

HALDEMAN-JULIUS QUARTERLY

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EDITED BY
E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS



The Unmapped Island

THERE is an island that isn't on the map, that has never appeared in the news columns and that has never been visited by even the widest traveler. It is an island that has been made an example of times innumerable and in behalf of various forms of argument and inquiry. On the white, unvisited sands of this island lie the bones of many a theorist who died of inanition for lack of the very breath and food of life. It seems that nobody has ever been able to sustain life on this island, although a number have bravely tried it. The fate of these victims illustrates the futility of speculations about the arrangement of life that, with an amazing oblivion, forgets to include human beings. How many times have you seen the question, What books would you want if you should be cast away, solitary, on this familiar and yet elusive isle? Some people have no doubt had a good deal of fun making believe to answer this question. But evidently in such a situation one would have no use for any books: one would have plenty of time for reading, but would not be in the mood for it. What would a man, by himself on this hypothetical island, think about a philosophy of life? He would think nothing, for a philosophy of life depends upon one's own living in the real world of human beings. Philosophizing alone on an island would be as profitless as running water into a bottomless pail or as impossible as making sound in a vacuum. The most frequent use of this unmapped island has been for sociological purposes. Good souls, trying to imagine a remaking of the constitution of human society, have worked out their schemes on the assumption of this casting away of a small group of people on an island. They pretend to unfold an orderly, logical, complete explanation of social forces in the light of the supposed relations of these castaways. And logic they may achieve, of a kind, but they omit the greater, governing circumstances of life. People in the large real world do not live in any such ideally and simply defined relationship. Greater numbers—a greater variety of interests—the many complications of a highly developed civilization—all change in countless ways the character of the problem and mock the speculations of the island theorists. The simple fact is that human society is not confined to an island. It covers the world—a bigger problem indeed.

E. Halden-Julius

HALDEMAN-JULIUS QUARTERLY

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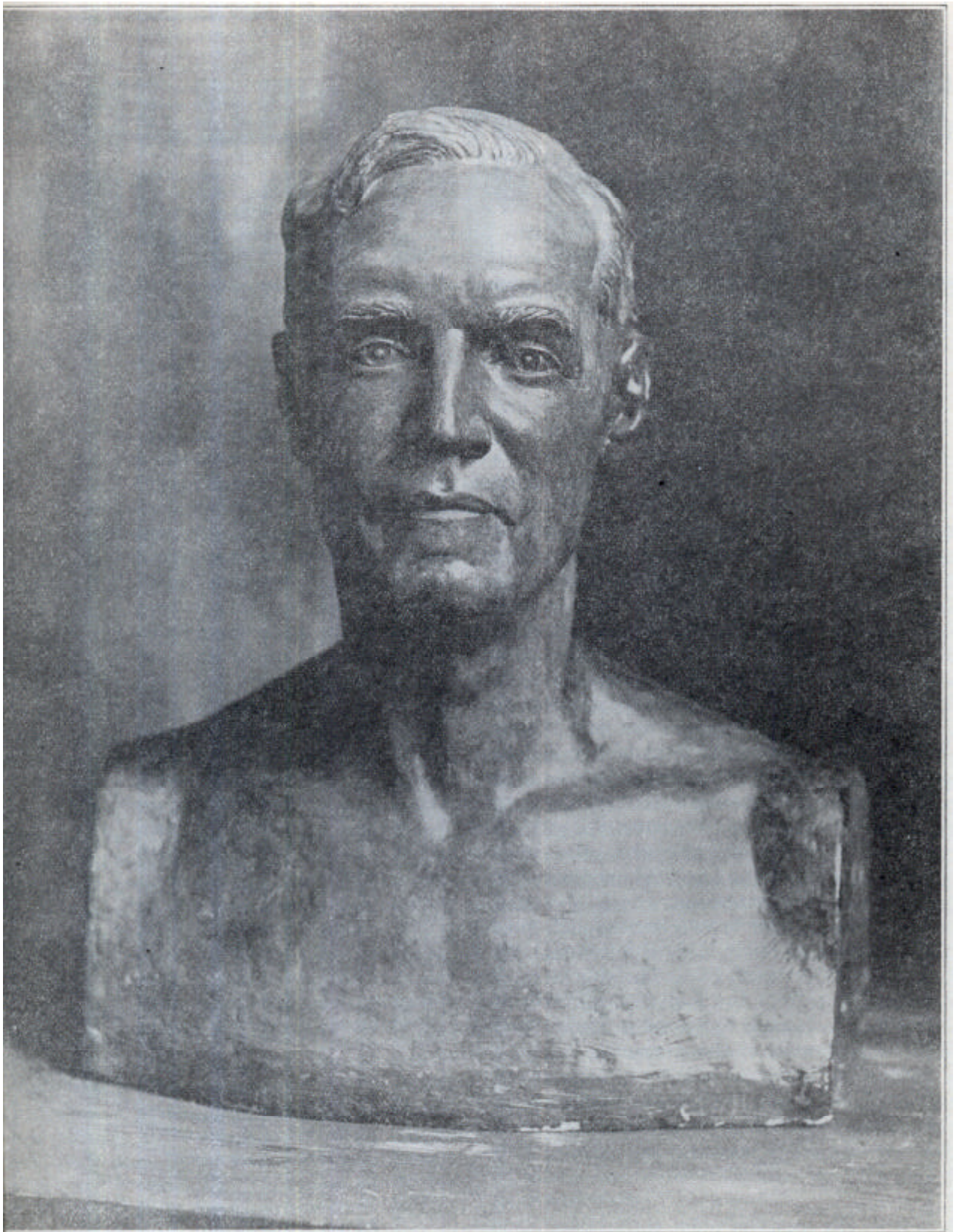
This is the first issue of the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly, offered to you as the result of a sincere effort to secure your hearty approval and your unhesitating enthusiasm. If the Quarterly is to fulfill its highest aim and meet the audience that it has as its ultimate goal, it needs not only your individual support but all the assistance you can render by obtaining additional subscribers. You are urged to do all you can to make the Quarterly known among your friends. The subscription is \$3 for a year (\$4 Canadian and foreign). You may rest assured that anything you may do for the success of the Quarterly will be sincerely appreciated. Address your orders to the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly, Girard, Kansas, for prompt and careful attention.

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See article by Francis Dickie, beginning on page 39.

UPTON SINCLAIR
Portrait Bust by the Swedish Sculptor Carl Eldh

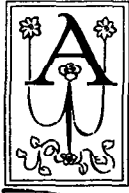


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UPTON SINCLAIR

First Reproduction of These Photographs by Courtesy of Mr. Sinclair

Leaders of Men



ALL who are eager for success, in any of the cheapest acceptations of the term (and most Americans are among the number), are persistently invited by various agencies to learn by mail the secret of how to be leaders of men. It is implied that certain very great qualities are needed to reach this strong, splendid role. Usually there is some rigmarole about self-confidence, magnetism, and the like. On the strength of such platitudes, he who would shine as a leader is urged to magnetize and exuberate and psychologize his way on to that position in the forefront of the ranks of humanity. As a matter of fact—and this is particularly true in a democracy like America—qualities of true greatness are not at all essential in a leader of men and may indeed prove a sorry handicap in the attainment of the splendiferous role. The very best preparation for leadership of the mass—certainly the fundamental quality, without which all others may be vain—is that with which the average man is endowed: namely, to be like the average man, to have average characteristics, to have average opinions. Self-confidence, of course, the would-be leader should have, and what is more self-confident, more utterly and unshakably sure of itself, than ignorance? Prejudices the leader must have—the very prejudices of the mob. He should appear before the generality of men as one like unto themselves: and they can satisfy their own ego in the light of his reflected meretricious glory. Given these mediocre qualities, he who aspires to lead his fellows should then be gifted with a stout pair of lungs and be able to talk very loudly: and this too, in truth, is a gift which Nature has generously bestowed upon many persons. Note any young fellow in your community who is full of average opinions, who shares the common prejudices and petty notions, who is a vociferous pushing fellow, and who has the desire to be a leader—and that fellow will be simply wasting his time to study leadership by mail, for he will be a leader as surely as like attracts like. The only thing that can stop him is for him to stray from the fold of mediocrity and conformity. Leadership, in these piping times and in these platitudinous States, is simply the apotheosis of the average.

E. Haldeman-Julius

HALDEMAN-JULIUS QUARTERLY

Volume I

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EDITORIALS

By E. Haldeman-Julius

Salutation: The Friendly Critic



EVERYTHING is double-faced, and all things suggest their opposites. Back of the face of unfriendly criticism is the face of commendation, praise, enthusiasm: generally a more attractive if not a more provocative face. Those who have hard words to say about the critic have not paid enough attention to—may indeed in the upflare of their dislike and resentment not really have noticed—the lighted countenance of the critic when he talks about something that strikes for him the right note. Critics have their enthusiasms, and the truth is that the critical mind can rise to greater heights of enthusiasm than the complacent mind: after all, the test of a great critic is his capacity for fine, discriminating, vivid appreciation.

The phrase, "friendly critic," may at first glance seem peculiar and incongruous to many who have thoughtlessly placed the critic in too conspicuously and continuously severe a role. Yet this is what the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly is or will try to be—a friendly critic. It will hold up to the light and pass judgment on American life, with the particular aim to seek out those things in American life that represent a rising degree of civilization and culture. It will report the directions being taken by the intelligent forces in our United States. Above all, the Quarterly will encourage these forces.

Where new ideas making for a more civilized life are seen to emerge, the Quarterly will not only cry a hearty welcome, but it will try to measure the significance of such ideas; it will study the American life out of which these new ideas have grown; it will look ahead, strive to foresee what may be the consequences of the virile contemporary movements of thought. (Aside, let us remark that "movements of thought" implies of course new and free and creative thinking—conservative, conventional thinking does not move.) Those currents of change, of challenge, and of controversy that are in motion anywhere in the land—whether a broad stream of definitely emergent new life, lesser rivulets or sporadic waterfalls of protest, or the slightest trickle of inquiry—will be studied at their sources and followed to their farthest leapings or windings by the Quarterly. With Walt Whitman, we sing of America and these broad interesting States—only Whitman sang of an America that existed only in his imagination and his hope, while we sing of an America that is actually coming out of its shell, or at least sending forth cadences and rumbles that promise (or threaten, as may be the point of view) new life culturally, socially and in nearly all ways.

Every phase of American life will come under the scrutiny (as we say, the friendly-critical scrutiny) of the Quarterly. It will not have its eye cast in any one certain direction nor

its ear attuned to any one special note. It will greet the appearance of new, intelligent values of life in all fields, all activities, and all guises. Wherever we see a hardier thought—a more realistic strain of thought—about life, we shall point it out with a will and a well-and-good. Everywhere the breaking down of the walls of intolerance, complacency and mental isolation will be hailed as a victory for the free intelligence of men. We shall mark well the signs of revolt in the political and social life of America, the signs of a more fully informed and finely intended attitude toward rights and issues. New strength and a new spirit in art and letters—these we shall judge, praise and labor to increase. Every step toward more sane and tolerant human relationships will be observed and such an impetus encouraged with a firm, sympathetic attitude. New views of ethics, new seekings for joy, new assertions of personality will find not simply a friendly but an enthusiastic supporter in the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly. The broadening and raising of the standards of life, from the smallest to the greatest circumstance, is the theme of the Quarterly: a stimulating theme: an illuminating theme.

Back of this attitude of praise and encouragement may be seen, of course, the face of another and complementary attitude: our support of certain modern tendencies in American life is only the positive side, quite naturally, of our opposition to the forces that are hostile to these tendencies—that would suppress these tendencies—that often indeed overshadow them and are at pains to confuse and misdirect them. Some criticism, as the word is usually understood, there will be; it will be needed for the sake of clearness. We think these new tendencies, these new possibilities, are very precious—and we wish to make a clear field around them, to let them be clearly seen, clearly and courageously followed. In other words, the Quarterly will not be punctilious and will not be afraid to mingle the note of strong, virile, unfriendly criticism. The Quarterly will be like the Haldeman-Julius Monthly in this, that it will be guided by the Monthly's policy of clear, forthright utterance and lively significance unhidden by any barriers of blandness or reticence. As there is plenty of ginger in our antagonisms, so there will be plenty of gusto in our appreciations.

It may be as well to say, although we trust that it would go without saying, that the Haldeman-Julius Monthly will continue its policy of unterrified attack upon the things in American life that are inimical to culture and freedom and the richest, broadest human values. The Monthly is frankly "destructive" just as the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly aims to be "constructive." Yet I dislike these terms, which are very misleading and are used so unintelligently. It seems plain enough that the building of a civilized life in America depends upon clearing the ground, as the Monthly does, of the intolerance and stupidity and stale custom that interfere with the energies and designs of culture. And will not the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly, when it defines and defends and seeks to raise more definitely the standards of the new America—will not the Quarterly, in this so-called "constructive" role, be landing very effective blows of destruction at the bunk that clutters its path and impedes its advancing footsteps? One has a viewpoint on life, and that viewpoint presents a double face of assertion and negation. The Haldeman-Julius Quarterly will be a friendly critic. But it will be a lively, discriminating, vigilant, fearless critic. It will cry "Bravo!" but it will not hesitate to cry "Bunk!"

This is the first issue of the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly. And as nothing springs full-formed and perfect into life, so the Quarterly, as we realize better than anyone, is in this first issue chiefly an indication, a promise, a setting out toward what it will become. As the Quarterly grows, with every issue, it will more and more reflect the policy we here outline. The task of beginning a magazine—and especially one of such immense scope and significance, not to speak of actual physical size, as the Quarterly—is a very considerable task. The mechanical form of the magazine, and a rather formidable list of technical problems, have had to be worked out in the first issue. And no magazine can suddenly gather around it the talent, the material and the full definitive spirit that will make it what it is planned to be. But the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly will reach too with quick, sure strides its complete awareness, its purpose—and it will reach too the very group of readers that has been awaiting just such a magazine with just such a purpose.

We are proud of this first issue of the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly. We shall be yet prouder of the issues to follow, for the new America—the America of culture and civilization—will throb more vitally in those issues. The Haldeman-Julius Quarterly welcomes its readers and promises them “a feast of reason and a flow of soul” that will have splendid increase with the months and the years.

Planning, editing and executing this first number has been a pleasurable task, though I make no bones about admitting I am winded, now that the last forms are going to press. I feel like the woman who has given birth to nine-pound twins—relieved.

When day-dreaming over the prospect of a new periodical, one's first feelings are delightfully simple. Here's the kind of magazine I want to bring out, so here goes. That's all. But when one gets into the job, it ceases being so simple. What a mess of detail! What jams! I shudder as I recall the harrowing weeks—and months—getting things to move. Each morning I was faced by another mountain that had to be removed with a hand-shovel.

It took a half day to decide on the paper; another half day to settle on the cover stock. Then came the ink. It had to be a special kind, and I talked myself into semi-consciousness before I got what I wanted. It took days before I could decide what kind of type to use for the handset headlines, the text and the captions. Getting the scores of illustrations took me to the very doors of the booby-hatch. Then there was the engraver, who had to be argued into doing the job the way I thought it should be done. This was extremely difficult, because I am not an engraver.

Getting 196 pages set up and read and corrected was like pulling 196 teeth. I wanted typographical errors banished. I hope I succeeded, though I have moments of panicky dread. The proofs were read four times, by four men. Bill Cunningham read them first; Pete Kelly gave them their second reading; Lloyd E. Smith handled them next. I read them only when these three fellows swore they had captured the last error. At that, I caught an average of one error to about three pages, which means that if I had failed to give them the final reading there would have been about fifty more errors than my hawk-eyed critical readers will take pleasure

in pointing out to me with a certain devilish glee.

We did our best, and here it is. The boys everywhere tried their hardest. Lester A. Pen-nock, the foreman of the composing room, gave his last ounce of energy to make the job come out right. So did his young assistant, the Hon. Ray Newbery. And the linotype operators, S. B. Nichols and R. H. Hickey, made their Mergenthalers cough and groan as they spat out the lines of type that went into the Quarterly forms. And there was William Shivner in the pressroom, worrying over the printing, getting ready the spot sheets that brought out the cuts just so and gave the exact impressions he thought they should have. And out in the bindery was “Doc” Holler, seeing to it that the folding machines were accurate, that the stitchers did their work properly, that the covers were put on in such a way that the glue really glued, and, finally, that the trimmers did not cut the books lopsided.

And all that had to do only with the mechanical problems. There were business nuts to crack. It was necessary to get a certain number of readers to send in their money for subscriptions. That was a job in itself, and it was done fairly well, let me boast. I hoped to begin with 5,000 paid subscriptions. But we beat that. We are printing 10,000 copies of the first number—a splendid beginning for a magazine that had to be “sold” sight unseen. How we got this army of skeptics to part with their dearly beloved dollars would make a separate story. But it was done. The readers came in with their advance subscriptions, more than I had dared hope. I am praying they will like what they paid for. I appreciate their confidence in the announcements. This does not mean that I am completely satisfied with this initial number. It is only a suggestion. Here is a beginning, a plan to work upon. It will take time to make the Quarterly what I intend it to be.

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Revolt in the Colleges

CERTAINLY one of the most hopeful signs in America today is the growing disposition of the young fellows in our colleges to throw off the control of stodgy professors, and to take their life more and more into their own hands. There is a large body of youth in our centers of learning today that can shame the most pretentiously learned of its elders in being

privity to the very latest and least whisper of thought and progress. And aside from the minority of the best, the real thinkers among the college youth, there is a general taste for freedom in the more ordinary pursuits and pleasures of life, a taste which is manifested pretty openly and in no light manner by thousands of these boys and girls who are not worrying much over the state of the universe.

This liberality and freedom of conduct, this more open confronting of the pleasant things in life, is a very important thing and, whether one can or cannot call it intellectual, one can even say that it is related to the stirrings of the more thought-guilty minority. For surely a good deal of what is wrong with the universe, if you please, is or has been its inability or unwillingness to face life with a smile and a zest and a dare and to enjoy frankly the good things of it. A lot of problems will disappear when we throw off the troubles we impose upon ourselves needlessly by restrictions in the enjoyment of life. The hundreds of students of both sexes in any college, who are displaying a vivacity and a gay sense of adventure that would have shocked their parents (that *does* shock them, anyway), are the representatives of a spirit that, whether they analyze it or not, looks ahead to a more abundant, ardent life.

By the side of the college fellows who are unconventional (or the setters of new standards of conduct) even though not thinking very deeply, one finds a smaller but very important group that is boldly formulating new thoughts; that is turning a resolute and liberal eye on the life-philosophy of its predecessors and professors; that is putting a hand without fear to the biggest social and cultural questions of the day, and that, above all, is demanding freedom. Freedom—that is the all-important desideratum. A free life—a free mind—that is what this young man or young woman in college is apparently determined to have.

And freedom is enough. Once freedom is attained, other things will follow, for if truth cannot absolutely be found and many problems will remain with us a long while, still it is only in the atmosphere of freedom that any gainful search for the truth can be carried on or that any problem can be helped toward a solution. For example, the country over we find our college youth has protested successfully against the

compulsory chapel attendance by which religion has long tried to offset the influences of higher education. We may agree that this was never a very great influence in student life. Nevertheless it has lately been recognized, or squarely challenged, as a form of intellectual tyranny; and, as such, it has had to go. It is amusing to find the Christian leaders, who struggled to the last to preserve this antiquated feature of compulsion, saying with cheerful mendacity that, after all, this freedom is desirable and that "compulsory Christianity" is not their aim; it is no longer their aim, now that the target has been removed after they have ingloriously missed in their aim. Similar to this attack on compulsory religion has been the opposition of the students to compulsory military training. They object to being made either saints or soldiers, the problematically saved by Christ's blood or the prospective shedders of human blood, against their will. Two of the strongest chains forged to enslave mankind are those of religion and patriotism. It is heartening to see the college youth taking hammer blows and a young giant's heave at these immemorial chains.

Again, we see the student demanding something to say—and saying it forcibly too—about the government of college life and even about the nature of their studies. They object to the ruling elders in colleges changing the curriculum without so much as a by-your-leave and dictating thus arbitrarily what the students shall learn; the latter rightly insist upon some choice in what they shall learn, seeing that this learning is more important to them than to anyone else.

Still more significant is the spirit one observes in the student publications, nearly all of them. Here one sees college youth not merely expressing new ideas, not simply demanding this or that right or privilege, not only striking a blow at certain evils of academic tyranny—but one sees an iconoclasm, a skepticism, a bold and hearty mockery, a criticism by turns subtle and smashing of ideas and institutions both in and out of college. In all things—in politics, social questions, art, morals—the college youth, in these very interesting publications, is speaking out with a fine intransigence. Some of the best examples of debunking that come to my notice are the work of these free-swinging collegiate pens. They make bold to be Rabelaisian

about old-fashioned, stupid, copybook morality—do these college papers; they strike frequently a quite Voltairean attitude toward many questions of life. There is a “kick” in them, both in the jazz and iconoclastic sense of the word.

One recent phase of the general many-sided college revolt which is worthy of present note is the determination to face the racial question in a tolerant, civilized spirit. Are the Negro young men and women to have their full, unobstructed, unprejudiced share in the advantages of education? Shall they be treated, educationally and otherwise, as human beings? Definite steps toward an honest treatment of this question have been made in at least two large universities, the University of Michigan and Chicago University. Groups composed of both white and colored students (the Negro-Caucasian Club of the University of Michigan and the Interracial Discussion Group of Chicago University) have been organized in both universities to study this question in a spirit of mutuality. “We do not intend to make any compromises,” says a student of Chicago University. “We cannot presume to wipe out prejudice in so short a time, but we do intend to stand up for the rights of every student on the campus.” Certain official injustices they oppose. Negro girls are not admitted, for instance, to the women’s dormitories at Chicago University, although Negro young men can live in the men’s dormitories. With such senseless discriminations in force, it is apparent that there is much work for these interracial student groups to do.

Generally, the American college youth is trying to make the university safe for culture and the enjoyment of life. He is taking a good clear-eyed look at the values of thought and association that enter immediately into his own life, and often he is in touch with the larger movements of modernity outside the college. He is demanding that education be made free and intelligent, and that it be not kept apart from life—from the little as well as the big things of life. We are for the bright young fellows in the colleges. More and more, they are representing the best in American life. There is no doubt that the future will owe much to them, even as one of the most inspiring things of the present is the spectacle of their revolt.

* * * *

AS it is our desire to be as helpful as we can, without helping anyone to his hurt, we offer a suggestion of sensible and strain-reducing policy with regard to one of the most familiar annoyances of life: that is, the impingement of fools upon one’s company, time and hearing. Plainly, with so many fools in the world, this is an unavoidable nuisance. No one will voluntarily subject himself to this nuisance, and most of the time we may be reasonably safe from it. But when you do find yourself next to a fool, and cannot kill him nor yet make your escape; and when the fool insists, as fools of course always do, upon talking foolishness—well, our advice to you is simply to appear to listen and to make meaningless monosyllabic rejoinders, such as: “Well!” “Yes?” “Sure!” “So?” “Ah!” “Eh?” Some effort can of course be saved by nods of the head, grunts of interest or assent or throat trouble as the listener may take it, or—occasionally—by biting your finger nails very earnestly. There is only one thing we can add to this advice—get away from a fool as quickly as you can.

* * * *

ONE of the finest products of American life is the fellow who never has anything to say. Statistics not being at hand, we cannot say how the numbers of this agreeably—at least harmlessly—quiet type compare with the figures of such taciturnity in other countries: so we cannot assert whether or not America is superior in this respect. At any rate, it is true that the fellow who does not insist upon volubly proving his ignorance to you on every possible occasion—the fellow who perhaps never has a single thought, and sensibly refrains from trying to express it—this fellow is certainly one to be grateful for. In order to appreciate this blessing which is too seldom recognized as it deserves, just think what would be your situation if the talking powers and propensities of the average stupid person were suddenly increased tenfold. Let us thank Nature for the number of indisposed and reluctant tongues.

* * * *

FRANK HARRIS, in his foreword to the second volume of *My Life*, says that his first volume of autobiographical truth-telling was received in a civilized manner by only two persons, Bernard Shaw and H. L. Mencken. As Mencken is an American critic, this entitles America to

one mark on the civilized side of the ledger. Now don't ask whether Mencken is a "good" American!

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A New National Anthem?

THERE is one little question that has been discussed recently, on which we are in doubt as to what should be our opinion. This is the question of whether America should have a new national anthem, more original and possibly more artistic, in the place of the "Star-spangled Banner." It seems that someone, whose patriotism is of doubtful character, has pointed out that the air of this great national song is a plagiarism—and that, if my memory has not played me an impish trick, the original air was that of a rollicking drinking song. Some good Americans have resented this statement that Francis Scott Key used a skeleton key when he opened the floodgates of patriotic music; these Americans say the "Star-spangled Banner" was good enough for General Grant and it's good enough for them. Others of our fellow countrymen say that, while the anthem should be treated with proper respect during its life and that it should be buried if at all with the most elaborately decent honors, still it may be well enough to look around for a superior air. An original song, both in melody and words, is in fact viewed with favor—and, to show something of the advancement of American taste in this matter, there are even some good words for the suggestion that the new song should be a pretty good example of the musical art.

Freely we admit that we have not followed this discussion very carefully, and presume to no authority on the technical side of the subject. But we ask ourselves whether a better national anthem would have a deleterious and dangerous effect upon the nation's life. Would it intensify the narrow patriotism that is such an evil and dark menace to modern life? Would a lofty, strikingly original, skilfully and subtly composed anthem lead the people more readily into the next war? Would the playing of it be more efficacious in inspiring the mob spirit to attack those who might express very unpopular ideas on social and political questions? It may be replied that any old song is good enough for the purpose of patriotism, as witness that ribald chant, "You're in the Army Now," which was so popular in the American army camps in

1917-18. On the other hand, suppose a national anthem should be conceived which would be artistically so far ahead of the musical appreciation of the masses that it would move them as little as a very profound and sustained symphony. Possibly in that case the evils of patriotic excitement would be mitigated. We do not know. We pass this problem on to our readers for their cogitation. Meanwhile, as we hear the distant strains of the "Star-spangled Banner" we can drink our home-brew patriotically and reflect that if the song is discarded the "wets" can take it over and lead the country toward a real bottle of beer.

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IT is a mistaken feeling of those admirers of the Father of His Country who rage at Rupert Hughes for bringing so prominently to light the facts that Washington was a good judge of liquor, a prolonged card player and dancer, and the master of a very robust and convincing style of profanity. The truth is that Mr. Hughes' revelation (not a new one, on the whole, to students of history) has caused Washington to be ever since a more generally discussed figure, so that the "steel engraving" so solemnly lifeless for generations has come to life. Anything that makes Washington more real and interesting as a human being is actually a service to his memory. We can more genuinely and pointedly admire a man when we know him in full figure as he was, with his faults even as his virtues. But are the faults so very terrible that Mr. Hughes ascribed to Washington? Can they even be called faults by anyone whose ethical sense is well-oiled and has not become rusty from being soaked in respectability? It is not alleged that Washington was a hopeless drunkard or gambler, or that he was so addicted to cuss-words that he couldn't carry on a conversation in polite, proper English. It seems that, after all, he was considered to be a pretty respectable man in his day, in spite of these habits which have at this late day aroused such undue and comical excitement. And the state papers of Washington, if nothing else, prove that he knew other words than his oath of office or his oath on the field of battle.

It is a very short-sighted kind of patriotism that objects to opening wide the book of Washington's life. It is not complimentary to

the Father of His Country, who might thus be supposed to have had something to hide. As a matter of fact, if Washington is made humanly interesting as a man who had natural appetites, strong feelings and a lighter side as well, then more people may indeed be tempted to study his life. And as the result of such a study, they will find that he was an able, if not perhaps an attractive man, a man of force and character, one well worthy of the admiration of Americans. We say to the foolishly flustered patriots, let Washington live.

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IT may be as well to recognize that, so far as the miserable mass of mankind is concerned, talk of great things is mostly wasted. Whatever we do, let us proceed without illusions. Ideas bounce with amazing resilience off the skull of the average man. Think of a certain neighbor of yours—it will be easy—whom you could expose to the most potent intellectual influences from now until the crack of doom without making him able to wrap his mind comfortably around a syllogism. Greatness is for the few—and those few should have it. There seems to be an almost uncanny intuition on the part of stupid ones which warns them when anything, even innocent-seeming, is offered that might, if they were able, induce them to think. A friend of mine who runs a secondhand book store says that he has often tried to palm off a good book on someone who “just wanted a book” and was uncertain of more than that. “But no!” he says. “There’s a sixth sense that prompts those people to step aside and go on their contented commonplace way. They *know* you are trying to sell them a good book. And they will not be caught in any such trap.” So, let us talk to those who are willing and worthy to listen. And let us not think that anyone who deep down in his gizzard is thrilled by the homilies of Bruce Barton will ever, by the remotest chance, be inspired by the sonnets of Michelangelo.

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IT is slightly encouraging to see large numbers in the American democracy looking back longingly to the days of old King Cole—a merry old soul, you know, who called for his pipe and called for his bowl and called for his fiddlers three. Yes, it is a good sign that many American people are impatient with the attempt to

make life dull. Constantly since Prohibition, they have shown their impatience by a liberal patronage of the bootleggers of all degrees. Notwithstanding all the platitudes about law and order, and morality, and social responsibility, and even the Divine Will, liquor bad and good has circulated more or less freely and few determined or desiring souls have been unable to get a drink. This shows that America is not wanting in that portion of saving grace in human nature—the instinct to rebel against righteous interference.

It is true, I believe, that a far more serious and militant discontent with Prohibition would have asserted itself had it not been for the steady availability of liquor. The man who has been able to get fairly decent stuff to guzzle has not been as solicitous about this question as probably, in all justice, he should have been. The world generally seems a pretty good place after the tenth drink, and the fellow who is just suavely getting his elbow in position for the eleventh drink is not humanly capable of worrying much about his fellow countrymen who happen to be dry at the moment.

Really there does seem to be a limit beyond which many people will not subject themselves supinely to tyranny of this kind. Very proper gentlemen (and ladies), with a law-abiding code, rise superior to their well-trained prejudices and aid, abet and perversely connive at the violation of this law. Not even the dread term—and apparently the dead term—of “scoff-law” will keep them from their cups.

And lately the unfriendliness toward Prohibition has gathered head into a more open movement of hostility. There is a very strong demand that this impudent and senseless restriction be lifted. A feeling for liberty in America, not entirely dead, is astir like the yeast in the plentifully illicit home-brew. Wet candidates, with nothing otherwise to recommend them, are elected by large majorities. The daily press, never very courageous, shows the way the wind is blowing by hammering the Anti-Saloon League, treating Wayne B. Wheeler with marked disrespect and talking quite plainly about light wines and beer: that is to say, a number of the most powerful papers, which before said very little, are now devoting considerable space to the issue of Prohibition—and on the side of liberty. In many cities, a situation

exists that is not very distinguishable from the open saloon. Everywhere one finds no mean representation of Americans, who are not Bolsheviks nor atheists nor immoralists, expressing their approval of wide-open selling and drinking of liquor and swearing impatient that the Prohibition monster is damnable and deserves to die.

What the opinion of the majority is, who can say? Prohibition was dishonestly imposed upon the country without reference to the majority. The people have never had a chance to vote on the question. From every point of view, Prohibition is tyrannical—in all its history of propaganda, in its contriving and inception, in the mechanism of its enforcement, and in the frantic cry of the dry, sour-bellied bigots that the question shall not be checked up definitely to the popular sentiment of the country. At any rate, it is plain that a very large minority—and perhaps a majority, or not far from it—is against Prohibition. And this, we say, is encouraging, and reassuring to those who are trying to civilize America.

It is interesting, while on the subject, to vouchsafe a glance at the argument of the Prohibitionists—at a particular argument by a clerical bigot, one Dr. Charles Scanlon of Pittsburgh, speaking before the Presbyterian General Assembly in Baltimore the other day. This is the wise, tolerant, noble contribution of Scanlon to the subject: "Make the purchaser, user and apologist as guilty and disreputable as the maker, the peddler, the seller and the political protector." This means of course only one thing, that the "purchaser, user and apologist" should be sent to jail. Taking a single drink would thus be a crime. But what specially interests us is the use of the word "apologist." You see, Scanlon does not say that the man who believes in freedom with regard to drink, the man who is on principle opposed to Prohibition, should be thus summarily punished: instead he drags in the word "apologist." An opinion of Scanlon's is a conviction: the opinion of one who disagrees with him is an apology.

The statements of the Prohibitionists offer very good reasons why Prohibition should be overthrown. They reveal as clearly as can be the tyrannical spirit that is back of the law. And we are glad to see that Americans are tired of it. A country in which no hand should be lifted

against such tyranny would indeed be hopeless.

§ § § §

A Thoroughly Civilized Attitude

THE worst about America is that it does not recognize its best. A recently published book by an American, which has received very little attention, is "The Autobiography of an Attitude," by George Jean Nathan. Here in short, vivid and virile little essays, Nathan reveals fully and at all points a thoroughly civilized attitude toward life. He discusses everything: politics, theology, patriotism, America, sex, alcohol, the drama, the Ku Klux Klan, and so on, including his "personal attitude." On all these subjects he is revealing—he is convincing—and he gives to sound philosophy a most charming, amusing, personal color. He is like a man going through a house and turning on all the lights, one by one. What an illuminating result! And even so, he is not held within the lighted space of the house; but he is acutely conscious of the half-light and shadow just outside the house and of the deeper darkness farther out. Nathan is wise, not only in what he thinks, but in what he speculates about quite skeptically and tentatively. A man with a very well-defined and yet highly mobile philosophy of life, there is also in his writing a sense of the underlying pathos and mystery of all life. There is a deep feeling beneath all his wonderful impudence, mockery and guile. And obviously, he is one of America's very best thinkers.

He is also one of the very best of America's writing gentry. Charm is in every line. And vigor—a word-wallop, no less, which is simply annihilating, in a swift and surely directed blow, to every object of bunk he aims at. Intellectually, he can circumnavigate the globe in a paragraph. His sentences are like all the things that sentences are usually compared with—wine, lightning, dynamite, and— But figures of speech, similes, images fail—probably because Nathan himself is so overwhelmingly and spontaneously and irrepressibly inspired in the use of images. He is so rich in the fresh, pungent, picturesque, vibrating similes and metaphors that make speech live. He points his thought with the most dramatic and familiar use of language.

And his images are not in any literary tradition: they are his own, they are original, they are new and alive: they are drawn quite breezily

and robustly from the life around him. He uses the commonest, most direct-hitting, most unrespectable figures that he can find to illustrate his thought. Speaking of youth and modernity, he says: "The younger generation is not only knocking at the back door: it is sitting in the kitchen, with the cook on its knee."

He is concerned to show that every man's philosophy of life depends upon the facts—the simplest, the most ordinary and yet the most important facts—in his situation. For example, how much money a man has is a very determining fact in his philosophy. And how does Nathan animate this truism and make it fling up its heels with all the gaiety of a new-born thought? He says: "If Walt Whitman had owned an extra pair of pants, he would have been a royalist."

Faith is beautiful, says Nathan. "There is something beautiful in even a dog's faith in a Methodist master or a skunk's faith in himself when confronted by a professional moralist."

He is no respecter of persons. The bigwigs of politics and "statesmanship" do not interest nor impress him. A diplomat, says he, far from being the tremendous figure he appears to the yokelry and the Babbitry, is more often apt to be "merely an American who can wear a silk hat without looking like a French hack driver, who can stand on a polished hard-wood floor without slipping, and who has learned how to say 'This soup is delicious' in two foreign languages."

Nathan is too lively a fellow to stay within the limits of literary language—though certainly he can give you phrases of beauty and dignity variously and at will. It is interesting to see this man, who is really a subtle and most sensitively appreciative esthete alive to all the most rare, delicate colors of art and life, turning to expressions of homely, hearty appositeness picked up from the most unexpected corners of common life. His words are real—they are things.

Of course, one should not expect Nathan's philosophy to be intelligible to the average. He is so devastating to all popular illusions. He is a completely debunked individual. And "The Autobiography of an Attitude" is, by the same token, a book for the debunked. Nathan frankly says that he writes for the few, although he confesses that he knows the trick of giving a good show for many who

cannot realize his point of view. Carefully I have read him, and I cannot find a single point on which Nathan can possibly be in agreement with the average man. Even when he uses truisms that perhaps no man would deny, he draws conclusions from them that are absolutely uncomfortable—strange and flabbergasting indeed—to the average man. Nobody can read Nathan save one who is unshockable, free of inhibitions, and who has no sensitive place in his mind that can be hurt by any kind of thought. To such hardy-minded and yet breezy-minded people, I know of no book more amusing, more richly and soundly enjoyable, than "The Autobiography of an Attitude." It is a journey in all the ways of thought with a fast-traveling mind.

§ § § §

IT is a paradox that some good citizens declare that the Constitution of this Republic is antiquated and ought to be overhauled, yet are frequently observed to oppose certain laws as unconstitutional. The paradox is, to be sure, easily explained by the fact that every man uses the argument that best suits him at the moment. Certain Constitutional guarantees, such as the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are to be defined at all costs, not because they are in the Constitution but because they are felt by all of us to be, not simply just, but necessary. We all want life, and feel that we should not be killed without good cause. We all want liberty, because we hate to be restrained and bossed around. We all want to chase after happiness, whether we catch up with it or not.

§ § § §

NEW YORK theater-goers with an ear for something new (even for the old which, revived, seems new) were pleasantly able to hear in the past season a number of musical-comedy songs that had the sprightly, humorous use of dignified, non-poetic, even severe words—the style used by W. S. Gilbert in his kind of comic opera that has never been surpassed. Do you know the Gilbert vocabulary? The woman woos, in "The Pirates of Penzance," saying, "My love, without reflecting, oh do not be rejecting"; if she is old, let the man reflect that a tender maiden's love "At very highest rating has been accumulating" only a small matter of "summers seventeen"; whereas "My

love, unabating, has been accumulating" all these years to the number of forty-seven. This sort of thing, plainly enough, is better for the musical-comedy song than the "eyes of blue" and "hearts that rue" simple stuff that has had such a long tearful reign in the theater. Such a line as "Here in my arms it's adorable, it's deplorable that you were never there," from "Dearest Enemy," is far better stuff than the usual leg-show lines. (We mean, of course, song lines—not shape lines.) "Dearest Enemy," by the way, is a good American musical-comedy or operetta. It is the work of that talented dramatic gentleman, John Murray Anderson. The story is taken from the American Revolution, the scene being New York when the East Side was largely short-grass country.

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Bringing Philosophy to America

BEFORE me is a large clothbound book: "The Story of Philosophy," by Will Durant, Ph. D. It is the achievement of Mr. Durant that he has, so to speak, brought philosophy to America. He has brought the great thinkers of the world, from Plato to William James, together comprehensively and comprehensibly in this splendid outline of the philosophic evolution of thought.

There is a story back of it, which I shall modestly tell. It is a story of even more significance in the rise of popular culture in these States. Three years ago—early in 1923—Will Durant was lecturing in Kansas City, Mo. I renewed old acquaintance with him, and in the impulsive way that I sometimes appear to have I urged him to write for me a series of Little Blue Books on the great philosophers—the really supreme philosophers who have influenced human thought. This suggestion was not, however, the fruit of a happy impulse. The truth was that I had been thinking a good deal about such a job, really a tremendous job, which should be done by absolutely no one but the right man. Well, here was Will Durant, and he was the right man. I knew it, and I said so emphatically, and Durant agreed with some reluctance. His reluctance was not due to any disagreement as to his ability—in justice to him I make this point—but to the fact that he was a very busy man and was wasting himself, after a manner of speaking, in lecturing. Writing, I said, was more important than lecturing; cer-

tainly, it was more permanent and a thing of wider influence. The end wasn't reached, of course, when Durant yielded to my insidious, formidable and humanitarian persuasions. There was the task of planning this series, of surveying the field, the editorial preparation for the actual writing and publishing. It was done. Durant set to work. In a couple of years Durant had written for me fifteen Little Blue Books, which, as I have said, presented fully and clearly the thought of the world's preeminent philosophers from Plato to William James.

Many thousands—hundreds of thousands—of Americans read these Little Blue Books. They were introduced to the great thinkers. They themselves learned to think more largely and carefully. It was not, of course, a question of adopting the system of this or that philosopher, or of being converted to a belief in any theory of life. It was simply a question of learning how to use that wonderful machine, the human mind. Real contact with great minds precludes intellectual littleness. It seemed to me there had been nothing worse in American life than the maudlin succession of mediocre, mawkish, muddled thinkers—the "right-thinkers"—of the Orison Swett Marden, Dr. Frank Crane, Bruce Barton, Angelo Patri type. America had been fed on the mush and milk of glib, goody-goody philosophy, and yet presumably it might be ready for something better.

It was ready for Will Durant, bringing along the great thinkers in his train. These Little Blue Books freed many a mind from the fly-paper of sentimentalism, muddle-headedness and pseudo-philosophic gastritis. They are still freeing minds. They will go on freeing minds in the years ahead. And now, in addition to the Little Blue Book form, these sound and thorough and finely written studies by Durant have been collected into a single cloth-bound volume. "The Story of Philosophy" is as important in its field as H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" is in its field, or as John Macy's "Story of the World's Literature" is in its field.

We are glad to call attention to the fact that two native American philosophers—William James and John Dewey—and one eminent philosopher who has spent the greater

part of his life and achieved his reputation in America—George Santayana—are fine, strong figures in this chosen gallery of the world's great thinkers.

Perhaps I should tell how this beautiful, substantial 575-page book came to be published. Last summer I was in New York City, having motored there with Marcet after attending the famous Scopes trial. I got to know a bright young fellow named M. Lincoln Schuster, of the publishing firm of Simon and Schuster. These two youngsters had come into sudden prominence through their sensationally successful cross-word puzzle books. I had picked up Mr. Schuster in my car and we were driving down Fifth Avenue on our way to the Brevoort, where we were to dine. I remember, as we neared Forty-second Street, where we waited for the green traffic lights, Schuster saying that his idea of publishing was not to bring out a great number of books but instead to issue a few, all of them supremely good.

"That's a splendid plan," I broke in, as we passed the beautiful Public Library building. (It flashed through my mind at that moment how I had practically lived in that library's reading room many years ago when I had been doing newspaper work in New York City.) "A good plan," I repeated, "and I hope you will stick to it. When in doubt, issue a good book. In the end they must win out. You may have freakish successes with bad books, but losses, too. On the other hand, good books, if brought out properly, will earn steady profits and bring prestige to their publishers."

"Can you suggest anything?" Mr. Schuster asked me. (We were now near the Waldorf, where we were halted again by the red lights.)

"Suggest something? Let me see. Something good. I'll tell you what—bring out a sound well-written book on philosophy. Have it by someone who knows his business. Someone who can tell simply and clearly what men like Plato, Socrates, Spinoza, Voltaire, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Spencer and the others really said and thought."

"That sounds interesting," said Mr. Schuster. "But who is to do it?"

"That's a question. Who can do it? There aren't many Will Durants."

"I've read several of his Blue Books on philosophy," said Schuster. "They're fine."

"There you have it. Durant has done the job—just as it should be done. You can hardly improve on his fifteen Little Blue Books. Why not issue them in a single volume? I am sure the intelligent public—what there is of it—will buy copies. You won't make a fortune; it won't bring you the profits that came from your cross-word puzzle books—but you will have the satisfaction of bringing out a good book and undoubtedly making enough money to pay for your trouble."

So went the conversation, and by the time we reached Eighth Street, we had come to an agreement. As we stepped out of my car, Schuster said: "This little ride has been productive. It's the first time I ever did business in an auto moving down Fifth Avenue. That's a new experience for me."

We went into the famous old hotel and had a hearty meal, interlarded with expressions of reciprocal good-will. That was last summer. And here is the book.

And not only the book, but here is a beautiful letter which I have just received from Will Durant, thanking me for what has been done. He closes with this paragraph:

I owe you two great debts: first, that you took the initial chance on me, and had the unprecedented courage of putting philosophy into a magazine and into your booklets; and second, that you secured Simon and Schuster as publishers of my book. They have done a fine job; and like yourself they have turned out to be not merely publishers, but scholars and friends.

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Partly Ironic

HAVE you had your iron today?" was the unescapable query of a raisin advertisement that used to be seen on all the billboards. It grew to be, first amusing, and then a trifle irritating—put the iron in one's soul, as it were. Still, we remark that it is true that the American people are giving a good deal more care to their diet, their rules of living, their health, than formerly. Avoiding extremes, this is not bad. It is even good—although I may suggest that I am not much interested in healthy bodies, save as working machines, unless they are accompanied by intelligent minds. To be sure, healthy bodies—even aside from any special increase of intelligence—may well make for a more civilized world, may make the country safer for the thinkers. Health for the masses may put them in a condition of good humor and

tolerance that will insure the thinkers, the artists and the cultural innovators being let alone.

A good deal of the trouble of this world, intellectually and socially, is alimentary rather than cerebral. Biliousness undoubtedly produces bigotry. When the liver works well, a tolerant mood is more apt to follow. It is quite a strain on a man to ask that he calmly, tolerantly and good-naturedly listen to attacks upon his pet notions when he is suffering from constipation. No doubt the phrase about stepping on somebody's toes, used in relation to the impact of unwelcome opinions, had its remote origin when a man half-crazy with a sore toe was forced to listen to a heresy from his neighbor. Rubbing one the wrong way, I think, is a phrase derived from the experience of somebody long ago who was contradicted and hustled into an argument at the very moment when his lumbago struck him with particular severity. If William Jennings Bryan had not been a glutton and increasingly a victim of overeating, his life history might have been different.

And now, just to show how one's mind devilishly and yet sometimes delightfully escapes control, this editorial was in the beginning intended as a slight comment on the physical-cultural heroism of Fannie Hurst. But in the end we reach our point, and, let us hope, by a pleasant way. The persistence and self-denial of Fannie Hurst are amazing. She wants to lie abed mornings, but instead permits a physical trainer to bawl her out of bed every blessed—no, cursed—morning of the world and make her go through exercises that she hates; and after such an ordeal, she cannot even recompense herself with a good meal. Anyone who will go to that much trouble to be healthy, deserves to be either a corpse or a giant.

The moral of this is that we should be moderate, and never eat or drink more than we want.

Finally, as Americans, let us be proud that we are going forward toward the old Greek idea of moderation.

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A Brief Curse

I HAVE little use for—in fact, I might as well say that I hate and despise, though these are harsh words—anyone who is always cheerful. It is a sign of poor imagination, of limited

character, of a very low-tempered reaction to life. The man of high, imaginative temper is bound to be disgusted with life at times. The futility of life, and the many follies of it, must impress him who thinks at all. In a world of so much misery and stupidity and malice and the blind, hateful accidents of fate, who will not frequently wear a sober or stern face? The cheerful pest, I swear, is woefully lacking in sympathy or understanding—even in an intelligent viewpoint that does not lean too heavily upon emotion. Such an idiot is of course well satisfied with himself. He thinks that his view of life, feeble and limited as it is, happens to be just right. He has no intellectual uncertainties, curiosities, dissatisfactions. One cannot imagine such a one having very interesting, certainly not very strong or stimulating, experiences in life. One cannot imagine him doing anything more than eat, breathe, sleep—and smile like a fool.

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Andrew Jackson's Missing Head

AMONG the great unsolved problems of American history, another has popped up to perplex the inconsequentially curious. It has been revealed that Andrew Jackson, once President of this Republic and a great swearing man in his day, lost his head; and it is asked what became of that erratic stormy head. It seems that a reproduction of Jackson's angular pioneer figure stood at the head of the historic old frigate, the *Constitution*, or Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Old Ironsides." This original piece of crude but patriotic art is said to be lost, and only an inaccurate replica survives for the edification of posterity at the Annapolis naval school.

This later figure represents irascible old Andy in a Napoleonic attitude, with hand in the breast of his coat. The original showed Old Hickory with his hat in his hand. It may be remarked that neither posture is quite true to character. The placidity, the sublime resignation to destiny, of the hand-in-coat is not typical of that explosive, profane man. And Jackson was hardly a man to hold his hat in his hand before anybody. He should have been represented pounding a table or with jaws spread wide in a monstrous oath.

Of one thing we are assured, which is that the truly original figure that weathered the

actual sea at the time when Jackson was having rough sailing on the sea of politics, can at least be identified; for a vandal, also an anti-Jackson man politically, hacked off a part of that heroic dome. So by his head, part of which is missing, Andrew Jackson's missing head will be known.

To encourage those who may be interested in such profound matters of history, I am confident in saying that the head will be found if it is still floating anywhere on the sea or buried anywhere on the earth. For in such researches more effort, the importance of which may be reasonably held in doubt, will be spent than in discovering the much more important information of what Andrew Jackson liked best for breakfast.

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Standards of Decency

INDECENT suppression strikes me as a much truer phrase than indecent exposure. It is suppression, not exposure, that is actually the more suggestive and, from the standpoint of freedom and knowledge, the more dangerous. Expose anything, turn the light on it, and you see it in its true proportions; suppress it, and you suggest more readily, not indeed the truth, but a distorted view. Standards of decency vary. There are those who find decency in truth, and others who see decency in falsehood and in hiding things with a great bother and furtive air that exaggerates their importance. Yet I find the Kansas City Star so far in error, so far oblivious of the discrepancy in human tastes and judgments, as to say regarding censorship of the theater:

There really should be no problem as to what constitutes decency or indecency in the theater. There should be latitude for humor and for art, but there should be no latitude for the lewd and the vulgar. . . .

The sense of decency is inherent. In very few, even among the depraved, is this sense utterly lost. Intelligence remains, even while depraved taste is gratified. There are few who would be at a loss to know where to draw the line in public entertainment if the decision were left to their disinterested judgment.

Fallacy sticks out all over this utterance. For example, if there really should be no problem as to what is decent in the theater, why are there such different opinions about it? Why is it that many condemn plays like "Rain" and "Desire Under the Elms" and "What Price Glory" as immoral or profane or unpatriotic, and hold therefore that they should be not per-

mitted on the stage, while others see real dramatic art, true studies of character and important pictures of life in these plays? Evidently one confronts here the opposition of different standards of decency.

Again, what does the Star mean by pretending to show the simplicity of this problem with the statement, "There should be latitude for humor and for art, but there should be no latitude for the lewd and the vulgar." The problem is not any simpler for being stated in these terms: the problem indeed is to define these terms. And the moment we begin to define them, variously, we find that "inherent decency" is really a matter of intelligence and degrees of taste and differences of viewpoint. One group cries that "Desire Under the Elms" is "lewd and vulgar," while another group is ready to testify that it is full of "art and humor." As for "disinterested judgment," this phrase is ninety-nine percent bunk. All judgment is influenced by one's training, one's viewpoint, one's mental equipment, and the direction and force of one's interests. For example, one who looks upon the theater as only a place to while away a very idle hour will, obviously, be readier to sacrifice an alleged questionable play than will one who has a greater interest in dramatic art.

What the Star actually says is that the man in the street is capable of passing judgment (morally) on the drama—that is, it can be left safely to him to decide whether a play is decent and allowable or is not. Such an attitude, if it were established, would be very perilous to the art of the theater. One has only to observe what foolish judgments are now passed upon plays by this very same man in the street, by the papers who express and the authorities who try to enforce his prejudices. Witness the utter idiocy of movie censorship, as practiced with a relatively free hand, which shows that ten groups of fools in ten different states often have ten different standards of decency—all of them unintelligent and working to cripple whatever artistic tendency reveals itself in the movie field.

The only safe atmosphere for the drama, as for any art, is that of freedom. The fact happens to be that the only ones capable of intelligent judgments on art are the very ones who most strongly believe in freedom and who would never carry judgment to the point of sup-

pression. Let plays be free—and stay away from plays you think you wouldn't like.

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Bums and Reformers

A BUM is better than a reformer. Any bum is less objectionable than a reformer—less of a burden on society, less of an offense to intelligent people, less warped in his outlook on life; and many bums are far more intelligent and have far more significant personalities than reformers have. Please distinguish, by the way, between the reformer and the rebel. Bums are born rebels. There is imagination in their jeers and jabs at life. Reformers are complacent, and are horrified at the strong protests and criticisms of life that come from the rebel bums.

Granting the superiority of bums over reformers, there is some occasion for sardonic mirth in the news that an Englishman, living probably a dull life in Yorkshire, can think of no better way to enliven his days than to start a movement for the rescue of bums. He wants to help the bums to settle down. He thinks that he can take the grand itch out of their feet by planting them in good jobs up to their eyebrows in the sweet odor of respectability. This may be all right for those who are not bums by the divine urge of their nature. A man who is by nature a stolid workman is of course misplaced on the long road that has many turnings but seldom an end. He is just a poor fellow who has been too long out of a job.

There are bums, however, whom this English reformer would try uselessly to change—and if he did change them, he ought to be treated as an enemy of society. A fine thing it would have been could this man have induced a born vagabond like George Borrow to keep a shop—or to become a lawyer, as his parents insisted. Nothing could make Borrow respectable. He was gifted with the vision to see life differently, and follow it in many winding by-paths. We should have missed many a curious page of writing had he decided to prepare briefs instead of employ the pen more imaginatively. And didn't Borrow follow, in his way, a plan of life? At least did he not leave a great deal more to show for his wandering life than the respectable ones who settled down, looked scarcely to the right or the left, and are forgotten?

Luckily for us, fellows—bums—like Borrow, and Villon, and Goldsmith, and Rousseau, and Verlaine yielded not simply to the call of the road but of devious and risky and disreputable ways of life.

Rogue that he was, bum and thief and rake, Villon has bequeathed to us our most intense glimpses of reality into the fifteenth century. The respectable folks of his day lived longer, but Villon achieved immortality.

And the fact that Rousseau, that half-mad but inspired Jean Jacques, a bum with a sublime love of Nature, tramped over dusty roads and through the smiling fields of France—that fact, responsible for a great deal of beautiful writing, is more to our good than if the man had settled down to a life of plodding and piety. It is amusing to know that Rousseau had a bum's humorous lack of scruple, that he could perpetrate a rich irreverent jest with an eye to a few square meals. First he would pretend that he was in the way of conversion to Catholicism, and then to Protestantism, and for awhile he would be supported quite nicely while he was thus building up his inner man—that is to say, his stomach.

Verlaine was a bum, who could write a poem better than he could wield a spade or a trowel—a wild and wandering fellow, drunk and disorderly, a scandal to decent people, and a study in genius. Bumlike, he knew the look of suspicion in a respectable landlady's eye, lighting on his very disreputable traveler's outfit, including a dirty muffler that, said Verlaine with quite the humor of an artist and a bum, "was the color of a thirteenth century window."

Goldsmith was a bum, actually did some hoofing it over Europe, and to the end of his days lived with the improvidence and the fine disregard characteristic of the top rank, the real class, of bums.

To come to our country, Stephen Crane had the sure and unterrified instincts of a bum. Lafcadio Hearn and Ambrose Bierce were generously endowed with buminess. Mark Twain roughed it for many years, and was always a bum at heart, with a queer unhappy craving for respectability.

And undoubtedly the thing that has kept many a writer down to an uninteresting level was that he couldn't rise to the superior and

free viewpoint of a bum. Such a one simply isn't born a bum, which is artistically his misfortune.

Bums, let me say finally, are not only those who actually count the railroad ties or wrap up a pair of socks in a red handkerchief and start out for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Rightly understood, bumminess is a state of mind. One may stay at home and have the feelings of a bum—the essentially wandering spirit of a bum—the rebelliousness, the fine discontent, and the free individuality of a bum. One may appreciate bums, and hail bums as brethren of the spirit, although one is surrounded with all the accessories of comfortable living. It's not just a matter of physical travel. Nobody would call a traveling salesman a bum. On the other hand, some village scapegrace, with an imaginative flair and a sniff at the strange things of life, may be called a bum even though he never sets foot outside his home county.

Once a bum, always a bum: no matter what you do, no matter where you are, no matter how you try to disguise that bummy streak. You will only make yourself unhappy by trying to change yourself.

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Broadway Imitates Main Street

IT has always been supposed, and in truth we have generally observed, that the small towns are prone to follow the styles and customs that appear in the cities. They do this in their own good time and within limits of their size and wealth, not being able to splurge so grandly, nor to emulate the new Manhattan architecture or the new Chicago crime wave; but still, notwithstanding the scornful ejaculations of the old fogies regarding things "citified," we find the latest styles in clothing, traffic signals, jokes, songs and dances flashing in the countryside. A story, pointing this tendency, is told by Theodore Dreiser in "A Hoosier Holiday." At a town meeting in a small Indiana village, the question was debated as to whether the village should have electric lights and paved streets. One speaker decided the issue brilliantly by saying, "Do we want to be

like New York and Chicago, or don't we? That's all there is to it." The improvements won. The village placed itself right alongside Chicago in this matter.

But now Main Street can chuckle with pride entirely in its own right: not the pride of imitating, but the pride of being imitated. At last Broadway has taken over, temporarily at least and no doubt unwittingly, an old honored Main Street and country school district custom. And Broadway hasn't shown the alacrity that Main Street has shown: Broadway has been twenty years, or more, getting around to this very old fashion. I refer to the practice, which suddenly sprang forth a few months ago in New York and Chicago, of having the audiences in vaudeville and movie houses sing en masse. The words of a popular song are flashed on the screen, the virtuoso at the pipe organ plays the tune, and "Everybody joins in the singing." Another small town, party phrase may be added: "A good time is had by all." Just like home folks, with naive enthusiasm and earnestness, and with hearty vocal discordance, the city audience bawls out the refrain that "I'll be loving you, always," or, "Remember the day."

Yes, it's very familiar, very homey, as we say. Shut your eyes, and you can imagine you are in the little red schoolhouse or the town opera house, at a camp-meetin' or a political rally in the county seat. Years ago this crowd singing was in evidence throughout the countryside. Its origin seems to have been rural-religious. Various uses, social and political and educational, have been made of it. It is a very democratic custom, based upon the very democratic idea that one person can sing as well as another—that the voice of the people lifted in common song is, if not the voice of God, then the voice of his angelic choir.

The joke of this is not entirely on Broadway. For Main Street, I expect, will soon be following its old custom, indirectly returned to it and revealed in a slightly new guise. Soon the movie audiences in small towns will be singing lustily, quite in "citified" fashion, and even as it has always been so it shall be.

Sinclair Lewis and a Liberal Preacher

A Close-Up of L. M. Birkhead and His Pulpit Agnosticism

BY MARCET HALDEMAN-JULIUS

IT was in January of this year that Sinclair Lewis came to visit the Reverend William Stidger in Kansas City and a little party was given for him. To it was invited the Reverend L. M. Birkhead. At once he and Lewis recognized, each in the other, a kindred spirit. For the novelist soon discovered that (as Birkhead himself puts it) the minister "was an immoralist and wouldn't try to reform him." He perceived, too, that Birkhead had both a thorough knowledge of theological minutiae and the sophisticated point of view of an emancipated mind. He could talk with Lewis from Lewis' own angle and yet make clear to him the angle, or rather various angles, of the *genre* which Lewis was studying.

As Lewis went home that night, he exclaimed with much enthusiasm to a friend, "I've found my man!" And so he had. For it is no betrayal of secrets to tell you that what Dr. Paul De Kruif was to *Arrowsmith* and the medical profession, the Reverend Birkhead is to be to this novel of Lewis' which, even now in process of realization, is to deal with the clergy as *Babbitt* did with the Rotarians and *Main Street* with small town folk. (*Mantrap*, I may say in passing, is obviously written in an entirely different mood and for a decidedly different public. This story of adventure was tossed off while Lewis was gathering material for a new book, and those who know him best do

not even attempt to compare it with his serious novels. Yet, written as it was, with tongue in cheek, it is a rattling good yarn, and decidedly above the average of its kind.)

Birkhead understood at once that what Lewis wanted, and must have, was contacts with all kinds of ministers. For, sincere artist that he is, he is conscientiously accurate to the point of meticulous precision. Those contacts Birkhead set out to help him establish.

Now, as it happened, for some time the ministers of Kansas City had been lunching together about once a month. Birkhead conceived the idea of having Lewis meet the entire group. Accordingly he

arranged a special luncheon. The ministers were thoroughly interested in the novelist, and he, on his part, found them so approachable and some of them so distinctly human and likable that it was speedily decided that he should come back to Kansas City and, with Birkhead as guide, make a thorough study of them and of their points of view. This he did in a very few weeks, settling down in his own scientific, painstaking way to his task of soaking himself in the clergy.

The ministers met now once a week instead of once a month—usually in a private dining room at the Ambassador Hotel, sometimes at the Kansas City Athletic Club. Every Wednesday was sacred to the business of their mutual education. For Lewis is nothing if not perfectly frank and aboveboard. They understood, those men, that he was gathering material for the new novel and they understood,



MARCET HALDEMAN-JULIUS

Already well known to readers of the Haldeman-Julius publications for her articles in the *Weekly and Monthly*, Marcet Haldeman-Julius has again achieved a delightful and vivid sketch in her portrayal of the Reverend Birkhead and Sinclair Lewis

too, exactly what kind of a novel it was to be. They knew, also, that he was an honest and conscientious workman, sincerely anxious really to understand them. Make no mistake about it—they were just as eager as he to discuss their background, problems, reactions, hopes and fears. My word, how those men, led by the tall, lanky, red-headed, red-faced Lewis did talk! (He is called "Red," you know, and the name fits him well.)

Talk? From all I can gather, the good old sophomoric bouts in which college students like to indulge simply were not in it. It is a fact. They threshed out all the questions pertaining to the modern church; its relation to religion and to society; society's relation to it; its relation to its pastorate; the pastor's duty to himself and to his congregation; and, above all, the relation of everything to truth. As for the Holy Ghost—well, it has been many a day since that spirit or entity or whatever the good Christians like to believe it is, has come in for so much analysis. "What do you *mean* by it," Lewis would demand, pounding the table in his earnestness. "What do you mean when you say, 'I believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost'?" Most of them agreed that it was merely a formula. "But what do you *mean* by it?" Lewis would insist. "You must mean *something*." Thus he drove them. He made them think. He was like a coach who takes out a lot of softened youngsters and makes them do broad jumps and put the shot. Their minds stretched and worked. He hardened them up, and I tell you the process made some of them feel good.

It felt good to them, too, freely to pitch in a "damn" and a "hell" and a "by God"—not because of any particular joy in the words themselves but because their use symbolized to them the throwing off of the absurd assumption that they, as ministers, were in any way superior to or more "spiritual" than the rank and file of their congregations. By the same token, they liked to spice up their conversations with racy stories, in which kernels of shrewd criticism lay husked in more or less coarseness. (One or two of these anecdotes, quite unmailable, have become classics and are going the rounds from person to person.) They got a kind of relief from admitting frankly that ministers were neither more nor less prone than other men to be untrue to their wives. It felt good to them to know that their doubts and evasions were not peculiar to themselves but were more or less the common lot of all the younger generation of preachers, pastors, rectors, rabbis,

ministers and priests. It was a wholesome thing for them to face squarely, for just what they were worth, their pretensions to wisdom and virtue. It is to their credit, too, that one and all they smiled at this antiquated notion. Like a strong wind blowing away cobwebs was their honest realization of what Hazlitt pointed out a hundred years ago: "Religion is an enemy to self knowledge." Under the tutelage of Sinclair Lewis, even as he probed and dissected them for his own purpose, those men got acquainted as never before with themselves. They felt, as it were, shriven.

There were fifteen of them, and all but two—who were frankly Agnostics—were, for the most part, fairly orthodox in their methods, if not in their doctrines. A few might be called Modernists. Nearly every Protestant denomination was represented. Campbellite rubbed elbows with Unitarian (whose church is called by good-natured critics "the church for retired Christians"); Baptist with Congregationalist and Rabbi; Methodist with Episcopal rector; Presbyterian with the Head of the Rationalist Society of Kansas City. As their sense of freedom and of mutual confidence deepened, they came to call themselves, in jocular and affectionate appreciation of all that Sinclair Lewis was doing for them, his "Sunday School Class." It was not long, of course, before such a delicious name leaked out—but that was about all that eager ears did hear. It was, you see, understood by a gentleman's agreement that when these ministers entered Lewis' door, they could, without fear or risk of betrayal, drop the stiff disguising air in which many of them daily sheathed their real thoughts and more likable personalities. Generalities, of course, dribbled through to the world at large, but no particularities. And if it was rumored that one of their number had coolly declared that he did not believe in the virgin birth or the deity of Christ, but that his way of life was simply too settled and the demands on his purse too heavy for him to consider making a break with his profession, it was also reported that no one seemed shocked; and to this day no layman knows which one of the group he was. Others there were, more sincerely orthodox, who began seriously to think and face facts for the first time during those meetings. Only one—who attended a single session—turned out to be a traitor. "Not so bad," said Birkhead tolerantly, "out of fifteen. Jesus had only twelve, and he, too, had a Judas."

This treacherous man, who was from a nearby town, came to Lewis in great distress and told him that he had been fired from his church. Even as

Lewis and the others, sympathetic and actively concerned, were trying to get him a job, he was busy writing a story of "The Sunday School Class" to sell to the newspapers. Not one of its regular members would have done it. Moreover, his statement that Lewis was to blame for his being discharged was not true. He had lost his position before ever he met with this group.

All the preachers felt, Birkhead declared positively, even those who disagreed most violently with Lewis, that this association with him was the most interesting experience of their lives. To my question, "They really liked to come?" he returned with a hearty chuckle, "You couldn't keep them away. You see, Lewis asked them such *hard* questions. He made them feel so stimulated, so liberated." But you can easily imagine how many in the various congregations looked askance at these pastors of theirs, who were, according to their notion, all but consorting with the Devil. They had not, you see, these steady pillars of the church, shared their ministers' long, illuminating talks with Lewis. And when he included the name of a certain one of them in a group to whom he gave a clean bill of health—as to sincerity and clear-headedness—that gentleman was promptly called on the carpet by his members. "How is it," they demanded irately, "that Lewis approves of you!" This fact they considered—and not so illogically either, from their point of view—was in itself a serious impeachment of the man's eligibility to be their pastor. Some of these ministers called themselves Modernists, but there were those among them who had given up not only Supernaturalism but Theism. To this "Humanist" group Birkhead belongs. He admits frankly to being an Agnostic—quite as much of a one as Dr. Roberts, the head of the Rationalist Society of Kansas City, or even that doughty veteran, Joseph McCabe.

Now, for some time, it had seemed to me that an Agnostic minister was one of the most irritating and absurd of paradoxes—whichever way one looked at it. He was, I thought, like a sailor trying vainly to set his sails to opposing breezes. Surely the platform and the lecture-hall were the proper places for such speakers. The church, a worn out institution, should be simply and frankly discarded. And for a man who did not believe in God to call himself a minister and conduct an institution founded on the very gospels, the authenticity of which he denied, was little less than a reflection on his courage and sincerity. It was quite as if, let us say, Joseph McCabe, instead of resolutely throwing off the priest's

robe, had continued to wear it and say mass while writing *The Futility of Belief in God*. I tried to imagine Clarence Darrow, E. Haldeman-Julius or Sinclair Lewis conducting services! The obvious absurdity of the notion seemed to me a yardstick by which to measure their unquestionable honesty. And I am bound to say their forthright, unequivocal attitude seemed to me the fine one. Therefore I was more than a little interested in getting Birkhead's point of view. For you can take my word for it that the man has a complete absence of pose, that his utter honesty is not to be questioned, nor his courage.

To begin with, he is a naturally frank, candid type. Tall, well-built, blue-eyed, fair-haired, open and sunny-faced, he has an engaging, simple, direct manner. An extravert, he revels in people. A born mixer, he can see all sides of a question. And his own personality is reflected in the atmosphere of his church. (To join it one simply signs a card as when joining a society or club.) One sees there both very conservative (but not narrow-minded) people and Communists. Two or three alert, aware Negroes are made to feel perfectly at home. Absolutely no class or color lines are drawn. Bigots and snobs are the only people whom one does not find in the "Church of All Souls." In the pulpit, Birkhead's manner is as personal, as informal, as interesting, as when talking to one at dinner.

We met him first, E. Haldeman-Julius and I, at Dayton, Tennessee, under one of the great trees on the lawn of the old, and for many years disused, Mansion House in which the defense lawyers of the Scopes case were domiciled. With his wife and boy he had motored down from Kansas City to the trial. Both the fact of his coming and the manner of it were indicative of the man. For he is interested in everything vital and the three Birkheads are the best of chums. Indeed, this minister owes no small part of his rise and freedom from imaginary shackles to the happy fact that his wife, as courageous and debunked as he, has been able to keep joyful step with him in his progress. In her late thirties, she is auburn-haired, blue-eyed, friendly, shrewd, sophisticated, adaptable. She and Birkhead thoroughly understand and like each other. There isn't a doubt in the world that you would enjoy them. They are, as the saying goes, true blue, both of them. And somehow, by this and by that, they have made me understand the point of view of this steadily increasing group of preachers to which Birkhead belongs.

You see, when my husband came home from Kansas City where he had gone to talk with Sinclair

Lewis, and announced in no uncertain manner that if he lived there he should go regularly to hear Birkhead and perhaps even join his church, I was, to be candid, all agog to hear a man who could win such whole-hearted praise from anyone as critical as E. Haldeman-Julius. "I'll motor you up next Sunday," that gentleman promised enthusiastically. And sure enough, he did. Mr. Birkhead and his wife dined with us Saturday evening and the next morning I heard this most modern of ministers preach. That afternoon in our suite in the Bellerive Hotel, an interesting group with Clarence Darrow as its center spent never-to-be-forgotten hours. And later the Birkheads and ourselves were fellow guests at tea at the home of mutual friends. All that time at dinner Saturday night, on Sunday afternoon, and at tea—the talk ran, of course, on Sinclair Lewis—his new

book, his methods of work and (I was a bit persistent here) on Birkhead's own attitude toward the church.

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HE feels strongly that it need not smack of theology. His whole point of view on the latter can be summed up in the statements he made recently at the Western Unitarian Conference. Asked to speak on "The Humanizing of Theology," he said bluntly: "I don't believe in humanizing or reinterpreting theology. I believe in chucking it."

"How can you," he demanded warmly, "humanize the idea of God?" You can't. "I just don't talk about God," he elucidated further. "Why waste time and energy over matter that should be discarded?"

"No reason in the world," I returned. "But by the same token why continue to use a worn out word like 'church'?"

Birkhead seemed to think the word of no moment and reminded us that even Roberts, the Rationalist, calls his society, made up almost entirely of Agnostics and Atheists, "The Church of This World."

"Well, why does he?" I demanded. "Why doesn't he call it what it is—an organization or a society? Certainly you can't divorce the idea of religion from the church?"

"What is religion?" put in E. Haldeman-Julius.

"To me," responded Birkhead, "it is simply an ardent devotion to what is good and true."

"Then," exclaimed E. Haldeman-Julius, "an Atheist could be religious."

"Certainly," said Birkhead. And he went on to explain that a minister is essentially someone who teaches, preaches, even moralizes, in a way. That just as a lawyer is trained in the technic of a courtroom, an actor in the technic of the stage, an editor in the technic of expressing himself through the medium of a magazine, so a minister is trained in the technic of



A GATHERING OF KINDRED MINDS

This photograph was taken during the recent trip of E. Haldeman-Julius to Kansas City—a trip which was the immediate cause of the article by Marcet Haldeman-Julius. From left to right the members of the group are: Gilbert Frankau, the English novelist; Sinclair Lewis; Dr. L. M. Birkhead; Clarence Darrow. E. Haldeman-Julius; Mrs. L. M. Birkhead; Mrs. Clarence Darrow

the pulpit, which is a technic vastly different from that of the lecture platform. This fact, as well as economic pressure, keeps in the more orthodox churches large groups of ministers who believe few or none of the dogmas for which they are supposed to stand.

"And yet," commented Birkhead thoughtfully, "Unitarians themselves are dissatisfied with the term 'church.' But so far they have not found a better one." (That is like Birkhead—always ready to admit when he is still unsatisfied or uncertain.)

People, these modern ministers say in effect, are gregarious and will always need gathering places in which to contemplate with some sort of system the ever changing truth. Beliefs and systems of belief are born and die again. Religion never means quite the same thing in any two decades, and is no more dependent upon the idea of one God (or three) than it was on the complicatedly related and much married deities of Olympus. But it will always be discussed and thought about by countless numbers of people. Moreover, words as well as beliefs are in a state of flux. A church is a place in which these changes can be discussed and, to a certain extent, agreed upon and formulated. In the modern church the Humanist minister frankly reserves the right to as open a mind as every member of his congregation. He pledges himself in all earnestness to see the truth and to present the truth only, but he does not pretend to have any other access to it than that open to every member of his congregation—clear and logical thinking. Nor does he agree to see as truth tomorrow what he sees as truth today. As I realized more and more Birkhead's honesty and courage, my curiosity about his own past mental processes increased. I said so frankly. And he gave me a brief resume of his emergence from the standardized religious concepts with which he, like so many others, began life, burdened.

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HE was born and raised on a farm near the little village of Winfield, Missouri. His people were dyed-in-the-wool Baptists—although his father didn't mind taking an occasional drink. It was with his parents' approval that, while still in high school, he went through the usual adolescent conversion—at a Methodist revival. At eighteen he was licensed to preach. The process was as simple as the requirements themselves.

"What," demanded the Presiding District Elder (for such is the title of the gentleman who can grant this privilege to impart divine guidance), "what are

the two cardinal doctrines of the Methodist church?" Young Birkhead was embarrassed. Plenty of faith he considered that he had, but precious little of doctrine. Fortunately, the elder was both kind and tactful. He pretended to ignore the pause. "Salvation and sanctification," he droned. "I know that you understand them—I will give you a license." However, you must realize that this did not give the young man the right either to administer the communion or to marry people. He could tell anyone how to live. A simple little thing like that was supposed to be entirely within the scope of his immaturity. Also his inexperience was not supposed to disqualify him from dispensing advice any more than his lack of education would interfere with his interpretation of the scriptures. But marriage and communion—simple as those ceremonies seem beside the more complicated duties which he essayed so lightly—well, it took a Presiding Elder to attend to them. (F. Haldeman-Julius and Birkhead chuckled impudently at this thought.)

By the next year Birkhead had earned enough through preaching—and working in a boot and shoe factory in St. Louis—to enter McKendree College, a Methodist institution named for one of the pioneer bishops in the Methodist church and located at Lebanon, Illinois. He remained there five years. In the natural course of events (being a very clever young man), he should, of course, have finished in four years, but part of the time he was—really, it seems quite too incredible and incongruous for words!—conducting revivals. It is a fact and makes his present emancipation all the more interesting. At one meeting alone, two hundred and eighty-two people were converted through his efforts. They were the real thing, those revivals of his, too, let me tell you. With a tolerant smile for his own past blind enthusiasm he serenely admits it. "Yes," he explained, his blue eyes twinkling, "they were regular Holy Roller revivals. People shouted and jumped until once the stovepipe actually came down." It was an event which set a standard—it set apart those whose frenzy was of the caliber to shout and leap from those whose ecstasy was less spectacular and therefore somewhat questionable as to its authenticity.

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IT was while he was at McKendree, and even as he preached, that his faith began to slip ever so little. And these first hesitant questionings of his were given sudden impetus by a book, *The Religion of a Mature Mind*, by George Albert Coe (now at

Teachers College, Columbia). You must understand that, up to this time, in spite of sporadic doubts, young Birkhead sincerely believed in all he preached. "I believed," he declared, with a most engaging grin, "in a God who had a hell to burn sinners in. I believed the whole Methodist creed. Of course," he went on, "I could see things I didn't understand. And I observed that the professor of biology got angry if I asked, 'Does this or that agree with Genesis?'" But the young man did not consider his doubts of sufficient weight to warrant an interruption of his preparation for the ministry. His whole way of life had been carefully planned toward that end. Moreover, he did not, by any manner of means, think of himself as an Agnostic. "My attitude at that time," he explained, "was not one of denial, but of interrogation." It was, you see, rather that of a person asking in order to be reassured than that of a person prepared to hear the truth at any cost.

Rather naively for one already as aware as Birkhead now was, he convinced himself that the teachers in a good theological seminary would be able to help him restore his faith. Now there are three principal Methodist theological schools in this country. From the Methodist point of view, Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey, is the safest and the soundest of the three. And for Drew young Birkhead trustfully set forth. For you must realize that at this time, although his innate honesty of mind was forcing him inch by inch toward the truth, his training, his self-interest, and his will-to-believe in all that he himself had for years been preaching, put up a stubborn resistance.

"How would you," he asked one of his teachers who seemed to him enlightened and scholarly, "how would you answer Drummond's book on the Gospel of St. John?"

The Drew professor looked at him solemnly. "I haven't," he declared, "read Drummond's book *about* the Gospel of St. John, but, I do believe *in* the Gospel of St. John." This was not very satisfactory to a young man of twenty-five in whom a slow but thorough process of disillusionment had begun. But from now on the process was faster. He began to read Modernist books and upsetting articles. By the end of a year, while in the very stronghold of orthodoxy, he had lost all faith. "I didn't," he explained, "know what to believe or where I was."

At this time he was associated with Christian F. Reisner, then the minister of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, but better known through his present enterprise of building the big Broadway Temple in

New York City. In fact, young Birkhead was his assistant pastor. I asked him what some of his duties were. "Oh, I had the Boy Scouts and young people. I helped him get up his stunts and so on. And then, of course, I helped get out the advertising." Also Birkhead was on the church publication committee of the International Association of Advertising Clubs. In all, he was with Reisner two years, and this interesting man was among those who counseled: "Stay in the Methodist Church. We're liberal, too. We can liberalize from within."

But Birkhead asked one of his professors at Drew: "Now isn't it true that the Trinity was not revealed from God, that it was a growth?" The professor, sincerely troubled, with uplifted hands exclaimed: "Oh, Brother Birkhead! Don't ask those questions. You can't be a Methodist preacher and ask questions like that." And Birkhead said to us, "It was true. The man was absolutely right." However, it took Birkhead some time to reach this same conclusion from a different angle.

Meanwhile, during all this time, he was commuting to and from New York, and all the while earning his way—doubts or no doubts—by helping Reisner, and by preaching. At last he made up his mind to go to Union Theological Seminary—a very different institution from Drew. So different, indeed, that many of his teachers and fellow students warned him in all seriousness that it was "a school of Agnostics."



YOU can get some idea of "Union," as it is affectionately called by its students, when I tell you that on Birkhead's floor of the dormitory alone there were eleven different denominations represented. One of the eleven was a Rabbi. The entire atmosphere of the school is liberal. There one hears much discussion—real discussion. There is no quibbling. Any student who asks a question can be sure of receiving consideration. There are no evasions. For instance, when Birkhead asked Professor Coe (whose book, you will remember, had first set Birkhead to thinking) about the existence of God, Coe did not put him off, but invited him at once to his own pleasant apartment where they sat down to a quiet, substantial conversation. "But all this time," explained Birkhead, "from the day that I went to Drew, I was confused and uncertain."

"Then what *kept* you there?" I asked, curious. For there is little doubt that a large proportion of the ministers of today share the state of mind that was Birkhead's at that period. Borderline Agnostics or borderline Christians, whichever way one chooses

to think of them, this group continues preparing to preach a doctrine and declare as truths notions in which they do not believe, or, at least, believe only in part. "What kept you there?" I repeated, sincerely anxious to get the point of view he had at that crucial time.

"My training—my friends," he explained. "For instance, Felix Adler was one among several whose opinion I value, who said to me (while I was in Columbia): 'If you can use the Christian terminology with any degree of sincerity, stay with it. The need of liberal preachers is great.'" While he was at Union and Columbia, he came in touch also with Harry Emerson Fosdick, Henry Sloane Coffin and Charles Prospero Fagnani—all well known exponents of the Modernist point of view.

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FOR three summers Birkhead had been preaching in St. Louis assisting the Reverend Lichliter there. (That minister has since also left the Methodist church. He has now a Congregationalist charge in Columbus, Ohio.) After the third summer, Birkhead stayed on until the next spring. "And then," he explained, "the Lord called Lichliter to another church—in which the salary was much greater. As I was yet," he went on, "in the smaller minister class, and the next minister didn't need an assistant, I went to the Wagner Memorial Methodist Church, of three or four hundred members, with a salary of \$1600." He went in the spring; and in the fall—he was now twenty-eight years old, and already practically an Agnostic—he was married.

To our exclamations of surprise that he could hold a church in a city the size of St. Louis without graduating from a theological seminary, he explained that while several of the ministers in that conference were college, though not theological seminary, graduates, down in the South ninety percent of the Methodist ministers, at a rough estimate, never saw a college. In fact, at that time in the whole of the St. Louis District of the Methodist Conference, which comprises some of the outlying towns as well as St. Louis itself, there was not a single minister who had graduated from a theological seminary. He told the story of the minister who dared to voice his doubts about the physical resurrection, although he did not, by any means, doubt the immortality of the soul. Shocked, a fellow minister exclaimed: "I thank God I am ignorant! I thank God I have never seen a theological seminary." It was at this time that it was proposed to invite Billy Sunday to St. Louis. Everybody but Birkhead and one Congre-

gationalist minister agreed. These two protested vigorously and would not vote for his coming. It was chiefly through their impatience with his methods that his visit was discouraged. (To this day, the amazing Billy never has held a revival in St. Louis.)

Feeling as he did, it was not long until Birkhead realized that he could not hold the usual Wednesday evening prayer meetings. The notion of his people praying and testifying in the approved Methodist manner seemed to him absurd and degrading. Instead he held a Modernist Bible class and gave his flock scholarly talks. They came for an emotional orgy and got an intellectual lecture! Do you wonder that they began to criticize him?

The St. Louis papers of this period often headlined him. It was announced at different times that he had "called Billy Sunday a pulpit acrobat"; "would let Unions meet in the churches"; had said that "loudest Christians pay lowest wages"; said "people think of heaven too much"; announced that he did not believe in "making Christianity a fire-escape from hell." It is no overstatement to say that he was the most talked of, the most liked and admired, the most hated and feared minister in all St. Louis.

At the same time, he had been made chairman of the program committee of the Methodist Ministerial Alliance of St. Louis. The members of this august body were accustomed to meet every Monday morning and tell each other how many converts each had made during the week, how many attendants their church could boast of the day before, and other such items, all of which, as Birkhead explained with a good-natured grin, they "stretched a-plenty." On one of these Mondays, Birkhead brought a liberal-minded young man to tell how the dance halls could be improved and brought up to a less reprehensible standard. The group was horrified. What! Reform dance halls? Not if they knew it! Reform rattlesnakes? Hit them on the head. What had the Methodist Church to do with dance halls? They insulted the young man to his face. On another occasion, Birkhead brought a Unitarian minister there. The gentleman, George R. Dodson, confided to the young man that it was the first time in twenty-one years that he had been invited to speak to evangelicals. They all felt, these good ministers of St. Louis, that it was a dangerous and risky thing to have such a man in their midst.

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MEANWHILE Birkhead, together with his wife, had begun to realize that he and Methodism simply did not go together. He had reached

the point where the exclamation of a good old Methodist, "What is the Methodist Church coming to with this young man here giving the apostle Paul pointers?" brought only an amused smile, quite untinged with irritation. It was in the same spirit that he noticed that when he dropped the Apostles' creed from the services, his congregation, accustomed to repeat it parrot-wise, did not even observe the omission. In fact, it had all come to seem to him a meaningless form in which he could no longer participate. Yet the question that he and his young wife had to face was not an easy one. They spent hours discussing it. Trained as he was in pulpit technic, in ministerial terminology and psychology, church routine and the whole milieu of a preacher, both Mr. and Mrs. Birkhead felt that he could be most useful if he could still function through a church. His attitude was not unlike that of a skilled and brilliant actor, who, tired of appearing in trashy plays, wished, without leaving the theater, to appear in intellectual and first class drama.

He began to consider, naturally enough, the Ethical Culture Society. "But at that time," he explained, "the Ethical Culture Society took a neutral attitude toward religion." He himself, so recently emancipated from its dogmas, so full of the thrill of his own new freedom, wanted to go out and tell the world of its errors and prevent others from duplicating his own long-drawn-out mistake. He didn't want to talk about peace or war, or international fellowship, but about the modern view of Jesus, God, and the Bible. The Ethical Culture Society seemed to him too timid to be attempting to offer itself, as it were, as a substitute for religion. He wanted a modernized, humanized religion—one that, throwing overboard all the worn-out doctrines and antiquated concepts, would meet the needs of the present. Birkhead, you see, was in anything but a contemplative mood. He was now exactly thirty years old—mature, ripe in mind, rich in experience, militant. He began to study and consider the possibilities offered in the Unitarian Church.

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ABOUT the first of March, in 1915, he went to his presiding elder and told him that he was going to leave about Easter—resign, get out of the Methodist Church entirely, since he could no longer subscribe to any of its doctrines. "I had," he explained, "given up the belief in the infallibility of the Bible, in the virgin birth and the deity of Jesus—although I was still arguing about the existence of a God." He asked the Presiding Elder to say nothing

for a few weeks until his plans for the future took a little more definite shape. The elder agreed, but instead of keeping his word, he announced it at the Monday Ministerial Alliance Meeting. Reporters were present and on Tuesday the story broke. It did Birkhead little good to reflect upon the fact that this same presiding elder who had been guilty of betraying his confidence was the very one who had once said in answer to Birkhead's more youthful doubts, "Lots of us are not so sure." Birkhead never again went back to his church.

