that a strong, vigorous man had come to him very much exercised about his spiritual welfare. He was at once referred to certain passages in the Bible, which would unquestionably throw light upon his perplexity This strong, vigorous man was forced to reply: "I am very sorry, but I cannot read."

We wonder whether any other argument is really necessary to make the people of this State determine to remove adult illiteracy, thus putting it within the power of every white man and woman in this State of ours to search the Scriptures and thus learn of Him, whom to know aright is life everlasting.

Additional inducement:

A revised copy of Aesop's Fables will be given by Mr. Ambrose E. Gonzalez to each pupil who learns to write his name.

TEXAS

SPECIMEN of literary criticism by Prof. Dr. Leonard Doughty, a favorite pedagogue of the republic of Texas, where the great open spaces breed a race of men with hair on their chests and red blood in their veins:

It might have been thought of the Teuton that he had reached earth's nadir of stupid badness and graceless shame in Hauptmann and Sudermann and their frowzy compeers. But the race that could produce Sudermann and Hauptmann and their like knows no nadir of mental sordidness or moral perversion; there are depths below all other depths for them. The actual, original "scientific" writings of Krafft-Ebing are less vile and pervert than the current "literature" of the Germans today. The stain of that yellow, bastard blood is upon much of the "authorship" of the United States. It is only a matter of procuring a grade-school "education" under our free system and Americanizing an ungainly name. Except for these, the modern "authorship" that makes the "books" upon our stalls is of those dread middle races, Aryan, indeed, but interminable mixed and simmered in the devil's cauldron of middle Europe, and spewed out of Italy and France, and off the dismal Slavic frontiers, and out of that dismal and cankered East, that like a horde of chancre-laden rats are brought to swarm down the gang-planks of a thousand ships upon our shores. It is the spawn of the abysmal fecundity of this seething mass, which now, with the mental and moral deficiency of a thousand generations of defective parentage and low breeding behind and within them, emits these "volumes", as the insane emit shrieks or as a putrid corpse emits odor. After some inquiry I have learned to a confident surety that no one of the "writers" of all this unhappy array was in the service of the United States in the great war.

VIRGINIA

EXAMPLES of neo-Confederate English from examination papers submitted by Virginia schoolmarms attending the Summer School at the University of Virginia:

He run down the street, but it was too late to cought him . . .

I like James Witcomb Rily, because he is not dead, and writes poems in the paper that one can see all right . . .

The flames shot into the sky a few foot above the house . . .

WASHINGTON

HURRYING on the Kingdom in the Chinook State, as reported by the *Editor and Publisher:*

Newspaper advertising was the best investmade in 1923 by the Garden Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Bellingham, Wash., according to the pastor, the Rev. Dr. J. C. Harrison, who added that $100 worth of advertising had brought in more than $1,700 in silver plate collections.

AESTHETE: MODEL 1924

BY ERNEST BOYD

He is a child of this Twentieth Century, for the Yellow Nineties had flickered out in the delirium of the Spanish-American War when his first gurgles rejoiced the ears of his expectant parents. If Musset were more than a name to him, a hazy recollection of French literature courses, he might adapt a line from the author of "La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle" and declare: I came too soon into a world too old. But no such doubts trouble his spirit, for he believes that this century is his because he was born with it. He does not care who makes its laws, so long as he makes its literature. To this important task he has consecrated at least three whole years of his conscious—or rather self-conscious—existence, and nothing, as yet, has happened to shake his faith in his star. In fact, he finds the business rather easier than he had anticipated when, in the twilight sleep of the class-room, vague reports reached him of Milton's infinitesimal fee for "Paradise Lost", of Chatterton's death, of the harassed lives of Shelley and Keats, of the eternal struggle of the artist against the indifference of his age and the foul bludgeonings of fate.

The Aesthete's lot has been a happier one. His thirtieth birthday is still on the horizon, his literary baggage is small, or non-existent—but he is already famous; at least, so it seems to him when he gazes upon his own reflection in the eyes of his friends, and fingers aggressively the luxurious pages of the magazine of which he is Editor-in-Chief, Editor, Managing Editor, Associate Editor, Contributing Editor, Bibliographical Editor, or Source Material Editor. His relationship to the press must always be editorial, and to meet the changed conditions of the cosmos, a changed conception of the functions of an editor provides him with a vast selection of titles from which to choose. The essential fact is that he has an accredited mouthpiece, a letter-head conferring authority, a secure place from which to bestride the narrow world in which he is already a colossus. Thus he is saved from those sordid encounters with the harsh facts of literary commerce which his predecessors accepted as part of the discipline of life: Meredith reading manuscripts for Chapman & Hall, Gissing toiling in New Grub Street, Anatole France writing prefaces for Lemerre's classics, Dreiser polishing dime novels for Street & Smith.

It is natural that he should thus be overpowered by a mere sense of his own identity, for there is nothing, alas, in his actual achievements, past or present, to warrant his speaking prematurely with the voice of authority. That he does so unchallenged is a proof to him that he himself is his own excuse for being. In a very special sense he accepts the Cartesian formula: I think, therefore I am. When he went to Harvard —or was it Princeton or Yale?—in the early years of the Woodrovian epoch, he was just one of so many mute and inglorious Babbitts preparing to qualify as regular fellows. If some brachycephalic shadow lay across the Nordic blondness of his social pretensions, then, of course, the pilgrimage assumed something of the character of a great adventure into the Promised Land, the penetration to an Anglo-Saxon Lhasa. His immediate concern, in any case, was to resemble as closely as possible every man

about him, to acquire at once the marks of what is known as the education of a gentleman, to wit, complete and absolute conformity to conventions, the suppression of even the faintest stirrings of eccentric personality. To this day he feels a little embarrassed when he calls on his father in Wall Street, carrying a walking-stick and wearing a light tweed suit, but he trusts that even the door-opener's scorn will be softened by the knowledge that here is an artist, whose personality must be untrammeled.

Those who knew the Aesthete during the period of his initiation will recall how he walked along the banks of his Yankee Isis, or lolled behind the bushes, discussing Life; how he stood at the Leif Ericson monument and became aware of the passage of time;—*Eheu fugaces, labunter anni,* he now would say, especially if he were writing a notice of the Music Box Review; how he went to the cemetery to contemplate the graves of William and Henry James, and noted in himself the incipient thrill of Harvard pride and acquired New Englandism. But these gentle pursuits did not mean so much to him at first as the more red-blooded diversions of week-ends in Boston, and such other fleshly sins as that decayed city might with impunity offer. More refined were the evening parties on the northern side of the town where, in a background of red plush curtains and chairs but recently robbed of their prudish antimacassars, whispers of romantic love might be heard from well-behaved young women, whose highest destiny, before lapsing legally into the arms of a professor, was to be remembered when, at a later stage, a sonnet evolved from a brain beginning to teem creatively. For the rest, football games and lectures, the former seriously, the latter intermittently, maintained in him the consciousness of the true purpose of a university education.

From the excellent Professors Copeland and Kittredge he distractedly and reluctantly acquired a knowledge of the elements of English composition and of the more virtuous facts of English literature. He read, that is to say, fragments of the classical authors and dutifully absorbed the opinions of academic commentators upon them. American literature was revealed to him as a pale and obedient provincial cousin, whose past contained occasional indiscretions, such as Poe and Whitman, about whom the less said the better. Latin and French were filtered through the same kind of sieve, but without so many precautions, for in neither case was it possible for the aspirant after knowledge to decipher easily the kind of author to whom the urge of adolescence would naturally drive him. The Loeb classics left the un-Christian passages in the original, while the estimable Bohn unkindly took refuge in Italian, the language of a "lust-ridden country", as Anthony Comstock points out in that charming book of his, "Traps for the Young". However, he still possesses enough Latin to be able to introduce into his written discourse appropriate tags from the Dictionary of Classical Quotations, though his quantities, I regret to say, are very weak. I have heard him stress the wrong syllable when speaking of Ouspensky's "Tertium Organum", although he will emend a corrupt passage in Petronius, and professes to have read all the obscurer authors in Gourmont's "Latin Mystique."

There came finally a subtle change in his outlook, from which one must date the actual birth of the Aesthete as such—*der Aesthetiker an sich*, so to speak. I suspect it was after one of those parties in the red plush drawing-rooms, when he returned to his rooms with what seemed like the authentic beginnings of a sonnet in his ears. From that moment he had a decided list in the direction of what he called "creative work". While the stadium shook with the hoarse shouts of the rabble at football games he might be observed going off with a companion to indulge in the subtle delights of intellectual conversation. His new friends were those whom he had at first dismissed as negligible owing to their avowed intention of not being he-men. The

pulsation of new life within him prompted him to turn a more sympathetic eye upon this hitherto despised set, and they, in their turn, welcomed a new recruit, for the herd instinct is powerful even amongst the intellectual. Under this new guidance he came into contact with ideas undreamt of in the simple philosophy of the class-room. Strange names were bandied about, curious magazines, unwelcomed by the college library, were read, and he was only too glad to discover that all the literary past of which he was ignorant or strangely misinformed counted as nothing in the eyes of his newly emancipated friends. From the pages of the *Masses* he gathered that the Social Revolution was imminent, that Brieux was a dramatist of ideas; in the *Little Review* he was first to learn the enchantment of distance as he sat bemused by its specimens of French and pseudo-French literature. Thus the ballast of which he had to get rid in order to float in the rarefied atmosphere of Advanced Thought was negligible. He had merely to exchange one set of inaccurate ideas for another.

II

It was at this precise moment in his career that the Wilsonian storming of Valhalla began. With the call to arms tingling in his blood, the Aesthete laid aside the adornments of life for the stern realities of a military training camp. Ancestral voices murmured in his ears, transmitted by instruments of dubious dolichocephalism, it is true, but perhaps all the more effective on that account, for Deep calls unto Deep. I will not dwell upon the raptures of that martial period, for he himself has left us his retrospective and disillusioned record of it, which makes it impossible to recapture the original emotion. Harold Cabot Lilienthal—and, I suppose I should add, in deference to my subject, *hoc genus omne*—was apparently not capable of the strain of ingesting the official facts about the great moral crusade. It was government contract material and proved to be as shoddy and unreliable as anything supplied by the dollar-a-year men to the War Department. By the time the uniformed Aesthete got to France he was a prey to grave misgivings, and as his subsequent prose and verse show, he was one of C. E. Montague's Disenchanted—he who had been a Fiery Particle. He bitterly regretted the collegiate patriotism responsible for his devotion to the lofty rhetoric of the *New Republic*. By luck or cunning, however, he succeeded in getting out of the actual trenches, and there, in the hectic backwash of war, he cultivated the tender seeds just beginning to germinate. He edited his first paper, the *Doughboys' Dreadnought*, or under the auspices of the propaganda and vaudeville department made his first contribution to literature, "Young America and Yougo-Slavia". Simultaneously with this plunge into arms and letters, he made his first venture into the refinements of sex, thereby extending his French vocabulary and gaining that deep insight into the intimate life of France which is still his proudest possession.

When militarism was finally overthrown, democracy made safe, and a permanent peace established by the victorious and united Allies, he was ready to stay on a little longer in Paris, and to participate in the joys of La Rotonde and Les Deux Magots. There for a brief spell he breathed the same air as the Dadaists, met Picasso and Philippe Soupault, and allowed Ezra Pound to convince him that the French nation was aware of the existence of Jean Cocteau, Paul Morand, Jean Giraudoux and Louis Aragon. From those who had nothing to say on the subject when Marcel Proust published "Du Côté de chez Swann" in 1914 he now learned what a great author the man was, and formed those friendships which caused him eventually to join in a tribute to Proust by a group of English admirers who would have stoned Oscar Wilde had they been old enough to do so when it was the right thing to do.

The time was now ripe for his repatriation, and so, with the same critical equipment in French as in English, but with a

still imperfect control of the language as a complication, the now complete Aesthete returned to New York, and descended upon Greenwich Village. His poems of disenchantment were in the press, his war novel was nearly finished, and it was not long before he appeared as Editor-in-Chief, Editor, Managing Editor, Associate Editor, Contributing Editor, Assistant Editor, Bibliographical Editor or Source Material Editor of one of the little reviews making no compromise with the public (or any other) taste. Both his prose and verse were remarkable chiefly for typographical and syntactical eccentricities, and a high pressure of unidiomatic, misprinted French to the square inch. His further contributions (if any) to the art of prose narrative have consisted of a breathless phallic symbolism —a sex obsession which sees the curves of a woman's body in every object not actually flat, including, I need hardly say, the Earth, our great Mother.

But it is essentially as an appraiser of the arts, as editor and critic, that the young Aesthete demands attention. He writes a competent book review and awakes to find himself famous. The next number of the magazine contains a study of his aesthetic, preferably by the author whose work he has favorably reviewed. By the end of the year a publisher announces a biographical and critical study of our young friend, and his fame is secured. He can now discourse with impunity about anything, and he avails himself of the opportunity. He has evolved an ingenious style, florid, pedantic, technical, full of phrases so incomprehensible or so rhetorical that they almost persuade the reader that they must have a meaning. But the skeptical soon discover that this is an adjustable and protean vocabulary, that by a process of reshuffling the same phrases will serve for an artistic appreciation of Charlie Chaplin, an essay on Marcel Proust, or an article on Erik Satie. His other expedient is an arid and inconceivable learning, picked up at second hand. Let him discuss "The Waste Land" and his erudition will rival the ponderous fatuity of T. S. Eliot himself. He will point out on Ptolemy's map the exact scene, quote the more obscure hymns of Hesiod, cite an appropriate passage from Strabo's geography, and conclude with a cryptic remark from the Fourth Ennead of Plotinus. Yet, one somehow suspects that even the parasangs of the first chapter of Xenophon's Anabasis would strain his Greek to the breaking-point.

Nevertheless, information is the one thing the Aesthete dreads. To be in the possession of solid knowledge and well-digested facts, to have definite standards, background and experience, is to place oneself outside the pale of true aestheticism. While foreign literature is his constant preoccupation, the Aesthete has no desire to make it known. What he wants to do is to lead a cult, to communicate a mystic faith in his idols, rather than to make them available for general appreciation. Articles on the subject are an important feature of his magazines, but they consist, as a rule, of esoteric witticisms and allusive gossip about fourth-rate people whom the writer happens to have met in a café. He will sweep aside the finest writers in French as lumber, launch into ecstasies over some Dadaist, and head the article with a French phrase which is grammatically incorrect, and entirely superfluous, since it expresses no idea that could not be correctly rendered in English. If one protest that the very title of a book which is a masterpiece of style has been mistranslated, that the first page has several gross errors, the Aesthete will blandly point out that in paragraph two there are four abstract nouns each with a different termination. It is useless to show him that there are no equivalent nouns in the text. Finally, one gives up arguing, for one remembers that Rimbaud once wrote a poem about the color of the vowels. Literary history must repeat itself.

The almost Swedenborgian mysticism of the Aesthete is implied in all his comments, for he is usually inarticulate and incomprehensible. He will ingenuously describe himself as being "with no more warning

than our great imagination in the presence of a masterpiece". One reads on to discover the basis for this enthusiasm, but at the outset one is halted by the naïve admonition that "it isn't even important to know that I am right in my judgment. The significant and to me overwhelming thing was that the work was a masterpiece and altogether contemporary". In other words, this work, which the writer says "I shall make no effort to describe", may or may not be a masterpiece, nevertheless it is one . . . presumably because it is "altogether contemporary". It is on this point of view that the solemn service of the Younger Aestheticism depends. If a piece of sculpture is distorted and hideous, if the battered remains of a wrecked taxi are labeled, "La Ville tentaculaire", the correct attitude is one of delight. One should "make no effort to describe" what is visible, but clutch at the "altogether contemporaneous" element, indicating a masterpiece. In music one must not seek in the cacophonies of the current idols the gross, bourgeois emotion which one receives from Brahms and Beethoven. The Aesthete holds that a cliché, in French for preference, will dispose of any genius. One should make play with *le côté Puccini* and *le faux bon.*

The pastime is an amusing one, for it involves no more serious opposition than is to be found in the equally limited arsenal of the Philistines. What could be easier than to caper in front of the outraged mandarins waving volumes of eccentrically printed French poetry and conspuing the gods of the bourgeoisie? It is like mocking a blind man, who hears the insults but cannot see the gestures. The Aesthete tries to monopolize the field of contemporary foreign art and he is accustomed to respectful submission or the abuse and indifference of sheer ignorance. When he needs a more responsive victim he turns his attention to the arts adored by the crowd, the "lively arts," Mr. Seldes calls them, as if the Fifth Symphony were depressing. The esoteric reviews publish "stills" of Goldwyn pictures and discover strange beauties in follow-up letters and street-car advertisements. The knees of Ann Pennington, the clowning of Charlie Chaplin, the humors of Joe Cook and Fannie Brice must now be bathed in the vapors of aesthetic mysticism. But here there is a difference. The performances of the "lively" artist are familiar to every one above the age of ten; most of us have enjoyed them without feeling compelled to explain ourselves. A reference to Gaby Deslys finds its place as naturally in the works of Havelock Ellis as one to "Der Untergang des Abendlandes." But the Aesthete takes his lively arts uneasily. He is determined to demonstrate that he is just as other men. It is evidently not only in foreigners that one encounters that "certain condescension" of which the late Mr. Lowell complained.

III

In the last analysis the Aesthete may be diagnosed as the literary counterpart of the traditional American tourist in Paris. He is glamored by the gaudy spectacle of that most provincial of all great cities. French is the tube through which he is fed, and he has not yet discovered how feeble the nourishment is. When he turns to other countries, Germany, for instance, he betrays himself by an incongruous and belated enthusiasm for the novelties of the eighties and nineties. The contemporaries of Thomas Mann, Schnitzler and Hauptmann elsewhere are beneath his notice. Spain and Italy come onto his horizon only when Paris becomes aware of their existence. In a few years, however, his younger brother will go up to Cambridge, in his turn, and then we shall doubtless be enlightened concerning the significant form of Kasimir Edschmid, Walter von Molo and Carl Sternheim. One cannot be "altogether contemporary" all the time.

The signs, indeed, already point that way, for I notice that Hugo Stinnes is mentioned as a modern Marco Polo, and the American realtor is praised as a reincarnation of the creative will of Leonardo

da Vinci. This new-found delight in publicity experts, election slogans, billboards and machinery may result in a pilgrimage across the Rhine where, in the dissolution of so many fine things, an aesthetic of Philistinism has emerged. The tone of democratic yearning which has begun to permeate German literature, recalling the dreams of Radical England in the days of Lord Morley's youth, may facilitate the understanding between two great democracies. But the fatal attraction of French, not to mention the difficulty of German, is a serious obstacle to any new orientation of the younger Aestheticism, and Paris, as usual, can provide what its customers demand. Thus the cult of the movies, with its profound meditations on "Motion Picture Dynamics", and all the vague echoes of Elie Faure's theory of "cineplastics", involves a condemnation of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari", a tactless Teuton effort to put some genuine fantasy into the cinema. Instead of that the faithful are called upon by a French expert to admire the films of William S. Hart and Jack Pickford, and some one carefully translates the poetic rhapsodies inspired in him by the contemplation of their masterpieces.

"Two souls", in the words of the German bard, "dwell in the breast" of the Aesthete, and his allegiance is torn between the salesmanager's desk, where, it appears, the Renaissance artist of to-day is to be found, and the esoteric editorial chair where experiments are made with stories which "discard the old binding of plot and narrative", the substitute being "the structural framework which appeals to us over and above the message of the line". Thus it becomes possible simultaneously to compare Gertrude Stein with Milton and to chant the glories of the machine age in America. This dualism, obviously, foreshadows the ultimate disintegration of the type, although for the moment the process is ingeniously disguised by such devices as the printing of prose bearing all the outward marks of super-modern eccentricity but made up cunningly of a pattern woven from phrases culled from billboards and the advertising pages of the magazines; by reproducing the weirdest pictures together with business-like photographs of cash-registers and telephones. The household gods of Babbitt are being pressed into service, just as his innocent amusements are being intellectualized.

Here the Aesthete departs from the traditions of the species at his peril. Hitherto his technique has been perfect, for it has been his practice to confine his enthusiasm to works of art that are either as obscure or as inessential, or both, as his own critical comment. He realized that it was unsafe to trifle with subjects about which his public might be better informed than himself. Now his incantations lose their potency when applied to matters within the experience and comprehension of the plain people, and not one cubit is added to the stature of William S. Hart, so far as his devotees are concerned, by the knowledge that his name is pronounced with aesthetic reverence on the Left Bank of the Seine.

The process of change is at work, for the transitional youth is already in at least one editorial chair, frowning upon the frivolities of the Jazz Age, calling for brighter and better books, his dreams haunted by fears of Sodom and Gomorrah. The Aesthete, meanwhile, is retiring with an intellectual *Katzenjammer*, which produces in some cases a violent and unnatural nausea, a revulsion against the wild delights of his former debauches. In others the result is a return to the cosy hearth of the American family; his head aches a little but his hand is steady. He is refreshed by a journalistic bromo seltzer. There is pep in the swing of his fist upon the typewriter as he sits down to a regular and well-paid job, convincing others, as his employer has convinced him, that he really knows what the public wants.

THE TRAGIC HIRAM

BY JOHN W. OWENS

IT OUGHT to be possible to extract from some Christian eye, somewhere, somehow, a tear of pity for Hiram Johnson.

Hordes of people are sorry for Borah because he is too reckless in minor crises, or because he is never reckless in major crises. Other hordes weep for La Follette because he lacks the will to start a new party, or because he possesses too much will to start schisms in the old party—for, with his talent for practical politics, he would be mighty within the old party if only he were regular. One horde or another, indeed, is sorry for nearly all the politicians who do not quite make the front rank. But here is Johnson, facing the probability that he has thrown away the Presidency which he craves beyond all things else, mortal or immortal, and one hears mainly mocking laughter. The excuse given is that he has probably thrown it away through mere selfishness—no paradox, but a fact. But ought selfishness, then, be set up as a bar to sympathy for a politician?

Observe the facts in this Johnson case, so sad, so full of lessons. Three years ago, when the Presidential fight was over, Hiram had the popular leadership of the Republican party within his grasp, and the popular leadership of the Republican party was equivalent to the popular leadership of the country. No one supposed, even at the height of poor Harding's brief triumph that he would be a popular leader; La Follette was still in disgrace; Borah appeared a prima donna with whom no section of public opinion was able to establish contact long enough to feel assured of him; Kenyon was too distinctly of Iowa, Iowan, to make a national appeal; Hoover obviously had no political sense. That left only Johnson. And Johnson had certain distinct assets of his own.

He had made good in the popular melodramatic rôle of a fighting Governor out in California, and thus his figure had far more clarity of outline than a Senator is usually able to achieve. His same record at home had fixed him in the public imagination as a good manager—and the masses instinctively call for a good manager when heroic deeds are to be done. He had been a leading actor in the primary campaign of 1920, and his downright stand on the League of Nations had made him seem important and alive to both the friends and the foes of the League at a time when most other Republican candidates were inclined to pussyfoot. Finally, he had touched the great heart of the common people with his ringing demand for freedom of speech and assemblage; his rivals were apparently unaware of the depth of public interest in such matters. Behind all was the fact that the country, despite the election of Harding, remained overwhelmingly hopeful and Progressive, as all the elections of the last two decades had shown—and Johnson could qualify as one of the original prophets of the Progressive revelation.

II

Such were his advantages when Harding was elected. What happened? Following the inauguration, the great masses of the plain people turned their minds expectantly to domestic affairs, and at once there was a call for Progressive leadership. Harding himself, of course, was wholly un-

fit for the task, and scarcely made any attempt upon it. Within six months of the beginning of his administration signs of trouble began to appear. Within a year they were innumerable, North, East, South and West—and soon afterward a staggering series of primary defeats mowed down his friends and left him dismayed and helpless. The Autumn elections completed the work; the way was open for Johnson. Imagine Roosevelt in such a situation—galloping toward the White House! Imagine Roosevelt nine months later, with Harding dead, his mortgage upon the nomination lapsed, and a thin, blank conformist in his shoes! But Johnson—well, Johnson simply railed at fate, and then alternately pined and hoped.

His trouble was this: In 1920 he wanted to be President so badly that when he was defeated he thought the world had come to an end. The injustice of depriving Hiram Johnson of that colossal prize assumed unthinkable proportions. Paradise was lost. The enemy of mankind ranged and devoured the Republic. Thus, when Congress convened after the November election, Johnson appeared as one sunk so far in the depths of horror and despair that not the faintest ray of sunshine could reach him. A black pall enshrouded him. The country, having decided the election by some 7,000,000 plurality, shook itself and remarked "That's settled; let's go!" but Johnson was so deep underground that he could not hear.

Unluckily for him, the other wounded were less flabbergasted. They continued to be seen and heard. Borah, for example, began yelling lustily for economy. He cried out against Federal commissions and bureaux, and against bureaucracy in general as a sponge that absorbed the people's substance. He cried out against proposals to spend millions upon millions on great armies and navies, and he sustained that cry in such penetrating tones that he became the most potent force in summoning the Disarmament Conference. He bolted his party in the tariff fight; he charged that the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill was a device for robbing the many to the profit of the few; he made a great stir.

La Follette, too, was in full function. Refusing in his old age to remain a pariah to his enemies and a martyr to his friends, he shared Borah's tariff fight, and resumed in full vigor his own ancient attack upon the Interests. Kenyon turned up again as the friend of the working man. He became the champion of the West Virginia miners, and the advocate of an industrial code designed to govern the relations between labor and capital in the great industries. Norris was at work in his accustomed way, specializing in the incurable ills of the farmer. All the other old Progressives were hard at it, uncovering atrocities, making hay. Progressivism was on the march again—not clear about where it was going, but moving.

But nobody could find the dashing hero, Johnson. Day after day he was returned *non est*. Not until Harding appointed David H. Blair, of North Carolina, to be Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was he heard of at all. Then he rushed forth suddenly as the defender of political morality. But it quickly appeared that Blair was simply one of the devils responsible for the crime at Chicago, when the doors of Paradise were slammed in Johnson's face. Blair had been largely to blame, the country was vehemently told, for the "disloyalty" of the North Carolina delegation. But the country was not interested, and Johnson subsided again. Occasionally thereafter he bobbed feebly to the surface, as in the contests over the Colombian treaty and the Four-Power pact. But that was all.

He was unheard of in the fight for the reduction of government expenses, in the big row over the unjust distribution of the burdens of taxation, in the forensic collisions caused by the woes of the workers, and in the battle royal over responsibility for the disaster that had overtaken the farmers. In the tariff fight his only concern was that California's interests be protected up to the hilt; in return, he was will-

ing to protect other industries, located anywhere, up to the hilt. In the Newberry fight he played the sorriest part of any man in the Senate; he did not aid his Progressive colleagues when they held aloft the banner of political purity and neither did he stand boldly with the Old Guard when it shouted defiance. Very unfortunately, his train reached Washington too late for him to vote—a fact which led some skeptics to observe that after he unexpectedly carried Michigan in the 1920 primaries, the Newberry influence, unlike the Blair influence in North Carolina, was not disloyal and did not help slam the doors of Paradise.

For the rest, he was merely a pale fat man, moping in and out of the Senate. Often he came late and left early; often he disappeared from the floor. The debates in which he had once joined with such infinite relish now bored him unspeakably. A common sight was Johnson entering the main door and looking wearily around, and Johnson leaving through the main door, his shoulders aslump. In conversation with other Senators or lesser politicians, his expression habitually was either listless or suspicious. Never was there a worse case of dyspepsia of the spirit. Convinced, apparently, that his chance of getting the Presidency was lost forevermore, he was also convinced that the world had gone to pot.

Not until after the 1922 elections did he lift his head. And even then he lacked the strength to keep it lifted; he could do no more than peer around. Those elections raised the question whether a man so easy-going and unambitious as Harding would insist that his mortgage on the 1924 nomination be honored. That, of course, carried a renewal of hope for Johnson. He did two things at this juncture. He looked over the organization of Progressives of both parties that La Follette had formed, and decided that joining it offered him more danger than benefit. And he began to flirt chastely with certain members of the Old Guard, notably the cheerful, sparkling Tory from New Hampshire, Senator Moses Those Tories began to believe early in 1923 that Harding was doomed to defeat, and that the only way to save the Republican party was to offer a sop to the Progressives and the Radicals. Their thought was that Johnson was the sop that would cost the least. They believed that the plain people could be made to rally around him again; at the same time, the knowledge of him since 1920 which they had, and which they supposed the masses did not have, encouraged them to believe that he would not be troublesome to Right Thinking if installed in the White House.

