

the rise of an emigrant Austrian boy in the New World, opens with seventeen-year-old Peter's arrival in America in 1919, and closes two years later with his becoming partner in a booming radio firm. With a single-minded devotion to his "vocation" which would do credit to the most fervent monastic novitiate, he leaves his protective New York relatives early in the book and, alone, goes forth to conquer Pittsburgh. There, renouncing pleasures, he studies nights and works days at a variety of increasingly technical jobs in the steel and electronic industries, succeeding all the way.

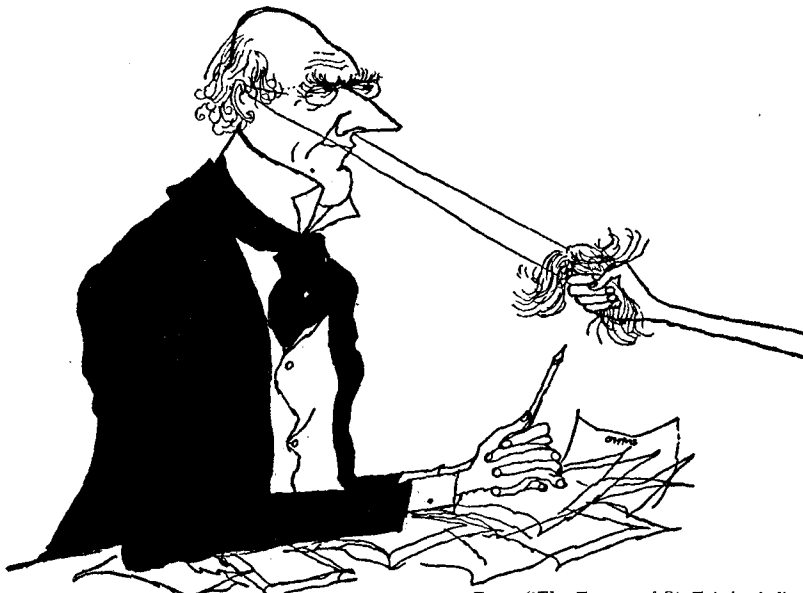
As Mr. White presents him, Peter is about as mechanical as the machines which totally engross him, and as he clanks along he is seen to be tiresomely narrow, utterly humorless, and quite wearying to read about, as

are the rest of the characters. In addition, the story moves in a historical vacuum from which all the social events of the times have been expelled.

The only scenes which come to life are the long, detailed descriptions of the industrial and technological processes in which Peter engages, and these are explained lucidly and interestingly.

The author has set himself an ambitious task in this series, and goes at it with dogged conscientiousness. His style, as well as his subject matter, might be called Dreiserian, thus relating him to an important figure in our literature. But Dreiser, with all his laborious massiveness, doesn't crush out the life of the nuance, and he does communicate living passion. This Mr. White achieves all too seldom.

—JEROME STONE.



—From "The Terror of St. Trinian's."
"With a sharp 'zip' it came away in her hand."

SCHOOLGIRL MAYHEM: Ronald Searle is to English humor what Charles Addams is to ours. In numerous magazine cartoons he has created a school for young ladies called St. Trinian's, populated by a mob of spidery-limbed, wild-eyed little female gangsters from whose book of mayhem even Lizzie Borden might have learned something. Now he and a fiendish literary collaborator named Timothy Shy, in the copiously illustrated book, "The Terror of St. Trinian's" (British Book Centre, \$2), tell what the publisher calls "the full sordid story." It has to do chiefly with Angela Menace, ringleader of the Fifth Form, who is diverted from her sport of drowning chums in the bath by a sudden, determined passion for Ronald Rover, a Byronic school-inspector. Angela has no truck with coy reticence, and her first honeyed words to Ronald are: "The day I marry the man of my choice, my Daddy places twenty thousand sweet smackers to my credit in Lloyd's Bank." Later, in a calculated fit of pique, Miss Menace determines to burn St. Trinian's.

