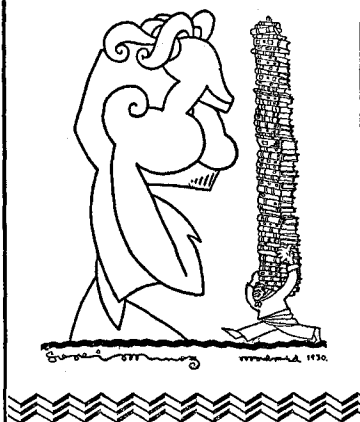


THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



A BROAD in the world, and therefore to be found discussed in books written by thinking people, are two opposing forces, which may be loosely defined as centrifugal and centripetal. Taking the future of the entire human race as a centre, the world

have emphasized the possibilities of a new prosperity based entirely upon domestic consumption. "Buy British" is a motto that has gone round the world; it is certain to have its repercussions, and to encourage other nations to try to dispose of their

has moved swiftly forward since the World War toward internationalism of thought and action. A brief but comprehensive story of this side of the situation may be found in *Progress in International Organization* by Manley O. Hudson (Stanford University Press, \$1.50). The progress of this movement — whether good or bad the Landsaper hesitates to say, although he feels that it is at least logical in view of the tightening of the bonds that tie the destinies of all of us closer and closer as the years pass — has been rudely interrupted by the Great Depression, and temporarily, at least, we seem to be in the grip of definitely centrifugal forces; or, to put it another way, we seem to be entering the period of a New Nationalism. Many of the innumerable books that have been written by economists and others in the hope of pointing a "way out" for the United States

products to their own people.

The question of most interest to the Landsaper does not seem to have had as much attention from students of world economics as it deserves. It is very simple: is it going to be possible for the world to split up into relatively small economic units once more, when transportation and communications have already succeeded in bringing Russia as close to the United States in point of time as Massachusetts was to South Carolina a matter of a century and a half ago. In short, even granting that prosperity is possible through purely domestic consumption, which seems very doubtful without at least a complete redefinition of the term prosperity, can we become economic nationalists in a world that is perforce international? And will the New Nationalism have any advantages over the old? Perhaps it may, if it brings

about the death of Imperialism, although it is obvious enough that with a few nations, such as Japan, living and selling at home is entirely out of the question. In these cases, the usual steps have been and will be taken.

One of the "Ways-Out"

ONE of the most interesting of recent books that offers a very definite plan for economic recovery and stability suggests the possibility that this country may become independent of the rest of the world — may attain and keep a high living standard through supplying its own inhabitants with what they need. This is *Investing in Wages: A Plan for Eliminating the Lean Years*, by Albert L. Deane and Henry Kittingredge Norton (Macmillan, \$1.75). Mr. Deane, who is a business man, bases his theory upon the protection of the Purchasing Power, or, in other words, maintenance of wage scales. He believes in regulation of production through governmental agencies. His plan sounds very fine up to the point of the method of operation. It breaks down, in the opinion of this observer, because it takes for granted that a most difficult and complicated piece of economic planning, calling for tremendous skill and intelligence on the part of the directors and for unselfish coöperation on the part of the nation's bankers and manufacturers, could be managed successfully under the existing form of government in this country. Such tinkering with serious problems of economics as has been done in America, as for example, the efforts of the Farm Board to stabilize agri-

cultural prices, has been singularly unsuccessful, and Mr. Deane would have us tackle tasks for which we do not seem to be prepared, either in technical knowledge or in character. There are, however, other details of the plan that are highly thought-provoking, and its apparent impracticability does not keep it from being good reading.

Controlling the Machine

CHARLES WHITING BAKER'S *Paths Back to Prosperity* (Funk and Wagnalls, \$2.50) is an engineer's study of the depression, which he blames primarily upon engineering achievements, or, to put it another way, upon labor-saving machinery, with its resulting increase in technological unemployment. Mr. Baker believes we have within our grasp an era of such prosperity as we have never known before if we can learn to control the forces that have brought us to our present sad state. His principal suggestion is a more equitable distribution of wealth; he agrees with Mr. Deane that wages must be kept up so that people may buy more goods, the manufacture and sale of which will make more money to pay more wages. This sounds a little too henryford to go down whole, but the most cynical student of current affairs will find Mr. Baker's book both good-tempered and thoughtful. It is not radical in its suggestions, and it does at least represent an honest effort to be constructive.

The Paradox of Plenty by Harper Leech (Whittlesey House—McGraw-Hill, \$2.50) is a very readable book by a business journalist, who declares that we are not in the midst of a

depression at all, but merely suffering from a mishandling of a great era of plenty, that, in other words, as soon as we solve our problems of distribution as well as we have solved our problems of production we shall all be pretty well off and with nothing to worry about in the future. Mr. Leech points out the fact that we can produce three times as many shoes in this country as we need, just as we can produce many times more of everything than we need. This is, to be sure, not so healthful a condition as it would seem, and it does suggest that the New Nationalists will have to do some thinking about how to dispose of these surplus products without selling them abroad. Nor do these statistics take into account the flexibility of the word Need. When a man has plenty of money in his pocket, he needs, let us say, six pairs of shoes a year, counting all categories; when he is worrying Mr. Hoover by hoarding, he can get by on two pairs, or if he has bought well in the first place, with a few dollars for repairs. . . .

Those Annoying Intangibles

THE crux of the whole question seems to rest upon intangibles, which makes it very difficult to deal with: How much of how many things do people actually need? Who knows? What is the American standard? Can this, or any other country be prosperous in the meaning of the '27-'29 era and be sane at the same time? How much of our "prosperity" was based upon luxury-buying and upon waste? How much upon the snob-appeal of our dear friends the advertising copy

writers, who convinced us that we could not maintain our social positions and drive a last year's model, although last year's model was no different from this year's except for the radiator cap? Perhaps Mr. Leech knows the answers to all these questions. He has not given every one the fullest consideration in his book, but he writes interestingly, as a journalist must, and he will help any one to understand the nature of the problems we now face.

