

ganglia in the network of national commerce. Michigan City and Milwaukee had better harbors than Chicago's; and until the railroad era water transportation appeared the timeless indispensable for the growth of a city. But striking among the factors which made Chicago "the largest inland commercial Emporium of the United States" was its many-sided and persistent, not sporadic, zest for improvements in transportation. Chicago was not content with its Lake, nor with the rise of steam navigation which quickened the Westward trek by weeks. As early as 1815 plans were drawn and surveys made for a canal to supersede the old portage route from Chicago to the Mississippi. In 1836 the canal was begun; it was opened for navigation in 1848. By that date telegraph and express were serving the growing city; turnpikes and plank roads were highways for the wheat wagons and the hog droves from the interior; and the signal of Chicago's manifest destiny was the whistle of the first railroad train in Chicago, on the Galena and Chicago Union tracks, October 25, 1848. That first run chugs Miss Pierce's history of the formative years of the city to a logical stop.

The story of transportation occupies much space in this "History." But an equally important factor in the growth of a city—the impact of strong personalities upon the environment—eludes the technic of the book. Names, dates, statistics, summaries, are here in plenty. But the important accidents of personality—associated with the Kinzies, William B. Ogden, John Wentworth, Walter L. Newberry, among others of the Chicago-builders—become obscured in the avalanche of facts.

Happily, these facts are of manifold sort. Banking, commerce, "the pursuit of culture," religious and humanitarian trends, are among the dominant stuffs of the book; government and politics receive but two chapters of the twelve. This catholic planning is one of the primary virtues of Miss Pierce's volume. The abundant documentation is nearly an innovation in local histories; though even the author's fellow professors, disciplined by theses and seminars, will find the eye rebels at the demand that it leap downward to snatch a footnote for almost every other sentence.

With this rescue of its history from the bright, impressionable newspapermen and from the subscription-volumes, Chicago builds another impressive memorial to its coming of age, the closing of its first "century of progress." The book indeed is reminiscent of the New Science Building that three and four years ago bulked over the fairgrounds: both products of modern science; book and building each a triumph of its type of engineering; calibrated to accuracy; impersonal and unwarmed.

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# Those Were the Days

REMEMBER THE DAY. By Kenneth Horan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. \$2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MRS. HORAN'S engaging reminiscences of her childhood begin back in the days when William McKinley was President, when Republicanism was firmly in the saddle, and when the Republican party and prosperity were one and indivisible. They were the days when families rode to church in a surrey, when hostesses greeted their guests with a handshake high in air and crooked their little fingers gracefully over the teacups, when mothers said "sh" if divorce or childbirth was mentioned in the presence of little girls, and when to have a small waist was as much a claim to respect for a woman as to have been a Rough Rider was for a man. They were the days of gaslight and coal ranges, of houses with cupolas and porte-cochères, of metal animals disporting themselves on the lawn, of Culture Circles and Browning readings, of bicycles and pug dogs. Ah, those were the days!

Pappa, who was Mrs. Horan's father and owner and editor of a string of Michigan newspapers, was a bulwark of the Republican party, and Mamma, who wore her hair in a smooth pompadour and had lovely dresses over voluminous skirts, had the smallest waist in Michigan. Together they made home a happy and exciting place for two small daughters who

peeked over balustrades when great Republicans came to the house, and sat behind screens when formal parties were under way, and at more informal ones and at political rallies had a part in the proceedings. Mrs. Horan's account of life during these golden years is gay and

full of adroit characterizations sharply etched for all their affectionate temper.

