

This means that the profits were made largely at the expense of the workers and the consuming public in general. To say that the workers finally recovered their former level of real wages, or a little higher, at the peak, just before the disastrous collapse of wages and employment in 1920-21, does not alter this fact.

The capital increase in money must be an expression of one or both of two factors—an expansion in physical plant or an over-capitalization. Insofar as it expresses an expansion in physical plant, it ought to make possible the production of more goods. The workers ought to benefit by such increased production, in the form of higher real wages, insofar as increased plant is used for the production of goods which they buy. But an analysis of production shows that, in the first place, it did not increase anywhere near so rapidly as the increase in dollar capital, and that, in the second place, the slightly increased production did not go into goods which the workers buy. We must, therefore,

infer that the capital increase is in part over-capitalization. We find that as a matter of fact the owners of this capital have been drawing as much benefit from it, in the shape of enlarged dividends and interest, as if it had actually been working to its full capacity in production. This was true even in the depression year of 1921. It is interesting to note also that dividend and interest payments so far in 1922 are larger than for the same period in 1921.

It is difficult to see how, on the basis of these facts, it can be denied that a steadily increasing level of real wages can and should be paid. Insofar as the added investment represents new plant, it can be utilized for making consumption goods only by increasing and stabilizing the purchasing power of wage-earners. Insofar as it does not represent new plant, simple justice dictates that it should not be made the means of a larger share of the national income going to corporation owners.—G. S.]

V E R S E

Concert Pitch

Take then the music, plunge in the thickest of it,
Thickest, darkest, richest: call it a forest,
A million boles of trees, with leaves, leaves,
Golden and green, flashing like scales in the sun,
Tossed and torn in the tempest, whirling and streaming,
With the terrible sound, beneath, of boughs that crack . . .
Again, a hush comes; and the wind's a whisper.
One leaf gone pirouetting. You stand in the dusk,
In the misty shaft of light the sun flings faintly
Through planes of green, and suddenly, out of the darkest
And deepest and farthest of the forest, wavers
That golden horn, cor anglais, husky-timbred,
Sending through all that gloom of trees and silence
Its faint half-mute nostalgia . . . How the soul
Flies from the dungeon of you to the very portals
To meet that sound! There, there is the secret
Singing out of the darkness,—shining, too,
For all we know, if we could only see! . . .
But if we steal by footpaths, warily,—
Snap not a twig, nor crush a single leaf;
Or if, in a kind of panic, like wild beasts,
We rend our headlong way through vines and briars,
We crash through a coppice, tear our flesh, come bleeding
To a still pool, encircled, brooded over
By ancient trees—all's one! We reach but silence,
We find no horn, no hornsman . . . There the beeches
Out of the lower dark of ferns and mosses
Lift far above their tremulous tops to the light.
Only an echo have we of that horn,
Cor anglais, golden, husky-timbred, crying
Half-mute nostalgia from the dusk of things . . .
Then, as we stand bewildered in that wood,
With leaves above us in sibilant confusion,
And the ancient ghosts of leaves about our feet—
Listen!—the horn once more, but farther now,
Sings in the evening for a wing-beat space;
Makes the leaves murmur, as it makes the blood
Burn in the heart and all its radiant veins;
And we turn inward, to seek it once again.

Or, it's a morning in the blue portal of summer.
White shoals of little clouds, like heavenly fish,

Swim softly off the sun, who rains his light
On the vast hurrying earth. The giant poplar
Sings in the light with a thousand sensitive leaves,
Root-tip to leaf-tip he is all delight:
And, at the golden core of all that joy,
One sinister grackle with a thievish eye
Scrapes a harsh cynic comment. How he laughs,
Flaunting amid that green his coffin-colour!
We, in the garden, a million miles below him,
At paltry tasks of pruning, spading, watching
Blade-striped bees crawl into foxglove bells
Half-filled with dew—look! we are lightly startled
By sense or sound: are moved: lose touch with earth:
And, in the twinkling of a grackle's eye,
Swing in the infinite on a spider's cable.
What is our world? It is a poplar tree
Immense and solitary, with leaves a thousand,
Or million, countless, flashing in a light
For them alone intended. He is great,
His trunk is solid, and his roots deceive us.
We shade our eyes with hands, and upward look
To see if all those leaves indeed be leaves,—
So rich they are in a choiring down of joy,—
Or stars. And as we stand so, small and dumb,
We hear again that harsh derisive comment,
The grackle's laughter; and again we see
His thievish eye, aware amid green boughs . . .
Touch earth again, take up your shovel, dig
In the wormy ground! That tree magnificent
Sways like a giant dancer in a garment
Whose gold and green are nought but tricks of light
And at the heart of all that drunken beauty
Is a small lively cynic bird who laughs.

Who sees the vision coming? Who can tell
What moment out of time will be the seed
To root itself, as swift as lightning roots
Into a cloud, and grow, swifter than thought,
And flower gigantic in the infinite? . . .
Walk softly through your forest, and be ready
To hear the horn of horns. Or in your garden
Stoop, but upon your back be ever conscious
Of sunlight, and a shadow that may grow.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Books and Things

TO have made a subject your own is to find yourself, thenceforward, whenever you espy another man approaching it, in one of two attitudes, both of them unjust. Either your superior information goes to your head, and you break out in wholesale and retail censure of the intruder, or else you are so grateful to him for reminding you of a beloved time or person or place that you are blind and dumb to his shortcomings.