Any reader who cares to pursue the study of economics beyond these topical volumes will find Sumner H. Slichter's *Modern Economic Society* (Holt, \$5) a comprehensive and intelligent survey of the situation. It is a good book to have in the back of one's mind in appraising the plans for helping us out of our present difficulties.

Mr. Ford to the Rescue

AS THIS is being written, the wheels are whirling in the factories of Mr. Henry Ford, who announced a short time ago that he was willing to risk millions to bring this country back to prosperity by launching a new model of his famous automobile. The myth of Henry the Wizard survives, strangely enough, and more people than a few felt their hearts pick up a few beats when they read the pronunciamientos of the Old Master. Those who are still optimistic should be careful not to read a new book called *The Tragedy of Henry Ford* by Jonathan Leonard Norton (Putnam, \$3). Mr. Norton is mean enough to say that Mr. Ford has never done anything except to invent the Model T; that he has

failed signally in all his plans for bettering the world, and that, in fact, they never were very good plans, anyway. It is, of course, very hard to shed tears over the tragedy of a man who still has something like a billion dollars, and one suspects that Mr. Norton saved his own while writing the book. It is undeniably true that Mr. Ford has lost his dominance of the cheap car field, that his Model T, with all its faults, was a better piece of machinery than he has turned out since, and that slowly but surely the truth has leaked out about Mr. Ford's treatment of his workmen, about his high wages, and about his ruthless contracts with his agents. The remarkable portrait of Ford that was drawn by his highly-paid press agents, and which impressed itself deeply upon the American mind, bears very little resemblance to the original, declares Mr. Leonard. The wicked spirits who enjoy seeing a popular idol smashed will enjoy *The Tragedy of Henry Ford*.

Other books that have a bearing upon the problems of the moment include Paul T. Frankl's *Machine-Made Leisure* (Harper, \$2.50), in which a noted artist and designer comes boldly out for the Machine as an agent in creative design, and declares that mass-production may be made as æsthetically satisfying as it is cheap; *Men, Money and Mergers* by George L. Hoxie (Macmillan, \$2.50), an attack on government ownership of public utilities, and a plea for non-interference with private companies in this field; and Harry W. Laidler's *The Road Ahead* (Crowell, \$1.00), an admirably written Primer of Socialism, by the

secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy.

Books About Mr. Hoover

CLEMENT WOOD, whose recent biography of Warren Gamaliel Harding was commented upon at some length here recently, now offers *Herbert Clark Hoover: An American Tragedy* (Michael Swain, \$2) which is, for the most part, a re-write of the material contained in John Hammill's *The Strange Career of President Hoover Under Two Flags*. Mr. Wood writes entertainingly enough, although he is inclined to be flip at times; one could treat his books with more seriousness if they did not appear so patently to be in the nature of boob-catchers. *Tough Luck-Hoover Again*, by John L. Eaton (Vanguard, \$1.25) is one of the shrewdest of all the recent books on Mr. Hoover and the political situation in general. Mr. Eaton, who was on the staff of the *New York World*, writes fairly and intelligently about our President. He is not scandalous or scurrilous, nor does he make any loose charges. The real point of his book is simply this: because we have the rigid two-party system in this country, we shall in all probability see Mr. Hoover reëlected whether anybody in the country really wants him to remain in the White House or not.

This is another way of saying that if the Democrats continue to act as stupidly as they have up to this time, there will be no doubt at all of Mr. Hoover's reëlection, and aside from the enforced loyalty of the Republican party to him, his continuance in office will have nothing to do with the approval or dis-

approval of the People. Mr. Eaton calls upon the Democrats to take a liberal stand that will allow the intelligence of the country to rally to their banner. The best he can suggest, if the Democrats fail to hear his call — the odds are at least a thousand to one they will — is a Third Party, so he leaves the situation looking pretty hopeless. He has done a first-rate book, however, so good, in fact, that it will never reach the thousands who have devoured the more scandalous attacks upon the President.

Mr. Train into the Breach

ARTHUR TRAIN's board-bound pamphlet *The Strange Attacks on Herbert Hoover: What We Do with Our Presidents* (John Day, \$1) is a refutation of all the charges that have been brought against Mr. Hoover by John Hammill and the others. Mr. Train's reasoning is that Washington and Lincoln were savagely and unfairly attacked, just as Mr. Hoover is being attacked, which in itself, to the logical mind, proves nothing. All our Presidents have been attacked; some of them deserved everything that was said about them. How does one differentiate? This is not to suggest that the Hammill and other volumes have been otherwise than detestable — literary garbage — but it is a hint that it is a little early in the game to link Mr. Hoover's name with Washington's and Lincoln's. To the Landscaper, the really interesting and significant thing about the attacks on Hoover is that they reveal how extraordinarily little was known of the early career of the man at the time he became President; it is

dangerously possible to make a myth out of any sort of material with our present means of spreading propaganda. Then we wonder later why the myth turns out to be man. Can a democracy be successfully run on this basis?

Some one else has been finding out what is wrong with us, Leon Samson, the author of a book called *The New Humanism*, to which the Landscaper paid his respects upon its appearance. Mr. Samson's new book, *The American Mind* (Jonathan Cape and Robert Ballou, \$3) is, its author declares, an attempt to psychoanalyze this country from the Marxian angle. It is a sweeping attack upon just about all our faults, including a large number which belong to all unfortunate members of the human race, and contains a large number of footnotes from contemporary sources that evidently got into the book without benefit of proof reading. Leafing through the volume, the Landscaper caught *Christmas Only*, for *Christians Only*, by Heywood Broun and George Brett; Louis Sherman, for Louis Sherwin, of the *Evening Post*, and so on. Mr. Samson seems to this observer to be sloppy-minded. He writes carelessly, and his thinking is superficial. There is plenty wrong with us, Heaven knows, but we need better guides than this to get us out of the morass.