The British terminology employed won't trouble Americans who enjoyed Stephen Potter's manuals, "Lifemanship" and "Gamesmanship," with which comic exercises this book can be instructively compared. Searle's drawings and Shy's text mingle in droll conspiracy, and a good time should be had by all readers who have ever quelled the desire to set off a firecracker during school assembly.

—JEROME STONE.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in forthcoming numbers.

ADRIFT. By Sara Ware Bassett. Doubleday & Co. \$2.75. Some gentle sing-song about a young woman who is deserted by her husband after the war, and of the eventual haven she finds when he is killed in a plane crash.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN. By Jerry Allen. Little, Brown & Co. \$4.50. A new critical biography of America's first great public laughter, which covers everything from the earliest days in Hannibal, Missouri, or Porkopolis, as it was called in those days, to the final years of fame and dark shadows.

ALEXANDRA. By E. E. P. Tisdall. John Day Co. \$4.50. A biography of the Princess of Wales, Alexandra of Denmark, who lived to be Edward VII's queen and widow, and who, for the most part, has been lost all these years somewhere beneath the well-bastioned Victoria.

ALL IS NOT BUTTER. By Robert Banning. Little, Brown & Co. \$3.75. An account of the several years the author—an ex-news-paperman—and his family have spent on his father's inherited dairy farm in Wisconsin.

ALL MY SINS. By Norbert Estey. A. A. Wyn. \$3.50. The sins here are those of a seventeenth-century French *bosomière* who, in her eighty years on this rolling plant, has a score of lovers, including such merryhearts as Richelieu, Moliere, Corneille, Scarron, and Charles De Beaumont.

AROUND A RUSTY GOD. By Augusta Walker. Dial Press. \$3. Goats to the right of us, goats to the left of us, this is the story of a small Chinese boy and how he raises two black goats. A first novel by a writer who has previously published in the *Partisan Review* and the *Yale Review*.

BLACK RENEGADE. By Dana Faralla. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3. A boy, Kevin Fitzgerald, who was in the author's "The Magnificent Barb," and his horse, a killer stallion named Black Lightning, and of their days together in old Georgia.

BLOOD LIKE NEW WINE. By Toni Howard. Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$3. The chalk squeaking on the blackboard here involves an ex-Resistance hero, who comes home to France a bigamist, and murders his wife, a guilt-ridden American who attempts to save him and fails, and the guillotine.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA. Edited by the Editors of *The Commonwealth*. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.75. Seventeen essays on the present position of the Catholic Church in American life by such as Walter F. Kerr, John Cogley, William Clancy, and Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddin. The Protestant side of the case is given by Reinhold Niebuhr, and the Jewish by Will Herberg.

CELL 2455, DEATH ROW. By Caryl Chessman. Prentice-Hall. \$3.95. An account of the author's life in crime, and of his existence in San Quentin, where he has been since 1948 after being convicted under California's "little Lindbergh Law." Mr. Chessman, according to prison I.Q. tests, is a genius. He is condemned to die in the gas chamber on May 14.

THE COURTS OF MEMORY. By Frank Rooney. Vanguard Press. \$3.95. A first novel, by the author of that terrifying short story "The Raid," about a complicated and inbred relationship between a brother and sister.

DINING OUT IN AMERICA'S CITIES. By Raymond E. Ewell. Little, Brown & Co. Clothbound, \$3.50. Paperbound, \$2. Hark ye, Duncan Hines! A tour around America's better eateries alphabetically arranged by place names, and including the specialties of each house.

THE DOVE WITH THE BOUGH OF LEAVES. By Dunstan Thompson. Simon & Schuster. \$3.75. A chronicle of the doings of one Katie O'Higgins, American-born, who becomes Lady Katherine Diss, a patroness, in her way, of the arts and of the thin-souls she gathers around her through the years.