The next Sunday a Unitarian asked him to occupy his pulpit and, while he preached there, someone else occupied his old Methodist one and answered his so-called heresies. Meanwhile, there he and his wife were, if you please, brought suddenly face to face with the very situation, fear of which keeps so many men today in their churches when secretly they long to be free of all the shams in which their false position involves them. They had a six months old baby boy—and no money ahead. "If," said Mrs. Birkhead, "we hadn't had an endowment policy on which we could borrow, we should have been up against it." In May, Birkhead went to Wichita, Kansas, as a substitute to preach for two Sundays in the Unitarian Church and, as luck would have it, was given a call. He remained there for two and a half years.

By this time, as you can imagine, I was curious to know more about this Unitarian Church in which Birkhead ever since has functioned with such mutually satisfactory results—to the church, himself, and the public. There is no governing body to issue bulls and ukases. Some Unitarian Churches have communion. Most of them do not. A few—a small minority—even have christening services. Some—perhaps half—have prayer. At Dr. Birkhead's church they do not—they have silent meditation. It all depends upon the wish, the will, and the attitude of mind of the people who compose each separate organization. Birkhead's own church, in a lovely residential section of Kansas City, is a charming little stone structure—simple, dignified, set in a smooth grass lawn, shaded by old and majestic trees. (He was called to it in 1917 and came thinking, as the old Fundamentalist nomenclature would have had it, "he could serve the Lord better there," but, in more modern phrasing, that "he could find greater opportunities for debunking people.")

Somehow, as I sat in the quiet, peaceful little edifice, listening to the people, all clad in their Sunday best, softly rustle in, and watched them take their

seats with that unmistakable Sunday air, I realized that to many of these enlightened folks, just as to many a devout Catholic who honestly believes in transubstantiation, there is a fine-edged pleasure, quite apart from anything they may hear preached or that they may believe, in going to church. They like the tranquil, withdrawn atmosphere that long tradition has taught them to associate with high-backed pews, Gothic arches, and pipe-organed chancels. And that Sunday even the gentle chirping of the birds outside underscored the cool hush within. Little gongs they were that set to chiming tiny bells of memory. Through many a mind there floated, in swift retrospect, Sunday after Sunday of the slowly lived years of childhood and adolescence and the more racing years of youth and early maturity. Long experience has made many people associate irrevocably with the church that feeling of pause, that consciousness of deliberate meditation, that sense of making with each week a new and happier beginning. These folk can most successfully readjust themselves to their revolutionized beliefs when in the atmosphere which they hold precious and to which they have become accustomed. If only they can remain in some form of church, even though that church teach Agnosticism, they feel secure and that they have merely grown. Which, of course, is all just another way of saying that people change the substance of their thoughts with moderate readiness, but cling with almost amusing tenacity to familiar forms. Behaviorists could analyze this fact for you very neatly and explain to you just why and how people become "conditioned" into this attitude.

The services of Birkhead's church proceeded in the usual ecclesiastical manner. But the words of the Doxology were:

From all who now are gathered here
Let highest thoughts and hopes arise.
Let truth's majestic power be sung
And Goodness reign in all our lives. Amen.

And instead of the Apostles' creed, minister and congregation repeated their statement of faith:

We believe in
The authority of evidence
The supremacy of intelligence
The necessity of freedom
The leadership of the competent
The commonwealth of man

After a responsive selection from William Ellery Channing and a hymn, "Inspiration," Birkhead read Samuel M. Crothers' "The Aim of a Liberal Church." It concluded with this paragraph:

Now the aim of a truly liberal church is to so free the mind that men shall talk together just as simply, as naturally, as fully, about the question of religion as about the questions of everyday life, that there shall be one place where they may confer together, where a man shall be no more ashamed of expressing his doubts or his difference of opinion than he shall be of expressing his agreement.

There followed a solo simply sung by a beautiful, jewel-like woman, and then came the address of the morning. The Sunday before, Birkhead had spoken on Theodore Dreiser and discussed his new novel, *An American Tragedy*. The following Sunday (the last service Birkhead would conduct before he left to spend his vacation with Sinclair Lewis, in Minnesota) the talk was to be on Stribling's much discussed *Tecftallow*. The sermons of the Church of All Souls have as wide a range as the topics of the day. And, for variety, Birkhead now and then gives his congregation a dip into more scholarly subjects. Also he has given them a comprehensive view of the modern religions. Whatever his theme, he vitalizes and vivifies it. For Birkhead is an able speaker, easy, charming, with a humor that bubbles up spontaneously and quickly communicates itself to his audience. It was easy to feel how sincerely his listeners shared his point of view—how warmly they liked him. There is never any effort to be brilliant or smartly modern. His good sense and tolerance are the solid foundation on which he builds his effects.

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THE morning we heard him, he went into a full and discerning, but sympathetic, discussion of the man who at that moment, because of his recent and somewhat tempestuous stay in Kansas City, was most in the minds of its people. And although I have never but once—some years ago—met Sinclair Lewis, that talk of Birkhead's, augmented by E. Haldeman-Julius' enthusiastic description of him, has made the restless, sincere, iconoclastic artist very real to me.

Birkhead discussed at length Lewis' rejection of the Pulitzer prize and read in full his splendid letter to the Pulitzer Award Committee. (The newspapers printed it generally at the time.) To my ears, at least, that letter has an honest ring. And I do not find it hard to believe Birkhead when he firmly denies the cheap charge that Lewis is a self-advertiser. Certain it is that whatever his motive may have been, he has done the public a service by clearing up, once and for all, its misapprehension about the Pulitzer prize. For years this has commonly been

supposed to have been given to the "best" novel of the year. Lewis has put the prize in its foolish and priggish place by calling to everyone's attention the fact that, according to Pulitzer's express terms, it is given instead—or at least supposed to be given—"for the American novel published during the year which shall best represent the wholesome atmosphere of American life, and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." Fancy that. As Lewis very properly points out, "This phrase, if it means anything whatever, would appear to mean that the appraisal of the novels shall be made, not according to their actual literary merit, but in obedience to whatever code of good form may chance to be popular at the moment."

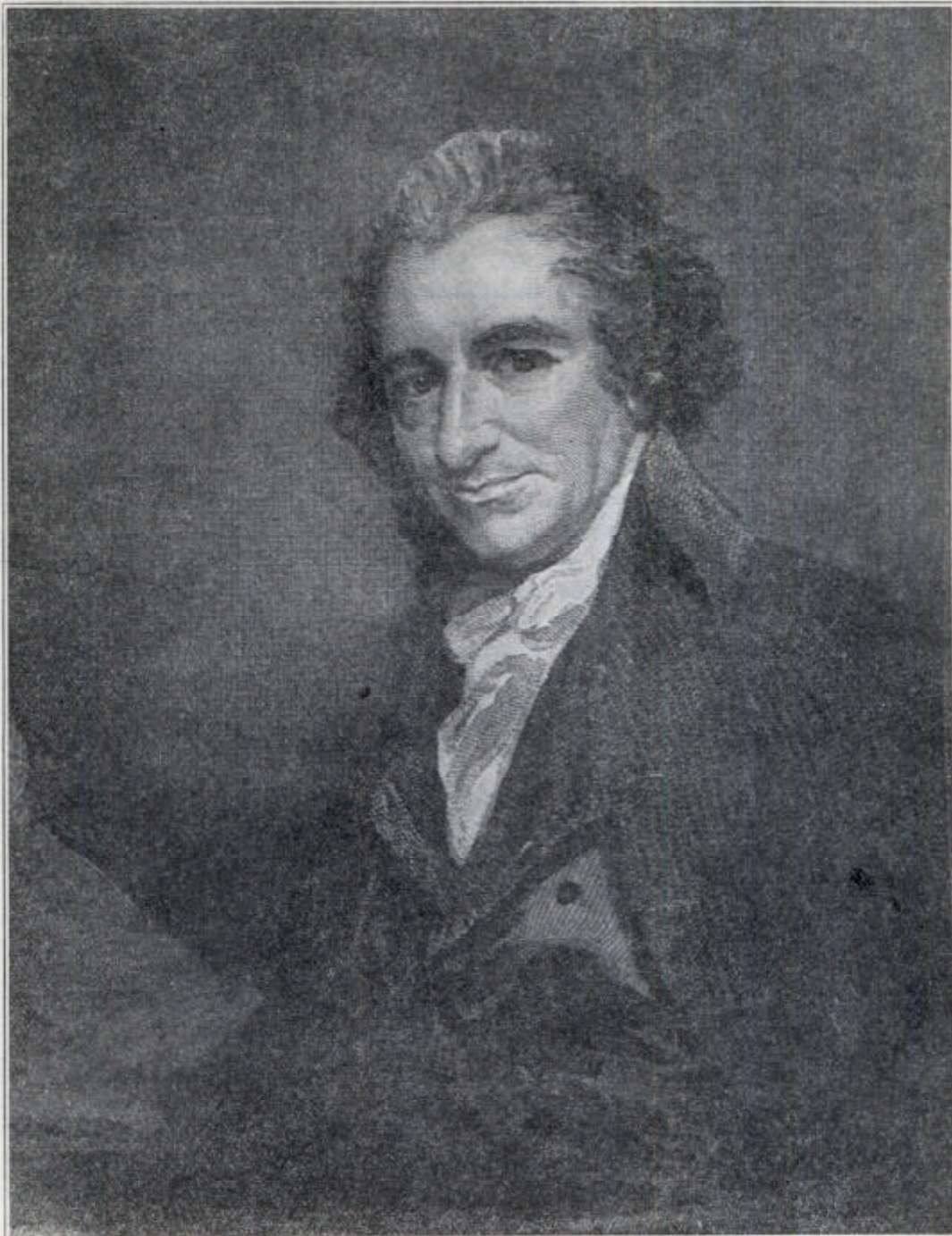
And if there is anything against which Sinclair Lewis is always ready to hurl his lance, it is against the fear of transgressing "good form," and "good taste." This fear, Birkhead made very clear to us, is, according to Lewis, just one of the feelings that most insidiously inhibits and hinders creative criticism, and dams up creative impulses. It is the taboo of "bad taste" that causes preachers and novelists alike to hedge, to talk indirectly, instead of in a straightforward manner. Surrounded by so many proprieties, one is deprived of freedom to be honest as much through a wish to conform to "good taste" as through any set moral standard.

Undoubtedly this reluctance to be in "bad taste" would have kept a smaller man than Lewis from making his arresting gesture in the Linwood Boulevard Christian Church. It was the climax of his stormy stay in Kansas City. You see, all over the country, from their pulpits and in the press, Fundamentalists preachers had been declaring that God, outraged by Luther Burbank's frank declaration that he was an infidel, had struck him down as a sign and warning to all the world. In answer to them, Sinclair Lewis stood in the pulpit and before an orthodox audience said in effect to the God in whom they professed to believe: "Your people say you struck down Burbank because he was an infidel. Well, here I stand. I, too, am an infidel. More, a blasphemer. Burbank was an old man of seventy-seven and had high blood pressure. I, on the contrary, am young and healthy. I challenge you, if you exist, to strike me down here and now *in the presence of witnesses*. If you do this, the world will know that Burbank was punished for his utterances as the Fundamentalists are claiming, and did not die merely because he was old and ill." It was a scientific method, as it were, and certainly from the Fundamentalists'

own point of view, it was a deserved and logical action. It was a merited and just rebuke. Moreover, you must realize that before Lewis spoke in that church, its congregation knew very well that he would make no more bones about saying what he thought in a pulpit than in his own room at the Ambassador Hotel. He did not stride into that church and demand a hearing. He was invited there. And once there, he was, as always, his courageous, honest self. There, as everywhere, he spoke as is his custom, simply and forthrightly his convictions. It was, Birkhead pointed out, foolish to contend—as some Fundamentalists have—that Sinclair Lewis was too insignificant for God to notice, for all good Fundamentalists believe that their God takes notice even of the hairs of our heads. Quite as amusing was the contention of others who declared that the only reason God did not take Lewis at his word and then and there strike him dead in wrath was that it was Sunday and in a church.

And, of course, Birkhead described and analyzed the class of which I have already told you. He painted the nervous, restless man that Lewis is. He pointed out that the fact that he has made "Main Street" people and Booster types conscious of themselves, is in itself significant of his contribution to social criticism; that the sheer genius of the man is indicated by his bringing "Main Street" and "Babbitt" into our vocabulary. "He will," concluded Birkhead, "always be a jar to entrenched complacency. His trouble is that he is a genius in a land where everything is standardized. Lewis raises a protest against all labels. He just stirs up trouble wherever he is. He can't help it. He is one of the major prophets of today. And we are still in the business of stoning the prophets—our children very likely will build monuments to them."

You can imagine perhaps what it must have meant to Lewis to find such a man as Birkhead, who not only has spent all his life in clerical circles and been on intimate terms with literally almost every type of minister, but who has, himself, been almost every type of minister, from the youthful, salvationist at whose revivals stovepipes came down, to the charming, polished, dignified minister of one of the leading churches of Kansas City. Birkhead is modest and properly so, even as Lewis is generous. For if Birkhead and Lewis sometimes sit down together and, in character, argue and live the book, it is only Lewis himself who can sift, synthesize, and patiently pound the whole mass of detail into a brilliant criticism of the clerical life of today.



THOMAS PAINE

Long famous for his rationalistic masterpiece, "The Age of Reason," Thomas Paine (1737-1809) is often remembered more as a liberal deist than as an ardent supporter of the American Revolutionary cause. He was both a diplomat and a believer in the freedom of thought. It is fitting that a beautiful memorial should be erected to his memory, significant of the ideals for which he stood; and it is also fitting that J. V. Nash should have given this memorial its proper place in this issue of the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly

Thomas Paine, Pioneer Freethinker

The Paine Memorial at New Rochelle---A Symbol of Tolerance

By J. V. NASH



THE present year is one that is peculiarly rich in memories of Thomas Paine. It marks the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the publication of *Common Sense*, a document so far-reaching in its effect that it may well be ranked alongside the Magna Charta and the famous Declaration of Independence to which it gave birth.

In these days, when the country is being swamped with bunk of fifty-seven varieties, common sense of the kind dispensed by Thomas Paine is needed as never before, and the spirit of Paine should be invoked anew by the modern crusaders in the eternal war against bunk.

Of the influence exerted by *Common Sense*, Professor David S. Muzzey of Columbia University says: "It is doubtful whether any other printed work in all American history has had a greater influence than Paine's *Common Sense*. Over 100,000 copies were sold, the equivalent of a circulation of 4,000,000 in our present population. Washington spoke enthusiastically of the 'sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning' of the pamphlet; and Edmund Randolph, the first Attorney-General of the United States, said that the Declaration of the Independence of America was due, next to George III, to Thomas Paine."

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of *Common Sense* is being splendidly commemorated by the erection of a beautiful memorial building at New Rochelle, New York, near the site of the great liberator's home. This building, which is to be known as Memorial House, is a stone structure, on colonial lines and furnished and decorated inside entirely in the colonial style. This should provide a very

harmonious atmosphere for the exhibition of the Paine relics and mementoes which the building will house. There will be first editions of all of Paine's many works—some extremely rare—and a collection of original Paine letters and other documents in the museum library.

Memorial House has been erected under the auspices of the Thomas Paine National Historical Association, which was organized in 1884 to perpetuate the memory of Paine's public services, and was incorporated in 1906.

The Association has performed a notable service in the achievement of the aims to which it is dedicated. It has numbered among its officers and members men of prominence in public and professional life both in this country and abroad. The late Moncure D. Conway was for some years its president. Its active and honorary officers at the present time include such men and women as Joseph McCabe, Eden Phillpots, Georg Brandes, Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner, Edward Clodd, Rupert Hughes, George MacDonald, Thomas A. Edison.

Mr. Edison, who is First Vice-President of the Association, is one of the most enthusiastic contemporary admirers of Paine. At the age of thirteen, Edison discovered some of Paine's writings in his father's library. He at once became the devoted disciple of Paine that he has remained ever since. "Thomas Paine," says Edison, "should be read by his countrymen." He declares further that Paine was "the equal of Washington in making American liberty possible."

The present President of the Thomas Paine National Historical Association and for many years the moving spirit in the work is William M. Van der Weyde of New York. Mr. Van der Weyde's

...at they were nothing ... than ...
...ause we had the same right which other nations had, to
do what we thought was best. "The UNITED STATES of
AMERICA," will sound as pompously in the world or in his-
tory, as "the kingdom of Great Britain;" the character of
General Washington will fill a page with as much lustre as
that of Lord Howe; and the congress have as much right to
command the king and parliament in London to desist from
legislation, as they or you have to command the congress.
Only suppose how laughable such an edict would appear
from us; and then, in that merry mood, do but turn the tables
upon yourself, and you will see how your proclamation is
received here.

FROM A PAGE OF "THE CRISIS"

These words are a facsimile portion of Thomas Paine's paper, "The Crisis," issue No. 2, dated January, 1777. "The Crisis" served to invigorate lagging spirits among Revolutionary leaders



interest in Paine, he tells me, dates back more than a quarter of a century, and, he says, "was greatly stimulated by becoming acquainted with Moncure D. Conway, the greatest of Paine biographers." He is well known to the general public through his many artistic photographs of modern celebrities.

Mr. Van der Weyde's life has been one of wide contacts and varied activities. Strange as it may seem, in view of his old knickerbocker name, he was born on the other side of the equator, in the city of Montevideo, capital of the small but progressive republic of Uruguay, South America, August 6, 1870. A biographical notice of Van der Weyde goes on to say:

Although thoroughly American, he comes of old Dutch stock on both sides of his family. His grandmother on his mother's side was Hellenor Knickerbocker, and on his father's side he is descended from the famous Flemish painter, Roger Van der Weyde, contemporary of Van Dyke and Rembrandt. At the age of fifteen he entered the newspaper business, for thirteen years occupying positions as reporter and editor on New York daily newspapers.

In 1898 he took up photography as a life vocation, being the first to make photographic illustrations for the daily papers and magazines. He has made a specialty of portraits of famous persons for publication purposes. Recently he has acquired worldwide fame with his remarkable photographs of the night, among them his series of the Pittsburgh steel mills aglow at night with the illumination of the fiery furnaces.

Mr. Van der Weyde is a pronounced radical. His interest in liberalism is the natural outgrowth of his early association with his grandfather and guardian, Prof. P. H. Van der Weyde, one of the pioneers in liberalism in this country and a founder and former president of the Manhattan Liberal Club.

His interest in photography took him abroad in 1912 and he remained in Europe until early in 1914, executing night photographs of London, Paris, and other cities of the Old World. In the interesting art of night photography, Van der Weyde was one of the pioneers. He enjoyed the personal friendship of the orator and agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll, and executed the last portrait ever made of him, just a week before Ingersoll's sudden death. I learn that he made the only photographs extant of O. Henry, and that among other celebrities whom he has told to "look pleasant" are Mark Twain, Julia Ward Howe, Marconi, Edison, Viviani of France, and Edward Everett Hale.

He was elected Secretary of the Thomas Paine National Historical Association in 1910.



and succeeded to the presidency in 1914, to which position he has been re-elected annually since then.



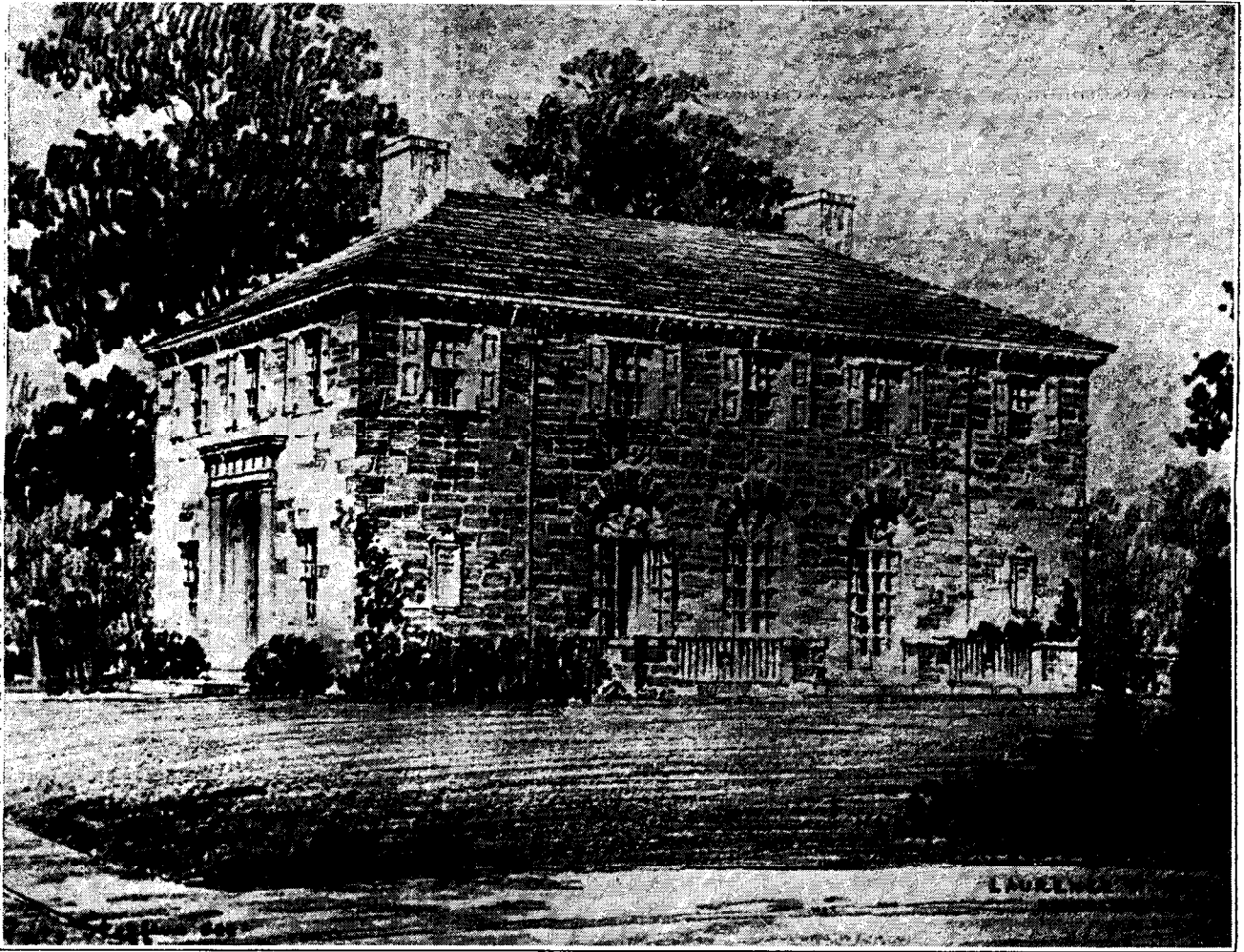
ANOTHER notable commemoration of this important Paine anniversary is the publication of a magnificent new edition of *The Life and Works of Thomas Paine*, under the editorship of Mr. Van der Weyde, who is likewise the author of the biography. The work includes much material never before published. Thomas A. Edison has written the Introduction. There are ten handsome volumes—known as the Patriots' Edition.

Surely there is in all American history no name of more extraordinary associations than that of Thomas Paine. He was the only man who sat in the councils of both the American and the French Revolutions. Secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, and Deputy for Calais in the National Convention at Paris, Paine was neither an American nor a Frenchman by birth. He was an Englishman, rather tall and athletic of stature, with ruddy complexion, animated countenance, and brilliant black eyes, unusual in an Anglo-Saxon. An important figure in the histories of three great nations, he was the first "citizen of the world."

The incalculable value of Paine's service in the American Revolution has been admitted by his enemies. He was one of the founders of the Republic. To him is directly traceable the inspiration of the Declaration of Independence, and much of its phrasology.

But important as that service was, it constituted only one phase of Paine's long battle for freedom everywhere. Paine, as Carlyle remarked in a famous epigram, "would free all of this world—perhaps even the other." Today thousands quote the motto of Paine—"The world is my country; my religion is to do good"—often unaware of its author. And Paine's religion was substantially that of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, and the other builders of the American nation, not one of whom was an orthodox churchman.

The nation's debt to Paine is not mere rhetoric on the part of his personal admirers. As already pointed out, it has been freely acknowledged by some who have been blind to the value of other phases of his career. It has, moreover, time and again been placed on official record by Presidents of the United States, from Wash-



THE NEW THOMAS PAINE MEMORIAL

The architect's drawing of the Thomas Paine Memorial at New Rochelle, N. Y., erected in 1925 by the Thomas Paine National Historical Association of New York City. This beautiful building stands for the beneficial influence of Thomas Paine's rationalism—his Age of Reason—on American life. It is a lasting monument to liberalism and tolerance.

inton onward. Even blunt old President Andrew Jackson softened into the language of sentiment when speaking of Paine: "Thomas Paine," he said, "needs no monument made by hands; he has erected a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty."

Paine was a great journalist. He was one of the first to realize the value of the press for molding public opinion, and to capitalize it. As press agent of the American Revolution he achieved a success far beyond even his own expectations. Yet we may be sure that he himself would be the first to condemn the prostitution of the profession in our day by the press agent of shady movements, superstition, and imperialistic government.

A pacifist and a soldier, a statesman and a biblical critic, a poet and an engineer, Paine's contacts with life were of an amazing and sometimes seem-

ingly contradictory variety; yet there was an essential unity connecting all his interests and activities.

THE son of a Quaker staymaker, Thomas Paine was born at Thetford, England, on January 29, 1737, a date which has become the occasion for public dinners and meetings in numerous cities. The date, however, is "Old Style." His real birthday is February 9—within a few days of Lincoln's and Washington's.

Until he had reached the age of thirty-seven, there was little promise of Paine's ever attaining fame. He had had small opportunity for schooling, had gone to sea as a sailor, and had later worked as a staymaker, an exciseman, a tobacconist, and an usher in a school. He had even thought of entering the ministry, and seems to have been for a time an independent preacher.

In 1774 Paine drifted to London. Possessing a native charm of personality, he made friends easily. Among his associates at this time we find the poet Oliver Goldsmith. Horne Tooke declared that "at dinner parties Paine was always sure to say the best things."

One day in the summer of that year, Paine met

at the house of David Williams in London the great Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who was in England on business for the colonies. Their mutual interest in science soon established a warm friendship between the older and the younger man. Franklin conferred with Paine regarding the latter's future prospects and ultimately advised his going to America. He

gave Paine a cordial letter of introduction to his son-in-law, Richard Bache, and other prominent citizens of Philadelphia.

While there were at that time many matters in dispute between the colonies and Great Britain, it was confidently expected that some sort of peaceful agreement would be reached. Blood had not yet been shed in armed conflict. Paine came to America with the peaceful idea of establishing a school or academy. Long afterward he wrote:

I had no thoughts of independence or of armies. The world could not then have persuaded me that I should be either a soldier or an author. If I had any talents for either, they were buried in me, and might ever have continued so, had not the necessity of the times dragged and driven them into action. I had formed my plan of life and, conceiving myself happy, wished everybody else so. But when the country, into which I had just set my foot, was set on fire about my ears, it was time to stir. It was time for every man to stir.

SHORTLY after Paine's arrival in Philadelphia, late in 1774, Bache introduced him to Robert Aitkin, who was just then establishing *The Pennsylvania Magazine*, and solicited Paine's assistance in the enterprise. Paine accepted the offer, and began at once writing trenchant articles on questions of the day.

It is interesting to note that one of his first contributions was on "The Magazine in America." In it he said:

It has always been the opinion of the learned and curious, that a magazine, when properly conducted, is the nursery of genius and by con-



WILLIAM M. van der WEYDE

Mr. Van der Weyde is the President of the Thomas Paine National Historical Association. He is the author of "The Life of Thomas Paine," "Thomas Paine on War and Monarchy," and other books about the famous American pioneer Liberal

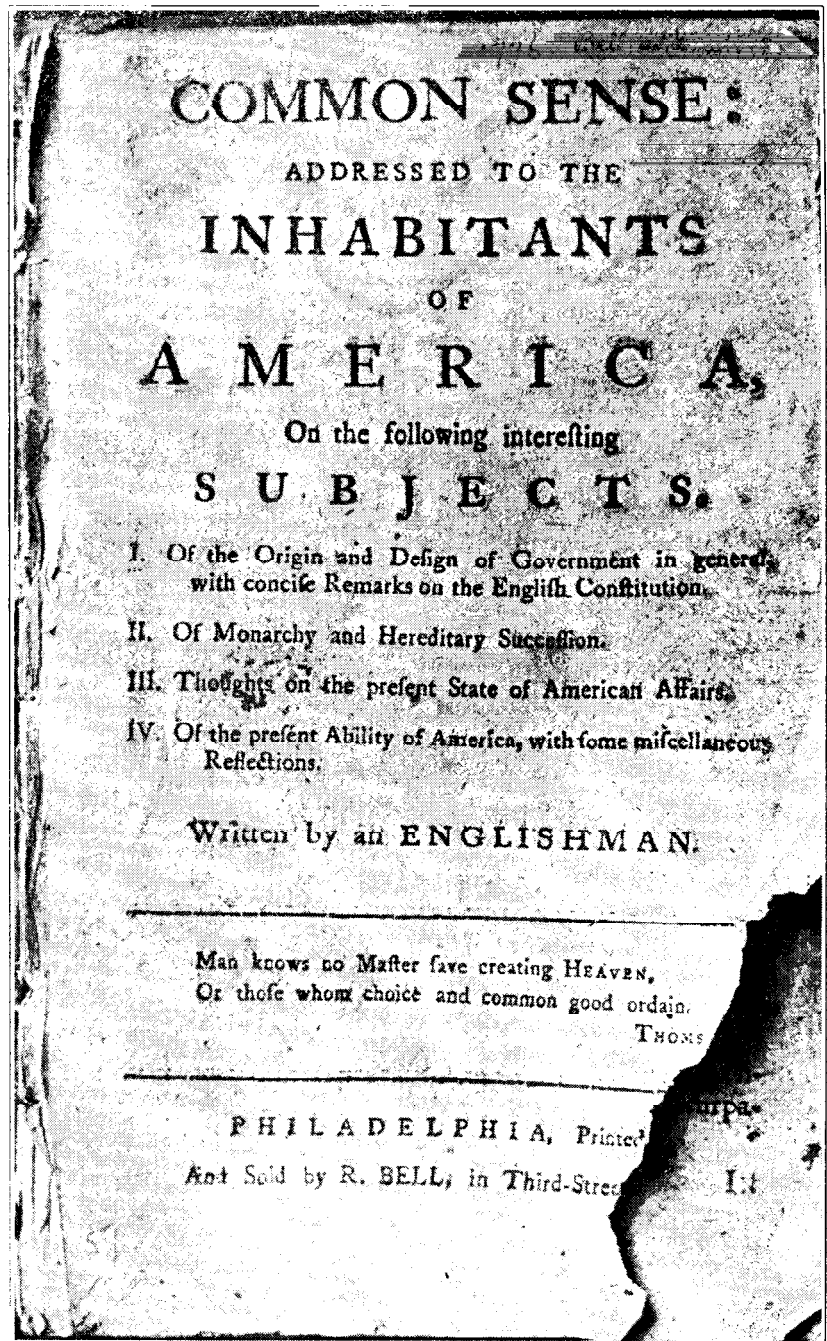
stantly accumulating new matter, becomes a kind of market for wit and utility. The opportunities which it affords to men of abilities to communicate their studies, kindle up a spirit of invention and emulation. An unexercised genius soon contracts a kind of mossiness, which not only checks its growth, but abates its natural vigor. Like an untenanted house, it falls into decay, and frequently ruins the possessor.

There is nothing which obtains so general an influence over the manners and morals of a people as the press; from that, as from a fountain, the streams of vice or virtue are poured forth over a country: and of all publications, none are more calculated to improve or infect than a periodical one. All others have their rise and exit: but *this* renews the pursuit. If it has an evil tendency, it debauches by the power of repetition; if a good one, it obtains favor by the gracefulness of soliciting it. Like a lover, it woos its mistress with unabated ardor, nor gives up the pursuit without a conquest.

The two capital supports of a magazine are *utility* and *entertainment*: the first is a boundless path, the other an endless spring. . . . A magazine can never want matter in America, if the inhabitants will do justice to their own abilities. Agriculture and manufactures owe much of their improvement in England to hints first thrown out in some of their magazines. . . . And why should not the same spirit operate in America? I have no doubt of seeing, in a little time, an American magazine full of more useful matter than I ever saw in an English one: because we are not exceeded in abilities, have a more extensive field for inquiry; and whatever may be our political state, our happiness will always depend upon ourselves. . . .

I consider a magazine as a kind of bee-hive, which both allures the swarm and provides room to store their sweets. Its division into cells gives every bee a province of his own; and though they all produce honey, yet perhaps they differ in their taste for flowers, and extract with greater dexterity from one than from another. Thus we are not all philosophers, all artists, nor all poets.

MEANWHILE, the quarrel with Great Britain over the Stamp Act and other colonial wrongs was smouldering. Then in April, 1775, came the



TITLE PAGE OF "COMMON SENSE"

A facsimile of the title page of the first edition of Thomas Paine's famous "Common Sense," published at Philadelphia, January 10, 1776—a work with a strong influence in America

clash at Concord and Lexington between the colonial militia and the British troops. Paine, as a newly arrived Englishman, must have viewed the situation with some perplexity. Nevertheless, he sat down to analyze the whole matter in an impartial spirit, and quickly came to the conclusion that independence was the only logical and satisfactory solution of the

political problem, a problem with which the ablest minds in the colonies had been vainly struggling.

The pamphlet *Common Sense*, written toward the end of 1775, was first published on January 10, 1776. Everywhere it was received with enthusiastic acclaim. Major General Lee wrote to Washington: "Have you seen the pamphlet, *Common Sense*? I never saw such a masterly, irresistible performance. . . . In short, I own myself convinced by the arguments of the necessity of separation." Washington declared that it "worked a powerful change in the minds of many men." The celebrated Dr. Rush remarked: "That book burst forth from the press with an effect that has been rarely produced by types and paper, in any age or country."

It is generally conceded that it was the publication of *Common Sense*, and the immense publicity which it gave to the idea of independence, that prepared the country for the Declaration of Independence (the term itself is found in *Common Sense*) the following summer. Public opinion was won to the cause.

Common Sense had been published anonymously, but so able were its arguments and so admirable its style that the authorship was ascribed to men like Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, and John Adams. Hundreds of thousands of copies were circulated, the humble author generously giving the copyright to the country and actually paying for copies to distribute gratuitously.

Paine knew how to talk to the people in their own language. Before his day, political writings had been in the language of the learned, written in an artificial style and loaded with classical quotations. Simple and terse in diction, Paine had at the same time a happy facility in phrasing. He was the first to speak of "the free and independent States of America." Some characteristic passages of *Common Sense* follow:

I challenge the warmest advocates for reconciliation to show a single advantage that this Continent can reap by being connected with Great Britain. I repeat the challenge; not a single advantage is derived. Our corn

will fetch its price in any market in Europe, and our imported goods must be paid for, buy them where we will.

But the injuries and disadvantages which we sustain by that connection, are without number; and our duty to mankind at large as well as to ourselves, instructs us to renounce the alliance; because any submission to or dependence on Great Britain tends directly to involve this Continent in European wars and quarrels, and set

us at variance with nations who would otherwise seek our friendship, and against whom we have neither anger nor complaint.

As Europe is our market for trade, we ought to form no partial connection with any part of it. It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she can never do while by her dependence on Britain she is made the make-weight in the scale of British politics.

Europe is too thickly populated with Kingdoms to be long at peace, and whenever a war breaks out between England and any foreign power, the trade of America goes to ruin, because of her connection with Britain. The next war may not turn out like the last, and should it not, the advocates for reconciliation now will be wishing for separation then, because neutrality in that case would be a safer convoy than a man of war. . . .

The authority of Great Britain over this Continent is a form of government which sooner or

later must have an end: And a serious mind can draw no true pleasure by looking forward, under the painful and positive conviction that what he calls 'the present constitution' is merely temporary. As parents, we can have no joy, knowing that this government is not sufficiently lasting to insure any thing which we may bequeath to posterity: And by a plain method of argument, as we are running the next generation into debt, we ought to do the work of it, otherwise we use them meanly and pitifully. . . .

'Tis repugnant to reason, to the universal order of things, to all examples from former ages, to suppose that this Continent can long remain subject to any external power. The most sanguine in Britain doth not think so. The utmost stretch of human wisdom cannot, at this time, compass a plan, short of separation, which can promise the Continent even a year's security. Reconciliation is now a fallacious dream. Nature hath deserted the connection, and art cannot supply her place. . . .

As to government matters, 'tis not in the power of Britain to do this Continent justice: the business of it will soon be too weighty and intricate to be managed



J. V. NASH

Mr. Nash has written several important articles for the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*. He was born in Boston in 1886, but he is now living and writing in Chicago. When asked for his vocation, he replied simply: "Writing and research"—both of which he does ably.

with any tolerable degree of convenience, by a power so distant from us, and so very ignorant of us: for if they cannot conquer us, they cannot govern us. To be always running three or four thousand miles with a tale or a petition, waiting four or five months for an answer, which, when obtained, requires five or six more to explain it in, will in a few years be looked upon as folly and childishness. There was a time when it was proper, and there is a proper time for it to cease.

Small islands not capable of protecting themselves are the proper objects for government to take under their care; but there is something absurd in supposing a Continent to be perpetually governed by an island. In no instance hath nature made a satellite larger than its primary planet; and as England and America, with respect to each other, reverse the common order of nature, it is evident that they belong to different systems—England to Europe; America to itself.

I am not induced by motives of pride, party, or resentment to espouse the doctrines of separation and independence; I am clearly, positively, and conscientiously persuaded that it is the true interest of this Continent to be so; that every thing short of that is mere patch-work, that it can afford no lasting felicity,—that it is leaving the sword to our children, and shrinking back at a time when a little more, a little further, would have rendered this Continent the glory of the earth. . . .

I have heard some men say, many of whom I believe spoke without thinking, that they dreaded an independence, fearing that it would produce civil wars: it is but seldom that our first thoughts are truly correct, and that is the case here; for there is ten times more to dread from a patched up connection than from independence. . . .

The colonies have manifested such a spirit of good order and obedience to Continental government, as is sufficient to make every reasonable person easy and happy on that head. No man can assign the least pretence for his fears, on any other grounds, than such as are truly childish and ridiculous, viz. that one colony will be striving for superiority over another.

Where there are no distinctions there can be no superiority; perfect equality affords no temptation. . . .

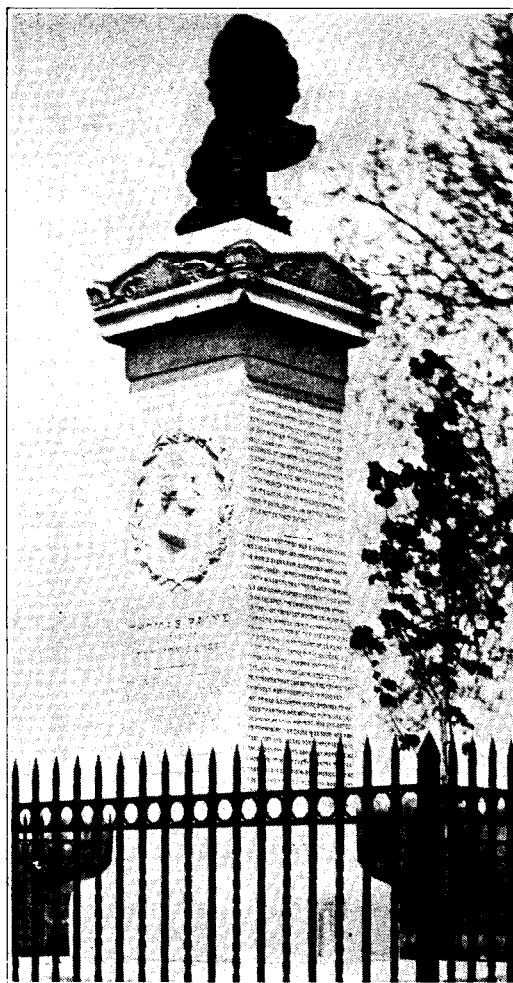
As in absolute government the King is law, so in free countries the law ought

to be King; and there ought to be no other. . . .

A government of our own is our natural right: And when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced, that it is infinitely wiser and safer, to form a Constitution of our own in a cool, deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. . . .

Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain, the tottering situation of things will be a temptation to some desperate adventurer to try his fortune; and in such a case, what relief can Britain give? Ere she could hear the news, the fatal business might be done; and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under oppression of the Conqueror. Ye that oppose independence now, ye know not what ye do: ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of government. . . .

Nothing can settle our affairs so expeditiously as an open and determined declaration of independence. . . .



THOMAS PAINE MONUMENT

This monument to the memory of "Thomas Paine, Author of *Common Sense*," is at New Rochelle, N. Y., where the new Paine Memorial building, recently dedicated, is located

WHEN the Revolution began in earnest, Paine dropped his pen and enlisted in the army as a private. He served with the so-called Flying Camp, under General Roberdeau, which was sent wherever emergency called. Later he became aide-de-camp to General Nathaniel Greene, Rhode Island's popular hero.

It was after the long day's march, sitting in the light of the camp fire, that Paine wrote the no less memorable papers entitled *The Crisis*, the first number of which began with the words: "These are the times that try men's souls."

Just as *Common Sense* had converted the civilian population, so *The Crisis* stiffened the morale of the badly disorganized army. Washington ordered it to be read at the head of every regiment. It fired the weary troops for the attack on Trenton on the Christmas Eve of 1776, and buoyed up their spirits during the bleak winter at Valley Forge.

Paine was appointed Sec-

retary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs of the Continental Congress, and later became Clerk of the Assembly of Pennsylvania. In 1780, when the army was without food and the country's credit exhausted, Paine proposed the creation of a bank and contributed his entire year's salary of \$500 to a fund for its establishment. Under the able management of Robert Morris, the Bank of North America—the first American bank, and still existing—was set up. Thus were the public finances rescued from the chaos into which they were falling.

In the same year, Paine went to France with Col. Henry Laurens, on a mission to obtain financial assistance from the French government.

Paine had impoverished himself for the cause of American Independence and the return of peace found him in virtual destitution. The nation's debt to him was clearly recognized. Pennsylvania appropriated £500 as reimbursement for his expenses. New Jersey presented him with a small estate at Bordentown, New York gave him a confiscated Tory farm at New Rochelle, and finally Congress voted him \$3000, which was largely, like the Pennsylvania appropriation, in compensation for his expenditures in the public service. He was also honored with the degree of Master of Arts by the institution now known as the University of Pennsylvania.

Paine's interest in science had never flagged. In his spare moments he conducted experiments in physics and worked out the plan for an iron bridge, of which he built a model. This was a new idea in engineering, and many of his bridges were subsequently constructed and used. The Great Brooklyn Bridge is in a sense a monument to Paine.

In 1787 Paine went to Europe on business connected with his bridge. In England he soon became the center of a group of political thinkers, and produced his well-known work, *The Rights of Man*. The outbreak of the French Revolution had made liberalism dangerous in England. A prosecution was instituted against *The Rights of Man*, and Paine was saved from arrest only by the fact of his being called to France through his election as a Delegate to the Convention at Paris where he hoped to be of assistance in the drawing up of a Constitution for France.

Paine's plea for the life of Louis XVI, from his seat in the Convention, offended the radical wing. During the Reign of Terror he was imprisoned for ten months in the Luxembourg Prison and escaped

the guillotine by a seeming miracle. He was finally rescued by James Monroe, the newly appointed American minister.*

The enforced leisure following his withdrawal from the Convention gave him time to produce his great classic against superstition, *The Age of Reason*. This book, which has emancipated thousands, brought down upon his head the malice of organized intolerance.

When Thomas Jefferson became President of the United States he offered to send a naval vessel to bring Paine back to America. In a letter to Paine he wrote: "You will in general find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times; in these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living. That you may live long to continue your useful labors, and reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept the assurance of my high esteem and affectionate attachment."

James Monroe, minister to France, and later President, through whose efforts Paine was released from his prison cell in Paris, also warmly encouraged him in his purpose to spend his declining years in America. In a personal letter to Paine he said: "You are considered . . . as not only having rendered important services in our own Revolution, but as being, on a more extensive scale, the friend of human rights, and a distinguished and able advocate in favor of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine the Americans are not and cannot be indifferent."

After his return to America, Paine spent much of his time on the little farm at New Rochelle which the State of New York had presented to him for his services in the Revolution. There he died on June 8, 1809, there he was buried, and there his body lay for ten years until its removal to England. New Rochelle, therefore, is rich in memories of Paine, and is a fitting location for the handsome Memorial House.

Lovers of liberty and intellectual freedom everywhere will rejoice that henceforth there is to be a national shrine to the memory of Thomas Paine, which will take its place with Mount Vernon and Monticello, about which cluster the memories of those other great constructive libertarians and associates of Paine—George Washington and Thomas Jefferson.

*For details, see my articles, *An Undamaged Soul; Thomas Paine*, Open Court, October-November, 1924.

Forest Fire and Fifteen Fine Novels

Booklover Forced to Escape With 15 out of 1800 Volumes

BY FRANCIS DICKIE



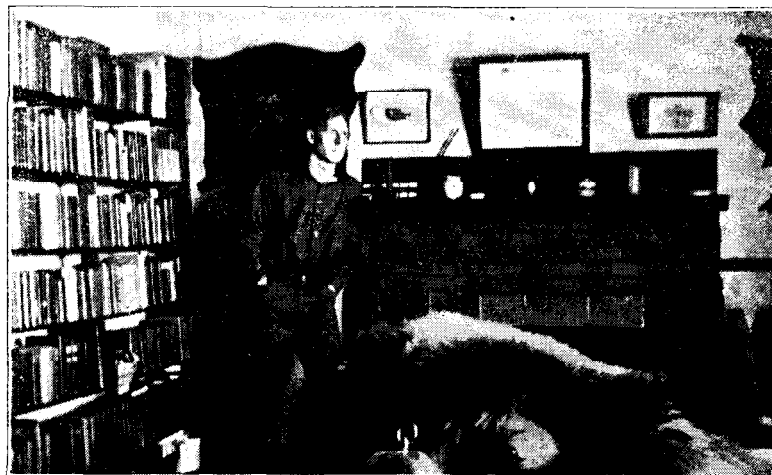
TO be the owner of a cherished library of some eighteen hundred books; to look up momentarily from an absorbed reading of Frank Harris' *Contemporary Portraits* to see rolling down upon you a far-flung wall of rusty-colored smoke, and to hear the awesome roar of a fast traveling forest fire, and to be faced with making an instant choice of only an armful out of that library of eighteen hundred volumes before taking to the sea—this, oh booklovers, is a far more thrilling, a far more tragic, and therefore a far more accurate test of what are really your favorites in literature, than that old problem of "if you were to be marooned on a desert island, what fifteen books would you take?"—a problem propounded to booklovers so often that it is hackneyed. Besides, no sane person has ever attempted the desert island problem; but I, at least, have gone through the "test by forest fire." And the selection that I made is here set forth. No other human being's selection under similar, or any, circumstances would be mine. I question if there are two human beings in the entire world who would choose the same fifteen books—or twelve, or ten, for that matter—as their unquestioned favorites. That, I think, is what has made the compiling of lists so fascinating to so many readers. The "test by forest fire" has this to recommend it: you choose unerringly the books you love the most.

However, before setting down the

titles of the volumes chosen under such circumstances, a brief sketch of the situation is necessary to show the reader how such a dilemma could possibly arise.

I live on one of the many rocky conifer-clad islands which lie off the coast of British Columbia in the "Inland Passage." The house and separate library building stand just above the high-tide mark on the rocky ledges sloping sharply into the sea. Behind the buildings runs a rocky bench perhaps one hundred feet wide, beyond which rises a sharp ridge. Great fir trees, some eight feet in circumference, grow all about the house and library, the nearest thirty feet distant. Unlike the hypothetical person going on a desert island with only fifteen books, I brought to my wilderness island eighteen hundred volumes: a selection of autobiography, biography, memoirs, diaries, recollections, and so forth, books on natural history from Buffon to Beebe; books on cats and dogs, philosophy, poetry, essays, and Canadiana. The island to which I voyaged and set up my wilderness home contains about one hundred and fifty square miles, most of which is uninhabited. In the month of June a forest fire started at the upper end of the island, and burned over about fifty square

miles. But by the end of July the Forestry Department had run a fire-break line along a mountain creek bed and some sloughs and small lakes, and only two days before my "book test by fire" the Chief Forest Ranger had assured me that there was no chance of the fire breaking across the line and reaching me, some five miles away. Thus it was that on this August day I sat reading



FRANCIS DICKIE IN HIS LIBRARY

Francis Dickie at Heriot Bay, British Columbia, alone with his cherished library of eighteen hundred volumes. He is a Canadian writer of stories and literary studies. He has written "The Master Breed," "The Last Voyage of Robert Louis Stevenson's Casco," "Uminguk, of the Barrens." Besides these books, Mr. Dickie has made contributions to many newspapers and magazines

so placidly in the windless shelter of the ridge at the foot of a mighty fir behind my library, though a great forest fire raged within seven miles of me, and a high northwest wind was blowing.

Even at that first looking up from reading *Contemporary Portraits* and seeing that vast wall of smoke, a sight sinister and beautiful, I would not have been stirred—for I had looked upon smoke for weeks—but the roar was new. May I never hear such a sound again! Faint at first, it grew so fast in volume that I sprang up, ran along the moss-covered ridge to the high point and saw the advance of the forest fire which had leaped contemptuously the "break" of which the forest ranger had been so sure. Played upon by a terrific wind the nearer ridges were now aflame. I saw streamers of fire, burning broken branches, twigs, and huge cinders flying far ahead of the wall of fire and igniting snags and mossy benches. And ever louder came that deep menacing bellow of the conflagration running along a five mile front. So I turned and ran to my books, which were standing in ordered and friendly rows, on shelves reaching from floor to ceiling along two sides of the little library building. How well I knew where each one stood! And in this hour of haste and terror, this was my selection, these the books I chose:

FIRST, there was *Of Human Bondage*, by Somerset Maugham, a green cloth volume, ponderous and thick, in whose 648 pages of small type, I think, is contained more varied human wisdom, more soul-reaching comment and wise philosophizing than in any other novel in the English language. Ah, how often I have read it! Its pages were deeply marred by my markings and annotations. Long had I planned to write a monograph upon it.

Next came *The Way of All Flesh*, by Samuel Butler. A cheap edition, this of mine, yet chosen to be saved when expensive Casanova stood near it, and many other volumes costing fifty times its price. For it is not binding nor buying price that counts in such minutes as these. This much marked, battered volume of Butler was beyond price to me for

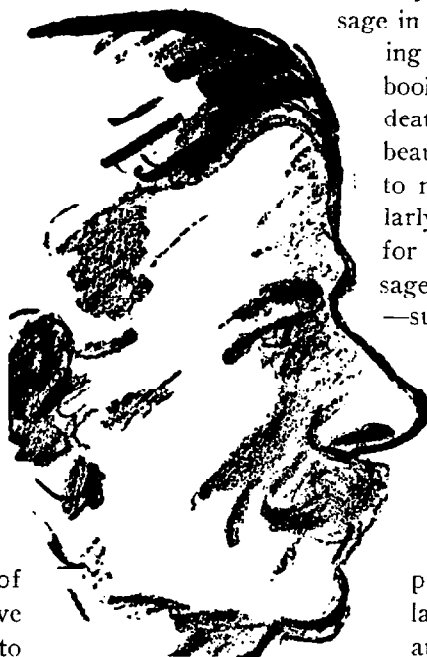
its associations, the times and places where I had read it, and the people with whom I had discussed it.

Thirdly, I snatched from my shelves Pierre Louys' *Aphrodite*. This is a gorgeous volume, red crushed levant, the authorized Carrington English edition, a volume to me hauntingly beautiful, profoundly sad in its contents. I know of no passage in all literature that creates so lasting a sense of fathomless sorrow as this book's closing chapter describing the death of Chrysis. And it gives a new beauty, a new and wider understanding to many passages of Scripture, particularly Ecclesiastes—at least it does to me, for it enabled me to interpret those passages as never before. What a paradox!—such learning from so pagan a book!

And then there is the preface to it—a book in itself in its wisdom, and its scorn of some of our false, pale, hypocritical Anglo-Saxon morality—a preface worth saving if it were all. I think this book more than any other I know proves that there is genius in translating. Never have I ceased to marvel at and admire this English version. And yet, alas, the great artist who translated this work is nowhere mentioned. Carrington, the Paris publisher, I have been informed by a very wise old bookseller in London, was a veritable master at capturing great

literary artists in their impecunious moments, and profiting by getting them to do translating. Carrington might at least have given this translator credit. I have told you this volume was magnificent of format, illustration and binding. By searching stores, or dealers' catalogues, you may find this edition listed at from \$25 to \$40. But it was not for this I saved it: one does not think of dollar values with the flames sweeping down upon his treasures.

From the shelf I took down Theophile Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, a magnificent tome in red silk binding. This book to me is priceless for the preface alone, even were there no following story. Indeed, I confess, the story itself does not greatly charm me, but it must be read in order to enjoy the richness of clever things said in it. And the preface is a whole education in a score of pages. I recalled, as I took the volume down, even in this moment of



FRANK HARRIS

It was from a page of Frank Harris' "Contemporary Portraits" that Francis Dickie looked up to see the approaching front of a threatening forest fire



THE ISLAND CABIN

Alone on an island, Francis Dickie was living in two small shelters, of which this is one, when the fire approached. The library is a separate cabin. In the solitude of the Canadian woods Francis Dickie reads and writes

stress and terror, the day I had found it in an old auction room; how, when I asked the price, the beefy-faced proprietor weighed it solemnly in one hand, then shifted it to the other. It was a heavy book, and he said seventy-five cents, judging, I'm certain, by heft alone, for neighboring volumes were marked only a quarter. And digging in my pocket I found I had but that sum, and, if I paid it, I knew I must walk three miles. So I beat him down one nickel, the necessary car-fare. He accepted. I got on the trolley, began the preface, and the next thing I knew of the everyday world around me was the conductor indulgently advising me we had reached the end of the line—ten blocks beyond my stop.

Then in my fire-driven choosing, North America came in for its library tribute from me—whatever that may be worth in the eyes of the cognoscenti. The next seven volumes were by North American writers—seven volumes out of fifteen by writers from one continent against the world. Yet this choice, however it may be decried by many, was very natural to me: I am North American born and with the literature of my own land I have an autochthonous kinship.

Down from their places on the shelf I took the two green cloth volumes of *Susan Lenox*, the 1920 edition. It is expurgated in one place at least, to my knowledge. It is such a petty, prudish alteration, as is in keeping with the little

mind that did it. Why this one change should have been made I do not know, when the story as written appeared untouched in *Hearst's Magazine* in 1914. To me the two volumes of *Susan Lenox* tower high for their unsparing and bitter truth; for the magnificently challenging literary gauntlet they are to all the yeasayers of the present order of society, the "glad" life-hurrahers, the unflinching Panglossians untiringly proclaiming the goodness of God and an all's-well-with-the-world. I would that all these might reread *Susan Lenox* as often as I have. To drive his convictions home in this two volume work, I admit David Graham Phillips did drag Susan into what appear to me inconsistent human actions; she went down very far when in the same field of effort she could

have lived along luxurious lines. Yet that is an artistic privilege I think most critics will grant Phillips in this particular work. For, in the last analysis, I do not think he can be charged with taking sides. He put down his bitter impressions, and left it at that. No howling for reform, no propaganda, no ranting, no railing. In a word, he remained the artist whose life work is interpretation with words of life as he sees it. I am convinced that Phillips believed in free-will. All his books show this, whereas you find in such works as *Of Human Bondage*, *The Way of All Flesh* and *The Octopus*, an underlying doubt, or question of this subject. Though a score



THE THREATENING LINE OF SMOKE

The approaching forest fire—"a sight sinister and beautiful"—which forced Francis Dickie to select only fifteen books from his large library of eighteen hundred volumes and take to the sea to save himself and his books

of Graham Phillips' books are still widely read, I think *Susan Lenox* is the only novel by which the future will remember him as a great literary artist. Great he undoubtedly was. It is one of the mysteries of American letters that no biographer has come forth to do justice to Phillips. Phillips painted that great epoch of financial expansion in the late nineties of the nineteenth century with rare skill. Why his life has remained unsung in this day when biographies pour by the hundred from the presses, and even cheap song-and-dance fellows have their chroniclers, must amaze his admirers.

The same is true of Frank Norris, whose volume *The Octopus* seems to me one of the really great novels of modern times. I have heard him dubbed "word juggler." So he was! But in no derogatory sense. I know of no writer who with words comes nearer to expressing the Absolute than Norris, particularly in many passages of *The Octopus*. One has only to read that passage describing the escape of the engineer, Dyke, on the locomotive, to admit Norris' magic. You smell the hot oil and steam, you suffer with the hounded, kindly fellow; and over all you feel the vast placidity of surrounding nature, Nirvanically calm, uncaring for the flights and fights of puny man. The California sun beats down, the wheat rustles softly in the breeze, and you, the reader, are made so much a part of it that it becomes reality rather than reading. This is the great art of Norris. And so it was from the oncoming fire I saved a twenty-five cent reprint of *The Octopus*. For fifteen years it had traveled with me in many strange places. I have tried it out upon the widest variety of readers—among them a solemn judge, a barber, a professional gambler, and a prostitute—these, and many others, who have read my battered volume, have hailed it as great. The gambler, when he returned it to me, and spoke of it, had awe in his voice.

The seventh and eighth books I selected by fire were *A Man's World*, by Albert Edwards, and *God's Man*, by George Bronson-Howard. Both are so little known it seems needless here to dwell upon them in the hope of arousing any reader reaction.



UPTON SINCLAIR
Among the fifteen fine novels selected by Francis Dickie under the stress of necessity was Upton Sinclair's "Love's Pilgrimage"; an early, naive novel

yet both in their own peculiar way (I think) belong among the most striking novels the United States has given us. Both present with rare skill views of different phases of the American *mise en scene*. Both are unknown even to critical readers, though the author of one, at least—that tragic artist George Bronson-Howard—by a peculiar irony of fate is well known for his "milkman literature," as he himself once sadly dubbed a series of his stories which ran for a long time in certain popular magazines; while his *God's Man*, a really great book, deeply felt and artistically executed, is now forgotten, and all its brief success ever brought its author was a ruinous \$30,000 libel suit. Most of the American editions of this work are lacking fourteen pages, by reason of this libel suit, but that published in Canada is fortunately intact. Of the other book *A Man's World*, by Albert Edwards—how it has escaped reprinting in one of the many "libraries" now offered the public passes understanding. The Modern Library list, for one, would be mightily enhanced by this rare work, the frank realism of which perhaps precludes its inclusion in the Lambskin or others of similar scope.

The ninth book seized in this hour of tragic hurry was *Love's Pilgrimage*. This book has value to me in that it paints some vivid pictures of certain phases of the American continent that I despise as frankly as the author. And then it is so naive! Only Upton Sinclair—and Sinclair at twenty, or thereabouts—could have written it. It has, too, that inherent power to deeply move which almost unfailingly lies in novels autobiographical in content. Its author has felt deeply, bitterly; and, since the basis of all great writing lies in deep feeling, and scarifying experiences, the reader of such a work as *Love's Pilgrimage* vicariously lives far more vividly than in a planned novel, no matter how well done the latter may be. Unusual truth, it is certain, outstrips imaginative fiction, because in unusual truth there is always an element which forever evades imagination left to its own resources. In *Love's Pilgrimage*, Upton Sinclair appealed to me as he has never done in any of his other works, and

I think other discriminating readers will have the same feeling about it. There is in it, to be sure, the inevitable Sinclair penchant for propaganda, but the impulse is still so nascent as to leave the story almost unmarred. It is another forgotten work that might well be resurrected.

The tenth work pulled hastily off my shelves was the largest in number of pages. Before going farther, I pause to say that the numbered listing of the works here given is not the order in which I took them down. I have now no memory of the order of my choosing; only memory of that prolonged and mumbling bellowing of the fire along a five-mile front, truly the most terror-striking sound I've ever listened to. Nor have I now, in setting down this list, recorded the order in which these books appeal to me. It is too hard to say in just what order one's dearest treasures stand in one's heart. But if it came to a count, I think this book, which is here the tenth, really would stand fifth with me. What a ponderous volume it is, 736 pages of closely printed type in a red binding eight inches by five, which size, from my consulting the American book sizes current, places it quite outside the octavo, 12mo, or quarto listing. Indeed, in every way it is quite outside all ordinary book listing, this huge volume in its red cloth binding, sadly battered and worn. I picked it up long ago for fifty cents, that is, quite long ago in my book collecting career, the year 1914. Its title, *The Genius*, at-



THEODORE DREISER

Although Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" gave him lasting fame, in days before "The Genius," Francis Dickie chose the latter, and he tells you why. With the advancing years Theodore Dreiser stands out in American fiction with a deepening background of significance



ANATOLE FRANCE

"There is a certain element of chance in a book's appeal to every reader. At a particular moment the mood of receptivity to a given work is greater than it may ever be again. Because of such an association I snatched from the oncoming fire 'The Revolt of the Angels,' by Anatole France—a book I've not reread"

tracted me, for the name Dreiser meant nothing to me at that date, a time when I had

just come under the thrall of the great French masters. One can have no better introduction to Dreiser than *The Genius*. Many readers will see in *Sister Carrie*, or *Jennie Gerhardt*, better works of his. I will not dispute them. *The Genius* still remains my favorite of all his works. Dreiser came as a surprising find to me, for the field of the American novel was then such an arid desert as regards realism that *The Genius* at once loomed a high palm-tree oasis. The discovery, coming at a time when I had been strongly gripped by the French masters—Zola, Loti, Louys, Flaubert, the de Goncourts, Daudet, Gautier, Anatole France, and half a dozen others—was enhanced, because Dreiser had much of these writers' honesty in his outlook on life. To say that Dreiser has no style has become almost a bourgeois convention. Yet this can be easily disputed by a hundred passages in the *The Genius*, where he at times reaches a heavy philosophic grandeur only achieved by a man who has brooded long on the things of life, and then set down on paper his agonized or cheerful reactions—though you will never find Dreiser over-cheerful. He has the cosmic sadness of the Russians.

And what next do you think was in the salvage? Truly a book as far removed from *The Genius* as can be, and the field of books is wide. It was *The Story of a Bad Boy*, that delightful,

joyous, tearful, heart-gripping, veiled autobiographical classic of childhood by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a book I most stoutly maintain is a far better picture of boyhood than either *Tom Sawyer* or *Huck Finn*, excellent as these volumes are. But then, this little New England boy lived in as different a world from Huck and Tom as though they had been children of different races. Aldrich's hero still remains to me the most human boy in all Anglo-Saxon literature. This is Aldrich's magnum opus.

There is a certain element of chance in a book's appeal to every reader. At a particular moment the mood of receptivity to a given work is greater than it may ever be again. This is a psychological certainty I know from experience, but I can find no words to demonstrate the statement definitely. It was because of such an association that I snatched from the maw of the oncoming fire, out of 1800 volumes, *The Revolt of the Angels*, by Anatole France. Of all the books here mentioned, it is the only one I have never dared reread. I took it up undoubtedly at a time when I was in the mood of highest receptivity. It is useless to tell here the circumstances, the time, the place of that first reading. But I am quite sure I shall never thrill again as I did to the magic of that first reading. But such nuances, though known to all readers of worthy books, are numbered among the mysteries that will not suffer to be put down on paper.

The thirteenth of my choices was Arnold Bennett's *The Old Wives' Tale*; the fourteenth, W. L. George's *Blind Alley*. There are now so many poor books published that they form a vast cloaca down which, alas, too often are carried unnoticed occasional volumes of sound merit. Twenty years from now, or even two, no one, I'm willing to conjecture, will read *Blind Alley*. Yet, to me, it is one of the few really great novels that came out of the Great War. It is so many-sided, so all-seeing of the pettiness, the inconsistency, the intolerance of men in war-time;

it alone is tolerant. What a perspective it gives of civilized mankind! As for Bennett's *The Old Wives' Tale*—will it endure another decade amid the appalling avalanche now falling from the presses?

Here the list of novels ends. The fifteenth book snatched from before the flames was George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man*. It stood alongside a row of several of Moore's mature works, and yet

I chose it in preference to *Ave, Salve, or Vale*, *Esther Waters*, *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, and others. What a discussion such a preference would create among a gathering of Moore's admirers! And yet, in such a gathering, I would maintain that Moore at thirty, in these *Confessions*, has written some passages not surpassed by any of his later writings. After all, has age anything to do with great writing? Rostand was not far from youth when he composed *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Here then is the listing of my choice made by fire. That along with these mentioned works went Marcus Aurelius, Long's translation; the first volume of Crozier's *My Inner Life*; and *The Book of Good Counsels*, from the Hitodae translation by Edwin Arnold, has no place in this chronicle dealing with



GEORGE MOORE

The fifteenth book snatched from before the flames was George Moore's famous "Confessions of a Young Man"

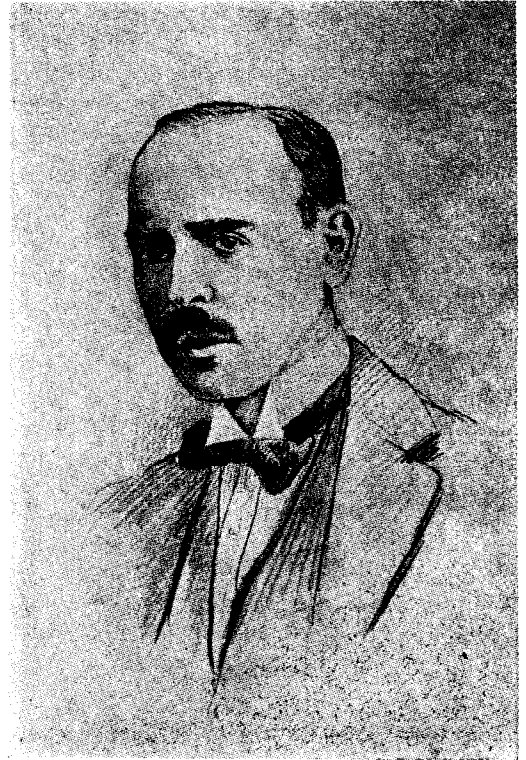
the fifteen best novels.

And now a minute's pause before the oncoming forest fire just to note some recent lists of "best books."

Mr. Raymond Mortimer, several months ago in *The Nation and Athenaeum* made one. He says: "It is amusing to wonder which are the twelve finest novels. The other day I was stimulated to make a list—no one is likely to agree with it, especially as it includes no novel the interest of which is not chiefly psychological. Here it is: *La Princesse de Cleves*; *Clarissa Harlowe*; *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*; *Persuasion*; *Adolphe*; *Les Illusions Perdues*; *La Chartreuse de Parme*; *War and Peace*; *L'Education Sentimentale*; *The Brothers Karamazov*; *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*; and *The Tale of Genji*.

Regarding the selection of Mr. Mortimer's, one cannot read everything, and though I have read rather widely, and in a somewhat eclectic manner, only one of his selections was familiar to me: *L'Education Sentimentale*. This work of Flaubert's, I think, is one of the dullest books I know. I wasted two perfectly good evenings on volume one, and then gave up. Another striking instance of the mystery of books! However, I am going to read Mr. Mortimer's listing, for I am sure that the autobiographical contents of two of these, at least—*Adolphe* and *The Princesse de Cleves*—are worthy of any reader's attention.

In 1923-24 the *Literary Digest International Book Review* conducted a poll of its readers to find what they considered the ten best books published since 1900. There was an amazing response, and the result of the vote is particularly worth noting here in comparing it with Mr. Mortimer's choice. While his favorite works were all published long previous to 1900, and were entirely by foreign authors (foreign is here used as written in a language other than English), the choice of the *Literary Digest Book Review* readers was preponderantly in favor of modern works in English. In nine months readers submitted to the *Digest's* poll 1,753 lists, containing 1,201 authors, and 2,164 different books. The voting by titles resulted in the following election: (1) *Outline of History*, Wells; (2) *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, Ibanez; (3) *If Winter Comes*, Hutchinson; (4) *Americanization of Edward Bok*, Bok; (5) *The Life of Christ*, Papini; (6) *The Crisis*, Winston Churchill; (7) *Short Stories*, O. Henry; (8) *The Virginian*, Wister; (9) *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*, Hendricks; (10) *The Mind in the Making*, Robinson. However, as many readers spread their votes among several different books by the same writers, a second list of the poll was made in all fairness to the authors, giving the result by



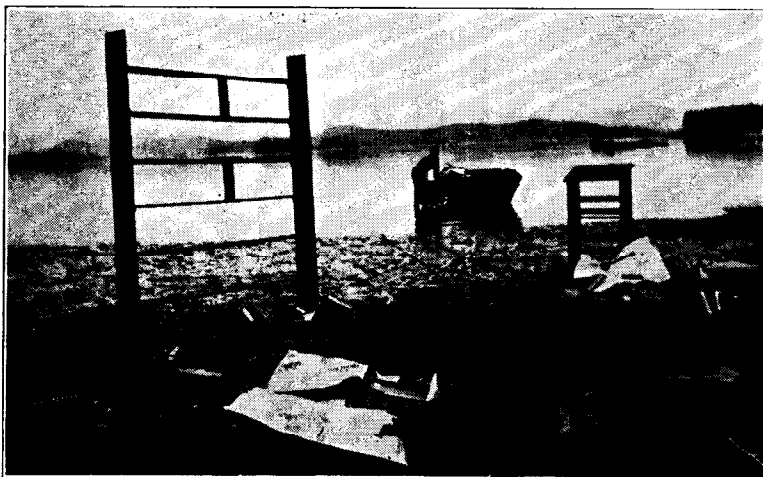
W. L. GEORGE

"Twenty years from now, or even two, no one, I'm willing to conjecture, will read 'Blind Alley,' by W. L. George. And yet, to me—"

authors as follows: (1, 2, 3) the same as first list; (4) Winston Churchill; (5) Bok; (6) Papini; (7) Booth Tarkington; (8) Joseph Conrad; (9) John Galsworthy; (10) Sinclair Lewis.

Previous to the *Digest's* poll ten noted literary critics made a selection of "bests." The critics' choice gave first place to Thomas Hardy for his *The Dynasts*; second to Romain Rolland for his *Jean Christophe*; and third, to Synge for his plays. So, once more we have an example of the mystery of books. How amazing it is! One man, Mr. Raymond Mortimer, for example, finds *L'Education Sentimentale* appeals so greatly to him that he numbers it among his twelve "bests," while I found it so boring as to be unable to finish it.

About four years ago Thomas L. Masson, in a short article in *The American Bookman*, introduced a variation in the way of "bests" in books, by putting forward what he was pleased to call



AFTER THE FIRE

Francis Dickie in the boat in which he fled from the approaching conflagration with fifteen hastily but carefully selected books. In the foreground are books and papers packed into tubs to save them from the fire

"surrender" books: a very apt title, indeed. Mr. Masson says, in part: "What then is a surrender book? By 'surrender' I mean that power a book has over you to make you surrender yourself to it completely. . . . If I should attempt to make a complete definition of the 'surrender' book, you would immediately begin to qualify it; and yet it is quite definite when you understand the conditions." Mr. Masson then proceeds to define at considerable length. From this I choose two sentences as most satisfying and descriptive in a limited space: "A 'surrender' book is one we are quite content to be left alone with; all the world outside has left you; nothing else matters." Mr. Masson gives only a few titles he considers in this category—a strange selection indeed: *The Count of Monte Cristo*; James Ford Rhodes' *History of the United States*; Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac*; *Les Misérables*, and the whole of Balzac and Jane Austen.

In the *Forum* for May, 1935, Arthur Symonds, a poet, critic and general man of letters, of temperament and catholic taste, gave his most excellent list of his Fifteen Finest Novels; and months afterwards, after my ordeal by fire, going over these various lists in my files one day, I was reminded of my hurried choice that terrible day of the fire. Mr. Symonds' list is as follows: *Don Quixote*; *Gargantua*; *Clarissa Harlowe*; *History of Tom Jones*; *Gulliver's Travels*; *Le Pere Goriot*; *Le Rouge et Le Noir*; *Salammbô*; *Anna Karenina*; *Lavengro*; *Mademoiselle de Maupin*; *The Scarlet Letter*; *Les Diaboliques*; *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*; and *Il Trionfo della Morte*.

ONCE more the roar of the forest fire is in our ears! I turned from the advancing blaze and piled my books in the rowboat floating in deep water just off the jutting point of rock a score of feet beyond my library door. Upon this jutting point I stood and watched the last charge of the fire. The foot-thick moss, dry as tinder, covering the ridge behind the house and almost to the very door, was a running line of flame moving now little more than a hundred feet away. The willow and spirella and second growth fir and cedar were momentarily fiery, twisting torches. Up the trunks of the mighty, thousand-year-old firs the fire ran, here and there aided by exuded pitch to gain a temporary foothold. The bark, six inches thick, charred black and bubbly like burning cork, but the fire took no firm hold on these huge pillars towering fifty feet up without a

branch to feed the red-tongued, fire-breathed demon.

Yet the storm god was kind to me. Though the hurricane wind blew as I have seldom known it to do in this latitude in summer, its fierce volume played upon the conflagration in such a direction as to carry all sparks and cinders away from the buildings. But the ground fire was traveling fast.

"It is only a matter of minutes now," I said mournfully. Even as I spoke there came above the roar of the flames the rapid exhaust of a fast traveling (but as yet invisible) launch, the sound coming

from a small island that lies just a little out to sea at one side of my place. Then around the point of the island a big launch came, from her masthead flying the red and white flag of the Columbia Mission. It was the Church of England's Missionary boat. But at top speed she was towing—oh, so unbelievable a sight—the fire raft, high pressure gasoline pump and hose of the Forestry Department.

Three minutes perhaps, and up the rock came clambering from the launch dingey the hose-crew of the Forestry Department with their long white hose behind them. Even while there was still way on the raft, the pump engineer had the engine going, its rapid explosion like a machine gun sounding defiance to the roar of the fire. From the launch now came the missionary and two assistant visiting parsons with shovels and pails. And so, reinforced, I turned back to fight the ground fire and the flaming second growth that at the moment had reached within thirty feet of the library.

The heat blistered our faces, and smoke choked us and stung our eyes. But the ragged crew, just come from a nearby fire, and with two months of continual fighting behind them, were the last word in efficiency. And gamely did the mission trio work.

Anti-climaxes, I know, are usually disappointing to readers. All those booklovers, who I hope have sorrowed this far with me vicariously as they saw my eighteen hundred volumes swooped down upon by the flames, must now hear the unbelievable denouement: fighting at the very start from the last ditch, so to speak, the ragged forestry crew, well dressed parsons, and brown-shirted me—we won. The books were saved. As I shook hands with the parson-captain of the launch in the gathering dusk of that hectic day, I suddenly remembered it was Sunday, and said so.

"Yes, I was on my way with the boat to hold



Joseph Conrad, English novelist, who was accorded 8th place in popularity in a readers' poll of 1923-24, held by the "Literary Digest International Book Review," discussed in connection with Francis Dickie's selection of his own books

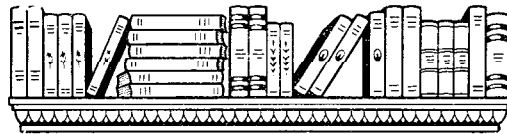
service at the hotel when we saw your danger. The Forestry launch was away from The Bay" (a point about a mile distant from the library) "with a new crew to another fire, but I brought these boys who had just come in to rest."

I said goodbye to missionaries and tired fire-fighters, and watched them chug away. Then amidst a smoldering, but now safe world, with for background the smoking cemetery of a dozen miles of charred skeletons of trees—for forest fires in these parts make no clean, clearing sweep—I slowly and mournfully carried back the armful of literary treasures, the names of which I have here related. And as I held in my arms these pagan books, by a pagan chosen in his hour of stress, the magnificent irony of the situation dawned upon me.

How Samuel Butler, were he still alive, would have relished this saving of his rabid attack on all

things clerical, *The Way of All Flesh* being saved by a Church of England parson in particular! And Pierre Louys—what a pity he has just passed—he too would have chuckled at this amazing paradox. And Anatole France: it is a bit of humor that would have been dear to his delicately ironic soul. And Maugham and Dreiser, the exquisitely cynical and the cosmically sad: both, I'm sure, would enjoy the item, in their own varied ways. And Sinclair, Upton Sinclair, he of the *Profits of Religion* fame, would savor this happening in full!

So I stand forever indebted to this prompt and kindly coastal missionary—I and my pagan books. And, as Rabelais so well says: "Time which gnaws and diminishes all things, augments and increaseth benefits, because a noble action of liberality done to a man of reason, doth grow continually by his generous thinking of it, and remembering."



Ralph Oppenheim



HE author of "The Love-Life of George Sand" is nineteen years old. Here is one of America's future authors already at work, beginning to express himself with freshness and vigor, with finish and style; an artist to the tips of his fingers. It is one of the purposes of the Quarterly to bring out the best work of young America, and in accepting Ralph Oppenheim's study we believe we are giving space to material of first-rate significance. This essay compares favorably with the best work we have ever accepted from mature, experienced writers.

We did not take Ralph Oppenheim's manuscript because he happens to be only a boy in years; rather were we influenced by the sureness of his touch. His age came up for comment only after we were satisfied that his work was well done. . . . The Quarterly boasts that all in America is not jazz, noise and fury; a minority speaks vigorously and clearly, with intelligence, understanding, humor and craftsmanship. Ralph's essay helps prove this assertion. Read young Oppenheim's study and you will realize how important it is for the United States to have a magazine the purpose of which will be to go out and seek for the best from the talented and intelligent minority, bringing out new gifts, fresh viewpoints and sound work. First credit must, of necessity, go to Ralph himself; second credit must go to his artist-mother, Gertrude Oppenheim, and his poet father, James Oppenheim; third credit, in all fairness, must go to the Quarterly for opening its columns to a new voice. America will hear much from Ralph Oppenheim. He has something to say; he knows how to say it; he is a civilized human being, a complete answer to the charge that all of America has been reduced to stifling mediocrity, to unimaginative standardization. There is enough to complain about, in all truth, without crying that all is lost. Let us protest against the viciousness and stupidity of the superstitious majority, the hypocrisy and cowardice of its leaders, the mawkishness of our bunk-ridden millions—yes, let us aim our spitballs at our shams and fakirs, but let us, by all means, recognize worthy talent when we see it and lend an ear to the emerging youngsters who are breaking away from the herd and learning to stand as free individuals. Turn now to Ralph's essay. At first you will marvel that it was written by a boy, but after a few paragraphs you will forget its author and fly along with his tonic and captivating work. . . . The portrait of George Sand was drawn especially for the Quarterly by Mrs. James Oppenheim, Ralph's mother.



The Love-Life of George Sand

An Appropriate Study on the Fiftieth Anniversary of Her Death

BY RALPH OPPENHEIM



GEORGE SAND, with the possible exception of Sappho, is undoubtedly the most extraordinary woman in the history of literature. Perhaps as a writer she cannot be given first rank, although many eminent critics consider her unapproached among French authoresses; but as the forerunner of the modern feminist, as the freethinking woman who bravely abandoned the superficial garments of traditional womanhood, who placed herself on an equal plane with men and demanded the same right to freedom, who, in short, "lived her own life" (an expression that originated with her)—she has earned a special place among the foremost men and women of the world.

But she did not care what the world thought of her: "the good opinion of the world," she said scornfully, "is a prostitute who gives herself to the highest bidder." Conventionality could never prevent her from remaining true to her ideals; she did as she pleased, regardless of whether or not it was genteel and correct, regardless of the storm of criticism she aroused. She smoked cigars because she enjoyed cigars; she wore men's clothes whenever the idea appealed to her; and above all, she demanded full liberty in love. Illicit love to her was sinless, the pure and natural union of the sexes; she not only glorified it in her writings, but let it dominate her life. She was a maker and an enthusiastic supporter of the great French Romantic Movement, which reached its height in her day (1804-1876).

FAR from feeling ashamed of her wild love-affairs, she took infinite pains to preserve their stories for the future, cataloguing all amorous letters and composing long, detailed journals of her most intimate relationships. As Francis Gribble, her capable biographer, says, "Her feeling apparently was that, when she loved, she was making history and she took pains that the future historian should not find the records incomplete."

Although there are many who do not agree with her point of view, few will deny that she possessed astounding courage. Even in this age of feminine independence, of woman suffrage, when it is no feat of bravery for a woman to dress in breeches, cut off her hair, and smoke—although only the late Amy Lowell dared the cigar—we are still amazed at the fearlessness and strength of character displayed by George Sand. In her time, the greatest men paid tribute to her, and not a few fell ardently in love with her. Her list of intimate male friends, many of them her lovers, reads like a page from a dictionary of the famous. It includes such names as Balzac, Sandeau, De

Musset, Merimee, the Dumas, Heine, Liszt, Chopin and Flaubert.

Her forceful personality was not her only attraction; we are told, though not by her portrait, that she was also beautiful. Her beauty, like her character, was exceptional—so exceptional that at first glance it was rarely apparent. It lay, for the most part, in her eyes and hair—large, dark, expressive eyes in which could be seen the deep soul of the artist, and thick, dark hair which fell in ringlets about her head and shoulders. Her features were rather blunt, but astonishingly strong; her body was not supple or graceful, but firm. Perhaps hers was a masculine beauty, signifying immense vitality and unbending will. Best evidence of this is found in the type of men she attracted. With the exception of one or two, all her lovers were young, sensitive and fragile, and morally or physically dependent—in a word, feminine. Strong domineering men could marvel at her but, as she was not a woman to submit to a male conqueror, they could seldom love her. Balzac, who belongs to this category, looked upon her as a "comrade," a "good fellow," rather than a sweet-

heart. "She is a female bachelor," he observes in one of his letters, "she is an artist, she is great, she is generous, she is devoted, she is *chaste*. Her dominant characteristics are those of a man. *Therefore*," he concludes, "she is not to be regarded as a woman."

She loved with the fierce and persuasive passion of a man, a passion which froze to humiliating indifference. As Franz Liszt, the famous pianist-composer and her loyal friend (but never her lover), ingeniously expressed it: "George Sand catches her butterfly and tames it in her cage by feeding it flowers and nectar—this is the love period. Then she sticks her pin into it as soon as it struggles—that is the *conge*, and it always comes from her. Afterwards she vivisects it, stuffs it and adds it to her collection of heroes for her novels." The rule, like every other, had its notable exceptions—one of them being the affair with Chopin—but it generally held.

During the period which we shall call her love-life, George Sand put all her radical theories into practice. She conducted "experiments" (as she frankly termed them) with love



GEORGE SAND

Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin Dudevant (1804-1876), the French novelist who wrote under the pen-name of "George Sand," as she is now known to the world. Two of her most famous novels are "Indiana" and "Consuelo." In this, the fiftieth anniversary of her death, an account of her life, with its many and splendid love-relationships with outstanding men of her time, is especially interesting. She was on either friendly or intimate terms with such men as Chopin, Liszt, Balzac, Flaubert, Dumas fils, Gautier, Turgenev, Matthew Arnold, Merimee, etc. Balzac noted her great dark eyes, which, with her striking hair, were characteristics of her beauty which have often been mentioned in descriptions of her—both of which have been effectively brought out in this original portrait, drawn especially for the Quarterly by Gertrude Oppenheim

as her test tube, her true object being to prove that a woman could live and love successfully on the same independent basis as a man.

I.

CHILDHOOD AND MARRIAGE.

THE life of George Sand was romantic from its very start. She was born Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, in Paris, July 1, 1804, exactly one month after her parents' marriage. Her father was Maurice Dupin, a retired lieutenant of the army of the Republic, who was descended indirectly from a line of French kings. George Sand always laid great stress on this royal affinity, which she claimed was responsible for her exceptional nature.

Maurice Dupin had fallen passionately in love with his best friend's mistress, Sophie Delaborde, the daughter of a Paris bird-fancier. She was a *grisette* with a shady past, extremely stupid and coarse. The two were married despite the strenuous objections of Dupin's mother, Madame Dupin de Francueil, a true representative of the old French regime whose aristocratic and refined nature was repelled by this common "woman of the people." The fact that Sophie was with a child did not serve to justify the marriage in her eyes. She was already taking care of a natural child of Dupin's, a son Hippolyte, and she was perfectly willing to accommodate another. But she could not tolerate the thought of having Sophie as a daughter-in-law.

