

WHEN GOD CAME TO HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

of virile opinion when the publicity representatives of stars and studios emerged at dawn from Griffith Park where they had spent a shivering night.

While the Red Cross and the Salvation Army rushed to the stricken areas, Hollywood began reconstruction. Typewriters clattered, high-pressure pencils broke by the dozens while the canny force of publicity carpenters repaired Hollywood's dented and cracked celebrity. For twenty-four hours the cinema capital was news only by virtue of geography. That shame might prove eternal, but not if typewriters could help it. And now with a common purpose—the reconstruction of a great myth—party lines and personal quarrels were forgotten. One for all and all for one, the mimes and their mentors, united to reconquer their lost prestige and column inches.

The scribes set themselves no easy job. Nature's toughest blow had been delivered to the East and South of their work-a-day cubicles. No studio was actually wrecked, no tidal wave engulfed hapless Malibu, nor had even one major film star so much as visited a grand-uncle in Long Beach where she might have been crushed or maimed in an end timely and profitable for the film industry. Had such good fortune happened, so reasoned the publicity men, they could have done wonders. Public interest would have exceeded even that shown in the Valentino funeral. They could have grabbed every banner headline in all the second extras and the picture layout would have been a wow. Then her life story could have been run for several weeks, along with the regrets and comments of reputed lovers and all the husbands. Had only one star obliged by straying into Iowa-By-The-Sea the problem would have been simplified.

But what had they to work upon? Fortunately the prop department and the make-up experts are the truly imaginative branches of the cinema industry. The former could quickly duplicate or exceed in degree of horror any slice of devastation. That solved the matter of background. Could the elfin Miss Dew be made to look like the receiving end of a terra cotta cornice without destroying the box-office magic of her famous features? After "Dracula" efficient realism was no easy matter. Real punch was hard to deliver. Could they dump the studio water tank over on Mr. Dum's roadster, with a faked close-up of that stalwart's brawny beam sheltering some grateful extra girl? Was it too late to burn Sound Stage Number 3, the one so nicely insured, and blame it on a subsequent quake, or would that look phoney?

Although the writers were used to quick thinking this was once when they were too slow. With all their experience and these excellent fancies already in aspic they forgot human nature. They had neglected to lay hands on their clients. And even then only effective gagging would have served their purpose.

What had happened was this: without any ringmaster the performing ladies and gentlemen had forgotten how to go through their paces. Like the ordinary thousands, they were wandering about, trying to crash the gates at scenes of wreckage. Casually encountered by members of the less roccoco press, they had naively blurted out everything. And most shocking of all, when these little asides were solidified in print, any reader the world over might see that the creators of fashions and love cycles had acted in an unforgivable manner. They had done the normal things, what anyone else would have done.

IV

Well, the children of fortune had had their day. They had told what they had not been rehearsed to tell. In pantomime and dialogue they had enacted their cowardice and rather too easily remembered comedy bits without benefit of story scripts. They did, in fact, to those who had the pleasure of witnessing them, do the best work of their lives, for which they received no pay, on which no cameras were trained, no "mike" adjacent, no director bellowing, not even the supervisor with his smudgy cost sheet—which happened to be the one for another production entirely.

And more remarkable still, having been themselves and having admitted their humanity publicly, the Glittering Great presently indulged in the luxury of self-effacement. With compelling candor they became just plain everyday folk. Then, like the thousands of others who by this seismic initiation had earned for themselves the final right to be called Californians, they went to their scarcely used desks where they quickly wrote to their Times Square friends: "You bums. What a swell show you missed by going to that lousy Florida!"

SERVANTS OF GOD

No. 9

From the Syracuse, N. Y., Herald:

"THIS BEER ORGY, AND THE DEVIL TO PAY"

Who Is Satan, Anyway? Does He Really Wield a Red Hot Pitchfork or a Beer Bottle and a Stein?

Did a Good God Make a Bad Devil?

Hear Claude E. Eldridge

Sunday, 7:30 P.M.

7th DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH

So. 4 Ave., Near W. Castle St.

L'ANGLETERRE SANS LES INDES

by JAMES LAVER

NATIONAL character is often spoken of as if it were something inimitable and inevitable, and the English character in particular is regarded as a thing so completely fixed that nothing could change it. This, however, is the very reverse of the truth. The English character has changed within quite recent times, and is quite likely to change again. Nothing is stranger in reading English history than to realize that the heroes of the past—Elizabethan adventurers and poets, eighteenth century soldiers and statesmen, even Nelson, recent as he is—were something quite different from what we have come to look upon as typical Englishmen. A Raleigh swaggering in fantastic clothes, a Wolfe reciting Gray's "Elegy" as he went into battle, Nelson—Nelson, above all—behaving like an operatic tenor, and an Italian one at that, on the deck of his own battleship, these seem hardly credible embodiments of the English spirit.

The picture firmly fixed in the minds of all Continentals is that of a thin, somewhat bony, man with prominent features, complete absence of gesture, and imperturbable sang-froid. You find him in the early nineteenth century French caricatures; you find him practising his doctrine of *nil admirari* in the novels of Merimee. With no admiration for foreign manners, with a profound contempt for European culture, his only reason for travel (and he is a great traveler) would seem to be the indulgence of a sense of racial superiority. "Good form" is his god, but does not forbid him to be rude to inferior races. His love is as cold as his anger; his vices, if he has any, are carefully concealed; and he is firmly convinced of his mission to impose upon the rest of the world his ideal of "fair play"—if necessary by force of arms.