But, as everybody knows, when the death of President Harding made Johnson a real candidate again, and gave him a chance that might have been converted into virtual assurance of the Presidency, all the Tories with whom he had been flirting —or, at least the most energetic of them, Senator Moses—ran away from him so fast that one might have supposed him a sudden victim of smallpox. Seeing a new deal all around, and a chance to win with one of the Tories' own, and a fellow New Englander besides, Moses showed speed in getting away from Johnson that was downright humorous. His vast celerity, indeed, offered one of the two genuine comedies of those lugubrious days. The fun of the other was also in speed—the speed with which Senator Borah hurried to the front from some place in the remote West with an endorsement of Coolidge. The obvious purpose was to check any possible stampede of the uninformed Progressives to Johnson in the first days of the new régime. Borah, of course, has nothing in common with Coolidge, but he knew that the moment his endorsement was printed, every man in the country who had looked upon him as Johnson's twin brother in 1920 would see a signal to stop, look and listen. So far as a diligent reading of the newspapers and close attention to the words of politicians disclose, no other outstanding Progressive has ever done anything to counteract the effect of Borah's *volte face*.

III

Johnson's chances at present rest on two fragile possibilities, uproarious though he be. The first is that Coolidge may energetically espouse the World Court, that the rank and file of the Republicans may revolt, and that Johnson may be able to capitalize the revolt. But it is greatly to be doubted that Coolidge ever will do anything that could conceivably cause a party rebellion. He may start one unwittingly by doing nothing; but a revolt due to deliberate and positive action against the popular will is something beyond the imagination of those having contact with the President. The second of Johnson's chances grows out of another thin possibility—that next summer the Old Guard, with the votes in hand to nominate Coolidge, may turn him down because nominating him would throw the election away. But even if Coolidge were jettisoned by the Old Guard, Johnson would have no assurance whatever of being chosen as the life-saving Progressive pilot. The Old Guard, it is fair to assume, would be keenly interested to know the views of La Follette in the selection of that pilot. And it also is fair to assume that La Follette would be likely to go into a rage at the suggestion of Johnson. The other Johnson—Magnus—on arriving in Washington a few days ago, told the La Follette story. "I used to be for Hiram", he said simply, "but he has backslid".

All this accounts for the enfeebled condition of the Johnson candidacy. It is the simple story of a man of personal rectitude and large talent for public affairs who has been thrown back on his haunches at the moment of brilliant opportunity for no other reason than that he was narrowly and unintelligently selfish, and that in his selfishness he guessed wrong—guessed absurdly that he had come upon a period in which it was useless to be athletic in the cause of the great plain people. But does this error justify the prevalent curved lip and glittering eye? As I asked in the beginning, Ought selfishness be set up as a bar to sympathy for a politician? There is the consideration that if we make it a bar we shall have the devil's own time in finding political heroes in the future. More than that, there is the consideration that in point of fact selfishness has not been a bar in numerous instances in the past. Great hordes of people, in fact, are constantly weeping over politicians who have failed to reach the heights because their selfishness became apparent to the naked eye —at the wrong time. Why, therefore, the cold view of poor Johnson paying the price?

My own belief is that the almost universal weariness with him among those who have been in close contact with him in the past few years is not due to his selfishness as the term is ordinarily used; my notion is that their weariness is due to the peculiar form of his selfishness, a form that usually causes the man afflicted with it to be described as a short sport. Johnson might have come through such incidents as the tariff battle and the Newberry scandal—things commonly cited against him—with little loss of sympathy if his proceedings therein, or a few similar acts, had been all. The American people are accustomed to that sort of chicane, and discount it as the necessity of the best intentioned politician. Other Progressives capitulated on the tariff, and the return of political favors to men like Newberry is regarded by many people of all shades of political opinion as a part of what may be called the gang morality of politicians. But when Johnson paralleled those episodes with a three-year record of sulking while the balance of his old crowd had a dozen snickersnees in air all the time, he became a bore, and men who had been his ardent supporters in 1920 began to precede discussions of him with hollow laughs.

And they were not unfair to him thereby, for the childish sulking that began after his defeat for the 1920 nomination was not a strange disease in Johnson, to be overlooked as transient. It was, indeed, but one manifestation of a strain in the man's nature that is permanent and dominating.

Johnson, undoubtedly a man of considerable size, is nevertheless part baby. The baby in him does not rob him of courage in conflict; nobody takes and gives blows more willingly than he when the fight is on and going well. But the baby in him does make him run from bawling to sulking when the breaks are suddenly bad. Neither nature nor self-discipline has ever taught him to bury the hurt, to force a smile, to play the game so hard that the sheer exercise of effort obliterates all else. He simply cannot do it. Perhaps he realizes the weakness and struggles to overcome it. But he cannot overcome it. His career abounds in tiny but tremendously significant instances of his shortcoming.

IV

No one in Chicago, when the Old Guard threw the gaff into him, will ever forget his utter inability to take it sportingly. He was in a blind, Berserker rage and the hotel lobbies hummed with stories of his highly colored speeches and his bellicose messages to politicians who besought him to be reasonable. It was at that time that Borah, who had supported Johnson with a hearty generosity rarely seen in politics, remarked in a puzzled way: "Johnson's a funny fellow." And it was at that time that Johnson, offended by an article or two written by the correspondent of a Philadelphia newspaper, sent for the man, roundly abused him, and then, like a triumphant City Councilman, paraded forth with a stenographic copy of the proceedings to prove that he had out-damned the reporter! There he was, a man of high standing in a presumably dignified profession and a politician of brilliant record—and yet, when the hour of denial and chagrin struck him, no reserve of poise stood between him and the practices of downtown politics. He was wholly unable to see that no rational person in Chicago cared three whoops in a gale of wind what had been printed about him in Philadelphia, or what he thought of the man who had printed it.

The same weakness has caused endless amusement at his expense in Washington. Somebody printed an article in which Borah was reported to have said that the difference between him and Johnson was that he cared for principles and Johnson cared for personalities. What was the effect? The story in Washington was that Johnson was thrown into a great temper and hurtled over to Borah's office to learn whether Borah had ever said such a terrible thing. "The Mirrors of Washington" appeared, impaling Johnson in company with a dozen or so other celebrities. All except Johnson did their wincing and grimacing in their private apartments. Johnson engaged in furious pursuit of the then anonymous author, and became involved in an acrimonious correspondence with a man whom he suspected, but who had no more to do with the authorship of the "Mirrors" than with the authorship of the Declaration of Independence.

So we have him today, a Progressive hero gone *déclassé* among those who know his course most intimately, and, worse than that, gone *déclassé* in the centre of a circle of hard, dry eyes. Some of the Californians tell a story of an exchange between Johnson, when he was in his heyday as Governor of their State, and Fremont Older, the San Francisco editor. Older, the story goes, had been a dinner guest at the Governor's mansion. The dinner had been excellent and the two men had moved out to the porch. Johnson, gently rubbing the portion of his periphery that an enthusiast gone mad once described lyrically as "the delicious curve of his little paunch", rolled out this sentiment: "Well, Fremont, it is a good old world after all." Older exploded: "It's a hell of a world!" and was called upon to offer proof. It may be suspected that for some time past Johnson has been in the mood to admit Older's case without argument.

TWO YEARS OF DISARMAMENT

BY MILES MARTINDALE

THERE IS but one way to estimate a treaty and that is by its results. Usually they are long in becoming manifest. Two years, however, have shown so many practical and important results of the Treaty on the Limitation of Naval Armaments, ratified by the Senate on March 29, 1922, that a balance sheet may even now be drawn with fair accuracy.

First, perhaps, in world-wide significance is the slowly growing realization that something new happened in diplomatic history when the treaty was signed. A treaty was negotiated in which there was no real contest between the signatories! It is now claimed by some that the United States won a victory; that is true. Others say that Japan won and yet others that it was Great Britain; these statements also are true. But when it is alleged that these "victories" were gained at the expense of some other signatory, the plain facts are disregarded. The victory was actually one of common sense over exaggerated fear, of logic over hysteria. The sober men of all countries won against the war-breeders of all countries. I do not say against the "militarists", for save for a few Germans, a few Frenchmen and a few Japanese, militarism does not exist anywhere in strength sufficient to cause alarm. Wars are not bred by soldiers any more, nor even by diplomats, but by the voters who hire both. Diplomats and legislators keep their ears to the ground, and act as the whispers or roars they hear direct them. Soldiers do as they are told. Neither can we blame the international bankers. Members of a team do not fight one another while the game is in progress; the bankers were the first to clutch at the impossible Article X of the so-called Peace Treaty. Two forces, swaying whole peoples, make wars: Intolerance and Fear. The Conference struck a telling blow at both.

This was the setting: three nations spending more than they could afford in preparation for a war that none of them wanted. Great Britain would have been a spectator in that war, but she would have been obliged to mobilize just the same. Hampered on one side by her alliance with Japan, and on the other side by the anti-Japanese sentiment of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and even India, she would have been forced to watch two of her best customers destroy each other's buying power. All three countries regarded war as inevitable; and when people think that war is inevitable, it is, unless something unusual happens. The Conference happened. Overlaid as its accomplishments were by the hosannas of the pacifists and sentimentalists, they were nevertheless real. The Conference has been called mushy. A great deal of the blather that accompanied it undoubtedly was so; but hard achievement was under the sentimentality.

II

When the Conference was called, the pound sterling was at its lowest point, and the British income tax was six shillings in the pound. With tight lips, the British were facing another period of naval expansion forced upon them by the building programs of the United States and Japan. Their debt to the United States hung over them like a pall. To delay and equivocate about pay-

ment did not suit the national financial temper; the most unbearable thing to the British mind is uncertainty. But when every penny paid to the United States meant crippling the British defense program and helping the building program of the United States, the dilemma was dire. No Britisher definitely desired a war with the United States, but a great many Britishers were brandishing anti-American torches in a very dangerous way. The resentment of the poor and desperately taxed against the United States was noticeable to all visiting Americans. We were accused of shirking our share in the war until we had collared all the real money in the world, and then using that money to build up a naval power sufficient to destroy British trade and with it Britain herself.

Peace has never been secure in modern times when any nation showed a desire to pass England in naval strength; and on paper we had already passed England. Holland was much more the friend and ally of England than we have ever been until she began to build excellent fighting ships. Charles II is usually blamed for the war that followed in 1672, but it must be admitted that seldom has a war been more popular. The trouble at Agadir in 1911 simmered down into loudly expressed regret in England, "There goes the last chance of thrashing Germany while she is still easy!" In 1920 we were rapidly assuming the position from which Germany, France, the Netherlands, Spain, even Denmark in the long-ago, had been toppled by an England which felt her life menaced by naval power. It was a long way in the future, perhaps, but it seemed fairly certain even to the English laborer, who knows his job depends upon foreign trade, that another war would be the only alternative to a ruined England and a disintegrated Empire.

Much was written in our newspapers of the visible delight of the British delegation at the end of the final sitting, with the conclusion that they had "put something over" on Mr. Hughes. They had put nothing over, but they had gained something of enormous value. Two years have shown plainly that as long as the work of the Conference endures there will be no Anglo-American war. We have made it clear that we have no desire to drive England from the seas and no willingness to be driven ourselves. We have security from attack, but no ability to take the offensive in a really dangerous way. The anti-American agitation in Great Britain has now practically vanished, and taxes have been reduced one shilling in the pound. The debt to the United States has been thoroughly discussed, and satisfactory arrangements for its payment have been made. The consequent clearing of the financial skies has already been of great benefit and steadying effect on both sides of the water. A deficit in the trade balance has become a surplus. The pound having risen, is now down again—but certainly not because, but in spite of the Conference.*

With her present superiority of two battle-cruisers and greater gun-elevation, (a superiority existing before the Conference, by the way, and not increased since,) Great Britain is in a position to repel attacks on her shores, but she has not the strength to attack across the ocean herself. This last is no drawback in British eyes, for anyone who holds that Great Britain would deliberately attack the United States has not gone very deeply into our merchant marine situation nor into foreign trade as a whole.

These benefits, already achieved, were plainly visible to the British delegation at the close of the Conference. They knew that for years to come, in spite of curtailed building, they would be secure from naval attack and could turn all their energy into a commercial revival. Why should they not be delighted?

III

Now for Japan. In the Spring of 1921, conditions in that country were extremely

*The German-French situation, of course, has been responsible for its recent fall.

disquieting. Unhampered by checks and balances, the Government had tried the old experiment of repealing the laws of economics by act of parliament, with the result that panic had hit Japan harder and was lasting longer than in any other country. Revolution, for years not too far under the surface, was thrusting up its head here and there; people were hungry. The war party, called Chosiu, was in power, principally because nearly every voter in the Empire had become firmly convinced that the United States was plotting war. In spite of terribly heavy taxes, Japan was rapidly building battleships, at least one of them by popular subscription. War with America was regarded as inevitable and Japan was making ready. The common man believed that we were preparing to attack. The Chosiu politicians, carrying out a program outlined in 1858, believed war the only alternative to bloody revolution.

Prior to 1854, Japan's whole history was a sequence of efforts to prove herself independent of China. The influx of foreigners, backed by fleets of war vessels, brought the added fear of partition and domination by white men. Seventy years ago the Elder Statesmen advised avoidance of all disputes until Japan grew strong enough to deal with one rival at a time. This advice underlies the amazing modernization of Japan, centuries of development being compressed into decades. In accordance with the program, China was humbled in 1894 and Russia in 1904. Germany's turn came in 1914, for to the peasant's mind, the opera bouffe campaign of Tsing Tao bulks as large as if the entire war power of Germany had been engaged. The years ending in "4" were thus fixed in the Japanese mind as years of invincibility. The Americans were plotting war on Japan? Then let them have it; but it will be when we choose, and that is in 1924!

Our lavish expenditure and great effort during the world war impressed even Chosiu with the difficulties of the program. The scheme of invasion through Mexico, once in favor, was abandoned, and the Japanese prepared for a swift blow without warning, like the naval attack with which they opened the war with Russia. Seizing the Philippines, and isolating Manila Bay if it did not fall easily and cheaply enough, they would sit tight with the advantage of defense and distance, waiting for our attempt to recapture the Islands. They counted two years as necessary for us to organize the required effort; expected a majority of our people to consider the Philippines not worth recovering; believed the war would be intensely unpopular in America and that we would ask for peace rather than undertake the pain and loss of fighting it out to the end. Whether their plan correctly appraised our psychology or not, it involved heavy losses on our part. To attack across several thousand miles of empty sea in a war involving land forces would require at least a 5-3 superiority in fighting ships, a million tons of auxiliaries and at least three million tons of transports.

The war was not desired by the Japanese for aggrandizement, nor to provide extra room for their people. Japan has not yet filled some of her own home islands, notably Hokkaido and Saghalien. The war was simply a part of the Chosiu program, considered necessary to preserve the divinity of the Emperor and the cohesion of the Empire. The Chosiu politicians were not over-optimistic, but they believed war the safest course. Like the occupation of Belgium, it was *planmässig*, and the plan had three times succeeded in the past.

The immediate effect of the Conference was to take the guiding power from Chosiu and give it to Satsuma. Satsuma is convinced that Japan cannot whip the world. The war with Russia taught the statesmen of this party that the modern victor gains little besides heavy debts and high taxes, together with the distrust of other nations. They admit the danger of revolution at home but believe that this danger is increased by every move tending to

emphasize the divinity of the Emperor. They plan for a better-educated Japan, headed by a competent man-Emperor, prospering commercially through a widening circle of friends. The Conference convinced not only Satsuma, but the Elder Statesmen as well that America is planning no war in the Pacific.

The first real step forward was taken when Mr. Hughes limited the agenda to naval matters, thus assuring a Satsuma delegation, for Satsuma is traditionally charged with the Navy and the Foreign Office. The position of the Japanese at the Conference was difficult in the extreme. Their one ally, Great Britain, showed appalling alacrity in throwing the alliance overboard. In some quarters, they found their proposals receiving even less consideration than those of the Chinese. If by any chance Chosiu had been right in alleging that America wanted war, they must have left the Conference with a complete failure on their hands, and Japan would have been committed to heavier and yet heavier taxes for armament.

But it soon became apparent to them that Mr. Hughes meant what he said. America refused to listen to a naval ratio which would have made the defense of the Philippines impossible; but she agreed to one which made an attack on Japan foolhardy. Since eighteen years of war-scares had been insufficient to induce Congress to properly fortify Guam and Olongapo, Mr. Hughes knew that there was no chance for fort-building during a period of retrenchment. He therefore readily agreed to Japan's demand for the *status quo* in the fortification of the islands. He did not permit its extension to include Hawaii; but Hawaii is a long way from the weak link in Japan's chain, the Pescadores. It became plain that Japan would have no sympathy from the world in a war with America, and that America would fight hard if it came to fighting, but would infinitely rather not.

Satsuma therefore took back complete justification of her domestic policy and the Elder Statesmen made war-breeding Chosiu step down. The transition from war- to peace-psychology was gradual though rapid. A former premier was permitted to speak in the Diet in favor of a curtailed military program and the extension of the franchise, and the Elder Statesmen noted the approval of the solid, better-class commoners. As an experiment, when the Crown Prince toured Europe, inspired press notices had stressed his democratic behavior in walking the streets alone, shaking hands with common men and otherwise conducting himself like a human being. This news caused such a roar of popular applause that the Elder Statesmen listened with renewed attention to Satsuma's contention that the god-game was played out. I do not venture to deny that Yoshihito is really a sick man; but his illness and abdication were very opportune.

The Conference thus lightened Japan's burden and broke her will to war. Since the earthquake, not a single member of the war party sits in the Cabinet.

IV

In the United States the paramount necessity of 1921 was to keep income and expenditure balanced. The Budget Act gave the first real opportunity to compare the two in advance, and the outlook in the winter of 1920-1921 was not bright. More than our own recovery was at stake. Alone in the world, we were solvent. If we had then been obliged to over-spend, to depreciate our dollar by inflating our national credit, the financial *débâcle* of the whole world could not have been prevented. Our people were already paying taxes to the extent of one dollar in each six and were in no mood to pay more. It was imperative to reduce expenditures. Congressmen, listening to the voices of their districts, were hearing loud shouts of "No more war, nor war expenses!"

In spite of this, because of the building programs of Japan and Great Britain, our most conservative naval experts were

pointing to the necessity of building far beyond the program already authorized. The fourteen capital ships projected were but the backbone. In some lesser classes we had approximately enough. In others, practically none.

Even in capital ships our position was not unassailable. The figures of Whitaker's Almanac, which made England nervous, were misleading, as such figures usually are. In 1920 they stood as follows:

	United States	*Great Britain*	*Japan*
Capital Ships	33	32	17
Displacement	1,117,850	808,200	543,140
Battle guns	340	284	164
Foot tons energy	28,597,176	19,080,000	13,415,400

This looks as if we were offering to give up a tremendous superiority in 1921. If naval battles were fought by appointment at close quarters, at ranges permitting the lesser guns to bear, that would have been true. But we all know that battles are not so conducted. Our *New York* and *Texas* and all ships previously built would have been hopelessly outranged and outmaneuvered by more than half the existing British tonnage. A good half of our "battle-guns" were 12-inch, and most of them were carried by ships which could not float after one or two direct 15-inch hits, with speeds from three to eight knots an hour less than those of the newer half of the British Fleet. The ships which the Conference permitted us to retain represented practically all really available for the first line that were then built or approximately complete. Similar elimination of the expensive unfit was applied to the British tonnage, and the Treaty provides that the slight tonnage discrepancy shown in the table below will disappear automatically with the passage of years:

United States	525,850
Great Britain	558,950
Japan	301,320

In gun-power there is little to choose between the two leading fleets. Our older guns are a little inferior, our newer guns are superior. Gun for gun, the greater elevation of the British guns gives them a slightly longer range; but our Navy is making hits at ranges above any used at Jutland or Dogger Bank.

It is frequently urged that the completion of the rest of the *Massachusetts* class and the four battle-cruisers would have given us a superiority even greater than that shown in Whitaker's table. That may be, though it is probable that the British program would have kept pace. As things stood, however, an increased number of capital ships would not have greatly increased our long-range striking power. During the World War we finally succeeded in sending across five battleships. They were not our newest and best. In 1917 the emergency seemed to call for more than five; but the fact remained that we could not support more capital ships overseas without curtailing our transport, minelayer and antisubmarine campaign. A battleship cannot support itself. Aside from provisions and fuel, our *New Mexico*, provided her guns held out, could in one day fire away ammunition weighing several times the total carrying capacity of the ship herself. This condition is not a new one. In 1907 we sent sixteen small battleships around the world, and they were supported by British and German auxiliaries. Had a European war broken out while that fleet was in Manila, it is estimated that with the available American merchant tonnage, five years would have been necessary to get the ships back home. Our wartime building of merchant ships has helped that situation; but it justifies a fleet of capital ships of half a million tons only, and that is what we kept under the Treaty. Great Britain, which could support more capital ships, has been cut down to our limit, not hers.

Beside, it was becoming increasingly apparent that our advertised capital ship program would not be carried out. If the Budget was to be balanced, that program could not be executed unless some other vital department of the Government was practically discontinued. Congress could

not see the need of this. One prominent member of the House Appropriations Committee had already stated that he could find no justification for naval expenditure in any amount greater than that of 1913. It may be that he would have been overruled by the House itself, but completion of the program was by no means certain.

One thing *was*, however, quite certain: if the battleships were built, no other naval craft would be. Since the beginning of the white Squadron, the peace-time story has been the same, year after year. Congress has granted battleships with fair regularity, but has not allowed for minor craft in anything like adequate numbers. Small submarines were always easy to obtain, not because of a lobby, as has been alleged, but because they were considered cheap and efficient substitutes for the extra battleships demanded by the Navy General Board. Little notice was taken of other vessels until the war broke out. Cruisers had been so neglected that in figuring our effective scouting strength in 1921, the only cruisers counted on our side were the ten, not yet completed, authorized during the war. The table of cruisers, including some not yet launched, now stands:

	Tons
United States	75,000
Great Britain	252,000
Japan	176,400

This shows us to be 219,000 tons short of a 5-3 ratio with Japan, and gaining no ground. Without the Conference and a stoppage of battleship construction, the discrepancy would never have become visible to Congress or to the people.

We built destroyers during the war as a counter to the German submarines, so the tonnage table is in our favor here:

United States	334,917
Great Britain	247,546
Japan	104,960

However, only 126,360 tons of our destroyers are in commission, for we have no men to put on board them. There was no hope in 1921 of getting more men in the Navy, nor is there now. Destroyers out of commission deteriorate rapidly. A very short period without a crew on board will make them of doubtful value. Beside, we have none of the type called "flotilla leaders", developed in England during the war. One ranking naval officer testified during a recent inquiry that the presence of a flotilla leader might have prevented the loss of seven destroyers on the California coast. Here, again, our superiority is largely on paper.

Before the Conference, we had the old collier *Jupiter* being made over into the aircraft carrier *Langley*, and we had the small carrier *Wright* being made from a Shipping Board freighter. Neither is an efficient carrier when compared to some of the speedy ships developed abroad. No carriers were included in the building program authorized, and since the close of the war, Congress had twice refused to grant any. The table stood in 1921:

	Vessels	*Tons*
United States	1	12,700
Great Britain	6	82,550
Japan	3	29,900

Only the Conference persuaded Congress to allow vessels of this type, and then only because two of the doomed battle-cruisers were far enough along to make completion as carriers about as cheap as cancellation. The Conference then, presented us with two excellent carriers, otherwise unobtainable.

The same inadequacy shows in the submarine situation when analysed. Whitaker again takes the cheerful view of our power, giving the United States 107 built and 41 building, Great Britain 92 built and 8 building, Japan 24 built and 15 building. This seems to show America leading by a long margin; but here are the facts:

	Small submarines for coast or harbor use only, tons	*Large submarines for use with the battle-fleet, tons*
United States	66,695	9,693
Great Britain	40,253	19,960
Japan	42,714	32,655

In view of the above, it is apparent that the frequent plaint that "the Conference

sank the finest Navy in the world" is totally unfounded. Our naval situation was bad; and the paper superiority in prospective battleships was blinding us to just how bad it was and how rapidly it was becoming worse. The Conference gave us the Irish gain of not losing as much as we might otherwise have done. More, it forced upon us the first real naval policy that we have ever had. In the past, all arguments over appropriations began with an agreement that Congress should maintain an "adequate" navy. Before the annual bill was large enough to make any real difference in the total expenditure, Congress listened to the naval experts and gave them more or less what they requested. But when the bill ran over one hundred millions they began to check the figures of the naval experts and to cut down every estimate regarding which they could not be convinced—and sometimes a conscientious Congressman, in times of piping peace, is not easily convinced. Until the Conference, the voters had no measure of an "adequate" navy. They considered all naval officers hipped on the subject and very naturally believed that Congress, weighing all the evidence, had provided the required adequacy. In short, we had no naval policy at all other than political and financial convenience in peace and fright in war.

That is now changed and we have a naval policy which is not hard for the layman to understand. It is expressed in the ratio 5-5-3; and that ratio applies to all useful types. It is beginning to be realized that the Treaty Navy is one much better balanced and more powerful than any we have ever possessed. As long as we had to build battleships at forty-odd million dollars apiece, there was no money to be had for other craft. Congress could not be brought to see the necessity of them and the people believed Congress. Since the Conference, true enough, no move has been made to supply our deficiencies, but the people are no longer hopelessly convinced that minor ships are not necessary. They now know what an adequate navy should be, and that is one which fulfills the 5-5-3 ratio. Battleships no longer overshadow other necessary types, for each type must run true to the ratio. The newspapers are all glad the battleship race is over; but with few exceptions they advocate lesser craft in the proportions laid down by the Navy General Board.

V

I do not claim that the Arms Conference has ended war. It has, however, removed all the causes for war that were showing their ugly heads in 1921. If war comes, there will have to be found a new *casus belli*. The Conference made all the old ones ridiculous. And if a new excuse for war *is* found, the Treaty Navy will make us safer than we have ever been,—provided we build it before hostilities begin!

SANTAYANA AT CAMBRIDGE

BY MARGARET MÜNSTERBERG

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

PERHAPS it is not quite appropriate to begin my reminiscences of George Santayana with a quotation from Browning, considering that when the philosopher was invited to address the ladies of the Boston Browning Society, he began by telling them that he really did not care for Browning at all.

Yet to have met him unawares at Cambridge street-corners on his way to a lecture, to have heard his laughter under my own roof, to have listened to his leisurely artless talk in the smoking-room of an ocean steamer—all this, now in retrospect, seems a privilege not so very unlike that of seeing Shelley plain. It must be said in frankness, however, that if I had not been touched by the magic of his books, the recollection of those casual meetings might not be endowed with any glamor. If Shelley had not already been the Shelley of "The Skylark", no matter how vivid his glance, I doubt if "seeing him plain" would ever have given his fellow-poet a thrill. But once acclaimed a master spirit, the man—the "human" man—becomes a visible symbol of the poet or the philosopher. His glance, his simple gestures, his careless words we instinctively reinterpret in the light cast by his later achievements. This instinct cannot be rooted out of the mind, and perhaps, after all, it is worth preserving.

To remember George Santayana as he appeared in the late nineties in academic Cambridge is to remember his glance when he recognized us on the street. In his dark Spanish eyes there was a sudden illumination, an extraordinary focusing of light-rays having the effect of a blaze of pure spirit. His face was handsome, delicate, pale against the black hair and small moustache; it seemed the face of a dreamer rather than of a scholarly thinker. But his eyes had sprites in them and a light from fairy-lands forlorn. Though we were but children at the time, whenever, on our way from school, we saw Santayana coming in his picturesque long cape, we felt the glow of a poet's approach. And then his laugh! He laughed not with his lips only, but with his whole face. His was a laugh to delight a child's heart, the laugh of Peter Pan, brimming over with pure merriment.