Nevertheless, Maurice and Sophie were wedded, and a month later were able to celebrate the event at a party given in honor of the betrothal of Sophie's sister. It was a gay affair; there were wine, women, and song aplenty. Maurice Dupin drank a sufficient quantity to make him oblivious of his wife's sudden absence. Sophie, indispensed, had left the room hurriedly, followed by her alarmed sister. Dupin continued to enjoy himself. He was in the midst of a dance when his sister-in-law called down to him:

"Come Maurice! You have a daughter! She will be happy. She has been born among roses and within the sound of music."

"She shall be called Aurore."

shouted Dupin promptly, "after my mother, who will give her her blessing someday."

And so she was called, but the world was to know her as George Sand.

Aurore soon found out what an exciting life was in store for her. When she was only three years old, she crossed the Pyrenees with her mother to join Dupin, who was then serving on General Murat's staff. The little girl, plump, pretty, and good-natured, was immediately adopted as the child of the regiment. She was fondled by rough soldiers and, to please Murat, dressed in a complete military uniform. This was the first, but not the last time she wore masculine attire.

After Dupin's retirement, the three returned to France and resided with Dupin's mother, at the chateau of Nohant, in Berri. It soon became evident that Madame de Francueil and Sophie could not live under the same roof. Their social enmity had now become personal; they were fighting a fierce battle over little Aurore, each feeling that she had a right to the child's affections. Aurore herself seemed to prefer her refined grandmother to her coarse mother, and Sophie became furiously jealous. It was a strange duel; Madame de Francueil took an attitude of subtle and ironic condescension, while Sophie vented her anger in rancorous and sarcastic outbursts.

At the age of five, Aurore knew her first sorrow. Her father, one dark, rainy night, was thrown from his horse and killed instantly.

Dupin's sudden death served to bring the duel between Madame de Francueil and Sophie to an open and unrestrained encounter over the possession of Aurore. Sophie was perfectly willing to leave Nohant, but not without her daughter. Madame de Francueil insisted that the girl had a right to a decent upbringing, and that the companionship of Hippolyte, Dupin's natural son, would be of great benefit to her. They fought for two years, with ever-increasing vehemence. Then Sophie gave in and left for Paris, Aurore remaining at Nohant with the triumphant grandmother.

Here, in the peaceful country environment, the character and mind

of George Sand were shaped. Here she acquired the love of country life and scenes which was later to show itself in her refreshing pastoral novels. Here she learned the simple ways and thoughts of the peasants, who furnished her with so much character and plot.

But Madame de Francueil soon began to worry about her education, and when Aurore was thirteen, she sent her to study at the Convent of English Augustines at Paris.

She remained here for three years, and never once did she venture beyond the great walls. Her religious zeal increased year by year, until she resolved to become a nun! It is hard to believe that George Sand who broke all religious bonds in her fight for freedom was determined at one time to accept the permanent restraint of a convent.

However, when Madame de Francueil heard that her granddaughter was about to don the pious robes, she went straight to Paris and removed her from the convent. She herself was a devoted woman, but the thought of having a nun in the family gave her chills. So Aurore, now sixteen, went back to the free life of Nohant.

As a reaction to her former decision, she now went to the other extreme. She dressed like a man, rode untrained horses, went shooting with her half-brother, Hippolyte, flirted with every man who looked at her, and acquired the habit of smoking. Her grandmother was ill at this time, and her fine mind was rapidly deteriorating; she could only listen in pained astonishment to reports of Aurore's conduct.

Gossip began to spread—most of the townsfolk were eager to have something to talk about, and Aurore was delighted to furnish it. She continued her wild life with fresh enthusiasm. The church dignitaries admonished her; her enthusiasm increased. People shook their heads. There was no hope for Aurore, they said; in spite of her upbringing it was apparent that she had inherited her mother's coarseness.

This joyful period was brought to a sudden and tragic close. As had long been expected, Madame de Francueil, on Christmas Day, 1821, breathed her last, leaving her entire

estate and some \$100,000 to her grandchild.

Aurore, only seventeen, felt lonely and helpless. Despite the fact that there was nothing she desired more than independence, she did not yet feel capable of supporting herself. So, with no small reluctance, she went to Paris to reside with her mother who made plans immediately for putting the large inheritance to use.

Life became a torture. Aurore, brought up among refined people and now highly cultured, could not bear her mother's coarse stupidity, much less the rowdy friends who came to visit them. She fell into a state of morbid depression, and once more considered entering a convent. This seemed the only escape from a life that was loathsome to her, until friends suggested marriage.

There had been plenty of suitors. They were attracted by her youthful beauty or her fortune, or both. Among them was Casimir Dudevant, a young Baron who had retired from the army at an early age (he was only twenty-seven now) to become what he termed "a gentleman farmer." He had neither money nor brains, and he never did a stroke of work; but he was handsome, good-natured, and not yet addicted to the habits which were soon to render him utterly worthless. The innocent Aurore, who saw marriage and motherhood through a misty veil of sentimentality, was fascinated by him from the very start. Urged on by her friends, she accepted his proposal, and on December 11, 1822, Aurore Dupin became Baronne Dudevant, thus passing from childhood to womanhood.

It was a ridiculous and unfortunate union. Dudevant was totally unfit as a husband for a woman of genius. He soon discovered that he was intellectually inferior to his wife, refused to admit it, and sought defense by holding her up as a fool at every opportunity. Madame Dudevant, on her part, was presently disillusioned about marriage and revolt-

ed against the chains which kept her from independence. There were two children, Maurice and Solange, who helped delay their inevitable separation.

For the first two years they were bored to death. They traveled, they visited, they entertained, but life remained dull and monotonous. Dudevant was the first to seek diversion.

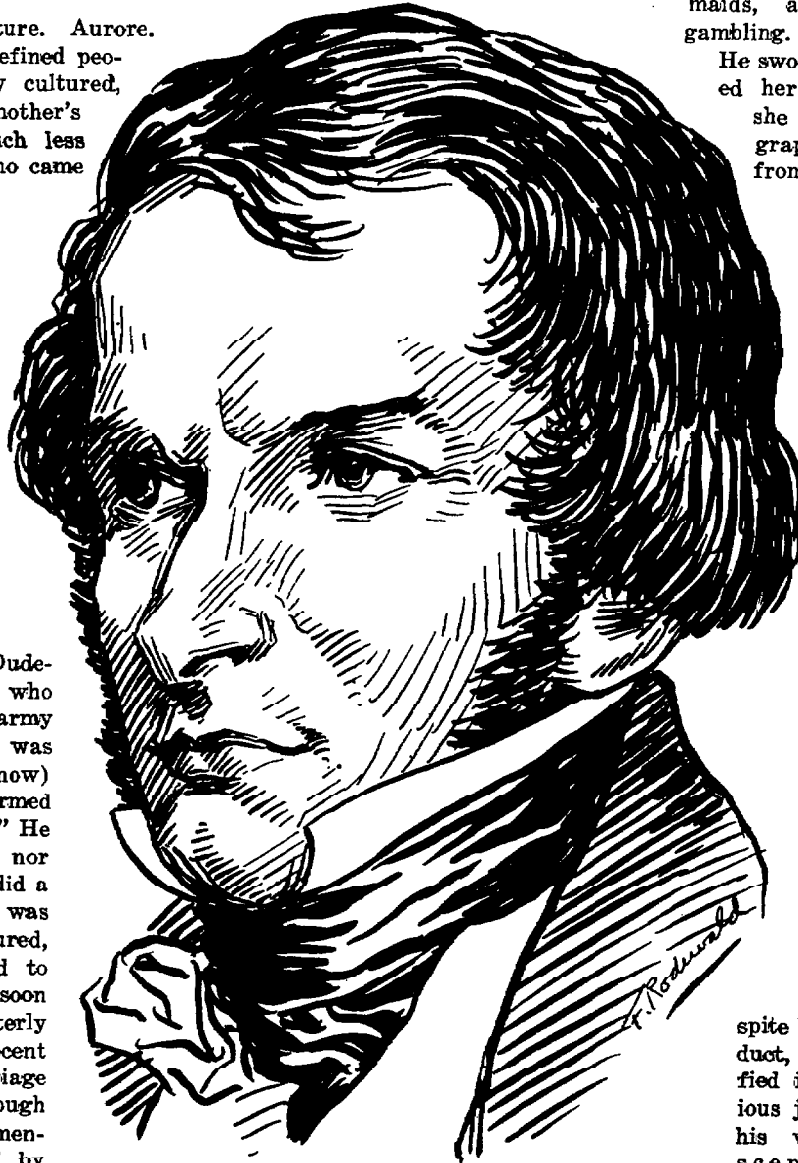
He sought it among chambermaids, and in drinking and gambling. His wife objected.

He swore at her and then boxed her ears. "After that," she says in her Autobiography, "things proceeded from bad to worse."

She yearned for intellectual companionship, for someone who could foster her mental development. And she found such a person in Aurelien de Seze, Advocate General of Bourdeaux, whom she met in 1825.

"I was in continual correspondence," she says, "with an absent person to whom I told all my thoughts, all my dreams, who knew all my humble virtues, and who heard all my spiritual enthusiasm. . . . I only saw this man for a few days, and sometimes only a few hours, in the course of a year."

The friendship was wholly platonic, but Dudevant, despite his own shameful conduct, thought himself justified in succumbing to furious jealousy. He spied on his wife, shouted out obscene accusations, and treated her with all the vehemence and brutality imaginable. As a matter of fact, this short-lived friendship with de Seze was one of the things that enabled her to remain with her husband. When it was broken,



PROSPER MERIMEE

The French novelist and historian (1803-1870), famous for all time as the author of the great short story, "Carmen." When George Sand met Mérimée, she wrote: "I met a man who was free from all doubts and questionings—a calm and strong man who understood nothing of my nature and only laughed at my troubles." And yet she was his mistress—for exactly one week

she knew she could no longer bear Dudevant's cruel treatment. "He began to get on my nerves," is her euphemistic comment on the subject.

One day she discovered a packet on his desk, addressed to her but marked, "Not to be opened until after my death."

"I did not have the patience to await my widowhood," she said, in a letter to a close friend. "No one with such health as mine can count on surviving anybody (this was before she had developed her robust physique). I assumed my husband's death and was glad to learn what he thought of me during his life. The packet being addressed to me, I could open it without indiscretion, and my husband being in good health, I could read his last will and testament in cold blood. . . . Ye gods! What a will! His maledictions on me, nothing more! Here were all his bad tempers, all his furious passions, all his reflections on my perversity, all his expressions of contempt for my character!"

Her mind was made up. She went to her husband and told him that this was the last straw. He was taken aback, then frightened. "He grumbled, he argued, he entreated. I remained unmoved: 'I must have an allowance,' I said. 'I intend to go to Paris.'" Her children, she went on, would be placed in the hands of a tutor until she was able to send for them.

They quarreled bitterly on the subject, but at last they came to an agreement. Madame Dudevant was to spend every alternate three months in Paris, and received about five thousand dollars a year. As a matter of fact, Dudevant soon got into such heavy debt that his wife had to send him an allowance.

She set out for her first matrimonial vacation in December, 1830. She had no particular plans for the future except that, during the three-month periods, she would live her own life and regain her self-respect. Although she intended to do some writing on the side—she always had made it a hobby—she did not know that it was to become her profession, and she did not even dream that, in less than a year, she would be George Sand, one of France's most famous novelists.

And perhaps she did not know either that the next twenty years of her life would be devoted to love, and that she was to have a series of affairs with some of the greatest living geniuses.

II.

PARIS: THE AFFAIR WITH SANDEAU.

DURING her sojourns in Paris she did not want to stay with her mother, nor did she want to live in solitude. She had some friends in the Latin Quarter, so, despite her husband's protests, she rented a small apartment there.

She began at once to celebrate her independence. In order to do exactly as she pleased and to gain access to the best parts of art galleries and theaters, she boldly masqueraded as a male student, to whom few privileges could be denied.

She had brought along some manuscripts—written mainly to kill time during the monotonous years of domestic life. With timid reluctance, then with modest apologies, she showed them to literary friends. They recognized immediately the remarkable talent beneath the surface of these crude, immature compositions, and told her that she must adopt a literary career. She scorned the suggestion until she realized that here was a possible opportunity to gain real liberty, to earn her own living. At least it would do no harm to try, and try she did.

She obtained introductions and went to see M. de Keraty, the famous author of *Le Dernier des Beaumais*. He glanced skeptically at her manuscripts.

"Make babies instead of books," he advised her.

"Make them yourself if you can!" was her prompt retort; whereupon she stamped out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Next she went to Delatouche, editor of the *Figaro*. He, too, was skeptical about the compositions.

"They lack common sense," he said dryly. Nevertheless he consented to take her on his staff.

She wrote *à la diable*. She filled reams and reams of paper with stories, articles, jokes, poems, features, and fashion notes. Delatouche discarded practically everything and blue-penciled most of the rest. At

the end of a month Madame Dudevant discovered to her dismay that her net earnings amounted to a miserable fifteen francs. Quite disillusioned, she decided that writing was not her profession after all.

And then she met Jules Sandeau. Through him she knew her first real love, and through him also she became George Sand.

Today we think of Jules Sandeau as the first novelist to be admitted to the French Academy, but at the time he met Madame Dudevant he was a struggling young lawyer—a mere boy of twenty (she was twenty-seven), thin, awkward, timid, and ambitious.

They met in the Bohemian home of a joint friend and fell in love immediately. It is believed that Madame Dudevant, being the more manly of the two, made the first approaches, although she tells us that she "resisted him for six months" (half of which were spent with her husband at Nohant) before she permitted herself to "live with him in an unconventional manner."

Their liaison was extremely happy while it lasted. "When I first knew him," she wrote, "I was disillusioned about everything and no longer believed in those things which make us happy. He has warmed my frozen heart and restored the life that was dying in me."

They helped each other with their work. Sandeau graciously agreed to lend her his name, in order to do away with the prejudice against women writers. Under his signature they collaborated on several novels. Presently, when Madame Dudevant was doing most of the writing, the name was changed to "Jules Sand." Then she wrote a novel independently and, as their joint surname had already become famous, signed it "George Sand," the George merely connoting that she was a Berrichon.

When the reviews began fighting for her serials, she knew at last the full joy of independence. Her fame was certain, for her books came right in the midst of the vogue for romantic and sentimental fiction.

George Sand (for so we may now call her) felt that henceforth her path would be free of all sorrow

and oppression. Her relationship with Sandeau was light and jubilant; they played at living; they loved with all the gaiety of youth. Every evening she awaited his coming at her window, giving a whoop of joy when she espied his familiar red-corded hat. "To love and be loved!" she wrote. "It's happiness! It's heaven!"

She continued to divide her time between her lover at Paris and her husband at Nohant. Dudevant, it must be said, held to their agreement and allowed her full freedom during the three-month separations, and she granted him the same concession. Their relationship remained cordial for several years, despite the fact that George Sand, in *Indiana*, drew a malicious caricature of the worthless Dudevant.

However, the ultra-ideal relationship with Sandeau could last only so long as familiarity was not established between them. When they became too well acquainted, when they came to know all each other's habits and manners, when they were more like husband and wife than lover and mistress, their passion began to cool. To their dismay, they found that they were bored by each other's company. George Sand felt that she "was becoming an oppressive burden to him" (although she was actually supporting him) and he did not deny it. They clung together desperately in a vain attempt to delay the inevitable crisis which would bring their beautiful romance to a close.

The curtain fell suddenly and dramatically. George Sand, during one of her visits at Nohant, decided to leave a few days earlier to

surprise her lover. He was surprised indeed, but not very pleasantly, for she found him making love to *une quelque blanchisseuse* (as she has always been called) in their Bohemian apartment.

A few days later she wrote Emile Regnault, a close friend of Sandeau's and her present confidant: "I have just written M. Desparanges to give notice to terminate the tenancy of Jules' apartment, and ask him for

a receipt of rent due, which I shall pay. I have been too deeply wounded by the discoveries which I have made about his conduct to preserve for him any other sentiment than friendly pity. Do all that is necessary to make him understand that nothing can reunite us in the future. If that is unnecessary—if Jules, I mean, already understands the situation—spare him the pains of being told that he has lost even my esteem.

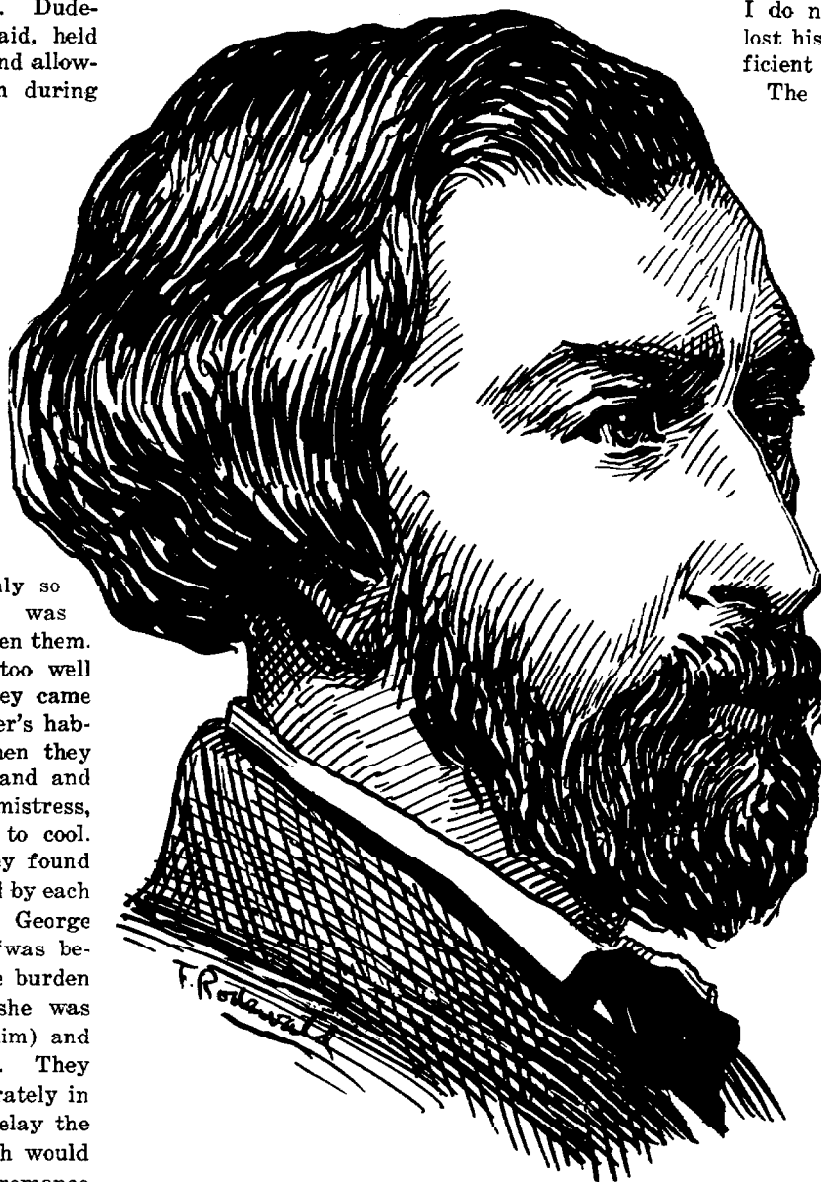
I do not doubt that he has lost his own, and that is sufficient punishment for him."

The moment their liaison

was broken, they felt their old passion return. But though Sandeau, who soon regretted his rash behavior, humbled himself before her tearfully begging her to forgive him and to take him back, she remained as mute and cold as an iceberg.

Among her friends, however, she broke down and bemoaned her fate. She even sought consolation from the great Balzac, from him she received only furious reproach, for he laid all the blame on her and pitied the young and innocent Sandeau. In his *Lettres à l'Étrangère* (to Madame de Hanska), he continually poured his wrath upon George Sand, and it was not until many years later that he reversed his opinion and became her close friend.

She was desolate. It was only her "self-respect" (the word had become her leitmotif) that prevented her from returning to Sandeau. Later, she expressed her sorrowful



ALFRED de MUSSET

The French poet, novelist, and dramatist (1810-1857), author of "The Two Mistresses" and "One Does Not Trifle With Love." George Sand became acquainted with him, and "he loved her with increasing passion, but for many weeks was afraid to say so; at last he summoned all the courage he possessed and wrote—"

regrets in her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*.

As for Sandeau, he never got over his first *amour*. It is said that until the end of his life, the mention of her name brought tears to his eyes. He, too, expressed his regrets in his writings, and more than once.

In truth, they were both unhappy whenever they thought of their past happiness:

"My heart is a cemetery," sighed George Sand, some years later.

"It's a necropolis," Jules Sandeau corrected, when a friend quoted the phrase.

III.

MÉRIMEE; ALFRED DE MUSSET

GEORGE SAND decided that she could not live without love. It had become her essential diet, the sole inspiration of her novels. But though there were many men whom she could easily have won, none of them seemed to meet the necessary ideals until—

"On one of my days of ennui and depression I met a man who was free from all doubts and questionings—a calm and strong man who understood nothing of my nature and only laughed at my troubles. The force of his character fascinated me, and for a week I believed that I had acquired the secret of happiness—that he would teach it to me, and that his scornful attitude would relieve me of my childish susceptibilities."

This man was Prosper Mérimée, best known as the author of *Carmen*.

She met the great writer at the office of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, through Sainte-Beuve, the critic, and became his mistress for exactly one week.

Mérimée, as she said, was calm, strong, and scornful. He was also cold-blooded and seemingly unemotional—whatever emotions he had went into his writings, not into his life. His attitude toward women was one of sneering condescension, for women had always yielded to him without resistance. In George Sand, however, he found a nature almost as powerful and masculine as his own, and it did not please him. George Sand was soon equally displeased, so they decided to part.

Neither cared at all. Mérimée

looked upon the affair as a young man's adventure; George Sand regarded it as a humorous experiment. Some years later the two met by chance at a formal dinner, and throughout the entire evening stared at one another with cool contempt.

But now once more George Sand felt the need of love. Sainte-Beuve, who at this period was privileged to know her innermost secrets, offered to introduce Alfred de Musset, the remarkable and handsome young poet. At first she was eager to meet him, but then, as if she had some apprehensive foreboding of the tragic future, she wrote the critic: "On second thought I do not want you to bring Alfred de Musset. He is a great dandy. We should not suit each other, and I was really more curious to see him than interested in him." With a frankness and outspokenness that is appalling, she suggested that he bring Alexander Dumas (*père*) instead! Dumas was exhibited, but she dismissed him on the grounds that he was "a common traveling man." As a matter of fact, she resented him because his attitude was as domineering as Mérimée's.

Fate now took a hand. One evening George Sand found herself sitting next to Alfred de Musset at a dinner. They surveyed each other appraisingly. They talked impersonally, and then personally. The outcome of it all was that George Sand invited him to call on her.

He called—several times. They showed each other their work and talked over their plans for the future. The melancholy poet of twenty-three found cheerful support in his efflorescent and energetic companion of twenty-nine. He loved her with increasing passion, but for weeks was afraid to say so. At last he summoned all the courage he possessed and wrote, with a trembling hand:

"My Dear George. I have something silly and ridiculous to tell you. I am foolishly writing, instead of telling you, as I should have done after our walk. I am broken-hearted tonight that I did not tell you. You will laugh at me and you will take me for a man who simply talks nonsense. You will show me the door and fancy that I am not speaking

the truth. . . . I am in love with you."

Instead of laughing or showing him the door, she welcomed him with open arms. A few days later she was writing Sainte-Beuve: "I have fallen in love—very seriously this time—with Alfred de Musset."

It was serious indeed. George Sand completely disregarded her matrimonial agreement, and planned to spend the rest of her years with her ardent lover. Dudevant did not object; for a long time now he resigned himself to his fate, allowing his wife to go her own way.

The couple resolved to go to Venice. Here, in this beautiful and romantic environment, they planned to spend an endless honeymoon. They made no secret of their love; they shouted their intentions to the world, asking it to witness a liaison that was to make history. "Posterity will repeat our names," wrote George Sand, "like those immortal lovers whose two names are only one at present, like Romeo and Juliet, like Heloise and Abelard. People will never speak of one of us without speaking of the other."

They were brought down to earth again when De Musset's mother objected strenuously to her son's proposed trip to Venice. The young poet had always placed his mother on a pedestal, far above everything else, and he never dreamed of disobeying her. Despite his own feelings, he promptly told George Sand that their plans must be altered. But she was not so easily discouraged. She went straight to Madame de Musset and brazenly demanded permission to take charge of her son, promising that she "would be more than a mother to him." Madame de Musset, perhaps because she was so utterly astounded at the very audacity of this visit, could only bring herself to offer a few meek protests. Before the close of the interview, she had smilingly given her consent.

And so, all parties concerned being satisfied, the two lovers, radiant and optimistic, left Paris on December 12, 1833.

IV.

VENICE; DR. PAGELLO.

EVEN before they reached Venice, the affair that was to be

added to the great list of historic romances had been slightly marred by external and prosaic elements.

The long journey had exhausted them, all the more since the last days at sea had been rough and chilly. When they arrived their nerves were on edge. George Sand had a severe cold and De Musset was depressed and irritable.

Their rooms at the hotel were drab and uncomfortable; the atmosphere was anything but romantic. Although they exerted every effort to cheer each other, it was not until they moved into a private and picturesque cottage that their dreams of a perfect love-life were revived.

Revived, but only for a brief moment. George Sand, being a practical woman, soon annoyed the idealistic poet by worrying over their future livelihood. She annoyed him still more when she actually took measures in that direction, sitting up until dawn, a huge cigar in her mouth, and scrawling away with nervous rapidity.

Biographers are inclined to agree that this was the chief cause of their quarrel. At any rate, De Musset finally lost his patience. With a restraint and studied irony that must have come near costing him a blood-vessel, he said:

"I was mistaken, George, and I beg your pardon, for I do not love you."

She was humiliated and grief-stricken.

"We do not love each other any longer," she said, "because we have never really loved each other."

No sooner, however, had they resolved to part than an unexpected emergency arose and kept them together.

For several weeks, De Musset had been drowning his fury and depression in drink. As a result of frequent and lengthy debauches, he now contracted a serious illness. It may have been typhoid; it may have been delirium tremens; or it may have been both. Whatever it was, it forced him to take to his bed, and forced George Sand to play the loving nurse. She did, and willingly, for the situation served to recreate the old romantic illusion. But the illusion, as usual, soon faded.

Although she nursed her lover with tender compassion, his condition only grew worse. So she called in a young Italian doctor named Pietro Pagello.

Dr. Pagello was extremely stupid and slow, but that did not prevent



HONORE de BALZAC

The French novelist (1799-1850) who led the realistic school and wrote his famous "Human Comedy." He was a good friend of George Sand's, saying, "Our roads lie together—"

George Sand from falling immediately in love with him. It is hard to believe that such a commonplace man could have won her (and without the slightest effort on his part) from a genius like De Musset, yet that is precisely what happened. While her lover lay ill and helpless she inconsiderately made amorous approaches toward the young doctor.

The doctor himself, although he was attracted by George Sand, was not at all anxious to be drawn into an affair which would doubtless lead to gossip detrimental to his reputation. Besides, he was, if nothing else, a gentleman, and his conscience forbade him to take such unscrupulous advantage of the sick De Musset. But his conscience had little to say in the matter, for George Sand, having decided that she loved him, lit-

erally seized him by the hand and forced him to follow her. When gentle hints failed to draw him from his aloofness, she adopted more extreme measures. One evening, in his presence, she took out paper and pen and commenced to write with her usual ferocity. Placing the manuscript in an envelope, she handed it to Dr. Pagello. He did not understand.

"To whom shall I deliver it?" he asked innocently.

She snatched back the envelope and scribbled upon it: "For the dense Pagello." Then she cheerfully bade him goodnight.

He went home, he tells us in his diary, and read the document with wide-eyed astonishment. No timid confession of a woman's heart, this, no reluctant plea for affection, but a simple and straightforward demand for his love. The poor doctor felt absolutely helpless. He says that he took out a picture of his mother and prayed to her for guidance, shedding tears as he resigned himself to "sinful temptation."

Few people could say No to George Sand.

It was only natural that De Musset, ill though he was, should soon take note that something was going on, especially since it was going on in his very house. Despite the fact that George Sand and her doctor took all measures of precaution, there were plenty of little outward manifestations—a glance exchanged, an expression, a few words—which furnished ample grounds for suspicion. De Musset made inquiries. He was told very calmly by George Sand that he was a victim of hallucinations, one of the unfortunate symptoms of his disease.

For a while, he believed her, but when he was nearing recovery and the "hallucinations" not only continued, but grew constantly more alarming, he decided that he would find out the true state of affairs.

He watched the two with close scrutiny, waiting silently and patiently for the first piece of convincing evidence.

One evening, when he was well enough to be up and dressed, he went into George Sand's room and surprised her as she crouched over the bed, evidently writing a letter. He

loudly accused her of writing to Pagello.

"She flew into a terrible passion," says De Musset, "and said I should never leave Venice if I went on like that. I asked her how she would prevent me. 'By locking you up in a lunatic asylum,' was her reply." He admits he was frightened, and he returned to his room without daring to answer her.

From there he heard her open and close a window. He surmised that she had thrown the letter away, and went downstairs to see. He found her outside, searching desperately for the lost scraps. He seized her by the shoulder and repeated his accusations. She told him that she would prevent him from sleeping in his bed that very night—she would have him arrested at once. She began to run. He followed. She reached the canal and jumped into a gondola, calling the gondolier to take her to Lido (where Dr. Pagello resided). De Musset jumped in beside her, and they set off together. "She did not open her mouth all the time we were on the water," he says. At Lido she climbed out and dashed through a Jewish cemetery, "leaping from tomb to tomb. I followed, leaping as she did." At last, from sheer exhaustion, she sat down on a tombstone and wept bitterly. Here, De Musset claims, she confessed her love for Pagello and begged forgiveness. However, knowing her nature, biographers are more inclined to accept Tattet's* version of the confession, which is calmer and colder. According to him, Dr. Pagello and George Sand were standing beside De Musset's bed—

"Doctor," said George Sand casually, "do you think Alfred is strong enough to stand a shock?"

"I beg your pardon. What did you say?" asked Pagello, confusedly.

"Very well. I am going to speak frankly. My dear Alfred, I am no longer your mistress. I love Dr. Pagello."

De Musset, surprising as it may sound, was very nice about the whole

matter. Perhaps what had infuriated him previously were their barefaced denials, and now that they confessed openly, he was appeased. He wept a little, told them it might ruin him, but finally joined their hands together and said, with much senti-



A. DUMAS pere

Alexander Dumas pere (1802-1870), also known as "the Elder," French novelist and dramatist, who, when presented to George Sand, was dismissed as "a common traveling man."

ment: "You love each other and yet you even love me, for you have saved me, body and soul."

Then, it being the decorous thing to do, he announced that he would go away immediately, leaving them in sole possession of the cottage. George Sand, however, begged him to remain a few days longer, until his health was completely restored. She was quite reluctant to give him up altogether because, while she thought she loved Pagello, she really loved De Musset. He stayed, and his sentimental attitude began to approach the ludicrous. He suffered with all the bliss of a martyr. He wept copiously over their sacred friendship and swore that the joy of this sacrifice was the greatest he had ever experienced. Finally he left them, but he continued his sentimental ravings. When George Sand mentioned in a letter that Pagello sent his regards, De Musset replied: "He is a fine fellow. Tell him how much I like him and that

my eyes fill with tears when I think of him."

With his rival out of the way, Pagello felt more self-confident. He began to make plans for settling down to the new life. Like a good Italian, he immediately invited all his neighboring relatives for prolonged visits. They came in enormous contingents—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, nieces, nephews—and took noisy and complete possession of the cottage. George Sand nearly went out of her mind, and could accomplish nothing in the way of writing. She had not objected to Pagello's wishes, but then she had not foreseen the bedlam into which her house would be turned. Finally, when she could stand it no longer, she told the doctor that he must accompany her to Paris, where they would settle permanently.

Pagello hesitated to consent, for, stupid though he was, he saw that their relationship, which was already beginning to cool, could never survive with George Sand among her Paris friends. Once more he took out his deceased mother's picture for guidance and inspiration; and once more he yielded to George Sand's stubborn will.

So the two set out for Paris, George Sand having spent a little over three months in the place she had planned so earnestly to make her permanent home.

V.

ALFRED DE MUSSET AGAIN.

GEORGE SAND began to drift away from Pagello even sooner than the doctor had anticipated.

"The farther we went," he says, in his diary, of the journey to Paris, "the more cold and circumspect our relations became. My sufferings were great, but I tried my best to hide them. George Sand was a shade melancholy, but much more independent of my society. To my sorrow I perceived in her an actress accustomed to playing parts in comedies of this kind, and I began to see clearly through the veil that covered my eyes."

George Sand also began to see clearly. "From the moment Pagello landed in France," she wrote, "I could not understand anything." The criticism was quite unjust, for the

*Tattet was a close friend of De Musset's who was visiting the couple at this time. Unknown to them he was an eye witness of many intimate scenes.

poor doctor could hardly have been expected to shine in the brilliant society forced upon him; he was so overwhelmed that he could only follow his mistress about like a clumsy dog, smiling dazedly and replying to questions in low monosyllables. Constant recourse to the much-used picture of his mother gave him courage but, alas, not brains.

After a few miserable weeks in Paris, George Sand took Pagello to Nohant to exhibit him before her husband. Dudevant, despite his rather embarrassing position as host to his wife's lover, was far more amiable to the doctor than was George Sand at this time. The two men, one as stupid as the other, got on famously; Dudevant took his guest hunting and showed him the natural beauty of the country. But George Sand was soon bored, and dragged Pagello back to Paris.

Here the breach between them grew wider, for in spite of all that had happened, George Sand felt her overpowering passion for De Musset returning, and she was furious at herself for sacrificing her former lover. She began to write the poet humble and affectionate letters. As a mark of penitence she cut off her hair and sent it to him. He was so touched that his reply was a confused welter of emotional incoherence. To prove his faithfulness, he promptly dismissed his new mistress and opened his heart to the old. "I am a good-for-nothing," he said bitterly. "I do not know whether I am alive, whether I eat, drink, or breathe, but I do know that I am in love."

Each tried to outdo the other in humble and sentimental penitence. George Sand, in a *Journal Intime* to De Musset, declared that for his sake she would once more earn her "self-respect." If the Holy Ghost would give her back her lover, she promised Him that she would go to church in the future and wear out the altar steps with her knees (a promise that was not kept).

As yet, they had not seen each other, for they knew that the first meeting would force them to resume their relationship, and both were reluctant to try the experiment again. At last George Sand could bear his absence no longer. "I do not love

you," she wrote, "but I still adore you. I do not want you any more, but I cannot live without you." So she took measures to win him back.

First she coldly told Pagello that he was no longer needed. The doctor accepted the long-expected conge



MICHEL de BOURGES

This French lawyer, Louis Chrysostom Michel, better known as Michel de Bourges, was George Sand's legal advocate when she was bringing suit against her husband for divorce. She had met him previously, but now he began to talk incessantly on long walks with her—and while he talked, she fell in love with him

in good grace. He returned to relatives in Venice, convinced that he deserved his punishment. A final glimpse of this unfortunate victim discloses him tearfully promising his mother's picture that he would never again, under any circumstances, succumb to such evil temptation.

George Sand now wrote De Musset, imploring him to call at her home the following evening. But the suffering he had undergone enabled him to hesitate a little longer than she, and though she waited up until midnight, "starting every time the doorbell rang," he did not appear.

She was too miserable to suffer in silence. She went to the office of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, to which she was now a contributor, and sobbed her story to the entire

staff (many of whom were practically strangers). All pitied her, all sought to console her, but it was to no avail.

"Oh my God!" she cried desperately. "Please advise me to kill myself! That is all there is left for me to do!"

Soon after this De Musset surrendered to his passion and went to see her. They embraced in ecstasy and despair, promising one another that they would never part again. And once more they shouted to the world that they would live an ideal love-life.

It was a short and bitter reunion. The hideous past came up like a wall between them. They knew that they were not meant for each other even though they loved with a fierce and consuming passion. This was their tragedy, and they were forced to accept it.

After several dismal attempts to live together, they separated for the last time in March, 1835.

They never forgot each other; their tragic experiences were a powerful influence on all their future writings. Two books, George Sand's *Elle et lui* and De Musset's *Confessions d'un enfant du siècle*, are based directly upon the ill-fated Venice honeymoon.

VI.

SEPARATION FROM DUDEVANT; MICHEL DE BOURGES.

EVER after their compromise of 1831, the relationship between George Sand and her husband had remained on a friendly and agreeable basis. They cheerfully allowed each other absolute freedom, and their visits, though usually brief, were so cordial that friends began to anticipate a full reconciliation. But, all the while, the dark clouds had been gathering overhead, and the storm was now ready to break.

To begin with, Dudevant, carrying his habits to an excess, was getting constantly into heavy debt. George Sand helped him out several times, but when he only continued to fall deeper into the hole, she warned him that she would have to stop the advances. This irritated him, for, spoiled by his wife's kindness, he had come to the opinion that it was

her duty to support him, and consequently did not show the slightest gratitude.

The climax came when he contracted an enormous debt which threatened his entire estate. George Sand was in Nohant at the time (it was shortly after her rupture with De Musset) and Dudevant promptly asked her for another advance. She told him that he had been living on her income long enough, and that she would help him for this last time only under condition that he sign an agreement to separate. He was furious, and shouted that he was the victim of a cruel stratagem, but, there being no other course open to him, he could not hesitate to concede. So the paper was signed.

George Sand remained with him another month to arrange all terms of the separation. He was as insolent and bullying as he could be; he not only vented his wrath upon his wife, but even upon their two children, Maurice and Solange.

The last domestic scene took place one evening when the family and some guests were seated at the dinner table. Dudevant gruffly ordered Maurice to fetch the cream. Instead of obeying, the boy went over and sulked by his mother. Dudevant flew into a rage, and reproached George Sand for failing to discipline their children. She remained very calm, told Maurice he should have obeyed, and then advised the boy to leave the room.

"Get out of the room yourself!" yelled Dudevant, his face crimson. He seized her roughly and tried to strike her, and when guests intervened, he got a gun and threatened to shoot her. George Sand did not bat an eyelash; she merely reminded him that, since they would soon be separated, all this excitement was unnecessary. His fury increased. He took the signed agreement and tore it into a hundred pieces, swearing that for once he would have his way. His wife turned calmly to her guests and told them that they were witnesses.

A month later she brought suit against him, first in Paris and then in Bourges. After a fierce legal battle, the court granted her separation

and the custody of her two children, although she had to turn over a huge sum of money to Dudevant.

Her legal advocate at Bourges was none other than Louis Chrysostom Michel, better known as Michel de Bourges, who was now at the height of his career as a statesman. And this brings us to the next phase of George Sand's love-life.

She had met Michel previously. After reading her novel, *Lelia*, he had written her a long letter, praising her craftsmanship in the highest terms. She asked to be introduced, and one evening a friend took her to see him in his room at his hotel.

As soon as they arrived, Michel began to talk. He talked incessantly from seven to midnight, never giving his guests a chance to put in a word. Finally he broke off to ask George Sand to go for a walk, but as soon as they set out his indefatigable tongue started wagging again. He talked all the way to the Tuileries, where he paused to deliver an oration on politics and, in his excitement, broke a brand new walking stick over the iron rail.

"Talking," he stopped to explain, on the way home, "is thinking aloud. By thinking aloud in this way I advance more quickly than if I thought to myself."

In this brief speech we can see clearly his astounding egotism, his total lack of consideration for others; but for a long time George Sand, who heard many more speeches, was blind to it. While he talked, she fell in love. She took the bigoted little man for an apostle and devoured every word he uttered (and it required a remarkable appetite!). She placed a halo around his bald head and announced that at last she had found a man who could meet her high ideals.

"I love you," she wrote Michel, later, "because whenever I think of grandeur, wisdom, strength, and beauty, your image rises before me."

It is hard to visualize Michel's image rising to the call of these qualities. He was a slight, stoop-shouldered, short-sighted individual, who was thirty years old and looked sixty. But George Sand did not notice these shortcomings, for it was his enormous head that fascinated

her. At this period she was devoting her spare time to the study of phrenology, and she had an eye for craniums. Michel's, which was bald, sent her into ecstasies. "It seems as though he has two craniums," she observed joyfully, "one soldered to the other." And Michel took special care of his cranium. During the entire winter, while he was indoors, he wrapped it in three woolen mufflers as a precaution against colds.

Michel de Bourges was the *Everard* of George Sand's *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, which were now running in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. In these published epistles, she openly poured forth her love for him and demanded reciprocation. He hesitated until she had obtained her separation from Dudevant, and then became her lover.

As in the case of Merimee, their strong natures clashed immediately. George Sand had known that Michel was of the domineering type, but then she had thought that her "unfettered mind needed guidance." The need was more than satisfied. The egotistic Michel treated her like a child. He ordered her about, preached to her all day long, and even locked her in a room once to meditate on his lectures.

"Alas! My God!" cried George Sand, in her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*. "It is a yoke of iron that I have endured. When it was imposed upon me in the name of love, and with the persuasiveness of true affection, I submitted blindly to a lover's hand. But when my lover tired of persuading and wished to command—when he claimed my submission no longer in the name of love and friendship but in virtue of some right or power over me—then I recovered the strength of which my blindness had deprived me."

But she did not recover this strength completely, for no sooner had they parted than she implored Michel to resume the relationship, regardless of what had happened.

"Oh my lover," she cried, "return, and like the earth on the return of May sunshine, I should be reanimated and would fling off my shroud of ice and thrill with love."

Although these sentiments were extremely poetic, they did not stir Michel's prosaic heart (as a matter

of fact he held the seven arts in scorn), and he went his own way, completely ignoring George Sand.

Again she was left desolate and starved for love. This time, however, she resolved not to have any more affairs with geniuses:

"I have had my fill of great men (excuse the expression)," she wrote a friend. "I prefer to see them all in Plutarch, as they would not then cause me any suffering on the human side. May they all be carved in marble or cast in bronze, but may I hear no more about them."

So she promptly had some unimportant affairs with some unimportant men—such as her son's tutor. Then, despite her resolution, she fell in love with a genius greater than them all and clung to him nearly nine years.

This was Frederic Francois Chopin, the great Polish pianist-composer.

VII.

CHOPIN.

THEY first met in Switzerland, in 1837. George Sand, following her break with Michel, had gone there to join her two famous friends, Franz Liszt and his mistress, the Comtesse Marie D'Agoult (Daniel Stern). George Sand had met the composer through De Musset, and they had immediately become close friends. Their relations were long the subject of malicious gossip, but the assertion that they had a secret love-affair is wholly unfounded.

The two young lovers welcomed their older friend warmly, and at once insisted that she take a room close to theirs. She did, and they there lived in the loose and joyful Bohemian fashion. They gave scores of informal receptions, to which came the cream of literary and musical circles, men like Mickiewicz, Delacroix, Meyerbeer, Heine, and, with great reluctance, Chopin.

Heine's name, like Liszt's, has long been linked with that of George Sand. Their relationship, until recently, has remained more or less of an enigma to students and biographers. It was evident that Heine and George Sand were extremely close friends, judging from the intimacy of the letters, but were they lovers? Authorities are now inclined

to agree that they were not, that it was only George Sand's deliberately misleading behavior that gave things such a doubtful outward significance. She secretly loved the poet, we are told, and spared no efforts to give the world the impres-



FRANZ LISZT

The Hungarian composer, pianist, and abbe (1811-1886), musical director for a time at Weimar, Germany, famous for his Hungarian Rhapsodies. He was a lifelong friend of George Sand; it was while she was visiting Liszt in Switzerland that she met Frederic Chopin

sion that he loved her. He did not love her, however, and took measures just as extreme to destroy the impression. At any rate their association, whether or not it was intimate, was brought to an immediate close by the appearance of Chopin, who reluctantly but finally came to one of the Bohemian receptions.

Frederic Chopin was at the height of his career as a virtuoso (as a composer he had not quite reached full maturity), the favorite of Parisian salons. He was, in every way, the exact opposite of the expansive and domineering George Sand. He was twenty-seven, but looked even younger, was fragile, sensitive, timid, reserved, and, true to a feminine nature, over-refined in both manners and dress. Despite his keen desire for fame, he had a morbid terror of crowds, and suffered agonies when forced to perform or attend receptions. Thus he was in a constant state of melancholy, all the more so since the woman he loved,

Marie Wodinska, had proven untrue.

His friend Liszt was certain that the company of George Sand would have a cheering effect upon Chopin. But Chopin broke into a cold sweat at the very thought of meeting this terrible, manlike woman. "He avoided her and postponed the introduction," says Liszt. "Madame Sand had no idea that she was feared as a sylph." At length the timid young composer was dragged into her presence and introduced. He stood before her, trembling from head to foot and blushing furiously, mumbled an incoherent sentence, bowed, and then retreated hastily to an obscure corner where he hid from her during the entire evening.

But in that brief moment they had both fallen in love. It had been one of those immediate attractions of opposites.

George Sand, before she had an opportunity to see him again (and he spared no efforts to prevent her from doing so), had to go back to Nohant to visit her son Maurice, who was ill.

From Nohant, she wrote Liszt, who was planning to visit her in the near future, "Tell Chopin that I hope he will come with you. . . . I adore him." And again, to Marie D'Agoult, "Tell Chopin that I idolize him." The ultra-refined Comtesse was slightly irritated by her friend's lack of delicacy, and replied, "Chopin coughs with infinite grace. He is an irresolute man. The only thing about him that is permanent is his cough."

Liszt commenced to make arrangements for the trip, and spent hours trying to persuade Chopin to go with him. Poor Chopin was extremely anxious to go, but his fear far overshadowed his desire. At last he yielded, for he was highly subject to suggestion and easily dominated by those stronger than himself.

In the meantime, George Sand was entertaining no less a celebrity than Balzac. The great novelist had completely reversed his opinion of her, and had come to offer his respects and apologies. In his *Lettres a l'Etrangere* (to Madame de Hanska), he has left us a brief but excellent picture of George Sand at this time (she was thirty-four).

"I found our comrade George Sand

in her dressing gown," he says, smoking her after dinner cigar by the fireside in an immense and lovely room. She was wearing pretty yellow slippers ornamented with fringe, neat stockings, and red pantaloons. That was her moral aspect; physically she had a double chin like an ecclesiastic. In spite of her fearful misfortunes she has not a white hair on her head; her dark complexion remains unaltered." He goes on, telling how, during the visit, he adopted her peculiar habits of rising and retiring at strange hours, in order to be with her as much as possible. Later he mentions her "great, dark eyes, which look foolish and vacant when she is contemplating."

She showed him her latest works—among them *Consuelo* (considered the greatest of her romantic novels)—and he was impressed deeply by her lucidly simple style and wonderful insight into her characters.

"Our two roads lie together," he told her, but, in the eyes of the world, Balzac's road (in the realm of art) was much longer and wider.

The visit meant more to him than he had anticipated for she gave him an excellent plot for a novel. It was to concern the relationship between Liszt and the Comtesse D'Agoult*, and naturally George Sand could not write it herself on account of her intimacy with the couple. So she cheerfully handed it to Balzac, who announced that he would use it immediately.

*The situation was extremely romantic, for the young Comtesse, despite all her refinement and dignity, left husband and daughter without a moment's notice or hesitation, to join her beloved composer.

Today the world knows it as *Beatrix*. The main characters, Beatrix and the composer Conti are, of course, Marie D'Agoult and Liszt, but Felicite des Touches, who also plays a prominent part, is George Sand. In

the novel we are told that Felicite, whose pen-name is Camille Maupin, "is an artist, she has genius, and she leads an exceptional life such as could not be judged in the same way as an ordinary existence." And that, perhaps, is the wisest and truest thing that can be said of George Sand.

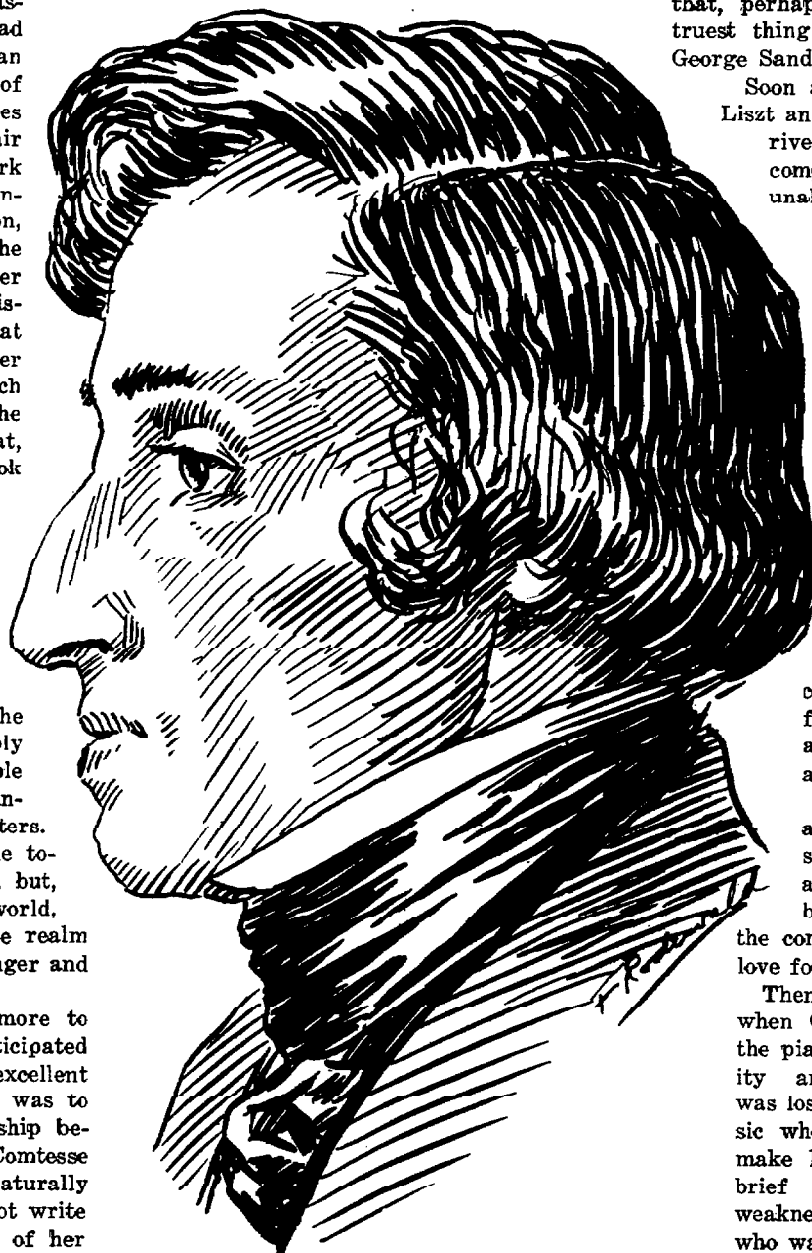
Soon after Balzac departed, Liszt and the timid Chopin arrived. The melancholy composer found himself unable to hide from George Sand in her own home; she was seeking him out constantly and trying to divert him.

She loved him all the more because his health was delicate (as a matter of fact he was already showing symptoms of consumption). Ever since De Musset's illness, she had been looking for someone to nurse—she felt that she could love most successfully on that basis—and she saw in Chopin a permanent patient.

In her usual frank and outspoken manner, she began to make amorous approaches, but she so frightened the composer that, out of very love for him, she had to stop.

Then she discovered that when Chopin was seated at the piano much of his timidity and self-consciousness was lost in the depths of music whose magic alone could make him forget, for one brief moment, his pitiful weaknesses. George Sand, who was willing to take any measure to capture the men she loved, used this to her (and his) advantage.

One day she begged him to play her his latest piece. He blushed as usual, then followed her obediently to the piano. They were alone, and he was in greatest terror. For a while he paused reluc-



FREDERIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN

The Polish composer and pianist (1809-1849) who settled in Paris in 1832. He met George Sand in Switzerland in 1837, where she was staying with Liszt and his mistress. Chopin was at the height of his career, and the exact opposite of the expansive and domineering George Sand, so that at first he avoided her, but finally the inevitable occurred—for nine years he yielded to her wishes in a remarkable love affair

tantly, but his slender, supple fingers could not long resist the temptation of caressing the keys; a moment later the room was filled with the haunting, searching chords of his music, played as only he could play them.

George Sand stood beside him in silent ecstasy, her shining eyes fixed upon him. "Music expresses everything!" she had once written, and now she was at least sure that it expressed love.

At last he finished and, still intoxicated by his own music, looked up at her with unconcealed passion. And she leaned over and kissed him.

In a trembling voice, he told her that he loved her, but that he was ill and frightened. She replied that he need have no fear, that she would take good care of him and be his mother hereafter (the promise was kept more faithfully than the one she had made to the mother of De Musset.)

As her son Maurice was sick, she intended to make a journey with him and her daughter to the Balearic Isles, and now she announced that she would take Chopin along, since he was in bad health also. He was unable to refuse because she had already gained complete control over him, and for the next nine years he was forced to yield to her wishes.

VIII.

UN HIVER A MAJORQUE.

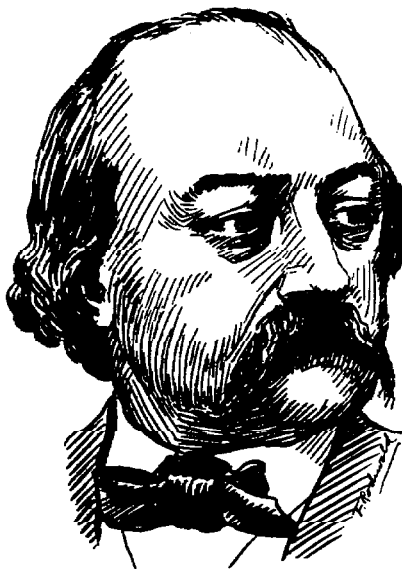
THEY set out—Chopin, George Sand, and her two children—in November, 1838. Chopin, who was extremely self-conscious about his intimate relationship, spared no efforts to keep it secret, even among his closest friends. But if he thought that anything concerning George Sand could remain unknown to the world, he was sadly mistaken. The expansive, open-hearted woman had already taken everybody into her confidence, from guests to servants, and there were but few people who did not know her entire plans.

The trip, during which she seized every opportunity to exhibit the famous Chopin, almost killed the timid composer. It was a relief to him when they arrived on the lonely, desolate island of Majorca, although the relief was short.

They found lodgings in a dilap-

idated house, whose only virtue was its situation; it commanded a wonderful view of the surrounding country, and for a while the climate was ideal.

"Here I am," wrote Chopin—and one can feel the satiric pessimism of



GUSTAVE FLAUBERT
The French novelist
(1821-1880), author of
"Madame Bovary," with
whom George Sand carried on an intimate correspondence for a time

his words, "in the midst of palms and cedars and cactuses and olives and oranges and lemons and figs and pomegranates."

Then it began to rain, and it rained for weeks. The decaying walls of the house absorbed the moisture like a sponge; the atmosphere became cold and cheerless. Chopin hated the odor of the fires, which they had to make of damp wood. His health continued to decline until, one day, he coughed blood. He knew what it meant and wept bitterly, while George Sand petted him like a little child.

As soon as their landlord heard that Chopin had consumption, he ordered them to move at once. George Sand luckily found lodgings in a Carthusian monastery in the mountains, long deserted by the brethren, and then the home of a political refugee who was only too glad to sublet it. On a dismal day in December, the four travelers

left their miserable rooms and moved into the large, but even more uncomfortable residence.

They had to rough it. As no servant would remain with them, George Sand had to add the duties of housework to those of writing, giving lessons to her children, and nursing Chopin.

As for Chopin, he had a miserable time of it. His refined nature shrank from this rough living, and he would certainly have fled, had it not been for the fact that the only boat running between the island and the mainland was a filthy barge used for conveying pigs.

"Fast between the rocks and the sea," he wrote mournfully, to a friend, "in an immense deserted convent of the Carthusians, confined in a cell, the one door of which is larger than the gates of Paris, you may picture your Frederic with his hair all out of curl, deprived of his white gloves, and as pale as ever. My cell is about as large as a fair-sized coffin, a vault thick with dust serving as a lid. . . . Close to my bed is a small table, and on this table—God, what a luxury!—stand a metal candlestick, holding a miserable candle, the works of Bach, and my own compositions in manuscript."

His intense suffering—both physical and mental—poured itself out into poignant music. Here it was he wrote that group of short masterpieces, his *Preludes*, whose surging cadences express so vividly the dark and gloomy depths of inner despair, the futile searching and striving for warmth and light, for shelter from the terrific storms of an artist's soul.

"When I returned from my nocturnal explorations of the ruins with my children," says George Sand, to whom these pieces were dedicated. "I used to find him, at ten o'clock at night, sitting at his piano, pallid, with haggard eyes and hair standing on end. It was always a moment or two before he could recognize us."

She was soon convinced, however, that he was becoming "demoralized" for, though an artist herself, her inspiration came always from without and she was totally unable to comprehend those deepest emotions

caused by creative power from within.

One evening she and the children lost their way, and did not return home until late. Chopin was at the piano, his eyes staring vacantly before him, his face ashen gray. When they entered he jumped up in terror and uttered a piercing scream.

"Oh yes!" he sighed bitterly, "I knew you were all dead." Then he fainted.

When demonstrations like this grew more and more frequent, George Sand resolved to remove her lover immediately from the environment which had "demoralized him." Chopin, only too glad to leave, begged her to take him to Nohant.

She consented, and in March, 1839 they braved a trip in the filthy, foul-smelling pig barge—on which Chopin nearly had one of his fainting spells—and, reaching the mainland, set out for France.

The whole miserable sojourn has been related by George Sand, though impersonally, in *Un hiver à Majorque*, considered one of the finest books of travel ever written.

IX.

BREAK WITH CHOPIN.

DURING the following years, they spent the summers at Nohant and the winters at Paris. George Sand nursed her lover with motherly compassion, addressing him as her "invalid" or "dear skeleton." His condition, as a matter of fact, was extremely serious, and it was evident that he did not have much longer to live.

The composer had taken a fatherly interest in Solange, George Sand's daughter. He spent many hours amusing the girl, taking her for long walks, telling her stories or playing her his compositions. At last he was beginning to know happiness, for it gave him strength and self-confidence to act the father.

But it was this innocent relationship that led eventually to the break between Chopin and George Sand. The latter, who always demanded full possession of her lovers, fell into increasing jealousy as she saw her young daughter monopolizing Chopin's company. She was annoyed particularly that Chopin never

objected when Solange burst in upon his creative work, whereas if she (George Sand) interrupted him, he became furious and sulked for days.

Things came to a head in 1847. Solange, now grown up, was being courted by a gentleman named Ferdinand de Praeuex, and George Sand favored and encouraged the match. But Solange suddenly eloped with one Clesinger, a coarse, stupid fellow of low rank with whom she had had a serious love-affair. George Sand, despite her personal objections, was very agreeable about the matter; she even presented the couple with an apartment in Paris. However, Clesinger was so disorderly and loud-mouthed that she was forced to prohibit him from visiting Nohant. This, of course, led to quarrels between mother and daughter which grew more and more violent.

Chopin, entering the room by chance during one of these scenes, immediately took side with Solange; he had grown so fond of her that, thinking her wronged, he forgot all his timidity and rose to defend her. George Sand was furious, especially since Chopin was totally ignorant of the true state of affairs, and she reproached him bitterly. The composer, otherwise so meek, could be terrible and ferocious when his temper was aroused; he flew into a rage and declared that he would leave George Sand at once. She hardly believed him, but the very next morning he rushed away without a word, resolved never to see her again. Although George Sand did not know it, he was already a dying man.

As the break had been long in coming, George Sand accepted it without her usual demonstration of grief. She was deeply wounded, mainly because she felt that Chopin had shown her cruel ingratitude.

"If any woman on earth could inspire him with absolute confidence," she wrote, "I am that woman, but he has never understood."

It was many years before her overwhelming love for him left her entirely, and she poured it into her next book, *Lucrezia Floriani*. Though she always denied it, the hero of this novel, Prince Karol, was really Chopin—her description of him re-

veals it fully—while she herself was Lucrezia. Her former attitude toward Chopin is expressed when Lucrezia says of her Prince, "I shall love him, but it will be as his mother loved him, just as fervently, and just as faithfully. It will be a case of maternal affection."

Less than two years after their separation the news that Chopin was on his deathbed reached George Sand. All the love she had felt for him, all the compassionate affection, rose instantly within her and, in a tragic outburst, she said fiercely, "He shall die in no other arms but mine."

But Chopin died in the arms of his devoted sister, while the grief-stricken George Sand, at his own wishes, was turned away from his room.

X.

EPILOGUE.

THE termination of Chopin's life was the termination of George Sand's love-life. That forceful vitality which had won so many men was deserting her; she was now a "fat old Muse" (as Matthew Arnold described her) of forty-five, with a nearly triple chin and a "mummified expression." At first she fought vigorously against old age. As an outlet for her intense emotional energy, she threw herself body and soul into the revolutions of 1848-1849, employing her pen to champion freedom and serving for a time as secretary to Rollin. However, finding her strength exhausted, she was forced at last to abandon an active life and settle down in her estate at Nohant, where she changed her leitmotif from "I must gain my self-respect" to "My heart is a cemetery."

And as her life changed, so changed her writings. She turned from wildly sentimental romances to restrained pastoral novels, at which she was her very best. In her retirement she wrote two books a year, a few plays, and various articles for magazines and newspapers.

Her last years, once she resigned herself to a life of peaceful simplicity, were extremely happy. They were not lonely years, for, in addition to taking care of two grandchildren, she was constantly hostess

to the greatest writers of the day. Alexandre Dumas fils, Theophile Gautier, Turgenev, Matthew Arnold, the Brothers de Goncourt, and Flaubert (with whom she carried on an intimate correspondence) were among those who came from far and wide to see this exceptional and remarkable woman.

Why did they find her exceptional and remarkable? It is obvious that her writings alone could hardly have brought these far superior writers all the way to Nohant; it is obvious likewise that they did not come merely to gaze upon a woman who had been through a lengthy series of love affairs. In such respects, she was no more than a talented woman with a stormy past, and did not stand out from others of her sex as a distinct and amazing personality, whose life, to paraphrase Balzac, "could not be judged in the same way as an ordinary existence."

In truth, what made her so exceptional and interesting were not

her activities, but her *attitude* toward them. As has been mentioned, her chief purpose was to "live her own life," which meant that she was willing to defy precedent and conventionality and set herself up as her own standard, with her own morals, her own ideas of right and wrong. This attitude, and its successful enforcement, serves to raise everything she did or said from a merely commonplace level to a point where it is worth recording and studying.

What kind of a woman was she? It is evident that her nature was jumping constantly from one extreme to the other. She could be either plastic or stubborn, weak or forceful, compassionate or merciless, sensitive or callous. At one moment we see her, all tenderness and devotion, nursing the sick De Musset, while at the very next she is casting him aside feelinglessly in order to gain Pagello's affections. We see her, again, as an aggressive

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fighter, defying Merimee and Michel de Bourges, while still another glance reveals her as a yielding mother, spoiling her own children or petting the fragile Chopin.

If we reduce all this to the simplest terms, we might say that she was guided by her feelings, not her thoughts—that she reacted to persons and things according to their sensuous effect upon her. Her view was entirely objective; she never looked for depth and had no understanding or appreciation of inner values.

How characteristic, then, are her last words, uttered as she lay dying in Nohant, on June 8, 1876. Turning to her daughter, she said softly, "*Ne détruisez pas la verdure*," ("Do not step on the grass"), and Solange knew that she referred to the grass that was to grow over her grave.

[Ralph Oppenheim has written another striking study of a French genius—"The Romance that Balzac Lived"—which will be published complete in the next number of the Quarterly.]



A Ten-Year-Old Agnostic

A Youthful Agnostic's Fight Against Orthodox Opposition

BY ULYSSES J. WALSH



VISITING in a Virginia town I was much intrigued by the accounts I heard on all sides of a young non-conformist's openly heretical and blasphemous utterances.

Here was a boy, horrified Christians told me, who brazenly informed his teacher and, subsequently, the preacher who was set upon him, that he did not and could not believe in the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, or immortality. Furthermore, he persisted in maintaining this attitude even after both the teacher and the preacher had clearly and convincingly pointed out to him that his views were childish and absurd. The strangest thing about the whole case, they said, was that this lad, an acknowledged unbeliever, was conceded by all his teachers to be the brightest and best behaved pupil in the school! How was it possible for a skeptic to be both intelligent and good?

Upon meeting this boy, so distinctly apart from his fellows, I asked him concerning his alleged unconventional utterances, whereupon he sighed wearily, but, being informed that nothing he could say against "sacred" things would shock me, he looked relieved and said he was glad to escape being forced into another of those arguments which were completely dominating his life. When, realizing my sympathetic attitude, he began to explain his views, it was with the use of many "long" words that it seemed a ten-year-old child could not know.

In the first place, he said he could not remember any time when he had believed in the God or the religion his townspeople accepted as a matter of course, but he had kept quiet about his views until the year just past, when his classmates began to annoy him with questions as to why he did not go to church and Sunday school. At first he had tried to evade their inquiries, anticipating the treatment he would

receive if his views became generally known, but one day, harried to desperation, he announced in a loud, clear voice that he refused to attend those institutions because he believed them to be disgusting frauds; that he did not give allegiance to the Lord because he believed God did not exist, and that he had no fear of the Devil for the same reason. The boys heard this with horrified anger which, at first blush, words could not express, but they tried with remarkable success to substitute blows for tongue wagging.

For the remainder of that day he was worried alternately by warfare and stupidly phrased argument. The boy says he learned within a day or two that Christians delight in fighting in packs; for he,

physically weak though he is, was seldom assaulted by one zealous believer, but usually by a group of three or four. Too, he says, the arguments they used revealed their great fundamental stupidity, after a few exhibitions of which he would have refused to become a Christian, if for no other reason than a determination to believe nothing that such morons

("dumb-bells," I believe, was his word) accepted as inspired and divine.

So matters went for several weeks. His life at recess and the dinner hour was one unending torment of attacking the Faith and being attacked; on his way home after school he was commonly beaten by mobs of Christians. These latter organized an imitation of the Ku Klux Klan (in loving emulation of the local Klavern which, until its recent demise, had by actual count eighteen members when on parade), and he was often the recipient of its kind attentions, together with threats to send the parent organization, armed with tar and feathers, to the Agnostic's home some dark night, there to torture him until he recanted his heresy.

One morning, his teacher, an estimable young lady, with whom he was on exceptionally good terms, rebuked her class for whispering as they had done during the religious exercises in the chapel that morn-

This is the true story of the efforts made by a teacher and a preacher to bring to their way of thinking a ten-year-old boy who does not believe in God. This account of the proceedings, the literal arguments and pleas, is exactly as the boy told it, and the reader is assured that although this chronicle may at times read like some wild burlesque, it is the veracious record of actual conversations and events.

ing. "When you do such things you show disrespect for God," she said.

At once a young gentleman with whom the Agnostic had fought sundry battles not only upon the subject of Divine Revelation but upon more personal matters as well, held aloft his hand and, grinning maliciously, informed the teacher that his enemy denied the existence of God. She turned pale and was apparently about to treat the informer to a scathing rebuke for lying about one of his classmates whose life in school and out was practically blameless, when the infantile iconoclast, intent on taking the proverbial bull by the horns, likewise elevated his hand and asked permission to speak. The teacher, sure from the flush of indignation on his cheek that he was about to deny what she thought a monstrous calumny, nodded her head and smiled encouragingly to him. Then, in a strong, resonant voice—so he says, but one that I suspect was shaking with nervousness—he informed her and all his classmates that he believed in no religion whatsoever and could not accept any theory of the existence of God.

The teacher for a few moments seemed too dazed to speak. Then the amazement, indignation and pain that had frozen her faculties melted away and, to the best of her ability, she came to the defense of the Lord. Her first shot of course was that bromide which, says the ten-year-old Agnostic, sums up the entire case for belief in God. "If you don't believe in God, who do you think made the earth?" she asked. The youth, in her eyes doomed unless saved, stated that he didn't know who did that job, and he hinted that he rather doubted whether she knew.

She forthwith proceeded to make use of arguments so exceedingly original that if I had not confidence in his admittedly truthful ways and did not know that Christians are often so ingenuous that, even though possessed of intelligence, as this teacher was, they swallow the most astounding "facts" as being perfectly appropriate and germane to the case they are making out, I should regard the boy's assertions with incredulity. She said, he declares, that the United States of America, thanks to the sainted George Washington, is the greatest nation in the world; that it is the greatest because it is a (or *the*) Christian nation; that it is a Christian nation because it was founded on Christian principles, Washington and the other Fathers having been Christians. She avowed also that God spends practically all his spare time in the Land of the Free and that he has a kindly feeling especially for the domain o'er which serenely floats that stainless bunting, the Star-Spangled Banner, because he always feels at home here, knowing

that in dropping in every so often for a casual visit to the U. S. A., he implants his Jovian footsteps on consecrated Christian soil.

The World War, I think, would scarcely be taken by the intelligent minority of the populace as overwhelming evidence of the existence of a Lord and Savior and the infallibility of the Christian doctrine, but to this excellent young lady it was nothing less. She said that the brutal Germans were defeating with great slaughter the poor downtrodden Allies, and naught the latter did in defense availed them; when lo! the Holy Spirit moved Mr. Wilson (the election being over) to enter the conflict! America (Canada and Mexico, of course, excluded from consideration) is a Christian nation; therefore, the Lord, being on the side of His Own, moved our laddies in khaki to such prodigies of valor that an effectual stop was put to the Bloody Conflict in practically no time—all because Our Father Who Art in Heaven stepped down from his throne and, as a slight token of the obligation he owes the United States for believing on His Only Son, girded up his loins and did tremendous execution on the Huns. She did not assert that, during the butchery, Michael, archangel that he is, cast down his flaming sword, grabbed a bayonet and on its point impaled the vitals of a number of Prussians, but, I suppose, Michael, if he returned to earth today, would hurl aside his flaming sword and grasp a fiery cross.

For about forty minutes this harangue continued and it was mostly devoted to an exposition of the invaluable work of consecrated missionaries in saving the souls of the Heathen, and an incidental statement that the teacher herself understood the doctrine of the Trinity, but didn't expect the children of her class to comprehend its vastness, because it was rather difficult matter for the consideration of budding brains. She was pained to learn that the young Agnostic never prays and that he regards such beseechment for divine compassion as ridiculous. She prayed at all times of the day, she said, and couldn't see how anyone could get along for even an hour without such supplication, silent even though the imploration might be. She would request in her prayers that night that the deluded one be moved to see the errors of his ways, and urged his classmates to pray likewise. Finally she brought this one-sided discussion to a close, on the verge of nervous exhaustion and almost in tears.

The young Agnostic (and, in passing, I may well add here that he refuses to consider his attitude one of Agnosticism; he insists that he is an Atheist, straight-out) tells me that, during the remainder of

the day, in going through the halls of the school, he invariably saw a whispering group of teachers with horror writ large on their countenances, and knew they were talking of him. Once he heard his dearly beloved instructor say, her choking voice accompanied by uplifted eyebrows, "And he's such a *good* child, too!" Then, to confound her with the knowledge that he had overheard her talking about him, he impishly spoke up and gave her a genial greeting, to the tittering of other teachers and the flushed embarrassment of his own.

THIS was on a Friday. On Monday morning, entering the chapel, the boy was mightily concerned to see, seated in high dignity on the rostrum, a prominent minister of the town. Being of an intelligently pessimistic nature, as soon as the youngster saw the grave and reverend gentleman looking down from his seat of honor upon the bright and innocent (so-called) faces of the throng of pupils present, he scented trouble in the air for himself.

Chapel exercises done, the Agnostic went to his class-room and, in company with his associates, prepared himself for the ordeal of arithmetic. Then a discreet rap at the door was heard. His teacher answered it, and, returning, her face bright with ethereal happiness, she went tetchingly up to the boy's desk. Still smiling, she informed him that a Doctor of Divinity was waiting in the library for the opportunity of heaping good advice upon his head. The principal of the school, like the boy's teacher, an excellent and estimable lady, was in waiting, a broad grin on her face, to convey the captive to the library. In company with the principal to the library he went; exchanging, so he says, jibe and jest with her on the way.

To me he described the good man desirous of saving an almost lost soul as being built on the pot-bellied plan. The whites of his eyes were bloodshot, and he spoke in a dull, pious manner. On his countenance there was an aspect of high and stern resolve, betokening that he had come prepared to do battle even unto death with the forces of Incredulity and Ignorance here represented in the person of a ten-year-old child.

The minister's manner at first was genial. He exchanged friendly comment upon the weather and other subjects with his young adversary for a short time, asked an almost endless number of questions about the young man's parents, his age and other highly important matters, then broached the subject nearest his heart. "I understand, young sir," he said, "that your beliefs about religion are rather out of

the ordinary—that your opinions are not commonly held by boys of your age. Is that true?"

Heroically repressing a desire (so the boy states) to ask the preacher what business the entire matter was of his, the boy admitted that his opinions on some subjects might be astonishing to many people.

"Why do you refuse to believe the things that all your little friends *know* in their souls to be true?" inquired the expounder of the Gospel.

The Agnostic replied that what his friends (persecutors they should have been rightfully called) saw fit to think they believed had nothing to do with his own opinions; that he formed his ideas on all subjects without consulting anyone else.

"But," said the minister, "everyone but you believes in God."

"No, not everyone," answered the boy, and proceeded to give the names of distinguished men who do not worship the Eternal nor hold their superstitious souls to be immortal.

The preacher was ready with a devastating rejoinder. He conceded that none of the men mentioned could be considered Christians, but patronizingly asked, "What do the opinions of a few notorious blasphemers mean to you when all the good common people—the salt of the earth—the anointed of the Lord—believe in God?"

The Agnostic, not being, as was the minister, a professional democrat, replied that he preferred to stand by his own opinions, shared by many of the great of the earth, rather than join the mob that lacks the brains to doubt anything told to it by the parson or the kleagle. The preacher, who had gradually been growing graver, now became really severe.

"My child," he said, "you labor under a misapprehension. You think of these men (only obscene little insects having their brief hour in the sun) as great men. They are not great. No man can be truly great who denies God and the divinity of His Only Son. When those wretches lie on their death beds, they will see, and you will know, how puny and how frail they are. All the notorious blasphemers, like Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll, recanted their ungodly utterances, provoked in them by the Devil, and so will you. And let me tell you, my erring young friend, the humblest peasant who faithfully does his duty as he sees it, goes to church on Sunday and loves the Lord, is far, far greater than any blasphemer, exalted though his worldly station may be, who refuses to accept as his Redeemer the Son of the All Highest."

He paused for a moment to let this exalted

sentiment sink into the young brain of the adamantine boy, then requested permission to pray for the salvation of the sinner's soul. The privilege was joyfully granted and the prayer was listened to with eager ears, every syllable of the performance being treasured mentally as a jewel of great price.

The preacher said that, Father, here was a little child too new to the world to comprehend the enormity of the sin he had committed, whom, with a bit of assistance from On High, it was possible to bring into the fold of the Church. Let that assistance be vouchsafed, O Lord! Then, changing into an argumentative manner, he asked the Lord if it weren't true that it was worth while to ransom a precious soul from the clutches of the Enemy? Taking for granted the Lord's concurrence that such action was justly to be commended, "Look," he requested, "O Lord, with favor upon this little child and bring him, who is now but little better than one of the damned, into the fold! Father, let not him be lost, and let not only him, but all the infidels, all the Heathen, see the truth as it is in Jesus Christ!"

The prayer done, and it lasted for fifteen minutes and held much meaty matter not set forth here, the reverend gentleman stated to the boy that he would now forthwith proceed to prove absolutely that God not only exists at the present time, and has from days immemorial, but that Jesus Christ is the Son of His Father.

"If," he said, making use, as had the teacher, of the familiar poser, "you do not believe in God, tell me who made the world?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "Who made God?"

"God," replied the preacher, "always was. Who made man?"

"I think he came from some lower creature."

"Who made that lower creature?"

Then forth from his pocket the minister drew a watch and asked what it was. He was told.

"You admit this is a watch. Who made that watch?"

The boy said the deed was done by a jeweler; the preacher preferred the term watchmaker and, after some squabbling, was allowed to have his way. "Now," he asked, "if someone were to toss some watch hands, a crystal and a mainspring into the air would they come down together, a completed watch?"

It was agreed that such a result was highly improbable.

"Then if you threw into the air, dirt, water and other earthly things would they mix together and

come down as a world like this one we inhabit?"

"Not very likely."

"Then," said the preacher, triumphant in the belief that he had cornered his opponent, "that shows that God *has* to be or the world couldn't be!"

"Look," he said, "upon the beauties of Nature," and pointed to a window through which could be seen three shanties and two ill-nourished pines standing atop of a hill. "Did it not take some more than human hand to design such a divine prospect as that?"

Having thus viewed the handiwork of God and pronounced it good, the earnest conversation-seeker plunged into what may well be considered the finest flight of eloquence to which he ever soared. He became vastly impersonal; on wings of sound he swept through the most exalted reaches of sentiment and attained to sublime flights of oratory in defense of Divinity.

He dwelt at some length on the prophecies as they are duly recorded in Holy Writ. The juvenile Agnostic was implored to consult the Bible: Scattered within it are myriads of passages, it was alleged, which plainly predict the birth of the Savior and other things which have happened since those lines were written, as well as some that are yet to be but are plainly indicated. The boy says that by this time he was feeling tired and listless, but that he aroused himself to say that the Sacred Book, from what he knew of it, was so obscurely written that any line within it could be interpreted to please the commentator's fancy.

Next was considered the subject of the miracles said to have been performed by Jesus. In a burst of enthusiasm the minister exclaimed, "Jesus Christ proved that he was of Divine origin and that he was no mortal man when he changed water into wine—a miracle which can be by no means understood except by admitting the existence of a God-spirit operating within him."

It was perhaps heartless of the fatigued and irritated boy to return the blaspheming reply that the miracle of Christ was a mere cheap trick which even the sorriest sleight-of-hand performers of the present day know how to do. He added his belief that if Christ ever lived he was only some obscure schemer. The preacher almost suffered a stroke at hearing the dreadful words, then in a voice burning with emotion requested, "Forgive him, Father, he is only a child and knows not what he says!" In a moment he was so far recovered that he was able to give assurance that Christ forgives those who deal with him despitely, even those who deny the authenticity of the miracles.

A period of silence succeeded (perhaps it was being devoted to internal prayer by one of the contestants) during which it seemed the minister was casting about for other argumentative material. At length he gave a brief account of the life of Papini, who, he said, was for years a man so wicked that he loved not the Lord. He even denied that God exists, and scoffed at salvation. Then one eventful hour, hearing the solemn swell of an organ being played in a church, penitent thoughts were awakened in his sinful breast. The infidel was melted. He shed tears! He melted more! He went home and, writing later a book admitting his former faults, prayed for forgiveness. The Lord, he discovered, was not, as he had once impiously asserted, a fraud, but a fact! To be purged of sin one must seek absolution through Jesus Christ! Praise the Lord!

The boy had now been addressed by the godly gentleman, so the watch he pulled out told him, for an hour, and was very tired, while the preacher himself seemed to be exhausted. He apologized to the youth "for taking up so much of your valuable time" and assured him that he would be dismissed in a moment. For an appropriate conclusion, after paying a few incidental tributes to the dread of hell-fire as a method of purifying the souls of sinners, he chose the field of fancy.

Once, he said, there was an Arab, who was a very good Arab because he had become a Christian. One morning he conversed in his native desert with an infidel Arab. The chat took place at dawn of day. The skeptic, presumably desirous of avoiding the subject of religion with which, for the sake of the suffering man's sick soul, the Christian had been pestering him, remarked that, by the light of the rising sun, he saw camel tracks.

The zealous good Christian perceived his opportunity. "You see camel tracks in the sand," he said. "Look at yonder rising radiant orb of day and tell me what you see in it."

"I see in it," said the infidel, "the rising sun."

"I do not," was the reply. "Where you see only the rising sun I, being one of the Saved, see the footprints of God!"

The skeptic from that instant knew his error, fell on his face, confessed his faults, became a be-

liever, and spent the remainder of his days haranguing infidels.

The miracle caused in the breast of the wicked Arab by this pretty allegory signally failed, however, to reproduce itself within the bosom of the boy. In despair, the preacher asked once more for permission to pray, received the privilege and made use of it. He asked the Father again to soften the lad's obdurate heart at his earliest convenience and expressed the hope the child would not become so hardened that, in exasperation, the Holy Ghost would be obliged to send him to Hell. He then intimated, ¹⁸⁹⁴ the interview was done, remarked that he had hoped there was no hard feeling between them, shook hands, said in a fatherly tone that all things that breathe must come to accept the Father, Son and Holy Ghost or be forever damned—and, after an incarceration of one hour and twenty minutes, his prisoner was free!

The boy went out through the front door to seek the fresh air and face the jeering schoolfellows he knew were waiting to revile him and to ask him what things the minister had said, and, on his way, he saw the good man shake his head despairingly as his teacher once more said, with lifted eyebrows, "And he's such a *good* child, too!"

When I talked with the youngest Agnostic of my knowledge, these occurrences had for months been past history, but he was still being annoyed by the attacks of his schoolmates, though he had been bothered no more by professional reformers. I learned with delight that the Lord, despite all prayers, had been, so far, totally unsuccessful in bringing him to the pathways of Right (this was confessed to me by his teacher, who cried when I talked of him with her); but I am constrained to record that he admitted with deplorable cynicism that should he be given proof positive of the existence of Hell-fire he would attend divine services as regularly and sing hosannas as lustily as any Christian he knows. I left the ten-year-old Agnostic, however, with the impression that proof of hell-fire has got to be very positive before he changes his opinions; and that, Omnipotence willing, the ranks of Freethinkers are likely to be enriched by the addition of an intelligent adult member before many of the years of Our Lord are gone.

THE Bogany Murals, which we have reproduced on the following pages, are on the walls of the People's House, at Seven East Fifteenth Street, New York City. Taken together, they represent the aspiration of the human race for what has hitherto been unattainable. We are sorry we cannot reproduce these paintings in color, for the coloring is as striking as the design, particularly the deep blue backgrounds against which the larger ones are painted. The wording of the inscriptions is by Clement Wood



THE VALLEY: YEA, THE SIGHTLESS GROPE FOR BLIND UNDERSTANDING.

IN this first picture a group of sightless people are moving slowly toward the edge of an abyss, yet they are incapable of halting their progress.



THE SEA: SURGE, EVERFORMING, EVERCHANGING, EVERLASTING.

SWEEPING upward on the crest of a wave, mankind must only fall again; here everlasting hope and everlasting failure are symbolized.



ISING in the dawn on the peaks of high mountains, humanity is shown in the bright glow of hope---freed from accompanying failure.



TO-DAY: 'MOTHER OF MAN'

SYMBOLIC of to-day is woman, the mother of man ---his origin, ashamed for being the source of him who fails to achieve his idealistic hopes

LOOKING ahead, tomorrow is symbolized by woman ---beauty---the hope of man, that for which he strives as toward a goal within reach at last



TO-MORROW: 'HOPE OF MAN'

The Man in the Moon

BY FRANCOIS DE CUREL

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH BY PHYLLIS PLAYTER

The Lunar Paradise



THE story of Clotar is extremely old. It begins about the time when God, in forming man in his image, deluded himself with the idea of one day having intelligent beings who would appreciate his might. This hope soon changed to regret. For as soon as the earth and the other planets were peopled with reasonable beings God became aware that he had missed his aim. He had united millions of souls to millions of bodies for the purpose of making them kneel before his divinity, and behold the great mass of these creatures were occupied with nothing but profane cares; with the exception of a few individuals especially consecrated to the worship of the Most High, whose homage consisted mainly in reprimanding the people and governing them by veneration.

In general the cultivated spirits were more prone to discuss than to adore. They handled God as a problem and disputed as to whether he were number, idea, or harmony. According to some the whole universe partook of the divine essence the obscurity of which lay precisely in the fact that its very form was impossible to see. Others judged existence a sorry gift unworthy a hand of sovereign goodness. Illustrious geniuses applied themselves to exonerate God and prove his innocence, while those with a taste for simple solution denied any supernatural direction whatsoever.

While the sage thus deliberated, the illiterate envied, robbed, and cut each other's throats, or again, loved one another; all of which turned them considerably away from the end for which they had been intended.

Faced with this pitiful result God began to think that if the Creation were to be done over again it

would be a thousand times better to renounce premeditated adorations and confine himself to the sweet song of the nightingale, which, thanks to its unconsciousness, is not far from prayer.

He remembered a wretched star without water or vegetation which still remained deserted. This was the moon. Here was an inviting opportunity to experiment as to whether a higher being withdrawn from the influence of his fellow creatures, unable either to love or to kill them, would realize at last the unique spectacle of a reasonable being faithful to his mission.

To start with, taken with this idea, the Lord considered the kind of recluse he would place in the moon; and out of the inhabitants of all the worlds he decided on the man he found the most proud, the most sensual, and the most obstinate. Indeed if the exclusive homage of such a creature as this could be obtained, the proof might well be considered conclusive.