This, no doubt, is a hostile picture, but if we omit the element of hypocrisy, most nineteenth century Englishmen would have been prepared to accept it as true and to defend it as admirable. Whence sprang this ideal Englishman and how came it about that he was so universally accepted at home and abroad?

The answer is a comparatively simple one. He was the result of two different but related things: the conquest of India and the character of the Duke of Wellington. In so far as the future Wellington consolidated the victories of Clive, the two causes are one, but his personal characteristics lent the ideal Englishman his form, features and manner. Even his persistent preference for civilian dress—his very uniforms were a kind of negligé—imposed itself so completely that a modern Guards officer thinks it "bad form" to be seen in the street in regimentals, unless he is actually marching at the head of his column.

The generation following that of Waterloo was extremely fond of travel. The upper-class Englishman was always going to "the Continent," and he became a familiar figure in France, Italy and Germany. But this upper-class Englishman was just the one who modelled himself most completely on "the Duke," with the result that Europeans came to look upon all Englishmen as taciturn, stiff and unemotional. The legend of *phlegm britannique* became so firmly fixed that French school-books to this day contain stories of the insensitiveness and impregnable sang-froid of the English.

The personal influence of Wellington, however, might soon have failed if it had not been for the other factor: the conquest of India. The weight of that teeming peninsula, almost a continent in itself, was suddenly thrown on the English neck. It is perhaps not surprising that the English back stiffened. When it became obvious that India was something not only to be exploited, but ruled, the new responsibilities were bound to be reflected in the whole tenor of English education.

It was some time, of course, before the full effect was felt, but by the middle of the nineteenth century it is no exaggeration to say that the newly reorganized English public school system was directed consciously, or unconsciously, to one end: the creation of pro-consuls, of men who would rule an alien race—with justice and firmness but without allowing themselves to be influenced in the slightest degree by an alien culture. The public-school curriculum, games and all, was devoted to this end. No one unacquainted with the English upper classes can realize to what extent their members have been involved in the task of governing India. Even now the typical inhabitant of the exclusive clubs is a man who has hardened his arteries and ruined his liver by twenty years as Indian magistrate or soldier.

The last few years have seen a great change. The upper classes (or upper-middle classes) have still enormous influence in home politics but their monopoly is over. The lower classes do not understand Indian problems, and might not think it worth while to hold India if they did. India itself has become conscious of Nationalism, and is visibly impatient of the British *raj*.

From the English point of view India has already ceased to provide the ideal career for younger sons. The whole situation may be radically changed in our own lifetime.

If the English control of India should be broken up, the English character, as it is generally known, will probably break up too. It is an interesting possibility, this re-emergence of the pre-Wellingtonian Englishman, and if it happens we may yet see English generals go into battle like Wolfe, reciting poetry, and English admirals, stricken like Nelson, lean forward in their death agony to whisper: "Kiss me, Hardy!"

TOWNSEND

by THEODORE DREISER

WHEREVER I encounter clerkly crowds I think of Townsend. The neatness, the punctuality, the importance of being earnest. Years ago, say thirty, Townsend was employed by a small clothing store as a clerk. It was a mere beginning for a young man of eighteen and he did not like it. Confined in the same rooming-house with myself, he told me after no more than ten days' acquaintance that he felt it beneath him. At that time he wanted to become an investigator for R. G. Dun & Co., or Bradstreet; because the work would take him out of doors investigating commercial cases and references. Also it promised to lead to something which promised much better. He wished and hoped to be a public accountant because he might then come into contact with all sorts of business houses and investigate and estimate their solvency and reliability.

At some business school he had once attended he had heard that such men made almost fabulous sums: ten, fifteen, even twenty thousand dollars a year. With fifteen thousand he found himself dreaming of heavenly things: taking a trip to Europe, marrying a rich girl, going to the opera and society affairs in a dress suit, and possibly living in a charming little house in some ultra-respectable New York suburb.

To Townsend, that would make a life. It spelled friends, respect, social connections. He was certain that by hard work he would achieve all this. And every morning, his room being next to mine, I heard his alarm clock ring at seven. By seven-fifteen, being a man, as he said, who liked to allow for a little leisure, he could be heard entering his bathroom. By seven-thirty he was off for breakfast. And by eight on his way to his clothing store. At night, at six-thirty, he was back in his room.

One of his chief interests, I noted, was the Vanderbilt family: where they went and what they did. Unaware as they were of his interest, he followed their every movement; to London, to Paris, to Cairo, to Florida, to the South Seas.

Another person who interested him enormously was John D. Rockefeller: the fact that he was a Baptist, that he conducted personally a Sunday school class in a Fifth Avenue Church, and that he advocated thrift and gave new dimes to his aspiring students. Townsend even rose earlier on Sundays than he otherwise need have, in order to attend Mr. Rockefeller's classes, to listen with a certain amount of awe and at the same time with just a little irony. For Townsend was, of course, poor and not exactly religious. Yet, as he said, there was something in Mr. Rockefeller's insistence that every young man accumulate at least a thousand dollars before he began seriously to consider a commercial opportunity. With a thousand dollars in hand one apparently found oneself. One could pick and choose. Townsend was planning to save a thousand dollars.