Santayana had a natural preference for solitude. Indeed, one did not expect to see him in a crowd, at a business meeting, in a hurry to catch a train for an appointment or otherwise going through the motions of a busy man in the whirl of the world's work. I remember leaning over the railing of an ocean liner anchored at Southampton and watching passengers from the English tender crowd up the gang-plank to the steamer: one only stood apart at the edge of the tender, with calm and amused detachment observed the haste and struggle of his fellow-travelers, and not till the deck had been cleared, followed himself.

"Who could it be but Santayana!" a voice said beside me, and we all felt the satisfaction of finding a character true to himself.

In an active, gregarious society, the man who stands aside and contemplates is naturally regarded with uneasiness. So there

were some who could not quite swallow this apparent self-sufficiency, and, as about all men who are hard to understand, myths began to be woven around the Spanish philosopher. With a kind of awe-struck horror I learned, when still in my early teens, that Santayana was a Solipsist—a man who has the audacity to believe that he is the only soul alive! Many years later, on reading his "Soliloquies in England", I discovered the ground from which this news had sprung. It seems that Santayana had indeed indulged in Solipsism, either as play of fancy or as philosophical speculation: ". . . and later I liked to regard all systems as alternative illusions for the Solipsist."

But the aloofness to which men objected was really of the most inoffensive kind. Santayana was not a snob—he did not take either the world or himself seriously enough for that—and still less the traditional *zerstreute Professor*. He was simply a quiet spectator, a smiling philosopher. His was the modesty of one who has plenty of humor and few illusions. He was capable of taking a bird's eye view of society and, without dizziness, seeing his own small place on the map. For a trivial example—when he filled out the questionnaire on the Customs declaration, he called himself not university professor, but simply "teacher".

II

When the question arose at Harvard, in the year 1898, whether Santayana or another young aspirant should be promoted to a professorship, his colleagues James, Royce and Münsterberg strongly advocated his advancement. Extracts from a letter by Hugo Münsterberg to the President of Harvard may throw some light on the situation:

> . . . I take it as my duty to do whatever I can in the interest of a most desirable promotion in our Philosophical Department, and as I understand that it is not unusual that members of the faculty bring such matters directly before you, I take the liberty of doing so.
>
> My hope and desire is that Dr. G. Santayana will be promoted for the next year to an assistant professorship.
>
> The reasons are firstly personal. Mr. Santayana has done by his teaching and by his writing through a series of years a work which cannot be appreciated highly enough and for which an early promotion seems a just and fair act of acknowledgment from the side of Harvard. His teaching has surpassed in every direction the usual routine work of philosophical instructors; it has been in every respect original and its influence on the more advanced students is a most important one, as it supplements in a characteristic way the methods and systems of the other Harvard philosophers. Especially the aesthetical tone which he has added to the philosophical chord obliges all of us.
>
> But the promotion is not only necessary as an appreciation of Santayana's personal merits, it is secondly desirable in the interests of the whole Philosophical Department. It would emphasize in an impressive way before the academic public those ideas of specialized university work and productive scholarship for which we contend. We appear to deny these principles if we seem to ignore the difference between an average philosophy teacher and an original scholar like the author of "The Sense of Beauty". If the department clearly shows that we acknowledge and appreciate such a type of scholarly productive activity, we shall give by that a strong and suggestive impulse to many advanced students in that direction in which we try to go forward.
>
> I feel the more obliged to express this belief as I know that a most interesting book on ethical problems will follow soon the mentioned volume, which is surely the best book ever written on aesthetics in America.

In another letter the same writer characterized his colleague as a "strong and healthy man" and "a good, gay, fresh companion."

This testimony was important in view of the prevailing Puritan and utilitarian attitude toward the meditative aesthete. The greatest American educator thus expressed his doubts and fears:

> . . . The withdrawn, contemplative man who takes no part in the everyday work of the institution, or of the world, seems to me to be a person of very uncertain value. He does not dig ditches, or lay bricks, or write school-books; his product is not of the ordinary useful, though humble, kind. What will it be? It may be something of the highest utility; but, on the other hand, it may be something futile, or even harmful, because unnatural and untimely.

But all doubts were finally dispelled; and although President Eliot had said that he confessed to misgivings when he imagined Santayana a full professor at fifty years of age—yet the young Spaniard was received with open arms into the family of Harvard philosophers.

Given to solitary contemplation as he was, yet when Santayana did step out of his charmed solitude, he brought with him a gaiety that men often lose in the rub of too much human contact. Now and then there gleamed in him a Shakespearean grain. Strange as it is to remember, the most delicate of modern writers, in his artless conversation, put to flight all misgivings as to his "humanity" by revealing at times a humor unmistakably broad—for instance, when he submissively spoke of seasickness as "a good spring cleaning". This malady, of which he was a long-suffering victim, must have confirmed his belief in the hard reality of material fact. Yet he knew one infallible remedy, and that was a fragrant dish of arrow-root; a fellow-passenger who could supply him with that magic potion won his gratitude forever.

Santayana's gaiety may have been of the kind that prompted Spinoza to pause in his cosmic speculations and burst into laughter at the sight of a fly escaping the ruse of a spider; and yet it was not without a sense of cheer in human fellowship. Otherwise how could he have given us his altogether perfect interpretation of Dickens? Perhaps his humorous distaste for the pompous gesture and for taking one's self too seriously may have had something to do with his almost tender love for England and English manners. This merry side of Santayana was little known except to his friends. To others, who knew him only from a distance, he seemed, no doubt, an aloof and alien spirit.

III

George Santayana is a Spaniard by birth; but when he was nine years old his mother brought him with her to live in America, while his father remained in Spain. So young George spent his school-years in New England, but his summer vacations with his father in Spain. Thus it came about that he acquired an intimate knowledge of his native land and retained a true affection for it, while, on the other hand, though Spanish and English were both natural to him, English became the language of his studies and of his writings both in prose and verse. He was graduated from Harvard in 1886 and, although he studied also at German and English universities, it was at Harvard that he received his doctor's degree. Thereupon he was immediately appointed instructor, nine years later assistant professor and after another nine years full professor at Harvard.

Santayana's influence on his students was more than the influence of classroom and lecture platform. It was deep and direct. I have the word of one of them—and one, I believe, who was not of the chosen ones—that no man ever impressed him so profoundly. The young men who took draughts from that cool, sparkling, lucid fountain took them for life. There must have been very little of the didactic, very little condescension in Santayana's intercourse with his students. Before the common interests of the mind, the common passions of the spirit, barriers of age break down. For academic youth and the friendships of youth Santayana had and has the finest understanding. To one of his young pupils he was tenderly attached, and the young man's untimely death affected him like the death of a son. Among his sonnets are beautiful elegies to this youth, as to a second Lycidas.

Santayana seemed never to grow older. If he had not in the later years at Harvard grown a beard, there would have been no sign of advancing age; he would, like Ahasver, have remained the eternal youth. Perhaps his sympathy for young men was facilitated by the fact that his daily external life did not greatly differ from theirs. A portly *paterfamilias* soon gets removed from youth into the hemisphere of another generation; the gravity of business, of bread-winning for dependents, of domestic and social obligations, the more it renders him respectably Philistine, the more it alienates him from the companions of his sons. Santayana knew no such bondage. In student dormitories he made his abode. At

first he lived in old Stoughton Hall in the Harvard Yard, and ate his meals at one of the private students' clubs. He also, at that time, belonged to a French club of young men who met at the members' rooms to read aloud, until the club was disbanded because they could no longer endure one another's French.

Later Santayana had rooms in a made-over private house in Brattle Street, and finally he was our near neighbor when he had his quarters in Prescott Hall, a modest dormitory only a block away from the philosophy building, Emerson Hall, where he gave his lectures. Near his abode was the Colonial Club, an old Cambridge house, frequented by professors, some of whom met there regularly at lunch time. At this old club Santayana had his meals—whether in company with his colleagues or content to watch them, I do not know.

The philosopher delighted in long walks, during which, no doubt, he spun his fine meditations. Three times a week regularly he walked the considerable distance from his Cambridge quarters to Brookline, to the house of his mother and sister. To them he was devoted, and through continual contact with them he must have kept constantly fresh the spring of his Spanish associations, which otherwise might have dried on Cambridge soil. To his Cambridge friends his Spanish family, who evidently lived in retirement, was wholly unknown.

"What do your mother and sister do all day?" someone asked him once.

"What Spanish ladies generally do," he answered. "In the morning they wait for the afternoon and in the afternoon they wait for the evening."

Yet I have the impression that Santayana has a profound respect for Spanish women —not only for those of his own kin, but for the whole tribe; and I know from his casual remarks that he admires their rather lazy and luxurious style of beauty.

A characteristic letter comes to my hand, one that he wrote to a colleague who had tried to find him at his mother's house:

75 Monmouth Street,
Brookline
Jan. 13

Dear Professor: Thank you very much for your kind letter, and the invitation for next Tuesday, at seven o'clock, which it will give me great pleasure to avail myself of.

I am sorry you should have taken the trouble to hunt for this house. Much as I should like to see you, I don't expect any of my friends to come so far. Don't think it necessary to stand on such formalities as returning visits. Thanking you again, I remain,

Yours very sincerely

G. Santayana.

P. S. I have not thanked you for "Also sprach Zarathustra", which arrived safely, and which I have read with pleasure. The title is also good, although I don't see that there is anything very new at bottom, or very philosophical, in the new ethics. Has it, for instance, any standard of value by which we can convince ourselves that the *Uebermensch* is a better being than ourselves? I should like some day to hear your own opinion of this ideal.

With his colleagues in the Harvard Philosophical Department — James, Royce, Palmer, Münsterberg—Santayana was on most friendly terms, even though the philosophical views of each one of them were thoroughly at variance with his own. But a genial hospitality of thought was characteristic of that five-starred Pleiade, and theoretical opposition in no way clouded the friendliness among the philosophers. As Santayana was not given to controversy, as he had a charitable inclination to leave others in peace if they would but leave him alone, as he was not, during the earlier half of his Harvard life, well known to the general public and did not figure in the newspapers, he had no outspoken enemies.

That, in the early years of his Harvard career, he should have been somewhat lionized and made the center of a Cambridge salon is not surprising when one considers that in that Puritanic community in the nineties aestheticism was still a novelty and the brilliant young Spaniard was alien but dazzling. Among some of the admiring Cambridge ladies there developed a veritable Santayana cult, suggesting a little the vogue of Schopenhauer among the ladies of Frankfurt-am-Main. That was in the days before poetry societies and magazines of free verse, and when Santayana, in the picturesque library of one of his colleagues,

read his just completed theological drama "Lucifer" a congenial audience was held spellbound by the beauty of his lines and the visible harmony between the poet and his work.

When his first slender volume of sonnets appeared, a charming and vivacious Cambridge woman gave the little book a birthday party. The poet requited his hostess and the other guests with graceful little verses in their honor. Occasionally he even entertained them at tea in his bachelor rooms. Once he planned a dinner-party for a young New York girl who was visiting one of his favored hostesses, and promised to invite for her the richest, the handsomest and the nicest young man at Harvard; she was to guess which was which, and when the party was over, her guesses proved to be right.

Santayana has never married. He once said that he dreaded what he called "the eternal silence" that ensues when husband and wife sit opposite each other and have nothing more to say. But gossip will not leave an unusual man in peace, and in his Cambridge days it was rumored that there was some mysterious lady who commanded his heart and kindled his Muse. Who she was no one could say, or, indeed, if she ever really existed at all. The spirit of Dante and Petrarch breathes out of Santayana's love sonnets, but she who may have inspired them is destined to remain a Beatrice unknown.

IV

Persona grata though he was in hospitable Cambridge houses, idolized by an exquisite circle of admirers and by discriminating youth, Santayana never took firm root in New England soil. In the long summer vacations he generally migrated abroad—to his native Spain, where he had a married sister, to France, Germany and his beloved England. There always remained his desire for freedom, his love of solitude and his distaste for routine duties imposed from without. To take an active share in the practical work of the community had no charm for him; he did not even like to burden himself with the small irksome obligations of social life. Rather than be forced by chance circumstance to escort a strange unattended lady home after a Cambridge dinner party, he has been known suddenly to vanish.

He was a pilgrim with a staff. It is not surprising, then, that President Eliot's misgivings were justified when he said that he could not imagine Santayana a full professor at fifty. Before he had reached his half-century mark, the philosopher turned his back upon the class-room, and took up his pilgrim staff for good. His mother was dead; there was no hearth and home to bind him, and so it was painlessly, probably in response to a long-nursed nostalgia, that he followed the call of his skylark spirit. Of course the academic world was astonished. To leave Harvard in order to contemplate in Spain, in Paris, in Oxford and on the banks of the Cam was to cut off an enviable career for idle musing. Such a great refusal was shocking to the Puritan. Besides, after so much admiration had been lavished upon him, it seemed ungrateful to scatter the incense to the breeze. And, really, how could one leave Harvard and Boston by choice?

Though Santayana seems to prefer England to other lands—not, however, with any pronounced intention of becoming an Englishman—though English ways and customs have roused in him an almost romantic attachment, nevertheless it seems to me that he owes his peculiar genius, the distinguishing lucidity of his understanding as well as the finest inspiration of his poetry to his southern European heritage. In spite of his own philosophical detachment from the faith of his youth, he remains for me in the first place the Spanish Catholic. As small children we were sent with a returned book to his rooms and so had the privilege of seeing what they looked like. "I don't know if it is proper for me to invite you in", said the Spanish gentleman to the highly flattered little

girls who, however, did not share his doubts. What impressed us most, as we looked round curiously, were the beautiful bright-colored Catholic pictures of saints and Paradise—vague now in my memory as regards detail, but an indelible sign of the philosopher's native inclination.

The southern heritage is two-fold: it has brought with it Hellenism and Catholicism. In the Græco-Roman world Santayana feels at home. Not only is he, of course, thoroughly familiar with Platonic philosophy, but he also has for Pre-Socratic cultured paganism a remarkably keen understanding, as appears in his summary of the ideals of that lost world in his interpretation of Lucretius. Santayana had the southern European's eye for sculpture and in the finite simplicity of Greek art he has a delight that Northerners rarely attain. The ideals, the sanity, the reason of Greek life appeal to him, and it was the best praise that he could bestow on his beloved England that he should compare its life with that of classic Greece. The god Hermes he has made the symbol for sweet reasonableness.

But Hermes is not the only winged patron of his heart; side by side with the Olympic messenger hovers the angel Gabriel. The Roman Catholic religion in which he was bred has both energized and disciplined his imagination, has strengthened his sympathy and given him not only a wealth of imagery for literary use, but a peculiarly keen insight into the meditations of the heart. His early poetry is full of Catholic inspiration. The significance of this influence on him I emphasize in the face of his recent statement that Catholicism is for him only a "vista for the imagination, never a conviction." For the poetry of his youth and early manhood seems to me a more eloquent and more convincing testimony of the true tone of his inner life than any cool, self-analytical statement written in ironical middle age.

We can imagine the young Spanish Catholic, versed in the catechism and familiar from earliest childhood with the high ritual of the Church, meditating in King's College Chapel on the inner estrangement of the English youths from the pristine meaning of the "gorgeous windows" and "storied walls" that form the background of their devotions.

> The college gathers, and the courtly prayer
> Is answered still by hymn and organ-groan;
> The beauty and the mystery are there,
> The Virgin and Saint Nicholas are gone.
>
> No grain of incense thrown upon the embers
> Of their cold hearth, no lamp in witness hung
> Before their image. One alone remembers;
> Only the stranger knows their mother tongue.

Between Catholicism and Hellenism there is no dilemma: indeed, did not the Church absorb many vestiges of the Græco-Roman world, of classic form and discipline? Did not Virgil show the most Catholic poet the intricate way to beatitude? A dilemma far more profound confronted the Spanish poet-philosopher. In his poetry, and therefore in his heart—for poetry and religion are almost interchangeable concepts to his mind—Santayana is a Catholic; in his philosophy he is a hard materialist. The naturalistic philosopher and the devout poet stand gazing at each other across an abyss that cannot be bridged. In his sonnet, "Gabriel", he has revealed the very pathos of the dilemma.

If he were a Faust nature—which he not only is not, but for which he has not the slightest sympathy—he might exclaim: "*Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach, in meiner Brust!*" and find zest in the struggle for the mastery of one over the other. But the storm and stress gesture is not to Santayana's taste. A classicist, a lover of orderly reason, he prefers to leave to each of the two souls its own place.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN AND H. L. MENCKEN

Critical Note.—Of a piece with the absurd pedagogical demand for so-called constructive criticism is the doctrine that an iconoclast is a hollow and evil fellow unless he can prove his case. Why, indeed, should he prove it? Is he judge, jury, prosecuting officer, hangman? He proves enough, indeed, when he proves by his blasphemy that this or that idol is defectively convincing—that at least *one* visitor to the shrine is left full of doubts. The fact is enormously significant; it indicates that instinct has somehow risen superior to the shallowness of logic, the refuge of fools. The pedant and the priest have always been the most expert of logicians—and the most diligent dis minators of nonsense and worse. The liberation of the human mind has never been furthered by such learned dunderheads; it has been furthered by gay fellows who heaved dead cats into sanctuaries and then went roistering down the highways of the world, proving to all men that doubt, after all, was safe—that the god in the sanctuary was finite in his power, and hence a fraud. One horse-laugh is worth ten thousand syllogisms. It is not only more effective; it is also vastly more intelligent.

Confessional.—The older I grow, the more I am persuaded that hedonism is the only sound and practical doctrine of faith for the intelligent man. I doubt, indeed, if there ever has lived an intelligent man whose end in life was not the achievement of a large and selfish pleasure. This latter is often shrewdly swathed in the deceptive silks of altruism or what not, but brush the silks aside and the truth of self-gratification is visible in all its nudity. Mahomet's altruism was as completely hedonistic as Napoleon's frank hedonism. The greater the idealist, the greater the hedonist behind the whiskers.

Note En Passant.—The armies of England and America may fight shoulder to shoulder; the diplomats of England and America may stand side by side in their uplifting of the world; the two navies may salute each other with constant salvos of cannon; the two governments may be as Siamese twins—but it all does not and will not amount to a damn unless the average Englishman can soon train himself to be less patronizing to the average American when he shows him to his restaurant table or sells him a shirt.

Hint to Theologians.—The argument by design, once the bulwark of Christian apologetics, is so full of holes that it is no wonder that it has been abandoned. The more, indeed, the theologian seeks to prove the acumen and omnipotence of God by His works, the more he is dashed by evidences of divine incompetence and irresolution. The world is not actually well run; it is very badly run, and no Huxley was needed to point out the obvious fact. The human body, magnificently designed in some details, is a frightful botch in other details; every first-year student of anatomy sees a hundred ways to improve it. How are we to reconcile this mixture of infinite finesse and clumsy blundering with the concept of a single omnipotent Designer, to whom all problems are equally easy? If He could contrive so efficient and durable a machine as the human hand, then how did He come to make such dreadful

botches as the tonsils, the gall-bladder, the uterus and the prostate gland? If He could perfect the hip joint and the ear, then why did He boggle the teeth?

Having never encountered a satisfactory —or even a remotely plausible—answer to such questions, I have had to go to the labor of devising one myself. It is, at all events, quite simple, and in strict accord with all the known facts. In brief, it is this: that the theory that the universe is run by a single God must be abandoned, and that in place of it we must set up the theory that it is actually run by a board of gods, all of equal puissance and authority. Once this concept is grasped all the difficulties that have vexed theologians vanish. Human experience instantly lights up the whole dark scene. We observe in everyday life what happens when authority is divided, and great decisions are reached by consultation and compromise. We know that the effects, at times, particularly when one of the consultants runs away with the others, are very good, but we also know that they are usually extremely bad. Such a mixture of good and bad is on display in the cosmos. It presents a series of brilliant successes in the midst of an infinity of bungling failures.

I contend that my theory is the only one ever put forward that completely accounts for the clinical picture. Every other theory, facing such facts as sin, disease and disaster, is forced to admit the supposition that Omnipotence, after all, may not be omnipotent—a plain absurdity. I need toy with no such nonsense. I may assume that every god belonging to the council which rules the universe is infinitely wise and infinitely powerful, and yet not evade the plain fact that most of the acts of that council are ignorant and foolish. In truth, my assumption that a council exists is tantamount to an *a priori* assumption that its joint acts are ignorant and foolish, for no act of any conceivable council can be otherwise. Is the human hand perfect, or, at all events, practicable and praiseworthy? Then I account for it on the ground that it was designed by some single member of the council—that the business was handed over to him by inadvertence or as a result of an irreconcilable difference of opinion. Had more than one member participated actively in its design it would have been measurably less meritorious than it is, for the sketch offered by the original designer would have been forced to run a gauntlet of criticisms and suggestions from all the other councillors, and human experience teaches us that most of these criticisms and suggestions would have been inferior to the original idea—that many of them, in fact, would have had nothing in them save a petty desire to maul and spoil the original idea.

But do I here accuse the high gods of harboring discreditable human weaknesses? If I do, then my excuse is that it is impossible to imagine them doing the work universally ascribed to them without admitting their possession of such weaknesses. One cannot imagine a god spending weeks and months, and maybe whole geological epochs, laboring over the design of the human kidney without assuming him to be moved by a powerful impulse to express himself vividly, to marshal and publish his ideas, to win public credit among his fellows—in brief, without assuming him to be egoistic. And one cannot assume him to be egoistic without assuming him to prefer the adoption of his own ideas to the adoption of any other god's. I defy anyone to make the contrary assumption without plunging instantly into clouds of mysticism. Ruling it out, one comes inevitably to the conclusion that the inept management of the universe must be ascribed to clashes of egos, *i.e.*, petty revenges and back-bitings among the gods, for any one of them alone, since we must assume him to be infinitely wise and infinitely powerful, could run it perfectly. We suffer from bad stomachs simply because the god who first proposed making a stomach aroused thereby the ill-nature of those who had not thought of it, and because they proceeded instantly to wreck

that ill-nature upon him by improving, *i.e.*, botching, his work. Every right-thinking man admires his own heart, at least until it begins to break down; it seems an admirable machine. But think how much better it would be if the original design had not been butchered by a board of rival designers!

Outline of the History of a Man's Philosophical Knowledge From Early Youth to Old Age.—1. I am wrong. 2. I am right. 3. I am wrong.

Idle Paradox.—If the combined aim and object of art lies in the stirring of the emotions, and is praiseworthy, why should the similar aim and object of the vices be regarded as meretricious? If the Madonnas of Raphael, Holbein, Murillo and Da Vinci are commendable in that they stir the imagination, why are not the whiskeys of Dewar, Macdonald, Haig and Macdougal commendable for the same reason? If a Bach fugue is praised for stimulating the mind, why not a Corona Corona? If the senses are commendably excited by Balzac and Zola, why shouldn't they be excited, and equally commendably, by means that may be described as being somewhat less literary?

Metaphysics of the Movies.—

I

From a signed story by Mary Miles Minter, published in the Los Angeles *Times:*

Over my mother's protest I went to William Desmond Taylor's apartments, but his body had been removed to an undertaker's establishment. I went to the undertaker's rooms, and the undertaker let me in all alone with him. I pulled back the sheet and looked at him. But he was not the same. His skin was waxen. I leaned down and put my arms about him, my cheek to his. His face was cold, so cold, but not as cold like ice.

"Do you love me, Desmond?" I asked.

He answered me; I could hear his voice.

"I love you, Mary, I shall love you always," he whispered.

II

From an interview with Ruby Miller, published recently in the same journal:

How do I get reality into an impassioned love scene? Well, that is easy enough on the stage when one has three or four weeks of rehearsal and gets to know the actor. But, on the screen! Oh boy!

I must have time to know my hero and always insist that my love scenes come last of all. Then I have time to study the actor. I talk to him of music, literature, art, etc., etc., and find out his hobbies and let him talk to me. I'm always a sympathetic listener.

He then begins to like me mentally and thinks me brilliant when I permit him to explain, by the hour, how he would have "holed" in two if only that d—— caddie had kept his eye on the ball. This is but one step to the physical attraction. Despite this "intimate" conversation, my very lack of familiarity in every way breathes a mysticism about me that is always certain to vanquish the male specie.

So the days pass. Then dawns the day of the big love scenes. I appear in a beautiful gown. By this time the hero is so crazy to kiss me that it requires no effort upon my part. His natural fervor awakening my own —and hence the perfect love scene.

I am told that my method is very dangerous and liable to wreck the homes of my heroes. My reply is, "I am first, last and all the time an artist—and if my love scenes are destined to thrill millions, why worry about wrecking a few thousand homes?"

Text for a Wall-Card.—It is lucky for a young woman to be just a bit homely. The fact helps her to get a good husband, and, what is harder, to keep him after she has got him. The flawless beauty has no durable joy in this life save looking in the glass, and even this departs as she oxidizes. Men, knowing her intolerable vanity, are afraid of her, and, if snared into marriage with her, always look for the worst.

From the Book of a Bachelor of Forty.—1. Toward men, ever an aristocrat; toward women, ever a commoner—that way lies success.

2. Among men, women admire most those who have all the attributes and qualities of the actor and yet are not actors by profession.

3. Love is always a tragedy for the woman. That tragedy she never succeeds entirely in escaping. It is sometimes the tragedy of a broken heart, sometimes the greater tragedy of fulfilment. A broken heart is a monument to a love that will never die; fulfilment is a monument to a love that is already on its deathbed.

On Critics.—There are critics whose taste is sound, but whose judgment is unsound: who like the right things, but for the

wrong reasons. There are other critics whose judgment is sound, but whose taste is defective: these like the right things and for the correct reasons, but the absence of background of taste and depth of taste alienates their followers. There are still other critics who are forthright apostles of emotional reaction, who have but a small measure of taste and utterly no judgment: these are ever the most popular critics, since they deal in the only form of criticism that the majority of persons can quickly and most easily grasp.

Veritas Odium Parit.—Another old delusion is the one to the effect that truth has a mysterious medicinal power—that it makes the world better and man happier. The fact is that truth, in general, is extremely uncomfortable, and that the masses of men are thus wise to hold it in suspicion. The most rational religious ideas held in modern times are probably those of the Unitarians; the most nonsensical are those of the Christian Scientists. Yet it must be obvious to every observer that the average Unitarian, even when he is quite healthy, is a sour and discontented fellow, whereas the average Christian Scientist, even when he is down with gallstones, is full of an enviable peace. I have known, in my time, several eminent philosophers. The happiest of them, in his moments of greatest joy, used to entertain himself by drawing up wills leaving his body to a medical college.

Story Without a Moral.—A number of years ago, in my newspaper days, I received from what would now be called the Ku Klux Klan a circular violently denouncing the Catholic Church. This circular stated that the Church was engaged in a hellish conspiracy to seize the government of the United States and put an agent of the Pope into the White House, and that the leaders of the plot were certain Jesuits, all of them foreigners and violent enemies of the American Constitution. Only one such Jesuit was actually named: a certain Walter Drum, S.J. He was denounced with great bitterness, and every true American was besought to be on the watch for him. Something inspired me to turn to "Who's Who in America"; it lists all the principal emissaries of Rome in the Republic, even when they are not Americans. This is what I found:

> Drum, Walter, S.J.; *b.* at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 21, 1870; *s.* Capt. John Drum, U.S.A., killed before Santiago.

I printed the circular of the *Ur*-Klansmen —and that eloquent sentence from "Who's Who". No more was heard against the foreigner Drum in that diocese. . . .

Eight or ten years later, having retired from journalism with a competence, I was the co-editor of a popular magazine. One day there reached me the manuscript of a short story by a young Princeton man, by name F. Scott Fitzgerald. It was a harmless and charming story about a young scholastic in a Jesuit seminary. A few months later it was printed in the magazine. Four days after the number was on the stands I received a letter from a Catholic priest, denouncing me as an enemy to the Church, belaboring the story as blasphemous and worse, and stating that the writer proposed to make a tour of all the Catholic women's clubs in the East, urging their members to blacklist and boycott the magazine. The name signed to the letter was "Walter Drum, S.J."

