

manifest purpose to support the capitalistic formula by the creation of an artificial scarcity, are an equally direct attack upon the principle of serviceability. Why don't you ask Mr. Roosevelt to which of these contradictory principles he is really committed? If the present inconsistencies are to be extenuated on the ground of the exigencies of a transition period of recovery, which of these principles does the President expect and intend to have in force in the stable era of reconstruction?

So, Mr. Chase, why don't you consider that your task of exposing the faults, fallacies, and futilities of the capitalistic system is adequately performed for the present? If this new book of yours doesn't convince its readers of the complete uselessness of the old order, and arouse them to demand a new one, nothing will. Why don't you turn your unmatched talents and resources to two new objectives, first, the construction of a specific program of action that will be effective in bringing into existence the kind of a socialized order that you hint at, and second, definite and exhaustive research into the theory, technique, and art of consumption, so that when we get this new order we will know how to use it? A lot of us really want to do something. Show us what to do!

Appreciatively, hopefully, and always sincerely yours,

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor of Sociology at New York University, is the author of "The Foundations of Social Life."

Victims of Chance

THE SYCAMORE TREE. By Elizabeth Cambridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. \$2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is its author's second novel, and a remarkably uneven piece of work. Sometimes her gifts prove themselves brilliantly; sometimes they lead her to attempt things as yet beyond her powers. Her insight shows her a new meaning in ordinary lives, and in commonplace narrative patterns. Thus she takes the old story of a man imprisoned by circumstances in an uncongenial marriage and uncongenial work, who at last wins his way to freedom and the finding of himself; and at the end of this twice-told tale turns a new light on it, revealing, with a boldness reminiscent of Browning, that after all excuses have been made, the soul must always sit in judgment on itself and find that its unhappiness comes from some defect within. This is a real and a fine vision, and one that is needed by a generation ready to believe that circumstance is a full excuse for weakness.

But in carrying it out one must with great regret say that Miss Cambridge has been less than successful. She begins with her hero, Howell, as a boy; his parents have taken in a girl named Christabel, who is shown as utterly vain, shallow, and selfish; and young Howell sees this, with the undistorted sight of a child. Yet when they grow up, he marries her, and this, one of the mainsprings of the book, is never made convincing. It remains one of those hypotheses, like the disposal of Portia by lottery, which simply have to be swallowed for the sake of what is made of them; and not enough is made of this. In somewhat the same way, Howell's real wish is to be an engineer, but he becomes an aviator, first because of the war, and then keeps on with flying to make money for his wife; but he finds his soul in returning to his grandfather's farm (where there is the sycamore tree of the title), instead of following his bent. His devotion to the place is plain, but what virtue there is in making a life-work of farming for a man who dislikes it is no doubt felt by the author, but not communicated to us.

It is perhaps with some sense of these difficulties that Miss Cambridge dwells so long on her hero's childhood. Here her direct vision is at its best; the scenes before Christabel enters the household, and throughout the book some of the minor characters, as Howell's sister, are presented unerringly. It is one of those books in which the parts are greater than the whole, because they correspond better to the archetype in the author's mind.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

MAESTRO FORMAGGIO

SIR:—M—'s is having a tremendous special on Swiss cheese and I am maestro at a shiny steel machine which slices it fine as lace for milady or thick to the plebeian taste—and I've sold tons of it.

It occurred to me that I was privileged to view human beings at a seldom duplicated period in their experience—in that particular, supreme consummation of Epicurean ecstasy when man stands confronted by 500 pounds of Swiss cheese.

Fancy my position. I watch the shopper unconscious of destination thinking his ordinary thoughts—meandering along his peculiar circuitous route in pursuit of necessity or petty luxury.

He comes abreast of the cheese and suddenly his nasal passage is tickled by the aromatic vapors. He snaps into alertness with the shock of discovery—there is the moment of faltering self-control, and then with a rush comes that nose-wrinkling, ear-perking, hair stiffening paroxysm of pabular delight when the habiliments of man, the outward creature, drop away and leave the rodent naked and quivering in a dreamland of dairymongery.

And I? What am I? A veritable cheese monger—major-domo of comestibles—captain of the curds—regent of the rennet. But I find that cheese requires an interlude—a frequent one and a complete so that I seek release from duress in some amber elixir of nescience.