Then five years passed before I saw him again. By that time he had considerably improved his condition. He was no longer a clothing salesman. No, no! He was now connected, as he had hoped, with R. G. Dun and Co. as investigator of the financial conditions of small concerns. His salary was much larger: twenty-five dollars a week. His clothes were as neat as one would expect of an ex-clothing salesman. The season's hat, suit, shoes. Of a rather pale and even wax-like appearance, his apparel as a whole blended as well as contrasted with his waxy pallor. However, on Sundays, he resorted to a top hat, cut-away coat, striped trousers, patent leather shoes, spats, and even a cane. And still in awe of the social elite and Mr. Rockefeller, he liked to attend fashionable Fifth Avenue churches, to be able, aside from his awe, now and then to reflect on the uncharity of so many others who occupied the more expensive pews.

For by this time, I noted, the implications of experience were by no means beyond Townsend. Investigating small merchants of various lines and levels, he had been not a little shocked and even astounded by the insincerities, the trickeries and, generally speaking, the wiles of men. Among small tradesmen in general, as he now told me, it was rare that one encountered frankness or sincerity or even honesty, to any appreciable degree. They did not always keep correct books, or if they did, they wouldn't let you look at them. They told lies about their resources. They bought goods on false representations of their responsibility, and sold them either without paying, or so slowly as to make it impossible for a reputable firm to deal with them. Not only that, but there were downright thieves, hundreds of them, who stocked up with as much property as they could on credit and then either failed or indulged in a fire. When he was a clothing clerk he would not have believed that wholesalers were preyed upon by such swarms of banditti. Honesty as Townsend was beginning to see it, was a rare virtue. He himself had concluded that, inexperienced as he was, it was best for him not to venture upon any commercial enterprise. All the money he had was in a savings bank. And there it would remain until he was much more secure than he was at present.

Besides, as he added, he was generally disillusioned. So many of the rich were either crooks or parasites. They had no particular interest in the welfare of the common man. Look at him. Already he had worked over four years for the concern with which he was then connected. And he had become skillful and profitable in all the duties assigned to him. But had he had a raise? Certainly not one commensurate with his efforts. Although he had begun at the age of eighteen, he was still getting only a beggarly twenty-five dollars

a week. Nevertheless, as he told me, he was carrying on. There was a likelihood that soon he would get a job in the credit department of Wanamaker's where he would be secure and make a little more money.

II

And then another lapse; this time of seven years. He was now a somewhat sobered clerk of thirty. He had married and was living in Tuckahoe. Wanamaker's, as he had explained, was a thing of the past. The opportunity for advancement there had not been what he anticipated. Besides, experience had fitted him for something better. And having had training in the jewelry and silverware department of that concern, he had applied for and achieved the position of assistant secretary to what, I believe, he described as the Jewelers' Board of Trade. It was not a national but a local association of jewelers, which was affiliated with a national body of the same character. And his business was not only to investigate the reliability of retail jewelers but to direct such investigation on the part of several clerks who worked for him.

By now, also, he told me, his salary was all of forty dollars a week. He had a small suburban home of his own, a daughter, aged seven, for whom, as I could see, he entertained the liveliest affection. Editha was a healthy, lovely paragon of a child and he and his wife revelled in her. Also, his wife belonged to a little suburban club. More, life was not as dark now, although tradesmen were as crooked as ever. What deceivers! What shifty cheats! Just the same, America was the land of opportunity. If a man worked and attended strictly to his business he could achieve success. To be sure, it was no easy matter. His duties were very arduous. He had to hurry here and there, often to one city and another. But the chief thing I observed was that Townsend was proud of his higher estate and his larger duties. He liked traveling. He passed as a man of affairs. And he was, I noted, a little stouter, somewhat more sober in his demeanor, and a man who was devoted to the newspapers and moving pictures, which latter had by then appeared and were coloring such leisure as he allowed himself. Editha was going to be sent to some special school somewhere. He and his wife, at some later date, were assuredly going abroad.

And then seven more years. By that time Townsend was none other than the secretary of the Jewelers' Board of Trade. He was forty years old and slightly more managerial than clerkish, and also more conventional than ever. The only trouble at this time was that he had discovered that he was never to achieve the public accountancy of his dreams. Also, that more than likely he was to remain secretary of an organization which at best could afford to pay only five thousand dollars a year. And at that moment he was getting only four thousand.

Interestingly enough, married life had not exactly palled on him but had been combined with temperamental and other changes which had made it less satisfactory than it might have been. For one thing, the best society of Tuckahoe had not received either him or his wife. She had not been able to achieve the smartest golf and bridge club and had decided that they had best return and live in New York. A second child, a boy, had been born and died. Editha, by now seventeen, had graduated from school and, while obviously waiting for marriage, was idling about the house. His wife, I gathered, was not entirely satisfied with his career. There had been a quarrel over some man. At one time she and Editha had left him for as long as three years. But eventually she had returned, and the boy who died had been the result.

Townsend's hair was already a little thin. In studying him, I could feel the waning of ambition. Getting up in the morning to be at the office by nine was no longer eased by the hope and ambition of youth, but darkened by satiety and responsibility. Say what you would, life was not, for him at least, what he had expected. The best one could do, as he now blandly announced, was to make the best of it. One's friends failed one, or disappeared, or died. His own father and mother had died and he himself was beginning to realize that presently age would be overtaking him. One of the facts that he revealed to me was that he had burdened himself with considerable life insurance to protect his wife and Editha. Also that, with savings out of his salary, he had been able to make some investments in the safest of all stocks—railroads, General Electric, the automobile and the moving picture industries. He had, he said, enough to see him through, and the rest might be what it would.