EUROPE: A JOURNEY WITH PICTURES. By Anne Fremantle and Bryan Holme. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$7.50. A high-class travelogue through the non-Iron Curtain countries on the continent, with 250 gravures and a foreword by Lewis Mumford.

FANFARE FOR A WITCH. By Vaughan Wilkins. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50. An im-

mense historical kettle, filled to the brim, about the involved doings of George II and his wife Queen Caroline. The time, of course, is the eighteenth century.

FUN IN THE BACK YARD. By Arthur Lawson and Mary Breen. David McKay Co. \$2.75. What to do with all that wearying leisure time, by using your back yard for everything from quarts to the cooking of one-pound Delmonicos.

GENERAL DEAN'S STORY. By Major General William F. Dean, as told to William L. Worden. Viking Press. \$5. The incredible story of the capture and two years' imprisonment spent in North Korea by the Marine general.

GULF STREAM NORTH. By Earl Conrad. Doubleday & Co. \$3.50. Five lively days on a "menhaden" boat (a menhaden is an oil-producing fish related to the herring) sailing up the coast of Georgia, which include a big catch, a tangle with an octopus, a storm, and a trip to Davey Jones's locker.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, KAMERADES! By Robert James Collas Lowry. Doubleday & Co. \$3.50. A first collection of short stories from the young novelist ("Casualty," "The Violent Wedding"), about such cheerybies as the dismemberment of a cat, a roasting baby, a homosexual prostitute, and an abortion.

HOSPITAL OF THE QUEEN'S HEART. By Princess Ileana. Rinehart & Co. \$3.50. The story of the small hospital which ex-Princess Ileana of Romania set up in 1944 and ran until she left her country in 1947 before the Communists.

LADY OF THE YELLOW RIVER. By Philip Gibbs. Roy Publishers. \$2.75. A novel about a pedigreed English girl and her days as a wife and braveheart in pre-Communist China.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY. By Joyce Collin-Smith. Little, Brown & Co. \$3.95. Wagon wheels and dust-bitten bullets. The setting is not the American West, however, but the wide lands of South Africa. The characters are Dutch. And the time is the first half of the last century.

THE LYSISTRATA OF ARISTOPHANES. Translated by Dudley Fitts. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50. A new translation from the Greek of the play about women and war by the rollicking Athenian humorist. Mr. Fitts, the translator, is expert when he is up for the game.

MY PARTNER, BEN HOGAN. By Jimmy Demaret. McGraw-Hill Book Co. \$2.95. A talkfest about the life and times of the wee icemon, by a longtime friend, golfer, and fashion plate.

PERDU. By Paride Rombi. Translated by Henry Reed. Harper & Bros. \$3. "Perdu" means lost, in case you've forgotten, and it also is the name here of a small boy who searches for a father he has never known. An Italian novel, which won a major literary prize in that country when published.

RENDEZVOUS. By Rose Franken. Doubleday & Co. \$3.50. Miss Franken has here

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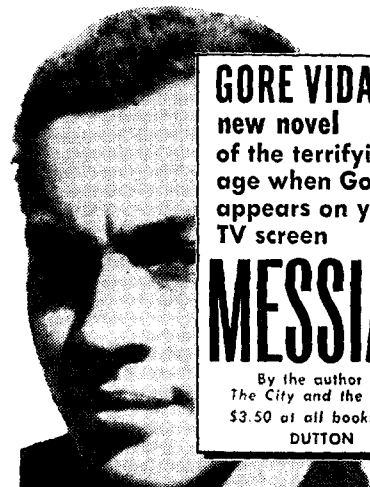


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SALT IN OUR WOUNDS. By Jack Harvey. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. A retelling of six hellish weeks the author and a handful of other seamen spent in an open boat after their tanker had been torpedoed by the Japanese during the last war.

SNOW CRYSTALS: Natural and Artificial. By Ukichiro Nakaya. Harvard University Press. \$10. A study of snow, and of the structures of snow crystals in particular, by a professor of physics at Hokkaido University, Japan. Almost two thousand illustrations, many of which are photographs.