The object of this flattering choice was called Clotar. His hair was blond, his skin white, and his forehead ample. He was almost two years old.

He was taken at such a tender age to make sure that his soul was free from any sentiment; and in reality Clotar had as yet cherished nothing but the breast of his nurse, to bite it painfully as soon as he had had his first tooth. This past, though so marvelously summing up the double aspect of human affection, seemed a fairly negligible point.

The Chosen One was suddenly transported to one of the principal summits of the moon. To make life possible God surrounded him with a little air, but did not judge it expedient to place at his disposal either water or plants.

The young Clotar never got angry because there was no one with whom to fight; he never played for

FRANCOIS DE CUREL was born at Metz in 1854. He was educated at the *Ecole Centrale* as a civil engineer, the family wealth being derived from smelting works. He had a certain inclination toward the sciences but was more attracted toward literature. He began his literary career with two novels, *L'Ete des Fruits Secs*, and *Le Sauvetage du Grand-duc*, but soon abandoned this form to write for the stage. Rejected by the *Theatre Francais* and the *Odeon* it was not until he attracted the attention of Antoine of the *Theatre Libre* that his plays were presented. A list of his more notable successes would include: *Les Fossiles*, *La Figurante*, *L'Invitée*, *Le Repas du Lion*, *La Nouvelle Idole*. They have given him a place in French drama as a dramatist of vigor, with a remarkable gift for the analysis of feeling, in the company of such men as Brieux, Hælevy, Goncourt, Dumas fils.

want of companions, and never ran, always being sure of arriving the first. He did not laugh; he no less ever cried.

His existence was much like that of the rocks around him. Like the granite he did not waste himself in useless movements.

All this being so, what need did he have for food or drink? The molecules which the hand of the Almighty had added to his body while he was in the process of growing up remained acquired, like the morsels of marble that compose a statue.

As long as he lived in the moon Clotar never strayed far from the place where he had been set down. He lived there for hundreds of years, all day long stretched out in the sun. Once every century he was alarmed by a neighboring volcano, whose eruptions flung over him lava and ashes. At those times he escaped with the growls of a wild beast to shelter himself in a cave.

Aside from these rare annoyances however, the days of the solitary flowed on happily enough. He was neither awake nor precisely asleep, but in a state of torpor highly enviable. Ennui had no hold over a soul which had never known pleasure.

Each of his moments resembled the preceding one. Why should he have preferred one to another? Clotar's heart had never felt a faster beat, his eye had never questioned the horizon with the anxiety of expectation. He had never suspected the existence of those incomparable moments which make hours of monotony so terrible. The past and the future were confused in the present.

However, his indifference was not complete. Often in the evening when the sun set he would rise slowly, and, seated on the summit of a mountain, he would watch the black shadows lengthen out like yawning gulfs at the foot of the cones, while farther away in the shadows which the high peaks had already projected, innumerable volcanoes burned.

Finally the sun would cast its last ray through space. Clotar would turn then toward the heavens a countenance remotely touched. In the midst of the stars revolved an enormous disk from which he could not take away his eyes. The ecstasy sometimes lasted for hours, during which he never tired of following the phases of the earth; seeing its crescent grow round, and watching for the appearance of the islands whose greenness lay over the pale blue of the sea.

Sometimes the beloved star dazzled one by its whiteness, a sign that winter had enshrouded with snow the country of Clotar, whose brothers were dying of hunger and cold. But at such a distance the

icy countries only seemed more brilliant as they became more miserable. Charmed, Clotar would lift his arms with a sacerdotal dignity, a gesture for him of supreme energy, which meant: How beautiful that is! . . . without adding unfortunately: How great must He be who made this! . . . for he had never seen action evidence itself by a work.

His aspirations toward the ideal went no farther than a transport more or less vague and undetermined. The sun had only to return and the earth became no more than a light cloud in the skies. Clotar laid himself down and closed his eyes, and his piety continued to sleep without any sign of its probable awakening.

This meant a new disappointment for the Creator. Was it for the sake of studying the successive coating of habit of which a morose recluse was capable, that he had isolated the existence of one in the moon?

What was the use of picking out from the inhabitants of the earth an infant innocent of impressions, to cloister him in a planet rigorously purged of all dissipations, from the woman with a disquieting gaze, to the humblest vegetable?

What an outlay of combinations to result in pure loss! To renounce the social man absorbed by passions, only to discover that solitude is no less injurious, in suppressing all passion whatsoever!

From the heart of crowded cities rose sometimes toward God the cry of a stricken soul. But Clotar amid the arid rocks never offered up other than the measured breathing of an animal which takes its rest. As a glorification of the Most High, it was not very much; and the Almighty, irritated, resolved to cut short this sacrilegious tranquility by a severe admonishment.

A formidable storm burst. At the first reports Clotar raised himself to inspect the neighboring volcano, and seeing it peaceful, calmed himself again. Then God flung the lightning on a block of stone near the sleeper, which, in splintering itself, bruised the middle of his chest.

Clotar, who had never experienced the least pain, leaped up with an injured howl. He prostrated himself humbly. The Almighty, appeased by this posture, did not wish to show himself too exacting. The thunder ceased to threaten, and in a short time Clotar relapsed into his somnolent security.

Years elapsed and the reprobate persisted in his indifference. To rouse him a new storm was necessary, received this time also with a howl, but this time with a howl of rage. Clotar shook his fist at the heavens and ran for refuge to the darkest angle of

the cave where he had sheltered before from the eruptions of the volcano. There, believing himself to be in safety, he burst into a fit of laughter.

If the creator of the cave did not make the mountain crumble on the head of the laugher, it was because to be flattened out like a sheet of mica in the granite was too summary and prompt an end.

The measure is heaping, the experience is over, and the expiation will be terrible, even though in appearance almost benign.

The Earthly Paradise

SOME women who were gathering shells at low tide found Clotar outstretched on the shore. He slept. It was impossible for him to have been shipwrecked, for calm had reigned on the ocean for several days. Neither could he have been some wanderer from the interior for the sand around him bore no print.

The women went away without waking him and came back soon followed by a large part of the tribe, the king and the elders in advance. Each one was able to verify for himself the fact that the beach had not been trodden by any foot. All looked at one another stirred by the same idea; the stranger must have descended from the sky.

Though they were a people of peaceful habits, and moreover very happy, they could hardly have passed for civilized. They had no other laws than the good pleasure of a chief, writing was unknown to them, and the words of their language never expressed two things at the same time.

They relied on the appearance of things and miracles were a frequent occurrence. It was unanimously decided that the stranger could be none other than a god.

As soon as Clotar regained consciousness he saw the king, the ancients, and the people prostrated before him. This spectacle was not in the least pleasing to him for he was amazed and terrified by the excitement of the crowd. Until that moment the only movement he had ever observed had been subject to fatal laws and had ended in shocks painful to his body. He was solely preoccupied in the kneeling multitude's incessant agitation, for it seemed to him it must be of the same nature as the fall of rocks at the bottom of precipices. He wanted to flee but his gaze in search of a cavern encountered the sea whose billows sparkled in the sun, and still farther away on the shore, a wood whose branches bent lightly in the breeze. Between the movement of the crowd, the sea, and the wood, he could make not the slightest distinction, and persuaded that he

was hemmed in by the hostile element he had previously experienced, he waited.

The king rose and began to speak. He was a man universally esteemed for his piety and wisdom. His good conscience rendered him bold. He told Clotar his people were infinitely touched by his condescension in visiting them and would deem themselves invincible as long as they should have the privilege of sheltering him. He begged the celestial guest to seek the temple where he would be accorded honors worthy of a divinity.

Clotar listened without comprehending and the immobility of his features, reminding them as it did of impassive idols, only served to add to the sacred terror he inspired.

He allowed himself to be conducted with a ferocious submission which was taken for majesty. On the way, his eyes, accustomed to rocky solitudes, rested on rich fields of cultivated ground where flocks were gamboling. The lowing of the oxen, the triumphant acclamations of the people, and the distant clamor of the sea combined to deafen him with a confused tumult.

Reassured, however, by the temple, whose vault suggested the sheltering walls of a cavern, his subsiding emotion gave place to an intolerable discomfort. Hunger began to torment him, rendered imperious by an hour of existence more eventful than centuries passed in the moon. When the sacrificial dishes were offered, he devoured a good part of them in the presence of the faithful, who were overjoyed at the condescension of the god, who was willing it seemed to do the unheard of, to partake of the sacred food.

The king and the priests installed him afterwards in an enclosure reserved as sanctuary, where he was left in the company of ten young girls chosen from among the most beautiful. Thus attended Clotar could not long escape the physical necessities of which hunger had just marked the invasion. Of all that instinct might perhaps have delayed in apprising him, his ten wives applied themselves with a religious ardor to reveal. For neither shame nor restraint is quite befitting a divine love. Meanwhile the priests who remained in the temple invoked the Creative Spirit.

At the end of several months Clotar was ignorant of nothing a civilized man should know. He expressed himself fluently in a language of images, for, having only conversed with women he conceived speech to be anything but an instrument for demonstration. And since the king, the priests, and the people sought to move him by prayer rather than to

persuade him by reason, he never received the least lesson in logic from the circle which surrounded him.

To play his august role to perfection he had after all not the slightest need of it. Clotar succeeded admirably in holding the piety of the public breathless with words of absolute affirmation, of passionate tenderness, or of overflowing fury.

It was natural that as his speech was only directed to sentiment, his thought should be concerned with nothing but what was apparent. Why should he have doubted of a divinity evident to all? In believing himself God he bowed before a fact, and the pride he derived from the initiation of his senses was enough to give him the complete illusion of creative power.

All the satisfaction dreamed of by a barbarous soul in a robust body waited upon his desire. His thoughtless orders were accepted with blind obedience, and his caprice was wisdom. To the naive intelligences which had elected him he embodied the most perfect image of sovereign goodness, and in relation to his worshipers Clotar was really a god.

Humanity

FROM the terrace which surmounted the temple a vast expanse of country could be discerned, the slope of which was lost in the sea. This terrace was Clotar's favorite resting-place. He passed hours here, grave, in the midst of the chatter of the women, amused only by the swarming crowds of men far away. To watch them thus, so minute and so busy with their affairs under the immensity of the sky, he found, with his characteristic indifference, marked a grandeur comparable to that of the limpid horizons. He was more aware of his superiority when he contemplated his adorers struggling against Nature than when he had them at his feet kissing the flagstones of the sanctuary.

One evening in the gold mists of twilight beyond the forests, he descried a long plume of sparks which whirled upward to the stars. He made inquiries.

"Evidently you wish to put us to some test," answered one of the women. "As you are aware, this is a terrifying sign of your wrath. For a long time the mountain which vomits fire has appeared to be extinct and we had hoped that your presence would have withdrawn this scourge from us forever. But you have seen fit to command it to rain ashes on the vineyards once more and your people are in despair!"

Clotar interrupted her impatiently.

"But woman, recollect! How could the mountain set fire to your vineyards? It rises in the mid-

dle of a rocky plain where nothing grows!"

The woman smiled, devoutly incredulous, but Clotar's attention was otherwise engaged and he did not notice this. With the distinctness of a vision his memory carried him away to a barren country where he ceased to be God. There alone he had fled distracted from an avenging hand in search of refuge, and was no more than a man, as miserable as any among them. The sacrifices, the incense with which they bemused him, the hymns in which they glorified his eternal wisdom, all this was changed in the vicinity of the mountain whose monstrous halo gleamed there in the night. What sort of god could he be then, if from the summit of the temple a woman's eye could discern the frontiers of his kingdom? This humiliating vision left Clotar with his eyes bathed in tears.

Well, was it possible not to adore a god who wept? When the people learned how great was the Master's sorrow at his oppressions they forgot their affliction and abandoned themselves to disinterested penitence. This was indeed the people for a god.

From this time on Clotar's melancholy increased. His thoughts remained fixed in those deserts where he had caught a glimpse of the Supreme Spirit.

But what spirit? And why should he have incurred its hatred? Night and day he wrestled with this thorny problem. There burst from the struggle now and then a flash of poetry, which the attentive priests guarded in their memory, and when writing was invented, made into books, the most beautiful in the world.

Up to this time Clotar had never had a favorite. Incapable of distinguishing between a mystic exaltation and the least refined frenzy, he had found an equal facility in taking his pleasure with each one of his companions. This was quite altered after the anguish of the Unsearchable came to overwhelm his life. The possibility of forfeiting everything heightened his consciousness. It became necessary to exalt even his most trifling satisfactions and his intimacies were no longer simple encounters.

She whom he loved was ardent and frail, consumed it almost seemed by an inner fire. She divined the wound from which he suffered and gloried in consecrating her tenderness as one of his abject creatures to heal it. The god and his ministrant found an immense solace in this sweet converse, which death however soon brought to an end.

Clotar's experience of death was limited to the slaughter of victims and the withering of roses before the altar. Besides he was prepared to see everything perish except himself whose immortality was

celebrated in the chants. But when the cheeks of his beloved lost their color, her smile became heart-breaking, and by the languor of her kiss and the weakness of her voice he understood what was going to happen, his bewilderment equaled his despair.

"My husband and my God!" said the dying woman. "I die happy since it is your will! I know that you will not remain forever on this earth. You have caused me to depart to rejoin me soon. I shall await you in the realm of the just. . . . with what impatience! Can you ignore it?"

Clotar, revolted by the brutality of her death, cried:

"But look, look at my grief! If my love does not save your life it is because I am not God! I am not afraid to avow it to you. . . . sister of my soul! I have had doubts of it which are now becoming a dreadful certainty. A power must exist to which I am subject; which has cast me below here without consulting me, and who strikes you in order to injure me. How could I have offended this god, the real God? Why is it that he has already tortured me with another existence of which I still retain a vague memory? Why is it forbidden me to penetrate the double mystery of his being and mine?"

The dying girl gently pressed his hand.

"You are God! I swear it! Ah! I have not failed to reflect on your sublime sacrifice. It has pleased you to clothe yourself with our mortal body to understand better what passes in our hearts. . . . But then how we love you! Doubt, denial, the terror of a deity more powerful than we are, make up the foundation of our nature, and this is what you accepted when you came to share our heritage of suffering, O my God! my Divine Lover!"

She had but one means of convincing him; not to die. From the moment her soul was given up, there was one infidel and one only in the temple of Clotar, and he was enthroned in the depths of the sanctuary!

The faithful were not long in remarking the sadness of their god. They were at the same time aware that the vines fell off, that the flocks were less prolific, and that only girls were being born. The whole country mourned.

The king presented himself before Clotar.

"O God!" he said, "Forgive a slave bold enough to importune you other than at the hour for public prayer, and pardon him above all for alluding to your personal feelings. For many weeks trouble has brooded over your countenance, and the vintage which promised well is drying up on the vines, the flocks are dwindling, and so few boys are born that

many husbands have made vows of chastity until your mood shall have softened. We are aware that these calamities have succeeded the death of her for whom you weep. O God! I have a single daughter, a treasure of beauty, the pearl of the nation. She is worthy of replacing your adored one. And if more-over there should be anything in this young soul you discovered not altogether to your liking are you not He who sees into the recesses of men's hearts, and may turn them as you will? I give her to you. Receive my child and have pity on our misfortunes!"

Accustomed to accept offerings Clotar made a sign that the petition was granted. After having kissed the dust the king started to withdraw, but yielding to the irresistible impulse of men to confide their troubles, Clotar called him back.

"King, I have a regard for your understanding and integrity. Approach without fear. I would like to question you concerning a doubt which obsesses me."

"Our intelligence is but a reflection of the eternal wisdom," replied the king. "But if it is the mirror's feeble image you demand, why should it be refused to you?"

"I endure an inexpressible anguish," Clotar went on. "I am afraid of not being God. It seems improbable that my might should be the cause of all things. Why should I have rebelled at the loss of my loved one if a will, the master of my own, had not been pleased to drive me to extremities? There you have my painful secret. Do not betray it to anyone, and tell me frankly your opinion."

The king dissembled his extreme embarrassment by a subtle smile.

"You are God. Did you not appear among us without leaving a print on the sand? The multitude did not hesitate an instant in the face of this marvel to proclaim your celestial origin. And even though one person's word may be questioned, you know very well the voice of an entire nation is always infallible. Were it not for that what would be certain?"

"If the voice of the entire universe swore that my love died with my consent, it would lie," murmured Clotar. "And if I am not all-powerful, what am I?"

The king continued to smile which proved that his embarrassment persisted. But, confident of speaking in accordance with his conscience, he summoned his resolution.

"O Lord, your enlightened perception must have already made you aware that I and some of the priests who are better informed suspect that you are not the reason of all things. A god must exist to

whom you are subject. Who is he? Where does he dwell? What does he do? We would be only mad to wish to pierce the mystery which envelops him. It only suits him to be adored indirectly, under certain forms which are imposed by miracles. You are one of these forms. You may well be proud of it, for I consider that the more enlightened a people are, the further the god destined for them is raised toward the Supreme Model, and it is clear my people are worthy of a chosen god. In ancient times they worshiped rude idols and unclean symbols, and tradition furnishes monstrous details concerning the customs of our ancestors. But now we are a nation no longer ignorant of the amenities of life, one which honors the object of its cult."

Clotar, unprepared for the idea that he took the place of unclean symbols, listened with some impatience.

"Why," said he, "should the god, of whom according to you I am a diminutive reproduction, want men to have a religion, since he is at so much pains to remain unknown?"

The king, who had doubtless reflected on this matter as well, answered without deliberation.

"If you ask why we were created I should have to remain silent since all the motives that have been given for it seem so childish. As for religion, the enlightened seem to regard that as an instinct as necessary to man as that of the ant to amass provisions, or as that of the bee to construct its stores of honey. If it were not for religion men would not take long in killing each other off. But the fear of a master stronger than the most formidable of them, softens them to the point where it becomes possible for them to live together and to build prosperous cities. If the existence of a man could be imagined alone upon a planet, it does not seem likely to me he would have any religion, for it would be useless to him and nothing exists without a motive. And, on the other hand, if after centuries of piety the soul succeeds in losing its evil tendencies, I think religion would disappear as superfluous. Pardon me, O God! if I am mistaken; and deign to set right my judgment!"

"You are an infidel!" cried Clotar. "Vanish from sight and perform penitence!"

The king left, very repentant, for it was clear that hypothetical arguments were scarcely those to be used in suppressing scruples. As for Clotar, he had not arrived at that degree of wisdom where the analysis of one's own imperfections may be enjoyed. He remained morose.

The king's daughter had not been overpraised

by her father. Her winged grace and goddess-like form made her love worthy of a temple. But her idolatry of Clotar was in vain, for although in the arms of his new love he dreamed that nothing was impossible to replace, there was one thing which he recognized once lost never returned, and that was the divinity one had carried in oneself!

The princess substituted an open mind for the mystic charm of her predecessor. The conversation of wise men, who had interested her from the time she was very little, had developed her reasoning faculties without destroying a natural feminine disposition to believe much more in tangible gods than in invisible powers. Malicious and gay in addition to this, her laugh behind the sacred veil often echoed the musical harmonies of the faithful.

It was not long before she reigned without rival in the heart of her husband. He envied her good spirits, respected her prudence, and felt his grandeur heightened by the adoration of so sensible a person. If it ever chanced that he was still able now and then to feel himself a god, it was on the breast of the king's daughter.

But this wished-for illusion was rare. He was more often lost in a reverie fertile in invective against the occult tyrant who towered above men's heads. Why should He not present himself frankly to the view of mortals? Why should unworthy gods be appointed to deal with religious fervor? And if these gods were indispensable, why rouse in them the doubt which crumbled them to atoms? Why, if they were unconscious, treat them as usurpers? Was not the true usurper He who permitted the glory of idols, only to reduce them at a stroke to nothingness? And if the idol were a living idol. . . . O shame! . . . O rage! . . . Was any humiliation to be compared to his? A fall more complete? . . . And to the profit of whom? Thus Clotar thought, rigid with fury, while through the clouds of incense the multitude were awed by his serene majesty.

His soul was too sick and he loved the king's daughter too well not to claim her compassion.

"My distress would excite the pity of the most miserable who implore me," he said. "All-powerful I represent only impotence. There is a Master who sooner or later will command your death and there would be nothing I could do to oppose it. What is there I can prevent?"

The princess embraced him tenderly.

"Ah! I pity you from the bottom of my heart. How cruelly you must suffer! I have heard it said there is no anguish greater than to have believed in God and to have lost one's faith. But to be God

and to lose faith in oneself would be inconceivably greater torture!"

The princess divined where his pride was touched and redoubled her almost maternal tenderness. Sobbing he submitted to her efforts to cajole him, and when he was a little calm she tried to make him smile.

"Look what tormenting yourself thus leads to!"

As she said this she pulled out one of Clotar's hairs and showed it to him. It was a white hair.

"Yet it is a young god I love," she said amiably.

With all her wit she had just made a serious blunder. Clotar turned pale.

"The young god," he murmured, "will little by little take on the form of an old one. After white hair will come wrinkles, and then infirmity. At last, like all the old, he will go down into the grave. And they will say: 'Our god coughed yesterday, he is dead this morning. . . . What a miracle! Mortals, let us kneel!'"

Aghast, the princess clasped her hands, for she began to think Clotar might be right. He questioned her again in a hollow voice.

"I implore you, answer me! Do you believe I shall die?"

He had taken possession of her hands and drew her toward him, forcing her gaze. She was compelled to lift her eyes and, stunned at perceiving him livid as the visage of a corpse, she could not restrain a cry.

Clotar did not insist further and for a long time he spoke no more of his death though he thought of it all the time. He might have resigned himself to it if he could have disappeared without leaving the repugnant vestige of his remains as witness to the little he had been. But to contemplate the remarks the people would make over his disfigured body, the irony which would form the cortege of his vanquished divinity, the ridiculous obsequies which would change the temple of his glory into a sepulchre for his bones, constituted a torment which the king's daughter did not fail to perceive. But what was there to say to alleviate it? Being a person of discernment she abandoned her attempts to rally him and found no way out of the difficulty but to embrace him silently. Clotar still responded to this form of eloquence, and often on beautiful evenings he led the king's daughter fondly along the fields to the beach, where together lost in amorous communion, they listened to the sea gasping in the dark.

Soon a gleaming sphere would emerge from the waves which reflected its light with the metallic sharpness of armor.

"I only ask one thing from Him who metes out

life and death," Clotar would say. "That He should place me alone in this star, far from the sight of mockers and inquisitive unbelievers, alone with my decrepitude!"

"Alone?" repeated his love in a tone of reproach.

"Yes," he answered with sadness. "Ah! believe me, I am not insensible to the anguish of eternal separations, and do not long for an hour of felicity away from you. I only supplicate the Supreme Mercy to contrive for me a departure worthy of a god; prepared to endure afterwards whatever He might wish."

Would he be heard? From the time he began to feel related to men by his suffering a profound pity inclined him toward them. The murmurs of the crowd which he had formerly listened to with haughty abstraction now became significant. Hope, fear, and anguish trembled in the low tones of the prayers; and the eyes which burned with fervor, the humble foreheads, the clasped hands, all the wretched language of misery assailed him with a moving eloquence. If it had rested with him to say the word, certainly the wailing assembly would have been dispersed joyous! Gradually he began to conceive of the All-powerful as the Source of Grace. Convinced of his own futility he was none the less able to discover a savior outside himself. In the end he achieved by tribulation what years of reflection had not been able to gain for him, faith in his hidden God and the gift of prayer with the hope of its being answered.

He arrived at the sublime madness of loving the detestable tyrant beyond space. His optimism even indicated the place which awaited him at the end of his earthly pilgrimage, beside the benevolent sovereign, enthroned on resplendent clouds.

The women and the king and priests watched him anxiously, foreseeing ominous events, and unable to discern whether there was anger, scorn, or a sublime renunciation in the word of the god which assumed that he would be claimed by Paradise. The women and the king and priests saw soon enough what it foretold.

A plague broke out with an unheard of violence, not even sparing those whose terror-stricken zeal had brought them into the very midst of the sacred enclosure. Clotar's companions fell around him, and he at each new loss prostrated himself afresh.

"Do you not see that another will exists, brother to mine? That which is commanded is for the best. Glorify Providence whose vision is profound!"

Confounding his surrendered personality with that which governed, he was entirely sincere in his justifications. All accomplished things seemed happy

to him since nothing could happen without the order from on high.

The king's daughter died in her turn. Clotar's calm submission did not alter.

But one evening he climbed the terrace of the temple racked as well as the others with a burning fever. The freshness of the air revived him a little and he listened to the cries of the mourners who were invoking him in the distance. Through the country, in the midst of gardens, on the border of forests, burned funeral pyres of the dead, while at the same time on the horizon, like a pyre better fed than the others, the volcano at intervals emitted sinister flashes.

Once again Clotar felt himself failing. Evil triumphed. In an instant the consoling systems furnished by the ingenuity of his faith disappeared. He was going to expire like his love. . . . like his priests . . . like the first-comer!

Die! He—a god! He flung himself prostrate before this being whose implacability he began to divine.

"Then it is resolved! Divine majesty is to be cast to dust! Yes, for it is your own glory you humiliate in crushing me! You are the Master of gods but I am the god of men, and when they insult my corpse, as they will, what will then remain that they can hold sacred?"

An icy shiver apprised him how vain was his prayer. Poor shattered god who was going to lift up again the indomitable energy of human pride!

Struggling to his feet to find a corner to die in, he uttered a cry of victory. There, far away, the volcano was ablaze, lakes of fire overflowed, heavy smoke rolled into the valleys. Would enough strength still remain to him to let himself be engulfed by this fiery furnace?

He set out, reeling from side to side of the streets and crossroads. Who could recognize in this dying man the god whom no one dared to look at face to face? Those who fled from the lava avoided with horror the passer-by stricken with plague, who was moving in the direction of the crater. On bleeding hands and knees he crawled up the smoking ground, but his eyes took on an expression of triumph, for the molten torrent plunged to meet him covered with a tawny mist. The god vanished as he had come without leaving on the soil the imprint of his steps.

Beyond

CLOTAR has taken up again his old dwelling in the moon, and this time he has forgotten nothing of the past. He remembers having been God. Therein lies the unutterable torture that has been allotted him.

The Creator has never been able to obtain the homage of his creatures. They do not understand either his grandeur or its design. This is the suffering of Our Lord. In desiring not to be the only intelligence he has given himself rivals. When God visits the temples he carries away from them the bitterness of dethroned kings.

The Almighty would have contented himself with one faithful worshiper. Clotar could have been the chosen one. He failed in his mission. His punishment, grandiose and majestic, is to copy the suffering of God. He has seen himself to be all-powerful and is so no longer. He has played before a lost public the mystery of the Infinite, and now his voice rings in the desert. He calls his people, he supplicates and blasphemes, he demands an altar or death. He will never have anything but eternal solitude full of splendid memories and immense desires.



Grandpa and Buddha

He Feared the Squat Ugly Idol, and Then---

BY VELMA CARSON



GRANDPA overheard Mary cautioning her new husband not to leave any of those little blue books around where the family might pick them up. That startled him. But he was wary enough not to blink. So they went right on talking in that low tone that is always meant to be out of reach of deaf ears, but which so often carries better than shouting.

"What do you mean?" this smooth young man Mary had brought home from far away, asked with wonder.

"Well, it's hard to explain to you," she answered, smiling at him. "And I don't mean that these books are shocking, for of course nothing ever seems shocking to you. But —oh well, you know the list you chose."

"Why, Mary, those books belong to literature."

"That isn't an adequate alibi with my family," Mary answered.

The young man seemed to be put out. But Grandpa didn't look at his face. He kept his eyes glued to his newspaper. He hoped that his own face wasn't showing anything. It was wicked to listen like this, of course, but if

his own grandchild was reading novels, and it looked as if that was the case, he ought to know it.

They always had had a time with her. There was that summer when she was only ten and had almost got the novel habit. A sudden fear gripped him now that maybe she had. Maybe for all the fact that she was caught and punished she had never quit, but all these years of her apparently sweet and innocent girlhood had been crawling off to some closet corner, or hiding away elsewhere, reading those sinful stories. It may have got into her blood. For a whole summer, the time Alvin Newberry, the handsome young man who finally ran away with "Little Eva" of the medicine show's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Littletown, had worked for her father, Mary had gone upstairs every afternoon to take a nap. She would appear in the evening when it was time to go

after the cows, a little tired-looking for a child who had just finished a three-hour nap — somewhat "sweated out."

But her mother was a long time getting suspicious. When she finally did go up to see about her one afternoon, she couldn't find her anywhere. Her bed had never been touched. The closets did not reveal her. Nor was she fooling behind a door. Her mother got genuinely frightened and ran through the upstairs rooms crying her name.

When she was sure the second



"Grandma, what does it mean to have c-h-a-m-p-a-g-n-e go to the head?"

floor was empty, half laughing at herself, and half apprehensive, much as she had forced herself to look in the water tanks in Mary's babyhood, she went up to the hot, broiling, sweltering attic to the hired man's room. It was empty of any signs of Mary.

"Darling," she moaned, "Oh Mary, where is my little girl?"

"Here," came a small voice from under the bed.

With an unreasonable picture of her child frothing at the mouth (she had heard of mad dogs going off on hot days to some far corner to die), Alice got down on her hands and knees and peeked under the bed into the breathless space where Mary lay on her stomach, with her elbows propped on an old pillow and a thick, yellow-papered book open before her. There was another volume beside her. "Mura. The Western Lady Detective," the title read.

Mary was wide-eyed with fright where but a moment ago she had been a brave countess kissing her lover a lingering farewell before she climbed down the high tower on a rope of her own golden hair. Alice took that sentence in before she slammed the book shut and jerked it out along with Mary.

Now Alice was not as pious a woman as Grandpa would have wished his son to marry, but she did the right thing in this case. She got the books out of the hired man's trunk where Mary had discovered them when she swept his room—there were fifty in number and Mary was on the last two—and used them to make a fire under her kettle of soap.

She said when she told Grandpa and Grandma about it that night that she aimed for those books to have a good end. "They made very nice soap," she laughed.

Grandma had suggested sorrowfully that maybe they ought to wash Mary's mouth out with it.

"It isn't something you can suds away," Alice had answered. "I came to borrow your 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Let good thoughts crowd out the bad."

So for the next few weeks Mary was allowed to go into the parlor every afternoon to sit on the sofa with the heavy work of Bunyan on her lap. Watching her once, hastily turning pages with her eyes alight, Grandpa had wondered for a minute if maybe she wasn't reading something into that story that ought not to be there. He had never read it himself but the same man he bought it of also sold him his bible so he thought it ought to be all right. And it was bound in black leather with gilt edges. Nothing cheap or bright colored about it. It was what they always pressed the funeral flowers in.

But maybe it hadn't done her any good after all, he was thinking now. He started to take a surrep-

titious look at her from behind his paper but didn't trust himself. He fell to musing again. Yes, come to think about it, it hadn't stopped there.

It was the very next summer that the Ladies Aid got in those "From the Ballroom to———" even now, to himself, Grandpa couldn't bring himself to say that word. He started to—and then substituted the title he had always thought more seemly—the "Bad Place." Not that these were to be spoken of in the same breath as dime novels, surely not; but there were undoubtedly things in them not good for the young. They were published for the purpose of acquainting parents with the pitfalls laid by the Devil to trap the unwary. They were awful to have to read, especially for a woman, but worth it, Grandpa and Grandma had boldly agreed, if with the knowledge of the temptations that lurk in dance halls, parents could save their girls. The author *had* been a little plain. And so Grandpa put his copy on the very top shelf of the tall cupboard. Other parents in the neighborhood had not been such careful hid-ers so that in Sunday school Mary got a note written on a golden text card asking if she had read the new book everybody had. Not understanding the question she took it to her father who turned in horror to Grandpa. They hushed her quickly.

The next time she came to see Grandpa and Grandma she stayed inside while they went to do the chores. They returned to find her swinging wildly to the cupboard door above an upturned chair. One foot was braced on a slipping drawer and one was kicking out for balance. In her left hand waved the prohibited book. Every time she tried to get it back on the top of the ceiling-high cupboard the door swung backward and with treacherous creaking carried her out of reach. They helped her down too shamed to scold her. They hoped against hope that they had caught her in the beginning of her transgression.

But when she asked a few days later, "Grandma, what does it mean to have c-h-a-m-p-a-g-n-e go to the head?" they knew that she had gone through it to the last drop.

"Thank God she had been born in saloonless Kansas," Grandma had salvaged out of her distress. Being too humble to cope with Mary's questions herself she quickly got the astonished child to her knees and prayed to the Lord for guidance.

"Yes." Grandpa was thinking unhappily, "maybe Mary was a peach with a little speck in it. Little blue books this time, huh?" So she hadn't outgrown those first croppings.

But they were talking again where they sat on

the davenport, this healthy, pretty granddaughter of his—"Perty as an angel," he had called her on her wedding day—and this young chap, a likely enough young fellow. Although it did look as if he might be asking Mary's father if there wasn't something he could do instead of sitting around reading. What if he was a professor? Grandpa hated to see a man staying around the house on a week day. Of course the boy didn't look good for much—there was no chance for a school teacher to exercise—but *he* would go out to the hayfield and tackle it, Grandpa thought, rather than say he never tried.

As soon as the young ones got through talking he would go himself. See how the young man liked to be alone in the house with the women folks. No, sir, he wouldn't keep him company an hour longer. He'd leave him without a bit of face. At least you'd think a young man would want to be out at the stack talking to the boys whether he put his hands to a fork or not. Ding

it, you couldn't find anything wrong with the fellow, really, but to think that a man in his family should want to sit in the house in the middle of the day reading dime novels!

Grandpa almost forgot to strain to listen, in working himself up behind his paper over this newly-thought-of wrong. Pretty soon he began to find its connection with Mary's reading. It was probably him that put her up to it, he suggested to himself. Of course it was. This young fellow had led her into it. He knew she hadn't touched a bad story since that time when she climbed to the cupboard and Grandma had taught her the right. Sure, Mary was all right. It was this dude. There! that's what

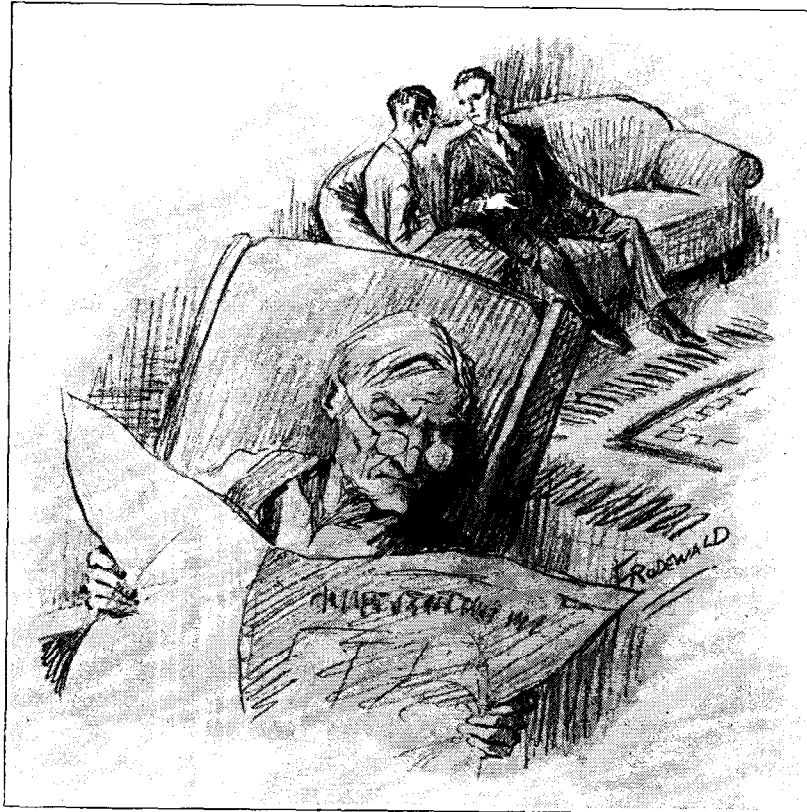
he was. Grandpa had thought so the first time he ever saw him but he had tried to be loyal for Mary's sake.

He guessed he'd have to take the sinner out and talk to him. But no, that wouldn't do any good if he was a rascal. He'd warn his granddaughter instead. But that wouldn't do any good either, he realized. You could see she was pulp-eyed over him. Funny she didn't think her man ought to be out in the field. In love though, and women will forgive

husbands anything. Grandpa sighed aloud. But it startled no one but him. Mary was rising to go. "Remember, Johnny dear," she was saying, "I've had enough experience with my folks to know that they would not understand. Just the word 'novel' scares them."

Grandpa could not catch how the young man answered.

"No, dear," Mary went on, "you're so honest-minded you wouldn't have any discernment about which book would



Grandpa couldn't catch how the young man answered

pass muster. Keep them in our room in the suit case, all of them. You don't grasp something about my family, not having been raised by them for twenty-two years. They would just think we were perverted. Only of course they wouldn't think to call it that."

Grandpa's mind was working fast trying to decide if this speech left Mary still pure. If it didn't he knew it was nobody's fault but that stranger she had married. Why didn't she pick one of the boys around home so that a person could tell what his folks were like?

Did he have any shame? No, he was laughing. Grandpa had a notion to lay down his paper and tell them he had heard it all. But caution held him. He

must work this reprimand out very, very carefully.

"Mary, you're a sweet and lovely girl," the cloven hoof was chiding her. "But, Honey, suppose this family of yours that you have managed to keep out of harm's way all these years should see me reading, say, for sake of argument, 'The Essence of Buddhism.' Would they not merely think I was an erudite young man?"

"Now I told you, Precious, you were too noble to judge."

Mary laughed, kissed her beloved lightly on the forehead and tripped out to the kitchen to bake a peach pie for love's sake.

Grandpa got up and went for air. So it had come to that! Seed of his seed were turning to heathen gods! He didn't have to have any education to see that. He didn't have to understand exactly words like "essence" and "erudite." He knew who Buddha was. He had gone to Sunday school even if he hadn't had a chance in those hard days some seventy-five years ago to go to the public school. A person could pick up a lot in seventy-five years just by staying around. And Grandpa had lived eighty-two years. That is, he could catch on to things if he was a Christian and tried hard.

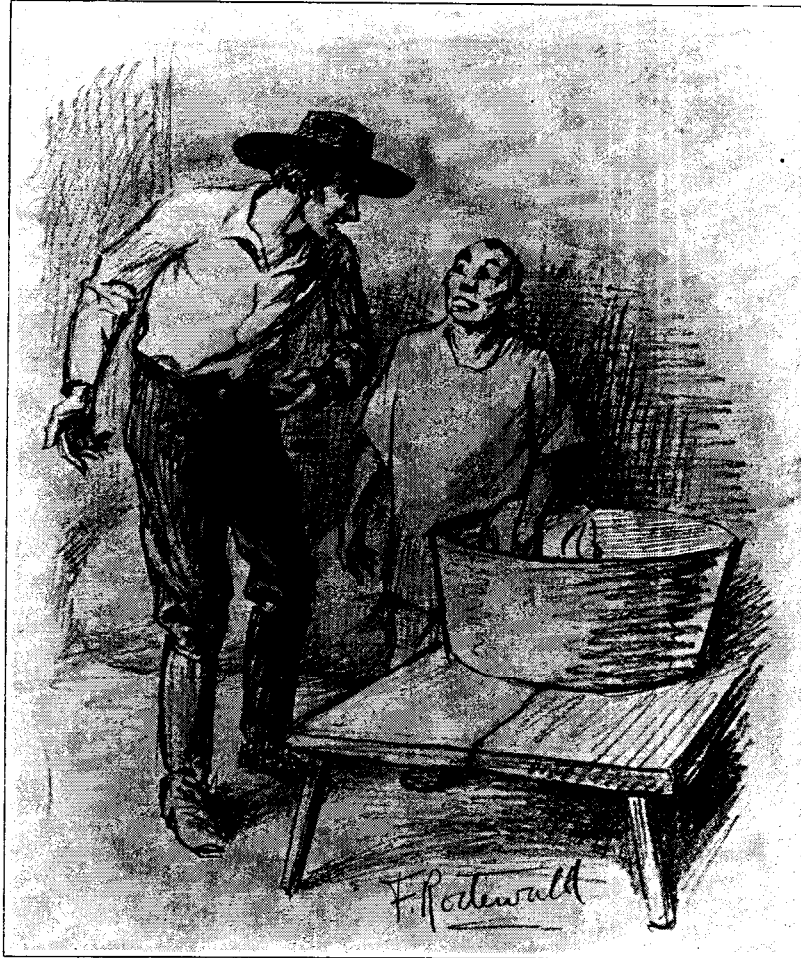
No use to try to teach a Chinaman anything though. Grandpa had known a Chinaman once. Knew him personally—at least as much as anyone could ever get to know a Chinaman. You can't get to know a man very well who is too ignorant to learn to talk English. Grandpa had only known just that one, for he had lived in Littletown, Kansas, not five miles from where Grandpa homesteaded.

In those days Kansas was part of the Wild West. So there were many rich men coming out from the East to buy cheap land and shoot buffalo and prairie chickens. For that reason it was a good place for a laundry to do business whether anything else flourished or not.

Nobody had ever known where this Chinaman

came from. He just got off the train one day with a party of men who had come from Pennsylvania on a hunting trip and settled in a shack on Lincoln Avenue.

Grandpa's nephew from St. Louis took his wash there the summer he spent on the farm. One time he lost the pink ticket the Chinaman had given him. There was nothing on it but two black figures that couldn't possibly mean anything. But nevertheless when Wilbur went back for his laundry the Chinaman wouldn't give it to him without



"No tickee, no washee"

the ticket in exchange. He just stood there bobbing his little, round, black-topped yellow head, winking his slanting eyes, and grinning like a nit-wit.

"No tickee, no washee," was all he would say. "No tickee, no washee; no tickee, no washee."

You couldn't argue with the heathen fool.

He just answered with "No tickee, no washee."

"I guess they're right next to monkeys," Grandpa said at the time. "The little idiot couldn't understand a word we were saying. Why old Shep here knows what you say to him better than that Chinaman."

They never got that wash for three weeks. The Chinaman only gave them the bundle when it was

finally left unclaimed by the people who had their tickets.

"It's because they worship idols that they're so far behind the white race," the preacher explained to Grandpa after being told the story of the Chinaman's stupidity. "They're practically savage," the minister went on, smacking his lips over the fried squirrel of Wilbur's killing that he had been invited to help enjoy. "I don't want to make you sick but it is said that the Chinese eat rats!"

The whole family had shuddered at that.

After supper when the girls had gone to the kitchen to wash the dishes the pastor told them of some more of the barbaric practices of the Chinese that had been told to him by missionaries.

The preacher said he wasn't always sure if some of the practices he mentioned were strictly Chinese or not. But

probably so, for there wasn't much difference between any of those who still labored in darkness.

Grandpa could remember those stories yet. Next to the selling of the girl-wives by the parents, what hurt him most was the thought of those poor little bound feet. When the Reverend Moore left that night Grandpa gave him five dollars in egg money to put in the Chinese missionary fund. He would have given more but Grandma whispered to him that the girls were counting on having a little change the next day to buy them some new corsets in Littletown.

Grandpa had always given what he could after that. He couldn't forget that grinning creature who couldn't say anything but "no tickee, no washee."

He didn't begrudge any money he could give to

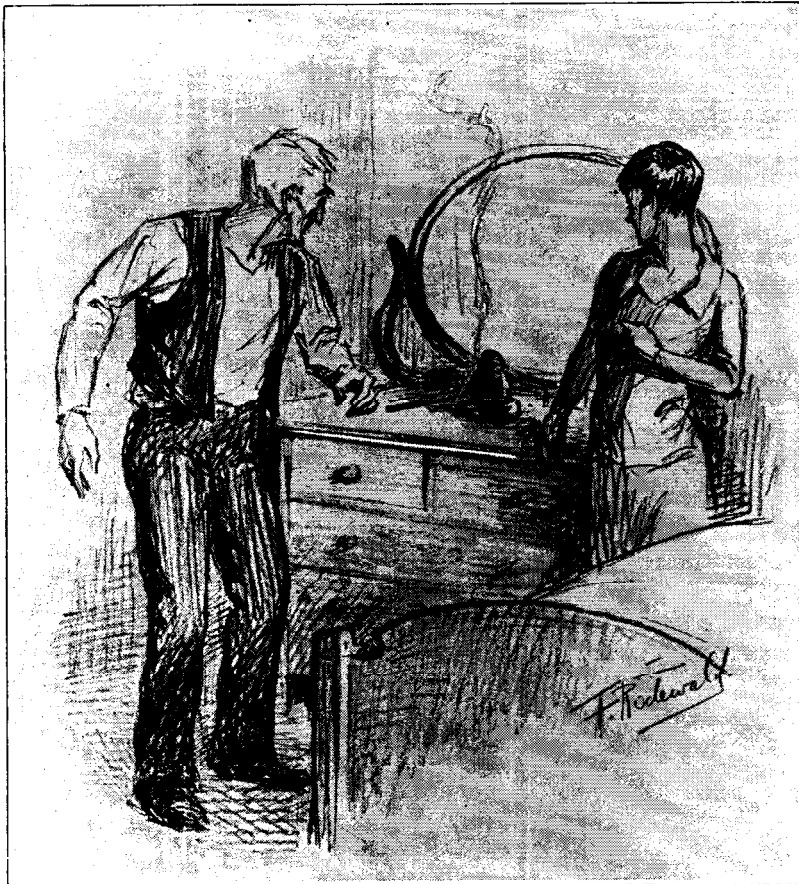
help raise such people to a higher plane of living.

More than that, Grandpa couldn't forget what the preacher said about the Buddha temples. He supposed this little book the children had, told all about that. And about burying a live wife in the same grave with a dead husband. It takes a missionary to be able to tell of the terrible things in the world.

They see the sights.

Grandpa was walking under the pear trees now, pretending to see if the pears were ripe. But he was thinking to himself that if he knew just exactly what was in that little blue book about Buddha, he'd know better how to deal with this trouble his blessed Mary had got into.

He had never got it straight who the temple maids were. What he ought to do would be to read this book for himself before he made a fuss. That would be the most sensible way. Then he'd call in



Grandpa saw on the bureau a squat, ugly figure with something smoking in its lap

Alice and Will and denounce the young man's morals: he would either have to decide to do better and join their church, or give Mary back to those who truly cared for her.

He would gather all the evidence and then spring it like a bomb. He guessed they'd realize the old man wasn't blind or deaf either. It took old men like he was, with nothing to do, to guard a busy family.

But that sneak was going to lock up the books. He intended to steal them out one at a time, for himself, like a robber with a hidden sack of gold pieces!

Grandpa jabbed viciously at a pear. He tried not to entertain the next thought that came to him—not because it would be wrong but because it might be dangerous. But this was a case of saving a soul—

Mary's soul. He had no hope for the young man's. To Grandpa it was exactly like keeping the baby from drinking sour milk.

However he had some sense of dignity in the matter. He didn't want to show his hand until he could do it in a way to teach a proper lesson. Somebody might think that all he wanted was to read something no decent man would want to read. He didn't want to be caught on the stairs.

He had a quick irrelevant remembrance of Mary swinging on the cupboard door.

No, he'd have to get a-hold of that book in some mighty quiet way. Couldn't have a mis-understanding.

Grandpa stayed in the house the rest of the week waiting for the moment when the various members of the household should all be out on an errand. But he never saw people stick so close. Especially this oily-tongued: but no use to call him names. Treat him cool. That was enough. "Mr. Terrence," he'd call him. And he did, much to that young man's bafflement.

Many times Grandpa started upstairs to make a bold search. But once he was in the hall by Mary's room his courage would fail him and he would march on by to his own, get a clean handkerchief, and come back down again, using it ostentatiously. It began to get on his nerves to the point where he lost all judgment and began to see in those cheap editions of accepted foreign and American literature the young couple had brought home for their vacation reading, subtly poisonous agents of Satan pouring sin into the veins of the unsuspecting.

Years ago he had seen Grandma color a white petunia with green ink. So he was now half-expecting to see fine green lines showing through Mary's white skin. He found himself imagining terrible stories that illogically took the concrete form of those ghastly devil-fish he had once read about in the *Religious Journal*. Something that her parents and

old grandpa must not know about.

"Poor little Mary, poor good, lost little Mary," he knelt at his bed and prayed. He asked God to show him the contents of those little blue books.

Then something happened which convinced him that too much time had already been wasted.

He had creaked upstairs for what seemed to him the millionth time and was pausing tremulously just outside Mary's door when she called cheerfully.

"Oh. Grandpa, is that you?"

He started guiltily but retained enough presence of mind to answer

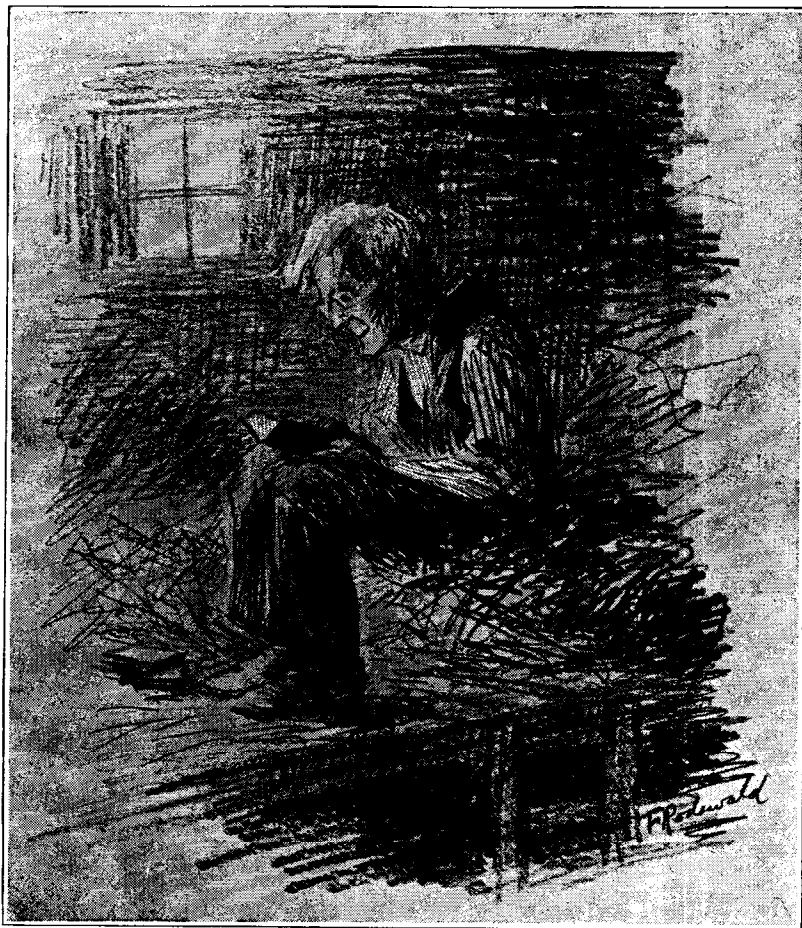
naturally. "Yes, Baby, what is it?"

"Come in a minute. I want to show you what Johnny's brother, the engineer in China, you know, sent us for a wedding present. It just came."

Grandpa stepped into the room and saw on the bureau, with Mary dancing happily before it, a squat, ugly figure with something smoking in its lap.

Somewhere he had seen pictures of something like it but he couldn't think just where. It reminded him of the devil-fish. Somewhere—oh yes, where he had seen those sea monsters, in the church paper. Then it came to him.

"Mary," he asked in a deadly level voice, sickness in his heart, "Is that an idol?"



He read on and on, and on

"Yes," his pet, his pride, his only and adored granddaughter innocently answered. "Isn't it wonderful? And Bob sent such wonderful jasmine incense to worship it with."

She clapped her hands and came over and squeezed poor Grandpa's all but congealed arm.

"Won't it give Johnny's and my studio atmosphere? You know what it is of course, Grandpappy," she said happily, "it's Buddha, a Chinese god."

The spirit went out of Grandpa. Better to have drowned in baptism than to have lived to see this!

But before he could speak she was out and gone, running down the stairs to get Johnny to come and smell the incense.

He was alone in the room staring dazedly at the sleepy-eyed Buddha. Then he realized that here was where he had been trying to be for a week. He came suddenly to life and knew that he hadn't a moment to lose. He rushed to the open suitcase and blindly put in his hand, brought up all the blue books that would stick to his fingers, crammed them into his pockets and hurried down the stairs. It was all he could do to keep from collapsing when he passed Mary and John in the hall.

He was shaking but he walked carelessly. To the barn he'd go, he thought. Young "Boiled Shirt" would never come there. He decided he'd better go up in the hay loft too. He wouldn't want Alice to find him either.

Tonight they would show that young whipper-snapper the gate. It would hurt Mary, he felt a little contritely, but it would be for the best. She would be with those who really loved her. Maybe he would take her for a trip to California. He and Mary always had such good times together. Didn't they though?

And this foreigner was wanting to take her so far away she might never see her old grandfather again. He hadn't long to live. He'd soon be with God and Grandma. Tears came to his eyes at the thought. It was pleasant fooling around on the farm.

It was a tough climb up the loft ladder. He hadn't been up there for he didn't know how long. He was out of breath when he reached the piles of sweet alfalfa hay. He sank down on a mound of it and closed his eyes for a minute before he fumbled through the books for the special one he was after.

He hesitated about opening it. Would God forgive him for having dealings with anything heathen? Or if there should be anything wicked written in it?

He prayed earnestly before he lifted the cover. With the "Amen" he went resolutely to his duty.

He was surprised to find what seemed to be

verses of poetry. He tediously read through the first verse. He was puzzled. He went on with the second and the third.

Then he turned back and looked at the title.

He read on and on, and on.

Something was happening inside of Grandpa. He looked once more at the title—spelled it out word for word. Yes, it said it was stuff about Buddhism. But Grandpa couldn't understand. For here is what the heathen book was saying:

"Overcome evil with good."

"Hurt not others with that which pains yourself."

"Why that's just what Jesus said," Grandpa mumbled to himself, "almost the same thing."

He read on.

"Though a man with a sharp sword should cut one's body bit by bit, let not an angry thought arise, let the mouth speak no ill word."

And here was a Chinaman's name signed to it—Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsan-King.

"If that ain't a Chinaman's name then I don't know what is," Grandpa unconsciously said aloud. his brain going round and round.

The laundryman's name had been Fo Hing Lee.

"No tickee, no washee; no tickee, no washee," Grandpa could hear him chanting.

And right on the page before him this Fo-Sho-Chinaman was saying, "The practice of religion involves as a first principle a loving compassionate heart for all creatures."

"I guess all Chinamen ain't alike," Grandpa concluded.

As he read on Grandpa thought of the money he had scraped together year after year to help save the heathen. And they already knew about "doing unto others." Then why hadn't they ever sent missionaries over here, Grandpa thought a little resentfully. For all those Chinamen knew, he might be a heathen!

Grandpa had the wistful feeling that there was a great vast world somewhere beyond his own farm that he didn't know anything about—that perhaps people were thinking of things he had never heard of. And he was eighty-two. He would be going on without ever knowing.

Why, if his clever Mary hadn't married a smart young professor he might have died thinking Chinamen were right next to monkeys, gibbering and jabbering.

He had forgotten Mary's idol. In the excitement of his new discovery he had forgotten why he had hidden himself in this webby loft. The cooing

of the pigeons in the cupola and a beam of yellow sunlight coming straight at him from the high dusty window, together with the quiet and the fragrance of the hay, filled him with an odd contentment. He read on, his crooked, eager finger leading the way through the pages of the book.

Grandpa was exploring into the hearts of other men—yellow, slant-eyed, Chinese men, who lived on

the other side of the world—and was finding what was in his own. They were people, he was thinking. Chinamen were people.

Why there would be Chinamen in Heaven, of course. He had never thought of this, in spite of his belief in the missionaries. The idea made Heaven seem more interesting to him than it ever had been before.

Fred C. Rodewald



RED C. RODEWALD, the Quarterly artist, was born in 1905—another indication of the way in which this first issue of the Quarterly is extolling youth. He lives in Hoboken, N. J. He did not come to the United States until 1912, for he was born in Bremen, Germany. There is no question of his artistic ability, for he drew not only the cover design, but the illustrations for “Grandpa and Buddha”—and the portraits, except George Sand, for “The Love-Life of George Sand”—and the portrait of John Stuart Mill for Joseph McCabe’s “Futility of Belief in God.” Mr. Rodewald studied art under Leopold Matzal. . . . Fred C. Rodewald shows, as does Ralph Oppenheim, that the youth of today is making its way. Young people are seriously at work, doing things—important things—and doing them well. They are making names for themselves, and these names will be heard ere long, and justly, for there will be honest achievement behind them. . . . The Quarterly is fortunate in being able to present, in this first issue, such significant, excellent work as the designs and drawings by Fred C. Rodewald.



America Comes of Age

Notes on a Renaissance of the Arts and Their Appreciation

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG



I RECALL an interesting conversation with Mr. Mencken in the old offices of Alfred A. Knopf. The *American Mercury* had just been launched; I doubt that it yet had quarters of its own. Changes were in the air, and before long the noblest Borzoi of them all was to move into the more imposing stronghold on Fifth Avenue, from which he now conducts his campaigns. Discussing the slump in the sale of novels from foreign tongues, Mencken and I, by devious routes, arrived at the same explanation: the native product was improving so greatly that it was assuming, in the eyes of sensitive readers, a more considerable place. This does not mean that the novel in the United States was becoming superior to the novel in Europe. It does mean, however, that it was fast acquiring a finer relevancy to American life; that it was creating new values; that our newer authors were showing a tendency to approach their labors with an artistic conscience and with a knowledge of what the better technicians and creators were doing abroad. That such a thing as a truly American language existed might be open to doubt; there could no longer be any doubt that, psychologically, we were producing an American literature. Poetry and drama shed their glow in this dawn of a new day. There were modest sounds of a new music, too, that we might begin to call, at least, our own.

The war? The war may have accelerated the rhythms, but the stir was there before August, 1914; before the Woodrow Wilson of 1916. In Germany, too, whence comes much of the influence that today operates upon our stage, the new *Sturm und Drang* that was to eventuate in Expressionism was discernible before the outbreak of the great conflict. Yet the war, which submerged all but the finest intellects, forced upon that minority a critical self-examination which was bound to prove salutary. We had been dwelling in a prolonged adolescence that promises at last to enter upon its majority. There are Americans who wear their newly discovered culture as gracefully as the coming voter wears his first pair of long trousers. The air of what they are shedding clings

still around them. Our contemporary writing walks gawkily in a similar aura; it moves, too often, with the graceless promise of the "backfisch." But at least, and at last, it is ours, and that is something. The excessive self-consciousness of the awkward age becomes soon a power for self-criticism, which in turn involves the formation of new and higher standards.

We were developing, even before the war, a self-criticism that was something more than the abasement of patriotic self-praise. Often it was raucous and shallow; when funny, its humor may have been cheap and shoddy. Its direction, however, was more important than its quality. The way was clear for a sanitation of the national spirit, and in this I consider that Mencken played a far greater part than those of our critics whose patriotism was more pronounced than their judgment. Even while we were inclined to ridicule the pretensions of our "new" poetry (Mencken's blind-spot), even while we sneered at the "great American novel," good poetry was being written and good novels published. Latterly we have begun to produce a new American humor, the result not of our early sophomoricism but of our late sophistication. We may yet rise to a satire more subtle and an irony more sharp than our writers have thus far given us. These, the better fruits of an intellectual civilization, indeed announce a true coming of age.

The closing scene of Barrie's play, *What Every Woman Knows*, provides us here with an admirable parable. Shand, the humorless climber who owes his political success to the wife whom he would abandon, is brought to his senses by her unflinching strategy. At the very end, when something of the truth has seeped through his thick skull, he is teased into an outburst of laughter that is loud and long. It is his first laugh. It is the first sign that he has laughter in him. Now we know that he has been cured; that he is henceforth reasonably safe from the curse of humorless self complacency. Now, the quality of American laughter is improving. It is no longer the mere guffaw; if the throat still rasps, the eye has begun to twinkle. The adolescent, surveying himself with immense satisfaction in the mirror of his vanity, gives way slowly to the adult, whose mirror is behind, not before, his eyes. The true sense of humor is seen

to include even tragedy; it is, indeed, inseparable from a sense of proportion.

These finer qualities of appreciation become daily more evident in our artistic production. There is plenty to abominate, and no honest critic, in an attempt to foster national excellency, would praise mediocrity in the mistaken notion that the praise in itself is somehow encouraging. The often savage critiques of Mr. Nathan, for example, have done more to stimulate a real attitude toward the drama than all the mellifluous lecturers who ply their trade from Broadway to Point Loma. Not that Nathan is always right or that Brander Matthews is always wrong; there is nothing less critical than the sort of admiration that some persons bestow upon their favorites. True leaders, as Havelock Ellis has written, turn their backs upon those they lead.

The great significance of the new poetry, the new novel, the new drama, the new music in the United States, is that it proceeds from a spirit of self-criticism and increasing self-knowledge. Its intense preoccupation with problems of technique is a phase of that self-criticism; from another standpoint it is even an aspect of the era of introspection which centers around the name of Sigmund Freud. I have said before that Freud (and, in more than one case, Adler, Jung and names from a less familiar group might be substituted) is entitled to half the royalties on most of the new plays and novels and poems being written today. It was psycho-analysis, in its various developments, that largely determined the course of the modern novelist, playwright, poet. It came upon many creative spirits with the flash of a sudden revelation. Regardless of what remains from the mass of theory that Freud has called forth, *it may well be* that his name and the year 1900 will bear, in the history of psychology, a significance similar to that which now attaches in biology to Darwin and 1859. I set this down not as advocacy of a theory, but as partial explanation of an evolution in the arts.

In this evolution the American artist is playing his part. The crudeness of our national repression may be paralleled by a crudeness in the forms assumed by a liberated air, but here again direction is more important than quality. If we do the right thing long enough, we shall eventually do the thing right. Which attributes, then, may be said to be held in common by the writers to whom we may look for a valid American literature of the near future? Not so strangely, they are the attributes characteristic of validity in any country and at any time: distinctive sensibility, a technical equipment adequate to the communication of such a personality, esthetic au-

thenticity. There is a sense in which the United States, despite any political action it may take, has already joined the league of nations. Its new art has shed provinciality; it has, to be sure, a local habitation and a name, but it has tapped a source that brings it into relation not with a state but with a world. The old era of muck-raking has yielded to one of mind-and-soul-raking. We have, in a word, as a nation begun to discover ourselves. The rest is a matter of time.

II

PERHAPS it is in the novel that we may most easily trace the emergence of the new American attitude. Of course it is easy, today, upon picking up one of the latest productions, to murmur the name of Gertrude Stein or of James Joyce, and to dismiss the work as an obvious imitation of the expatriate American or the author of *Ulysses*. There can be no doubt that Joyce, especially, with his remarkable novel of a single day in Dublin, has profoundly affected the technique of a younger generation. It may yet appear that he has affected no less profoundly the technique of the novel itself. Yet Joyce himself is but a symbol of a modernity that has invaded occidental literature and music. It is not merely that he represents a many-faceted introspection, that he has burrowed deep into the subconscious. He is one of many who exemplify, with the inevitable personal differences, the disintegration of contemporary life. Something has undoubtedly departed from our living; something is coming to take its place. This centrifugal urge of the arts, this seeming cataclysm of unity, this fleeing from the center, is but the first half of the story. A new integration will happen—a redistribution of the selfsame parts that make up our lives. Decadence, in art, has somewhere been defined as an excessive attention to parts, just as classicism, viewed from the same standpoint, is a preoccupation with the harmony of the whole. If that be so, we are in a decadent age. But this carries with it no moral stigma; it is only an esthetic distinction. Art is justified by its results, not by its methods; better stated, the greatest art effects an organic unity between matter and means.

We may distinguish between the introspective attitude and the introspective method. Dreiser, for example, in *An American Tragedy*, employs such an attitude, but with a realistic method; Anderson, on the other hand, in *Dark Laughter*, is in both attitude and method introspective, without the sacrifice of realism. The reason for the differences in the novels is to be sought, not in academic labels, but in the men

themselves. John Dos Passos, in *Manhattan Transfer*, plays yet another variation upon the new theme, with the realistic feelings of a Dreiser, the introspective attitude of both a Dreiser and an Anderson, and the intricate, contrapuntal style of a Joyce. H. S. Gorman, in *Gold by Gold*, filters Joyce through his own personality; even Fannie Hurst, in *Appassionata*, using Joyce as a stimulus, writes one of the most personal, one of the most artistic, one of the most successful of the latter-day American experiments with a new technique—a technique, I would say, of the psyche as well as merely of novelistic style. It may seem strange to say so, and I must confess that I never expected to find myself singing so clearly the praises of an author who is a "best-seller," but in some respects Fannie Hurst has bettered the work of her male competitors. *Appassionata* is not only a novel of originality, presenting as has been rarely presented the virginal type of maid who is born more for marriage with Christ than with man; its method is admirably fused with the inner nature of the tale. She has done for her Laurie Regan what Anderson, in a number of remarkable tales, has done for his strange, but living, men. Already she has reaped part of her artistic reward; one critic publicly advised her, in his notice of her book, to purchase a grammar and a dictionary. . . .

Our recent literature, however, is not a mere allegiance to novelty of method. Even in its variety it shows promises of a new life, for there is something dead in the letters of a nation when they lend themselves too easily to classification. Sinclair Lewis' satirical novels are glittering evidence of the emergence of our self-criticism; Cabell's sub-vocal romances, with their sheen of a highly personal prose, may be a personal refuge rather than a national revelation, but their style is no mere peacockery of rhetoric. It is the verbal mirror of two milieus: Cabell and Poictesme. I am, in these notes, concerned with a national panorama rather than with individuals; it should not be forgotten, however, that the work of art in itself is more important than any category, and that its first purpose is, not to afford proof of a critic's thesis, but to live its strictly individual life. Lewis' novels, it may turn out, will make history; Cabell's romances will make literature.

There may be a lesson in the highly interesting spectacle of the young German Jew, Franz Werfel, whose *Bocksgesang* ("The Goat Song") was recently produced by the Theatre Guild in New York. Werfel's plays, *Spiegelmensch* and *Bocksgesang*, are written in the manner loosely labeled expressionistic; turning to his novel *Verdi* (now also to be had in

English) we find it difficult to believe that the man who wrote the plays wrote the tale. *Verdi*, in technique, is old-fashioned; in fact, the structure is inadequate not only to Werfel's particular story, but to the telling of any tale. It hovers between two worlds and remains in limbo. Yet the idea behind *Verdi* is the idea behind *Spiegelmensch*: humanism, even renunciation, as against romanticism, presented (in the play) in a manner that is by unintentional irony neo-romantic. In the case of the play Werfel hit upon the true form; in the case of *Verdi* he wrote a novel instead of writing, as he should have done, an essay on music and character.

The problem of the younger American novelists is largely one of form, not solely of technique; form in the sense of esthetic authenticity. It is, by that same token, the problem of the artist of all times and of all climes. The mistake of the younger artist is to adopt the externalities of a form and to forget that style is not a mask but a face—not an extrinsic embellishment but an organic aspect. Paul Eldridge, in his contes, makes no attempt to be modernistic; he achieves artistry, none the less, because he makes it seem that his tale could not have been written otherwise. In some of his pseudo-Chinese poems he attains to this same seeming inevitability.

III

AS a nation we are beginning to share the delights—and the naivete—of the famous *bourgeois gentilhomme* who glowingly discovered that all his life he had been talking prose. We, too, have made our discovery: that we have a soul, a psyche, a subconscious, a call-it-what-you-will. Psycho-analysis often makes people foolish, but it renders them far more interesting to themselves—and to others—than they are in their pedestrian habits and modes. Our writers, our younger composers, delve beneath psychic surfaces; strangely enough, and yet not so strangely, their heightened consciousness of American life is accompanied by a more scientific realization of the ties that bind us to the other side of the ocean. The voice of jazz, for example, is the voice of Jacob America; the hands that make the arrangements for our best bands are the hands of Esau Europe—natives, that is, whose own contribution is based upon a knowledge of what the modernists abroad are doing. The modernists abroad have not been slow to return the compliment; again art exemplifies that league of nations which may subsist beneath the designs of diplomats. Eugene O'Neill is played in France, in England, in Germany, in Russia; our musical comedy invades British playhouses; jazz tramps

with its rhythms over all the world; our moving-pictures penetrate to the jungles of Brazil. In all this, good or bad as it may be, inheres something that is ours, often wrested from this soil and transmuted by a dominant, a significant personality. Patriotism I am content to leave to the pathologists; I am interested only in showing that our variegated life is producing a host of variegated manifestations in the arts, and that some of these begin to achieve stature. They do so, not only because they are American, but because they transcend their origin. What pleases me more than that America has begun to produce art is that it has begun, in relative abundance, to produce artists. To our concrete possibilities we have begun to apply concrete personalities; we are developing, too, that audience which Whitman asked for the emergence of creators.

I have just mentioned O'Neill. It is in the theater that we have made more than one of our more spectacular contributions. O'Neill has sometimes been carelessly dismissed as an American branch of the German expressionist activity, just as Dreiser has been labeled an American Zola. Yet Dreiser, on a memorable evening of last spring, told me that he had read little or nothing of the Frenchman; and O'Neill, in September of 1925, was kind enough to write me that he had a deep appreciation of my book. *The Drama of Transition*, since it was "there that I first got some real inkling of German Expressionism about which I was naturally curious after my 'Jones' and 'Ape' had been so labeled by the erudites of the press. Not, of course, that no mention at all of Expressionism had reached me before that, but because of my dim knowledge of German, I had no means of getting any definite clue to what it was all about." O'Neill, from our standpoint, is especially indicative of an awakening national self-consciousness; historically and esthetically he is of outstanding importance. He begins with one-act thrillers of most melodramatic cast; he progresses to tense dramas of the sea, thence to a powerful tragedy of the land; he is almost labeled by the critics when his *Emperor Jones* and *The Hairy Ape* send them to Europe for new terminologies; his restless spirit seeks, experiments, ventures; the poet in him dictates *The Fountain* (ruined on the stage by indifferent acting and too many irrelevancies of production, such as stage pictures and incidental music); much of that same poet is in *The Great God Brown*, which is a poet's protest against the prose of American life. His critics deny him a sense of humor; how wrong they are will appear when *Marco Millions* is at last produced. It is worth while noting

too, that *The Great God Brown* and *Marco Millions* and *The Fountain*, like more than one of O'Neill's early plays, are born of a poetically masculine attitude toward life. *Desire Under the Elms* was "new" only in a scenically experimental sense; it moves with the simplicity of Greek tragedy and with something of its terror and pity.

O'Neill's true importance may be gauged by comparing him with some of the Germans who were supposed to have influenced him. Such a comparison relates both sides to a universal stirring that is broader than any single country. From it, too, O'Neill emerges in triumph. I should like, out of mere curiosity, to know more about the workings of an institution like the Theatre Guild, which can find place for a play such as Kaiser's *From Morn to Midnight*, or Werfel's *The Goat Song*, or Toller's *Masse-Mensch*, and yet manage to overlook O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*, *The Hairy Ape*, *The Great God Brown*.

O'Neill, however prominent, does not stand alone. With varying degrees of success, the new outlook has been presented in a fashion correspondingly new by such playwrights as Elmer Rice (*The Adding Machine*), John Howard Lawson (*Roger Bloomer*, *Processional*), Kaufman and Connelly's hilarious adaptation from the German of Paul Apel, (*Beggar on Horseback*), and so on. In all these plays is the inevitable discontent of the creative nature set adrift in an acquisitive world. That America which our southern neighbors have been too easily (yet not always unjustly) induced to consider as the Caliban of the North, begins to reveal its Ariel qualities. Artistically, indeed, the joke is often on South America. Has it, for all its idealism, produced a dramatist to equal O'Neill, a group of recent novelists to hold their own beside Anderson, Dreiser, Cabell, Lewis, *et alia*, a group of recent critics to suggest the versatility of Spingarn, Brooks, Mencken, Nathan, Lewishohn, Macy? I suspect that even in the poetic field our late production has afforded much that should counteract the exclusively Arielesque pretension of idealism below the Rio Grande. And I am certain that Caliban's footprints figure as darkly in Buenos Aires as in Bagdad-on-the-Subway.

We find, then, in the play what we have found in the novel: the newer forms betoken a preoccupation with inner states, with what would have been called, not so long ago, the soul. Much of our new scenery suggests a cross-section, as if to parallel the intent of the plays it clothes. Often, even when our most practical spirits imagine that they are toying with technique, they are, willy-nilly, turning new

facets of the national personality (and of themselves) to the light. The theater and the drama are surely doing their share in the national airing.

IV

DEVELOPMENTS in music add yet another variation to the theme. Jazz, although it has not yet produced a roster of masterpieces, is musically far more important than its addicts realize, than its opponents can understand. I do not think it would be difficult—though it would seem a mere *tour de force* rather than a reasoned conclusion—to show that the evolution of the arrangement of the popular song parallels the growing complexity of modern life and its bias toward introspection. Let me suggest how this might be done. Go back, first, to the “coon song” of thirty years ago. The words, of course, drip with unconscious humor; during the three decades the content of the verses has changed but little—far less, indeed, than the content of the music. Look closely at the accompaniments, now, and see how simple, perfunctory, unimaginative, uninspired they are. Notice how clumsily the notes are often distributed between the left and the right hands; how thin the harmonic texture, how limited the variety of chords, how simple and brittle the chord construction. Between the days of ragtime and the days of jazz stretches an important musical evolution. Ragtime is merely syncopation of the melodic line—rhythmic displacement of the normal accent; jazz not only plays with the syncopation of all the parts, it runs amok through all the treatises on harmony and counterpoint. Ragtime is a rather monotonous application of unexpected accents; jazz is free counterpoint, woven out of independent melodies, careless as to the harmonies incidentally established, even courting piquant dissonances. Between 1896 and 1926 the popular ear has been educated far beyond the musical rules and rituals of the schoolroom. It has unconsciously developed the faculty of assimilating, within the space of a single musical bar, an unbelievable variety of rhythmic, melodic, harmonic, and contrapuntal vitality.

There are economic reasons for these changes. Consider the vast increase in the use of the piano as a household instrument and the concomitant improvement in the technique of the average player. Consider the competitive urgencies that have forced many excellently-trained musicians into the field of the popular song. The ability of the ordinary pianist has followed the skill of these arrangers. To play properly much of contemporary jazz—even that which is, like most manufactured music, intrinsically

worthless—requires a respectable technical proficiency. Consider, too, the wide popularity of other instruments that once were curios: the banjo, the saxophone.

There are psychological reasons for these changes, too, and these, for the purposes of this article, interest me more. Our life has been growing more complex; the popular song, always a thinly disguised vehicle for more or less public lovemaking on the part of those with a limited range of feelings and expressions, reveals in its modest way the effects of that complexity. The words, as I have said, remain much the same during the thirty years under review; the music, which says even more than the words, has become far more insinuating than ever, far more clever in suggesting the unspoken words between the lines of the printed or spoken ones. Let us out with it: ragtime, for all its sexual implications, is (or was) outward-looking; jazz, for all its superficiality, exhibits introspective qualities. It is, musically, a cross-section of that which ragtime showed only on the surface. It belongs, psychologically, in the same category as expressionistic drama, the prose of James Joyce, the researches of Sigmund Freud, the poetry of T. S. Eliot, the cartoons of Rube Goldberg. It is, in a word, a phase of the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of the times.

Jazz has, in its own way, heightened the national self-consciousness. It has revealed a new vitality. It has already, like our other arts, become healthily self-critical. More than one of our “serious” composers have tried to assimilate its spirit; in the case of Aaron Copland, the young Brooklyn Jew, this has been accomplished with remarkable success, and with no concession to the more obvious antics of instruments imitating unmentionable functions of the human digestive system. Nor have I in mind the “refinement” of jazz; as well seek to refine any other type of folk song or folk music. The attempt has been made by some of our more academic composers, and the result has been sad. Copland, and composers like him, give to jazz their own personalities. They do not make the mistake of magnifying a part until it appears as a whole. They do not mimic a method, they exemplify a spirit. For jazz, properly considered, derives from a legitimate attitude toward life—an attitude just as valid as that which gave us Bach, Beethoven, Wagner or Stravinsky. This does not mean that an equation is therefore established between the music of the one and the other. Even critics some day will learn that works of art are incommensurable, and that a raw and raucous tune such as Gershwin’s *I’ll Build a Stairway to Paradise*

has far more esthetic authenticity than all the inept, academic symphonic exercises ever written.

I am not interested in calling George Gershwin, Irving Berlin and the regiments of Tin Pan Alley a horde of great composers. Most jazz leaves me quite indifferent. But there is a jazz spirit that has produced genuine art and genuine artists. That is an American contribution. With a growing sense of humor and therefore of self-criticism and the appreciation of irony and satire, we are entitled to expect in the near future the development of something better than what we now call our musical comedies. There is that in our national life which may yet foster a comic opera which shall combine the incisive wit of Gilbert and Sullivan with the robustious *joie de vivre* of Offenbach.

Such a comic opera would appeal not to our sophomores, but to the minority of sophisticates. Perhaps the best sign of the times is the increasing number of readers for books of biography and criticism. This indicates the coming of an analytical appraisal of life and art. The step that remains to be taken is, of course, the assimilation of these newly discovered qualities—in a word, a new synthesis. The reading of criticism, I suppose, is to most people a dull pursuit. Yet the United States has produced, within the past quarter of a century, a most readable assort-

ment of commentators; they have done much, I am sure, to awaken such esthetic sensitivity as now exists among the younger generation. The great service they have helped to perform is to make ideas exciting, to clarify the distinction between the practical and the esthetic emotions.

It is our critics who give us, most definitely, the sense of a nationality awakening from self-complacency to artistic self-consciousness and self-criticism. It is from an early essay by one of the younger of them, Waldo Frank, that I paraphrase the title of these random notes. I should not wish, however, to be understood as fostering the new out of a fondness for novelty in itself, or as hymning nationalism in the arts for its own sake. The essence of my observations is that the United States seems at last ready for a period of ripening vitality in the more satisfying pursuits of life—that its artists are becoming more confident, more capable, more assertive—that such of our population as cultivate art look more and more to native talent, though not with any chauvinistic aversion to authentic foreign abilities. The number of these persons is secondary; what is important is that their quality has risen. That much of this development is unconscious or but half conscious hardly invalidates my claims. We have been much worse; we should yet be far better.



World Impressions of a Philosopher

A Review of the "Travel Diary of Count Keyserling"

BY HEBA JANNATH



IT would be a distinct loss not to have at least a nodding acquaintance with Count Hermann Keyserling of Esthonia, the new Philosopher of Self-Unfoldment, and as everyone has not the time to read through the two thick volumes of the *Travel Diary* I propose to summarize them briefly here.

Although the *Diaries* were not published in America until 1925, the first volume was already in print in Germany when the European war broke out in 1914. But it was not until after the close of the war that they were finally presented to the German public. Keyserling regarded the war with the eyes of a man who has seen too much to be surprised at anything; he had the philosophical conclusions of three continents to support him, and a profound talent for accepting and transvaluating everything.

It is perhaps essential to visualize the appearance of this remarkable man to appreciate him fully. He is tall, thin, aristocratic looking, an unmistakable esthete—you could never imagine his being untidy, or over-indulging in his appetites; though his shapely mouth between the stately mustache and philosopher's beard betrays a tendency in this direction, you may be sure that if ever he surrendered to self-indulgence, it was for purely intellectual reasons. He probably suffers from indigestion, through no fault of his own but as a sort of unconscious fulfillment of his special type. He is prematurely bald, and this too is precisely as it should be; it is the final exquisite touch of his profession, for were he adorned with a shock of thick hair we might

doubt, momentarily, his place as a philosopher. As it is, we are forced to conclude that levity is a weakness of which he is rarely capable. Finally, it is well to add here that although the Count had weighty misgivings on the subject of marriage at the time of his tour—opinions which greatly distressed his Chinese friends, who all aspired to be good and respectable ancestors—since his return he has himself embraced the marriage state, taking to wife one of the granddaughters of Prince Von Bismarck. Whether this is a change of mind or defiance of principle we can't say.

It is easier to assimilate a new literary figure if we note his resemblance to persons already familiar to us. An utterly new departure embarrasses the imagination, while to draw a parallel is always reassuring. Keyserling at once reminds us of Pierre Loti, that other melancholy wanderer who searched the world for an elusive something which he never found. Keyserling is no more fortunate; if he does not discover the Rainbow's End it is because it does not exist, and this at least he proves. Both men delight in the East and are themselves a peculiar mixture of East and West. Like Loti, Keyserling is chiefly interested in analyzing his mental reactions to strange surroundings, but his work lacks the dreamy sensuous grace of the Frenchman: where Loti is artistic, Keyserling is intellectual. But if the style of Keyserling is often dry and unaccented, his thought is never so and possesses to a high degree that subtlety, variety and solidity which everywhere distinguishes the great intellectual. On the one hand, as much a Rationalist as Flaubert; on the other profoundly occupied by *Beyond Reason*, in psychic elasticity approaching



COUNT KEYSERLING
Hermann Keyserling, better known as Count Keyserling, of Esthonia, is the new Philosopher of Self-Unfoldment. His recent book, "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher," has been called one of the most remarkable books of the year

Dostoevsky—he achieves a mixture of the protean and the spiritual which makes of his work a stimulating, and, at times, an exasperating experience. He is to be especially avoided by those who consider life a simple problem of good and evil as well as by those who believe that truth is incontestable.

For Keyserling is a spiritual epicure, with a nicety of religious perception which would have put the Nicene Fathers to shame. He is a new sort of pilgrim, journeying not to a single shrine to do homage to one exclusive faith, but visiting all with equal ardor. Like a Brillat-Savarin of the Cloister, he tastes and retastes the modes of belief peculiar to each, and his palate, though critical, is impartial and universally appreciative. He searches patiently for an all-inclusive, indisputable faith and sorrowfully realizes from the start that he will not find it. Schemes which may be idealized by the imagination without possible contradiction are the most reliable ones, he says. This, in a sentence, is his philosophy, his hope, and alas! his cross. "A thing need not be true for it to influence those who believe in it in quite the same degree as if it were true." But he finds that the spiritual power of even the most transcendental concepts relies to a disconcerting extent upon natural facts, upon human misunderstanding and mental inertia. Although this weakness can be tolerated and even applauded for a time, eventually it disrupts his faith.

In Ceylon he embraces the spirit of Buddhism. He wishes that he might don the Yellow Toga and, like the Buddhist, passively accept the universe. But as soon as this observation is made, the Occident in him asserts itself. For although he commends the noble resignation of the Buddhist, he regrets the indolence that it brings about. "The Buddhist lives up to his doctrine; he presents a noble demeanor, a completeness, but in that very completeness a limitation which takes away any individual surprise to be found in his nature." Buddhism, he concludes, is the religion of noble mediocrity.

In Madura he assumes the soul of a Brahmin. He enjoys the chaotic Pantheon of Hinduism, its riotous and fantastic exaggerations, its irrepressible fertility, and its numberless monstrous and sensual gods; but he misses in it the severe peace and seemliness of Monotheism.

He continues his journey and arrives at Adyar, the headquarters of the Theosophical Society. The Faithful welcome him and explain the subtleties of their system. He is charmed, interested, and unconvinced. He appreciates the efforts of Annie Besant in discovering the Wisdom of the East to the Occi-

dent. And yet he perceives that the Theosophists have emphasized the less important aspects of Indian thought. The Doctrine of Reincarnation as understood by the Hindu is a delicate and continuous escape from himself, which in the hands of the Theosophist becomes a series of individual triumphs, a view wholly Western in spirit. Nevertheless, it pleases him to believe for a few days that he is face to face with the new savior—a young Indian whose destiny has been "revealed" by the spirit world and who is just setting out upon his Messiahship. "Every human mind longs for the miraculous." He nurses the delightful illusion that he is beholding the successor of Christ and Mahomet only to relinquish it with the thought that the faith of modern man is a weak plant which the slightest disappointment can destroy. He shudders at what will happen should the New Master disappoint his believers, for the modern soul, grown *precieuse* and exacting in its demands of godhood, will not easily overlook the grit in the Messianic Bread. Yet the man might well be a savior too, he argues. The strength of an idea can never be measured by its source alone; what Roman in the first centuries of the Empire would have guessed the future of Christianity? At the end of his stay among the Theosophists he is moved to conclude: "Eminent individuals can never be disciples; it is physiologically impossible for them. The first to swarm around a new center of belief are without exception poor in spirit and superstitious, for they want above all to be led. When the facts no longer obstruct the process of Idealization, the first eminent minds follow in the general wake. And thus it can happen that the members of the Theosophical Society of today, if fortune is kind to them, will live in history as pioneers," a concession which the Theosophists doubtless won't appreciate.

