

heaven's sake to wake up and to see and have some principles, should ever try to make me have them, I would quit him cold and rejoice in being a martyr to my lack of principles.

Yet I have them. I will tell the readers of *The Nation* a secret. Senator Borah is no progressive either. I and Senator Borah—the press gallery has precedence over the Senate—I and Senator Borah are progressives of the vintage of the period between 1776 and 1787. We—I and the Senator—are for what we regard as human liberty. We accordingly are for free speech and for the free right of labor to organize and to struggle for more power. We are for all that sort of thing.

We also are for the guaranties of it in the Constitution. We think that the Constitution does guarantee it. We think that if we elect Presidents who will appoint fair judges to the Supreme Court, the Constitution of 1787 is in absolute realistic fact a palladium of liberty.

Liberty is what we are for. That's why we're progressive. Because we're progressive, and because we're for liberty, we're against governmentalization. We hate these modern increases of governmental powers and functions. We do not want government big. We want it small. That's why we're conservative. A true progressive must at this time often be a conservative.

That's my proposition. That's why I'm in bad. And Senator Borah would be in bad, too, if he weren't so much cleverer than I.

## Cassandra

By LOUISE BOGAN

For me one silly task is like another—  
I bare the shambling tricks of lust and pride.  
This flesh will never give a child its mother.  
Song, like a wing, tears through my breast, my side,  
And madness chooses out my voice again,  
Again—I am the chosen no hand saves,  
The screaming heaven lifted over men,  
Not the dumb earth, wherein they set their graves.

## Poet's Love Letter

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Blue birds invade the patience of the moon;  
The insubstantial trickeries of stars  
Seduce an inch of sky and make it vast;  
The night is like a lonely, poisoned boy,  
Who gulps down starlight and is once more healed,  
But rushes to a second treachery.  
Amid these semblances, where logic strides  
In chase of beauty, almost losing shape,  
You walk, fearless and yet afraid to move  
With legs that do not need a sheltering cloth.  
Ah, courage is the animated lie  
That shatters unreal linings of a heart—  
Exquisite counterfeit of fierceness where  
A soul compels the flesh to abdicate.  
What is the night except an argument,  
Renowned and wild, between the soul and flesh?

## In the Driftway

THE Arabian Nights contain no tale as dazzling, as breath-taking, as rainbow colored as the story of Fifth Avenue's rise in a century from a plan set on paper and derided by all sensible citizens—the reality being a wandering country lane leading vaguely from one small village to another—to the richest and proudest street in the world. The Drifter likes romance and he has it here in abundance. Carping editorial writers in New York newspapers may object that Fifth Avenue represents not only the amazing progress but the youth and brashness of America; the fact remains that what was a goat pasture in 1860 is now occupied by those great dwellings which out-of-towners point at and whisper about as housing New York's "millionaires"; that somewhat earlier one Garrit Storm spent a good many sleepless nights after his rash purchase, for \$45,000, of the Fifth Avenue block between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets, and that lately one of his many heirs died leaving a fortune of \$10,000,000, mostly in real estate; that when Amos R. Eno, in 1858, built a hotel on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street the enterprise was known as "Eno's Folly," and the wiseacres shook their heads and predicted a bad end for such an unbusiness-like attempt to establish a great tavern in the country.

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IN 1824 Fifth Avenue was planned on paper; at that time a collection of log huts housing fewer than one hundred persons had managed to grow up on the bleak shore of Lake Michigan, under the protection of Fort Dearborn, rebuilt after its destruction by the Indians in 1812. The knowing ones who laughed at the idea of plotting a street which cut through farms and across creeks would doubtless have become hysterical with mirth if someone had prophesied that by 1850 the Fort Dearborn settlement would grow to 28,269 persons, by 1860 to 109,000, and would be in 1924 the City of Chicago with a population of over three million. But of course no one made such a prophecy; in New York men were too busy to bother with such nonsense. They went about their affairs in the city and spent their leisure in their country houses; sometimes they stopped overnight at an inn; in 1850 they might have stayed at Madison Cottage, the tavern at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, provided they were willing to comply with the following rules for guests:

Four pence a night for Bed.  
Six pence a night with Supper.  
No more than 5 to sleep in one Bed.  
No Boots to be worn in bed.  
Organ Grinders to sleep in the Wash House.  
No dogs allowed up stairs.  
No Beer allowed in the kitchen.  
No Razor Grinders or Tinkers taken in.

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THE gulf between Europe and America never shows more plainly than in the rehearsing of tales like these. The Atlantic Ocean is a quiet brook compared to this sea of difference that divides an old world from a new, a world where "antique" carries with it the traditions of a thousand years and one where it refers to the late eighteenth century. Consider the contrast between the young Americanized Italian admiring his Fifth Avenue and the Flor-

entine. The latter sees, as he looks from his window deep-set in stone, the same narrow streets, the same type of house, and in many cases the same house, that his grandfather sixteen generations removed must have seen. Florence today looks enough like Florence of the fifteenth century to set at rest the heart of any ghost looking about for his former habitation; Savonarola, walking about on the square where he was burned to death in 1498, would notice a new statue or two, the iron tables and chairs of a modern cafe (built in the old style), and the bronze plate under his feet which marks the place of his execution. Otherwise things would be much the same. And how hard-put a citizen of Rome would be to vie with his American cousin in boasting of "progress." "Ah, yes," he might say, "but remember that in 1450 Rome was a city of wild-haired beggars who had for their houses the ruins of pagan temples and Christian basilicas." And even then he could be reminded that in three years the Pantheon, whose gold mosaic ceiling arches over its marble mosaic floor as securely as it did when it was built, can celebrate its nineteen-hundredth birthday.