A SOUND OF VOICES DYING. By Glenn Scott. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. His first year at a gentlemen's college in Virginia, as it is experienced by Reid Carrington, who falls in love with somebody else's wife, and sees his best friend killed. A first novel.

THE SPIRIT AND THE CLAY. By Lynam Shevawn. Little, Brown & Co. \$3.95. A novel about a group of flinty Basques who get in trouble politically immediately after the Spanish Civil War, and remain in a continual *tohu bohu* for the next fourteen years, until some escape to France, while the rest disappear underground.

THE STRUCTURE OF LITERATURE. By Paul Goodman. University of Chicago Press. \$5. An examination of what it is to enjoy literature, and of the most recent developments in critical thinking, by a practising poet, playwright, and psychologist.

TAHITIAN HOLIDAY. By David Huntington. Henry Holt & Co. \$4.95. An account of five months the author and his wife spent recently in Tahiti more as settlers than as tourists, and of their daily doings with groceries, ice, spearfishing, hula dancing, etc.

TALKING ABOUT FASHION. By Christian Dior. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50. A quick bubbling by Mr. Dior, who outfits women, you will recall, about how he got in the business, what it is like from the first glimmer to the final fitting, and much more.

THOUGHT, ACTION AND PASSION. By Richard McKeon. University of Chicago Press. \$5. A study of how four universal themes—love, truth, freedom, and imitation—have been variously handled through the years by poets, philosophers, and historians.

TRAVELER'S CHEQUE. Edited by Jerome Weidman. Doubleday & Co. \$4.50. A collection, by the sharp-eared, quickhearted novelist, with ebullient introductory essays, of assorted travel pieces, that range wondrously from the Bible to "The Swiss Family Robinson" to "Goodnight Sweet Prince" to "Two Years Before the Mast" to "Brazilian Adventure," and many leagues further onwards.

TREASURE-DIVING HOLIDAYS. By Jane and Barney Crile. Viking Press. \$3.95. An account, for Saturday afternoon dreamers, of the twenty or so years the authors and their four children have spent diving for doubloons in the gentle deeps off California, Florida, the Bahamas, France, and Corsica.

TRIPLE MIRROR. By Jean-Jacques Gautier. Translated by Mervyn Savill. Roy Publishers. \$2.50. A very old hat about the attempts of a reporter to exonerate a man sentenced to death by guillotine for the alleged slaying of his wife.

VENTURE ONCE MORE. By Winston Graham. Doubleday & Co. \$3.50. The third in a related series of novels that began with "The Renegade" and "Demelza." This one continues the lives of Ross and Demelza Poldark through the losing of a daughter, the arrival of a new one, a trial, and the opening of a copper mine. The time is 1790.

THE YAZOO. By Frank E. Smith. Rinehart & Co. \$4. The forty-eighth title in the "Rivers of America" series. This one concerns the grand flood that wanders through Tennessee and Mississippi, and is the largest tributary of the Old Man next to the Ohio. Mr. Smith has populated its banks with tales of cotton, slaves, abolitionists, old-time senators, Choctaws, and Chickasaws.

YOUR WASHINGTON. By Tristram Coffin. Little, Brown & Co. \$3. A survey of Washington, D.C., its past, present, its buildings, monuments, and men.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

America and Asia

Continued from page 10

of the non-Communist world and also in her unceasing espousal of the values of democracy? The answer, if candid, can only be an unconcealed "no." And in considering the reasons for it we come to two more complex factors that determine Asia's current attitude. The fact is not that Asia abhors materialism and, therefore, dreads technology. The fact is that technology is a poor instrument of propagation and may, over a short term, be culturally pointless. Machines are useful but they lack a human tongue. They cannot encompass another people's life. They cannot make upon it the impress which is originally designed. And, in this connection, the fact is inescapable that, in present Asian societies, what technical aid America gives them gets harnessed to the advantage of the capitalists. Along with exporting machines and technical advice, America needs to export the social know-how which she has herself employed in their use. Not many in Asia are aware of the actual sinews of American life. The techniques of participation, the dispersion of ownership, the wide social range covered by capital formation, the relative harmony of labor-management relations, the fluidity of social or economic class: these phenomena constitute the human framework within which American machines play their part. And this framework is curiously closed to the Asian's eye.

