

★ March

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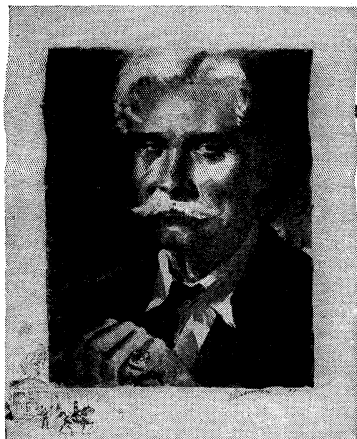
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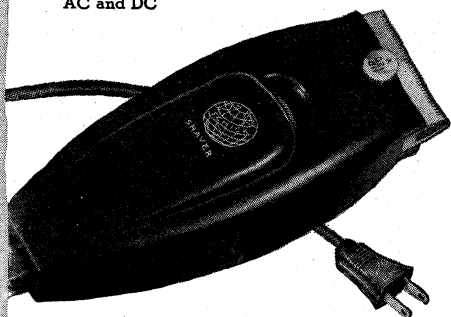
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CURRENT BOOKS

A Victorian Looks at Modern Poetry

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

MODERN BRITISH POETRY. A Critical Anthology. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. \$3.50. Harcourt, Brace.

I HAVE often wondered what would happen to great writers of the past if they and their works were suddenly projected into the present day, and the said works presented to the public without modification. Would Dickens, for instance, without the help of his great reputation, be even tolerated? Would the howl of derision which would assuredly, and quite deservedly, greet his crudities and his sentimentality, entirely blot out recognition of his genius? I think it is quite possible, for I know a few people of taste and intellect, brought up on contemporary standards, to whom the faults of Dickens are so antipathetic that they do practically refuse to regard him as a great writer.

Similarly, what would happen to Tennyson, if he, a living writer today, were to publish *The Princess*, *Enoch Arden*, or *The Idylls of the King* in the expectation of being recognized as a poet of any importance? And, in the instance given, omitting *The Passing of Arthur* (which is a straight crib from Malory) and *Guinevere*, would not the chilly judgment of contemporary criticism be, in the main, right?

Now, as this is quite probably the situation which would arise were the giants of former days to be born again out of time, would not a like result be equally or more probable if the young and lusty giants of today were thrown back upon the tender mercies of the intelligentsia of the Victorian Age? Would they get a hearing at all?

It would not necessarily be to their discredit — only perhaps proof that they were too good for the public taste; for we already know many cases of men who have

died in poverty unrecognized by their contemporaries and who became great figures in a succeeding age. But it does remain generally true that the bulk of the great writers, who were popular as well as famous in their own day, have not kept their reputations unchanged through the generations that followed; and that new and original writers have often had to wait for their worth to be recognized.

These thoughts have been forced upon me by the fact that I am asked to review a large anthology of modern British poetry, a good deal of which has been written by men and women (my juniors by a few decades) who have sprung quickly and easily into contemporary recognition, or even fame. They have not had to wait. They are already "the vogue": while I — I am a Victorian.

I am not so Victorian that I have remained shut off from all knowledge of the evolution which has been going on in poetry during the last forty years, and which, in the post-war period, has become more and more revolutionary: but I am Victorian to this extent — that all my own verse has been written in the Victorian mode, even though my interests and subjects have moved with the times; and "style" has had so large an influence on my poetic perception that when style seems to be absent I am critically at sea. I can recognize from its style a poem by Tennyson, or Browning, or Swinburne, or Matthew Arnold: I cannot recognize by its style a poem by W. J. Turner, or C. Day Lewis, or W. H. Auden, or Stephen Spender, or T. S. Eliot; and I don't even know

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CURRENT BOOKS

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whether, in that list of names, I have included the most important, or have left them out. My sense of recognition of style goes no further than the poems of Francis Thompson, W. B. Yeats, and the late A. E. Housman. After their day, style seems largely to disappear; and one modern poet has told me that — like rhyme, meter, emotion, beauty, and all the rest of the poetic outfit of a former day — it is a thing to be avoided. He may be right; but, in that case, I am all wrong. And I do wonder, if so many of the qualities listed above are to be sedulously left out, why its practitioners should trouble to call the thing "poetry".

Yet even in my semi-darkness, I do see this: they are aiming at something which shall be a more genuine expression of the life of today than would be any re-hash, however skillful, of the traditional modes and mannerisms of that past to which I partly belong. They have taught me to see that Tennyson would have written more durable poetry had he been less artful in his verse, and less artificial in his phraseology; they have undone for me some of his magic, but they have not yet given me any magic of their own as a substitute. To me the bulk of the present-day output of what stands for poetry seems undisciplined, transitional, experimental, and only semi-articulate.

But of recent years, quite apart from poetry, there has come into the world a new science of life — more especially with regard to youth. And we are told that children, brought up without rule or discipline, find themselves more easily and surely than under the imposed regime of former days and become much better men and women when they are grown. The proof lies a generation ahead. Is it going to be the same with our poets? Maybe: but at present it seems — to me at least — that most of them have yet to grow up.

In this particular anthology, I note that, of the poets I do genuinely admire, the selection made has not been what I should consider the best. From *A Shropshire Lad*,

in which I have a special interest, three of the finest poems are left out and minor poems put in, including the one which I value least. From other poets with whom I am less familiar, there are both omissions and inclusions which I regret. This may only mean that any anthology compiled by myself would be less representative of the taste of an age in which I am ceasing to be a contemporary.



Helping Out the Comrades

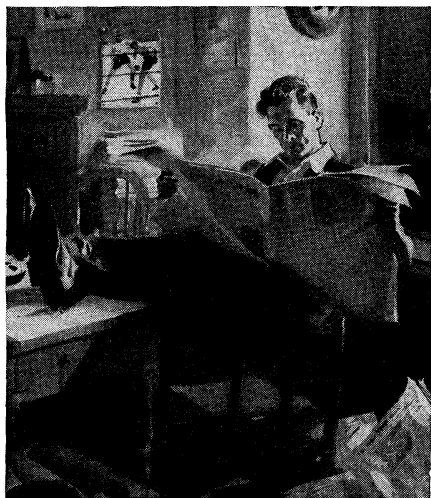
BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

WE OR THEY, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong, \$1.50. Macmillan.

A NEW propaganda technique is becoming popular among our Leftist and "Liberal" thinkers. The technique is simple but deceptive. Just assume glibly that some unprovable premise is established: then proceed to an elaborate recital of inevitable consequences — all hung upon the single unproven premise. The reader who has missed the initial trick of the assumed fact will be profoundly impressed by the remorseless logic that follows. An arresting example of such high-pressure political thinking is found in this volume by Mr. Hamilton Fish Armstrong — the current *vademecum* of the internationalist cult.

It is Mr. Armstrong's easy assumption that the American form of government is the master fact in the Republic's relationship with foreign nations. He sees a mystic link of common interest binding America to Monsieur Blum's France, Mr. Baldwin's Great Britain, and Mr. Caballero's Spain. That link is a common democracy. Disregarding all other international considerations, he would array America on the side of a "democratic bloc" in opposition to the dastardly absolutism of Italy, Germany, and Japan. Sometimes he even includes Soviet Russia among the absolutisms, but like all his

(Continued on page viii)



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fellow "Liberal" Left-leaners, he is at pains to point out that Communist absolutism isn't really quite as bad as the Mussolinian diablerie.

Now of course if the reader accepts Mr. Armstrong's premise, there is much to be said for his idealistic viewpoint. American sympathy gushes easily for sister democracies. Since the days of Citizen Genêt, this country has always had tender-minded minorities in the electorate who have maintained that America has an evangelistic mission to spread democracy to benighted peoples. Indeed, the federal budget is still groaning to the tune of a billion dollars a year to liquidate the after-costs of the Republic's most recent martial attempt to democratize Europe. But a realistic glance at Mr. Armstrong's thesis will reveal the fact that there is little else except wishful-thinking in his proposal.

First of all, it is elementary to point out that America's national interests abroad are primarily economic, not ethical. They criss-cross bewilderingly between nations of all types of politics. While a sentimental tie may exist with nations whose institutions resemble America's, foreign policies cannot be pivoted upon an emotion. The nation which attempts such international Quixotism quickly finds itself marching alone. In the second place, the world cannot be neatly divided, as Mr. Armstrong assumes, into the whites of democracy and the blacks of absolutism. Europe is an ever-changing governmental pattern. Any entente which the United States might attempt would be written in the shifting sands of transition. The nations which are democracies today might conceivably swing to the Fascist column tomorrow. Democracy reigns in France over a particularly threatening crater. After giving hostages to Comrade Blum today, might America not find itself confronted by a *Führer* Doriot tomorrow? Where then would be the moral adventure?

But the most important consideration of all, which Mr. Armstrong complacently overlooks, is the intrinsic relationship of



CURRENT BOOKS

Soviet Russia to the European democratic bloc. Any commitments which America made in the existing *status quo* might aid, not democracy, but another and deadlier form of absolutism—Communism. It is not true that a duel between Fascism and democracy is inevitable in Europe: the duel is between Fascism and Communism, with France, the largest of the democracies, cynically allied to Communist Russia. Naturally, America could not aid France with interventions without strengthening her absolutist ally. Which is just as absurd as was the war to "make the world safe for democracy" in 1917 while Czarist Russia and Imperial Japan were among the "democracies".

That the American Communists alertly recognize the true situation is shown by the fact that Mr. Earl Browder, from his *Daily Worker* pulpit, is whooping up American intervention with almost the same arguments that stem from the "Liberal" Mr. Armstrong.

The policy in Washington is a betrayal of the cause of democracy [he fulminates in discussing the Spanish embargo]. A storm of protest must arise from all progressives, Liberals, and true democrats, which will halt the criminal blockade against democracy now under way, and maintain what remnants of international law still remain.

Such vehemence from Mr. Browder is self-exhibitional. Is it conceivable that the Communist chief would be so agitated concerning "international law" and the "cause of democracy" if he did not see profit to Russia in their defense?

Actually, what Russia is attempting to do is to incite the democratic capitalist nations into a mortal conflict with the Fascist capitalist nations, with Stalin the ultimate gainer from the weakening of either side. In this Machiavellian game, mooning "Liberals" such as Mr. Armstrong are the unconscious allies of the Kremlin policies. They parrot the Moscow slogan that Fascism and not Communism is the world

(Continued on page x)



EDWARD ANDERSON

Author of one of the most unusual novels in years—both as to style and content.

Thieves Like Us

IN last month's issue of *The American Mercury*, under the title "Twenty Grand Apiece", you read a typical chapter from this unique book. The story of three men . . . men outside the law . . . who rob and kill, it nevertheless is not a gangster novel in the ordinary, and by now stereotyped, sense. Rather it is a love story, powerful in its nakedness, beautiful in its simplicity—a real literary achievement. Read it and you will agree that seldom have you come across writing that so powerfully carries you with its characters. \$2.50

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CURRENT BOOKS

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menace, and the result of their muddled interventions is to immobilize half the capitalist world.

Adult-minded America will not be so fatuous as to follow Mr. Armstrong on this new Crusade. But there will be plenty of sub-adults to listen to his honeyed words.

623

Prophets of the New Order

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

FIFTY-FIVE MEN, by Fred Rodell. \$2.50.
Telegraph Press.

DEMOCRATIC DESPOTISM, by Raoul Desvernine. \$2.00. *Dodd, Mead.*

WHO OWNS AMERICA?, by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin.*

BRASS TACKS, by David Cushman Coyle. Twenty-five cents. *National Home Library Association.*

HERE are four timely books, for as many tastes and dispositions. Mr. Rodell's volume is a useful and entertaining narrative of the making of the original (now superseded) Constitution. Mr. Coyle offers a vivacious defense of the New Deal. Mr. Desvernine's book should please all Republicans. The collection of essays edited by Messrs. Agar and Tate is partisan in no sense, unless it may be taken as the declaration of "a plague on both your houses" by twenty righteously indignant men, with the implication of a third and new political party to follow on. The first two books cover no new field, though that on the making of the Constitution has a permanent value. The second two are unique, each in its own way, and are about as valuable both for the present and, it is to be hoped, the future, as anything that has appeared in the realm of sociological, political, and philosophical literature for many a long year.

Commentaries on the Constitution are generally models of literary desiccation.



CURRENT BOOKS

Mr. Rodell avoids this sort of thing to admiration. These "fifty-five men" who made the fundamental law of the United States now appear as human beings with red blood and plenty of it: sometimes with hot blood also — and even with cold blood, from time to time. The author calls up much unfamiliar material, frequently of a sort carefully eschewed by school histories. The Founding Fathers were bent on the achieving of three things: the establishing (in direct contravention of their instructions) a strong national government with the separate States put in a place where they could do no harm; the defense of property from the assaults of the "baser sort"; and the permanent elimination of democracy, both in theory and practice, from any but the most minor part in the organization and administration of government.

Their object was the founding of an Aristocratic Republic. What we now have as the result of ill-advised Amendments and "five-to-four" decisions by the Supreme Court, is a Proletarian Democracy. Even a cursory reading of this book makes clear the point I have had occasion to refer to elsewhere, namely, that the present document bears only a superficial resemblance to that which was reluctantly accepted by the people of the thirteen Colonies in 1789, since it violates many of the most deep convictions of the Founders and nullifies the careful provisions they made for putting these into practice. If these same Founders could have seen, in prevision, what their product was to become a century and a half later, they undoubtedly would have screamed with dismay and indignantly rejected it as a bastard changeling. This fact gives a certain humorous cast to the current impassioned invocation of the memory of the Fathers in the defense of "The Constitution in its Integrity".

Mr. Desvernine's book also opens with a brief consideration of some of the more salient and accepted facts in the case of the forming of the Constitution and its opera-

(Continued on page xii)

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CURRENT BOOKS

(Continued from page xi)

tion through the several organs of government. He very wisely avoids any reference to the transformation of the great document since 1863 by amendment and court decision, as this important fact is not of importance to his argument which is, in general, to the effect that the Constitution is sacrosanct, that it may not be altered by jot or tittle except under penalty of sacrilege, and that it may be subject only to strict interpretation by the Supreme Court — even if, as so often happens, it is the vote of one man out of nine who determines what this interpretation shall be.

From this he proceeds to equally brief sketches of the several dictatorships that in Europe have followed the parliamentary and democratic *Götterdämmerung*. These are well done and in each he has most intelligently laid particular stress on those features that can most adequately be made to parallel certain manifestations of the New Deal. He is perhaps less successful in pinning the title of Bolshevik, Fascist, Nazi, and Kemalist to his "Minor Prophets". Somehow the quotations he offers from the sayings of these same individuals do not read so badly, and few of them succeed in making your flesh creep or in arousing dark fears for the future of the Republic. He might perhaps have made a stronger case if he had confined his exposition of their wickedness (of which he is fully persuaded) to the quite incontestable fact that the implementing of their theories has been pretty generally far below the standard of the theories themselves, and now and then more cognate to the dictatorial isms to which Mr. Desvernine takes just exceptions, than were the sentiments themselves.

Brass Tacks is an engaging book. Anyone who can make plain the ways and works of big business and high finance, in words of one syllable, so to speak, so that the most clouded minds can get the idea, and do this in an epigrammatic fashion that would have made Chesterton jealous; such an one is a fountain of water in a thirsty land. Two examples are enough. First, concern-

(Continued on page xiv)

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CURRENT BOOKS

(Continued from page xii)

ing holding companies:

The main idea was to get so many layers of companies one on top of another, that nobody could understand what was going on. Then the operators bought and sold stocks among the different layers, with some of the money falling off the table every time they pushed it around. The game was to carry off the waste-basket at the end of the day.

Second, on prosperity:

Every time we get cheered up a bit, we are liable to have what the financial experts call "confidence", or forgetfulness of what happened to us last time.

Mr. Coyle's thesis is simple and it sounds convincing. In the early days of the Colonies and the Republic, there was little capital but a big demand for commodities; therefore the policy of thrift and scrupulous saving was indicated and followed. Now there is too much capital and a deficient purchasing power. Instead of saving all we can we should spend all we can. Savings go to banks to be invested in "securities" which represent further expansion of production agencies, with no corresponding increase in purchasing power. This means over-production, closing down of plants, unemployment, a wave of bankruptcy, and, in a word, the Depression.

What Mr. Coyle sees for the future is "a new industry" and this is none other than "cultural advance". Speed the day! It is an event long overdue.

We have temporarily overlooked the fact that in the new social order, manufacturing will be a minor activity. . . . When the normal adjustment of society to a state of high productivity shall have been attained, it will be found that the cultural activities of life occupy central place. . . . For the first time in human history, we go forward into the beginning of a new stage of culture knowing what we are doing. We, the primitives of a new age, go out with open eyes to find our destiny. We have solved the problem of material plenty. . . . We

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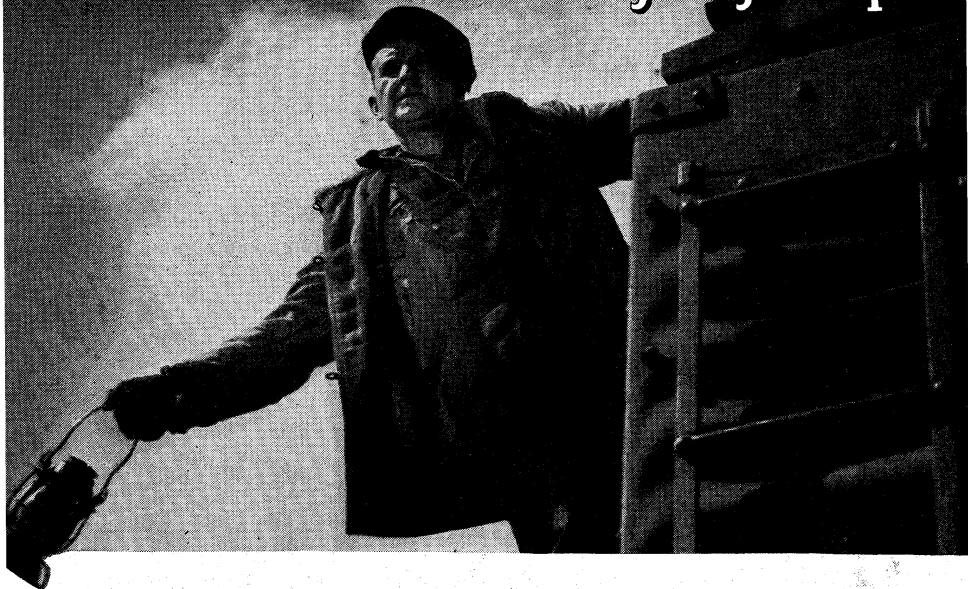
dream now of a world where lifelong fear and humiliation and frustration may no longer be the common lot of humanity; but when a happy relationship to all the arts of life may be within the reach of all men and all women. . . . There will be a growing demand for music, and drama, and architecture, for all the arts. The arts of living, the art of using leisure time, the art of social co-operation, the art of personal relationships, the arts of appreciation, will develop in more ways than we can now foresee.

The author of this stirring essay contributes the first article in that equally stirring volume called *Who Owns America?* under the title, "The Fallacy of Mass Production". With him are joined nineteen other authors, "Protestants, agnostics, Catholics, Southerners, Northerners, men of the cities, and men who live on the land", to quote Mr. Agar's introduction. In matters of detail there is much variation, but they all are at one so far as the fundamental idea is concerned. This idea is simply that modern civilization has been distorted out of all resemblance to anything vital and authentic, and that we had better change it before it is too late. There is nothing extravagant in the program, though it does approach a "council of perfection". It is simply a return from a system founded on big money, big business, and big cities, to one based on small land-holdings, small industrial and commercial units, and small living aggregates. It is therefore agrarian, distributist, and, in a word, Jeffersonian. The writers are most of them associated with that spirited monthly, *The American Review*, a fact which indicates both their mental temper and the constructive quality of their arguments.

When, twenty-five years ago, Hilaire Belloc issued his *Servile State*, he spoke prophecy; therefore there were few who listened. We had to go through the destiny laid down for us "that the prophecy might be fulfilled"; which has happened. Now he writes an epilogue to the book Messrs.

(Continued in back adv't section, p. xx)

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CASE HISTORY OF A STRIKE

BY GORDON CARROLL

IN THE fruitful glossary of industrial warfare, no term is more obvious in its meaning nor more widely tossed about in general conversation than the familiar six-letter word, *strike*. Its original connotation, in fact, has become so rooted in the American consciousness that the word is uttered casually every day by millions of persons who are entirely unaware that it has recently taken on a new and more portentous significance. Broadly speaking, a strike is considered to be a tangible protest of Labor against repressive working conditions. The results of many such strikes, in the public mind, are beneficial to the protestants, in the sense that, following a Labor victory, the workers are granted certain privileges that

were, so to speak, their initial and legal due. But is this actually what the word *strike* implies in these United States of 1937? Are the majority of strikes called by workers owning an honest grievance? Does a walk-out bring ascertainable benefits to wage-earner, industry, community, and consumer alike? In short, does the word *strike* retain today any of its former meaning?

The answers to these questions may be found by examining a particular, self-perpetuating strike under way at this writing in an industrious American city—a walk-out which has gained national publicity, cost millions of dollars in lost wages and business, and wrought material changes in the lives of thousands of persons. But first, it must be emphasized that

the inquiry, strangely enough, will not concentrate on work hours, wage scales, corporate salaries and profits, or general trade conditions; any such legitimate grievances involved in this industrial dispute are being exploited by union propagandists merely as a means to an end. What the examination primarily affords, in singular detail, is a case history of the New Strategy now being employed everywhere, under all conditions, by professional Left-wing labor saviors. Second, it illustrates specifically what is going on behind the scenes in the current automobile strikes. Third, it offers a plausible glimpse of the politics of tomorrow, in which regimented man-power, instead of free votes, may decide the Republic's elections. Last, it makes clear the fact that the objective of present-day labor warfare is not to better the lot of the American workingman, but—to phrase it bluntly—to wrest control of all industry from the employers.

In Akron, Ohio, a city of 255,000 population, are located the main offices and factories of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. Goodyear employs locally from 14,500 to 16,500 men and women, pays salaries to a clerical personnel of approximately 1000, and dis-

burses a total yearly payroll of some \$25,000,000. All in all, it is a representative business corporation in a representative American community; its goodwill and trade-name cover the civilized globe; it is the largest producer of rubber tires in the world. As with all American concerns, Goodyear has a Labor Policy; in fact, has had one since almost the first days of its corporate existence in 1898. But in one particular, the company possesses a unique record. Goodyear's Labor Policy is so old, so established, so well-known throughout the industrial field, that it has been accepted as a model for many modern businesses. Under this system, Goodyear employees, in boom times and depressions, have fared better than their Labor brethren outside. In the matter of wages and working conditions, they have consistently ranked ahead of the rest of the rubber industry. Hence, a synopsis of the system's growth is worth presenting here, inasmuch as it throws considerable light on the question of whether bargaining with the employee pays ultimate dividends.

Back in the halcyon days of 1910, when Labor was beginning to nurture the Dirty Capitalist complex, the then vice-president of Goodyear, P. W. Litchfield, or-

ganized a Labor Department to handle industrial problems. In 1912, the Department having proved successful, the company established Goodyear Heights, a residential community for employees in the suburban purlieus of Akron. In 1913, the "Flying Squadron" was organized, a training school for workers who wanted to get ahead. In 1914, Goodyear went openly heretical by declaring the eight-hour day in all offices and plants, and further confounded the Big Bosses of America by extending vacations to factory men. In 1915, accident and sickness insurance was taken out for all employee-members of the Goodyear Relief Association, a mutual non-profit organization. At the same time, an Efficiency Department was created to study wages, and a factory school set up for foremen and Squadron students. So that, over the six-year period from 1910 to 1916, Goodyear did well by its workers. Indeed, no other large concern in the Republic could point to a comparable record of achievement.

By 1916, the juicy fruits of the war in Europe were showering down upon the American workman, and he was too busy buying silk shirts, automobiles, and Queen Anne furniture to bother

about the New Economy. But by the Spring of 1919, with the war ended, the evangels of Labor began hopefully dusting off their soapboxes. In Akron, however, they were forestalled. Litchfield, as spokesman for Goodyear, promptly declared himself on the subject of industrial relationship. He said:

The end of the war brings the need of reconstruction. . . . One of the first things is to develop some program under which all our employees may have a voice . . . such things as unemployment and working conditions; housing and living conditions; safety, sanitation, and health; restaurants, employee transportation, recreation, athletics, and entertainment.

He suggested the organization of a council to draft a satisfactory program of industrial representation; the council met, and by June returned with a plan patterned after the United States Congress, providing for the Goodyear Industrial Assembly. Employee representation, of course, was somewhat of a new topic in America; and the story of Goodyear's innovation caused no little sweating at old-fashioned directors' meetings. There were even gloomy predictions that the Revolution was at hand. But nothing untoward occurred in Akron; on the contrary, the Assembly plan was adopted by a ninety per cent vote of the Goodyear workers.

The foregoing facts give a general picture of labor relations as they existed at Goodyear when the NRA appeared, bolstering the familiar union doctrine that the Boss is always wrong, the Worker always right. On the heels of NRA, professional union organizers poured into Akron, dispensing the customary promises and collecting the customary funds. Their theme song was directed against Goodyear's Industrial Assembly which, they fiercely asserted, was a company-union plot, devised solely for the purposes of Capitalist Exploitation. They staged mass-meetings, parades, minor riots, and distributed inflammatory propaganda. But the upshot of their evangelism was an unexpected maneuver by the Assembly itself, which ordered a strike vote taken among its constituents. The result was significant: 12,705 employees out of a total of 13,846 voted; and ninety-one per cent voted *No*.

It is normal after such a balloting for outside union organizers to cry treason, mayhem, and murder. Akron enjoyed no exception to the rule. The news was bruited about among the Downtrodden that the Bosses had promised to sack every man and woman who voted for a walk-out. Beer-hall orators discussed in some detail

the nefarious inner-workings of the Assembly, and how the management had planted microphones beneath each legislator's desk. The strike plebiscite, they roared, had been swayed by threats of a company blacklist. But in all these fiery speeches, no organizer took the trouble to point out that the voting had been by secret ballot.

And so, as the year 1935 drew to a close, the situation in Akron was as follows: Goodyear's workers had voted for industrial peace; the outside unions wanted warfare. The Industrial Assembly was functioning efficiently; factories for the most part were working the six-hour day to spread employment. Employer and employee enjoyed amicable relations, had enjoyed them for twenty-six years. In fact, everything had been done for the worker, within the bounds of economic reason, except turning over to him control of the plants and the company treasury. Yet oddly enough, this last gesture was precisely what the Left-wing evangelists of Labor now demanded.

II

To understand subsequent events at Goodyear, one must first understand the nature of the Leftist gentlemen who currently pose as Josh-

uas of American Labor. These men are, with dismally few exceptions, politico-gangsters. That is to say, they are interested fundamentally in diverting the workingman's vote into certain ideological channels, and in collecting union dues. Their oratorical howls about Saving the Oppressed are, to put it politely, humbug. What they are after is what every backwater political administrator is after: more power, more money, and a firmer grip on the trough. When they combine with these motives a plausible Left-wing theology, for distribution among the gullible proletariat, the result can be a force of considerable power.

These, then, were the men who descended upon Akron in the Winter of 1935-36, as boastful and predatory as the carpet-baggers in Georgia, *circa* 1866. They came bearing a Message of dual import: (a) that the interests of Employer and Employee are irrevocably opposed; and (b) that *any* man who carries a union card is entitled to union wages, whether he is worth them or not. Bulwarking this Message were two salient facts: the privation brought by the Depression, and the pro-Labor-vote attitude of the Roosevelt Administration. Millions were out of work; the public was confused. Akron

was ripe for a heady dose of anti-capitalist peruna.

The vanguard of the propaganda army comprised agents of the American Federation of Labor, sent out to organize the rubber workers into amenable, dues-paying groups. Coleman Claherty, an old-time rabble-rouser, was in command of the skirmishers, and he got busy planting malcontents in each Akron rubber factory. His work bore fruit: he pulled one strike at the General tire plant, secured an agreement with the India Company, and soon was ready to set up the International Rubber Workers Union. Hence, an organizational convention was called at Akron, and veteran spellbinders from the West Coast and New England came on to help the fight.

But at this juncture, a serious shadow split the horizon, a shadow cast by the bushy head and burly shoulders of John Llewellyn Lewis, chairman of the newly-formed Committee for Industrial Organization and the power behind America's current Labor unrest. Lewis saw a chance to block his Conservative enemies in the A. F. of L., confuse the Akron project, and link Rubber with Steel and Automobiles in the industrial warfare which loomed in-

evitably ahead. He promptly sent his rowdiest CIO agents into Akron.

Now in all these preliminary maneuvers for control of the rubber workers, it will be noted that the *political* note is the only one of consequence. There was little talk about bettering labor conditions, raising wages, or enlarging the dinner pail. These were minor matters, to be left to a Utopian future. What each Labor bloc in Akron was battling for was power and privilege. And the final result of their brawling could have been forecast with the utmost precision—the workmen of Akron were going to take it on the chin, just as workmen have always taken it on the chin when they listen to windy evangelists.

William Green, A. F. of L. president, rushed to Akron to put Claherty through as union chief, but John L.'s faction whooped up the election of Akron men who could be dominated. When the fracas subsided, the choice for the puissant union office had fallen upon the Lewis candidate, Sherman Dalrymple, a Goodrich tire-builder of soaring ambition; while John House, a political neophyte, became head of the Goodyear local.

Also during these portentous days in Akron, a new phrase had

commenced to circulate among the proletariat—the “Sit-Down Strike”. This is a Depression-born form of industrial recalcitrance, in which the disgruntled worker, instead of throwing wrenches at his foreman and sabotaging the Boss's machinery, reclines near his power lathe and waits for Events to Transpire. Mr. Louis Adamic, the eminent Labor reporter, writing in a recent issue of the *Nation*, essays to explain the origin of the Sit-Down technique. With a touch of whimsy, he says it was first witnessed at a baseball game between union workers in Akron, a game delayed at the start until a union umpire, rather than the scab behind the plate, could be obtained. While the players were awaiting for this earth-shaking crisis to be settled, they lounged on the grass—*sat down* literally. The athletes, says Mr. Adamic, “raised a merry din, until the non-union umpire withdrew and a union man called the game”. This remarkable process was repeated somewhat later in one of the great rubber factories, the workers “Sitting Down” until the Big Boss arrived to hear their complaints. And thus, according to Mr. Adamic, did Labor give birth to a gargantuan idea.

But despite Mr. Adamic's folk-tale, the Sit-Down did not origi-

nate on an Akron baseball field. It was imported directly from Europe by Left-wing agitators, who had inaugurated the custom abroad as a particularly effective "party line". The philosophy, of course, is to soothe the public's fear by announcing that the oppressed workers, rather than blow up the plant, are patiently waiting at their machinery, full of high hopes and religious fervor, until their reasonable demands for fancy wages are granted. Indeed, the Sit-Down, as well as the "Lie-Down", are so inextricably a part of Communist sabotage in America that it requires an extremely obtuse person to overlook the connection.

In any event, when the Claherty, House, Dalrymple combination got ready to stir up trouble at Goodyear, the Sit-Down was already familiar to the Downtrodden. Radical agitators had been installed in each plant, the propaganda mills were grinding, reprisals and violence were being visited upon the heads of Industrial Assembly members who were more interested in earning an honest living than in reading *Das Kapital*. The word was being relayed around that a man better join the International, or else —. Yet strangely enough, the Radicals were unable to raise the ancient

Wage Question. There had been departmental pay adjustments at Goodyear; piece-work rates had been brought closer to base rates. So that more trivial differences had to be found. They were found — promptly. For Goodyear, the union announced, *had to be cracked*.

On the blizzard-swept night of Friday, February 14, 1936, sixty-nine tire-builders at Plant Two, all short-service men, were given three-days' notice of an impending lay-off, due to a normal, seasonal decrease in tire sales. This routine incident was made into a *cause célèbre*; the agitators swung into action, sat down beside their machines; the department soon closed and 1800 men in other divisions were deprived of work. The aggrieved sit-downers promptly appointed committees.

Over the ensuing week-end, the organizers spread mixed threats and promises. Also they clung to their theme song: the company would not fire anyone for rebellion — it was bluffing. The fact that the Industrial Assembly had meanwhile worked out a satisfactory compromise was hooted down. The union, always alert for an Issue, had found one in the lay-off situation. A vociferous meeting was called at Goodyear Union

Hall, with 600 assorted spectators present, mostly not employees of the company. When the oratory was finished, a committee was sent to the management with a three-point program, the first point being a demand for a "guarantee" that three-days' notice would be given in event of future lay-offs.

Now the word *guarantee* merits some consideration, for it set the tone of all negotiations to follow. Oddly enough, the word had no place in the dispute. Under Goodyear policy, three-days' notice had always been tendered short-service employees. The obvious import of the committee's demand was that the union sought an agreement in writing — any agreement — to be exhibited to potential converts as proof of recognition. Under these circumstances, the company refused the demand. The committee returned to Union Hall, reported, and received a fresh dose of anti-capitalist oratory. Amidst the sweaty tumult, a strike vote was called. And contrary to balloting rules, it was put through by standing vote.

Thus, by the act of a bellicose minority, one of the most remarkable strikes in the history of American trade unionism got under way. It was based on paper issues, and accomplished less than paper

results; it was waged by less than ten per cent of Goodyear's employees in order to keep the remainder out of work for five weeks; it was a strike virtually unmarked by public violence, yet characterized throughout by a contempt of law; it was, in essence, a problem for State and municipal enforcement agencies — which refused to act; it was ballyhooed throughout the Republic as a prime example of Capitalist Oppression; and it cost the Down-trodden, among other things, some \$2,500,000 in lost wages.

III

The ensuing history of Goodyear's walk-out has a familiar ring to anyone who has kept track of Labor disturbances in America these past few years. All the gaudiest Radical techniques were employed at one time or another; the majority of the nation's Communist and Leftist notables either took a temporary hand in the affair, or remained in Akron for the duration of the struggle. In fact, the record of the Goodyear strike is virtually a case history of the various Radical soul-savers who have more recently essayed to tie up the maritime, textile, steel, and motor industries.

