

erated nicely with the authorities. Thousands have departed of their own volition. In battered Fords, carrying two and three families and all their worldly possessions, they are drifting back to *el terrenaso*—the big land. They have been shunted back and forth across the border for so many years by war, revolution, and the law of supply and demand, that it would seem that neither expatriation or repatriation held any more terror for them.

The Los Angeles industrialists confidently predict that the Mexican can be lured back, "whenever we need him." But I am not so sure of this. He may be placed on a quota basis in the meantime, or possibly he will no longer look north to Los Angeles as the goal of his dreams. At present he is probably delighted to abandon an empty paradise. But it is difficult for his children. A friend of mine, who was recently in Mazatlan, found a young Mexican girl on one of the southbound trains crying because she had had to leave Belmont High-School. Such an abrupt severance of the Americanization programme is a contingency that the professors of sociology did not anticipate.



SUPER-MOSES

BY OLIVER JENKINS

Concord, N. H.

IF SOME ribald prankster should sneak up on the very proper old lady that is New Hampshire and hoist her skirts to her dimpled knees she would squeal no more shrilly than she did last November when a Democrat bagged a seat in the United States Senate, displacing her incomparable son, the Hon. George Higgins Moses. I recall a pre-election editorial in a patriarchal Massachusetts daily,

whose name eludes me, wherein the idea was pooh-poohed that anyone with so commonplace a name as Fred Brown could hope to succeed a Moses. As for Mr. Moses himself, he had long before defied these prolific tribes. "Bring on your Browns and Smiths and Joneses," said he, "and I will lick them all!" But he didn't.

Mr. Brown walks along Main street in Concord, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his cravat awry, his battered slouch hat yanked down over his face, which is bumpy and tinged with a McIntosh red. Low upon the bridge of his generous nose he wears horn-rimmed glasses which he rarely uses, preferring to peer over them. By this device he achieves glances full of suspicion. He is, indeed, suspicious of everybody, every proposal, exploring for an ulterior motive, which as a matter of fact, he usually finds. To passersby and their syrupy greetings he replies with barely a nod. When he is cornered, "Well," he says, "what's the dope? What d'you hear?"

In a campaign he is a bearcat, tearing along day and night. He loves the smell of political blood. Unlike most politicians, he is not open to flattery. Approach him with a glowing report on a community and he will say, "Blankville? Listen, those babies have only one interest and that is in getting their fists round some long green. The last boys in town with the little black bags carry away the votes."

Shrewd and blunt, he seldom misses a trick, and many a pompous representative of the power utilities has shaken in his boots on facing him. The common people like him because he talks to them without prettifying. At the same time he refuses to make any concessions to them. In last Fall's campaign his stock speech ran forty minutes. He was adamant to suggestions that he cut it. If people wanted to walk

out on him, let them. They were entitled to know the whole story.

At fifty he is rough and tough, but some of his ideas wear the iconoclastic bloom of youth, and he is younger than his years. He is regarded as dour and anti-social by many who enjoy only a speaking acquaintance with him, but in the presence of intimates his belly shakes with Kris Kringle abandon at a good story. He is, in fact, a swell story-teller himself. The whole flock of politicians gives him a pain in the neck. He is not a crusader, but he strings along with the underdog when needed.

In New Hampshire there is no off-season for politics, and before a man has been sworn into office the smart dopesters are picking his successor. The Legislature, when it convened in January, had a roster of 442 members; certainly, in a State of under half a million population, that stands for full representation. Every village rubs elbows with a member of the General Court, and no farmer's boy need dream over the plowshare long, for it will be only a matter of time before he and his brothers will barricade their hot-dog stands and one-night cabins, after a Summer of supplying the wants of scenic-drunk tourists from Ioway, Mizzoura *et cetera*, and go down to Concord for a pleasant Winter at the State's expense.

Mr. Brown entered the arena by a devious route. Born on a farm in Central New Hampshire, he used to toss a baseball at the side of a barn after the chores were over. There was no one nearby with whom he could play, but this soloing "gave me a world of stuff on the ball," he says. The first game he got into was a Frank Merriwell affair, with the score tied in the ninth and a local boy hurt. "How about young Fred Brown?" asked a rooter. "Huh!" growled the captain, but Brown went in, and made the winning run.