Spring comes and with it a keen nostalgia for that lovely western island that we know. I want to walk barefooted at Punahou with the sea wind breathing a song of tall brown warriors. Or there's a clear, cool pool—where, if you remember, Kamapuaa, the pig god, has his domain. There are guava and ti plant and hala trees in that valley.

Back in those hills the Chinese meadow larks are singing. People are sane there. They lie on lauhala-covered hikies, barefooted, and drink oke highballs;—and affairs may go to hell—at least until mahapi.

I wonder if the ohia is scarlet in those purple mountains? Soon the awapuhi will be in bloom and o'night the cereus will seem white cups of moonlight down near Punahou. Alohu nui loa.

MAC.

Nutley, New Jersey.

✱ ✱

SPICED BEEF

SIR:—Mr. Stanley Horn's note on "Spiced Round" exactly tallied with the English spiced beef of my childhood and which I have never before heard of elsewhere.

My parents, both English, were married in 1864 and made their home in Montreal. Among other treasures which my Mother brought with her from the old country was a large red leather book on whose blue leaves were carefully inscribed the most favored of her Mother's recipes. I have the book still and on one of its pages, in rather faded ink read "Christmas Spiced Beef." Her Mother brought it from her home when she married, and I do not know how many generations of family brides before her had done likewise.

Its preparation was a sort of ritual shared by all the members of the family. The butcher must be notified early in November to let us know when he had procured just the right piece from which to cut it, and then the actual cutting must be done under my Mother's direction. It must be high up on the round, but not too high, so as to make a good thick piece, about twenty-five pounds. Then the bone must be removed and a good piece of kidney suet provided to later take the place of the bone. The marrow from that bone was served on toast very highly seasoned as a sort of promise of what was to come

and no other marrow ever tasted so good. My Mother then donned the linen apron and oversleeves which she always wore on the rare occasions when she cooked, and herself made the spiced brine in which the meat was then kept for four weeks. After this the spiced suet was tightly packed into the hole left by the bone and the whole tied into shape while the assembled family watched or lent a helpful hand. The long slow roasting filled the house with delicious savory odors, which always seemed to me an essential part of Christmas eve. Then on Christmas Day itself it appeared in all its glory, not to share honors with the Christmas turkey but by itself at the lunch or supper table depending on whether dinner was at noon



REPORTING UNDER FIRE
From "The Mysterious Island"

or night, a noble roast to be cut in wafer thin pink spicy slices garnished with slivers of white fat. . . .

The family is scattered now but one New England daughter-in-law carries on the tradition, and it is my belief that not even the Nashville "Spice Round" could be more delicious than the "Spiced Beef" we partook of here in Conn. this last Christmas.

GLADYS NORTON EVANS.

Middletown, Conn.

✱ ✱

"BROWSING INVITED!"

SIR:—In your March 10 "Bowling Green" you stated that "perhaps bookstores are not sufficiently appreciated as slow-down devices or zones of pause. . . . They are rarely crowded" . . . and that booksellers have perhaps too much time to think. . . .

Would you like the smallest hint why? Or to reverse the process, possibly you can answer a question for me: Can you or anyone else explain why booksellers, particularly the female of the species, deem it becoming to assume such formidable attitudes of condescension, and pained expressions of annoyance at the intrusion of customers? Are they paid solely for their self-contained erudition? Then why bother about standing around in empty stores all day? A chair by the fire would be much more comfortable and more conducive to contemplation. Business in literary commerce is apparently no more flourishing than in any other (q. v. the clearance book sales), but I wonder on beholding these forbidding Masks of Culture how a single book is ever sold.

Twice this week I had an urgent need of books. I screwed up enough courage to approach the Gates of Learning, to be repulsed as many times with a flat "We don't have them," tone and lifted brow imparting, not too gently, that only a moron would ask for such things; and no suggestion was made that the books might be ordered. With a feeling of first degree

murder I crept away, darting one agonizing glance at the tables and shelves where I was dying to browse—and my pay envelope was burning in my pocket! The two books I sought had been recently reviewed very favorably in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the *New York Times*, and other current literary periodicals; one as "an amazing achievement" and the other as "one of the best biographies of recent years." I was too "complexed" to make any further intrusions on the sanctums of these esoteric few, and finally purchased one book and ordered the other in the small book department of a ladies' store.