Being an editor and a bulwark, Mr. Ingham saw all the great who came to his town, even Democrats on occasion. To his home came among others Jane Addams, who caused a stir by having to have a hot bath before the new paint had fairly dried in the bathtub but who impressed herself on everyone from coachman to little daughter as a very great lady indeed; the "Colonel," whose shoes appeared outside the blue guest room

door at two o'clock in the morning to the consternation of the family until Cousin Frankie, who had been a Rough Rider with him, saved the situation by offering to polish them himself; Henry Ford, a thin young man whom the same Cousin Frankie brought to the house and who made an offer of stock in his new automobile factory which Pappa thought it wise to reject; O. Henry, with the prison pallor still upon him; and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb for whom highchairs, long since banished to the attic, were retrieved and placed beside the tea table so that they might sip their tea out of tiny spoons at ease. Eleanora Duse comes into the book, and Minnie Maddern Fiske and Joe Jefferson do too. McKinley appears twice, and Uncle Joe Cannon, very homespun and hearty and extremely gallant to Mamma, and Mark Twain, diplomatic with the ladies and jocular with Pappa, and tender to the little girls, are there. Maud Ballington Booth and the Salvation Army draw the good Episcopal family to a rally like a new Pied Piper, and they all come home singing "Jesus, lover of my soul" with a suspicion of tears in their eyes. And Pappa has tears in his eyes again when Bryan comes to town and makes his "crown of thorns" speech. "He's all wrong," says Pappa, "but can't he talk."

Mr. Bryan's speech was a great occasion in Pappa's town.

"I wouldn't leave here now if the heavens opened," said Mamma, as the rain came down, "but I don't want you girls to get La Grippe," so she wrapt her cape around them as they huddled together and Kathie, the elder, "who kept up on everything," explained that La

Grippe was "French for asthma." The Democrats sat, getting dripping wet and not minding, and the family went home quite sad.

A delightful household this of Pappa and Mamma and the girls ("Sh, the Girls," says Mamma ever and anon), and their aunts and cousin, and servants, and guests. Mrs. Horan has written a most winsome book about them, just the kind to send to a traveler, or an invalid, or, indeed, to anyone who wants a pleasant few hours.



DRAWINGS FROM "REMEMBER THE DAY"

## The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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### Invitation to the Waltz

WRITING in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Wilson Follett has thoroughly confused us about the meaning of a proverbial phrase, "the devil to pay and no pitch hot," but to our best belief it describes a situation that has arisen among the orators on the left flank. It seems that the proprietors of the Writers' Congress intended not to invite us to attend. Just how pointed that intention was we do not know; they may have meant to ignore us on a high moral plane or they may have meant to humiliate us with a social snub. But someone sold them out and sent us an invitation all drawn up in proper form, including the "R. S. V. P." of the strictest bourgeois tradition and offering us an opportunity to sign the Call. If we had taken advantage of that opportunity the government of the literary left would have fallen before a vote of no confidence, but fortunately we didn't. We merely announced, on this page, that we weren't going to attend the Congress.

That was bad enough. The editors of *The New Masses*, a periodical so reminiscent of the Ogden High School *Classicum* of 1912 that we were probably its Exchange Editor at fifteen, were shocked. If we had been invited, then some revisionist had transgressed the principles of Marx; if we hadn't been, then we ourselves had violated those other universal principles which Emily Post has codified once and for all. They interviewed the sponsors of the Congress, who informed them that they certainly had not invited us. Thereupon the editors of *The New Masses* observed the purest literary tradition, as from time to time we have described it here. Instead of digging out the facts, however scandalous, and being realistically governed by them, they adopted a comforting theory about them. The implications of our being invited were uncomfortable and perhaps even frightening. Therefore we could not have been invited. So the boys took a firm stand on Mrs. Post and called us presumptuous and ungracious.

In emergencies like this it is cravenly to adopt the literary explanation merely because it is the most comfortable one. The appalling fact is that we did receive through the U. S. Mail an invitation which was addressed to us by name and which looks genuine. Someone may have forged it, of course, but if so the situation is every bit as disquieting. Genuine or forged, someone sent it to us, and it is the inescapable duty of *The New Masses* to find out who he is. We shall be glad to sink all factional differences in the greater effort and to cooperate with the boys in their investigation, only asking them to face without flinching whatever facts may be brought to light. So far we can see only three working hypotheses, all of them distressing and two of them dreadful.