The Unseen World

HE is skeptical of Clairvoyance. "It is certain that nature is much richer than it can possibly appear to our limited consciousness. That the experience of Visionaries is not merely phantasmagorical is proved conclusively by the fact that 'God-Seers' have always stood on a spiritually higher level than most other men, and history has shown that they have embodied not only the strongest but also the most beneficent forces." One is obliged to disagree with him here. The Middle Ages produced so many instances of the God-Seer as a sexual Obsessionist, hiding his "horns" under an astrologer's cap, sharing to an inordinate degree the animal instincts of the common man and using the Arts of Exorcism to gratify

them extravagantly. Eliphas Levi's *History of Magic* is full of such examples. But dismissing this positive type as a possible exception, let us take the other conspicuous example—the asexual seer, the pallid Dreamer whose feeble virility appears to be a matter of personal merit, who, never moved to seek the object of his desires, is supposed to be superior to them. The negative virtues of such persons are always converted into positive qualities by their more normal associates, who though they may secretly despise this lack of vigor nevertheless applaud and envy the peace its possession brings. Thus we perceive an emotion of surprise and gratitude at the bottom of all Saint-Lore which considerably dilutes its validity. However, granting that God-Seers are as a rule admirable and exemplary persons, this does not prove that their visions are true; good intentions and factual accuracy are not necessarily synonymous. Some of the best intentioned people in the world are for this very reason the least reliable; the desire to please, to prove that good triumphs over evil, warps their observation. That there is much the human mind does not recognize must

be true, of course, just as there are many colors the human eye cannot see, and sounds too soft and too loud for the ear to register, but to convert these unseen, unheard elements into superior spiritual phenomena, more profound and more divine than any known reality, is to let our imagination run away with us. But this is exactly what the Visionary does. He imagines that on these unexplored planes he will at last enjoy perfect freedom and dispense with material limitations. It is more reasonable to believe that the hidden planes of existence also have their limitations, that their substance is merely a different form of matter and not a higher one. Faults tend to disappear at a distance and virtue increase. That is because faults are usually a matter of detail while anything seen in the abstract appears superlative, lacking as it does all irritating personal qualities to con-

flict with our own. What Miracle Worker in the great periods of mysticism in Babylon, Egypt, Greece, or the Middle Ages was ever able to perform any feat of importance or lasting value? Where is there one who has been able to stop the process of age in his own body, who has lived beyond his generation immune from decay and death? Many, such as Simon Magus, declared their flesh immortal and their disciples believed them until nature proved it otherwise. We have numerous accounts of the dead being raised,

of marvelous cures performed and terrible dangers averted, but we have no way of proving that their imminence as well as their hindrance was not imaginary. Miracles have always appeared in too momentary and personal a light to be taken seriously.

However, it is needless to dispute with Keyserling. In the very next chapter he is certain to confess to the same doubts himself and expose his own assumptions. After declaring that "God-Seers" have invariably embodied the strongest and most beneficent of human forces he fearlessly contradicts himself to assert: "The Occultist is on the whole the inferior

being that legend has pronounced him to be." And further: "All squinting at the supernatural is derogatory." That those are mistaken who believe that life after death is more complete; that the more he hears of other possibilities of life, the more decidedly is he in favor of exploiting this one.

India and the West Compared

THIS comparison of East and West is thoroughly comprehensive of the errors and profundities of each. The Indians have not produced rational systems of thought equal to those created by Hegel and Spencer, chiefly because as metaphysicians they were too profound, because they knew that logical understanding did not plumb the depths. "The Indians are rich in imagination rather than exact. Among them everything is irrational without purpose



HEBA JANNATH

Heba Jannath lives in San Francisco and calls herself a student of love, life, and literature. She says of her article: "I'm not sure that the personal material will add to the review, but it is the best I can do since I have not met the Count and cannot positively tell whether he takes oil on his salad or only vinegar, though I presume it to be the latter"

or decided aim." Then he reflects, "How is their love of method—for they have systematized everything from the Art of Poetry to the Profession of Highwaymen, from the method of life which leads to God, to the manner in which the nuptial night is to be spent—to be brought into harmony with their pronounced irrationality? It harmonizes with it in so far as the passion for system is an irrational instinct among others."

Nihilism in the tropics, he finds to be a healthy attitude. Nihilism here becomes an escape from the superabundance of nature: here Man can deny existence and remain intact because the effort necessary to support himself is small. Whereas, in the West the denial of initiative, of the ego, of personal importance would have degenerative results because initiative is essential in the West for the maintenance of the Race. Men, Beasts, Theories, Arts, Plants, Governments, are all conditioned by their surroundings. "Moral behavior is the natural expression of adaptability." While it is possible for him to embrace Buddhism in India, he found it distasteful and untrue in the moderately fertile West. In the wild hills of Afghan, where murder is not a matter of importance and men are magnificently uncouth, he discovers passions stirring in himself which his western culture could never accept.

The Westerner, he points out, confuses faith with belief, prayer with petition—vulgarisms of which the Indian is never guilty. Faith and Believing-to-be-true are not only unrelated but presuppose a mutual exclusion. "Spiritually it is quite irrelevant whether there are gods or not. A proven god honored henceforth as a fact would be a more evil fetish than the golden calf." And yet it is precisely upon this point that Keyserling's own nature is irreconcilable, his faith is never quite sufficient to overcome his desire for truth.

The Hindu does not argue the truth of the gods and goddesses of his pantheon. What does it matter whether they are true or not? They are stimulating symbols that represent in an external manner qualities that could not be grasped by the human mind in any other way. When the Hindu prays he is not petitioning favor, he is prostrating himself before the mighty vision of the universe; before the procreantiveness of the earth; the terrible grandeur of the sun; the fluid, unbroken, inexhaustible stream of life as represented by the Ganges in whose waters he bathes at dawn. To determine a choice of religion by force is considered a deadly sin among the Indians. "Everyone must seek his way to God by the road appropriate to himself." Religion understood and per-

formed in this manner is very different from our noisy native Fundamentalism which is so little sure of itself that it must oppose every advance in Science in the secret fear that the next discovery may destroy the few divine vestiges it still has left, as different as the mellow light of the tropical moon from the spiritless glare of an arc lamp.

He finds that Islam is superior to the West in tolerance. Without professing to, it achieves a universal brotherhood which Christianity with all its ideals fails to do. Allah is an abstraction before which all races are reduced to the same level of salvation; Allah's eyesight is so keen that a mere difference in skin will not confuse him. And the Moham-medan does not consider himself a better judge than his Maker.

In practice, the Caste System is not so evil as it appears to be to the democratic mind. It is part of the effortlessness of the tropics to accept one's social position as a decree of fate and not have to worry about changing it. If one is a prince today the honor has been won fairly by virtue of some past excellence; if a mendicant, then one must have been very wicked in some previous reincarnation. This is a metaphysical application of the survival of the fittest. Reasoning thus, the Indian regards his lot as a product of universal necessity and within the limits of his destiny manifests a high degree of individualism. "I gain the impression more and more that the Caste System, at any rate in idea, means more free play to the individual than our system, which denies all typification. Indian humanity, which does not believe in personality, is much more varied and richly differentiated than the individualistic humanity of the modern West." It is a common psychic trait to stress that which we lack; to be most concerned about our weaknesses and this, no doubt, explains why the West, especially America, where humanity is deplorably alike, exhibits such frantic concern in the support and development of personality.

Keyserling's stay in India is terminated by a severe illness. This new state of being, far from distressing him, presents a fresh departure for speculation. Illness subdues the restless side of his nature and leaves him obedient to his feminine side. He enjoys the experience of full submission and acceptance of his fate, a simplification of life which, for the time being, delights him.

Burma

IN Burma everything is graceful, smiling and superficial. The people are like accomplished and laughing children; the buildings display the delicate

beauty and sensual curves of a dancing girl. Temple idols which in Ceylon seemed stern and dignified here assume a look of irony as if even they did not take themselves too seriously.

China

GONE is the intoxicating languor of the tropics with its blissful incompetence and shadowy visions of a thousand unrealities. Again he is in the temperate zone where balance and order predominate.

China is comparable to Nature in her methodical tread. Like nature she keeps, through immeasurable distances of time, to the same well-beaten path before she decides upon new directions. To do justice to Chinese culture it must be judged according to geological epochs. "China has undergone transformations as great as those of Europe; only it has been in less of a hurry." In India, the people disappointed him, they were less than their literature: they embodied the form of the Ideal without striving after it. But the Chinese are more than their wisdom—the spirit of Chinese classicism is poor, its fundamental ideas few, profundity with them gains perfect expression in concrete existence; in phenomenal energy coupled with impervious, uncomplaining serenity. The people *live* Confucianism, it is not a theoretical postulate with them but an actual force which rules their lives.

Whereas, in the West, morality is an external imposition acknowledged as something which ought to take place but which seldom does, the Chinese regard morality as something which necessarily takes place. "They think it is in the nature of things that father and son, husband and wife, friend and friend, prince and subject, show each other faithfulness and benevolence." Taoism, which is a revolt from conditions that Confucianism elevates to a philosophy, has, despite its superior spirit and wisdom, a less agreeable influence upon its believers. For China, densely populated as it is, must in self-preservation cultivate the practical and formal outlook on life.

On the other hand, the faults of the Chinese are what one would expect after knowing their virtues. Having absorbed the principles of Kong-fu-tse and steeped himself in ceremonial propriety, Keyserling finds his consciousness has become that of a school-master. He is apprehensive of all thought whose direction is not indicated by authority; he feels himself superior to folly, incapable of falling in love unless it were with a girl who was a model pupil. So he reaches the conclusion that although he respects the thoroughness with which the Chinese practice their culture, there is Philistinism inherent in such an attitude.

"The Chinese is the prototype of the utilitarian." He is the nearest of any people to the ant in the mechanical pursuit of his daily life. The Middle classes lack moral courage. They seem utterly incapable of heroism. They never risk their own skins. They prefer to lie rather than to inconvenience themselves. Physical prowess is looked down upon and a general is never thought less of for losing a battle. China is the intellectual nation of the world—not in the breadth or depth of its ideas but in its daily performance of mental principles.

Japan

BUDDHISM is not at all the same in Japan as in India. In Japan it closely resembles the Christianity of the Crusades, possessing warlike and knightly qualities, is less cerebral and more artistic than Christianity, and wholly without its pathos.

Keyserling found the Japanese priests readier to discuss Fichte and Kant than to answer questions concerning their dogma, which they seem to regard with more indulgence than seriousness. In fact, Free-thinking in quite the Western manner was everywhere apparent.

"Patriotism is the profoundest factor of the Japanese," with whom it appears a deep and self-sacrificing reverence. They have erected a magnificent monument to honor the soldiers who fell in the Manchurian War, and true to the noble spirit of Knighthood, they celebrate the courage of the enemy as well as of themselves.

Speculating upon whether the West would have been culturally more advanced had it come under Chinese rather than Hellenic and Christian influence, Keyserling does not know: "It is difficult for me to judge without bias for I notice in Europeans mainly what they lack, and in Asiatics what speaks in their favor." This is the honorable failing of all liberal minds, precisely as all uneducated minds over-emphasize the virtue of that to which they are accustomed and blindly condemn all that is strange to them. Truth must be a kind of synthesis of the two.

America

KEYSERLING dreads his arrival in America. He examines the feeling and discovers the reason for it. America is like a precocious child who imagines itself superior to the wisdom which experience has taught its elders. It confuses success with perfection. "Only size and numbers impress the Americans." It does not so much deny old values as assume that it is realizing the same values on a higher level than any earlier epoch. And it regards its present condition of things, not as temporary, not

as a step toward more perfect achievement of Old World values, but as having already achieved them. This presumption is so cocksure and so without self-analysis that it is irritating to an individual of culture.

It is in the Yosemite that America first takes possession of him. He marvels at the giant Redwoods—the Old World could never have grown such prodigies as these! Here indeed is something new and vast. The very air is fresher, younger, more exhilarating, beside which the East and even Europe seems very old and cramped and over-experienced. With such superb and virgin surroundings what might not America do! Its faults are merely the faults of youth. So far it has had no need of caution or contemplation. He is suddenly moved to ask why he has always considered the East superior to the West—a question he would never have thought to ask anywhere else than in America.

"The American is the most sincere of all human beings; this redeems his lack of culture." Courage and truthfulness which Americans in general uphold, and which accelerate the processes of evolution by stimulating individual effort, will take them farther than all the metaphysical theorizing of the Indians, or the obedience to authority of the Chinese. In America, if anywhere, the West will complete its evolution. . . "It is not impossible that in America, after the Wild Oats period has been passed, and after crass egoism has been tempered by life, the highest civilization will flourish which can be conceived from the Western point of view. . . A purely individualistic civilization, where no one expects anything from others, and where everyone does everything he can for the community."

And at last, having talked with many peoples and trod the soil of many countries, he finds that everyone may profess the greatest profundity in his own way, and yet no one say everything. For outer formation of life and in scientific discovery, the West is of most service to Mankind; India for self-realization in the subconscious sphere; China for rendering concrete an idea; Japan for the esthetic understanding of nature.

The Need for Religion Is Passing

THE West is becoming more and more masculine and deterministic in spirit. For centuries it has dragged along convictions which were in strong con-

trast to its activities—the Cult of Compassion and the Worship of the Virgin Mary do not conform with its record of ruthless force. Today there is evidence that the feminine ideals of Christianity will be supplanted by an attitude truer to the character of the West. It might even be said that the Religion of Christ superimposed upon the West has never in its feminine or Eastern aspect really penetrated the Nordic character. No matter how fervently Europe protested her Christianity her spirit has never been Christian. The farther north the Holy Roman Empire reached, the weaker grew the influence of the Catholic Ideals of Supreme Authority and personal insignificance, and the easier did Protestantism conquer—Protestantism which emphasizes not the Suffering Christ, bound and submissive upon his cross, but the vigorous and defiant Scourger of the Pharisees.

Keyserling regards religion as a vitalizing element in the life of Man, quite aside from its truthfulness, which he insists does not really matter so long as man believes it to be true. Its part in life is as practical, he says, as that of any other institution. "Undeveloped human beings must believe in something external because they have no other means of focusing their powers, of condensing them to dynamic unity. The developed individual believes in himself." This principle of Self-Belief is the essence of Western individualism. He disposes of the possible rise of a new religion to take the place of the old by the fact that "the best among us are no longer capable of conversion."

The New Creed of "Be Yourself"

BY being yourself sincerely and completely; by gracefully fulfilling your destiny, by offering men an example of a life brought to its highest perfection, you can perform a greater service to mankind than by any individual attempt at charity, which is shortlived and doubtful in its consequences, or by adding any more dogma to what already exists. This goal of self-perfection the new Philosopher of Individualism has set for himself. And as the West has apparently been waiting for precisely this idealization of its present tendencies, for just these terms of faith and encouragement in order to walk with assurance in the direction which it has already chosen. Count Hermann Keyserling is likely to become one of the important figures of this generation.

Nothing---But Words



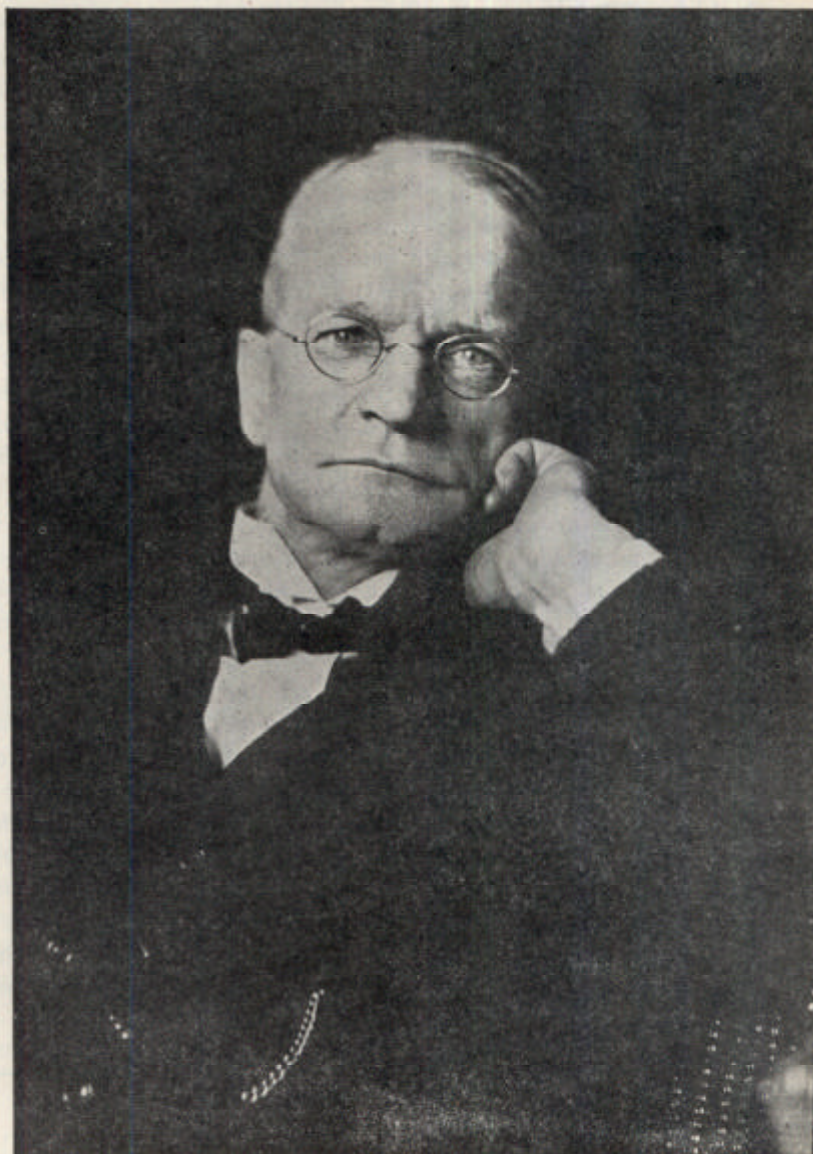
PEOPLE who live the life of action are prone to speak slightly of the users of words. "Nothing but words," they say, quite in a knowing dismissive tone, of this or that statement which (as it so happens) is displeasing to them. (It may be remarked that, in support of their own opinions, they are willing to listen to a perfect torrent of words.) Yet if these scorers of words could only reflect, they might realize how very much they themselves are led by words. For words are not simply toys, nor are they idle things. To speak is a very definite kind of action, and to what kind of action in the life of man will it not lead! What is the art of oratory but the skilful use of words to prompt to action the susceptible hearers of these powerful words? A Demosthenes thundering against Philip is assuredly not to be despised as an idle, inconsequential fellow, having no part in the so-called life of action. Regularly we see the actions of politics verified or originated by the weird, wonder-working words of the political spellbinders. Armies march to slaughter on the field of battle not alone to the tune of the fifes and drums, but also to the tune of the fine, large, mouth-filling slogans invented by their rulers. One of the first acts of a government in war-time is to bring forth its clever, potent, sinister slogans—words that certainly lead to the most deadly action and to consequences that run on for years. Propaganda, in this modern age, is the supreme weapon of every interest or cause that would set the masses of men in action. But always it has been essentially the same. In the very dawn of civilization man was blinded and ruled by the magic of words. One of the first things man did was to get himself entangled in words, to build up an illusory world of language superimposed upon the real world. And, on the other hand, the intelligent minority has employed words to attempt to clear up the riddle of life or to send forth word-lit gleams of intelligence into the world of action. Words—they are mighty things, dangerous things, splendid things—words of joy and beauty and terror. The dictionary is full of dynamite. The tongue of man is powerful, and the pen no less.

E. Haldeman-Julius

JOSEPH McCABE



BORN in the north of England, Joseph McCabe was reared in a strictly religious atmosphere. At sixteen he surrendered to many persuasions and entered a monastery, where he remained for twelve years. Early in those monastery days he began to ask the questions, "Is there a god? Is there a heaven?" Doubt alternated with faith, but always a slipping faith. He began to examine the evidence, and, conscientious and thorough, he examined all the evidence. He spent twelve years considering the case for God—constantly deciding more and more against any deity. Finally, sure of himself, he packed his belongings and left—free. Difficulties began at once: he was not equipped to earn a living. He struggled on, however, and gradually made his way, steadily but surely forging to the front ranks of rationalism and free-thought. He has written many a book, made many a speech, fought in many a debate—always with telling effect. He is now the most famous Rationalist in England, and perhaps in the world—recently touring through the United States, Canada, Mexico, and the West Indies. He is now back in England—his indefatigable pen busy at demolishing the idols in this world of shams—whence comes his iconoclastic masterpiece, "The Futility of Belief in God," written especially for the Halde-man-Julius Quarterly. Although apparently destructive, this lucid appraisal of the case for God is really constructive, laying, as it does, sound foundations for a clear and sane philosophy of life, foundations which cannot be built in the gloomy and choking air of superstition. It is necessary to abandon the mistaken notions of the past in order that we may all look ahead—with courage, if necessary, but certainly with a determination to come as near the truth as it is humanly possible to do. If superstition and false knowledge are destroyed first, there is room for the truth. Joseph McCabe shows a belief in any god or deity whatever to be futile—it is idle, useless, of no avail—and thus clears the mind for a straightforward, tolerant, unprejudiced view of life.



The Futility of Belief in God

A Constructive Conclusion from the Destruction of a Fallacy

BY JOSEPH McCABE



WEEK or two ago I stood on the brink of a dark, strange pool in central Yucatan. It lay deep in a large round pit in the midst of the forest, some two hundred yards from the temples and sacred buildings which explorers had stripped of their mantle of bush and their mounds of earth. This was once a great Maya city. Now fat lizards sunned themselves in the rocky ledges of the sheer sides of the pool. Tender foliage overhung the edge and was mirrored in the quiet water. A paved road led to the pool from the temples, and, where it reached the edge of the pool, it ended in a raised parapet of stone.

And I half-close my eyes and people the deserted woods with the men and women who trod that road a thousand years ago. A sacred procession comes along it, and with the austere priests are flower-decked maidens in festive dress. But in spite of flowers and fine robes, in spite of throbbing music and thousands of spectators, a look of terror quivers piteously in the maidens' eyes. They are going to die. The god wants victims. The priests say so. In a few moments these fairest things that life produces, young girls in the fresh bloom of womanhood, will be hurled from the parapet into the pool, fifty feet below, and they and their mothers must stifle their agony in a pretense of blessedness. . . . Well, you say, that was in the heart of Yucatan, and a thousand years ago.

I. The Silence of God

A THOUSAND miles from Yucatan is the ghost of the city of another ancient American people, and guides will show you the stone on which priests stretched their victim to pluck out the heart and offer it to the sun-god. Still alien to America, you say. But away over the earth, in the islands of the Pacific, in central Africa, the gods still clamored for the blood of men only a few decades ago. In ancient Rome, in Carthage, in Britain, in Syria—remember the story of Abraham and Isaac—these ghastly sacrifices had been demanded. During countless ages of human history men and maidens had been slain in the name of gods.

Where was God? I do not ask you why he tolerated these crimes in his name for thousands of years, because the answer will be that you do not know. But you cannot blot all these horrors out of the memory of man by light assurances that the finite mind cannot hope to comprehend the infinite. It is a truism; but the facts remain. From near the dawn of religion, which was many tens of thousands of years ago, horrible things have been done, and grotesque things believed, in the name of God. I am merely asking

you for the moment to admit to yourself that you hold that God, your God, looked down complacently from his state of blessedness during long ages upon all the grisly blunders and tortures of the children of men, yet might have ended the whole ghastly folly in one generation.

We know not why he takes time, you say, but the hour comes. When? At Cholula I see a Christian church perched on the top of a pyramid which once bore one of these bloody Mexican temples. To the Catholics of the district it is a symbol of the at-last triumph of revelation and mercy over human error and brutality. They do not reflect that they believe that God made those blundering and brutal humans of long ago; that he could have made them wiser in a year as easily as in a hundred thousand years.

Moreover, to the Protestant this pyramid-church merely means that one ghastly error in the name of God has been substituted for another. An improvement certainly: men ought to grow wiser in the course of two thousand generations. Hearts are not physically plucked out of living bodies in the Roman Church. No, they are sacrificed in a different way. Near by is a nunnery, and priests lead prettily dressed maidens

to the altar to make the vow of celibacy which they understand little more than does the babe in arms, and which means living death to the heart.

The Mayas and Aztecs went, but cruel things were still done for centuries, and are done today all over the world, in the name of God. And God was still silent. He was silent when women were drowned as witches, and honest men were burned as heretics. He was silent when the savage and demoralizing doctrine of eternal torment was, in his name, imposed upon the whole earth, four thousand years after the founding of civilization. He is still silent when—as happened in Tennessee recently—the ill-educated preacher tells the agonized mother that the soul of her dead and unbaptized babe burns, and will burn forever, in the most appalling fires the human imagination ever pictured.

I am not at present arguing about the existence of God. I am merely asking you to face manfully two facts: the long silence of God, the long martyrdom of man. We will argue about them later. First let us add two other facts. The belief in God today is strongest where man has least to thank God for, and it is weakest where men have most

knowledge and most mental training. It is universal only where life is poorest and where men have the least intelligence to perceive whether or not they are indebted to God.

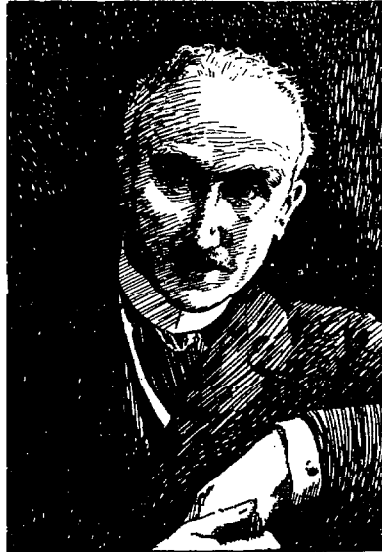
Here and there in the world, both in Europe and in Latin America, you see what life was like a hundred or three hundred years ago. The very day before I sit down to write this I wander about in a little Cuban town not thirty miles from Havana. The drains run in open filthy streams in the center of the streets. Disease hovers about every child who plays innocently in the sunshine. Today little Rosita is a flower of the earth, the light and joy of these poor hut-homes. In a few days, perhaps, the claw of diphtheria will be on her tender throat, or the fiery poison of small-pox or typhus will run in her veins.

But they are all such staunch believers in God here in Guanajay that they would cross themselves if they knew *my* opinions. I have been amongst such people in Spain and Italy, in Greece and Serbia and Bulgaria. This was the common life of men two centuries ago. And as the conditions are improved by man, belief in God decays. It was skeptics from New York who purified Havana, thirty miles away, and Havana has now very many skeptics. *El Anti-Clerical*, a native skeptical paper, sells in its streets.

No, men now believe deeply and most widely in God just where life is most treacherous, where poverty stings worst, where hearts are still torn out and sacrificed. And these men and women know less, and are less capable of thinking, than men of the skeptical cities where disease has been checked, where the burden is lighter. Somehow, the richer life grows, the less we thank God. The larger its problems grow, the less we consult God. The more knowledge grows, the smaller becomes the figure of God in the sky. The more learning a man has, the more likely you are to find him a skeptic.

Which of these statements would you dispute? It is, surely, a platitude that belief in God is least disturbed amongst the more backward nations of the earth: that it is most disturbed in the cities of the more advanced nations, and most of all in the learned world.

So it is with the practice of taking one's troubles and problems to God. He is not seriously invoked at Geneva, where the world's greatest problems are discussed. He is unknown in the Foreign Offices of the great Powers. There is some form of invoking divine guidance at Washington, and Westminster; but



HENRI BERGSON

The "creative evolution" theory of Professor Bergson is mere verblage; Bergson has not, and never had, any support in the world of philosophy

is it serious? Do our highest judges now pray before they give their gravest decisions? Do our leading physicians consult God—or medical works? No, God has been expelled from council and congress, school and lawcourt, almost from the home. He is confined to the church.

It is strange to see how lightly the modern world abandons God. In the great cities of Europe only a small minority ever go to a place of worship. It is unquestionably the same in America. The bishops of the Episcopal Church in America found, in war-time, just the same proportion of men who never attended church as was found in England: nine out of ten.

Now, we can take a census of church-goers, as we have done in London and Paris, but there is no census of sincere opinions, and we do not know how many of these non-church-goers still believe in God. One of the gravest of the English

bishops has said: "Belief in God is dead in England." That is certainly a large exaggeration; but we do find by daily contact with the crowd that millions in our cities now no longer believe in God, or are so indifferent about the matter that they can hardly say whether or not they believe.

For the other fundamental religious belief, the faith in immortality, men, even after giving up the Christian creed, make some sort of struggle. We get Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science. But few plead for God, outside the Christian Churches. The belief is slowly dying. And God is still silent. He might write in letters of fire across the firmament at night, and we should all return to our knees. He is silent.

One of the silliest calumnies that was ever invented is the statement that only coarse-minded men reject belief in God. There are, it is true, people who thrust the belief out of their minds wilfully and live rebelliously. These are exceptions. They were formerly far more common than now. Only a fool would defy a God: would purchase thirty years of pleasure at the price of an eternity of agony. In any case, the modern skeptic is a very real skeptic. His revolt is intellectual and emotional, and it is his finer emotions that cause his rejection of the idea of God.

Does that puzzle you? Recall the long silence of God of which I have spoken. These bloody human blunders are only a small part of the story. Man did not create the germs of diphtheria and smallpox, even if, in his ignorance, he made nurseries for them. For countless millions of years deadly parasites of thousands of species have sucked or poisoned the blood of all other living things. For all these millions of years the carnivore has rent the flesh of his victim. Your intellect may say that this is a mystery. Your heart is disposed to say that there is no mystery: that blind nature, not conscious purpose, must have begotten these things. The heart is not on the side of God.

But the mind may have reasons which the heart knoweth not, to change the famous phrase of Pascal. You may think that you are

able to silence the rebellion of the heart by heaping up formidable proofs that there is a God. On a question of fact the heart must yield to the head.

But here is another difficulty. Amongst those who are most capable of thinking, there is no agreement whatever as to these "proofs" of the existence of God. It is another aspect of this terrible problem of the silence of God. From the days of Plato, from the time of Job, thoughtful men have racked their brains to find and formulate proof of the existence of God.

To the mass of mankind, of course, it is, and always was, simple. A famous preacher quotes with warm approval the saying of an Arab of the desert when some skeptic asked him how he knew that Allah existed. "How do I know that a camel has passed this way?" he asked in reply, pointing to the footprints in the sand.

Strange, isn't it, that it should be so plain to the Arab and the farmer and the preacher, and so profound and difficult a problem to the thinker! Strange that in proportion as the mental eye is trained by education, the footprints on the sand seem to become fainter. Plato, the great Greek thinker, gave the world two thousand three hundred years ago what men regarded as the most brilliant proofs of the existence of God. Hardly any man sees any force in them today. Aristotle, an even greater thinker of the same age, gave other and quite different proofs. Hardly any man follows him today. St. Augustine tried next, and his arguments are just as antiquated. From those days to ours men have been inventing new arguments—we will consider them—and there is no agreement about any of them. The majority of our best thinkers, our philosophers, do not believe in the existence of a personal God. Not one of them admits any force in any of the popular arguments for God.

I ask you only to admit that the matter is not so simple as you thought: that the unbeliever is not exactly the "fool" described by the Hebrew Psalmist. It is a mighty problem. You cannot even understand the reasons why most of the deeper religious thinkers of our

time believe in God unless you first learn the most difficult of all sciences—philosophy. It would take you years to understand what is called "the position of God in modern thought." And God is silent.

Well, I am not writing for philosophers. A simple account will be given later of what the philosophers



PLATO

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are saying, but in the main I want to examine the reasons why the reader, or his religious neighbor, believes in God. A thousand million people still believe in God, and for much the same reasons, and scarcely a trained thinker in the world will admit that those reasons have any logical force. And God is silent.

WHO MADE THE WORLD?

IN my many travels I never obtrude my opinions about religion. I write them, and I lecture about them, and those who will may read or hear. I do not trouble others. But, knowing my opinions, people talk to me about God and would understand why I cannot admit his existence. So they tell me why they believe in him, and the argument most commonly takes the form of the question: Who made the world, if there is no God?

The reader may have had a different experience, though it could

hardly be a broader and more varied experience. Men and women, youths and maidens, preachers and lawyers and men of business, have put their belief to me in that form. And quite triumphantly. It was as plain as the lesson of the camel's footprint. And, knowing (or believing) that I am a person of average intelligence, they really wondered what I would reply.

And the reply, which is not really a reply at all, because the question is foolish, is deadly. You ask, *Who made the world?* Why not, *What made the world?* In fact—we will consider later the argument that the world-maker must be personal or intelligent—let us settle the question at once. We do it by asking another question: *Prithee, how do you know that the world ever was made?*

Do not tell me that it "stands to reason." The highest representatives of reason today are our philosophers and scientists, and I do not think that there is a single one of them now living who believes that the world was "made." They may be wrong, of course, but is it not more likely that there is something wrong with the basis of your simple proof?

Let us analyze it. In asking your questions you *assume* that the world was made. There is no need to define exactly what we mean by the "world" and "made." We mean the universe or (if there are many universes, as some astronomers think) all the universes. By "made" you mean created. You take it for granted that there was a time when the universe did not exist, and that at the word of God it sprang into existence. And that is just where you go astray. There is no proof whatever that the world had a beginning.

You will probably acknowledge at once that you had no definite reason for assuming that the world had a beginning. Everybody assumes it, simply because he has been taught for ages that *Genesis*, in its first line, says so. We shall see later what that means, and what it is worth. But you cannot quote "the word of God" until you have proved that there is a God. And apart from *Genesis* there is no ground for saying that the world ever had a be-

ginning so there is no meaning in asking who made it.

Do you mean, you will say, that the world is eternal? No. I mean that it may be, for all I know or anybody knows. It is for the person who says that it was made—that it had a beginning—to prove his assertion.

Until some sort of proof is given me that the world was made, it is useless, surely, to ask me to speculate as to who made it. Here it is. It may always have been here. I think it was.

In point of fact, practically all thinkers—scientists and philosophers—now regard the world as eternal. Philosophers (and many others) do so because the idea of creation out of nothing is incomprehensible to them, and, after all, there is only the word of some unknown Hebrew writer of 2,500 years ago in favor of this idea of creation.

Scientists regard the world as eternal, partly for the same reason, partly on account of what modern astronomy tells us. I am writing this at sunset on the deck of a great liner in the Gulf of Mexico. Soon the stars will shine out of the tropical dark purple sky as they never shine on land. A sharp eye can detect their differences of color: red, yellow, white and blue. They are of different temperatures, from dull red to steely blue, from about 3,000 degrees to 30,000 degrees C. The most wonderful instrument we have, the spectroscope, confirms this.

And different temperatures mean different ages. The life of a star is its temperature. It begins (as all metal does) at a dull red, passes through yellow and white to a brilliant whitish-blue, then sinks through white and yellow to red. We can tell which of the red stars are increasing in temperature, are beginning their careers, and which are in their last phase. Another wonderful instrument, invented in America a few years ago, tells us this. It measures them. At first the stars are of an immense size. I shall presently be gazing at one of the southern stars, Antares, the blood-red heart of the Scorpion, which we know to be four hundred million miles in diameter. Our sun is less than one million. Antares is beginning to contract. Our sun is far

advanced in contraction. It is slowly dying.

In short, the stars differ in age as much as do the human beings in a busy city street. The only difference is that the baby-stars are giants, and the dying stars are dwarfs, and that the life of a star runs to billions of years. So myriads of stars will shine ages after our sun is dead. Myriads shone before our sun was born. And we see, all over the universe, the cloudy filmy material for making new stars when all our two billion stars have sunk into darkness. The universe is just like a nation, apparently. Generation succeeds generation. We have no reason to suspect a beginning or an end. Rather the reverse.

Naturally, we do not say dogmatically that the universe had no beginning. For my part, at least, I should never say positively that the world is eternal. I do not know enough, after fifty years of study, to be as dogmatic as preachers are. But we do know one thing. The stars differ from each other in age by billions of years. The old idea that for an eternity there was a void, and then, for some unknown reason, God spoke and the universe leaped into being, is certainly wrong. The stars would be of the same age if that were true.

Those who "reconcile" science and religion now often say that God merely created the material of the universe and allowed it, and gave it the power, to evolve. This does not help in the least. We have no reason whatever to suppose that the matter of the universe ever had a beginning. So we have no reason to entertain the idea of its being created. You may choose to believe it, but you are believing and asserting something for which there is not a shred of proof.

Here and there in old-fashioned religious literature you find a curious attempt to prove that the world really had a beginning. The proof runs something like this: If the world is eternal, then the number of days, or units of time, which have already elapsed must be infinite. But the number is being added to every day, so it cannot be infinite. Therefore time is finite. They say much the same about space. If the universe is infinite, the number of

miles out in any direction from our earth must be infinite. But there are just as many miles in the opposite direction, so.

I do not know whether the reader expects a patient analysis of this sort of verbiage. Writers who say these things are merely playing with ideas. There are no "days" or "miles" in nature. There is no such thing as an infinite series which is bounded at one end. The whole argument is preposterous.

And much the same must be said about a set of arguments for a maker of the universe which, like the preceding, are chiefly used in Roman Catholic literature. There are causes and effects in the universe, one argument runs, and therefore there must be a First Cause. There are movements in the universe, so there must be a Prime Mover, something ultimate which moves all and is not itself moved. There are things in the universe which exist by chance or contingency, but at the base of all there must be something that exists necessarily.

Roman Catholics are most amusingly proud of these curious arguments. They imagine that they are part of the great treasure of learning of the Catholic Middle Ages, and that Protestants have forfeited these wonderful demonstrations by severing themselves from Rome. The truth is that all such arguments were completely discredited more than a hundred years ago. They are mere words and phrases strung together. They "do but gather dust in our libraries," as the great American thinker Professor William James said of them.

Take the supposed argument for a First Cause. The idea of cause and effect is not taken very seriously in modern science and philosophy, but we will accept it as roughly expressing what we see in nature. Heat causes evaporation, electricity in the clouds causes thunder, and so on. And of course you must come ultimately to a fundamental cause or causes. There is no clear reason for saying that ultimately there is just one First Cause. There is no reason for giving it (or them) capital letters. In point of fact, ether (which Professor Dayton Miller has recently proved to be a reality) is probably the ultimate or funda-

mental reality of the universe, the Prime Mover and all the rest of it. Until you prove that ether had a beginning—that there was a time when it did not exist—the mind cannot pass beyond it.

But how, we are asked, could a material reality like ether be the first cause of spiritual things like mind, emotion, idealism? A stream cannot rise above its source, we are told. Well, we cannot here discuss materialism and spiritualism. That will come later. We shall see that there is no proof that mind is spiritual, so there is no need to assume a spiritual reality and no need to use capital letters for the "First Cause" and "Prime Mover."

These dry-as-dust arguments are quite discredited in modern thought, and we will not waste further time on them. I notice them rather as illustrations of my point that most people believe in God on grounds which are disdainfully regarded by other believers in God as mere fallacies. They agree together only in saying that the existence of God is certain and the Atheist is a fool. After that each flatly denies that the "proofs" of the other are of any value whatever!

But there is another type of very zealous believer who thinks that his proof is in the strictest accord with science—is, in fact, based on science. Men put this to me with the greatest assurance, and profess a pathetic surprise at the skepticism amongst men of science. There are "laws of nature," they say. Every page of a scientific work talks about them. Very good, then there must be a law-giver. A great mind stamped these laws upon the material universe and so set it evolving.

It is a good example of the extreme weakness of all the popular arguments for the existence of God—of the way in which religious literature always lags a generation or two behind science and philosophy, and so believers are honestly unable to understand the agnosticism of modern thinkers. The Catholic, with his First Cause and Prime Mover and Necessary Being, lingers in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. The Protestant, with his "laws of nature," is merely clinging to fallacies of the early part of the nineteenth century.

Laws of nature, as we use the phrase in science, have not the least resemblance to human laws, and have no relation whatever to a "legislator" or a mind. We say, for instance, that there is a law of gravitation. But we do not mean that there is a code of behavior drawn up in advance which things must obey. We mean simply that things do behave consistently in certain ways. The "law," as we call it, is



ARISTOTLE

Aristotle, an even greater thinker than Plato, gave other and quite different proofs of the existence of God. How widely are such proofs credited today?

simply a description of their behavior.

How very shallow, some eloquent preacher or apologetic writer says! Let me ask you again to reflect that it is strange that these men should be so profound while our great men of science, who are all their lives studying the "laws of nature," very rarely believe in this supreme legislator. You must, surely, sometimes suspect that there is something wrong with this cocksureness of the preacher and the religious writer.

There is, and it is very simple. He never—quite naturally—knows enough about science to understand fully these matters about which he speaks. A stone, let us say, always falls to the ground unless it is prevented. Why should it, unless there is a law imposed upon it? Nature acts uniformly, or consistently. But

if nature is blind and unconscious, ought we not to expect things to act erratically, not uniformly?

Not in the least. It is a very poor fallacy. Consistent behavior is just what we ought to expect from blind mechanical things. A ball will roll in a straight line *unless something interferes with it*. It is will, or mind, that we might expect to act otherwise. It would be a proof of mind in nature if things at times did not act uniformly; it is precisely the contrary when we find them acting uniformly.

No, along these lines the human mind will never reach God. Many learned theologians, in fact, now give up the idea of creation, or first causes and prime movers and legislators. They look to the order, the beauty, the design in nature for proof of the existence of a great intelligence. Let us see what there is in this.

DOES EVOLUTION EXCLUDE GOD?

HERE we come at once to the great question which agitates the religious world in America: Does evolution undermine or destroy the belief in God?

Let us consider it very patiently and very frankly. Certain men of science in the United States go about loudly proclaiming that evolution is quite consistent with religion. It is quite useless to try to settle the question that way. Professor Osborn and Professor Millikan have every right to tell any person whom it may interest—it does not interest me, because I know that they have never studied philosophy or religion—that they believe both in evolution and religion. But they have no right whatever to say this in the name of science; for (as we shall see later) the great majority of men of science and evolutionists do *not* believe in God.

Just a word about this "conflict of religion and science." Science as such is never concerned with religion. No branch of science deals with God or the soul of Christ. Yet there is a deadly conflict, because science tells us a large number of truths which, in the opinion of the majority of highly educated people, are inconsistent with the belief in God and the soul. Let me add again that it is mere folly to propose on

that account to exclude evolution and science from the schools. The facts of history—in short, all the facts about nature and man which we now know—are just as inconsistent with religion.

In order to understand the clash, let us glance at the history of it. Atheism began long ago, in ancient Greece, and religious thinkers like Socrates worked out the argument that the order and beauty and purposiveness of nature proved the existence of a God. That controversy was suspended by Europe passing into the Dark Ages, but after the Renaissance men began to think again and the old issue returned.

Modern skepticism began with a group of men whom we call Deists. They rejected the Christian religion, but they believed in God, and they turned again to the old proofs of God's existence and developed them. Atheism was arising once more. To cut a long story short, by the middle of the nineteenth century there was a whole library of books proving that the order of the heavenly bodies, the beauty of nature, and the remarkable contrivances by means of which animals and plants maintained their lives, pointed triumphantly to the existence of a supreme intelligence and designer. Science seemed to be full of evidence for God.

Then came Charles Darwin. What a tremendous splash that quiet little man made in the religious world! Yet Darwin never attacked religion. Indeed, if he were not such a great and good man, I should say that he was rather cowardly about it. He believed sincerely in God at the time when he wrote *The Origin of Species*, and, although he came some years later to reject the belief, it was difficult to get him to speak on the subject. He was a delicate and retiring man, and he looked on with some bewilderment when the brilliant Professor Huxley and my equally high-minded, if not equally gifted, friend, Professor Haeckel, proceeded to show that evolution made an end of God and the soul.

There had been evolutionists before Darwin, and Darwin's particu-

lar theory of how evolution was brought about is by no means generally accepted today; though it is not honest to represent this as a doubt about the fact of evolution itself. But Darwin's name is forever, and deservedly, associated with evolution because he put it on a very solid basis of facts and drew the at-



THOMAS HUXLEY

Professor Huxley joined with Ernst Haeckel to show that evolution did away with the myth of God and the soul—the illusion that ignorant man had cherished for so long

tention of the world to it.

And it was at once apparent that it had a most serious bearing on religion. As I said, the religious literature of the first half of the nineteenth century was full of proofs of God's existence drawn from the remarkable structures and instincts of animals and the wonderful adaptations of plants to their surroundings. Look how wonderfully the deep-sea fishes are adapted to life at the bottom of the sea, the desert shrubs to the scarcity of water in the desert, the Alpine flowers to the cold of the mountains, the mammals to the low temperature of the north, the reptiles to the warmth of the tropics! And so on. Every organ-

ism of every organism was as eloquent a proof of a divine artificer as the parts of a watch are of the watchmaker.

It opened up an entirely new world, it made theologians shudder, when evolutionists began to show that all these things were gradually evolved during tens of millions of years. If these structures had come into existence all of a piece, certainly we should have to admit a creator. But if they were evolved gradually, one crude form leading to another, the whole situation is changed. Unconscious nature may do, by many trials and errors, in a million years what it certainly cannot do in a year. Moreover, several theories of the way in which this evolution could be brought about naturally, without any design in advance, or any supernatural guidance, have been put forward by scientific men, and, whether you follow Darwin, Weismann, or Mendel (or De Vries, the real Mendelist leader), the effect in abolishing design is the same. All three—Darwin, Weismann and De Vries—were Agnostics.

This is how evolution undermines religion. The basis of the religious argument for design in nature is that there is no other possible explanation of the organs and instincts of animals except a divine plan drawn up in advance. No plea for the supernatural origin of anything is valid *as long as there is a possibility of a natural explanation of its origin*. Even if we do not see the explanation today, we may see it tomorrow.

It began to be frightfully difficult to find any sort of proof of the existence of God. Moreover, the argument from the supposed order and beauty of the universe was equally undermined. This "order" had been found mainly in the movements of the heavenly bodies. Today we know, not only that there is a terrible amount of *disorder* in the heavens—great catastrophes or conflagrations occur frequently—but evolution gives us a perfectly natural explanation of such order as there is. No distinguished astronomer now traces "the finger of God" in the heavens;

and astronomers ought to know best.

As to beauty—the beauty of flowers and birds, of shells and scenery—evolution explains it just as it explains instincts and organs. It was evolved. The argument was always very one-sided, for there is as much ugliness as beauty in nature, as much brutality and bestiality as mutual aid. We will see this later. Both are now understood, however. Nature knows nothing of order and beauty, or disorder and ugliness. It evolves without a plan. Then man develops a sense of beauty, probably as part of his sex-life, and the rose or the orchid appeals to it. We can trace their evolution, and it would now be absurd to say that the flowers were evolved in order to please man a few million years later.

Thus the entire argument of design, the greatest triumph of the theologians, fell to pieces. There have, of course, been attempts to reconstruct it, but they all contain the same fallacy. They select something that science “cannot explain” (the writers themselves never know enough about science to know whether it can be explained or not) and they then bring in God to explain it in the usual way.

Lord Balfour, who is a clever statesman and a mere novice in science, repeats the old argument with little variation. Lord Kelvin, who was a very distinguished physicist, but knew nothing about biology, was promptly snubbed by the biologists of England when he tried to find an argument for God in their science. Sir Oliver Lodge, who also is a physicist and knows nothing about biology, is disdainfully ignored by them when he tries to do the same thing. The argument for a Designer is as dead as the argument for a First Cause, a Prime Mover, a Creator, or a Legislator of the laws of nature.

It is sometimes said, especially by Sir Oliver Lodge, that the argument can be entirely changed, and restored to its full strength by admitting that natural causes produced everything, but that God guided these natural agencies. You might,

for instance, trace in science the whole series of movements, from the primitive nebula onward, which eventually produced the bee, with all its wonderful “instincts.” But, says Sir Oliver Lodge, you would not see the guidance of these natural agencies by a supernatural power.

Yes, quite naturally. What Sir



STENDHAL (HENRI BEYLE)

“The only excuse for God is that he does not exist,” said this witty and wicked Frenchman of the last century. In a sense his stinging phrase is a platitude—if God did exist, could you find an excuse for him?

Oliver Lodge forgets is that he has to *prove* that there was such a guidance. He can only do this by proving that the guidance was *necessary*: that the natural agencies of evolution would not have produced the bee, as we know it, unless they were guided. I have repeatedly challenged him to prove this, and he has never done it. It cannot be done.

Moreover, this idea of “guidance” of the forces of nature, which is very popular with some, raises a score of difficulties the moment you examine it closely. How would you guide a billiard ball, without pushing it? Can a mind communicate its designs to matter, and could matter carry out such designs if they were communicated? Do the

atoms in the rose know that they are working out a design? In what earthly sense can anyone conceive these atoms to be “guided”?

It is mere verbiage. These people are fond of representing the Agnostic and the scientific man as “superficial” and themselves as “profound.” But just reflect for ten minutes on this idea of guidance of the forces or elements of nature! Try to work it out. You will soon find which side it is that is superficial.

And this applies in full force to what is called “creative evolution,” the theory of Professor Bergson, George Bernard Shaw and a few others. One ought almost to apologize for bringing Mr. Shaw into a serious work, however short, and Professor Bergson has not, and never had, any support in the world of philosophy. Their theory is that, though a personal God does not exist, a sort of supreme Vital Force works through matter and finds expression in the myriads of animals and plants and man.

This is worse than ever. A conscious personal God might vaguely be conceived as realizing a plan through matter in a way we cannot comprehend. But when you take the Vital Principle itself to be impersonal—a sort of muddle-headed God at the best—and regard this vague thing as working in conjunction with unconscious atoms to produce a peacock’s tail or a palm, you feel like Alice in

Wonderland.

Sometimes Theists fancy that they get rid of difficulties by sacrificing the “personality” of God. “I don’t believe in a personal God, but there must be a cosmic mind,” says a lawyer to me. Another calls it a Cosmic Power, another the Energy of the Universe, and so on.

Well, I should not regard an impersonal God as worth a grain of incense or a spot of ink. We could have no more emotion about it, or practical relation to it, than in the case of ether. It is not worth quarreling about. But in point of fact, many of these people do not know what personality means. It means mind or self-consciousness. And as

to those who prefer to talk about the great energy, or force, or power, they are equally ignorant of the meaning of the words they use. In science, from which the words are taken, power, force, and energy are merely mental abstractions, not realities.

There is, in fine, no aspect of nature today which even suggests the existence of God. There is a very great deal in nature, as we shall see, which suggests that there is no God, no sort of God. But before we turn to consider this, let us regard man himself and see whether this highest form of existence (as positively known to us) has any characteristics which send the mind to God.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

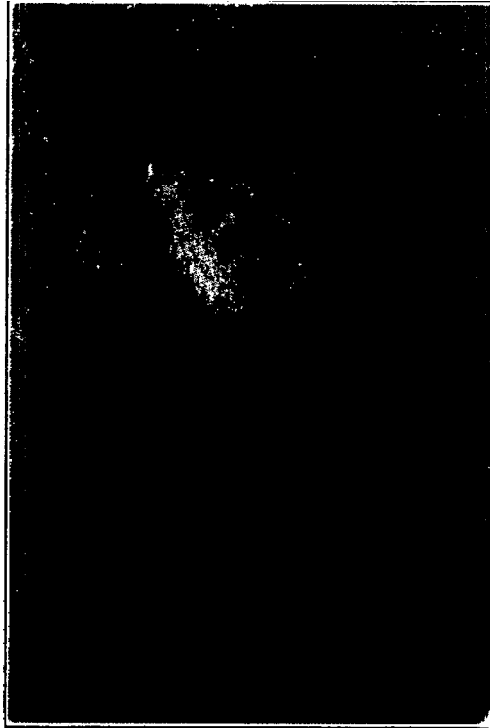
THE sum of what we have so far seen is that in the universe at large there is no sort of evidence of the existence of any sort of God—any sort of power or being or mind beyond or behind it.

One by one the old arguments have been discredited. There were the early philosophical arguments, the proofs of a First Cause and Prime Mover, and so on. Modern philosophy entirely rejects them, and it is the philosophers who best know their value. Then there was the order of the heavens, and modern astronomy has made an end of this argument. The idea that such beauty as there is in nature testified to a God has been equally discredited by evolution. The argument from design has been shattered in the same way.

Science gives us a natural interpretation of nature. It is very far indeed in its present stage from explaining everything, but to take some part of nature which is at present obscure and say that the hand of God must be *there* is a very great fallacy. It is quite obvious that our ignorance of the natural cause may be, and in view of the history of science probably is, only temporary.

A few moments' reflection will show you the fallacy of all these arguments and explain why men in their search for God have been driv-

en by science from one department of nature to another. For such an inference to be valid, you must prove, not merely that science cannot today explain this or that phenomenon in nature, but that it will *never* furnish a natural explanation of the phenomenon, because such an explanation is impossible. Who will venture to attempt that?



CHARLES DARWIN

Then came Charles Darwin. What a tremendous splash that quiet little man made in the religious world. Yet Darwin never attacked religion

No, the ordinary believer in God, and it is for these that I write, must in his own interest realize that popular preachers and writers deceive him: not deliberately, but owing to the limitations of their education. They use long-discredited arguments. They talk philosophy which no philosopher will admit, and science that no scientist will recognize. If you take any million believers in God, at least nine-tenths of them believe for reasons which trained thinkers regard as quite illogical, and it is merely foolish to imagine that the business man or the popular preacher or the politician can judge the value of such arguments better than the trained thinker.

Amongst the higher type of religious writers, the better educated clergy, this is sadly recognized. They do not now use the old arguments, which seem on the lips of the popular preacher to be so convincing that you feel that the Atheist must be a fool or a knave. They do not boast that they can demonstrate the existence of God.

They admit that it is a delicate and difficult problem. The glory of God, which was once thought to fill the universe, is now regarded as a purely spiritual thing that is not reflected from a material universe.

Did you ever, with a friend, argue as to whether the pale delicate line low down on the horizon was really a range of hills or a cloud? Did you ever see the northern lights quivering so faintly in the night sky that you were not quite sure in your own mind whether the light was there or not? For the most honest and learned believers in God this is now the true position of the light which was once thought to flood the universe and convince every man.

So new ways, new avenues, are tried. Some, as I said, talk only of an impersonal power; but that does not help. Some say that God is limited in power, and we shall see later that this does not help. Some say that God is "immanent" in the universe, not "transcendent"

to it or outside of it; but no Church ever really said otherwise, and it is merely a new word that these Modernists have coined.

It is no use appealing to the universe in any way. It is godless. It is a great reality evolving slowly through the ages, with long portentous periods of blind clash and ferocity crowned by a relatively few years of civilization. Nobody, from Job onward, ever really reconciled its features with God.

New schools of theologians abandon nature and turn to man; or abandon nature generally and concentrate on its highest product and representative, man. If we cannot find the finger of God here, where shall we look for it? There

may be—on general grounds I should say that there probably are—higher beings than man on other planets in other parts of the universe. Our life-story on this globe has probably some two hundred million years still to run. Other stars are older than ours, and they may have planets on which the life-story has run millions of years ahead of ours. Mars even may have—I think probably has—a more advanced race than ours.

But the highest thing in the universe which we actually know is man, and in his nature we ought to find something more suggestive of divine action than in stars or flowers. Moreover, he is so frail a being, and his nerves quiver so with pain, that a benevolent or merciful power may be expected to take especial interest in him. The star feels no shock when it enters a nebula, or approaches another star, and its entrails are torn out and flung leagues over space. The rose has no tears when it withers. Even the animal has only a very dull glow of conscious pain. But man. . . .

I am reserving for a special division the reasons in nature and man for not believing in God—you will not grumble if I give a single division of my thesis to disproofs and five to an account of what are regarded as proofs. But right here it is necessary to anticipate a little.

It is precisely in the case of man, where we ought to find divine action, that we have least trace of it. The history of man is now written without the smallest need to introduce supernatural action. Whatever has been accomplished was accomplished by man. The pre-history of man—the millions of years of primitive savagery—is even more brutally godless. The human world today, which we know so well, nowhere suggests a finger of God.

Let this wait a little. Let us take first the best that there is in man. We cannot here discuss his intellectual faculties. They can only be said to point to the existence of God if they are, as some think, spiritual

realities. Although, especially when we regard their slow and gradual evolution, we find no proof that they are spiritual. They are a higher development of the faculties of the lower animal. It is, naturally, the same with man's emotions. His religious emotions in particular we will discuss in the next division.



H. G. WELLS

It was H. G. Wells who decided that progress must come from an aristocracy born of the union of the best men and women of each country, further imagining an ideal leader called "God the Invisible King"

It is in man's moral emotions, in his conscience, that theologians generally claim to find evidence of the existence of God. Whatever may be said about the moral emotions of animals—and some writers have detected the crude beginnings of a moral code amongst the higher animals—man broadly stands out from the rest of the world of life as the being with a conscience. He perceives moral law, and moral law implies a legislator. Natural laws may be mere descriptions. Moral law is a code drawn up in advance for humans to obey.

It will be enough to call attention to the weaknesses of the theologi-

cal argument that moral law exists, and that it implies a legislator. We admit it. There are modern writers—novelists, dramatists, Nietzscheans, etc.—who seem to question it, but one finds that they generally mean that some *part* of the accepted moral code is questionable. Let us say that the race recognizes a law of justice, honor, truthfulness, honesty, temperance and kindness.

You say that God imposed this law, and that in the voice of conscience we have the faint echo of his thunder. I say that the legislator was humanity, and that the conscience of the individual is an outcome of causation. If the facts of moral life are consistent with my theory, there is no room for yours. A supernatural explanation is superfluous when a natural explanation is possible. Why? For this simple reason: if a thing which actually exists is enough to explain a phenomenon, you have not the least guarantee of the existence of something else, otherwise unknown, which you call in to explain it. It may be more poetic to regard thunder as the voice of a God, but, since electricity fully explains it, you give up the idea of a God in the sky or on the mountain top.

Now every feature of the moral life is consistent with the theory that moral law is a code of behavior imposed on the individual by the community. The nature of the law, the clauses and precepts of it, points to this. Justice, honesty, and truthfulness are social laws, obviously. Social life improves in so far as they are observed, and it is disturbed in so far as they are ignored. Nothing could be clearer than that nine-tenths of the moral code represents rules of social conduct.

The evolution of morals quite confirms this. The lowest people of the human family have no moral ideas, as we shall see, and, reviewing the various tribes of savages and barbarians in succession, from the lowest level upward, we see the moral law taking shape in harmony with the needs of the expanding

social life of the tribe and the nations.

Religious creeds pervert the code. Local circumstances and needs shape it differently in different places. But the general development is clear. Man gradually formulates his moral or social law. Then the priests take it over and ascribe the law to a divine legislator.

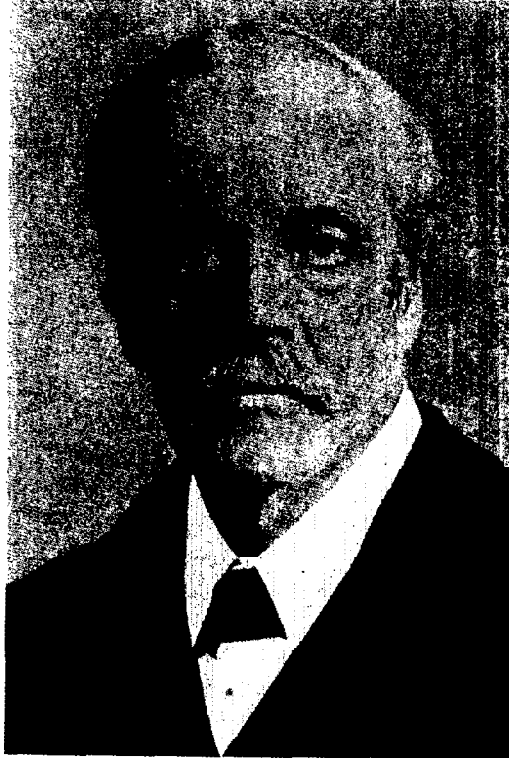
It would be strange if nine-tenths of the moral code were purely human, the other tenth supernatural, yet this is, I suppose, what the argument implies. Men certainly do not need a God to teach them that justice and honesty are laws or ideals. And the different emphasis put on different clauses of the law is equally human. Lying, for instance is (where no great harm is done) regarded as a light offense. To get drunk once in a while is not a serious matter. To get drunk habitually and ruin your family is a crime. Murder is the greatest of crimes. It is all perfectly human. It is social law.

The only difficulty is about sex-morals, and precisely on this point there is no such thing as a universal and consistent human conscience. This is, plainly, very significant.

A few weeks ago a cultivated Mexican gentleman told me that there are parts of his country where your host offers you the companionship of his wife for the night and is offended if you decline. It was a virtue of hospitality in ancient Scotland and other places. Polygamy is quite moral in Turkey and quite immoral in America, yet even a Christian moralist like St. Augustine would allow a man to beget children by another woman if his wife was barren. There is no limit to the vagaries of conscience in the field of sex. In our own highly civilized age the most serious writers dispute the (theoretically) accepted code of virtue.

This is in perfect harmony with the view that moral law is human law, and it is quite inconsistent with the belief that an autocratic legislator framed the law. We are

in an age of transition. The Christian code of conduct contained things which were purely ecclesiastical in origin. We are now trying to separate what is really moral and social law from these sectarian ideas. And the standard of most people is a social standard: Does the act do harm to others?



LORD BALFOUR

Lord Balfour, who is a clever statesman and a mere novice in science, repeats the old argument that "science cannot explain" things which must be explained by supposing a God

The Golden Rule is the ultimate moral principle. Behave toward others as you wish them to behave toward you. Nothing could be more clearly social.

So there is no serious difficulty about the code. What most believers will say is that we cannot enforce it properly without belief in God. They say that they are concerned about the *sanction*, not the *origin* of morals.

It can be proved beyond cavil that the world has steadily improved during the last one hundred years, when the belief in God has been steadily decaying. I have given full and unquestionable proof of this

in a recent book, *A Century of Stupendous Progress*. It cannot be seriously disputed. Ours is the most godless generation that ever yet existed and it is the highest in character.

There is nothing but pulpit rhetoric in the complaints that we are decaying and deteriorating. If moral law is social law, we shall see that it is increasingly obeyed. If any part of our moral law is not social law, it will disappear; but from the nature of the case—if it is not *social* law—this will have no social consequences. The moral argument for God is the feeblest of all.

Moreover, it is obvious that a man must very firmly believe in God before the idea can control his moral conduct. To say that we need the belief as a sanction of morals is absurd. We cannot manufacture beliefs for practical purposes. They would be fictions and therefore ineffective.

It is better to enforce the authority of man: still better so to educate the race in social feeling and an enlightened view of its own interests that the idea of compulsion will disappear. When we have quite got rid of the autocrat-theory of morals, we have every reason to expect further and greater moral progress.

THE RELIGIOUS INSTINCT

WHAT we have seen in the last section applies to every attempt to create a belief in God for practical purposes. This was admirably illustrated in the effort of H. G. Wells to establish a new conception of God a few years ago. It failed completely.

Wells had come to the conclusion that, while the world will certainly remain democratic in the political sense, progress is bound to come from a sort of aristocracy, a union of the best men and women in each country. He then imagined that these select companies would do well to have an ideal leader, and he conceived this as "God the Invisible King." He made very little attempt to prove that this Invisible King really existed. It was rather an

ideal, a personification of law and duty. But I never heard of a single convert to the new religion, though its author is one of the cleverest and most influential writers in England. God is not wanted by our generation.

It is just as futile for our philosophers to imagine that, when they have shattered the bases of the popular argument for God, they can provide the mass of the people with new arguments or new conceptions of God. As I have said, hardly any thinker of our time believes any longer in the personal Deity of the Churches. None accepts the common arguments for God. But a large number of our philosophers believe in a God, and some of them seem to think that they may communicate their belief to people who are not philosophers.

They certainly will not, and therefore I do not propose to examine their ideas here. They are divided into two antagonistic schools. One school follows the German philosopher Hegel, and believes in a very abstract and impersonal God, without recognizable characteristics, which they call the Absolute. It takes a large volume even to explain what they mean. On the general public the philosophy, as a critic said long ago, makes much the same impression as an elephant which is introduced to a nation which never saw one before. People are not sure which is the head and which is the tail.

The other school of philosophers, mainly an estimable group of professors at Oxford University who are as far out of touch with the world as professors generally are, call themselves Personal Idealists. They believe in a Personal God, and they find evidence for him in the mind of man and its ideals. The argument is very strained and almost as difficult to follow as the preceding. Evolution explains man's ideals without any metaphysics of this kind.

Then there is the very small school which is known in America as Pragmatists and in England as Humanists, and has no influence in either country. It is not the aim of this school to prove the existence

of God, but some religious writers regard it as favorable to them because it does not admit the supremacy of human reason. Our beliefs, it says, are not due to reason alone. Our whole nature, even our needs and interests, enter into them.

That is largely true; but, clearly, beliefs formed in this way are more

late amongst the general public. The believer ought to understand that clearly. Philosophy is as much against him as is science or history.

But I am mainly concerned with an argument which is supposed to be philosophical in form, yet is used in popular literature. It is said that, no matter how little trace

of God there is in the external world, man has a religious sense or instinct which bears witness to him.

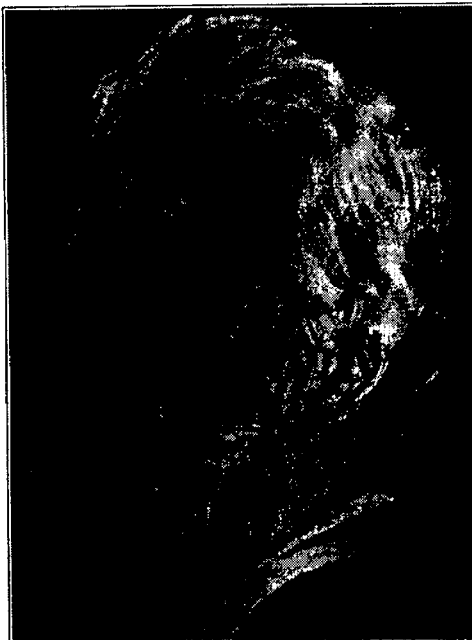
This argument used to be put, and is still sometimes put, in the form of a unanimous testimony of the human race to the existence of God. All peoples that exist or have ever existed, it is said, believe in God.

What that would prove, if it were true, is not very clear. The whole human race has until modern times been wrong on hundreds of things: one would almost say, wrong on all things except those which are quite obvious. Moreover, nearly everybody believes in God (as I have now shown) for false reasons.

Finally, it is not true that all peoples believe in God. The lower peoples do not believe in God. The belief evolves before our eyes, and now, in the highest peoples, it is disappearing before our eyes. This supposed "consent of the whole human race" is a myth, and the inference from it is ridiculous.

Well, the new apologists say, let us take the belief in God as it actually exists. It is so widespread, so nearly universal, that there must be some instinct or special religious sense in man for perceiving the existence of God. Just as one part of a man perceives color, another hears sounds, and another feels heat or cold, so there may be a spiritual faculty for perceiving God. We may feel his presence, not infer it from nature; and many believers say that this is their experience.

In view of the collapse of all the arguments for God from the external world there is naturally a tendency to concentrate on and develop this argument. It seems safe against any advance of science. You know more about your own consciousness, you think, than the man



ERNST HAECKEL

Darwin looked on with some bewilderment when my high-minded and gifted friend, Professor Haeckel, proceeded to show that evolution made an end of God and the soul

likely to be false than true. The theory does not help any man who wants to be sure that God really exists. At the most it may approve of belief in God as useful. I am concerned with those who regard it as true: it is of no use unless it is true.

No one would expect me in so short an essay as this to give a satisfactory account of these new religious philosophers, but I give the reader just this word about them for two reasons. First, very few of these philosophers accept the personal God of the creeds, and it is quite wrong to represent them as doing so. Secondly, none of these philosophers—that is, remember, our most profound thinkers—admits any value in the only arguments for the existence of God which circu-

of science does. If you feel the existence of God, how can a man of science tell you that you do not?

It sounds very simple and promising, but it leads to nothing.

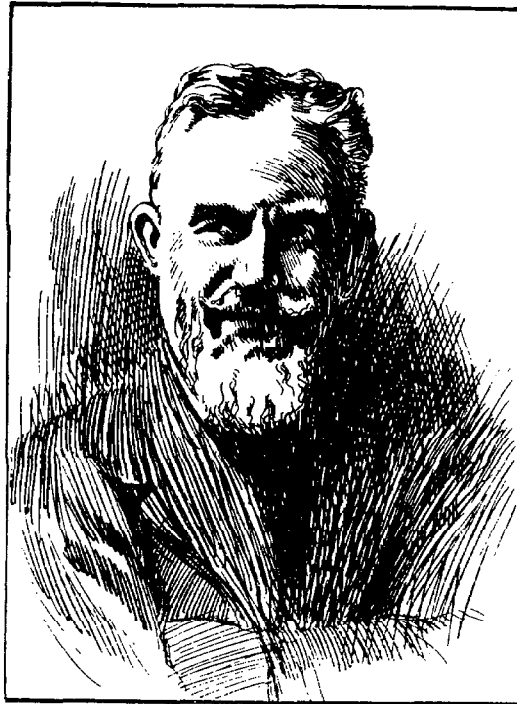
The first difficulty is that the strength of this "instinct" has a remarkable relation to the degree of a man's education. Belief is strongest where education is poorest. In the better educated middle class the majority of the men have no such inner sense or belief in God. The women, who are less educated, have more religion; but the modern woman, who is getting equal education, is becoming as irreligious as man. And in the circles of highest culture, of science and philosophy, the belief is feeblest of all.

Strange, isn't it, that if God has implanted a religious instinct, a sense of his presence, in the breast of man, it should grow feebler in proportion as the head is enlightened, and should generally disappear where the knowledge is greatest? Most of us, when we were young, had this "religious sense." In proportion as we grow in wisdom, it fades out of existence. I have not an atom of this religious instinct today. Why have you?

Two thirds of the historians and leading men of science do not believe in God. Two thirds of the younger pupils in their colleges do. Why is the religious sense distributed in this curious way? No one, surely, will suggest that the elderly professors are so dissipated that the internal mirror of their religious sense is tarnished, and the young undergraduates are so refined and virtuous that in them the mirror is spotless and bright!

I really cannot help being a little sarcastic at times when I write on some of these arguments for the existence of God. Perhaps you think that I misunderstand or misrepresent the argument. Certainly not. Learned clergymen, amongst whom I have many friends, assure me that they rely no longer on arguments from Design and First Causes, and so on. They appeal to the inner religious sense or instinct. You can

read this in any quite modern religious work. And this religious sense—that is to say, the belief in God which expresses it—is certainly distributed in the curious way I have described. The more educated we are, the higher the proportion of unbelievers. The more the world grows in wisdom, the less belief in God there is.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Bernard Shaw, who is always sane and clear-thinking when dealing with the facts of life, becomes as muddled and mystical as Swedenborg when he attempts to chart "the Beyond"

It is surely plain that this so-called religious sense is, like conscience, an outcome of education and environment. There are four "faculties" or powers or senses or instincts in man from which one or another theologian has tried to deduce the existence of God. They are the intellectual, the moral, the religious, and the esthetic faculty. Let me note in passing that in modern psychology the idea of special faculties or powers or instincts is not recognized. These are only abstract ways of regarding the mind. However, let us take the four "faculties." In so far as they are claimed to be spiritual realities, and therefore to indicate the existence

of a spirit world, we must, as I said, postpone the question.

In regard to the intellect some say that as the universe is "rational" and can be understood by the mind, there must be a rationality, an arrangement by a mind, in the universe itself.

Bishop Gore repeats this in his recent book, *Belief in God*. The book, by the way, is only one more illustration of the desperate condition in our time of the belief in God. Gore is so overwhelmed by the growth of skepticism that he declares that the belief is "dead," and he sees no immediate prospect of its revival. In the face of this dark situation—as it must seem to him—his book is really frivolous. Of its four hundred pages only about twenty are devoted to an effort to prove the existence of God! I say that this is frivolous, but the real reason is clear enough: there is no new argument for God, and Gore seems to feel that the old arguments have now little force.

He might at least have chosen some argument more plausible than this from the "rationality of the universe." Its "laws" are, as I explained, merely man's way of summing up its behavior. Its regularity of conduct is just what we expect of a being without mind or will. Its order is an outcome of an evolution which we have fairly traced. If the human mind (and whatever minds

there are on other planets) were blotted out tomorrow, there is no sense whatever in which the universe could be described as rational.

As to man's esthetic sense, or sense of beauty, on which Lord Balfour builds an ingenious and amusing argument for the existence of God, it is one of the most clearly evolved of man's faculties. It is a higher degree of the dim sense of ornamentation in the blurred mind of the bower-bird. It emerged from the nebulous material of life or mind, and it will pass away with the last dwellers on the earth. It points to nothing beyond itself.

So it is with the moral sense, as I have shown, and the religious sense. It is only the general col-

lapse of the familiar arguments, which have sustained faith in God for two thousand years, that explains these strained efforts to find supernatural meanings in natural things.

Indeed the argument from a religious sense is even feebler than from a moral sense. We all have a moral sense, a perception of moral distinctions and obligation, and it generally grows with one's progress in knowledge and refinement. It is just the reverse with this supposed religious sense. It decreases with knowledge and generally with refinement.

The truth is that there is no religious "sense" or "instinct." The idea that man is "eternally religious," that the child naturally develops a sentiment of religion, is against the entire experience of our age. In spite of the efforts of hundreds of thousands of ministers of religion and wealthy clerical organizations religion is disappearing. If knowledge is light, as we commonly say, one is inclined to regard religion as darkness, when one notices how consistently the advance of the one means the disappearance of the other.

The believer in God ought easily to understand why so many are now disposed to regard preachers and religious writers as not honest. They constantly use arguments which have been long discredited and are not true to the facts of life. They talk of man as "eternally religious" while they see the educated modern world surrendering religion on a phenomenal scale, and refusing to accept the new religions or versions of religion that arise. "Modernism" does not appeal to the world in spite of all the ability and energy of its apostles. The cities of the world have done with religion. The villages will have done with it tomorrow. The claim of a religious sense is a flagrant defiance of notorious facts.

As to children, in whom this religious sense is supposed to dawn, the statement is easily tested. I say—modern psychologists say—that what is called religious sense is a set of ideas and emotions implanted by education. Well, take children in different environments: without religion, with little religion,

and with fervent religion. The children develop religion precisely in proportion to their environment and teaching. My four children, who were taught neither religion nor anti-religion, never showed the least inclination to believe. It is the consistent experience of Agnostic families.



JOHN STUART MILL

John Stuart Mill thought that God should be excused by a "limited liability," exonerating him from responsibility for the evil in the world

If, in fine, you want further proof, reflect on the infinite contradictions of this religious sense in different individuals. It tells a different story in all the three hundred religions of the world. Even in one sect—say the Episcopal Church—it inspires twenty different versions even of the nature of God. It gives one a Jehovah with an eternal hell, another a merciful Father, another simply a Creator, another a Spirit of the Eternal Universe, and so on.

Religious ideas and emotions are plainly the result of education and environment. There is no religious instinct. There is, in fact, no such thing as instinct. The last prop of faith collapses. Two thousand years of industry in fabricating proofs of the existence of God have ended in bankruptcy. What the ordinary believer takes for granted, or regards as demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt—the existence of God—has proved an insoluble

problem, though the greatest minds of the race have until recent times devoted their genius to it.

A CHAPTER OF DISPROOFS

MUST we then be Atheists? It depends on what you mean by the word. Most people who do not believe in God—and there are millions of such in any modern civilization, if they are not the majority—do not call themselves Atheists. The word is taken to mean a denial of the existence of God, and most of us do not care to deny the existence of anything simply because it is not proved.

The few who call themselves Atheists, however, say that they merely mean that they have no belief in God. Agnostics, they say, are cowards who are afraid of the popular prejudices against Atheism. They quote a German philosopher who said that an Agnostic is "an Atheist in a silk hat." *Atheist* is from the Greek words "a" and "theos" (God), and the letter "a" is sometimes said to be "privative," not "negative." They do not deny, but they do not accept, the existence of God.

Unfortunately, the Greek particle "a" may be either negative or "privative," and from the days when the word *Atheist* was first coined it has meant, in the mind of the great mass of mankind, one who *denies* the existence of God. So I do not use it. I cannot prove a negative. The word *Agnostic* ("one who does not know") seems better. Some have used it in the sense that the human mind is so constituted that it *cannot* know. That is a theory, and I do not share it. I mean, in calling myself *Agnostic*, simply that the existence of God—any god—is not proved. And, to finish these definitions of terms, a *Theist* is anyone who believes in God, a *Deist* is one who believes in God and rejects revelation, and a *Pantheist* is one who believes that God is not a separate reality from the universe.

But it must be clearly understood, when we use the word *Agnostic*, that we do not mean that it is quite an open question whether there is a God or not. There is no respectable evidence whatever for God, and there is a mass of evidence which

disposes us to believe that there is no God. The case for Theism is very feeble: the case for Atheism is very strong.

Let us, so to say, put all the evidence on this great question in two scales. Let us imagine God, if you like, using a divine balance to weigh the evidence for and against his existence, as it is found in the minds of men after two thousand years of controversy.

In one scale he puts all the affirmative arguments. He drops in, with a smile, the ancient arguments of Plato and Socrates and Aristotle. He adds the antiquated arguments of the Christian Fathers and Schoolmen, of St. Augustine and St. Anselm, St. Thomas and St. Bonaventura. Still smiling, he throws in the arguments of the Deists, of Paley, of Kant, of Fiske, of Croll, of all the poets and philosophers of the nineteenth century. And I imagine that he still smiles when he finally puts in the arguments of Professor Bergson and Professor Eucken, and of the Absolute Idealists and the Personal Idealists, of Kelvin and Lodge, of Osborn and Millikan. There is not much in the crowded scale except mutual contradiction.

What is there for the other scale? All the tears and blood that these poor children of men have ever shed; all the pain and disease and suffering that have darkened this planet; all the brutality and injustice ever perpetrated; all the blunders and crimes that wisdom might have prevented.

The Modernist preacher and the religious scientists say sometimes that evolution is a more impressive revelation of God's power and glory than creation. How soothing nice phrases can be! You will admit that the earth today looks rather godless. I have lately seen the poor shivering in the zero weather of Chicago and Minneapolis and Winnipeg. I have seen the seamy side of life in San Francisco and Los Angeles. I have seen the poor of Mexico wrestling a pittance from the soil and shuddering under a threat of a new revolution. I read of impending war between Chile and Peru. I hear of Europe still laboring in the heavy seas of post-war time and meditating new wars. I

glance with pity at the daily news-sheet of crime, brutality, death, suffering, stupidity, hatred, exploitation, privation and indifference. If I were God. . . .

It is bad enough. But I know history, and I know that it is better today than it ever was before. Six thousand years of tears and blood! That was bad enough. It has left us a legacy of violence and stupidity that we shall take time to erase. And now, it seems, it was not six thousand years, but at least *six million* years of human life at the lowest and most brutal level; and, before that, six hundred million years—to count only from the dawn of consciousness—of animal savagery. This is supposed to be a grander revelation of God than if the carnage had lasted only six thousand years!

And the machinery designed to effect this evolution, from this new Theistic point of view, is not less revolting. There is no "law of evolution." Living things do not go on evolving if happily adapted to their environment.

In my debates with the leaders of the Fundamentalists I was amused when they quoted as evidence against evolution the fact that large classes of animals make no progress whatever. Of course not. Why should they? They are adapted to their environment. They change only when there is some stimulating change in the surroundings: new enemies, new parasites, new dangers, new catastrophes—fresh pain and blood and death. Great changes of climate, Ice Ages, have been a most important part of the machinery of evolution. They led to very great advances, and, incidentally, they caused prodigious suffering and slaughter.

One of the "religious" scientists of America—there are fifteen, I believe—has written a learned book on the microscopic animals on which he is an authority. Because the organs of some of them are very ingeniously constructed, he puts on the title-page of his book an old German motto which I may translate:

"Peruse this book and from it see God's greatness in all things that be."

And amongst the "things" which

he then describes are the germs of all sorts of loathsome and frightful diseases (syphilis, typhus, tuberculosis, etc.) and other parasites. How God must have smiled.

I do not know how many thousand types of parasites and carnivores there are in nature. I am at the moment a thousand miles out at sea. But does the number matter? From Pole to Equator every living thing has innumerable parasitic and carnivorous enemies. The earth is, and has been for hundreds of millions of years, a battlefield. Such is the carnage, even in modern times, that I have lately heard a surgeon claim that during those four terrible years in Europe, 1914-1918, more lives were saved, compared with previous years, than were wasted on the battlefields.

And we are now humane. We humans have improved the scheme of creation, or creative evolution. A hundred years ago more than one-half of the babes which mothers brought into the world, in pain and travail, never reached the age of twenty. Before that it was even worse. It took the human population of a country four centuries to double: now it would, if there were no birth-control, double in a quarter of a century.

Yes, you know it, you say. It has troubled religious thinkers ever since the doctrine of an infinitely powerful God was formulated. Hardly a single great Christian writer has failed to confront this "problem of the existence of evil."

Very good. What have they said about it? Can you recall any serious solution of it that you ever heard? Suffering chastens the soul and improves character, say some. Is that your experience? In very few cases indeed of the millions of human beings does pain or affliction ever improve character. The excuse is frivolous.

But if we bear our cross properly, there is heaven for us, you say. Again, to what proportion of the human race does that apply? If the idea of heaven is an illusion, the entire argument is vicious. But even if there were a heaven, the excuse would cover only a small part of the pain of the world. It does not touch the entire animal world. Why were they created at all if it

be a necessity of their lives that hunger shall drive them to seek food and that one half shall hunt and rend and devour the other half?

Moreover, the argument does not even apply to the human family. If the accepted version of the conditions of admission into heaven be true, the part of the race which suffers most—the majority—will never enter heaven. Of all the men who lived before Christ, during many millions of years, you will expect to meet very few in Paradise; and their brothers, the lower races of today, will not be more fortunate. Of the civilized nations of today the least religious are the poorer workers of our cities, and it is they who suffer most. The elect, who will wear crowns, are oil-magnates and stock-dealers who gave millions for clerical charities, the comfortable dames of Fifth Avenue, the sheltered and not ill-fed clergy, and so on. Suffering does not generally purchase heaven. It is usually a foretaste of hell.

What other justification of the ways of God will you attempt? Nothing new has been discovered since the days of Job. It is a mystery.

Yes, it is a mystery if you believe in God. It is no mystery in our modern philosophy of life. Nature is unconscious. Out of its dark womb a dull glow of consciousness at last emerges, and living things begin to suffer. But mother-nature knows nothing of their sufferings. At last man appears. Still for millions of years he does not differ essentially from other animals. He has no large plans. He knows little of the world about him. He foresees no future. At last self-conscious, civilized man appears, and science is evolved. Then, with a fire of idealism in his heart, with the great powers of the material world at his service, he begins to right the wrongs and blunders which are a legacy from the less wise past. Is that philosophy not true to the facts of life as you know them?

"The only excuse for God is that he does not exist," said a witty and wicked Frenchman of the last century. In a sense Henri Beyle's stinging phrase is a platitude. If God did exist, could you find an

excuse for him? No one has yet done it.

But they are trying again, and we must consider what they say. How one grows weary of following these changes of religious thought and argument! The supposed "constant changes of science" (which are really, for the most part, developments of what we already knew) are slight in comparison with the changes in theology, and science claims no divine inspirer who might be assumed to have an interest in guarding the race from error.

The latest plea is that, after all, perhaps God is not infinite in power. Perhaps there are limits to what he can do. Perhaps he could not prevent the pain and evil in the world. We save his benevolence, at the cost of his omnipotence.

Do we? The truth is that this theory, which was adopted by John Stuart Mill long ago, and is now favored by Sir Oliver Lodge and others, leaves us in a state of mind of the utmost confusion. What proof do you offer of the existence of this finite God? (English wits called it, when Mill introduced it, a "limited liability God.") The order and purposiveness of the universe, as usual. The finite God is, if not the creator, at least the designer of the universe, the mind guiding the forces of nature.

Very well. Then he directed the forces of life to produce the germs of typhus and cholera, the teeth of *Machærodus* (the saber-tooth tiger) and of the twenty-foot sharks of long ago, the lust for blood of the lion and the wolf, the spider and the serpent. If he did not, why do you claim that he paints the sunset and the orchid, shapes the beautiful shell, or fashions the human eye? You want to leave the simplest microbes (when they are pernicious) entirely out of the list of things which he guided the forces of nature to produce and to include in that list the fashioning of such complex things as the human brain and heart. Nay, you want to ascribe to your finite God all the good impulses of the mind and heart and leave all the bad impulses as things which his limited power could not control.

Certainly a naive proposal to make to us! It is like saying that

all the good things in nature clearly require an intelligent principle to explain them, and all evil things, which are just as intricate, do not require one.

But perhaps you would like to help out the argument with the hackneyed phrase that evil is only negative. So when your nerves tingle with the pain of tooth-ache or head-ache or appendicitis, the sensation is merely "the absence of good." The teeth and claws of the lion are as negative as the pain of the deer, perhaps. The toxins which poisonous microbes put in the blood are negative, and, of course, death is only the cessation of life. Poverty is only the absence of wealth. And so on.