I offer the story, but append no moral. Perhaps its only use is to show how Christians of both wings have improved upon John XV, 12.

THE COMMUNIST HOAX

BY JAMES ONEAL

In a recent volume of historical studies Sir Charles Oman considers the potency of rumor in war time. Despite the increased facilities for the transmission of information, rumor is then given a new and vigorous lease of life, and an exaggerated credulity persists as a survival after the conflict ends. He cites, among other instances, the familiar tale of the Mons Angels, a troop of shining figures which, so many credulous men and women believed, saved the left wing of the British Army during the Mons retreat. This curious story was traced back to a work of fiction published in an obscure magazine in September, 1914. Considering the psychology of war rumor, Sir Charles concludes "that we are the children of our fathers, that we should not jest too much at 'mediæval credulity,' and that we should recognize in the rumor-phenomena of our own day the legitimate descendants of those which used to puzzle and amaze our ancestors, whom we are too often prone to regard with the complacent superiority of the omniscient Twentieth Century. The Great War has taught us—among other things—a little psychology and a good deal of humility."

It is well to remember this statement, now that so many Americans seem to be under the spell of a fear complex regarding Communism in the United States. Of course, we have Communists, just as we had Jacobins in New York in the days of Robespierre, but this obvious and trivial fact has given rise to grotesque beliefs regarding the number of them, as well as ludicrous exaggerations of their influence upon the generality of organized workmen. Practically all the estimates that appear in the newspapers, usually sponsored by some public official or some functionary in a "tame" trades union, bear no more relation to reality than the belief in the Angels of Mons. Since the year 1919, when the first organized group of Communists was formed, I have collected their leaflets and books, manifestoes and propaganda papers, convention proceedings and other documents. I have followed their bitter controversies with each other. I have studied their beliefs and the origin, development and varying fortunes of each organized group. The materials gathered during the four years convince me that the estimates recently made that there are from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 Communists in the United States are quite absurd.

Seventeen Communist organizations, practically all of them claiming to be of national scope, have been formed since 1919. This represents an average of four new ones each year. Stated thus, Communism appears to be a formidable force, but upon analysis it is shown to be extremely feeble. The numerous organizations reveal all sorts of weaknesses and dissensions. Most of them represent men and women resorting to new expedients, new programs and methods, precisely because of their failure to impress any considerable number of people with their old ones. One characteristic of every group has been its charge that all the others followed methods not adapted to winning converts. Another is that after trying its own methods it abandoned them and either formulated new policies or united with others. Yet each new program and each

coalition of two or more groups has usually produced only fresh schisms and desertions. Due to these factors and contrary to the general belief, Communism reached its highest tide in 1919, while in 1924 it is probably at its lowest ebb.

II

A short survey of this movement and its various sects will make this evident. The parent Communist organization in the United States was the Left Wing, a faction within the Socialist party and representing an emotional reaction to the Russian revolution. Forced out of the Socialist organization by the executive committee of the latter in 1919, the Left Wing took with it 30,000 or 35,000 members. In New York it drafted a "Left Wing Manifesto" early in 1919 in which it severely denounced the Socialists for their alleged neglect of various party opportunities during the war. It outlined its own position in the following words:

> The party must teach, propagate and agitate exclusively for the overthrow of capitalism, and the establishment of Socialism through a proletarian dictatorship.
>
> The Socialist candidates elected to office shall adhere strictly to the above provisions.

This Left Wing established an organ, the *Revolutionary Age*, which carried on a bitter struggle to capture the Socialist organization and materially weakened the latter. It soon developed, however, that the Left Wing was developing factions of its own, which finally culminated in a split and the organization of the first two Communist parties.

The faction of extremists may be designated as the Left Wing of the Left Wing. It opposed organizing a rival to the Socialist party until after an appeal was made to the national convention of the Socialists, apparently in the hope that its expulsion would be reversed by the convention. It did carry its appeal to the convention of 1919, but, observing at once that its chances there were hopeless, its delegates soon withdrew. Then the Left Wing of the Left Wing found that it had drifted too far from its own parent body to effect a reconciliation. The result was the organization of two Communist parties out of the membership of the two wings.

The parent Left Wing organized the Communist party in September, 1919. The dissenting faction was meeting in the same city, Chicago, at the same time and attempts were made to unite the two, but without success. The Communist party declared that industrial unionism "is a factor in the final mass action for the conquest of power, and it will constitute the basis for the industrial administration of the Communist Commonwealth." It urged that "councils of workers" be organized in shops and factories and declared that political action was "of secondary importance." The influence of the Russian revolution is evident in this program. Police raids a few months later drove the organization underground and it became a secret society. Two years of this existence finally convinced the leaders that its program was hopeless. Its organ, the *Communist*, in the issue for October, 1922, said: "It cannot be denied that the Communist party of America practically does not exist as a factor in the class struggle. . . . The crying need is an open political rallying centre." It finally abandoned its covert existence in 1923 and found a leading place in the Workers' party, to be considered later. Its membership cannot be estimated accurately. The quarrel between it and the other wing undoubtedly made for many desertions and a rough estimate would give it, at most, not more than 10,000 members.

The Left Wing of the Left Wing organized the Communist Labor party at the same time. The differences between the two parties were actually very slight. One claim of the Communist Labor party was that it had abandoned foreign language federations while its rival retained them. It also charged that "in the Communist party there are innumerable political deals between the incongruous elements which

make it up," meaning that it contained factions that could not be reconciled. Each party claimed a majority of the members of the original Left Wing. It is probable that the two organizations had about the same number of members.

The Proletarian party was the third faction of this type organized in 1919. It was an offshoot of the Michigan section of the Socialist party. Its charter had been revoked by the Socialist executive committee in June, 1919, owing to its adoption of a program requiring its speakers to attack religion. It had little faith in the organization of trade unions and in ameliorative political measures. It was associated with the parent Left Wing in organizing the Communist party but it eventually resumed its independent existence, claiming that it was the genuine Communist organization. Recently advances have been made to it by the Workers' party for union and this has revived the old controversy as to which represents the true Communist faith in this country.

The Industrial Communists constituted the fourth organization formed in 1919. Organized in November of that year, this group did not have more than 25 members, yet it claimed a national existence and drafted a national program! It established a small monthly organ of four pages, the *Industrial Communist*. Denouncing all the other parties, it contended that "any one of them put into power could not establish industrial communism." It proposed to organize the workers in the six basic industries, agriculture, transportation, mining, manufacturing, construction and education, and so build the framework of a new society. It expired within a year.

The Rummager's League, organized in 1922, was the successor to the Industrial Communists. The new organization derived its name from the first sentence in the preamble to its constitution: "We rummage the field of history and science so as to develop the keenest intellect possible." This organization established a "Rummager's Institute" in Chicago with courses in various subjects and proposed to establish study classes in all the States. The elaborate scheme of organizing the "six basic industries" was abandoned. The Rummagers paid no attention to political and economic organization and in this respect they present a marked variation from the usual Communist type. They dragged out a precarious existence till the end of the year and then disappeared.

The United Communist party appeared on the scene in 1920. This was a union of the Communist and Communist Labor parties. The union was effected in June, but when and where was not disclosed. The program of the new organization declared that "capitalism today faces complete collapse" and that "civil war between the classes now holds the world in its grip." Its program urged "parliamentary action only for the purpose of revolutionary propaganda" while at "appropriate times" it would boycott the elections. It looked forward to the time when a struggle between the classes would develop "into open conflict" which would end in a Communist dictatorship. A large section of the program was devoted to outlining the "Communist reconstruction of society." Some 34 delegates, however, refused to be united. They withdrew and declared that the new program "reeks with the bourgeois horror of the destruction of property and lives."

The year 1921 brought into existence five sects. A small group remaining in the Socialist party caught the infection and organized as the Committee of the Third International. It was dissatisfied because the Socialists refused to affiliate with the international organization of the Communists. It became the object of satirical criticism by other groups and was eventually swallowed by the next organization formed.

This proved to be The Workers' Council, organized in New York City in the Spring of 1921. It established a bi-weekly organ devoted to bitter criticism of the Socialists. It drew its inspiration from the work of the

Committee of the Third International just mentioned, which probably did not have more than 50 members. It believed that there was "a growing sentiment that stands behind the Third International and its principles. All that is needed is a force that will cement this unorganized sympathy and understanding and loose allegiance into a compact body." Like all other organizations of its kind, it proposed to unite all the communist factions. It wanted an "open party" as well. In December of this year it was one of a number of groups that founded the Workers' party.

The African Blood Brotherhood appeared simultaneously. It consisted of a handful of radical Negroes who organized in 1921 to carry the Communist message to their race. It assumed to be of national importance, but there is no evidence that it has ever added to its original small numbers or that it has made any impression upon the Negro people. One of its leading representatives states that its program provides for "racial unification for a free Africa," protection of Negro labor "from exploitation by capitalism," and welcomes "men of the race without attempting to dwarf them before one giant master mind." This is a reference to Marcus Garvey, leader of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, who was recently sent to prison.

The American Labor Alliance, also organized in 1921, was a coalition of numerous scattered groups. Its object was that of the other groups—a union of the forces that had so persistently refused to unite. When it finally merged with others in founding the Workers' party in December, 1921, its report of its membership showed that it was everything but an American alliance. The following sections, it appeared, were affiliated with it: Finnish, Hungarian, Irish, Greek, South Slavic, Spanish, Armenian, Esthonian, Italian, German, Jewish, Lithuanian, Russian and Ukranian. These all represented small groups profoundly impressed by the Russian revolution.

In the Autumn of the same year the Workers' League was founded in New York City. It at last united the Communist parties and most of the other groups. It nominated six candidates in the city election and adopted a platform denouncing the Socialists. While the program demanded "a Workers' Soviet Republic in the United States," it also proposed such moderate reforms as "legislation to combat and stop the reduction of wages," protection of labor organizations "against the open shop drive," and "relief for the unemployed." With its small but active forces devoted to campaign appeals, the candidates of the party polled about 3,000 votes. Despondent over this result, it began to take stock of its resources.

Within one month it reorganized as the Workers' party. The union of the groups in the new party was hailed as an "epoch-making event" and one leader of the old American Labor Alliance wrote that the leaders had displayed "proletarian strategy in fighting the enemy and winning the masses." Such statements, so frequently found in Communist publications, represent an unconscious translation into American experience of the military struggles of the Russian Communists against their invading enemies. But even this union failed to unite all the groups. What was called the Proletarian party maintained a separate existence, while another new organization was formed in bitter antagonism to the Workers' party in 1922. This was the United Toilers, organized in New York City in February of that year. Its organ, the *Workers' Challenge*, declared that all the other organizations betrayed a "total lack of understanding of the correct tactics to be pursued in the labor movement of the United States." It proposed to participate in "daily struggles of the workers," to foster unity of all elements, and to establish propaganda classes and publish literature. It represented a coalition of Ukranian, Lettish and Lithuanian organizations, a woman's organization, two Polish societies, and a number of labor unions inde-

pendent of the American Federation of Labor. Its official publication reeked with the most offensive vituperation its editor could command in denunciation of all other Communists, especially those who had organized the Workers' party. Nevertheless, when the Communist International ordered the United Toilers to disband and join the Workers' party it complied with the order and abandoned its organ as well.

The Workers' party is the final product of all these Communist sects and its official publication proudly boasts of it. Only the small Proletarian party remains out of the fold. But this bringing together of a complex variety of discordant sects in a relatively simple coalition has been accomplished chiefly by a recantation of all the extremist doctrines of 1919 and 1920. In some respects the Workers' party has become more moderate than even the Socialists. The first period of 1919-20 was marked by a sharp drift to the left, but since then the march has been just as marked to the right. Today the greatest apparent ambition of the average Communist is to be a member of a genuinely national labor party. So pronounced is this drift that even the Workers' party could not resist the temptation that had beset all its predecessors—that of forming still another organization.

In New York City the Workers' party had reaped the same disappointment in the November election of 1922 which the Workers' League had realized the year before. It had not won the support of more than a tiny fraction of the voters of the city. The movement entered its fourth year in 1923, and, as we have seen, all the various groups and factions, except one or two, had merged into one organization. Despairing of its future, the Workers' party seized the opportunity offered by the Farmer-Labor party when it issued a call for a national conference in July. It sent delegates to this conference and captured it. This was accomplished by duplicating its representation over and over again—by sending delegates from singing societies, benefit clubs, gymnastic clubs, educational associations and similar organizations. Through this *coup* it organized a Federated-Farmer-Labor party, now claiming 600,000 members. But this absurd estimate is based upon the padded reports of its own local organizations and the membership of many other organizations, most of which refuse to affiliate with it. Its program contains no Communism whatever. It represents a complete reversal of the extremist doctrines of a few years ago. Thus we have the remarkable spectacle of a movement of various sects competing for extreme positions for a number of years, and then finally uniting in a coalition which competes with more conservative organizations for the most moderate position.

III

Another organization, the I. W. W., remains to be considered. Popular opinion credits the I. W. W. with an intimate relationship with the Communist Internationale. There is no evidence whatever to sustain this theory save that William D. Haywood is associated with the Communist regime in Russia. But against it stands the important fact that Haywood has lost caste with the American organization. He is regarded by his former American associates as a deserter of their cause, precisely because he fled to Russia and accepted Communism.

Contrary to the general opinion, bitter war is waged between the I. W. W. and the Communists. An elementary knowledge of the theories of the two movements would lead one to expect this antagonism. The I. W. W. is opposed to political action and has an intense fear of the state, whether it be the present state of the capitalist countries or the Communist state of Russia. It favors the industrial organization of the wage workers and the extension of this type of organization until it has power enough to take over the industries of the nation, which are then to be owned by the industrial unions.

Political action by the masses would lead to ownership of the nation's industries by the state and in the view of the I. W. W. the state controlled by workingmen is no better than the state controlled by capitalists.

Here are opposing views that form the basis of a fundamental antagonism between the I. W. W. and Communism. The I. W. W. sent a delegate to the Third Congress of the Communist Internationale, held in Moscow in 1921, in the hope of effecting some working agreement or of modifying the conditions prescribed for affiliation. The mission proved to be a fruitless one. A writer in an official publication of the I. W. W. wrote in January, 1922, presenting the reasons why the organization could not affiliate with the Communist Internationale. The I. W. W. view, he explained, is that "it would be suicidal for any revolutionary syndicalist or industrialist labor organization to submit to the dictates of any political party." Another reason, he continued, is that Communists oppose the I. W. W. idea that the industrial union should constitute the "structure" of a new society and also serve as the "midwife" for ushering in this new society. These fundamental differences have made the two movements uncompromising enemies and their partisans engage in bitter controversy whenever they meet.

The Trade Union Educational League, represented by William Z. Foster, is not a political organization, but it boasts of fraternal relations with the Communist movement. It was originally intended for educational work in the trade unions, to make the latter more effective instruments for organized workmen. It came under Communist influence about a year ago, but it does not represent any increase in either numbers or of prestige for the Communists. It has merely provided another type of organization through which Communists may carry on their activities. It has a small membership and has only succeeded in winning for itself the distrust and bitter hostility of the organized workmen of the country.

This brings us to a consideration of the leading question in this survey. How many organized Communists are there in the United States? My own estimate is something less than 20,000, about one-half the number in 1919. This figure is confirmed by good Communist authority. The Russian Communists subsidize a weekly publication in Berlin, the *International Press Correspondence*, which carries news of Communist movements in all countries and of the internal affairs of Russia. It is an invaluable source of information if we make allowance for certain exaggerations. In the issue for April 19, 1923, a prominent American Communist places the membership of the Workers' party at 20,000. Of this number, he adds, only 1,500 are English-speaking. Communists are accustomed to exaggerate their numbers and power and there is reason for believing that the membership of this organization is even lower than that given. It is this little band of emotional men and women that has been magnified into millions by those unacquainted with the facts and that has inspired wild fears of a neat conspiracy against the Republic! It is the greatest hoax in history. It is an example of that nervous psychology of fear which produced the illusion of the Angels of Mons.

THE WEAVER'S TALE

BY JOHN McCLURE

BENEATH a street lamp at an intersection of alleys, transfigured to a singular beauty by the yellowish glow, sat an Arabian beggar playing a curious instrument. The sound he was making was beyond question something from far away, a desert melody or a herdsman's song from the hills, and it echoed no less beautifully than strangely in the narrow alleys of Cairo, accustomed only to the barbarous rhythms of dance-halls. It would be inaccurate to term it a Jew's-harp, said Diodorus, yet it comes of a similar family.

"It is a Numidian lyre," said the person at his elbow. "He makes a large part of the music by clicking his teeth."

"That accompaniment could be dispensed with," said Diodorus, "to the advantage of the harmony. It is the metallic vibrations that produce the haunting refrain. You are a musician?"

"I am by profession a weaver," said the man at his elbow. "I know the words of 'The Alligator's Bride', and can play it on gongs or whistle it, as well as 'The Metropolitan Night's Delight', 'The Loving Weaver', and 'Whose Old Mare?' But I consider myself simply an amateur."

"I made a study of harmony in youth," said Diodorus, "but have neglected it lately. You find the market is stable, in weaving?"

"I have nothing to complain of," said the weaver.

"The summer is hard," said Diodorus. "You are in luck if you prosper."

"I have delivered a quilt to a customer since dinner," said the weaver. "I have received pay in advance for fabric for six pairs of pajamas. As a consequence, I boast a pocketful of money and am on my way to a dramshop."

"If you are going to the Fishes," said Diodorus Carnifex, "I will accompany you."

The Three Fishes was deserted, more or less, at this hour. Those who came to eat dinner had gone, and those who came to finish their evenings had not yet arrived. Diodorus and the weaver established themselves at a table in a corner. There were two or three men in the room who made a noise swallowing wine, but did not disturb them. The man on the floor was snoring, but the sound was inoffensive. From the bartender Diodorus and the weaver ordered two mugs of wine.

As they sampled it, there was a blare of horns and a rattle of drums from the street outside. Diodorus leaped from his bench.

"Anything warlike always upsets me," he explained hastily. "Is it the military?"

"It is the firemen's band," said the bartender. "They are carrying torches, and all dressed in yellow breeches. They have not looked so grand since the mayor was buried. They are on their way back from a euchre party that they gave for the benefit of the pension fund."

Diodorus seated himself. The weaver's mug by this time was empty.

"The best friend I had in the world was a fireman," the weaver said. "Nobody could fight fire any better than he could. He would go up a ladder like a squirrel. But he was hanged two years ago when they proved he set fire to a pothouse that refused to pay tribute. He had had the liveliest life of any fellow I know of. He admitted everything to me one night when he

was liquored, and such a biography has not been invented since they published 'The Golden Ass'."

"I had always considered a fireman's life was drowsy except when something was burning," said Diodorus Carnifex.

"He became a firefighter only as a last resort," the weaver said, "and he did not, as I observed, keep the position long. He had been nearly everything, and he began in the cloth."

"That is unusual," said Diodorus.

"It is the fact," said the weaver. "He told me the story complete."

"I should like to make a note of it," said Diodorus Carnifex.

II

The weaver began:

"He was born in Cappadocia. As a child, will-o'-the-wisps played round his head while he was sleeping. This in his parents' opinion portended exceptional sanctity, and he was compelled to memorize texts which he recited with accuracy in the temple on feast days. He was much favored by the deacons before he was ten, and before he was twenty he had been selected chief of the choir.

"It was about this time he discovered he was pious enough to charge money for it. He entered the church at once, as an evangelist, always taking up a collection. He attracted great flocks, for he announced he had seen the statue of Apollo stir in its sleep and that he could prophesy things to come and had analysed hell-fire. He was popular wherever they booked him.

"But he got into delicious difficulties with eight or nine women at home and fell into grievous errors—including a weakness for raspberry punch—while on a visit to Byzantium, and on his return the elders unfrocked him before a great multitude.

"He did not delay in leaving the place. He announced he was a citizen of the world, and he returned to Byzantium with a good deal of money and lived like a person of fashion. He was a famous fellow: he distinguished himself as the best pingpong player on the Golden Horn and his supporters challenged all Turkey. He was a dog with the women. He would never go out without a nosegay. During that winter he caught the influenza standing at the exit of a show-house holding a posy. He became popular, and developed a streak of ambition. A charlatan who read fortunes from the configuration of the toes told him he would become a commissioner. And he was indeed on the highroad to glory, and all this might have come about, had he not suffered financial reverses.

"But his fall was sudden. He vouched for a traveling tinker at a pawnbroker's, and when the tinker defaulted the sheriff seized even his shirt. There were phrases in the bankruptcy laws of which my friend could have taken advantage, but he was put into prison fraudulently, he told me, by the prosecutor who duped the magistrate by citing a large portfolio. He remained in a cell for months.

"When he emerged, ragged and destitute, wearing a beard, and attempted to explain his absence by saying he had eaten of a magic cheese and been transported to Persia, nobody believed him. At the clubs they shut the door in his face. So he earned what money he could raking manure off the streets and peddling soap, and begged a bit from old friends when they would recognize him, for he had learned, what you and I know well enough, that victuals are more important than honor.

"Of course he conceived of himself as a victim, and his only comfort in those dark weeks, he told me, was the hope that he might become celebrated for his misfortunes. His appearance had become that of a complete ragamuffin. He always walked down an alley instead of a street when possible so as to avoid meeting any of the women he used to spend money on. As a result of this suspicious carriage he almost got hanged, for he was arrested by the secret police and accused of a puzzling series of murders. Fortunately for my friend, they were traced to an undertaker.

"After this, and partly because of it, he fell into a sort of a palsy. Nothing seemed to relieve him and he became worthless at any work whatsoever. A mendicant poet who had lost everything speculating on a volume of original odes, and was as penniless as himself, attempted to cure him by reciting hexameters. A rope-dancer at the Hippodrome told him to take tar-water for it. A dancing waitress at the cabaret where he was at the time washing dishes taught him an orison composed by a monk in Odessa which was a specific against swamp-fever, diabetes and small-pox, but it did him no good. They agreed he was fit only to die, and things came to such a pass that nobody would hire him.

"But his malady responded to silver as the pox to mercury, and when he inherited two thousand piastres he was as brisk as a fox. In no time the clubs had received him again, and he made a match with the handsomest woman in Byzantium. He was as fond of pomp as an Ethiopian, and she became enamored of him because of the way he was dressed. They lived magnificently, and rode a great deal in a carriage. His wife, worried about her complexion, would never go out without a silk parasol because she was afraid she would freckle.

"But this money, which he had inherited from a great uncle, did not vegetate like the true cross. It dwindled when he depleted it. And he was on the verge of bankruptcy again when, by good fortune, his wife turned blue, and, leaving Byzantium, he made an excellent living for two or three years taking her about in circuses.

"This arrangement was broken up by an acrobat, and my friend found himself single again, without resources entirely and in the heart of the provinces. However, as it was a rural district he soon obtained employment as secretary of a pig exchange. He did very well, but contact with farmers was not to his taste, and, under the stress of transactions in pork, his mind yearned for more intellectual pastimes. He read history and made a study of primroses, and in his spare hours invented a gimcrack with quicksilver in it that walked like a man.

"Then he became infatuated abruptly with the daughter of a planter for whom he sold pigs, and got himself into disrepute carving his love-songs on the walls of the market. The women in those days were wearing mirrors on their stomachs, and he told me he saw her first wearing a large one, looking more magnificent than anyone at the prayer-meeting.

"It developed into quite an affair, and one day they departed together, he with all the funds and commissions that had not yet been distributed in the pig exchange, going very fast toward Corinth. They lived pleasantly there for some time, and were not overtaken, when suddenly he discovered that his sweetheart was a pythoness. He had not imagined what spirit was in her, he told me, and, though he would not go so far as to say that it was a devil possessed her—for he had found it impossible to drive her out of the house by poking his fingers at her—it was a familiar, he said, that was most incompatible. So he left Corinth, traveling all by himself.

"It was soon after this that he came to Cairo, but not until after he had become a scandal in Thebes. I do not know what he did there, for he was very reticent about it, but it must have been shocking. I first encountered him here at several taverns, drinking very hard and trying to avoid his destiny. But he was a good fellow. We became friends over beer and he told me this story weeping.

"Here he soon got into an entanglement with a fat woman, married like one of the Graces to an incompetent fellow, whom I suspected with good reason of keeping his wallet supplied. He never discussed the subject and evaded it when it was possible. But I encountered him one evening emerging from the place in darkness and he blushed till he shone like sulphur.

"It was in attempting to extricate himself from this affair that he conceived the idea that a fortune could be accumulated by any ingenious fireman, especially by

himself if he could get an appointment to the brigade. This end he accomplished in collusion with an alderman, and when he had once got employed they both made a great deal of money. He became a distinguished member of the ladder company and three times was decorated with ribbons.

"But, as I told you, there was a fire at the Bull of Isis pothouse which seemed to have been somewhat incendiary. A summary inquiry on the spot with six witnesses present, including the proprietor, established conclusively that my friend had demanded a love-offering of two hundred piastres, not in the form of a check, that the proprietor had refused this indignantly, and that my friend had been seen in the alley shortly before the fire with a bucket of grease. When my friend was informed of these revelations, he left the city with incredible speed.

"He was intercepted at Alexandria and returned to Cairo in handcuffs with a flatiron on his ankle. He was tried at once for conspiratory arson. The alderman did what he could, but that official had lost his prestige during the testimony and feared for his neck. My friend, though he swore cleverly, was found guilty without the right of appeal and was sentenced to be hanged on the following Wednesday between seven and eight in the morning.

"I visited him after the verdict, taking him, with the jailor's permission, a vessel of beer. He was not complaining. The sentence was just, he said, according to law, and he simply had gambled and lost. But he wept when he remembered the fortune-teller who had told him he was to become a commissioner, and he spoke bitterly of how he had never in his life acquired any political distinction whatever, going now to his grave without having once boasted a wig or a uniform. I left him after an hour, and he was furious when I bade him godspeed, for this was on Tuesday and he was still expecting a pardon.

"On Wednesday he was informed there was nothing for it but to be hanged, and that any reasonable request would be granted. He then asked to be allowed to walk to the gallows in a suit with silver buttons, which was conceded, and he died proudly."

"Did he die without issue?" asked Diodorus.

"He would never attempt to count his children," the weaver said, "because he had traveled so much."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES*

Architecture

THE NEW SKY-LINE

By C. Grant La Farge

Seven years ago New York City adopted a law limiting the heights of new buildings. This law was the outcome of the many evils attendant upon the assumption that economic balance was the only restriction needed, and that freedom consisted in letting everyone do as he liked, especially if he was making money. The city suddenly awoke to the fact that its property-owners were biting—or perhaps building—each other's noses off, and playing the very devil with real-estate values. When the pocket nerve began to ache pretty badly, the doctor got his show.

The basic purpose underlying the new height regulation is the preservation of a fixed angle of light. On whatever street you build, the vertical height of your front wall cannot go beyond a certain ratio to the street width; if you want to go higher than that, you must set back a given amount for each foot of added height. The effect of this, plus the rules as to the area that must be left open altogether, which increases with height, is that the upper part of your building tends to become a tower. How high you will carry the tower, once you have reached the point where its diminished floor area and increased cost of elevator service will no longer leave you a profit, will be determined by what you may consider its advertising value. This affords a true economic balance.

But it is not with the economic or social aspects of the law that I am here concerned, enormously important as they are; it is with its aesthetic consequences, which could hardly have been foreseen, except dimly as conjectures, and with some moral considerations, entertaining to the humorist. Of the latter, perhaps the first is that, having restrained the orgy of individualism to which we were so devoted, we have opened the way for a display of individuality hitherto exceptional, but now rather strikingly evident. Another is that a law devised to cure a practical evil—a number of practical evils, indeed—should also work for beauty. This, paradoxically, though it happened accidentally, is hardly an accident. Many students of our municipal architectural problem, mindful of great European examples, had long felt the wish for some sort of regulation, some imposition of order, some check upon the riot. Their views probably tended mainly toward uniformity—toward the similarity of type and continuity of principal lines seen, say, in Paris. There is still reason for advocating those same views. Dignified repose is obviously worth more than uneasy restlessness; Fifth Avenue is capable of betterment; imagine what might be done with Riverside Drive!