The least disturbing hypothesis is that some evangelist among them still hopes to convert us and mailed the invitation in a mood of pure prayer. Mr. Granville Hicks, who was recently explaining to us that there is no difference between the literary interests of Proust and those of Albert Halper, is an enthusiastic and prayerful soul, and it may have been he or someone near to him. If it was, we can only say that we intended no rudeness and that if he will sign the next one we shall reply in a way which Mrs. Post cannot possibly condemn. The task of his colleagues is simple and not too painful: they have only to explain dialectics to him.

But with the other two hypotheses we approach darkness and doom. It may be that an agent of the black reaction has got into the councils of the righteous and is boring from within, intending to discredit the Congress by inviting us to it and perhaps even getting us to attend. At this moment some one who has been admitted to the inner shrine, one who shares all the secrets and takes part in all the deliberations, may be a labor spy and an agent provocateur in a fascist plot. Only our transparent honesty in declining the invitation has betrayed his activity. But there is an even worse possibility. This unknown may not be an agent of the opposition: he may be one of the faithful who has backslidden and become a counter-revolutionary, which, as everyone knows, is far worse. Instead of originating in a fascist plot, our invitation may be part of a Trotskyist plot.

In either case, the editors of *The New Masses* are running a foolish and vain-glorious risk by contenting themselves with denunciations of us. While they enervate themselves in the pursuit of adjectives, a spy or a traitor is in their midst. One of the most trusted among them is false as hell itself, and the very walls have ears. While they lingered in a literary lotus-land we were invited to this Congress, and while they sit still and call us ungracious we may be invited to the next one. Only the sternest measures will suffice; the boys have got to stop talking

and begin to act, which is, you will remember, what we advised them to do a couple of weeks ago. We shall await with the liveliest interest word that *The New Masses* has begun a purge. If we can help, simply let us know.

The rest of what the boys say amply supports what we said, and confirms our prediction so well that, much as we have denounced literary prophets, we are tempted to set up as one. A line in the Call caught our eye: "We are not advancing these ideas as fixed theories that have to be accepted on pain of intellectual excommunication." Our observation indicated that that was hooey and we asserted that the boys didn't mean it. In the interest of experiment we suggest a tentative theory to be "discussed among writers as freely and widely as possible," and predicted that anyone who voiced it at the Congress would get thrown out on his ear. The boys didn't even wait for the Congress but threw us out on our ear two weeks before it was to convene. They call us cynical because we don't play golf but the truth is that we are practically as hopeful as they are, and so, still in the interest of experiment, we come to bat with another suggestion. Is our invitation still good, in spite of its reaching us through a deplorable misunderstanding? If it is, we move, Mr. Chairman, or if it isn't we instruct our representative to move, that the words "and communism" be inserted after the word "fascism" at the appropriate place in every resolution adopted by the Congress. Heads stands for pain of intellectual excommunication and tails for discussion as free and wide as possible. Which do you call?

The boys seem to have been pretty emotional when they read our editorial and so they didn't see just what we were saying. We said that we respected some of the writers who signed the Call but thought some of the others lollipops. We may have had some low hope of being called upon to name names, but *The New Masses* brandishes some names at us which, it is well known, we have respected a lot more consistently than *The New Masses* has. They call us conservative and we certainly are slower than they are to change our literary admirations when someone in authority says to change them. But we wish especially that *The New Masses* would read what we said about literary conventions in relation to effectiveness, and would then proceed to show us up. We aren't cynical, boys, instruments of the most delicate precision are necessary to reveal the small fraction of a degree by which we fall short of you in hopefulness. But we cannot see that these fraternity meetings ever accomplish anything beyond the production of self-esteem and the generation of carbon dioxide. You are eloquent and moving in expressing your belief that we are wrong but there is a better way to prove your case. Have this Congress accomplish something. Be sure to let us know what it is.