How many people go into bookstores with the exact knowledge of what they want? Is "Browsing Invited" nothing more than a card in a window (and I have only actually seen one such card in my life)?

After my little experience I later heard a High School Librarian (who has occasion to buy a representative number of books) comment on the same curt reception she had received in our two leading book stores, and I was satisfied that the masks were not assumed just for me and my small accounts.

You say that "the best kind of talk there is, is with one's self. . . . The bookseller has that chance; I wish we heard more of his musings. . . ." No, thank you, his musings don't interest me, though it might be amusing to hear what he thinks of himself.

A. T. H.

Cincinnati.

✱ ✱
A NOTE ON GEORGE ENNIS

[Some of whose paintings are now on view at Cronyn & Lowndes, Rockefeller Center.]

I was watching George Ennis make the first sketch for a portrait. He studied his subject in very quick, serious, intent glances, and each time he looked he opened his eyes extraordinarily wide. (I hope this isn't going to make him . . . conscious.) If one might know even what it is that happens when a painter looks at anything with purpose to capture it we would understand more about the arts. How puzzling life is: when we were young we were told "you mustn't stare;" yet here is George Ennis—by staring, and making queer skirmishes with colors, he achieves bold and beautiful results and is admired by serious people.

Mr. Ennis wrote a book once, *How to Make a Water Color*; he was rather startled when I said that what he wrote there about the technical procedures of painting was also among the wisest and most savory comments on writing. It satisfied me that all the arts are secretly akin. A writer may not always so frankly study the lineaments of faces and landscapes, but he too must open very wide whatever organs of perception he has.

What is it then (I ask myself) that George sees when he opens his eyes so wide? He does it, I think, not to see more but to see less; to see what *not* to put in. That kind of painting, not always pleasing to the academies, requires intuition in the beholder. Only after thoughtful examination of some of his scenes do you realize how daringly they exclude triviality and niceness. His passion for so genuine a place as Eastport is surely part of his instinct. And on a Florida beach, with a hurricane coming, he painted wildly until there was only just time to save both the picture and himself.

Neither you nor I, by taking thought or opening our eyes very wide, can see just what George Ennis sees. That is part of his unpredictable and starkly individual quality. He is himself so orderly, modest, unhairly, true to appointment and demurely unassertive, so unlike the artist of romantic rodomontade, he would pass almost anywhere unsuspected. So indeed he does, not wasting time or energy in being suspected, and so accomplishes much fine and startling work. It's only when you see him pencil or brush in hand, opening his eyes very wide in that sudden gaze of concentrated blue, that you realize he also, like all the nicest people, is just a little mad.

George must not mind what I say; I am not an art critic.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A LITERARY BRAWL

"For God's sake keep your tongue out of that plate," shouted Meiklejohn. "I take you to a good Scotch pub and you quote a noisy, dirty-minded, untidy, romantic Englishman at me! I detest Shakespeare, and I'm damned if I'll listen to him for you or anyone else."

"Forgive me for uttering so naked a commonplace," Magnus said offensively, "but you drive me to it. Shakespeare is the greatest poet of all time."

"A fustian, long-winded, turgid, slovenly ranter who never missed the opportunity to make a dirty joke," retorted Meiklejohn.

"Name a better poet," said Magnus.

"Racine," answered Meiklejohn promptly.

"That dull, pedantic schoolroom exercise! That prosy, plodding, weary, unimaginative padding for a deserted library!"

"My dear fellow," Magnus repeated, "think of the profundity of Shakespeare, and the enormity of his invention. The range of his understanding. . . ."

Meiklejohn, equally in earnest and stammering in the speed of his desire to refute Magnus's assertions, said: "But think of Racine!"

"Racine is a bore," said Magnus.

"Shakespeare's a periphrastic, platitudinous peacock," said Meiklejohn.

Magnus began to recite Clarence's dream from *Richard III*, and Meiklejohn attempted to over-shout him with the passage from *Roxane* beginning: "*Ah! Je respire enfin, et ma joie est extreme.*"

"Will you listen to me?" said Magnus, and took Meiklejohn by the throat.

