

and hence become a part of the credit system. A few are technicians who are expert in grading and allocating tobacco to proper markets. It would be a grave misunderstanding of the present level of human nature to expect this group with its important interrelations to accept unconditional surrender under the terms of the cooperatives. The conflict between these two forces is open and unmistakable in many communities; in others it is submerged but none the less real.

Two methods of meeting this inevitable conflict are in operation. One is the age-old method of meeting force with force; of refusing to compromise or to capitulate; of open warfare. The other is the method of salvaging what is useful out of the old system and incorporating it within the new.

Community "X" in North Carolina is a fair example of the former method. Here the middlemen and the credit agencies have fought the cooperative movement with all the tools at their disposal. They have bought extensive space in the press, they have tried coercion in its acute form—threats of refusal of credits; the appointment of a committee to proceed to Washington to enlist the assistance of the politicians to prevent the extension of credits by the War Finance Corporation. In short they have used means destined to create enmities which will endure for generations. The prospect of establishing good human relations in Community "X" has been immeasurably lowered during the last six months of bitter conflict—and the end is not yet.

Community "Y" in Virginia represents a new technique of meeting conflict. All of the existing warehouses have been turned over to the cooperatives. The best of the technicians of the auction-system have been employed by the Cooperative Association. Through the enthusiastic support of the old auction group, including bankers, it has been possible to enroll ninety percent of the tobacco growers of the surrounding area in the Association. Community "Y," like Community "X," is one of the largest bright leaf tobacco markets in the Southern states, hence the significance of the comparison.

Community "Z" is the home of the largest tobacco grower in the world. He became convinced of the soundness of commodity cooperative marketing and induced his 225 tenants to become members of the Association. His influence was so extensive that within twenty days of his signing a contract his example was followed by 2,200 growers in the immediate vicinity. Community "Z" had become a tobacco market scarcely more than one year ago and the initial investments in

warehouses were still a net loss. But the promoters were confronted with the same issue here as elsewhere: capitulate to the cooperatives or fight them. They did neither. What, after all, they asked themselves, was the primary motive or purpose which led them to establish a market? Was it merely to be able to boast that so many pounds of tobacco passed through their city instead of another? Was it merely to secure the profits accruing from buying and selling and speculating on tobacco? Or was it to provide a living for a few families, incident to the process of tobacco marketing? By the plain procedure of common sense they arrived at the conclusion that the real objective of the tobacco market was to establish better relations between the farm population and the city. They wanted more than the annual but short-lived contact with the farmer at market seasons. They wanted his permanent goodwill in business, in the building of better roads and better schools and in the promotion of the general public welfare of the county. All of these, they concluded, together with the benefits of having the tobacco pass through the city, could be accomplished by cooperating with the cooperators. They found that most of their real purposes were identical with those of the farmers. It was thus possible to bring about a wholehearted basis of cooperation. In Community "Z" the conflict was avoided. More correctly, the conflict was utilized as a means for achieving that long-sought end, a better understanding between city and country.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Black Magic

*To a boy looking at a photographic exhibit
—"Mammals in the Wild State."*

Go back to the office, boy, or back to school—
Black magic lurks in stumbling elk that go
New-antlered, where the rocks are soft with snow,
In a beaver's nose that grooves a birch-ringed pool;

Mad antelope go streaming past you here;
Great grizzlies hunch their bulk up scaly pines;
Beneath those sheep the canyon water shines
Mile-down in shale, and perilously near!

Fly then from red-tails bunched by twilight streams,
And all lithe creatures of another earth,
Lest they should steal you back to second birth,
And in some country of astounding dreams,

Among their crags and underneath their sky
Make you like them—fierce, beautiful, and shy!

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

The Prompt-Book

HOT APPLICATIONS

NOT long ago I heard a producer just returned from Paris say to one of our best actors that he had seen the Comédie Française and thought very poorly of it. "You," he said to the actor, "would think it impossible, absolutely."

But there he was wrong. So excellent an artist as this actor is would see at once the many virtues of the Théâtre Français. As a naturalistic actor he would find a great deal there to avoid, even if he could attain to it; as a sincere and intelligent artist he would condemn the artificiality where it becomes an empty and merely academic mannerism, and would be bored with the silly vacuity of some of the lesser actors and the golden flatulency of some of the foremost. But he would recognize at once the triumph so often exhibited over technical difficulties, over diction, gesture, style. He would know how much labor and skill went to the smooth front—whether you like it or not—that this august stage presents to the world of Paris; by the very expertness of his own craft he would detect this terrific proficiency and would applaud.