Some Worth While Novels

STACKS of other serious books on the widest variety of subjects stand by awaiting their turn, but perhaps the diet needs a little variety, and there are novels aplenty at hand also. A small group of

unusually select ones would have to include John Dos Passos's *1919* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), a remarkably fine American novel; Louis Golding's *Magnolia Street* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3), an enormous Jewish chronicle, which comes to these shores with a great popular and critical success behind it in England; *Bright Skin* by Julia Peterkin (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50), another Negro novel, with a touch of Harlem in its ending, and therefore hardly so good a piece of work as *Black April* or *Scarlet Sister Mary*; *A Glastonbury Romance* by John Cowper Powys, a thousand-page novel of tangled lives in an English village, impressive because of its quality as well as its quantity; *A Fortnight in September* by R. C. Sherriff (Stokes, \$2), a tender and moving tale of a clerk and his family; and *Fathers of Their People* by H. W. Freeman (Holt, \$2.50), a robust and earthy novel about Sussex farmers, by the author of *Joseph and His Brethren*. Here is a month's reading for any one, and the quality is guaranteed.

Those who have followed the curious allegory by Paul Eldredge and George Sylvester Viereck through *My First Two Thousand Years* and *Salome* will be pleased to know about a third section of this gigantic canvas, *The Invincible Adam* (Liveright, \$2.50), which relates the adventures of one Kotikokura, otherwise Everyman.

About American Writers

LUDWIG LEWISOHN in his new book of criticism, *Expression in America* (Harper's, \$4), which is on the whole the most interesting volume

the Landscaper has had the pleasure of examining this month, speaks most favorably of the work of Mr. Viereck, and the Landscaper has found writing in the earlier volumes of this strange book that was quite impressive. What it will amount to when it is all finished is a little hard to say. It will be something of prime importance or nothing. Mr. Lewisohn stepped into this picture quite by accident, but so long as he is here, a further word about his book will not be out of place. It is more or less of a personal history of American literature, and contains excellent evaluations of many of our contemporaries, keen critical comment upon the work of Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, and many others, in addition to estimates of earlier writers. Mr. Lewisohn damns the Puritans for spoiling our early literary efforts and considers that we did not begin to write until we shook off Puritanism; a debatable theory, but no matter what his general thesis, he has much to say about American writers that should be of great interest and value to intelligent readers.

More Good Fiction

OTHER more or less new novels that are worth considering in making up lists of reading material include Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* (Scribner, \$2.50), a story of poor whites in Georgia that may seem incredible, but which is written out of a full knowledge of these people; Lincoln Kirstein's *Flesh Is Heir* (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, \$2), a first novel by the brilliant young editor of the *Hound and Horn*, which traces in a highly individual

technique the adventures of a young man in trying to find himself — this is an experimental piece of fiction that is unusually engaging; *Unclay* by T. F. Powys (Viking, \$2.50), an allegory by the author of *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* that is even better than that most unusual novel; *Czardas: A Story of Budapest*, by Jenő Heltai (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50); and *They Call It Patriotism* by Bruno Brehm (Little, Brown, \$2.50). These last two deserve some further comment. *Czardas*, which has decorations by Lynd Ward, is the strange story of a Hungarian aviator in the World War, who, shot down in Galicia, spends some weeks in a military hospital. Here he is pursued by phantoms, and, going home to Budapest, he sets off to run down the creatures of his imaginings. His adventures make up the bulk of the book, which is a moving account of a highly sensitive person in contact with the problems of war; it is an altogether remarkable story. The Brehm novel has an historical background. It tells the story of what went on in Austria and the Balkan Peninsula from the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903 until the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo in 1914; the plot turns around the conflict between Dragutin Dimitrijević, nicknamed Apis, and the head of the Black Hand in Serbia, and this same Ferdinand. An introduction by Sidney B. Fay attests the accuracy of this fascinating picture of intrigue which finally set the world afire. Mr. Brehm handles his excellent material with the skill of a born novelist and story-teller.

Some Mystery Stories

THREE definitely unusual mystery stories have come this way lately. They are Russell Thorndike's *The Devil in the Belfry* (Lincoln MacVeagh—The Dial Press, \$2), a long story of atmosphere, with the scene laid in the English cathedral town of Dullchester; *The Trial of Gregor Kaska* (Holt, \$2) by Fred Andreas, a murder mystery translated from the German that is admirably done from the psychological point of view; and *The Tragedy of X: A Drury Lane Mystery*, by Barnaby Ross (Viking, \$2), a New York story, with Drury Lane, exactor, as the detective, that is unusually baffling. This is Viking's first venture into the field of mystery stories, and is a good beginning.

To return to more serious matters, there are several new books available that should prove of interest to followers of world events, one of the best being *Years of Tumult* by James H. Powers, foreign editor of the *Boston Globe* (Norton, \$3), a summary of the situation in Germany, in France, in India, in Manchuria, in Russia, and so on, a timely and informative volume, soundly written, and well grounded in fact. If one is seeking for a single volume in this field, he could do no better than to buy the work of Mr. Powers. H. R. Knickerbocker's *The German Crisis* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50) may be slightly dated by the elections that are at this moment taking place, but Mr. Knickerbocker knows his Germany and writes with intelligence and insight about it. His book is an attempt to furnish American investors with some idea

of what has become of their four billion dollars and what chance they have of getting it back. *Is Germany Finished?* by Pierre Vienne (Macmillan, \$1.25) is a small volume by a Frenchman who thinks Germany is in a parlous state, and who pleads with his own people to understand and to help. The French would be much more likely to sympathize and to help if they could bring themselves to believe that Germany was really finished; it is the fear that the Germans are anything else but finished that continues to make France a menace to the peace of Europe.