The first move in Akron was a resort to the tried and true method of chain picketing. This was a gesture to the Law; that is, an admission that it is illegal for strikers to mass at a factory gate and prevent non-strikers from entering or leaving. But there is no law in Akron, or anywhere else, which forbids citizens from strolling the streets; and if twenty men, or 100, or 5000, choose to stroll in close formation, one behind the other, in front of a factory gate, not very much can be done about it in a legal sense. And if, in Akron, a Goodyear employee, attempting to go to work, should get caught in this picket line, and kicked and beaten from one end of the serpentine formation to the other, not very much could be done about that, either. Indeed, no manhandled victim could with accuracy name his individual assailant.

With the advent of chain picketing came the full catalogue of Left-wing strategy: cop-baiting, soap-box harangues, red banners, brass knuckles, intimidation, coercion, brutality, and all the other paraphernalia of the Class War. Picketers erected shacks at the Goodyear gates, set up kitchens, canvassed farmers and shopkeepers for food, and hinted at Certain Steps That Might Be Taken if the food was

not forthcoming. Other unions were importuned for money. Motorized flying squadrons were organized to rush proletarian reinforcements to any spot where the capitalist tank corps might appear. The picket line was packed with WPA shovelers, employees from other rubber factories, imported agitators from Mid-western cities, Relievers, and unemployed unionists of every suasion. John L. Lewis' home lodge, the United Mine Workers of America, loaned the services of several hundred hardy recruits from West Virginia coal shafts. In fact, as the news of the excitement spread about the country, veteran shufflers from as far West as California came on to join the fun at Goodyear's gates.

In the face of such goings on, the union's board of strategy had to be enlarged, to care for eventualities. The Akron leaders soon had help in the persons of Adolph Germer, former national secretary of the Socialist Party; Powers Hapgood, the peripatetic parlor Radical; Leo Krzycki and Mlle. Rose Pesotta, Radicals representing the down-trodden garment workers of Manhattan; John Brophy of the Pittsburgh Comintern, the man whom John L. Lewis publicly accused of being a Soviet agent as recently as 1928; and numerous other mes-

siahs of the *Daily Worker* school of direct action. They were distinctly helpful. Goodyear has many gates. A ten-mile picket line was maintained twenty-four hours a day. The task of the imported orators was to keep the line moving and the flame of revolt alight. They did a good job. As one haranguer stepped down from the soapbox or truck tail-gate, another took his place.

And what was happening inside the plant during this siege? Well, the 1600 loyal executives and employees who had been at work when the strike commenced and the gates closed, were discovering an indubitable truth about the New Era in America: that a strike is a field-day for any class-conscious citizen who craves excitement, free food, and a chance to crack heads. The 1600 captives turned to repair and maintenance work, completed goods in process, kept the telephone and mail services in operation, and slept on homemade cots. In their spare time, they prepared defenses against a possible assault from their former colleagues on the outside.

But no assault came. The strikers could point to the fact that no mass clashes with the police had taken place, that the thousands of

factory windows along Market Street remained unbroken, and that the company's property was untouched. The Board of Strategy had long since decided to follow this productive tactic; to conciliate public opinion and convince newspaper readers that the union respected The Law. And hence, in a sense, the Akron strike avoided outright violence. But there were, nonetheless, innumerable imbroglios which evidenced disrespect for all law.

Up to this point in the strike, but two facts had been established: (a) that a walk-out staged by a small minority of workers could keep 14,000 men and women idle, and (b) that the management could do nothing about it. True, the non-strikers had organized an Alliance, sent a delegation to Columbus to plead with the Governor to allow the plants to reopen, delivered radio talks, enrolled 6250 members, and called on Akron's mayor for the abolition of illegal picketing. But nothing happened. The Mayor remarked that if the police were called into play, "violence" might result, and thereby placed his imprimatur on the astounding theory that in America, a man can't work if he wants to. True, various committees of non-strikers and citizens had been set

up to deal with the strike problem. But nothing had come of them, either. Goodyear's gates were still barred to workmen; no one might enter or leave except by sufferance or stratagem. Apparently a permanent deadlock was in sight.

At this juncture, the newspapers began bellowing for negotiation. Federal mediators from Washington, led by the eminent Edward F. McGrady, bellowed likewise. Especially were the mayor and city officials for it: business was suffering, and business, as any civic executive knows, spells taxes. Even local notables who had earlier condemned the strike began talking of negotiation. Akron was suddenly swept by a wave of peace-at-any-price sentiment. But what the articulate citizens failed to comprehend was that there was nothing to negotiate. The United Rubber Workers of America wanted one thing, and one thing only: recognition as the *sole* representatives of the tire builders of Akron. That is to say, blanket minority rule.

When the negotiations finally got under way, neither Litchfield nor any of his associates could overlook this intransigent fact. Neither, of course, could the evangelists of Labor. Hence any negotiations were foredoomed to fall

short of lasting industrial peace. Which is precisely what happened.

After weeks of negotiating, bickering, charges, counter-charges, and general disturbance, involving the strikers, the non-strikers, the police, the Akron city government, the merchants, and the plain citizenry, an unofficial agreement was reached. In brief, its clauses were as follows:

1. All Goodyear employees as of February 12, 1936, should return to work without discrimination or interruption of service record.
2. The management would deal with employees individually or through their representatives on all questions involving mutual interests.
3. Advance notice of wage-rate changes would be given.
4. The company would observe in the Tire and Tube division a thirty-six-hour week, in six-hour daily shifts.
5. In all other divisions, the work week should not exceed forty hours nor fall below thirty, unless otherwise stipulated by employee vote.
6. A twenty-four-hour week would be effected temporarily in all departments to avert lay-offs.
7. Lists of contemplated lay-offs would be available for employee inspection.

Now this agreement appears to be rather portentous — on the surface. But the point to mark is that the union, under the agreement, had no rights which it did not possess before the strike commenced. It could deal with the

company in the past; it could continue to do so. Its only evidence of victory was a sheet of paper, unsigned, yet enough to wave in the faces of the proletariat who had just lost some \$2,500,000 in wages. In addition, the union could claim to have tentatively enrolled some 2000 dues-paying converts during the five-week period of the strike. In all other respects, the relationship of employer and employee remained unchanged. And thus did the widely-publicized Akron strike come to an official close.

IV

Now it would seem to the average observer that the drafting of this compact would have brought industrial peace to the Goodyear plants. But strange to relate, the reverse has proved true. Agreements and pledges notwithstanding, a program of violence has continued with consistent frequency, for the purpose of forcing all employees to join the United Rubber Workers of America, or to make it impossible for them to work until they do place their dues on the line. On ninety-four separate days since March 21, 1936, the official settlement of the strike, sit-downs or flagrant acts of intimidation or assault have been

recorded. Non-union members have been slugged and beaten; their homes have been picketed and, in some instances, bombed; riots have been staged at company gates; a general state of confusion and enmity has been maintained.

A typical aspect of unionizing technique is revealed in the following sworn statement by a non-union Goodyear worker:

About ten minutes of six, we started to work. I saw a gang around my [non-union] friend. I went down the line trying to get some men to protect him but by the time I got back, they had him down underneath the conveyor. I tried to get to him and he got out of the mob and we went down towards the east end of the building. We were trying to get him out of the department. When we went underneath the conveyor where they line tires, they got both of us. They knocked me down with the handle of a tomahawk and kicked the hell out of me. After they kicked me, one man said, "That's enough", and they let me up. At that time a Union man came along and we went to the hospital. On the way to the hospital this Union man said, "You didn't see anything, know anything, and keep your mouth shut".

Of course, to the Left-wing rabble-rousers, such antics are highly orthodox. They produce results, in the sense of enrolling more union members and producing more funds; for a threat against a worker's wife and children, or a

tire tool laid on his skull, is obviously more realistic at the moment of incidence than Good-year's Labor Policy. Moral suasion, of course, has no place in the picture. A workman singled out for intimidation either joins up—or Something Happens. It is the old gangster-blackmail game, applied so efficaciously elsewhere to such freeborn Americanos as poultry dealers, liquor merchants, restaurateurs, theater owners, gagemen, fishmongers, prostitutes, and dope peddlers. The fact that the Akron campaign is being conducted in the sacred name of Labor does not change the facts; the underlying motives are precisely the same: Money and Power.

And what will be the ultimate effect of such terrorism on the Goodyear company, its employees, the city of Akron, and the citizens thereof? It is not difficult to answer. In the first place, the management of Goodyear must—as all American industry soon must—plan for decentralization; that is, moving more and more of its production facilities outside of Akron to localities where a minority labor bloc cannot halt the orderly flow of manufactured goods. Such

a move portends a serious loss to the city of Akron: decreased pay-rolls, a decline in population, a corresponding slump in annual income. The citizens of Akron—those engaged in any business whatsoever—will lose a proportionate share of trade. Public service concerns, railroads, all communication facilities, will suffer. Civic morale will receive a general setback, penetrating to every phase of municipal life. And the taxpayer, as usual, will have to foot the bill in the end.

It is about time the responsible citizens of Akron—and every other great industrial center—recognize a blunt fact which, in time, will percolate into the consciousness of every American citizen. That is, that the current labor war conducted by Left-wing evangelists is not an idealistic crusade waged for the purpose of Uplifting the Underprivileged. On the contrary, the objective, as revealed in Akron, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Flint, New York, San Francisco, and other cities, is a dictatorship over all Labor by a handful of union mercenaries. The late Dutch Schultz, Manhattan's No. 1 gangster, had a word for it—he called it *racketeering*.

THE VANISHING AMERICAN MALE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

How long it took to produce an Adam, walking erect and happy on his hind legs, not even Darwin pretended to know; but there is recorded history aplenty to show that it required less than two centuries to bring the American male into fullest flower — a male who, despite his faults, possessed the forthright qualities without which no nation can come into being, let alone survive. These qualities were essentially *he*. Their base was the male hormone; their decoration, hair on the chest; their symbol, a crested he-eagle flying with his own wings. In brief, the resolute, two-legged, 100-per-cent-American male, who conquered a continent, sired a rugged Republic, and dominated all its institutions from the White House to the Home.

Well, it has taken just fifty years to lay this once-lordly fellow by the heels. No matter whether it was Delilah or our sissy comfort-civilization that depilated his manly chest, there he stands — or rather grovels — an anemic and

pitiful caricature of his former self. The dominant female doesn't even have to put a ring in his nose. You don't use rings on steers.

Should optimists doubt this decay of the Americano, there are straws in every wind to advertise its truth. Consider, for instance, the well-known fact that, while the efforts of Russia and Japan and Germany and Italy are bent toward putting Spartan fiber into their citizens, our own unemployed males are being entertained by WPA whistling acts, the while they are not practicing the handsome art of aesthetic dancing. Suggestive, too, is what currently makes news: when a blind old log-scaler of Ukiah, California, refuses to apply for a State old-age pension, as he recently did, he is subjected to a sanity test, and his odd wish "to earn my own living", as he puts it, is front-paged all over the country. And the noble figure of Labor — once a hulking, handsome chap with strong chin and hairy arms, dressed in overalls — dissolves into Madame La Pa-

sionaria Perkins, *en tricorne*, trilling of the National Youth movement and other dainty Uplift. Even our ogres of Capital, the colorful Robber Barons who lived hard and asked no quarter, pooped out when pious old Sam Insull stood in the prisoner's box and spoke tearfully of God and the Better Life, thereby causing the late Commodore Vanderbilt to turn completely over in his solid gold coffin.

Nor can the rest of us males, neither plutes nor proletarians, nor yet of the vast army of Relief, give a manly sneer to such goings-on. We eat lettuce sandwiches and marshmallow-whip goodies concocted out of the lethal columns of women's magazines. We play ping-pong; we knit and crochet; we cook and wash dishes; we sweep and vacuum-clean; we press pants and sew buttons; we buy men's shorts in women's shops and women's panties in men's shops; we push baby carriages and mix baby formulas; we even—God help us—launder diapers. And our very art and literature belittles the American male and ridicules him. Soft already, and growing softer daily, we rapidly approach the point of being wrapped in cellophane and reduced to the status of check-writing eunuchs,

entirely ignored except on the first of the month when the bills arrive.

Or, again, note how the rise of pacifism has played a deep if subtle part in the emasculation process. Since history began, the profession of arms has been invariably the first manly pursuit; and no people on earth ever embraced war with such enthusiasm as did the early Americans. Their love of combat and ferocity in battle were known the world over—except in American school books. During the first one hundred and twenty-five years of the Republic, they engaged in five major wars, to say nothing of their ruthless extermination of the Indians and their constant harassment of Central-American peoples. On occasion, when no one else would fight, they took delight in cracking down on the buggery Tripolitans, the Boxers in China, and the followers of Aguinaldo. But by 1917, the martial spirit, for all the monstrous hypodermic of propaganda pumped into it, was faint and spotty. Right down to April of that year, the popular song was *I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier*; and when war came, it was well for the brass hats that they began it with a universal draft. Otherwise, little more than a corporal's guard of Yanks would have got to Europe.

The matter of Presidents is analogous. For forty years, from Grant to Roosevelt I, with one exception, the men in the White House were of the military, either professional or part-time. The exception was Cleveland, and he was a he-man who had been a hanging sheriff and handled the rope himself. But who have been our Chief Executives since the first Roosevelt? Taft, a lawyer; Wilson, a schoolteacher; Harding, a newspaperman; Coolidge, another lawyer; Hoover, a mining engineer; and Roosevelt II, a politician. It is significant that no President, nor even a high officer of the Republic, has come out of the World War.

But if pacifism has decayed the martial spirit, our push-button civilization has made a weakling of the home and fireside male. The gadgets have done it. To take a few minor examples, consider first the passing of the old-fashioned furnace which brought out every bit of savage in the male. The furnace presented a problem to be met only with strength and endurance; its heavy, grinning grates mocked the weak; it spewed forth gas, smoke, and fire; and sometimes it blew up with a bang into the second story. Or for days at a time it would remain sullen and sluggish, disgorging, for him

who was man enough, a barrellful of clinkers, like unto nothing but meteorites. Today the former he-man's wife touches a button in the boudoir, and the house is heated.

Then there's the automobile, which used to be something for a man to drive, what with its great notched steering wheel, its stubborn gears, and ponderous clutch. Contrast that he-chariot with the pretty product which today's advertisers boast milady can control with the dainty toe of her Paris slipper. Merely as a footnote, here is what an automobile club of 1905 insisted that its members carry in their cars: ". . . six inner tubes, four casings, one light winch and rigging, one cable for towing, one shovel, four wheel chains, one large wrench, one small wrench, one hammer, one roll copper wire, one box matches, one lantern". Only real men undertook such tours.

Or call to mind the art of carving, now a lost one. In olden days the head of the house sat at the head of the dining table and dissected the most subtle bird with deft strokes. His tools, which he sharpened with his own hands and in whose razor-edge he took enormous pride, were kept in a plush-lined case under lock and key, to be touched by none save the Mas-

ter. Sitting there at the *head* of the table, he was the personification of the dominant male; he provided the food, he carved it up, and he bestowed pieces of it to his family as became their age and sex. But today probably not more than one American male in a hundred knows how to carve a bird; a bologna sausage would try the skill of most. In affluent homes the roast or chicken is never even seen, *in toto*, in the dining room. It is hacked up in the kitchen by a female cook, carried in by a female maid, and offered first to the wife at the head of the table. Then come the guests and the children. Should a drumstick, the pope's nose, or some such trumpery be left over, it is brought in and set down in front of the former master of the house. And fit enough food it is, too, for that lout to wolf upon, while he gags at the thought of the whipped cream on pumpkin pie which the matriarchy will serve him for dessert—if he has been a good boy.

And he had *better* be a good boy, for there is the matter of twin beds, with which he has to contend. If the increasing popularity, or at least use, of twin beds isn't an emasculating influence on the male, then what is it? The master's bed was formerly the throne and

font of the family. In it transpired everything from procreation to counsels of war. It was always referred to, legally and casually, as *his* bed. And, by God, it *was* his bed! Statistics on justifiable homicide, and not on divorce, proved it. On cold nights it was the function of a dutiful wife to get in first and warm the linen sheets for her lord. But not any more. Twin beds have brought new emphasis into marital relations. Now the husband must come, a suppliant, to his wife's bed. If he has not behaved himself to her liking, he is denied admission. . . . What would Brigham Young have said to *that*?

II

If the introduction of twin beds into American life has not done away with all pretense of male dominance, the fact that the male probably doesn't even *own* the bed will soon do so. This state of affairs, as yet unrecognized by the mass of unreflective males, was first brought to public notice a few years ago by Mr. Albert Jay Nock in the rough-and-tough pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Nock discovered that women were beneficiaries of eighty per cent of the some \$90,000,000,000 of life-insurance policies then in force in this

country. He found that women paid taxes on more than three-and-one-quarter billions of dollars of individual income yearly; that women comprised the actual majority of stockholders in the largest corporations in America; that there were as many female millionaires as male; and that women were receiving seventy per cent of the estates left by men and sixty-four per cent of the estates left by other women. So swift has been the trend in this direction that one statistician has recently calculated that, by 2025 A.D., all the wealth in the United States will be in the soft yet prehensile hands of females.

Just when this emasculating process commenced is of course difficult to say. As long ago as the turn of the century, I thought it comical to hear an uncle of mine discourse upon what even then he termed "the disappearing manhood of the Yankee male." He held that the decay of virility had set in with his own generation. As a lad in his 'teens he had done a tour of guard duty on the Quebec-Vermont border during the Civil War, when raids from Southern sympathizers in Canada were feared. Once, with his father and a squad of men, my uncle was caught in a terrific snow storm in

Northern Vermont. Wind howled down the ravines and the drifts piled high. They would have to sleep out. My uncle, fourteen years old, wanted to show his father and the other older men that he could take it like a true Green Mountain Boy. He proceeded to roll up a large snowball for pillow, lay down with his head upon it, and went promptly to sleep. He was awakened by somebody kicking the snow from under his head.

"No boy of mine," said my grandfather, "is goin' to take up with fancy furniture."

That story isn't funny any more . . . it has the shuddery quality of prophecy about it.

But the decay of the male did not become widely apparent until more recent years, and then its progress was swift indeed. The *coup de grâce* probably occurred when the safety razor was ushered in, and the beard — since time out of mind the badge of virility — mowed away. With his whiskers gone, the American male at once began rapidly to tire and soften. Farmers went into what history will record as the One Crop-Relief Era, which is still with us. Loggers took to bedding down in white sheets. Tough merchant-marine sailors struck for tiled shower baths. And the better class of hobos

invested in homey motor trailers.

And now the effeminate proletariat bays for less work. The cry is for a thirty-hour week, and you need not doubt it is coming. Bloated capitalists, too, are getting tired: a Maine guide died of shock last Fall when he saw one of them with a shooting seat tied to his behind, on which to rest while waiting for game to appear. Ten-gauge shotguns aren't made any more; too heavy. Cops have learned to read, and some of them collect stamps. A structural steel worker, taken right off the girders, was the leading man in a Broadway play this past season. Cowboys ride around in streamlined Fords and whine nightly over the radio. Clark Gable, an old Oregon lumberjack, is a movie hero. A late Secretary of the Treasury was a composer of music for the guitar and was proud of it. Army enlisted men wear collars and ties. And no radio, stage, or movie show is complete without its lisp-pansy.

III

Mention already has been made of the log-scaler who refused the California old-age pension. But like it or not, the federal Social Security Act will be rammed into

such rugged surviving males. So was Prohibition. Lest the unthinking, or unknowing, consider that Repeal brought about a revival of masculinity, let them know that it did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, Repeal has shown most dramatically the progressive pansyfication of the male. For those who never saw one—and aren't ever likely to—it may be said briefly and lovingly that the authentic barroom was a place where male men forgathered to drink strong liquor and discuss whatever took their male fancy. Women, even in the lowest type of bar, were strictly forbidden. The bar proper, in case you have forgotten, was of mahogany. The room was paneled in the sober dignity of wood, with often a painting of a nearly nude wench of satisfying curves; or there might be that famous chromo, put out by a noted brewery, of *Custer's Last Stand*. A sideboard of strong fish, even stronger cheese, and pickles and pretzels provided ready thirst, if it were lacking. And behind the bar, in front of the mirror, was a gorgeous array of bottles, most of them containing nothing more or less than straight whisky, bottled in bond and 100 proof.

This dignified or lethally-rowdy place—depending on the trade

and the neighborhood — was presided over by Omniscience in the form of Jack or Charlie, a large and florid-faced man with the kindly eye of a bloodhound. He wore beautifully roached hair and a set of over-Niagara moustaches. The watch chain strung across his broad vest, above the apron, was something to behold, and from it there hung a charm weighing anywhere from four ounces to half a pound. You might joke with Jack or Charlie, but there was no getting fresh, for he was an Institution of seemly dignity. He asked you what you would have and you told him. Thereupon he took a quart bottle of whisky and a goodly glass and sat them down on the bar in front of you. You poured your own and you stood upright, in the manner of men, on your hind legs, and drank it. When you could no longer stand, you were put in a cab and sent home, or simply bounced out onto the car tracks.

When Repeal was announced, many of us old codgers looked forward with nostalgic joy to the day when once again we would put elbow on mahogany, slide foot on rail, and drink after the manner of men. In this hope, of course, we were as fatuous as are the cocktails and other fancy drinks that Post-

Repeal bar-punks (not bartenders) seek to impose on us. For even those two honest names of *saloon* and *barroom* have gone into the discard, and so has everything they once contained or stood for. Girls and women now *sit* at what are called cocktail bars, and there sip, often through straws, brightly colored concoctions whose very names would make an honest bar-keep retch. Men are still allowed in these places — if they don't spill their sirupy cocktails on the chintz.

An investigation last Summer, covering a score of large cities between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, failed to reveal one saloon that could be recognized as such. Nor on this search did more than half a dozen spittoons come to light. They have even removed them from smoking cars and barber shops. True, the potted shrubs that deck many of the drinking lounges will do, in a pinch, for a man working on a bite of *Climax*, but they don't give out that pleasant "Ding!" even when hit squarely, and it's against the law, anyway.

The living theater has not escaped. In a recent essay, George Jean Nathan paid his respects to the pansy speech and lah-de-dah gestures of our leading male actors.

Occasionally, one notes a bit of pitiful atavism, as in the male of the movies. Of late, and probably as a concession to their lost virility, these shadowy heroes have taken to wearing thin strips of hairy growth where moustaches used to stand and flow. But long-atrophied glands will not respond to such wishful treatment. A ballroom dancer has recently been the reigning male star of the screen.

Evangelical religion, too, appears to have gone completely sissy. When Moody and Sankey and lesser Devil-chasers stalked through the land, they breathed the danger of Hell-fire from every pore. Imps of Sin were driven from their lurking places with a great tumult of shouting and roaring. The End of the World and the Second Coming were proclaimed almost daily. Hallelujahs rose from a thousand camp meetings held from city lots to the forks of the creek. Sinners were made to twitch and groan, while the big-boned preachers—hairy as goats and many of them noted for their large and dependable procreative glands—fairly belched of Floods, Fires, and Pestilences. Youth of both sexes was stirred mightily and to happy effect, according to census reports. One recalls that Lincoln's favorite story had to do with a

fatherless girl. "Her mother must have attended a camp meeting," he would chuckle. But the only evangelical effort of today that appears to be making any headway is the delicate Oxford Movement. The Oxford folk never raise their voices. . . .

Some ten years ago a sardonic male in Toronto left a sizeable fortune to the woman who should bear the most children in a decade. Such was the origin of the Brat Derby which, it appears at this writing, will be won by a woman who is the mother of nine children. What a reflection on male virility—nine kids! In all our Western States there were rugged stallions among the pioneers who wore out a succession of wives—along with squaw concubines—three and sometimes four of them, and were the accredited pappys of as many as thirty-two children. A round score was of common occurrence. Twelve to the decade was the average.

Incidentally, one wonders what has become of the basso. He is never heard over the radio or in the talkies any more. Undoubtedly he has gone to join the saloon, the full beard, straight whisky, virile fathers, and barber shops for men. Pansy croons now fill the air—even a baritone is too male.

IV

Well, that tells the story of what has happened to our indoor sports. Now give a thought to what has been taking place outdoors. The baseball catcher of 1937 for example: with his belly-pad, his various guards, his huge mitt and mask, he is accoutered in a manner to scare little children. But the armor plate is only to protect his tender flesh from the ball; not even angry words, let alone fisticuffs, are permitted the gentlemanly players on the diamond today. Presently, it seems likely, the umpires will appear garbed in linen dusters, and the crowd — now become an audience — will clap politely at a home run, and call out "Jolly well played!" when a shortstop picks a fast one off his shoe laces.

Then there's football. In the 'Nineties, this sport resulted in more casualties than hunting accidents, Homestead strikes, and wrecks on the New York, New Haven & Hartford. The players were protected solely by a mop of hair and a turtle-necked sweater. The rules sought vaguely to discourage first-degree murder and the use of the teeth as instruments of emasculation, but that was all. The strategy of play was that of the Grecian Phalanx. When a man

was so unfortunate as to go down with the ball, twenty-one other players promptly piled atop him. Both ball and man collapsed with an obscene noise, and it required care by the hospital attendants to peel them from the frozen earth. That was *football*. Surgeons gloated happily from early Fall until Thanksgiving, while undertakers never missed a game. But a present-day gridiron contest, played by youths whose heads are encased in casques of steel and leather, consists chiefly of tossing the pigskin around, and isn't far removed from basketball, formerly considered a sissy game for girls.

Perhaps, though, it is in the business of prize fighting that the decay of the male is most tragically apparent. One reads in pop-eyed awe of John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fighting seventy-five rounds under a broiling sun on the hot afternoon of July 8, 1889. All the fighters in those days had courage, stamina, and a delight in mayhem. For the sake of a scrap, lightweights took on middles and welters fought heavies, neither asking nor caring about respective weights. Pugilists traveled to fights in day coaches or box cars, not in private Pullmans. They slept in hobo jungles and fought main events for ten bucks, winner-take-

all. Tossing in the towel was considered a lasting disgrace. Nobody ever complained of a foul. Ear-chewing was highly esteemed. A round, under London Prize Ring Rules, lasted until one man was flat on the hard earth; a fight, until one was done and out, or dead. When pugs weren't fighting in the ring, they were commonly engaged in barroom brawls. One of the toughest of them, the late and Hon. John Morrissey, was elected to and sat in Congress, cauliflower ear, broken nose, and all.

It would be cruel here, and unnecessary, to dwell long on what passes for a prize fight today. In training, the so-called scrappers wear diving helmets. In the ring, they comport themselves like the gents they are, cuffing each other with large padded mittens which make a delicious smacking noise, thus thrilling the night-club gigolos and society gals who have come to see Primitive Battle. Later, they neck Hollywood cuties in the movies, or commune with Shakespeare's ghost.

It is little wonder, then, when one considers the supine and pansy male, that the Republic is an abso-

lute matriarchy in the making. Here and there the he-Americanos stirs feebly, but to no purpose. His women have come to control his sources of income; and presently they will be nominating as well as electing his public officers. They have driven him from the barber shop, the saloon, and the smoking car. Most of his daily newspaper is taken up with their doings of one kind or another. They have made him shave his beard, and they have taken away his brass cuspidor. He would like to hear an all-male quartet tackle *In The Baggage Coach Ahead*, but his women vote Bing Crosby the most popular singer; so he gets Bing Crosby. He yearns for male poker, and they give him mixed bridge. He sleeps alone. And in his cocktail, in lieu of straight whisky, he is likely to run into anything from a slice of pineapple to a dab of whipped cream, vanilla flavor.

What is there left for him? I don't know what the present harem situation is in Turkey and Egypt, but if they are in need of any good, safe guardsmen to place over the fragile chastity of such places, well. . . .

RESURRECTING THE DEAD

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

NO PROCEDURE in modern medicine has aroused more controversy than the attempt to revive the dead by reactivating the heart that has stopped beating. Hailed on the one hand as a miracle of science, and on the other as a useless, dangerous, and even sacrilegious operation, the "intracardial therapy" technique of resuscitation occupies a stage of excited debate. Pivoting upon the basic human elements of life and death, and piercing close to the shadowy secrets of both, the latest development in this field of medicine is being eagerly evaluated by layman and physician alike.

Can human beings, pronounced "dead" by attending physicians, be brought back to life? Dr. Albert S. Hyman, inventor of the artificial heart-pacer, believes — and has dramatically demonstrated — that they can. He has proved that even prolonged cessation of the heart-beat does not always constitute death, and that dozens of persons given up for dead by relatives and physicians have been re-animated

by the use of the new electrical heart-pacer, sometimes called the "life flashlight". This miracle-working instrument is no longer in the experimental stage; its triumphs, already substantial and well-authenticated, suggest widening implications — legal, medical, and human — as new evidences of its reliability and varied usefulness constantly occur.

What principle underlies this ingenious device used in resuscitating the dead? Quite simply, the artificial heart-pacer is an electrical apparatus capable of producing a current identical with the electric energy ordinarily generated by the heart itself. It must be understood that the normal heart-beat is prompted by a tiny electric current which sweeps across the heart regularly at the average rate of seventy-two times a minute, causing the heart muscles to contract as the result of this stimulation. The group of cells which develops this electric current is located in the wall of the heart's upper chamber; it is known to physiologists as the *sinus node*,

but if we term it the "pacemaker of the heart" its function will be better understood.

About ten years ago Dr. Hyman began to suspect that a stopped human heart would resume its normal beating if stimulated by an electric current similar to that generated by the heart's own pacemaker. In a series of experiments he discovered the exact type of electricity needed, and found that $1/1,000$ th of a volt was sufficient. His next problem was how to deliver this current to the little group of electrical cells that motivates the heart's activity. Dr. Hyman chose for this purpose a 19-gauge gold injecting needle, about four and one-half inches long. In the tube of this needle he placed two electrodes barely $1/100$ th of an inch apart, connected these with his tiny generator, and was now prepared to thrust the life-bearing current of electricity deep into the *sinus node*. He believed that this artificial impulse would sweep over the organ along accustomed pathways, and that by repeating this wave of excitation he could awaken the pulsations of the moribund heart.

But before this device could be used on human beings, the guinea pigs had to be called in. A large guinea pig was "killed" by me-

chanical asphyxiation. All respiratory movements ceased in 110 seconds; seventy seconds later no heart sounds could be detected. Dr. Hyman permitted 120 seconds more to elapse, and the animal—according to all medical tests and knowledge—was dead. At this point the pacemaker needle was inserted into the right ventricle; the initial needle-prick caused a convulsive beat, and then for thirty seconds all was quiet again in the dark chambers of the guinea pig's heart. Dr. Hyman now turned on the apparatus, setting it at sixty-four beats per minute. The heart started pumping, and blood swept through the animal's arteries. At the end of sixty seconds the needle was withdrawn. By this time the guinea pig's heart was pumping regularly and soon the animal was nibbling lettuce leaves, unaware that he had just been called back from the bourne whence no traveler is supposed to return. This experiment was repeated many times on other guinea pigs, rabbits, and dogs; these animals, deader than the proverbial door nail, were all resuscitated by the artificial pacemaker and lived to tell the tale to their grand-litters.

Sufficient evidence had now been obtained from laboratory animals, and the resuscitator was ready for a

trial on human beings. It was decided to use it at first only on patients who had been pronounced dead and who resisted all other methods of revivification. The first case presented itself under abrupt auspices: a middle-aged man, suffering from pneumonia, developed empyema and was taken to a hospital to have the pus drained from his pleural cavity. As frequently happens after this operation, his heart "went into a flutter" from which it did not recover. The surgeons struggled to save him by injecting adrenalin, but their attempts were unavailing and the heart stopped. After five minutes the physicians abandoned hope of reviving the patient and resignedly gave the signal to start clearing up the operating room. Preparations were being made to remove the body when an interne suggested: "Why not use the machine downstairs?" The machine was the new heart-pacer; Dr. Hyman was experimenting with it on some animals. He was summoned and arrived eight minutes after the patient had been pronounced dead. Taking the same aseptic precautions observed in any surgical operation, Dr. Hyman plunged the gold needle (the same one he had used on the guinea pig) into the interspace of the dead man's third

and fourth ribs, on the right side of the breast bone, thus penetrating the stilled heart to its nodal core. As if by magic the dead heart commenced to beat, the color returned to the patient's face, and he manifested all the signs of being very much alive. He was indeed alive, and remained so for several days. But the pneumonia had fatally weakened him and he succumbed at last to this disease.

In the course of the next months Dr. Hyman employed his apparatus on several cases of cardiac arrest with gratifying results. Persons "dead" from asphyxiation, drowning, and various forms of heart-failure were restored to life. Gradually, Dr. Hyman discovered that the heart has two stages of death: the first, lasting for ninety seconds, during which period it can be revived by pricking it with the needle of the heart-pacer; after the first ninety seconds there develops in the dying heart a second period lasting up to fifteen minutes, during which reactivation *may* be possible. Before Dr. Hyman's findings were made, most physiologists maintained that eight minutes was the longest period that could elapse after cardiac arrest before the delicate tissues of the heart and brain are destroyed. Hyman has shown, however, that fourteen, and even

twenty minutes can elapse before these tissues irrevocably perish. Re-activation of the dying heart depends also on the state of the heart prior to its stopping. Hearts succumbing to chronic cardial disorders, or degenerative diseases such as tuberculosis and Bright's disease, are, quite frankly, not the best proving grounds for the heart-pacer. But when an otherwise normal person suffers shock or injury resulting in cardial arrest, or when the heart of a patient undergoing a surgical operation suddenly stops, the artificial pacemaker is seen at its best. If it were possible to select only this type of subject for resuscitation, the record of Dr. Hyman's heart-pacer would indeed be a striking one. As the figures stand today the "life flashlight" obtains favorable results in one out of every four attempts.