III

Then, in 1929, came the panic. And in 1930 it was that I gain encountered Townsend. By this time, he appeared greatly strained and changed. Conditions with him were bad, although as yet not hopeless. He had lost a great deal of money in stocks. His life insurance was proving a burden.

When I inquired how much he had lost he made it plain that, counting a paper profit in 1928 as real, he had been worth thirty thousand dollars. But owing to the amazing decline of everything, that had already shrunk to about six or eight. Yet holding such excellent stocks as he did, he had decided to hang on. Prosperity was bound to return. Everybody said so. Only the salary of five thousand dollars which he had actually achieved in the Spring of 1928 had already been cut to three thousand five hundred and might soon be less. For, of course, the jewelry business had suffered an enormous decline. Even his job was not really sure. More, the apartment in Central Park West, which in his pros-

perity he had chosen to lease, had already been abandoned. And since Editha had married and gone with her young husband to Omaha, he and his wife had taken a much smaller place in a further uptown cross-town street, where, he did not say.

By January, 1932, I was in receipt of a letter from him. He hated to admit it but he was in a very bad way indeed. He had been discharged. His wife was sick. But what had brought him to me was the fact that, having recently pledged all of his very much shrunken stocks for a loan of eight hundred dollars, his bank, from which he had obtained the loan, was demanding that he either furnish additional security to cover his loan or his stocks would have to be sold—and in addition he would be sued for a difference already due. He had come to me to ask what to do. Alas to obtain, if possible, a hundred dollars. I gave him the hundred and heard no more for three months.

By that time, however, the money I had given him was apparently gone. And in addition, as he explained, although he had tried constantly to get work of any kind, it was almost impossible. In some instances having succeeded in getting a job by paying five dollars for it, he found that it was only to be discharged after a day or a week.

Another complaint was that, having worked so long as secretary, he found it difficult to fit himself to other work, manual work in particular. Having tried working in one of the New York parks as one of the aided unemployed, he had found that it was too much. It had made him ill. And as before in the case of other jobs, he had to pay five dollars to get the job, and then after three or four days it was taken from him, obviously to make room for some other man who had also paid five. Also, one or two times, he had returned to his clerk work in alleged fire or failure sales, only to find that the sale lasted but a few days, at the end of which period his employers were without funds or had mysteriously disappeared.

By now, he was greatly depleted physically. His face was bloodless, his eyes sunken. And his clothes were shabby and baggy. At my astonishment, he volunteered the only socio-economic philosophy I ever heard him voice. It was to the effect that there must be something wrong with this country and that if the Republicans didn't do better the people would certainly give the Democrats a chance—a change which, as I could see, was the same as a revolution to him. My comment was that the Democrats should certainly be given a chance.

But that was not the end. There was a return visit at which he requested fifty dollars. In connection with the gift of this I noticed a still further change in him. For by then, in addition to wearing clothes that were frayed and dirty, his shoes were cracked and his whole body had taken on a sagging appearance. He looked as though he might have been waiting in bread-lines. His flesh was not only pale but sickly, a bluish tinge about the lips and cheeks. His wife, he informed me, had died, and in order to bury her, he had had to cancel his life insurance. But he was unwilling to tell me where he was living. All he would say was that he was living in a small room. So marked was his decline that I wondered whether I would ever see him again.

After that there were two additional returns: once to ask a loan of twenty-five dollars and a second to ask for a loan of ten. On the last occasion I noted that he did not venture to enter the hotel in which I was living, and for obvious reasons. His clothes and general appearance were such that it was more than likely he would have been stopped at the door. Instead he had hung about outside, encountering me as I came out. But when he did, he seemed to be in a hurry, not waiting to linger or explain, and said that if I would only give him ten it would be the last time he would bother me. He was very much pressed. Hungry even.

I never saw him after that, although I was convinced as he left me that he had no one else to turn to. His daughter—his son-in-law—why inquire? They were probably as badly off as himself or he didn't want to go to them. Just the same, I did hear of his death. It came in the form of a letter. The writer stated that one of her roomers, Walter Townsend by name, had died of the consequences of a cold that had been contracted but a few days before. On his desk she had found a note which he had begun and which was addressed to me, a request that I call.

VULGARITY

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

suggesting the grosser physiological functions. No other country on earth is so fertile in concocting new euphemisms to conceal the persistent fact that man is endowed with a colon and a pair of kidneys. So, whereas Paris with cavalier nonchalance boldly studs its boulevards and public squares with convenient and inviting *pissoirs*, and adorns the more strategic corners of its public buildings (including the *Chambre des Deputés*) with frank and necessary *Defense d'Uriner* signs; and whereas Europe for all its three thousand years of civilization and culture still calls certain retreats by the classic name of watercloset, America has devised dozens of names to remove the physiological stigma from such havens. The sensibilities of Americans are thus tenderly guarded by labeling the water-closet with such refined designations as toilet, lavatory, wash-room, retiring-room, lounging-room, smoking-room, rest-room, club-room, and powder-room.

All this fuss about a simple biological fact that Europe accepted generations ago is symptomatic: again revealing the American's attempt to cover up a humble and commonplace matter with gaudy and sumptuous embellishments, and a consciousness of an innate sordidness that must, somehow, be compensated for by showy pretense and deceptive sham. This, in fine, is the earmark of vulgarity.

