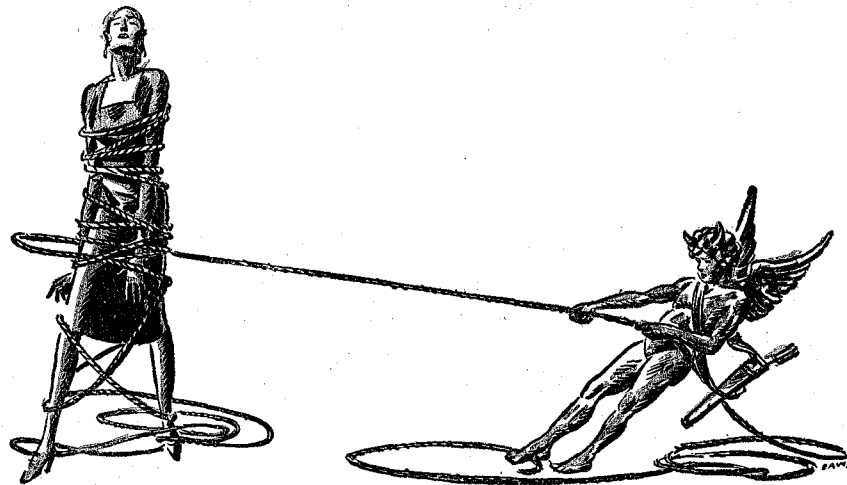


The School of WOMEN



Drawings by Edw. A. Wilson

by **ANDRÉ GIDE**



IN 1894 Eliane Delaborde met Robert D. in Florence and was straightway infatuated with him. Soon they were engaged and each agreed to keep a secret journal to record their frank opinions of each other. Shortly before their marriage, Eliane discovered that Robert had never kept his journal and, hurt by his deception of her, she decided to discontinue her own. Twenty years later, however, she resumed her entries in order to help her straighten out her tangled emotions and decide upon a course of action. In the interim of married life she had revised her estimate of Robert. The very qualities which had first attracted her to him were now revealed as a thin veneer concealing a menial and insincere nature. She could now scarcely bear the sight of him, and would have sought her freedom if she had not been deterred by considerations of the happiness of her two children — Genevieve and Gustave.

GENEVIEVE does not like her father. How have I remained so long without perceiving this? No doubt because I have given her very little attention of late. All my thoughts and care have been centered on Gustave, whose health is delicate. I admit, too, that he interested me more; he is something of a charmer, like his father, and I recognize in him all the qualities that captivated me so in Robert — until they so greatly disappointed me.

As for Genevieve, I thought she was

completely absorbed in her studies and indifferent to everything else. Now I have reached the point of wondering whether I did right to encourage her in this. I have just had a terrible conversation with her. I see now that she is the one person with whom I might reach an understanding, but at the same time I see why I do not wish to reach an understanding with her. It is because I am afraid of coming face to face with my own thoughts in her — my own thoughts grown bolder — grown so bold that they terrify me. All the fears, all the doubts that have sometimes tortured me have turned in her into so many brazen negations. No, no; I cannot bring myself to admit them. I cannot let her speak of her father with such disrespect. But when I tried to shame her, "Oh, come now!" she cried, "As if you took him seriously yourself!"

She flung the words in my face so brutally that I felt myself blush. I was incapable of answering her, incapable of hiding my confusion from her.

Then she immediately declared that she could not admit that marriage ought to confer all the prerogatives on the husband; that for her part, she would never submit to such a thing. She was quite determined to make the man she fell in love with her partner, her companion; but the sensible thing would be not to marry him. My example was a warning; it put her on her guard. On the other hand, she could not thank me enough for having given her an education which

made her able to pass judgment upon us, so that she might live her own life and not bind herself to a person who might very likely be her inferior.

As she was walking excitedly up and down the room, I sat listening in extreme dejection to the cynicism of her talk. I begged her to lower her voice, for I was afraid her father might hear her.

"Let him hear us!" she cried. "I am quite ready to repeat everything I have been saying to him. You can repeat it yourself. Repeat it — yes, yes — repeat it."

YES, THIS took place yesterday July 20th before dinner. And at dinner Genevieve was no doubt touched at seeing the sadness I was unable to conceal. She came to my room in the evening, and flinging herself into my arms like a child, she began to stroke my face and kiss me as she used to do long ago, and so tenderly that it made me cry.

"Darling Mummy," she said, "I made you unhappy to-day. Don't be too cross with me. You see, I can't pretend with you. I can't — I won't tell lies to you. I know you can understand me, and I understand you much better than you want me to. I must talk to you more. There are things, you see, that you have taught me to think which you don't dare think yourself — things which you believe you believe, but which I know you don't believe at all."

I kept silent, for I did not dare ask her what things. And then she suddenly asked me whether it was because of her and Gustave that I had remained faithful to Robert. "For I am quite certain you have remained faithful to him," she added, looking me fixedly in the face as one looks at a child whom one is reprimanding.

However monstrous I thought this reversal of our rôles, I protested that the idea of deceiving my husband had never entered my head for a moment. Then she said she knew quite well that I had been in love with Bourgwelsdorf.

"If so, it was without my being aware of it," I retorted curtly.

But she went on: "You may not have owned it to yourself, but *he* was aware of it all right, I am certain."

I had risen, for I wanted to get away from her, to leave the room if she went on talking in this way; in any case I was determined not to answer her any more. There was a short silence and then I sat down again, or rather sank into another chair, for I felt too exhausted to stand up. She immediately flung herself once more into my arms, sat on my knee and became more affectionate than ever: "But, Mummy, do understand that I don't blame you."

And as these words made me start with indignation, she took hold of my two arms and held me a prisoner, laughing as though to diminish the intolerable impropriety of her words by making fun of them.

"I should just like to know," she went on, "whether there has been any sacrifice on your part?"

She had once more become very serious; as for me, I did my best to keep an impassive countenance. She understood that I was not going to answer and went on: "What a good novel you might help me to write! It would be called *The Duties of a Mother; or the Useless Sacrifice*."

And as I continued silent, she began to shake her head slowly. "No," she said, "It's not because you have made yourself the slave of your duty . . ." — then she corrected herself — "of an imaginary duty. . . . No, no; you can see for yourself that I can't be grateful to you for that. No, don't protest. I really think I couldn't go on loving you if I felt under an obligation to you — if I felt that you *thought* I was under an obligation to you. Your virtue is your own; I do not choose to feel myself bound by it." Then suddenly changing her tone: "Now quickly, say something, anything, so that when I go back to my room I won't be furious with myself for having spoken to you so."

I felt mortally sad and was only able to put a kiss on her forehead.

July 22nd
I WILL WRITE down my thoughts without order, as they come. . . .

My children's respect held me back and I liked to lean upon it. Genevieve has robbed me of this support. I no longer have even that to help me. At present it is with myself alone that I fight; I am the prisoner of my own virtue.

Even if I had any grievance against my husband! But no; those defects of his from which I suffer and which I have come to hate, are not directed against me. The only thing I can reproach him with is his being himself. I feel he loves me as much as he is capable of loving, and I am bound by his fidelity. Not that any other love tempts me; I have no thought of betraying him — at any rate not otherwise than by going away. All I really want is to get away from him.

If only he were an invalid! If only he could not do without me! How can I renounce life before I am forty? Will not God grant me some duties other than this mortal effacement and wretched resignation?

What advice can I hope for? And who is to give it to me? My parents are lost in admiration of Robert and think I am perfectly happy. Why should I undeceive them? What can I hope for from them except pity, perhaps.

Abbé Bredel is too old to understand me. And, indeed, what could he say more to me than he said at Arcachon — and even then it merely increased my unhappiness — that I must do all in my power to hide their father's inferiority from the children? As if. . . . But I will not speak to him of the conversation I have just had with Genevieve. It would only strengthen the opinion he has of her, which is not a good one; and I know that at the first words he uttered I should take Genevieve's side. As for her, she never could bear the Abbé, and all I could ever get from her was that she would try not to be impertinent to him.

Marchant? . . . Yes, no doubt, *he* would understand me. He would understand me only too well. That is why I cannot speak to him. And then I could not forgive myself for disturbing Yvonne's happiness. I am too fond of her not to hide the truth from her.

But as I write this, an idea has suddenly dawned upon me — an absurd idea perhaps, but none the less I feel it to be imperative — the person I must speak to about Robert is Robert himself. My mind is made up. I will speak to him this very evening.

July 23rd
YESTERDAY evening as I was preparing to go to Robert's room for

the serious conversation I had determined to have with him, Papa was announced. It is so unusual for him to come at such a late hour that my first impulse was to exclaim: "Is anything the matter with Mamma?"

"Your Mamma is perfectly well," he answered, and then as he pressed me in his arms, he went on, "*You* are the one who isn't well, my dear. No, no, no, don't deny it. I've been feeling for a long time past that something is amiss. My poor little Eliane, I can't bear to feel that you are unhappy."

I began by saying: "Everything is all right Papa. What makes you think . . .?"

But I had to stop, for he put his two hands on my shoulder and looked at me so searchingly that I felt I was losing countenance.

"Those black rings around your eyes tell a very different story. Come, my darling, my dear little Eliane, why don't you tell me? Is Robert deceiving you?"

This question was so unexpected that I exclaimed stupidly and in spite of myself: "Oh! I wish to goodness he were!"

"What! . . . It's something serious then? Come, come, tell me. What's the matter?"

He was so insistent that I could restrain myself no longer: "No, Robert is not deceiving me," I said. "I have nothing to reproach him with; and that's the very thing that is so dreadful." And as I saw that he did not understand: "Do you remember that at first you disapproved of my marriage? I asked you then what you objected to in Robert, and I was indignant when you found nothing to answer. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, my dear little girl, I really don't know. It's such a long time ago. Yes, I misjudged Robert at first. I disliked his ways. Happily, I soon understood that I was mistaken."

"Oh, Papa! Unfortunately you were right in your first judgment of him. You thought you were mistaken afterwards because I was happy with him. But it didn't last. It was my turn to understand. No, you were not mistaken. I ought to have listened to you at first, as I used to when I was a good little girl."

He remained a long time as if utterly overcome, shaking his head and murmuring, "You poor little thing! . . . you poor little thing!" — so tenderly that I was miserable at causing him so much distress. But I had to go on. Plucking up my courage, I said: "I want to leave him."

He gave a violent start and exclaimed, "What! — What!" in such an odd tone of voice, that I should have laughed if

I had had the heart to. Then he made me sit down close beside him on the sofa, and stroked my hair as he spoke: "Your Abbé would never get over it if you did such a silly thing as that. Have you talked to him about it?"

I nodded my head to signify I had, and then was obliged to confess that I did not get on so well with the Abbé as I used to, which made him smile and give me a little mocking glance. The idea of this indirect victory over a person he could never abide seemed to amuse him very much.

"Dear! dear! dear!" Then changing his tone he went on, "Let's talk seriously, my child, that is to say, practically."

Then he explained that if I left my husband, all the blame would attach to me. "As a rule, people only understand the value of a good reputation after they have lost it. Where would you go? What would you do? My little Eliane was always one to have rather chimerical ideas, wasn't she? No, no, you must go on living with Robert. Take him all in all, he is not a bad fellow. If you try to talk it over with him, perhaps he will understand."

"He won't understand; but I'll speak to him all the same, and it'll only tighten the noose around my neck."

Then he went on to say that I must not try to escape, but to establish a *modus vivendi*, to find a working compromise. He likes to use imposing words as though to prove to himself that they don't frighten him. (I realize that this is very spiteful.)

Then, no doubt with the intention of consoling me, he began to speak to me of my mother and tell me that he had not found all he had hoped for in marriage either. He had never confided this to any one, he told me, and he seemed extraordinarily relieved at being able at last to let himself go — which he did to his heart's content. I didn't have the courage to interrupt him, but his confidences made me feel inexpressibly uncomfortable — as uncomfortable as in my dreadful conversation with Genevieve. It seems to me that it is not a good thing for communications of this kind to take place between two generations: they do violence in one or other of them to a feeling of intimate reserve which it is no doubt better to respect.

My feeling of discomfort had still another cause which I dislike to mention; for I am too fond of Papa not to be sorry to have to judge him, and I wish I never had to think he was in the wrong. I should keep silent about this if I had not promised myself to be sincere in these pages. When Papa began to talk to me of his youthful ambitions and of everything he thinks he might have done

if he had felt himself better understood and better seconded by my mother, I could not refrain from thinking that it only rested with him to have got more out of himself; if he failed to make the most of his intelligence and his gifts, it was the easiest thing for him to believe that Mamma was responsible for this. I do not doubt that he has suffered from Mamma's wholly practical and narrow-minded point of view; but I think he is rather pleased to be able to say: "Your mother doesn't wish. . . . Your mother doesn't think. . . ." and to rest content with that.

