

American society (all three in part the contribution of Joseph Medill Patterson, presently publisher of the New York *Daily News*), the burlesque show, the minstrel show, the cartoon show, and the form of girl show later copied by the European theatre.

Passing from the New York professional theatre to the New York group and guild theatres, it was the latter and not similar groups and guilds in other cities that provided the American stage with the first native Expressionist play, the first American poetic modern chronicle, the first American historical travesty, the first authentic

American one-act plays, the first American attempt at real psychological drama, the first modern treatment of seventeenth century farce, the first experiments with the imported Impressionist drama, the first reputable American folk drama, the first ditto American Negro drama, the first driving American Labor drama, the first realistic American poetic tragedy, and the first American Cubist play.

So, again all things considered, if we are going to have a national theatre it might be well to build it right on Broadway, or on one of the streets just off Broadway.



SHY GIRL

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

BEAUTY in her is quiet and does not try
To snare the spirit nor invade the eye.
Beauty in her is hesitant to show,
But any that look sharp will guess, will know
What radiant sunrise first love will advance
Over that dawn-pale earnestness of glance;
What brilliant-colored wings will one day be
Sweeping this earth-bound butterfly-to-be
That sighs at its bold yearnings toward the sky
Nor dreams that it will be a butterfly —

THE RANCH THAT CHANGED THE WEST

BY LEWIS NORDYKE

IN July 1885, a syndicate of Chicago merchants and British investors started operation of the 3,000,000-acre XIT Ranch in the then wild and woolly Panhandle of Texas. That invasion by big business set off a showdown struggle between old and new in the West. Until then the cowman had used the vast public domain as if it were his own, driving his herd wherever there was grass and a water hole. He could ride at will from the Rio Grande to Canada. It was the era of the open range.

The syndicate moved in with hard-boiled business methods and rules against nearly every time-honored custom of the cow country, and the fight was on. For more than a quarter of a century, rebellious men besieged the empire. They wrecked fences, stole cattle and blackened the range with prairie fires. The XIT fought back and stuck to its new ideas and methods; it was forced virtually to the status of an independent state, with its own laws and armed guards who could kill a man and answer only to the Ranch management.

Other range wars usually resulted from flare-ups between communities, ranches or individuals. This one involved a way of life. There was no reflection on the honesty and fairness of the XIT syndicate; it was the invasion of the open range that wasn't liked. It is not a thing of ancient history. As late as 1910, the Ranch had 100,000 cattle, and bold rustlers rode in to steal them. Many a man who worked for the syndicate, or fought it, still punches cattle for a living.

For years I've gone to Dalhart, Texas, each August for the annual reunion of XIT cowboys. They gang up in the DeSota Hotel lobby and tell their tales. From under sage-colored tufts of eyebrows there still gleams the rebellion of the range, and from their stories have come the colorful facts of the fabulous XIT and the bad days out West.

In the middle 1870's Texas offered 3,000,000 acres in the Panhandle to anyone who would build the state a specified capitol at Austin. John and Charles Farwell, who had amassed a

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