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TO the European, accustomed to cities which have remained more or less stationary for hundreds of years, the fantastic tale of a mere century seems like a child's dream or the vision of a madman. In neither case it is to be taken seriously. This sister across the sea has, to be sure, managed to acquire wealth enough to make her word carry weight; but in art, in letters, in architecture, even in government, she is, necessarily, centuries behind her European relations or else merely copying their ideas. One hears that she is advanced in the matter of bath-tubs; but her grasp on the realities of life must be that of an infant. The Drifter, with a desire to defend his country while reserving the privilege of salutary criticism in private, cannot but admit the force of this contention. If America is crude, if she is ignorant, if she loudly trumpets one theory while practicing another, if she arrogantly assumes herself to be right because she is great, let these faults be set down to her youth and inexperience. It is conceivable that age may bring wisdom—possibly even the wisdom of China, which sits and sleeps. With the benefits of her upbringing and with the chance she has had to profit by the failures of others, it may be that America's future will be a brighter one than that of Europe seems to be.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### English for the Viennese

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editor of the Vienna daily *Die Stunde*, which I represent in America, asked me to thank *The Nation* for having published a letter by Mr. Swann Harding, Beltsville, Maryland, offering to send American periodicals to Vienna. This letter led to the organization of 185 American men and women who have nobly responded to Mr. Harding's appeal and expressed their willingness to furnish, free of charge, hundreds of English-reading Viennese with American periodicals.

I was asked, at the same time, to thank Mr. Swann Harding and all those who have been instrumental in bringing about this result.

Brooklyn, November 18

EMIL LENGYEL

## E. D. Morel

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I bear brief testimony to the splendid character and work of E. D. Morel, whose untimely death you, in common with all friends of public justice and humanity, deplore? I did not know him personally during the earlier of his two great adventures, his campaign against the atrocities of the Belgian Congo. But during the past ten years I have watched from close quarters, on the executive committee of his Union of Democratic Control, the magnificent services he has rendered, largely single-handed in his country, to the revelation of the truth about the Great War and the Bad Peace.

Considerations of his own personal safety and reputation counted nothing with this great-hearted truth-teller. Needless to say, he suffered every affront and contumely which unscrupulous patrioteers and their lying press could heap upon him. These men and their newspapers charged him openly with treason and the receipt of pay from Germany, well aware that in the heat of the war-fever he could not invoke the protection of the law of libel with the faintest chance of a fair verdict from a jury poisoned by the very lies he sought to expose. At last his enemies secured his silence for a time by a trumped-up technicality. But not for long. After his release from prison he pursued his purpose with unabated zeal, though with a damaged physique due to the heavy nervous strain which such maltreatment put upon one whose fighting spirit concealed a sensitiveness inseparable from his enthusiasm for justice. He shrank from the unmerited hatred of his fellow-men. The iron entered his soul and contributed to wear down his fine physique. Even after the extremity of the war-fever was abated, the general refusal to confront the greatest of the war-lies, the sole guilt of Germany, kept him in a continual emotional ferment, and imposed upon him new toils of controversy.

It would be idle to conceal the fact that the formation and the policy of the Labor Government were in some ways a bitter disappointment to him. His knowledge of foreign policy and his personal part in educating the nation to it to put the Labor Government in power seemed to most of his friends (and doubtless to him) good reasons for giving him a ministerial place in foreign or colonial administration. At any rate he expected from ministers who were his fellow-workers in the U.D.C. a bolder and more strenuous policy aiming to secure a revision of the destructive peace treaties and the falsehood they affirmed regarding the responsibility for the war.

His death cuts short the most truly glorious career of any Englishman of our time. In private life, I may add, he was the most lovable of men, full of kindness and considerateness, willing to listen and defer to friends who had not a tithe of his knowledge of affairs. His death, the latest war-victim, will bring a throb of personal sorrow to hundreds of private friends in different countries, brought in contact with him during this last decade of his spiritual adventure.

Washington, D. C., November 17

JOHN A. HOBSON

## The Klan in the Election

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some weeks ago when you or some one of your staff wrote a funeral oration over the dead body of the Klan I was amused, considering that I had recently been engaged in a bitter and futile attempt to prevent the Tulsa schools from falling into the hands of the Klan.

As the result of the election here in the Southwest is decided my amusement is tempered somewhat by pity. Are you not aware that the Republican landslide for Coolidge, especially in the West, was the work of the Klan and that Klan slates, non-partisan in character, were ordered from Atlanta and were put through almost without exception in every doubtful State?

In Oklahoma the county officials and the judges and the