UNFORTUNATELY, the current war of ideologies has completely distorted the social issues which Asia confronts. By polarizing human society into Right and Left, by dividing it into the crude extremes of black and white, it has blotted out many nuances of social thought and obscured many shades of gray. In the present situation, Asians are not commonly encouraged to perceive that the type of capitalism under which America operates is not the type which menaces them, that it is not the capitalism for which Marx predicted a sure collapse. What they understand by this term is still the landlord with his hoarded wealth, the profiteer, the status quo with its many iniquities. They hear the word approvingly used by Americans. They hear derisive talk of "creeping socialism." They conclude that injustice is thereby condoned and progress is sought to be blocked. The conclusion is false, the misunderstanding is tragic; but the reason is no more than a confusion of the two different senses in which

these terms, "capitalism" and "socialism," are employed on the one side and construed on the other.

This point may well be the crux of the whole issue: any ambiguity about it is highly dangerous. The Asian must be shown that America does not seek to preclude the redistributive economic measures which are a sore need of the Orient and without which no growth of its energies is possible. The real nature of the American society deserves to be expressed. It deserves to be blazoned to the eye of the world. But it cannot be expressed unless sufficient stress is put on America's own ingrained attachment to social justice which she has realized herself, though not through the means the Communists would prescribe. This demands not only a change of terms but also a rejection of clichés. It demands a shift of emphasis from the antithesis of economic collectivism and free enterprise (which, to the gasping Asian, is meaningless) to the actuality of the American economy and the social system founded upon it. If these represent an ideology, the meaning of that ideology need not only be expressed in the context of the Communist-non-Communist clash. Its concepts should be released from the tensions of this conflict. They should be made independent of it. They should exceed it. In brief, Americanism should appear to exist in its own right and not as something other than Communism. Given this reinterpretation of America, the Asian would look to it in a state of mind, relaxed and unobsessed, in which his receptivity would not be blocked. For even though he bears attachment to the values of liberty and tolerance, he does not absorb the exact historical experience of the present times, the experience of choice between freedom and regimentation. It is an experience

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Topsy. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Harriet Beecher Stowe).
2. Flora. "The Turn of the Screw" (Henry James).
3. Cosette. "Les Misérables" (Victor Hugo).
4. Adele. "Jane Eyre" (Charlotte Brontë).
5. Emily. "The Innocent Voyage" (Richard Hughes).
6. Wendy. "Peter Pan" (James M. Barrie).
7. Little Nell. "The Old Curiosity Shop" (Charles Dickens).
8. Mytyl. "The Blue Bird" (Maurice Maeterlinck).
9. Teresa. "Kingfishers Catch Fire" (Rumer Godden).
10. Velvet. "National Velvet" (Enid Bagnold).

of strain, and his spirit hungers for repose. This hunger needs to be assuaged.

How often has it been said that the American will not explain his philosophy? How often has it been suspected that he does not have any? There exists considerable literature about the civilization of the United States, but a study of American thought which brings out its sane and sunny qualities, the balance in its approach and the humanity of its appeal, will probably still be found to come from the pen of a non-American—a Lin Yutang, for example. Such rare expositions apart, the Asian's idea of America is formed by movies, by the talk about vacuum cleaners and shiny automobiles, and by the brilliant animadversions of some European intellectuals. He is disposed to regard America as either "the enormous, abstract something" which an American, John Gunther, has called it or just a crazy offshoot of Western civilization. In the first case, it baffles him. In the second, it annoys him. He is vexed with Western civilization and he is vexed all the more with its self-confidence, which is precisely what he believes America represents. The serene optimism of the Founding Fathers, the rationalism of the American Proposition, the non-personal automatism of a drop-the-coin-in-the-slot civilization: all these symbolize to him a brave-new-world mood, an intolerable complacency. All these accord ill with his tortured mind, his sense of the disorder of the day.