A COLUMN OF NOTES

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

CENSORS.—A scrutiny of the latest records of the New York State Board of Film Censorship reveals, among many others of a piece, such indignantly ordered deletions of screen lines as these: "We live together"; "Of course, if you want to change your meal-ticket"; "Let's go into the garden—and walk"; "Your wedding ring hasn't been in vain"; "The truth is the truth and Christian is our child"; "I'm the guy that loves 'em and leaves 'em"; "It won't take me long to pack my toothbrush"; "Say, Blondie, what's your hurry?"; and "You look a little pale. You forgot your lipstick, didn't you?" Also the demanded elimination of such scenes as these: "view of Mario asleep on balcony"; "view of long kiss in garden"; and "all but one view of man spanking child on posterior."

Could anything be more utterly absurd? Thus does official censorship safeguard the morals of young and old. Meanwhile, this very same body of screen censors freely allows the Mlle. Mae West in the film, "She Done Him Wrong," to sing the filthiest song ever sung in public in America; all the school kids are having the time of their lives reading *the Nests*; and all the married women with copies of D. H. Lawrence under their arms are wondering what is wrong with their husbands.

* * *

Publishers.—While the book publishers are still scratching their heads wondering why their ledgers are as red as they unquestionably are, it may be suggested that one possible reason is their uniform and foolish habit of centering all of their advertising and salesmanship energy upon any Best-Seller that they may happen to find on their list at the expense of all the other books on the list that aren't selling well. If a department store owner or any other such business man were to follow the publishers' principle, it doesn't take a fortune-teller to tell what would happen to him. Nor does it take a fortune-teller to tell what will happen to the publishers if they persist in their present practice. A good business man tries to sell not what is already selling well on its own account, but those articles in his stock which are not selling well and which call for some ingenuity and strategy in salesmanship. A Best-Seller has ruined more publishers in the long run than any fifty other books that have sold only a few thousand each. A publisher's prosperity is often where he least thinks to look for it: under his counter in the stock room. And a publisher's loss, due to his shortsightedness and lack of business acumen, is more generally in the same place.

* * *

Doctors.—We have been reading a lot of late in the public prints of the hostile attitude toward doctors, their bills, and their method of personal and professional procedure. I do not purpose extending the comment save for one point, to wit, the general habit on the part of physicians of disguising as a personally conjured up prescription some more or less well-known preparation to be found readily on any drug-store shelf. A doctor is shrewd enough to realize that if he tells a patient simply to go around the corner and buy a bottle of this or that, the patient will fork out his fee with considerable misgivings as to the doctor's great medical and therapeutical sagacity. So the doctor cannily wrinkles his brow, licks the tip of his pencil several times and with a large show of concentrated thought laboriously writes out the ingredients of the bottle of patent medicine, in indecipherable script, on one of his engraved prescription blanks. That the patent medicine entrepreneurs are privy to this money-business—and to what is at bottom an ethical swindle—is evidenced on the backs of the labels of any number of their standard products. I quote an example in the case of the preparation manufactured by Parke, Davis and Co., of Detroit, and called "Metatone." On the front of the label is a simple, sufficient and satisfactory description of the nature of the tonic. On the reverse side is this legend: "When physicians prescribe original packages, remove this label and attach prescription labels."

* * *

Heil, Hitler!—Hitler has banned the intermarriage of Jews and Gentiles. The Assembly and Senate of the State of California have sent to the Governor two bills banning the intermarriage of Filipinos and white Americans.

Hitler has declared against "Jew money from Hamburg." The circuit solicitor of Morgan County, Alabama, has declared against "Jew money from New York."

Hitler has opposed and persecuted the Jews as a race, knocking the block off some of them. The United States, on the part of sections of its free citizenry, has opposed and persecuted the Negroes as a race, lynching and burning at the stake scores upon scores of them.

Hitler has persecuted persons of Jewish faith, driving them into Switzerland. The United States has persecuted persons of Mormon faith, driving them at one time into the western wilderness.

Hitler has removed Jews from hospital posts. Hospital officials in Brooklyn and New York less than a year ago removed Jews from similar posts.

Hitler will not tolerate Bruno Walter as an orchestra conductor. For three years the United States would not tolerate Fritz Kreisler as a violinist.

Hitler has banned the works of Lion Feuchtwanger and Emil Ludwig. The United States has banned the works of James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence.

Hitler is against Communists, the Brown Shirts giving them a stiff dose of clubs. The United States

is against Communists, the Blue Coats giving them a stiff dose of clubs.

Hitler opposes the immigration of Polish and Russian Jews. The United States opposes the immigration of Japanese and Chinese.

Hitler was instrumental in the deportation of Einstein. The United States was instrumental in the deportation of Gorki.

Hitler has allowed the Nazis to raid private premises without search warrants. The United States has allowed the Federal Revenueurs to raid private premises without search warrants.

Hitler's Nazis wrecked the stores and houses of Jews. America's Ku Klux Klan wrecked the stores and houses of Negroes—also, here and there, of Jews.

Hitler has been instrumental in keeping 100,000 Jews from earning a living. The United States, at this moment, is keeping 12,000,000 men and women of all races from earning a living.

Hitler is for a single, united Germany, under one positive rule. Lincoln was for a single, united America, under one positive rule.

Heil, Hitler!

SERVANTS OF GOD

No. 10

Associated Press Dispatch to the New York Sun:

GENEVA, Ill.—Jesse L. Livermore, New York and Chicago broker, was married secretly here last Friday to Mrs. Harriet Metz Noble of Omaha. The Rev. Frazer Bell, pastor of the Congregational Church, was reported to have performed the ceremony. The Rev. Mr. Bell denied today he had married the couple, but Justice of the Peace W. A. Kaiser said he was positive the minister performed the ceremony. "He told me," Kaiser said, "that he married them and that Livermore gave him \$35 to keep quiet."