It is the smaller people, the hangers-on and the imitators and disciples who are apt to apply their theories so hotly. They know that this is good and that is bad; they will have none of whole hemispheres of art that has moved thousands of men and expressed the lives of thousands. Like the mobs in Shakespeare they come on only to acclaim or to damn. For art this heat of theirs has its uses. It blows the trumpets for the movements that arise; it forwards or dooms the new, and preserves, winds up or puts new life into the old. But the exclusive disciples themselves are losers.

Profound artists are apt to know the good wherever they see it. Their own gifts and technical eye enable them to judge a piece of art by itself; they can see the point even in an art that is at odds with their own, they can see the intention and the extent to which it has been successfully followed. And they know that there are as many ways in art as there are ways of living. They perceive eminence no matter how much they may despise the school or the theory behind it. The small fry are hot about things and are blind outside their own camp; their heat is a good part of their existence. But in significant art, however diverse, there is often a real communion of saints.

MR. KING'S ENGLISH

Our stage is so crowded just now with Englishmen and the illusion is so common that an English actor must necessarily speak right English, that our own actors should be warned somewhat. In general these English actors speak better than ours do, they could hardly speak worse. But an American actor, nevertheless, if he does not know already, had better ask someone to show him the way about in such a self-complacent variety of accents as surrounds him. He needs to learn that not all these visitors by any means afford a model.

Mr. Claude King's English, for example, I have heard spoken of with admiration. And Mr. King's English was indeed excellent for Confucius; it suited the sage-like crispness of the thoughts he uttered; it had a kind of precise

remoteness from the natural that suited the wisdom of that ageless reasoner. And Mr. King's English is clear; it sounds, though rather obviously so, educated, intelligent, trained. But for the uses of most drama it is too cut, too thin, too clipped and muted; it is incapable of poetry; it lacks fluidity; it is too meticulous to be elegant; to be eloquent it is too dry and staccato. In witty speeches it appears to be making points. In tender speeches it sounds self-conscious. As a tone there is about it too much audible breath; as enunciation the muscles of the lips are too tense.

Philip in *The Madras House* and the husband in *The Rubicon*—Mr. Warburton Gamble—spoke that peculiar choking English that we sometimes hear, in which the throat is cramped and the breathing thrown against the bridge of the nose. The vowels were impure, the resonance lost, the facial lines oddly inflexible and stuck, the taut patter of words like a pale series of suppressed desires. Mr. Reginald Pole has a quiet, even English such as one hears sometimes among the upper classes who have not taken on the Oxford manner, which affects lifted, false vowels, an inflexible upper and a protruding and active lower lip, and rhythms rather uncommonly varied. Mr. Basil Sydney shows a good ear for the forms of words and for lucid vowel sounds.

And so they go, these English actors, many of them like Miss Alexandra Carlisle and Mr. Norman Trevor, speaking so justly and quietly that they are not conspicuous one way or another. But the majority, for all their airs, take on themselves plumage they ill deserve. Out of the host of English actors now with us, few speak well. Many of them have no sense of rhythm. Many when they get well under way appear to feel an almost hysterical pleasure in the sound of their own mouths, an odd effect, by the way, that I have heard often among the English though in no other race. Many when they speed up show a trace of their early cockney. And worse than all these are those English stage young men—almost a type to themselves—who with dull makeups, stale gestures and wooden bodies, evince a startling agility of accent, of sliding tones and too aspirate s's. These are the foppish, lisping, hissing basso-falsettos whose asinine effect, because it seems so appallingly indicative of their quality, is far worse than the lowest American vulgarity and twang.

Our stage has a wretched English and one that gets steadily worse; but unfortunately the British stage cannot be said—as could be said for the stages of Paris, Rome or Madrid in their tongues—to exhibit for our emulation a standard English, an authentic and proper diction that we could count on finding, whether we chose to follow it or not.

SOCIAL CLEAVAGE AND DRAMA

One of the prices we pay for democracy is the cost to our drama of our lack of social cleavage. Socially we have the rich, the poor, the intelligent, the uneducated, the working people, the leisured crowd. We have all kinds of individuals. But we have no place where one class leaves off and another begins. We have no clear lines to be counted on as determining and enclosing regions where certain human aspects and cultural attributes are to be found. Our colors blend, our edges blur, our tradition often dies as fast as it is born.

The effect of this so far on comedy is almost fatal.