

potatoes for breakfast, dinner, and supper; their only real excitement arises when one or the other of these fails to materialize. So it is even when the dead-line of starvation is considerably farther away. A property-owner of the Drifter's acquaintance was asked what he would do if he should suddenly find himself a millionaire. "Well," he began enthusiastically, "I'd have the roof fixed —"

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ON the whole, the Drifter considers that imaginary money is the most pleasant to spend, and certainly the easiest to manage. It needs no bank or vault; its owner is not troubled by importunate bond salesmen or the price of United States Steel common; and its chief asset is that having been thoroughly dissipated for some bauble which has turned out to be a fraud, it can, with no pain or trouble, be spent all over again for something else. On the other hand, the Drifter, as he indicated in the beginning, sees a lure in the amassing of wealth. To make money must be great fun; to have it in quantity must be a great nuisance. The simple solution would seem to be to make it and then give it away. And in that case probably the last person to refuse a moderate share would be

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Liberal Who Won

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The city of Rochester is a highly industrialized community of approximately 330,000 inhabitants. It is a beneficiary in practically all of its manufactured products of the Fordney-McCumber tariff. Its Republican orthodoxy is impeccable.

City, county, congressional, and presidential tickets go through with enormous majorities listed under the emblem of the Eagle. Al Smith has been a fly in the local Republican ointment, but on November 4 even Al trailed behind a 14,300 plurality for young Teddy Roosevelt in the county. Meyer Jacobstein, Democratic Congressman with Progressive and Socialistic support, carried the Thirty-eighth District by a majority of approximately 30,000 over his Republican opponent, while Coolidge piled up in the same area a majority of about 23,000 over Davis and La Follette combined.

Why this errant Republicanism, so shameless and so enthusiastic? There are three answers to this question—the man, the city, and the issues. Visualize a slight spare man in his early forties with a rather scholarly pallor about his face, black hair, dark eyes, a sensitive mouth, an honest and utterly disarming smile that flickers on and off as the mind deals now with humorous and now with serious matters. Born of Jewish parents who had been reared in Poland, Meyer was the fifth of nine children. Throughout his course in the Rochester public schools he was a newsboy on Main Street. He left school for a time, but was led back into the channels of education by people whom he met in the work of the Boys' Club of the First Unitarian Church. The story of that Boys' Club and of the influence of Dr. W. C. Gannett, pastor of the church, upon this Jewish lad and his friends is a part of the great American epic of immigration in which the Antins, the Schurzs, the Boks, and the Pupins have written worthy sections.

The ambitions awakened in the boy by these contacts carried him far. An A.B. from Columbia, a Ph.D. in economics from the same institution, a traveling fellowship won by merit, which gave him a year in Europe; a professorship in economics in the University of North Dakota and then in the University of Rochester, then the position of labor manager in the Stein-

Bloch Clothing Company—these constitute the main items of his pre-congressional career.

In Washington his service was unique. He established a Rochester office where during his absence all of his constituents, even the humblest, might bring matters to his attention. He carried on a most extensive correspondence with his constituents, consulting business men and labor leaders regardless of party about the bills with which they were concerned. His industry was indefatigable. He was an independent Democrat in the House as Borah was an independent Republican in the Senate, bringing every vote to the bar of his own conscience and judgment. Upon the adjournment of Congress he published at his own expense a report to the voters of his district, in which he recorded his position on every important measure and the reasons for it.

This independent liberal Democrat took with conservative Republican Rochester. The community liked him primarily because Rochester is an old-fashioned American city, and in Meyer Jacobstein it had an old-fashioned American for whom to vote.

Rochester, New York, November 11 JUSTIN W. NIXON,
Pastor of the Brick Church

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Up in Rochester, where not to be a Republican is not only a political but a social offense against good form and right thinking, the amazing has happened. A Jew, sufficiently convinced that this is not the best of all possible worlds to be called a radical by his opponents, politically a Democrat, professionally a teacher, has been reelected to Congress in the Thirty-eighth District.

Meyer Jacobstein did the impossible two years ago when running against a colorless politician-lawyer he won by the scanty but triumphant majority of 1,629 votes in a district which polls close to 90,000, the vast majority by training, tradition, belief, and apathy Republican. Jacobstein went to Washington imbued with the singular idea that a representative was supposed to represent. He opened an office at home at his own expense—he is a poor man—and there a competent secretary listened to anyone who came. Many came. No one asked them their politics or checked up on their affiliations. Jacobstein stuck to his quaint notion that part of his job was to be a link between the humblest citizen and his government. In the House this original man paid little attention to party lines. He upheld measures his intelligence told him were good, opposed others. He paid no attention to their origin.