But we haven't got anywhere near this direct control of design by legal enactment and it is probably alien to us, anyhow. The present law, however, may be expected to produce a great deal more group uniformity than we now suspect, when enough buildings have been erected under it with their main cornices of even height; while at the same time it opens the door to a variety of mass and sky-line in the larger buildings undreamt of before its advent. Thus beauty will be born of the merely practical; of halting speculative license; of putting some check upon intolerable con-

*Under this heading The American Mercury will print each month a variety of short articles by writers of authority.

gestion; of trying to stabilize values by guaranteeing permanency; of agreeing not to build out the other fellow's light and air. Nothing very improbable about that to the architect, who has been trained in the theory that his art is one pre-eminently of fitness, however far-fetched that may seem to the man in the street. Nothing strange, either, to those who have been preaching, largely to inattentive ears, the principles of city planning—the need of foresight, prevision, order, convenience, economy, as things necessary to and before embellishment, and who are commonly supposed to be impractical visionaries, full of aesthetic dreams.

The effects of the new law first proclaim themselves in large buildings—offices, hotels, high apartments; this was to be expected. How is it influencing design? Our skyscrapers hitherto have been, almost unvaryingly, rectangular boxes; their variation has been in height and width only. This variation, however, has been very great; we see everything from a building covering an entire block to one which is a mere slice of façade carried to an inordinate height. As the range of designing ability has been wide, and the utmost latitude in the use of design motives prevalent, we have achieved a singular effect of discordant, tormented monotony—monotony of fundamental scheme, the box; discord of scale and quality. The architect is not to be blamed for all this; a herculean task was thrust upon him. Almost over night came the steel frame and its fantastic possibilities. Aside from the vastly intricate mechanical problems involved, the economic demands to be met, was the truly appalling fact that nowhere in all the wide earth was there any precedent in design for the architect to cling to. And he *must* have precedent!

The box is not a bad type in itself; Italian palaces are boxes. But when the Italian palace is stretched to incredible altitudes and peppered with windows in a thin wall, it goes to pieces. All sorts of schemes have been tried to meet the problem; there is no space to review them here; moreover, they are all on exhibition for whosoever will take the trouble to look. The upper strata of talent has produced buildings of extraordinary competence and distinction, but they are lost in the general hodge-podge. Here and there a really fine building is seen across one of our far too few open spaces; here and there is a good tower, built just for "dog", but none the less welcome; here and there is a real roof, for which we give thanks when we can see it. But mostly there are stretches of canyon walls, to be inspected at embarrassing angles, if we really do look at them at all. And therein lies the difficulty—we *don't* look at them; it requires too great and conscious an effort.

The great majority of people who pass through city streets receive only a vague general impression; their attention is normally upon things near the ground; the human eye turns only to where it is led by some definite cause. The eye is not led to contemplate high unbroken walls along narrow streets—and almost any street is narrow if it has high enough buildings along it. What does attract the eye is interesting, striking silhouettes; great masses so composed that they make us look up at them; very especially, *light*. Now, the virtue of the new law is that it enables the designer to treat his building as a sort of tower. Whether or not that building starts as a solid rectangle at the ground, its required offsets as it rises lead to a grouping of diminishing masses. So it acquires perforce a profile of interest, and attracts the eye, and goes on detaching itself more and more against the sky. This is something very different from the hard line of a straight cornice, set at the greatest height possible, and it is something very much better.

From the new order of things, therefore, two results may reasonably be expected to flow. One is that our buildings will be more observed by the public, and that perhaps there will be more interest taken in them, more opinion about them. As it is, the absence of such opinion, the dismal

lack of critical interest, the prevalent ignorance, are among the most discouraging things that confront the architect who regards his calling as an art. The other result lies in the hands of the architects. Hitherto, in the case of such structures as we are considering, they have been largely limited in their treatment of façades to the study of detail. Very comprehensive detail, it is true, but broadly speaking, it has been detail as against mass. Really exquisite refinement has been often conscientiously, skillfully displayed; a constantly greater appreciation of the value of simplicity, of the elimination of the extraneous, has been shown—all this, in no small degree, to be overwhelmed at once by the impact of size, number and discordance. Suppose you design a building of, say, twelve stories and moderate width; study your scale very faithfully; refine your detail charmingly. Then come, on either side of you, and across the street, some great whales, with coarse detail, of a scale utterly unrelated to yours. You are trampled out of existence! There are juxtapositions of size, height, and character of design in our principal thoroughfares that would make us howl with agony if we had any aesthetic nerves.

Now the architect's bulk material has become more plastic; he can handle big shapes, mould them into real compositions. This should free his hands in an entirely new way. It should make him far more independent of detail; make him concentrate upon the greater elements, not the lesser. Apparently, one of the most important effects of the change should be a stronger reliance upon simplicity; it's the whole shape of the building that will count as never before; hence, there will be less need for clever stunts in parts of it. The law, among its other peculiarities, puts a premium upon large lots—the commercial building on a small lot cannot be carried very high, because when it has been pared down by its offsets there isn't enough left to be of any use. Therefore, the tendency will be toward a far greater uniformity of size in any given region. The new law is thus an aesthetic portent.

Medicine

THE POTHER ABOUT GLANDS

By L. M. Hussey

STARTLING reports still come out of Vienna about the philoprogenitive exploits of aged rats, marvelously rescued from senility by the Steinach operation, that is to say, vasectomy. And not only rats. Testimony also pours out that a far more august mammal, *Homo sapiens*, is susceptible of a like rejuvenation by so simple a surgical procedure as the ligation of the *vas deferens*. The Germans have made a verb of the Professor's name and Dr. Zeissl entitles a paper in the *Wiener klinische Wochenschrift*, "Warum und wie ich ohne Erfolg *gesteinached* wurde". But here it will be observed that the Doctor was steinached "without result". This, alas, seems to happen only too often! Unprejudiced examination of the evidence, indeed shows that the new *elixir vitae*, like all of its predecessors, is largely a chimera.

For several decades the mysteries of the secretory glands have not only invited scientific investigation, but also inflamed the popular imagination. The wonders of adrenalin (epinephrin), a secretory product of the suprarenal capsules, although a bit stale, still resound in the press. Lately a Chicago Paracelsus is reported to have restored the life of a recently moribund patient by squirting epinephrin into the defunct heart. Here the sound and excellent work of Banting, Best, Scott, Fisher, Thalhimer, *et al* has served only to launch new popular fallacies concerning the endocrine system. With so many marvels already reported, and more probably to follow, it may be interesting to inquire what, briefly, is known about the endocrine glands and their mysterious secretions. Is

it true that one of the favorite themes of the decadent writers of Greek and Roman comedy, the situation wherein a *pater-familias* contends with his son for the sprightly favors of young Lucretia, is about to become a common incident of every-day life? Has the *elixir vitae* been found at last? Will the dead, too impatient to await the millenium, arise at the command of a hypodermic needle and a drop of glandular secretion? What is the basis in fact for all these new necromancies?

Anticipating a great revelation, the earnest inquirer suffers quite a disappointment when he searches the pages of such a sober compend of endocrine knowledge as, let us say, Professor Biedl's exhaustive "Innere Sekretion". The mind athirst for a draught of assured wonders discovers but a mild and cautious beverage. In short, the investigation of the inner secretions has only just begun, and the properties of even the best-known glandular substances remain chiefly hypothetical.

Those most carefully studied to date are derived from the pituitary in the brain, the thyroid, the pancreas, the suprarenals and, to a less extent, the ovaries. The first product of glandular secretion to be isolated from an excised gland in a relatively pure state was epinephrin from the suprarenals, and that was done by J. J. Abel at the Johns Hopkins over twenty years ago. The startling effects of epinephrin on blood pressure led, in the beginning, to the facile conclusion that the maintenance of blood pressure was a direct function of suprarenal secretion. Later work, some of it done within the past year, has caused an abandonment of this too easy hypothesis. Epinephrin is no longer credited with the exclusive or even the most important rôle in maintaining blood pressure. After twenty years of intensive investigation it is still impossible to say, with any certainty, what definite part the suprarenals and their secretion play in the human animal.

Certain things that epinephrin will do are, of course, known. Even amateurs of physiology are aware that an animal heart may be kept beating by means of this drug after it is removed from the body. It is also true that a human heart *in situ*, which has, for a few seconds, given up the living rhythm of systole and diastole, may by a successful injection of epinephrin be made to beat again. But that the waiting angels are thrown into dismay by any such procedure I hesitate to argue. A man does not die at the precise moment when his heart ceases to beat. Death, to be sure, follows shortly after that event—by asphyxiation. But not instantly. Certain organs and tissues resist for relatively long periods. But once the brain and cord are asphyxiated, the candidate is ready for the hereafter. Epinephrin will not recall him then.

The only other pure secretory product isolated from an endocrine gland is thyroxin, which was separated from the thyroid gland scarcely more than a year ago. Its properties remain virtually unknown. When it was hailed, at first, as the essential, yes, the only, secretory substance of the thyroid, murmurs of doubt began to arise from the savants. Now it is known that thyroxin does not exhibit *all* the effects of thyroid substance—*i.e.*, there are probably other active substances in the gland. This gland, in spite of the prolonged attention paid to it, remains itself very mysterious. What is the purpose of its secretion, or secretions? Too much activity on the part of the thyroid produces, as nearly everyone knows, one form of goiter. Too little, another form. But goiter is a pathologic accident. What is the function of the normal gland, producing just enough of its secretory products? After an examination of much conflicting evidence, Professor Noël Paton, of Glasgow, sums up the available knowledge by saying: "The thyroid supplies to the organism an internal secretion which has a stimulating action on the course of metabolism, thus increasing the activity of development and of growth of the soma and gonads." In other words, the thyroid does an important

something and nobody knows how or exactly what.

Setting aside, for a moment, the pancreas, the shadows of doubt that fall upon the functions of the suprarenals and thyroid become, in relation to the other glands, a stygian obscurity. What of the pituitary? The nature of its secretion is unknown. The active substance has never been isolated. When the gland is diseased singular physiological effects result. Giantism is one result of its over-growth. Bernard Shaw, seeking to demonstrate that there must be a definite pathological reason why any man should diverge from the morals of a Scotch Presbyterian, attributed an hypertrophied pituitary to Oscar Wilde and asserted him to be a victim of giantism. But the diagnosis was dubious. Of the function of the pituitary in health little is known. Like the thyroid, it is apparently associated with the development of sex characteristics.

But although these glands have long been known to exercise this influence over sexual development, they are not the endocrines chosen by the professors of rejuvenation for their experiments. Instead they have devoted themselves to the glands specifically and almost exclusively associated with sexual functioning. The stimulation of the quiescent gonads by such a procedure as the Steinach operation, or their replacement by grafts of young and exuberant glands are, briefly, the methods employed in all the current attempts at rejuvenescence. What hope is there for success? Can such glands be effectually stimulated to renewed activity? Professor Steinach answers affirmatively. Until lately he has devoted most of his work to the problem of male rejuvenation. What were formerly called Leydig's cells he re-names the "puberty gland" and to the activities of this gland he attributes all the legendary splendours of Don Juan. But, as a recent medical periodical points out, certain facts obtained at necropsies seem to shatter this theory completely. A certain splendidly bearded man, a fine basso-profundo in life, was discovered to be wholly without the puberty gland when dissected by the pathologist. On the other hand, a young woman who had always been a very feminine creature was found to be abundantly provided with Leydig-cells. What is still more convincing is the melancholy testimony of such steinached individuals as Professor Zeissl. The truth leaks out that these partakers of the surgical elixir, as well as those who have submitted to glandular transplantations, still find it necessary to wear the laurel wreath.

But there is a vast difference between such gaudy endocrine promises as rejuvenation and such sober, admirable work as Dr. Bantling and his collaborators have contributed to our knowledge of the pancreas and the treatment of diabetes. Of course it has long been known that the pancreas is primarily a digestive gland. At the same time it has also been known that the pancreas has another function than simply to produce a digestive ferment. In certain diseases of the pancreas, and after removal of the gland, diabetes results. The most striking symptom of diabetes, as everyone knows, is the appearance of an excess of sugar (glucose) in the blood and its constant excretion. But this hyperglycemia is but a symptom and does not explain the fatal outcome of the disease. Diabetics, in fact, do not die of the excessive sugar in their blood, but of acidosis. They suffer from an incomplete combustion, or metabolism, of the carbohydrate and fatty substances taken in as food. The metabolism of the fats appears to be related to the proper combustion of glucose. And that combustion, or utilization, is largely controlled by a substance secreted in the pancreas.

Banting and his co-workers have finally isolated it and called it insulin, a name derived from the islets of Langerhans, its chief source in the gland. In the past, extracts of the pancreas showed little or no effect on the blood sugar, because, as it now appears, the insulin that might have been extracted was destroyed by anti-

ferments. By Banting's method of extraction the insulin remains, but the antiferments are eliminated. What, then, does insulin do? When injected into a diabetic it causes a prompt reduction of his excess of blood-sugar. In fact, an excess of the drug itself can reduce the sugar below its necessary and normal limit, and serious symptoms may follow; glucose must then be administered to counteract the excess of insulin. But in every patient a proper dosage may be ascertained, and by thus providing the missing ferment all the symptoms of diabetes, while the treatment continues, disappear. This is an excellent discovery. It is one authentic thing that has been done with glands. But it is well to bear in mind that the insulin obtained by present methods is not a pure chemical substance. We know very little about its nature and properties. It partakes of the obscurity that shrouds the complete action of all glandular secretions.

One may sum up by saying that the system of endocrine glands is an apparently related mechanism of secretory tissues. That mechanism is in mysterious and delicate adjustment. Important isolations of active ferments and chemical substances, such as insulin or epinephrin, may be expected from other endocrines in the future. But the judicious, recalling the delicate balance or adjustment between the different glands of the system, and the related glands, should look with a sceptical eye upon transplantation schemes, and all other such crude interpolations of new cogs in a subtle machine.

Philology

THE TEST OF ENGLISH

By George Philip Krapp

No apple contains in itself a perfect and complete combination of all the characteristics that may appear in apples, yet a person eating an apple is never in doubt that any particular apple is an apple. So also, although no aspect of English is the absolute and essential language, nevertheless any individual manifestation of English is immediately recognizable as English. What, then, is the test, the touchstone, by which one determines that a particular form of speech is or is not a part of the English language?

Obviously it will not do to dispose of any debatable word or phrase which happens not to be in one's own dialect, or in the dialect that one approves, by saying, That isn't English. The touchstone for English must be one that will do more than draw to it, like a magnet, only speech of a single kind. What I approve or disapprove in speech may be an important matter in determining my chosen relations to my fellowmen, but my choices do not exhaust the possible choices of the language. Even ungrammatical and incorrect English is still English, and the person who chooses ungrammatical forms cannot be pushed completely beyond the circle that marks the limits of the language.

A more practicable touchstone for English may perhaps be sought in the term idiomatic English. English is said to be most genuinely English when it is idiomatic. Now, the terms idiom and idiomatic call for a moment's examination. A very common notion of idioms is that they are forms of the language which lie beyond grammatical explanation. The great body of the language, according to this conception, is grammatically explicable, but here and there peculiar phrases and constructions crop up, as unaccountable as the whims and fancies of our friends. And these idioms, being so individual, so racy of the life of the language, are the very parts of it that express most fully its essential nature, just as one may know one's friends best by their foibles and eccentricities.

But all this shows an imperfect and shallow understanding of the term idiom. For in the first place there are no forms of the language which are beyond interpre-

tation in the sense that they are expressions of an uncontrolled, unregulated and irresponsible genius of the language. All forms of speech originated in the minds of individuals, and the mental processes which produced them can be analyzed and placed under grammatical categories, if the categories are only made wide and subtle enough. Nor can these seemingly irrational idioms be supposed to express the essential nature of the language better than the more regular parts of it. They are not primitive untamed survivals from the infancy of the speech, but are more likely to be late developments, resulting from some obscuring analogy or some partial dilapidation in the language. They are its eccentricities, not the central heart and core of it.

Much more inclusive than this grammatical conception of idiom is another which makes the term practically synonymous with the speech of a nation or a people. Thus the idiom of the English people is the language by the possession of which they are most readily recognized to be a people, that is, the English language. This speech is the peculiar language possession of the English people. It is their distinctive linguistic mark, just as French is the distinctive linguistic mark, the idiom of the French people.

Manifestly, however, this sense of the term idiom is of little avail in the attempt to discover some test by which one can establish grounds for the assurance one has that English is genuinely English. For if the English idiom is the peculiar speech of the English people, the term is obviously merely a synonym for the English language. Every nation, every race of people, has its peculiar idiom in this sense. The term is all-inclusive, embracing everything which gives to the nation or the race its sense of linguistic unity. But as it is merely the name for the whole group of the language experiences of the race, it provides no test by which the curious inquirer can determine that any particular fact of language is or is not properly idiomatic.

A different kind of test of the authenticity of any form of English under scrutiny would be one which examines it from the point of view of its authority. The question to be considered here is naturally the character of the authority it must enjoy before one can confidently affirm it to be English. What sanction must English speech receive before it can be included sympathetically within the circle of the English idiom?

One kind of authority might conceivably be that of usage. The English language by this test would be the language commonly accepted in the usage of the English people. But how general must this acceptance and this usage be in order to give it such power? Few uses, perhaps no uses, in the English language, are universal in their occurrence. Just how general must a form of English speech be to acquire the right to be called English idiom? And the more general a form of speech becomes, does it become thereby the more idiomatic? By this test ungrammatical English, since it is undoubtedly the speech of greater numbers of English persons than grammatical speech, would be more idiomatic than the conventionally correct language.

It is not true, however, that a form of speech must be widely or even familiarly used in order to be immediately recognizable and acceptable as English. This assertion can be verified by reading almost any English poet. In the lines of the poets will be found forms of expression never before heard in the language, often never again repeated in it. English poetry is full of compound words invented by the poets for immediate occasions and never used again. When Shakespere wrote in his sonnets of the "swart-complexioned night," or of "self-substantial fuel," it mattered little whether or not anyone had done the same before him. He wrote these words in an English context, with the expectation that they would be accepted as English words by his readers, and they became thereby, to the extent to which they have been read and understood, parts of the English language.

It is a pertinent question therefore to ask, when does a word become an English word? By a judicial decision in a court of law in the State of New York it was once decreed that a word shall be known as an English word by the fact that it is recorded in the reputable dictionaries of the language. This decision may have been practically convenient to the judge and the others concerned, but it was not linguistically sound. For the fact of inclusion in reputable dictionaries does not necessarily make a word English. The words *zeitgeist* and *hinterland* will be found in reputable dictionaries, but it is questionable whether many persons feel them to be English words. So also with *bonne*, *demi-monde*, *déjeuner*, *éclat*, and other French words. The dictionaries contain, moreover, hundreds of words of a scientific character never meant to be spoken by human lips and practically never heard by human ears. Are all these scientific monstrosities parts of the English idiom?

On the other hand, the fact that a word is not contained in reputable dictionaries is no proof that it does not occur as a living element in the language. It is true that in this day of competitive dictionary making few words current in the language are likely to escape the collector. The dictionary makers, indeed, are more inclined to err on the side of including words doubtfully English than on the side of omitting words genuinely English. But the dictionary makers still omit a number of widely-used but improper words—and they have not always been so industrious as they are now. The comprehensive, encyclopedic dictionary is of recent origin. Dr. Johnson's dictionary was small compared with the many volumed lexicons of our day. And before Dr. Johnson, in the beginnings of English lexicography, word treasuries of this sort were still smaller. But the language itself was not appreciably smaller. The dictionaries have increased enormously in size, but this growth does not mean a corresponding increase in the extent of the language. It merely means that many elements long present are more fully recorded. There was a time when no dictionaries at all existed, and still the English language was there. And if all the English dictionaries that have ever been made were completely wiped out of existence and recollection, the language would remain, and the words comprising it would have as much authority and justification for their existence as they have now. Dictionaries are, in short, merely records of language after the event. They do not make the facts of language, but at most can only faithfully describe them.

Every cultivated language of the modern world contains many words of foreign origin. In English these constitute no inconsiderable part of the vocabulary. Sometimes these foreign words retain the character of foreign elements, but often they become embodied in the language so completely that they cease altogether to be foreign and become simply English. For it scarcely need be said that the etymological origin of a word has nothing to do with determining the ultimate fate of it. In the English language are words from German, French, Dutch, Chinese, Japanese, Malay and a dozen other languages which have become as English as any of the words of purest Anglo-Saxon descent. Only the expert etymologist is aware of the fact that these foreign words have not always been accustomed to English surroundings. How have they become English, and what is the test by which we shall know that a foreign word is no longer foreign but has changed its nature?

One test often proposed is that a word shall be considered a foreign word as long as it retains the form and pronunciation that it had in the language from which it was derived, and that it shall be considered as having become an English word when it has become Anglicized in form and pronunciation. Thus *cadet* is an English word, because English pronounces the final *t*, whereas French does not. One might urge that a complete Anglicization of *cadet* would put the stress on the first syllable.

But if *cadet* becomes English only because the final *t* is pronounced, then *buffet* cannot be English, since the final *t* is not pronounced. Yet the common fact of experience is that countless numbers of people, in homes, hotels and on railway trains, use the word *buffet* without the slightest realization that it is anything but an English word.

A moment ago the words *zeitgeist* and *hinterland* were mentioned as doubtfully English, but if they are doubtful, it is not because they look and sound like German words. The word *kindergarten* is just as German as either of the two, and yet *kindergarten* may be successfully defended as a genuine English word—that is, English in the sense that it is a part of the idiom of the race. So we have many words like this in the language, foreign in form and as foreign in pronunciation as one language is likely to permit the pronunciation of the words of another language to be. Such words are *matinée*, *studio*, *soprano*, *alto*, *mirage*, *garage*, and other similar terms from French and Italian. Not a few English words are perfectly good Latin in sound and appearance, words like *bonus*, *onus*, *index*, *data*, *referendum*, *opera*, *vim*, *sculptor*, and many others with the ending *-or*. In the light of these illustrations, one must say therefore that the visual form of a foreign word and the aural form of it have little or nothing to do with determining whether or not it has become an English word. For a foreign word may remain unchanged in both and still by the test of experience be an English word.

If, then, etymological origins, grammatical analysis and extent of use prove to be unsatisfactory tests whereby English may justify itself, apparently one must appeal to a different kind of court. All these tests have the advantage of being definite and concrete, but they have the disadvantage of not explaining the facts. Etymology, grammar, usage,—all are factors in the practical experiences which together make up the English idiom, but there is something beyond any of these theoretical observations and of greater significance in determining our sense of the unity and the living character of our native speech.

What this something is only a psychologist should venture to set forth with full realization of its origins and its many subtle ramifications. But the thing itself is common enough in every man's experience; it is, in fact, a necessary part of his experience. It is so simple that pride of intellect may lead to the rejection of it as unworthy to serve as a source of linguistic light and leading. It is, in a word, the *feeling* for the mother tongue. What we *feel* to be English, we *know* to be English. If we do not feel a form of speech to be English, no amount of etymological learning, of refined grammatizing, of rational explanation of any kind can make it seem English to us. Only when we accept it and incorporate it into the living structure whereby we realize ourselves as having a native speech can a word or a phrase become a part of our idiomatic English. Reason is not needed as a guide to the recognition of a native speech. One does not recognize one's mother tongue by definition, but by the unassailable evidence and direct knowledge of feeling. The idiomatic life of the language is not something external, to be constructed by the accumulation of a number of demonstrable facts. It lies within us, a part of every person's living experience.

This feeling for the mother tongue is of slow and long growth. It has its beginnings in the earliest years of infancy, and it does not stop growing until speech, together with all other mental faculties, ceases forever. The elements which enter into the formation of it are incalculable in number, and in subtlety and variety they surpass any man's power to know them. They are elements arising not only from the experiences of the individual in his own inner personal world, but also from the experiences of the individual in his relations to all the other beings by whom he is surrounded. The feeling for the mother tongue is indeed an epitome of the whole personal and social experiences of the persons whose life it expresses.

If a feeling of this kind is our surest touchstone by which to know that English is English, then it becomes the most subjective of all tests. This, indeed, is necessary from the nature of language. English has no existence apart from the experience of individuals. It exists in no dictionary, in no man's grammatical description, however elaborate, of the language. It has being only as it is an active part of the mental and emotional life of men and women. But men and women in their use of language exhibit an infinite number of differing customs or dialects. No two can be absolutely the same in their use of language; no two can feel absolutely the same even with respect to what we call their common speech. It results therefore that what I feel to be English must be English—for me, and that what you feel to be English, must be English—for you. What is English to me cannot be English in precisely the same way to any other person. Certain forms of speech may seem English to other persons which seem to me not at all English. To some speakers even *zeitgeist* and *hinterland*, *bonne* and *déjeuner* may seem English. Everything depends upon feeling, upon the degree of assurance with which a word or other usage is drawn within the circle of sympathetic inclusion in the language. Even in the heart of the same person this feeling may not always be the same. At one moment a word may be used without the slightest shadow of doubt or hesitation as to its being authentic English. At another moment, and in other circumstances, we may reject the word altogether, or use it only with mental quotation marks around it.

What I feel to be English therefore may not and need not arouse a similar feeling in my neighbors. In all probability, however, it will, for the large sense of unity in the language comes from the fact that under like circumstances various persons will have approximately the same reactions. In the end, the sum of these approximate similars in the speech habits of the group may come to exert a far-reaching control over the linguistic actions of individuals through the establishment of a kind of moral tone for the use of the language. But the exercise of this control is subtle and diffused, and it is like speech itself, one of the general social possessions of the group.

The extraordinary vitality and variability of the language come home to us when we reflect on the millions of users of English, each with his own individual sense of the life of the native idiom, each sure of himself within his own circle, and yet each at the same time genuinely living only because his little circle is part of the great circle of the language. The life of the language thus has a double aspect, and like all life, it can be known only because it is experienced. But the unity of linguistic feeling by which one realizes the greater circle of the language does not necessarily imply approval of all within that circle. There are empires within the great empire. We may agree to call many uses idiomatic English which we do not commend or propose to put into practice. Approval and disapproval are minor aspects and moods of the all-embracing life of the language. When our native speech sits close to the hearts of the people, as all speech should, it is quick and manifold in its changes. It is a great ocean of speech, closed within its own shores, but never twice the same in the many forms which its moving waters are constantly taking.

SWEENEY'S GRAIL

BY LEONARD LANSON CLINE

By one definition, life is the careless visitation of little indignities, negligible doubtless in themselves but with a cumulative effect that may become tragic. Society is a conspiracy to heckle the halt, to drop nails in the blind man's tin cup and snicker at his unwitting benediction, to leave lighted cigarettes on the costly tapestries that our landlady spreads on our table. And it is because of this that there is such an appallingly high suicide rate among cops. Sneered at by the motorist, shot at by the impatient second-story man, jostled by the bootlegger, bricked by the strike-breaker, scratched by the feminist agitator, scorned by the absconding cashier, not a week goes by without some cop clutching destiny with a fist erstwhile so diligent with the espantoon. If a few of them were able to write, they might leave behind them messages that would give society a new understanding of the police. But no; they perish inarticulate as they lived, friendless and forlorn, the most persecuted of all earth's unfortunate.

If cops could only plead their own cause! For it is due to misunderstanding that we harass these wistful dreamers of the bludgeon. We hear them swearing at women and children, we see them engaged in light conversation with unemployed highwaymen and grifters, we mark the eupeptic contours of their paunches, the flat feet, the sloping brows. And, victims of our prejudices,we never stop to wonder if these men, even as Omar, even as Joel, do not sometimes pant with yearning to shatter this hodge-podge scheme of things and rebuild it nearer to the heart's desire. We never fancy that Officer Sweeney, too, may seek a grail.

To the observant, of course, there are glimpses of the spirit in a thousand casual episodes of everyday life. There comes to mind now memory of a dimly lit and tapestried hall, on a night of wisdom, gaiety and love. At the small tables, beautiful women and distinguished men debated together the problems of this perplexing age, or laughed together over a shimmering play of wit. Waiters hurried noiselessly from table to table, bringing chromatic viands and synthetic gin. All elegance and refinement. And at one end of the room a cop began to pound vehemently on the bar with his club.