II

The legal complications arising from the use of the heart-pacer are illustrated in the following case. A man of sixty-two was recovering from an attack of influenza, and was strong enough to sit up in bed; his son, who had delayed a business trip to California, now felt that he could leave his father with safety. Twenty-four hours after the

son's departure the father "died". He was promptly revived by the heart-pacer, and asked at once to see his son. Summoned by wire, the son returned — not, however, until his father had died three times (each time, the stethoscopes of attending doctors failed to detect even the faintest heartbeat) and was thrice revived by Dr. Hyman's apparatus. Apparently the son's presence helped the patient for he remained alive six days, during which time he made certain property transfers and signed many documents. The validity of these documents was questioned on the ground that no man who had "died" four times could be mentally competent to dispose of property. The court, however, on viewing his firm, legible signatures, and receiving testimony from several physicians to the effect that the revived man was perfectly lucid in speech and action, decided that he was quite able to dispose of his property as he saw fit.

Misapprehensions regarding the use and limitations of the artificial heart-pacer have sprung up, as inevitably they must around an instrument that so dramatically pushes back the barriers of death. Dr. Hyman has been implored by bereaved parents to place his electrical needle in the heart of a be-

loved child, dead perhaps six months or a year. Such petitions, touching as they are, show that the powers of the "life flashlight" are fantastically overestimated by many people. No one with the slightest knowledge of physiology expects the artificial heart-pacer to set aside the processes of deterioration that rapidly consume man's fleshy envelope after death. The most that science hopes for is that the machine's intervention in an increasing number of cases will prevent deaths that certainly would occur without it. What the inhalator and oxygen tent are to paralyzed respiratory centers—proved and accepted methods of restoring their activity—so the artificial pacemaker is to the heart.

On the other hand, medieval prejudice against the use of this scientific device still exists in certain theological quarters. The pacemaker has been regarded as a necromancer's instrument, and those who employ it are somehow tainted with the stain of sacrilege. To make the dead walk again, as this machine apparently does, has been deemed by some a usurpation of divine power. But neither Dr. Hyman nor anyone else who had ever used his machine, claims the power of restoring the dead to

life. The comment of a Bishop of the Protestant faith expresses the attitude of theologians and scientists alike: "If this electrical stimulator can bring a person back to life, then that person was never dead."

To fit this obvious truism, our present conceptions of legal and physical death may have to be altered. Formerly a man was pronounced dead when the physician's stethoscope could no longer detect the murmuring of his heart, but today no such test is sufficient. Mere stoppage of the heart or cessation of respiratory activity are not conclusive evidences of death. Melodramatic though it sounds, a reputable doctor could sign a person's death certificate a quarter-hour after all heart activity had ceased—yet by the use of the heart-pacer, the deceased could be brought back to life to mock the legal evidence of his demise. To prevent such an embarrassing *contretemps* a law is now being framed in New York State which declares that no one shall be pronounced dead until the needle of the artificial pacemaker has been thrust into his heart.

The mechanical development of the heart-pacer is a story in itself. Originally it was a large and complicated piece of laboratory equip-

ment weighing ninety pounds and taking up as much space as a kitchen table; its approximate cost was \$12,000. In 1931 the machine had been reduced to the size of a small suitcase and weighed only forty pounds. Three years later a model was devised no bigger than a cigar box. Finally, in 1936, Dr. Hyman perfected a pacemaker which is only six inches long and weighs less than a pound. This model is small enough to fit in a coat pocket yet it can reproduce all the electrical stimulating phenomena of the original machine. Its cost will be about \$50, but its distribution is a non-commercial project, largely the private philanthropy of Jacob Witkin, chairman of the executive committee of the Witkin Foundation for the Study

and Prevention of Heart Disease. It is the intention of the committee to present these machines to approved hospitals without charge. When this has been accomplished, there will be an opportunity for other institutions and physicians in general to secure the artificial pacemaker at a small cost.

Death is an inevitable crisis, but more and more clearly, it is a deferrable one. It is still too early for final determinations to be made, but conservative medical opinion agrees that during the few precious moments that elapse between the initial collapse and the descent of ultimate death, the "life flash-light" may be employed, rationally and hopefully, to resuscitate many human beings formerly given up for dead.



LINES TO A HUSBAND

BY LOUISE McNEILL

MY LIPS are yours, my toiling days. . . .
 And Oh, I mock the cost,
 Because your eyes remind me of
 The lover whom I lost!

I THOUGHT I KNEW MY FRANCE

BY ANDRÉ VAILLANT

BEFORE I came to America I felt that I knew my country and her inhabitants fairly well. And above all, that I knew my Paris.

Now I'm not so sure. Either I have spent my life seeing the wrong things, or there is a second France. A France of fifty million marquises and apaches, drinking demi-tasses and furtively exchanging French postcards. A France that has apparently been reserved for exportation to America.

In all fairness to these United States, and because they have fed and sheltered me for the past six months, I feel it incumbent upon me to warn you that you are paying a heavy duty on a myth that must have slipped into this country in Lafayette's wig.

Permit me to delouse the gentleman.

II

Of course, this is based on the assumption that you are wrong and I am right. But being one of the fifty million. . . .

And thanks for the compliment—but why fifty million? I do my best to oblige. I count and I recount. I exhaust my statistical knowledge. I even consult the *World Almanac*. The best I can do is 41,834,923—including Lily Pons, Maurice Chevalier, and Charles Boyer. We won't split hairs. Let us say, forty-two million. But then what has happened to eight million missing Frenchmen?

They certainly did not go, all of them I mean, to Hollywood. The charming, pert-nosed little lady who is taking my dictation suggests timidly, "Eight million Belgians?" *Seigneur Dieu!* Heaven knows we love the Belgians, but hardly enough to annex them, because the Belgians might object. Or we might. For are we so terribly fond of them . . . the Belgians? Since the end of the War the famous Belgian babies whose hands were cut off by the Huns (remember?) have grown up, and we feel much more sensible about these things now. Even more so because these same children seem

to have developed new sets of hands. Well, let it go. But this hardly solves the mystery surrounding fifty million Frenchmen.

III

As I landed in this country, I was met by a flock of ship reporters. As soon as they learned I was French, they asked me about the War Debt. Since then a day has not passed that someone has failed to confront me with this same question. My German landlady, my Italian grocer, my Chinese laundryman, my Negro elevator boy . . . all of them are concerned with the War Debt, as though their very lives depended upon it.

What War Debt?

IV

It was with the greatest pleasure and emotion that I saw your picture, *The Big Parade*. I cried and I laughed at *What Price Glory?* I sat through *Farewell to Arms* twice, and *Hell's Angels* . . . there is a fine film . . . what you call Stupendous, I think. Your American war pictures are wonderful.

I learned the words of several unofficial versions of *Mademoiselle from Armentières* (very good in-

deed), *Good-bye Broadway-Hello France*, and *Over There*. They are very stimulating . . . these American war songs.

When I asked Johnnie, young son of a D.A.R., who won the War, he was amazed at my ignorance and said, "We did, of course." And to complete my annihilation he produced a textbook and read loudly and with intense feeling:

To our army was assigned the most desperate work of all. French commanders have said frankly [at this point Johnnie looked at me accusingly] that only our dashing reckless troops could have accomplished this. The more experienced European soldiers would have shrunk exhausted from such labor, would have been appalled by such losses. . . . The whole German army was retreating across the frontier into Belgium and Germany, beaten back from its prey by American arms. That was a great day for our unwarlike nation.

Incidentally, above and beyond the Mesdemoiselles from Armentières, there were somewhere in the neighborhood of Verdun a few French soldiers, too.

V

Paris is actually the agglomeration of several large, quiet, and virtuous villages whose inhabitants get up early in the morning, work in factories and offices (unless they are unemployed), wear old, shiny,

and often shabby clothes, struggle to pay their rent, relax once a week at the movies, and as a rule get to bed about 10 P.M.

People here tell me of *another* Paris, a city of Wine, Women, and Song, a city of luxury, depravity, and pleasure.

Paris, Texas?

VI

I take pleasure in destroying a few of the lesser myths:

We have no "French pastry" in France. We do not have "French toast" either.

We know nothing of "French cleaning", but we do have "American pressing".

A "debutante" is merely the female of *debutant*. And a *debutant* is any man of any age, of any blood, rich or poor, who happens to make a debut in a profession.

The expression "demi-tasse" means nothing more or less than a half-cup. If you were to order a demi-tasse from a waiter in Paris (Paris, Maine?), he would ask you first, "A demi-tasse of what?" And then, if he were sociable, "Why only half a cup?"

And speaking of lesser myths and French pastry, André Maurois, whom Americans admire for his faithful picturization of French

life, is known in France particularly for his intimate knowledge of life in Anglo-Saxon countries.

VII

(This Paris business still bothers me. Maybe it is not Paris, Texas. Perhaps it is Paris, Illinois?)

VIII

Whenever I walk along Fifth Avenue, my eyes are irresistibly drawn to the figures of ladies of fashion. They bring back to me sweet memories. Of Paris? *Non, non!* They do not resemble our ladies. But rather — how shall I say — those fantastic fashion plates which are released throughout the world and are meant to serve as guides to fashion. No Parisienne in her right mind would wear such models without simplifying and subduing the original by at least twenty per cent. Americans, on the contrary, religiously adhere to and wear what appears on the fashion plates. They are one hundred and twenty per cent Parisiennes.

IX

I don't intend to appear prejudiced. I can see no justification, for

example, in the long-winded book that Georges Duhamel wrote against America primarily because you don't happen to have a hundred different varieties of cheese. I call that a petty way of looking at things.

I admit when we are wrong. Take our telephones. That is, if you dare. The theory is that it's hard to get a number on a French telephone. But it's not hard. It's impossible.

On the other hand, if the telephone rings, the only thing to do, since you can't hear anything once you've answered, is to take the receiver off the hook and leave it there. That at least eliminates the ringing.

And you think we don't have any bathtubs in France? I assure you there are quite a few. We simply don't use them.

The drinking water in Paris, for example, is atrocious, or so I am told. In order to destroy the germs it is necessary to add good quantities of wine to it, which, theoretically again, purifies it. For safety's sake, I personally prefer to drink the wine straight, but that is merely a matter of taste. *Chacun à son goût.*

True, in some respects, the French *are* barbarians. They treat Negroes as their equals.

X

As I go on, it occurs to me there are more and more things said about France that are quite true.

We do publish large quantities of literature that censors of a decent nation consider in the light of pornography, and which could not possibly have been published in, or imported into, any English-speaking country. And if someone should deny this, simply remind him that French houses in the last few years have published the *Memoirs of Frank Harris*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and *Ulysses*.

XI

You say you know a thing or two about Parisian night life? Are you sure you do? Folies Bergère and such? Oh, that's what you mean. Believe me, they are terribly overrated. They are losing even their provincial trade. To regain patrons, they have actually had to open a place featuring "*les burlesques à la manière de New York*".

XII

And of course we have those well known *objets d'art* commonly called French postcards. They may

be bought, I understand, in Paris, where they are sold in front of every hotel patronized by foreigners. I can vouch for their existence because I personally saw a most complete collection of them at the house of an American friend in New York. He swears he

bought them in Paris. (Paris, Tennessee?) They're not so hot.

XIII

Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong? Well, apparently, 127,521,000 Americans can.



ON THIS LAST ROCK

BY RAYMOND HOLDEN

HERE on this last rock of all earthly stones
 With ruin in the mind and all about,
 Let us stand close together, shutting out
 With the last fury of our injured bones
 All of the legions of the conqueror;
 In simple recognition of each other
 Safe, safe from swords and the shot flames that smother
 The breathing breast but not the breath it wore.

Oh this is honor, this believing stand
 Against destruction more complete than slaughter!
 Look! There are still a few clear drops of water!
 In the cold sky still drifts a brightened band
 Of changeless stars beneath which, before death,
 We may lean back, take hands, and draw one breath.

BUREAUCRACY

By MORRIS MARKEY

WE WENT from a vast marble lobby into a passageway marked "BOXES—A to L"—and up a gently sloping ramp, to look upon an appalling manifestation of the theater. Stage and orchestra pit, parterre and swung balconies, were swarming with people who pounded on typewriters. Telephones were ringing. Boys with arms full of paper were wandering up and down the aisles. A low, droning sound rose up from men dictating to secretaries. It was a Max Reinhardt dream: the hall so crowded with actors that there was no space for an audience.

But this, gentlemen, was in Washington, down by the Potomac. And in that fabled city you must not be too startled at the sight of a stenographer pounding her Underwood in a theater's royal box, with a \$50,000 pipe organ in her lap. If matters of that nature catch your breath, coronary thrombosis would have you in a week. You see, the amoeba-like genetics of the Bureau System under our New Deal have sent newborn

colonies of government clerks scurrying everywhere for shelter—for a place to bang those typewriters. And this colony I had got into, the WPA, no less, had holed up in the Washington City Auditorium, a handsome place once given over to such futilities as the contrapuntal ecstasy of Johann Sebastian Bach.

All nonsense of that sort having been shooed briskly into the street, the hall was charged now with a more febrile drama—with what seemed, at least, a far more purposeful drama. We stood in a balcony aisle. Before us opened the mighty bay of the stage. On its floor a hundred desks were massed, and people sat at the desks, picking up papers and putting down papers, the lofty arch of the proscenium bending over them like a benign and protecting hand. Directly beneath us, in the erstwhile orchestra pit, composition-board partitions made a score of little cubicles. Two or three men and women, sometimes more, were in each of the cubicles, and we

could see them gravely regarding each other across the mahogany of their work tables.

Down each side wall of the building, diagonally from the roof to the edge of the stage, the boxes were pitched in echelon. Severely drawn, square and solid, they were painted a delicate shade of green, with geometric designs worked in for embellishment. There were two girls to a box, two typewriters to a box, one telephone to a box, and several hundred pounds of paper to a box. The pipe organ, a noble and glistening affair, soared upward from the last of the boxes at the left and the girls who were working there looked, indeed, as if they were supporting the weight of the golden tubes.

A man was with me—a man who worked in the WPA and who had hospitably engaged to show me around. I said to him, "Mister, in God's name, what are all these people doing and what is being written on all that paper?"

He gave a deprecatory gesture. "You haven't seen anything yet," he said. Wherewith he led me downstairs, into the basement of the auditorium, and let me look at three times as many people, sitting at three times as many desks. But the most arresting item on this lower floor was neither humanity

nor desks, but filing cabinets. Rank upon rank of them, golden oak or olive steel, stood up from the ground, looking like the infinitely repeated image of a single object seen through double-reflecting mirrors. Girls moved in front of them, opening and shutting the drawers, and all the drawers were full to bursting with pink papers and white papers, blue papers and yellow papers.

The man said: "Now all the applications for federal money to use on Works projects—all those applications come here."

I understood. They came into the theater, past the pipe organ, and were reduced to a uniform appearance by the typists and printed forms. Then they were sent to the White House, where batches of two or three hundred at a time were initialed by the President. Then they went to the Comptroller of the Treasury, who had a lot more clerks in his office trying to check up on duplications and such. Then they came back to the Washington City Auditorium, and were examined again to see that all the initials had been put in the right places. And then somebody wrote out a Treasury check and sent it to whoever had asked for money in the first place.

That sounded like a simple

routine. So simple, indeed, that I questioned the need of two or three thousand clerks to handle it. But the man said, "Oh, we're terribly undermanned."

I went into a lot of bureaus in Washington, but I never found one that was not terribly undermanned. Some of the bureaus were in places almost as odd as the Auditorium. One, for example, was in the famous McLean House. You have heard about it: the strong feeling which the original builder entertained for plumbing fixtures? Well, hardly a stenographer in that house but works in the shadow of a fountain, a bathtub, or a toilet seat. One of the chief clerks said the girls did not mind, though. Got a lot of work done—and Heaven knew, there was plenty of work.

Some of the bureaus were in hotels—whole hotels just taken over. (Chambermaids and bellhops dismissed, I presume, though I never thought to ask.) Some were in apartment houses and some in old abandoned office buildings, some in mothly lofts and some in quaint little private houses out Georgetown way. It goes without saying that the regular government buildings—Commerce and Agriculture and Treasury and so on—were crowded to the eaves with people working.

Perhaps I can make you understand the effect all this had upon me. I had gone to Washington for a specific purpose: to look objectively at this thing called Bureaucracy and try to write a description of Bureaucracy at work—what it does, how it appears to the eye, what sort of people sit at all those desks, and what they do to earn the money we pay them every month. But, you see, I was vanquished by detail. It became plain after a few days of wandering among these desks and clerks that such a description as I had contemplated would be cruelly boring. There were, at last account, 112,370 federal employees in the city of Washington alone. There would be no great point in saying, 112,370 times over: He got up in the morning and went to his desk at the Bureau. He handled papers until lunch time, filing or dictating or making decisions or writing out checks. After lunch, he handled another great mass of papers until quitting time, whereupon he went home.

So, then, I was forced to abandon the appealing human interest note and fall back upon the graver aspects of Bureaucracy: gloomy aspects they turned out to be, too, and even a little disturbing to the average observer.

II

More than one of us has dished up, time past, the old tattered phrase about ours being a government of Chief Clerks. Well, it is hardly Chief Clerks any more. Just clerks. Throughout our hallowed land these days, a total of 810,000 of them sit there and tell us what to do—their monthly pay checks cropping up idly in the tax lists. The total of the pay we give them is about \$150,000,000 a month.

When Dr. Roosevelt made that noble speech from the portico of the Capitol in March of 1933, there were 240,000 fewer men and women getting a government pay check every month.

We had seven agencies for constructing public works. Now we have sixteen.

We had five agencies for building and supervising our national parks. Now we have ten.

We had two agencies for dealing with disputes between labor and the employers of labor. Now we have thirteen.

It would be tedious to go through the whole list. The fact is that we have, in these honeyed days, more than fifty bureaus and agencies which did not exist at all when Dr. Roosevelt took office. We have 240,000 government

clerks who were finding their cakes elsewhere when Dr. Roosevelt moved in to become the Stepfather of His Country. The money that we pay to these *additional* clerks—virtually all of whom are political appointees, virtually none of whom are on the Civil Service lists—amounts to about \$432,000,000 a year.

But the essence of Bureaucracy does not lie in statistics, it does not lie with totals, either of political parasites or of money spent. Bureaucracy is endemic to democracy. The acuteness of the ailment, whether it is found in America or France or Italy or Britain, depends upon the power which the bureaus take unto themselves. It might be well to glance at one or two of our new agencies and see how much authority they have to collide with the ordinary routine of our daily affairs:

The Commodity Credit Corporation was set up by executive order from the White House on September 18, 1933. In a blanket preamble, this Corporation was given power to engage in *any* activity in connection with the production, transportation, storing, manufacturing, and marketing of agricultural commodities and the products thereof. Then, specifically, item by item, the Corporation

was given authority to deal in commodities, borrow and lend money, buy and sell real estate, help in reducing agricultural production, and to enter into contracts of every sort for any lawful purpose *without limit as to amount*.

Similarly, by executive order, the President set up the Electric Home and Farm Authority, another corporation. Here is what it can do: Manufacture and sell electrical appliances, equipment, and goods of any description; lend money "with or without collateral security of any kind whatsoever"; borrow money by issuing notes, bonds, or any other kind of security "without limit as to amount"; constitute itself trustee of any property for the purpose of securing its obligations, "*or for any other purpose*"; develop, buy, hold, sell or lease lands, real property, and any personal or mixed property, and any franchises; to deal in stocks, bonds, "or any other obligations"; and guarantee the payment of dividends upon any stock.

As though this were not quite enough, the charter of the Electric Authority empowers its directors "to do all and everything necessary, suitable and proper for the accomplishment of any of the purposes or the attainment of any of the objects or the furtherance of any

of the powers set forth, either alone or in association . . . and to do every other act or acts, thing or things, *incidental or appurtenant to or growing out of or connected with the aforesaid business or powers or any part or parts thereof*. . . ."

One might inquire whether, under the terms of this charter, there is any business or economic activity whatever in which the Authority may not engage.

These two corporations which I have given as examples — bureaus in the guise of corporations — offer manifest advantages over the familiar government agency, old style. They have a permanent existence, even though the statutes under which they are set up have a limited life or are declared unconstitutional. They can borrow funds, without specific congressional authority, to any extent the lending public will stand for, pledging the credit of the United States Government. They are spared the supervision of the Bureau of the Budget and the congressional committees on appropriations, although their accounts must be audited by the Comptroller General. Yet they enjoy bureaucratic privileges which are denied to ordinary corporations against which they presumably

compete: that is to say, they have the postal franking privilege, and they are exempt from all taxation.

Under the charters of these two agencies alone, the United States Government could establish a federal banking system, and could own and operate government farms, factories, warehouses, railroads, steamship lines, communication systems, and marketing agencies for dealing in all agricultural commodities and electrical equipment, and for carrying on any activities in any way *relating to* these enterprises.

III

So, then, the unsettling facts I came upon when I looked into the remoter truths about our new bureaucracy. And having gone thus far, I can tell you that I wished myself back in that theater, pipe organ and all, regarding no more serious an affair than simple nonsense. One thing, more grave than all the rest, stood up: The subtlest danger in this new bureaucracy lies in the comical dress it wears to hide its mighty powers. A bureau housed in a theater is funny — until you begin to inquire what that bureau can do to your life and mine.

To put it another way, the sur-

face manifestation of bureaucracy, its appearance to the glancing eye, is merely the hurly-burly of an extravagant spree. It takes a little searching to discover that the revelers conceal in their wads of red tape such things as gats and stiletos, blackjacks and garrotes.

One more item:

I sat down one evening in Washington and hoisted a few with a half-dozen young men who work for bureaus. They were very personable fellows indeed, not too long out of their colleges, and they had jobs somewhat like the jobs of junior executives in business houses. That is to say, they carried responsibilities and they ~~worried~~ very hard.

I made my speech, after a while. I said: "All right. Justify yourselves. On behalf of the taxpayers, I question the salaries you are getting. Prove to me that you earn them."

They roared with indignation. Earn the money? Earn it? Great God! They often worked eighteen hours a day — worked harder and longer than any corporation would ever demand. Furthermore, they did it voluntarily. Nobody made them do it. They were not old-fashioned civil servants, doing time with a pension for goal. They were giving their best to the country,

giving up recreation and sleep for the pleasure of doing a job thoroughly. . . .

I believed every word of it. I said: "Granted. Everything you say is granted. You are conscientious men working twice as hard as anybody will believe of government employees. You are more than that. You're zealots, no less. But what the hell are you working for? What is the essential purpose? What the result? What the noble accomplishment you strive for?"

Well, they struggled with words. They were aiding Recovery, saving the country from ruin, getting business back on its feet, spreading a new and nobler social doctrine — everything, as a fact, but making the world safe for democracy. And the upshot of their talk was this: They were toiling like superb robots at jobs they were told to do, with no idea at all of objectives.

I said: "Gentlemen, pity and sympathy stirs in my heart. But give me an honest answer to this one: Suppose your job — all the work you are doing so eagerly — were abandoned tomorrow. Would the country be worse, or better off?"

"The machine would be worse off. We are cogs in a machine. Take out a cog and the machine can't work properly."

"Okay. What is the machine doing?"

No answer.

No answer because a man with half an eye can see what the machine is doing. It is spinning twenty-four hours a day to perpetuate itself.

You see the progression from that sort of thing, of course: A machine which has no genuine purpose must find purposes — must find work which might look useful and good. And the work that it is inventing for itself is something more than a mischievous and expensive annoyance to the ordinary flow of our daily lives. It can, if let alone, snarl the whole pattern of our daily lives — it can penetrate our simplest and most fundamental activities, interfere with them, disrupt them, and leave us, at the last, wondering however in the world we allowed such a monster to get headway, and grow like a tropic vine, and foul our decent human aims.

THE RAT

By ALAN DEVOE

THE Rat came in the Autumn — October, I think it was — and that was the only name by which we ever called him. Simply The Rat. One is tempted to call most small creatures — indeed all beings lesser than man himself — by some kind of affectionate or jocose or patronizing nickname. Men call bears Bruin and canary birds Dicky; and cats are Toms and tabbies and pussies. Probably this is done in an unconscious effort to humanize them, to make them knowable, to bridge that unbridgeable gulf that lies between our psyche and theirs. For two years now, a giant garter snake, as long as my arm and very curiously striated, has lived in our old stone wall, and we call him Chester. I don't know where we got this name, but we always use it, and its bearer seems in consequence somehow a little more companionable, a little less terrifyingly alien, as he lies on the sun-warmed stones or glides through the meadow grass with a struggling cricket in his cold triangular jaws.

But I am getting away from The Rat. The Rat had no nickname because . . . well, because there was that about him which forbade it. I very well remember our first encounter — The Rat's and mine. It was in our cellar, where I had gone to get some of our Astrachan apples which I keep in baskets there. Our farmhouse was built in 1802 and it has a tiny cellar, really a sort of scooped-out cavern in the ground, under one room. I have to carry a lantern when I go down, and I generally flash the light carefully into the crannies. All sorts of unexpected earth-creatures get into the cellar by accident — moles and salamanders and glass snakes and the like — and I discover them and get them out if I can. This particular evening in October, when I went down to get the apples, I was flashing the lantern in the corners in this way, when the light picked out The Rat. He was crouched on the floor near the water pipe, gnawing an apple paring. When the ray from my lantern fell on him he stopped gnawing, but he did not

scurry away. He did not move. He just hunched motionless over his moldy bit of apple and thrust his long lean muzzle forward and glared into the light. We get so accustomed — we lordly two-legged tyrants — to having less effectively lethal creatures cower at our coming, that we are taken aback and rather off guard when this ancient relationship is upset. I brought my light closer to The Rat — within an arm's length — and suddenly thudded my boot-heel sharply against the cellar floor. He did not run. Instead he seemed to flatten, to brace himself for fight. His gray lip drew away from his upper teeth, and he made a curious whickering sound.

I do not mind saying that I backed away, nor that I got out of the cellar quickly. In a curiously deep way I felt outraged, and my man-mind turned instantly to weapons of reprisal. Weapons are our stronghold and our triumph: lacking claws, we have perfected steel blades; having no venomous fangs, we can yet master the serpent by the artifice of bludgeons.

My rat-trap is of the spring type, and one of the heaviest and strongest models on the market. It is a ticklish thing to set, because of the ease with which one can carelessly amputate a finger; the gentlest jar-

ring, or the lightest touch on the bait-prong, is enough to spring it. When I had got it baited with a cube of cheese, I descended again into the cellar. My lantern beam played in every cobwebbed cranny, but The Rat had finished his apple and was gone. Very gently I set down my instrument of death.

The trap was sprung in the night. The noise of it wakened us, and I had an impulse to go down at once, in my dressing gown, but our Autumn nights are chilly and I thought better of it. I went down early in the morning, however, before breakfast. The cheese was gone from the trap. The trap was empty.

That was in October. In the next three months I suppose I must have baited and set my trap twenty times, and as often descended into the cellar with my lantern to find the trap sprung and the bait gone.

Meanwhile The Rat made his co-tenancy of our house evident in many other ways. Never were we allowed to forget his presence, or the fact that he was still free, still indomitably alive and unafraid. On crackle-cold nights during the Winter we would hear him gnawing, gnawing, gnawing, and we would look up from our reading and say, "There's The Rat." We knew this was no timid, scur-

rying, little pilferer, intent only on filching a crumb or two. We got a curious feeling—as during long months we heard him gnawing, gnawing, in the old walls, or listened to the patter of his clawed feet in the air space above the ceiling—that he was possessed of a greater resolve than that. He was doing battle with us. That was it. With every wile and guile and stratagem in that lean gray skull, he was making an attack. It was no stealthy trespasser who was living in our walls, but a declared enemy, filled with the courage of hatred and with implacable design.

II

In January I got the new trap (designed for woodchucks, this one), and baited it and set it for The Rat. I wanted to kill him, to break his sinewy back. On two more occasions in the Winter I had met The Rat face to face in the cellar, and both times he had acted precisely as at our first meeting—crouching immobile, with his bright little eyes glowing red in the glare of my lantern and his lips drawn back from his yellow teeth.

When I went down into the cellar the day after setting this new trap, I thought at first that it was sprung and empty. And then, look-

ing closer, I had suddenly an odd feeling in the pit of my stomach. The cheese was gone and The Rat was gone, but lying side by side just inside the steel jaws were The Rat's two forelegs. (Almost I had said "arms", for by now The Rat was to us as personal a being as any enemy could be, and, too, the small forefeet looked horribly like little hands.) There was hardly any blood.

We did not hear The Rat that night, nor the next night, nor the next. A week went by, and two weeks, and we were certain he was dead. The Rat had bled to death, we thought, in some cold rock-cranny under ground.

Twenty-one nights passed, and then, as we lay in bed reading on the twenty-second night, we heard a sound.

Clumpity-thump . . . clumpity-thump . . . clumpity-thump. . .

We knew what it was. The Rat, alive, crawling around on his stumps of legs in the dusty air-space beneath the eaves. Somewhere he had hidden himself all these nights, sucking those stumps of legs and licking them with his narrow tongue. Now he was coming abroad again, and soon we would hear him gnawing, gnawing. He was alive because he had the strength of hatred.

There is not much more about The Rat. For a week longer we heard each night the horrid bumping and scraping sound of his laborious progress through the walls and under floors. Three more times I set my trap, and three times more The Rat got the cheese somehow and was not killed. That trap-terror that grips most creatures which have been once caught and lived, was alien to The Rat. In the night we would hear the muffled underground clang of the trap and then we would strain our ears and listen, and presently — clumpity-thump, clumpity-thump . . . The Rat would come struggling up through the walls to the air-space over our bedroom. I suppose he ate the cheese there, and sometimes, too, we would hear queer skipping and rushing sounds, as though he were playing. It is hard to think of him playing, solitary, on his stumps of legs. But even

hawks, I know, will sometimes “play” — or antic, at any rate, in a kind of blood-lust caracole — when they have made a kill, and I have little doubt that play The Rat did, in some sort of gleeful triumphant rigmarole, exultant in his escape.

Three times, as I say, this happened, and then, the fourth time, I got him. I got him squarely and surely, and the trap-jaw cracked his backbone and killed him. I stood in the cellar with my lantern beam playing on his broken body and looked at him.

I suppose that even after the trap closed, he must have lived for a minute or two. And in that minute, with the steel biting his bones, he had managed to thrust his head forward and gulp the last vestige of my cheese. His dead mouth was twisted in what might have looked, to a fanciful man, like a grin of sardonic triumph.



GOV. HOFFMAN, THE JERSEY SKYROCKET

BY ISAAC McANALLY

NOTHING on the simonized surface indicates that the Honorable Harold Giles Hoffman of South Amboy, New Jersey, fails to qualify as the Most Average Governor in America. His iron-gray temples smell of barber's lotions a shade less lusciously than a hotel-manager's, yet definitely more richly than a congressman's. At the age of forty-one, his paunch is becoming a State Capital landmark. The flesh on his squat frame bulges from rich feeding. His suits are the clothes of a man who is out in front and knows it. At strategic points on their pressed contours, he can wear, in full dress, the emblems of the American Legion, the Patriotic Sons of America, the Veterans of the World War, the Elks, the Eagles, the Royal Arcanum, and the Junior Order of United American Mechanics. If the National Safety Council, the Republican Party, the New Jersey Bankers' Association, and the Methodist Church had emblems, he could wear them too.

At a clambake with any of these

Jersey lodge-brothers save the last, he can sweat beer and moan *Sweet Adeline* in the gustiest traditions of American barroom ecstasy. He can also twist his jowls and brows into a glower of statesman-like decision, and can pound on tables and roar invectives in tones several decibels higher than the Bull of Bashan's. Or from his sharp eyes and his wide teeth, he can shoot beams of mechanical charm guaranteed to mesmerize Boy Scout troops, Parent-Teacher conventions, and rival politicians. He can ride behind a motorcycle escort with the assurance of a Roman pro-consul. He made his way up from South Amboy obscurity through high-pressure bond and mortgage salesmanship, and he believes that the Future of America belongs to Men Who Don't Theorize But Act.

The soft spot in this provincial colossus is a phenomenon of the inner life. The Honorable Harold missed the boat because he believes in fairy tales. They are, to be sure, the fairy tales of profes-

sional politics. Successful politicians, nevertheless, make it a rule to accept even the most glamorous generalities about their trade with reservations. But young Mr. Hoffman, educating himself at the expense of New Jersey statesmen in their favorite beer parlors during the 1920's, heard cynical counsels which he took for words of wisdom. They were, to put them in the vernacular of Jersey Philosophers, as follows:

1. The People will follow, from hell to breakfast, any guy who puts on a good show.

2. It don't make no difference what the fight is all about, the common people love a fighter.

3. What do you care what the front page says about you, so long as you're gettin' publicity?

Excellenz Hoffman's tragedy — if a State office-holder constitutionally forbidden to succeed himself can have any greater tragedy — lies in the fact that he embraced these three cynicisms with the zeal of a Fundamentalist.

II

To do the Jersey mystic justice, however, life led him on. Pugnacious and husky, he had a showy childhood. His gang of petty bourgeois South Amboyans beat

up the "across the tracks" youth movement for the first time in several generations, and at twelve "The Fighter" had henchmen. In high school, he capitalized prowess in athletics, and developed a backslapping heartiness with the boys and a gallant manner with the opposite sex which endeared him to women of all ages. He played on all the athletic teams, held class offices, and was a sort of informal boss of the local youth who ran school politics. For years afterward, teachers spoke respectfully of "the time when Harold Hoffman was here".

Being a fighter and a male subdeb paid well, and young Master Hoffman, at eighteen, was not the man to overlook his earnings. He decided to omit college. It was more glamorous, and perhaps more profitable, to stick around in a town where one was already a Personage. And so Harold stuck around until the Spring he was twenty-one and the World War came along. He was already in favor with the deacons of South Amboy business for throwing faster sales talks than his competitors, but he made the appropriate sacrifice with gusto. When he enlisted as a private in the Third New Jersey National Guard Infantry, it was a local news story.

The war went further to convince Private Hoffman that there was a future in fighting talent. The Western Front released the pugnacious brute in him, frustrated by several years of bond and mortgage civilities, and he not only had a good time slaughtering Germans but returned home a captain—and bearing the decorations of appreciative governments. South Amboy received him as its No. 1 Public Hero. This had happened to a non-college youth of twenty-two when many a university graduate was still struggling in training camp for a second-lieutenancy. It must prove something—for instance, that if you waited until you had an audience and then swung at heads as fast as they showed themselves, it would take you places fast.