"I'm damned if I will," said Meiklejohn, and struck Magnus on the side of the head. It was a clumsy blow, but sufficient to unbalance him, and falling, he fell down several steps before he could recover himself.

But Meiklejohn, not yet defeated, opened his eyes and struggled to get up. Leaning on one elbow he said, very slowly and distinctly:

"*C'était pendant l'horreur d'une profonde nuit.*"

Then, with the quotation of this ample and sonorous line for a last defiance, he collapsed and fell backwards on the stone.

The station sergeant was a benign little man with spectacles and he listened with sorrowful disapproval while the nature of Magnus's breach of the peace and assault upon Meiklejohn was described to him.

"A person like you shouldn't be found brawling in the streets," he said, "for if you want to get drunk you can do it quietly and decently in your own house."

Magnus bowed under the rebuke. "I can only apologize," he said with rather ponderous courtesy. "I'm afraid that I lost my temper. My friend and I were discussing a literary problem, and literature, if you take it seriously, is a great breeder of quarrels. I once knew a man who was shot for describing another's verses as catalectic, which they were. But the author thought he had said 'cataleptic.'"

"That may be," said the sergeant. "But the constable says you were using very filthy language."

"I was quoting Shakespeare."

The sergeant scratched his chin. "There was a man brought in on the same charge last week, and he said he had been quoting the Bible."

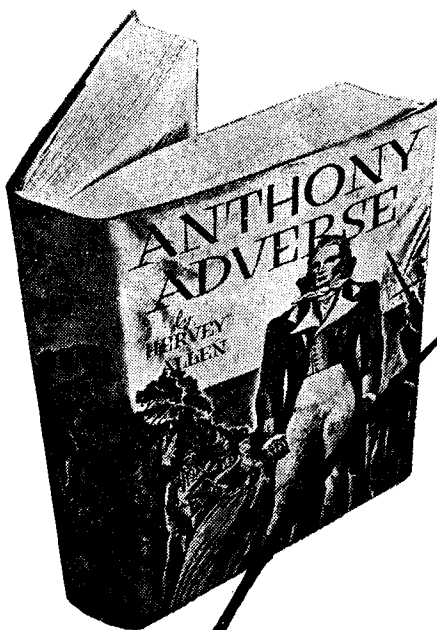
—from *MAGNUS MERRIMAN*
by Eric Linklater.

MEN UNDER FIRE

Men who have faced death often and habitually can never again have the same attitude towards life. It is hard to be enthusiastic about little things again.

A big high explosive shell came over so close to us we felt sure from its sound it was going to burst very near. There is nothing worse than listening to the increasing howl of a shell and realizing that *this* time it really is going to burst near you. How near? That is the vital question. This particular shell burst several hundred yards away, tearing through the trees and crashing with a red flash that lit up the road and the columns of troops. Then we heard those awful agonized screams and cries for help that so often followed. It is impossible to make people at home understand what listening to them does to your brain. You can never get rid of them again.

—from *TOWARD THE FLAME*
by Hervey Allen.



BY
**HERVEY
ALLEN**

Just published in England, already a leading best seller there. Other editions are soon to appear in France, Holland, Denmark, Germany and Sweden. 390,000 copies have been sold in America. "An extraordinary achievement."
—London Times. 1200 pages, \$3.00.

Anthony Adverse

This is war . . . The screaming bursting horror of it . . . as seen and recorded by the author of *ANTHONY ADVERSE*. Hervey Allen was an officer in command of one of the American combat units that was wiped out by the last Hindenburg drive. This is the vivid account of his war adventures, reissued in a new large-paper edition, with 64 illustrations by Lyle Justis and a new preface by the author. \$2.50

Toward the Flame



Trial by Jury

"TAKE THE WITNESS!" By Alfred Cohn and Joe Chisholm. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1934. \$2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM JAY HOFF

THIS book is primarily the professional biography of Earl Rogers, the lawyer who dominated the criminal bar on the Pacific Coast for the two decades before we entered the World War. It recounts the dramatic story of his life against the background of crime and lawlessness in which he moved. The inherent pathos and color of his activities are well brought out, both in short anecdotes and in fairly detailed accounts of some of Rogers's more famous appearances for the defense.

