

"If you fix your whole attention on a smudged nail, of course it's unpleasant. But of course it is the essence of vulgarity to care so for trifles.

"I looked at those women. Some had baggy folds under their eyes. Some had breaths that were not what a sensitive nose would call sweet. Not one of them washed her hair daily or had a scalp free from dust. Yet these dingy creatures, having powdered their arms and their backbones and concealed with long toil their defects, felt so exquisitely groomed that they sneered at the editor's fingernails and condemned him because of them.

"I suppose I'm as bad. I notice I look down on a poet when he rhymes 'sword' and 'broad'. It's a conspiracy we all belong to, to feel superior on the wrong grounds.

"Every group needs to have tests, of course. I've no quarrel with that. Wherever you go, the prominent people are busy setting up certain standards by which they can satisfy themselves whether others are right. But these

standards are never based on fineness or brains or sincerity. Not one of those qualities is necessary, to be in the right set. They may be held desirable, sometimes, but they're not indispensable, like being shaved and manicured, and remembering not to use the wrong stick. For God's sake, don't eat peas with the flat one—that will create shudders everywhere.

"I shan't live much longer; but I wish I could find, before dying, some human aristocracy that never gave a thought to such details, some group with an intelligent method of judging each other. But that's not the way men are made. In fact, my friends think I'm wrong-headed to have such a hope. They rationalize their smallness, by saying that when a person is 'nice,' that person polishes his claws up, instinctively. He *wants* to, they tell me. They feel a deep, child-like respect for this impish old instinct. In Borneo, the nice girls 'instinctively want' to file off their teeth."

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Enforcement of Prohibition

SIR: In your editorial *The Enforcement of Prohibition*, in the *New Republic* of September 13th, you seem to regard as the most serious aspect of the case "the non-enforcement of the law regarding the manufacture and the sale of liquor." The *New Republic* and many other papers seem to forget that the liquor traffic has always been lawless and it seems to be the "nature of the beast." A few years ago Chicago had 7,151 saloons, each paying \$1,000 yearly license. At the same time an investigation showed that there were some 2,500 disorderly houses, drug stores and other dives where liquors were sold without license. The Chief of Police with the approval of the Mayor notified 1,800 of these places that they must pay license. The licensed saloons were all lawless: they ignored the Sunday Closing Law, and the prohibition of the sale of liquor to drunkards and minors, and kept their back doors open on election day and holidays. In spite of much lawless liquor selling and other vice Chicago has really greatly improved since license days. At that period the "red light" district was wide open and prostitution was under police protection. In the days of license liquor men claimed that the annual liquor business of Chicago was over \$150,000,000. Can any serious student of affairs fail to find very great advance as to the consumption of liquors, and crime and disorders from their use, over the license days? May we not expect progress in public sentiment demanding the enforcement of the law? **DUNCAN C. MILNER.**

Chicago.

SIR: Your magazine gives me news that I cannot get in the newspapers and I take it and enjoy it in many respects; but you strain the patience of one who has been acquainted with the social effects of the liquor traffic. I buried four people in one month in Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania, whose death was caused directly and indirectly by alcoholism. I go to see a chronic invalid whose long suffering was induced by alcoholism. I saw a man fall over this summer in Smithton, Pennsylvania, from drink purchased in a Brooks Law Saloon. He died afterwards.

You are right that there is no doubt about the value of the temperance reform. You say that the present form of prohibition corrupts the government—as though the licensed saloon had not corrupted the government ever since liquor was taxed and before. The Eighteenth Amendment everywhere outlaws the liquor traffic, puts it at a disadvantage, and where it has any friends—which is almost everywhere outside the big cities containing the big centres of corruption—it is doing a great deal of good. Even there it has great value.

If your magazine is a friend of the classes upon whom all sorts of moral corruption fall hardest and who cannot afford to

conceal their nakedness as well as the wealthy corruptionists, you will support the enforcement of the Amendment rather than quibble about its value.

Bradford, Pennsylvania.

PAUL G. MILLER.