Young Captain Hoffman, as the 'Twenties arrived, was definitely a young man bent on going places. The bond and mortgage business was all right as a grubstake, but the routine "big deals" of South Amboy were, after skyrocketing into a captaincy and being kissed by foreign generals, distinctly a comedown. Meanwhile the South Amboy statesmen were pouring free advice into his ears and sketching blueprints of the career of a Soldier in Politics. Captain Hoffman ca-

pitulated to destiny. In 1922 he ran for the State Legislature.

What followed was momentarily disappointing. A public hero could be triumphantly elected in the war-conscious early 'Twenties, and the Captain was. But so also, in the surge of Mr. Warren G. Harding's normalcy, could almost any other Republican. So the G.O.P. majority at Trenton had little need for the South Amboy member's fighting gestures. Assemblyman Hoffman made several speeches against the enemies of patriotism, Americanism, the Jersey National Guard, and the veteran, but he made them to listless audiences in favor of measures already programmed. After two years, Captain Harold succumbed to boredom and declined re-election. He re-entered the mortgage business and looked around for a role more suitable to his talents.

A year later he found it. New Jersey, to feel the glamor of the Hoffman personality, needed to be startled, and South Amboy was choosing a mayor. True, there was no connection between these two circumstances, but the Man of Action was equal to combining them dramatically. The tactical problem was fairly simple. Comrade Hoffman merely organized his Legion and National Guard

buddies and the political henchmen of his local friends, and waited until the time had passed to close the official list of candidates. Then, without his name on the ballot, his cohorts were turned loose and Harold proceeded to win with a wallop.

Harold was a prowling, insatiably executive mayor, busy every moment with some municipal problem, and all that the executive fingers touched were translated into press clippings. Again he found that showmanship, action, and publicity paid dividends. In 1926 he was elected to the Seventieth Congress, and in 1928, on the Hoover landslide, his impressive majority was doubled.

Yet strangely enough, statesmanship palled once more. It was hard to be in action all the time in a chamber of 435 members. So, early in 1930, Governor Larson received one of the most surprising shocks in the history of Jersey statesmanship. Thinking in terms of patronage, the Governor asked Congressman Hoffman what he would like in return for certain invaluable courtesies, and was informed that the Congressman would like to resign and become State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles. It was a notable opportunity to take the potent legislator into

the Larson entourage, so there was no question of the appointment. But for a thirty-four-year-old, hustling statesman to quit and pull for the Jersey shore in a commissioner's toga seemed, to the Governor, a good deal like leaving a job in the city to go and live on the farm. The mystery, however, was soon explained. Ex-Congressman Hoffman lost no time in proving what a Motor Commissionership meant to a man of action.

The Motor Vehicles force blossomed into a pageant of political log-rolling. Every day the fighting-jowled face of the Commissioner, sunburned by the open road, flashed upon scores of Jersey hamlets and metropolises, and the beam of charm lit up the lives of local political impresarios. Day after day, old Legion and lodge buddies and henchmen horned in on the Motor Vehicles payroll. By 1934, the Department stood in its whirring wheels as the best political machine between Tammany Hall and Joe Guffey of Pennsylvania, and the Commissioner was its choice for the governorship.

Boss Frank Hague of Jersey City made only a pretense of struggling. He nominated an elderly and anemic candidate, and let Commissioner Hoffman circulate as a campaign document a photograph

of himself shaking hands with the oldster at a public reception, in all the contrasting glory of the Man of Action's virility. The picture and the Motor Vehicle ward-healers catapulted the Commissioner into the governor's chair in a year when any Republican who beat a New Dealer ranked as a colossus.

Obviously, life was showmanship, life was action, life was a hell-for-leather rush behind shrieking sirens toward eminence. Thus finally did Harold stand within blinking distance of the White House.

III

The Jersey Skyrocket's siege of Washington began with the State Inaugural. Across the icy wastes of the State House front yard in January, South Amboy's public hero hurled the challenge that "when I go before the public with my report of legislative and executive progress, I will mention by name the individuals who are preventing us from carrying out our covenant with the people".

The Honorable Henry Prather Fletcher, chairman of the Republican National Committee, who had come up from Washington in the capacity of a scout of destiny, pulled his muffler closer about him

and departed. He was not looking for a gang-fighter against Jersey bosses, but a conciliatory genius with a knack for wooing New Dealers back to Lincoln. The Motor Vehicles machine cheered the "fighting speech" only tepidly. What really mattered was that the rest of America that day was reading about the proceedings of the Hauptmann trial, recently opened in Flemington, New Jersey. Hence, as a venture in front-page ravishment, Harold's inaugural speech was a thudding flop.

So the Governor turned to more constructive exhibitionism. He would fight for the Oppressed and the Downtrodden by putting through a sales tax on rich Jerseyites' luxuries. The difficulty was, that when the Governor arrived on the scene of the impending legislative battle, flushed with his best fighting words, it turned out that there was nothing to fight about. Boss Hague's Democratic minority in both houses let him have his sales tax with murmurs amounting to approbation. The only thing they did was to get together with Republican members from silk-stocking suburbanite districts, and amend the bill at a few strategic points. The sales-tax which Fighting Harold signed in a bewildered flutter of victory

placed an impost on everything from red flannels to babies' medicines. And the voters howled.

Manifestly, the battle for humanitarianism also lacked some of the glamor of the Motor Vehicles patrol. Excellenz Hoffman, indeed, was beginning to feel that as a field of operations for a budding national statesman, there was something lacking in Jersey. If he was going to be a national statesman, his advisers were suggesting, why didn't he go out and be one? It was a little difficult to arrange, but Harold, the tactician, was equal to the challenge. He decided to venture forth under the spotlight of publicity and call on the Republican personages whom his Trenton entourage described as "the rival candidates".

So he conferred with Col. Frank Knox on one of the latter's frequent New York visits. He conferred with Governor Landon after the two had appeared on equal footing at the same banquet in Cleveland. He tracked the cagey Senator Vandenberg to the office of a New York friend. And he conferred more or less constantly with Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Fighting Harold pounded on tables, he glowed with charm and exhibited shadow-boxing poses, and announced the Trenton the-

ory that, after the preliminary deadlocks were over in the G.O.P. convention, an Eastern war hero with a Westerner's fighting disposition was not to be sneezed at. In the final clinches, he insinuated, it wouldn't do the rival delegates any harm to get behind him, just as "the boys" had gotten behind him on the Jersey Motor Vehicles Commission. "The rivals", however, replied listlessly. Yes, there must be many interesting problems in Jersey and it was pleasant to think that Excellenz Hoffman was handling them so capably. But as pitiless publicity, Harold's threats failed to pay dividends. The Fighter had nothing to report on the conferences, and his fellow-statesmen chivalrously declined to report what they had.

The worst of it was that all these gaudy futilities took time. Suddenly 1935, the year of the great build-up for Presidential aspirants, was over, and New Jersey's less-and-less favorite son had to face life as a problem in self-promotion with the cards stacked against him. Either he must grab destiny by the horns, or he must prepare to answer the roll-call in the most pitiful of all "has-been" clubs — the roster of Jersey's ex-governors.

Again to do him justice, South Amboy's white hope rushed in

where the cannons were thickest. He pondered his strategic problem—briefly, to be sure, but at least long enough for the brain of a Fundamentalist to register the answer. The biggest grandstanding job in New Jersey would be to take an unconventional stand on the merits of the Lindbergh kidnaping case, the biggest fight would be a battle to prove that Bruno Hauptmann had been framed for the murder of the baby, and the biggest publicity ride was available to the Governor who would interfere with Herr Hauptmann's execution.

Jumpy as a buck private at zero hour, flailing his fists at intimates and reporters as well as public enemies, Harold the Fearless took all gages. He announced—carefully choosing New York as his announcing center—that the famed Jersey Justice displeased him. He visited Hauptmann in his cell and listened to new alibis. He put off the execution several months, and spent his nights reconciling fantastic theories of amateur Hauptmann defenders, ranging from citations from the *Book of Revelations* to suggestions that Haile Selassie had had the Lindbergh infant murdered as preliminary to a Negro conquest of America.

Eventually, he chose what certain New Jersey citizens regarded as the most fantastic theory of all. In the town of Mount Holly flourished a rural detective named Ellis Parker. In the glorious days of the Motor Vehicles Commission, he had been one of the Commissioner's petty counsellors. Now he suddenly advanced himself to the post of the Presidential-aspirant's yes-man. Parker produced a harmless eccentric, a disbarred lawyer by the name of Paul H. Wendel, who once had invented a process for turning water into gasoline by impregnating it with moth-balls, and whose personal interest in glamorous crimes was regarded by his social acquaintances as prankish. Prisoner Wendel signed a confession that he, and not Hauptman, was the monster in the Lindburgh case.

Later Mr. Wendel stoutly maintained that his confession had been obtained under duress. And it developed that he had been escorted from New York State to Jersey without regard for certain regulations concerning extradition papers. But by this time Excellenz Hoffman was running for President of Cuckooland on a platform limited to the exploitation of a town character's whimsies, and he elected to stand where he stood.

The Mercer County grand jury consented to make some investigation of Mr. Wendel's disputed criminality, and on the strength of this, the Governor's office indicated that it proposed to delay the Hauptmann execution.

Tactically, it was a situation not unlike one more recently described by Mrs. Wallis Simpson as "unhappy and untenable". So while Detective Parker's crew of amateurs prepared to flee from indictments, the Hauptmann prosecution attorneys invaded the Governor's office for Fighting Harold's last battle. There were hard words about legal bars against further reprieves, and there were even more terrifying suggestions from the newspapers about what could be done with impeachment.

And suddenly South Amboy's public hero wilted. His bright youthful trust that the people love showmen and fighters and that it makes no difference what your publicity is so long as you get it, had brought him to the dizzy verge of martyrdom. Decidedly, Excellenz Hoffman didn't like it. He did not mind, of course, posing as a statesman who would rather be right about the Hauptmann

Case than be President. But being the kind of statesman who would rather stand up for Hauptmann than keep the governorship was a more disturbing alternative.

For whatever it was worth to him, Mr. Hoffman kept the governorship. The news was flashed to a palpitant world that the last defender of framed innocence had capitulated to legal technicalities, and that Bruno, for just one more time, had better prepare to meet his Maker.

The Hauptmann finale has left New Jersey, until 1938, in the somewhat awkward position of a Commonwealth with a Governor who is an anti-climax. Occasionally, Excellenz Hoffman makes an effort to insinuate that he is still a Man With a Future, but he lacks the old gusto. He mutters darkly that "the Hauptmann case has never been solved".

The juice turned on in the Trenton Penitentiary on an April midnight did more than congeal the veins of America's most notable snatcher. It cauterized the humble notion of a South Amboy high-school boy that political grandstanding was as simple as showing off.

THE POSTMAN RINGS AND RINGS

A Story

BY JOHN FANTE

114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
Jan. 25, 1936

Mr. Louis Hirnak,
c/o The American Monthly,
999 9th Avenue,
New York City
Dear Mr. Hirnak:

In my humble opinion all fan letters are idiotic and writers of fan letters are such silly people, but after reading "Pass The Passion" in the January issue of the *American Monthly* I made the reckless resolve that, silly or not, screamingly stupid or not, I was going to write you that I consider you the *ultima thule* of the English tongue since Dickens, and that includes Europeans like Thomas Mann and Marie Corelli. (You see, I read omnivorously.) Your delicious style and the unearthly rhythm of your eerie whimsicality in the name of masterful prose is the most unique and delightfully captivating *élan* I have ever read in my life, and, as my rather perfunc-

tory and unbookish and (need I say it?) Babbitt-like friends will attest, I am an extremely voracious and diversified peruser with an unappeasable appetite for man's noblest Art. Need I say that I am speaking of Literature? After reading "Pass The Passion" I stand tiptoe on a hill with my hair to the wind (blonde, if you please!) and hail you as the new Gogol of the timeless Future, a post-Joycean who belongs to the delectable isolation of the cold blue Nietzscheanism. But allow me, O Genius, to sing of your fabulous gifts in the harsh Present!

With admiration,
(Miss) SHELIA CROTCHETT

~
5436 Venice Blvd.,
Santa Monica, Calif.,
Feb. 5, 1936

Dear Miss Crotchett,

The editor of the *American Monthly* has kindly forwarded me your letter of January 25. I am certainly glad you liked "Pass The

Passion", and I thank you for your generous remarks about my work.

Sincerely yours,

LOUIS HIRNAK



114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
Feb. 10, 1936

My Dear Mr. Hirnak:

Not being in the habit of writing fan letters to authors, you can imagine my unappeasable thrill when your delightful answer arrived all the way from California. But you're far too humble, too modest! Such unrequited humility borders on sheer ambiguity, and when a *bona fide* blonde, nineteen years old, five feet two, weight 112, and considered ultra-modern and streamlined by her rather Babbitish contemporaries — when that blonde forgets the gayety of cocktails and swing music long enough to read and extol to heaven the wonders of "Pass The Passion", then it is a *fait accompli*, a really bright feather in your hat — yes — very very bright! But I starve! I tremble! I am ravenous! I must know! What else is there of yours? Any novels, articles, biographies? And where can I find other short stories? For you see, you have a disciple! Mad? Yes, yes! A trifle!

With admiration,

SHELIA CROTCHETT

5436 Venice Blvd.,
Santa Monica, Calif.,
Feb. 20, 1936

Dear Miss Crotchett,

With regard to your questions, I have never published any articles or biographies, and so far I have not published a novel. If you are interested in my short stories, you will find all my published material listed in *The Readers' Guide To Periodical Literature*.

Sincerely yours,

LOUIS HIRNAK



114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
Feb. 28, 1936

Dear Mr. Hirnak:

Only this moment I returned from the public library where I spent an ecstatic afternoon reading your marvelous short stories. What a genius you are! How your passionate blood flashes through the prose! Your road to immemorial fame and deathlessness in the Future is like unto Dante and Marie Corelli and the fiery travail of William Dean Howells and Charles Swinburne. Your story, "Inches To Love", shows a rare understanding of that delicate spot which is the soul of woman, and your masterful description of the mountains in "God Makes A Tree" proves your unappeasable

appreciation of life and nature. Your ungovernable sense of humor was brilliantly exploited in "Love Isn't Asparagus"; I loved the philosophical implications, the anguish and strife, the lilting phraseology of "A Piece For The Poet", and the tragic quality of "Springtime For Helen" had me aburst with nostalgic tears such as I have never known.

But what of *you!* O fiery one, tell me more! What are your views on marriage? That is — if you *are* married! And please! Are you tall or short, fat or thin? You write so beautifully, your descriptions are so insidiously captivating, your presentation is so incomparably ingenious, so filled with that aromatic zestfulness known as genius, and in conclusion, your facility with words is simply marvelous.

Always,

SHELIA CROTCHETT

~

*114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
March 30, 1936*

Dear Mr. Hirnak:

Did you receive my letter of February 28th? Not having heard from you I thought the letter might have been lost.

Sincerely yours,

SHELIA CROTCHETT

*114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
April 30, 1936*

Dear Mr. Hirnak:

I am so humiliated, so ashamed of my letter of February 28th! What unappeasable presumption! What unrelenting adolescence! Will you ever forgive me for being so idiotically inane and asking such banal questions about your personal life? You write so beautifully, with such distinguished poise, and to think I had to ask such silly questions! I know you resented every one of them, and I just know you think me such a silly little idiot. Please forgive me, Mr. Hirnak! Please tell me I haven't offended you.

With apologies,

SHELIA CROTCHETT

~

*5436 Venice Blvd.,
Santa Monica, Calif.,
May 5, 1936*

My Dear Miss Crotchett,

You haven't offended me at all! On the contrary, I shall be very glad to give you an account of myself. I have been married and divorced six times. I have a bigamy charge now pending here in Los Angeles — my last two divorces having been illegally procured in Mexico. I am four feet nine inches tall, and I weigh 205 pounds. I am

sixty-five years old, and the father of seven children. My nose was broken during a youthful pugilistic career, and I lost a leg and an arm in the World War. Most of my life has been spent in box cars, except a period in adolescence when I resided at a reformatory for a vicious stunt us guys pulled on a little girl. My mother, I never saw alive; she died of drink a week after my birth. Whether my father and mother were legally married I am unable to say. My father is still alive: twenty years ago he was convicted of rape and is now serving a life-term at Leavenworth. I saw him five years ago, and we had a long talk. I was paroled in 1932.

Sincerely yours,

LOUIS HIRNAK



*114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
May 10, 1936*

My Dear Louis Hirnak:

O lovely liar! O scoffer supreme! O beautiful cynic! Shades of Cellini! Shades of Baron Munchausen! Of course I believe you! You poor, poor, unappeasable mortal!

Did you know you are my inspiration? Well, you are! Ever since our correspondence began I have been writing a short story and at last it is done, finished,

complete! But what to do with it? Tell, O Genius, tell me! I, an unknown, without a "name" and without the courage to let another see my work; my words, my poor, feeble, little-girl words. Can you chide me for my silence, I, this small voice in the wilderness, this still small voice of conscience? But you! Your heart is deep and tender, for I have read your words and I know the vast reaches of your unappeasable sympathy. Tell me that you will read my story! Tell me that my ideal of you shall not be smirched, that indeed you are human; nay the very humanities, the kindness and goodness of immortal genius!

Hopefully,

SHELIA CROTCHETT



*5436 Venice Blvd.,
Santa Monica, Calif.,
May 20, 1936*

Dear Miss Crotchett,

I was afraid of this. But send the story along. I can't undertake to rewrite it, but I will read it.

Sincerely yours,

LOUIS HIRNAK



*114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
May 25, 1936*

Dear Mr. Hirnak:

I cringe! I tremble like a leaf

and await breathlessly your commentary. Spare me not, O Genius! I welcome your brutality and my desire for your praises cannot be appeased. Truth alone, I seek — Truth. And like one at the feet of Socrates I beg piteously, a voice in the wilderness, seeking the beauty of words, a direction to Paradise, a path to the fruits of expression. . . .

While I was at it, Mr. Hirnak, I thought I would send you a few other things I have written. They include three novels and fifteen short stories. I just feel in my heart they are good, but I just can't seem to sell them. I can readily understand what you mean when you say you cannot undertake to rewrite them, but if you will reconsider I will give you twenty per cent (20%) of the sale price, and you can sign your name to them too with mine.

But above all — the truth! I await your words, for you are my Gospel, my Pentateuch. The truth! I seek the truth!

Gratefully yours,

SHELIA CROTCHETT

~

5436 Venice Blvd.,
Santa Monica, Calif.,

June 3, 1936

Dear Miss Crotchett,

Your complete works arrived

this morning, express collect. I am greatly surprised at such volume. Had I known there was so much to read, I am afraid I would have declined the opportunity. However, the stuff has crossed the country and now lies on my desk; under the circumstances it is best I read it, I suppose. But I must formally decline your offer of collaboration. My own stuff keeps me too busy to consider any sort of partnership. It may be some time before I complete the reading of your pieces, since there are so many.

Sincerely yours,

LOUIS HIRNAK

~

114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
June 7, 1936

Dear Mr. Hirnak:

You cannot collaborate? Ah, that is my tragedy! I had hoped, I had dreamed, I had even prayed . . . but need I speak more? I accept your dictate with unappeasable gratitude. Eagerly I await your instructions; eagerly I anticipate the truth, however painful, however replete with pain and sadness, for I seek the truth, and you shall lead me to its *sanc-tum sanctorum*.

Gratefully ever yours,

SHELIA CROTCHETT

*114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
July 10, 1936*

Dear Mr. Hirnak:

I am loath to being impatient, I am humiliated by my incandescent eagerness. Forgive me! And yet — have you read any of my pitiful offerings as yet?

Eagerly,

SHELIA CROTCHETT

~

*114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
Oct. 18, 1936*

Dear Mr. Hirnak:

More than three months have passed and I have had no word from you. Far be it from me to make accusations, but it does seem a long time since I sent you my stories.

Sincerely yours,

SHELIA CROTCHETT

~

*114 Shady Lane,
Columbus, Ohio,
Nov. 2, 1936*

Dear Mr. Hirnak:

Please return my stories immediately. After all, it has been too long and there is no excuse for this intolerable delay.

Yours truly,

SHELIA CROTCHETT

OHIO SEWER PIPE CO.
SEWERS MEAN CIVILIZATION
Columbus Ohio USA

Dec. 1, 1936

Mr. Louis Hirnak,
5436 Venice Blvd.,
Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Sir:

My wife, Mrs. Shelia Crotchett, informs me that you have in your possession certain valuable manuscripts of stories and books belonging to her, and that you positively refuse to return these valuable properties. I have undertaken to act for Mrs. Crotchett in this matter, and unless we have action at once in the return of these properties, I shall be forced to take the matter to the courts.

Yours truly,

J. V. CROTCHETT

JVC:k

~

*5436 Venice Blvd.,
Santa Monica, Calif.,
Dec. 15, 1936*

J. V. Crotchett, Esq.,
Ohio Sewer Pipe Co.,
Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Crotchett:

At odd moments for the past months I have gone through the writings of your wife, (Miss) Shelia Crotchett. There were at least thirty hours of reading to the job, and I had no opportunity to

give myself without interruption to the tedious task. Frankly, and as man to man, I don't hesitate to tell you the stuff is so hopelessly bad that I am at a loss to suggest any correction.

The fact that you have intervened for your wife makes the situation less difficult; for my opinion is that your wife can't write and never will write intelligently. Out of some 800,000 words sent me, I cannot remember one paragraph, or even one sentence, worth the time spent writing it. I should certainly hate to encourage Mrs. Crotchett even slightly to try for publication. Of course she will continue to write anyhow, but my advice is that she abandon any idea of selling her stuff. I could be wrong here, but I don't think I am. Under separate cover I am forwarding the manuscripts to you in care of the Ohio Sewer Pipe Company.

Sincerely yours,

LOUIS HIRNAK

OHIO SEWER PIPE CO.
SEWERS MEAN CIVILIZATION
Columbus Ohio USA

Dec. 22, 1936

Mr. Louis Hirnak,
5436 Venice Blvd.,
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir:

The manuscripts have been received. I consider your letter a scurrilous insult, not only to me but to Mrs. Crotchett as well. Despite your sarcastic remarks, my wife has countless friends who consider her literary writings much superior to recognized authors, and certainly much superior to the writings of an unknown upstart like yourself.

Mrs. Crotchett and I happen to be decent Americans, while you have a very foreign-sounding name. If there is so much about the United States that you aliens don't like, why the hell don't you go back where you came from?

Yours truly,

J. V. CROTCHETT

JVC:k



THE FAD OF DEVIL-BAITING

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THE ancient art of labeling political adversaries as demons appears to have reached a new high in these ferocious times. The heretic hunters, the spys-out of perverted opinions, and the unmaskers of religious, political, and class enemies are inheriting the earth again. In the present instance, the instigators of the uproar are the Red-baiters and Fascist-baiters, the New and Old Deal-baiters, the Socialist- and Reactionary-baiters — rather than the witch-burners, the persecutors of the Anabaptist heresies, or the Crusaders against the Protocols of Zion. The net result, however, is the same. The air above the American veldt is throbbing with the incoherent epithets of a bewildering demonology.

When, in the middle of an evening of cheery 1937 tabletalk, a fellow citizen is called a "dirty Red", it becomes increasingly difficult to determine whether he is a whirling Leninist or merely a Young Republican whom the D.A.R. suspects of favoring an eight-hour day. When the Com-

munists describe some newly exposed Class Enemy as a Hitlerite, only a profound study of the context will establish whether they are exposing a Nazi agitator or expressing their opinion of a fellow-cellmate who prefers to carry out the Revolution by decimating, rather than exterminating, the Old Guard Socialists.

The situation is, of course, by no means unprecedented. Even in the best of times, an enormous fraction of the race imagines itself making way heroically against the play of diabolic forces, and gives the adversaries such infernal names as are necessary to keep the melodrama going. In hard and furious times, the tendency to wallow in the belief that the heterodoxies of the enemy imply devil-possession attains psychotic ecstasy. To indicate the current stage of devil-labeling, I cite three instances.

The other evening, at what had started out to be a cheerful dinner party on the fringe of New York's Little Moscow, one of the guests reported progress in negotiations

for a job on one of the country's outstandingly Pinkish magazines.

"But you've been working for two years now in the Left-wing of the Newspaper Guild," his fellow-guests shrilled angrily. "If you join that outfit, you place yourself definitely with the Fascists. How the hell do you expect to keep your friends and get away with that?"

They meant it seriously. When the victim attempted to reply with mild persiflage, they informed him that humor, in such discussions, was "Fascist", too. The wrangle went on for hours. The burden of it was that, if you tried to laugh at anything, however absurd, in any item of the Communist position, you were *ipso facto* the unconscious gull of Nazi counter-irritants, a definite, if unwitting, Class Enemy.

One of the other incidents was, in a sense, my own misadventure. Recently I spent an evening with a few lifelong friends in the Middle-Western town where I was born. A short while before, the community had gone through a series of spectacular labor troubles. My friends were complaining about a fellow-industrialist whose chief sin seemed to be that he had a knack for getting along with labor unions, and so had escaped embarrassment.

"I tell you the only reason Eric gets by with it is because he's a god-damn Red," one of my hosts philosophized fiercely.

But no, according to the others, Eric wasn't a Red, precisely. Someone even attempted an academic discourse on the variance between the absentee's views and orthodox Marxism.

"Well, he's a god-damn Liberal, anyhow," the first speaker broke in.

"Yes, that's it," the others mouthed back in the scandalized tone my high-school teachers used to employ in describing a Cigarette Fiend. . . . "Yes, Eric's a Liberal."

The final incident occurred in surroundings infinitely more decorous—the lounge of a New York club, so conservative that, by the canons of its ancient flunkies, the rival Union League establishment seems almost pink. In its dim shadows, one recent cocktail hour, four aging titans of industry with trailing white mustaches were discussing the problems of American statesmanship.

"Charles," one of them remarked with finality, "is an excellent fellow, and if you have ever employed him as a lawyer, you know there can be no question as to his honesty. But for the job he is in now, he is much too Radical."

... As the white heads nodded in profound agreement, the speaker repeated: "Far too Radical!"

They were discussing Charles Evans Hughes, C.J.

II

To me, however, the significant circumstance about such melancholy séances is that not one of these various name-callers hazarded a rational definition of *Fascism*, or *Liberalism*, or *Radicalism*, or even, except in the way of passionate and cloudy insinuation, offered the slightest inkling of what the words implied to the speakers personally. Except that the group cuss-words were exploded with vastly more spleen — like a certain four-word, fighting expletive in the pre-smiling age — there was nothing to show that accuracy was involved any more than in the current parlor use of the mild reproach-term, *bastard*.

Furthermore, I suspect that no plausible statement of the preferred devil-label's meaning could have been dragged out of any of the groups by wild horses. That a Radical might be a reformer looking for the roots of social difficulties, that a Liberal might be a Liberty League member in good standing seeking to free business

from the rising mesh of bureaucratic collectivism, that a Fascist might, by any interpretation of recent history, be regarded as a disciplinary extremist, simply did not occur to them. Each group was a little church of contemporary demonologists enjoying the 1937 equivalent to a Baptist camp revival. Until they had pasted the favorite hate-label on the current form of diabolism, with due evangelical imprecision, the worshippers simply couldn't quit having their fun and go home.

They were, however, merely following an old, if dishonorable, American precedent. For the early Republic's name-calling talents proved themselves really ingenious. Terms like *mobocrat*, *leveller*, *dough face*, *barn-burner*, *cane-bully*, *Black Republican* (and the even more startling combination, *Radical Republican*), *copperhead*, *carpet-bagger*, and *scalawag* still stand in the record. It was not until the close of the century, however, that the modern embellishments of demonological confusion began to make their appearance. At that time the labor strife which was currently harassing the country immensely sharpened the average citizen's capacity for belief in devil-possession; and more or less inevitably, the devil-labeling

business ascended out of the province of gifted amateurs and became a paying racket.

The first essays of the modern propaganda engineers concerned the key devil-words *anarchist* and *capitalist*. The term Anarchist was the upper bourgeoisie's word for man's infernal nature as displayed in the Class Struggle, and it dawned on a startled world of bustles and rubber plants in the late 'Eighties. The Anarchists in the day's news were blowing up Russian Grand Dukes with spectacular frequency, and had just been convicted, in the Chicago Haymarket riots of 1886, of blowing up a sizable fraction of the Chicago police department. Therefore, since Anarchists were the manifest devils of social subversion, the first step in the new name-calling orgy was so to brand everyone who in any way found fault with the economic order. In result, the few small cells of working Nihilists, struggling for a following and saving their pennies for bomb funds, shortly had a fair chance to complain that their personal publicity was neglected. Everyone who objected to the way the chief vestryman ran his grocery store was, by definition of some rabble-rouser of the current Social Security Leagues, an Anarchist. Every walking delegate was an

Anarchist; every labor unionist, including young Mr. Samuel Gompers, was one; every beer-guzzler at a Knights of Labor spree was another; so were all the professors who suggested that the System was subject to minor improvements; and, at the height of the 1896 campaign furies, so were most of Mr. Bryan's Free Silverites. The world, in short, according to the demonological notions of the first families, was divided between a few hard-beset Nice People and hordes of revolutionary vermin awaiting their chance to blow up the saw-mill and massacre the women, come the next moonless midnight.

On the other hand, labor's devil word was *capitalist*. This term, too, suffered a considerable expansion of its original meaning, and in practice included, besides persons who actually put up money to run industries, all straw bosses of whatever social station, and all solvent fellow-employees who, after accepting the employer's \$20 a week, still admitted that the Old Man might have some virtues. Also, at the hands of labor's propaganda engineers, moving from county seat to county seat in an aura of free beer and pork chops, the significance of the word was sharply, not to say diabolically, personal-

ized. When the organizing secretary of their central body got through with them, any county seat union audience of the 'Nineties knew that a Capitalist was a fat man in loud clothes, living exclusively on champagne and chicken, with an odor of expensive cigars about his person, and a brutal leer on his countenance suggesting the sadistic pleasure he took in cheating widows and orphans while grinding down the idealistic proletariat.

Eventually *anarchist* and *capitalist* lost most of their devil-evoking potency in competition with the rain of personal epithets flowing out of, and into, the White House during the first Roosevelt Administration. But while their vogue lasted, they performed an inestimable service. They raised the American gifts for the misuse of devil-labels above and beyond the call of normal partisan prejudice. They prepared the American emotional soil for the supreme demonological delirium of the 1930's and were, in short, about the most illuminating sign heaven could have sent to warn us that the age of Red-baiting and Fascist-baiting — not to mention Liberal-baiting, Conservative-baiting, Tory-baiting, and Property-baiting — was at hand.

III

True Red-baiting, as we currently know it — the indoor and outdoor pastime licensing each Americano to register everyone outside his own Boy Scout troop as an active member of the clan demonology — was a War Baby. In 1918 the Reds almost overnight became literal devils to several hundred thousand physically, but not mentally, demobilized four-minute orators and Liberty Loan spellbinders, who leaped back onto their soapboxes and into their movie theater *rostra* with glad cries, and soon, with considerable phonetic variation, were tossing the word *bolshevist* abroad as glibly as *son-of-a-bitch* at a beer-fest. Not only was the returned soldier's kick against Prohibition a symptom of Bolshevism, but every dirty look from a discharged munitions worker was evidence of the machinations of Moscow and every strike against "deflationary" wage cuts was a part of the Direct Action schedule of Comrade Lenin.

Thus, although in the early years of the struggle the number of convinced Communists in the Republic probably never ran above a few thousand, the number of citizens proscribed as Reds by the demonologists ran into the millions. Long

before the 1920's had been lived through, the Reds included all the starry-eyed Liberals who protested against child labor and wage levels in the textile mills, objectors to the Pittsburgh forms of Stakhanovism in the steel industry, aesthetes who criticized the state of *belles lettres* in Nebraska, moralists who took issue with the divorce laws of South Carolina, ecclesiastics who doubted the perfect revelation of Episcopalian theology, college professors who wrote books against the protective tariff, the doctrine of original sin, and universal military conscription—in short, practically every yellow-fanged Leninist and wishful nationalizer of women in the Republic who did not belong to the proper country clubs.

In the beginning of the contest, on the other hand, the Reds were embarrassed by the lack of a plausible vocabulary of diabolism. It made no sense to talk of Class Enemies in a country whose most dearly clutched sentimentalities abjured the very idea of classes; or of Counter-Revolutionaries in a country whose last revolution had subsided in 1783. But just as their struggle to create a genuinely popular Main Street demonology seemed bogged down, who should come to the Red's rescue but their

fellow-collectivists, Messrs. Mussolini and Hitler? To the Communists and their assistant-propagandists of all shades of the "I Am Not a Communist, But—" persuasion, the pathway to the easy vilification of all Class Enemies was suddenly made clear. The word *Fascist* glowered in the American mind with all the loathsome associations of forcible castor oil dosages, "move on" orders from cops, ritual murders, blood purges, racial persecutions, pederasty, the suppression of wisecracks about statesmen, and above all, the humor-impervious strut of *Duce* and *Führer*. Fascists were, by their own collectivist definitions, the blood enemies of Communists. Therefore, according to the Communist demonological lexicon, all critics of Siberian labor camps should become Fascists.

In demonological procreation, it was the Reds' supreme victory. All D.A.R. definitions as to who is, or is not, a dangerous Communist, seem in comparison naïve and parochial. In the Moscow-Union Square rationalization, it is not only possible to apply the epithet "Fascist!" to all New Dealers, all anti-New Dealers, and all advocates of the restoration of legitimist Stuart monarchy in the American colonies, but it is equally possible

to insult Felix Frankfurter, Norman Thomas, Upton Sinclair, and the editors of the *New Masses* with the same cuss word. Furthermore, under the providence of God and of Vladimir Ilich Ulianov, in the devil-hunting spasms of one Communist cell or another, each and every one of these things has literally been done.