PHOTOSTATIC COPIES

A Tragic Episode of the World War

by JOHN CAMPBELL

FROM an old clerk in the passport office at Memel, I recently heard a peculiar tale of mistaken identity which had so disturbed official Berlin in 1917 that the Kaiser himself supervised the ensuing investigation. It all occurred over the misguided enthusiasm for amateur photography of a group of amazon police matrons whose act introduced a new identification department into the Secret Service organization of the German Empire.

Though her real name is on the back of the original plates, let us call the unfortunate victim of the incident Effie Hemingway. She is a socially prominent New Yorker and together with her husband, Schuyler Hemingway, was traveling in Russia during the early days of 1917.

As the story goes, a friendly member of the American consulate in Moscow had warned Mr. Hemingway that trouble was in the offing and that they would do well to leave Russia at once, via Sweden. Effie didn't relish such an abrupt departure as she was having a delightful time in the night clubs and was adding considerably to her famous repertory of gypsy and shady songs. Never, she mused, would her Summer cocktail musicales at Southampton have so many new and unknown numbers in their programs.

Finally, her husband won out and they planned to leave after one more revel under the many chimneys of Balieff at "The Bat."

It so happened that on this particular night a wandering minstrel from the Crimea sang a special set of his own lyrics, in Russian, French, German and English, to well-known tunes. The affable Nikita assured Effie that their wit was unique and that the author-singer was a genius. Effie refused to leave without copies, so the minstrel, who maintained there were no printed versions, sat down and carefully wrote out four pages which he presented to her.

They left the cabaret just half an hour before their train to St. Petersburg, so Effie stuck the lyrics in her muff. On arriving at the capital, however, they changed their minds and decided to cross via Riga and skirt the edge of the Baltic into Germany. The entrance into that country wasn't so difficult, but it was just their luck that Berlin at the moment was hearing rumors of two Swiss spies, posing as Americans, who were believed to be going from Russia to Holland.

At one station Effie alighted to buy chocolate and a few postcards. The station-master, glancing at the recently received manifesto about the spies, was sure that hers was a Swiss voice trying to speak German with an American accent. So Effie and her husband were taken from the train. Some say it was at Memel or Koenigsburg, but my informant was sure that it was at a smaller town farther South, such as Marienwerder, where only the ignorance of the officials could give rise to the subsequent embarrassments of both the Hemingways and the Imperial government.

As the night wore on, they were searched and while a burly police matron was being sought all of their clothes were taken away.

The late hour prevented a large crowd from gathering to witness the sad spectacle of two Americans, hopelessly naked, in the waiting-room of the station. Happily there was still some warmth in the stove so, when their clothes were finally and completely removed, the Hemingways stood in front of the embering coals. Effie had been left a fur-piece and her new muff, also a hand-bag which was scheduled to be taken from her when the matron arrived.

Mr. Hemingway was philosophical about the entire situation and calmly smoked his last cigar, whereas Effie grew more and more impatient over the non-arrival of the matron. Finally she asked her

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 5)

BUSINESS—AS USUAL

by ERNEST BOYD

ONE thing that can be said about Prosperity is that it never, even in the brightest days of the Harding, Coolidge, and early Hoover régimes, perceptibly lightened the eternal gloom of authors, publishers and booksellers. It may be that once upon a time—in the Gilded Age, in the Age of Innocence, or maybe only in the Golden Age—these three victims of the world of books were heard to admit that disaster was not imminent, that all was not over. Consequently, when the skies darkened, when the ledgers of other businesses were incriminated, less was heard from these gentlemen about the Depression than from any other section of the community. They admitted, as usual, that they were broke, that business was in a bad way, but there was less indignation in their voices. It was as if they felt that justice had finally been dealt to all, that it would be a little obscene to stress the obvious facts of business as they knew it, merely because other dreamers were now in the same old boat as themselves.

It is true that a few minor publishers have discreetly retired from the scene, by process of amalgamation for the most part, indicating that they must have had some assets with which to save themselves from utter annihilation. But there have been few absolute failures; no publishing firms of the first rank have been revealed as shells so hollow as to suggest comparisons with our bank and trust companies. One outstanding book shop has been put into the hands of receivers, and some of the smaller and usually highly specialized shops have surrendered to the inevitable, or are about to do so. But there are still too many books published and too many people trying—as ineffectually as ever—to sell them. Such writers as have voluntarily joined their Redeemer, or sought relief in the bankruptcy courts, have not been more numerous than in times of Prosperity. Business as usual, one might say, has been the motto of all concerned.

It would be consoling to record that this happy paradox is a proof that the impractical idealists, who sacrificed more lucrative careers to the nobler task of producing and purveying the printed word, have turned out to be shrewder, more foresighted, and more efficient than their practical colleagues in the more sordid marts of trade. Expert research has established the fact that the American public buys approximately two books per person per year, and pays for books not more than one half of one per cent of its annual income. Against this may be set the figure of \$3,000,000,000 spent on motoring, and that every week 115,000,000 people attend the movies. Radios, candy, and greeting cards represent expenditures of from eleven to twenty-eight times the amount spent on books. The libraries of the United States and Canada have circulated but two books a year for each man, woman and child, the cost of this effort being only thirty-two cents per copy from public and private bank accounts.