This year he stood again for his seat. His opponent, a widely known lawyer, was presumed to have powerful backing, such as the Knights of Columbus, whose local leader he had been for two years. He made an energetic campaign, speaking sometimes as often as five times a day. He made skilful use in appealing to the conservatives and farmers of Jacobstein's known liberalism and the fact that he had the indorsement of the local La Follette Progressives. He played the "red" scare before audiences likely to be affected by it and the empty-dinner-pail-Democratic-tariff scare before crowds of factory workers. One of the great manufacturing plants refused to permit Jacobstein to address its workers within the plant at noon, although this privilege had been extended to his opponent. Well-meaning conservative gentlemen sent letters to the press insinuating none too subtly that Jacobstein was being financed by Moscow. At the eleventh hour the tom-toms of religious prejudice were beaten loudly in a mysterious letter to thousands of "selected" voters.

And the result of it all?

Coolidge and Roosevelt swept city and county by tremendous majorities—and Meyer Jacobstein was reelected to Congress by a majority of 30,000 votes.

Rochester, New York, November 8 PAUL BENTON,
Assistant City Editor, Rochester Times-Union

Business Swung the Election

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Minnesota, in Iowa, in North and South Dakota, and in other Western States there was a complete turnover of political sentiment between October 15 and November 4. That turnover was swift, silent, and secret. It was contrived and sprung upon the opposition with the force of a hidden mine, and succeeded beyond the hopes and expectations of the Republicans themselves. When La Follette called off his Western tour about the middle of October at Sioux Falls with the assertion that the West "between the Mississippi and the Rockies was aflame with Progressive sentiment" he was making no mere political gesture. Neither was so astute a politician as La Follette fooled. Everywhere there was evidence in Senator La Follette's remarkable meetings—where admissions were charged—that the voters were aroused and enthusiastic for the Progressive cause, just as there was evidence in the dull and perfunctory meetings of General Dawes that the Republican cause was languishing. Reporters from New York newspapers, making a tour of the West, brought confidential reports to State La Follette headquarters to the effect that La Follette and Wheeler had better than a fighting chance to carry eight or ten Western States. No fear was expressed at any time for Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, or Nevada; and South Dakota and Washington were thought sure for La Follette.

This revolution in political sentiment in the last two weeks of the campaign was all the more surprising when one considers that La Follette and Wheeler had a clear-cut moral issue upon which to campaign. Neither Senator allowed the voters of these Western States to forget Teapot Dome or President Coolidge's circumstantial connection with the oil scandals. Hitherto this has been just the kind of issue to which the American people have most quickly responded: common decency in government.

Obviously the Coolidge vote, therefore, was compelled—at least in those La Follette States of the West—by a sentiment powerful enough to reverse customary American psychology. Obviously the Coolidge vote was a fear-vote.

Girls in department stores were "shepherded" by lady foremen into the Republican fold. A clerk at a downtown store, the wife of a labor organizer, had to be reconverted to the La Follette cause every night following her daily inoculation with the Coolidge propaganda.

"Why, we won't have any jobs if La Follette is elected," she complained.

At State La Follette headquarters campaign managers were not unaware of this gigantic "whispering campaign" conducted against their candidates, but they were powerless to combat it. They were without newspapers. They could not get to the unorganized women workers, for here is where the seed was being sown.

One La Follette manager bitterly denounced the League of Women Voters following the election as a "disguised Republican club."

"The league," he asserted, "told the girls they must vote out of civic duty, and their employer told them how to vote."

The League of Women Voters claims credit for having secured the largest poll in the history of our country; and it is apparent that the new recruits to the Republican cause are women, and it is a matter of common knowledge that "devotees of civic righteousness" voted to indorse a party of unprecedented corruption, in order to guarantee prosperity.

This "whispering campaign" could not have been conducted without organization, but it was not by the ordinary paid workers of the Republican party. The new and novel fact about the campaign just closing is that for a period of two weeks the entire fabric of American business acted as a well-oiled political machine.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, November 7 M. H. HEDGES

Judge Lindsey in Danger

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We had not only the Klan to overcome but their women, and some of my old enemies—in sympathy with the Klan, if not Klan members—resorted to the circulation of the most vicious lies that could have been invented: lies which we were in no position to combat, first, because of lack of sufficient finances, for, as you know, such expenses are enormous and far beyond my means; the salary here is only \$4,000, and I had already spent over \$50,000 in my various election campaigns; and, secondly, because their work was done so quietly and insidiously.