The Merriwell *motif* turned up again when he went to Dartmouth, where, slated to pitch, he passed up the berth for that of catcher because he wanted a chum to have the chance. As in most such for-old-Rugby episodes the break came his way and the Boston National League team signed him up at graduation. He got \$300 a month and didn't know how to spend it, so he went to law school.

"It looked like all the money in the world to me," he says of that \$300. "Coming down from the hills of New Hampshire, where nobody in those days spent any real cash, I didn't know how I could ever get rid of my salary. I'd have been willing to catch all year for just enough to keep me in food and give me a place to sleep. But I wanted to play—I was not a bench-warmer."

He played with the illustrious, including Bill Dineen, Vic Willis, Kid Nichols, Malachai Kittredge, Pat Moran. When his arm went lame he took a place with Springfield rather than get out of the game. He played all over the circuit. Moving about gave him an ironclad digestion which he has kept, so that in a campaign he eats at any hour without any ill effect. He knows every lunch-cart in the State and last Fall he drove out of his way several miles at 1 A.M. to get some boiled eggs because, as he explained, "they're always fresh there." Baseball remains his hobby, and only the other day he said: "I'd swap my seat in the Senate this very minute for a berth in the Big League."

As a lawyer in the town of Somersworth, he practiced in one of those offices seen only in New England—dusty, spacious, crammed with books. After a string of minor jobs he went after the Governorship and got it. That was a terrific feat in New Hampshire—so much so, that at the Democratic National Convention in 1924

he got several *bona fide* votes for the presidential nomination. He made a good Governor, wiping out a State debt that has since returned many-fold. In the same year, 1924, he lost in his bid for re-election, but whereas Coolidge carried the State by 45,000, Brown was beaten by only 12,000. His opponent was John G. Winant, now Governor for the third time and the most powerful Republican in New Hampshire, having slowly wrested away the power of the phrase-making Moses.

Winant, sizing up the formidable qualities of Fred Brown, made a move to get him off the firing-line by placing him on the Public Service Commission. This was Brown's meat and he pitched in and devoured it. If there is a *bête noir* in his life, it is the Power Trust. He framed a law restricting the export of power, thus avoiding for New Hampshire the troubles of Maine. But he was choked in the case of the State vs. the Associated Gas and Electric System and its subsidiaries. The case went to the Supreme Court and he learned that a State has no jurisdiction over a power company outside its bounds. So he decided that he would get at them by going to Washington and whooping it up for stringent Federal regulation.

Power, unemployment and Prohibition were his campaign topics. He has always been a wet, though personally he shies from guzzling. The paramount question for him is the power question.

On the eve of election George Moses, recalling more stalwart days, cried, "Death may beat me, but the Democrats never will!" He believed it and was flabbergasted at the result. With some just indignation he shouted "Treachery!" while leaving Judas unnamed, declaring that he had been defeated by turncoats within his own party. But the Devil should be given his just due, and Fred Brown won a

whopping good scrap against money odds. At Washington his confrères will find him a laconic guy who needs no schooling in practical politics. He may not cost the Government Printing Office much money, but nobody will push him around, either.



A CITY THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

BY GEORGE SEIBEL

Pittsburgh

FRAMED by three epic rivers and perched upon a score of dramatic hills, the city that might have been as beautiful as Edinburgh or Budapest is as dubious as—Pittsburgh. From River Hill to Homestead, from the cliffs of Bellevue to the tomato farms of Aspinwall, height after height rises up like hunchbacks in a nudist colony, here and there proclaiming the virtues of some chewing-gum or the edibility of a certain cake. At the Point, where Allegheny and Monongahela mingle as the Ohio, some one thought of green grass and a toy park—perhaps \$100 has been wasted in this way. Those Germans who thought of the Deutsches Eck at Koblenz would have made a terrace here with a monument to Washington or Boies Penrose. Pittsburgh may rejoice that the spot has not been dedicated to pickles and desecrated with a huge ketchup bottle.

The magnificent hills about Pittsburgh are bare but for Grandview Park, where Richard Mansfield years ago delighted to sit and gaze down upon the panorama. Across the stream, on the Bluff, is where James Parton stood before he wrote his piece in the *Atlantic* on Hell With the Lid Off. Without green plumes by day or pennons of flame at night, the City of Steel and Smoke looks as desolate as Glasgow.