IV

For a finale of confusions, however, I give you the once honest word, *Liberal*. From the time of its introduction into British politics in the late 1820's, a Liberal, by official definition, was an enemy of repressive government, a friend of personal liberty, and a mild reformer who preferred to do most of his reforming by setting the citizen free from the curfews, caprices, and nursery ordinances of his rulers. Substantially, in the British political dictionaries, this is its meaning still. When, just after the Civil War, it traveled west with Godkin, it lost little of its admirable virility, even in the weaselly American air. A Liberal was still a man who was philosophically critical of his government, and for the soundest of reasons: he could take care of himself considerably better than the government could,

and robustly demanded the chance. Added to this original significance was perhaps a slight swank of Victorian humanitarianism, but this merely made it more British and hence more respectable.

It was, however, far too good an angelic label to be left lying around. So in due season it was picked up by the Greenback Party, which proposed to enlarge the life of the masses by printing cheaper money. Next, the Populists pasted it on their bosoms, apparently because they proposed to make urban civilization tributary to the farm. The charm held, and in gaudy profusion the other armies of reformers, regimenters, and collectivists enlisted under the banner — Bryanites, Bull Moosers, Non-Partisan Leaguers, I.W.W.'s, the Farm-Labor Party, the La Follette Conference for Progressive Political Action, John Dewey and V. F. Calverton heretics, Townsendites, Huey Long Share-the-Wealthers, Upton Sinclair EPICS, and F. D. Roosevelt's of the First New Deal *Reich*.

Onward and outward through the 1930's this bastard Liberal procession continues to storm toward the gates of orthodox Communism. Meanwhile from the other side, led on by the Republicans' crusading trumpets, there came a sud-

den and rather appalling rush to the most overcrowded of band-wagons by a horde of philosophers whose individualism largely consisted of a personal interest in unrestricted monopoly. And, as a whimsical climax, at the 1936 national nominating convention of his order, a Mr. Edgar Blake spoke eloquently on the Liberal record of the Prohibition Party.

But inevitably a word of such diverse angelic connotations is now drifting rapidly into the demonologies of elements which have accepted its more grotesque misapplications as genuine. So, anxious to find why my friends of a strike-plagued Hoosier county seat should have read such subversive inflections into a word which Mr. Hoover applies with manifest pride to his fellow mining promoters, I have conducted certain researches. And in a recent book¹ written by a public sage of Central Ohio, I have received the ultimate in demonological revelation. Philosopher McKinney observes:

The true Liberals of America . . . are now engaged in undermining American institutions. . . . [They are] a hodgepodge of beetle-browed ignorance and naïve sentimentalism . . . gorilla-faced offscourings of the

docks and shipyards, pampered females of the upper bourgeoisie, misshapen products of the slums, sleek-haired younglings of the best families whose parents have let them run wild, dark-skinned beady-eyed foreigners . . . special types bearing the imprint of disease or nervous malady. . . . One can picture them as lavishing mother love upon a rat or an eater of carrion, but not in the act of cuddling a frisky pup or pouring a saucer of cream for a domestic cat. . . .

I leave it at that. A Liberal is either what Mr. Hoover says he is, or what a California EPIC says he is. You make up your own demonology and you take your choice.

In any case, devil-labeling in the Republic has fallen into a melancholy state of imbecile decadence, planned hysteria, and bewildering hypocrisy. A fascinating business, once operated by our forefathers for the benefit of their natural enemies with fair artistic precision, has become the province of definition-twisting evangelists. As a result, it is seriously questionable, to men who value their dictionaries, if there is as much clarity left in our political speech as there is in the argot of gun molls.

Yet, bad as the case is, I suspect there is no cure for it; that as time goes on we shall suffer worse and more of it. There is no law against the misuse of political labels except the virtually irrelevant law of libel;

¹ *Our Loony Liberals*, by Frank Louis McKinney. Stoneman Press; Columbus, Ohio.

and in his right to possess a demonology — or demonologies in squadrons and regiments — the citizen is protected by constitutional fiat. The sordid realism of French and British politics which leads Radicals to call themselves *Radicals*, Conservatives *Conservatives*, and Socialists *Socialists* is suspect to the more imaginative tradition of the American politico. Too early and too completely he learned

at his Uncle Samuel's knee that whatever a thing is, it should, for political purposes, be called something else.

So perhaps the most honest solution is to face the situation with saturnine courage, and revise the Great Seal of the United States to fit the demonological overtones. My suggestion is for a hog-caller and a weasel, rampant on a field of poison gas.



IRON

BY EDWARD A. RICHARDS

I DO NOT know how iron gets
 Into the blood and bone and flesh
 Nor how once there the body nets
 And holds such solid stuff in mesh.

Not easy got, nor free from rust,
 Its particles more stout than gold
 Better than finer golden dust
 It may survive the heat and cold.

You see its beauty in the Fall
 In rusty grass, the yearly doom
 Of leaves encrusted on the wall —
 The iron flushing into bloom.

WHY CANADIANS DISLIKE US

BY RICHARD W. SCOTT

DESPITE booster-club love feasts, thousands of miles of undefended frontier, and a recent trade agreement, there is no doubt that the average Canadian dislikes the United States and is inclined to snicker joyously at any American setback. There is no doubt also that this dislike is a comparatively modern development which is increasing rapidly. Fifty years ago there was in Canada a large group advocating annexation to the United States; twenty-five years ago a trade agreement was rejected by the voters in the fear that it might lead to another drive for annexation; today, the mere idea of annexation is ridiculous. Everybody is of one mind; they vary only in the vehemence with which they condemn all American influence in Canada.

The chief causes for this growing dislike are three in number. First comes the invincible ignorance of the average American concerning Canada and Canadians. Second is the fact that the average Canadian believes that throughout

many years, America has consistently got the better of us in mutual trade deals. Third is the Canadian fear of becoming unwillingly Americanized through the flooding of the country with American ideas, magazines, radio programs, and goods. Consider the Canadian case, then.

Every year the Canadian Press, an organization similar to the Associated Press, carries at least one news story about the American tourists who arrive on a hot July day in Montreal wearing fur coats and carrying skis. Our papers always publish the item under a jocular head, but the joke is wearing pretty damned thin. When will you learn that the majority of our citizens live south of Helena and Duluth, and enjoy a milder climate than do the residents of those two cities?

The tourist has, too, a brother-in-arms who does America a great deal of harm. This is the gentleman who a few years ago came up to Canada for his annual drunk. Usually he went to Montreal where

he had been told that things were a little more open than in other parts of the Dominion. He was loud, boisterous, and thoroughly objectionable — but he was a good paying customer and as such he was tolerated. After all, we could say in a superior manner: "Just another drunken Yank".

He still turns up occasionally, and since the liquor law has been relaxed at home, expects it to be relaxed here. He sometimes strolls into a drugstore and orders a cocktail. On being told that they do not serve drinks and that he can buy only distilled liquors in a government store and consume them only in the privacy of his own room, he replies that "this is a hell of a town. Can't a man drink in peace?"

This visitor incidentally emphasizes another and more serious count in our indictment of Americans — your complete ignorance of our system of government. We on our side of the boundary follow American political developments with great interest. Last November's election brought extras on the streets of our leading cities. But do you show a return interest? Not at all. For instance, not long ago the writer was a copyreader on a large Midwestern paper when an election was held in Canada. Late on voting night, seeing no story

and wanting the information, I queried the Associated Press bureau and was asked in return: "When was the election?"

During the great liquor debates, many an American held forth in my presence on the manifold advantages of the Canadian Plan. My insistence that there was no such thing as a Canadian Plan was received with incredulity. Even after I explained that Canada, like the United States, was a federal union and that the government had long since decided to permit the provinces to regulate the liquor traffic, remnants of unbelief remained.

But why beat a dead horse? Almost any Canadian can name the President of the United States, most of them would recognize the names of several of his Cabinet associates, a few of us reach such sublime heights that mention of Garner will not lead us to wonder why a racing jockey should be dragged into a political discussion. But I challenge the majority of the readers of *THE MERCURY* to name the present Prime Minister of Canada, his predecessor, and two members of their Cabinets.

II

These pinpricks to our national self-esteem are negligible in com-

parison with more serious matters of dollars and cents. Except in times of extraordinary conditions, Canada has always conducted more trade with the United States than with any other country. During the six-year period, 1929-1934, inclusive, the United States supplied us with 64.52 per cent of all goods we bought outside our country. As the population of Canada is only slightly over 10,000,000, this amounted to about \$312 for every man, woman, and child. The three billions' worth of goods represented 15.58 per cent of all your exports. So much for our purchases from you. Turning to the other side of the picture, we find that during the same period, Canada exported:

<i>To the entire world</i>	<i>To the United States</i>
\$4,943,188,043	\$1,937,113,684

That is, the United States bought only 39.19 per cent of our exports, despite the fact that she had supplied a much larger portion of our imports. Estimating the population of the United States at 120,000,000, this amounted to \$16 per head during the six years. It can thus be seen that the average Canadian is almost twenty times as good a customer for the American exporter as the American is for the Canadian shipper. Surely a fellow-trader who consistently buys so much

more than he sells is worth conciliating. But do you try to conciliate your Canadian customer? Just ask him and hear his raucous laughter, or better still, look to the declining balances of trade in your favor since we have definitely tried to turn trade into some other channel because of certain experiences with you. But don't mistake this sentence as a criticism of your businessmen. The Canadian's objection is to your government measures, your tariffs.

The basis of this belief can be seen in a very brief review of those tariff changes which have most materially affected us. Back in 1851, the British colonies that now form the eastern portion of Canada entered into a reciprocal trade agreement with the United States whereby the products of the farm, the forest, the sea, and the mine were to move without hindrance from tariffs between the two countries. The treaty was to run for ten years and at the expiration was to continue unless condemned by either side. When the trial period had elapsed, the United States was too busy fighting for its existence to worry about the source of needed supplies. This was the heyday of the early Canadian farmer. The end of the Civil War found a smoldering dislike for the British

pervading your entire country. Without delay the treaty was condemned by the United States, and the best market for the Canadian farmer was lost.

In 1911 the United States again offered a reciprocal agreement. It was not as wide as the earlier pact, but no one doubted its value to Canada. Never, even in the days of the annexation movement, was there so great a feeling of goodwill. The pact was offered in February. In September, the people of Canada sullenly but doggedly marched to the polls and rejected it. The government which had tentatively accepted it was defeated. A new government came into office, winning the election on a battle cry of "No truck or trade with the Yankee!" Why did this come about? And why does mention of the rejected agreement still bring to the average Canadian doubts as to your good faith?

What happened was that American politicians spoke out of turn. They forgot that we are as proud of our national status as you. Before there was any real opposition to the agreement in Canada, Mr. Taft, then President, started it. Heaven knows what his motive was. He must have realized his remark, "Canada is at the parting of the ways", could only be construed

as a suggestion that as a result of the agreement we were shortly to enter the American Union. But anyway, he said it; and anger flared up in Canada. Even then the pact might not have been lost; its terms were too valuable; we might have comforted ourselves with the reflection that Mr. Taft was a sadly harassed politician on the way out. But unhappily he was not the worst offender.

Champ Clark, at that time hopeful of opposing Mr. Taft in the Presidential election, may not have allowed anyone to kick his dog around, but he certainly kicked the reciprocity agreement higher than a kite when he said: "I am for it because I want to see the day when there will be only one country on this continent and all will live in freedom under the Stars and Stripes."

That tore it. The only thing we didn't do was poll the Mexican vote, too. And that only because it was not needed. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, our greatest statesman, who had been Prime Minister for fifteen consecutive years, went down to defeat. His government had dared to deal with the double-crossing Yankees. Anyone who remembers the waving of the bloody shirt can picture the election oratory that flooded Canada. Several newspa-

pers daily printed reproductions of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, and asked pointedly: "Under which flag?" What chance had a reasoned economic statement against this type of campaigning?

Shortly afterward came the Underwood tariff which, while not as favorable as the reciprocity agreement, did let us reach your market. During and just after the World War, some of our farmers sold to the United States almost enough goods to pay for the farm implements and tractors we bought from you. This was too good to last, however, and was followed by the great effort of the Republican Party to teach the farmers of the Mid-West the benefits of protection. Canada was, of course, the chief victim. But that caused no worry to your politicians. We had swallowed the denunciation of the early agreement after the Civil War and continued to buy your goods. We had taken with heartfelt thanks the very small crumbs of the Underwood tariff and increased our buying of your goods. Thus, we would continue to buy your goods even if Fordney and McCumber built a tariff wall so high that we could not throw a potato over it.

Our exporting farmers of the 1911-1922 era went broke, but

others grew up with better pitching arms and managed to make a precarious living. Still we bought your goods in ever-increasing quantities. From 1922 until 1930, trade between the two countries increased steadily, with as usual a tremendous balance in favor of the United States. Then came the Hawley-Smoot-Hoover attempt to put two chickens in every pot. It went without saying that every effort would be made to assure that neither of the chickens was Canadian-born.

More bricks were added to the tariff wall and with each of them another Canadian farmer abandoned his land and came to the city to try to get a job in one of the branch factories a Yankee company was opening. The judgment of the tariff makers was poor, however. The last brick had in it one straw too many and Canada turned elsewhere for trade opportunities. Look again at that list of favorable trade balances your country has enjoyed throughout the last fifty years. See what has happened since 1931. Year by year it has fallen. True, your last tariff enactment cut American consumption of Canadian goods from \$4.10 per head in 1929 to \$1.60 in 1934, but in return we have cut our purchases of your goods from \$86.80 to \$23.81.

Within the past year, Canada

and the United States have entered into a trade agreement effective for three years. It is a parody on the original agreement of the 1850's; it is nothing like as extensive as the unaccepted one of 1911; it does not give us the favorable rates we enjoyed under the Underwood tariff; in some respects, it is not even as beneficial as the Fordney-McCumber plan. And even this emasculated agreement has been, as George Creel wrote, "signed, sealed, and damned".

III

I make no pretense that the above is an impartial statement of our trade relations, for an American telling the story would give it very different values, a French or German economist reviewing the matter would put a plague on both our houses. The point, however, is that it is what the average Canadian thinks of trade connections; it is what has been drilled into his head by his political leaders and press until it is dogma. And it is undoubtedly the greatest single reason why we dislike you.

Closely allied to the question of trade is the Canadian fear of American dominance through what might be called peaceful penetration. Canada, being a new and still

undeveloped country, must import foreign capital. Before the World War the vast bulk of this came from Great Britain. During the War the United States became our chief source for extra capital and she has maintained that position since. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics estimated the total wealth of Canada as of January 1, 1931 (the last available date), at \$30,840,210,000. Of this total, \$6,477,879,000 was held outside Canada, the United States holdings being \$4,107,803,000. This amount is almost twice the \$2,204,857,000 in British interests.

Is it any wonder we fear Americanization? Our automobiles are your automobiles, albeit we pay about thirty per cent more for them. Our toothpastes are those extensively advertised in the American magazines, which always include their Canadian sales when talking of "effective coverage". The razors we use bear American names although they are made in a Canadian branch factory. The typewriter I use for this article carries the line "Made at Ilion, New York, U.S.A." It would be impossible for me to buy a Canadian machine, and there is only one of British make on our markets. And if a Canadian suffers from headache as he contemplates these figures, the American Mr. Bayer

stands ready at hand with aspirin relief.

American motion pictures dominate the Canadian amusement industry. Our movie houses are owned or leased by the great American chains. In my own home town the chief theater is known as the RKO-Capital. Even with the recent growth of Elstree, the ratio of American to British pictures shown in Canada is better than a hundred to one. And American fan magazines flood our news counters. I have never seen one that was printed elsewhere.

The three leading American national weeklies all outsell our largest Canadian magazines, and through them is fostered the use of American goods. From them we get far more information of American political development than our newspapers can supply us of British progress. Mr. Roosevelt's name is more familiar than Stanley Baldwin's.

Even our manners are American rather than British, and growing more so. We take off our hats in

elevators and call them *elevators* instead of *lifts*. We drive and walk on the right side of the street instead of the left. Our college boys and girls join fraternities and sororities affiliated with American national chapters. Our workingmen join unions which in turn are branches of American unions and ultimately members of the American Federation of Labor.

Here, then, is why we dislike you. You know very little about us, and care less: that hurts our pride. For years you have got the better of us in trade and are now buying up our country: that hurts our pocket-book. Finally we are rapidly growing so like you that soon there will be no difference between us: that shocks our dignity. In brief, we dislike you because, whether you desire it or not, the United States cannot help acting as our big brother. And who could ever love a big brother who was so much bigger, so much handsomer, so much richer, so much cleverer, and so damned sure that he was all these things?



LOTTERIES OFFICIALLY APPROVED

BY W. P. MUNGER, JR.

IN THESE days of unbalanced budgets and heavy taxes, there is one spot on the planet where there is a popular form of taxation — Australia. Under the hot Antipodal sun, the rare phenomenon of a painless and voluntary tax is enthusiastically supported by the public. Every month 1,500,000 Australians — about one-quarter of the population — invest approximately one dollar each in State lotteries sanctioned by federal law, even though the odds against winning the grand prize are 100,000 to 1. And every month 15,000 Australians receive cash prizes, ranging from \$20 to \$20,000.

There are four great Australian lotteries, the most interesting one of which is probably the New South Wales State Lottery. Its office occupies an entire six-story building, and employs 270 people who write 25,000 tickets daily. Girls, working in four-hour shifts, issue from 800 to 1000 tickets each session; and they are always rushed by voluntary taxpayers. There are six drawings per month on an average,

with 100,000 subscribers at a dollar a ticket. First prize is \$20,000; second, \$4000; third, \$2000, and fourth, \$1200. Then there are minor prizes: 20 of \$400, 20 of \$120, 30 of \$80, 200 of \$40, and 500 of \$20. Each \$1.05 ticket is divided thus: four cents, office expenses and postage; thirty-six cents, public hospitals and clinics; sixty-five cents, prize money. In a four-year period of operation, the net profit for the benefit of public hospitals and clinics totaled as follows:

1932	\$2,800,000
1933	2,900,000
1934	2,800,000
1935	2,500,000

In the same four years, more than 3,000,000 applications for tickets were handled without a single mistake. On the top floor of the building, six girls open the morning mail — usually 6000 letters — and pass it on for examination by six other girls who sort the contents. Letters of praise and condemnation are filed for future reference, while applications for

tickets are given immediate attention. The fan-mail ranges from learned dissertations on the mystic power of number nine to complaints that "low numbers never win". About ninety-eight per cent of these letters are answered.

Meanwhile, on the ground floor, girls accept applications and cash over counters, writing tickets for investors who call at the office in person, in order to obtain "lucky" numbers or to save the threepence fee allowed kiosk proprietors for filing applications. About 15,000 persons daily crowd past the uniformed war veteran who guards the door of the lottery office. The poorer classes predominate in this queue, and there are more women than men. The 100,000 to 1 chance of winning \$20,000—enough to start a business, buy a farm, or retire—is not too slim for these fascinated patrons.

The six drawings per month are held, usually on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 9:30 A.M., at Australia Hall. The seats fill up rapidly with 500 citizens, who, exercising their privilege under the State Lotteries Act of 1930, act as witnesses to the ceremony. Spectators include middle-aged women, men on the dole, and visitors from Outback. Scrupulous formality is observed. The Audi-

tor-General of the State of New South Wales, the Commissioner of the Police Department of Sydney, and the newspaper reporters join lottery officials on the stage. A step-by-step account of the proceedings is whispered into a microphone by a radio announcer. The spectators glue their eyes on a huge five-ton barrel that contains 100,000 numbered marbles, counted and sealed after each drawing by the office of the Auditor-General.

For example, R. J. Colvin, director of the lottery, opens the drawing of the 296th lottery by calling for "scrutineers" from the audience. A middle-aged war veteran, with a Digger Badge in his lapel, and a prosperous Squatter come forward to volunteer and are appointed People's Scrutineers. A prominent exporter has the honor of drawing the first four marbles for the major prizes. He is instructed by lottery experts in the use of a long chromium-plated "extractor". Marbles are never touched by human hands because investors dread the possibility of "palming".

"Poke straight down and release this catch," whispers the expert. "The extractor will hold only one marble at a time. Present each marble drawn to the Auditor-General and the Scrutineers." The exporter nods gravely and jiggles the chro-

mium extractor. Two men crank the barrel. It rotates slowly—one turn to about twenty twists of the crank. The barrel gains momentum, and there is a rumble, like back-stage thunder, of the wooden marbles within the drum. The spectators—and you know many of them are clutching crumpled tickets—are in prayerful silence. An official chisels away the Auditor-General's red sealing wax, opening an aperture at the bung of the barrel of fortune. The exporter mounts the dais in front of the barrel. He plunges the extractor through the aperture—deep into the barrel. As he fumbles with the patented catch of his snaring device, the spectators groan and the radio announcer whispers: "Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen—". The exporter now pulls out the extractor which holds the numbered marble that will bring \$20,000 to some lucky Australian ticket-holder.

Hands clasped behind his back, the Auditor-General inspects the winning marble. The People's Scrutineers peer over his shoulder, nodding their affirmation as he announces: "The holder of ticket Number 67423 in the 296th drawing of the New South Wales State Lottery, wins first prize of \$20,000. We will now proceed

with the drawing of the other major prizes of the day."

The spectators relax. There are no cheers. The first prize marble, still without being touched by human hands, is deposited in an award tray. (Before Parliament enacted a bitterly debated amendment to the State Lottery Act of 1930, the marble would have been returned to the barrel, making it possible for it to be drawn for another prize.) The solemn hocus-pocus continues as the three other major prizes are drawn. Instructed by Director Colvin, the exporter plunges the extractor to the right, left, and then down again—enriching ticket-holders by \$4000, \$2000, and \$1200.

Now for the minor prizes. The barrel is again rotated. A lottery official mans the extracting contrivance, and, with a dexterity that comes of long practice, draws twenty marbles in three minutes. Each marble, placed into a large chromium spoon and handed to the Auditor-General, is worth \$400. The drawing becomes more rapid and matter-of-fact: the spectators, still hoping, stay on until the last of the 500 marbles is selected.

II

According to official records, sixty overseas representatives account

for ten per cent of the total ticket sales for another Australian lottery, the Golden Casket Art Union of Queensland. The agent in New York City, whose identity is secret, is reputed to earn \$200 to \$300 a week, selling the \$1.10 tickets for as much as \$1.70. As for eluding the United States postal authorities, the lottery boasts that it has not lost a letter in ten years. The scheme is simple. The envelopes used for dispatching letters to the States are of every shape and color commonly used for love missives—sea-green, pink, mauve, lavender, buff, chocolate, and cream. As an added precaution, the lottery office addresses them in ten different handwritings, by ten different girls.

The New York agent sends applications for tickets to a certain Brisbane post-office box. That ends his responsibility, for the lottery office mails tickets direct to American purchasers. All subsequent transactions—mailing of drawing results and sometimes the transfer of prize money—are conducted via the colorful love notes. The names of the American winners are not published, for fear the American consul in Brisbane might report them for payment of federal income tax.

The overseas sales department is

somewhat appalled by the gullibility of the American gambling public, citing the fact that the citizens of the Republic reveal extreme anxiety to purchase any kind of lottery ticket from any kind of agent. In fact, the lottery office in Brisbane contains a bulky file, crammed with specimens of fraudulent tickets sold in the States. For instance, one neatly engraved certificate purports to concern the Australian Hospital Sweepstakes, based on the result of a race run at Randwick, Sydney, January 1. Unfortunately for the buyer of this precious card, there was no race scheduled at Randwick for New Year's Day. Other fake tickets extol the benefits certain to accrue to highly worthy—but non-existent—hospitals, clinics, and war veterans' associations. The Brisbane lottery officials estimate that Americans lose up to \$200,000,000 a year through the sales of bogus certificates. Further they estimate that a supervised federal lottery in America, selling tickets to 30,000,000 citizens monthly, would yield the government a net profit of \$120,000,000 per year.

Clergymen occasionally inveigh against lottery corruption of public morals in Australia, but someone usually steps forward to point out that it was the church, with its

bazaar, that originated the idea. Private individuals would like to conduct their own lotteries, and they complain that the Federal Lotteries Act gives State governments a monopoly. But, by and large, Australians believe that gambling is a fundamental human urge and, therefore, endorse the principle of the State lottery. In defense of his "peculiar institution for painless and voluntary taxation" the

Australian poses these questions:

1. Isn't the State lottery the only known form of voluntary taxation?
2. Doesn't it provide a painless, enjoyable means of paying taxes?
3. Isn't it essentially a democratic institution in which every man has an equal chance?
4. Doesn't it build hospitals and maintain clinics — a valuable safeguard to public health?



OLD DOG

BY LEONARD TWYNHAM

THIS hound has had his day, and is content
 To stretch upon the hearth and watch the fire,
 His nose, that once steamed menace at the scent
 Of game, now sniffing ashes of desire.
 Though horns resound along a frosty sky
 And baying echoes from familiar rocks,
 He scarcely stirs to dream the hunt goes by,
 Trailing the broad curve of a tawny fox.

But by his twitching paws and shrugging ears,
 His squinting glances and his flapping tail,
 I know the challenge that he faintly hears,
 And how his mind still quickens to the trail.
 Languid his heart — so listlessly he lies,
 Deep night descending on his drooping eyes.

ARTILLERY IN THE NEXT WAR

BY ARLINGTON B. CONWAY

THERE has never been a time in the long history of war when professors of militarism argued the future as they do today: in every sphere of strategy, tactics, and administration, the military mind is bewildered by new modes of transportation, communication, and extermination. It will be the modest task of this article to estimate how artillery will be adapted to the changing forms of warfare, and the task will be further whittled down by confining the inquiry to the artillery which accompanies armies — land artillery.

In land warfare, the historic role of artillery has been to shatter the enemy ranks or fortifications, and so prepare the way for infantry assault. At sea and in the air, however, it is artillery which decides. Why not on land? For the obvious reason that while naval guns can sink a ship, and while machine-guns or *moteur-cannons* can destroy aircraft, even the heaviest concentration of artillery cannot do more than shake the solid earth; the *fantassins* may temporarily be driven

away, but they will come back when the shower of shells terminates. To achieve victory, the attackers must get to a place where their bullets or bayonets threaten immediate death to the defenders, so that the latter must either surrender or run.

But in the World War, infantry technique cost such an appalling price in blood for a decision over the machine-guns and barbed wire of the defense, that after a few years even the generals were convinced it was uneconomic. In the end, the pendulum swung, and ingenuity defeated the power of the defensive. Tanks crushed down the wire and occupied the attention of the machine-gunners, while counter-battery artillery beat down the defensive barrage and the infantry mopped up. In those days, the tank was a three-mile-per-hour machine; now some of them can travel at forty-five. The imagination of the 1937 tacticians comes limping behind the great leaps of the technicians. In other words, we have these galloping tanks, but we

do not quite know how to use them.

One school, founded by the military heresiarch, General Fuller of the British Army, foresees a warfare in which the tank will be by land what the battleship is by sea—that fleets of tanks will decide the fate of nations before a 1914 staff officer could write a march order. Even now, the evolutions of a battalion or brigade of tanks, controlled by radio, are surprisingly rapid to one used to horse-and-foot armies, but there are other factors which will prevent the complete fulfilment of the Fullerian dream.

The first factor is that tanks differ from battleships in that they are definitely limited in size, gun-caliber, and armor. The mechanical difficulties of moving very heavy weights across country are enormous; furthermore, few bridges are designed to bear concentrated loads of more than twenty tons. As the tank must be comparatively light, this means its armor must be comparatively thin, and hence penetrable by a bullet of moderate caliber. Also, the tank must strike at the same strategical objectives as ordinary land armies, and must hit the enemy in a vital spot. The enemy, however, is not likely to leave such spots unprotected; in fact, he may fortify the

whole length of his frontier, as the French have done.

It is clear that the gun on the ground has many advantages over the gun in the tank. First, the tank-gun is more restricted in weight, size, and caliber than the anti-tank gun; the latter will always have a margin of superiority. Second, the tank-gun has to fire from a rolling platform whose movements are very irregular. On the other hand, the anti-tank gun has to hit a moving target, but one whose speed across country will seldom be more than fifteen or twenty miles per hour. A tank crossing the front at a range of 500 yards is not hard to follow with the sights; if you extend your arm, point with your finger and swing it seven inches in ten seconds, this will represent the rate of traverse of the gun.

The great armament firms advertise numerous kinds of anti-tank guns. Half-inch is the smallest caliber that can be depended upon to pierce normal tank armor, but several recent tanks carry heavier protection, which would repel bullets of this size. The .5 caliber, however, can be given fully automatic operation, practically as efficient as that of the standard .30 caliber machine-gun; and for hitting a moving target, the fully automatic machine-gun's volume of

fire is a great advantage. With larger calibers, vibration and the great heat generated by sustained fire give more trouble; so, while a number of .8-inch and larger anti-tank machine guns have been constructed, the tendency is to make them single-shot, with automatic reloading. At that, they are capable of firing twenty or thirty rounds a minute.

The 37 and 47 millimeter calibers are miniature naval guns, capable of rapid fire and traverse through wide arcs without shifting the trail, both of which characteristics are needed to engage fast-moving targets. Such guns usually have comparatively high muzzle-velocities and flat trajectories, so that their point-blank range is extensive. They are made to be hauled by tractors, and have armor shields as protection from small-arms fire.

Now, in a combat between a well-concealed gun of any of these types and tanks of the present or immediate future, the odds must be heavily on the gun. It is the old story of the advantage of an organized and *concealed* defense over the attack. The tank's armor may throw off glancing shots from the lighter anti-tank guns, but most hits will pierce. And what reply can its machine-guns and

light cannon make? Vision from a tank is limited; the crew may never spot the gun that is firing on them. And even if they do, what chance have they to bring effective fire to bear on such a small target from the cramped, heaving interior of their travelling can? A very poor one. Once tanks come up against a properly organized defense, they will never overcome it without strong artillery support.

Now, tank attacks with artillery support cannot be improvised. It requires reconnaissance to locate targets and work out a plan of fire; a day, a week, or more may elapse between the time when the first light tanks feel out the defense, and the zero hour of the decisive assault. But the enemy must also be surprised. The presence of tanks alone will not give plans away, but the massing of artillery is a plain warning to the defenders. Therefore, the guns will have to be concealed by every art of camouflage. But how are they to hit their targets, if allowed no trial shots? Well, that problem was solved in 1917, and the solution was demonstrated on a large scale by the Germans at Riga and the British at Cambrai.

Accurate survey supplied the answer. The relative position of gun and target, and hence the elevation

and bearing required, had been found by rough procedure ever since guns had been firing from covered positions. In 1917, however, the methods were refined; guns and targets were located by building up an elaborate survey framework of triangulation and traverse, tied to the geodetic net of the country. This work culminated in a map showing all features of the terrain, including fortifications and centers of enemy activity.

Survey methods of fire control have been improved since the war. The greatest advance has been in mapping with air photographs; a zone ten miles behind the enemy's front can now be surveyed in about forty-eight hours. From the map, the gunner can read off the range and bearing between gun and target at once, while the meteorological service telegraphs the data for variations of wind and barometric pressure.

II

All the art of the strategist is vain unless he can break resistance at a chosen point. But how is this to be done nowadays? How is the great defensive power of modern automatic weapons to be neutralized, and the assaulting tanks helped to pierce the line?

To answer these questions, we naturally turn to recent experiences. The first lesson of the World War was that old-time artillery tactics are worthless against a concealed defense, as the gunner cannot see the targets. And World War experience further showed that even when the attackers had been sitting before a position for a long time, diligently collecting intelligence, it was not possible to pin-point every gun of the defense. So the whole of the enemy's defenses which it was hoped to capture, and a space beyond, had to be plastered with shells.

For example, the action of Mount Houy on November 1, 1918, in which the Canadian Corps captured the key position to the line of the Scheldt near Valenciennes, shows artillery technique at its best. The Germans on top of the little hill had repulsed several British attacks. For the Canadian assault, 144 field guns, forty-eight howitzers, and 104 heavier guns were deployed against 2500 yards of enemy line. The field guns fired a barrage ahead of the advancing infantry, while the heavier guns enfiladed positions in the rear. In twenty-four hours, 88,000 rounds were fired, weighing 2149 tons. A rough calculation shows that of the area captured, every section of

ground thirteen yards square probably had a shell dropped on it.

Twelve hundred infantrymen attacked, and suffered casualties of about sixty killed and 360 wounded. But over 800 enemy dead were counted on the field, and 1450 prisoners were taken. This illustrates very clearly the principle that on the modern battlefield, it is not numbers of men that count, but numbers of shells—fire-power. The defenders, whether they man machine-guns as in the last war, or anti-tank guns as they probably will in the next, find themselves assailed by a force to which they can make no direct reply. What can they do when the crumps come souging over and the shrapnel snaps overhead? Where, unperturbed, they might fight off ten times their numbers, after severe bombardment they may throw down their arms before attackers fewer than themselves.

Condensing the above argument, I maintain that the chief task of the artillery in the next war will be to produce on the defenders the moral effect just described. This effect, however, will require vast material resources. So, for a successful offensive, tanks will have to be backed up by many big guns, fired by gunners more scientifically trained than in the past.

III

What has been the progress in artillery design since 1918? Nothing very startling, although sample guns have been produced which are much in advance of war models. Gen. Douglas MacArthur, the recent Chief of Staff, remarked that armies generally go to war with the weapons left over from the last one. The expense of re-equipping an army in artillery is colossal: even the prodigal PWA appears to have been discomfited when asked for \$35,000,000 for "modernization and motorization" of field artillery alone. This means providing motor trucks to haul the guns, altering the carriages so that they can stand the strain of being towed at high speeds, and giving them a "split trail" providing extra stability in firing and a wider arc of fire. The \$35,000,000 was not furnished by the PWA, but the army is gradually modernizing its field guns from yearly appropriations. It will probably have to wait for a war, though, before it is re-equipped with such field guns as the experimental 75 mm., which in tests has ranged 13,200 yards, instead of the war-time 8800.

As for higher calibers, the 155 mm. G. P. F. (French) gun used

by the U. S. Army during the war would shoot about 17,400 yards; the Ordnance Department has now produced sample pieces which will range 26,000, and which are lighter and therefore easier to transport. This is an admirable piece, but very few have been manufactured.