He told me afterwards he did not know a single married couple whose union was so perfect that one of the parties had not sometimes wished never to have contracted it. I did not protest, for Papa does not like being contradicted, but I cannot accept such a statement, which seems blasphemous to me.

Our conversation lasted till far into the night. Papa was, I believe, greatly cheered by it and did not understand that he left me more deeply in despair than ever.

July 24th
A RUNNING NOOSE . . . and every effort I make to free myself only serves to tighten it. My final explanation with Robert has taken place. I have played my last card and lost. Ah! I should have gone away without saying a word to Papa or to anyone. I can do no more. I am beaten.

I found Robert lying on the sofa, for he got up a few days ago.

"I came to see whether you wanted anything," I said, trying to think of some way of starting the conversation.

"No, thank you, dear," he answered in his most angelic voice. "I feel really better this evening and I am beginning to think that after all the Angel of Death has passed me by this time." Then, as he never misses an opportunity of showing his generosity, his sensibility, his greatness of soul: "I have given you a great deal of anxiety. I wish I were certain I deserved all the care that has been lavished on me."

I tried to look at him with indifference. "Robert, I should like to have a serious conversation with you."

"You know very well, my dear, that I never refuse to speak seriously. When one has seen death at such close quarters as I have in the last few days, one is naturally inclined to have serious thoughts."

But I suddenly ceased to understand what I was complaining of and what I had come to say. Or, to be more accurate, what I was complaining of suddenly seemed to me impossible to formulate.

And above all, I could think of no sentence, no question by which I could start. I was still firmly resolved, however, to engage in the struggle, and repeated to myself until my brain seemed in a whirl, "If I don't do it now, I shall never do it." So, like a diver who plunges, eyes shut, into the abyss: "Robert," I said, "I should like you to tell me, if you still remember, what reason you had for marrying me?"

Certainly he expected a question of this kind so little that for a moment he was completely taken aback. For a moment only — for whatever the situation in which circumstances place him, Robert is always extraordinarily prompt and clever at recovering himself. He reminds me of those little toy tumblers with light heads, which, however one throws them down, always settle again on their feet. While he was looking at me to try and understand what purpose was hidden in my words, so as to adapt his defense to meet them, he asked: "What makes you speak of reason when you are talking about a matter of feeling?"

Robert always manages to get the upper hand of his adversary. Whatever one does, the point of view in which he places himself immediately seems the superior one. I felt, as at a game of chess, that I should lose the advantage of the attack if I answered; it would be better to put him again on the defensive.

"Please try and speak to me simply."

He protested immediately: "It is impossible to speak more simply."

"Yes, you say that simply. But as a rule, your loftiness is overwhelming; you like to take refuge in regions so sublime that you know I shall never be able to follow you there."

"It seems to me, my dear," he said, smiling affably and in his sweetest tone of voice, "that for the moment it is you who are not being simple. Won't you tell me straight out what the matter is? You have something to reproach me with; I am listening."

But now it was I who was assuming Robert's manner, Robert's way of expressing himself, which has become so unbearable to me — just as when I was younger, I used to put on an English accent out of sympathy, when I was talking to an English person, to Papa's great amusement. I plunged deeper and deeper into the bog.

"If I could only reproach you with something definite, what a relief it would be," I managed to say. "But no! I know only too well that you never put yourself in the wrong — as I did just now when I began to explain myself. And yet, I assure you I am not giving way to a thoughtless impulse. This conversation that I have been meaning to

have for such a long time past, and that I have been putting off from day to day. . . ." I could not finish my sentence — it was too long already. I went on in a voice so low that I was surprised he could hear me: "Listen Robert. It's simply that I can't go on living with you any longer."

In order to have strength to say this — even in a whisper — I had been obliged to stop looking at him. But as he was silent, I raised my eyes. I thought he had turned pale.

"If I were to ask you in my turn what reason you have for leaving me, you might answer like me, that it's a matter of feeling not of reason."

"I don't say so," I answered.

But he: "Elaine, am I to understand that you don't love me any more?"

His voice trembled just enough to leave me in doubt whether his emotion was sincere or feigned. I made a great effort and said painfully: "The man I passionately loved was different from the man I have slowly discovered you to be."

He raised his eyebrows and shoulders: "If you speak in riddles. . . ."

I went on: "I have gradually discovered that you are very different from what I thought you were at first — from the man I once loved."

Then something extraordinary happened: I saw him suddenly put his head in his hands and burst into sobs. There could be no question of feigning; they were real sobs which shook his whole body; real tears which wet his fingers and ran down his cheeks, while he repeated wildly a dozen times over: "My wife doesn't love me! My wife doesn't love me!"

I was far from expecting this explosion. It struck me dumb — not that I was much moved myself, for it is obvious that I do not love Robert. I was indignant, on the contrary, at seeing him have recourse to weapons which I thought disloyal. I was uncomfortable, too, at feeling that I was the cause of a real grief before which my grievances must needs give way. In order to console Robert, I should have had to make use of lying protestations. I drew near him and put my hand on his head, which he raised at once.

"But why should I have married you then? Was it for your name, your fortune, your parents' situation? Was it? Say something so that I may understand. You know . . . you know . . . that I. . . ."

He seemed at present so natural, so perfectly sincere, that I expected to hear him say, "that I might have found a much better match. . . ." But the words that came were "that it was because I loved you." Then, in a voice

once more broken with sobs: ". . . and because I thought . . . that . . . you loved me."

I was almost shocked by my own indifference. However sincere Robert's emotion now was, the exhibition of that emotion froze me.

"I thought I should be the only one to suffer from this explanation," I began; but he interrupted me.

"You say I am not the man you thought. But then *you* are not the woman I thought either. How is it possible ever to know if one really is the person one thinks one is?"

It is a habit of his to seize hold of other peoples ideas and twist them round



to serve his own purposes (I really think he does it quite unconsciously); so he went on: "But not one of us, you poor dear, not one of us can constantly keep on the heights where he would wish to be. The whole drama of our moral life is just that — exactly that. I don't know whether you follow me. . . ."

"Robert, Robert," I said gently, with a restraining movement of my hand; for I knew that once started on such an elevated theme, he would never stop of his own accord. My interruption made him shift his ground slightly.

"As if one was not always forced to climb down a little in life! . . . I mean one is always forced to bring one's ideal down to somewhere within one's reach.

But as for you, your ideals have always been chimerical."

(So then, it must be true, since Papa said the same thing yesterday.)

Then with a natural rebound, he soared up again into the lofty regions from which my egotistical sigh had impertinently snatched him: "And there, my dear, you touch upon a problem of the highest interest — the problem of expression itself. The question is, you see, whether emotion exhausts itself in the expression of emotion, or whether, on the contrary, it is called into being by the expression, comes as it were to *inform* the expression. And indeed one almost begins to doubt whether anything exists in reality apart from its appearance, and whether. . . . Let me just explain; you'll understand in a minute."

This last sentence always comes to the rescue when he begins to get confused. It irritates me more than anything.

"I understand perfectly well," I interrupted. "You mean it would be mad of me to mind whether you really feel all the fine feelings you express."

His glance grew suddenly charged with a kind of hatred.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, in a voice that was almost strident, "it's a pleasure indeed to be understood by you. So that is the only impression our conversation has left on you. I let myself go; I speak to you with more confidence and frankness than I have ever done to anyone. I humble myself before you. I burst into tears before you. But my tears don't touch you. You put your own interpretation on my words, and in an icy tone you give me to understand that all the feeling is on your side and that all my love for you is nothing but. . . ."

He was again interrupted for a moment by his sobs. I rose with only one thought in my head — to put an end to an interview which I had conducted so badly, which was ending in my discomfiture, and in which I had only succeeded in putting myself to all appearance entirely in the wrong. As I laid my hand on his arm to say good-bye, he turned around abruptly and the words burst from him: "No, I say, no, no. It isn't true. You are wrong. If you still loved me in the least, you would understand that I am only a poor creature struggling like all of us and trying as best he can to become a little better than he is."

He had suddenly found the words most capable of touching me. I bent over him to kiss him, but he pushed me away almost brutally.

"No, no. Let me alone. I can only see, only feel one thing — that you have ceased to love me."

On these words I left him, my heart weighed down with a fresh unhappiness

— an unhappiness which confronts his own, which his own has revealed to me. Alas! he loves me still, and I cannot leave him.

EPILOGUE

1916

I HAD resolved to write nothing more in this book. Very shortly after the conversation with Robert which I have related in the last pages, our personal preoccupations were swept away by the terrible events which have overwhelmed Europe. I wish I could recover the convictions of my childhood, so that I might pray God with all my heart to protect France. But I imagine the Christians of Germany pray to the same God in the same way for their country, in spite of everything we hear about them which might make us think them barbarians. It is in the virtue and valor of each and all of us, such as we are, that France must find her protection and defense.

I thought at first that Robert was profoundly convinced of this. I witnessed his grief at being unable to serve on account of his convalescence; and a few months later I know that he consulted Marchant as to how he could get a medical certificate to permit his enlisting. Unfortunately I learned soon after that his class was about to be called up, that he ran the risk of being transferred from the auxiliary to the active army, and that by enlisting beforehand he would be free to choose the branch of the service he preferred — which he did with the utmost precaution, and with the help of all the influence he could command.

Why repeat all this here? I wish only to relate the dreadful scene I have just had with him, which has made me take my final decision. But how can I explain this without referring to the new medical board which he had to go up to, where he managed to get himself discharged as

suffering from "chronic cephalalgia resulting from traumatism." It was then that I determined to engage myself in one of the hospitals at the front where I was certain of having my services accepted. But Robert's permission and signature were necessary. He refused me brutally, with many hard words, saying that I only wanted to go in order to mortify him, to set him an example, to shame him. . . . I was obliged to give in — to wait — and finally to content myself with a hospital in Paris, where I often spent the night, so that I saw him only very rarely.

I was astounded one morning to find him again in military costume. Thanks to his knowledge of English, he had succeeded in being taken on by an American War Relief Committee, and this enabled him to wear uniform without being actually in the army, and to assume a martial air.

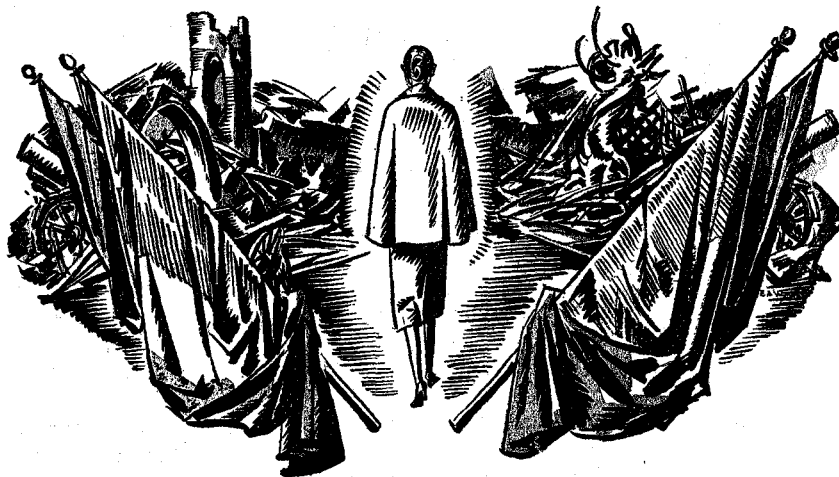
But poor Robert had no luck; his patriotic speeches soon led to his being selected for service at Verdun. As it was impossible to get out of this decently, he thought it "his duty" to put a good face on it, so much so that he was shortly given the *croix de guerre*, to the great admiration of Gustave, my parents, and quantities of friends who went into ecstasies. At Verdun, where he sent for me to come and see him, he managed to pass as a hero. I think he was merely waiting for this decoration to get sent home, and thanks to the influence he possesses, he was able to bring this about.

When I expressed surprise at his sudden return, which agreed very ill with the fine speeches about constancy and fortitude I had heard him make a short time before at Verdun, he explained that he knew for certain, from an unimpeachable source, that the war was on the point of coming to an end, and that he felt he could be more useful in Paris, where the morale appeared to him less good than on the front.

