

itician could conceivably dream of until they happen. In no case, however, is the validity of the issues or the strength of the campaign arguments likely to be of serious consequence in the region where the crucial political power balances quiver. If the Midlands are normal, the outcome will depend on which set of candidates and which party's propaganda incites the most Midlanders to believe that we are all pretty interesting and important people together.

After it is over, the probability is also that, having re-demonstrated their mastery of the Republic, the Midlanders will continue to let Big Business or the New Dealers, as the case may be, run it. After all, anyone can manage a government. But showing the world what Middle Westerners "are like" is what elections are really for. They can be almost as much fun, in fact, as telling the visitor from Pawtucket why Aunt Sally can't eat raw apples.



NOT FOR THE SICKLE

BY TED OLSON

TAKE the bitter kernel of your sorrow.
 Plow it under with the April furrow.
 Stitch the shroud above it with your harrow.

Weeds are quick to claim a field gone fallow.
 Let the burdock tousle knoll and hollow;
 Give the ditches back to thorn and willow.

Leave the land to autumn; let the sullen
 Rain dishevel it, the north wind's talon
 Strip the leaf, and sow the snow for pollen.

Let the crows convene, a grave and wintry
 Parliament, with one sardonic sentry.
 Let it be, to men, forgotten country;

Till some rabbit-hunting lad, or swimmer
 River-bound, and lost, recalls a rumor
 This was tillage, in an earlier summer;

And remarks, above the ruined furrow,
 One resplendent stalk, a wheaten arrow,
 Strange, and tall, and nothing like your sorrow.

GALSWORTHY

BY FORD MADDOX FORD

I MUST have asked myself a hundred times in my life: If there had been no Turgenev what would have become of Galsworthy? Or, though that is the way the question has always put itself to me, it might be truer to the thought I want to express to say: What would Galsworthy have become?

I might have asked the same question about Henry James, for the influence of Turgenev on James must have been enormous, but I did not know James before he had come across Turgenev, whereas I did know Galsworthy whilst he was still himself and still astonishingly young. And I remember distinctly the alarm that came over me when Galsworthy one morning mentioned Turgenev for the first time at breakfast. It was both the nature of the mention of the beautiful Russian genius and Galsworthy's emotion of the moment that alarmed me. I had known him for a long time as a charming man-about-town of a certain doggedness in political argument. Indeed, I don't know how long I hadn't known him; to find out exactly I should have to do more delving in thought into my own past than I care to do. But I knew that he was passing through a period of great emotional stress and as I had a great affection for him I was concerned to find him expressing more emotion over an anecdote than I had ever known him to show.

The anecdote was this: Turgenev had a peasant girl for mistress. One day he was

going to St. Petersburg and he asked the girl what he should bring her back from town. She begged him to bring her back some cakes of scented soap. He asked her why she wanted scented soap and she answered: "So that it may be proper for you to kiss my hand as you do those of the great ladies, your friends."

I never liked the anecdote much, myself. But Galsworthy, telling it in the sunlit breakfast room of my cottage at Winchelsea, found it so touching that he appeared to be illuminated, and really had tears in his eyes. I daresay the reflection of the sunlight from the tablecloth may have had something to do with the effect of illumination, but it comes back to me as if, still, I saw him in a sort of aura that emanated from his features. And from that day he was never quite the same. . . . The morning is also made memorable for me by the ghost of the odor of a very strong embrocation that hung about us both. He was, at the moment, suffering from severe sciatica and I had spent the last half-hour of the night before and the first half-hour of that morning in rubbing him in his bed with that fluid which consisted of turpentine, mustard, and white of egg. And suddenly I had of him a conception of a sort of frailty, as if he needed protection from the hard truths of the world. It was a conception that remained to me till the very end . . . till the last time but one when I came upon him accidentally watching one of his own plays in New York,