SIR: I have read your editorial entitled *The Enforcement of Prohibition*. I wish to say that it is very well that you state in this article that "with the moral end sought in what is historically known as the Temperance movement the *New Republic* is in the fullest sympathy," for the rest of the article would indicate to the reader that the writer not only did not sympathize with this movement but was in fact one of its bitterest enemies. How one could be a sympathizer with this movement and then use the arguments and devices of the enemy against it, and at the same time advocate the weakening and division of the enforcement machinery, while arguing the non-enforcement of the law as a reason for its repeal, is beyond the comprehension of the ordinary reader.

Speaking of "persistent hypocrisy" the language of the last sentence of this article, can you find a more flagrant example? It seems that your remedy for the non-enforcement of the law is to destroy the enforcement machinery. Again, your statement that this law is not enforced is the veriest rot. Anyone can read between the lines that what you mean is that you don't want it enforced. I will venture to say, and I don't believe that you or any other wet advocate can successfully dispute the fact, that this law is as well or better enforced than many other laws on the statute books—laws, too, which you would yell your head off against having repealed. I know in Ohio the law is being very rigidly enforced, and about all the individuals that are now going to our jails, workhouses and penitentiaries are bootleggers. You seem to argue that because bootleggers are being arrested, therefore bootlegging is going on, therefore the law is not being obeyed and therefore the law should be repealed. This is nothing but the common ordinary lying argument and logic of the wets and their sympathizers. No, Mr. Editor, the United States government has not got to the point yet where wet anarchists can prevent it from enforcing the law.

But what the writer of this letter is more interested in than anything else is, how did this kind of an editorial get into the *New Republic*? Is it the duty of an advocate of democracy to advocate anarchism and to sympathize with the works of law-breakers and criminals? If it is, then the writer has a wrong conception of democracy and will have no more of it. Fortunately this is not the case and this editorial is as much out of place in the *New Republic* as it would be in a meeting of the W. C. T. U. As a friend of the *New Republic* I can only say let us have no more anarchism in the *New Republic*.

Wauseon, Ohio.

G. B. HEISE.

Books and Things

SOMEWHERE in Lecky, either in England in the Eighteenth Century or else in *The History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*, there is a chapter by which, when I was a boy, I was accountably fascinated. It was called, I think, *The Rise of Sea Bathing*, and whenever I opened the brown volume and began to read the chapter over, I would repeat to myself, with a relish that did not grow old, "The Rise of Sea Bathing, by William Edward Hartpole Lecky."

No historian with four names could be frivolous. That was clear. Yet *The Rise of Sea Bathing* was as clearly a subject beneath the notice of such other historians as I was then acquainted with, authors of school books or makers of sentences like this, in which one's attention found nothing that it could clutch: "The alienation of the land revenues of the crown having been restrained by the 1st Anne, a doubt subsequently arose, whether the restrictions of that act extended to the private property of the sovereign, acquired by purchase, gift or devise, or by descent, from persons not being kings or queens of the realm."

Somewhere in a later historian I hope to find, if I live long enough, a Lecky-like chapter on *The Rise of Pipe Smoking in the United States among the Well-to-Do and their Friends in the Early Years of the Twentieth Century*.

The fact is patent that pipe-smoking has increased and is increasing in the class or classes referred to. Thirty years ago I had a penniless friend who emigrated to Chicago and began to accumulate the first of the two millions he still possesses. For a year or so he would make occasional visits to our smaller city, and on one of these he found me, in my office, in the act of loading a corn-cob with cut plug. "Not a pipe," he said with distaste, "it looks so cheap." In vain did I try to extenuate my cheap habit by pointing out that the cheapness was notable. In weight, I said, there is a great difference between one pipe and one cigar. Psychologically speaking, this difference is much less. Take perfectos as an example. If a thousand perfectos weigh about fifteen pounds, which is somewhere near the right figure, then you get between sixty and seventy smokes per pound of tobacco consumed in perfecto shape. My pipe, not the corn-cob but this briar, is what a dealer could call of normal size, and I keep the bowl pretty well scraped. Out of a pound of tobacco I get from a hundred and sixty to a hundred and ninety pipes, depending on the tobacco's cut and dryness. The most costly American tobacco, which I suppose is Spilman at \$3.30 a pound, comes to something like two cents a smoke.