This consciousness of disorder cannot be suppressed; it is to be released and enlarged. It can be enlarged by a more sensitive interpretation of the Proposition itself. It is true that the idea on which the Proposition is based bears no scars of mental conflict; it is a kind of idea, with only an intellectual appeal, and an idea which can raise no storms and generate no enthusiasms. Yet it is an idea which is capable of being redefined, in terms appropriate alike to the modern age and the Asian mind. If it is rationalist, its rationalism does not deny the subtler truths which Marx or Freud may have vouchsafed to us, and it is not incommensurate with the classical wisdoms of the East. But to represent it in this light, America has to reorient herself intellectually to the East. She has to represent a new civilization.

A new civilization? Particularly when America speaks the European tongues? When she embodies no culture distinct from that of the countries from which her population has derived? The common supposition is that, on the basis of its genesis, Amer-

ica will remain a continuation of Europe only. But it is doubtful if, in the whole field of history, we come across any two civilizations which succeeded each other and yet were entirely discontinuous. It is the whole, the *gestalt*, into which the various components merge that matters. If it is new, it puts the stamp of originality on the civilization which thus evolves. From this point of view, the interpretation suggested above is surely not unwarranted.

IT IS not a radically new thesis that the remarks made here attempt to present. The problem is not academic but practical; and original theories would hardly be relevant or useful just now. In the present state of intercultural contacts, the contradictions in America become exposed and the real content of its social system remains concealed. The resultant problems cannot be solved by prescribing panaceas. Some remedial measures may indeed be obvious. It is possible that more American travel in Asia will help. Perhaps a greater export of intellectual commodities is feasible. Perhaps a change of tone is necessary in both appeal and admonition. Surely, academic devices can be forged for freeing American thought from its "West European centredness." Surely, more American private investment in Asia will establish more intimate contacts. But none of these things, by itself, will break much new ground. The desideratum of the whole situation is to stimulate a new understanding. Its basis will not be supplied by presenting America partially or piecemeal or in capsules, but by reinterpreting it as a whole. And this understanding is not needed by the Asia of Syngman Rhee or Mao Tse Tung. It is needed by the vast masses of that continent, elusive but susceptible, indifferent but questioning, on whom the brunt of many future decisions may lie.



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A Preface to Lippmann

Continued from page 12

mind on questions which, even when they have bewildered him, he has stated with unbewildered clarity.

The world's problems, the current ones dealt with in his columns or the most lasting ones considered in many of his books, have been at once his hobby and vocation, his diversion and absorption. Not only has he lived with them professionally far longer than most, but no one over the decades has sought more earnestly to think them through. Nonetheless, he has never deluded himself into believing that he has had a final solution to offer or indeed that there was one.

Soon after he left college he had achieved the wisdom to realize that all the philosophical systems, though thought of by their authors as true and binding, are inadequate; that the biggest systems of theory are much more "like village lamp posts than they are like the sun"; that in the greatest philosophical work only an individual is speaking; that the search for the philosopher's stone, worse than being a quest for something not to be found, represents "the old indolence of believing that somebody (has) done the world's thinking once and for all."

Far from claiming he has done the world's thinking, Lippmann is conscious of the difficulties of doing his own. Even in his books he has been careful to point out that, if he is writing about government, he is not offering a legislative program; that, when he uses the word "preface" in a title, he does so to indicate what he has written is a beginning, not a conclusion; and that, instead of offering solutions, his hope is he may be supplying someone else with clues.