Try again, my friend. I feel sure that you have a heart. Face the facts candidly. This world contains a mass of evidence that it was probably not designed by a God, and there is no serious evidence that it was.

But here is another new apology for God, and it is very proud of itself, because it is actually based upon evolution. We admit, it says, that there have been hundreds of millions of years of pain and brutality. We admit that the finger of God is not very obvious in the world today. But a brighter age is coming. A far higher race and better earth will yet appear. The dark tragedy of the past will be crowned by a glorious final scene.

Yes, I believe it. On evolutionary principles it is certain. We are only just learning the elements of civilization. We shall rise as high above the life of today as it is above the life of the ape.

But the idea that a few million years of happiness at the close justify a process of evolution (if it was consciously guided) which entailed hundreds of millions of years of misery for beings that die before the happiness begins is one of the most flagrant applications I ever read of the pernicious principle that the end justifies the means.

An English writer, W. H. Mallock, damned this argument twenty years ago. "Whatever be God's future, we shall never forget his past," he said.

Let us take it soberly. There seems to be nothing in the whole of

nature which now seriously persuades us to believe that a God must have made it. Our telescopes sweep out over a million billion miles of space, and we find no more evidence than we do about us. On the other hand, there is a vast amount in nature that favors Atheism. It is the same with man. Nothing in his nature compels us to assume that the evolutionary agencies which developed him were guided. It is the same with his history. There is no finger of God in it from the first page to the last. His blundering, evolving intelligence and ideals account for everything, the good and the evil. In the long, tortuous, blood-stained process of the evolution of his religions there is no more trace of divine wisdom than elsewhere.

CONCLUSION

CLEMENCEAU in one of his essays has a fine imaginary description of the mourning of nature at the news of the death of Pan, the Greek god of nature. At last the God of nature and of man is really dying. "The gods die, but God remains," said a liberal preacher. It is another instance of the seduction of rhetorical phrases. The God of this preacher—a very liberal version of the Christian God—is dying like all the dynasties of gods that ruled before him.

"A God of Kindred seed and line
Man's giant shadow, hailed divine."

The poet who thus complacently saw the passing of the Christian God, Sir W. Watson, had a God of his own: an Unknown God. This was to remain. Every new God is going to remain. and they all pass. The belief in any kind of God is disappearing. That is a summary in exact historical language of what

has happened in the last hundred years.

And neither nature nor man mourns. From all over the world people tell me that my books are largely responsible for their loss of belief in God, and not one of them but expresses pleasure that he has ceased to cherish an illusion. The millions of our cities shut God out of their lives and thoughts, and with such light-heartedness that they are not quite sure whether they believe in his existence or not. They never think about him.

There is mourning, it is true. It is confined to the clergy and religious writers. Great is the Diana of the Ephesians (Acts xix 28). It is not my wish to try to ascertain how far the clergy themselves believe in the God whose death they deplore. Very large numbers of them notoriously do not. An elderly clergyman of the Church of England deliberately assures me that "a very large part of the clergy of the Church of England are Agnostics." It is the same in the Church of Rome and all churches.

Yet the clergy naturally deplore the passing of the belief in God. No one will mind their tears if they do not give wrong reasons for them. When they urge that the world will become dark and chaotic, that all life will become a gladiatorial arena, that women and children will no longer be able to venture out of doors, they say things which are clearly false and insincere. This godless age is far better for women and children than any age that ever preceded it, but especially better than the long Christian Era which is closing.

Some recent apologist for God

has said that, apart from details of conduct, life generally will lose its color, its definiteness, its charts, if the belief in God passes away. There will be no purpose in human life: no meaning at all in existence.

We have been familiar with this kind of pessimism ever since the days when that strange artist, Leo Tolstoy, first wrote it. It is essentially the impression of a morbid artist. Existence will not have a meaning, you say. What a pity for the philosophers! Who else cares? Do you need a meaning in the universe at large to be keen and honest in your business and wise and kindly in your home?

There is no goal, no purpose, in life, you say. It was brilliant and beautiful, was it not, in the days—until the nineteenth century—when men saw its purpose in the will of God? But at least, you say, man had stars by which to chart his course in those days. You have blotted the stars out of his firmament, and now.

Now, my friend, we have put other stars there, and we move across the sea of life more swiftly, more confidently, more smoothly. That is not rhetoric. It is fact. We are not yet all agreed on our course. Yet we advance wonderfully. When all are agreed, when human ideals shine from the sky instead of ancient illusions, when we have done entirely with the service of God, which has wasted the resources of the race for tens of thousands of years, and devoted ourselves to the service of man, this tired earth will flower like the meadow in the spring and the sun will shine on more hearts of men than it ever warmed before.

An Editor's Notes and Impressions

An Informal Survey of the Fascinating Panorama of Life

By E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

The Love of Nature

A GREAT deal is said about the love of nature that dwells in the human breast. No doubt this is true, but still it is interesting to see how man, loving nature though he may, works to change it and in many ways shows his dissatisfaction with it. One thinks at once of the roads that are built to replace the poor and hazardous roads that Nature has given to man. There are the orderly rows of trees, and the beautifully cultivated parks, and the golf courses—all examples of man's interference with Nature. The "ole swimmin' hole" of Nature is not good enough for men, and so they build themselves bathing pools, very classy but very crowded. Man, morally stricken, is even ashamed of Nature and tries to hide its manifestations that mortify him. Cities, of course, are the chief towering illustrations of man's anti-natural tendency. Every building that he raises, every brick that he lays, every hillside that he grades, every artificial light that he makes, every awning that he pulls up, every row of steps that he makes, every new drink or new dish that he invents, all show that Nature in a naked, forthright state does not meet the requirements of man. Man even shows his love of Nature in acts that simultaneously reveal his disapproval of its arrangements. Nature puts flowers out of doors. Man brings them inside, and scatters them all over the house. Yes, man loves Nature—most unnaturally.

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The Inner Struggle of Mark Twain

I AM brought again to notice a more or less familiar, if not an old, subject by a comment of John Macy's in "The Story of the World's Literature." Speaking of the critical theory that Mark Twain was the victim of an inner struggle, and that his genius was thwarted by the narrowness and hostility of his environment, Macy dismisses it as nonsense. "Nonsense," I believe, is just the word Macy uses, and I feel like throwing the word back at him instantaneously. Waiving to begin with the question

of whether the theory is true or false, what is there nonsensical about it? Is it so fantastic and far-fetched? Has no man, no artist, ever been influenced by his environment? Does the artist live in a vacuum or wrapped in some divine essence that leaves him absolutely unaffected by the life around him? The theory of Mark Twain's artistic injury from the puritanism and provincialism of his public is, to say the least for it, a well-reasoned and quite possible theory. It does not rest on any strange or inconceivable premise.

And it happens that there is much more to be said for it. Circumstances in Mark Twain's life, a study of his character, bear it out. Mark Twain was a great, harum-scarum, bummish, Rabelaisian fellow, who fell into the hands of a prim wife and a priggish, timid fellow novelist: the sainted William Dean Howells. He naturally tended to write with a freedom and flavor that was not to the taste of the American public—a public that, for all its admiration, had nevertheless a certain suspicion of Mark Twain. This genius was afraid to write down many of his thoughts about life, and left them for posthumous publication, and even then the hand of restraint was evident. Undoubtedly Mark Twain was smitten by the American desire to be successful, to be respectable. He couldn't entirely live up to it. He would break out again and again. And he wasn't happy in the role. Still, he tried to play the part and did it to some extent—and insofar as he did, he suffered not only as a man but as an artist.

At bottom, there was a struggle in Mark Twain's own nature. He was torn between the impulse to realize his own personality and the impulse to be agreeable, hail-fellow-well-met, approved and applauded by the personalities—or better to say, by the crowd, hardly to be distinguished by such a fine term—around him. With his hearty camaraderie, his slap-you-on-the-back sociability, Mark Twain was nevertheless more intensely of the brooding, thoughtful, withdrawn type of man. He was always

lively, and always lonely—a contradiction in character. To be sure, he sincerely craved friendship, as he longed for popularity; but, unfortunately, for the most part, he could only get these by some sacrifice of his own personality.

Mark Twain would have been unhappy as a recluse, but he would probably have written like the devil in hellfire style: he would have been happier all around could he have associated with his equals, with a Rabelaisian crowd, and cared not a damn what the rest of the world thought of what he wrote.

§ § § §

The Great American

CONSIDER the eulogistic phrase, "The Great American," which has been by turns applied to George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Warren G. Harding—not to speak of a host of others dead and gone who have walked in different paths of life. Looking at such a list, we ask who is the Great American of the many who have been hailed as such in obituary oratory. No two men could be thought of who were more different than Washington and Lincoln. What had Roosevelt and Wilson in common save strong egos? Harding and McKinley show more resemblances, while Garfield is like both of them in that he was a nonentity elevated to an impressive position. Coolidge, when he passes finally into the real and not sham silence of the grave, will be hymned as the Great American. Perhaps his so-called taciturnity will be held to indicate his super-eminent Americanism: yet as a matter of fact Coolidge has talked a blue streak and the Americans are notoriously a talkative people. The Great American, I would almost say, is none of these worthies but rather the typical American voter who confers the illusion of greatness upon mediocrity. He is the Great Ordinary Man.

§ § § §

HOW absurd it is that men should let their prejudices obscure the appreciation of other men's talents! Blind emotion usurps good judgment in the conservative who will not recognize that Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells are highly intelligent men who have shown an undeniable gift or artistry. One who does not agree with Shaw as to the division of wealth

should not therefore fail to see the dramatic power, say, of "Saint Joan" or that Shaw has a singularly penetrating intellect that strikes through to new aspects of any subject it approaches. One who is opposed to the collectivism which, with some shifting and some vagueness, is the gospel of Wells should not therefore be blind to the very real art of "Kipps" or to the great importance, both in style and viewpoint, of "The Outline of History." The same thing is true of radicals who, for example, will not own to the admirable talents of Kipling simply because they do not like Kipling's English patriotism. What radical can deny the power and perspicacity of Conrad as a novelist because Conrad was an aristocrat in viewpoint and opposed to socialistic, not to say democratic, values? Whatever our differences, let us give men the praise they deserve. It is not only fair; better to say, it is intelligent.

§ § § §

MAN is born neither foolish nor wise. Up to the age of six years, he learns wisdom. From then until the age of twenty, he learns a hodge-podge of foolishness and wisdom. From the age of twenty until the time he has reached the age of thirty-five, he is set in his foolishness and has acquired enough stupidity and ignorance to last the rest of his life.

§ § § §

A Slave of Trifles

NOT all of man's boasted progress, his intelligence and ingenuity, have been able to free him from slavery to trifles. Think of what petty trouble a man has to struggle through each and every morning of the world just to get down to the breakfast table! He has to put on his clothes; and he can't array himself with one graceful economical gesture; he must make a dozen different motions to accomplish the intricate feat. He then must wash his face and hands, and probably, in spite of long experience, get soap in his eyes. He combs his hair, and is perhaps bothered with his hair falling out, or is reminded uncomfortably that it is time he should go to the barber's again. The task of shaving follows—which includes sharpening his razor, lathering his face, and about six different positions to which he must successively adjust his razor, and the application of a soothing lotion at the end; and, after all this, he must clean his razor and put it

away. Next he brushes his teeth, for when he smiles or swears or tells a smutty story he wants his teeth to present a decent appearance. At last he goes to breakfast, and while he may have a very good appetite, it is not unlikely if all this nervous excitement and effort interfere with his digestion.

§ § § §

A man thinks best on an empty stomach but his emotions require a full stomach.

§ § § §

Yesterday is the day you made your mistakes. Today is the day you are repeating them. Tomorrow is the day you will rectify them.

§ § § §

Beauty

IT is a thought to dismay the puritans that beauty in its various forms is sexually significant. Beautiful songs carry love as their theme, and beautiful poetry the same. All beauty of sound seems to express the throbbing heart of love. Colors of beauty have a sexual appeal, and sex appears in the most warm-tinted, lovely rounded forms in beautiful paintings. Beauty of shape, line and motion—obviously they are strong in their suggestion of sex. The beauty of moonlight, as De Maupassant's abbe found out, was made for lovers. The beauty of green fields and woods holds the pagan lure of sex. Beauty of character will thrill someone of the opposite sex, who wants to embrace such beauty. Beauty of thought has a shapeliness or virility, an intense ardent appeal, that cannot be denied a sexual relatedness; and beautiful thoughts, sometimes not quite sincere, are often pressed into the service of love-making. Beautiful flowers, of course, are employed in courtship, as also beautiful sculptured candy, in beautiful boxes, with the picture of a beautiful girl on the lid.

§ § § §

It is not enough to appreciate the fine things of life. One should strive to make them immediately and integrally a part of one's own life.

§ § § §

One may say that truth appeals to the intellect, while falsehood appeals to the emotions. But the thoughtful, clear-minded appreciation of truth may be colored though not obscured by emotion; and one may have a certain admir-

ation, as an intellectual spectacle, for a structure of falsehood that is symmetrical and put together with cleverness and logic.

§ § § §

It is better to be accurate than logical. The value of logic depends upon accuracy, soundness, true observation in the premises. Many a false thinker reasons logically, but his logic gets off on the wrong foot and travels in an opposite direction from where truth lies.

§ § § §

Government Stoops to Snoop

WHEN the federal authorities recently sentenced Earl Carroll, the New York theatrical producer, to a year in jail for his bathtub party—or, technically, for perjury in connection with that affair—one was reminded anew, and forcibly, of the descent to low business of the government of these United States. Consider, in the first place, the plain injustice of Carroll's sentence. What was said to be his crime? He was asked in federal court a question that was admittedly—legally—not the government's right to ask: whether he had presented to friends the spectacle of a girl bathing openly on the stage of his theater. He answered this question, which he was unrightfully asked, with a polite and properly self-respecting falsehood. Surely perjury cannot within reason be stretched to include a lie regarding a matter that is not the questioner's business! It is a common ethic of men that a lie, told to anyone who has no right to know the truth or to inquire about it, is a simple and legitimate escape from impertinence. As it looks to me, the government has punished Earl Carroll for the boldness of its own butting-in.

At the same time, Carroll was asked another question, which the government had legally a right to ask, and which he answered truthfully: Did he have booze at this shockingly unchurchy divertimento? Evidently he did not. Again evidently, such liberality in these days of the high cost of drinking—and of champagne, especially, as was alleged—would have been a foolish and unbelievable extravagance. It would have meant throwing away, just as easily as you please, a few thousand good round dollars. Certainly it was not proved that Carroll treated his party of friends to booze. He was found guilty merely on the score of his "lie." And he lied like a gentleman,

parrying the impudence of a snooper and bore.

Back of all this puritanical storm about a few splashes of pretty nakedness in a bathtub, what moral issue of really general concern can be seen? None whatever. Certainly the morals of New York City were not corrupted by the exhibition. By no stretch of the mind can one imagine the morality of the American hinterland—of Emporia, Kansas, for example, or Sioux City, Iowa—having been undermined by the strictly exclusive and unique little party. Undoubtedly a number of New York citizens passed Mr. Carroll's playhouse on that memorable night, on their way to assignations and jags and holdups, without suspecting to their sudden moral ruin the antics within. It is not stated that any innocent young people were witnesses of this extra, unadvertised show. The witnesses, all and singly, were sophisticated people who took the spectacle on the whole quite calmly, who were not shocked nor corrupted, who doubtless were not shaken by any large disrupting thrill in the sight. It would have been forgotten, dismissed as the trifle it was, had it not been for the notoriety due to government snooping.

This Earl Carroll case is but another example of the propensity of people to interest themselves unduly and in a too positive way in the personal affairs of other people. This type of busybody cannot bear to think of someone's acting in a fashion that he doesn't approve of. Whether it affects him or not, he feels called upon to interfere. He would go to any possible lengths—and would just as likely want to punish Earl Carroll for indecently eating his breakfast, in the privacy of his apartment, in his pajamas. Such a person's rule of personal liberty goes no farther than the admission of another's right to do what he, the puritan, thinks is right. Beyond that, who shall go? Only the rare fellow—and, ergo, the low immoral fellow—who is willing to mind his own business.

Of course there is another aspect of this will-to-interfere that is worth mentioning by the way. Envy has its share in the matter. The yokelry and boobery, not able to be spectators of such a gay release of the tired soul of man, are consequently shocked from their disadvantageous distance. It is not that they are moral. They are forced to engage in their immoralities under meaner, less interesting circumstances—

and they show resentment of their limited life by railing at the greater freedom of others. It is the malice toward the smart, highfalutin city folks that is ever present in the sad, sluggish livers of country people condemned to a diet of hard cider and salt pork.

What one sees, finally, in such affairs is the disgusting appearance of the government in the role of common policeman. The records of federal courts nowadays read like the cheap records of police courts. There was a time when federal courts were concerned with the interpretation of the law and the Constitution in connection with larger affairs. They dealt with questions of interstate commerce, the primary liberties of citizens, and first-class crimes worthy of note. With all their conservatism, and sometimes their stupidity, they were dignified and self-respecting and above such petty fifth-rate sleuthing as that of slipping up behind the back of a citizen to see whether he passed a bottle or a shot of dope to someone, or whether he reacted in an interested way to a glimpse of the female form divine. Now, however, the federal courts are losing their dignity and are rapidly sliding down to the level of village constables and justices of the peace. The result is that the influence of low-grade politicians is more and more seen in these once higher reaches of jurisprudence: and a good legal mind is no longer so important as a good nose for a peculiar smell around the corner, an ear for the popping of a cork in the third floor back, or a not remarkable intelligence to assume that Nature is up to some low work in the next block.

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One Day

D ID you ever reflect how in a single day a man can touch life at many, at most of the common, points? They are the familiar things which we take for granted. We are so used to them, we so frequently run into them between the succeeding sunrises and sunsets of our life. In a day, we can experience the delights, the denials and the doubts of love: and wake up to the next day with perhaps a slightly different viewpoint of love, but still not understand it. We can hate in a day: get out an old hate and look at it, and fondle it, and cultivate a few brand-new animosities. We are bothered or diverted, in a day, with the same old trifles

that go to make up the sum of all our days; and between suns we can do a lot of reflecting about the greater problems of life, stimulatingly and whimsically but to little purpose. We can feel a lot of old-acquaintance pains, and a number of agreeable thrills—all in a day. We are brought face to face, daily, in a variety of relations with our fellows—social, business, political, mental, not to say the intimately personal relations of those who live close together. We work, scheme, fight, plan, change our minds, learn to know ourselves better and to doubt ourselves more, all in a day. In short, every day is a sort of life in miniature.

§ § § §

We Are Crowded

NOW comes Prof. Edward A. Ross, the well known sociologist, with the cheerful reminder that this is an increasingly crowded world we live in, and that the especial and terrifying fecundity of the yellow race in the Far East is a menace that the western world would do well to mark. In a century or two, unless we take measures of thoughtful and thorough exclusion, we shall find ourselves overrun by the surplus human production of the Orient. We shall simply be pushed off our own front porches, out into the back yards and eventually into the alleys. We may have to live in trees. The underground world, imagined by H. G. Wells in "The Time Machine," may actually be realized in the not very remote future.

Now the Chinese may be better fitted to carry on the great destiny of the world and the human race than are we. Such may be the scheme—in optimistic language, "the one increasing purpose"—of whatever gods there be at the back of this funny, foolish, tragic riddle of life. It seems such a riddle indeed, a thing of staggering purposelessness and blindness, when one reflects upon such a prediction as that by Prof. Ross. For if the human race is doomed to such dire straits by the very law of Nature that leads it persistently to propagate, what is the optimist or the teleological cheer leader, bawling of some grand far-off purpose, to answer in the face of such a possibility? What is the certainty of the triumph and the supreme eventual justification of life, when men are going to be put in such a hell of a dilemma, a disastrous jam, by the sheer stupidity of numbers? It is bad enough to think that human

beings, even with enough room to live in properly, are not able to get along intelligently with each other. What will happen when even the thinker cannot avoid a murderous impulse toward the crowd that is continually stepping on his toes?

I haven't a really cheerful or encouraging thought in my head about this situation. Assuming that Prof. Ross is correct, what can conceivably be done about it? Is it thinkable that such trivial contrivances as immigration laws can prevent such a tide of humanity from sweeping over us? We would eventually have to fight the yellow brethren and solve the problem by killing each other off in sufficient numbers to allow the rest to draw a full breath. And here we may see an error in Prof. Ross's gloomy prophecy: great wars and pestilences, individual murder and suicide and self-indulgence too ruinous will, as in the past, undoubtedly do a lot of exterminating. This, to be sure, is but exchanging one gloomy prophecy, one pointless view of life, for another. There is no hope in it for a lofty, perfect optimism.

§ § § §

Soda—Henry's New Thrill

HOW life opens out, how it reveals new phases almost hourly, to a child! Sometimes one muses on a vague desire of being a child again, just to have so many new experiences, discoveries, thrills ahead of one. But then one would go through the same process of forgetting them, or the keen edge of them, as one grew up again; and would be forced to enjoy them vicariously by watching the children.

And sometimes I think that a child is more hospitable to new tastes in life than a grown-up: that as we grow older our tendency is to be less willing to receive new experiences, or to say that they are good, although we may be more intellectually interested in them.

But in this I may be misled, too humorously, by an incident that happened at our house the other evening, in which Henry was the protagonist. No doubt that boy is unusually avid of life, a very glutton for new tastes, sights or sounds. Anyway, when a friend who was visiting us persuaded Marcet to fix a glass of soda and water to relieve a mere trifle of a bellyache, Henry looked on with a curious eye. He exclaimed: "Why, it looks like lemonade!" And then, immediately: "Give me a taste of it."

He tasted it, and he liked it. Strangely enough, at the moment that one taste was sufficient. Calmly he approved of it, and seemed to think no more about it. That evening, however, as Marcet was ready to show him to bed, Henry suddenly broke forth in a demand for a glass of soda and water. It was, said Marcet, intended purely for medicinal use and only to be taken once in a while, when one needed it. But Henry demanded it simply as a beverage, a pleasant nightcap as it were, and complained naively that, after all, he had never had his share of soda up to that moment and then was a good time to begin with that new joy in life.

Marcet didn't give him the soda. She talked him out of it, easily, on this first occasion. But Henry will revert to this taste, this curiosity, this demand: and, equally true, he will some day grow out of this simple zestful taste and, with the superciliousness and weary cynicism of manhood, he will make a face at soda and look down upon it as a quite nasty necessary thing when one has too freely indulged himself with superior, more sophisticated tastes.

§ § § §

A Little Bit of Wisdom

I CAN see no possible reason why anyone should do something that he doesn't enjoy. The man who does foolish things that he gets no pleasure out of is assuredly a pathetic spectacle. And equally pathetic is he who refrains from doing what will bring joy to him. To go a step farther, whoever forces himself to do, or permits himself to be led into doing, good virtuous things that he sees no pleasure or meaning in—such a one is not acting wisely according to his nature. Why should one who is egotistic and self-centered, and who is concerned with life in terms of his own personality, violate through some mistaken notion his innermost self by trying to please or help others? (He may do it selfishly, through weakness, feeling that he will need similar help: a very human, understandable motive and not, philosophically considered, an unworthy one.) On the other hand, the acts called altruistic are, at bottom, explicable in terms of pleasure. We all know people who have the greatest pleasure in the world doing things for others—and often enough making others uncomfortable by their too great zeal in doing good. Self-sacrifice is a form of self-indulgence with some people.

Martyrs enjoy martyrdom. Idealists are never happy unless they are at odds with reality.

§ § § §

The Wicked City?

THE wicked city? Talk about the wicked countryside. Few forms of deviltry or dissipation that are found in the city cannot also be discovered, without a very fine search, in the rural regions. Vice is apt, however, to be crude and raw out along the hedgerows. There, the human animal does not have at his command the devices, the ingenuities, the various trappings of the gay good time that are to be had where the bright lights shine. Vice is gilded in the city, as compared with the country. It is more resourceful. It has more color, more sparkle, more variety, more of the get-up-and-go of real educated enthusiasm. The difference between vice in city and country is the difference between a highball, all cool and tinkly with ice, and tasty with a delightful even though deceptive mixture—and a shot of raw not corn whiskey, straight. At bottom both drinks may be of bad liquor, just as vice is everywhere fundamentally the same, and, good or bad, too much of the liquor will sear the intestines with remorse: but in the one case it comes in a pleasantly tickling disguise, appealing to the imagination, while in the other case it is as unimaginative as Sunday dinner on the farm.

§ § § §

In Praise of the Beautiful

LET me begin, humbly enough, by stating the obvious: The beautiful things in this world appeal to refined sensibilities—and to the discriminating intellect no less. You would think this would be obvious to anyone with good eyesight and a mind in which every spring of thought, bright and lubricated, works beautifully, smoothly in the right place. Yet, surprisingly, I have received some objections to this view of the desirability of beauty, and objections, too, on a score that I least expected—on the score of my promise to make the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly a beautiful magazine. Certain readers who have promptly and intelligently subscribed for the Quarterly have told me that I have laid too much stress upon the beauty of this magazine, which, by the bye, is to be devoted to the encouragement of all intelligent and civilized and beautiful things in American life. But we have a ready defense of

beauty—and by whom? By a woman! Not strange, but utterly fitting! It is M. Inez McCurdy (808 Commonwealth Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.)—a Quarterly subscriber—who writes:

Because I note your reference to readers who protest that too much fuss is going on over the BEAUTY of the new magazine, I am sending in the plainest way I can an expression of my appreciation of your intention to make the Quarterly a thing good to look at.

The emotions are important enough to receive the consideration you accord them, and not all of your readers are unaroused by the sight of beautiful things. Fine skies, perfect roses, gorgeous draperies, graceful movements, handsome workmanship, curves, colors, figures—everything beautiful in the world—give us all you can of them all! . . .

I am thanking you for believing that we have not all seeded to intellect entirely, but have some esthetic buds too.

Miss McCurdy (she may be Mrs.) says some other nice things about me that, on second thought, I will quote. Her praise is beautiful, so let us have more beauty. She says my "sense of fitness and taste" are to be seen in the Monthly, and, while she is rather nervously in fear that the Quarterly cannot be so good for three little dollars, still she is full of confidence because I "give more than promised at every turn." That is beautiful, because it is true.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," says Keats. They do not conflict. They splendidly and profoundly agree. Beauty is truthful because it makes a valid, sound, enriching appeal to our senses—and finely stimulates our thinking. Truth is beautiful because it is so harmonious, once you see things in their true relation. Thought itself is a beautiful thing, with a sort of beauty like architecture, or the beauty of dancing motion, or the beauty of the perfect physical motions of wrestlers and boxers.

But I shall be fair to the few critics of my estheticism, and say that I believe they do not object to beauty itself. They are perhaps a little afraid that in attending to the beauty of the Quarterly, I shall tend to neglect making it full, thoughtful and interesting. Never fear, good friends. The content of a thing always takes first place with me. Not by any chance will the beautiful appearance of the Quarterly detract from the vital, interesting nature of its contents. And, after all, the greater part of this job of making the Quarterly beautiful has to be done only once, and then it's done. And, thanks to old Pan, it's already done. A beautiful format and arrangement has already been

thoroughly worked out. And what goes into the Quarterly will constantly be my job to think about. In the Quarterly we shall have beauty and truth—a combination of esthetic and intellectual delights. Anyone who is not satisfied with that is "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

§ § § §

Who Is Charles Darrow?

WITH a brief, direct finality LeRoy A. Curry (Carmen, Okla.) challenges me to debate on the subject of "atheistic evolution." If I am not disposed to accept his challenge, he asks if I will hunt up someone who is not afraid to march gaily up to the slaughter. As a debater is one of the things I am most certainly not, and as I am a busy man with no time at present to arrange debates, I shall have to decline Mr. Curry's challenge. The fact is I should decline it, anyway, on the ground of vagueness in Mr. Curry's definition of the issue. He says: "I am opposed to the theory of evolution as advanced by Charles Darrow." On that basis, I would have to admit that I was beaten to start with. For I don't know anything about the evolutionary theory of Charles Darrow. Who is Charles Darrow? Will somebody locate and identify him? Can it be that Mr. Curry has just made a little slip of the pen, and that he is really referring to Clarence Darwin, the man who discovered the missing cake of ice at the North Pole?

§ § § §

SIX degrees of Doctor of Literature were conferred at Missouri University the other day. Does this mean that we shall be having six new creative novelists or six new intelligent critics? More likely it means that we shall have six new teachers of English, pointing out that Shakespeare didn't know his grammar; or six new novelists, proving that true love always thinks of what the neighbors will say; or six new critics, demonstrating that the artist should pour out "sweetness and light" in order to make people good and happy.

§ § § §

Stamps

MY opinion is asked on a momentous question. I ought to give it more thought, perhaps, and answer it fully, exhaustively, tying it up after the manner of Herbert Spencer with all other questions in a philosophical synthesis.

But time presses, and brevity compels. Clarence Atkinson (414 Wood St., Monroe, La.) wants to know my opinion of stamp collecting. Well—briefly—it is a queer, I might say inexplicable, hobby. Mr. Atkinson says it is the “hobby of kings.” Is that so? How interesting! Well, kings are queer people, as Thomas Jefferson used to say. My attitude toward stamps is very unemotional. Yes, I can look at any stamp, of any hue or nationality, without missing a heartbeat. They are business-like little things, I admit. They are useful. But only when in motion. From a static point of view, if I may put it so, there is nothing ecstatic about them.

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Negro “Servants,” Educate Yourselves —For What?

PASSING editorial judgment on a letter for Marcet that comes to my desk, I decide that it requires only a slight comment that I can give as easily as I can carry the letter to her. This letter is from Wm. J. Walton (Lubbock, Tex.) and, as the address would indicate, it reflects very typically the Southern viewpoint. Mr. Walton is courteous enough, even though he informs Marcet that, as she has demeaned herself to associate with Negroes, she would not be considered fit to associate with decent white people in the Southland. I can assure our friend that Marcet’s associations are full and rich and varied and quite to her satisfaction. But let me get at once to the point that interests me in Mr. Walton’s letter. He writes:

Education is doing much for the Negro and is destined to be his salvation. All well-informed people of both races neither look for nor desire “social equality” that our Northern friends wish—for us! We do, of course, feel superior to the Negro in many ways. And, so long as natural kindness helps us to treat the Negro as a loyal, faithful servant should be treated, we feel that we are doing well. You do not invite your servants to help you entertain your guests—that is, not on terms of equality. Neither do we.

Think of the smug unconscious humor of it! Education will help the Negro. Help him to be what? To be a “loyal, faithful servant”! People who would keep the Negro in an inferior

place are always saying that education is the true way for him to become superior. The contradiction is manifest, and there is even a suggestion, shall we say, of a flavor of hypocrisy about it. Of course, the Negro wants education, and he is getting it, and he is using it as anyone naturally does use education—to emancipate himself from the stupid, cruel restrictions that have held him down, to raise himself to the free, self-respecting status of a MAN, where his education will mean something and build a significant life for him.

Mr. Walton’s reference to servants at once begs the issue and points the moral. One may recognize servants as servants without lumping together a whole race as nothing better than servants. We do not regard all white people as servants, simply on account of their color. Why then should we persist in setting down all colored people as servants? And why indeed should servants, white or colored, not be looked upon as human beings instead of a different breed of animals? And, again, a servant who could intelligently help entertain guests would do so as an equal. How else?

Mr. Walton says the Southern viewpoint is shared by “educated Negroes down here who are really acquainted with the situation.” I assume that any Negro who does not share that viewpoint is regarded by Mr. Walton as either not educated or not “really acquainted with the situation.” It is not remarkable that many Negroes living in the South are affected by the dominant viewpoint of that white man’s country which is chiefly inhabited by colored people. The tide of discontent is rising, however.

I almost overlooked one remark of Mr. Walton’s. He speaks of Marcet’s report of the Sweet case in Detroit as “meddling.” It is “meddling” to report fairly a case involving human rights and life. And a case, too, the Negro side of which received all too little fair and sympathetic attention from the press of the country. If one who exposes injustice is a “meddler,” what term should we apply to the lawless mob element that perpetrated the injustice?

Men of Courage



RECENTLY a liberal lecturer, inspired by a flight of well-meant eloquence, declared that no one is so much admired in political life by the masses as a man of courage. The gentleman who thrilled his little crowd with this bit of gaudy bunk possesses intelligence considerably beyond the average—yet he could make a statement that is contradicted every day of the world by the facts of life, and the fallacy of which has been shown in countless historic instances. As a leader and student of lost causes, this man should know that those who have led great worthy causes in history have been condemned and often cruelly used by the mob. To speak of science only, think of the early laborers in this field—the Galileos and the Brunos—who were the victims of authority and had no admirers among the mob to defend them. Consider the sad succession of leaders in political struggles for justice or liberty who have been kicked down and out by the very masses they worked to save. The multitude has always thrown stones at the thinkers. The men who have been ahead of their time in any field of thought or endeavor, and who required a rare sort of courage indeed to uphold their views, have failed most dismally, most disastrously, to discover that alleged admiration for courage among the crowd. No man in the history of America, for example, has ever displayed a loftier and more stainless courage than Thomas Paine: and what was his reward? He was reviled by the mob, denied the slightest just recognition of his deeds and character, and to this day is withheld from his due position as a great American and is regarded generally as a monster. It is a well known fact that no man who is entirely open and honest in all his beliefs can succeed in politics—unless all his beliefs square with those of the average man. The truth is that the majority of people have no sympathy with thought and no appreciation of the courage that opposes their own prejudices. The man who will loudly, blusteringly shout the credo of the mob—him will the mob crown with its laurels. If that be courage, our liberal friend can make the most of it.

E. Haldeman-Julius



JIM TULLY

Agnostic, hobo, author, circus performer, prize-fighter, Jim Tully has lived a varied life. George Jean Nathan says that he is the best interviewer in America. Knowing people so thoroughly, it is in the interview that Jim Tully seems to be at his best—his recent interview with Elinor Glyn has become famous

Jim Tully

A Sketch of the Hobo Who Has Won Literary Fame

BY DAN HENNESSY



SMALL, red-haired boy looked up into the stern face of the orphan-asylum matron and said: "Yes, I said it to the other children. I don't believe in God, or in prayers and things. I only think they're silly."

The matron grimaced with shock, and told the other good orphans that this was a little son of the devil, that God would never take him for his own, and that he would be punished in hell.

The rebel was Jim Tully. He did not know then that the prophecy of the God-fearing matron was going to come true. God never took him for his own and anyone familiar with his life will concede that he had an extra large dose of the only hell we know.

After the juvenile skeptic had expressed his ideas of religion, he was put on the asylum's "son-of-a-gun list" and was shunned by the other children. But the sturdy little shoulders shrugged and bore the heavier tasks imposed upon them for precocious thinking; and as for the attitude of the other children, it didn't matter—which has been his own attitude toward believers and condemners all his life. Anyway he became a novelty. He was secretly pointed out as the only living person in the asylum, including all the men and women, who did not believe in God. To the children he was something of a little monster—a strange beast and a fool for his disbelief. It was inconceivable how one could fail to believe.

As far as the lad was concerned, the institution represented the world. He had lived there since babyhood. The world outside was as unintelligible as the stars. It made him feel good to be a thing different from everyone else in the world.

I have met many men who have eventually struggled out of religion's superstitious straps, but Jim Tully is the only one I've ever met who never believed in God. It is more unusual when the fact is considered that there was not a single skeptical adult to give him the suggestion—in fact, he says the grown-ups who conducted the asylum had an actual fear of him.

Leaving the asylum, the boy was sent to a farm. The people to whom he hired out lived by the Bible. Jim, of course, rebelled against it and refused to go

to church. This refusal was so disagreeable to the farmer that he would have sent him back to the asylum but for one reason—the Irish lad had broad shoulders. He could work. All through his life the broad shoulders were an attractive sight to many a gentleman who had hopes of going into the exploitation business. Prize-fight managers fairly doted on them.

From the farm he went to freight trains. In the sewers of New York he had experiences with soul-saving missions, the littlest and crudest members of the great God trust.

Six years of life were spent as a tramp. And if you happen to be interested in the story of these people I can heartily recommend *Beggars of Life*, which is, to my mind, the classic of tramp literature. This was Tully's first ambition realized. He wanted to tell the story of the low life. In his first book, *Emmett Lawler*, he told it, but was still unsatisfied with the attempt. It took him eight years to write *Emmett Lawler*. He rewrote it fourteen times. It got into print because the struggling writer gained the friendship of Rupert Hughes, who was only too willing to lend a hand to an artist.

Tully realized the futility of tramping and looked about him for another means of gratifying his love of adventure and wanderlust, without taking the constant punishment that goes with hoboing.

So he joined a circus. Circus life engaged his attention for a year or so but he could become nothing better than a brawn worker and hanger-on and he concluded to look around for something better. But one summer he hooked on with a show and met a woman who influenced him in his life. Something reached her from within the blue eyes of the pugnacious redhead's face and she took an interest in him. She was the star performer. Jim recognized something better and higher in her than in the women with whom he had associated in the past and he became very fond of her. He schemed to become a performer so he might associate with her. Unable to obtain anything better, he became the burlesqued rustic who climbs out from the stands, and, to the great delight of the crowd, attempts to ride the bucking jackass. Speaking of it now, he says: "The poor beast was born an ass, but I made an ass of myself for two

bucks a day." The lady of his desire was thoroughly debunked. She saw possibilities in the little barbarian and awoke in him a love for good literature. It developed into a love affair, an odd one, between a woman of the world who twirled her body on the end of a rope to amuse childish crowds, and a dream-haunted harlequin who rode a jackass.

Then came several years in the prize-ring. He was a successful fighter. Three times he fought champions. But he was already deep in literature and the coarseness of the prize-ring appalled him. In one battle at Buffalo his nose had been smashed. One day after he had crawled out of the ring, a winner after twenty-three rounds of bloody fighting, he decided to take the first step toward his ambition—literature.

"I'm not going to fight any more," he told his manager. "I'm going to be a writer."

"A writer!" the manager gasped. "Why, Jim, you must be crazy. We'll soon be in the big dough. You got the makin's of the next lightweight champ. You'd starve to death as a writer."

But Jim was stubborn. His ambition was to write and it has never changed. His attempts make a long, hard tale. He began with a vast enthusiasm, but he really did not know a period from a comma. In America, where everyone must be catalogued, there is no card for one who looks like a bruiser and has the soul of a poet. No ex-pug had ever become a successful word-craftsman—before Jim Tully.

George Jean Nathan says Jim Tully is now the best interviewer in America. At present he has long contracts with magazines for interviews with noted people. He never takes notes—ten minutes with the person and he turns out—not a conventional interview, but a real character study. He has a remarkable knowledge of human nature. When he interviewed Elinor Glyn, he talked to her but a few minutes, but from the short conversation he brought forth the best piece of debunking on the Madame that has yet been produced. When it was mentioned to Miss Glyn she said she did not even remember the interview. Tully is unusual; not a type—different

from anyone else in manner and appearance. Evidently she could see no difference between him and the usual "I-have-met-Miss-Glyn-and-she-is-lovelier-than-I-thought" type of interviewer.*

Tully believes in making concessions to ignorance and convention for comfort's sake, but he has never been able to put the theory into practice. He was fired from three newspapers because he would not slide into a groove. Three movie studios fired him from scenario writing jobs. This was before his first book had been published. One of the ladies who fired him from scenario work was good enough to advise him that he could never become a writer if he tried all his life. Now, lest this begin to take on the aspect of a "success" story, let me tell you that in surmounting these discouragements he did not emerge smiling and happy forever after.

By nature he has the Irish temperament—a sense of humor, of tolerance. Outwardly he is hard and defiant, inwardly he is sentimental. He has cultivated an attitude of tolerant irony and pity. But his sensitiveness is just as strong as ever it was. Life hurts him, intensely. He might have grown up Irish, sentimental, ignorant and happy. But to be able merely to see the veneer of life, as most people do, would not be worth the exchange back into illusions.

One of his books has been dramatized; he has a play coming out in November in New York and will soon have five or six books to his name. Such things, I think, would make me satisfied with life. But Jim assures me that he is no happier now than when he was a penniless vagrant.

"I've been through a hell of a lot of suffering . . . I've read a lot of books and seen a lot of life. But I'm no more contented than I ever was. I don't know what it's all about."

If one must have some sort of religion or philosophy of life, the best to apply to Jim Tully would be this, of which he is a living expression: "*Be good to your friends and to hell with the rest of the world.*"

*This interview, originally printed in *Vanity Fair* for March, 1926, has now become famous—so, as it deserves, it is reprinted in this issue of the *Haldean-Julius Quarterly*, immediately following this article.

My Interview With Elinor Glyn

A Penetrating Analysis of the Author of "Three Weeks"

BY JIM TULLY



ELINOR GLYN'S novel, *Three Weeks*, is the greatest and most soul-searching psychological description of love written in the last fifty years. This is the unanimous opinion of Elinor Glyn. A man high in the film industry had told me that Mme. Glyn was a remarkable woman. Always interested in remarkable people, I met her. She was in Los Angeles at that time to lend her cooperation to the preparation of *Three Weeks* for the screen.

Elinor is an English aristocrat. Observer of formalities, she can be met only by appointment. She is considered a very busy woman. It will cheer young men and women who despair of literature in America and England to know that Mme. Glyn is a great social favorite.

Mme. Glyn sat across from me, overjeweled, but well-dressed. Her hair, a nondescript auburn, was straight. She was, at one time, a handsome woman. And even now, a grandmother three times, she has a form to be envied by a Broadway cloak model. Her eyes are remarkable—not for their beauty, but for their weird expression and their sea-green color. They are the shade of evaporating marsh water suddenly exposed to the sun. Tense, emotional, flippant, and always swimming in affection, all one has to do is to sit quietly and sail toy boats over the shallow water of her nature.

I lead off quickly, "What is your opinion of American literature, Mrs. Glyn?"

"Now, now, I don't know," she answered. "You see, I seldom read anything modern. It takes me away from my beloved classics. Oh, my dear classics," and she pressed her hands together and rubbed the many thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on them.

"But, is there no outstanding figure?" I came back.

"Not since Jack London's death," was the reply. "Poor, dear Jack. He once wrote to me and said, 'My dear Elinor, I will trade you twelve of my autographed books for eight of yours. I consider

you the greatest psychologist in Europe.' " This jolt dazed me, and I sparred for a moment. I always did feel that Jack London was a boob about women.

"But are there no modern American books at all that you care about?"

"Well," she answered, "I read one not long ago. It was on a ship, and I was bored. It was by a person called Fitz—Fitzgerald, is it not?" I wondered whether she meant F. Scott, or Edward, when she said, "It was called *The Beautiful and Damned*, I think, and oh, what a very dreadful picture it painted." I told her it was written by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

That was jolt number two—to think that F. Scott Fitzgerald, clever splasher of lavender in the pink tea of life, could shock her. "You see," she went on, "I am an optimist; I don't believe in pessimism at all. I believe there is a power that guides us." I suddenly thought of Bryant's *Waterfowl* going to his home late in the evening after a very hard day at the docks.

I was getting nowhere, so I switched to English woman writers. "You have one remarkable writer over in England, Mrs. Glyn. She has a Hardy-like grasp on life. Her name is Sheila Kaye-Smith."

She shook her head slowly. "I have never heard of her," she said.

"Do you care for Mr. Mencken?" I asked. "Many of us consider him brilliant in this country—an iconoclast."

"No, no, I would know nothing of him. You see, I do not believe in that."

I returned with Theodore Dreiser. She was getting ready to answer with a blank expression on her face, when a knock came to the door. When she returned to her seat, I left Theodore standing with *Sister Carrie* and hurried to Russia.

"What is your opinion of Russia, Mrs. Glyn? You have written of that country."

"Yes, yes," she half whispered the sacred news and rubbed the palms of her hands over her many diamonds, while her sea-green eyes narrowed. "I have written the most profound and searching study yet to come out of Russia since the revolution." This

was amazing. At last we were in the center of the ring. I was jubilant.

"Do you not think Lenin is a great man?" I asked.

"Ho-ho-ho-ho," she laughed, and moved her head from side to side. "Poor, mad, foolish, stupid Lenin." and she laughed again. I was becoming quite a comedian.

"Trotzky . . ." I stopped.

Her eyes narrowed again and she snapped her fingers. "Ha, ha—a fly to brush from the window-pane." That was too much, and I said, in that superior manner we all assume when we think we are saying something. "I think he's a great guy myself."

Elinor was as horrified as if someone had asked her why Paul had not swung a pick for *Three Weeks* and thereby have done his fair share of work in the world.

"Your literary struggle, Mrs. Glyn, was it long?"

"No—I merely wrote and published. You see, I had a remarkable memory, a very remarkable memory, and I believe in truth, and so—I had an immense success."

"Of course, you had every educational advantage. Do you consider a fine education necessary for a writer?"

"Yes, I cannot conceive how one can be a great writer without a profound education." I looked across the room and Conrad, Masfield, Gorki, Shakespeare and a crowd of others stood bowing at me.

"You spoke in high praise of optimism a moment ago, Mrs. Glyn. Don't you think it can be carried too far?" I asked, the while thinking of Ibsen's "the supreme optimist is a damn fool."

"No, no, I do not. Suppose a young man were very ill, and the doctor told him that death was certain in ten days. Would that doctor be wise?" I made no answer, but thought that it would not make so much difference to one who wanted to live hard enough.

Further conversation proved that Elinor Glyn believes in the great English and American forward march. That the poor boy can rise to great heights despite every handicap. "Look at Lord Reading, a poor Jew boy, and look at his position now."

"Yes," I ventured, "but even so, every poor Jew

boy cannot become a Lord Reading, can he?" I asked.

"Perhaps not. But they can rise far by their own intellect."

I thought of the hundreds of young boys I had known from orphanages and reform schools who were now degenerate, broken and pitiful, carrying dwarfed souls and shriveled lives over the rocky road that leads to the last oblivion.

A slight turn in the road can wreck a life. What then must be the plight of boys who learn more about the viciousness of life at 20 than any of our social leaders have the capacity to imagine. Has anyone ever noticed the weary expression in Judge Lindsey's face? He knows.

Are these boys without appreciation of their real friends? Seventeen years ago I stood in front of an Art Museum in Chicago with three other boys. A venerable and wonderful-looking woman passed us. A boy, now serving life for murder, said: "Take off your hats, kids, here comes Jane Addams."

But Elinor Glyn sits across from me and she is talking about a dance she had with a potentate from Siam, name happily unremembered. Her diamond necklace sparkles on her

white throat and recalled to my mind a saying of Kate Barnard's that I have remembered for years. Kate Barnard was, or is, a power in Oklahoma politics, if I remember correctly. She said: "I'll never wear a diamond so long as there is a hungry child."

"*Three Weeks*," she was saying, "has been translated into every language and it still sells fifty thousand copies a year."

"What is the secret of that success, Mrs. Glyn?"

"Truth," was the terse reply.

"Why is it," I went on, "that most of the great delineators of female characters have been men—Balzac, Hardy, Dreiser, Zola, Sudermann—nearly all?"

"Because," was the decisive answer, "a woman cannot tell the truth about anything."

"Why is that, Mrs. Glyn?"

"Because a man deals with big things and tells the truth. A woman deals with little things and always lies. I write like a man."

I recalled a pamphlet she had written about



Drawn by Henry M

ELINOR GLYN

Still famous as the author of "*Three Weeks*," first published in 1906, Elinor Glyn has written many books dealing with "that passion called love!"

her best-known book. After trying to remember a passionate case of love in England, she decided to invent one. She *invented* it, which is, I suppose, a paradox. She wrote:

"And finally the vision of *Three Weeks* came to me suddenly in the autumn of 1906 and I retired to the pavilion in my garden, where I used to write in those days, and began.

"It seemed as though some spirit from beyond was guiding me—I wrote breathlessly for hours and hours on end. . . . I felt intensely as I wrote; I lived in imagination every moment of their two lives. For me they were vital human beings. And that is the reason they have remained of magnetic interest to the readers for all these years and will go on doing so to the end of time." Which is—almost—immortal.

In defending the book from the prudes she quotes a chapter end:

"And this night was the most divine of any they had spent upon the Burgenstock, but there was in it an essence about which *only the angels could write.*"

"How could any low thought of mere sensuality have entered into a love like this?"

"I maintain that *Three Weeks* is a deep and elevating tragedy, and as such will live far beyond my life, when prejudice will be less and the *truth* seen more clearly."

In an effort once more to get an opinion of American woman writers, I asked, "Do you care for Dorothy Canfield?"

"I have not heard of her," she replied, and then said quickly, "but Gertrude Atherton is a marvelous writer. Her psychology is wonderful and will endure."

"Mrs. Atherton is of the same opinion—are you her disciple?" It was a brutal question—which she ignored. As though Mrs. Glyn could be anybody's disciple.

Mrs. Glyn is not in sympathy with the American system of co-education. She believes that it brings boys and girls into too close contact in and out of the schools.

Close association fritters away the procreative instinct and destroys all reserve so that the only thing that comes to them later in life is what comes to animals in the mating season, real love being impossible. Woman, according to Elinor Glyn, must keep herself mysterious and aloof. It is only by so doing that romance can be preserved.

It will be seen that Mme. Glyn is not stepping ahead of Havelock Ellis and Ellen Key as a modern thinker.

The business manager of the studios knocked at the door. We both rose, Mrs. Glyn saying: "I have a message for the world which I shall deliver everywhere. My latest book tells of it. It will be out soon." I wondered why writers always tried to push their latest books on other writers, and so wondering, I walked out into the California air, leaving the author of the greatest treatise on love in the last fifty years (and of the greatest book on Russia) alone with the man of business.



The War on Cancer

Steady Progress Being Made in the Fight for a Cancer Cure

BY DR. JOSEPH COLT BLOODGOOD

The Layman and Cancer



THE chief difficulty in the treatment of cancer during the last twenty-five years has not been the accumulation and verification of facts concerning the disease, but rather the presentation of these facts to the general public. Since the most important factor in the curing of cancer is immediate treatment before the malady has advanced, it is absolutely essential that the public have in its possession this and all other available facts concerning cancer. One of the chief difficulties in communicating such information to the majority of people is the difference in the language understood by the medical profession and the general public which has no knowledge of technical terminology. However, since the informative work of Samuel Hopkins Adams in 1912, intelligible messages have been steadily coming from members of the profession.

The people are listening to these messages and many are understanding, for up to 1900, a period when the people were ignorant and uninformed and the surgery was developing, the number of hopeless cases ranged from fifty to ninety percent. Since 1920, after a period of instruction and education in prevention and cure, the hopeless cases have been reduced to forty percent or less. There is no question that hopeless cancer in at least ninety-seven percent of the cases is due to delay in treatment.

The actual cause of cancer is not known, but all agree that cancer first begins in a single spot, probably in a group of abnormal cells. These abnormal cells first produce a definite local growth like a wart, mole, scaly area, or sore. Everyone has had a fever blister on the lip or a canker sore in the mouth, but the majority of people do not know that

cancer never begins in a healthy spot of skin, though it may begin in any of these defects just mentioned. When the abnormal cells have formed these defective spots, a second change takes place. These cells which formerly were not dangerous now become cancers. The destructive power of the cancer cell lies in its ability to reproduce another local growth when it gets into the blood and is carried to other parts of the body. The ordinary cell cannot do this and simply dies or is destroyed. The danger of cancer, then, is the so-called blood-poisoning possibility of the cancer cell. These second-growths of the cancer cells are called metastasis. The move-

ment of the cancer cells through the blood and their establishment of new growths is very much like the migration of people from their original home and the formation of colonies in different parts of the world. Cancer kills by its power of migration or metastasis. Once the cancer cell has started on its career, the white cells of the blood which ordinarily remove impurities have little or no power against it. It is king of the jungle of cell life, and nature alone rarely, if ever, can de-

Dr. Joseph Colt Bloodgood was born in 1867, in Milwaukee. He received his M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1891. Immediately upon his graduation he became resident physician at the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia, and a year later became assistant resident surgeon at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. During the next eleven years Dr. Bloodgood attended foreign clinics and hospitals, was resident surgeon, associate in surgery, and associate professor in surgery at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. He is now associate surgeon at St. Agnes Hospital. Dr. Bloodgood may be regarded as one of the foremost American authorities on cancer.

stroy it. Medicine and surgery are now stepping in.

There are three local growths in which cancer may develop. The wart and the mole are definite tumors which may or may not be dangerous; the ulcer is a growth of inflammatory tissue commonly called a sore; and then there is a scaly area on the skin which may be caused by sunburn, frost bite, an X-ray burn, an injury, or any other irritation. It is the constant irritation in the last type of growth which causes the cancer, as in the natives of Africa who carry hot coals on their abdomen to keep warm in winter, producing there first an area of irritation, then a wart or an ulcer, then a local cancer.

Tobacco sometimes irritates the lining of the mouth in such a way as to form a cancer. Such a growth begins with a white place which is practical-

ly a burn and develops through irritation caused by dirty, ragged teeth and continued smoking.

Everyone can feel a lump. People of different years of schooling have different words for a lump. Some speak of it as a tumor, some as a "hardening," others as a "waxen kernel." But whatever they call it, they all know it is something they can feel that was not there yesterday. The additional information they require is that the lump may at any moment change into cancer, and the safest thing is to seek a good doctor at once and find out whether it should be removed by a trained surgeon at once.

In fully ninety-seven percent of cancers of the mouth of which I have definite records there are two distinct factors which clearly precede the area of irritation where the cancer ultimately develops, and those two factors are tobacco in any form, including snuff, and ragged, dirty teeth. Smokers who are very careful to keep their teeth clean and smooth, and who stop smoking the moment they notice the white patch or experience the sensation of a sore mouth, never get cancer.

As for cancer of the breast, the medical profession can offer to women who seek an examination the moment they feel a lump in the breast, chances of a permanent cure (at least seventy-percent) if the lump turns out to be cancer. It can also promise them that if they go to see the family physician the moment they observe anything unusual with one or both breasts, that the chances are that these warnings are associated with cancer in only twenty-five percent of the cases; and then, if it is cancer, the hope of a cure rests upon the definitely known figures of seventy percent. What should a woman really know? First, if she feels a lump, or thinks she feels a lump, to report to her doctor at once; but she must not be disappointed if the lump she thinks she feels is not a real lump, and operation is not advised. Many women use different words to mean a lump, and so any of the following conditions should be looked upon as a lump: a hardening of any part of the breast, the enlargement of a breast, a growth which feels like a marble beneath the skin, the shrinking of a breast, or finding anything in either breast which was not there the last time you felt it. The next most essential thing for every woman to know is that once she feels a lump she should not wait for pain, or upon feeling pain she should not wait for a lump. Third, if there is any irritation of the nipple, never scratch the area of irritation, but wash it with soap and water, rinse off with medicated alcohol, and cover it with white

vaseline. If the nipple is carefully protected while nursing the child and kept absolutely clean, practically no nursing mother will ever have an abscessed breast.

At the present time, I believe, the chief fault is that we are unable to get this message in an understandable form to the women of the country. The majority of the women whom I see today with lumps of more than one year's duration are ignorant of the danger of delay. The next failure is among the women who have received the information but who delay weeks or a few months. Not until every woman who feels a lump in her breast reports for an examination within a week, will we really be able to realize the most favorable side of cancer of the breast.

In 1913 I made a study of all the records of cancer of the stomach which had been collected in the Surgical Pathological Laboratory of the Johns Hopkins Hospital for thirteen years. The results are hardly believable. The surgery for cancer of the stomach was well developed. The majority of the patients whose stomachs had been removed, recovered from the operation, but later died of cancer. That is, the failure to cure was not the fault of surgical art and science, but rather ignorance of the dangers of delay after definite warning. The majority of us are quite used to the advice: "Have your tonsils or your appendix removed," but most people balk, even when they are tactfully informed of the necessity, at losing half of their stomach. As a matter of fact, the stomach and the bowels have been so generously bestowed upon the human being that large pieces can be removed without interfering with digestion in any way.

I once sent my friend, H. L. Mencken, an article on cancer of the genito-urinary organs written for the enlightenment of the public, with the request that he put it in English fit to print. His reply was: "It cannot be done. You must let these people die." In cancer of the female sex organs it would seem that false modesty leads to death. Public speakers dislike to mention this subject, and the daily press and the magazines prefer to have it appear only in the advertising sections. Every woman should know that cancer generally attacks the woman who has borne children a few or many years after the birth of the last child, and they will be warned in time by a condition that precedes cancer. If she observes anything unusual in the monthly periods the sensible and sane thing to do is to go to the physician and describe it to him. Unfortu-

nately, even up to this day, the majority of women delay, and cancer of the uterus is still coming under observation in a late stage. It is to be remembered that surgery offers practically nothing in the late stage of cancer of the uterus, and even radium offers very little in this stage.

You will observe that in cancer of the mouth, the stomach, the breast, and the uterus, the facts are the same, the argument the same and the philosophy the same. There must be some method of communication between the medical profession and the public, so that the public may receive the best benefits of modern medicine. If one waits until the disease drives him to the doctor, the chances of a cure are much reduced.

I have now had a very large experience with educating the public in regard to cancer, and I am living to see the fruits of these educational efforts. There is no question that we have educated thousands in some communities, but we have not yet succeeded in educating the millions. I believe the latter is possible, but there must be an organized, continuous effort of the medical profession throughout the country. The daily press and all other publications can be a great aid.

Progress in the Cure of Cancer

IN the treatment of cancer, two points cannot be over-emphasized. First, the most successful cure is that which is applied in the earliest stages of the disease, so it is essential to seek medical attention immediately after the first symptoms.

Second, it is even more imperative to find a physician whose reliability and competence are unquestioned. Never before has it been so necessary for the medical profession to warn the public against the quacks whose advertisements appear in the newspapers and all other publications. The profession itself is constantly sending valuable and life-saving messages to the daily press and the magazines because there is no other way to convey this information to the public, and so modern reading matter is filled with important as well as harmful material. The public will read both. They need a medical adviser to help them pick out the correct information and show them the messages of the quacks.

In the past ten years I have been able to collect the evidence which shows why quacks are still doing business at the expense of a gullible public. All their advertisements mention well-known and easily recognizable symptoms which, they claim, indicate a definite disease. Many who read these advertise-

ments fear they have these diseases and follow the bait, taking the treatment for an ailment which they do not have. The quack, therefore, starts off with at least fifty percent cures, because one-half or more of his patients would have recovered without the advertised remedy. In former years the quacks made no examination. Every patient who answered their advertisements or came to their office in person was treated for the disease he feared he had. Today the public is more enlightened, and the quack's methods have changed to suit the modern development of science and medicine. Examinations are made—always of a ridiculous and fraudulent type, such as the alleged examination of a drop of blood which, it is asserted, tells at once the nature of the disease and the character of the remedy.

You will also read about the "medical" treatment of cancer, usually some vegetable diet. This treatment is based upon the incorrect evidence that the cause of cancer is due to meat diet, the absence of vitamins in the food, or what an English surgeon calls intestinal stasis. It may be stated clearly that at the present time there is no evidence that food is the cause of cancer or that a diet can prevent or cure it.

Cancer infection is of two different types, called *carcinoma* and *sarcoma*, which are ordinarily not differentiated. Carcinoma develops from what is the epithelium tissue in the embryo, and the epidermis and mucous membrane in the adult. Sarcoma develops in the cells of the connective-tissue of the adult, which was the mesoderm, or middle layer of cells, in the embryo. There is no question that carcinoma occurs thousands of times, while sarcoma occurs only hundreds of times, but we are unable to explain why carcinoma is more common. Sarcoma is more apt to occur after a single injury, however, while carcinoma is brought about generally only by repeated chronic irritation.

If it is true that carcinoma or sarcoma are local diseases first and general diseases later, it is a natural deduction or conclusion that the cure would depend on the complete removal of the local disease before it becomes general. Next, it seems natural that the easiest way to remove a local disease would be to cut it out with the knife or cautery, or to destroy it with caustics. This was the treatment of cancer from the beginning of surgery, and no other treatment competed with it until the discovery and development of X-ray and radium radiation. It was hoped by passing this electrical or physical force through the local area of cancer, that

the malignant cells might be destroyed, or their growth inhibited without destroying all the other cells not malignant in that locality. Our experience up to date shows that radiation with rays of X-ray and radium profoundly affects the cancer cells, but unfortunately the effects are greater when the disease is strictly local. The effects are distinctly less when the disease is general. Nevertheless, radium and X-ray are the only tested agencies which offer even temporary relief when the cancer is general. This remedy may be depended upon to relieve pain and prolong life, but as a definite curative agency it falls far short when the malady has gone past the local stage.

The realization of this fact is of utmost importance, for cancer as a local disease is curable, while cancer as a general disease is not. In practically every instance cancer gives warning before it becomes a general disease. Therefore, until we get a definite cure for cancer after it has become general, the public must be protected by sufficient correct information which will bring examination and treatment before cancer has become a general disease.

There is a first aid for cancer just as there is for an injury, and I propose to sum up in the remaining pages what everyone should know about the treatment of local lesions which are or may be cancer.

The chief factor in the failure to cure is that the patients are ignorant of the danger of delay. Whenever this information is circulated among the people, great numbers of them fear at once that some supposed symptom of theirs is the beginning of cancer. Many of these have a family physician and will report to him at once. But those people who have no family physician will naturally want advice, and they may seek it from the wrong people, follow the advertisements in the papers, or accept the advice of people who are not members of the medical profession.

There is no question that the enlightened individual who has already selected his medical adviser has a far better chance of winning against disease when the race begins, because, as I said before, the chief factor in the failure to cure is delay. The second is dishonest or improper advice of the doctor consulted first. The third is medieval, dishonest, or improper treatment. Therefore, it seems justifiable to give a very brief summary of the methods of treatment which should be employed for the preven-

tion and cure of cancer in such localities as the skin, mouth, breast, abdomen, and uterus.

Let us say that you have reported to your physician because of some skin defect, and he has advised you to see a surgeon. The best treatment for any such defect, should it be treated at all, is its complete removal with the knife or cautery. In addition to this, the piece removed can be examined under the microscope, because it is essential to know whether it is cancer or not, and what kind of cancer. In some instances the little skin lesion is so small, so insignificant, that one is justified to try simpler measures first. Wash it with hot water and soap, cleanse with medicated alcohol and cover with vaseline. This treatment has an advantage over X-rays and radium—some doctors believe this X-ray method to be as efficacious as complete removal—in that it will never cure cancer, since, when the little skin defect heals under soap and water, there is positive proof that it was not cancer. If it does not heal and it is properly removed, the microscope tells you what it is, and the treatment is not blind.

With symptoms in the oral cavity, whether the lesion is on the lip, the tongue, the gum, or the cheek, the method of treatment is very much the same as that for the skin. If the local lesion does not heal, or if the local lesion has reached a stage in which the chances are that it will not heal when the causes are removed, then the consensus of opinion is that this little local area should be completely excised. If on the lip it should be done with the knife, but if anywhere else in the cavity it should be done with the cautery, and subjected to microscopic examination.

Now, in regard to the breast, there is no method of diagnosis which precedes the operation, except by means of the fingers of the examining physician. If there is no definite lump, there is no need for any operation. However, if there is a decided lump—it is much safer for the patient to be examined by more than one physician—then there must be an operation in a standardized hospital by a qualified surgeon. When this definite lump has no signs of cancer, the object of the operation is to find out whether it is cancer or not. If it proves to be infected or even suspicious of cancer, the breast must be removed to give the patient the largest assurance of a permanent cure. When the patient has delayed, and the lump is distinctly cancerous, then there is some difference of opinion whether the operation should be preceded by X-ray treatment. All agree that it should be followed by X-ray.

There is no question that the consensus of the opinion of the world gives great credit to radium in the treatment of cancer of the cervix which has extended beyond the possibility of a complete operation. In no other locality has radiation competed so successfully with operation. There is also a growing opinion that radium is preferable to complete operation, even in the earliest stages of cancer of the cervix. Therefore it is of the utmost importance for women to urge the family physician whom they first consult to refer them to the most experienced gynecologist, because this examination should be in the hands of an expert.

Dying of cancer is becoming more and more due solely to criminal negligence. Remember that you will be warned in time. The warnings are

insignificant, simple, even trivial, but you have been told what these warnings are. All you have to do is to seek immediate examination by your carefully selected physician. He is quite capable of taking further responsibility.

This description of warning symptoms and different kinds of messages from the different parts of your body will excite fear in the majority of individuals. If this fear brings you to an experienced member of the medical profession in a short time after your first warning, it will be lifesaving.

Remember this (and it will make the fear easier to bear)—that in the majority of instances the warnings will be of things that are *not* cancer. But should it prove to be cancer, the chances of your cure will be greater then than at any later time.



In the World of Books

BY WILL DYSON



"You are sure there is no Sex in it?"
 "Oh, none, madam—merely a love story."



Incorrigibly unpopular novelists exhibiting a proper austerity toward a less fortunate brother whose new book has run into three thousand.



"In our day, what were women doing, sir? Thinking unutterable thoughts about us! Nowadays what are they doing? Thinking unprintable ones—and damme, they print 'em."



"And now please give me a novel or two—The Heart of a Babe—or Pansy's Bedouin Lover—something fit for a father."

Potpourri

Miscellaneous Meanderings on a Very Hot Summer Day

BY E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS



FROM the living room comes the tinkling of a piano, and it has small regard for the rather thick walls of my philosopher's studio, which is my fancy way of speaking about my library here on the second floor of our farm home. Who the pianist is I know not; it sounds like a girl. Both artist and instrument are poor—very much so. The piano is an old, old Steinway grand—majestic looking, but with worn and rickety insides. It once belonged to Marcet's father—many years ago—and he was a good musician, I am told again and again. This concert instrument looks good and sounds awful. . .

I wonder whether it would have got on Schopenhauer's nerves, as did the butcher's cart rattling in the stony street. (I am not sure if it was a butcher's cart, or a load of fertilizer, or what, but I know it was not a Ford, although the latter would sufficiently have explained the old philosopher's outburst.) Somehow the sound of this piano turns on the throttle of my mental engine, and, to vary the metaphor as freely as Shakespeare worked the same trick, it starts the wheels going round inside my head. My thoughts may travel in a circle, ending where they began, but it will be a zigzag circle, a lawless circle, a perfectly astounding circle. (And do I have to prove that Shakespeare mixed his metaphors? Happily, a good example occurs to me at once. It is from Hamlet's well-known and affecting soliloquy. To reduce the blank verse arrangement to apparently artless prose, it runs thus: "To be or not to be, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them.") As I said, my thoughts will wind up at the point where they were first wound up. That is to say, I shall certainly end with some remark about the hot weather. It is a hot day, as everyone I have met today has remarked to me with a tone of conviction, with a positive and profound air, worthy of a better cause. That I

recognize the heat in this frank manner shows that I am an honest philosopher, a philosopher of plain life, without any humbug of high detachment. Some philosophers would pretend to ignore the heat, and to count it of absolutely no importance, affecting to be lost in the consideration of whether ideas have their source in the infinite or the infinitesimal. Let me digress, and say that I prefer the latter theory. Ideas arise in the infinitesimal, for they are generally so imperceptible, and even more generally so inconsequential. How is that for hard-and-fast reasoning on a hot day?

But as for me, I recognize that the little things of life have a great determining influence on my philosophy. They determine my state of bodily comfort or discomfort, which in turn decides my mood, which in turn shunts my mind off in a certain direction, which in turn colors for the moment my entire outlook on life. No man can think the same of the universe on a day when he has to strip to his underclothes and sit in a circle of electric fans, as he thinks on a day when the temperature is below freezing. Trifles, seemingly small incidents, casual circumstances, the ordinary details of living—all these should go into the pot of philosophy if a man wants to think to some purpose. The chief business of the philosopher is to study the ways of this queer animal called man, and how can he stick properly to his business if his head is Himalaya-like in the clouds or he is meditating opaquely on Nirvana in a dark room? In my view of the importance of trifles, I have the best minds with me. From Socrates, through Schopenhauer, down to Samuel Butler, and George Jean Nathan, and Will Rogers, the most vital thinkers have hit the homely trails of thought right from their own doorsteps and have sought the matter of philosophy in the life around them. Socrates didn't content himself with the abstract inquiry of whether ethical ideas are innate or acquired. He asked whether it was ever a man's patriotic duty to lie abed late. And Schopenhauer, eyeing the kitchen wench who served him, and getting his ear full

of the gossip in the neighborhood, and investigating the circumstances of the seduction of the chambermaid by the hired man, wrote about women. Samuel Butler, looking very thoughtfully at the drawers and things on a neighbor's clothesline, had whimsical and searching biological thoughts. And so it goes—from little to big, and back to little . . . making little ones out of big ones, and vice versa. . . .

Reverting to the piano, and even more curiously to the pianist, I think of how all things have their extremes. It seems to me (agnostic that I am, I am getting cautious) that there is a wide difference between a piece by Beethoven and such a lunch-counter lyric as "A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich and You." (This is a base and vulgar plagiarism of good old Omar. How much better is a jug of wine than a cup of coffee—yes, more to be preferred practically, and more poetic too. A loaf of bread is at once more simple, more finely symbolic and more sacredly associated with the long past of mankind, than a sandwich, whether ham, cheese, or salad. And contentment in the wilderness is a much better image than satisfaction in an automaton during the lunch hour. This descent from the leisurely poetic banquet of old Omar to a bite hastily snatched between kisses only goes to show the ruinous effect of Prohibition upon art. Obviously, a cup of coffee can inspire nothing better than itself.) . . .

This ends the music lesson, without the discovery of a new musical theory. But I am still interested in the pianist. Is she (I take the gender for granted) uplifted spiritually, and tickled into fine flights of the imagination, by this rattley, thumpy thing she is playing? Does the coffee-sandwich stuff reach to the depth of her soul, as a sonnet by Keats or an aria from "Carmen" would reach to the depths of some other soul, and does it represent fully and profoundly to her all the wonder of love? Perhaps one mind is stirred, by the thing that corresponds to its taste, as deeply as another mind by something more subtle or splendid. Or suppose we say that every mind is stirred to its depths by whatever appeals to it, only some minds are deeper than others. That will do. This girl at the piano has a very shallow mind, and the hashhouse ditty hits the bottom with her. . . .

Speaking of sandwiches, George Jean Na-

than, in a recent number of the American Mercury edifies us with a long list of sandwiches of every known variety, odor, color and price. Has Nathan eaten a sample of each sandwich in the list? But that is not the question. If this list is intended to serve as a guide to the sandwich eater, and to clear up the maze of sandwiches in modern life, I believe it fails in its purpose. Rather it confuses the issue. One is bewildered, and the hitherto comparatively simple task of selecting a sandwich becomes a chore of challenging and staggering size. In the past, I have had little trouble choosing between a ham and a cheese sandwich, occasionally varied by a more ambitious club sandwich, or that deceptive creation known as a western sandwich (ground ham and eggs), probably because it was invented by Kit Carson. But now what shall I do when in the rush of a spell of wild city life I pause just long enough to gobble a sandwich? It will be simpler to order an elaborate meal, with a lot of esoterically named foreign dishes, at the swellest hotel in town. I fear that Nathan has taken the joy out of sandwiches for me. . . .

I don't wish to be misunderstood about coffee. It is a delicious, exhilarating drink, and there is nothing better to swing the cosmos around into the right place in the sleepily solemn hour of breakfast. But coffee, for all its attractiveness and even its dignity, has never attained the poetic significance that is attached to wine. Maybe it is the dignity of coffee that puts it lower than the lyric and abandoned glory of wine. Or maybe it is that the coffee bean is not so lovely as the grape—that the humble origin of coffee follows it to the last, while wine, coming from the beautiful purple grapes that grow on the rich lovely vines that cover the scenic hillsides and valleys, is born to beauty and a charm that's deathless. Perhaps, again, wine has such a longer, indeed immemorial hold on the fancy of mankind that coffee simply cannot compete at this late day. Before setting down the coffee pot, however, I would like to inquire why tea is considered to be at once more polite and more poetic than coffee. Tea actually vies with wine as a poetic image: a little lower, to be sure, more in the region of *belles-lettres* and *vers de société* than of high poetry. But why does the tea pot look down on the coffee pot? There is a question that will

supply my readers with food (or drink) for thought during the next half hour—that is, during the next half hour after they have finished reading this piece. . . .

Food for thought The phrase is an odd and yet a suggestive one. Here we are back again to the notion that thought is a very homely business. The mind is a sort of sublimated stomach, churning ideas in the juices of reflection. And the thinker, or the writer, who caters to a certain point of view or to certain prejudices is indeed a "caterer." This suggests, by the way, some new descriptive matter about the great thinkers. For example, what would we call Schopenhauer's thoughts but a fare of highly spiced food, which is very stimulating but sometimes disagrees with the digestion: food for strong stomachs only. Lord Bacon would be ham and eggs—a very solid and satisfying old philosopher. Socrates would suggest a city market, with a truly bewildering variety of food—anything you want, and sometimes a little difficulty in finding your way about. Fellows like Kant and Spinoza would call to mind something a bit thick, like mush—hard, solid mush that has been left over from the night before: something, too, that symbolizes a philosophic abstracted state of mind that is indifferent to the esoteric demands of appetite. A quiet and refreshingly meditative gentleman like Montaigne would remind us of a garden of fresh vegetables, so simple, so appetizing, and so various. Some of the Philosophers who have built Systems might be labeled "canned goods." Pascal would be very thin soup. Rousseau would be nutloaves, peanut butter sandwiches and fruit juices—a regular "Nature-cure" diet. Voltaire would be everything from soup to nuts, stimulating every tastebud of the intellectual palate. Samuel Butler, who had such a mixture of ideas and all of a strange consistency of flavor, would be chop suey. Remy de Gourmont would be caviar, artichokes and alligator pears. Samuel Johnson would be roast beef well-covered with the ghostly-white gravy of superstition. Swedenborg would be three-day-old hash. Windy, tortuous and pasty-minded Mother Eddy would be noodles. The long list of divines would be, some of them dill pickles, some of them sandwiches made solely out of stockyards atmosphere. . . .

No man, however strong-minded and how-

ever eagerly he may be in pursuit of an interesting train of thought, can tempt himself too far. With all this talk of food, even on such a high remote plane of analogy, what must I do but stop right in the middle of this lucubration and eat lunch? It was a pretty full lunch too, I tell you, and it has taught me something more on this day of wide-awake, many-sided learning. Or perhaps I should say it has reminded me of a truth that has for long been known to me, and undoubtedly will not come as a surprise to my readers. This truth, or just plain ordinary fact, is that the mind doesn't work very brilliantly on a full stomach. Immediately after a man has taken in a liberal quantity of cold ham, cogitation is a sluggish and unsatisfactory—well, a distressing—business. Iced tea, with too much sugar, clogs up and congeals the flow of thought. It is very simple: the blood goes to the stomach to digest the food, and there is not enough of that bright energetic fluid in the head to take care of the thought processes. Of course, if you push yourself too far, you can think a little but not very well, and the consequence will be a nice dark-brown case of indigestion. One must choose between digestion and reflection. A practical philosopher will not hesitate. . . .

However, if a man cannot think on a full stomach, he can feel quite expansively and satisfactorily. His feelings will not, of course, be such as are the stuff of great poetry and music. They will be comfortable, complacent, egotistic feelings. A man at such times pats himself on the back and takes off his hat to the world—the world is not such a bad place and he is not such a bad fellow, as worlds and fellows go, by and large and around and about. So, reduced to a state of thoughtlessness by the necessities of my animal nature, I surrender myself to the simplest emotions. I even doubt whether they should be dignified by the term emotions. After all, I am merely in a state of swinish, selfish well-being. . . .

Anyway, I do say that, with the light breeze that has just sprung up to mitigate the erstwhile monotonous heat, this is a pretty good world. It is not a very big world, to be sure, when you compare it with other worlds; but perhaps there are advantages in this—being smaller, it is less conspicuous and probably, with all our calamities and complaints, we do

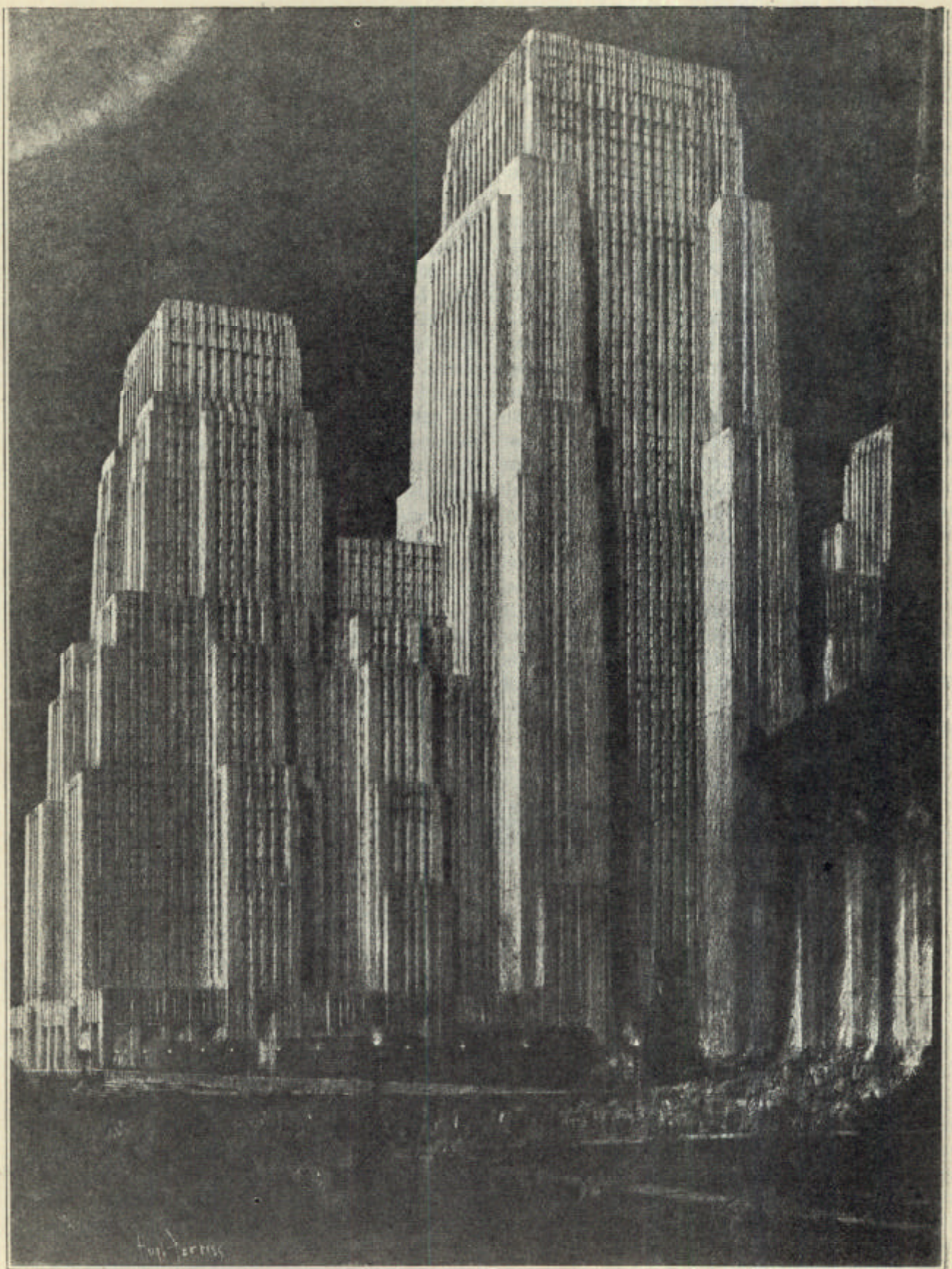
not attract nearly so big a share of the divine wrath as the more considerable and cockier planets. Not only is this a good world, in a general way, but Nature is not so bad. The old dame has some clever tricks up her sleeve. She has struggled along persistently and resourcefully for millions and millions of years. Nature has had a big job—yes, a million big jobs—and she has managed to do them all, if not in the best fashion, at least in possible fashion. Why complain about something that works? Nature works. Nature is working in me at this moment, and that's why I feel this way about it. Did Nature make the fool? Well, she also made the wise man to laugh at the fool. But no, I am wrong! (This is the first time I have been wrong in all this long winding trail of thought, and we have turned some treacherous corners.) Wise men do not laugh at fools. They pity or ignore them. They think perhaps that *they* are foolish too. . . .

But I am getting thoughtful, and I feel the gastric juices slowing down. As Don Quixote said, this will never do. What was I thinking—no, feeling—about? Oh, about this world. And about myself, for I am a little world all to myself. Ask Emerson. I am glad

that I am alive and healthy and debunked. I am glad that I can feel good, just as I feel good now, without going beyond the sound realities of life and ingurgitating a lot of bunk. I am glad that the color and stir of life can arouse my enthusiasm without upsetting my intellect. I am glad that I can see the humor of life and that, with enough motive power of egotism, still I do not take myself nor anyone else nor life as a whole too seriously. I am glad that little things do not annoy me too much, and that big things do not perplex me too much. I am glad that I can swear at life and still enjoy it, that I can abuse man and his works and still admire them as compared with the lizard and his achievements, that I can realize the doubtful and incomplete nature of all thought and still enjoy the pleasure of sound, careful, and albeit lively thinking. I am glad—but I am beginning to sound like Pollyanna, the Glad Girl. I am ashamed of myself. I ate too much for lunch. That extra slice of ham! It reduced me to maudlin gibbering.

Well, I meant—or mean—most of it. But this is a rotten world, even so. And why? Because it is such a hot day. There: I told you I would end where I started.





MAMMOTH STRUCTURES FORESHADOWING INFLUENCE OF ZONING LAW ON STEEL BUILDINGS

The New American Architecture

Steel and Stone Begin to Express American Life and Character

BY ORRICK JOHNS



SINCE man ceased to be an open-air being and became a house-being he has devised thousands of different kinds of architecture—from subway kiosks to cathedrals—to meet his insatiable appetite for uses. But it is the industrial building, in America, at the present time, that is giving the keynote to the art, although the temple was the real father of architecture.

It is through the religious styles—as carried forward to us by the bell-tower, the dome and the Gothic arch—that the modern architect has derived his impulse upward. It is the supernatural element—the sense of having his buildings hang from above, as it were, that inspires him. The lovely traceries of the Gothic, its markedly high verticals, its springing, pointed arches, like live things about to take flight from the earth—these forms we find repeated, again and again, in modern architecture. We find them in the Woolworth building, the Chicago Tribune tower, the Bush Terminal building in New York, and many other distinguished structures of the day.

In still other famous modern buildings we find an echo of the campanile, or bell-tower, of the Middle Ages. Such is the Metropolitan Tower in New York. And now, owing to the setback provisions of the "zoning law" in New York, which is having its influence throughout the country as well, we are recreating in our modern cities forms older even than those, forms that take us back to biblical times, that strangely recall the great pyramids, the Assyrian palaces, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Temple of Solomon. It seems that the architectural skyline of tomorrow will be a congregation of all the distinctive forms of ancient times.

There is one strange and rather regrettable exception. The Greek style does not suit our period and our materials. The Greeks were horizontal builders. They loved the earth and hugged it. But the forte of steel is vertical.

This repetition of the past is perfectly logical, for every existing form in architecture had its basis in necessity, and we of today cannot escape that insistence of necessity. It is necessity which deprives us of the recumbent charm of the Greek temple.

These necessities are size, material, daylight, traffic, the law of gravity, and human laws, of which we of today are servants, just as were the ancients.

What we do have is a wider choice. We can take advantage of the experimentation of the ancients, and apply it with unlimited variety to our own needs. Furthermore, the modern architect possesses the substance that in itself demands miracles. By means of the steel skeleton, which enables him to distribute the enormous weight of walls and floors more evenly throughout his building, he can go to astounding heights, and complete his sky-defying tower with incredible speed. He has vast freedom of

selection and flexibility of operation.

What all architects look for confidently, however, in the next few decades of American architecture, is something which, while growing out of this synthesis of past styles, will no longer slavishly copy them, or illogically apply them, or use them simply as a pretty garment. All progressive architects expect to see achieved out of this collaboration of the engineer, the artist and the law-maker, some characteristic of form—wedded to material and decoration as suited to it as the leaves of a hemlock are to its trunk—that will go down the ages with the signature of our own genius: so distinctly our own that no other people, living under different conditions, could possibly have evolved it.



ORRICK JOHNS

Orrick Johns, born in 1887, is a playwright, poet, and writer of miscellaneous articles. He lives in Connecticut, but he is spending the summer of 1926 in Italy. He is an authority on American architecture

For architecture must be the incisive expression of life if it is to endure. It must express a particular people, a particular time, a particular mode of thought. The condition of American architecture today points to that achievement in the not far distant future. The art of building with us is on a sound and healthy basis. Out of our necessities are growing, and ultimately will emerge, our characteristic styles. And we must not imagine

that they will be the work only of a designer in his drafting room. They will be the inevitable result of thousands of factors, of the life that you and I are leading, of the industrial nature of our period, of our political organization, of our ways of thinking and acting.

A great building, like a great war, contains the blood and heroism of a people.