Events in Manchuria

THE only book of recent weeks bearing directly upon the situation in the Far East is *Manchuria: The Cockpit of Asia*, by Colonel P. T. Etherton and H. Hessel Tiltman (Stokes, \$3.75), a down-to-the-minute volume that explains very thoroughly the Japanese venture into Manchuria, and also makes clear the fact that the invaders mean to hold on to their conquered territory, developing it as rapidly and as highly as possible. Owners of South American bonds will probably wish to read *Latin-American Problems* by Thomas F. Lee (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, \$2.50), the work of a man who has lived all over South and Central America for almost thirty years, and who therefore knows what he is talking about. He takes his reader over the whole territory, discusses the countries humanly and economically, and gives fair and friendly judgments upon many matters that will be of importance in determining the future of our neighboring continent, not

to mention our own. An American engineer's observations of Russia are to be found in *Working for the Soviets*, by Walter Arnold Rukeyser (Covici-Friede, \$3), some one else who knows what he is talking about. Mr. Rukeyser's conclusions about the success of the Five-Year Plan are eminently full of common sense; he thinks that it will be years before Russian manufactured products can upset world markets, because of the huge domestic demand in sight, and adds that in general the Five-Year Plan was made without reference to the existing world depression. In other words, that with all the marvelous accomplishments of the Soviets to date, they are still in the woods, and still have an infinite variety of problems ahead, which they may have difficulty in solving even with the assistance of our capitalistic technicians.

The Prize Travel-Book

FOR pure adventure and scientific interest, there is no book out just now to be compared to *Arabia Felix* by Bertram Thomas (Scribner, \$5). Thomas is one of those remarkable traveling Englishmen of the breed of Burton, Doughty, Lawrence and others. He was the first white man to make the journey from the Indian Ocean to the Persian Gulf, cutting across Southern Arabia, or Rub' al Khali, the Empty Quarter. His journey enabled geographers to fill in the last large blank on the map of the world, and the learned societies have given him one of every known variety of medal for his remarkable discoveries. Mr. Thomas writes vividly and overlooks nothing; his book is filled with illustrations

of remarkable beauty and interest. In a world so full of bogus explorers it is real pleasure to be able to praise one of the right sort, and to say that his book will inevitably become a classic. Any one interested in the ballyhooey type of explorations may find out all about them from Herbert S. Dickey's *My Jungle Book* (Little, Brown, \$3.50), an account of many years in Venezuela. Mr. Dickey does not like modern explorers who suffer intolerable hardships solely in order to make the rotogravure sections, and he pays them out most delightfully. His own book is excellent reading, tartly flavored, and written by some one else who has taken years to study the part of the country he writes about, instead of days or minutes, as is the custom. Other books about foreign lands include *Holy Prayers in a Horse's Ear* by Kathleen Tamagawa (Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, \$3.50), a study of Japan written by a Japanese-American, and with real insight; *Nonsuch: Land of Water*, by William Beebe (Brewer, Warren and Putnam), Mr. Beebe's account of life on one of the Bermuda islands and in the water nearby; and *Brown Women and White*, Andrew A. Freeman (John Day, \$3), a collection of sketches of Siam, highly flavored, and done into a book that is too eccentric in its appearance to be very satisfactory to look at or to read.

Some Recent Biography

THE biography shelf continues uncrowded, for what reason it is hard to discover. Of the books at hand, several are of unusual merit, among them David Loth's *Philip II* (Brentano's, \$3.75), a skeletonized

story of a marvelously rich period in which Mr. Loth has devoted nearly all his attention to the son of Charles of Europe, and from which Philip emerges an unhappy mediocrity, thrust by the cruel hand of Fate into the midst of great events. The basis of the work is research that has been carried on in the National Library of Madrid, and much of the material comes directly from Philip's letters or documents of state — he was, of course, devoted to writing and left ample evidence for the study of his biographers. Marcia Davenport, whose mother is Alma Gluck, has written a charming book called simply *Mozart* (Scribner, \$5), the first American biography of this genius and one that is a credit both to Miss Davenport and the country. *Ludendorff: The Tragedy of a Military Mind* by Karl Tschuppik (Houghton Mifflin, \$5), is a large and well-documented study of the part Ludendorff played in the downfall of Germany. Mr. Tschuppik holds his peculiarly military mind responsible, but one wonders, recalling the recent writings of the man, if he were not insane years before any one had suspected it. Perhaps it is possible for generals to hold on longer after their minds have disappeared than it is for most people. The Tschuppik volume is a valuable contribution to recent European history.

A Great American

THE most important recent American biography is Silas Bent's *Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes* (Vanguard, \$4.50), a life that attempts to show a man greater than his works. Mr. Bent has done an excellent piece

of research, the quality of the writing is good, and there is ample documentation. One wishes, without much hope, either, that a short life of Justice Holmes might be a part of the course of study in every American high school; he is a source of pride to all true patriots, and Mr. Bent has done a good job in preserving his life story for future generations. Eudora Ramsay Richardson has written an exciting life of a somewhat neglected figure in the Civil War period, Alexander H. Stephens, which she calls *Little Aleck* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50). Stephens was the vice-president of the Confederate States, a wisp of a man who was a fighter all his life, a wonderful speaker, and ceaselessly active, ending his political career as Governor of Georgia at the age of seventy. He believed in slavery, and believed even more firmly in State's rights, but stood out against secession as long as possible. Mrs. Richardson has made Stephens live again, and he is an irresistibly fascinating personality, a thing of flame and spirit, whose frail body never stood in the way of his purpose. *The Autobiography of Peggy Eaton* (Scribner, \$2.50), the famous beauty of the Andrew Jackson period in Washington, is another book that will appeal to lovers of the by-ways of American history. Mrs. Eaton spent her latter years in New York, and left her autobiography in the hands of her minister with the understanding that publication would be withheld until the proper time. It is a touching story, and rounds out a fascinating chapter in this nation's story. Peggy was a beauty-cursed woman in the great tradition.