My friend was not to be persuaded, thirty years ago, that a habit which appears cheap should be acquitted if one can prove that its cheapness is also real. Last winter I saw him at a luncheon club smoking a briar, one of those modern briars whose "ringing lines and hard" are as beautiful as a sloop's. Whether pipes are nowadays things of a severer beauty than they need to be because the men who smoke pipes are more exacting, or whether aesthetically fastidious pipe-smokers are more numerous because pipes are better to look at, "though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." But the fact that pipes are nowadays seen in high and higher places is incontestable. I can think of a club in which, within the memory of men of middle age, pipe-smoking was permitted in the pipe-room only, and in which it is now forbidden nowhere except in the dining-room.

It is pleasing to believe that the low cost of pipe-smoking accounts for its diffusion among well-to-do Americans, yet I fear this belief has its roots in failure to envisage all the relevant facts. One might even maintain that pipe smoking increases among conspicuous wasters because the reproach of cheapness is passing away. Thirty years ago four dollars was about as much as you could pay for a briar, even if you went in for those amber mouthpieces which even at that period were beginning to signify that the man who sported one was a showy outcast. Today, unless you are indifferent to curves and grain, it is not easy to buy a good plain briar, one that will last seven or eight years, for less than six dollars. Straight grains, lovelier and in my experience less durable, come higher. Twenty dollars was the price of the most exquisite straight grain I have seen, but I've heard of a shop where more than twenty is asked.

Once a man has laid in a supply of pipes it is not easy, I must admit, for him to proceed with any grandeur. Spilman, in a world of rising prices, still sells for \$3.30 a pound; I can't think off-hand of an American tobacco which costs more; two cents a pipeful is nothing for any conspicuous waster to rejoice at. He can pay more, to be sure, by choosing a tobacco which has voyaged from Virginia to Great Britain, there to be blent with a Loadicean or other tobacco upon which, with shining eyes, the Syrian stars look down, and then enriched again at one of our custom-houses. Yet no matter how nicely he chooses he cannot bring the price of a pipe within measurable distance of any cigar he would condescend to smoke, except out-of-doors, perhaps, in a high wind. Not that I wish to accuse smokers of imported mixtures with either affectation or a genuine taste for display. Until quite lately it was in Great Britain, and not in this country, that the attempt was made to suit the widest variety of exigent individualists.

Among married men the spread of pipe-smoking is due, no doubt, partly to their conviction that pipes are more baffling than cigars to a wife who thinks you are smoking too much. Cigars may be counted, throughout the longest evening, by a woman whose vigilance has been trained, but with two pipes almost exactly alike in his pocket, and a little dexterity, a man who is smoking much may easily pass for a man who is smoking slow. Many wives, moreover, are still of the opinion that pipes are more wholesome than cigars. Nothing shall tempt me to disabuse them of this error, for such I take it to be. "Speaking of digestion only," I heard a physician say a few years ago, "cigarettes are tobacco in its least injurious form. Next come cigars of small diameter, like panetelas. If you want tobacco to do its worst to your digestive system, stick to a pipe."

When my doctor said this I was unable to retort by quoting, for I did not then know, another expert's opinion, richer in light and shade. "Those who wish to study or must consider their physical well-being," says Mr. Alfred Dunhill of London, "should remember that strong Latakia touches the nerves, Perique the heart, and Cavendish the digestive organs. Also that the common coarse Virginias used in many mixtures tend to cloud the brain and induce dizziness." If wives could be compelled to specify the kind of harm done by tobacco, men armed with Mr. Dunhill's authority might cease to fear them. All of which I shall go into more fully, one of these days, when I write that chapter on *The Rise of Pipe Smoking in the United States*, etc.

P. L.