We might have yielded to a gathering sense of affront and ejected the noisy fellow. But presently he turned and addressed those of us who were near.

"Who in hell's gonna bring me some whisky?" he said, his lips quivering. "This is a hell of a way to treat me. Why, fer a quarter I'd pinch the place. They're a gang of robbers and they oughta be closed up. You drink this stuff and if they wasn't so much water in it a swallow of it'd kill you dead."

A hush fell over that place, just now so bright. In silence we watched while an apologetic zany put the bottle on the bar, and while the cop poured himself three stiff drinks. It had come upon us that this man too might be named in the secret roll of the great despisers, that something more than a tadpole soul welled in that shuffling carcass, that a hurt and disillusioned spirit squinted at the world through those little eyes. And hardly had our cop de-

parted before, still taciturn, we got our coats and hats and hastened forth, each to his own chamber, to meditate alone upon this thing.

In the morning we read in the papers that our cop was no more. He had been shot down by a rascally taxi-driver who was trying to get away with the corpse without paying the fee.

II

Killed in the line of duty was our cop, and once in a while another is slain thus. But the astounding suicide rate is what most jeopardizes the force. And the manner in which vacancies are filled is a further testimonial to the qualities that make for the typical cop. It is not, as one might think, only the ditchdigger and the ambitious thug, the unsuccessful barber and the man who otherwise might have been a mail-carrier, that join the force. Spiritualists find it a desirable vocation. The department is full of them. One has but to follow the detective squad in its work on any baffling crime to see a striking demonstration of this. Before a month has passed seven or eight mediums will have been consulted, and two or three arrests will have been made on the testimony of the ouija board. Indeed, there is a retired lieutenant of detectives in New York who writes to the officials of other cities offering to put at their disposal his familiarity with spirits who, hovering on the astral Third avenue or Bowery, may have been actual eye-witnesses of the murder.

And not only spiritualists, but also doctors of so-called medicine, lawyers, botanists, army officers, masters of art clamor to be admitted to the force. It is one of the most inspiring phenomena of the age, this exodus from the professions into the *Polizei*. Newspapermen often come in contact with grave scholars trudging beats, and write stories about them. And we have evidence from no less a person than General Sir William Horwood, chief of Scotland Yard, who, at the last international congress of police, told how the universities were pouring their best sons into his service. There are so many applicants for the club and the uniform of the London bobby, said Sir William, that he could reject 17 out of 20 and still keep ahead of the challenging, the unconscionable, the monstrous suicide rate.

It was at the congress that we got our first idea of what the ideal world for which the cop is striving would be like. And never will the memory of that assemblage leave us. Here, in one chamber together, were the great detectives of the age, the intrepid men of action that fling themselves so boldly into the murky rookeries of crime; the plotters, the arch-clairvoyants who, from the smudge of a thumb on a throat or a calling card carelessly left behind, track the desperado to his lair.

The great detectives of the world!

Luncheon was served one day, and after the ice-cream, during an interval for smoking, forty or fifty of the great detectives took their napkins from their collars and disappeared. A few minutes later we happened to pass through an upstairs corridor, and there we found them all. Some of them were standing along the wall, deep in thought, while others were going up and down peeking into doors. An air of hardly contained excitement pervaded the corridor, and we paused, realizing that these men were seeking something, and that by observing them we could learn a little of their subtle methods. Thrill in our heart, we too took our position against the wall, and waited.

It was a large oval man with black moustache from a Canadian city that first opened a door marked "President" and walked in. He emerged in a moment, mumbling thanks to somebody inside, looked about him, and then advanced to a door farther down the hall, marked "Private. Entrance at 416". Without a moment's hesitation the large man opened this. Again he emerged, followed by words of a rather uncordial nature. He looked at his watch, lit his cigar with fingers that

trembled slightly, and leaned once more on the wall.

The man that followed him came from Kalamazoo, if we remember correctly. He went to the door marked "President", opened it, and stepped in. Then he too came out, gazed about him, marched to the door marked "Private, Entrance at 416", and entered. Again he came out, rather gingerly, followed by language that was touched with strain.

Over by the window was standing a swarthy, perfectly groomed man in spick khaki, with several handsome medals and a lot of chevrons; we knew him as the commissioner of public safety from, we believe now, Tegucigalpa or thereabouts. He had been frowning with thought, but now he strode briskly down the hall, as on a resolution adopted only after long and thorough debate, swung open the door marked "Private. Entrance at 416", and disappeared. In a jiffy he popped out again, just half a syllable ahead of a pack of words that included one or two mongrels. He pondered, but not for long. He turned impulsively, and dashed into the room labelled "President".

So we watched for five minutes, fascinated by this spectacle of the great detectives of the world solving some black and horrible mystery, wondering who had committed the crime and if it was quite horrible. Then, just after the door marked "President" had been energetically locked, one of the detectives approached us. "Say," he whispered, "where's th' lavatory?"

Well, we led him to the lavatory, just around the corner. A gonfaloniere from Tuscany was leaning against the door, which was marked "Gentlemen." We dislodged him, and led our companion in. When we returned to the corridor, the black-whiskered gentleman from the North plucked at our sleeve and whispered anxiously, "M'sieu, can he say, w'ere iss de lavatoree?" And now word of the discovery trickled through the corridor. In less than half an hour all of the great detectives had found their way to, metaphorically, the scene of the crime. The room marked "President" and that marked "Private. Entrance at 416" were invaded no more. Cops cannot read, perhaps,—but they can learn!

Thus, we meditated, go all the notable exploits of police history. You cannot escape these men. They will not be deceived. They will not be put off. If the sign at the cross-roads says "To the right for Rome," they will go the left first, and when at last they find you in the Vatican they will have assured themselves that you are not hiding in Hong-Kong or Nome. And when at last they lay their hands upon you, they will know already that not one of the seven men they have hanged for the crime was guilty of it.

III

But to the point. Here also at this congress we learned much about those nostalgic yearnings for a better and more beautiful world that the cop cherishes in his lonely vigil.

It was the chief of the bureau of identification at Buenos Aires that proposed to finger-print the world. In Argentina, he said, they began a decade ago to finger-print the nation, and they are getting along with the thing very well now. Every person who leaves the country must carry with him a little book certifying that he has left his finger-prints at headquarters. If he cannot show this certificate to the inspectors on his return, he will not be admitted into the country. Children in Buenos Aires, on admission to the public schools, are finger-printed, and by this scheme, in two generations or so, there will be, in the bureau of identification, a graph of the thumb of every citizen.

Ugly rumors persisted on the floor of the congress, while the visitor from Argentina was explaining his institution. It was whispered that he was accepting money from a Brazilian firm that has already undertaken the manufacture of rubber thumbs, without which, in the future, no

burglar's kit will be complete. It was pointed out that such use of the bureau of identification records may be made by the manufacturers, that the slayer may leave behind him in thumb prints indisputable evidence that Governor Smith himself shot Hearst. But none was bold enough either to argue against the scheme, or charge the commissioner from Buenos Aires with receiving bribes.

Another project toward that dim utopia on which the cops' vision fawns was broached by General Sir William himself; and his, too, is already in operation in his own bailiwick. One could hardly appreciate it without knowing something of the man himself. And to that end we suggest Kipling. Sir William fairly exudes Kipling. He is large, and would sit thick in the saddle. His countenance is round and ruddy. His frayed collars, we understand, he presents to orphan asylums for use as basket-ball baskets. He is a sturdy knight, but no less susceptible to that sort of sentiment immortalized by the great poet in "Mandalay" and "Gunga Din".

"I was brought up among men", said Sir William, husky with emotion. "I have lived with men, and fought with men, and commanded men, all my life. And when one has a body of 22,000 of the finest men in the world under one, one gets perhaps a little too fond of them."

Then Sir William handed out a large package of photographs to be distributed among the congress. We seized them eagerly, to view these heroic bobbies. But the pictures were not of men. They were of horses. The horses used by the mounted division.

While the photographs of Sir William's horses were passing from hand to hand, he proceeded to outline his project. Sometime ago Sir William combed over his force until he found a number of detectives who could read. Then he subscribed to a lot of magazines from all over the world, and gave them to his readers, with instructions to look for any paragraph that might be seditious, salacious or otherwise offensive. All these were to be clipped and filed away under the name of the man who vented them. Thus, Sir William pointed out, eventually he will have a library of clippings containing the favorite lines of every radical in the world. When such a person presents himself at an English port, he can be confronted with all the things he has ever said, and sent back home.

Sir William begged Commissioner Enright to aid him in this work, by sending to him all information he could find about the American radicals. And he urged that every country adopt the same system.

Really, once this idea is taken up, it will help as nothing else could to bring about the cops' millenium, by barring every man, woman and child who lets fall a horrid word from every city in the world. And it will not undermine the principle of freedom of speech, as any police chief will explain to you; for liberty is one thing and license is quite another. It is time we came to understand that. Our fathers fought for liberty and shed their blood to win it, the liberty that should be guaranteed to all men to stand up fearlessly, on City Hall square as in their own chambers, and sing at the top of their voices "The Star Spangled Banner." But our fathers, and all other historic liberators and democrats, would never have tolerated license; and it is license to sing the "Internationale", or expound contraceptive measures to the alumnae of a lying-in hospital, or whisper that if Coolidge should get buried in a landslide it would sprout turnips.

Out of license, you see, comes revolution. To be sure, these United States were born out of one revolution, but that is no reason why people should talk of another. Besides, it is so unpleasant. Birth, one must remember, is a matter of biological necessity, and becomes aesthetic only when one appeals to the stork.

IV

Probably the most inspiring vision revealed and applauded at the congress

emanated from Commissioner Enright of New York. He told how he took up with the authorities at one of the important American universities recently the advisability of instituting a department of police work. These shilpit educators blinked at him, it seems, and cupped their ears, and said "How?" He could get no satisfaction from them, and finally he returned to New York, disappointed but no whit discouraged, and founded a police school of his own.

It is to be hoped that another time he will have a more enlightened faculty to deal with. For Commissioner Enright's proposal is only in line with the development of modern pedagogy. The arts and the humanities that once were the province of colleges are seen now to be a mere waste of time. More and more there has come into being an austerely practical curriculum. It began of course with the bookkeeping courses, which have developed so rapidly during the past decade that nowadays hardly any clerk but boasts his Phi Beta Kappa key. In Europe educational methods have quite kept pace with ours, so that a rather inspiring exchange was made possible recently. A young man, graduate of one of our foremost Eastern universities, went to England to teach the manufacture of ice-cream, in which he had taken his degree. Meanwhile a young woman came to exercise her profession in America, after completing her studies at a prominent university in Scotland, where she majored in cheese-making. Needless to say, it is by such reciprocation of compliments that the two great nations can be brought more closely together.

But the one thing to which Americans can point with most pride is the newly established chair of hotel management at Cornell. An endowed institution, this was offered to several universities, and eight of them bid for it, including, we understand, Harvard and Pennsylvania. After due investigation it was awarded to Ithaca.

Finally, when one recalls that military training is now an accepted part of a university education, one must agree that it would be but a short step farther to ordain a department of practical bludgeonry. The espantoon shall be indeed mightier than the stick of chalk.

Little beams like these, though flickering palely in the heaving chaos of the future, do give one glimpses of that ideal to which the cops aspire. A world fingerprinted, documented, with all dissenting or froward voices doomed to a perpetual cruise beyond the three-mile limit. And, trudging through the quadrangles of our colleges, with club and grammar under their arms, the Sweeneys of the police force that is to come. Thus the cops dream, and we contemn them, never realizing that their reticence is of dignity and not of dullness, and their obscene outbursts those of spirits tormented rather than vulgar!

Ave, flatfoot Launfals of the street! Here at least is one that understands you.

THE NEW THOUGHT

BY WOODBRIDGE RILEY

THE NEW THOUGHT has a history in spite of its name. It began in Boston, the transcendental town, spread to Kansas City, the "Centre of Unity", and now focuses in Los Angeles, the "Home of Truth". Christian Science and the New Thought started at about the same time, but the former, in the early days, outgrew its rival. Its female founder worked all the tricks of the trade, under-selling her goods, vilifying her competitors, and suppressing those who would not knuckle down to her organization. Thus, the first edition of "Science and Health" was largely distributed gratis, the real inventor of the phrase "Christian Science" was called an old fool, and Mrs. Eddy's first formidable rival was dubbed an "adulteress" because she adulterated the "truth".

The New Thought was derived originally from the same well of wisdom as Eddyism. Old Dr. Quimby, the magnetic healer of Portland, Maine, was the source of both brands of "metaphysical" healing. Mrs. Eddy confessed as much when she published her famous testimonial in a Portland newspaper. Later she repudiated this confession, but meanwhile Quimby had gained other disciples who remained faithful to him. Such were the two Dressers, father and son, of whom the elder inherited the Quimby manuscripts, and the younger wrote the history of that system of mental "science" which later came to be known as the New Thought.

Unfortunately for the success of the New Thought movement the elder Dresser kept the original Quimby manuscripts in careful cold storage. If he had only published them at the time Mrs. Eddy proclaimed herself the only original source of divine science he might have punctured her pretention and prevented her great success. But he did not do so, and so she got her start. "Christian Science" and the "Science of Health" were terms invented by Quimby. For interesting a religious and dyspeptic race these two phrases, both appropriated by Mrs. Eddy, were worth a fortune. But Evans, the Swedenborgian, who should have been the advertising agent of Quimby, thought he could write better stuff himself. So he put forth colorless titles, such as "Mental Medicine" and "Soul and Body", which meant nothing to the suffering public. Only after Mrs. Eddy published her "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" did Evans turn to the religious line and publish "The Divine Law of Cure".

The original New Thoughters, though they borrowed their ideas from precisely the same source, were unlike Mrs. Eddy in that they prided themselves on not seeking notoriety and not chasing the dollar. They held up to praise old Quimby as the "Pioneer Apostle of Christian Science" who taught without money and without price. A serious mistake. Even free dispensary patients are asked to pay for the bottles and thus preserve their pride. But gradually a change came over their technique. The esoteric Evans passed to a higher plane and those who remained below began to see that filthy lucre was not so filthy after all. So they started to imitate the Eddian sales department. They had no fixed fees for divine metaphysics, but those adherents who did not ante up with free will offerings soon disappeared from the organi-

zation. Magazines were started, such as the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics* and *Nautilus*. These were edited by wise men and wise women of the East. In the West arose *Universal Truth* in Chicago, *Unity* in bleeding Kansas, *Harmony* in San Francisco, and *Master Mind* in Los Angeles.

The secret of the eventual success of all these "metaphysical" publications was that they passed beyond the mere treatment of disease and began proclaiming the secrets of material success on this lowly earthly sphere. The *Nautilus* now advertises "greater success all along the line" and offers a long list of treatises, such as "The Life Power and How to Use It", "Use Your Forces", "Mother Power and How to Use It", "Marital Unrest", and "The Cause and Cure of Colds". Finally, the prospective purchaser is offered as a premium "How to Wake the Solar Plexus" and is thus taught how to become a perfect Dempsey in the dollar line. The *Unity* magazine of Kansas City carries on the same noble work in its Prosperity Column. A lady from Alabama writes: "After writing to you on the last named date, a wonderful consciousness of abundance came over me. I did not doubt Divine Supply, only I was curious as to how it would demonstrate. It became an interesting game to watch the checks and money flutter in out of thin air, one might say".

Thus the subsidiary companies are now becoming successful rivals to the original octopus. Christian Science is no longer the only pipe line to the springs of health. The *Nautilus* advertises "Practical Lessons in Self-Healing", and one patient says that since he started taking them he has lost his double chin and has reduced his weight thirty-five pounds. In contrast, a Fitchburg, Mass., man writes: "Have gained fourteen pounds in weight. All of the old doubts and fears and worries are gone". From Kansas City there goes forth daily at 9 P. M. (evidently Central Standard Time) a Healing Thought which has often reached "Australia, South Africa, and other far distant countries". Some astonishing results flow from this Silent Unity Healing. By it a gentleman was cured of nervous prostration "brought on by riotous living in Boston, Mass." Then there was a young lady of Enterprise, Mississippi, whose "mind was deranged by the flu. The doctors had failed, the prayers of her church were of no avail, but after Kansas City was heard from in three days she was healed and home from the asylum".

If Missouri can do such things, obviously California can do more. A recent number of the *Master Mind* tells of one student who attended the University of Christ in Los Angeles and after five years of close application was cured of insanity and cancer. But to Kansas City should be given the prize for the most novel Prosperity Thought. This is included in the plan for a Unity Prosperity Bank. As the notice reads, "with the Prosperity lessons and prayers for success there is sent a Unity Bank in which the applicant deposits the subscription price of the magazine he sends to friends".

II

Such is New Thought today. It has become thoroughly commercialized. It advertises. It hires halls, theatres, and hotel ballrooms. It has successful magazines and its presses turn out carloads of metaphysics. Its latest enterprise is education in all its varied forms. In its early stages it was like a log-cabin school, with a single teacher and a few pupils. Now it has its University of Christ at Los Angeles, with field lecturers, correspondence courses, and a summer school, among whose teachers I notice a Mrs. Gott.

All this profitable practice must have some theory back of it. That theory is found in the early writings of such men as Quimby and Evans. Quimby began as a magnetic healer and ended with that "higher attenuation" of thought called "mental healing". Traces of his magnetic theory are to be found in his reference to vibrations, which are now modernized and prepared for the market by being hooked

up with the argot of the wireless fan. Kansas City is the great broad-casting station and those who believe in its daily health and prosperity thoughts are called its receiving stations. The New Thoughters regard themselves as akin to Emerson and the other Transcendentalists, domestic and foreign; they are, indeed, very fond of appealing to the Sage of Concord. But Emerson certainly never tried to cure rheumatism by absent treatment, and when he was threatened with consumption he sought a Southern climate. The New Thoughters also appeal to the idealist Berkeley, not knowing apparently that he was no mental healer but pinned his faith to the healing virtues of tar water. In his system of immaterialism Berkeley went far, but he never would have been guilty of such an Irish bull as this: "There is no limit to this apparent effect of thought. If you are certain enough that you are dead, you are dead instantly".

When the real materials of New Thought are sought for they resolve themselves into a curious mixture of fetishism, occultism, and esoteric Buddhism. The fetichism is based on a belief in the magic power of words. Just as an Indian chief meditates on his tribal totem—the sacred beaver, or eagle, or what not—and yet never utters its name, so do the New Thoughters pick out some mysterious word or phrase and meditate upon it "in the silence". The thought for the day may be Health, or Wealth, or Happiness. Enter into the silence and meditate upon it! Then emerge out of the silence and you will be cured of cancer, receive a fat check, or be a social success. Says the editor of *Master Mind:* "The Word that marries the within and the without gives everyone what he or she wishes, and is the life of every party, the good time of the eternal years".

Beside the password to prosperity there is the opposite word or reversed formula. Mr. Henry Wood, for example, advises us to "erect a Mental Gymnasium and utilize every silent and unoccupied hour in swinging the dumb bells of concentration upon high ideals", but in this daily dozen of mental gymnastics one must not let the dumb bells fall on one's feet. The magic formula reversed becomes a dangerous thing; there is dire power in an evil thought, or even in a single word. Mrs. Eddy once declared that the disease epizootic was never contracted by the horse until man's noble friend heard the fatal word from some ignorant horse-doctor. The New Thoughters carry on this same idea and offer hints on how microbes are made. "By thinking we manufacture microbes, whereas by impregnating the whole being with thoughts of love we exterminate disease germs". A similar passage in *Master Mind* reads as follows: "Resolved, That I will not unnecessarily describe accidents or plant a fear thought in my own mind or in that of another . . . Resolved, That I will not form the habit of warning others, especially little children, of danger, but will be a suggestion of faith to everyone."

All this sounds like an old melodrama in which the father's curse carries on from generation to generation until it is fulfilled at last in some dire calamity. The tragic side of the attempt to avoid disease by not thinking about it is that hundreds of innocent lives are probably sacrificed to neglect. Not long ago in California, the New Thoughters, the Christian Scientists and the whole tribe of drugless healers tried to prevent the medical examination of children in the public schools. The referendum on their prohibitory act was defeated, but I am told that the health laws are not carried out in many of the coast towns, where "metaphysics" flourish. A similar referendum will be brought before the voters of the State of Washington this year, and it remains to be seen whether the boards of health will be stronger than the masterminds of the immaterialists.

III

In addition to its debt to Quimby, the New Thought also probably owes much to

Troward's Edinburgh Lectures, which once had a great vogue in These States. The old divisional judge of the Punjab gave in its clearest form what is really at the bottom of the New Thought. His language is so eloquent that one hates to disturb the flow of his thought and seek flaws in his reasoning. Yet, for a valuable exercise in misapplied logic, nothing can beat his lectures on the "natural principles governing the relation between mental action and material conditions". Take, for example, his first grand assumption that, "spirit being independent of space and time, nothing can be remote from us in space and time", and see what follows. If space is nothing, then nothing is remote. Heaven is thus a mere suburb of Hoboken, and the New Thoughter can commute with the most distant stars with ease. But though he thus disparages time and space, he yet wants an infinity of each. His spirit would free itself of all human bonds only to soar in the space he denies and flit through eternity.

With a "universal here" even greater marvels may be achieved. It makes no difference where you live, there is the center of the universe. Here the New Thoughter surpasses the classical idealists and even the poets. The old geography is passing away; New Thought geography is taking its place. The child of the future (if I may make bold to speak of the future in the midst of an everlasting now) will be bothered no longer to bound the State of Maine, or to locate Montpelier. The new United States of Mind will not be bounded on the north at all, not even by the Aurora Borealis. Homes of Truth and Unity Centres will be the capitals of countless interlocking states of mind, all boundless, and the "Department of Whole World Realization" will be more of a reality than the League of Nations.

This obliteration of space and time is evidently an easy lesson in Einstein for the New Thoughter. But it only paves the way, we are told, for understanding the Unity of the Spirit. By this we are to understand that the whole of spirit must be present in every point of space at the same moment. "All spirit is concentrated at any point in space that we may choose to fix our thought upon". Let a mere mortal try to grasp this idea by an analogy. Suppose all the electric energy in the world were generated by the General Electric Company at Schenectady, and that it could be concentrated at any point in space that one fixed one's thoughts upon. I fix my thought, for example, on Poughkeepsie. Then all electrical energy is concentrated at Poughkeepsie. But this leaves Schenectady in the dark, its trolley cars stalled, its telephones dead, and the air filled with curses—while I, the egoist, concentrate my attention on my local habitat!

But there is more. Instead of having one mind, as the old-fashioned have long thought, the New Thought teaches that we have two, the objective and the subjective. The former is the ordinary, outer, logical part of the mental mechanism; the latter is the extraordinary, inner, intuitive part. It has marvelous powers. The subjective mind is "able to diagnose the character of a disease from which it is suffering". Again, it can build up a body in exact correspondence with the personality impressed upon it. A boy of twelve admires Charlie Chaplin. He sets his subjective mind to work that night, and wakes up in the morning with a fine little moustache.

So much for the human mind as such. Its relations to the absolute mind are now to be considered. There the original theories of Troward may be put in the form of syllogisms and the conclusions worked out by examples. The subjective mind is always subject to suggestion; the subjective mind is the universal intelligence; therefore, the universal intelligence is always subject to suggestion. By suggestion, evidently, mere man may thus do anything. Say to your crops, grow, and they will grow. Be a happy farmer by getting hold of this control. Then the boll weevil and corn blight will matter not, and the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture may be thrown

into the waste-basket. Strangely enough, the New Thoughters do not actually apply their control of the absolute to agriculture. Mrs. Eddy, true enough, once did it when she performed one of her "floral trifles" and made a cherry tree blossom at Christmas time, but the New Thoughters are more modest. Your object, says Troward cautiously, is not to run the whole cosmos, but to draw particular benefits, physical, mental, moral or financial, to yourself. Chiefly, it would appear financial. The principle of concentration has worked like a charm in drawing in the dollars. "Financial Success through Creative Thought, or, The Science of Getting Rich" has attracted so many "little love offerings" that the editor of an eastern New Thought magazine gives an account of how, clad in her "steel beaded gray, red earrings and beads, and my new wisteria wrap", she ate a dinner of eight courses at the expensive Hotel Savoy, in London. A similar success visited the proprietor of a Pacific Coast magazine who had hardly a dollar to start with, but was last reported making a trip around the world with three students.

Obviously, New Thought ought also to be applied to politics. How convenient would be the use of the cosmic consciousness to party leaders! The chairman of the Republican steering committee concentrates on his legislative programme. In spite of Democratic opposition, that programme will be carried out—provided the chairman has been an early and powerful concentrator. But if, alas, some deserving Democrat is a better concentrator and can get the first hitch on the cosmic chariot, the Republican elephant will be stalled. The New Thoughters, indeed, do not make enough of their opportunities. Besides politics they should take up military science; a New Thought army would be irresistible. A suggestion towards this has already been made by the author of "How to Protect Our Soldiers." Instead of seeking cover they are advised to send out love thoughts to deflect the bullets of the enemy. Instead of using the language he now uses the New Thought top-sergeant will bawl to the awkward squad: "Meditate, you sons of guns, meditate!" Instead of ordering dough boys, dirty from the trenches, to enter the delousing station he will order them to enter the silence.

IV

Health thoughts and prosperity thoughts have been the standby of our new metaphysicians. By them they have accomplished results ranging from "bullet-proof soldiers" and "whole regiments saved" to "the realization of all the things that money can buy—automobiles, homes, clothes, gems, and facilities for travel". Still the wonder grows. Recently the New Thoughters have taken over a new field. The theatre is now to be regenerated by sending out thoughts of purity and uplift to the actors. The drama, so we are informed by Harriet Hale Rix, in a late number of *Master Mind*, is old, very old. The Garden of Eden saw the first melodrama. "At present," continues Miss Rix, "the two greatest amusement producing states are New York and California. At least one day a week should be dedicated this month to denying sensuality and materiality throughout these centres, finishing each denial with our noonday blessing." The new form of the theatre, the movie, is especially promising as an instrument of uplift. Therefore, let us uplift it in our

SUNRISE BLESSING FOR JANUARY
WE DECREE THAT THE TRUTH SHINES FORTH
IN EVERY
PLAY AND THROUGH EVERY PLAYER,
PURIFYING
EACH THOUGHT AND DEED, SO
THAT THE THEATRE GLORI-
FIES THE GREAT CREATOR

ON A SECOND-RATE WAR

BY X——

In the conflict which some still persist in calling the Great War, though it was great only in size, there was so much jumble and muddle and half-hearted experiment and so little visible military skill and ingenuity that a far-seeing and keen-thinking British colonel has declared that if the nations of the earth will only use their brains, the inevitable next war will show combat so transformed and reformed that the struggle of 1914-1918 will seem, by comparison, little more than a clash "between barbaric hordes, a saurian contest, not mediaeval but primeval, archaic, a turmoil." There were strokes of brilliancy, of course, but there was nothing to warrant the hero worship that is going on in Europe, where a person in mountainous Switzerland and an apologist in disturbed Germany devote their energies to debating which was the greater genius, Foch or Ludendorff. The answer is simple: neither was a genius at all. To many a soldier the feelings of today are well expressed by that gentleman with a fiery pen and a disenchanting manner, Mr. Montague, who writes:

> Foch tells us what he thinks Napoleon might have said to the Allied commands if he could have risen in our slack times from the dead. "What cards you people have!" he would have said, "and how little you do with them! Look!" And then, Foch thinks, within a month or two he "would have rearranged everything, gone about it all in some new way, thrown out the enemy's plans and quite crushed him." That "new way" was not fated to come. The spark refused to fall, the divine accident would not happen. How could it? you ask with some reason. Had not trench warfare reached an impasse? Yes: but there is always an impasse before Genius shows a way through. Music on keyboards had reached an impasse before a person of genius thought of using his thumb as well as his fingers. Well, that was an obvious dodge, you may say, but in Flanders what way through could there have been? The dodge found by genius is always an obvious dodge, afterwards. Till it is found it can as little be stated by us common people as can the words of the poems that Keats might have written if he had lived longer. You would have to become a Keats to do that, and a Napoleon to say how Napoleon would have got through to Bruges in the Autumn that seemed so autumnal to us. All that the army knew, as it decreased in the mud, was that no such uncovenanted mercy came to transmute its casualties into the swiftly and richly fruitful ones of a Napoleon, the incidental expenses of some miraculous draught of victory.