Lancer with Assistance

A STIRRING bit of autobiography is Richard Boleslavski's *Way of a Lancer* (Bobbs-Merrill), the savage and brutal account of the adventures of a Polish cavalryman, prepared with the assistance of Helen Woodward, who, the Landscaper seems to remember, was the author of the early advertising of the Literary Guild. She has not altogether lost the mail-order touch, let it be said; Mr. Boleslavski's material is so consistently highly-colored that the skeptical reader becomes a little uneasy of its complete authenticity. If it is hokum, it is first-rate hokum.

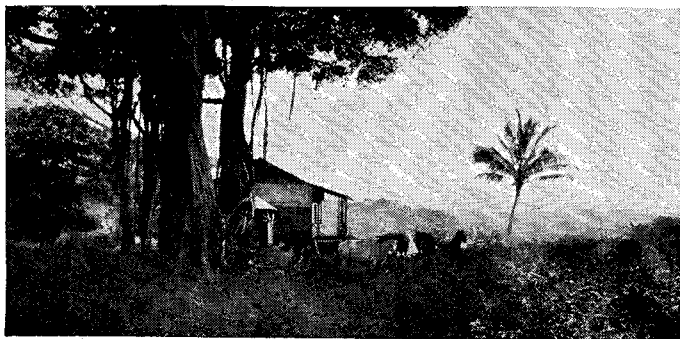
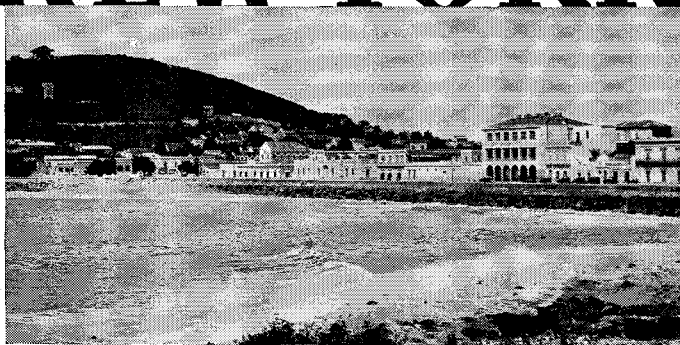
Somewhere in the section on America and its troubles, the Landscaper should have mentioned Wayman Hogue's *Back Yonder: An Ozark Chronicle* (Putnam, \$3), an admirable account of primitive life in America when people got on well enough without money, and lived completely at home, wholly without the Machine. Mr. Hogue's complete authenticity might make his book a useful guide in case we have to retrace our steps, as many people have already in the rural regions of this country; he even tells in great detail how to make corn whiskey, although the sugar variety is just as good and doesn't take nearly so long to age. Howard Simon has done some striking woodcuts for *Back Yonder*, and it is a book that all older Americans will enjoy, a really remarkable picture of a backwoods community no more than sixty years ago, just around the corner from the Motor Age, and as far removed from it as the Tenth Century.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

BY BARBARA E. SCOTT

WHEN you begin to see posters everywhere you turn bearing reproductions of Myron's fine old Greek athlete, *Discobolus* (the Discus Thrower), you will know that the Tenth Olympiad is approaching. It is the Tenth Olympiad of our modern era of course, for the imperially slim figure of the Athenian athlete was conceived back in the Golden Age of Pericles when Phidias, Polyclitus, and Myron were the arbiters of art and the Olympic Games celebrated Grecian festivals, in honor of the Olympian Zeus. 776 B.C., when these games were first held, seems a long way back as we count time, but in 1896 the idea of the Olympic Games was revived in the ancient stadium at Athens, this time with the added impetus of an international sport event.

Olympic Games at Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES is to be the scene of the Olympic Games this year and from July 30 until August 14, that city, known the world around for her genuine hospitality and charm, will have opportunity to make good all the fullness of her promise to a host of sport lovers from all over the world who will settle down on her like a swarm of locusts during this important two weeks. The opening and closing ceremonies of the Games will be held in the gigantic steel and concrete Olympic Stadium in Los Angeles, seating 105,000 spectators, while many of the intervening events will take place in that famous Rose Bowl Stadium in Pasadena which is but a short distance from Los Angeles in the Arroyo Seco and made memorable to all who know it by the majestic mountains round about it.

It is not the Olympic Games alone, however, that will draw the traveler and vacationist to California this summer, but the whole length and breadth of that State of the Golden Gate which, for all its being one of the solid United States today, has a patch-

work past of Indians, Spanish Dons, Franciscan Friars and gold rush go-getters of '49, in its rich traditional background, that is always cropping up with unexpected and wholly delightful suddenness, to the complete satisfaction of the traveler.