"God twist my tripe if I string out the obvious for the delectation of fools," wrote Mr. Justice Holmes when criticized for the brevity of some of his opinions and the speed with which he dashed them off. An elucidator always runs the risk of turning on the lights at high noon for those already in the know. Lippmann is not unaware that his readers include men and women who, by training or because of the public positions they hold, are experts on the topics he discusses. It is not for them, however, that he writes, and certainly not for them alone. Instead, it is for the millions who lack his background, who have little inclination and less time to give painstaking consideration to the subjects he analyzes, and whose search is for the illumination he endeavors to supply. His uncompromising premise is that, though

his readers may not know, they either think or want to think, or they would not turn to him. He proceeds, therefore, to think out loud for them.

There are those who contend his writing is sometimes too clear to be true. Others, already in agreement with the point he is developing or familiar with the topic he has chosen, complain as a certain Twisden, C. J., did to a Mr. Saunders when, according to Holmes, he asked, "Why do you labor so for the Court is clearly with you?" Not many, however, whether they agree or disagree with him, question that in his writing he draws on an immense reservoir of knowledge; that he sees his task as a high one and tries to perform it in such a fashion; that thinking is for him an adventure which he trusts others will approach in the same spirit; or that, in the terms of his own definition of the true teacher, his chief concern is not persuasion but "the rationalization of the process by which conclusions are reached."

Few, even among those who oppose his beliefs violently, who scorn or mourn him as a liberal gone astray, or condemn his shifts in opinions as repudiations instead of reversals, deny his skill with words. Among his admirers many have themselves been distinguished writers. One is Van Wyck Brooks, who in "The Confident Years" saluted his career as "the most brilliant (that has) ever been devoted, in America, to political thinking." Another was Holmes (Sir Hubert indeed!), who during their long friendship seldom delivered a dissenting opinion on Lippmann's mastery of language. Holmes's letters to Pollock and Laski bubble over with such praise as "monstrous clever lad, W. L."; "he is a born writer"; "his writing is fly paper for me—if I touch it I am stuck till I finish it"; and "perhaps he doesn't get anywhere in particular (in "Public Opinion") but there are few living I think who so discern and articulate the nuances of the human mind."

HAROLD LASKI, that virtuoso among letter-writers and Little Corporal of conversationalists whose gift for fantasy and fiction was sometimes too urgent for him to keep under control, was one of those (there have been several) who, though once the intimates of Lippmann, have either cooled toward him or broken with him, even as he has broken with them. In the early Thirties Laski wrote about him to Holmes in whittling or

jeering terms, saying "he has arrived at the stage when he is eager not to take intellectual risks," or describing him as his "main American disappointment," a man who seemed "to have worn terribly thin, and to be pontifical and dogmatic in realms where his knowledge and insight were lacking." During the Twenties, and just before them, Laski sang a very different song. In spite of reservations, he admired Lippmann's thinking for being "real, agile, quick, incisive"; expressed his gratitude in an introduction to one of his own books by admitting "there is little that can repay such friendship as he gives"; wished he had Lippmann's pen because "he makes words talk of themselves"; said "of all the *New Republic* bunch his mind (is) the wisest and most profound"; and applauded the "sparse, nervous strength in his style that obviously reflects great mental power."

Most of us are overtaken, without being aware of it, by testing moments to which we respond in a fashion symptomatic of our reactions in general. We react instinctively because of what we are predominantly, behaving at the direction of the controlling majority of our qualities. There is no hope of anticipating these moments. They steal upon us and, before we know it, we are revealed and self-summarized.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case was such a moment for thousands when, after dragging along for seven years, it reached the climax of its final phase and tragic ending in the summer of 1927. To many, here and abroad, then and even now, justice seemed at the

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 568

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 568 will be found in the next issue.

VHRBHCJRHAV NU VHRBHC

VFJV NU VSS SQI VS UBJAP.

—LFJCQSVVH MCHHAESSI.

Answer to No. 567

Bore—a person who talks when you wish him to listen.—Ambrose Bierce.