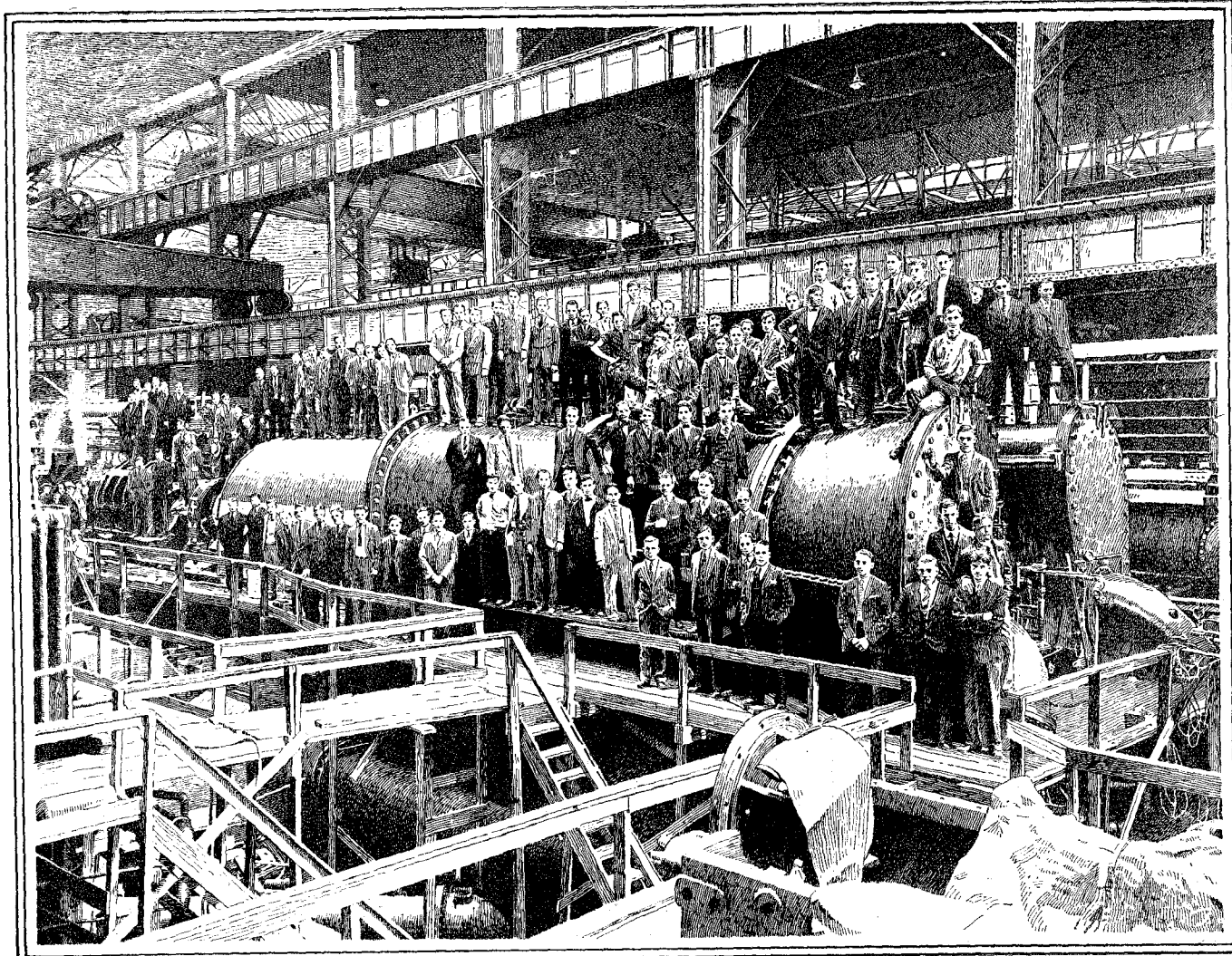
This was two days ago . . . and yet I uttered no reproaches. Since our painful explanation I accept everything without saying a word. It is not so much his actions that I despise, as the reasons he gives for them. Perhaps he read my contempt in my eyes. He suddenly became resentful. His decoration no longer allows him to doubt the authenticity of his virtues and at the same time permits him to assume that others will take them for granted. I, who have no *croix de guerre*, have need of virtue itself, for its own sake, and not for the approbation it might bring me. "Chimerical" creature that I am, I have need of reality. After having naïvely congratulated himself on having come through the war at so small a cost, and seeing that I could not repress a smile, he suddenly exclaimed: "As if you wouldn't have done exactly the same thing yourself!"

No, Robert, I cannot allow you to say this; I cannot above all allow you to think it. I did not answer, but my mind was instantly made up. I managed to see Marchant that same evening and settle everything with him. He was good enough to take the necessary steps for me. To-morrow I shall go off quietly to the hospital at Chatellerault. It is behind the lines and I shall have the appearance of being in perfect safety, which is what I want. Genevieve is the only person who knows the truth. How did she find out the kind of illness that is nursed there? I do not know. She implored me to let her come too and take service at my side. But I cannot permit her to expose herself to such risks; she has all her life before her.

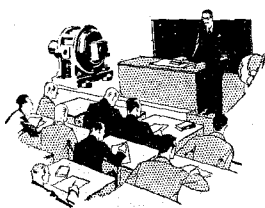
"No, Genevieve, you cannot, you must not follow where I am going," I said, kissing her very tenderly, as though to say good-bye. My dear Genevieve is not satisfied with appearances either. I love her dearly. I am writing this for her to read. It is to her that I bequeath this book if I do not return.



THE END



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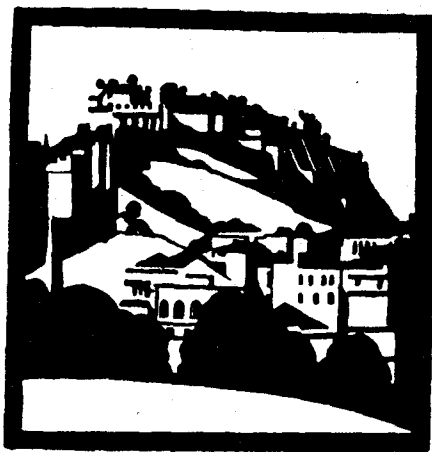
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TRAVEL



Forgotten SHRINES

by HUBBARD HUTCHINSON

WE WERE pouring over maps—four of us, with our heads together and our fingers tracing blue lines through Umbria and Tuscany; lines gemmed with the magic names which lie between Rome and Florence—Viterbo, Orvieto, Perugia, Assisi. There was a pleasant babble of voices and a clatter of cups, and soft-footed, smiling Italian maids came and went, removing the ruins which our appetites, whetted by excitement, had made of *pasti* and tea. They brought cigarettes and lighted lamps and shut out the Roman twilight darkening over the stone pines of the Borghese gardens outside. We argued vehemently.

"But we *must* go to Cortona!" cried the painter. "Fra Angelico's 'Annunciation' is there, and Signorelli. . ."

"Yes, of course. But you know—" the architect lifted a serious face from the map—"I'd like to see some place that's

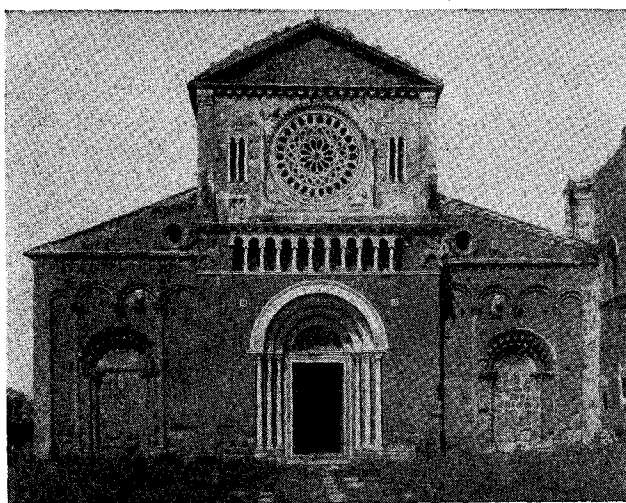
tance of forty years in Italy. He had listened to our planning, it seemed to me, much as De Lesseps might have listened to the questions of children digging a canal in the beach sand.

Now he looked across to his wife and his eyes twinkled.

"I think," he said, "that we might safely tell them. They're after the right things. They're enlightened."

"You know," his wife explained, "when you've lived here as long as we have, you discover places. Then you love them and feel a proprietary interest in them, and you're a little reluctant to reveal them to tourist-folk who eternally hurry. But you—" she broke off with a gesture which indicated that we were exceptions. "Yes, I think we'd better tell them."

But the archaeologist shook his head and stood up. "No. We will only hint. They must discover it for themselves.



Church of San Pietro, Tuscania

a bit off the beaten track, that has something unusual, where people don't usually go. There must be any number if one knew them."

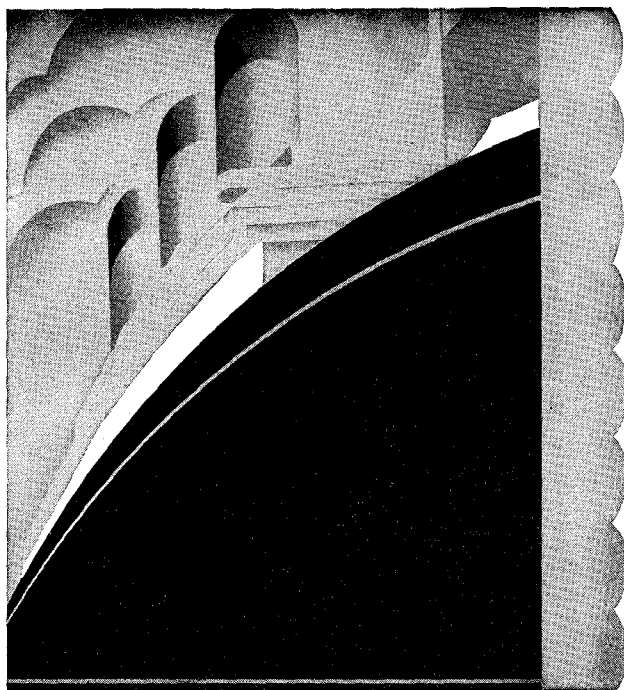
He turned to the archaeologist, to whom we had come for advice. The archaeologist sat in a deep chair, surrounding himself with the incense of an enormous pipe and smiling at us benignly from the dis-

They'll value it more. Now listen, my children. There is a town twenty-seven kilometers due west of Viterbo. I shall tell you no more. Go and find it. Don't bother with the town. But the two churches outside it—" he drifted off into his study and to the sixth century B.C. Etruscans from whom he had for a reluctant half hour detached himself.

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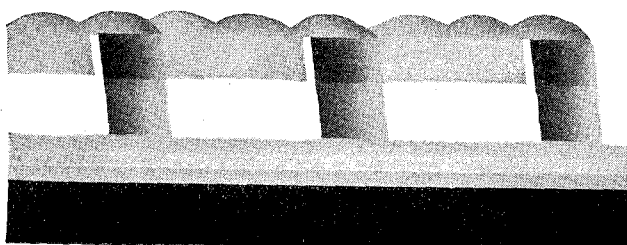
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Travel

Three days later, in Viterbo, we were again bending over maps. Cries of triumph rose.

"That must be it — Tuscania!" The architect indicated a small dot among nubbles of mountains, far from the railroads. We consulted the concierge and Baedeker. The first was voluble; the second terse. The concierge assured us that we could hire a car — he had a friend — for two lire a kilometer.

"An open car," said the painter sternly. "Closed cars in Italy are like stuffed ears at a concert."

"But assuredly, *signorina*. The car of Giovanni, it is entirely open — and of a swiftness!" He snapped his fingers.

Baedeker observed: "two noble Romanesque structures of that period, S. Pietro and S. Maria Maggiore," and barely starred them with a dim fourth-magnitude tribute.

THUS UNHERALDED, Tuscania came into our lives. It has remained there, its small perfect flame undimmed by the refulgence of Orvieto or the twilight of Assisi.

We quitted Viterbo after lunch by the Porta Fiorentina, and turned left with the first road that leaves the Via Cassia. The hills unfolded round us, smooth, bare, and green, as if the centuries had moulded them to an even contour. Here and there perched *contadini* houses squared with old walls and surrounded by black groves of stone pines. And at the end of an hour we saw below us a vivid green hillside and on it two churches. One rose from the ruins of citadel walls; the other stood alone in a meadow below. Both were a soft, weathered red, with cream-colored stone trimmings, and both stirred us, even in that first glimpse.