Through the Forgotten Empire of the Canal Builders

ANOTHER aspect that adds to the attractiveness of a vacation in California this year is the variety of places and peoples you may come across in planning your itinerary there and back. Even if you have but a short two weeks to devote to the trip, the railroads, particularly the Santa Fe, are offering very low summer fares which cut the cost of the trip materially, as well as fast trains — both of which add to the feasibility of the plan. Along the Santa Fe route, if you would dally, are the Indian Detours and the Grand Canyon trips, offering unforgettable glimpses of that great Southwest of ours, so enchanting with its glowing colors and its even more arresting fragments of the lives and times of pre-historic peoples. We trace one of the vanished empires of the Southwest in Arizona in the ruins of a civilization known to us as that of the Canal Builders. The Indians refer to these people as "the forgotten ones," and though they made over two hundred miles of canals, reclaimed vast areas of desert, and built temples, houses and fortresses embracing the large part of the Salt and Gila river valleys, we are just beginning to learn something of this age-old empire. It is known that these great canals were dug with the most primitive implements, with the poor little stone hoe that have been found in great quantities along the banks of the canals, and that they had no beasts of burden to aid them in any way. Yet they built the Casa Grande which you and I may visit today. This structure, though it must have been finished

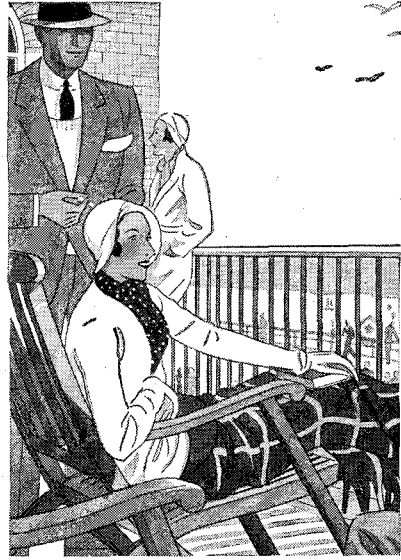
long before Columbus left Spain on his voyages of discovery, still staunchly lifts its windowless walls to the radiant azure of the sky, and points to the story of great achievement as certainly as do our skyscrapers today. Casa Grande, which is Spanish for the "Big House," was home to some of the Canal Builders, and this, with some fifty-odd other pre-historic ruins of houses and towns scattered over this district, makes a side trip on your way to or from California which is well worth while, as of course are any number of others.

East or West — via the Panama Canal

AS A variant in your transportation arrangements, the possibilities of all sorts to be found in making the voyage from New York to Los Angeles or San Francisco by water are almost endless. Cruises offered fortnightly by the Grace Line include visits to seven foreign countries and follow a five-thousand-mile route that requires twenty-four days for the trip. Of course the sea voyage may be made between the east and west coast in less time than this, but the more leisurely passage by way of Central America, with side trips up into the interior cities in some cases, combines the pleasures of sight-seeing and relaxation with a nice balance.

Barro Colorado — a Bird's Paradise

YOUR first venture ashore will be Cartagena in South America, one of the few walled cities on the continent and even though these cream-colored ramparts are now more picturesque than stalwart, they are not without their arresting moments when you remember that they were peppered by Drake and Frobisher and that behind them at various times reposed much of the golden treasure of the Spanish Main. Our own Panama Canal is just as well worth knowing at first hand as any of our national parks, even though its principal interest is water. It has, however, a gem-like island — Barro Colorado — in the midst of the Canal, which the Government has set aside as a reservation for the study of an amazingly large group of fauna and flora which inhabit its jungle-covered surface. You may glimpse this lone-some little island as you pass through the



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canal. In reality it is the highest hilltop of the land which was flooded when the Panama Canal was completed, the Gatun Dam closed, and the hungry waters of the Chagres River rose in rebellion and swallowed up the rest of the country. Only Barro Colorado, with a few smaller bits of land, are left of this once heavily forested primeval paradise, where, if you have glasses that are sufficiently strong, you might trace the antics of over two hundred and thirty different kinds of birds alone, not to mention many extraordinary animals. An interesting and valuable book called *My Tropical Castle*, by Dr. Frank M. Chapman, one of our foremost ornithologists, who has lived on this island, brings this little Ararat of the tropics very much to life and increases your pleasure in making the trip through the Canal.

Our Foreign Neighbors to the South

COSTA RICA has its *tortillas* and *trapiches* (little sugar mills). Nicaragua is most unspoiled of all the Central Americas; here you may leave the ship at Corinto and journeying inland come upon the lovely Lake Nicaragua, and the sleepy Spanish town of Granada where pirates from the shores of the Caribbean stole away to hide their treasure, but where today the *finqueros* and comfortable coffee merchants dwell in wide-windowed houses built protectingly around flower-filled patios. Altogether too captivating to leave, you will agree. El Salvador has its sophisticated little capital San Salvador; Guatemala cherishes Guatemala City with her coffee-covered hills; Quirigua, the ruined city of the Mayas and once their capital, stands ghostly — its large plaza lined with rows of monoliths more than thirty feet high, carved and fantastically colored. Then there is Mazatlán, the Pacific port for those who would push on into Old Mexico. These places suggest but a bird's-eye view of the possibilities of a trip by water between New York and Los Angeles, between the city of skyscrapers and the city of the Tenth Olympiad.

Contrasting Rhythms

WHEN Dr. Gerhart Hauptmann, the distinguished German dramatist, sailed for home after a recent visit to the

United States, he remarked, "New York has a rhythm all its own," and sighing added, "Never have I spent a more intensive period." We all know just how he felt, and perhaps that is one reason that vacations play so necessary a part in our scheme of things, and a particular reason why the tranquillity of European life holds so strong an appeal for us when we begin planning a vacation. Even during the weeks between September first and the middle of November, when the staid old Silesian city of Breslau is arranging to hold a Gerhart Hauptmann exhibition concurrently with the production of his dramatic masterpieces, it is reasonable to assume that things will not be "so intensive" for the dean of German letters as were his three weeks in New York. Life on the Continent moves with the even tempo of some rhythmic waltz, while ours spins with the speed of a whirling dervish. But even dervishes have their moments, and in these lucid interludes Americans gather themselves together and many of them make for the Continent as speedily as possible. In fact Americans in ever-increasing numbers are discovering the recuperative aspects of quiet afforded by many of the European seaside resorts and the German Spas, and, making these their headquarters (for here much may be enjoyed for a very small monetary outlay) proceed to make trips about the country whenever and wherever the spirit moves.

