



(C) Underwood

The Prince of Wales playing polo in an informal game on Long Island, shortly after his arrival in America

the merging of the railways east of the Mississippi into several systems.

The present consolidation marks the greatest railway realignment since the days of the late E. H. Harriman.

Blood Tells—But What?

EXCEPT that one horse outran another for once, nothing was settled by the race at Belmont Park in which Wise Counsellor, an American horse, beat Epinard, the French champion. Even the old question of whether Arabian is superior to Barb as foundation stock—whether the deserts of Asia Minor are more than the deserts of North Africa the original home of speed—is as far from answer as ever.

Epinard and Wise Counsellor epitomize a conflict of opinion centuries old. Thoroughbreds both, they do not trace to a common ancestry. Since the Crusaders brought the hot equine blood of the desert home with them to western Europe the Barb has contributed most to the building up of the French thoroughbred and the Arab to that of the English thoroughbred. It follows, therefore, that

the French thoroughbred is one thing and the English thoroughbred, identical with our own, is quite another thing. Each has always claimed superiority. Neither has ever conclusively proved it.

Americans, however, may be pardoned a measure of conceit in believing that, having improved on the English thoroughbred, they have now the greatest racing stock in the world. We have just now beaten the French champion. Only a few months ago our Zev defeated the English champion Papyrus. We can afford now to let the English and the French continue the war of opinion as of old—we need have no “entangling alliances” with the Old World.

But to gain this position we have brought to the front an old conflict of our own—the Eastern horse against the Western horse—and, thus far, the West appears to win in a walk. (On the American race-course, be it remembered, the West begins at the top of the Appalachian Mountains.) After Zev had beaten Papyrus a comparatively unknown Western horse ran the winner off his feet. Wise Counsellor, the victor

over Epinard, is of Kentucky breeding and lineage.

So, leaving European horse quarrels severely alone, we have our hands full of our own sectional differences. Shall the blue grass basins of Kentucky and Tennessee be permitted to continue in the belief that their race horses are the greatest in the world? And, if not, who is going to convince them to the contrary?

The Prince at Play

THE Prince of Wales is in the United States, not on any mission. He is playing—taking his ease. That is almost, if not quite, a new thing for the United States. Many princes have come to our coasts, and some kings, but they came on missions, real enough if sometimes indefinite. Most of them felt the urge of some sort of duty—at least the duty to know their neighbors better. The Prince of Wales is on vacation, having a good time, nothing more. For a prince, he is doing his playing democratically. And who is to say that he is not doing a greater service for his country than if he were on a mission of service? Men understand men with whom they play better than men with whom they work. When this young prince is Edward VIII of England, his playtime in America may help him more than pretentious visits toward an understanding of the other great English-speaking country.

Wanted: The Reasons Why

SEVEN million odd new voters will have a chance to cast their first ballots at the coming Presidential election. A political writer (who is also a political organizer) solemnly proposes to carry most of the States of the Union through the aid of these first-time voters. He points out that New York has 660,000 youngsters coming up for the ballot this year, while the average majority in the State, one way or the other, is only about 150,000. He believes that practically all of these young people can be voted one way. “Is the America of the Constitution,” he solemnly asks, “good enough for Young America of to-day?”

Young America will answer that question in its own way on election day. And that does not mean that an army of seven million new voters will march to the polls to cast a solid vote under any one emblem. The America of the Con-

stitution, we may remember, was an America which paid due heed to the rights and opinions of minorities as well as of majorities. The founders of our country did not contemplate an America in which citizens new or old would think alike or vote alike.

The chief danger from our new voters will come, not from any possibility that they will all turn to one candidate or another, but to the fact that they are much more likely to keep on voting the same ticket that their fathers voted before them. We suggest that it is not too early for this year's new crop of voters to begin investigating their reasons for the votes they expect to cast in the fall. Each new vote ought to represent something more than mere ancestral habit. New voters might start now to compile a list headed "Ten reasons why I shall vote for —." From that list should be strictly barred any reference to the political habits of fathers and mothers.