Is it any wonder that Prosperity meant very little to those whose livelihood depended in any way upon the production and distribution of books? Nor is it any wonder that Depression finds them resigned to the worst, to which they are accustomed. The real wonder is that they survive at all, particularly when one thinks of the weird mysteries of the publishing and bookselling businesses. When an author has written his book and found a publisher for it, one would think that he had done his share, and that the rest is the professed duty and responsibility of those who manufacture and distribute his wares. In this he is mistaken. If the book does not sell, it is his fault. If he does not know how to advertise it with effective blurbs and other even more ignoble publicity devices, he is accused of not co-operating. He is supposed to help the advertising experts, but they would be greatly incensed if he, in turn, called upon them to finish a difficult chapter of his manuscript.

If, as noted elsewhere, this issue, the book does sell and is popular, money is squandered in advertising it, and less fortunate works must languish because there is no advertising appropriation available to promote their sales. All publishers declare that neither advertising nor reviewing sells books, yet they send advertising copy and review copies to the press. It is understood that this is done merely to humor the childish whims of literary gents. The notion that there is advertising and advertising, reviewing and reviewing, is not entertained when this perennial topic is discussed. The time, the place, the reviewer, might make a difference.

In many years of regular weekly book reviewing, I almost never received automatically the kind of book which would naturally interest me and in which I could possibly interest my readers. Having formally notified every publisher that I did not review fiction, my mail was deluged five days a week with galleys, page proofs and advance copies of novels, mostly tripe. Out of any dozen of the daily letters and special appeals for attention, at least ten referred to fiction. In a file of articles written every week for five years ninety-five per cent of the books discussed were non-fiction. Ninety per cent of these would not have reached me had I not specially requested them. Meanwhile the junk-man was calling for stacks of unread and unreadable books, which were unloaded upon me remorselessly and with fervent encomiums.

II

It is hardly necessary to point out that such methods of salesmanship and promotion, if applied to any other business, would make even a sales-resistance breaker laugh. To waste money on what is successful, and then prove that one has no funds with which to help the success of something that

needs and deserves such help, is a form of procedure which amuses when presented at the Mad Hatter's tea party, but raises not even a smile—though sometimes a groan—in the publishing world. When a publisher and a bookseller succeed with a book, that is news; their failures are interred with their bones, but not until then.

The author, on the other hand, whose books do not sell, is deprived of the only asset he possesses, to wit, the recognition of his talent. His reputation is interred, not with his bones, but with his living career. Yet, he has fulfilled his part; he has given what he promised; he has done his best. Clearly, granted he has merit—and the history of literature is strewn with such cases—the failure must rest upon other shoulders than his. On whose? The publisher's? The bookseller's? Both will frequently allow that the author has lived up to his contract, that he has written a good book, even a superior one. There are people in the book business, apart from authors, who actually read and admire first-rate work. Sometimes this is hard to believe, but it is true. Unfortunately, whether true or not, once the author is exonerated, the onus of failure is transferred to the public. People don't read; advertising doesn't pay, etc., etc.—all the stereotyped phrases are invoked.

Inasmuch as the public, according to experience and statistics, never has read, and, according to theory, only books that are selling should be advertised, neither of these pleas carries much conviction. A good book of its kind in any class of literature, which does not reach its appropriate audience in sufficient numbers, must be a book which has been mishandled at some stage between its emergence as a complete volume from the binders and its mournful last appearance, prior to pulping, as a marked-down bargain on Broadway, or at the corner drug-store, flanked by such masterpieces of pseudo-eroticism as have escaped the juriconsults who take their aesthetic opinions from Mr. John S. Sumner and his compeers. If one tries to probe into this devious problem, one reaches a bourne from which no traveler returns convinced, save the traveling salesmen whose function it is to induce the booksellers to order and re-order, and who rarely succeed in either, because the books in question are not the kind of books that it is easy to sell. Why waste time in getting an order for six copies of an immortal volume on astro-physics if in two minutes one can get a re-order for another twenty-five copies of "Female"?

Further, a much finer window display can be made of a bright novel or travel book that is selling popularly than of the latest volume of Mr. Keynes' essays. Nothing will ever persuade the typical bookseller that an illiterate crowd gawking at the oar of the boat in which Nansen reached the North Pole in a ship window is not a potential mass of bookbuyers. I have often cherished the dream of introducing a bookseller to a bookbuyer, a tribe which I know so well that I can always be sure that eight booksellers out of every ten have not the faintest notion of its tastes, habits and mental processes. If a bookbuyer receives the faintest intimation that a book exists of the kind in which he is interested, he will get it, if he has to emulate those messengers so fancifully described over the portals of the New York General Post Office. He is usually born; and he is most emphatically not made by a window display of the pajamas worn by George Moore at Orelay.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS SERIES

No. 8

F. Yeats-Brown, reviewing "An Indian Monk," by Shri Purohit Swami, in the London Spectator:

"We read some amazing stories of the habits and powers of Mahatmas. One was able to stop a railway train from starting. Another could vanish from a locked room. A third stayed in the house of a courtesan, and consorted with drunkards, yet was renowned for his sanctity. Although some parts of the Swami's story are incredible, we must not ask of him that the world of his thought and sense-perception should square with ours. For instance, in this account of a vigil in the temple where the Lord Dattatreya is traditionally reputed to take His rest, we may accept the spirit of the Swami's devotion without straining our belief in the miraculous:

"I decked the bed of the Lord with garlands till everything looked beautiful. I was sure that the Lord would be pleased with this service. The room was locked, and the priest took away the key. I squatted on the floor as usual. . . . The door opened at His knock. I stood aghast while it was silently closed; then I heard the creaking noise of the bed as if someone was lying down on it. I moved to the door and could hear sounds quite clearly as though someone was turning over from side to side. The whole atmosphere was surcharged with perfume. I watched with rapt attention. There was no doubt in my mind that the Lord was enjoying His rest. In the morning the door opened and was shut again; the sound of the Lord's patters was heard going away, and sweet perfume filled the air. The Lord had gone."