We disembarked before the lower church, S. Maria Maggiore, and sent the car into town, half a mile away, for the custodian, while we examined the façade. Its proportions were broad and low — the lines of the ancient Roman basilica out of which it had evolved. The three doors were fretted with exquisite carving and in the lunette above the central door, a Madonna and child stared out at us. The archaic simplicity of the sculpture strangely resembled the work of such modernists as Manship. On one side Abraham sacrificed Isaac; on the other the Lamb dreamed within the Holy Circle. Peter and Paul as sturdy burghers adorned the pillars below. The figures had the stiff grace of the early thirteenth century, and the designs the varied richness of the budding northern fancy working like a strong leaven in the dying Byzantine. Everything was there — Greek volutes, Norman mouldings, Arabic symbols; above all, those quaint symbolic animals in which early Christianity hid its liturgy



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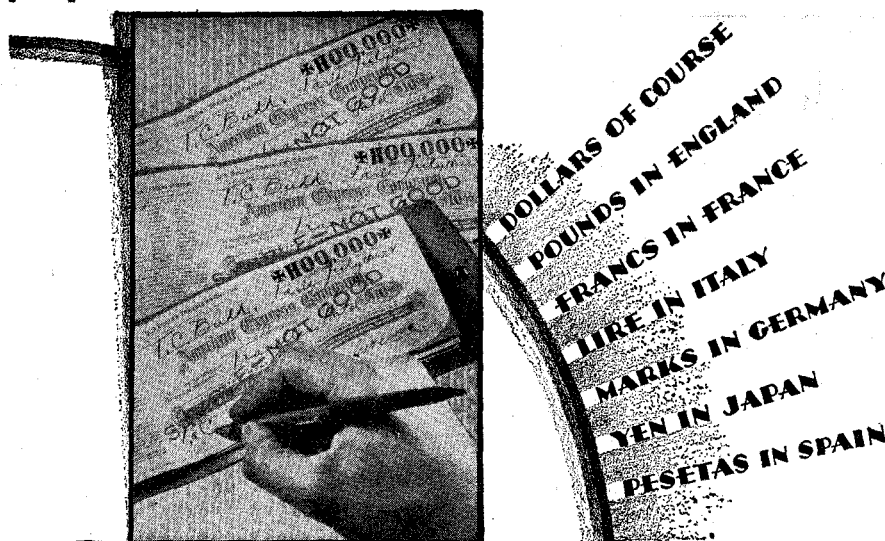
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Travel

from a hostile world. From every age and time the patterns had been gathered into the hands of the mediaeval workmen.

Before our noses were badly flattened upon the iron grills, the custodian came and unlocked them. He was an ancient whose façade seemed quite as venerable as that we had been studying, and far less attractive; whose dental archivolt were missing and whose clerestory was rheumy. We entered a cool, bare interior. Its frescoes were all gone save a gigantic Last Judgment above the high altar, in the manner of Giotto, with an august God presiding over a fantastic heaven and hell, and bestial devils gorging themselves on supposedly unrepentant, and certainly naked, ladies and gentlemen. One imagined the whole church glowing with high color, the pageantry of the Christian legends marching round the walls and meeting at the altar. Yet I daresay the northern mind finds the austere grace of the bare stone, the striking variety of the carven capitals more acceptable than the intended brilliance, brought up as we are upon the tradition of Gothic, which depends for its appeal upon structure occasionally blossoming into carving, rather than upon painting.

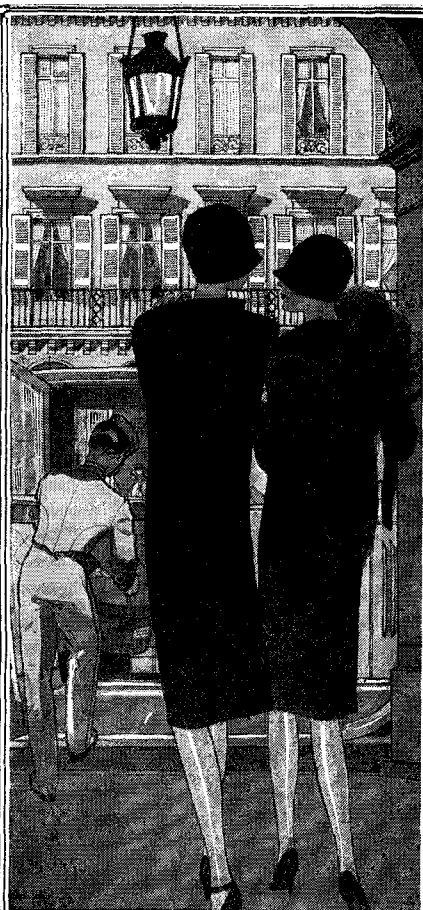
ONCE MORE outside, we paused again before the quaint, stiff grace of the figures decorating the central portal.

The architect pointed to Abraham.

"Might have stepped out of yesterday's comic strip," he said, chuckling. "It's the Jew comedy face of all time." And it was. Religious sincerity did not, obviously, impede the mediaeval sense of humor.

This one church was enough to justify a journey from Rome. But more was to come. From it we climbed a grassy road toward S. Pietro, accommodating our pace to the ancient custodian, who spluttered beside us. Thus we approached the church slowly from the rear. From S. Maria Maggiore it looked very trim and fit, and one half expected to see tonsured Franciscans emerge from the episcopal palace attached to it, and to hear bells sounding for mass. But as we drew nearer and its details unfolded, we could see that it was almost a ruin. The windows of the palace gaped like sightless eyes; the doors sagged from their hinges. Grass and rank acanthus obliterated the old paths.

Yet it was not wholly dead. For hens scratched and clucked and paused to look at us, and a family of black pigs grunted comfortably from the vestibule where pages had lolled, and from a peasant shack built under the shadow of the lordly house, a cow regarded us benevolently. There was something touching in the humble invasion of this ruined grandeur, something pastoral which saved it from any sense of desolation and gave it a curious and gentle peace.



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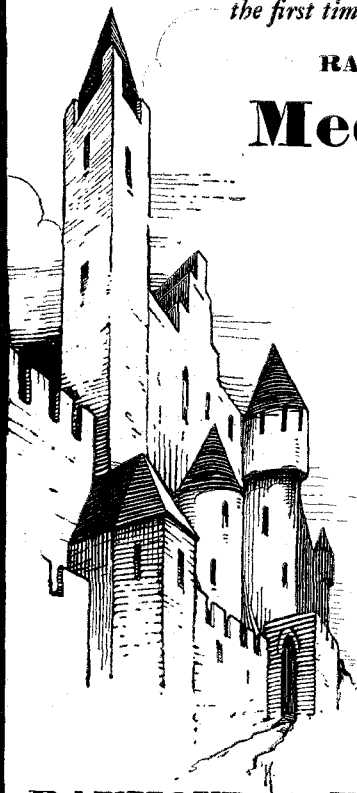
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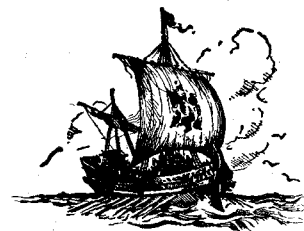
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THE BLUE RIDGE

A BREEZE comes in your window, rattles the blind and sets the tassel a-swinging . . . air that has been strained through tall pines . . . air with a tang. You breakfast like a hunter and through the window the mile high peaks of the Blue Ridge seem close enough to touch. "By Jove, what a place!" you muse, as you step out on the sun-flooded terrace into another sapphire day. That air comes down from the mountains as sweet as honey, as vibrant as a violin note. There are the Smiths whom you met in Deauville last Summer . . . and the Jones's who were on the "Berengaria." Not surprised at all to find them in Asheville each spring.

IRELAND

IT REQUIRED the lyrics of an Englishman adequately to praise Ireland. That was almost four centuries ago. Spenser's song without music called Erin a "Chosen plot of fertile land, Amidst wild waves sett like a little nest; As if it had by Nature's cunning hand, Been choysely picked out from all the rest." Where is the loveliness to excel Killarney, Kenmare, or Bantry? Parting with Piccadilly and Leicester Square is easier, according to a more modern writer, than leaving beloved Tipperary.

And then if you want other reasons, just as strong, there are the Vale at Avoca, Waterford, and the talisman of cajolery, Blarney Castle.

TO SWEDEN

TOWARD the end of a voyage across the northern Atlantic, barren, granite islands, rounded off like the cast-off steel helmets of warring sea rovers, rose out of the Kattegat. It seemed hardly feasible that a thousand years ago the Vikings sailed from these very shores, adventure bound, to Gaul, Albion, and even perhaps to America. On a high cliff the red cottages of fishermen perched impudently. Soon Gothenburg. Then came Stockholm, Abisko, Visby, Värmland, Scania, Dalecarlia, and many more.

AND CANADA

THERE is still a lot of fun up in Canada, in Quebec, for instance, where winter is still king of the playboys.

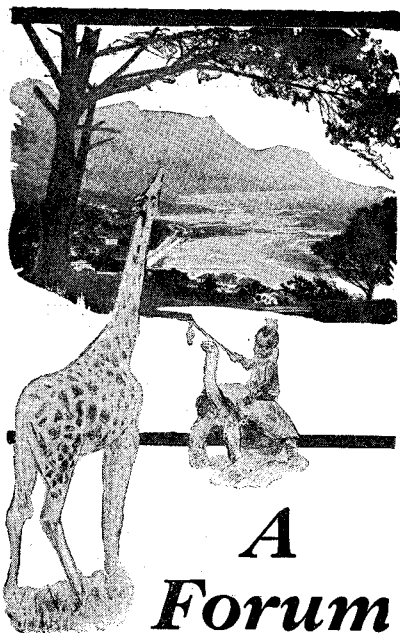
Indian golf tournaments and snow-frolicking galore. Ice statuary gleams in the last of the winter light. There are parties for the week-enders and old timers . . . carnivals . . . breathless fun from cock-crow to the time when the owls flit abroad. Scandinavia may well have her claims to quaintness, and the Riviera to sophistication, but if you'd be a boy or girl again. . . .

THE REDWOOD ROUTE

YEARS ago those "foolish" tourists who wanted to enjoy out-of-the-way places, would have to take the consequences —and they usually meant riding on bronchos and burros after leaving the trains. Then came the famous Apache Trail with long, comfortable buslimousines. Then the Indian Detour and the celebrated Zion Canyon trips in summer, and Death Valley in winter and 'tween-times. Now even newer ways have been cut, right through the heart of the Redwood region and the famous Douglas fir forests. These monsters of nature thrust forth their buds, bowed their heads with the wind, and cast off their leafy raiment each winter years before the slaves were toiling with the building of the pyramids in Egypt.

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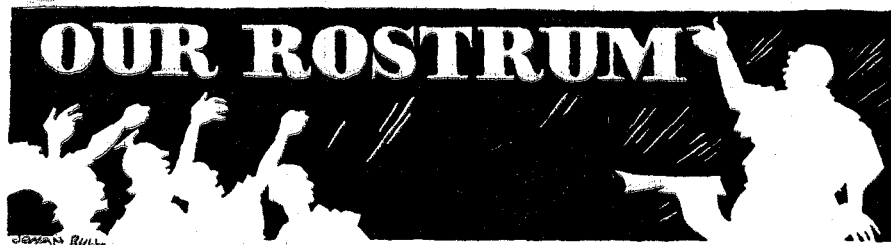
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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

War and Peace

Last month Kirby Page and Rear Admiral Fiske took up the cudgels over the question of peace and the best way to maintain it. Admiral Fiske supported armed preparedness; Mr. Page advocated an elaborate campaign of peace propaganda. In the following letters they answer each other's arguments.

To the Editor:

Concerning the reference of Admiral Fiske to human nature and the fighting instinct, I should like to offer the following observations:

First, this identical argument was used for centuries by defenders of numerous evil practices and institutions which have since been abolished. Dueling, for example, was defended on the ground that as long as human nature remains unchanged men will be quick to resent insults and will therefore engage in duels. To-day human nature remains substantially the same as it was in past ages, yet the duel has vanished from most civilized countries.

For centuries it was maintained that slavery would last until human nature was radically transformed. In a public debate in 1858 the Reverend W. G. Brounlow maintained "that slavery having existed ever since the first organization of society, it will exist to the end of time."

Furthermore, it was long contended that wars between cities, between feudal baronies, between states would survive as long as human nature remained unchanged. Yet cities now live in peace with one another and our states have broken the interstate peace only once in a century and a half. The argument from human nature does not explain why cities and states live amicably with each other, while nations frequently go to war. There is an additional factor in the latter case.

Moreover, the fact that the fighting instinct is not primarily responsible for wars between nations is indicated by the further fact that the fears and hatreds of the masses have to be stimulated artificially before they will go to war. Propaganda of falsehood and distortion is indispensable to the waging of modern war. In addition, governments must resort to conscription. Voluntary enlistment failed

to produce the required number of soldiers in all belligerent countries during the recent war.