In the matter of contour and mass, American architecture is taking shape as something individual, powerful and enduring. In decoration it is less successfully expressing the characteristics of our environment. The steel building being no more than a skeleton with a garment of brick or terra cotta laid on, the modern builder is too easily tempted to save time and trouble on it, to borrow the garment from the past, or, what is worse, to use machine-made patterns.

There are coming to be exceptions to this rule, buildings that in the absence of appropriate modern decoration, are not ashamed to go bare until that decoration be found. In a sense, no decoration at all is a form of decoration for an American building. It expresses the naked strength of the elements out of which the building came, and the energy and force which went into them. It symbolizes the clean efficiency that runs our civilization. And the greatest architects of today are giving much thought to this problem of exterior ornament. They are more and more discarding the borrowed plumage of the past.

I asked one famous architect, who was known to feel strongly on this point, why he had put Renaissance detail on the design of a building. If he didn't believe in it, why did he do it? He said: "That was the tissue paper and red ribbon in

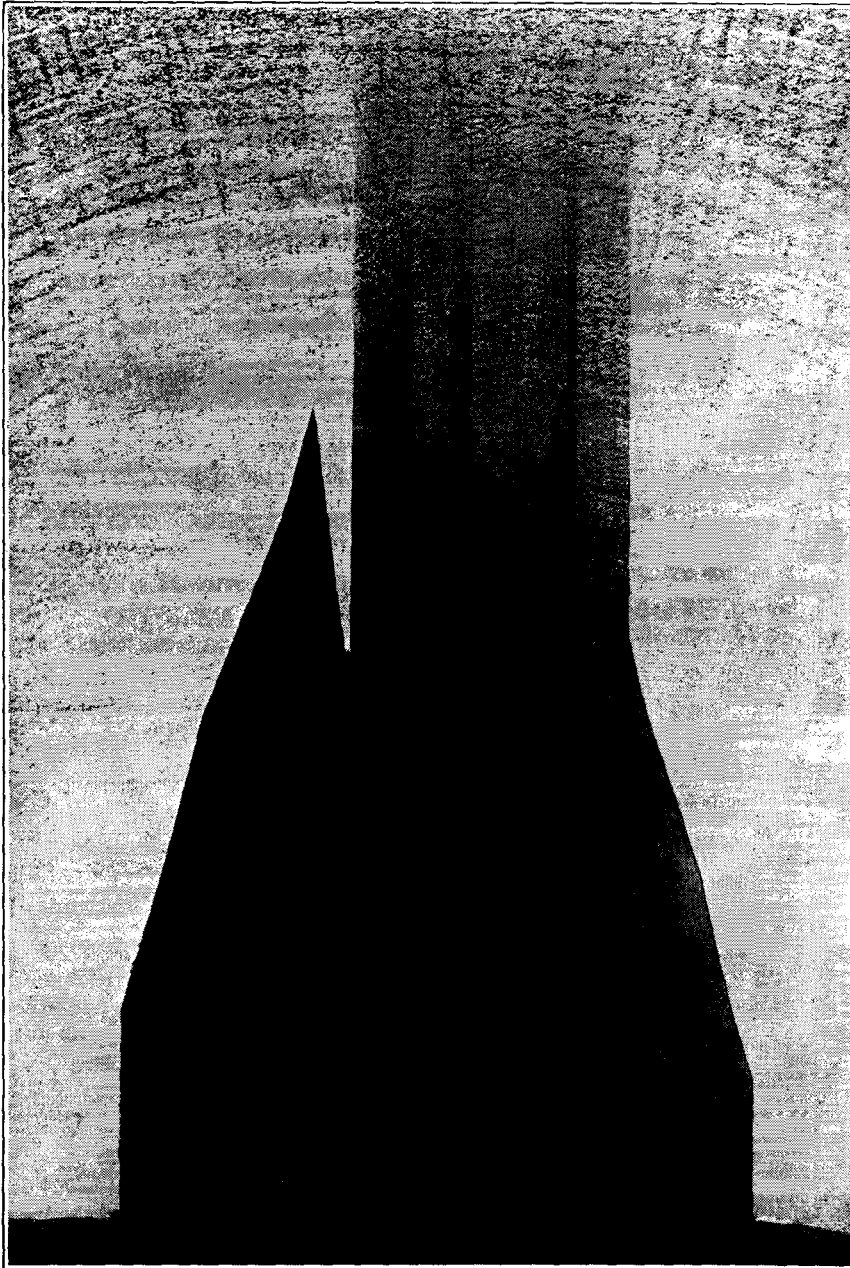


FIGURE 1. ENVELOPE SERIES

This shows the maximum mass permitted by the New York Zoning Law on a full city block. The architect of today must plan his design within this maximum mass—he may reduce it at any point, but he cannot increase it

which I wrapped up the package in order to sell it."

Eliel Saarinen, the famous Finnish architect, who is now in America, and whose monumental designs for American cities have impressed his conferees here, said recently: "Ornament is like clothing. A prominent banker of today does not put on clothing from the first century or the eleventh century. His clothing is efficient and simple. Why then should he enter his office building through a Gothic or Roman door?"

Under these two heads, therefore, of new form born out of steel, and new decoration expressing steel, let us consider the possibilities of this robust, this gigantic American architecture, reflecting, like the legend of Paul Bunyan, like Walt Whitman, like the epic of the West, like the "Thirty Years War" of the railroads, the soul of an incalculable people. . .

LOOKING southward now from the roof of the Architects' Building in New York—that is to say, from the Grand Central district—an interesting contrast may be observed. The view includes, in the middle foreground, the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance building, and in the distance the Woolworth tower, both of them already memories of a courageous but passing style. But in the immediate foreground rise two masses that contain a prophecy, the Fraternity Club building and a new office structure just completed.

These, seen to advantage across a flat sweep of low roofs, are pyramid-like forms. They spring upward on the street line for a certain distance, forming broad bases, and rise thence by a series of back-steps and elevations to a peak.

The impression here is unique because we have two buildings of the graduated type in close association, and because

the low roof area spreading eastward makes it possible to see them almost in their entirety—a rare opportunity in New York. The vision they present foretells the remarkable change which is coming over the roofline of the metropolis.

Monotonous horizontals produced by long lines of boxlike structures, and equally monotonous verticals of these same box-like forms carried to great height—these are disappearing. The skyline of ten years hence will have a new rhythm characterizing

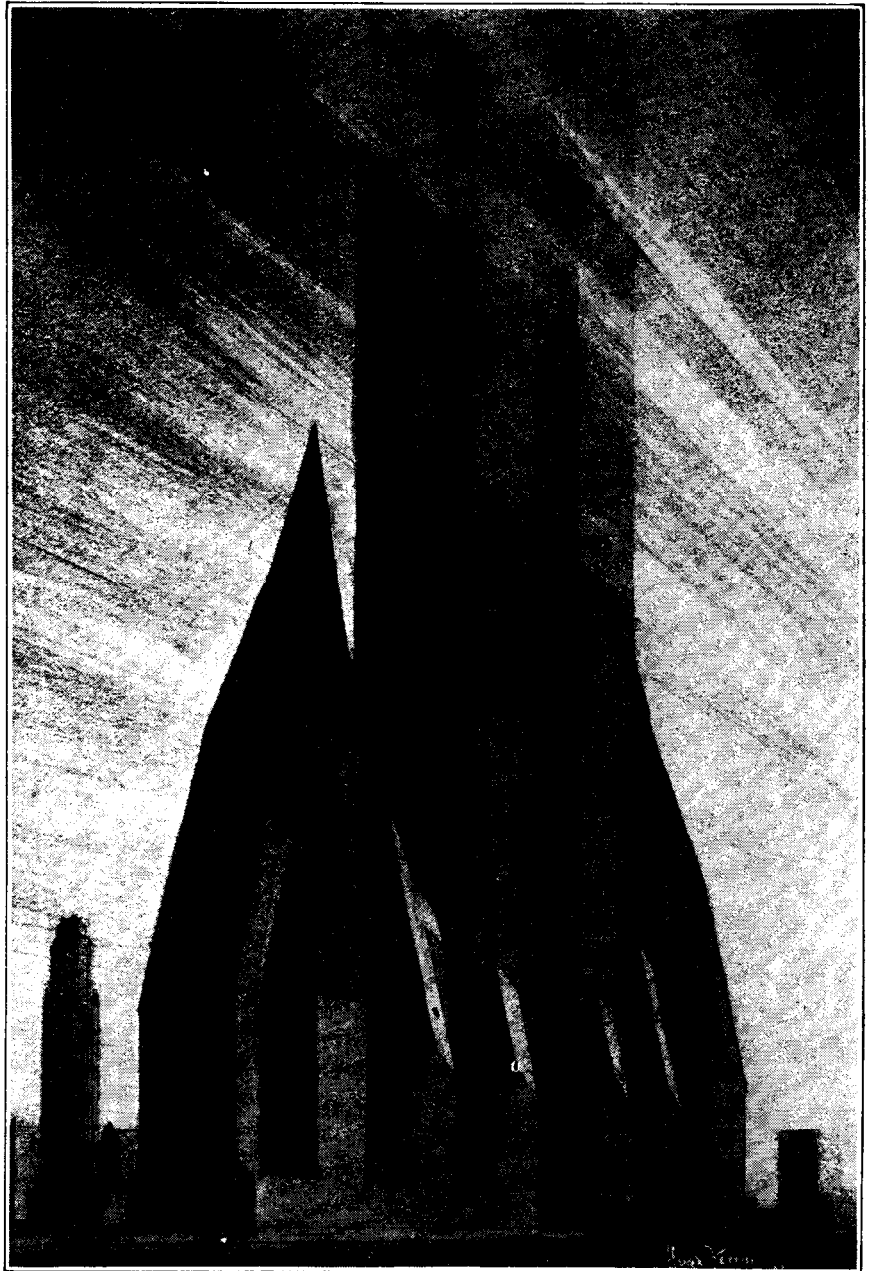


FIGURE 2. ENVELOPE SERIES

The maximum mass looks like this after the light courts have been cut in to supply daylight to the space within the building. A fundamental purpose of the zoning law is to provide daylight for the interior of these huge buildings

the whole city, presenting great variety in treatment, in profile, in altitude, but harmonious in its general domination by pyramid forms. Someone has well described it as the "pine forest motive." The skyscraper, in the form of the slender tower, will not be absent from this scene; but it will become a logical culmination of great tapering masses below.

In many ways these structures will have significance in the lives of city men and women; they

will mean "high living" in the literal sense, but also out-of-door living, the restoration of daylight, air, the return of life on the roofs, transformed into terraces, balconies, promenades, and even gardens. Esthetically, it will mean buildings with profiles, with sides, backs, individualities.

The change here seen in architectural design is directly due to the Zoning Law. Eight or nine years ago this law was passed in New York. The import of it was that the future development of the metropolis be controlled from the point of view of the city as a whole. The important right of the individual to build as he wishes on his own property was modified to conform with certain rights, even more important, of the entire civic body.

This law required that certain specified portions of the city be reserved for certain uses. It stated that business houses may not invade residential districts, in short it divided the city so that each district might retain its integrity, and still proceed with its characteristic growth.

It also placed an important limitation upon form and the cubic contents of buildings. It required that after a building rises to a certain moderate height on its lot lines—depending on the width of the street—it must, by regular stages, recede as it ascends. At the time this law was passed no one foresaw what a profound and extraordinary effect it would have upon architectural form. The law seemed guileless enough, designed to procure more light and air in the streets. Yet it has foreshadowed beautiful, unexpected possibilities—it points to fairy cities of mounting terraces and piercing towers, to sky-patterns of marvelous variety and charm—in fact, to what will be regarded in the



FIGURE 3. ENVELOPE SERIES

The same mass (as in Figures 1 and 2) after setbacks have been cut in the slopes and the tower tentatively limited. It is possible to make the tower as high as may be desired, as long as it is confined to one-fourth of the base or lot area



FIGURE 4. ENVELOPE SERIES

The requirements imposed by steel construction now have their effect on the mass—these further setbacks are thus made necessary. The limitations of the architect thus gradually determine the general outline of the building, which, for the same sized lot, must be more or less similar for all buildings

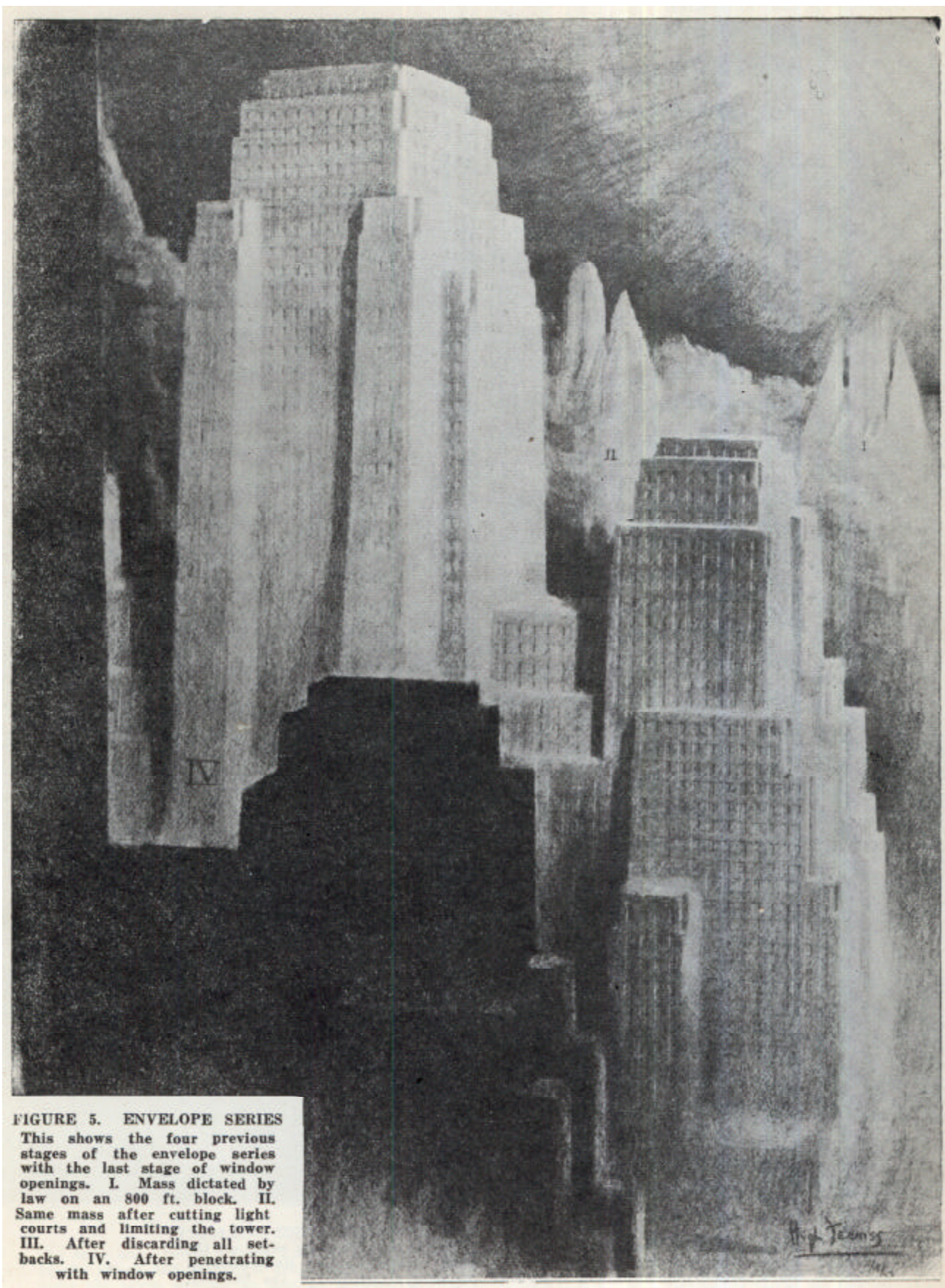


FIGURE 5. ENVELOPE SERIES

This shows the four previous stages of the envelope series with the last stage of window openings. I. Mass dictated by law on an 800 ft. block. II. Same mass after cutting light courts and limiting the tower. III. After discarding all setbacks. IV. After penetrating with window openings.

future as the beginning of a new style in architectural history.

Some years ago, Harvey W. Corbett, the distinguished American architect, set himself to study the ultimate mandate exercised by the zoning law upon the designer. He devised what has been called the "envelope" system, enclosing the maximum cubic content permissible under the law. With the aid of Hugh Ferriss, the well known American visualist and renderer, the illustrations accompanying this article were prepared. They show the evolution of the zoning principle from the theoretical maximum content to the practical maximum, allowing for light courts, dormers and the conditions of steel construction.

Under the old dispensation, when the owner was supposed to control absolutely an airshaft above his property extending to the stars, there were no restrictions as to the form a building might take. And usually, for economic reasons, it took the form of a wardrobe trunk or a telephone booth. All the interior possible was desired. What has happened under the new law?

Briefly, a great curtailment of that air shaft for building use. The architect must work out the peculiar mass to which the law will limit the building on a certain piece of ground, and this mass (shown in Figure 1 of the envelope series) is called the envelope of the building. In this case it is a building covering the whole of a typical New York block.

Figure 1 represents the total mass of the building possible—in theory. Figure 2 shows the same mass carried one step further—that is, exterior courts have been cut out to provide entrance for the necessary daylight. If the architect used an interior court he would take out the very heart of his possible building, for the slope of the setback applies on the court side as well as on the street side. Moreover, the architect wishes to take advantage of the privilege—which is specifically allowed by the law—of going to an indefinite height above one-fourth of the lot area. This tower is represented by the disappearing shaft in the center.

The envelope now reached is vertical part of the distance, then sloping, and with a tower which would be the ideal tower of Babel, since it actually reaches the heavens! For practical reasons we alter this and come to Figure 3. We begin to step off the sloping walls and we cut down the tower to a height that is feasible.

But this form also is structurally impossible. Setbacks every two stories are not profitable, and some of these areas would cost more to build than the owner could get a fair return for. So the setbacks are distributed to points where the cost of construction and available floor area balance each other. And we have Figure 4, which represents the utmost bulk that can be lighted by daylight and that contains all the floor space from which a profit in rental may be obtained.

This simple envelope development is a safe guide to the future characteristics of New York architecture. It is the

starting point today of every architect's design for a tall structure. In the last drawing of the series, Hugh Ferriss has presented all the stages of development at once. The first and second are seen in the distance, a portion of the third in the foreground, while in the center is represented the fourth stage. With the simple addition of window openings, the masses shown in the fourth stage, devoid of all architectural trimmings, are not unlike buildings being erected every day in New York; and in other cities, where the provisions of the zoning law are not in force! Such is the good influence that a simple statute may exert upon man's creative activity.

In connection with the envelope development there have been many ideas of what the future city will look like with its multiform tops. Here Mr. Ferriss has been indispensable both to the architect and to the public. With his disciplined imagination and gifted pencil he has peopled the future with towers of magic, as Piranesi thronged the real world with palaces of dreams. His designs have been widely published and exhibited here and in Europe. There is room for only three of them in this article.

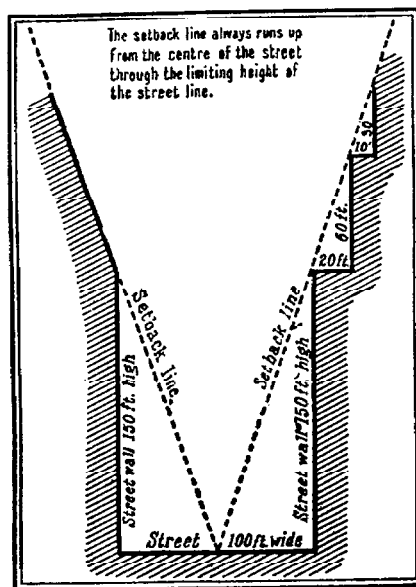
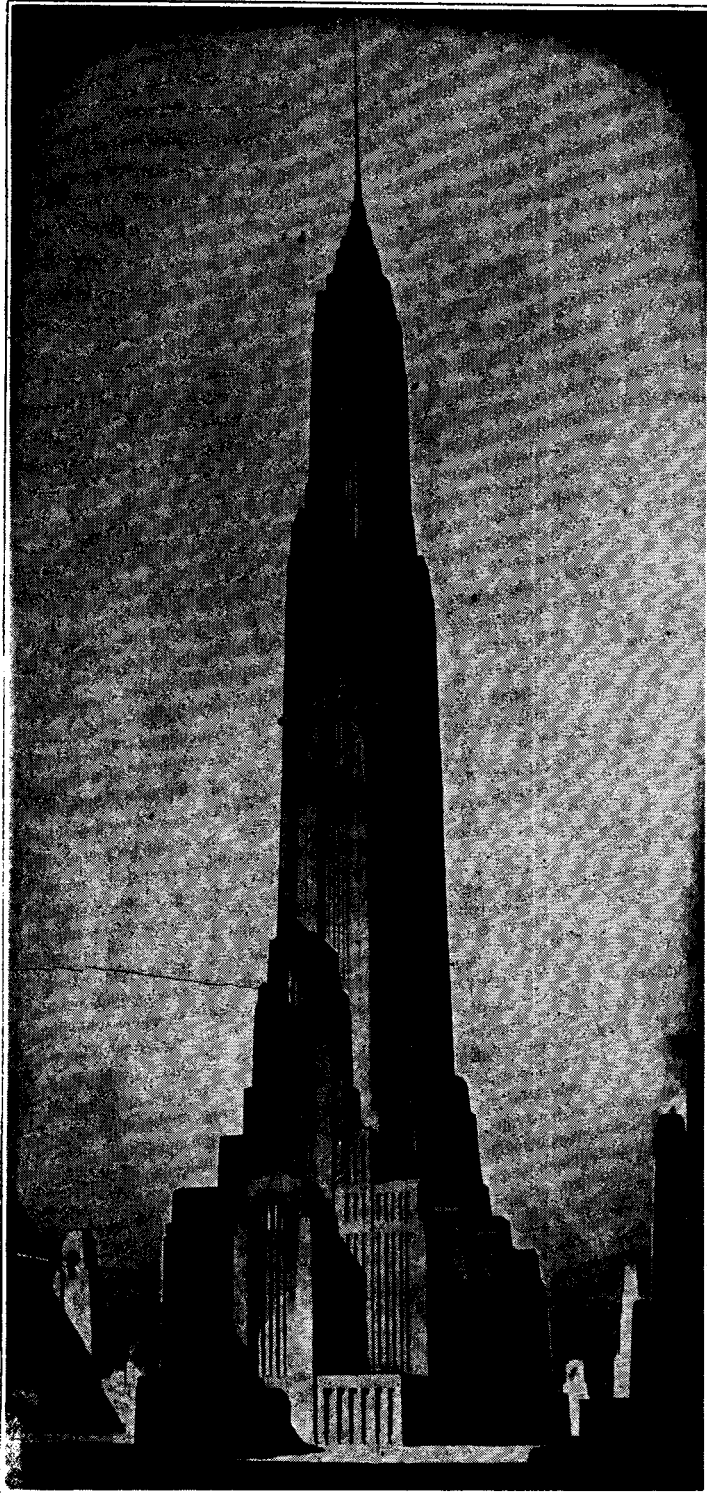


DIAGRAM OF ZONING LAW
This diagram shows how the buildings must slope upward from the street, varying according to the width of the street



A FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-FOOT TOWER

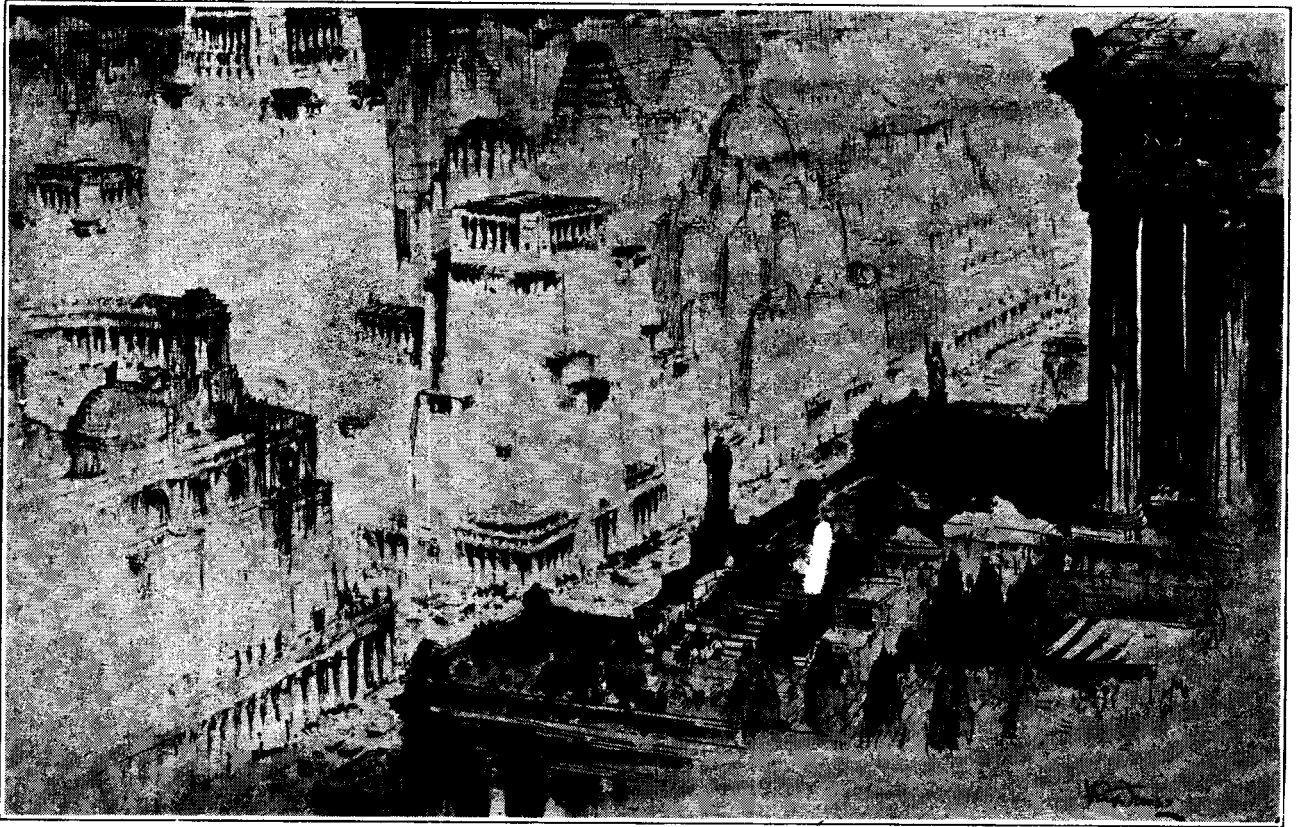
This beautiful drawing shows what delightful effects may be obtained under the New York Zoning Law. The tower, which must be not more than one-fourth of the lot or base area, is unlimited in height except by the demands of construction. The rest of the building, of course, has to conform to the Zoning Law, each part of it being kept within the maximum mass allowed by the width of the street and the base area

The precise future of form in American architecture is not, of course, mapped with any certainty as yet. What I have said is only intended to give some idea of the possibilities that appear to us now. The brilliant minds engaged upon the work strike off sometimes vastly different ideas. There is in particular an active school of architects—led by the original and enterprising Raymond M. Hood, designer of the extraordinary American Radiator building in New York, and of the Chicago Tribune tower—which repudiates the pyramid type of building and clings to the tower of great height, set in the midst of its surrounding lot.

Mr. Hood's city would be a city of pinnacles—the individual building a uniform shaft, a stupendous isolated column by itself, bathed in air, space and light. These may be erected to astonishing heights—twice as high as the Woolworth building and on an incredibly small base, say one hundred and fifty feet square. Set up your fountain pen or silver pencil on its head and you will get some idea of the proportions—only you must imagine the spire to be a third of a mile high. As I have explained they are allowed under the New York zoning law, so long as they are confined to only one-quarter of the lot. Moreover, they may contain, because of their height, just as much floor space as a setback building covering the same lot. You can see the advantages which are claimed for this kind of structure. Here are broad ground spaces, for parks, roadways, plazas, room for fresh air and light to circulate all around the building and penetrate within it. These are all urgent necessities in these days of congested living and tangled traffic. Altogether, it is a prospect that is likely to give competition to the pyramid-like building.

Here, then, are the two dominant trends in modern architectural form and others will probably arise. We can await our choice! But whatever styles prevail, they will express the element-defying spirit of our time.

WE come to a closer examination of this question of decoration. We might call this phase, after the manner of the fashion writer, "what the well-dressed building will wear." As we have seen, our skyscrapers have most often carried decoration



A VIEW OF THE FUTURE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

This is what an American city of the future may look like, when all the buildings conform to the Zoning Law. The possibilities for roof terraces and skyscraper plateaus are tremendous. It can readily be seen how beautiful the general effect will be, uniform and compact

taken from the great past. The Woolworth building set a prevailing taste for the Gothic. The Gothic verticals and points lent themselves splendidly to the tall building. But the best architects of today are seeking for a more chaste and logical garment.

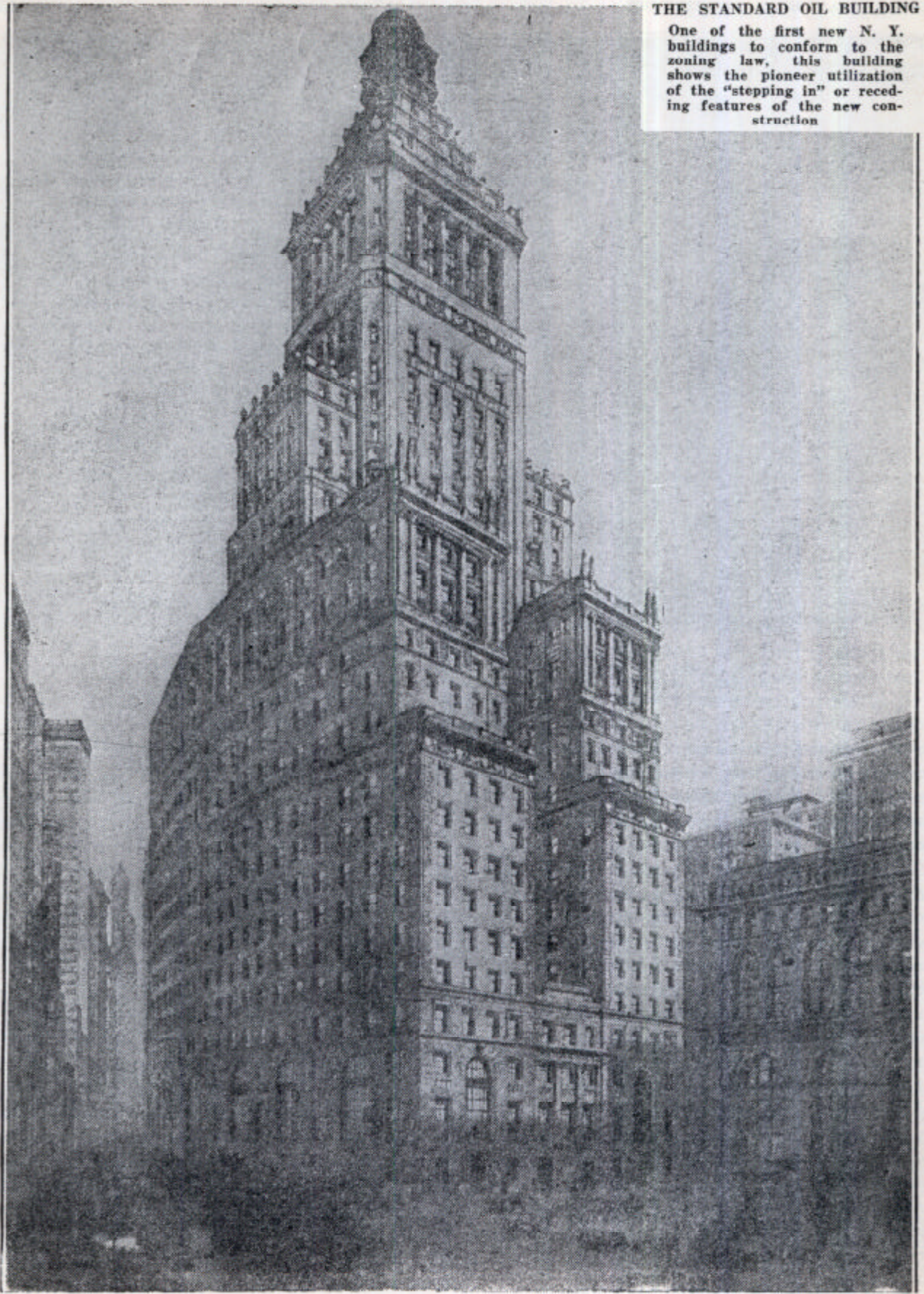
And the secret of this coming type of decoration is to be found in the expression of our modern gods—of speed and power and numbers. In the beauty produced by every people, you will find that people's peculiar use of the substance of the earth. It is in the imperative beauty of steel—its naked, exact statement of the terms of life, that we must seek new forms for our architectural embellishment. The locomotive and the automobile are hints of this unheard-of sculpture, the inevitable shaping of giant force into divine grace, hitherto unknown in the world. Out of this fiery heart of steel is coming the characteristic rhythm of our doorways, windows, columns, cornices and mouldings. Only one feature of it will be a use of color and light, from the wedding of steel with glass, more original and daring even than the color of the Egyptians and the Greeks.

To quote Louis Sullivan, the greatest of the pioneer American builders: "Throughout this stream of human life, and thought, and activity, men have felt the need to build; and from the need arose the power to build. So, as they thought, they built; for, strange as it may seem, they could build in no other way. As they built, they made, used, and left behind them records of their thinking. Then, as through the years new men came with changed thoughts, so arose new buildings in consonance with the change of thought—the building always the expression of the thinking. Whatever the character of the thinking, so was the character of the building."

In one important particular, modern structural thinking has lagged behind modern building. We have been building in steel—a revolutionary departure of method—for a generation and more, but neither the architects nor the public has yet begun to think boldly in steel, to *see* in terms of steel. The effective thought has been that of the engineer—humiliating as that truth may be to designers. It may have been this slowness to grasp the full responsibilities of a new and utterly different material

THE STANDARD OIL BUILDING

One of the first new N. Y. buildings to conform to the zoning law, this building shows the pioneer utilization of the "stepping in" or receding features of the new construction



which caused Sullivan's lifelong quarrel with his contemporaries. He himself, as his work proves, could think in steel.

Thinking and seeing in steel means accepting, without subterfuge or concealment, the look of steel. This we do in certain kinds of structures, such as bridges, but where habitable buildings are concerned, we cling to our masonry minds and masonry eyesight. Unless the underpinning of a great structure looks some twenty times as strong as it actually needs to be, we are dissatisfied, we feel a sense of insecurity, due to the logic inherited from centuries of stone building. It is a curious fact that we want the corner piers of a building to be the largest. Yet these corner piers carry actually less of the weight than any others—one half as much as the lateral piers and one quarter as much as those on the interior.

Other examples of this habit of depending on our woefully arrested eyesight abound on all sides. Let us consider only two, familiar to every New York visitor. First, the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. Here we enter through an enormous Roman facade and portal. In the magnificent vestibule, and the astonishingly spacious passenger concourses, the same impression prevails of an imperial splendor reminiscent of the first century B. C. But all this imposing stone is mere masquerade which becomes glaringly apparent as soon as we have penetrated further to the enclosure where the trains arrive and depart.

There sheer necessity rules, and we find ourselves in an open shell consisting of glass and steel alone, which comes as an unpleasant surprise, for there is nothing to mark the transition between the two styles of architecture. The observer's eye is asked to accept slender steel columns and girders disappearing, without anything to soften the shock, into massive granite blocks. Twenty centuries look down upon you in grotesque juxtaposition.

Again, imagine yourself in the Grand Central Terminal, standing on one of the balconies that overlook the upper level. There is something infinitely comforting about those enormous square pillars spacing off the interior at regular intervals. They look adequate, they give you a sense of security, for their dimensions are those of a fair-sized room. Suppose suddenly they were reduced to terms of steel, to the actual size required to support that vast roof in that material. The effect would be unendurable. One would feel like rushing from the building

in terror, expecting it to crash down about his ears at every footfall! Yet these great piers are simply padded out.

But until we accustom ourselves to such visual shocks, until through the eye we are able to assimilate the dimensional strength of steel—until we can see resistance and force in reed-like forms—the full potentialities of steel construction will never be achieved.

Quoting Eliel Saarinen, at the beginning of this article, I made a comparison between architecture and clothing. It is an interesting fact that man's clothing has somewhat resembled his architecture in every age. The angular Egyptian pylons and temples were like their tunics and headdresses. Greek architecture has a flowing look—the mouldings, volutes and fluted columns—like Greek robes. The Gothic architecture drapes like the cowed gown of the monk. And so on.

Today architecture still somewhat resembles human appearance. Some people have called our slender towers the "flapper" type of building. It is not a bad comparison, though disrespectful. Her general style is that of Harvey Wiley Corbett's Bush Terminal building in New York. Who has seen that tower with its glowing top after dark and has not thought of youth—lithe, upstanding, irresistible youth!

And our buildings before long are going to wear exterior color—yes, paint. Broad stripes, vivid backgrounds, bright contrasts will adorn their straight tailor-made sides.

Raymond Hood, of Howells and Hood, architect of the American Radiator building in New York, has already broken through the color line. His black and gold peak has no dainty flapper quality however. Here is a barbaric note. You think of tom-toms and gleaming spear-points. It certainly is something new and tremendous, but like jazz and the Ku Klux, hard to place. Someone has called it Jack Johnson's golden smile.

I think of the beautiful Shelton hotel, on Lexington Avenue in New York, as a suave, athletic, well-groomed young business executive. Arthur Loomis Harmon, the architect, designed it originally for that type of inhabitant—a bachelor hotel on a huge scale.

The Standard Oil building, designed by Shreve and Lamb, formerly of the firm of Carrere and Hastings, is another new building with a personality. Down at Bowling Green it fronts the harbor, a sort

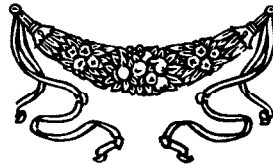
of sentinel, with a broad curved shield and watchful eye.

The man in the street is beginning to take notice—to feel he has more in common with his good friends, the buildings. Every once in a while he tosses them a brotherly salute. But our neglect of this great art, in the main, has been deplorable.

And what is the significance of these stupendous modern structures? One significance, of course, is their sheer beauty, exercising a benign influence on all life. It has been said that architecture is alive, that it breathes. It certainly is subject to

magical change. At no hour of the day or season of the year or condition of the weather are these soaring pinnacles and tapering masses the same.

But another significance is social. They express and distinctly serve our age, its needs, its resources, its dreams. Without the skyscraper, the great centralization of work, the vast distribution of necessities and benefits to the people, could not go on. No longer do they, like the ancient architecture, represent the power and glory of the dead, the tyranny of the ruler, or the fear of the god, but, instead, the activities of living people.



Stephen Girard and Girard College

The Story of a Liberal Financier and the College He Founded

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD



HAD one been in Philadelphia in the fall of 1793 and been courageous enough to venture into Bush Hill Hospital, one would have found it filled with people, most of them poverty-stricken, suffering from yellow fever. In the hospital office, in the halls, or in the various wards one would have seen a stout, thick-necked, ruddy-faced man, blind in one eye, who was apparently in a position of authority over everything, but not too busy to give delicacies and encouraging words to the patients, even while he was supervising the entire institution. From his dress, bearing, and authority it would have been obvious that he was a wealthy and prominent man. One might have been still more surprised by his presence in the hospital had one previously gone about the city and seen offices, homes, and institutions deserted by all who had sufficient means to flee from plague-stricken Philadelphia into the country where the epidemic had not reached.

The man whom the observer would thus have seen in Bush Hill Hospital was Stephen Girard "merchant and mariner," destined to die

years later as the wealthiest man in America. At this time he was forty-five years of age.

Yellow fever, the worst epidemic that ever visited Philadelphia, broke out in the summer of 1793. It was subsequently thought to have been brought to the city by refugees from San Domingo, who had fled from their war-stricken country and were helped by public-spirited people, such as Girard. The disease speedily became epidemic in Philadelphia. The city, then a place of 40,000 population, was none too sanitary and the medical knowledge of the time was wholly inadequate to the disease. Early in the epidemic, Girard in a letter to a friend in New York referred to the disease as "only a malignant fever which, by the pernicious treatment of our doctors, has sent many of our citizens to another world."

Girard himself had a slight attack of illness, but whether it was yellow fever is not clear. As soon as he began to feel better he determined to devote his interests to the welfare of the people and let his business for the time being take care of itself.

"The deplorable condition to which fear, fright, and disease have reduced the inhabitants of our city," he said, "claims the aid of all those who are not afraid of death or at least who do not see any risk in the



NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

Nelson Antrim Crawford is a poet and a critic of poetry, as well as a writer of numerous magazine articles. He was the head of the department of journalism at the Kansas State Agricultural College. He is now Director of Information in the United States Department of Agriculture

epidemic which appears to prevail. I shall accordingly be very busy for a few days and if I have the misfortune to be overcome by the fatigue of my labors I shall have the satisfaction of having performed a duty which we owe to one another." At about this time the Overseers of the Poor called for help. Girard and nine other men offered their assistance. A committee was appointed, money was borrowed, and Bush Hill Hospital, used for yellow-fever patients, was taken in charge.

The hospital had been ill-managed. Stephen Girard and Peter Helm, member of a prominent Philadelphia German family, volunteered their full-time services in the hospital and employed a resident physician. Girard acted as superintendent, and Helm as his assistant. For two months they gave their time and energy, at the risk of their lives, to the work of caring for the sick.

Despite his heavy work at the hospital, which prevented his carrying on his private business, Girard found time for acts of kindness outside. In October a young Irishman, sent to America to be an apprentice, was in the home of Girard, the representative of the firm that had sent the youth out. Within a short time he was stricken ill. Girard took care of him, sitting up nights with him, until the young man died some days later. At this time Girard remarked in a letter, "My health is none the best," but he did not abate in the least his efforts for relieving the sick.

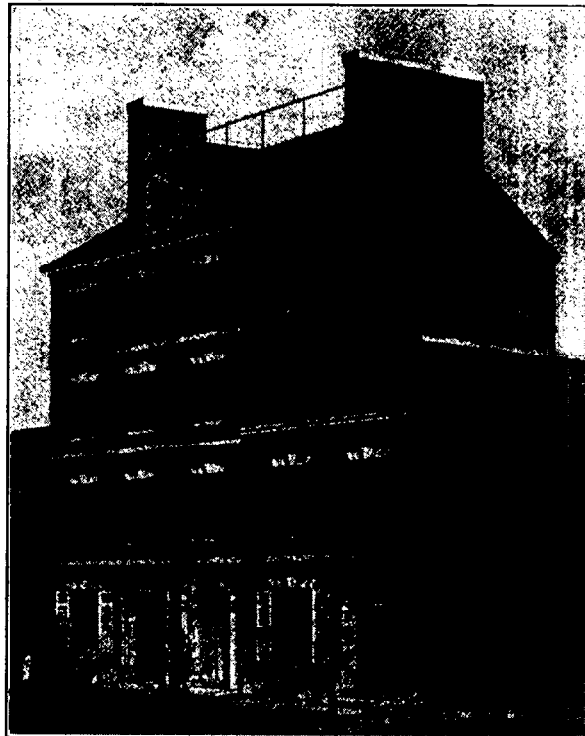
Until the middle of November Girard and Helm remained at the hospital, not attending the meetings of the downtown committee to which they belonged. Thereafter, the epidemic having subsided, they worked on the committee, also managing the hospital. Girard in the latter part of November and December served on eleven subcommittees. About the middle of January it was possible to close the hospital.

A circular published at the time says of the work of Girard and Helm: "A number of citizens, with a courage that will always do them honor, formed themselves into a Committee headed by the Mayor; borrowed money on the credit of future subscriptions; established an hospital, about a mile from town, for the poor; procured carriages to convey the sick to it; sat daily at the City Hall to receive applications and administer relief; and two of them, Stephen Girard, a French merchant long resident here, and Peter Helm, born here of German parents, men whose names and services should never be forgotten, had the humanity and courage constantly to attend the hospital, and not only saw that the nurses did their duties, but they actually performed many of the most dangerous, and at the same time humiliating services for the sick with their own hands; these gentlemen are mercifully preserved alive and well, though four of the Committee who sat at the City Hall took the disorder and died—their names were Daniel Offley, Joseph Inskeep, Jonathan D. Sergeant and Andrew Adgate."

In the course of the epidemic more than 4,000 persons, one-tenth of the population of the city, died. On one day alone the number of deaths was over one hundred.

A great many of the dead had been poor and left orphaned children, homeless, half starved, and without proper clothing. The committee to which Girard belonged took immediate notice of this situation and began to care for these children. A rented house, and eventually a library, were taken for the care of the orphans. A total of 194 were looked after by the committee.

There is every reason to believe that Girard's experience during the epidemic of yellow fever, as well as his general public spirit, was responsible for his will many years later in which he established Girard College for orphans, pointing out that



GIRARD'S HOUSE ON WATER STREET

If anyone had observed Stephen Girard, who lived in this house, in Bush Hill Hospital in 1793, he would have seen the benevolence of the "merchant and mariner" who was to die years later as the wealthiest man in America

he had been "for a long time impressed with the importance of educating the poor."

Girard's life as a whole was an admixture of business acumen, deep public spirit, eccentricity of personality, and detached devotion to duty, regardless of personal inconvenience or unhappiness.

Stephen Girard—or Etienne Girard, as the French form is—was born in Bordeaux, France, May 20, 1750. His father was a merchant, naval officer, and burgess of the city. He was not rich, however, and his son early went to sea. He got his schooling, which was scanty, partly through his own earnings.

His coming to America was largely accidental. He sustained a loss of twenty-five percent in a venture in the West Indies, and fearing imprisonment for debt if he should return to Bordeaux, he obtained a discharge and shortly afterward went to New York, reaching there in 1774. Many years later he remarked, with reference to France, that while he had love for members of his family and an attachment to the family home, he had no affection for his native country.

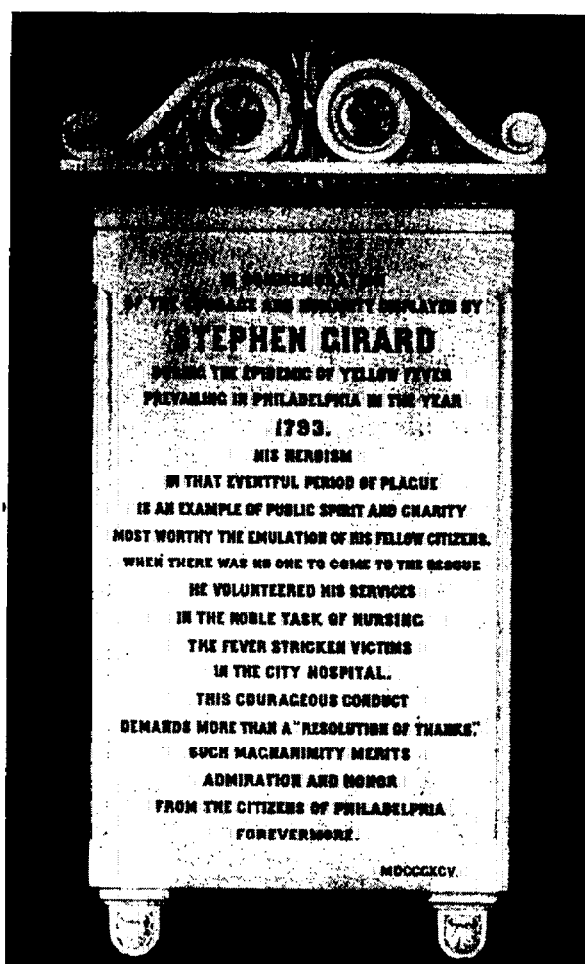
Engaging in privateering, in merchant shipping, in speculation in wheat and other commodities, Girard eventually built up a large business. He traded not only with the West Indies, but with France, Russia, Spain, and other European countries. Some of his ventures were unsuccessful and caused heavy losses, but Girard's will was indomitable. He went ahead regardless of difficulties. From 1778 on, Girard made his permanent home in Philadelphia; and in that year became a free citizen of Pennsylvania.

Meanwhile he had married a young woman of attractiveness and charm. Within a few years, un-

fortunately, she became insane. She never recovered. Girard kept her at home for some years, but later found it necessary to place her in a hospital. Girard wrote of it: "I fear that I have lost forever the peace which a certain success should procure for life in this world." Somewhat later, however, he spoke more philosophically, saying: "We can only have patience and realize that no one can live in this world without having some troubles."

Girard became more and more widely known as a business man. He invested heavily in real estate, especially farm land, although purchasing also some city property. He kept up his extensive shipping interests, building various boats and buying others. He gave excellent business advice to other persons. His barber, for example, made between \$70,000 and \$80,000 through the financier's suggestions.

After Congress in 1811 had refused to re-charter the Bank of the United States, of which Girard was a director, he opened a new institution, called Stephen Girard's Banking House, with a capital of \$1,200,000, in the early part of 1812. With the opening of the war, the Federal Treasury was close to bankruptcy. Congress was unwilling to resort to taxation and authorized the borrowing of \$16,000,000. Less than \$4,000,000 was subscribed by the people of the country. Of this amount Girard himself subscribed \$100,000. Subsequently, Girard, David Parish, and John Jacob Astor, the three richest men in the country, bid in the loan at eighty-eight cents on the dollar. Girard's own personal subscription was more than one million dollars. This investment, which seemed to many people extremely doubtful then, was subsequently profitable.



MEMORIAL TABLET TO STEPHEN GIRARD
Erected in the chapel of Girard College, this tablet commemorates the humane work done by Stephen Girard during the epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia in 1793



STEPHEN GIRARD'S BANK

After Congress in 1811 refused to recharter the Bank of the United States, of which Girard was a director, he opened a new institution, called Girard's Banking House, with a capital of \$1,200,000

Girard was a thorough believer in internal improvements, whether carried on by the government or by private individuals or corporations. On one occasion he loaned more than \$200,000 to the Schuylkill Navigation Company, at a time when the stockholders could not supply funds and when banks refused to make loans to the corporation. Had it not been for Girard's generosity and public-spirited interest, the work done by this company, which was so beneficial to Philadelphia, would have been suspended.

Girard's interest, however, although centered in business, was by no means confined to it. He was active in politics. Most of the wealthy people of the country in the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century belonged to the Federalist Party, the party of Washington, Adams, and Hamilton. Girard, however, was a supporter of Jefferson in the Republican, or Anti-Federalist, Party. He contributed heavily to its campaign funds. He himself was twice a candidate for membership in the Select Council. He was once defeated, but was later elected.

During the term of John Adams as President, Girard's political feelings became peculiarly ardent. Although he expressed no love for France, he obviously sympathized with French as against English points of view. Moreover, being by temperament a liberal, he was intensely opposed to the Alien and Sedition Laws, which were passed in

1798. Under the Sedition Law many editors of anti-administration papers were indicted and some were convicted. Among them was Thomas Cooper, who subsequently became president of South Carolina College. Doctor Cooper was fined \$400 by Judges Chase and Peters on the ground that he had libeled President Adams. Girard paid his fine and had him released from jail.

As would be expected, Girard was particularly ardent in the candidacy of Thomas Jefferson, the great lib-

eral, for President. Jefferson had definitely declared the Sedition Act to be, in his opinion, unconstitutional, and ran largely on that platform. There was no choice by the electoral vote, and the election was thrown into the House. After many ballots Thomas Jefferson was elected by the House of Representatives. Girard did not go to Washington to see the balloting but was kept constantly advised by a friend. Girard remarked of the members of his party: "The men they call Democrats, and who are really true patriots and good republicans, are beginning to have some power. They make a strong appeal to the people by their doctrine of humanity, and of being the friends of the common people, which makes them dangerous." The satire of the last clause is characteristic of the writer.

His quietly satirical attitude was not very different from that of Jefferson himself, who said when he was congratulated on his election: "It is a rule with me never to congratulate a young couple at the time of their nuptials. I wish to wait one year to see how they come on, and if everything goes well, then congratulate them."

The Republicans of Philadelphia decided on a great celebration on March 4, 1801, Inauguration Day. Stephen Girard offered to supply the gunpowder, which was a necessary part of any patriotic celebration in those days.

Girard's liberal views are further intimated by the names which he gave to two of his ships. One

of them he called the *Voltaire*. His intimate friend, Bentalou, writing him about this boat, said: "I congratulate you on your new vessel *Le Voltaire*, and wish her every possible success. I strongly advise you to christen the next one you are going to build 'Le Jean Jacques or John James.' Under the auspices of such a sage I predict the greatest success."

Girard followed his friend's suggestion and named a ship for Jean Jacques Rousseau, giving it, however, the name *Rousseau* rather than *Le Jean Jacques*, as Bentalou had suggested. Doubtless Girard, a more practical thinking person than his friend, felt that the surname would be more intelligible to the public.

To people of the present day Girard is best known for Girard College in Philadelphia, which was founded on directions in his will and is still supported by the endowment left by him. Girard died in 1831 at the age of eighty-one years. His estate amounted at the time of his death to about \$7,500,000, the largest in America at that time. The bulk of it was left for the establishment and support of Girard College. His will was signed in 1830. It appears to have been drawn up in 1826. In it he says, with reference to his idea of an educational institution for orphans:

"I have been for a long time impressed with the importance of educating the poor, and of placing them, by the early cultivation of their minds and the development of their moral principles, above the many temptations to which, through poverty and ignorance, they are exposed; and I am particularly desirous to provide for such a number of poor male white orphan children as can be trained in one institution, a better education, as well as a more comfortable maintenance than they usually receive from the application of the public funds."

He goes on in his will to make detailed directions as to the architectural construction of the college, its curriculum, its selection of faculty and students, and its point of view. His sound and realistic attitude is indicated in his instructions as to the choice of instructors and other officers: "They shall receive adequate compensation for their services; but no person shall be employed who shall not be of tried skill in his or her proper department, of established moral character, and in all cases persons shall be chosen on account of their merit, and not through favor or intrigue."

His realism, plus also his liberal viewpoint, is suggested when he says: "I would have them taught facts and things, rather than words or signs. And especially, I desire, that by every proper means a pure attachment to our republican institutions, and to the sacred rights of conscience, as guaranteed by our happy constitutions, shall be formed and fostered in the minds of the scholars."

He suggests among the studies reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, navigation, surveying, practical mathematics, astronomy, natural, chemical and experimental philosophy, and the French and Spanish languages, and adds: "I do not forbid, but I do not recommend, the Greek and Latin languages." A comparison of this list of subjects with those commonly offered in schools of Girard's time indicates an attitude on his part far in advance of his time. He also anticipates modern views by prescribing that no distinctive dress should ever be worn by pupils in his institution.

The passage in Girard's will which has attracted widest comment is that which prohibits clergymen from entering the institution. It reads: "I enjoin and require that *no ecclesiastic, mission-*



STEPHEN GIRARD, MERCHANT

From a portrait by Frederick James (1885), in the Masonic Temple, Philadelphia. Engaging in merchant shipping, in speculation in wheat and other commodities, Girard built up a large business

ary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said College; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purpose of the said College. In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever; but, as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce: My desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in the College shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars *the purest principles of morality*, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may from *inclination and habit* evince *benevolence toward their fellow creatures*, and *a love of truth, sobriety, and industry*, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their *matured reason* may enable them to prefer."

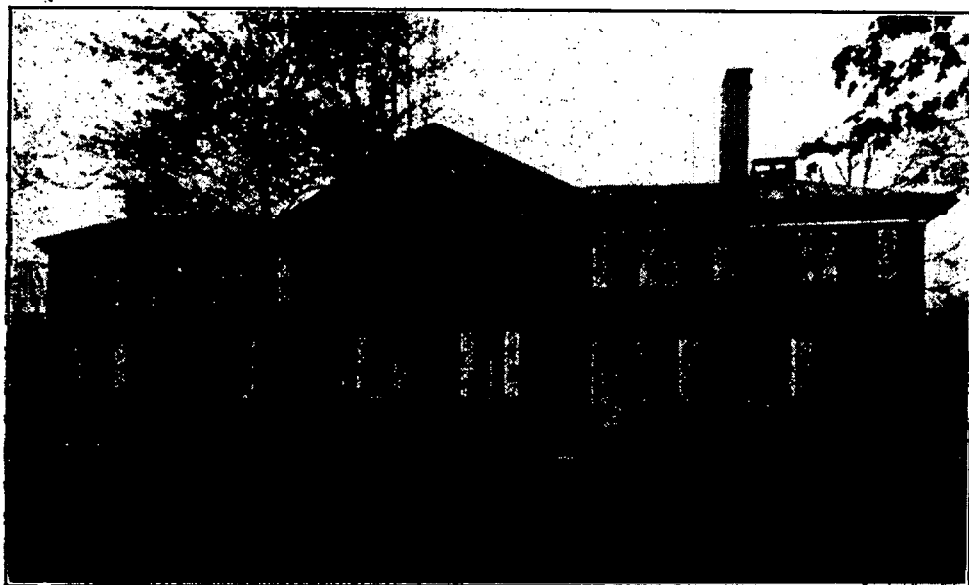
Precisely what Girard's views were with reference to religion, it is impossible to ascertain. Apparently he was a liberal, holding substantially the same views as his political ideal, Thomas Jefferson. Girard was brought up a Roman Catholic and remained nominally such throughout his life, though in his later years he did not attend church. It is known

that he was greatly influenced by his contact with the Society of Friends, or Quakers. He expressed admiration for them and tried in large measure to model his life on their simple ideals. On the other hand, he read widely in the writings of Voltaire and his followers, and was strongly impressed by their philosophy. He was an absolute and uncompromising advocate of complete liberty of conscience. So far as his own apprentices were concerned, he expected them to attend whatever church they favored, never suggesting that they follow his religious views in any particular. This was an advanced position for the time when the average master tried to model the religious life of his apprentices and sometimes his salaried employees after his own. His moral views were pragmatic. He urged on youth with whom he came into contact that they practice such habits as would make them subsequently "useful to themselves and to their country."

Girard's body was placed in a vault in the churchyard of Holy Trinity Roman Catholic Church. The clergy refused to officiate at the grave, however, because the Masonic fraternity was a part of the procession. Indeed, it was only upon threat of mandamus proceedings that they permitted burial in the churchyard—an indication that his view of clerical narrowness was not unjustified.

Some twenty years later, the body was removed to a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the main building of Girard College—a place where the great benefactor of the institution, one is confident, would wish his remains to rest.

An attempt was made to break Girard's will with reference to the provision forbidding clergymen from entering the college at any time. Daniel Webster in arguing for the plaintiffs aroused much popular sympathy and support by a defense of Christianity, which he maintained was attacked by the will.



GIRARD'S COUNTRY HOUSE

This was the country home of the man who endowed Girard College, an institution for the education of fatherless boys. Boys born within the old city of Philadelphia have the first claim for admission. Next are considered boys born in Pennsylvania, and after these, in turn, boys born in New York and New Orleans—all in accord with Girard's will

The courts refused, however, to invalidate the provision.

Whether the scheme of religious or moral instruction maintained by Girard College would be in keeping with the testator's ideals is doubtful. Girard's views regarding liberty of religion were hardly accepted by anyone in his time, except Jefferson, Madison, and a few other leaders. The college authorities, influenced by this, and also by the strong public reaction to Girard's will, introduced religious instruction.

A college announcement says:

"The first book brought to Girard College was the Bible, and the Bible has always had a foremost place in the teachings of the institution. The difference between Girard College and most other institutions is that religious instruction at Girard College has been given by laymen, and not by ecclesiastics. No meal is eaten in the institution without the invoking of the Divine blessing. The assembling of the College for Chapel services, of which a part invariably is Scripture reading and prayer, is a daily practice. On Sunday two Chapel services are held, and at these services addresses are delivered either by some member of the official staff of the College or by a visiting layman.

"The list of Chapel speakers totals quite thirty, and among them are judges of the courts, prominent physicians, lawyers, business men, and educators. The laymen of the community have felt laid upon them a sense of obligation for religious instruction in Girard College, which has brought to the service of the institution sincere consecration, and a high order of talent."

Religious instruction, whether given by laymen or by clergymen, is certain to have some sectarian tendency. No one can completely keep out his own beliefs, prepossessions, and prejudices. Nor, it

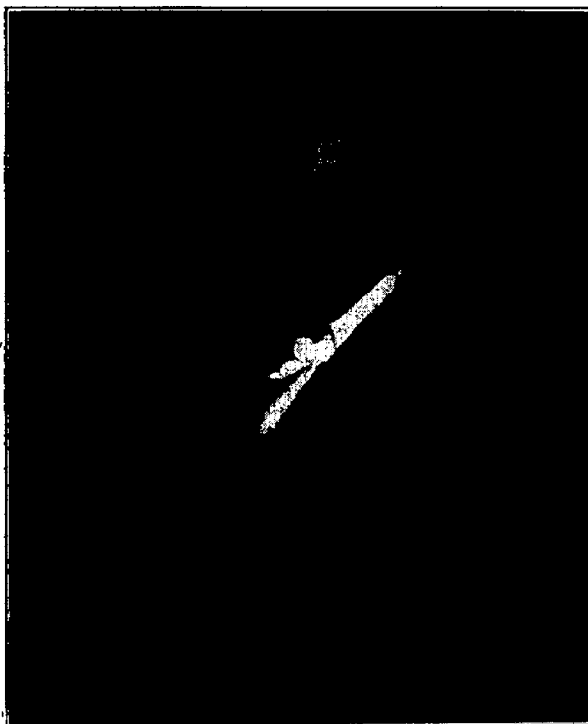
must be remembered, does the Bible represent the only religious standard or the only guide to conduct. On the other hand, it must be said that the Bible study conducted in the institution is apparently of a much more liberal sort than that which is given in most places. The students are assigned, according to the current catalogue, such topics as *Early Races or Pre-Adamites*, *The Production and Industries of Palestine*, and *Religious Beliefs of Non-Hebrew Peoples of Ancient Times*. The studies apparently are rather scientific and critical.

Whether the military training required in the institution would be in accord with Girard's ideals is another question. Girard lent money liberally to the United States for the War of 1812. Nevertheless, in his later life he followed strongly the views of the Friends, who are opposed to war under all circumstances.

Girard College is, of course, not a college in the present sense of an institution conferring degrees. The term is used in the older, looser sense. For that matter, however, the older institutions of learning in the United States, such as Harvard and Yale Universities and the College of William and Mary, offered in the old days what would now be regarded as high school or even grammar school work.

Boys are admitted to the institution between the ages of six and ten years and may continue until they are fourteen to eighteen years old. Boys born within the old city of Philadelphia have the first claim for admission. Next are considered boys born in the state of Pennsylvania, and after these, in turn, boys born in the cities of New York and New Orleans. This is in strict accord with Girard's will. The term "orphan" has been held by the courts to mean a boy who has lost his father, regardless of whether or not his mother is living.

The present capacity of the institution is 1,540



STEPHEN GIRARD

The man who made the provision in his will that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect should ever enter the grounds or be upon the premises of Girard College. This portrait is a posthumous one, painted by Bass Otis (1832); it hangs in the Masonic Temple of Philadelphia

and there is a waiting list of 600 to 700. The board in charge of the college consists of 12 directors, chosen by the board of judges of the Courts of Common Pleas of Philadelphia and the mayor of the city and the president of the city council ex officio. This board manages not only the college but the Girard estate, parts of which are extended to other purposes.

The college consists of three schools, a primary school and a grammar school, each with a course of three

years, and a high school of five years. The curriculum for the high school department places a strong emphasis on studies in English, history, and general science. During his last two years in the college a boy is required, under direction of the education department, to select specialized work, either in mechanical instruction or in commercial studies, and he gives a considerable part of his time to the special department which he selects.

Preparation is given for the following mechanical pursuits: Trade drawing, carpentry, pattern making, machine shop practice, electrical construction, foundry, forge practice, printing, painting, and auto mechanics. Practically all the job work needed by the institution is turned out by the students of the printing department under the supervision of the instructors. The age at which the boys leave the college makes it impossible to equip them as journeymen in the trades, but they are given a start which enables them to get credit for approximately two years' apprenticeship.

On the commercial side, instruction is given in bookkeeping and office practice, commercial arithmetic and geography, law and customs of business, salesmanship, and shorthand and typewriting. Whichever of these various courses a boy may take during the last two years in the college, the aim is so to equip him that he will be able, when he leaves the institution, to make himself of such use at employment that he can at least provide for his own maintenance.



MAIN BUILDING, GIRARD COLLEGE

To people of the present day Girard is best known for Girard College in Philadelphia, which was founded on directions in his will and is still supported by the endowment left by him. This picture is from a photograph by Howland

Although a president for the college was chosen in 1836 and made investigations in Europe with a view to adopting modern educational plans for the institution, the buildings were not completed until 1848. At that time 100 boys were admitted. The institution now comprises more than twenty buildings on forty acres of ground. The estimated value of the plant is \$6,000,000, the approximate amount which Girard originally left to the institution. Wise investment and careful management have brought the endowment of the institution to \$60,000,000, exclusive of the plant.

The present president of the institution, Dr. C. A. Herrick, is an educator of breadth and distinction. He holds both bachelor's and doctor's degrees from the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of a number of books, and has held many positions of high honor in learned societies. His conformity to Stephen Girard's ideals is indicated in his latest report:

"An English weekly makes the observation, 'A man today is what he wants tomorrow.' According to this ideal, it is the duty of the schools so to train those whom they educate that they will want right things tomorrow because they have been given the proper training today. Thus what our children are to be taught will be determined by what we want them to be.

"Education is more than the selfish pursuit of knowledge. As one enriches his life through training, he ought to have a desire to make a return to the

community, so that the world will be a better place in consequence of the training which he received. This was the conception of moral education set forth by Stephen Girard in his will, when he gave the direction that the boys to be trained by the college which he founded shall be taught, 'the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry.'

"Girard College is consciously seeking to follow the example of the best type of private school, or boarding school, both in this country and abroad. Possibly even more largely than these schools Girard College is an epitome of human society with its conflicting interests and cooperative efforts."

The list of distinguished citizens who are graduates of Girard College establishes the success of the institution and the error of those who predicted that the absence of the clergy would make education there valueless. Not only have graduates gone out to high positions in business, professional life, and statesmanship, but they have, to an almost unprecedented extent, shown their gratitude to the institution, by furnishing entertainments to the institution, by aiding graduates in obtaining employment, by giving scholarships in universities to boys who have made fine records at Girard, and in countless other ways. They manifest the genuine benevolence which the great founder of the institution said that he wanted to have perpetually exemplified.



STATUE OF STEPHEN GIRARD

This sculpture is by N. Gevelot, and stands in the Main Building of Girard College. It commemorates the man whose life was an admixture of business acumen, deep public spirit, eccentricity of personality, and detached devotion to duty



CLEMENT WOOD

Clement Wood lives in New York within the atmosphere or "state of mind" known throughout the country as Greenwich Village. He is a most versatile writer, his published work including stories, poems, criticism, and novels. His recent book, "Poets of America," established him as a poetry critic of importance and ability

The Story of Greenwich Village

A Fascinating Account of the Fabled Art Center of America

BY CLEMENT WOOD



I DO not know who coined the phrase, "Greenwich Village is a state of mind." I only know that it is as ultimate a truth as man can reach, and that there are few phrases that rise oftener to my lips. What sort of state of mind is it? Externally, people picture it as an American Latin Quarter, sardined with artists, models, poets, ukeleles, with endless bookshops, curio shops, and eateries with such engaging titles as *The Pirate's Den*, *The Silhouette Shop*, *The Pepper Pot*, *Chez John* (affectionately, of course, *Cheese John*), *Trilby's*, *The Purple Purp*, *The Mad Hatter*, the *Blue Hen*—the list is endless, and thronged, from sunset to dawn, with uptown slummers and gentlemen and ladies of pleasure, most of them highly intoxicated; a bootleggers' paradise, an artists' heaven, a jazz Nirvana, a care-free island of happiness and hootch. This picture is fairly accurate: yet it is no more all of Greenwich Village than a mental picture of Rome as a town of spaghetti factories and red ink ristoranti would be all of the city on the Tiber.

"Greenwich Village is a state of mind"—having once entered it, I take it with me, whether I am talking with Coolidge in the White House, or abandon slumming to associate with real people like poets and dirt farmers. What sort of state of mind? A perpetually youthful attitude, which holds that such baubles as wealth, success, reputation, Rotary Clubs, the sanctity of the home, patriotism, Florida land booms, are baubles: a youthfully skeptical attitude, which refuses to accept any dogma, religious, philosophic, scientific, or whatnot, as more than an hypothesis; a buoyant attitude which holds that happiness is man's object on earth, and that each is entitled to find it his or her own way, subject only to the prohibition that the finding must not scar others.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE is a state of mind," yet Floyd Dell, a Villager when I first entered the Village in 1913, has written depressingly in a leading magazine that Greenwich Village is dead. How can one explain this expert opinion? Let Floyd go to a mirror, and he will see the answer: Greenwich Village, the state of mind, is dead within him. In no sense, neither in care-free camaraderie, nor in quiet artistic productivity, is the Village of 1926 any less alive than the Village he knew in 1913.

Before 1609, when Hendrik Hudson discovered the river that bears his name, the present site of Greenwich Village was an Indian settlement named Sappokanican. The ground was fertile, there was an abundance of wild fowl, the streams were full of fish. The white men came, and their second settlement (after Fort Amsterdam) was made in the Village. It was an aristocratic suburb of old New

York, a suburb (today far downtown) two miles out in the country. There are men living today who can recall fishing for large trout at the old stone bridge at Canal Street and Broadway, and shooting snipe on the Lisenard Meadows, just outside the Village. The limits of the Village roughly are the Hudson River, Fourteenth Street, and the line of old Minetta Creek (the Dutch *Mintje Kill*, little creek).

In 1744, Sir Peter Warren, husband of Susannah De Lancey, bought the three hundred acres that had been Governor Van Twiller's tobacco farm—the same little village of Sappokanican. Warren was a jolly, high-handed sea-rover, rich with plunder from Britain's enemies on the high seas. After his splendid burial in Westminster Abbey, the Village received its first boom during the 1822 yellow fever epidemic in lower Manhattan. Three hundred and eighty-four persons died of the plague; twenty

thousand moved from Manhattan to Greenwich Village. The banks all crowded into one little street, still called Bank Street; the little streets—of which more soon—ran wildly criss-cross in every direction. A shore road, now Greenwich Street, became the fashionable drive, along which stages ran twice daily to Wall Street. Washington had one of his myriad headquarters here; and it was here that his life-guardsmen, Hickey, tried to poison him. Aaron Burr bought the same estate a little later, its entrance at what is now the intersection of Macdougall and Spring Streets, and here entertained Jerome Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Louis Phillipe, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton.

The houses of a hundred years ago still shrink convulsively away from the squalid Italians who occupy them. At 118 Carmine Street, Poe lived (and, of course, wrote "The Raven" here, as he is said to have done in every house where he lived). In the Minetta Lane

neighborhood, corner of Bleecker and Barrow Streets, Tom Paine lived. At Seventh Avenue and Twelfth Street Clemenceau lived, years ago; under the very shadows of Jefferson Market Court, at Sixth Avenue and Christopher, John Masfield tended bars and cleaned cuspidors.

As for the streets, in 1914 this veracious chronicle of their eccentricities appeared over my name:

Ah, how does my pen itch to sing about Greenwich!

Its quaintness, its calm and its charm!

Its queer, intense faces, its Streets, Mews and Places

That twist around under your arm.

It's easy to doubt if you're on the right track,

When Waverly Place meets itself coming back!

And Fourth Street, grown restive, hilarious, festive,

Swoops up toward some northerly spot,

Leaps Tenth and Eleventh—you cannot find Seventh—

And twists itself into a knot!

When streets grow so frolicsome, daring and brave,

How do you imagine the people behave?

A man from Poughkeepsie, who'd never been tipsy,

Quite soberly visiting here

To look for his brother on some street or other,

Was not seen again for a year!

When asked where he'd wandered, he proved beyond doubt

It had taken him all of that time to get out!

All sober geography. Waverly Place does cross itself; Fourth Street runs north until it ends at Thirteenth. For atmosphere, glance in at Mulligan Place and Patchin Place, with squeezed low houses, old-fashioned gas street lamps, and no heat except open fireplaces; walk the quaint half moon of Gay Street, the toy village neighborhood of the Cherry Lane Theatre; see Edna St. Vincent Millay's house, the narrowest house in all New York—four stories high, and only twelve feet wide! See too, on Bedford Street, the weird Dr. Caligari house, as exquisite—externally—as an American Radiator Building in miniature and as

uncomfortable a place to live in as is a puppy's kennel. See the exquisite little courts, Minetta Place, Grove Court, Christopher Place, The Blue Door Court—little pools of silence, gardened inside, entirely off the streets—in atmosphere a thousand years away from the roar of the Sixth Avenue L and the rattling truck traffic on Seventh Avenue. It is still here, externally; and internally it is not changed, unless perhaps it has become more so.

Let the enemy, the Philistine, talk first. Here is a brilliant description of the Village as he sees it, by Don Marquis, one of the most delightful of people:

I visited one night, of late,
Thought's Underworld, the Brain-storm Slum,
The land of Futile Piffledom,
A salon weird where congregate
Freak, Nut and Bug and Psychic
Bum.

There, there, they sit and cerebrate,
The fervid Pote who never potes,
Great Artists, Male or She, that
Talk

But scorn the Pigment and the
Chalk.

Theosophists and Swamis too. . . .
Tame Anarchists, a dreary crew,
Squib Socialists too camp to sosh,
Fake Hobohemians steeped in suds,



WASHINGTON SQUARE

"Historic Washington Square," as the postcards say, is the very center of Greenwich Village and its life. This is a picture of the square of some years ago drawn by Glenn O. Coleman

Glib Females in Artistic Duds
With Captive Husbands cowed and
gauche.

I saw some Soul Mates side by side
Who said their cute young Souls
were pink;

I saw a Genius on the Brink

(Or so he said) of suicide.

I saw a Playwright who had tried,
But couldn't Make the Public
Think;

I saw a Novelist who cried,
Reading his own Stuff, in his
drink;

I met a vapid egg-eyed Gink
Who said eight times: "Art is my
Bride!"

A rat-faced Idiot Boy who slimes
White paper o'er with metric
crimes—

He is a kind of Burbling Blear
Who warbles Sex Slush sad to hear
And Mocks God in his stolen
rhymes

And wears a ruby in one ear—
Murmured to me: "My Golden
Soul

Drinks Song from out a Crystal
Bowl. . . .

Drinks Love and Song. . . my
Golden Soul!"

I let him live. There were no
bricks,

Or even now that Golden Soul
Were Treading Water in the
Styx. . . .

I heard. . . . I heard it proved, that
night,

That Fire is Cold, and Black is
White,

That Junk is Art, and Art is
Junk,

That Vice is right, and Virtue's
Bunk—

The Cheap and Easy Paradox
The Fool springs, hoping that it
shocks.

Brain-sick, I stumbled to the
street

And drooled unto a kindly Cop:
"Since moons have featners on
their feet,

Why is your headgear perched
on top?

And if you scorn the Common-
place,

Why wear a Nose upon your
Face?

And since Pythagoras is mute
On Sex Hygiene and Cosmic Law,
Is your Blonde Beast as Bland a
Brute,

As Blind a Brute as Bernard
Shaw?

No doubt, when drilling through
the parks

With Ibsen's Ghost and Old Doc
Marx,

You've often seen two Golden
Souls

Drink Suds and Sobs from
Crystal Bowls?"

"I ain't," he says, "I ain't, Old
Kid.

And I would pinch 'em if I did!"

"Thank God," I said, "for this, at least:
The world, in spots, is well policed!"

And all of this is true, too, and not overdrawn. Of course, it might also apply to any assembly in an insane asylum, the House of Representatives, or a Presbyterian Synod, or—with the difference that they had never heard of any artistic person or thought born since Victoria reigned—to a meeting of the Rotary Club or some women's club. Yet this is only a partial picture of Greenwich Village: and, before we have finished, we shall see the other side too.

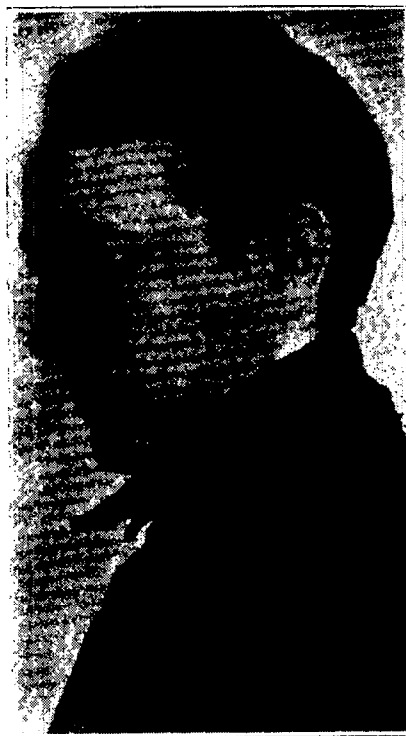
ART ENTERS THE VILLAGE

IN 1913, the present Village, as the Latin Quarter of America, came into being. It came when an insistent feminist joined the Liberal Club, a bourgeois uptown organization of mossbacked liberals. This particular feminist was like a match to dry wood: she caused a flare up, an explosion, and the resignation of half of the club, all over one newspaper discussion concerning her "feminist" marriage. The half of the club that remained, her supporters, she brought down to Greenwich Village, settling in a barn-like converted residence on Macdougall Street.

The feminist was a school-teacher, always defying the Board of Education upon some vast triviality. She was not the club's president; Ernest Holcombe, an engineer connected with the Elevated Railroads, held that honor. His wife was Grace Potter, who later became distinguished as a psycho-analyst. Their studio was one of the aortas of the earlier artistic village; the club was the other. Added to the feminist and the club president a third indispensable was secured—Polly Holliday, from staid Evanston, Illinois, who ran the restaurant connected with the club—the first of the authentic Village restaurants.

This restaurant was not run for uptown slummers, the nadir of humanity in Village eyes: it was patronized and run for the wild awakening generation of youngsters who flocked first to the art colony. They were what Don Marquis called them

at times, and infinitely more at times. There was genuine ability in person after person, ability which has crystallized since into solid achievement in art. There was miserable pretense at ability in others, which has vaporized into pallid living wraiths that still



FLOYD DELL

Floyd Dell, whom Clement Wood met in 1913, recently wrote that Greenwich Village is dead. "Let Floyd go to a mirror and he will see the answer: Greenwich Village is dead within him"

haunt the familiar Village streets occasionally, wondering to where "the gang" they once knew has vanished.

There was a third type, the most simple Villager, who either as amateur or professional was and did nothing besides being a Villager. Among these—and I do not say it in unkindness—was Hippolyte Havel, the anarchist. One of the most striking faces I have ever seen, small and fierce and determined of body and soul, his gentleness at times would lash into a sober or half-tipsy avalanche of vituperation, with "Bourgeois pigs!" punctuating every other sentence. It is said that he had been in half the prisons of Europe.

Hippolyte was cook, waiter, dishwasher, and chief interlocutor at the restaurant.

Then there were the Bonis, Albert and Charles, who started their bookshop next to the Liberal Club, and commenced publishing in a small way. The firm of Boni and Liveright grew out of the modest beginning; today there is also an A. and C. Boni, the same two boys still at the old business. In the Boni's bookshop poetry readings took place—public presentations of poets young and old, mad and sane—Margaret Widdemer's ladylike purr alternating with the sibilant staccato of Maxwell Bodenheim's grotesque verse. It was the Bonis, I believe, with Louise (Casey) Murphy, of Texas, myself, and one or two others, who wrote the first Village song—the one called a Bobby Edwards song, "Way Down South in Greenwich Village." Casey was a statuesque blonde from Texas, and the possessor of a pair of pale blue pajamas that were the envy of all the other Villagers. Casey had money, a large allowance: at times a large percentage of the Village sponged upon her. Big-hearted, lovely, a model of propriety in Village eyes, she married a mere successful uptown sculptor, and thereafter snubbed her Village friends right and left. Poor, lonely child she must be, they mourned. . . To return to the Village song, my two verses were:

Way Down South in Greenwich Village,
Modern Art proclaims its illegitimate descent from living—
Gain's the sin beyond forgiving!
Artists grow as thick as thistles,
Wit is sharp as hedgehog bristles—
Tomorrow is today, in Washington Square!

Way Down South in Greenwich Village,
In this Freud and Jung and Brill Age,
People come with will paralysis
For the balm of Psychoanalysis;
Here the modernest complexes,
And the intermediate sexes—
Fairyland's not far from Washington Square!

Ah, but this is not modern poetry—and we had modern poets galore. I was levatrice at the birth of one, by accident. I was lunching at Polly's with Robert Carlton Brown.

and at this lunch the birth of a poet occurred. Bob Brown grew scornful about the Bodenheim-Kreymborg-Pound type of verse. "I can write that sort of stuff myself," he said idly, and, as we waited for lunch, he proceeded to do it—turning out, if my recollection is right, five immortal lyrics between the thin soup and the thinner tea. One of these may have been his "Big-footed People," with the priceless lines:

I should hate to have the epidermis
Of an ornithornicus
On the sole of an elephantine foot.

Another perfect gem was

Damn anybody
With cheap ambitions;
I will be
God.

Another description of a Village
Night ends with "The Red Mill":

Check your hat! 10c.
Little glass of flat beer. 10c.
Pistachio nuts from the pimp
vendor. 25c.
Assorted blondes and brunettes. \$2
to \$5.
Billie the sallow piano player.
Priceless.
Lucy the shallow-voiced singer.
Worth it all.

Perhaps his masterpiece was this
untitled fragment of a galimaufry
entitled "Combination Salad":

I'm tired of hearing praises sung
To pale cheeked
Sad eyed
Virgins
Who kept the vestal lights aglow.
I sing to the red-cheeked
Healthy
Modern maids
Who keep the cheery
Red lights burning.

Soft music, now, as Adolf Wolff
pads in—Wolff, the peaceful anarchist,
poet, sculptor, and I know not
what else. His "Songs, Sighs and
Coises"—I spell as he pronounced, as
this witnesses:

I am alive, I have a voice,
And so I sing and sigh and coise—

is a choice treasury of Greenwich
Village Milton stuff. His great hydraulic
poem, "Contempt," was said
by an upstage critic named Blanche
Shoemaker Wagstaff to "combine
in its conclusion the austerity of a
Nietzsche, the majesty of a Whit-

man, and the tender sublimity of a
Christ." And here is the conclusion
of the poem, whose every
stanza had begun "I spit—"

Upon this whole damned system do
I spit,
And while I spit—I weep.

We could not always go with him in
his poetry:

O, have you ever heard the gutter's
call?
E'er felt the strange attraction of
the sewer?

Frankly, we have not. But we
have felt repeatedly the spell of
Wolff's "Scenario," with its immortal
line.

It was quite different behind the
bushes!

We recall his statue (he sculpted
too, apparently with his left big
toe) of the Great God Bunk—a
simple square of clay. We read
his "Prison Weeds," and found
them very rank. Yet, all in all, his
magnificent vacillation in opinions
and actions was a thing hardly to
be seen twice.

We have mentioned Maxwell
Bodenheim, who is perhaps the
leading poet in America—I have,
at least, the word of both of his
admirers to this effect. He gets
more work out of words than any
union rules could possibly allow.
For instance, from "Minna and My-
self":

Twilight pushes down your eyes
With shimmering, pregnant fingers
That leave you covered with still-
born touch. . . .
Little laced nightmares leaning
Upon a scarlet breast.

Exquisite in a rare piece like
"Death," too often he confesses

We blew a luminous confusion of
thoughts

—true enough, alas. And there were
other modern poets by the dozen:
can we find more sanity, or higher
insanity, elsewhere?

Revolution and the Arts

Every other week, Adolf Wolff
was in favor of revolution; most of
the Village was with him every week.
There was *The Masses*, for instance
—the brightest magazine America

ever had, with no policy, no consistency,
no reverence, only utter nerve and
verve. Max Eastman, an ex-college
instructor in philosophy, was half of
its leading spirit: and Max was a true
Hellenic in art, with no respect for
anything since the age of Pericles.
The other half of its leading spirit was
John Sloan, a magnificent painter; but,
like many artists, dumb in speech.
So, in the constant tilts over art
products, the artist at times had to
yield to the glib pedagogue; and when
at length Sloan resigned, the backbone
of the old *Masses* was broken.