In the World War, heavy artillery was greatly increased relative to the field guns; note the figures for the Mount Houy action, 104 heavy to 192 field. A good deal of heavy artillery has been parked during the peace, but I believe that a first-class war would see the weight of ordnance rise again. With mechanical traction it is far easier to move heavy guns and replenish their ammunition than it was in the days of horses.

We can scarcely doubt that armies will use gas shell in future wars, despite the fact that most nations have signed agreements not to do so. In 1915 and 1916, it was found that shelling with the so-called lethal gases had no very great effect, but in 1917, mustard gas—a most efficient disabling agent—was introduced. It was hard to detect, remained active for days, and circumvented the gas mask by burning the body. Research since 1918 has discovered no agent more powerful for war

use, and chemists assure us that there is no probability of realizing the scare-pacifist's nightmare chemical, one teaspoonful of which will depopulate a city. We will be safe in anticipating that all combatants will use gas to harass their enemies and to deny them terrain. But though occasionally useful for these purposes, gas will not win battles or decide wars.

IV

The picture of artillery's future which I have drawn is a pretty dull one, compared to the apocalyptic visions of the tankophiles and the wind-warriors. No armored charges, reviving glorious chivalry: no wiping out of non-combatant populations by gas clouds or incendiary bombs. A new invention, the internal combustion engine, has given warriors mobility in an intoxicating dose, but for striking power they still must depend on the force of explosives confined in steel tubes—an old invention.

I have kept till the last the most remarkable artillery development of the World War—Big Bertha, which bombarded Paris in 1918. This was a special gun of about eight-inch caliber, the piece being much heavier and longer than con-

ventional types. The thickness permitted high pressure of the explosive gases; the length increased the time during which they could act on the shell, and a very high muzzle-velocity was thus produced. The projectile's trajectory lay mostly in the stratosphere, where it met little air resistance. By these means, it was given a range of about seventy miles. On the other hand, Big Bertha's zone of dispersion was proportionately great, and covered several square miles—the extent of a large city.

While the Germans sprung a great technical surprise, it had no effect on the outcome of the War. It would be foolish, however, to write off Big Bertha as a mere historical curiosity. In a new war in Europe, where industrial districts are not far from the borders, it would be quite a good idea to put batteries of such super-guns to bombarding them. Essen, or the iron-producing areas of Lorraine, might be attacked in this way.

In short, super-artillery might be superior to aircraft in attacking those objectives on which, the air-men claim, their bombing had the most effect in the late war, and which will be their most legitimate target in the next — centers of munition production. Continuity of bombardment, rather than occa-

sional violence, produces the greatest effect, and air bombardment is likely to be interrupted by bad weather and exhaustion of crews, not to mention anti-aircraft guns and pursuit aviation.

The Spanish civil war affords little data for revising World War conclusions. We do not know how many airplanes, guns, tanks, or other weapons each side has, nor are we sure of the skill and spirit of the fighting men. It has been shown that armed resistance will not collapse because cities are bombed from the air; also that a few light tanks cannot burst through a position even hastily fortified. The artillery on view in the newspaper photographs seems to be of 1914 vintage or earlier, but neither side is abandoning it to rely entirely upon the newer arms.

What of the artillery in the next great war, to which the events in Spain are but the crimson prologue? No one knows, but my guess is that the issue will be decided by combat between organized armies, and that guns will virtually decide that combat. In defense, small guns must stop the tank; in attack, bigger guns must neutralize those defending small guns. Whichever side has the best guns and gunners will be far on the road to victory.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

The Case for Free Speech

SHORTLY before I left the country I read a summary of the new German criminal code, and noted its measures for "protection" of the State, whereby any adverse criticism of Hitler or his functionaries lands the critic in the lock-up. A Paris dispatch on the same day stated that M. Blum is out to "clean up" the French press by suppression of "personal defamation". A day or two later I had a letter from a friend, remarking the fact that by these measures, "Socialist-Communist France and Fascist Germany go hand in hand", and asking me whether I think these "democratic" United States are soon to join them.

Probably not; yet it is worth pointing out that whether we do or do not join them lies entirely in the discretion of one man; for by the last election — if one can call it an election — our people put themselves under a regime of personal government as absolute as Lincoln's government of 1860 or Wilson's of 1917. Therefore as things now stand, a bumptious President

and a subservient Congress can resurrect the Sedition Act of 1798 at any time that they deem it politically expedient to do so. The fact that this seems unlikely to happen is unimportant beside the fact that it can happen — the fact that our people have maneuvered themselves into a position, or been hoodwinked into it, where the Bill of Rights is not even a scarecrow.

It will be noticed that my friend's letter brings out the point which I have long been insisting on as important to remember when we hear talk about the different designations that the State takes on, the different modes of window-dressing which it puts on for different peoples. As I wrote recently, the State everywhere progressively confiscates the rights, liberties, powers, and property of its subjects just to the extent to which it can do so without endangering itself. Its final purpose is realized when it controls and directs all the subject's activities; in a word, when it has reduced the subject to a condition of involun-

tary servitude. Now, what earthly difference does it make whether the State does this under the name of Fascism, Communism, democracy, monarchy, or any other? None that I can see. What difference whether you call the man who sits up on top and runs the machine an emperor, king, president, dictator, *duce*, or *Führer*, or whether he has inherited his job or been elected to it or simply usurped it? Not a pennyweight. Why, then, should we pay so much attention to mere names, and so little to the one invariable process that goes on alike under all those names?

According to the news items just now referred to, the particular liberties that the State in France and Germany has announced as confiscated are those which we call freedom of speech and freedom of the press. In this country they have not yet been formally confiscated, and as I said, I doubt that they soon will be. Some informal and indirect confiscation takes place every now and then, but that is not the same thing. When it happens, however, it usually gives rise to discussion whether the Bill of Rights is to be taken literally, and if not, just where the line between liberty and actionable license should be drawn. Most of us think,

or think we think, that the First Article of the Bill of Rights¹ means what it says—it is certainly explicit enough—and is to be taken literally; but nevertheless, when a concrete case is before us, we give tacit consent to the idea that a line must be drawn somewhere, and that expediency must determine where it shall be drawn.

There is a profound hypocrisy in this, of course, for while either the Bill of Rights or expediency can be the supreme law of the land if we choose to make it so, both cannot be; and if expediency is to be our fundamental law, the Bill of Rights should be abrogated or amended accordingly. If, as Mr. Dooley puts it, "th' Constitution iv th' United States is applicable on'y in such cases as it is applied to on account iv its applicability", what filthy and ludicrous hypocrisy is implicit in our swearing all sorts of people indiscriminately, even schoolteachers, even harmless poor devils applying for a passport, to support and defend the Constitution!

In drawing a line across the area covered by the Bill of Rights, some

¹ Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

draw it very close, while others leave a liberal margin. For example, as we have lately seen, in certain parts of the Mississippi Valley and the South, and I believe also in California, the Bill of Rights is reduced to the status of a game law; it is "out" on Communists twelve months in the year. On the other hand, the editor of this magazine draws the line against Communism only at the implied or expressed predication of violence; in that case, but no other, he would countenance an anticipation of the overt act. But wherever the line be drawn, I think there can be no doubt that most of us tacitly consent to the idea that a line must be drawn somewhere to establish and delimit a purview of coercion.

From the standpoint of a doctrinaire, there is nothing to say about this. The Constitution is the fundamental law of the land, and it gives to everyone, unconditionally and without distinction of persons, the right of free speech; and that is that. But practically there is a good deal to say about it. To begin with, if I were a rich man, I would cheerfully put up half my fortune as a prize to anyone who showed me a single instance in all human history where coercion ever exterminated an

idea, or ever did more than merely set it to running underground. Then I would put up the remaining half as a prize to anyone who showed me a single instance of the State's employing coercion where there was not some rascality behind it.

Roman society looked on Christianity as something not only intellectually contemptible, but also as morally and politically subversive, precisely as well-conditioned American society regards Communism. The Roman State, which knew pretty well how to apply coercion, did its level best for a century and a half to extirpate Christianity, and not only had no success, but was at last forced to make terms with it. Did the allied armed forces of Europe halt or even impede the progress of the republican idea liberated by the French Revolution? The Russian State was uncommonly handy at coercion, but its subsequent efforts against the republican idea not only did not work, but in the long run they set up a reaction so violent that poor Nicholas II was terribly out of luck. Those who are tempted to dally with the patent medicine of coercion ought to read Henry Charles Lea's great work on the history of the Inquisition. There you see the boys who were

real horse-doctors at coercion, going the limit to stamp out heresy and schism; and did they succeed? They did not. Well, then, when Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, or any other potentate tells me he is out to do something that ten Roman emperors, the Holy Alliance, Nicholas II, and Torquemada all tackled and had to give up as a bad job, I simply have no respect for him.

My first prize would be safe, every cent of it. As to my second, Mr. Jefferson said: "It is error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself." The great and good old man knew that when you see the State shirking criticism of anything, you may invariably be sure there is scoundrelism in it somewhere. Think of the unspeakable swineries that motivated the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, and those that lay behind Lincoln's and Wilson's suppressions and censorings! On the other hand, think of old Frederick, who saw people craning their necks at a scurrilous caricature of himself, and said, "Hang that lower down!" Frederick had no Bill of Rights and no Supreme Court to worry about; he simply had the confidence of his people, and he had it because he had earned it by playing fair with

them and serving them disinterestedly to the best of his power.

I think, then, that my second prize would also be safe; and so we may pass on to one or two other practical considerations that bear on this matter of free speech. Lincoln Steffens told me that just after the revolution in Petrograd, he approached some peasants in a crowd listening to a soapboxer who was haranguing them in very thick Russian. He asked, why listen to him — didn't they know he was an agent of the German government — why didn't they throw him out? To his immense astonishment, one of the peasants replied, "Anything that the German government has to say to us, *we ought to hear.*"

It struck me, as it did Steffens, that this peasant showed a sounder sense of political responsibility than you often find nowadays, especially in America. If we are really out for our country's good and not out to satisfy some petty interest or petty prejudice of our own, is not that peasant's attitude a good deal sounder than ours? I think so. Coming right down to brass tacks, if the Fascists, Communists, or any other ilk have anything to say to us, is it not our patriotic duty to hear them? Our government is only a machine;

nothing sacred or untouchable, and they might say something that would suggest some valuable improvements on it. If so, the patriotic thing to do would be to talk over their idea with them, and see whether anything in it could be borrowed or adapted to make our machine work better. If not, we could always walk out on them. Edison would listen by the hour to any criticism, no matter how ignorant, of any of his machines, and said he made money by it. The criticism itself might be, and usually was, as fatuous as the doctrines of Communism; but once in a while his experienced mind caught a valuable suggestion in it which the critic himself did not know was there.

Again, men and women who are browbeaten, terrorized, sat upon, do not make a wholesome community. Mr. Jefferson said that the effect of coercion is "to make one-half the world fools, and the other half hypocrites". That is exactly what the German criminal code will do, and what M. Blum's program (if he actually has such a program) will do. A society composed on the one hand of those whom the intoxication of unchecked, uncriticized power has turned into fools, and on the other, of those who are timorously watch-

ing their step, is a pretty lame apology for human society. The exercise of free speech has its possible inconveniences and its possible dangers; no doubt about that, but how do they weigh against the certainties invoked by coercion?

One more point. Was there ever a man or body of men good enough or wise enough to dispense with the tonic of criticism? I never heard of one. Nor do I mean only criticism that is just; I mean unjust criticism also, as unjust as the caricature of old Frederick. The only way a government's tendencies to tyranny can be kept within reasonable bounds is by an implacable spirit of rebellion in its people, expressed through a steady fire of free discussion and free criticism, just and unjust, rational and irrational. "The spirit of resistance to government," said Mr. Jefferson, "is so valuable on certain occasions that I wish it always to be kept alive. It will often be exercised when wrong, but better so than not to be exercised at all." A people which assumes that government, wherever found, is an alien and a potential enemy that cannot be trusted out of sight for a moment and must stand the closest kind of watching and the most resonant kind of publicity — such

a people, and no other, stands some sort of chance of keeping its public servants measurably in the fear of God. "If once the people become inattentive to the public affairs," Mr. Jefferson wrote in a letter to Edward Carrington, "you and I and Congress and Assemblies, judges and governors, shall all become wolves." How many individual instances can the reader count up offhand that are exceptional to this rule?

And so, even if we disregard the philosophical side completely, it would seem that the First Article

of the Bill of Rights has a good deal to say for itself on the practical side. As I said, we would have to take the fat with the lean — plenty of arrant nonsense, plenty of vicious demagoguery, sedition, incitements to violence and riot, and all sorts of nuisances; you cannot get something for nothing — but even so, on the balance of good and evil, a regime of absolute free speech seems, from the practical point of view, to be the best all round; best for the people, best for their government, and therefore best for the country's future.



HOUSMAN

BY WITTER BYNNER

ALONE he came into a wood;
 Against the moon a gallows stood
 And stood alone as he;
 And what he had to say he said
 And then strode forward and he laid
 His cheek against the tree.

None witnessed in that inner wood
 How either man or gallows stood
 In their nocturnal weather,
 But there is much in what he said
 Which tells how simply they were wed
 Before they lay together.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

PROUD boast from the editorial columns of the Conway *News*, in the heart of the great Arid Belt:

Eliminating Santa Claus and Bible characters from beer, wine, and liquor advertisements during the Christmas season was pledged by twenty-eight States in the campaign of the national temperance organization to keep objectionable publicity out of newspapers and magazines.

CALIFORNIA

THE Associated Press reports on the progress of intellectual government in Los Angeles:

For two hours the City Council argued the question of whether dogs can read, then delayed action on the subject because no expert opinion could be found. The argument was over a proposed ordinance requiring dogs, chickens, cats, turkeys, canaries, and donkeys to be silent in the city between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. Councilman Byron Brainard precipitated the argument with the question: "Can dogs read? How will they know when they should not bark?"

GUSTATORY feat in the Sunkist region, as reported by Hollywood *Talkie-Talk*:

Studio dietitians went pale with horror when they witnessed Actress Alice Brady's "high tea" the other

afternoon. She consumed two dozen oysters, a dish of raspberry ice, an ice-cream cone, three glasses of lemonade and an orange.

KANSAS

POSSIBLE rival to Miss America, 1937, is discovered by an alert feature writer for the Columbus *Modern Light*:

In northeast Kansas an interesting annual event has been established. It is a Bovine Beauty Contest, and is to be a "cow beauty classic". The purpose is to choose annually the most beautiful cow in the world.

KENTUCKY

GRUFF comment on a delicate international situation, as reported by the celebrated Maysville *Independent*:

One of Maysville's solid and substantial business men to whom the old standards and the old "faith of our fathers" still mean more than anything modern, suggested to the *Independent* a day or two ago that if the King Edward-Mrs. Simpson affair had happened in Kentucky, it probably would have been "settled with a shotgun".

MISSOURI

THE he-man editor of the *Male Voice*, issued by the He-Man's

Message Association of Columbia, has his say on masculine superiority:

Under the auspices of THE HEMAN'S MESSAGE ASSOCIATION, which organization is founded upon the faith in that Biblically stated and scientifically proven truth that, as men and women differ physically, so do they differ mentally, which of a necessity proves that any woman who makes a good mother naturally makes a poor father, or vice versa.

WE KNOW THAT THE IGNORING OF THIS FUNDAMENTAL IS THE CAUSE OF OUR PRESENT-DAY PLIGHT.

MONTANA

THE art of political publicity reaches a new high in the ward-heeling purloins of Butte:

UNCONTROLLED AND UNINSTRUCTED!
The Best Representative Money Can Buy

GEORGE (BULLET-PROOF) WADE

FOR LEGISLATURE — MEAL TICKET

The working girl's friend, with a heart of gold and a head of cement. On exhibition at the Rocky Mountain Zoo; street parade later.

For legal restriction on the sale of firearms to jealous women.

Personally endorsed by Thomas G. Stimatz, the "Goofy Club," Remington Arms Co., and the society for "Less Thinking in Government."

(Circulated, but not paid for, by the Wade Protective Assn.)

NEBRASKA

A PRACTICAL note is introduced into State educational circles, ac-

cording to the *Elmcreek Beacon*:

Teachers are being turned out by the normal schools who will never find employment in that line, but if trained as plumbers or mechanics they might find employment.

NEW YORK

ANOTHER delicate hint concerning What Is Going To Happen To American Business, as noted in the erudite *Morning Telegraph*:

The Government seems to be paying actors more for road engagements than are some commercial producers. Lowest scale on the Federal Theater project is \$23.80 per week. On tour, actors get an additional \$3.00 per day for subsistence, or \$21 a week. This makes a weekly total of nearly \$45. In contrast to this scale, one commercial producer has offered actors as low as \$30 to go on the road this season.

THE New Literature, as presented by *Transition*:

FROM A DREAM BOOK
HEARTLING PRAYER ON THE
TITANTOWER

The sun of the organ withdraws into a name. The jowlers creaking in the rolapane lip risarills. All the dranamidosas wait for the nightblessed wonders. This is the manitoulade of the lalopeer. Is the brilune in the ralstanime? There is a tremble-glance that flashsends verbs. The transcend-the lalopeer. Is the brilune in the substantives. All things are mine. A villalope grilltosses drastalures. When bilastands rile napeskins, the lovers silkweave gloot. A motherangel drops into the dreamer's palace. The heart of the menacestorm is not utopian.

For the island of the blessed contains a pandora's box in a cavern that has seen the etruscan wanderers. What does the hour say? Roobimin frists tasta. A grapemood teens. A frilloo moons. Glowsbustantives are now at work to extinguish the fever of the street. Bells flitterfloo with fralanoms. Sheensaints go flingeling in loosh.

NORTH CAROLINA

RUGGED survivors of the late Confederacy prepare for the next war, according to *Time*, the News-magazine:

Beaufort is a peaceful town of some 3000 population on the jagged North Carolina coast. Last year its serious unemployment was relieved by WPA with allotments of funds for a sewing project, building repair projects, and a community center with an auditorium, golf course, and tennis court. Biggest problem of Beaufort civic leaders who met last week was to find a project for which WPA funds could be obtained in 1937. After gravely considering their problem they announced that they had agreed on this boondoggle: a bomb-proof, gas-proof subterranean chamber that will serve as a haven for the entire population if and when an enemy air fleet comes overhead, intent on wiping Beaufort off the map.

OHIO

REMARKABLE benefits of a college education in the Midwest, as chronicled in the Columbus *Dispatch*:

Recently one Ohio State university student had to get an autographed

pair of shorts from Governor Davey. Permitting nothing to stand in the way of his pursuit of higher learning, the young man found out the dimensions of the governor's shorts and purchased that size.

Then he appeared at the governor's office with the unusual request and the package. Governor Davey retired to the sanctity of an inner room, changed the shorts, autographed the ones he had been wearing, and presented them to the student who had to have them for his fraternity initiation.

THE deathless flame of scientific investigation still burns bright in Cleveland, according to the Associated Press:

Staying up all night to pile kitchen matches on the mouth of a beer bottle, Dr. Thomas H. Stagers, a mechanotherapist, convinced himself that he had steady nerves. He put 3585 matches on top of the bottle on his dining-room table before the tower collapsed. He started with a platform of five matches side by side, then covered these with a layer placed crosswise, then more layers each crosswise to the last.

"The top of the pile was about ten inches across," he said. "You have to be steady about it, figuring out the right balance."

Some one with too heavy a tread, he believes, caused his tower to collapse, but he was not discouraged. He started right in on another one.

TEXAS

REGRETTABLE psychic error made by a headline writer on the renowned Karnes City *Citation*:

NORDHEIM MAN DIES

Nordheim, Tex., Nov. 20. — Miss Ellie Thielengerdes of Lindenau and Aron Gips were married last Saturday.

PROGRESS of the New Jurisprudence in the Lone Star State, as chronicled by the *Dallas Morning News*:

Fort Worth, Nov. 5. — All Tarrant County courts will adjourn from 10:15 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. Friday as a tribute to Sally Rand, famous dancer, who brings her Texas All-Star Revue to the Worth Theater for one day. Friday has been officially designated as Sally Rand Day by the County Commissioners.

Miss Rand will be presented a large gold key to the county, the first of its kind ever manufactured. The presentation will be made by Hall S. Latimore, former Judge of the Civil Court of Appeals.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

THE alert *Psychic News* of London ferrets out the post-mortem activities of a great musician:

A new interpretation of Chopin's music, said to be inspired by the famous musician since his passing, was given at a demonstration at the British College of Psychic Science last week. Seated at the piano, Frank Cox played selections from Chopin's compositions. Cox has received his musical training from the Other Side, partly through his own mediumship. His training began with the appear-

ance of Sir Arthur Sullivan, seen clairvoyantly by himself and others. Sullivan then brought Chopin to the family circle, and since that time the famous composer has trained Cox.

Chopin has given his pupil detailed instructions on all phases of piano technique, not omitting lengthy scale practice. He has corrected faults and changed the fingerings and marks of expression printed in various editions of his works.

MANITOBA

MODESTY rears its ugly head on a famous Winnipeg campus, according to the Canadian Press:

Girl students at the University of Manitoba today draped a statue of the Venus de Milo under a curtain of modesty. The life-sized figure, which for many years has occupied a prominent place in the Students' Union office, met disapproval of the women's association, which demanded it be attired in a manner more becoming to a lady. So today Venus appeared with a few cubits of cheesecloth as a drape to protect her perfect figure from the public gaze.

USSR

HAPPY co-operation among the Children of the *Führer*, as reported from Moscow to the *New York Times*:

Factory directors ordered workers to report at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning for a great spontaneous demonstration in Red Square.

THE BOOK PREVIEW

THE REAL SOVIET RUSSIA¹

BY LEON TROTSKY

“WE are still far from the *complete* abolition of classes,” confesses the official Soviet press, referring to the still existing differentiation of city and country, intellectual and physical labor. This purely academic acknowledgment has the advantage that it permits a concealment of the income of the bureaucracy under the honorable title of “intellectual” labor. From the point of view of property in the means of production, the differences between a marshal and a servant girl, the head of a trust and a day laborer, the son of a people’s commissar and a homeless child, seem not to exist at all. Nevertheless, the former occupy lordly apartments, enjoy several Summer homes in various parts of the country, have the best automobiles at their disposal, and have long ago forgotten how to shine their own shoes. The latter live in wooden barracks often without partitions, lead a half-hungry existence, and do not shine their own shoes only because they go barefoot. To the bureaucrat this difference does not seem worthy of attention. To the day laborer, however, it seems, not without reason, very essential.

“The worker in our country is not a wage slave and is not the seller of a commodity called labor power. He is a free workman.” (*Pravda*.) For the present period this unctuous formula is unpermissible bragging. The transfer of the factories to the State changed the situation of the worker only juridically. In reality, he is compelled to live in want and work a definite number of hours for a definite wage. Those hopes which the worker formerly had placed in the party and the trade unions, he transferred after the revolution to the State created by him. But the useful functioning of this implement turned out to be limited by the level of technique and culture. In order to raise this level, the new State resorted to the old methods of pressure upon the muscle and nerves of the worker. There grew up a corps of slave-drivers. The management of industry became super-bureaucratic. The

¹ Selected excerpts from *The Revolution Betrayed*, to be published this month by Doubleday, Doran. Translated from the Russian by Max Eastman. Copyright 1937 by THE AMERICAN MERCURY, INC., and Doubleday, Doran Co.

workers lost all influence whatever upon the management of the factory. With piecework payment, hard conditions of material existence, lack of free movement, with terrible police repression penetrating the life of every factory, it is hard indeed for the worker to feel himself a "free workman".

For the census of January 6, 1937, the following list of social categories was drawn up: worker; clerical worker; collective farmer; individual farmer; individual craftsman; member of the liberal professions; minister of religion; other non-laboring elements. According to the official commentary, this census list fails to include any other social characteristics only because there are no classes in the Soviet Union. In reality, the list is constructed with the direct intention of concealing the privileged upper layers, and the more deprived lower depths. The real divisions of Soviet society, which should and might easily be revealed with the help of an honest census, are as follows: heads of the bureaucracy, specialists, etc., living in bourgeois conditions; middle and lower layers, on the level of the petty bourgeoisie; worker and collective farm aristocracy — approximately on the same level; average working mass; average stratum of collective farmers; individual peasants and craftsmen; lower worker and peasant strata passing over into the *lumpen-proletariat*; homeless children, prostitutes, etc.

When the new Constitution announces that in the Soviet Union "abolition of the exploitation of man by man" has been attained, it is not telling the truth. The new social differentiation has created conditions for the revival of the exploitation of man in its most barbarous form — that of buying him into slavery for personal service. In the lists for the new census, personal servants are not mentioned at all. They are, evidently, to be dissolved in the general group of "workers". There are, however, plenty of questions about this: Does the Socialist citizen have servants, and just how many (maid, cook, nurse, governess, chauffeur)? Does he have an automobile at his personal disposal? How many rooms does he occupy? Etc. Not a word in these lists about the scale of earnings! If the rule were revived that exploitation of the labor of others deprives one of political rights, it would turn out, somewhat unexpectedly, that the cream of the ruling group are outside the bounds of the Soviet Constitution. The Soviet State in all its relations is far closer to a backward Capitalism than to Communism.

II. The Next War

To enumerate in advance all the factors of the coming dogfight of the nations would be a hopeless task. In the equation of war, too much is uncertain. In any case, there are on the side of the Soviet Union immense favor-

able factors, both inherited from the past and created by the new regime. The experience of intervention during the civil war proved once more that Russia's greatest advantage has been and remains her vast spaces. Her second great advantage is her human reservoir. Having grown almost 3,000,000 per year, the population of the Soviet Union has apparently now passed 170,000,000. A single recruiting class comprises about 1,300,000 men. The strictest sorting, both physical and political, would throw out not more than 400,000. The reserves, therefore, which may be theoretically estimated at eighteen to twenty million, are practically unlimited.

Can we expect that the Soviet Union will come out of the coming great war without defeat? To this frankly posed question, we will answer as frankly: If the war should remain only a war, the defeat of the Soviet Union would be inevitable. In a technical, economic, and military sense, imperialism is incomparably more strong. If it is not paralyzed by revolution in the West, imperialism will sweep away the present regime.

Diplomatic agreements, as a certain chancellor with some reason once remarked, are only "scraps of paper". It is nowhere written that they must survive even up to the outbreak of war. Not one of the treaties with the Soviet Union would survive the immediate threat of a social revolution in any part of Europe. And if you assume that the world struggle will be played out only on a military level, the Allies have a good chance of achieving their goal. Without the interference of revolution, the social bases of the Soviet Union must be crashed, not only in the case of defeat, but also in the case of victory.

More than two years ago a program announcement, *The Fourth International and War*, outlined this perspective in the following words:

Under the influence of the critical needs of the State for articles of prime necessity, the individualistic tendencies of the peasant economy will receive a considerable reinforcement, and the centrifugal forces within the collective farms will increase with every month. . . . In the heated atmosphere of war we may expect . . . the attracting of foreign allied capital, a breach in the monopoly of foreign trade, a weakening of State control of the trusts, a sharpening of competition between the trusts, conflicts between the trusts and the workers, etc. . . . In other words, in the case of a long war, if the world proletariat is passive, the inner social contradictions of the Soviet Union not only might, but must, lead to a bourgeois Bonapartist counter-revolution.

The preceding considerations, however, by no means lead to so-called "pessimistic" conclusions. If we do not want to shut our eyes to the immense material preponderance of the Capitalist world, nor the inevitable treachery of the imperialist "allies", nor the inner contradictions of the Soviet regime,

we are, on the other hand, in no degree inclined to overestimate the stability of the Capitalist system, either in hostile or allied countries. Long before a war to exhaustion can measure the correlation of economic forces to the bottom, it will put to the test the relative stability of the regimes. All serious theoreticians of future slaughters of the people take into consideration the probability, and even inevitability, of revolution among its results. The idea, again and again advanced in certain circles, of small "professional" armies, although little more real than the idea of individual heroes in the manner of David and Goliath, reveals in its very fantasticness the reality of the dread of an armed people. Hitler never misses a chance to reinforce his "love of peace" with a reference to the inevitability of a new Bolshevik storm in case of a war in the West. The power which is restraining for the time being the fury of war is not the League of Nations, not mutual security pacts, not pacifist referendums, but solely and only the self-protective fear of the ruling classes before the revolution.

Social regimes like all other phenomena must be estimated comparatively. Notwithstanding all its contradictions, the Soviet regime in the matter of stability still has immense advantages over the regimes of its probable enemies. The very possibility of a rule of the Nazis over the German people was created by the unbearable tenseness of social antagonisms in Germany. These antagonisms have not been removed, and not even weakened, but only suppressed, by the lid of Fascism. A war will bring them to the surface. Hitler has far less chances than had Wilhelm II of carrying a war to victory. Only a timely revolution, by saving Germany from war, could save her from a new defeat.

The danger of war and a defeat to the Soviet Union is a reality, but the revolution is also a reality. If the revolution does not prevent war, then war will help the revolution. Second births are commonly easier than first. In the new war, it will not be necessary to wait a whole two years and a half for the first insurrection. Once it is begun, moreover, the revolution will not this time stop halfway. The fate of the Soviet Union will be decided in the long run not on the maps of the general staffs, but on the map of the class struggle.

III. The Red Army

The correlation between the living and mechanical forces of the Red Army may be considered, by and large, as on a level with the best armies of the West. In the sphere of artillery re-equipment, decisive successes have been obtained already in the course of the first Five-Year Plan. Immense sums are

being expended in the production of trucks and armored cars, tanks and aeroplanes. There are at present about half a million tractors in the country. In 1936, 160,000 were to be put out, with a total horsepower of 8.5 million. The building of tanks is progressing at a parallel rate. The mobilization plans of the Red Army call for thirty to forty-five tanks per kilometer of the active front. In January, 1936, Tukhachevsky announced at a session of the Central Executive Committee: "We are creating a powerful navy. We are concentrating our forces primarily upon the development of a submarine fleet." The Japanese naval staff is well informed, we may assume, as to the achievements in this sphere.

The air fleet has advanced mightily. The Red Army is producing in increasing numbers heavy bombing planes for action on a radius of 1200 to 1500 kilometers. In case of a war in the Far East, the political and military centers of Japan would be subject to attack from the Soviet coast. According to data appearing in the press, the Five-Year Plan of the Red Army for 1935 contemplated sixty-two air regiments capable of bringing simultaneously 5000 aeroplanes into the line of fire. There is hardly a doubt that the plan was fulfilled, and probably more than fulfilled.

Aviation is closely bound up with a branch of industry, almost non-existent in Czarist Russia, but lately advancing by leaps and bounds — chemistry. It is no secret that the Soviet government — and incidentally the other governments of the world — does not believe for a second in the oft-repeated "prohibitions" of the use of poison gas. The work of the Italian civilizers in Abyssinia has again plainly shown what these humanitarian limitations of international brigandage are good for. We may assume that against any catastrophic surprises whatever in the sphere of military chemistry or military bacteriology, those most mysterious and sinister enterprises, the Red Army is as well equipped as the armies of the West.

IV. The New Constitution

On June 11, 1936, the Central Executive Committee approved the draft of a new Soviet Constitution which, according to Stalin's declaration, repeated daily by the whole press, will be "the most democratic in the world". To be sure, the manner in which the Constitution was drawn up is enough to cause doubts as to this. Neither in the press nor at the meetings was a word ever spoken about this great reform. Moreover, as early as March 1, 1936, Stalin declared to the American interviewer, Roy Howard: "We will doubtless adopt our new Constitution at the end of this year." Thus Stalin knew with complete accuracy just when this new Constitution, about which the people at

the moment knew nothing at all, would be adopted. It is impossible not to conclude that "the most democratic Constitution in the world" was worked out and introduced in a not quite perfectly democratic manner. To be sure, in June the draft was submitted to the "consideration" of the people of the Soviet Union. It would be vain, however, to seek in this whole sixth part of the globe one Communist who would dare to criticize a creation of the Central Committee, or one non-party citizen who would reject a proposal from the ruling party. The discussion reduced itself to sending resolutions of gratitude to Stalin for a "happy life". The content and style of these greetings had been thoroughly worked out under the old Constitution.

Of greatest practical significance in the economic sphere is undoubtedly Article X, which in contrast to most of the Constitution's articles has quite clearly the task of guaranteeing, against invasion from the bureaucracy itself, the personal property of the peasants and the not-well-off city people. This property is the target of outrageous arbitrary acts on the part of the bureaucracy, which on its lower steps frequently guarantees by such means its own relative comfort. A growth of the prosperity of the country now makes it possible to renounce these seizures of personal property, and even impels the government to protect personal accumulations as a stimulus to increase the productivity of labor. At the same time — and this is of no small importance — a protection by law of the hut, cow, and home — furnishings of the peasant, worker or clerical worker — also legalizes the town house of the bureaucrat, his Summer home, his automobile, and all the other "objects of personal consumption and comfort", appropriated by him on the basis of "Socialist" principles. The bureaucrat's automobile will certainly be protected by the new fundamental law more effectively than the peasant's wagon.

To be sure, the new charter "guarantees" to the citizens the so-called "freedoms" of speech, press, assemblage, and street processions. But each of these guarantees has the form either of a heavy muzzle or of shackles upon the hands and feet. Freedom of the press means a continuation of the fierce advance censorship whose chains are held by the secretariat of a non-elective Central Committee. Freedom of Byzantine flattery is thus, of course, fully "guaranteed". Meanwhile, the innumerable articles, speeches, and letters of Lenin, ending in his "testament", will continue under the new Constitution to be locked up merely because they rub the new leaders the wrong way. That being the case with Lenin, it is unnecessary to speak about other authors. The crude and ignorant command of science, literature, and art will be wholly preserved. "Freedom of assemblage" will mean, as formerly, the obligation of certain groups of the population to appear at meetings summoned by the authorities for the adoption of resolutions pre-

pared in advance. Under the new Constitution as under the old, hundreds of foreign Communists, trusting in the Soviet "right of asylum", will remain in prisons and concentration camps for crimes against the dogma of infallibility. In the matter of "freedom", everything will remain as of old. Even the Soviet press does not try to sow any illusions about that. On the contrary, the chief goal of the new constitutional reform is declared to be a "further reinforcement of the dictatorship". Whose dictatorship, and over whom?