The additional factor is found in the dogmas and emotions of nationalism. It may not be possible to make radical changes in human nature, but it is possible to transform the doctrines of national interest, national sovereignty, national honor, and national patriotism and bring them into conformity with the economic and political realities of the modern world.

KIRBY PAGE

New York City

To the Editor:

In replying to Mr. Kirby Page, please let me point out that:

1. At no time have I based the existence of war primarily upon the fighting instinct. My whole endeavor during several years of writing on military matters has been to show the reverse; to show that nations have fought to get something, much as two dogs fight to get a bone. My statement in regard to the unchanging character of human nature said nothing about the fighting instinct as a cause of war, but it pointed out that human nature is such that people are naturally acquisitive, will fight simply to get what they want — not to satisfy the fighting instinct.

2. Mr. Page's reference to dueling "has nothing to do with the case." Dueling was always extremely rare; it was merely a fantastic, artificial, and wholly futile way of settling questions of "honor." It had no *raison d'être*, except that, in times when law and order were not enforced as they are now, it did tend to make men more civil to each other.

3. Mr. Page must surely see that his confusing of the "cities" and "states" within the borders of our nation with the "free cities" and "free states" of Europe subjects him to the charge of disingenuousness. Our cities and states are under the government of a president, whereas the "free cities" and "free states" of Europe were and are under no government except their own. They are responsible to themselves alone.

4. Of course, Mr. Page is correct in placing the blame for war largely on nationalism. But we cannot have nations without having nationalism, and we could not possibly have a civilized world with-

out nations. It has been competition between nations which has brought forth civilization, for among nations, as among individuals, "competition is the life of trade." But in this puzzling world, to every advantage there seems to be some accompanying disadvantage. An instance of this truth is the fact that, accompanying the advantage of competition among nations, has been the disadvantage that the competition has often occasioned wars.

BRADLEY A. FISKE

New York City

An Acknowledgment

To the Editor:

It was understood that when you printed my poem, "The Return of Christ," in your December number, you were to accompany it with a note stating that I wished to acknowledge great indebtedness to Witter Bynner for the original suggestion out of which the poem grew. The fact that this detail was overlooked is easy to understand; but I must ask you to put the matter straight now by printing this letter. Bynner is projecting a poem on a similar theme, and it would be unfortunate if anyone gained the impression that his idea did not antedate mine.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

Hillsdale, N. Y.

What is Character?

Forum Definitions

Many of the definitions submitted this month were almost identical in meaning. The following were chosen because they expressed their ideas most clearly and briefly.

1. Character is the accumulation of natural and acquired physical, mental, and moral traits possessed by a man which distinguishes him from his fellows. (*Mrs. W. C. Ribenack, Little Rock, Ark.*)

2. Character is that particular aggregate of traits and capacities which determines the individual's approach to life and distinguishes him from all others. (*Mrs. J. F. Knight, Seattle, Wash.*)

3. Character is that combination of qualities in a person, mental or moral, stamped by nature, education, or habit, which makes each of us peculiarly different from every other person. (*Charles E. Kaufman, Colorado School for Deaf and Blind.*)

4. Character is a mass of acquired habits and inherited traits, forming in the individual during his plastic years, modified by training and environment, and then turned into fixed and immutable principles or rules of conduct. (*Helen M. Stone, Minneapolis, Minn.*)

Next definition: What is a SNOB? Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by March 25. Prizes of \$5.00 for each winning definition.

by
**GLENN
FRANK**

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

*"Maps are
a stimulant
to my mind"*



BOOKS, newspapers, magazines, and the ceaseless flow of propagandist pamphlets bring us so many facts, so many opinions, and so many ideas that the job of selection and assimilation becomes yearly more difficult.

Maybe the ancient Greeks thought more because they read less!

I have found that a liberal use of charts and maps helps greatly in finding a way through this modern maze.

No good executive presents to his board a wordy document and a wilderness of figures if he can state his problem with a series of sweeping curves on a graph. Put before a board in graphic form, ideas, policies, and situations that are complex become clear by virtue of the fact that every aspect of the idea or situation is shown at one glance in its relation to the other aspects involved.



When we read, facts enter our minds in single file. And, entering one at a time, many of the facts lose the association with related facts that the writer intended. Some form new and strange associations. Most of them never find their right place, but float about in a muddy whirl until they sink out of sight.

A map or chart gives us all it has at once.

I look at a map of Europe. There is France. There is Germany. There is Russia. There are the new states born from the womb of the World War — Czechoslovakia and the rest. I see them in their relation at one glance. The whole of Europe is one fact to me. I might read a book on France, then on Germany, then on Russia, then on the new states. And Europe might become to me not one fact but a dozen facts

that did not fit together in my mind.

I like books of travel. A good volume on geography fascinates me. But when I want to sense the world as a living organism, I look at a map.

Sometimes books are a sedative to my mind.

Maps are a stimulant to my mind.

Y Y Y

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Another American Tragedy

Theodore Dreiser deserts the buskin for the sock.

To the Editor:

You ask me to answer Mr. Chesterton's vigorous and obviously heartfelt attack upon myself in the February FORUM, but in all sincerity I am not greatly interested. For what are philosophies anyway? Good Lord! The world is full of them. Quite everyone has a philosophy of his own and spurns every other, as here and now I do Mr. Chesterton's.

But with this difference — for where mine moves him to speculate violently upon a fistic encounter with me, his evokes my blandest smile. For neither his faith in revealed truth, nor that excellent business organization, the Catholic Church, nor his generally superior educational and other standards, appear to restrain him from this unhappy desire for violence; no, not even the near-conversion of Professor Irving Babbitt, for he still desires to meet me in the street. I quote — "We might, indeed, meet in the street and fall on each other."

Yet I would not fall on Mr. Chesterton — not ever — not as evil as I am. For, as I hear, he is a man of weight in England, some two hundred odd pounds on English scales, and hence, if our American scales be as true, of equal weight here. Besides, I am small and of a retiring, apologetic disposition and would not risk myself in any such unarranged contact.

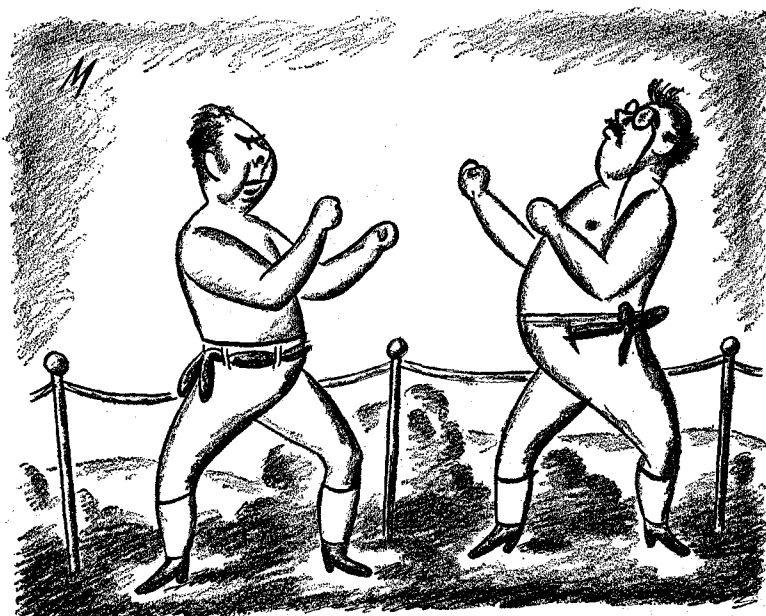
But I have a suggestion, a most profitable one as I see it, for both of us. For only consider the standing of Mr. Chesterton and the Barnumesque or Tex Rickardish (Peace to his ashes!) possibilities of such an arrangement as I am now about to

propose. For by a single agreement and contract which might involve little more than a fairly carefully simulated violence, what publicity — what shekels — the names of each of us spread across the front page of all our English and American papers — our fortunes made! Via the courtesy and consent of Mr. Chesterton, of course, I propose the receipt by myself of a black eye at his kindly fist — either one. And since my situation is as it is — that is, not too prosperous — in a public way and for money. For who am I? Am I rich? Am I looked after? Am I liked in America or in England? I am not. Yet, as I view it, with one swipe, if not one stone, Mr. Chesterton might render me, and at the same time achieve for himself, an almost incalculable boon. Oh, Lord! I scarcely know how to present it, but actually it appears to involve fame, fortune, the outright sale of all my neglected works, the rejoicing of the entire American body politic in some form of punishment for me, and, *au contraire*, the elevation to the supreme position of protagonist and avenger of no less a person than Mr. Chesterton himself. Hence — fame, honor, wealth for him also. Can he ask more?

There would be the necessary contract — so much for the movie news reel rights, so much for the newspaper photographic rights, so much for the tabloids with their story of the encounter in pictures, so much for each personal interview or statement — in and out of the talkies — in short, five hundred thousand dollars at least for the two of us.

And as to the technique or stagecraft of all this — my fateful hour — here it is. For assuming that he consents, then either he comes to America or I go to London. I suggest, though, that we would make more money if he came to America, for here we seem to be peculiarly gifted for

GILBERT "K.O." CHESTERTON vs. "DREADNAUGHT" DREISER



Drawing by Julian De Miskey

"A Spectacle Inoffensive to Ladies"

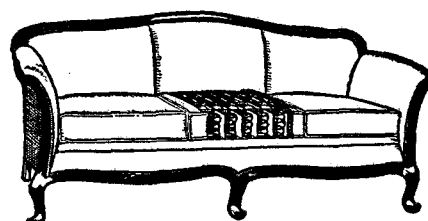
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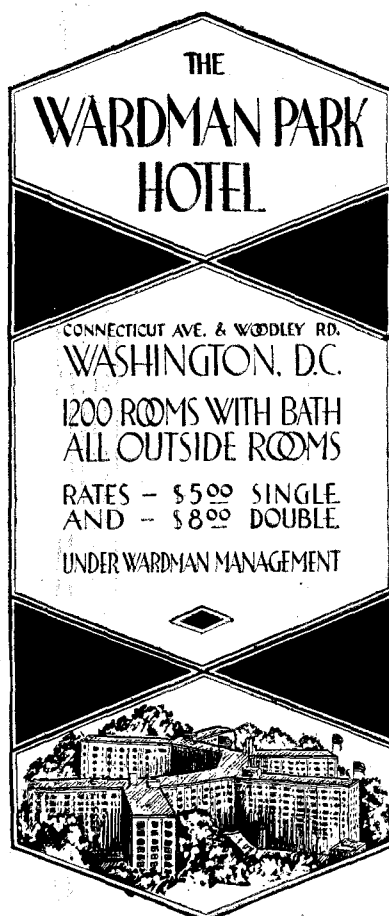
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Our Rostrum

this type of stagecraft and publicity. There would be Times Square roped off, traffic stopped, police in platoons drawn up to control traffic and the throng, stands and writing tables for movie as well as newspaper men, and their cameras built and decorated. Perhaps—who knows?—a moment or two of silent prayer. After which Mr. Chesterton and myself approach swiftly, and for myself I hope courageously, from opposite directions.

A band plays, say, "Rule Britannia." Coincidentally, the English and American flags, crossed in friendly embrace, might be swung from neighboring windows or roofs. And then I, drawing near from somewhere, would frown and exclaim, "Upon my word! An obscurantist! A fundamentalist, no less! A believer and yet non-believer in free will! Ha!"

And then Mr. Chesterton in reply, and striking as distinguished a free will position as possible, might exclaim (I am not wishing to dictate, but merely suggesting—his own words you know) "Ha! Exponent of a dull and discolored illusion of indigestion; of a philosophy not bright enough to be called a nightmare; smelly, but not even stinking with any strength; smelling of the stale gas of ignorant chemical experiments by dirty, secretive schoolboys—the sort of boys who torture cats in corners; spineless and spiritless like a broken-backed worm; loathsomely slow and laborious like an endless slug; despairing, but not with dignity; blaspheming, but not with courage; without wit, without will, without laughter or uplifting of the heart; too old to die, too deaf to leave off talking, too blind to stop, too stupid to start afresh, too dead to be killed, and incapable even of being damned, since in all its weary centuries it has not reached the age of reason!"

Whereupon, and strictly according to the preliminary arrangements, I, if I should be still standing, and "with malice toward none—charity for all" would exclaim, "What! You say that to me?" Whereupon Mr. Chesterton (a mere suggestion I may add) might shout, "Impossible mess! Dirty, secretive schoolboy!" At which point, my share of the "gate" being what it is, I contract to reply, "What! You truly Dickensian villain! You exponent—and in one and the same breath if you please—of faith and free will! You hopeless echo of dogmatism and lunatic revelation!"