There were other memorable figures
in the group. Floyd Dell, his soul
a charming Nile green, was assistant
editor, and did, I think, most of the
work. Jack Reed was there—Jack Reed
who roared his way from Harvard to
the heart of the Soviet administration
of Russia, where he lies buried—the one
among all of us who threw his life
into the gory maw of Revolution,
who died as his highest moment
would have chosen. Sturdy up-
standing artists were there, Maurice
Becker, Stuart Davis, Coleman,
Glintenkamp, adorable old Art
Young, Boardman "Mike" Robinson
and Bob Minor—there were giants
in those days. There was Hendrik
Willem van Loon working on his
"Story of Mankind." There was the
Reverend Charles W. Wood, the most
ungodly ex-minister who ever rose to
radicalism, author of the gorgeous
lines upon the Vice Committee, in
which he stated their ultimate aim
was to

Stamp on every woman's breast,
"Excluded from the Males!"

It is impossible to name them all,
What did the *Masses* contain?
Splendid matter from the most
surprising sources. A professional
humorist, Gelett Burgess, author of
"The Purple Cow," contributed, in
"Darkness Before Dawn," a revolutionary
hymn of magnificent power. Margaret
Widdemer, a mild Pennsylvania poetess,
wrote in "God and the Strong Ones"
another tremendous outburst. Louis
Untermeyer, sparrow for appearance
and snapping-turtle for wit, wrote
such joyful sarcasm as "Lines to a

Pomeranian Puppy Valued at 3,500 Dollars":

Wrapt in soft and costly furs,
All sewed up with careful
stitches,
You consort with proper curs
And with perfumed bitches.

You don't sweat to struggle free,
Work in rags and rotting
breeches.—

Puppy, have a laugh at me,
Digging in the ditches.

There was my own "God's
Blunder," that gave the goody-
goodies a lot of worry:

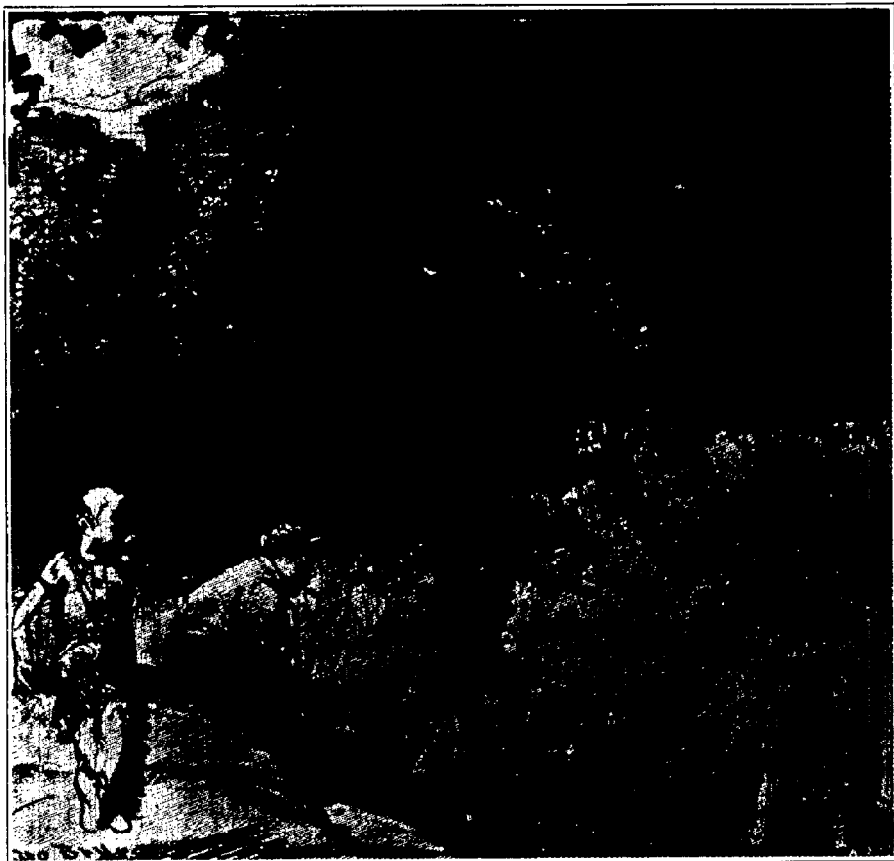
A dump marked "Church" and a
hole marked "Home,"
And a doll called "Mother"
that boxed your jaws,
And a bubble "Wealth" of shiv-
ering foam,
And the precious toys called
"Codes" and "Laws."

There were Charles Erskine
Scott Wood's inimitable "Heaven-
ly Dialogues," and other treas-
ures too numerous to classify.

One night Hippolyte Havel, the peaceful anarchist, dropped by superciliously to inspect the group. He had been imbibing, and greeted us solemnly, as he retired to lean against a door in the rear. His head began to nod, his nose to snore, his body to slide down the door, from his standing position, toward a sitting position on the floor—all in slow jerks, sudden starts and stops—a process that took more than half an hour. The meeting held its breath until his body involuntarily came to rest upon the floor. He awoke slightly, and regarded the proceeding with more superciliousness. At length the inner light moved him to speak. Rising to his feet again, he rebuked us as a Grand Mogul might read the riot act to ditch laborers, for our profanation of Art, in daring to vote for or against a poem. "As if suffrage could ever affect the merits of art!"

Floyd Dell tells that someone asked him, "Don't even anarchists have to make editorial decisions?"

After this, he retired with dignity. Art and anarchy had been vindicated: and the *Masses* proceeded with its enjoyable profanation.



A DRAWING by GEORGE BELLOW'S
Philosopher on the Rock: "Gosh, but little kids is happy when
they's young!"

Yet sometimes revolution gains more from little things than loud noises. The old house at No. 61 Washington Square South will perhaps be less remembered for the fact that Patti once stopped there and the war-enlarged Alan Seeger lived there, than for the fact that James Oppenheim lived and lives there, and wrote there the splendid poems in his *Songs for the New Age*; as well, perhaps, as for the fact that in the bathroom there, seated in the tub, I wrote "The Shining Ones," appearing in my first collected volume. Somewhere in the neighborhood lived Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, then the energetic Sunday editor of the *New York Call*, perhaps even then vaguely beginning to dream that vision which gave a continent literature within the reach of its purse. Around on Tenth Street lived Theodore Dreiser, a great Cyclopean mountain of a man, and perhaps the greatest novelist among our contemporaries.

How they come up before me as I write—the faces of former companions now dead, or, worse yet, successful in some horrendous bourgeois fashion! There was Barney Gallant, a vigorous blade who went to Mexico to act as press agent for a revolution there. He has now descended to the opulence of owner of Barney Gallant's, one of the show-place eateries of the Village. I have not yet been able to afford a meal at Barney's. There was Alfred Kreymborg, abstractedly inventing and stroking his mandolite, writing amazingly absurd plays and weird prosy verses. There was Harold Hersey, father of countless magazines, I am told; in any case, the ancient history of Joe Kling's *Pagan* and Bobby Edwards' *Quill* may show Hersey in the beginning. The *Pagan* contained much execrable stuff, and a few of the most distinctive stories and poems that the age has produced.

Professional Villagers

Bobby Edwards was, is, and will be the archetype of the professional Villager, a creature as anathema to me as a professional Southerner. He is a nice chap; but his living, apparently, depends upon his looking and acting "different," for the edification of uptowners. Out of a cigar box and a shoestring he can make a musical instrument that puts Hawaii to shame; and on it he can croon his at times charming songs, which later appear in his *Quill*. He begs the poets not to burden him with the task of editing—"Give me a poem of 12 or 16 lines, and for heaven's sake don't send two for me to pick from." He is especially popular with young lady poets, preferably of the uptown variety. His custom was to attend Village eateries, and in the middle of dinner rise and start singing. Well, why not? I only wish that I had the nerve and the voice to do as much. Perhaps the fact that I lack one or the other causes my resentment against him.

And there was the dreadful unnamed creature who would lisp and purr his way into the Greenwich Tavern and others of the eateries patronized by the slummers, who would offer for sale, in a wheedling treble, "Soul Kiss Candies," a quarter for two bonbons which had cost him perhaps two cents! He would get the Quarters, too, amid murmurs of "How quaint!" "How adorable!" I feel with Don Marquis about him, that it is a pity that Irish confetti was never handy when I saw him.

A much more extraordinary person was Guido Bruno, a greasy migrant from one of the Balkan States, who had "Bruno's Garret" at a corner on the south side of Washington Square. He published "Bruno's Chapbooks," little paper-covered pamphlets usually containing the cream, slightly curdled, of the newer poetry. Somehow the Village never quite took him in.

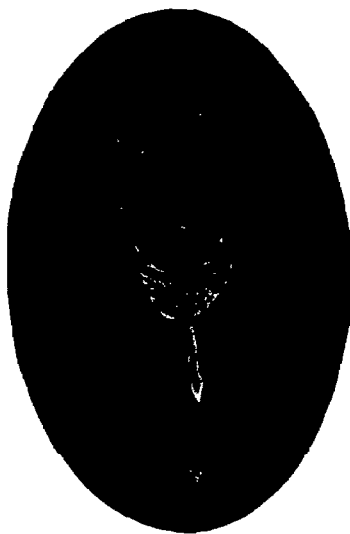
Then there was Clivette, the "man in black," the "man of mystery," whose curio shop, at the triangle where Fourth Street and Washington Place run into Sheridan Square, was to me always a source of unending wonder. There was no relic, sacred or profane, that he did not have there for sale. He would tell the secrets of his marvels in a whisper, confidential, intimate. Taking the visitor aside, he would whisper. "You see that great crystal ball? There's nothing like it in the world! That is the crystal in which Cleopatra looked, just before the battle of Actium, and saw her death and Antony's pictured. . . ." He had Andrew Jackson's sperm-oil lamps—again, my memory may trick me on the exact relic—in fact, some dozens of them. He had painted, I gathered the dazed impression, all in one night, between sunset and sunup, many thousands of masterpieces that would put Rubens and Velasquez

and Titian utterly to shame. I could go upstairs and see them for a mere quarter. (I never went, partly because I could not afford the expense.) He had written, I gathered, thousands of lines of the world's greatest poetry, all in one day. He had done everything, been everywhere, seen everything, acquired nearly everything—a man whose very whisper was interesting. Now the "Greenwich Village Historical Society" is erecting bronze tablets here and there throughout the Village; and the name of Clivette's daughter is signed in bronze as secretary. Recollections of the father's eccentric exaggerations make one suspect the accuracy of the historical tablets.

Recently Clivette stopped me on the street. Did I have two hundred thousand dollars? Could I lay my hands on it? Did I have a friend who had that much to invest? It was original paintings by Hals and Rubens, as I recall, that he would let me have at a tremendous bargain. I did not have the two hundred thousand to spend that afternoon, let me frankly assure you. I left him, swinging lightly along, eyes bright, perhaps hoping to meet some man or woman who would turn out to be a walking sub-treasury.

Professional villagers—come to think of it, perhaps we were all professional villagers. There was the group that woke up the theater in America—luckily, I was one of it. It was the president of the Liberal Club who started the movement; she asked Floyd Dell to write her a play for the

club. He had never written one, and so promptly agreed. Everything was delightfully amateurish—costumes, stage settings, even the lines, which had a real sparkle instead of a stagey echo. This was the first of many plays that Floyd wrote, for performance in the Liberal Club. I remember one Spanish piece of his, in which I played opposite Kirah Markham; I remember the performance of *Joseph*, a biblical piece, in which Floyd played his own hero. I missed some of his later plays, such as *King Arthur's Socks*; but all that I saw or took part in were delightful. Out of this first group came the Washington Square Players, who achieved Village fame, attracted uptown patronage and at last moved to the Bandbox Theater in the upper fifties, where they became in the end wholly Broadwayized. When they departed the Provincetown Players took their place; and this company still has the Macdougal Barn near the old Liberal Club building. Our plays were fair; the Washington Square plays were better; and the Provincetown plays include the finer work of such splendid playwrights as Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell, and many more. *The Emperor Jones*, with Charles Gilpin and Paul Robeson successively in the title role, was one of the company's great triumphs. From this nucleus the little-theater movement spread sporadically throughout the country.



EDGAR A. POE

Edgar Allan Poe lived at 113 Carmine Street, where he wrote "The Raven"—as he is said to have done wherever he lived!

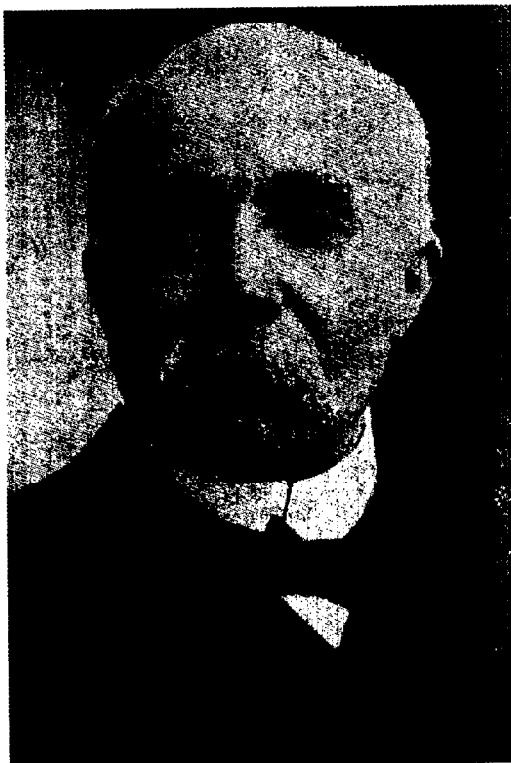
In spite of occasional lapses, the plays in Greenwich Village are still the stimulating influence in American drama. There are, in addition to the Provincetown Players, the Cherry Lane Playhouse, the Sheridan Square Theater, the Garret, and several others. All of these are noted for splendid revivals of forgotten yet excellent plays, and for putting on the worthier of the new experimental pieces. The fact of the living and thriving state of this drama is one of the many first hand evidences that Greenwich Village, as an art center of America, is still alert and alive.

Inside the Studios

In the old days, anything would do to live in. The houses were old, and without modern improvements; hence the artists decorated the walls to suit themselves, with drawings, paintings, outre scarfs and drapings, violently loud pieces of furniture, arty china. The effect was a mixture, with gaudy colors predominant: yet God or Nature's universe is a similar mixture, gaudy enough in its more luscious spots. The effect was pleasing, on the whole; as a recoil from the stodginess of Victorian house furnishings, of Babbitt interiors, it was serene and comforting. One could do anything in such an environment; and, indeed, one often did. . . .

There was strip poker, for instance. Who invented this gentle game I have no idea; but, of course, the Village discovered it. As each player loses a hand, he or she removes an article of personal attire. A woman with hairpins—this was before the bobbed hair era—was at a great advantage; she could lose many hands, and still have her hair up. Yet at the end it probably would hang down; and then could come out a handkerchief, a ribbon, an ear-ring, a brooch, a belt, a blouse, a shoe—you must finish the tabulation for yourself. There are those who see extreme immorality in nudity. Yet the birds and animals and trees get along somehow, in morality accept-

able to themselves, without any covering other than the natural skin, furred or feathered or barked, with which they began. Strip poker was played, in any event. And, when the true Villagers would go bathing, it was usually to Staten Island that they went, to a deserted beach where there would be no spies



GEORGES CLEMENCEAU
The famous Frenchman lived in the Village for a time at Seventh Avenue and Twelfth Street, some years ago

but the gulls—and these were singularly discreet birds, for no word of what they saw has to this date appeared in print, or even been featured in gossip.

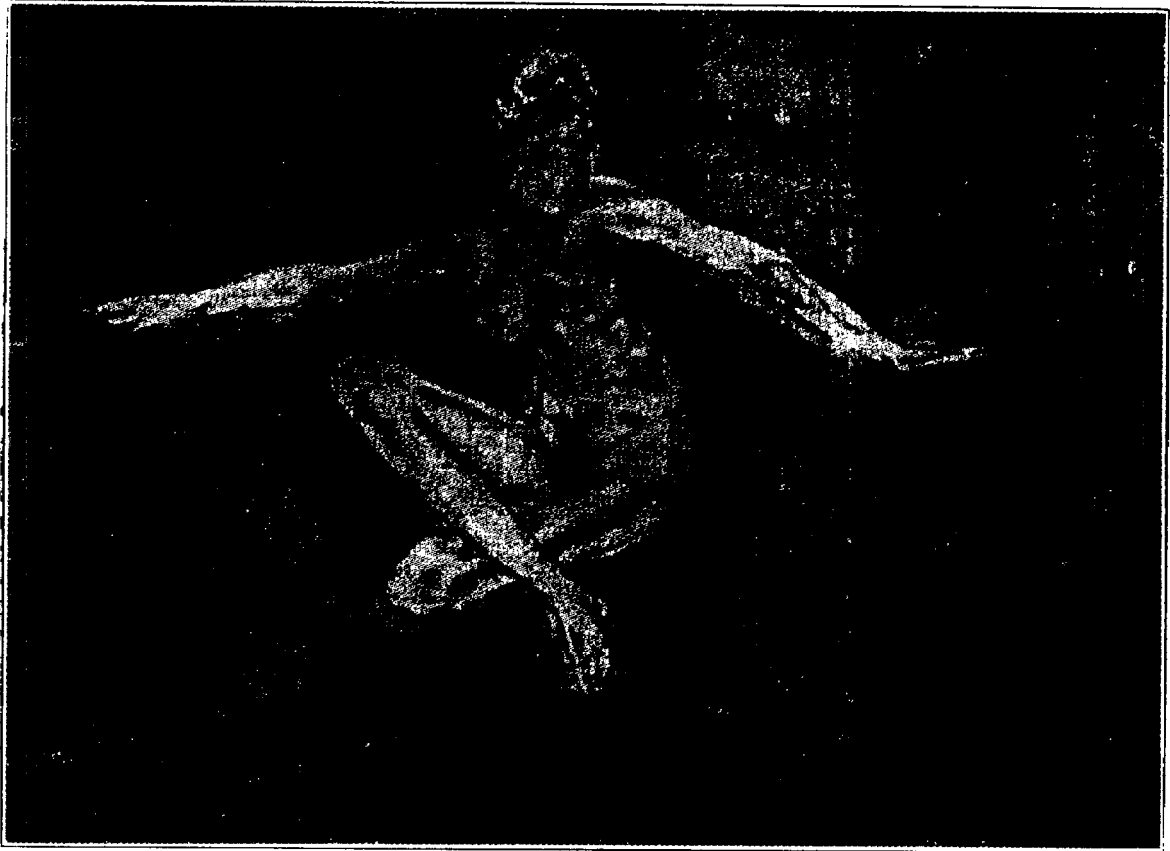
As to the love-life of the Village, it is of course the accepted thing in the Latin Quarter—if French romances are to be believed—that, without benefit of clerical blessing or aldermanic sanction, young artists and models live together in a state of temporary marital felicity, terminable at the desire of either. Something of this sort took place in the Village, though never quite as much as popular opinion believed. One of the reasons for the false impression of expansive trial mating lay in the fact that regularly married couples, who were part of the

Village life, concealed the fact that they were married, in order not to lose caste in the eyes of freer souls.

Few of the trial matings have lasted for the thirteen years since 1913. What are the parties to them doing now? There was one young man, who looked like a walking picture of Christopher Columbus, who had, over a dozen years, six temporary wives. His fifth recently commenced publication of her memoirs of him in a sensational New York tabloid newspaper. The man, now happy with his sixth, and working at a good salary in an uptown office, had to pay his Number Five a thousand dollars to suppress the series of articles, after the first one had appeared. Yet he did not seem damaged by his "successive polygamy," as the strict clergyman called the American divorce system; and, for all I can learn, the various women concerned are all doing well.

One stranger group consisted of one girl and three men, who lived together in one immense room on Macdougall Street. The girl did it, she told everyone, to see if she could not live with men as a mere comrade, and not as a lover. There is, of course, a social convention which she defied: she was certainly right that, while in conventional eyes there was an appearance of "evil," there might conceivably be no actual "evil," even if all the facts were known. I knew the girl and one of the men intimately; and, as far as I know and believe, she lived for two years with the three young men purely as a comrade. Yet it was after all an experiment rather than human nature as embodied in most people. She has recently published a novel, and she, and the three young men concerned, are all doing well in separate environments today.

It is well that it be distinctly understood that this liberality of conduct was, in many cases, carried out by young people of intelligence and mature discrimination, who believed frankly that their method of loving was an improvement upon the canons recognized by society. It



A DESIGN by ARTHUR B. DAVIES

receives high corroboration from such a poem as Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnet beginning:

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning.

She confesses

And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Perhaps it is going a little far to forget the identity of the loved ones; yet even this was in all probability based upon a splendid worship of some ancient spirit whose form, except through religious eyes, was in every way as worthy as later lowlier gods.

At times the story grew tragic, instead of lightly comic. If the human instruments to the play were not of fine quality and workmanship, grotesque tragedies occurred,

not stopping short of death itself. There was one light-headed girl, who played around indiscriminately with many men. On one occasion, after a Village dance, she went with a dozen companions to an all night second-story restaurant in the forties. Her companion, a fine youth well known in the Village, was a bit drowsy. She had heard that belladonna made people sleepy; and so, having a tiny bottle for use in her eyes, she poured it into the young man's drink, while he nodded. He drank it. Unknown to her, his heart was weak. He drowsed, and did not awake. An hour or two before dawn the party discovered that the boy was dead, and had been an hour or more. Panic-stricken, all of the others left the girl to sit there with the dead body until day brought the officers of the law. A mere prank, with death as the price; no harm intended, and death joining the feast.

There is more, much more, that might be said, but these stories are typical of all of them. The Vil-

lage dances, "Pagan Routs," "Masses Balls," and all the rest of the wild gatherings that took place in Webster Hall, on the East Side just east of the Village, must not go unmentioned. Like all masked balls, the costumes chosen revealed the desires of the maskers. The meek clerk, the timid soul, came dressed as a pirate chieftain, a cannibal, a Brobdignagian giant; the real gangster came, in all probability, as a Sunday School Superintendent. The dancers were not over-clothed; there was some drinking and some tipsiness; the affairs never broke up until breakfast time. But there was an underlying spirit of youth and happiness, for all the sham that so many took in its place. And youth and happiness are gold, if anything is.

The war came, and the Village continued; but it was shaken to its center by the spreading ripples from the Red Sea of European suffering. For many of the Villagers were, as artists and individualists, anti-patriots, disbelievers in war,

pacifists; and some were not. There were revivings of ancient friendships, impertinent khaki and olive drab returning for a chill shoulder from the high-hearted young zealots, sudden flights in the night to Mexico to avoid the draft law, and other melodramatic happenings. And then what is called peace came again, and we have the Village of today.

THE VILLAGE OF TODAY

THE Village exists today as the chief art colony of America. There are wilder fringes perhaps than ever before; but there is solid work of the highest type still going on. The artist of first rank does not and never did mingle indiscriminately in the Village upjinks; but he prefers the neighborhood, with a sigh for rising rents, because of the general atmosphere of let-alone and life-for-life's sake.

John Sloan, among the leading American painters of today, has his studio on Washington Place. Here

he works quietly at his painting, caring nothing for the latest craze in batiks or jazz ballads. Winold Reiss, a distinguished European artist, not only lives here, but has his Art School on Christopher Street. His recent series of portraits of Harlem Negroes, widely exhibited and copied, indicates his adherence to work in spite of the attitude of some of his neighbors. Antonio Salemme, a young sculptor, has just completed a life-sized statue of Paul Robeson, the Negro singer and actor, which has been acclaimed by the most distinguished American art critics as one of the finest pieces of sculpture yet done in America. Tony is one of those who work hard, and play just as hard; he may often be seen at Roman Marie's, or the Roma, or some other sacrosanct Village meeting place, still talking Art, but learning other aspects of art on all sides. Among others whom you may see at such gatherings are Stefanson and Will Beebe, the scientist-ex-

plorers, both wholly at home in the gay crowds that differ so completely from the frozen stretches of the unpeopled North, and the tides that wash the Galapagos Islands and the Sargasso Sea.

America has no more rounded woman artist than Rose O'Neill, creator of the Kewpies, distinguished poet and painter. Her studio for years was at 62 Washington Square South; and here her personality attracted such artistic achievers as Witter Bynner, Haniel Long, and other poets; Kahlil Gibran, the exquisite Arabian poet and artist; Mariska Aldrich, queen of the Wagnerian opera, and others as noted. Dreiser has moved a bit east of the Village; but I imagine that this was because Seventh Avenue cut right into the back yard of the house that he occupied on Tenth Street. He is still a frequent and solitary Rambler through the quaint streets, places, and mews, his hands behind his back, his eyes fixed fiercely upward,

pondering the sequel to *The Titan* and *The Financier*, or some other of his impressive outputs. Harry Kemp, a Bohemian soul, has left the Minettas to live a trifle eastward; he has established his Poets' Theater; but he is still constantly recognized on Village Streets.

It would be briefer to name American writers and artists who do not live in the Village. Among artists and illustrators, Art Young, Maurice Becker, Joy Clinton Shepherd, Walt Louderback, are four out of scores who live here. Elinor Wylie and her husband William Rose Benet are down in a cozy end of Bank Street; Edna St. Vincent Millay and Arthur Davison Ficke usually have headquarters in the Cherry Lane district; James Oppenheim is of Washington Square, William Griffith on Gay Street, Gloria Goddard in the



THE GOOSE GIRL by JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET

Minettas, Maxwell Bodenheim near Macdougall, Jacques Leclercq on Fourth Street. The Grub Street Club, New York branch of the Bookfellows, meets on Tenth Street, with Ralph Cheyney, Joseph Shipley, Samuel de Witt and other excellent poets in attendance. Leonora Speyer and Katherine Adams are on Washington Square, Mary Atwater Taylor on Ninth Street—and so on and on. But such a mere cataloguing is not important, since perhaps such serious workers prefer not to advertise the fact that the artistic welfare of the Village is assured in their persons. And those curious about the Village are perhaps more interested in the doings of the typical Villagers of today.

Murder and Its Successors

The development of the Minettas is one of the most recent Village activities. Five years ago, Harry Kemp lived in this section; the rest of the houses and rooms were occupied by gangsters, chiefly Italian, and dope fiends, chiefly Negro. There is one house on Minetta Lane in which, the Police Department informs me, forty-nine unexplained murders occurred in the twenty years between 1900 and 1920. It was a well-built brick house, as are its neighbors, connecting by an iron "bridge of sighs" with another red brick house lost in the middle of the block. There were ample back yards, all divided off by property-owners' back fences, and occupied by clothes lines, ash and garbage barrels, miscellaneous trash, and the largest collection of cats that I have ever seen gathered together. The general atmosphere was of utter squalor and filth; the houses were largely unheated, unsanitary, crowded a family to a room. Bootlegging flourished, and vices named and unnameable were conceived and carried out in its fetid air. One night, after nightfall, walk cautiously down the middle of the street to the junction of Minetta Lane with Minetta Street—a matter of half a block; for a solitary street light hung at this junction. There would be furtive faces staring out of windows and mysterious dark entrance-ways, shambling feet dodging around unexpected corners, and an eerie air of mystery and danger. Life was not safe, if one ventured farther.

Today, a transformation has taken place, like the stage transformation from the Brocken to a garden of flowers. The whole center of the Minetta block has been opened out into one lovely garden, with houses on both sides opening into it. Partitions have been torn down, and the buildings remodeled into great living rooms with open fireplaces to supplement the adequate heating systems. The entrances, the woodwork, are unbelievably charming. There are single great rooms, whole floors, duplex apartments; and while the rents are rather staggering, the whole character of the place has been altered. Grove Court, Christopher Court, and other courts and places are doing the same thing; dirt,

poverty, squalor, crime, have been eradicated from this corner of the city, and attractive and comfortable art settlements, as quaint as some corner of Paris or the Italian coast, have taken their places.

It must be confessed that the people—the newcomers, the near-arty Villagers—might well be remodeled to fit their charming environment. Perhaps a few etchings of some of the dwellers in the Minettas may indicate what is meant.

There is Dot, the dancing teacher. She is married to an industrious young man, who was captain of the Chess Team his senior year at college; but she has left her husband in his New England town, while she comes down to New York for a year of advanced work in dancing. Dot is red-haired, bursting with energy, a brilliant ragtime entertainer. Not only does she teach dancing, but she accepts work as an entertainer before large audiences, such as banquets; and she can put over a real jazz song as well as any professional I have ever seen. She inveighs against one particular thing—the "gold-digger" type of woman, the woman who preys on men. Then Dot will call up some man friend, and suggest that she is starving—hasn't had a bite to eat all day. Of course, he takes her to dinner—the first two or three times, at least; and she does not insist upon

paying the check, you may be sure of that. Among her steady admirers is a man old enough to be her grandfather's teacher—a wholesale meat dealer of lower New York. Once or twice a week this old gentleman lands with two or three steaks, and a chicken or two—enough meat to supply her table for more than a week. Then the meat-dealer will sit around all the evening, explaining patiently to any others present the exact details of the number of corned beefs that he supplies to each leading New York City restaurant. Dot will call up a girl, and invite her in for breakfast or lunch: "And, dearie, will you stop by and get some butter—I'm all out of it. . . . And some eggs, and cream, and something for dessert—oh, anything. Oh, and you might get some chops—and some drinks. . . ." Usually the girls do it, too. But Dot is virtuously ashamed of the gold-digger class of women.

There is Jenny, the best pal in the world. She was built too amply to satisfy an artist's eye; she may not weigh two hundred pounds, but she looks it. She is a public school teacher in New York City—in the daytime. In the evening, she consumes innumerable hundreds of cigarettes, acts as official tester for all varieties of post-Volstead liquor, and—grieved though I be to write it down—on occasion gets as hilarious as a man at a stag fraternity banquet. Night after night of this, day after day of elementary school teaching: she finds her happiness here, and is right in doing it; but it is, in some eyes at least, a queer happiness. She is as big-hearted as can be; when she has saved up a



H.W. van LOON

There was Hendrik Willem van Loon, working on his famous "Story of Mankind"

little money, she invites a girl friend—any girl friend—to run down to Bermuda as her guest, or tour to the Yosemite with her. She never has anything to wear—I have her word for it: and she possesses five fur coats, and twice five times five dainty frocks. I underestimate the number, I am convinced. Poetry? She adores Robert W. Service: likes a good movie; reads the Hearst papers. . . . She is one kind of Villager.

There is another young lady, Sophia LeBlanc. The name is French but the girl is Russian. She writes poems, one of her masterpieces commencing

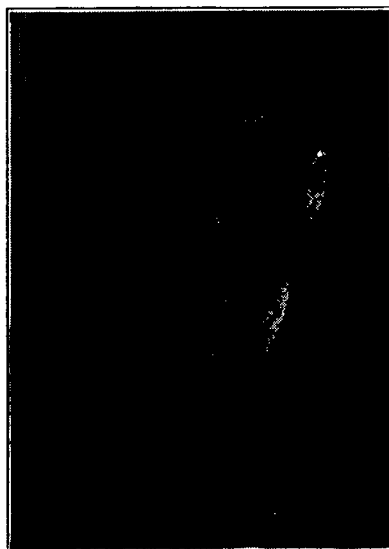
I am a pale cosmos of sweetness
and beauty
Gone to seed.

Her tragic eyes meet anyone's with whom she is talking: "What's the use of it all, anyhow? I think I'll go ahead and commit suicide. Not drowning—I hate water; and a pistol is cowardly. There are poisons. . . . subtle poisons. . . ." Her eyes roll ecstatically. "I detest American music—jazz—all American music—all music, except Russian music. You have no writers in America, no artists; you are crrrude, so crrrude! Oh, why did I ever leave Russia? What's the use of it all, anyhow? I think I'll go ahead and commit suicide. Not drowning. . . ." On more than one occasion, polite listeners have agreed that it might be a good idea. A pale cosmos. . . . a cosmos gone to seed. . . .

There is Emma Bradd. Different. Aggressive. Built like a young Amy Lowell. Sharp. Curt. Mannish. Come up to a neighbor's room at eleven o'clock. "I say, Stone, let's call it a day," with eye registering disfavor of his dangling ukelele. Stone with some esthetic passion growls out bitterly, "Let's not. Good night." She complains to the agent because Stone taps on the floor when he plays on the ukelele. Complains that he moves furniture at all hours of the night. Complains that—The real estate agent assured him that she had registered, in person, twenty-three complaints in one month against the man who roomed above her.

Mannish. Curt. Sharp. Built like a young bull elephant. Aggressive. Different. Another kind of Villager.

Across the hall from me there is the young lady who hates men, and loves cats. She moved in with three pets; she has nine living in her apartment now, and feeds twenty-three daily. On her door is



PAUL ROBESON

Paul Robeson, of the Provincetown Players, triumphed in the Village in such roles as the Emperor Jones

a legend: "This is Not the Superintendent's Office. This is not the Janitor. This is Not the Rental Office. We know Nothing about Vacant Apartments. We will not accept Bundles for Anyone. DO NOT RING THE BELL!" Still another kind. . . .

There is another. She does not live in the Minettas, exactly, nor anywhere, exactly. She does not pay any room-rent. Her technique is direct and original. She came up to a lecturer in a hall near Washington Square, and introduced herself, saying she had some questions to ask him. As she walked into the street, she said, "Is it true you're married?" "Of course." "Well," she did not hesitate, "how would you like to commit bigamy, or whatever they call it?" She went to a club lecture with one young man, who had been her lover for a month or so, and

disappeared for an hour. He came upon her seated on the floor beside an artist she had just met. He was a bit fussed, and fumed: "Are you going home with me?" She turned sweetly to the artist. "Am I?" she queried. "Of course you're not!" And she didn't. She sleeps wherever anyone has an extra bed, or any satisfactory sleeping accommodations. She has never failed yet, she tells me, to find a place to stay. She does not worry about rent, naturally. She gave up a job selling patent medicines to the suburban trade, netting her more than a hundred dollars a week, to live in the Village, and earn—and spend—nothing. If she needs a dress, she borrows one from some girl friend. If she finds no one to buy her a meal, some friendly restaurant keeper will feed her, in return for a little help waiting on the table. She admires the poetry of Maxwell Bodenheim tremendously. Another type. . . .

These have been all girls, I note with some astonishment. There are as many men living in the Minettas; but they do not seem quite so striking. There is one brilliant architect and painter; but he refuses to do commercial art, and has been having trouble with his rent. Ah, and there is Llado Ferguson.

Llado moved into an apartment when a little red-headed spitfire, hair cut man-fashion, moved out. Llado explained that he had a check coming on the tenth, and would pay the rent then. That was eight months ago: he has not paid one cent yet. After four months of patient waiting, the agents served dispossess notices. After a month or so, a policeman was sent around, and then another, and another. Llado met the last two at the door very genially—I overheard the conversation once, and had it reported to me once. "Howdy do," he beamed on the policeman. "Ferguson? Ferguson? Hmm. . . . Oh, yes, he had the apartment before I moved in. Left a month before I came. No, I haven't any idea where he moved to. You might ask the agents of the building," and he gave the bewildered policeman the address of the people who had appealed to the law. With a final

beam, Llado Ferguson vanished inside the door. He is still in possession, and may continue to be.

There are two girls upstairs—their names I cannot guess, for they are not on the door. They were shown the apartment, and said, truthfully enough, that they could not afford the rent. The apartment, being vacant, was left unlocked. The next day the two girls appeared, each with a trunk borne on the back of a sweating Italian trunk-mover. They went to a locksmith, and purchased keys that would fit the door, although this took a couple of days. How they smuggled in a couple of cots I cannot guess: but they are in now, and need—less to say, have not paid any rent. I doubt if the agent knows that they are in temporary possession. And dispossess notices take a long time.

The atmosphere affects even the janitor service. A nice colored boy from Carolina was secured, a cousin of one of the members of the Hampton Quar-tette, whose singing has been so universally acclaimed. John gave satisfaction to everyone—except the agents for the building. He came to the agent, and complained that he had no furniture. The agent told him to go to a large department store, and buy the few things he needed, giving him a note to charge them. Perhaps the greatest windfall that ever happened to one clerk in that store was this Negro. The clerk sold him everything in the store that was ornate, expen-

sive, and comparatively unsalable. He ran up a furniture bill—to fill one large room—of four hundred and eighty-one dollars! He was furnished a telephone, with instructions to use only two calls a day. The first month's bill was

sympathizer with the artist type. I think that this is a step upward. But I realize at the same time that the wistful revisiting member of the Hudson Dusters mourns the modern degradation of mankind in the Minettas, sighs for the lost art of clueless efficient homicide, drops a tear over a generation that has not pluck enough to hit the pipe and sniff snow as a lifetime's delight.

The Thugging of Percy Pining

The two civilizations, the age of the hoodlum and the age of the cubist, came into conflict directly in the case of Percy Pining. Percy is a poet, an editor, a publisher, all in a delicate batik way. He was born and reared in Cambridge; he has a charming Harvard accent, a monocle, a high silk hat, a cane, spats; and—may I be blamed if I err—I think he would shriek and jump on a chair at sight of a mouse. He writes his own pale pink poems, and publishes them himself in delicate

volumes bound in exotic wall paper patterns. He is a gold-digger: he publishes the poems of any unimportant poet who can pay, and pay well, for the job, and, in general, he sponges successfully on well-to-do patrons of poetry who lack discrimination. He edits a little poetry magazine whose standard of inclusion is singularly high: for there is an unguessed Niagara of first-rate poetry begging for publication. And he, monocle, high hat, Cambridge accent, cane and all, moved, one ill-fated hour, into the Minettas.



"GEE, MAG, THINK OF US BEIN' ON A MAGAZINE COVER!"

A cover design for "The Masses," drawn by Stuart Davis

for thirty-two dollars! Apparently John had called up every colored girl he knew, in and out of town, to assure them that he had a job. There were long distance calls to Portchester, Providence, Philadelphia, and one to Washington. John had the job one month only; and he still doesn't quite understand why he was dispensed with.

These, then, are a few of the successors of the gangster and dope fiends that once thronged the Minettas. Murder has been replaced by batiks, thuggery by free verse, cocaine by cubism; and, as a

He roomed in an attractive basement apartment with a young man named Jo Janner—who also wore high hat, monocle, Cambridge accent, spats, cane. . . . The two of them had a grand piano, a canary, and a liking for Plato's *Symposium*.

One midsummer dusk they were walking from Washington Square southward to the Minettas. At the corner of the Lane and Macdougall Street, Percy turned to Jo, his face registering consternation. "Jo, there are two rude fellows staring at us! . . . Let's run!"

My heart writhes with shame for my sex as I put down this incident: but it happened, word for word, as I do put it down.

They ran. The two rude fellows, thugs and the sons of thugs, rendered a bit joyous by home brew, started after our precious pair with shrieks of delight. The faster the half-maudlin thugs ran, the faster Percy and Jo flew.

It was only half a block to their basement apartment: to them it seemed twenty Marathons. They reached it, half a length ahead of the thugs. They ducked down the iron-railed stairway. The two joyful thugs grasped hold of the iron railing beside the narrow sidewalk, and flung their bodies through the air, feet outstretched, in the endeavor to kick Percy and Jo in their high-hatted heads.

Blup! The feet of the first thug landed square on Jo Janner's head, knocking the valuable high hat galley west, and damaging the invaluable head quite efficiently.

Crash-jangle-tinkle-bam! The feet of the second thug missed Percy's Boston accent, and crashed through his window, breaking panes and sash.

The thugs fled, roaring with laughter; Percy and Jo sat down on the steps to weep. Artistic girls, with mothering instincts, rushed down from above, phoned for the police, comforted our wounded heroes. The police came: Percy and Jo insisted tremblingly that they would not appear against the thugs in court for anything.

In the midst of the swivet, I sauntered by, and Percy poured the whole story in my ears. "The worst of it was," he mourned, "I lost an eighty-cent dinner; and I

really couldn't afford that, old boy." After a pause, looking enviously at me, "Ah, you wear a cap! No wonder they don't trouble you. . . ."

That night Percy and Jo vanished uptown, to the safety of the upper fifties. The Village lost these two priceless and artistic souls. And, if there are any more men here who will run from thugs, I hope they move further than Percy did.

21 Jones Street

Or take a few select incidents from the intricate chronicles of the apartments at 21 Jones Street, known affectionately as "Nut Roost" to other Villagers. This is a building with an attractive three-storied exterior; with a small inside court, and a rear three-storied building beyond the court. If I dared print all that I know about this one house, this would be unavailable. I can give you its spirit, in a few incidents.

Madeline lived in a second-story front apartment. The apartment she occupied was rented by a freelance writer, a friend of mine. Being somewhat tired of Madeline, and unable to think of a good way to get rid of her, he had left town for a couple of weeks, leaving Madeline in possession. At the Dragon Inn, a chop suey restaurant on Fourth Street, run by a pleasant Chinese youth named Wong (who is, by the way, the author of an extraordinary novel in English, amazingly unlike any novel ever published, which has never been published, and may never be)—at the Dragon Inn, to return to Madeline, the young lady met a young lady named Irene. Irene worked for a large corporation one block beyond Washington Square, and lunched at the Dragon. She and Madeline liked each other; and, when Madeline complained that she was out of a job, Irene secured one for the Villager with the corporation where Irene was working.

It is true that Madeline held the position less than a week; but this is a necessary prelude, to explain why Madeline, feeling that she owed something to Irene, invited her down to 21 Jones Street to spend a week-end.

Irene was twenty-two, attractive,

and emphatically a "good girl." She lived with her father and mother outside of Brooklyn; she had hardly ever gone with boys and men, to dances or entertainments, in her whole life. She has told me everything that happened except her motive in coming to the Village for the week-end: but I suspect that she intended, from the start, to create as much of a splash as Steve Brodie did, when he dropped from Brooklyn Bridge to the river far below.

She did.

I met her at lunch Friday at the Dragon Inn for the first time: Madeline introduced us. At their suggestion, I agreed to drop by the studio of a sculptor friend for a dinner of spaghetti and chicken giblets, to be cooked by the sculptor. At six-thirty we arrived; and, about nine, the supper was ready. Meanwhile, there had been some red ink consumed by the party of six or eight; I avoided most of this, as I think Italian wine is much better to write with than to drink. . . . the recent home-brewed wine, that is.

At ten, after we had finished the food, it was suggested that we go to Romany Marie's. This was in midwinter, and Irene left the studio without her outside coat. We reminded her of it. "Oh, I won't be cold," she insisted.

A couple of hours, and then another, at Marie's, talking with Stefanson, the explorer, listening to a modernist Russian composer playing some excellent things of his own on the piano, gossiping about poetry, swapping the latest jokes—and it was time to break up the party. And, of course, Irene, who had left her coat at the sculptor's, had to return with him to get it. Madeline went back to 21 Jones Street without her guest. Irene had breakfast the next morning with the sculptor.

Irene did not go back to her job; instead, she returned to her family, and has not been seen in the Village since. Madeline met her once; she has an even better position uptown, and her fling has quieted her down.

So much for the story of Madeline. Let us now have the story of Ray.



A CARTOON by ROBERT MINOR

"Your Honor, this woman gave birth to a naked child!"
 —Burlesquing the comstockian absurdities of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, Robert Minor has here revealed in sure strokes the contemptible pettiness of the whole reform attitude



A CARTOON by ARTHUR YOUNG

"Y korry, I'm tired!"
 "There you go! You're tired! Here I be standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you workin' in a nice cool sewer!"
 —Art Young has been amusing the people for years; he was perhaps the first popular artist in America to stop drawing standard types—pictures of pictures of people—and begin drawing the people themselves, as he saw them. This "nice cool sewer" picture, from "The Masses" for May, 1913, has been declared "already a classic." It is a picture, not of a man, but of a perception of a man—and his wife

It was three o'clock in the morning, and a party was drinking coffee in one of the front apartments of 21 Jones Street. It was summer, and the windows were open.

A window was suddenly opened across the way, in the rear house, and a voice called across: "What time is it?"

They crowded to the window. They saw a pale tall blonde, dressed in a flowered kimono, holding to the curtains.

"It's three o'clock," one of the men called over.

"Isn't that strange!" the blonde said slowly. "I have been ruined."

This sounded interesting. Bess and the whole party received permission to come across and call upon the strange pale blonde girl. They all sat around, while the blonde—Ray, she said, was her name, she was an actress in a musical comedy, only she had been out of a job for a year—told her story.

It all began, she said, with a fortune-teller—a girl in vaudeville, who had called up at noon the afternoon before, and asked if she could come down. She came and found that Ray had cashed a check for a hundred dollars that day. So the fortune-teller borrowed some of the money, and sent the janitor out for some drinks.

About supper time, when the two girls had got very happy on the contents of the bottles, the fortune-teller went to the same window, and started talking to a "handsome artist" in the front house of 21 Jones Street. Ray's eyes lighted with ecstasy when she described him. "Oh, the handsomest man, with great broad shoulders—and—strong!"

The artist had been invited over, had tried some of the drinks, and the three of them had had supper together. Some hours later, the fortune-teller had had to go back uptown. "And when she left," mourned Ray, "some of my money was missing, I found. Then we had a few more drinks, the artist and me. And then he invited me over to his studio across the court.

"We went there together, and, when we got inside, he picked me up as if I had been a feather, and walked back and forth with me in

the apartment. Oh, he was the handsomest thing, with great broad shoulders—and—strong! Oh, he was wonderful! And then—"

She told a long story.

"And when he brought me back, finally, and left, some more of my money was missing. I was pretty near all in from the drinking, so I called the janitor to straighten up the apartment; and when he left, some more of my money was missing. I told him to send up the old Italian woman who supplies us with drink, to bring me a couple more bottles. She came in with the bottles, and said she was going to put me to bed. She kept on asking me where I kept my money, and I said I didn't know. She kept on feeling around the edges of the bed, under the mattress, where I had hidden the money. When she left, all of my money was gone!"

They took her back across the court, made some fresh coffee for her, and the entertaining party continued until breakfast time, with the addition of Ray. Meanwhile, she had called up a friend, who lived in Newark, told him she was absolutely broke, in spite of the check for a hundred, and told him to bring her some more money at once. The next noon he came by with it, mad as could be, and gave her a tremendous scolding. She listened meekly; and, that night, went to the window and called to the artist.

So life goes, on and off, in 21 Jones Street.

The window where the party had taken place opened into the apartment of a young librarian named Harold. He was one of the most ladylike young men I have ever met, an excellent cook, and excessively friendly. He did not go with girls much, although a persistent sponge could invite herself anywhere, even to Harold's.

One day he told me his latest tale of woe. It seems that, on a trip to England the summer before, he had met a nice English girl; and he told her, if she ever visited the States, to let him know.

She came, and came down to dinner with Harold, for, as we have said, he cooked exquisitely. He had invited another friend, the free-

lance writer friend of Madeline's. Now Harold was a nice young man; polite, considerate, gentle. So the free-lance writer, Tom, who was very much attracted by the English girl, sent Harold packing out of his own apartment, about eleven o'clock, and told him to go somewhere else—anywhere else. Only, he was to come by for breakfast at ten the next morning, and make some coffee.

Harold mooned out, and found a stray bed in someone's apartment. At ten precisely—he hated to be disobliging—he knocked at his own studio, and cooked the breakfast. "Yes," he told me firmly, "I made the coffee, even if I didn't think Benson had treated me just right. But I'll tell you how I asserted myself: I refused to pour the coffee for them!"

So goes 21 Jones Street, the most extraordinary single building in the village, for amazing miscellaneity of conduct and inhabitants; but there are many more places that come near it. Let it stand for the more wasteful and less attractive phase of Village life. Yet all of these strange weaklings—for that is, perhaps, their chief failing—are seeking their goal, happiness; and a great rugged creator like Dreiser the novelist, a distinguished poet like Edna St. Vincent Millay, any of the distinguished artists or writers who make the village famous for actual achievement, seek the same goal, happiness. There are many roads to it, and it is the end of every normal man's desire.

THE VILLAGE TOMORROW

THE old Romans were wise. They were, in the age of their strength, a moral people, a stern people, a strict people; during the early and middle Republic rating woman's chastity very high, and the sacredness of the marital vow far higher than philosophers rate it. Even during the decline under the empire, there were reforming emperors who promulgated strict moral codes, harking back to the rigidity of the early Republic.

But, during all these Roman periods, Rome had her feast called the Saturnalia. For the days and nights that comprised the Saturnalia, even from the first, all moral

restrictions were laid aside: the sole object was to have a good time, to let off emotional steam. The most staid virgins and married women and men mingled with the crowds in the streets, at the games, at the public dances; all marital vows were laid aside for the Saturnalia and men and women loved and mated for the brief vacation with whomever they pleased. Then they returned to their rigid morality for the rest of the year and this letting-off of steam insured proper conduct for the balance of the time.

The village is a sort of continuing Saturnalia for America, as well as an art colony. For we have reached, due to the Christian culture that is preached so widely, especially as tinged by puritanic attitudes of general restraint, a state of rigid morals perhaps stricter than Rome at its worst. A man may not drink alcoholic liquors legally (unless he has a stock dating back to the days before Prohibition was saddled upon a tricked country); a man may not buy or read a book dealing frankly with normal relationships in their details, much less one that deals with eccentricities. A married man or married woman is looked at askance for any friendship or companionship with a member of the opposite sex who is not his or her wife or husband. Indeed, there is something suspicious about the man or woman who thinks or talks any form of higher idealism, or truth, or art. And all this pettiness and bickering is harmful.

In the Village, this is reversed. Here—and much of the country is an enlarged Greenwich Village in this respect—alcoholic drinks may be obtained and consumed. Here the men called bookleggers peddle forbidden books somewhat openly. Here the fact of marriage is something of a local scandal, in many Village circles: extra-marital friendships and companionships are expected. Here idealism, and truth, and art, are actually striven for and achieved, in many cases.

One of man's commonest mistakes in thinking is the belief that all human beings are alike, and should follow the same road to happiness on earth, or in some illusory heaven.

It is from this false philosophy that Volstead Acts and Vice Censorships spring. Men and women differ, each one; what is one's happiness is another's hell. Most men and women are normal sexually, desiring a certain amount of mating with members of the opposite sex. Some are excessive. The Village solves this, with little hurt, unless possibly to the men and women involved. And that hurt, if it be such, is merely the price they must pay to reach their happiness. Happiness is a goal: to restrict these rampant appetites, would be to bring unhappiness. Rome had its Saturnalia; we have the Village.

Lures for the Unwary

The Village has the double function of supplying an emotional outlet to eccentric emotions, and of being a home for the real artist. For the more universal an artist becomes, the more he embraces within his or her own body all diverse emotions: only, insofar as he is universal, and contains all, his predominant characteristic is an accentuated normality rather than an abnormality.

There is another aspect to the Village—a harmless one, yet one annoying enough to those with the Village in their souls. This is the commercialized atmosphere, of landlords and shopkeepers especially. For the Village stands, in the minds of America, as a place dedicated to happiness; and all men seek this. Now that its architectural development has broken away from the drab uniformity of ordinary houses and apartments, the Village studios and apartments have suddenly become very desirable, in the eyes of uptown New York and the rest of the country. Artists, as a rule, being not primarily money-grubbers, are not so well off financially as uptown coveters; the latter can outbid the artists, in dealing with landlords, and can gradually squeeze the artists out of the more attractive Village places. In large measure, this has occurred. This explains occasional rumors that the real Village has moved to an obscure and undeveloped part of Brooklyn, or along the upper East River, or to Provincetown, Woodstock, Peterborough, Croton, or

points even further than these.

Yet the process is a little different, on the whole. The artists have had to leave the square, and the nicer parts of Washington Mews, Waverly Place, Bank Street, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh Streets: and so we have the development of the Minettas, and of Hudson and Christopher Streets, and of lower Macdougall, and of delightful nooks and fringes still further off. So many houses have been remodeled into studios, so many stand vacant and cheaply heatless for the more impecunious artists, that the landlords cannot entirely squeeze them out. The ancient fallacy of supply and demand has a temporary truth here, and the artists have not disappeared.

As to the restaurants and shops, the process has been a bit more thorough in many cases. Certain of the restaurants, which once catered exclusively to the Villagers, have now soared beyond the pocketbooks of everyone but uptown or mid-western butter-and-egg men, and their girls for the evening. Many of the nicer restaurants have put on "atmosphere" so thickly, in an endeavor to attract uptowners, that they have ceased entirely to represent the spirit of the Village, or to attract genuine Villagers. Yet why not? Uptown needs to be amused; and the carefully rehearsed and staged fake dope-joints and opium dens which once thrilled visitors to Chinatown have merely moved in spirit to the Village, that the jaded nerves of the non-Villagers may purchase for an evening an illusive glassful of vicarious happiness. There is no reason why the restaurateurs should not place their prices as high as their patrons can afford, for we are still living in a world whose standard is the dollar sign.

The shops are an even more extended series of fakes. Here are clothing shops, offering shoddy batik dresses and scarfs at ridiculously high prices; gew-gaw and cheap jewelry shops, offering imitation jade and cheap synthetic jewelry at high overcharges; candy shops, offering variants of "Soul Kiss Bon Bons" and machine-made "Home Made Village Fudge" at two

and three times as much a pound as the same candy sells for elsewhere. Of course, no Villager enters these shops, even for curiosity's sake. But the same thing happened in Chinatown. The earlier shops had exquisite examples of Cloissonne, Satsuma, and Sedgi, at reasonable prices: these were ignored, by typical slummer purchasers, in favor of cheap gew-gaws. Wisely the Chinese merchants retired their worthy wares, and filled their shops with worthless and in-artistic trifles, heavily priced, which are unfailingly dear in the eyes of visitors from Lockport, Skaneateles, Kokomo, Shamokin, St. Louis, and points farther west. They stocked what the purchasers wanted, at the high prices they preferred to pay. So the Village shops have degenerated. The Villager shops for clothes in the basements of midtown department stores, for candy at quaint Syrian shops on Washington Street, or French candyshops beyond Hudson Street or uptown candy stores.

The Future of the Village

Greenwich Village, we started by stating, is a state of mind. Whatever is worthy in it you may

acquire, if you have any strength of will, no matter where you live. It will do you no harm to visit the Village in person, in order to assure yourself as to what the others are working worthily toward; but then you can go back to your home town, and sow the seeds of a little Greenwich Village there. . . . a group opposed to sham and dogma, tolerant, prizing art, prizing living, distrusting machine-made standards, morals, religions, politics, literature.

Yet man is a gregarious animal; and like calls to like. There should be an increasing number of young people in America—and Walt Whitman was young at eighty, remember—who feel the urge to flock together, for mutual strengthening. In all probability, for a score or more years, Greenwich Village itself will continue the chief meeting place of such people. There are still gangster holdovers, still block after block sardined with Italian families packed one or more to the single room. All of these may be reclaimed, in the name of youth and art. This attitude is quite callous toward the estimable gangsters and Italians; let them find some other

place to live, since we of the world of art demand and take their habitations by an esthetic right of eminent domain.

Our art is young yet, and experimental yet: in every direction it is broadening its range of matter, its number of delicately adjustable implements. Our art—man's art—is pitiful enough, compared with the multifold majesty of matter—of the starry heavens, and the seasoned earth, and the strange feathered and furred and scaled and scaleless movers upon its wrinkled face. Yet it is man's only claim to immortality: it is all the future can know of our today and our yesterdays. Life—decent, normal, human life—is not a matter of watching bank balances grow: it is a matter of living and developing with the complicated simplicity of a flower or a tree, and etching on the earth's face some shadow that endures beyond one's own sunset. Since Greenwich Village is a live force aiding this right living, it will grow and widen, until the world has swung quietly into the widening mews and places and streets of a world village dedicated to youth and life and happiness.



America at the Fair

The Typical Family Seeks Escape and Entertainment at the Fair Grounds

By W. G. CLUGSTON



AS a refined product of the best materials that America's melting pot has amalgamated, I pride myself on being maudlin about few of my countrymen's most cherished fetishes, and I sweat with them in few of their feudalistic fevers. I am not a servist—Rotarian or otherwise—nor a prohibitionist. I kowtow with no religious cult; I cultivate no political prejudices. Intelligent observation of our educational institutions shows little to encourage my Utopian yearnings. As a newspaperman, I accept journalism for what it is and have no delusions about the powers and purposes of the press. Astrology, I believe, is as apt to save us from atavistic errors as Christian Science, the Chiropractors, amendments to the Constitution, or an increase in the constabulary.

I howl for hoi-polloi hokum on rare occasions. But, being human, I have my hopes, my patriotic pride, poorly nurtured as it may be; and my personal experiences have polished my bootstraps. I am convinced, thoroughly convinced, that there is no national institution which means more to the American people today than the Fair—the county and state fair. In some ways it might be ranked ahead of the school, the theater, the newspaper and the automobile factory as a civilizing, culture-producing influence, because it furnishes more varied inspirational, individualistic amusement, and more unhampered educational opportunities, to more people than any of these sacrosanct institutions.

The fair brings together in the crucible all strata of society. It furnishes stimulants and the most favorable temperatural temptations for a running together of all classes. At the fair the most grotesque freaks meet and mingle with the most favored first-chops; the rustic rubs up against refinement; dullards and dudes cavort with sharpwits and shysters; milkmaids mingle with manicure girls; prostitutes, served by pious ladies, sip tea and eat pie in the church booths; society matrons swish skirts with farmers' wives.

The magnitude of the mixing gives to the fair its important influences. Communities, whole commonwealths, if states can still be called such, are brought together in jolly, jostling, care-free crowds.

According to estimates compiled from the data of the International Association of Fairs and Expositions, the attendance at the fairs held throughout the United States in 1925, exclusive of the one-day community gatherings and trade shows, was nearly fifty million—almost half of the entire population of the nation. And a majority of these came from rustic environs.

The importance of the fair has long been recognized by observers of our national life. One of the most profound public observations ever made by William McKinley was uttered in a speech he made at the Buffalo Exposition, just before he was assassinated, when he said, "Fairs and expositions are the timekeepers which mark the progress of states and nations, recording the state's advancement and stimulating the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quickening human genius."

Fairs do more than this: they lure the people into a state of relaxation, and they furnish opportunities for abandonment of everyday tasks and troubles and the embracing of purposeless pleasures, one of the greatest needs of our nation of *never-rests*.

Fairs often fertilize the imaginations of individuals who do not attend them, and filter knowledge into regions far removed from their frolicsome formicaries. My first realization of what a wonderful institution a great fair can be came from the World's Fair, held in Chicago in 1893. I was too young to know anything about it first-hand, or even to remember my father's going with some other relatives. But I learned a lot from it.

For years this trip of my father's with his companions was the talk of our household, and of the neighborhood, and the marvelous stories and miraculous contraptions brought back were carefully preserved and put on display whenever a suitable occasion was found. There was a sample of "spun glass," which was carefully kept under cover, and which resembled very fine silky hair. It was the first and only "spun glass" I have ever seen. An uncle brought me a watch, no larger than the ladies' wrist watches of today. This tiny timepiece was like an alarm clock—it awakened all who saw it to anticipations of mechanical miracles that would some day be

wrought. Another relative brought me a gyroscope top which gave me much amusement and food for thought, and the tales that were told about the exhibits gave me more educational curiosity than anything else ever did. I shall never forget the words of a song inspired by this great event. As taught to me, the song may not be a classic, but it certainly contains good advice for the rube who goes "a-fairin'." Its two verses run as follows:

Are you going to Chicago,
To the big World's Fair?
You'd better cut your wisdom teeth
And sharpen them with care.

Better keep your wits about you
And mind what you're about
Or they'll skin you like the mischief
If you don't watch out.

My father at that time was a great fair enthusiast, and it was only a few years after the World's Fair when he began taking me with the family to our own Blue Grass Fair at Lexington, and occasionally to the Colored Fair.

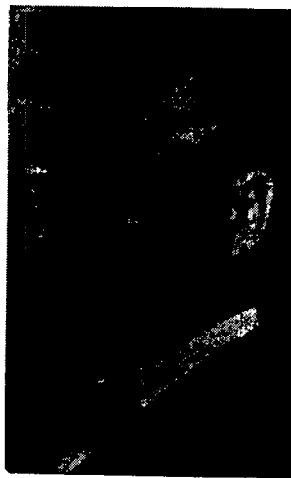
County fairs have been popular in Kentucky since the earliest days. Before the Civil War the fair had been one of the most important gatherings of the year. Fair Week was made a general holiday period, and all classes of citizens, slaves included, went to the fair, where horse racing, political debating, courting, cock fighting, drinking and other forms of amusement were indulged in, with stock judging and the exhibiting of agricultural products as the chief side attractions. After the war fairs were revived and my father maintained the family traditions as far as he could. When Fair Week approached he bought season tickets and arranged his business so there would be few interferences.

How we looked forward to Fair Week! And what times we would have! Sometimes we would go out the Sunday before to get the lay of the ground. Monday morning we were up bright and early, getting ready. Lunches were prepared, usually packed in shoe boxes. We would drive to the fair grounds in the family surrey; occasionally we would drive to our downtown livery stable and leave the surrey so we could get the added thrill of riding out on the street car. There was a stand where the lunch boxes could be checked, and, this done, an hour would be set for gathering to eat. Then the family would scatter, each member gravitating to the attraction

which made the strongest appeal to his tastes.

Usually, I would start out with my father, walking with him through the cattle barns, or among the machinery exhibits. But if he stopped too long to talk with an acquaintance, or to make a new one, I would go on alone, exploring for new wonders, or returning to those I already had discovered. The machinery exhibits became as familiar to me as the implements in our tool shed back of the barn—and I

learned all that could be learned about the latest improvements in hay-balers, wind mills, patent churns, riding cultivators and threshing machines. The Midway, or Pike, where the sideshows and novelty gambling devices operated, claimed much of my time. One of the shows had for its crowd-puller a big glass-sided box in which a woman, wearing flesh-colored tights, reclined on gaudy cushions and smiled at the men who stopped to gaze upon her. This gave me my first opportunity to study at leisure the beauties of the feminine form, and I spent hours feasting my eyes on the fair creature. But the show was for "Men Only" and I had to use my imagination to get a picture of what was to be seen inside the tent—a show of beauty unequalled in any part of the world, the spieler proudly proclaimed, as he lured the



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crowds into the tent.

On the Midway, or Pike, there was a German Village where beer was served at tables, and where a band sat on a platform and played to entertain the customers. I could view this only from the entrance, much to my chagrin, but there was a long bar under the grandstand, and, on the pretext of going to a toilet, I went through this several times a day and watched and envied the men as they drank the tall schooners of foaming beer.

I did most of my drinking at the lemonade stands, as long as my money held out; then I went to the big ice water barrels, which had tin cups chained to them, and which the fair management kept filled. How well I remember the first fair at which we discovered the new orangeade, made in cider mills like the one we had on the farm, the oranges being ground and squeezed and the juice poured into ice-filled containers right before your eyes! Father also liked this drink and encouraged me to drink it rather than the red lemonade and strawberry soda

pop which I liked. He and I drank together often, and afterward, when we were back home and out fixing a fence, or doing chores, we would talk about the merits of orangeade and how it quenched the thirst as no other drink did.

About noon we gathered at the check stand to get our lunch boxes, and searched for a shady place to sit down and eat. Then we would go together to the grandstand for the races, but I would soon slip away to the betting sheds to watch the placing of bets and to rush with the betters to the home-stretch fence to try to get a glimpse of the finishes.

The "Floral Hall" was a place of much enlightenment and entertainment, even for a boy. This building contained the floral and fancy-work displays, culinary and crop exhibits, and the booths of the downtown stores. It was in this building that I achieved one of my most notable early triumphs when I induced a man who was giving away samples of Horseshoe plug tobacco to give me one of the sample plugs.

The only head-on collision of locomotives I have ever witnessed was in the centerfield of our Lexington fair, and I learned much about engines and railroading from the "Great Wreck Spectacle," and from climbing over the locomotives and playing engineer in them before they were run together.

Both the country boy and city lad, turned loose on a fair grounds, get experiences and gain information available to them in no other gatherings. What is more important, they mingle in crowds made up largely of individuals outside the circles of their ordinary lives, and they learn to deport themselves with more assurance after they have been bantered by balloon pedlers and bilked by con-game cappers.



THOSE who are fortunate enough to have a part in the staging of a fair get the most out of it. This applies to both adults and adolescents. The woman who bakes ginger-bread for a prize, the guard, the gate-keeper and the ticket-taker all get a broader vision of life. But to be a jockey and travel with a stable of horses, or to have a connection that allows one to sit in a tent and help explain an implement display—and sleep there at night and help guard a display! Ah, what an experience for a boy! Or even to get a job selling scorecards for the races, or selling cushions and lemonade in the grandstand, or even spieling for a church eating-stand!

It was my good fortune when I first reached my teens to make a round of fairs with a show herd of shorthorns. I went as one of the herd atten-

dants, traveling in the car with the cattle, sleeping in the barn with them, and leading them into the show rings where the judges awarded the ribbons and where thousands of eyes centered upon you and your competitors. Can greater thrills than these experiences brought me ever come to anyone? I doubt it; and I have known some thumping thrills since those golden days.

I won the right to go with this shorthorn herd by hard labor and heavy pleading. I was allowed to go from Lexington to the Cynthiana and Shelbyville fairs, two of the oldest and best known in Kentucky. I shall never forget a detail of the happenings of those memorable weeks.

We got up at two o'clock in the morning to lead the show animals from the farm to the shipping pens while it was cool. Preparations had been going on for weeks. Big boxes, made especially for such trips, were filled with blankets, rags, shears, clippers, curry-combs, brushes, lotions, salves and everything that might be needed in grooming and caring for the animals. There was a grub-box which also contained cooking utensils; and a bunk-box in which we carried our bedding, clothing and personal articles. There were buckets and feed-boxes, and a big sack of brown sugar which was a part of the diet of the herd. All of these, with bales of hay, sacks of bran, cottonseed meal, chops and other feed, were loaded on wagons.

We started, of course, with our lanterns lighted. I had hardly slept on the eve of departure and no one had to wake me when the time came to get started. The herdsman and an uncle of mine, Old Andy, a Negro, and myself were to make the wonderful tour. Others were helping us to get off.

On the trip to town I led a two-year-old bull, with a snap in his nose; some of the others led two or three animals. But we were all most concerned about Woodbury, the big bull that headed the herd. He weighed more than two thousand pounds, and the four miles we had to go, all over macadam road, were a long jaunt for him. Old Andy led him with a strap snapped into the ring in his nose. Woodbury had a copper ring that stayed in his nose, a hole for it having been cut through the cartilage, as was done with all the prize bulls, but the younger ones were managed with snaps which we put into their nostrils when we wanted to lead them and which were taken out when they were haltered up, or turned loose.

We all but worshiped Woodbury. What an animal he was! His hair was as glossy as silk, and as soft as velvet. We kept his horns sandpapered

and polished until you could see yourself in them. His back was so broad a man could lie down on it and go to sleep without worrying about falling off; the skin between his legs was as clean and pink as a baby's cheeks. And he had the disposition of a god in his heaven. Never in any form have I seen a more finely bred animal. A five-year-old child could have handled him. He was docile, but there was dignity in his every movement. Never did I see him give way to anger.

Some of the younger bulls were much more obstreperous, much harder to handle. We had one young bull, big enough to serve a cow, but still being suckled by his mother. One of the cows with calf did not give sufficient milk and we took along a fresh Jersey cow to furnish milk for this calf. I called her his "nurse-maid" and thought what a fortunate scrub she was, being allowed to help raise such a fine calf, and getting to make such wonderful trips.

When we arrived at the Cincinnati Southern yards in Lexington it was daylight. We were not to load until late in the day so we fixed breakfast for the herd, after watering, and then went across the yards to "Mrs. Sullivan's Place" for our own breakfast. Mrs. Sullivan ran her place for railroad men. She had a little cigar-stand in front, a bar room back of that, and opening off the bar room was a large dining room, with long tables covered with red and white tablecloths, where food was served family style a meal for a quarter. Upstairs were rooms where the railroad men who lived at the other end of their runs could sleep while they "laid over."

After we had loaded our cattle and equipment into the car and were about to "pull out," I was told I would have to hide between the bales of hay so the brakeman wouldn't see me because only so many persons were allowed to ride in the car and I would have to stay at home if they caught me. Later I was convinced this was merely a ruse to keep me quiet while the car was being switched, and to keep me from trying to play brakeman, or engaging in some other activity which might be dangerous. But I was too thrilled with the experiences I was having to take a chance on being left at home and the herdsman, who was boss, had no trouble with me. Besides, after we pulled out of the yards, I was allowed to leave my hiding place and sit on a bale of hay. Long into the night I sat, looking through the slats at the rolling bluegrass woodlands and dreaming my boyish dreams.

At Cynthiana the river skirted the fair grounds, with a high cliff on the opposite side, and our stable backed almost up to the river bank. Because we were some distance from town, and because the river bank gave us an excellent camp site, we did our own cooking at Cynthiana, or, rather, Old Andy did it with my bothersome assistance. There was a big tree a few yards from the rear of the barn, and we had our table under this tree. Our campfire was a short distance away, and I brought water from a spring which trickled out of the bank down nearer the river.

We always slept on our cots in the barn, or on straw pallets in one of the empty stalls if we preferred. We had a big tin bucket with a cover, and it was one of my jobs to keep this filled with lemonade—and to see that there was always ice in it. This we kept under a blanket in the feed stall. Sometimes in the evening, after all the work was done, Old Andy would be sent uptown to get a galvanized bucket full of beer, and each of us would get a tin cup from the grub box and sit around and drink beer and talk about the competing herds, or tell stories.

One of the things that impress me as my memory goes back over the dimming pictures of those glorious days is the superiority I was made to feel—the exalted opinion I had of myself and those about me. In the show ring we took our share of the blue ribbons, but this was not the source of my superiority complex. It was anchored in an ego elevated above the atmosphere of fluttering ribbons.

With the other show-cattle people we were friendly; but we recognized no show herd equal to our Shorthorns—no herdsman knew as much as ours did. We held ourselves far above the horsemen—the jockeys, the trainers and even the owners of the racing stables. "If they had real class they wouldn't be trapesing around these fairs—they'd be on the Grand Circuits [*sic*]!" Old Andy would say. We, especially Andy and myself, looked upon the cattle judges about as baseball players look upon umpires. The crowds—the patrons of the fair—we tolerated, but I seemed to have entirely forgotten that only the year before I had walked around in the cattle barns, tagging at my father's coat-tails, as boys were doing every day. I had nothing left in common with these boys, or their fathers; I was as far ahead of them as Mussolini is ahead of the Marquesan chiefs. They were just "countries," or city rubes, and I could not waste my time even thinking of them; but occasionally it was a pleasure to answer some of their ques-

tions and to show them Old Woodbury—make him get up for them sometimes, and tell them how much he weighed and how old he was. For the carnival people I had a certain respect and admiration, but they kept pretty well to themselves. Trying to solve the mysteries that surrounded their private lives furnished much food for my imagination, and I contrived enough contacts with them to become convinced they were a people apart, as different from my race in blood and beliefs as Gypsies and Indians.

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IN recent years the carnival people have come more under my observation; I have become better acquainted with them, and have come to know there are all kinds of carnival people, just as there are all kinds of cattle people, all kinds of farmers, all kinds of city folks.

The carnival is to those it lures like a faithless, fondling sweetheart to her lover: it takes all that can be coaxed out of them and gives nothing of value in return. But, like the luckless lover, the carnival customers may, and usually do, profit from their experiences.

Freaks, fakes and frivolity make up every carnival. The joined twins, the giant and dwarf, the hairy woman, the snake-charmer and the swindle-stands draw the biggest crowds—crowds made up largely of the lowest type of Americans. Often it appears that there are more freaks in the audiences than among the exhibits; but, as violets bloom where vipers crawl, so finer specimens of the genus homo may be found among these hell-bents. The proportion of morons and moon-calves to the more intelligent-appearing individuals is perhaps greater than may be seen in the average Main Street crowd, but it is a concentrated extract from life which has not been highly adulterated.

Cane racks, crystal palaces, krazy-kat contraptions, caterpillar carry-alls, divers, dancers and doll-stand distributors get the loose change and open-mouthed admiration of them all. How hungry for holiday abandonment this poor populace must be; how desperately driven by the ennui of everyday existence!

It has always troubled me because I could not find a satisfactory explanation for the doll-baby craving of such crowds. Since I first began to be interested in fairs, and first began to observe carnival crowds, the doll has had a prominent place on the boards. First there was the doll rack where men threw baseballs at Negro babies, with the spielers getting their customers by holding out three

balls and crying: "Come on, Brother, try your luck and skill. Knock 'em over—swat 'em on the kissers—one down one cigar, two down two cigars, and if you knock three down you get a quarter of a dollar. Come on, Mister, try your luck!"

In recent years, however, the doll-baby has taken on more of a bisexual appeal. The old racks where the boys try their skill at knocking over a row of babies are still in evidence, but new doll racks have come with new kinds of dressed-up dolls and the principal sport on the Pike nowadays is for the boys to try to get babies for their lady companions to take home with them. The craze is not confined to the youngsters. I have seen old men spend hours buying paddles at number-wheels, trying to roll rubber balls down alleys into numbered holes, and trying to cover circles with tin disks in an effort to get kewpie dolls for old ladies. I have seen grandmothers hugging these hideous hulky forms with real show of affection, and bewhiskered farmers carrying them home with an air of triumph. I have seen a reckless beau and his buxom beauty loaded down with a whole family of them. Is there, I wonder, any connection between the growth of the kewpie-doll craze and the apparent disappearance of the more vulgar amusement shows?

In the old days "Men Only" shows were much in evidence. At the Owensboro, Kentucky, fair, little more than a decade ago, I saw a naked girl performing in a side-show, twitting the old men in the audience as she did the hootchic-kootchie to a packed tent. At the aristocratic Blue Grass fair at Lexington the "Men Only" shows were among the biggest attractions. But these are passing, and have been since the kewpie craze started. Likewise the snake-eater—the man who actually ate the flesh of snakes, or raw chicken necks stuffed into snake skins—has disappeared. At one time the snake-eaters made such a public appeal in Kansas, and became so numerous, that the state legislature passed a law, still on the statute books, making it a crime for any person to eat a snake in public for the edification of an audience. The Sunflower solons were probably alarmed over the prospect of having a fad of snake-eating spread among the populace.

There is only one outstanding snake-man operating in the Middle West today, so far as I know. He is a Hoosier who goes under the name of Snake-Oid, making the larger fairs from Minnesota to Texas. Snake-Oid has brought his profession up-to-date; he has made it a lawful profession, even in Kansas, and he has made money, much money.

Wearing an American design of an Oriental turban and a black smock, he sits in a canvas pit, surrounded by many kinds of snakes, lizards, tortoises and other reptilian animals, and lectures on their habits. Crawling about the bottom of the pit, among the rattlers, moccasins, bull-snakes and other varieties, are many small garter, or garden, snakes, and Snake-Oid occasionally stops his lecture to entertain his audience by swallowing these little fellows and then spitting them out at the horrified ladies. He explains that the snakes are not harmed by the procedure. I have seen him swallow three, one after the other, carry on a conversation for five or ten minutes with members of his audience and then spit out two of the snakes which would wiggle around among their fellows until he picked them up for another swallowing. I have spent hours trying to find out what became of the third snake, but without success. At the 1925 Kansas Free Fair, at Topeka, I saw him tie a string around the neck of the third snake, swallow it with the other two, spit the other two out and go ahead with his lecture. Then, after considerable time had elapsed, he would stop the performance, dig around in the wiggling mass of reptiles and pick up a snake with a string tied around its neck—a snake that resembled the one he had swallowed, as far as the inexperienced observer could judge. Turning to one of the timid young ladies in the audience who had been there when he did the swallowing he would say:

"Huh! You didn't see him come up—you didn't see me spit him out, did you? Well, maybe I didn't spit him out—but dare he is. Here," holding the snake toward the horrified woman, "you try it—you 'wallow him and see how he gets out. It won't hurt you, lady, honest it won't—it won't hurt you and it won't hurt the snake."

Snake-Oid does not violate the Kansas law; he does not actually eat snakes. But there is no Kansas law against snakes eating men, and so he lets the snakes eat on him. At every performance he lets a snake bite him on the arm until the blood flows from the wound. And his audiences are not denied the pleasure of seeing snake meat eaten. While he is performing and lecturing the turtles are busy eating at the tails of some of the smaller snakes, or fighting over the remains of one of the little fellows already partly eaten up.

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THE extent of the influence and popularity of fairs can, perhaps, be indicated by figures. Annually there are held in Kansas more than sixty fairs,

exclusive of community fairs. The largest of these is the Kansas Free Fair at Topeka which entertains 350,000 people in a week when the weather is good. The next largest is the Kansas State Fair, held at Hutchinson. Sixty-two of the one hundred and five counties of the state hold annual fairs patterned on a smaller scale after the larger institutions.

The Kansas Free Fair makes the broadest appeal of any fair I have ever known. It was the first "free-gate" fair to be operated successfully on a large scale, and its founder and manager, Phil Eastman, a former newspaperman who is known throughout the West as "Phree Phair Phil," is one of the most resourceful public entertainers I have ever met. There is hardly a form of appeal which Mr. Eastman does not make. Annually he gives away in prizes and premiums \$40,000, with racing purses amounting to \$10,000. The Wortham carnival, which has helped to make the great Minnesota, Iowa, Oklahoma and Texas fairs, is brought to the Kansas capital with all of the other big attractions that can be booked. There is always a "Night Spectacle," usually a fireworks display depicting the burning of Rome under Nero, or some such event, and the finest show herds of cattle, hogs, sheep and other animals, including goats, are brought in to compete for championship awards. There are horse shows, accordion and auto-polo contests, and cups, prizes, ribbons and championships are awarded for every conceivable kind of human endeavor.

One of the big attractions of the Kansas Free Fair is the Milkmaids' contest for the milking championship of the state. Scores of Kansas lassies squat under cows in front of the packed grandstand and try to out-milk each other while the crowd cheers and many of the young bucks bet on their favorites. I had a hand in inaugurating this great contest and am proud of the popularity it has attained.

A Horseshoe Pitching contest, also for the state championship, brings in contestants from all sections of the state. An old fiddlers' contest, a checkers tournament, a men's knitting contest, a spelling bee, a baby show, a band contest and baking competitions are among the outstanding attractions. The full list of lures is too long to enumerate. There are all kinds of singing and oratory. Harmonica players compete for cash prizes, and Mr. Eastman has gone in for music to such an extent that he has inaugurated a canary bird singing contest. Youngsters who fly kites are rewarded for displaying their skill.

A buttermilk bar, fitted up with some of the old saloon fixtures Carrie Nation failed to smash, is

operated in the dairy barn, and sorority girls from Washburn College serve as bar maids. From "Fitter Family" contests to pig-grunting competitions, no form of art, skill, or industry is missing. Statuary made out of butter, enclosed in glass refrigerators, faces an aquarium where every kind of fish found in Kansas waters may be studied. Painters, poets and plow manufacturers have their allotments of space along with potato growers, antique collectors and entomologists. The latest wonders in fountain pens. Ford accessories, farm lighting-systems and septic tanks are displayed and demonstrated. Food of every description and drinks of every hue and humidity (non-intoxicating) are served on all parts of the grounds. The law against gambling is suspended for the accommodation of those who like to "play the ponies." No convenience that may be provided is lacking. A shady grove is set aside for the use of rural families that come to the fair in their automobiles. They may camp in this grove as long as they desire with wood and water furnished by the fair management so they may do their own cooking.

As I have said, the Kansas Free Fair will entertain as many as 350,000 visitors when it has a good week. However, it is not by any means the largest fair in the country; in fact, it has a contest with the Kansas State Fair at Hutchinson every

year for the attendance honors of the state. Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Texas have fairs with attendance figures equal to or greater than the Kansas fairs. There are thirty-four state fairs listed in the membership of the International Association of Fairs and Expositions, and there are fairs under the auspices of more than one state which are larger than the state fairs. The Memphis Tri-State Fair is one of the big institutions in the South, and the Mississippi-Alabama Fair, held at Meridian, Miss., easily competes with the Mississippi and Alabama State Fairs. Dallas, Texas, with an annual attendance which often exceeds a million, sets up a record for all the others to shoot at, and the state of Arkansas, in the last few years, has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars building up a great fair at Little Rock. Missouri is covered with fairs and in Illinois they are everywhere.

In 1925 more than three thousand fairs of more than minor importance were held in the United States and Canada, and with the attendance figures I have verified, I am convinced it is no exaggeration to estimate that the annual attendance at fairs in the United States is approximately fifty million. And a state fair is, indeed, nothing less than the state with all its people on exhibition.

Some of the Contributions Scheduled for the Next Quarterly

THE HUMAN ORIGIN OF MORALS
A Comprehensive Summary of Moral Evolution
By Joseph McCabe

THE ROMANCE THAT BALZAC LIVED
Another Striking Study of French Life
By Ralph Oppenheim

THEODORE DREISER: AN APPRECIATION
A New Study of the Great American Novelist
By Louis Adamic

EDITORIALS
Comment on the Events and Ideas of the Day
By E. Haldeman-Julius

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE JEWS
A Psychological Study of the Hebrew Race
By James Oppenheim

FROCK COATS
A Modernistic Short Story of American Life
By Nelson Antrim Crawford

RATIONALISM'S DEBT TO IMMANUEL KANT
What Rationalism Owes to the Critique of Reason
By J. V. Nash

Miscellaneous Drawings, Photographs, Features, and Other Articles

YOUNG OKLAHOMA'S CONTRIBUTION
TO AMERICAN POETRY
A Critical Survey with Verse Selections
By William Cunningham

W. T. BENDA AND HIS MASKS
An Examination of the Work of This Original Artist
By Lloyd E. Smith

MEMORY AND THE MAN
Significant Facts About Our Memories
By Leo Markun

THE STATE OF ARKANSAS
An Appraisal of the "Wonder State" and Its Possible Future
By W. G. Clugston

POTPOURRI
A Miscellany of Criticism and Praise
By E. Haldeman-Julius

ROGER BALDWIN VISITS LOS ANGELES
The Evangelist of Liberty Invades the City of Revivals
By Louis Adamic

A Little Essay on Man

THE universe, said Diderot, means nothing if man is left out. All of Nature, the stars in their courses, the immense incredible sweep of space, whatever may be the scheme of life or the mighty architecture of the universe—all is utterly pointless to man himself, save as it concerns and conditions the life of man. Our view is necessarily limited—at least defined—by the scope of our own interests and activities. Is man really a feeble, egotistic mite of a creature in his relation to the rest of the universe? Thinking of the worlds in the sky, do man and his world seem comparatively little and unimportant indeed? Yet, take man out of the picture—and, “Of what concern to me,” cries Diderot, “is all the rest of Nature?” The realistic thinker, in such a case, cannot consider simply the physical facts of the universe as a whole, the totality (truly inconceivable and unthinkable indeed) of the universal sum of things. No, he must consider very specially that significant integer which is himself, his race, his world. He thinks of the mental force, the clamant and unconquerable ego, the very present urges and realizations and even illusions of man. He must scale down his view to fit humanity; any other view, from an actual and psychological point of inquiry—whatever may be its interest for impersonal, speculative science—cannot but appear impossible, unreal, merely a mental exercise. Of course it is a fact well known to this scientific age that this universe is a mighty big stage on which man or his world even is a small enough actor. True it is, but what of it? To himself, man is all-important. He cannot escape (and why should he try to escape?) thinking of all things as they affect him and as they enter with feeling and meaning into his life. His plans, for the nonce, are big interesting things. His ego defends and demands its own. Even he who thinks most intensely upon the vastness and mystery of the universe—even he, the philosopher or the scientist, is still a man with a human viewpoint, physically out of proportion, but psychologically true. It is man who defines, and to some extent must belittle, the universe for himself.

E. Haldeman-Julius

The Power of Desire

FREQUENTLY one finds some reference to that ideal philosophic state of mind in which one is free from all desire. It is not a condition that appeals to me, nor can it well be upheld by the student of man and his history. It is desire, the manifold out-reaching needs and wishings of men, that has been responsible for the great things done on this earth. Imagine the human race without desire, and you imagine a race that becomes stagnant and gets nowhere—more, a race that is doomed to perish for very lack of the urges of living. The man who desires nothing will in consequence get nothing, do nothing, be nothing. Even the philosopher, ideally supposed to be quite without desire, is moved by a more profound desire for, mentally, more potent things. He desires knowledge: he is the victim (if one may use the word) of what is perhaps the maddest of all human desires—the desire for a lofty, subtle and universal understanding of life. When one thinks of the petty things that men desire and strive for, one sees that the philosopher has set himself a goal of desire that is infinitely hard and doubtful by comparison. The scientist, too—often having little of the recognized worldly desire that spurs most men—is driven by the tremendous, awesome desire to force from Nature even unto the farthest confines of space the secrets of life. Art is the outcome of the desire of self-expression in man, and of man's desire to fill his life with rich, significant things and symbols. A potential artist, desiring nothing, would create nothing. His mental riches would never be turned into the common store of mankind. Whipped and stung by fierce desire, men have builded empires and, with the rise and fall of these magnificent imperial structures, they have gone on developing civilization and adding ever to the equipment of life. All the tools, machines, buildings, books, beautiful things—conquests over Nature—are the fruits of the far-flung and restless desire of man. Over the face of the earth man has in the course of ages spread himself, exploring seas and continents, founding his nations, erecting his buildings, laying out his roads—all because he has been vital and compelling with desire. To desire is—to live.

E. Haldeman-Julius