

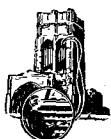
As a memorial to a departed loved one, a reminder of precious childhood memories and a sincerely appreciated gift to the congregation to which you once belonged, why not install

Golden-Voiced Deagan Tower Chimes

in the serenely sedate little church "back home"? Every fifteen minutes they will sound the Westminster peal; at sundown each day they will play your favorite melody; and on Sunday mornings they will fill the countryside with the inspiration of age-mellowed hymns.

With a tablet of bronze to set forth the hallowed purpose of the Chimes you, like many other successful men, will have provided — a living tribute to a departed one; — a priceless church and community asset; — an eloquent symbol of your progress; a lasting token of your philanthropy.

Deagan Tower Chimes [played direct from organ console] are priced at \$4375 and up.



Full and interesting information regarding them will be furnished without obligation.

J. C. Deagan Inc.

Established 1880

252 Deagan Building ... Chicago, Ill.

Binding—

Now is the best time to have July-December 1928 FORUMS bound for a permanent record—before the issues are lost or torn. An index will be included free of charge in all volumes bound for subscribers. The cost for 6 issues bound in cloth is \$3.00. Prices on half and full leather quoted on request. Send all issues postpaid to the Circulation Manager. Please include in your remittance 20c per volume for return postage.

THE FORUM

Office of Publication, Concord, N. H.
441 Lexington Avenue New York

Cease FIRING!

Forum Table Talk

by **ROBERT BENCHLEY**

THERE ARE signs that the direct frontal attack on Babbitt, maintained so pitilessly and monotonously by the writing forces for ten years, has reached its peak and is about to recede. This will be a relief to many people, including the Babbitts and the public. It has been a cruel assault, from which the Go-getter has emerged both bloody and bowed, as witness the fact that he has now taken to kidding himself in nervous apprehension. His only chance for an honorable peace is that unstrategic ones among the writers will continue the mauling to a point where reaction sets in and the Babbitt becomes a public hero. This point has almost been reached.

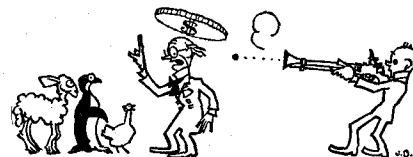
But before we blame the literati for harping too continuously on the Go-getter's little weaknesses, we must think back a couple of decades and remember what inspired this spirit of blind vindictiveness. It could not have come seething as it does from the writer's soul without some preliminary period of stewing. And, as a belligerent scrivener who recalls the day when the Business Man was in the saddle, lashing down us poor peasants as we stood in the market place begging for bread, I am almost in a mood to rally my comrades about for another and more sanguinary assault, this time perpetuating nameless horrors.

For there was a time, not so long ago as the crow-eater flies, when the man who wrote for his living was the butt for jokes around the very conference table which he now throws pop bottles at. There was a time when anyone who made his living by writing was an impractical sap, gifted along certain lines perhaps, but lines which led nowhere and contributed nothing to the State. If he was spoken to at all by the geniuses of business and organization, it was with fine scorn and in words of two syllables.

Perhaps the writer's first realization that he was a pariah and a drag on the wheels of Progress came when he was in school or college and a member of the literary staff of his college paper. Here it was the "Business End" which dominated. The Business End held the Writing End in jesting contempt, and made no effort to conceal it. "Where would the paper be," they asked (and with just enough justice to lend authority) — "where would the paper be if it were not for the ads?" And the Writing End cowered in its sanctum and scratched with its pens in an at-

tempt to placate the Business End and perhaps get a kind word from them at the finish of the term.

I have no doubt that the venom of Sinclair Lewis, commander-in-chief of the anti-Babbitt forces, was brewed while in college. He probably heard some man on the Business End say, as every young scrivener of that period heard said of himself: "Oh yes, Lewis is a nice enough fellow — but he writes, you know." The feeling was that if a man wrote, certain sections of his brain were atrophied, and that it was *those* brain cells, in the normal man, which made for keenness, virility, and desirability as a citizen of the greatest country in the world.



From college the embryo writers of twenty years ago went out into a world where they were even more of a laughing stock than they had been under the academic elms. If they went into business, they were forced to take seriously all the talk they heard about "organization," "efficiency," "service," and "distribution," or they were fired. They listened to men who were obviously charlatans tell them that they were half-witted and incompetent if they scribbled on their conference pads some slight heresy against the hokum of Business. They were knocked about from one corner of the office to another by officials whose own jobs depended on their ability to conceal what they didn't know; and if, by any chance, they wrote something on the side which happened to be published, they were brought up on the soft, green carpet and told to stop fooling around or they would never "get anywhere in this organization." Without knowing anything about the facts in the case, I suspect that Sinclair Lewis' first gun in his memorable charge against the Go-getter (*Our Mr. Wrenn*) was the result of several nasty wounds received at the hands of the advertising moguls of the day.

And if the young writer of the first decade of the century went directly into literature, he might just as well have donned the cap and bells and gone out on the street corner for all the respect he had

Rag Copy EDITION

A special edition (limited, of course) of THE FORUM is printed on 100% all-rag paper. The first volume began with the July, 1928, issue.

This de luxe edition is especially intended for libraries where a permanent file of the magazine is required. A limited supply is set aside for subscribers who want a particularly fine magazine, one that is well worth binding.

The subscription rate for the all-rag edition is \$12.00 a year (foreign and Canadian postage 50c a year additional). If you desire to have your present regular edition subscription transferred to the all-rag edition, we shall be pleased to credit the amount already paid.

Please address all orders, inquiries, and cheques to

Circulation Manager
THE FORUM
441 Lexington Avenue
New York

FOR SPRAINS AND BRUISES

RELIEVE PAIN QUICKLY

Absorbine Jr.

RUB in Absorbine, Jr. as quickly as you can. It will relieve the pain and reduce any inflammation which may have set in, and materially shorten the time of recovery. Its prompt use will prevent the stiffness and lameness usually following a sprain or bruise.

If the skin has been broken, Absorbine, Jr. will reduce to a minimum any danger of infection. Use it full strength. It is cooling, soothing, and a reliable antiseptic. There are many uses for Absorbine, Jr. in the home and when traveling. Read "Timely Suggestions." Send for free Trial Bottle and "Timely Suggestions."

At All Druggists, \$1.25
W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