Here and There with Goethe

THIS year American admirers of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe are arranging to travel extensively in Germany, going here and going there because Goethe once lived in or traveled through the same places. Goethe was keenly interested in America and in the progress she made, and at one period of his career was on the point of emigrating to the United States with the lovely Lili Schönmann to whom he was engaged at the time. What Goethe might have meant to America in those early days of her independence can only be surmised, but that he has always held an established place in the affections of many Americans there can be no doubt. And even the hundred years which have passed since his death have failed to lessen that esteem, for wherever you may travel in Germany, if

the great Goethe has passed that way, you will find each village and town deeming itself richer for his coming.

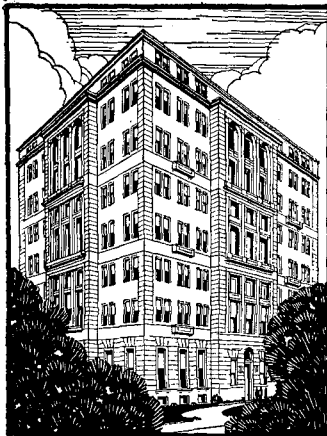
In Weimar, that little rococo Duchy in Thuringia that was to become so dear to Goethe during the fifty-six years of his life spent in its quiet atmosphere, we find today those things which recall most vitally his life and that of his contemporaries. This summer his best known plays — *Faust*, *Egmont*, *Iphigenia*, and *Torquato Tasso* — will be given at the National Theatre in Weimar, the parts being taken by leading actors drawn from all parts of Germany, and the possibility of seeing some of these plays produced in the charming little frilly Garden Theatre of Belvedere Palace and in Tiefurt, where Goethe and his friends once put on their private theatricals out under the trees for the amusement of the Court, will prove an added attraction.

Ascend the Bewitching Brocken

PERHAPS you will want to go from Weimar to Berlin, and if you pursue this itinerary, it will not be out of your way to stop for at least a glimpse of the Brocken, in the Harz Mountains. Wernigerode, where there are a number of good hotels, is an excellent point from which to climb the Brocken, the highest part of the Harz. This, you will remember, is where Goethe laid his famous Walpurgis night scene in *Faust*, and where the witches are still said to caper about on their broomsticks on that witching night in May. Goethe went on his first journey to the Harz Mountains alone in 1777, and it was then that he climbed the Brocken, quite a feat in those days when there was not even a dream of that smooth-running railway that carries you to the top today. This lovely German garden spot held so strong an appeal for Goethe that he came back to it twice afterwards, on one of his visits bringing the young son of Frau Charlotte von Stein with him as a companion, for he was very fond of the boy, as he was also of his mother. Bad Harzburg, about fifteen miles beyond Wernigerode, is the most popular resort in this region in summer, and half a dozen miles further on is Goslar, one of the most picturesque bits of Germany anywhere round, with

(Continued on page XV)

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The Reader's Turn

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Suggestion to the League

BY EDWIN G. BROWN

A FRENCH writer has suggested that the importance and value of the League of Nations be increased by giving it supervision of world-embracing industrial activities, starting with European aviation. He suggests further that such a course would conduce to world peace.

There was talk a few years back of an association of German and French capital in the industries that need the raw material from the mines of both Germany and France. The development and final dominance of world-wide jingoism is, undoubtedly, one cause of the abandonment of this idea; another cause is the practical difficulty in the organization of such corporations offered by the absence of an authority, acceptable to both French and German capitalists, competent to issue a charter and exercise supervision.

It is self-evident that could such an organization of French and German capital be secured and large industries, so financed, be developed, friendship and good will would grow among all so associated — owners and employes. Further, it requires slight stretch of the imagination to believe that the successful development of such industries would be followed by others where the raw material of the two countries could and would be advantageously combined.

Here in America we know something of the effect upon interstate commerce of the differing and sometimes contradictory laws of the different States; but here we have, as a final resort, the United States Supreme Court. This fact, the French writer emphasizes; his argument running that the League of Nations should be the source from which authority to engage in world-embracing activities should emanate and the final

tribunal for deciding controversial matters in connection with such activities.

The great majority of us want peace. Many of us feel that the direct efforts now being made to secure international peace are futile. Why not take another tack? Instead of trying to abolish war, let's organize the business of the world along lines that will make war so destructive of the material wealth, not only of the nations that fight, but the material wealth of all of us, that it will not be tolerated.

Suppose that international aviation throughout the world were controlled by one corporation, deriving its charter from the League of Nations, amenable only to rules and regulations promulgated by the League, its stock held by subsidiary companies in all parts of the world, and the stocks and bonds of those companies held by people in every nation; suppose that all the shipping companies doing international business were merged into one corporation, its stock distributed among all the nations; with just those two international industries so organized, their stocks and bonds so distributed, would the government of any nation consider engaging in war — a war that would destroy the wealth of its own people?

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company covers the United States; its stock is held in every State. Is it difficult to conceive of its merging with the Canadian and Mexican companies and forming a North American Company, owned by the people of North America?

Is there anything impractical in the suggestion that the powers of the League of Nations be enlarged to cover the authorization and supervision of international industrial activities? These activities already exist. The next step is to put them under central control which all will accept.

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its grand old Kaiserhaus and the finest Romanesque palace of the Saxon Emperors in all Germany, made memorable by its pageant of historic murals. Wordsworth came to live in Goslar for several months while Coleridge, who had come to Germany with him, spent some time in Gottingen.

