



Children's Crusade for Children

THERE was a children's crusade in the Middle Ages that failed—a mass movement, hysterically led, where little bodies were herded across Europe toward an impossible ideal. The Children's Crusade announced last week is very different in character. This nation-wide project announced last week by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and her associates, is no crusade of the emotions only, but a plan, soundly based and well organized, for enabling millions and millions of American children to show that war, exile, and impoverishment can arouse compassion as well as horror, hate, and morbid curiosity. Our children are fortunate in that they have reasonable assurance of home and parents in a peaceful country; yet it is not a blessing that the devastation in Europe and the East is so often presented to their imaginations as a terror of dropping bombs, burning houses, machinery of war, and mankind in one of its too frequent moods of callous and uncalculating cruelty.

This children's crusade, which has already enrolled as auxiliaries the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, and many other youth organizations with a personnel of millions, hopes to collect in the last ten days of April a penny for each year of age from as many as possible of the thirty millions of school children throughout the United States, the funds thus raised to be distributed through recognized channels for refugee relief to children without a home or country all over the distressed areas of the world. With an emergency that grows daily and threatens to become one of the great disasters in world history, no sum that can be raised by children for children, can be too much, even for the beginning of relief.

But it is a question whether the results for the giver in this crusade are not as well worth considering as the relief to refugee children who may be

saved for another and perhaps better generation. Indeed, the founders of this plan for children's aid to children have felt that its educational value was its chief justification among so many drives to raise money for the afflicted. The new world, whatever it may become, will belong to those who are now children. It would be a deep injustice and a great wrong, if American children in this crisis should be allowed to remain ignorant of, or indifferent to, what is happening to other children abroad—what *might* happen to them.

With this in view, the ablest writers of the country are publishing in newspapers and magazines everywhere, stories, editorials, articles, on children in trouble abroad. The movies are to do their share, and the radio also. With the coöperation of libraries throughout the United States, there will be displays of books about children in every land. Plays have been written for performance in the schools. An educational committee has prepared rich material for use in connection with the school curriculums, where the school authorities have already been effectively at work. Judging from the list of sponsors and abettors, no cause in recent years has elicited a warmer response from Americans everywhere who are in touch, directly or indirectly, with the children of the United States.

Whatever the sum raised may

amount to, the indirect results of this children's crusade seem to the writer of this editorial to be of quite incalculable importance. The question of economic and political isolationism may be debatable, but no genuine American has ever advocated an isolationism of human sympathy. That would mean, not only a defeat of Christianity, but a defeat also of the qualities in human nature which have made our civilization possible. This, of course, is particularly true for American civilization, which, in its complexities, contains elements from the blood and culture of so many lands. And civilization begins with the children. The Mongols who heaped pyramids of human heads while they were destroying an Arabic culture, and who afterwards destroyed each other, were not irrational. They had merely been trained from childhood to regard the sufferings of non-Mongols as outside of their sympathies, as non-human. If charity begins at home, it becomes sterile unless exercised abroad. And if sympathy is to subsist at home, it must be extended wherever human trouble goes.

Whether it is a penny or ten pennies dropped into the can provided for the purpose, one envies the children who, with no burden of responsibility for the times in which we find ourselves, can contribute their mites to the possible reconstruction of what will be their world.

H. S. C.

Transcontinental Bus

BY DANIEL SMYTHE

ON a strange land we have the light now, we are banked
In a light that plays with green like shimmering wings,
And like the shifting of the speeding land beneath us,
The conversation across the aisle drifts and sags—
The milk strike, price of grain, politics,
And the grim shadow of war, repeated war.
War is in every word, on every tongue,
In the clubbed newspaper waved for emphasis,
In the bus wheels singing: we are going east,
We are sawing away the miles, and as we grind,
The night that buries Europe is hurrying to us.
What have we with turmoil, I think, we in this light,
Surrounded by fields and orchards and breathing wind?
Are not the corn-flame, the trees enough for them
Through excited windows that they must speak of gas,
And force, and hate? Look to the sky and marvel!
But as I look, and as the road is torn by thunder,
I see the far shade, the setting sun behind,
And darkness sweeps in waves upon the world,
Pressing the fields, cutting the hills apart,
And drowning all our talk and eyes in night.
It is the night assailing us as ever,
Night in the east toward which the fast wheels spin;
Europe has had it; Europe sends it on to us
With choking sights within its eyes of stars
And thoughts in the dark wind that cool our words.