In the smoking room of a boat I once scraped acquaintance with a middle-aged man who had mistaken all women to be his province, and who night after night showed his knowledge. All the evening he would sit at the table he regarded as his table, nor ever lacked listeners, mostly youthful and changing listeners, through any knot of our way across the Atlantic. Firmly did he repress, implacably did he ignore, omnisciently did he set right everybody who tried to tell him anything about women. He was a man of many impressive beginnings. His best and most prognathically delivered speech began like this: "Passion, in woman, commences at the age of twenty-nine." Spoken slowly.

As high as that gyneolater rated his knowledge of women, so high do I rate mine of Switzerland. High, I mean, when I compare it with such knowledge as most other American book reviewers possess of those ozonic cantons, than which I have yet to see a country more stimulating to one's legs. But the bias that living in Switzerland has given me is the grateful sojourner's, not the repulsive omniscient's. To this day I cannot pick up a new Swiss guide book without an impulse to bid its author welcome; to thank him, by praising what he has done, for making me think of old friends and old times.

So I am sorry I cannot praise *How to See Switzerland, a Practical Guide*, by Frederick Dossenbach (New York: G. E. Stechert. \$2.50). Sorry for another reason, too, since Mr. Dossenbach is of an innocence rare among persons old enough to get into print. Hear him on Winter in Switzerland: "And while all rejoice over this initial phase of the season of white, another event follows closely the first—a myriad of snowflakes suddenly decide on their opening ball. How swiftly they dance, how merrily they chase each other! Like ever so many butterflies they descend on the ground and when the morning sun rises above the clearly outlined silhouettes of the mountains we behold a new world, a fairyland of resplendent magnificence." So many pages, 90 out of 285, are given to railway fares, to hotels and their prices, that the author gives only half a line to Evolena and part of a line and a half to Zinal. It is to consider Zinal and Evolena too incuriously to consider them so.

Baedeker is still, to the best of my information and belief, the best guide to Switzerland. I haven't seen the new edition, published this year or last, but I have no doubt it is as good for our day as its predecessors were for theirs. The earliest Baedeker in my library is a French translation of the second edition, and is dated 1854. That was somewhat before my time, but the book reads as though it were up to its date. The translator, M. Girard, a professor in the University of Bâle, praised Karl Baedeker as an "observateur impartial, esprit pratique, voyageur infatigable et homme de goût." Justly did M. Girard say of K. B. that "il a trouvé le secret de ce milieu dans lequel un manuel doit rester, pour n'être ni un livre superficiel, ni une oeuvre de science." My collection of Baedekers being incomplete, I can't say when some member of the

Baedeker family composed that sentence which has embellished so many of the later editions: "Over all the movements of the traveller the weather holds despotic sway." I cannot find the equivalent of this in my 1854 copy, but it does contain one maxim that generations of Baedekers have not tired of: "Chi va piano va sano; chi va sano va lontano." Of the emendations which a roving textual critic notices not all are improvements. At the end of the walker's day, we read in modern Baedekers, "a substantial meal (evening table-d'hôte at the principal hotels) may be partaken of." The older text says of the walker, more simply: "Son souper sera copieux." Some of the changes in words are due to the disappearance of things. Gone is "le thé Anglais, à 8 h. du soir, avec pain, beurre et viande."

As a student of Baedeker, as an admirer of his phrases, I yield to a friend of mine with whom I used to take Swiss walks. His knowledge of English seemed to have been acquired exclusively from Baedeker, whom my friend rather oddly preferred not to read in either of his native tongues. He hoped that Bonivard had found the Castle of Chillon "suitable for a prolonged stay." He pronounced the goat's milk we drank in the Loetschenthal "trying, for adepts only." He said it would "repay a robust and steady-headed expert to go as far as" a third bottle of Yvorne. The one English church service in summer that he sampled struck him as "very fatiguing, but without danger for proficients," and to him English curates were "the enemies of repose." For aught I could tell he said these things without humorous intent. Which was just as well.

The greatest of all Baedeker's sentences, from my point of view, is this: "Most travellers err in giving too large gratuities." It cannot be quite true, for gratuities of a size given by most travellers will not long remain too large. True or untrue, however, the sentence goes to my heart. I never read it without pride. For a month we had been staying, my family and I, at a hotel where we had often stayed. Its owner, a Hollander, and his wife, a Belgian, were by that time old acquaintances. When the day came for us to go I made out a list of persons to be tipped and of amounts to be given. Then I asked the proprietor and his wife to make each a similar list, without consultation, to be compared with mine. You may conceive my self-satisfaction when we found that the average of my tips was a little lower than his average and a little higher than hers. This expertness had been learned by two years of hit-or-miss Swiss tipping, and learned too late, for I was soon to leave Switzerland.

Not to leave for good, I hope, the land where I have walked longest and breathed deepest in pleasant company. Shall I see them again, those old friends, before we are grown too old for them to yank me up places that they found easy? Not all of them. One was too old the day we first met him, waiting for us on a foreland near the Val de Bagnes. "My wife saw you and told me of your coming," he said. "She said to me, They are strangers who have lost their way. Go and meet them. So I came. Of what country are you, sir? Of England? And you, sir, an American? I knew a countryman of yours who came here because he had fallen sick. And his doctors had told him to bathe in pure and quiet waters. And he did so in this valley. And he was cured. Last summer? No, not last summer. It was—let me see—it was eighteen years ago. . . . You are far travellers, gentlemen. And I too have travelled in my youth. I have been, yes, as far as Chamounix."

P. L.