From those of his trials which are recorded in some detail, we are left with the conviction that Rogers, through a mastery of the rules of evidence, of psychology, of medical jurisprudence and of histrionics, saved many a guilty defendant from walking up the thirteen steps that lead to the gallows. No effort is made to conceal this. "The records show that close to a hundred slayers escaped the gallows through the efforts of Earl Rogers; and there is little doubt that most of them were guilty enough to have merited the extreme penalty." He looked upon every case as a game. Bluff and daring coupled with intense dramatization were the levers he used to sway his juries and introduce a "reasonable" doubt. Rogers left nothing undone in his preparation of a criminal case; his detectives supplied him with all the intimate details of the jurors' lives; he completely memorized the testimony of many witnesses so that he could cross-examine them more effectively; "second guns" appeared, thus conveniently affording a basis for a plea of self-defense; he was present when the District Attorney made a surprise visit to the cemetery in the dead of night to exhume the body of a "corpus delicti."

Earl Rogers was master of the technique of cross-examination. He excelled at "not bringing a serious cross-question or an argument to a verbal conclusion, although making (the) inference apparent. Leaving the obvious deduction to the jury would lead them to believe that they had ferreted out the unavoidable construction from the premises themselves. . . ."

Even a superficial study of the careers of highly successful criminal lawyers such as Rogers, Fallon, Leibowitz, or Darrow inevitably raises queries regarding certain aspects of our criminal procedure. The presumption that a man is innocent until proved guilty does not require the lawyer to pass judgment on the accused; it is still the attorney's duty to make out the strongest case possible for his client. And, even if the over zealous efforts of counsel for the defense are often matched by similar actions on the part of the prosecution, the question remains whether justice might not more often be reached if we forced more strict adherence to the evidence of a case, unadorned by the pyrotechnic displays of brilliant counsel.

It is common knowledge that juries today are often swayed more by dramatic demonstrations and emotional appeals than by any detached appraisal of the evidence presented. Some changes in our jury system seem inevitable. It is not my purpose to make any conjecture regarding what form these changes will take. Certainly, though, any suggestion to substitute a panel of judges for the jury (assuming, for the sake of argument, that the necessary constitutional amendments could be secured) would raise a hue and cry greater by far than that raised when a criminal took to flight in the early days of Anglo-Saxon law. Trial by jury, the so-called right to be judged by one's peers, has become an emotional heritage. However, we might well stop to consider how vastly different are the conditions existing today from those under which our jury system took root. When the talesmen knew the witnesses as neighbors it was a much easier assignment for them to weigh the evidence. The testimony of each witness could be judged in the light of the known qualities of the person on the stand. If he was an alarmist, the jurors would be aware of it. If he had a particularly keen memory, that would be known. Today the gentlemen of the jury must rely wholly on the impressions they get while the witness is actually giving his testimony. The average man who is our jurymen is not enough of a psychologist or analyst to cope with the subtleties of our leading counsel. The jury can no longer weigh the evidence, it must reach its verdict from dramatized versions of what might have occurred.

She shot the man she loved... This is the story she was never allowed to tell the jury. "An exciting story adroitly told."—N.Y. Sun \$2.00

BY MARY ROBERTS
RINEHART



THE STATE VERSUS Elinor Norton

REVOLUTIONS WERE HIS WEAKNESS . . . He fought in thirteen of them but lived to write this breathtaking story of his thrilling and comic adventures. The incredible true story of an American soldier of fortune! Illustrated by Paul Brown. \$2.50.

THE Incurable Filibuster

The Life and Adventures of COL. DEAN IVAN LAMB

REX BEACH

In this companion volume to *Men of the Outer Islands* Rex Beach reveals that he knows women too: wives, mistresses, and others . . . All of them are caught up in dramatic circumstances where morals and conventions no longer control. Illustrated by Harry Brown. \$2.00.



Masked Women

Thunder in

"Drama and excitement that stirs the blood . . . a robust, colorful story of adventure, mystery and romance."—N. Y. World-Telegram. "Hereby recommended to all and sundry."
—Will Cuppy. \$2.00.



Death Rides the Mesa

by
TOM GILL

FARRAR