Whereupon I am sure, if I did not, Mr. Chesterton would and should attitudinize and strike. Mayhap he would honor me with a black eye—although I pray not! But as balm, of course, Mr. Chesterton, the headlines—the percentages! And in view of these, subsequently, surely a little American handshaking between us—a

genial slap or two on the back, only not too rough, you know.

I call your attention, Mr. Chesterton, to the advertising, as well as the financial possibilities of all this. It seems to me that we are confronted by a really great opportunity. Five hundred thousand dollars—something over one hundred thousand pounds—and at least seven hundred and fifty thousand agate lines of reading matter next to advertising.

Oh, my dear Mr. Chesterton! My dear, good, free will-ist! Obscurantist—anything you will! Oh, do not fail me! I beg of you! For only consider—all my hitherto neglected books dusted off and, if not read, at least sold. And—the age we live in being what it is—my reputation as a writer at last established by a fight! And such a fight! And with whom! The honor! Oh, I implore! I appeal! Whatever else you do, Mr. Chesterton, do not fail to fight me. It will be the making of me, and at last!

N. B. Item from the New York Times of February 21, 1929. "Owing to undue excitement evoked by a proposed public physical contest between himself and Mr. G. K. Chesterton of England, to be staged, as it was rumored, either in New York or London, and intended to minimize, if not entirely dispose of, certain differences in their respective philosophies, and while in company with his publishers, lawyers, publicity representative, and a large company of fans intent upon arranging for and furthering a world wide publicity campaign in connection therewith, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, the notorious American realist, yesterday at 3 P. M. Eastern time sank into a state of coma, wherein at this writing he still lies, and was removed to St. Vincent's, his favorite Catholic hospital, where small hope is at present entertained for his recovery. It is said that he babbles continuously of fifty-fifty, a black eye, world wide publicity, free will, faith, the doom of the Catholic Church, and authors of real weight in England."

THEODORE DREISER

New York City

Lies! All Lies!

Trader Horn's collaborator denies that he is a direct descendant of Jonah.

To the Editor:

My American publishers have called my attention to a letter under the title "Debunking Trader Horn" in your November issue, written by Dr. Fred Puleston of Daytona Beach, Florida. Would you do me the courtesy of publishing my reply?

The circumstances of Horn's departure for the West Coast of Africa, as pictured by Dr. Puleston but nowhere stated by Trader Horn, are wrong, and would appear to be dictated by unbalanced if not malicious exaggeration. Hatton and Cookson did not "go to a school" and pick out

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Our Rostrum

the seventeen-year-old Aloysius Horn to go on an expedition which Dr. Puleston misleadingly compares with a "special mission to China."

What Hatton and Cookson did was to help out old family friends of the firm — the well-known shipping family from which Horn springs — by making a job on the West Coast which would rid the Horns of an incorrigible and wild boy of seventeen who was not wanted at home.

Horn never was one of Hatton and Cookson's clerks in the ordinary sense of the term. He did not go out under the same circumstances as an office clerk but under special terms which no doubt allowed him more opportunity and scope than a clerk would have had of seeing the life of the Coast. He was a buyer and a barterer.

Dr. Puleston states: "Horn infers that he was in Equatorial Africa more years than he could remember and Ethelreda Lewis places it anywhere from thirty to sixty years."

This sentence is a deliberate misstatement of Puleston's: I challenge him to find any place in the Horn books where I have said such a thing. Even in those first days before I realized Horn's hopeless vagueness as to dates I never imagined that he was on the Coast after the age of twenty-five. But when Horn infers that he was in West Africa "more years than he can remember," is it not natural that when looking back over such a great space of time he should forget the actual number of years he has spent there?

As for the Ivory Coast: Horn calls the part which he knew best the Ivory Coast. It was the coast where he traded in ivory, and that was near enough for him. I have been informed by a London *Times* reviewer that the true Ivory Coast is further north. I admit that I should have known this, but this is no dishonest crime on the part of either Trader Horn or his editor.

As for Rhodes: Dr. Puleston's denial that Horn ever met him is not only presumption on his part, but it betrays laughable ignorance of the ubiquitous nature of Rhodes. There is hardly an old trader and prospector in South Africa who has not had an encounter of some kind or other with Rhodes. We think very small beer of the crocodile incident as an added attraction to such a literary book as "Trader Horn." As a matter of fact it is one of those journalistic passages which to my mind make Volume I inferior stuff to Volume II of the Horn books. I shall never forget the snub the old Trader gave me once on this very subject. I had been pressing him for more detail about Rhodes' character, or any incidents he might know about him. I knew that with the average reader such ordinary material would help to sell the book, would help to find a publisher — a consideration I

should have been foolish to despise. Horn said, "You want me to tell you more about Rhodes? Aren't I telling you all I know about George Bussy who was the friend of Dickens? Why, *that's literature!* And you want me to tell you stuff about a common millionaire?"

Further, Dr. Puleston says in the course of a wild crescendo passage of fury, which is, I fear, nothing more than an aging man's pent-up envy of a contemporary, who in similar circumstances got more out of life than he did, that Horn "never rescued Rhodes from a crocodile." I again challenge Dr. Puleston to quote the line and chapter in which Horn makes that statement. All that he told me was that he had had Rhodes, with a friend, taken from a rock where they were sleeping off the heavy intoxication arising from raw prickly-pear brandy. He took this precaution because, only a short time previously, a native woman had been taken from the same rock by a crocodile.

But the dishonest insinuations of Dr. Puleston become something more serious when he voices the opinion that some of "the wild ridiculous stuff in *Trader Horn* is stolen from *Hell's Playground*, a book dealing with the Ogowe River and six Hatton and Cookson men." Surely the word "stolen" comes very near to a violation of the law of libel? What is Dr. Puleston going to do about it?

A fact that is rarely understood by the readers of *Trader Horn* is that his story as I have told it is a study in the psychology of a man — bad and good and all that in him is. The history of the man Horn was meant for the wise and the literary, the witty and the tender-hearted; but Fate decided that it was to go far beyond that Epicurean horizon and be a favorite with all sorts and conditions of men, the bulk of whom are not interested in the psychological aspect of a man and care only for what he did and saw. It is here that Dr. Puleston and his kind come in.

There is a footnote in *Trader Horn* which says, in effect, to the reader: "Here is an old man who told a lie to me on his first appearance on my doorstep. It was a lie about his birthplace and there may be others elsewhere in the book. Here then is the book — take it or leave it on those conditions." Were I to edit the book again, I should still add that footnote, for I still think that although there are misstatements and exaggerations and the dates are all muddled, what remains of value is not only remarkable but is *all that matters* in a book so teeming with rich philosophy and a rich and unique love and knowledge of Nature and human nature. It is not the facts of Horn's life that matter to the literary reader for whom I wrote. It is his fancies. Facts are common to all; but such fancies as Horn's are common only amongst the rare souls and those touched with a certain quality of genius.

ETHELREDA LEWIS

South Africa

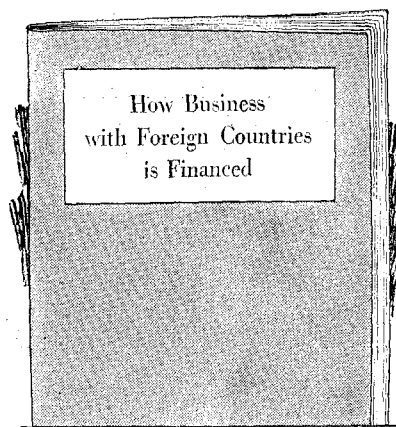
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The GLANDULAR Hypothesis

by DONALD F. ROSE

IT IS NO dark secret that we have a lot of children. A large family is one of those things which it is difficult to keep entirely a private matter even in the most exclusive neighborhood, which ours is not. A glance at our morning milk bottles, the débris on the front porch, or the wash on the line seems to tell the story to the most casual observer. One look at our domestic façade and the beggar, the burglar, and the income tax collector pass us by, while the old clothes dealer and the insurance man walk right up and ring the bell.

It is universally agreed that we have a lot of children, and the only doubt in the neighborhood is concerned with the question as to whether we are working toward any definite objective. We ourselves confess without shame that we have given so many hostages to fortune as to seriously embarrass that erratic lady and fatally cramp her style. If ever she knocks at our door it is either impossible for us to hear her, or she herself backs away in consternation.

It may be supposed that this wide and varied experience, extending as it does as far as the eye can reach, confers upon us the right to speak with authority on the upbringing of children. A man with ten or a dozen cows would be expected to know something about cows. A man who had accumulated ten bunions would be by way of becoming an expert on bunions. But this law does not apply to children. The ignorance of parenthood increases as the square of the distance, beginning with a sort of confident omniscience and diminishing to the vanishing point where one has sufficient children to know absolutely nothing.

In contrast to our own confessed ignorance, the one-time parents of the modern world are a law to themselves and to everyone else within reach. I have in mind my distant cousin Flora. Since her budding youth she has been devoted

and dedicated to the production of the Perfect Child. She began her campaign by creating disturbance and devastation among the eligible youths of the neighborhood, and singling out for special misery those whose eugenic possibilities were above reproach. As far as could be determined by terror-stricken onlookers, Flora was even then in the throes of serious intention. She was clearly hunting through a haystack for the father of her child.

Eventually she found and married him. He turned out to be a half-pint edition of what the well-dressed man can wear, and all Flora's friends knew she must love him very much indeed. The fact that there was so little of him was overwhelming evidence of the specific gravity and density of her devotion.

There was nothing Victorian about Flora. She was up to the times and in fact about twenty minutes fast. She faced the facts of life unafraid, and even knew that babies are born with their eyes open or at least open them immediately upon entrance to the visible world. She allowed for this by having the entire house repapered. Environment, she knew, was of the utmost importance. She had studied elementary behaviorism, and she knew that aside from a few unconditioned embryological responses more or less beyond her control, the child's future was hopelessly involved in its earliest impressions.

She began at once to sterilize and fumigate him to a fine point. Short of boiling the baby every morning, she did all that might be done to render him and his environment totally prophylactic. Then she started to eradicate his original sin. She pruned away his physical liabilities and vestigial or evolutionary remnants. She had him plucked of tonsils, adenoids, and spare teeth. We protested in friendly fashion that she was virtually frittering her son away in minor operations, but our opinion was ignored. Later

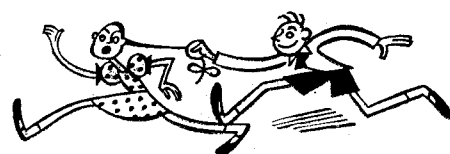
she began the reconstruction period. The child was injected, inoculated, and vaccinated in all available localities, both rural and urban.

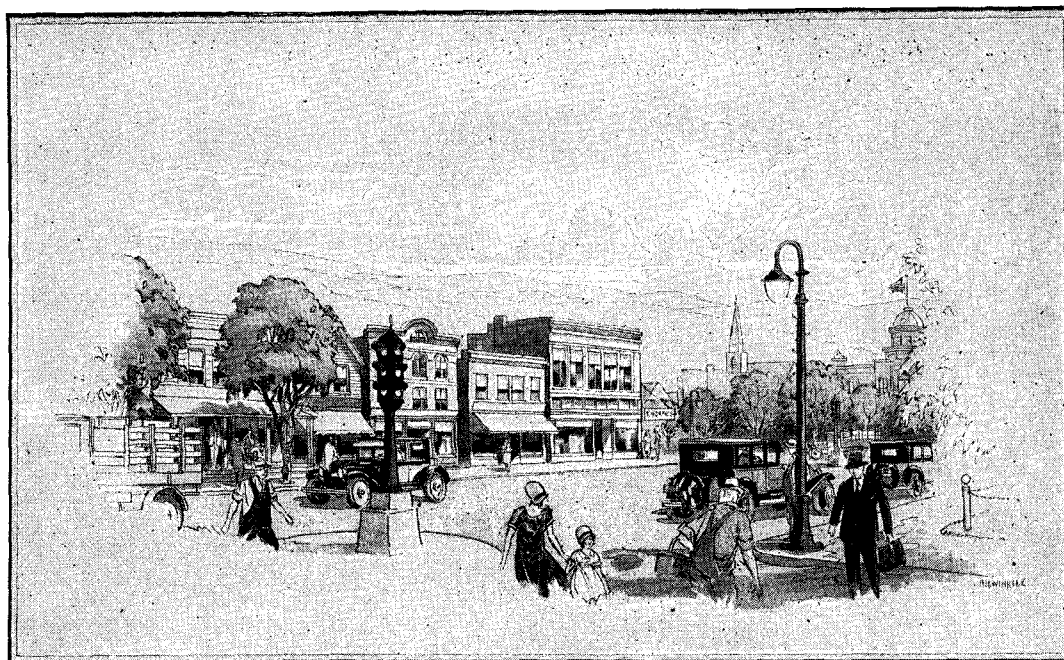
Since science has been advancing almost as rapidly as the child, Flora has lately discovered new possibilities. He lives now in the intimate awareness of his own glandular orchestration. If he fails in high-school arithmetic he comes home daily to a diet of sweetbreads until his thyroid reactions are back to the norm. If his mother finds him reading fifteen-cent magazines in bed she grows darkly suspicious of his adrenals. When he uses bad language she starts to poking at his pituitary.