The unofficial count gives me a majority of 301, the official count is now on, and one cannot tell what change it may bring with so small a majority to go on; this official count may not be completed for a week. There are also 661 absentee votes which might easily wipe out my 300. But, no matter if I should be elected by the official count, the Klan, on behalf of their candidate, will contest the election. This would mean an enormous expense to me.

I have also this additional danger to confront: If, even after the contest, I am declared victorious, it is the Klan's purpose to get rid of me by passing a bill in the legislature (which they will control, having elected a Klan legislative ticket) abolishing the court.

We want friends of Denver's Juvenile Court to know all of this. If the Klan accomplishes its purpose, it will have done something which no other organization was ever able to accomplish. In anticipation of this, they are gloating over the national fame it will bring them.

Denver, Colorado, November 7

BEN B. LINDSEY,
Judge of the Juvenile Court

Handicaps of the Progressives

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We did not say much about our handicaps while the race was on, but now that it is over it is wise to review them, because they may all be removed before 1928, except the handicap of a big campaign fund in the hands of our enemies and the handicap of labor intimidation by big-business interests.

An organization to cope with the Republican and Democratic parties cannot be built in four or five months. I was anxious for Senator La Follette to accept a nomination in 1920 from the Chicago convention. Had he done so, with four years of the right kind of organization work, we might have carried the election this year. We would then have avoided the handicap of an independent column on the official ballots. We would have had our own party name and emblem in all the States. We would have avoided the handicap of a political movement with only two candidates in the field for public office. We would have had State, congressional, and local candidates in the field, all working with their friends for the support of the national ticket.

In many States, Progressives who are with us at heart were not willing to come to our support because they did not want to be bolters from their old party, without having a new party to join. Senator Borah's course illustrates what I mean. We would have avoided the handicap of inadequate newspaper support. Many newspaper editors who were with us at heart would not come to our support and forfeit certain political patronage and prestige without having a new party to tie up to.

We had the handicap of the radical supreme-court plank. It was one of our best planks. I wrote and spoke in its favor. But it was an unwise issue to raise. Some Catholics and some Lutherans were made to believe that the permanence of their parochial schools depended upon constitutional guaranties which they thought might be over-ridden some day by Congress. Had the leaders of the Progressive movement all been gathered together in a national convention, I think they would have toned

down the supreme-court plank, making it more like the plank in the Progressive platform of 1912.

We had the handicap of disorganization among the farmers of the Northwest. Four years ago and two years ago the activity of the Nonpartisan League in the States of the Northwest was certainly a most important if not a determining factor in the election of Senators Wheeler, Ladd, Frazier, Magnus Johnson, Shipstead, and others, as well as in the election of several progressive congressmen and governors. The Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota and the Progressive Party of Idaho only partially filled the gap caused by the general breaking up of the Nonpartisan League.

Madison, Wisconsin, November 10 CHESTER C. PLATT,
Secretary, Wisconsin Nonpartisan League

Secret Balloting Openly Arrived At

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Secret balloting openly arrived at"—so one of the artists of Santa Fe aptly describes New Mexico's election methods.

Voting in most precincts of Santa Fe County took place at a schoolhouse. On one side of the school-building a window was open. Just inside, at a long table, sat the election officials; two Republicans and one Democrat in this particular county because the Republicans are in power. Outside, beneath this open window, was a table at which presided one Republican, one Democrat, and this year one representative of La Follette. A short distance away were two sets of voting booths, wholly superfluous appendages.

A voter walked up to the table, asked for a ballot, and gave his name. His name could not be found on the list of registered voters held by the mysterious persons inside the window. The man was positive he had registered. His name must have been lost in the copying of the lists. Or perhaps he was found on the Democrats' list and not on the Republicans'; again evidence of a slight error when after registration the names were copied off by the Republican officials. In either case, he could vote if two citizens swore to his eligibility, and so at last he was handed from the window, via the watcher, the coveted ballot.