Half-Timbered Houses of Hildesheim

ANOTHER ancient town that you would be sorry to be so near and miss is Hildesheim. You will not find fashionables flouncing through its streets, nor have worldlings spoiled it with sophistication, yet its quaint old squares and cobblestone streets lack no tales of romance and high adventure. Its half-timbered houses, topped by overhanging gables, its arched doorways and tapering towers, timid balconies and plain-faced clocks—all these appeal with unconscious grace to those who have an eye for architectural fancifulness, and wherever your eye rests it is aware of a picture. From the windows of the Rathaus you may look out on the drowsy Altstadt-Market, upon the figure of Roland atop the old stone fountain in the centre of the Square, and if you look within at the dim walls of the Rathaus you will see that very same fountain pictured in a mural dated 1493. Guide books tell us that the Rathaus was said to be a century old then. The Templehaus is of stone and nearly as ancient as the Rathaus, while the guildhouse of the butchers, which has been standing for four hundred years, is considered the finest half-timbered building in Germany. And if these extraordinary old buildings have but whetted your desire for seeing things of other days, go to the Galensburg Restaurant and hear first-hand tales of that astonishing find, not so long ago, of a cache containing some eighty separate articles of Roman silver, supposed to have been hidden sometime in the Eighth Century to escape Charlemagne's too eager hand. You may see the silver in Berlin.

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BIG BROTHERS IN THE BALKANS

By GEORGE GERHARD

In the June—

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

the German Railways. To stimulate interest in the theatre, for instance, they are issuing round-trip tickets at reduced rates to the large centres, such as Berlin and Munich, from the suburbs and surrounding towns, and Americans can take advantage of these savings as well as those who reside in these territories. With true German thoughtfulness, signs have been placed at even the smallest stations giving the destinations of trains, times of departure, and general directions as to how the trains are made up. At some stations, plans of the make-up, as to first, second and third class coaches, are placed in elevated positions before the train arrives, so that those in the station may easily see the plan and learn just where their coach is to be found before the excitement of the last moment. An organization which operates much as our Travelers Aid Society carries on at railway stations, and simplifies travel for those who are timid or inexperienced travelers. And to make assurance doubly sure, several of the large universities have established special chairs for "Transportation Science." The district organizations of the tourist interests arrange regular courses at these institutions for the personnel of the tourist bureaus, and these cover all the ramifications of tourist traffic. So if you are not well looked after while traveling in Germany it is not going to be the fault of the German Railways.

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(Continued from page XIV)

It can be done. It will be done. And when it is done, disarmament will follow, world peace will be with us.

The New Intellectual

By J. L.

THAT there is a new intellectual, as Mr. William Troy declares so forcibly in the April NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I think no observer of the contemporary scene will deny. That this new intellectual is an improvement over the old, the 1920-29 vintage, however, I think a great many observers might doubt. To one such observer at least, Mr. Troy appears to put a somewhat too high value on mere activity. What, for example, is so admirable about a back to the country movement simply as such? Why is an agitated removal from a Montparnasse attic to a Mexican hut to be applauded more loudly than the similar agitated removal, which took place a few years before, from Greenwich Village basements and South Side Chicago second-floor backs to Montparnasse attics? Why is a hazy, somewhat remote discussion of Communism versus Capitalism, such as one hears nowadays, preferable to the same quality of discussion of James Joyce versus the Arnold Bennett school, which one heard in the same quarters and from the same persons in 1924? Merely because more action results, or seems likely to result, from it? I'm sorry, but I can not see it. Or perhaps Mr. Troy and I are not talking about the same thing.

Anyway, I am still to be convinced that the painter will prove himself to be of as much value directing the operations of coal companies in Kentucky as he has proved himself to be in his at present despised studio before his easel. I still believe the novelist will do better to stick to the novel and leave the balancing of statistics to the economists. I still prefer hearing the musician in the recital hall to hearing him in the lecture auditorium, and I believe, in short, that *An American Tragedy* will be remembered when the same author's *Tragic America* is (blessedly) forgotten. All this may be very "old hat" of me, and I should not at all mind having so excellent an essayist as Mr. Troy put me back in my place, if he saw fit to do so.

From Boston

ANONYMOUS

I READ the very interesting article in this month's NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *Sodom and Tomorrow*, and write this to tell my theory as to the reason for the astounding vulgarity and indecency of Americans today.

You get nothing worth while in this world without having to pay a price for it, and quite rightly. Now, the white people who settled the United States improved their own fortunes and their descendants' material fortunes immensely, *but* they had to pay a big price for it. This price was the gradual loosening of all moral and religious values, so that our great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers were far more civilized people than we are today, because they still possessed the fine values they inherited from their English ancestors. Settlers in a new country *always* lose their sense of civilized values for a time, the reason being that the law of Nature demands that the founders of a new nation become barbarians again, so that she can mould them to suit the "genius" of their new country; that is why Americans are so fluid today in their standards.

Then the enormous immigration from Europe's poorest peoples that came to the United States for thirty years, in answer to American manufacturers' demands for cheap labor, poisoned the "aura" of America and their mass influence imposed peasants' sense of values on the original Colonial stock.

The Americans of today have *no* standards, that is why they are so unhappy and why suicide is so common in the United States. But Dame Nature is getting ready for her next move; she has crushed all decency out of us and so has made us soft and plastic; soon she will overwhelm us with horrors, and out of the fire of that terrible ordeal the new American nation will arise, with its fine standards of right and wrong. Every nation has to forget its own system of religion and its own ethical standards out of its own fiery and terrible experiences. Just as Sodom and Gomorrah paid dearly for their sins, so Providence will plunge us into a sea of fire. We decent Americans will win the battle in the long run, though the fight will be bloody, but all Sodom and Gomorrah instincts will be purged out of us.