No less significant is the introduction of the secret ballot. If you take it on faith that the new political equality corresponds to an achieved social equality, then there remains a puzzling question: In that case, why must voting henceforth be protected by secrecy? Whom exactly does the population of a Socialist country fear, and from whose attempts must it be defended? The old Soviet Constitution saw in open voting, as in the limitation of elective rights, a weapon of the revolutionary class against bourgeois and petty bourgeois enemies. We cannot assume that now the secret ballot is being introduced for the convenience of a counter-revolutionary minority. It is a question, evidently, of defending the rights of the people. But who is feared by a Socialist people which has recently thrown off a Czar, a nobility, and a bourgeoisie? The sycophants do not even give a thought to this question. Yet there is more in it than in all the writings of the Barbusses, the Louis Fischers, the Durantys, the Webbs, and the like of them.

In a Capitalist society, the secret ballot is meant to defend the exploited from the terror of the exploiters. If the bourgeoisie finally adopted such a reform, obviously under pressure from the masses, it was only because it found itself interested in protecting its dominion at least partially from the demoralization inherent in it. But in a Socialist society there can be, it would seem, no terror of the exploiters. From whom is it necessary to defend the Soviet citizens? The answer is clear: from the bureaucracy. Stalin was frank enough to recognize this. To the question: Why are secret elections necessary? he answered verbatim: "Because *we* intend to give the Soviet people full freedom to vote for those whom they want to elect." Thus humanity learns from an authoritative source that today the Soviet people cannot vote for those whom they want to elect. It would be, however, hasty to conclude from this that the new Constitution will really tender them this opportunity in the future. Just now, however, we are occupied with another side of this problem. Who, exactly, is this "we" who can give or not give the people a free ballot? It is that same bureaucracy in whose name Stalin speaks and acts. This exposure of his applies to the ruling party exactly as it does to the State, for Stalin himself occupies the post of General Secretary of the

Party with the help of a system which does not permit the members to elect those whom they want. The words "*we* intend to give the Soviet people" freedom of voting are incomparably more important than the old and new Constitutions taken together, for in this incautious phrase lies the actual Constitution of the Soviet Union as it has been drawn up, not upon paper, but in the struggle of living forces.

V. Revolution Against Bureaucracy

Will the bureaucrat devour the Workers' State, or will the working class clean up the bureaucrat? Thus stands the question upon whose decision hangs the fate of the Soviet Union. The vast majority of the Soviet workers are even now hostile to the bureaucracy. The peasant masses hate them with their healthy plebeian hatred. If in contrast to the peasants, the workers have almost never come out on the road of open struggle, this is not only because of the repressions. The workers are realists. Without deceiving themselves with regard to the ruling caste — at least with regard to its lower tiers which stand near to them — they see in it the guardian for the time being of a certain part of their own conquests. They will inevitably drive out the dishonest, impudent, and unreliable guardian as soon as they see another possibility. For this it is necessary that in the West or the East another revolutionary dawn arise.

The cessation of visible political struggle is portrayed by the friends and agents of the Kremlin as a "stabilization" of the regime. In reality, it signals only a temporary stabilization of the bureaucracy. With popular discontent driven deep, the younger generation feels with special pain the yoke of this "enlightened absolutism" in which there is so much more absolutism than enlightenment. The increasingly obvious vigilance of the bureaucracy against any ray of living thought, and the unbearable tensivity of the hymns of praise addressed to a blessed providence in the person of the "leader", testify alike to a growing separation between the State and society. They testify to a steady intensifying of inner contradictions, a pressure against the walls of the State which seeks a way out and must inevitably find one.

In a true appraisal of the situation, the not infrequent terrorist acts against representatives of powers have a very high significance. The most notorious of these was the murder of Kirov, a clever and unscrupulous Leningrad dictator, a typical representative of his corporation. In themselves, terrorist acts are least of all capable of overthrowing a Bonapartist oligarchy. Although the individual bureaucrat dreads the revolver, the bureaucracy as a whole is able to exploit an act of terror for the justification of its own violences, and in-

cidentally to implicate ¹ in the murder its own political enemies (the affair of Zinoviev, Kamenev, and the others). Individual terror is a weapon of impatient or despairing individuals, belonging most frequently to the younger generation of the bureaucracy itself. But, as was the case in Czarist times, political murders are unmistakable symptoms of a stormy atmosphere, and foretell the beginning of an open political crisis.

In introducing the new Constitution, the bureaucracy shows that it feels this danger and is taking preventive measures. It has happened more than once, however, that a bureaucratic dictatorship, seeking salvation in "Liberal" reforms, has only weakened itself. While exposing Bonapartism, the new Constitution creates at the same time a semi-legal cover for the struggle against it. The rivalry of bureaucratic cliques at the elections may become the beginning of a broader political struggle. The whip against "badly working organs of power" may be turned into a whip against Bonapartism. All indications agree that the further course of development must inevitably lead to a clash between the culturally adult forces of the people and the bureaucratic oligarchy. There is no peaceful outcome for this crisis. No devil ever yet voluntarily cut off his own claws. The Soviet bureaucracy will not give up its positions without a fight. The development leads obviously to the road of revolution.

This revolution will not be social, like the October Revolution of 1917. The overthrow of the Bonapartist caste will, of course, have deep social consequences, but in itself it will be confined within the limits of a political revolution. This is the first time in history that a State resulting from a workers' revolution has existed. The stages through which it must go are nowhere written down. The proletariat of a backward country was fated to accomplish the first Socialist revolution. For this historic privilege, it must, according to all evidences, pay with a second supplementary revolution — against bureaucratic absolutism.

It is not a question of substituting one ruling clique for another, but of changing the very methods of administering the economy and guiding the culture of the country. Bureaucratic autocracy must give place to Soviet democracy. A restoration of the right of criticism, and a genuine freedom of elections, are necessary conditions for the further development of the country. This assumes a revival of freedom of Soviet parties, beginning with the party of Bolsheviks, and a resurrection of the trade unions. The bringing of democracy into industry means a radical revision of plans in the interests of the toilers. Free discussion of economic problems will decrease the over-

¹ The reference here is to the January, 1935, trial and not the August, 1936, trial, the lines having been written prior to the latter. — *Trans.*

head expense of bureaucratic mistakes and zigzags. Expensive playthings — palaces of the Soviets, new theaters, show-off subways — will be crowded out in favor of workers' dwellings. Ranks will be immediately abolished. The tinsel of decorations will go into the melting pot. The youth will receive the opportunity to breathe freely, criticize, make mistakes, and grow up. Science and art will be freed of their chains. And, finally, foreign policy will return to the traditions of revolutionary internationalism.

More than ever the fate of the October Revolution is bound up now with the fate of Europe and of the whole world. The problems of the Soviet Union are now being decided on the Spanish peninsula, in France, in Belgium. If the Soviet bureaucracy succeeds, with its treacherous policy of "People's Fronts", in insuring the victory of reaction in Spain and France — and the Communist International is doing all it can in that direction — the Soviet Union will find itself on the edge of ruin. A bourgeois counter-revolution rather than an insurrection of the workers against the bureaucracy will be the order of the day. If, in spite of the united sabotage of reformists and "Communist" leaders, the proletariat of Western Europe finds the road to power, a new chapter will open in the history of the Soviet Union. The first victory of a revolution in Europe would pass like an electric shock through the Soviet masses, straighten them out, raise their spirit of independence, awaken the traditions of 1905 and 1917, undermine the position of the Bonapartist bureaucracy, and win for the Fourth International no less significance than the October Revolution possessed for the Third. Only in that way can the first Workers' State be saved for the Socialist future.

VI. *"The Friends of Soviet Russia"*

The powerful Soviet government provides a stimulus abroad to the Left and extreme Left press. The sympathies of the popular masses for the great revolution are being very skillfully canalized and drained off into the mill of the Soviet bureaucracy. The "sympathizing" Western press is imperceptibly losing the right to publish anything which might aggrieve the ruling stratum of the Soviet Union. Books undesirable to the Kremlin are maliciously unmentioned. Noisy and mediocre apologists are published in many languages. The literature of "The Friends of Soviet Russia" presents in cubic meters an impressive magnitude, and plays not the last role in politics.

At present the chief contribution to this treasure of thought is declared to be the Webbs' book.¹ Instead of relating what has been achieved and in what

¹ *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?* by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Two volumes. Scribners: New York.

direction the achieved is developing, the authors expound for twelve hundred pages what is contemplated, indicated in the bureaus, or expounded in the laws. Their conclusion is: When the projects, plans, and laws are carried out, then Communism will be realized in the Soviet Union. Such is the content of this depressing book, which rehashes the reports of Moscow bureaus and the anniversary articles of the Moscow press. Lenin was passionately hostile to the conservative bourgeois who imagines himself as a Socialist, and, in particular, to the British Fabians. By the biographical glossary attached to his *Works*, it is not difficult to find out that his attitude to the Webbs throughout his whole active life remained one of unaltered fierce hostility. In 1907, he first wrote of the Webbs as "obtuse eulogists of English philistinism". In his polemics against opportunists, Lenin did not trouble himself, as is well known, with the manners of the salon. But his abusive epithets ("lackeys of the bourgeoisie", "traitors", "boot-lick souls") expressed during many years a carefully-weighted appraisal of the Webbs as the evangels of Fabianism — that is, of traditional respectability and worship for what exists.

For many of the petty bourgeoisie who master neither pen nor brush, an officially registered "friendship" for the Soviet Union is a kind of certificate of higher spiritual interests. Membership in Freemason lodges or pacifist clubs has much in common with membership in the society of "The Friends of Soviet Russia", for it makes it possible to live two lives at once: an everyday life in a circle of commonplace interests, and a holiday life elevating to the soul. From time to time the "friends" visit Moscow. They note down in their memory the tractors, crèches, Pioneers, parades, parachute girls — in a word, everything except the new aristocracy. The best of them close their eyes to this out of a feeling of hostility toward Capitalist reaction. André Gide frankly acknowledges this: "The stupid and dishonest attack against the Soviet Union has brought it about that we now defend it with a certain obstinacy." But the stupidity and dishonesty of one's enemies is no justification for one's own blindness. The working masses, at any rate, have need of clear-sighted friends.

The epidemic sympathy of bourgeois Radicals and Socialistic bourgeois for the ruling stratum of the Soviet Union has causes that are not unimportant. In the circle of professional politicians, notwithstanding all differences of program, there is always a predominance of those friendly to such "progress" as is already achieved or can easily be achieved. There are incomparably more reformers in the world than revolutionists, more accommodationists than irreconcilables. Only in exceptional historic periods when the mares come into movement, do the revolutionists emerge from their isolation, and the reformers become more like fish out of water.

In the milieu of the present Soviet bureaucracy, there is not a person who did not, prior to April, 1917, and even considerably later, consider the idea of a proletarian dictatorship in Russia fantastic. (At that time this "fantasy" was called . . . Trotskyism.) The older generation of the foreign "friends" for decades regarded as *Realpolitiker* the Russian Mensheviks, who stood for a "people's front" with the Liberals and rejected the idea of dictatorship as arrant madness. To recognize a dictatorship when it is already achieved and even bureaucratically befouled—that is a different matter. That is a matter exactly to the mind of these "friends". They now not only pay their respects to the Soviet State, but even defend it from its enemies—not so much, to be sure, against those who yearn for the past, as against those who are preparing the future. Where these "friends" are active patriots, as in the case of the French, Belgian, English, and other reformists, it is convenient for them to conceal their solidarity with the bourgeoisie under a concern for the defense of the Soviet Union. Where, on the other hand, they have unwillingly become defeatists, as in the case of German and Austrian social patriots of yesterday, they hope that the alliance of France with the Soviet Union may help them settle with Hitler or Schuschnigg. Léon Blum, who was an enemy of Bolshevism in its heroic epoch, and opened the pages of *Le Populaire* for the express purpose of publicly baiting the October Revolution, would now not print a line exposing the real crimes of the Soviet bureaucracy. Just as the Biblical Moses, thirsting to see the face of Jehovah, was permitted to make his bow only to the rearward parts of the divine anatomy, so the honorable reformists, worshipers of the accomplished fact, are capable of knowing and acknowledging in a revolution only its meaty bureaucratic posterior.

VII. Stalin

The increasingly insistent deification of Stalin is, with all its elements of caricature, a necessary element of the Soviet regime. The bureaucracy has need of an inviolable super-arbiter, a first consul if not an emperor, and it raises upon its shoulders him who best responds to its claim for lordship. That "strength of character" of the leader which so enraptures the literary dilettantes of the West, is in reality the sum total of the collective pressure of a caste which will stop at nothing in defense of its position. Each one of them at his post is thinking: *l'état — c'est moi*. In Stalin each one easily finds himself. But Stalin also finds in each one a small part of his own spirit. Stalin is the personification of the bureaucracy. That is the substance of his political personality.

Caesarism, or its bourgeois form, Bonapartism, enters the scene in those moments of history when the sharp struggle of two camps raises the State power, so to speak, above the nation, and guarantees it, in appearance, a complete independence of classes — in reality, only the freedom necessary for a defense of the privileged. The Stalin regime, rising above a politically atomized society, resting upon a police and officers' corps, and allowing of no control whatever, is obviously a variation of Bonapartism — a Bonapartism of a new type not before seen in history.

Caesarism arose upon the basis of a slave society shaken by inward strife. Bonapartism is one of the political weapons of the Capitalist regime in its critical period. Stalinism is a variety of the same system, but upon the basis of a Workers' State torn by the antagonism between an organized and armed Soviet aristocracy and the disarmed toiling masses.

As history testifies, Bonapartism gets along admirably with a universal, and even a secret, ballot. The democratic ritual of Bonapartism is the *plebiscite*. From time to time, the question is presented to the citizens: *for or against* the leader? And the voter feels the barrel of a revolver between his shoulders. Since the time of Napoleon III, who now seems a provincial dilettante, this technique has received an extraordinary development. The new Soviet Constitution which establishes *Bonapartism on a plebiscite basis* is the veritable crown of the system.

In the last analysis, Soviet Bonapartism owes its birth to the belatedness of the world revolution. But in the Capitalist countries the same cause gave rise to Fascism. We thus arrive at the conclusion, unexpected at first glance, but in reality inevitable, that the crushing of Soviet democracy by an all-powerful bureaucracy and the extermination of bourgeois democracy by Fascism were produced by one and the same cause: the dilatoriness of the world proletariat in solving the problems set for it by history. Stalinism and Fascism, in spite of a deep difference in social foundations, are symmetrical phenomena. In many of their features they show a deadly similarity. A victorious revolutionary movement in Europe would immediately shake not only Fascism, but Soviet Bonapartism. In turning its back to the international revolution, the Stalinist bureaucracy was, from its own point of view, right. It was merely obeying the voice of self-preservation.

In their persecution of revolutionists, the Stalinists pour out all their hatred upon those who remind them of the past, and make them dread the future. The prisons, the remote corners of Siberia and Central Asia, the fast multiplying concentration camps, contain the flower of the Bolshevik Party, the most sturdy and true. Even in the solitary confinement prisons of Siberia, the Oppositionists are still persecuted with searches, postal blockades, and hun-

ger. In exile, wives are forcibly separated from their husbands, with one sole purpose: to break their resistance and extract a recantation. But even those who recant are not saved. At the first suspicion or hint from some informer against them, they are subjected to redoubled punishment. Help given to exiles even by their relatives is prosecuted as a crime. Mutual aid is punished as a conspiracy.

Hundreds of Oppositionists, both Russian and foreign, have been shot, or have died of hunger strikes, or have resorted to suicide. Within the last twelve years, the authorities have scores of times announced to the world the final rooting out of the Opposition. But during the "purgations" in the last months of 1935 and the first half of 1936, hundreds of thousands of members of the party were again expelled, among them several tens of thousands of "Trotskyists". The most active were immediately arrested and thrown into prisons and concentration camps. As to the rest, Stalin, through *Pravda*, openly advised the local organs not to give them work. In a country where the sole employer is the State, this means death by slow starvation. The old principle: who does not work shall not eat, has been replaced with a new one: who does not obey shall not eat. Exactly how many Bolsheviks have been expelled, arrested, exiled, exterminated, since 1923, when the era of Bonapartism opened, we shall find out when we go through the archives of Stalin's political police. How many of them remain in the underground will become known when the shipwreck of the bureaucracy begins.

In 1894, the Russian autocracy, on the lips of the young Czar Nicholas II, answered the Zemstvos, which were timidly dreaming of participating in political life, with the famous words: "Meaningless fancies!" In 1936, the Soviet bureaucracy answered the as yet vague claims of the younger generation with the still ruder cry: "Stop your chatter!" Those words, too, will become historic. The regime of Stalin may pay no less dear for them than the regime headed by Nicholas II.



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By JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

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IN THE 'Nineties, when *McClure's Magazine* was a valued item on our library table, it published an advertisement of somebody's *History of Mankind*: Ridpath's, maybe, consisting of a picture, and half a page of text in large clear print. I remember the picture, and a line of the copy. The cut was Meissonier's *Campaign of France*. Into view, from the left, rode the Staff of the Grand Army, their great cocked hats pulled low against the wind, their faces weather-bitten and glum. Across the background tramped the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, in bearskins and white gaiters. Underfoot was the rutted road of the Marne country in the Wintertime, with a broken musket and a trampled uhlan's *tschapka*, debris

of armies. But your eye went to the fat little man hunched in his saddle on the slim Arabian mare: a little man in a gray riding coat, his Roman face stark in the recession of his greatness and the immensity of his imminent disaster. You saw the Emperor, towards the end of the adventure, going on to Champaubert, or Montmirail, or Arcis-sur-Aube; places whose names blazed familiar from the smudged hachures of the French maps we used when American Marines in our time had their occasions in the same region. And the text said, in effect, Napoleon's name fills more paper of the world's solemn history than any other mortal's.

Since those years, *McClure's* has gone from among us, and a deal of

Captains and Kings have departed; and we have fought battles that make Eylau and Borodino and Leipzig appear mere skirmishes of light forces, affairs of outposts. But the Emperor's name continues to embellish white paper, and men have not yet found the end to what they have to say about him.

The past year, they staged a play about the Emperor Napoleon. It opened in Washington, and it delighted students of the current class at the Army War College, many of whom proceeded to inform themselves on the G-4 aspects of the Russian Campaign; it also received favorable notice in the public prints, and ran three weeks on Broadway, in competition with the most advanced nudities the American stage has, so far, offered to its patrons. In little more than the same twelve months, there have been three books which add important footnotes to the vast literature already accumulated.

The first is called *With Napoleon in Russia*, but it is more than that. The remarkable tale of the memoirs of General de Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, *Grand Écuyer* to the Imperial Court; how they were hidden, and how they were resurrected, is not here pertinent. Caulaincourt was a gentle-

man of the authentic nobility, personally distasteful to the Emperor, as the Emperor was to Caulaincourt, but honest and capable. Therefore he served Napoleon well as Ambassador to Russia, and advised him soundly against the Russian Campaign. He was called pro-Russian for his honesty; and taken along, in his capacity as Transportation Officer to the Emperor, for his abilities. After Moscow, after the Retreat, after the agony of the Berezina, they salvaged a remnant of the Grand Army and brought it to Smorgonie, as you come into Poland from the East; and the Emperor remembered he was master of some kings in Western Europe and rushed home to Paris, lest the Kings forget him. He took with him one man, his Master of Horse, Caulaincourt. In that cold journey across Poland and North Germany, they rode in a sleigh, huddled close for warmth while their breathing congealed on their unshaven chins; they lay in the same rooms, on the same pallets, in mean country post-houses, sharing potato soup and corn brandy. Smorgonie, to Wilno, to Warsaw, to Dresden, to Paris, were the stages. About a thousand miles — and they did it in fourteen days, which is fast for a horse-team, any

time of the year. Through it all the Emperor talked. The details of the Russian Campaign you can get from a hundred sources, recorded better than Caulaincourt recorded them, for he was not a soldier. But nowhere else is there written so much of the Emperor's intimate conversation, as Caulaincourt transcribed it from his trained diplomat's memory, in those odd intervals while his master slept. . . . The Grand Army has had a disaster, there's no disguising it: this Marshal was a blockhead, and that one a goose: never mind, he, the Emperor, will retrieve all. We will say this to the King of Prussia, this to the Hapsburgs; and Talleyrand, consummate rascal, will diddle the English. As to Alexander, his Imperial Brother of the Russians, he really admires Me — and so on. Josephine was a fine woman; but these German girls are sweet and docile: Marie Louise, now — she has a good heart. The heart is everything. The Army's lost — no matter: we will raise another one. . . .

Thus the greatest careerist of modern times, talking in adversity, the dictator in his shirt. When you consider that he is the model for numerous lesser dictators fulminating today in their several orbits, all ambitious, the thing takes on

cogency. It is the way people reason, who set themselves above the ordinary checks and balances of human intercourse.



The second book is more Caulaincourt, but Caulaincourt not so well translated, and the Emperor in a more conventional setting, with his Army again, in his habit as he lived. For he has raised another Army, replacing in a measure those war-hardened men lost in the dim wastes of Russia, and is fighting for his Empire on the plains of Saxony. Lützen and Bautzen he has won, in the old Napoleonic manner, and killed Moreau at Dresden, and taken a disastrous defeat from the Nations, on the wrong side of the Elster stream, by Leipzig. *No Peace With Napoleon!*, this second book is called; and it is the record of the last bad months in the Spring of 1814, when French soldiers stood to fight, for the first time in nearly twenty-five years, within the frontiers of France. The Emperor has reached the curious stage, inevitable to dictators, where he thinks that by willing a thing to be, he can make it so. Yet he has his moments in touch with reality. Under his hand there are some fifty thousand men; against him four hundred thousand, led by generals

who learned the rudiments of the Napoleonic system in the hard school of defeat. Himself fat, and growing a little slow, the cancer that killed him gnawing in his duodenum, he takes the field at the end of January with another army (that army of veterans, about one-third Frenchmen, lost in Russia year before last: another, mostly Frenchmen, squandered at Leipzig and after, through 1813: and this, of children and old reserves, the last) and is beaten by Blücher in the snow at La Rothiere, the 1st February, 1814. He sends Caulaincourt, honest fellow and presentable gentleman, to get him a peace from the Conference of Châtillon, where Austria, the Germanies, Sweden, Russia, and England sit to cook their hare before they catch it. Then he comes to life: he is the young Chief-of-Division Buonaparte, General of the Army of Italy, returned again. He shatters Blücher and chases him east, beyond the Aisne: he turns to the south, on Schwarzenberg, the Austrian, and crushes him: he destroys St. Priest's Russian Corps at Rheims. Montmirail, Vauchamps, Champaubert, Montereau: the Campaign of France is as extraordinary as the Italian Campaign of 1795. And always he deluges the unfortunate Caulain-

court with staccato instructions: when the Allies catch an inferior Marshal and beat him, his Ambassador receives orders to treat with the Kings for the Louis XIV boundaries, or even for those of Louis XVI, offering the most solemn sanctions: but when the Emperor in person comes upon the field, and breaks his enemies and drives them, his couriers gallop with other mandates: never mind, we will dictate a military peace from the banks of the Vistula! Almost he brings it off.

There could be but one end. France, having carried for twenty years the strain of his victories, was getting tired. The Allies marched on Paris, too many columns for the Emperor to face at once. The civilian population was bored, if not with glory, then with the price of glory: they indicated a preference for Cossacks rather than conscription and taxes. The Marshals, not so young as they were, and gorged with gold and titles, had enough of war. It was Marmont, the companion of Buonaparte's cadet days at Brienne, who sold out first. All the others except iron Davout followed the Marshal-Duke of Ragusa into judicious treachery—even Ney, Marshal-Prince of the Moskowa. Caulaincourt, torn between patriotism and

loyalty, gives the closing scenes: it was he, he tells us, who held the Emperor's head at Fontainebleau when the poison induced nausea instead of death. Caulaincourt sets down the bitter conversation of those days: there is some very fine invective on the Marshals, "Those geese that I made eagles". Napoleon was weak from vomiting when his *Grand Écuyer* saw him last, setting off for Elba.



But it is of the third book, M. Aubry's *St. Helena*, that I would write. There had been the French Revolution, and then this Napoleon, both of them appalling human cataclysms. The volatile Bourbons re-ascended the throne of Saint Louis, having learned nothing and forgotten nothing. The Allies deliberated in appropriate surroundings at Vienna, to establish the *status quo ante bellum*, lost since Valmy-fight a quarter-century before. And the Emperor was finding it cramped quarters, in the pleasant isle of Elba, between the Gulf of Genoa and the Tyrrhenian Sea. The year '14 spun out, and they drew the Armies home to Central Europe, to England, to the Baltic countries, to remote Russia, and paid them off: expense excessive in any case, all these men under arms: no

more war, now that the Corsican fellow is shut up safely. The next Spring, 1815, occurred the episode men call The Hundred Days. The French Press screamed: Unaccountably, the Assassin has evaded the accredited observers and left his stipulated area: The Corsican Ogre is on the French mainland, where the police will doubtless dispose of him: General Buonaparte is moving up through the *départements*, some of the returned-soldier element with him: The Emperor is in residence at the Tuileries — *Vive l'Empereur!*

You can read elsewhere of the thrust to the north, of the Napoleonic design: drive the Germans eastward, throw the English into the sea before the others arrive! The world knows how the last Army of the Empire went out the Charleroi road from Paris to do it. The events of the disastrous June Sunday by Waterloo village are written in many books. The French Line Regiments expended themselves on Hougoumont and La Haye-Sainte, and the cavalry was squandered in the center; while the Young Guard at Planchenoit Farm behind the right fought faced-about, having Bulow on their necks; and, as the long Summer twilight faded into darkness, only the Old Guard stood

firm in squares to be killed. Some officer, Soult, they say, led a yellow, sweating, sick man, bowed on his horse's neck with bladder pains, away from the bullets that wouldn't have him. Come out of this, Sire! The English have had enough luck on this turn. . . . And here M. Octave Aubry takes up the narrative.

M. Octave Aubry is a painstaking annalist, and his bibliography, four pages of very small type, omits no accepted authority, and lists a number of sources which are new. Extremely zealous, he exiled himself for three months on that historic island in the South Atlantic, and his pages are informed with the hard bright light, the rain-squalls, and the interminable wind of those far latitudes. It is a hundred and fifteen years since they crowded into the mean room at Longwood to watch the Emperor die on his camp bed, and nearly a century since the final Bourbon King brought his ashes home to the banks of the Seine to rest among the French people whom, as the Emperor said, he had loved so well.

The truth of the captivity is hard to reconstruct. While Napoleon lived, myth surrounded him. Only by much sifting do we see the haggard soldier who was five days

coming down to Paris after Waterloo (you observe that the English and the Prussians did not follow him hard, for he had always been dangerous; and there remained to him Grouchy and Exelmans, their corps intact) and then getting himself immediately into a hot bath. And we have Davout, Minister of War, making his report in the bathroom that they show you now, or some room like it, and the Emperor splashing scented water over the Marshal's gold-encrusted coat. Nothing lost, really; we need firmness; throw the lawyers out: dissolve the Assembly: plenty of soldiers! says Davout. But the man in the tub commences to rail at Ney, who slaughtered his cavalry; talks of constitutional government; talks of his Dynasty; talks of the happiness of France; talks—and does nothing. Drifts presently to Malmaison, where a perfume lingers like a ghost in the rooms Josephine used; interviews his brothers and sisters and his grim old mother. The brothers say nothing of consequence: Caroline, Queen of Naples, says a good deal, and all sound sense: Go to the Americas, my brother: do not trust the English. So say some others. At Bordeaux there was an American sloop, the *Pike*, very fast, fast

enough to outvail any frigate in His Majesty's Service, and they engaged his passage on her. But he went listlessly to Rochefort. The Captain of the *Méduse* frigate offers to take on the British blockading squadron of Admiral Hotham while the Emperor runs past in a sloop: the 14th Regiment of Marines offers to get him to sea in a couple of longboats and impress the first sail they raise, to transport him where he will go. He does none of these sensible things. He drifts into the arms of the English: says he comes like Themistocles to throw himself on the generosity of his principal enemy. His classics were sounder than his judgment. When the English got their hands on him, they held him. They had had enough of military episodes. Presently they set him down, as a life guest of the Crown, on the Honorable the East India Company's island of St. Helena.

The company he took was as queer as the rest of the story. There was young General Gourgaud, a soldier who had been wounded, perhaps too often, and done too much staff-service. There was Las Cases, the eulogist, who deliberately set out to report and immortalize the event, and Las Cases along with it. There were the Counts of the Empire, Bertrand

and Montholon, not conspicuously connected with the Empire's glories. There were some servants: Aly; and the old Chasseur, who had an honorable combat record extending as far back as Egypt. There was an Irish contract-surgeon, O'Meara, an observant fellow with a sprightly pen, who managed to betray three parties at once. There were numerous others, not important to the narrative.

Of their housing, and of their economies, M. Aubry sets forth the details. With Captain Maitland and Admiral Cockburn, combat officers, the Emperor got on well enough; and the British regimental officers and soldiers who were set over him showed disquieting signs of adoration. Presently his official jailer arrived, the inimitable Sir Hudson Lowe, a mutton-headed professional whose only known contribution to the Napoleonic Wars was a period of dubious command over a corps of renegade Corsican Irregulars; and the Emperor got down to his last fight, the Battle, or rather the Campaign, of St. Helena. He was six years fighting it. It was his final victory.

There can be no quarrel with the decision of the British Government to incarcerate Napoleon. He had troubled Europe too long. While

he lived, he would be dangerous. They declined to give him, in his captivity, his Imperial style and titles: *Ordered: that Buonaparte receive the honors specified for a retired General Officer of the British Service.* Since the British Government had never recognized the French Empire, there was color of legality behind this decision. But Napoleon was—Napoleon! Moreover, he had surrendered himself: he was not taken by siege or in the field. From that nation whose publicists have brayed most loudly through the ages of the high usages of magnanimity, and of fair play, and such slush, he had reason to expect courteous treatment. What he had, M. Octave Aubry has set down in all essential detail. There was no pettiness to which Sir Hudson Lowe could not stoop: an English gentleman sends certain special volumes for the captive's library—Napoleon was a great reader: Sir Hudson confiscates them because they are engraved with the Imperial Arms, delicate attention of the donor. The Emperor, taking horse-exercise, passes the camp of the 53rd Regiment of the garrison: the English soldiers run out and salute: Sir Hudson orders that British soldiers shall not pay military courtesies to General Buonaparte. The

tale is endless, but not tiresome.

Sir Hudson had some thousands of regulars—infantry and garrison artillery; a formidable squadron was on the Station to watch the sea approaches of an island from which only a bird could have escaped. But he was no match for the smartest brain of his age. It occurs to one that the Emperor's best amusement through that slow time was throwing the hooks into Sir Hudson Lowe. Every littleness, every indignity, he turned to shrewd account. In spite of the most rigid censorship, the world was presently informed that Napoleon was being crucified by a fiend in human form, on a barren rock in the midst of a savage ocean. It was but a step for people to be reminded that, after Napoleon, life was more ample, somehow, for every humble man in Europe: the Empire, directing and controlling the impulses of the French Revolution, had swept the last of feudalism into the dustbin: a man's horizon, in France first, and then through the rest of the old nations, would be bounded hereafter by his own abilities, and not by the station his father had owned and all the dead generations before him. There was a code of laws. There was a new political system. There was also a legend of glory,

with the raw-head-and-bloody-bones that lies behind all glory fading comfortably into the past. The Fouchés, Talleyrands, and Metternich-crew were impotent; all the world was conscious of Napoleon, and began, with the queer illogic of human kind, to love him.

He was wise enough to see it. As you read this chronicle, almost you feel sorry for Sir Hudson Lowe, whose latter end was deservedly miserable. Otherwise, here are recited the curious chronicles of that little court on the windy hills of St. Helena: how Las Cases, Bertrand, Montholon, and General Gourgaud bickered and hated each other and followed the rigid ritual of Versailles: how they all aged together, quarrelling through the long days: of disputes about food and wine and precedence; of the failing man who remained, for every person around his orbit, the central figure of the world. Finally his cancer killed him, as it would have killed him anywhere. He did not live to see the great wind of Liberalism that swept the earth; the German revolution of '48; the new Empire of his nephew, Napoleon the Less; the things that have happened since. But in the high roll of fame, where the battle-names of Italy chant, and Austerlitz, Jena, and

Friedland shine, he could write also, St. Helena.

They buried, in the hollow under the weeping willow trees, a decomposing cadaver — M. Aubry is most explicit — clothed in the green coat and white breeches of a *garde chasseur colonel*. But the Emperor was not in the triple-enclosed casket. He had passed the cordon of sentries, and the official observers of France, Austria, and Russia; and the segmented line of garrison artillery on the St. Helena headlands; and the patrol of English frigates — (presently *H.M.S. London* would be hastening north under press of canvas with a word to free Europe of apprehension); and he had emerged into Legend. There he was entering the provinces of poetry and memoir, and entering also the collection of endorsed fables men call history; spheres of influence beyond the careful regulation of Lord Bathurst and the watchfulness of Sir Hudson Lowe. In Legend, the heroes are always young, and glorious, and free. They triumph by habit over all their enemies. The fragrance of worship, growing more ardent, and less critical and less instructed as the generation of eye-witnesses passes, ascends eternally to their pleasant bivouacs in the Elysian Fields.

THE OPEN FORUM

THE REPUBLICANS REPLY

SIR: With much of what Mr. Varney says in his article, "Autopsy on the Republican Party", I am not in accord. But with one statement I am in complete agreement. When Mr. Varney says that the Republican Party must be the apostle of a burning political conviction, he puts his finger on the heart of the problem. For my part, I would like to see the party, while recognizing the new social obligations placed on government by modern conditions, stand firmly for the maintenance of a free competitive capitalism under a decentralized government of limited power. Whether such a position is called Liberal or Conservative does not seem to me of great importance. I would call it Liberal because it represents, certainly from a historical standpoint, true Liberalism. On the other hand, such a position is Conservative in the sense that it means the preservation of the fundamentals of our American system.