With no thought of the privacy afforded by the booths he stood by the table and marked his ballot. He started to fold it but was promptly relieved of this task by one of the men at the table, who kindly did the folding for him, reading the ballot meanwhile. After creasing it so that the official inside the window could also read it easily, the watcher handed it up to the person delegated to drop it into the box inside the schoolroom. No voter deposited his own ballot. Whether or not it got into the ballot box no one knows but God and the election officials, and neither will tell.

If a voter took his ballot to a booth, he was apt to be followed by some zealous party worker who wanted to know what ticket he was voting and gained the desired information by the simple method of watching while the voter performed his civic duty. At most of the polls there was a rope wandering aimlessly from tree to tree about fifty feet from the voting booths; but that did not restrain anyone who wished to accompany a voter to his destination. In one precinct which did carefully keep idlers beyond the rope, there was no protest when instructions were called out by someone in the crowd, or when voters, after starting toward their goal, were urged back outside the rope for another heart-to-heart talk.

Of course this method of public balloting is almost a necessity where votes are freely bought for two, or three, or five dollars. How else could the party tell whether they received what they paid for? And votes were high this year, for the women demanded their rights—equal pay for equal votes. In fact, when after coming to the polls in their accustomed black shawls to cast their ballots they were sent home to get hats and return for another round of voting, they insisted on double pay.

Santa Fe, New Mexico, November 6 HELEN BLACK

Books

First Glance

ERNEST BOYD'S "Portraits: Real and Imaginary" (Doran: \$2.50) was worth writing if Pope's "Dunciad" was. There are those who take no pleasure in the relentless poem through which the Wasp of Twickenham stung the dullards of his day almost literally to death; the dullards would have died anyhow, it is maintained, and the musty chest in which their corpses are preserved is depressing now. The same persons will be a little bothered about Mr. Boyd, for he will seem to have expended his extraordinary energy upon worthless victims—not dullards in this case so much as pretenders, persons puffed and blown by cheap literary success until their airs and antics are intolerable. What claim, it will be asked, had the denizens of the Algonquin upon the immortality which only satire can bestow? Mr. Boyd's answer to all these doubts should be that his book is justified if it is interesting. I find it interesting.

By temperament I am inclined to believe that pretenders do not matter, but I must confess to a breathless interest in Mr. Boyd the hunter of small game. He slashes through the underbrush with an absolutely unquenchable fury, darting into this recess to behead a literary lady, pausing at that dark spot to grope for the thin neck of an aesthete and strangle it, pushing on and on until he has disposed of the literary enthusiast, the press agent, the critic, the liberal, the puritan, the British lecturer, and others of their skulking kind. If in his "imaginary" portraits—photographs which for the safety of his own skin he has made by the composite process—he often develops a pedantry of zeal, being so hot after affectation that he grows unable to detect any other scent in the wind and so angry at ignorance that a harmless misquotation, as Burton Rascoe amicably points out, makes his blood boil, I forgive him in view of his vigor; I still can relish his rage. I find him not only as resentful as Pope but as innocent of ideas; I cannot gather, at least from this portion of his book, what sort of person or thing he would positively like. It was not his purpose, of course, to let me know—he was writing satire of the old-fashioned, unsparing sort. And as a matter of fact, in the section of "real" portraits he discharges loud shots of appreciation at Mencken, Nathan, Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, Yeats, and James Stephens; when he comes to George William Russell (*Æ*) he actually is almost worshipful. Yet I turn back to those malicious pages where he has painted at full length and in burning oil the most self-conscious literary generation thus far seen in America.

Mr. Boyd's style in the long run is bad, being monotonous in the very quality which for a few pages gives it power. His explosions are too evenly spaced; eventually the impression is of a machine which rather ponderously grinds granite into uniform pieces and coughs them at a uniform rate into the face of the enemy. And he practices a trick which I consider abominable—the trick of misquotation for humorous effect. Something is rotten in the state of Greenwich Village, or the lewd forefathers of the hamlet sleep; we hear of Miltons never mute, and of a style that launched a thousand tiffs.

The comparative failure of "The Literary Spotlight" (Doran: \$2.50), a collection of anonymous skits on contemporary American writers reprinted from *The Bookman*, may conceivably be attributed to its editor, John Farrar, who says in the preface that he "wanted frankness, but certainly not the bitterest truth," and who hopes that "there is in these pages as much constructive as destructive thinking." A few of the portraits are excellently complete, and the whole is a document of value; but Mr. Farrar as a patron of satire should not have been so much afraid of producing a "mean-spirited book."

MARK VAN DOREN