The fact is that in the World War all important results were accomplished by weight of numbers instead of by facility of thought. It has been said that Germany was the only country really prepared for the struggle; but even Germany was not properly prepared and trained, or at least did not act as though she were. True, she had guns, some of which she borrowed from Austria; true, she had available reserves; and true, she had learned forty-three years before how to use railways and telegraphs in war-time. But she started out to fight France as if she were still waging the war of 1870-1871. She saw a line of forts and swept around them to the North (very wise!), but she forgot that the needs in supplies, reserves, communications and transportation of her huge and cumbersome army were not the meagre needs of Prussia four decades before. That army, in truth, moved so fast that it became hopelessly disorganized. A German commander got sick and his forces went into confusion. And the "marvelous miracle" of the Marne was actually a withdrawal; the German order to retire was given *in advance* of the French order to attack! Down go two military idols!

Then came the race to the sea, as the historians call it, each opponent trying to

apply time-worn principles of enveloping on a flank until both stretched their attenuated lines over more than four hundred miles of battle front. Instantly there was such a scattering of forces that ought to have been massed and such a confusion in the rear that neither army was able to hit—to concentrate, and hit, and disorganize its opponent. Instead both settled down to the brutal method of trying to wear each other down, starve each other out, exhaust each other's resources,—to snipe off individuals one by one from carefully concealed and adroitly camouflaged hiding places in shell-holes or ruined buildings—in brief, to practice assassination instead of war.

Both experimented tentatively with attacks, but discovered that machine guns wiped out their advancing lines. They invented from time to time "pill boxes" and "distribution in depth" and "leap frog attacks" and "filtering through" and I know not how many more childish devices. The French fiddled around with cavalry and tried to train horses to jump shell-holes and to extricate themselves from barbed wire; they even used mounted men on frontal attacks against trenches in the Champagne. The Germans tried gas, but only experimentally and in a very limited part of a very limited sector; clear thinking and sound foresight would have impelled them to conserve their surprise and use it on a wide front for an important strategic objective, not against single Indian or Canadian battalions. They discovered a new meaning in munitions, and multiplied production until they staged bombardments lasting week on week in an effort to smother and demolish all resistance, only to find that they had so torn up the ground in front of them that their own necessary transport and supplies could not go ahead, and so their troops could not go ahead either. Then came "assaults with limited objectives"—and another stalemate. The belligerents thought of tanks too late in the conflict, and used them improperly: and when they were used properly at Cambrai, other errors deprived the victors of the profits of their victory. They played about with airplanes, and of course accomplished some good with them. But the idea of individual use was predominant, and no one on either side had the vision to employ different types in combination, as a seaman employs different types of warships. The flying men even engaged in exhilarating man-to-man conflicts, wasting time and lives. If a fighting fleet of dreadnaughts is protected by destroyers, and meets far superior forces, it runs for home —if it can—, and the individual destroyer commander does not stop to indulge in a little duel with another individual destroyer commander. Yet "command of the air", we grew to believe, depended upon this or that "flying circus" instead of upon numerical strength and strategical manipulation, as "command of the sea" does in the navy.

II

Down in Mesopotamia, England sent inadequate forces to do a big job, and paid the penalty by the surrender of Kut and Townshend. Down in East Africa, a few Germans marshalled a motley collection of natives against the combined expeditions of England, Portugal and Belgium, and kept the field almost until Armistice Day. Down in Egypt, the British tried to protect the Suez Canal by sitting down safely and placidly on the western side of the waterway and watching the Turks float mines out to endanger passing ships, until someone in London woke up at last, and Allenby and Murray demonstrated that the best defense is an attack: a fact obvious in all the records of past wars. Down at the Dardanelles, the British Navy planned to lose a certain number of ships as the cost of conquest, lost almost that number, and then withdrew just at the moment the Turks were ready to quit and the government was fleeing with its national treasure from Constantinople into Anatolia. Then, having given warning, the British held back their landing forces just long enough

to enable the waxing Crescent to mobilize sufficient troops to render Ian Hamilton impotent. In Serbia, the help came too late, and the force there assembled sat in idleness for two years, inadequately supported from home. The Italian *debacle* of 1917 was accomplished by sound but also perfectly obvious methods, all of which might have been foreseen, yet it happened. The Rumanian collapse was due to the Rumanians' over-eager desire to invade Hungary, and to a commonplace appreciation by German commanders of the shaky position into which they had thus put themselves. The French offensive into Alsace-Lorraine in the opening days of the war was a glorious gesture, but it was based upon political, not upon strategic motives, and it collapsed with colossal losses. The German submarine campaign and the German's persistent flouting of American interests and demands were political gambles, not military strategy. Indeed, most of the strategic errors of the war were caused by political motives. But no one has yet charged Napoleon with being regardless of politics and political effects. His strategy included a comprehension of such things in his time, and it would have included the same in the Twentieth Century.

There was much bravery in the World War, and much hardy endurance, but very little strategic genius. The Allies won, and deserve the credit for it, such as it is. But they won on man-power and not on brain-power. They experimented and muddled and fussed. The British started out with a volunteer army, but soon found that they would have to adopt conscription, yet they did so only after some of their best officer material had been wasted in battle. They thought they needed every man at the front, but after sending them there they discovered that the war was actually a war of manufactures. By this time, alas, multitudes of their most skilled mechanics had fallen in the field! The Americans had no army at the start and began by accepting volunteers. Then they adopted the draft—but still, for a long time, they continued taking volunteers, and so confused the two systems intolerably. If there was any consistency of plan in the war on either side or any continuous and broad appreciation of the struggle as a whole, military historians have so far failed to bring it out. If there was any Napoleon, he probably died at Mons, maybe even as a corporal in the ranks. Do not misunderstand these references to Napoleon. He startled the world by forced marches and surprises that were possible and effective in his day, but, as the Rheims attempt of the Germans showed, surprise maneuvers in the field have been practically prevented in our own day by aerial reconnaissance. The all-seeing aviator, the telephone and telegraph, and rapid motor and rail concentration of troops operate, in the Twentieth Century, to prevent surprises by rapid marching and solid massing. I am not saying, therefore, that the old Napoleon, had he arisen from the Invalides, could have repeated his historic tricks. Others, in fact, tried to do so by his formulae, and failed. I am merely saying that there was no *new* Napoleonic mind to meet the *new* conditions with something of the old divine spark. There was no "new way", as Mr. Montague has pointed out. The brains of the armies reached an impasse and settled down to a struggle of physical strength alone. The affair of the day was all engrossing, and troops were raised as they were needed, or not until after they were needed, and new implements and weapons were devised and tried as they also were needed, or after it was too late for them to be effective. Mentally and physically, the nations of the world were unprepared for a great war, although they did fight a big war. There is a difference between quantitative and qualitative measurement!

The war was won. Who won it? What won it? Listen to the words of General Maurice, of the British General Staff:

> With greater experience the American infantry would have learned to overcome the German machine

guns with less loss of life, and the services of supply would have worked more smoothly . . . . America placed the pick of her splendid manhood in the field, and that manhood went ahead at the job in front of it without counting the cost. By doing its job it gave us victory in 1918.

The pick of our manhood went over to fight, among the remnants of shattered European armies, against the war-weary Germans. The pick of our manhood, with only six months training on this side and only two months on the other side—on the average—went ahead at the job without counting the cost. In 1918 three leading commanders met, agreed, and signed a statement insisting that more men should be sent, as many more as possible and as promptly as possible, even though—these men said—they understood that many would have to be included who had not had sufficient training. The additional Yankees went over. American moral and physical strength was thrown into the balance, and the scales tipped. It was brute force that won the war.

Untrained troops, their casualties were unnecessarily large by 50%. In 1917 we knew nothing of war. In spite of the confusion among the volunteers "hastily assembled without organization or training" for the War of 1812, in spite of the lessons of the Mexican War, so strenuously taught by Taylor, in spite of Bull Run, and Chickamauga Park and Tampa, in spite of the glaring evils of the Mexican border mobilization in 1916—in spite of all, we had as a nation refused to learn anything about war or to adopt a sound military policy. Leaders might talk; a few enthusiasts might attend a Plattsburg camp; but the people thought of the forefathers who stalked redcoats along the Cambridge road in 1775 and believed that military training would descend as a sudden dispensation from heaven upon raw volunteers in a righteous cause. So we were unprepared. After Congress had passed its pretty resolutions, the Americans had to wait five months before they could even use their training camps. They had to wait a year before they staged an offensive action, and that a small and not satisfactory one. They had to waste billions on cost-plus contracts. They had to waste lives on the banks of the Marne, beside the hill city of St. Mihiel, and amid the tangles of the Argonne Forest. Surely it is to no one's credit to be able to boast like Falstaff: "I have lead my ragamuffins where they were well pepper'd. There's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive."

Of course there was much good work done. Soldier and subaltern went to work with a will and learned a great deal, although the first of their learning was, in many instances, with rifles whittled out of wood and cannon carved out of logs. Civilians cooperated and made sacrifices. All united in a fervent and feverish attempt to overcome the handicap of unpreparedness. Yet the fact remains that the United States, as usual, had to send men into battle insufficiently trained. With such troops as Winder had at Bladensburg, and many an American commander in France, or McDowell at Manassas, not Napoleon himself could have demonstrated a tangible gift of genius.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

It is generally agreed that Eleonora Duse is the greatest of living actresses —very often by two sets of critics who peculiarly arrive at this estimate with arguments and reasons that are diametrically opposed. I privilege myself the suspicion that this is why Duse is called the "mystery woman". She is a mystery because she is the only actress of our time who is eulogized by half of the critics for one thing and by the other half for the exact opposite of that same thing. I have in mind specifically her performances of the mother in Gallarati-Scotti's pious claptrap, "Cosi Sia". In London last Spring, when she performed the rôle at the New Oxford, Duse played it in the spirit of a tigress who, suddenly 'wakened from sleep, snaps out a flaming snarl of defiance. This mood of defiance gave way in turn to an impassioned, nay almost a frenzied, faith, a sullen stubbornness, a burst of heart-rending appeal and, finally, a despairful agony of self-immolation. The London critics hailed the performance as the acme of intelligent and acute interpretation and Duse as the peerless actress of her day. In New York a month or so ago, when she performed the same rôle at the Century, Duse played it in the spirit of an imperturbable septuagenarian who accepts her mission coolly, calmly. This mood of resignation gave way in turn to a resigned, nay almost a melancholy, faith, a complacent sweetness, a passive acceptance of abuse and, finally, a welcome and highly comfortable surrender to fate. The New York critics hailed the performance as the acme of intelligent and acute interpretation and Duse as the peerless actress of her day.

Now surely, since "Cosi Sia" and the rôle no less are admitted, without dissenting voice, to be the veriest theatrical flapdoodle, and since, as in the instance of nobler drama and nobler rôles, two interpretations so violently, even absurdly, antagonistic are hardly to be reconciled—surely something must, to put it mildly, be a trifle odoriferous in Copenhagen. The truth is perhaps not far to seek. It is not that the eminence of the Italian actress is critically arrived at from two different and each in themselves possibly valid points of view; it is that her eminence—an eminence rightly won over a long period of years and with an incontrovertible talent—is today taken for granted even when her immediate performances are such as to give the more judicious very prolonged pause. I believe, with my colleagues, that Duse is the greatest of living actresses; I believe, further, that the performance of "Cosi Sia" which this greatest of living actresses gave in London was a superlatively fine performance; but I also believe that the performance of the same play which this greatest of living actresses gave in New York would have disgraced the rankest amateur. It was grotesquely out of key with the play—as grotesquely out of key as her London performance was in key; it was slipshod, careless; it was downright lazy and cheating. In a word, Duse loafed on the job. For in the audience at the Century Theatre there was no Maurice Baring to catch her napping, no Chaliapin or Walkley or Archer or any other fully experienced and understanding soul to catch on to her and give her away. And she seemed to know it. Just a lot of American boobs. Just a lot of poor, affected suckers. The night she opened at the Metropolitan, she took no

chances. Her Ellida Wangel was tremendous, as it was tremendous in London. Nor did she take any chances with her second audience, the audience, that is, at the second play in her repertoire. And here once again her Mrs. Alving had all the old greatness. But then—what was the use of spreading one's self for these Americans?—then came the bald let-down. The money was in; why bother? The greatest actress in the world—and she is greatest—deserved her little joke on these Americans and their—what do you call them?—critics. And the greatest actress in the world had it.

II

There has been, on the part of certain commentators whose linguistic gifts are confined to the English language, and who are proud of it, a disposition to wax ironical at such persons as have professed to comprehend, at least in a measure, and to be moved by, the performances in alien tongues of Duse, the Moscow Art Theatre company and, on a lower level, the Grand Guignol troupe and certain other dramatic immigrants. While, true enough, these commentators are not far wrong in their detection of a great deal of hypocrisy in the situation, it seems to me that they are less correct in their assumption that because they happen to know no language other than their own, therefore no one else does, and even less correct in their second assumption that thorough familiarity with an alien tongue is essential to an understanding of and to a sympathetic response to an acting performance in that tongue. Aside from the obvious fact that there is ample time for a critic to read in the English text the play in the alien tongue that he is about to see, and thus acquaint himself with it; aside from the even more obvious fact that if he is a professional critic he should already be thoroughly familiar with most of the standard works that these foreigners have presented and are presenting—surely, the critic who doesn't know "Ghosts", "The Lady from the Sea", "An Enemy of the People", "Night Refuge", the plays of Tchekoff, etc., well enough by this time is pretty poorly equipped for his job—aside from these very obvious facts, a thorough knowledge of an alien tongue seems to me to be no more vitally essential to the grasping of an alien actor's performance than a knowledge of the deaf and dumb signal language is essential to a comprehension of pantomime. Let us imagine that Charlie Chaplin were a Greek and that his moving picture, "The Kid", were to be transfered from the screen to the stage and played in Greek. Would it be any the less intelligible, any the less moving? A somewhat ridiculous illustration, I appreciate, but not without its measure of convincing horse sense.

If drama consisted chiefly in words, if its effect were ever mainly conveyed through the spoken word, it might be otherwise; but drama is something different. The greatest moments of any drama are those moments that constitute the spaces of silence between the speaking of one character and the speaking of another. These silences between speech are the juices of drama. It is then that we get the effects for which the dramatist has paved the way with words. Every great play is a pantomime at bottom. Drama is pantomime adorned and embellished with literary graces. The dramatist, when first he imagines his play, imagines it not in terms of speech, but in terms of situation. He sees his theme, in his mind's eye, as a blue-print. The great drama of the world is not spoken by the characters so much as it is looked and, above all, felt by them. The play of the features and the joy and ache of the heart are as Esperanto: a universal language. One does not have to know Italian to understand a woman's tears, or Russian to understand a man's laughter. Drama is emotion. If we feel what a character, through its actor, feels, it is not entirely important that we should know what he thinks. All this, of course, would not hold water were these alien troupes

on our shores to go in for the so-called intellectual drama—the most paradoxical and idiotic phrase in the English language—such plays, shall we say, as "Back to Methuselah" or one of the Granville Barker lectures. But their plays are far different, in the main the pure stuff of the emotions—save in the minds of such commentators as look on Ibsen as a great thinker first and a great dramatist second. Their plays are, with, so far as I can remember, the single possible exception of Tchekoff, emotional fabrics. The person who cannot grasp a play by D'Annunzio, and more particularly Duse's performance of the central rôle in such a play, without being an Italian scholar would be unable to grasp Wagner's Funeral March because he was not a corpse. He is the sort of dumbbell who would call one a posturer for pretending to enjoy and be moved by "Der Rosenkavalier" when one was not a professor of German, or for admiring Bach's "Bauern Cantate" when one was not a peasant. Show me the professional critic who says that he is not fit to criticize the Moscow Art Theatre company's performance of, say, Goldoni's "The Mistress of the Inn", because he is not thoroughly up on Russian, and I'll show you a critic who is not fit to criticize Zuloaga because he does not happen to be a Spaniard. . . . There are, let us incidentally not forget, fifty English-speaking people who understand the plays of Shakespeare for every English-speaking person who understands his language.

III

For the last two or three years, though my personal attendance upon his different acting performances has failed to convince me, I have been receiving on the average of once a week printed circulars from Mr. Walter Hampden telling me how good he is. It has been, I confess, a bit disturbing. I would go to the theatre, sit studiously through this and that performance of his, come away with an extremely dubious impression of his talents, and then the next morning wake up to find a circular in my mail assuring me that both Mr. Clayton Hamilton and the dramatic critic of Jenkintown, Pa., *News-Leader* regarded him, to say the least, as the equal of Salvini. Mr. Hampden has, I figure, spent fully thirty dollars on stamps, and fully one hundred dollars on half-tones and circulars, in an effort to persuade me to let himself and his admirers make up my mind for me in respect to his genius. Yet I have been, I fear, most stubborn and not a little objectionable in my impoliteness. It wasn't that I didn't try to be otherwise. After a particularly well-printed and beautiful circular arrived, I would time and again go back and have another look at the gentleman by way of trying to determine the reasons for my own apathy and, no doubt, ignorance. Surely, thought I, if many famous authorities like the critic for the Jenkintown, Pa., *News-Leader* and Mr. Towse, of the New York *Evening Post*, are firmly convinced that Mr. Hampden is an actor of the royal line, there must be something radically wrong with me if he seems to me to be a mere amalgam of forum reader and ham. But still I could not convince myself. I saw a Hamlet, a Macbeth and an Othello that were intelligent, but a Hamlet, a Macbeth and an Othello that were theatrically and dramatically as cold and unimpressive as so many college professors' essays on those characters. I saw a Petruchio that was essentially a Hamlet in a costume of gay hue—nothing more. I saw, before these, a Manson that was just a Methodist clergyman with rouge on his cheeks and with his eyelashes smeared with mascaro. I heard, again, Shakespeare read, and read well, but I did not see him acted.

And then came another expensive circular, followed by another and followed in turn by still another, announcing that Mr. Hampden was to do Cyrano. I may, under the circumstances, be forgiven for having pictured a Cyrano who would have all the poetic fire of a Sapolio rhyme, all the powerful sweep of a whisk-broom, all the

heroic magnificence and purple gesture of—but enough of simile. Thus prejudiced—but fortifying myself against too great prejudice by another perusal of the encomiastic circulars—I went to the theatre. And in that theatre I saw the Cyrano of all our finest fancies, the Cyrano that Mansfield failed to convey even to the impressionable and easy young man that was I at the time, a Cyrano stepped brilliantly, dazzlingly, out of the heart and pages of Rostand—a Cyrano, in short, that came as close to the ideal Cyrano as closeness well can come. Where was the college grind, the stiff minuet body that vainly, humorously, essayed to swing itself into the waltz measures of great poetic dramatic literature, the forum reader in whose mouth starlit verse became so much dialectics—where was this Hampden of the years before in this Hampden who, there before us, was a truly gusty, a truly moving, a truly flashing, blazing and radiant romantic actor? There was no sign of him, not a trace. In his place was the Hampden of all the Jenkintown, Hamilton and Towse ecstasies and eulogies, the mythical Hampden suddenly come to dramatic life. The expensive circulars had found truth at the end of the long road of their wholly absurd, if honest and well-meant, exaggerations. Hampden was at last an actor. And this Cyrano of his is one of the most completely meritorious performances that an actor of his time and my own has contributed to the American theatre.

IV

The Theatre Guild is an organization not the least of whose virtues is a successful and praiseworthy cunning. This cunning is on view whenever the Guild produces a play by some new foreign dramatist about whom the critical element in its public is in the dark. On such occasions the Guild's artifice is displayed to the full. This artifice, embodied in its publicity matter and program notes, is usually very happy in accomplishing its end, as I have noted, and we now once again engage an instance of it in the case of the French playwright, H. R. Lenormand, and the production by the Guild of his drama, "Les Ratés", translated as "The Failures". In its preliminary press-agency of the play and in its program notes, the Guild has exercised the shrewdest care that Lenormand shall be presented to his American audiences and critics as distinctly an art-theatre playwright, the leader of the Parisian group dramatically "in tune with psychology and science", and the author only of such dramatic work as goes in for *succès d'estime*—"which", to quote the program, "opened for him the doors of the art theatre and inevitably closed those of the commercial playhouses". There is, further, elaborate mention of Gémier's production of his "Poussière", of Pitoeff's productions of his "Le Temps est un Songe" and "Les Ratés", of his "La Dent Rouge" at the Odéon,—of impressive names on end by way of what our friends the spiritualists call establishing the proper mood. That the Guild has succeeded admirably in establishing this mood so far as the local critics are concerned, and that through the establishment of this mood the latter have been subtly thrown somewhat off the track of a cool and sound appraisal of the Lenormand drama which the Guild has presented and have been blinded by the excellent hocus-pocus to certain otherwise obvious and not altogether auspicious secrets of its genesis must be clearly apparent to anyone who, without program notes, has followed the career of Lenormand in France.

"The Failures" is a drama whose considerable poignancy and considerable theatrical effectiveness are due infinitely less to its author's being "in tune with the modern thought of today in psychology and science" than to its author's long antecedent practical acquaintance with terse and effective commercial theatrical writing gained from his association with Max Maurey's Grand Guignol. "The Failures" is in essence a series of typical

Grand Guignol one-acters. No less than eight of its fourteen episodes are completely in the Guignol key and manner. Echoes of such of Lenormand's Guignol pieces as, for example, "La Folie Blanche", "Vers La Lumière", "L'Esprit Souterrain" and "Terres Chaudes"—all carefully omitted by the Guild in its publicity matter—are clearly heard in scene after scene. The Guignol method is there, and unmistakably. The thrills and drama and comedy and technic are vastly less the thrills and drama and comedy and technic of the Théâtre des Arts than of the little box-office playhouse in the Rue Chaptal. "The Failures" is a thoroughly interesting drama of dissolution, decay and death not because Lenormand is the daring experimentalist, the revolutionary psychoanalyst and *succès d'estime* fanatic of the Guild's program notes, but because he is a hard, old-fashioned practical playwright schooled not in art theatres but in purely commercial theatres and because his psychological explorations into character are ever careful to be theatrically emotional instead of untheatrically cerebral. His "Les Ratés" is, first and foremost, a good show. If it does not make money, well then, neither does such a bad show as "A Mad Honeymoon". There is too much talk about art in the theatre.

The physical presentation of the play is in the best Guild tradition. I regret that I cannot say as much for all of the acting.

V

The "Queen Victoria" of David Carb and Walter Prichard Eaton is not so successful an experiment in dramatic biography as Guitry's "Pasteur", but it is very decidedly superior to Drinkwater's "Lincoln" and "Lee". The pompous wax-works quality that dominates the Drinkwater chronicle dramaturgy is completely absent from this "Victoria". There is life in it, and warmth; one is not merely regaled with the spectacle of a kaffeeklatsch at Madame Tussaud's. Victoria and her entourage are very real persons, not simply mouthpieces for a highly self-conscious poet with a nice gift for ventriloquism. The play contrives adroitly and with engaging artlessness to give one a picture of the lovable woman who happened to be queen of England. The emphasis of the authors is upon the happened. It is the woman they have dramatized rather than the woman as queen. They have read Strachey, but they have also read Drinkwater and have thus learned what often not to do. They have dramatized not the making of history through a woman so much as the making of a woman through history. And they have thus written a real play rather than a tract with the proper names indented and misnamed a play. Their imagination, however, sometimes falls short and takes refuge in dramatic devices of the utmost essential banality as, for instance, in the setting off of Victoria's character by means of a series of violent contrasts and counterpoints. This is ever the easy trick of the confined playwright. Thus, while Victoria's nonchalant counting of the household silver in counterpoint to her summons to be empress of India, and her equally nonchalant counting of gray hairs in her husband's beard in counterpoint to the threat of war with Russia, to mention but two instances, may be valid theatre, they become by repetition weak means of limning character and even weaker drama. Yet these are minor defects in what is in the main a very good example of drama of its kind. The Victoria of the Messrs. Carb and Eaton is not merely a little fat actress cast for type and made to mouth a hundred or more familiar sayings laboriously culled from various works of reference: she is, if not the real Victoria, at least the Victoria that is real in our imaginations. And so, too, with the secondary characters. Albert of Coburg, the prince consort, superbly embodied by a newcomer to the Anglo-Saxon theatre, Ullrich Haupt, takes life and form from the imaginative shower of countless daguerreotypes and chronicles. And in a flash, in not more than three or

four "sides", Wellington stands before us, and the Baroness Lehzen, and Gladstone, Palmerston and Stockmar. Disraeli is not merely a pair of bowlegs and a dozen epigrams that are called a Jew at appropriate intervals; he is Disraeli. Only Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, is made a mess of. The authors should study a bit more closely the speech and nature of the man at the time of the divorce scandal, and later. Miss Beryl Mercer looks Victoria, but is decidedly hansom-cab in much of her acting. The production by the Equity Players is highly commendable.

VI

Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee", which I reviewed upon its London presentation, lost rather than gained force in its New York presentation. Drinkwater, as I observed when I first wrote of the play, has seen Lee, Stuart, Jackson and the rest as so many English actors dressed in gray uniforms and speaking American sentiments as they would be spoken by American actors in evening clothes playing in English drawing-room drama. This sounds flippant, but it gives the impression more quickly than I am able to convey it in as many words. In London, the effect of the play was accordingly greater than in New York, where our American actors found themselves conspicuously uncomfortable in rôles to which they were not, by virtue of their nationality, suited. Although Mr. Berton Churchill who played Lee here may, for all I know, be an Englishman by birth —as Sam Bernard is, one need not be surprised at anything—he is yet an American actor of such long service that the Lee of Drinkwater is as alien to him as it was dramatically native to Felix Aylmer who played the rôle at the Regent Theatre. And what is true of Churchill was true of many of the other actors in the American company.

Drinkwater's play is a chill and eminently second-rate attempt to woo the popular box office by presenting a great American gentleman and soldier as a posturing moving picture actor given to addressing titles and inserts to the first row of the balcony and to bequeathing an air of profundity to his most casual utterances by putting dashes after every word and letting his voice trail off at the end in the wistful paternal manner of the curés in French plays. Of the Lee that our superior generation knew at first hand and that we of the more immediate generation have gleaned from the various authentic chronicles, there is barely a trace, and that trace consists in those qualities of Lee which most closely approached the footlight self that was a part of him as often it is a part of the great of the earth. The rest of the Lee of Drinkwater is a bogus extended elaboration of this trace, and the Lee that results is, consequently, for the most part a footlight dummy, a creature in sock and buskin placed in a series of pretty melodramatic theatrical poses. The aides of Drinkwater's General Robert E. Lee are Colonel Theodore Kremer and Major Hal Reid, with Lieutenant-Major Lincoln J. Carter bringing up the reserves for the battle of Malvern Hill. Certain passages of the play are written with a touch of fine feeling; but the cinema Lee of John Drinkwater remains ever infinitely less the Virginia Lee than the Fort Lee.

VII

Zoë Akins' "A Royal Fandango" is a stage-struck short story. The short story has humor, wit, some ingenuity, literary grace and considerable originality, but it has a minimum of theatrical possibilities. This minimum, further, Arthur Hopkins promptly and expeditiously ousted by producing what was essentially a bubble as if it were a soap factory. What he had was thistle-down; what he produced was a cactus. Miss Akins' attempt was doubtless to fashion a play in the manner of her excellent "Papa". But where the latter, for all its deliberately mad lightness, finds a measure of theatrical weight in the skill

with which that lightness, like a feather ball tossing atop a fountain's jet, is sustained, this later play collapses after its first act from its author's weakened fertility. It is a supper at which the caviar abruptly gives way to nothing but two pretentious champagne bottles filled with ice water.