OGDEN L. MILLS

New York City

SIR: I have read Harold Lord Varney's "Autopsy on the Republican Party" with keen interest and with most of the views expressed therein, I fully concur. It is not my belief that the party is through as a political organization. Sixteen and one-half million votes under one banner must always be reckoned with. The mistake of the Republican Party was to place itself where it made inconsistent promises. In making these promises we belittled our own criticism of the New Deal. We cannot promise extravagant spending and yet criticize such expenditures.

Many people thought that the party should offer a substitute for the New Deal.

Many failed to realize that until the New Deal was discredited, no substitute could be offered. In other words, the most effective campaign speech was a speech showing the fallacies of the present trend of government, not a speech trying to set up a new political policy in the place of the one now existing. In other words, it was the experience of nearly every man on the platform that he was more convincing with his audience when he was showing the fallacies of the present New Deal, than when attempting to offer a constructive policy or what a new administration could do.

There is a further lesson in the campaign to the effect that the voter must be taken into the confidence of the political organization. A man may be a mythical character and be sufficiently popular to start a campaign, but to weather the campaign to the end as such is an impossibility.

The suggested coalition between Jeffersonian Democrats and the Republican Party never appealed to me. In each party will be found many voters loyal to the name, and therefore greatly confused if an effort were made to change the party name on the ballot. It seems to me that hope of Republican success will come through a division of interest between the vested political control in the South, all in the hands of the Democrats, and the present trend of our industrial and congested centers toward Democracy.

It is my view that the most constructive suggestion in Mr. Varney's analysis is that the Republican Party will become the Conservative Party, that in the end the majority of the property-owning, liberty-loving people in America believe in sound political doctrines. That no effort should be made to

force the views of any particular group within the party, but that the party should develop a sound program along economic, industrial, and agricultural lines and then permit leadership to develop that is capable of carrying such a program to the public.

For this reason, it would be my hope that the Republican Party will continue an active organization, that it will refuse to be led astray by New Deal benefits, that it will continue to advocate principles that are fundamentally sound and which have met the test of time, and that its leadership will cease to be annoyed by pet theories of Liberalism and demands that we go to the Left or to the Right. The real course has been charted by experience, and in this course there is room for sound leadership and constructive suggestions.

SENATOR LESTER J. DICKINSON
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Anything that Harold Lord Varney writes about contemporary politics merits attention. No other American political commentator excels him in knowledge, understanding, and honesty. With much of what he has written in criticism of the Republican leadership during the recent Presidential campaign I am in full agreement. But I find myself rejecting his pessimism. To everybody except a few philological pundits the word "autopsy" suggests a corpse and *post mortem* dissection. To me that suggestion lacks realism.

The Republican Party is not a corpse. It is very much alive, even though it is obviously very badly battered. Its condition calls for the services of diagnostician, pathologist, and surgeon, but not yet for the service of the coroner. Bad as the defeat suffered by the party was and is, no good can result from exaggerating its measure. We must remember that 16,682,524 citizens cast their votes for Landon. When we compare this with the votes for Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, we see at once that we have to deal not with a dead party, the cause of whose death we must explain, but with a

living party, of great vitality and actual power, that has suffered a serious defeat which we are concerned to understand and explain. If we do not keep this fact in mind we shall be drawn into futile consideration of, and probably the planning of, some sort of new party. All our experience indicates that it would take many years, at best, to build up a new party strong enough to poll anything like as many votes as were cast for the candidate of the Republican Party last November.

In the *Review of Reviews* for December, 1935, I sounded the warning that if the Republican Party wanted to win in 1936, it must have convictions and the courage to shape its course by the logic of those convictions. To win it must be guided by its faith, not by its fears. It must, specifically, have the courage to meet openly, debate, and refute the brutal and senseless calumnies which the New Dealers insistently heaped upon the last Republican Administration. Nobody above the level of a political moron could have believed it possible for the party to dodge the calumnies; to evade the issue by relegating Mr. Hoover and those who were active in his Administration to an invisible rear and by appearing as a new party. Yet there were political morons enough at Cleveland to adopt precisely that course.

The most amazing thing of all was the fact that this course was adopted in the face of overwhelming evidence that the only signs of success discernible in the political skies came from an exactly opposite policy. For a year prior to the primary elections in most of the States, there was evident a most extraordinary resurgence of the Republican Party. No one doubted the fact, none disputed it. The recovery of Republican morale was the most striking phenomenon in our political life. Nor was there any doubt as to the cause of it. The intellectual and moral leadership of one man was the direct cause. That man was Herbert Hoover.

The defeated general of the campaign of 1932 had rallied the demoralized forces and

was restoring their morale. It was clear that here was the only hope of regeneration and victory. It did not follow that Mr. Hoover must be renominated in 1936. There might be some doubt upon that point; but it was certain that the fight must be waged along the lines of his own great fight, and that his leadership must be accepted.

Then came the tremendous demonstration of affection for Mr. Hoover at Cleveland, both on the streets and in that extraordinary ovation in the convention itself. There was in that ovation a note of intensity, of homage to great leadership, and of consecrated response to a great crusade, a note that should have warned the Republican High Command against folly and guided it to victorious policies. But the High Command was adamant in its stupidity. It dared not fight for principle. It elected to obey its fears rather than dare for faith. And so we had a platform that was a mess of evasions and inconsistencies, a candidate who was the personification of muddle and confusion, and a campaign fitted to such a platform and such a candidate. The Cleveland Convention might so easily have taken its place in our history as the scene of the Great Restoration of Republicanism. Instead, it takes its place as the scene of the Great Betrayal.

I do not say that any candidate named by the party could have been elected in place of Mr. Roosevelt. The combination of such an unprecedented horde of direct beneficiaries of federal extravagance and generally improving conditions would have prevailed, I think, against the best that the Republican Party could do. But for all that, a great victory was possible. Instead of losing so many members in both branches of the Congress, courageous leadership along the lines of Mr. Hoover's personal pre-convention campaign would have increased Republican representation in both the Senate and the House.

Never in our history was the campaign of a great historic party conceived in such stupidity, or such cowardice, or conducted

with equal ineptitude. That Mr. Hoover is incomparably the ablest, wisest, and most inspiring spokesman the Republican Party has is understood by everybody except the little group responsible for the disastrous campaign of 1936. That Mr. Hoover was virtually boycotted throughout the campaign is a monstrous fact concerning which there need no longer be silence. Despite the evidence that his ringing appeals had revived the party and restored its morale, these Lilliputians in giants' roles perversely insisted that his activity was undesirable, amounting to a liability rather than an asset.

Against that view I here and now assert the belief that Mr. Hoover's intellectual and moral strength is today the party's greatest asset. If the party is to regain in 1938 any of the lost ground and be ready to do battle in 1940 with any hope of success, it must cast aside timidity, the blow-hot-blow-cold insincerities which made the last campaign a thing of shame. It must do precisely what Herbert Hoover did, and in doing won the admiration of millions; namely, take a firm stand in defense of those liberties and rights, and those primal virtues, which Mr. Roosevelt imperils. Only such a holy crusade for Liberty as Mr. Hoover proclaimed at Cleveland can rejuvenate the party and bring it again to power. As a conservative party, yet humane and progressive withal, defending no privilege, denying no right, impeding no progressive advance, yet battling without compromise in defense of the basic rights and institutions of our traditional American system and way of life, the Republican Party can surmount the disaster and lead the nation to new heights.

JOHN SPARGO

Old Bennington, Vt.

SIR: I have read with a great deal of interest Mr. Varney's "Autopsy on the Republican Party". Regardless of who had been our candidate, I question if the results would have been much different, because of the tremendous patronage machine which the Democrats control. I have been in-

formed that Mr. Farley stated that in every PWA job in the United States, the foreman in charge was an organization Democrat and that he was supplied practically weekly with materials condemning the Republican Party; further that it was his duty to inform all workers under him what would happen if the Republican Party obtained control in Washington. I believe that this probably had more to do with the defeat of Governor Landon than any other reason.

I notice Mr. Varney mentioned the "crusade against the whole New Deal". I think that in the campaigns of 1935 and 1936, we demonstrated in New York State that if such a campaign was logically placed before the people, it would have tremendous effects. Our results showed that our logic was not altogether wrong as we recaptured the New York State Assembly in 1935 and retained it in 1936, and our Assembly campaign was based solely upon fighting the New Deal where we considered it was detrimental to our government.

MELVIN C. EATON

Norwich, N. Y.



ORCHIDS FOR H. L. M.

SIR: A blind ass can find a waterhole but H. L. Mencken is oblivious to the pure springs of social and economic justice released by the New Deal. Mencken has studied words so long they create a dust bowl in his head and he foreshakes argument for ictus and syntax. Did the Baltimore Crab ever make a logical approach to any subject? No, and he never will. The last thing he seeks is a manly fight. He prefers to coil and slither and strike with fang and venom.

Here is a man who has enjoyed all the cultural institutions made possible by the working masses, yet he bestows upon his benefactors vilification and slander. He begrudges farmers the pittance provided by the AAA, but smugly accepts benefits accruing under the copyright law and cheap postage for dissemination of his screed. His article in the December MERCURY sheds not

one ray of enlightenment upon a subject national in scope, and is wholly lacking in dignity and candor.

I suggest THE MERCURY arrange for a debate on the sharecropper problem between Upton Sinclair and H. L. Mencken. It will be interesting to see if Mencken with his orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody can maintain his thesis that sterilization is a solution for agrarian woe. I want to see the color of Mencken's liver.

P. T. ANDERSON

Hogeland, Mont.

SIR: I read Mencken's article Monday. By Tuesday I had forgotten its contents, so I re-read it. Wednesday I had forgotten it again. And so on for four times. I wanted to discuss it, and kept forgetting it. Surely this cannot be due to a failing of memory entirely. My belief is that his words, majestic and beautiful as they are (you've got to give him credit here), are not lasting in the least. Old age and paralysis of the mind have snuck up on the old boy at last.

ALAN USOSKIN

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: This letter hails from the so-called Dust Bowl of the United States. You will have to excuse my lack of grammar as I have gone to the schools of western Kansas. However, I think it about time that some one from these sticks told your magazine and its holier-than-thou contributors such as that high-and-mighty know-it-all, His Majesty H. L. Mencken, what the score is.

Western Kansas is a rugged and at times a very difficult place to live in. It takes a man to make a good living in this country. Now I am sure any of your back-biting snobs that contribute to your magazine would have a very difficult time in making any semblance of a living; in fact, I rather think the dole would have them in very short order. If Mr. Mencken would care to visit this obnoxious region, meaning Kansas, I am sure he would find any number of people, good steady farmers, that raise

wheat and wheat alone and make a lot better living than he does knocking everything that everyone else does. The majority of the dole-workers that Mencken refers to are made up of people that the New York immigration people, or whoever has the control of immigration from Russia to America, let into the Land of Opportunity.

One thing we Kansas people can pride ourselves on and that is we raise people out here who don't jump off the windmill when a drought comes along. They just dig in and work like hell. If the government helps them with crop loans which are always paid back, then so much the easier, but understand, they don't have to have them. We can get along very nicely without the help of anyone.

Another thing we pride ourselves on and that is we would rather speak from the heart and not from a dictionary. (That one is for you, Mencken.) I wonder how Mr. Mencken could account for the settling of the entire United States without giving credit to those adventurous souls who kept pushing on in search of new fields to sell at a profit to those timid souls who came after the danger was over. Yes, H. L. Mencken would become immortal if he could only find out what he was talking about. Well, a man could talk and write forever and still not convince you Eastern pencil-pushers that there are one or two things you don't know a thing about. Also that there is more to living than making another fellow-being out as dumb and inferior and not fit to walk the same earth. However, the Western and Eastern people have one thing in common and that is their mutual dislike.

Let me say now that I really think your magazine represents the finest of American literature, if only some of your contributors would deal a little more fairly with certain things too numerous to mention.

REGGIE BUXTON

Ransom, Kan.

SIR: Re: "The Dole for Bogus Farmers" in the December issue. H. L. Mencken's

stuff always reminds me of an "educated" jackass. A better rogue than Christian. A benefit to society if sterilization started with him and ended there.

GERALD S. ZANDER

Milwaukee

SIR: A great many of us have suspected for some time that that once acknowledged leader of anti-orthodox thought, Mr. Henry L. Mencken, has reached his literary "Gottterdammerung". His recent blasts at President Roosevelt's Administration consist of a futile and desperate attempt on his part to regain the literary heights which he enjoyed in the 'Twenties.

What psychological catastrophe has influenced his facile pen to such inane and puerile preachings against twentieth-century America will be interesting research for "nascent Ph.D.'s" in the future. It is to be hoped, however, that the literary lights of coming generations can escape the conclusion that Mencken is typical of present-day American thought—a conclusion evidently held by the editors of the once valuable *MERCURY*.

So long as this befuddled and cross-brained cynic restrained his tirades to the "Bible-belt theology" and other such subjects on his mental plane, he could be tolerated. But when he turns his vocabulary against the level of society with which he shows no evidence of being familiar, then he should be prepared to lose what little literary following he still possesses.

Whether readers of *THE MERCURY* are Tories or Radicals; Fascists or Communists; Republicans or Democrats; Liberty Leaguers or New Dealers, *et al.*, Mr. Mencken's intemperate, prejudiced, and childish rantings will estrange practically all informed and educated readers.

ROBERT L. BLOOM

Tyrone, Pa.

SIR: I buy *THE MERCURY* for just one reason—H. L. Mencken. Unquestionably he is the most intelligent American alive

today. If proof of his everlasting accuracy in lambasting the boobs were necessary, it could easily be found in the squawks from the Pinkos and Comrades in the radical press. Boy, how they hate him! And there is nothing in this world like the hatred stupid people have for a superior person who tells them the unpleasant truth about themselves. I wish you could print Mencken every month — he's tops.

JACKSON MEREDITH

San Francisco

VERSE VS. PROSE

SIR: As I intend to chide you mildly, I soften the blow by telling you that I consider *THE MERCURY* a grand, informative, and thought-stimulating magazine. Even your errors are entertaining.

Among your minor errors I list your printing of Ruth Purdy's *Wives* as poetry, or "verse", when instead of on three pages you might have put it all on one page as prose. For prose is exactly what this little thing is, not verse, by any stretch of the imagination. So why try to fool us with the form? This is not verse: it is cadenced prose. I use it myself, usually in the introductory or concluding paragraph of some serious article on aviation — I write for *Aero Digest*, and also double in brass as drama reviewer for *Spur*. This trick of using cadenced prose is an old one — the most noticeable example of which is Dickens' moving passage on the death of Little Nell. You "sophisticates" may sneer at that passage as Victorian sentimentalism, but unless you are professional reciters, with your emotions under control, I'll defy any one of you to read that passage aloud to a small audience without tears coming into your voice. Try it if you doubt me. Then ask yourself why you felt like crying — at what your reason tells you was mawkish sentimentality, and at the death

of a fiction character who was one of the weakest and most impossible of any that Dickens created.

Well, the answer is that the Old Master got you with cadenced prose — and got himself with it, too, for biographers tell us, and so do his letters, that he cried all the way through it.

CY CALDWELL

New York City

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HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

SIR: Allow me to say how much I appreciate *THE MERCURY* in its present form and price. We need more of such fearless articles as you publish. May you have great success in 1937.

FRED C. MEERES

Winnipeg, Canada

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THREATENING LETTER DEPT.

SIR: We have noted for some time past that you have been publishing articles which have an anti-Labor bias and which are pro-Fascist in character. Particularly we have been aroused by your recent article on the American Civil Liberties Union in your December issue, written by Harold Lord Varney, who is alleged to be a propaganda agent of the Italian Government. From our knowledge of the facts, this appears slanderous in its untruths.

We believe that you may wish to make an explanation of not only this specific article but of a general policy which appears to be anti-American and in the spirit of Hitler and Mussolini.

May we hear from you?

JOHN H. BOLLENS, *Chairman*
Conference for the
Protection of Civil Rights

Detroit

THE CONTRIBUTORS

WITTER BYNNER (*Housman*), the poet and translator, lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico. ARLINGTON B. CONWAY (*Artillery in the Next War*), an expert on military affairs, is a frequent contributor to these pages. RALPH ADAMS CRAM (*Prophets of the New Order*) is the widely-known Boston critic and architect. ALAN DEVOE (*The Rat*), essayist and short-story writer, now tenants an old farm house in up-State New York. JOHN FANTE (*The Postman Rings and Rings*), who "wanted to be a professional baseball player and turned out an author instead", is at present writing scenarios in Hollywood. STEWART H. HOLBROOK (*The Vanishing American Male*), a veteran of the A.E.F., has worked in logging camps and done reporting and editing in Portland, Oregon, where he now lives. RAYMOND HOLDEN (*On This Last Rock*), a born New Yorker, has been writing and editing in his native city for twenty-one years. LAURENCE HOUSMAN (*A Victorian Looks at Modern Poetry*) is the well-known English author and artist. MORRIS MARKEY (*Bureaucracy*) is at present writing for the movies in Hollywood. ISAAC McANALLY (*Gov. Hoffman, the Jersey Skyrocket*) is a political reporter for the *New York Evening Post*. LOUISE McNEILL (*Lines to a Husband*) teaches school in West Virginia. W. P. MUNGER, Jr. (*Lotteries Officially Approved*), who recently returned from a trip to Australia, is a member of the research department of a New York advertising agency. EDWARD A. RICHARDS (*Iron*) has taught English at Amherst, Rochester, and Columbia. HENRY MORTON ROBINSON (*Resurrecting the Dead*) is a freelance writer and the author of *Science Versus Crime* (Bobbs-Merrill). RICHARD W. SCOTT (*Why Canadians Dislike Us*), a Canadian newspaperman, was born in Canada, educated in England, and lived for eight years in the United States. LEON TROTSKY (*The Real Soviet Russia*) is the distinguished Russian revolutionist. LEONARD TWYNHAM (*Old Dog*), a resident of Sharon, Connecticut, contributes verse to various magazines. ANDRÉ VAILLANT (*I Thought I Knew My France*) is a native Parisian who has written for French, Estonian, Spanish, and Jugoslavian periodicals.





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Recorded MUSIC

BY IRVING KOLODIN

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

ORCHESTRAL

***‡‡ *Symphony in F Minor (No. 4), Tchaikowsky:* (RCA-Victor, five 12-inch records, \$10). A singularly energetic and forceful reading of what it is not unreasonable to regard as Tchaikowsky's most successful symphony. The performers are Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the recording is as realistic as anything science has yet accomplished. *Warning:* A modern machine is virtually imperative for representative reproduction of the sound contained on these disks. The Waltz from the *String Serenade* is brilliantly played on the tenth side.

***‡‡ *Dichter und Bauer, Von Suppe:* (RCA-Victor, 12-inch record, \$1.50). This melodion-and-carousel masterpiece is ennobled by an animated, precise interpretation by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra (99 44/100 Boston Symphony). Good fun, and excellent recording, though somewhat over-detailed.

***‡‡ *Symphony in B Minor (No. 6), Tchaikowsky:* (Columbia, five 12-inch records, \$7.50). A new *Pathetique*, from Philippe Gaubert and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. It has been M. Gaubert's laudable intention to minimize the elements of hysteria in this work, but the thought recurs: Does this not also rob the score of its major distinction? The playing is straightforward, somewhat over-agitated in the march movement. Gaubert's orchestra is hardly comparable to the best of ours, but the performance is accurate and the recording excellently sonorous.

‡‡‡ *Overture in D Minor, Handel-Stokowski:* (RCA-Victor, 10-inch record, \$1.50). The ineffable Leopold has here recorded his "free transcription" of one of Handel's great masterworks. What emerges is first-rank Stokowski, but rather poor Handel, what with swollen sonorities, rampant brasses, and theatrical "effects". The re-



RECORDED MUSIC

cording, however, is magnificent, and Stokowski's capacity for inflaming an orchestra remains unimpaired.

VOCAL

***††† *Ich Liebe Dich* and *Ein Traum* (Grieg): (RCA-Victor, 10-inch record, \$1.50). The most successful recording to date of Kirsten Flagstad's voice. Unfortunately not one of the Wagner scenes for which she is celebrated. Both songs, however, are representative Grieg, and suitable for Flagstad's excellent ability. Edwin MacArthur is the piano accompanist.

OPERA

***††† *La Bohème* (Fourth Act only), (Puccini): (Columbia, four 12-inch records, \$6). The element of distinction in this performance is the superb direction by Sir Thomas Beecham, which gives more vitality and character to the music than the performances commonly — or uncommonly — heard in the opera house. An English cast is used, meritorious through the ability of its members to do the conductor's bidding. The orchestral score is beautifully played by the London Philharmonic, and the recording has fine body and distinctness. On the eighth side is *Donde Lieta* from the third act of *Bohème*.

DANCE

Limehouse Blues and *After You've Gone*: (Victor, 10-inch, \$.75). Further evidence of the mighty talents of Stephane Grappelly's *Hot Four*, the French swingsters noted here several months ago. Lots of imagination and fine skill in these.

Somebody Loves Me and *Jam Session*: (Victor, 10-inch, \$.75). The old Gershwin tune in a vigorous new arrangement by Fletcher Henderson, excellently treated by Benny Goodman and Band. Only recommended if you cherish this tune, for the reverse is ordinary stuff.

Un Violon dans La Nuit and *Vieni, Vieni*: (Columbia, 10-inch, \$.75). The first of these is the French original of the currently popular *Serenade in the Night*. However, none of the domestic versions compare with Tino Rossi's skillful vocalization on this disk. It is coupled with a tune from the *Casino de Paris* revue which is not without its own charm.

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CURRENT BOOKS

(Continued from front adv't section, p. xiv)

Agar and Tate have edited, and lo! here are a score of new men, all in one land, who are of the same mind with himself, each getting at the same end by starting from as many points and following each his particular path. Not to speak of all those in the Old World who in the same space of time have reached the same goal; and there are as many others in America, not represented in this book, who have done the same.

This is perhaps the most encouraging sign visible today. As the old system crumbles in a somewhat unsavory liquidation, here is a young generation that is not content to sit down in desolation and quietism, but actually proposes to do something about it—and clearly tells you what that is. During a century, man has lost his economic independence and security, becoming predominantly proletarian, or servile in his estate. The methods of political democracy have made him the helpless dupe of politicians. Technocracy has de-humanized him and megalopolis atrophied his soul, while pragmatic philosophy has sterilized his spirit. Yet this is no impasse, for there is a way out, and this admirable plexus of the clear thinking of twenty men shows at least the start of the way.

This is no place to epitomize a book that cannot be so treated. It is a work to be read, not reviewed. On the whole it synchronizes and localizes the new-old philosophy of social organization that from the time of Thomas Jefferson and William Cobbett has gradually been gathering force and lucidity and now is taking shape in definite propositions that cannot be laughed off. There is a way out, and it begins to look very much as if this were it.



Any book mentioned or reviewed in THE MERCURY may be purchased at list price from this magazine. Send orders and checks to Book Department, The American Mercury, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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★★★★★ indicate a book of exceptional and lasting merit. ★★★★ a distinguished and valuable work. ★★★ a readable and engaging volume. ★★ a fair performance. ★ an unimpressive book, but with some minor characteristic of value. The absence of stars may be taken to mean the absence of merit.

BIOGRAPHY

★★★★ THE LETTERS OF MRS. HENRY ADAMS, 1865-1883. Edited by Ward Thoron. \$5.00. *Little, Brown*. These lively, readable, informative missives cover mainly an eleven-year period of married life, during which Mrs. Adams traveled twice abroad, and also earned distinction as a social hostess in Washington. An intimate chronicle, breathing life into a vanished American era.

★★★ MY LIFE IN THE RUSSIAN THEATER, by Vladimir Nemirovitch-Danchenko, \$3.75. *Little, Brown*. Only Yesterday in Russia, through the eyes of an artist-celebrity. His memoirs complete the picture of the Moscow Art Theater, first drawn in fine outline by Stanislavsky's *My Life in Art*.

★★★ ZEST FOR LIFE, by John Wöller. \$2.50. *Knopf*. Beautifully written reminiscences of a traveler, losing none of their philosophic flavor in the process of translation from the Danish.

★★★ THEATER OF LIFE, VOLUME II, by Esme Howard. \$4.50. *Little, Brown*. This second instalment of the experiences of one of Britain's most favored diplomats covers Sir Esme's career from 1905 to the present day. Related with the same simplicity, tolerance, and humor which marked his first volume.

(Continued on page xxii)

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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page xxi)

★★★ **FIGHTING ANGEL**, by Pearl S. Buck. \$2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. This able biography of the author's father presents an unusually vivid picture of a missionary in China. Parts of the book were first published in *THE MERCURY*.

★★ **ROMANTIC ADVENTURE**, by Elinor Glyn. \$3.50. *Dutton*. The author of the then-infamous *Three Weeks* recites the high points of her literary life, her travels, and her somewhat restrained love affairs.

★★ **MARIE TEMPEST**, by Hector Bolitho. \$3.50. *Lippincott*. Confessing a lack of collaboration on the part of the subject of this biography, Mr. Bolitho, a persevering investigator, has written twenty-seven episodes in the life of Britain's famous actress. Taken all together, they spell theater history, including the record of Miss Tempest's appearances from 1885 to 1935 throughout the world.

★★ **REBEL IN BOMBAZINE**: The Memoirs of Malwida von Meysenbug. \$3.50. *Norton*. Not too lively reminiscences of the nineteenth-century feminist who looked on Europe's future with a jaundiced eye. If Malwida lived today, she would probably divide her allegiance, in the current Liberal manner, between the New Deal and the Comintern.

SCIENCE

★★★ **THE WORLD AROUND US**, by Paul Karlson. \$3.00. *Simon & Schuster*. A first-rate explanation of the field of physical science, in terms understandable by any mature person. Light waves, electricity, and the theory of relativity receive especial attention, so much so that they lose considerable of their mystery—which is a triumphant literary feat.

FICTION

★★★★ **TOLD WITH A DRUM**, by Edward Harris Heth. \$2.00. *Houghton Mifflin*.



THE CHECK LIST

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★★★ JOHN DAWN, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A readable romance of four generations of virile Puritan forefathers. The writing is fresh, original, and appetizing.

★★★ THE D. A. CALLS IT MURDER, by Erle Stanley Gardner. \$2.00. *Morrow*. Mr. Gardner's detective stories are near the top in skill of construction and general readability. This is another good one.

★★ RICH MAN POOR MAN, by Janet Ayer Fairbank. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. What happened to a moneyed Chicago family from 1912 until the debut of the Depression, with clarifying notes on every American social trend, from the Bull Moose cause to Communism.

★ THE STREET OF THE FISHING-CAT, by Jolán Földes. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Despite the \$19,000 All-Nations' prize awarded this novel, it is undistinguished. An indifferent translation by Elizabeth Jacobi is an additional handicap.

TRAVEL

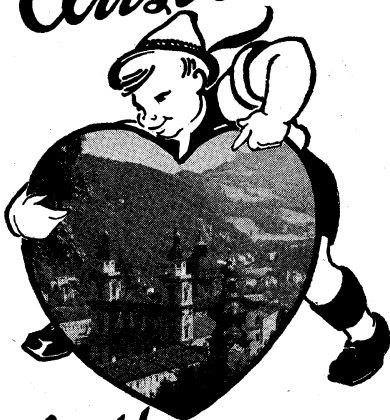
★★ GRAND TOUR. Edited by R. S. Lambert. \$2.50. *Dutton*. Seven modern British authors traverse the route from London to Paris to Switzerland to Italy to Germany and back to London, covering the same ground once trod by the aristocratic tourist of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Each author contributes a panoramic share to this unusual travel book.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

★★★★★ THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SOCIALISM, by John Strachey. \$3.00. *Random House*. Essential reading for every adult American. Mr. Strachey expounds in

(Continued on page xxvi)

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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page xxiii)

definitive, authoritative words the meaning, purpose, practice, and ultimate goals of collectivism. The major flaw in his philosophy, as in all Communist dogma, is the assumption that bureaucratic governments of gargantuan proportions could — and would — solve all the world's problems.

★★★ WE CAN DEFEND AMERICA, by Maj. Gen. Johnson Hagood. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. The late recipient of Dr. Roosevelt's crackdown methods explains why the United States should always be prepared for a defensive war. Speaking now as a retired staff officer, General Hagood spares no heads. An excellent critique of America's naval and military policies.

★★ THE ULTIMATE POWER, by Morris L. Ernst. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. If Lawyer Ernst, legal savior to many of the Republic's leading Radicals, could forget his prejudices and temper his voice, this analysis of the Supreme Court and its powers might be of permanent value. But the gratuitous diatribes on Economic Royalism, the du Ponts, W. R. Hearst, and Ole Debbil Morgan indicate that the author is every bit as bigoted as he would have us believe the Nine Justices to be.

POETRY

★★★★ RARE POEMS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, edited by L. Birkett Marshall. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. A quietly important collection of never well-known and now completely forgotten minor poets. The choice is discriminating and, as the editor maintains, "there rises a picture of a small, quiet, and self-satisfied England, of little men going about their lives with a flourish". A valuable work of re-discovery.

★★★ ON THIS ISLAND, by W. H. Auden. \$1.50. *Random House*. A collection of new poems by the most original and provocative of the younger English writers. Although Auden still luxuriates in para-

doxes and dissonances — he even fashions a strictly modern *sestina* — the new verses are more lyrical and more direct in appeal than the distinguished but often obscure stanzas which introduced him.

★★ THE BIRTH OF SONG, by W. H. Davies. \$1.00. *Oxford University Press*. Twenty-four lyrics which the bird-like Davies has written in 1935–36, and which he seems to have written many times before. The poems are nonchalantly free of ideas; some are genuinely spontaneous; others are unintentional (or are they?) parodies of false naïveté.

★★ TIME HAS NO SHADOW, by Katherine Garrison Chapin. \$2.00. *Dodd Mead*. As thoughtful as Davies is thoughtless, varied in subject and treatment, serious and sensitive. Lacking a style of its own, it is the very seriousness of Mrs. Chapin's work which wins the reader's respect.

★ LAWRENCE: THE LAST CRUSADE, by Selden Rodman. \$2.50. *Viking*. A long versified interpretation (the author subtitles it "a dramatic-narrative poem") of the life and death of T. E. (not D. H.) Lawrence. The narrative is strained; the drama theatricalized; and, in spite of a vivid background, the work gains nothing for being told in verse rather than in prose.

★ COMPLETED FRAGMENTS, by Joseph R. N. Maxwell. \$1.50. *Manthorne & Burack*. A new effort to reconstruct the broken stanzas and half-lines of Sappho. An interesting experiment in amplification, but no better than previous attempts.

★ SHINE, PERISHING REPUBLIC, by Rudolph Gilbert. \$2.50. *Humphries*. A six-part consideration of Robinson Jeffers, his tragic sense, and his contribution to modern poetry. Although the book has little value as an analysis, being far too uncritical, it is full of information, and should save Jeffers the trouble of answering letters from thesis-writers.

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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page xxvi)

MISCELLANEOUS

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★ **26 LEAD SOLDIERS**, by Hartley E. Jackson. \$3.00. *Stanford University Press*. A simplified, up-to-date textbook on printing types, typesetting, and printing processes. An excellent reference work for students, journalists, and editors.

★ **HITLER OVER RUSSIA?**, by Ernest Henri. \$2.50. *Simon & Schuster*. Another of the many fantastic attempts to prove that the Nazis are pledged to redecorate the Kremlin come next Sunday, with the aid of tanks and howitzers. If M. Henri knows half as much about Herr Hitler's military plans as he professes to, he is wasting his time as an author. Spies make better money.

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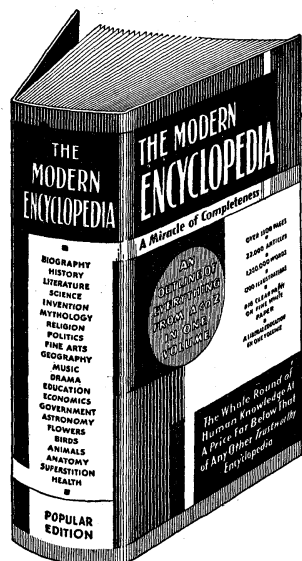
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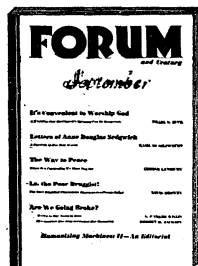
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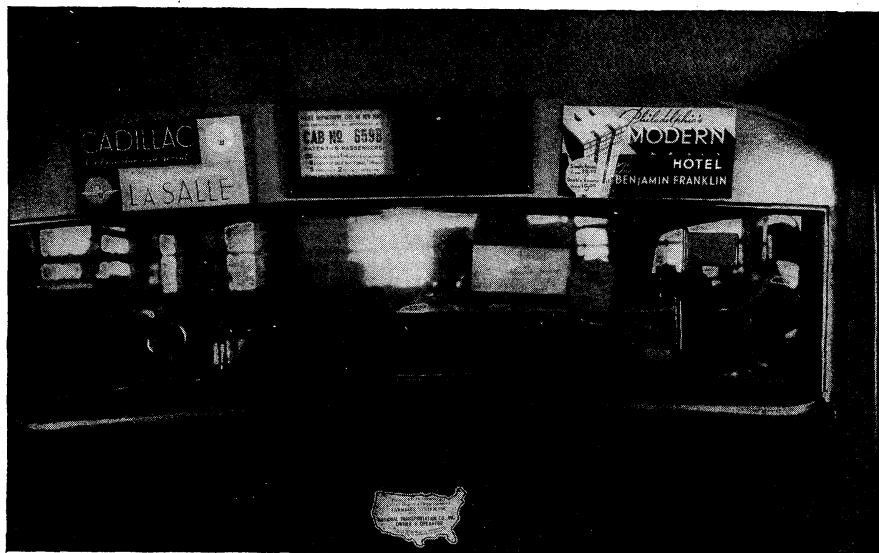
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