After seventeen years of this scrupulous and scientific care, the boy is determined to become an interior decorator. His mother is in despair. Somewhere the system has slipped, and she can only suppose that in her haste at the time of his birth she picked the wrong wallpaper.

Flora, of course, is on the right track. She is, in fact, on half a dozen right tracks, all guaranteed by irrefutable science. We have been trying for years, in an amateur and futile way, to emulate her. Moreover we have been watchful of contagion and infection, though it is perfectly obvious that no ordinary microbe would have a Chinaman's chance in our household. We have dabbled in the theory of serums and vaccines, and come to the conclusion that the prime need of childhood is an efficient antibody for bee-stings and stubbed toes. But to our horror and distress we find now that the children are growing up before we have come to any definite conclusions as to how they should go about it.

Perhaps we need most of all an accurate index to the little ductless glands and their moral and physical implications. When the baby breaks his oatmeal dish it would be satisfying to be able to put a monitory finger on the endocrinological source of the accident. Just what we should do next we don't know, but at least we should feel the assurance of the scientific attitude, which is singularly lacking when we simply say "Naughty, naughty" and mop up the oatmeal. But the real trouble is that the children will not be still while we think and seek wisdom. It takes all Flora's time, aided and abetted by the cohorts of science, to bring up her child in the way it should go, and in the end it doesn't. We ourselves have given up hope of bringing up our children at all. Fortunately they grow up anyway, and to date none of them shows the slightest disposition to become an interior decorator.





TOWN AND COUNTRY

THE LITTLE TOWNS of America, founded as the farmer's trade centers, are assuming still a further function, a greater destiny. Industry is distributing itself, breaking the bands of congestion and concentration. The widespread distribution of electric power *wherever it is needed* enables industry to locate wherever it is most advantageous from the standpoints of transportation, markets, raw material and labor. And so factories turn more and more to the small community.

This—a profitable course for industry—is strengthening the small town and giving it an important status in America's industrial scheme. The farmer profits, too—in the strengthening of his

local markets, in the increased money available for public works and education without increasing the farmer's taxes, in the stable and well-rounded economic development which results.

There is, as a result, a closer union of factory and farm, of land and industry, of men with the soil from which their sustenance comes. In the small town, industry and agriculture are joined.

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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

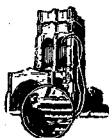
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Wanted—

FORUM readers have responded generously to the recent request for information as to the whereabouts of certain back numbers. However, the following are still in demand:

September	1916
July	1917
December	1918
January	1919
August, November, December	1923
January	1924

If you have any or all of these issues on hand and are willing to dispose of them at a profit, will you please get in touch with the

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FORUM

441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.



In Defense of SPECULATION

by DONALD REA HANSON

WHY DID the public flock to Wall Street in droves early this winter to buy stocks when the cost of carrying those stocks was far greater than any possible yield that could be derived from their purchase? For months prior to the vertical rise in call money rates to 12 per cent, in December, it had been predicted that the turn in the long bull market, which has raged since election day in 1924, would come when the cost of carrying stocks on margin rose definitely above the dividend yields. But the bull market surged forward throughout the autumn, despite the steadily advancing call money rate. It came a cropper early in December, when the money market got temporarily out of control and day-to-day loans were costing 12 per cent, but sharp as the break was, it was dwarfed by the greater advance which ensued later in the winter.

There was sound reason behind the arguments of those who believed that high money rates would turn the rising trend of security prices into one of decline. Until about a year ago the dividend return on stocks was generally greater, at the prices then prevailing, than the cost of carrying those stocks on margin in brokers' offices. There were stocks like Pennsylvania Railroad, United States Steel, American Telephone, and scores of other standard issues, selling at prices which would net the buyer 5 to 6 per cent on his money at a time when the money to carry them could be borrowed at 4 or 5 per cent. It was entirely logical to assume that so long as business conditions were favorable and no clouds appeared in the financial skies, people would be inclined to buy stocks for the profit obtainable from dividends if for no other reason. And it was also entirely logical to believe that when prices advanced to a point where dividend yields were 4 per cent or less, and call money rates were up to 6 per cent or more, such speculative holdings would be liquidated. To be sure there were exceptions in 1927 and 1928, just as there have been exceptions for many years previous, where a particular issue paying little or even nothing in dividends would soar to fantastic heights when it caught the fancy

of the mass of traders. But such stocks are not always the substance of bull markets. They represent the froth, the front page ballyhoo which serves to remind those in the hinterland that Wall Street is still doing business.

The only answer to the question why people bought stocks under such circumstances is that they hoped to sell those stocks to other people at higher prices. This, of course, is the object of all speculation; but it does not always form a solid foundation for speculation. Florida, in 1925, presented much the same spectacle. Carefully selected real estate usually makes a splendid equity investment, and Florida possessed wonderful natural advantages which should have made Florida real estate valuable. But the prices paid for most Florida holdings in 1925 had very little relation to the probable earning power of the land as an investment. The incentive to buy then, in most cases, was the hope that the same piece of property could be sold to someone else at a higher price than it was bought for.

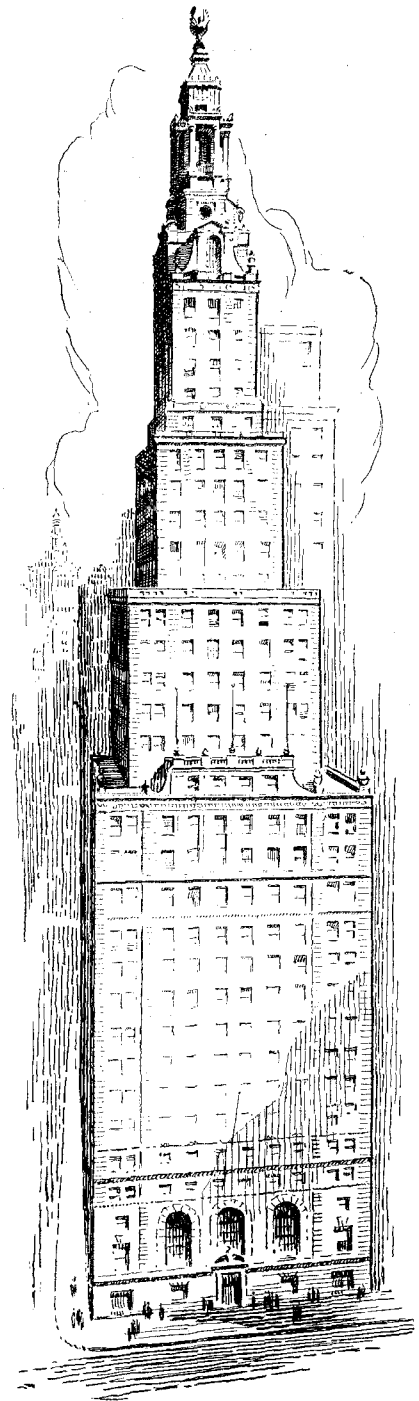
WALL STREET'S NEW CREED

IN DEFENSE of its position an entirely new creed has been developed in Wall Street. The first tenet is that common stocks, if diversified, will in the long run prove more profitable for investment than bonds or fixed obligations. The second is that the supply of credit in this country is inexhaustible. The third is that the brilliant prospects which cast halos over the titles of some of the best known corporations in America entirely justify prices that are twenty to twenty-five times the annual earning power per share of common stock. Another tenet is the assumption that major cyclical swings in business in this country are a thing of the past. Still another is the belief that in the present prosperous state of the nation, the annual increment of savings is such that there are not enough good stocks available to meet the demand of those who buy strictly for investment.

Now this creed, in its major tenets, has a great deal to recommend it and with

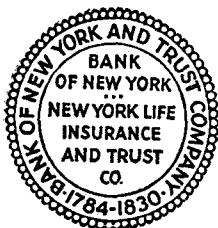
Trust Facilities For Modern Needs 1830-1929

WITH the multiplication of securities and the growing complexities of corporate finance, dependence upon adequate records, proper accounting and precise technical procedure assume an importance greater than ever before. Modern conditions practically compel the use by corporations and individuals of trust company facilities. The prudent man of means gives careful consideration to executorships, living trusts, life insurance trusts and custodian accounts. And the value of the fiduciary services offered by this bank is achieving wider recognition than in any period since they were instituted nearly a century ago.



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No. 3 of a series of advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated



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Downtown

reasonable limitations it may be endorsed. But the very first limitation that should be considered is the extraordinary height to which prices have risen already. The strongest investment security may be a poor speculation at too high a price, not even excepting Liberty bonds or British consols. Another limitation is the need of considering the application of the creed to the particular point in question. Common stocks very likely will prove most satisfactory for long term investment if reasonably and intelligently diversified. But even assuming that the United States will make as much progress in the next fifty years as it has in the last, there is some doubt whether purchases made during an extraordinary stock market boom may not cause the holder regret over a number of years during which intermediate reactions are under way. And intermediate reactions have punctuated our progress very frequently during the last half century. The supply of credit may be inexhaustible, if we contemplate what the credit requirements may be during the next fifty years; but in view of the loss of gold in this country in the past year it may fairly be questioned again whether we are not approaching a period of temporary exhaustion. As for purchases of stocks at prices twenty to twenty-five times their earning power, in the past this has been justified where the right stocks have been selected. Doubtless there are many stocks selling to-day at prices which appear to be high, but which may seem low in years to come. However, it will be strange indeed if in the meantime a number of the currently popular issues do not fall by the wayside.

As for the assumption many are making that major cyclical swings are a thing of the past, that may be putting the case rather strongly. But the evidence now available suggests that these cyclical movements have been vastly modified, and barring the possibility of such violent economic eruptions as occur with the outbreak of wars, they may very well continue to be modified.

By far the most potent of the legitimate factors in the bull speculation of the past few months, however, is that which is based on brilliant prospects for individual companies. In many cases these prospects do not appear to have been exaggerated. Indeed, who shall say what the future profits of such new industries as radio, television, aviation, electric power, chain store methods of merchandising, and so on will be? Frequently, however, these prospects are confused with past performance. Because a given industry, or a given company within that industry, has doubled its sales or earnings every five or ten years for the past decade or two, it does not necessarily follow that this rate of progress will be continued. In this age of scientific

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 Ans.—Cities Service Common is favorably regarded. Consolidated net earnings have been very substantial and have shown great increases during recent years. You may buy fifteen shares. You may keep the rest of the money in the bank for emergencies.



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Note: The above clipping is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken, together with name of the investment writer can be furnished upon request.

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Send copy of Booklet "TPO-176" describing the investment possibilities of Cities Service Securities.

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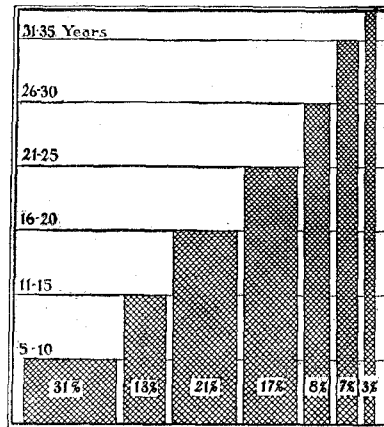
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Address EDITOR "DOWNTOWN"

THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Downtown

advancement it is conceivable that new inventions and new methods of doing business will be developed with startling rapidity in the next few years.

WHAT IS AHEAD?

IN THIS connection some clear headed economic observers are cautiously asking whether the current era in industry is not the culmination of an era of industrial, scientific, and commercial development to which the centuries to come will add but little that is new. Those investing their fortunes on future prospects may do well at least to give heed to what has already been accomplished and not ask too much of the future.