The Vulgarest Thing in America

THERE was a time when seaside resorts relied upon sea serpents for their chief summer amusement and for their means of bulldozing newspapers into giving them a little free advertising. There was not much variety in the accounts of sea serpents off the shore, but at least the tales did no more harm than to alarm the credulous and bore the sophisticated.

Nowadays some of the resorts seem to have adopted a form of advertising which combines a maximum amount of sophistication with a minimum amount of brains and imagination. We are thinking of the beauty contests which provide cheap copy for illustrated newspapers and motion-picture reviews.

We can think of nothing better designed to develop a false point of view in the minds of the youthful contestants for these beauty prizes than the notoriety which is given to them in the press and film. These contests lack the wholesomeness of almost any kind of athletic contest, for victory is given for something which has no relation to achievement or skill. They set up Mack Sennett as a standard of customs and manners; they touch nothing which they do not degrade. Young America could with profit leave such affairs well alone and confine its efforts to contests in which the develop-

ment of character, courage, and skill is the reward even of those who do not attain the coveted first prize.

The Demon Barber

THIS is a literary age of satire, and every novel, play, and story is a satirization of something. The past is especially funny to novelists and playwrights, and anything connected with Queen Victoria becomes a source of hilarity. The old American drama "Fashion" has been broadly burlesqued, and now an English melodrama, "Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street; or, The String of Pearls," by George Dibdin Pitt, is most amusingly presented in New York. Whether or not we accept the statement on the programme that this was the first play to be given at a "command performance" before Queen Victoria, the method in which it is now enacted makes tolerable and highly entertaining a drama which would be too absurdly gory if it were given as its creator probably intended.

Sweeney Todd, we are told, was a real person, born in the last half of the eighteenth century. A false imprisonment and a long sentence so embittered him against the human race that after his liberation he sought vengeance against mankind. The alluring possibilities of a barber-shop seized his imagination, and he perfected a chair which could be made to lower his lathered cus-

tomers into the cellar. Once they vanished below, they were never seen again, although dreadful hints—or more than hints—are given as to their fate. It will be enough to say that next to Sweeney's was the shop and bakery of Mrs. Lovett, famous all over London for her veal pies. It was asserted that a nefarious partnership existed between the neighbors!

Black but astute villains, noble but stupid heroes, a modest and lovely heroine, play out their parts. In the end, virtue triumphs and the Demon Barber is led away to the punishment which, so it is said, was recorded about him in the Newgate Calendar. (A search through that venerable record of crime has, so far, failed to reveal to us the name of Sweeney Todd. But perhaps we did not know his alias.) The performance is made especially enjoyable by the musical interludes—almost every one, except Sweeney himself, obliges with a song, and he does fully as well with his diabolical laugh. All the characters parade before the curtain, to be dutifully applauded or hissed by the audience. The acting of Mr. Percy Baverstock, first as the cockney master of ceremonies, before the rising of the curtain, and next as the incredibly Chesterfieldian and innocent Colonel Jeffrey, was as delightful as anything we have seen in the theater this year. Many of the characters, with their costumes and the stage settings, look pleasantly like the illustrations in Dickens's early novels.

A Letter or Two

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN The Outlook for August 20, under the title of "A New Hot Weather Sport," I related some of my sadly humorous experiences in trying to get a dictionary definition of Mean Temperature. As an illustration of the trials which the layman of average education has to endure when he tries to get scientific information from the dictionary, I cited the confusion into which I was plunged in my attempts to get the facts about two very common objects of domestic life, namely, the house-fly and the house-wren. It is always dangerous to try to be playful in print. But I certainly did not mean to be so elephantine in my capers as to step on anybody's toes. The following cry of exasperation,

however, indicates that I have committed that inexcusable *faux pas*:

Gd. Ledge, Mich.,
Aug. 20, 1924.

Lawrence F. Abbott,
Contributing Editor of The Outlook.

Dear Sir—I read your article in the issue of this date. I wish to congratulate you. It is seldom that a man can write entertainingly upon a subject of which he knows nothing whatsoever. I trust you will be able eventually to learn something from your dictionary, but of natural science you make it painfully evident that you have, as yet, learned nothing. Entomology is a science and, like every science, it has its technical terms of which you may doubtless learn something if you ever attempt study of the science. I am sorry that no portion of the mantle of