Letters to the Editor: *More about Dr. Watson*

Watson's Nationality

SIR:—Mr. R. Ellis Roberts disputes Christopher Morley's hypothesis that Sherlock Holmes had an American father or mother.

Well, I am forced to dispute Mr. Roberts's hypothesis that Dr. Watson was an American. And, like Mr. Roberts, I shall employ "A Study in Scarlet" as my witness. I am willing to waive the fact that Dr. Watson had his Mormon party, just past the Pawnee country, approaching the Rio Grande (some 500 miles south of the Mormon Trail) because an American could slip on that. I am willing to waive even the ersatz Americanisms Dr. Watson places on the lips of allegedly American characters. My overwhelming proof is this:

The child Lucy, believing she is to perish on the desert, anticipates meeting her mama in heaven and she says: "I'll bet she meets us at the door of heaven with a big pitcher of water and a lot of buckwheat cakes, hot and toasted on both sides, like Bob and me was fond of. . . ."

If Dr. Watson were an American, if his mother had been an American, or if his Uncle Peleg had been an American he'd certainly know enough about buckwheat cakes not to permit an American girl to talk about toasting them. I suspect Dr. John H. Watson was a New Zealander.

CLYDE BRION DAVIS.

Hamburg, N. Y.

Escape Reading

SIR:—It is my belief that more people are reading Trollope's books now than the author of "I Know He Was Right" wots of.

Some months ago there appeared in the *Satevepost* an article on the classics (or what he considered the great books) by Maugham and in this he cited "The Eustace Diamonds" as Trollope's finest novel. At that time my omnivorous reading had not embraced Trollope but I quickly started on him, reading "The Eustace Diamonds" and "Dr. Thorne" within the month, and I thought the latter novel much the better. Since then, I have read "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers" and am at present half-way through "Framley Parsonage." Mary Thorne and Lucy Roberts were real persons even in that artificial age and could fit themselves into the twentieth century scene easily enough. Miss Dunstable was twentieth century and doubtless only her great wealth saved her from the charge of being un-womanly.

I understand that the *London Times* recommends Trollope's novels as "escape reading" for a war-weary people.

DOROTHY H. AVERY.

Morgantown, N. C.



"Miss Millay's readings were beautiful, but I'm getting a little sick of cream cheese and pimienta on toast."

Yankee Fourierists

SIR:—While examining experiments in establishing socialistic communities in New England during the last century, I have run into some difficulties in acquiring detailed information about the Fourierist community in Northampton, Massachusetts. The Northampton Fourierists were coeval with George Ripley's Brook Farm, their community having been started in 1842 while Ripley launched his Utopia in 1841. If any *Saturday Review* reader has in his possession any original documents or other papers that may throw some light on the Northampton group, and will send them to the undersigned at Hudson, Massachusetts, they will be gratefully received, quickly copied, and carefully returned.

ARTHUR BERNON TOURTELLOT.
Hudson, Massachusetts.

Argonews

SIR:—I submit herewith a list of much needed slang terms, now introduced for the first time:

axlebarger: average woman driver
anglewangle: to steal ideas from others
balkie: a slow movie
bulchump: a stout woman

bar-shee: woman barfly
botherhood: annoying friends
blaplot: trite hokum
cowsnort: unconvincing stage weeping
castlework: to gold dig
cradleyapper: obnoxious child actor
carswarmers: service station attendants
cellsimple: shy on brains
droniac: over-lengthy radio advertiser
earwag: a radio would-be wit
gaspeller: noisy evangelist
gagdiver: one who uses old jokes
Hollyboob: autograph fiend
microbat: stuttering announcer
nudazine: French illustrated magazine
radiache: poor radio program
ragazine: feeble magazine
snapsap: candid camera hound
spousebreaker: husband or wife snatcher
stumbleclumper: woman fox hunter
sexpert: learned writer on marital problems
tunehack: mediocre composer
tongue-stag: meeting for women only
treepounder: C.C.C. boy
wingskirt: airways hostess
wammydub: one who seeks publicity

These words, adapted to our advancing needs to express our streamlined conceptions, might well be adopted. Oxford dictionary please note and credit to their originator—

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