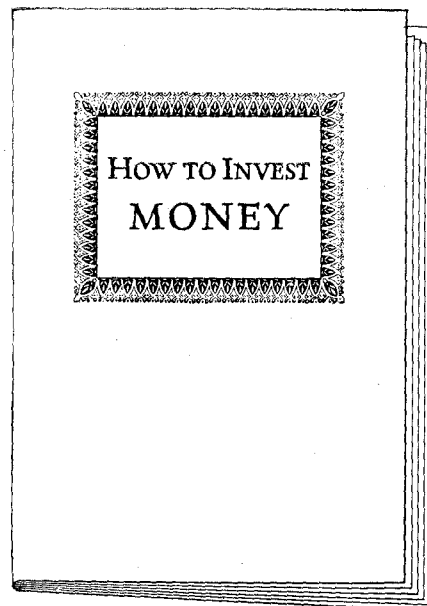
Finally, in considering the future prospects of industry, commerce, and speculation ought we not to raise a question as to whether the apparently inexhaustible demand for goods and services in this country has not been exaggerated to some degree by the tendency to live upon the profits of speculation? In other words, has not the real purchasing power of the community been exaggerated by the practice of the American people of selling their capital assets at a profit and treating the profit as income?

This is an important point that was ably defended by Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank of New York, at the annual meeting of the shareholders. "Fortunately," said Mr. Wiggin, "they (the American people) have recapitalized by investing part of the profit, but not all has been recapitalized. A substantial part has been spent upon current consumption, partly luxury consumption, and the volume of consumer demand has undoubtedly been increased thereby. Part of it, also," he continued, "has been taken by the Government in taxation. Here, too, fortunately, the policy of reduction in public debt has helped to return part of these profits to the capital market. The calendar year 1929, in view of the recovery during 1928 in corporate profits and the widespread participation in securities in our excited stock market, will probably witness a volume of revenue for the Government from individual income and corporation taxes greater than can be counted upon in the years immediately following. The large revenues can easily be made the excuse for increased appropriations for current purposes. Neither the Government nor the business world can afford to rely upon an indefinite continuance of a rising stock market. Both should consider the possibility of a reduced national income when profits from capital appreciation are reduced. The Government should not relax the Coolidge—Mellon program of debt reduction while large revenues from this unusual source are available."

BEWARE FALSE PROFITS

MR. WIGGIN lays greatest stress upon the relation between swollen apparent profits and taxation, but does not ignore the possible effect on the purchasing power of the people. In substance the situation boils down to this. A typical American business man on a \$5000 annual income sees his \$1000 investment in American Telephone stock grow to a value of \$2000. He decides to sell his stock to buy a house. Accordingly the aggregate apparent purchasing power is increased by this \$2000. But it is largely non-recurrent income, and accordingly non-recurrent expenditure. Multiplied by thousands of other cases this all helps to magnify the apparent purchasing power of the people. Business for the electric refrigerator company, or the automobile manufacturer, or whoever else benefits, is "good," for the time being. But to this extent the additional expenditure is misleading, and is not to be confused with current expenditures from income received. Furthermore, if the \$2000 of American Telephone stock passes to the hands of a speculator who borrows \$1500 from a bank to carry it, the effect of the whole transaction is to create prosperity by swelling bank loans. This is clearly a case of living on the capital. It neither swells the capital fund of the country, which goes to support the level of security prices, nor creates a really healthy business situation.

At the beginning of the current year most of the comments of business men, bankers, and economists on the immediate future of business were optimistic. Many of these comments were restricted to the first half of the current year, but there was an encouraging degree of unanimity of opinion as to the general soundness underlying business. A few deplored the excess of speculation in the securities markets, probably because of their keen realization, through past experience, that an excess of speculation tends eventually to undermine the entire business structure. Speculation is not unethical, despite a common tendency to deprecate it. American progress would have been limited indeed were it not for speculators of the type of Columbus, Isabella of Spain, the Pilgrim Fathers, or the sturdy band of farmers that opposed the British soldiers on Lexington Green. Transcontinental railroads would never have been built but for the courageous speculators of the early '70s. Speculation has built many of the great foundations which have been established for the advancement of human welfare and endowments which have financed splendid works in science. But excess of speculation, the mob hysteria and greed which blew the Mississippi River bubble to the bursting point, has never been permanently constructive; and it is excessive speculation which has created what now appears to be the only weak spot in the business situation to-day.



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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A review of recently published institutional advertisements of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be sent upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WISE PUBLIC BENEFACCTIONS. A booklet prepared for public-spirited persons planning such benefactions and making clear the advantages of a standardized form for charitable trusts. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 52 Wall Street, New York.

WHY CHAIN STORE SECURITIES ARE EXCEPTIONAL INVESTMENTS. A booklet containing a thorough discussion of chain store systems, explaining why these securities possess such unusually attractive investment features. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

TWELVE TESTS FOR INVESTMENT. A booklet particularly valuable for the inexperienced investor. It lists twelve questions which should be satisfactorily answered before purchasing any security, with the reason for each test carefully explained. It also contains a discussion of the relative merits of stocks and bonds from an investment point of view. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A SOUND INVESTMENT POLICY. This booklet presents seven cardinal principles of safe investment. Both experienced investors and beginners will find it worth reading. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE? This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department

FORUM MAGAZINE

441 Lexington Avenue

NEW YORK

TOASTS

SOME weeks ago the famed Oxford Union was highly entertained by a debate — "Resolved: That This House Prefers Athletic To Aesthetic Education." The debaters were "that distinguished man of letters, SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA, who rose and presented with serenity and wit the case for aesthetics," and George II, deposed King of Greece, who — still a Royal Prince of Denmark, his fatherland — said, "I can't speak the King's English, but I can swear in the English vernacular . . . and I prefer the burly man of bone and gristle to the professor and the pedant." The Oxford Union decided, when the discussion was finished, that "vernacular George II had lost the debate." Before going to Oxford as Professor of Spanish studies, Señor Madariaga was chief of the disarmament section of the League of Nations for six years — a comprehensive background for his articles on "This Muddling World."

HAVING moved her husband to a "Sound of Heaven," Mrs. Reid confesses that she was rather disappointed that someone else would be after going through the "Miss Addington — or, the Reid — is now in the nineteenth century house in the afore-mentioned household with an evil disposition — the prototype of her husband, who, very set up at being immortalized in THE FORUM, has long since ceased speaking to other commoner dogs. Mrs. Reid writes, "I have various enthusiasms: Dickens, prize fights, Samuel Johnson, fencing, Colonial houses and furniture, Beethoven, George Gershwin, butterscotch pie."



E. D. MARTIN

psychology at Cooper Union and the New School for Social Research, EVERETT DEAN MARTIN holds a leading position in adult education. The lectures which he recently gave at Cooper Union, and which attracted the largest audiences in the history of that organization, have been published under the title, *Psychology: What It Has To Teach You About Yourself And Your World*. A nephew of Sigmund Freud, noted psychologist, EDWARD L. BERNAYS

has been largely responsible for the growth of a new profession — namely, public relations counsel. As a member of the United States Committee on Public Relations during the war, he was in charge of the propaganda material directed to the South American republics and then worked with that committee at the Peace Conference in Paris. As press agent for Caruso, Otis Skinner, and others, he gained a knowledge of modern publicity methods. His later work has



E. L. BERNAYS

been varied — aiding ex-service men in post-war readjustment, helping Lithuania to establish her independence as a nation, advising leading industrial organizations in Europe and America — all of which has placed him behind the scenes in some of the most important movements in the economic and political world.

I AM six feet four, have black hair, have been married twice, was raised on oatmeal, have two infants, and last month's rent is paid," writes RALPH M. PEARSON. As a student of modern design in all its aspects, Mr. Pearson is one of the pioneers in disseminating knowledge of modern arts and crafts. He gave up a life of fame as an etcher to teach us moderns how to like modern art.

AFTER seventeen years in the ministry, DR. FREDERICK KELLER STAMM, pastor of Calvary Reformed Church of Reading, Pennsylvania, writes, "I am trying to evaluate the facts of life as I see them, taking whatever of criticism or commendation comes my way, and having more or less of a difficult time to preserve a spirit of optimism in the face of a dark and gloomy world." FORUM readers will remember Dr. Stamm's discussion of "The Bible To-Day" in April, 1928.

IT WAS with sadness and deep regret that we learned of the recent death of ELINOR WYLIE, author of *Orphan Angel*, *Mr. Hodge* and *Mr. Hazard*, and many other delightful novels and poems.

A FRIEND of ROGER W. BABSON describes this statistician and financier as a charming person who rarely talks to keep a conversation alive, but who is explosive and will blow any tradition — kept intact by smugness and routine — into smithereens. Mr. Babson tells the following on himself: "The mother of a child who had received a letter which I write to all new members of our church

In the NEW RHYTHM

THERE is a new rhythm to the times. Life has more snap, more color, more go to it. The 'old stuff' seems slow and stodgy. Pictures that caused a sensation yesterday are in the attic today. Music that enraptured the souls of our forefathers, if heard now would simply put the galleries to sleep. There is a new slant on every subject, a new swing in every activity. But nowhere is the modern movement more in evidence than in the magazine field. For a magazine to be of any real value must know and interpret the life of the day. It must be quick to catch any new note, any change of pace, any gathering of the current thought for a new jump. It must step to the music of the day. It must be up to the minute; and if it is worth its salt it must keep one or two jumps ahead.

It is for these very reasons that intelligent people everywhere are turning with a sigh to *Book Chat*. Here at last is a literary magazine with its ear to the ground! It hears the man on horseback long before he arrives, and, with its readers, is on hand to greet him. It has completely disproved the old idea that a magazine devoted exclusively to books must be dull and prosy. Quite the contrary. *Book Chat* is from cover to cover delightfully entertaining. There isn't a dull page in it. There isn't a thing you'll want to skip. *Book Chat* catches the spirit of the times and puts it down on paper. And if you are really interested in breasting the literary flood of the day you can find no better life-preserver than *Book Chat*. We have lately been enlarging our format, and we have added materially to the number of pages, but with all these modern improvements a dollar will bring it to your doorstep for an entire year. Why not fill out the coupon, attach a dollar bill and thus insure your literary life for the year to come?

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Toasts

said, 'Oh, Mr. Babson, Mary is so glad to add your autograph to her collection. She has two from Wellesley Hills now. Gamaliel Bradford's, which her catalogue values at \$1.75, and yours, valued at fifty cents.'

AS a professional sleuth, Dr. W. BÉRAN WOLFE spends most of his time in trailing the inferiority complex to its lair. A former associate of Dr. Alfred Adler in Vienna, Dr. Wolfe is now psychiatrist in the Children's Court of New York City.

ONE of the Western school of poets, AUDREY WURDEMANH hails from Seattle, Washington.

JACK WOODFORD describes himself as white, thirty-four, and English, with no ambitions, no pet aversions, and no great enthusiasms—and, strangely enough, he says, "There is nothing in contemporary life that I would change, even if I could." Twelve years of successful writing may have had something to do with the forming of such convictions.

BOTH CHARLES NORMAN and THOMAS HANDFORTH have found their greatest inspiration away from America—Mr. Norman in Paris and Mr. Handforth in Africa.

HAVING already discussed, in *FORUM* pages, companionate marriage and the paradox of Achilles and the Tortoise, BERTRAND RUSSELL, the English philosopher and educator, needs no formal introduction.

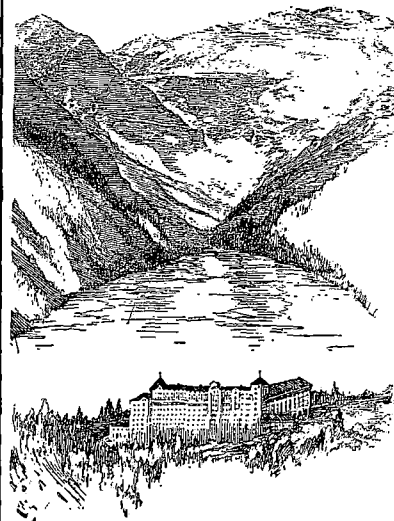
WITH the publication of *Orlando* last fall, VIRGINIA WOOLF captured the popular as well as the critical fancy. Her story, "Slater's Pins Have No Points," which *THE FORUM* published in January, 1928, was given honorable mention by Edward J. O'Brien in his choice of the best short stories of 1928.

BORN of Huguenot ancestry in Paris in 1869, ANDRÉ GIDE is regarded as one of the foremost masters of prose in France.

KKNOWN to *FORUM* readers primarily for his genial and honest book reviews, DONALD F. ROSE has been presenting himself monthly to a few thousand others in his tiny magazine, *Stuff and Nonsense*. Recently *The North American Review* has incorporated this same brochure of humor within its august portals.

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Canadian