SERVANTS OF GOD

(The Rising Generation)

No. 11

From the New York World-Telegram:

Leo Sharff, 25, son of Rabbi Meier Sharff, of Congregation Torah Chaim, who was charged with punching Marcus Scherer, vice-president of the synagogue, was discharged in Bay Ridge Court, Brooklyn, today when the complainant failed to appear.

The altercation in the synagogue followed an announcement by Rabbi Sharff that kosher butchers ought to pay him \$6 a month, instead of \$3, the present rate. When the vice-president protested, it was alleged young Sharff pushed his nose.

A LECTURE FOR DOROTHY

by BRANCH CABELL

WRITING in behalf of the two literary societies of your college, you, my dear Dorothy, have asked if, and when, and at what fee per evening, I would agree to lecture in your college auditorium, as to whatsoever topic I may elect (although you aidfully add you are certain that "a message" from me concerning Modern Trends in Literature would be of deep interest to the students, the faculty, and their friends), and you have asked also that I advise you whether "anything along this line" would be "worth my while."

To be frank with you, Dorothy, it would not be worth my while, nor your while either. I still marvel, with an aged and resigned wonder, at the quaint notion that some possible profit is to be got, by anybody concerned, from inducing the professional man of letters to lecture. You would not ask (I imagine) that same author, in just this off-hand fashion, to perform upon the college auditorium piano, before the students, the faculty, and their friends, or to adorn the auditorium walls with mural paintings. You would incline, first, to make sure of his musical gifts or of his ability to paint. Nor—and this is an analogue even more exact—nor would you address to that author an invitation to appear, upon a set evening, before the students, the faculty, and their friends, and thereupon to enliven the gathering by singing "Celeste Aida" or "The Last Rose of Summer." The singer and the author (along with the actor, the lecturer, and the crossword-puzzle maker) do utilize a common material, in that each of them employs words; and yet, after hardly more than a half-hour's steady thinking about this matter, you will begin to divine, my dear Dorothy, that all these persons use words variously, in accord with the tenets and the limitations of perceptibly different arts.

I grant that members of a race so multifarious as to produce both men and women may be able in more than one art. It is humanly possible, I mean, for an author to "speak" passably: but the event is rare. Looking back through a long and terrible vista of auctorial lectures, I can recall one woman writer who "spoke" (upon I have no least notion what subject) with a simple and cordial virtuosity such as kept me through a contented hour's length mentally purring. I delight, because of that well-nigh unique memory, to acclaim here, in Zona Gale, an actually accomplished writer who actually can "speak," and with whom "speaking" is a fine art finely practised. To the other side, without any unwise name-calling, I think of a woman who has published sundry volumes of the most bland and charming essays ever penned by an American, and of her dictatorial, her sullen, and her gross conduct of the one lecture I was fated to hear her deliver. That was an all-tragic afternoon, which robbed me forever of any further pleasure in the writings of an over large and regrettably vocal snapping turtle.

The epiphany of this harriidan remains to me, I repeat, a continued distress—and yet, only in degree. For how many other soul-chilling, how many haggardly vivacious females do I recall, all of whom "spoke" upon the inconsequent ground that they knew more or less about writing! And with what circumspection did I shun their books afterward!

II.

As for male authors, I clap one hand on my heart, and rest the other hand on the family Bible, in the while I protest that every one of them whom I have heard "speak" showed then at his worst. Even did he orate smoothly, without fidgets, without forlornly clearing his throat, and without too often seeking respite in the ice-water pitcher, yet did his inane utterance glisten, as it were, with the greasy high-mindedness and the tin-plated good-fellowship which no public speaker can very well avoid. In most cases this did not matter, because the majority of us who wrote badly enough to be in demand as lecturers are charlatans or bunglers at all seasons: but to observe bedizened in any such humbug the man of real talent is painful.

It is painful because there drift about in that more rarefied air of the platform some fumes, some straying gases, which affect the intelligence. A few victims these effluvia reduce to gulping, to the conscientious coughing of Camille, or to blank merciful unintelligibility: but the more hapless they intoxicate *coram populo*. And as a pragmatic people, we have learned to accept this fact. We do not note, as a rule, how wildly does the babblement made upon platforms by the habits of this dire eminence differ from the at least relatively sane speech of our school-teachers and our politicians and our clergy in their private life. It is tacitly understood by everybody that, when "speaking", the professional "speaker" expects his sentiments to be received at a liberal discount, and upon this full dress occasion will introduce no one of his beliefs in their working clothes.

All oratory I, in brief, (with the appropriate glibness of a person who knows nothing whatever about it) take to be an art with its own formal conventions. I am at any event certain it is an art through which none may attain to self-expression; and in this respect it differs by a world's width from authorship.

I mean that the writer, at his desk, so long as he toils over the progress of composition, can imagine that somewhere outside the door of his study an intelligent and sympathetic audience, well worth all painstaking, awaits his masterpiece. To that "acute but honorable minority" he can address himself freely, with glad confidence, and without compromise.

Let no such happy man turn lecturer! I entreat, with an emotion, you may note, which rises

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)