Miss Akins writes better than any other woman now writing for the American stage, but unfortunately, despite her intention, she does not always write for the stage. I am surely not one of those profound dolts who believes that to write for the stage successfully one must write according to the strict rules laid down by Columbia University professors who have written for the stage unsuccessfully, but Miss Akins seems to me to go a trifle too far in the other direction. It is all very well to have contempt for the established forms, but contempt in such instances must be, for all its bravado, interesting. Miss Akins' contempt—a better word would be indifference—is this time not interesting enough. If anything in the theatre must have body, it is, as I have observed, such a bubble as her "Royal Fandango". The skeleton of a body is in the play, but the author has neglected sufficiently to cover the bones. Her comparative failure is, however, a dignified failure. It is a failure that is never common, never cheap, and that is always, even at its worst, a hundred cuts above the sort of thing that American playwrights usually give us. And, for all its disappointments, its author remains, as she has been from her "Papa" to her "Texas Nightingale", the first of the distaff talents in the native drama. Miss Ethel Barrymore's first act performance was in a delightfully relevant naughty-Barrie mood. Thereafter, save for such thoroughly effective instances as that at the conclusion of the second act wherein she momentarily poses an Anglo-Saxon Spanish picture on her way to Cadiz and her matador love, the necessary buoyancy and airiness were missing. The ideal casting of the rôle, were such a thing possible, would have been Miss Barrymore for Act I, Miss Billie Burke for Act II, and George Monroe for Act III. It is that kind of play.

VIII

Melchior Lengyel's "Sancho Panza" is a mild and agreeable little fantastic comedy that has been produced by Mr. Russell Janney as if it were the "Follies". With the production that Mr. Janney has uncovered in the Hudson Theatre the least that an audience expects is "Macbeth". And when, amidst all the elaborate, expensive scenery and costumes designed by Emilie Hapgood and Mr. Ziegfeld's James Reynolds, all the music and songs by Hugo Felix, the special curtain painted by Mr. John Murray Anderson's Reginald Marsh, the enlarged orchestra under the direction of Rupert Graves, and the general rainbow staging by Richard Boleslawsky of the Moscow Art Theatre—when amidst all this costly hula-hula the audience finds only a pleasant little comedy, the sensation is cousin to disappointment and consternation. It would take a great masterpiece to withstand Mr. Janney's production and to triumph over it. Lengyel's "Sancho Panza" is, alas, not such a masterpiece. It is merely a prettily imagined if sometimes confused bit of whimsy that would be tenfold more effective than it currently is if someone were to produce it in the Little Theatre for one-tenth the amount of money that the present entrepreneur has expended on it to its complete devastation. Mr. Otis Skinner's Sancho—the play is based on certain episodes from Cervantes—is a performance that in the matter of monotony reminds one of nothing quite so much as an articulate tom-tom.

THE LIBRARY

Russian Music

MY MUSICAL LIFE, by Nikolay Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakoff, translated by Judah A. Joffe, with an introduction by Carl Van Vechten. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THIS is the full story—meticulous, humorless, full of expository passion—of the Immortal Five: Balakireff, Cui, Musorgski, Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakoff himself. The book is enormous, and details are piled on without the slightest regard for the reader's time and patience. One plows through exhaustive criticisms, often highly waspish, of concerts given fifty and sixty years ago; one attends to minute discussions of forgotten musical politics. Nevertheless, the general effect of the tome is surely not that of boredom. It somehow holds the attention as securely as Thayer's monumental "Beethoven" or the memoirs of William Hickey. And no wonder, for the world that the good Nikolay Andreyevich describes is a world that must always appear charming and more than half fabulous to western eyes—a world in which unfathomable causes constantly produced unimaginable effects—a world of occult motives, exotic emotions and bizarre personalities—in brief, the old Russia that went down to tragic ruin in 1917. Read about it in the memoirs of the late Count Witte, and one feels oneself magically set down—still with one's shoes shined, still neatly shaved with a Gillette!—at the court of Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, Genghis Khan. Read about it in Rimsky-Korsakoff's book, and one gets glimpses of Bagdad, Samarkand and points East.

The whole story of the Five, in fact, belongs to the grotesque and arabesque. Not one of them had more than the most superficial grasp of the complex and highly scientific art that they came so near to revolutionizing. Balakireff, the leader, was a mathematician turned religious mystic and musical iconoclast; he believed until middle age that writing a fugue was, in some incomprehensible manner, as discreditable an act as robbing a blind man. Cui was a military engineer who died a lieutenant general. Borodin was a chemist with a weakness for what is now called Service; he wasted half his life spoiling charming Russian girls by turning them into lady doctors. Musorgski was a Guards officer brought down by drink to a job in a railway freight-station. Rimsky-Korsakoff himself was a naval officer. All of them, he says, were as ignorant of the elements of music as so many union musicians. They didn't even know the names of the common chords. Of instrumentation they knew only what was in Berlioz's "Traité d'Instrumentation"—most of it archaic. When Rimsky-Korsakoff, on being appointed professor of composition in the St. Petersburg Conservatory—a typically Russian idea!—bought a *Harmonielehre* and began to experiment with canons, his fellow revolutionists repudiated him, and to the end of his life Balakireff despised him.

Nevertheless, these astounding ignoramuses actually made very lovely music, and if some of it, such as Musorgski's "Boris Godunoff", had to be translated into playable terms afterward, it at least had enough fundamental merit to make the translation feasible. Musorgski, in fact, though he was the most ignorant of them all, probably wrote the best music of them all. Until delirium tremens put an end to him, he believed fondly that successive fourths

were just as good as successive thirds, that modulations required no preparation, and that no such thing as a French horn with keys existed. More, he regarded all hints to the contrary as gross insults. Rimsky-Korsakoff, alone among them, was genuinely hospitable to the orthodox enlightenment. He learned instrumentation by the primitive process of buying all the orchestral and band instruments, and blowing into them to find out what sort of sounds they would make. The German *Harmonielehre* filled him with a suspicion that Bach, after all, must have known something, and after a while it became a certainty. He then sat down and wrote fifty fugues in succession! Later he got tired of polyphony and devoted himself chiefly to instrumentation. He became, next to Richard Strauss, the most skillful master of that inordinately difficult art in Europe. Incidently, he and his friends taught Debussy and Schoenberg how to get rid of the diatonic scale, and so paved the way for all the cacophony that now delights advanced musical thinkers.

A curious tale, unfolded by Rimsky-Korsakoff with the greatest earnestness and even indignation. A clumsy writer, he yet writes brilliantly on occasion—for example, about the low-comedy household of the Borodins, with dinner at 11 P. M. and half a dozen strange guests always snoring on the sofas. Is there a lesson in the chronicle, say for American composers? I half suspect that there is. What ails these worthy men and makes their music, in general, so dreary is not that they are incompetent technicians, as is often alleged, but that they are far too competent. They are, in other words, so magnificently trained in the standard tricks, both orthodox and heterodox, that they can no longer leap and prance as true artists should. The stuff they write is correct, respectable, highly learned—but most of it remains *Kapellmeistermusik*, nay, only too often mere *Augenmusik*. Let them give hard study to this history of the five untutored Slavs who wrote full-length symphonies without ever having heard, as Rimsky-Korsakoff says, that the seventh tends to progress downward. Let them throw away their harmony-books, loose their collars, and proceed to write music.

H. L. MENCKEN

The New Freedom

RECENT CHANGES IN AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL THEORY, by John W. Burgess, Ph.D., J.U.D., LL.D. New York: *Columbia University Press.*

THIS is a very small book, but it is packed with important matter. What it recounts, in brief, is the story of the decay of liberty in the United States since the end of the last century. The old Constitution, despite some alarming strains, held up very bravely until the time of the Spanish War. It survived the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, it survived the rise of *Homo boobiens* under Jackson, it survived the rough mauling that the sainted Lincoln gave it during the Civil War, and it even survived the Amendments that followed the Versailles-like peace of 1865. But at the hands of Roosevelt it began to buckle and give way, and at the hands of Wilson it went to pieces. Today the old constitutional guarantees have only an antiquarian interest, and the old scheme of checks and balances functions no more. Bit by bit, the Supreme Court has yielded to pressure, until now its very right to resist at all has begun to be threatened. The American citizen of 1924 who, menaced by bureaucratic tyranny, appealed to that decayed tribunal to save him would be laughed at in open court. For it has already decided against him (often unanimously) on almost all conceivable counts, and to make his chains doubly strong it has even begun to limit his right of mere remonstrance. The Draft Act, the Espionage Act, the Volstead Act, the various State Syndicalist Acts—these outrageous and obviously unconstitutional laws mark the successive stages of the Supreme Court's degradation. Having failed in its primary duty, it has failed in all its duties. What liberties

remain to the citizen today remain by a sort of grace—perhaps, more accurately, a sort of oversight. Another Wilson, set upon the throne tomorrow by another fraud of 1916, might take them away from him with no more danger of challenge from the Supreme Court than from the American Legion or the Union League.

Dr. Burgess rehearses succinctly the fundamental principles of American constitutional theory before 1898, and shows how all of them have been subverted and abandoned. The most important of them was that which set up a sharp distinction between sovereignty and government, and rigidly limited the scope and powers of the latter. The Federal Government was not the United States; it was simply the agent of the United States, employed and authorized to perform certain clearly-defined functions and none other. Beyond the field of those functions it was as impotent as the individual office-holders composing it. That principle remained in force from the election of Thomas Jefferson in 1800 to the dawn of imperialism in 1898—roughly, a century. When it began to be conditioned, then the whole constitutional structure broke up. Today there is no clearly defined boundary between sovereignty and government. The President, in time of war, is indistinguishable from an oriental despot—and he is now quite free to make war whenever he pleases, with or without the consent of Congress. The raid against Russia, in 1918, was apparently, in the view of the Supreme Court, a perfectly legal war, though Congress had never authorized it, for persons who protested against it were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment under the Espionage Act, and the Court upheld the sentences. The invasions of the citizen's fundamental rights in time of peace are too numerous and notorious to need rehearsing. One will suffice. The Bill of Rights guarantees him an inviolable right to trial by jury; the Volstead Act takes it away from him; the Supreme Court has upheld the Volstead Act.

Dr. Burgess' exposition of the facts is temperate, learned and incontrovertible. The disease is accurately described. I wish I could add that the remedy he proposes promises a cure. But it actually seems to me to be hopeless. His plan, briefly, is to abandon the method of making constitutional amendments by the votes of the two houses of Congress and the State Legislatures, *i.e.*, by the votes of men professionally venal and dishonorable, and to return to the primary scheme of national constitutional conventions. Such conventions, he argues, would represent the people directly, would be chosen for the specific purpose of framing amendments, and would thus voice true sovereignty. He forgets two things. He forgets that their members would be elected precisely as members of Congress are now elected, and would probably be the same petty demagogues and scoundrels. And he forgets that there is no evidence that the people, given a free opportunity, would actually try to recover the rights that have been taken away from them. In point of fact, only a very small minority of Americans have any genuine respect or desire for liberty. The majority supported Wilson ecstatically, and, with him, Palmer, Burleson and all the rest of the cossacks. And when the majority is heard of today, it is not demanding a restoration of its old rights; it is tarring and feathering some fanatic who believes that they should, will and must be restored.

H. L. M.

The Uplift: Export Department

RACE AND NATIONAL SOLIDARITY, by Charles Conant Josey. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

FREDERICK THE GREAT, as everyone knows, had a friendly view of the utility of the learned. When he set out, in 1740, upon his first Silesian campaign, it was suggested to him by certain advisers that his claim to some of the territory he proposed to seize might be dubious in imperial law. "What of it?" he replied. "If I can only

take the land the professors can be trusted to find me a title to it".

The modern Fredericks inhabit luxurious banking-houses in Wall street and thereabout, and their weapons are not the bones of Pomeranian grenadiers, but loans and consortiums. They have Silesias staked out in Santo Domingo, Haiti, Nicaragua and Cuba, and, like Frederick, they have a lost Bohemia in Mexico. Now, in Dr. Josey, of Dartmouth (already a familiar name to all law students), they have their professor foreordained. In his "Race and National Solidarity" Prof. Josey not only proves that the benign economic and political oversight of the darker peoples is the manifest destiny of Nordic man; he also proves, in 227 pages of very eloquent stuff, that it is a highly moral business, and unquestionably pleasing to God. "The way to please God", he says, "is to do good"—and "God helps those who help themselves". *Ergo*, helping one's self must be good.

Specifically, the professor argues at great length that it is a foolish and evil thing to take the boons of civilization to the backward races without making sure that they pay a good round price for what they get. But how is this payment to be exacted? First, by keeping the financing of the uplift (*i.e.*, the industrialization) of the poor heathen in our own hands, and taking such a share of the proceeds of their labor that they are never able to accumulate enough capital to finance themselves. Second, by keeping the technical management of industry a sort of national or race secret, so that they shall remain forever unable to run their own factories without our help. This will give us all the cream and leave them the skim milk. Even on this milk, of course, they may fatten; that is, they may increase in numbers so greatly as to offer us danger on the military side. To secure ourselves against this, we must keep their numbers down, first by "a general dissemination of knowledge of birth control", and then by prohibiting child-labor and so preventing "children from becoming profitable". Thus virtue (but is birth control virtuous?) will go hand in hand with enlightened self-interest, and God will be pleased by good deeds.

Prof. Josey, as you may have guessed, is without much humor, and so his book is rather heavy going. But I have read every word of it attentively, and commend his Message to all who desire to become privy to the most advanced thought of this era of Service. However, it will not be necessary to read his actual book. The great bond houses issue weekly and monthly bulletins, free for the asking. Ask for them, and his ideas will be set before you, backed up by a great moral passion and probably in more lascivious English.

H. L. M.

Once More, the Immortals

FANTASTICA: BEING THE SMILE OF THE SPHINX AND OTHER TALES OF IMAGINATION, by Robert Nichols. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

WHENEVER and so often as the choice is offered one to be born again, the wise will elect for revivification as a romantic myth. That is, I think, the perhaps not entirely premeditated moral of Mr. Robert Nichols' "Fantastica". . . .

I have enjoyed this book. I record at outset that sentence because it appears to me a triumphant and facile chef-d'oeuvre of understatement. This trio of stories, about such copious protagonists as Andromeda and the Sphinx and the Wandering Jew, have come, to me at least, as the most amiable literary surprise since Mr. Donn Byrne published "Messer Marco Polo". Here is beauty and irony and wisdom; here is fine craftsmanship; and here, above all, are competently reported the more recent events in the existence of favored persons whose vitality and whose adventuring each generation of mankind renews. I refer, of course, to such persons as Andromeda and the Sphinx and the Wandering Jew,—and to Prometheus and Pan and Judas and Queen Helen,—and to many others who were so lucky as to originate in a satisfy-

ingly romantic myth, and who in consequence stay always real and always free of finding life monotonous.

Now, it is an ever-present reminder of our own impermanence to note that no human being stays real. In private annals a species of familiary canonization sets in with each fresh advent of the undertaker; no sooner, indeed, do our moribund lie abed than we begin even in our thoughts to lie like their epitaphs; and all of us by ordinary endure the pangs of burying ineffably more admirable kin than we ever possessed. Nor does much more of honesty go to the making of those national chronicles which Mr. Henry Ford, with a candor perhaps really incurable by anything short of four years in the White House, has described as "bunk". In history one finds everywhere an impatient desire to simplify the tortuous and complex human being into a sort of forthright shorthand. Alexander was ambitious, Machiavelli cunning, Henry the Eighth bloodthirsty, and George Washington congenitally incapable of prevarications. That is all there was to them, so far as they concern the average man; and thus does history imply its shapers with the most curt of symbols, somewhat as an astronomer jots down a four's first cousin to indicate the huge planet Jupiter and compresses the sun that nourishes him into a proof corrector's period. Always in this fashion does history work over its best rôles into allegories about the Lord Desire of Vain Glory and Mr. By-ends, about Giant Bloody-man and Mr. Truthful; and rubs away the humanness of each dead personage resistlessly, as if resolute to get rid in any event of most of him; and pares him of all traits except the one which men, whether through national pride or the moralist's large placid preference for lying, have elected to see here uncarnate.

Quite otherwise fare those luckier beings who began existence with the advantage of being incorporeal, and hence have not any dread of time's attrition. The longer that time handles them, the more does he enrich their experience and personalities. It was, for example, Euripides, they say, who first popularized this myth of Andromeda: and, for all that the dramas he wrote about her are long lost, it were time-wasting, of a dullness happily restricted to insane asylums and the assembly halls of democratic legislation, here to deliberate whether Andromeda or Euripides is to us the more important and vivid person, in a world wherein Euripides survives as a quadrisyllable and wherein Andromeda's living does, actually, go on. You have but, for that matter, to compare Andromeda with the overlords of the milieu in which her fame was born, with the thin shadows that in pedants' thinking, and in the even gloomier minds of schoolboys upon the eve of an "examination", troop wanly to prefigure Pericles and Cleon and Nicias, to see what a leg up toward immortality is the omission of any material existence. These estimable patriots endure at best as wraiths and nuisances, in a world wherein Andromeda's living does, actually, go on. It is not merely that she continues to beguile the poet and painter, but that each year she demonstrably does have quite fresh adventures. Only yesterday Mr. C. C. Martindale attested as much, in his engaging and far too little famous book, "The Goddess of Ghosts"; as now does Mr. Nichols in "Fantastica". . . For it is, through whatever human illogic, yesterday's fictitious and most clamantly impossible characters who remain to us familiar and actual persons, the while that we remember yesterday's flesh-and-blood notables as bodiless traits.

So it comes about that only these intrepid men and flawless women and other monsters who were born cleanlily of imagination, instead of the normal messiness, and were born as personages in whom, rather frequently without knowing why, the artist perceives a satisfying large symbolism,—that these alone bid fair to live and thrive until the proverbial crack of doom. Their living does, actually, go on, because each generation of artists is irre-

sistibly impelled to provide them with quite fresh adventures. . . . And I am sure I do not know why. I merely know that these favored romantic myths, to whom at outset I directed the stiletto glance of envy, remain the only persons existent who may with any firm confidence look forward to a colorful and always varying future, the only persons who stay human in defiance of death and time and the even more dreadful theories of "new schools of poetry"; and who keep, too, undimmed the human trait of figuring with a difference in the eye of each beholder. For all the really fine romantic myths have this in common. As Mr. Nichols says, in approaching a continuation of the story of Prometheus one may behold in the Fire-Bringer, just as one's taste elects, a prefiguring of Satan or of Christ or of Mr. Thomas Alva Edison.

And this I guess to be—perhaps—the pith of such myths' durability, that the felt symbolism admits of no quite final interpreting. Each generation finds for Andromeda a different monster and another rescuer; continuously romance and irony contrive new riddles for the Sphinx; whereas the Wandering Jew—besides the *tour de force* of having enabled General Lew Wallace to write a book which voiced more fatuous blather than "Ben Hur"—has had put to his account, at various times, the embodying of such disparate pests as thunderstorms and gypsies and Asiatic cholera.

Well! here—just for one moment to recur to the volume I am supposed to be criticizing,—here is Mr. Nichols with remarkably contemporaneous parables about the Sphinx and her latest lover, about Andromeda and Perseus, about the Wandering Jew and Judas Iscariot. They are, to my finding, very wise and lovely tales, they are, I hope, the graduating theses of a maturing poet who has become sufficiently sophisticated to put aside the, after all, rather childish business of verse making. But the really important feature, in any event, is that he adds to the unending imbroglios of these actually vital persons, and guides with competence and a fine spirit the immortal travellers. Nor is this any trivial praise when you recall that, earlier, they have been served by such efficient if slightly incongruous couriers as Charles Kingsley and Euripides and Eugène Sue, as Matthew of Paris and Flaubert and Nathaniel Hawthorne and the Reverend George Croly.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Brandes and Croce

MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE, by Georg Brandes. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

POESIA E NON POESIA, by Benedetto Croce. Bari: *Laterza.*

THIS latest addition to the canon of Croce's works, "Poetry and Non-Poetry", reached me just as I had been looking through the new edition of Brandes's "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature". The title by no means suggested what the books turned out to be, namely, a fragment of a study which might have been an Italian counterpart to the great Danish work. In his preface Croce explains that he had intended to "re-examine the literature of the Nineteenth Century", in order to bring out "conclusions still implicit in the writings of those who have discussed it, or to demonstrate other conclusions more exactly, or to confute current prejudices, or to propose some new judgments, but especially to keep in mind pure literature which—in spite of the ease with which the fact is forgotten by those whose business is criticism—is the real concern of criticism and literary history". Apparently these essays are all we shall see of this projected work, for other studies have made the realization of Croce's original plan impossible. As it stands, however, the book consists of a series of provocative chapters on such figures as Alfieri, Schiller, Scott, Stendhal, Manzoni, Balzac, Heine, George Sand, Musset, Baudelaire, Ibsen, Flaubert and Maupassant. Brandes stopped his survey

at the middle of the century, but within the limits where their work coincides both he and Croce necessarily discuss the same writers.

In the eyes of both their admirers and their detractors Brandes and Croce usually pass for the opposite extremes of critical method and attitude. The Italian stands for pure aestheticism; the Danish critic is accused of propaganda. Here in America, it is true, Croce is denounced as a subtle immoralist, but his crimes are more elusive than those with which the political radical, Georg Brandes, has been charged. "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" has been described by orthodox thinkers as an elaborate, prolonged and utterly ruthless indictment of all the ideals and conventions of bourgeois society. Croce is credited with being solely concerned about the intrinsic artistic qualities of the works he has studied.

At this stage, if life were not so short, one might begin again the eternal debate as to which of these two attitudes is right in a critic of literature. I prefer to point out the rather more interesting fact that, whatever the aesthetic theories of a critic may be, it is his practice that counts. In this case, as in most others, it would be difficult to show just wherein Croce's final estimate differs, in most cases, from that of Brandes, or wherein their judgments were actually governed by their politics. Just as some English and American novelists discourse airily and metaphysically about style, but produce works of their own remarkably similar to dozens of others, and quite unlike their theoretical ideal, so Messrs. Croce and Brandes agree in their judgments so often that I am left colder than ever by the disputes of the schools they are supposed to represent.

Their treatments of Walter Scott and George Sand supply two good examples of this similarity of judgment. Brandes is supposed to have belauded George because she was in revolt against the conventions of her sex. It is true, he gives a more or less sympathetic account of her ideas on the subject of love and marriage, while Croce does not, but both critics see the artistic worthlessness of that part of her work and agree that the only books which deserve to survive are the simple idyllic studies of peasant life. So far as Scott is concerned, Brandes sums him up by saying that he is the kind of author whom "every adult has read and no grown-up person can read". Croce also describes his work as unreadable, but ends with an appeal for mercy, on the ground that a writer who delighted our parents and grandparents "does not deserve harsh treatment from their children and grandchildren". Oh, aestheticism, where is thy sting? Oh, propaganda, where is thy victory? A critic must still be judged by his appreciation of specific works, and not by the theories which he evolves *in vacuo*. Whether in their treatment of the illustrious dead or of their contemporaries, neither Brandes nor Croce diverges from the all-too-human principle of personal taste and emotion, for that, in the last analysis, is the only basis of literary criticism. It then becomes a question of the quality of the mind employed, and this can never be disguised by aesthetic faith or propagandist good works.

ERNEST BOYD

Brazil from Within

PATRIA NOVA, by Mario Pinto Serva. S. Paulo: *Companhia Melhoramentos de S. Paulo.*

AND it comes to pass that after Brazil has been for one hundred years an independent nation, and for thirty-three years a republic, created in the image of its populace, Senhor Mario Pinto Serva looks upon it and finds it not good. Wherefore, in this "New Fatherland", he seeks to refashion a Patria nearer to his heart's desire, using his pen now as a pin to prick bubbles, and now as a sword to slash through shams. The President's in his chair and all's wrong with Brazil; the People, truly, does not yet exist; the Church is a perpetuator of illiteracy; the Intellectuals are lost in

vaporous meditations; the one hope is the School, but where is it?

Senhor Pinto Serva is the modern man of action. "It's not," he says, "with the intellectualism of the Academy of Letters that we are going to build the Brazil of tomorrow. We need an intellectualism that shall intensify our potential energies, which today are absolutely rachetic." In the meantime, help must come from outside. There are the Germans, with their genius for scientific organization; there are the North Americans, "plethoric with capital and activity"; there are the English, eager to win foreign markets. Above all, for the vitalization of the thin national blood stream, there are the immigrants; for Brazil is destined, in the Twentieth Century, to be for Europe that melting-pot which the United States was in the Nineteenth. And yet, how ill-suited to the task! "The parliament is a vast caravansary, where the most curious types of prattler forgather from the different States, for the purpose of gossiping, putting deals through and boasting about the sprees they were on the night before. As for their speeches, even the stenographers to which they're dictated hardly lend ear." There is no free press; the cultured class is so small that the greatest literary success does not mean a sale of ten thousand copies; there is no political morality; there are really no parties; there are no political ideas.

For balm we must look to the State of Sao Paulo; here lies the sole guarantee of the future. Were it not for Sao Paulo, Brazil would never have been free in the first place; were it not for that State, the struggle today would be hopeless. The Paulist genius has been developed by accidents of history and of position; it has been nurtured by immigration, by a determined struggle with that hinterland which Euclydes da Cunha has so vividly described in his "Sertões",—one of the outstanding books in the nation's letters. "Like the Atlas of ancient mythology, Sao Paulo bears upon its shoulders the burden of the nation."

If Sao Paulo is the symbol of that energy, that realistic facing of fact which Pinto Serva exalts as the salvation of Brazil, the national danger is incarnated in the Brazilian Academy of Letters in Rio de Janeiro. Too much poetry; not enough prose. Too much mooning; not enough roads and schools. From France come boatloads of novels that deal with the thousand and one varieties of adultery, awakening in youthful Latin bosoms precocious desires that lead to unmentionable consequences. Brazilian youth, the Brazilian "intellectuals", form a legion of poetasters and novelasters who have become incapacitated for a life of action; "in Brazil there are persons who, simply because they have learned grammar, and nothing else, consider themselves finished writers, pre-eminent intellectuals superior to the society in which they live." Worse still; behind a passionate cultivation of the art of expression lies an encyclopedic ignorance; the result is a verbal materialism, a mere business of manufacturing phrases, a gymnastics of the word. "This windy ignorance has its chief exponent in the numerous academies of letters. There is, in Rio, the Brazilian Academy of Letters, which represents the enthronement of gossiping vacuity, an exposition of empty loquacity, a cenacle of verbal uselessness, a curia of declamatory futility, a congress of frivolous dilletantism. . . . As such, the Brazilian Academy of Letters is the exact exponent of the Brazilian mentality, in which the superior function of thought and ratiocination has been replaced by mere tittle-tattle and logomachy. . . . The future greatness of Brazil will depend entirely upon a vast, complicated series of unremitting efforts; the Brazilian Academy is incapable of the most insignificant initiative for the good of the country."

ISAAC GOLDBERG

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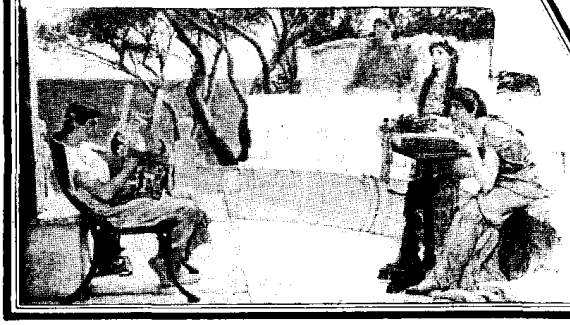

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DDON PRESS, INC., WHERE FEDERAL
OSSES NINETEENTH, CAMDEN, N. J.

An INNOVATION *in PRINTING*

WE EXPERIMENTED with the idea of turning our equipment and plant over to buyers of large edition printing and binding—we "sold" them our plant, our facilities, and our staff of advisers.

The laboratory stage is passed, and the appreciation expressed by several nationally known publishers and advertisers has made this experiment an established plan.

We want you, Mr. Buyer, to walk in this plant, survey the complete mechanical equipment, the staff of craftsmen, our shipping facilities, and feel that they belong to you and are acting under your instructions.

No matter where you are located, we are at your back door with this idea and service, and we would welcome an opportunity to acquaint you with further details concerning our plan.

Haddon Press
INCORPORATED
Where Federal crosses Nineteenth Street
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY