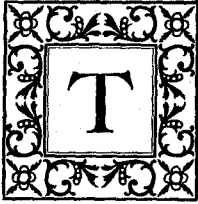


Fairer Greens

BY McCREADY HUSTON

Author of "His"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS



THE small caddies fell back as Cyrus Mefford summoned from the locker-room steps a grown Hungarian, a stalwart striking coal-miner, with long mustaches. Though Big Savage was a new club and though Cyrus wore a celluloid collar when he played golf, the caddies, who still lacked discipline, always gave him respect.

Taking the driver, Mefford settled his flexible straw hat over his eyes and ran a thumb under the suspenders that drew his trousers well under his armpits. These were the simple preliminaries to his daily round on the links that lay across the State highway from his old home. He never sought a partner, playing stolidly and methodically in many honestly recorded strokes. This had been his land until he sold it to the club, and he played over it much as he had ploughed.

As he drove, another solitary player left the green ahead and began to climb the rise toward the second tee, her caddy dawdling after. On the line of the horizon she turned and took a long look back to where he was coming up to his ball for the second stroke. She watched him make it, then turned and passed from view.

When Mefford had at last holed out on the first green and came marching up the hill behind his Hungarian, he found her sitting on the bench at Number Two. It was, he saw, the Carrier girl—Norma, he recalled her name after a moment. He supposed she wanted him to pass through and nodded to his caddy; but she stopped him.

"Would you be furious if I asked you to let me go around with you, Mr. Mefford?" she drawled, smiling up at him. In her tan shirt with its black tie, her sand-colored trousers and gray stockings, she was a pleasant and effective figure.

Her hair, Cyrus noted, was not cut but rolled under her soft felt hat.

"I've always wanted to play with the man who owned the land, but you'd never ask me," she added.

"You won't get much fun out of it," answered the man shortly. He had never played with a woman. "You play too good," he went on. "An old man like me is no company for a girl like you. I'll get out of your way."

"You're not old," said Norma, rising and taking a pinch of sand.

"I'm sixty."

"Well, even so," said the other, "we'll finish the round, and then if you want to drown me in the water hole, all right."

Without preliminary fidgeting she sent a hard, straight ball down the middle of the fairway, beautiful to see. Mefford's ball dribbled ineffectually thirty feet from the tee.

They found the second green dotted with a dozen ragged little girls digging crab-grass in the sun under the direction of a gardener. Mefford picked up both balls at the edge and gave his Hungarian a handful of nickels to distribute among the children. Norma, frowning, remonstrated.

"You oughtn't to do that. Rich members like you spoil the club help with money. The rest of us can't get any service."

"You don't need much, do you?" he responded. "Those are the children of miners who haven't worked for months. I sold the land and the coal under it. I have too much, in a way."

It was the first comment he had made since Norma joined him. The third tee was in the shadow of an elm and there Norma dropped on the bench in the shade, motioning her odd-looking partner to a place beside her.

"Nobody coming behind us," she said. "Let's loaf a little." She handed her boy

a coin and motioned him toward the club-house for ginger ale. "Let your man go and smoke a pipe."

Cyrus sat down at the end of the bench and dug absently with his putter. He was disturbed, but in a moment, strangely, he was not surprised when the girl moved over beside him. Her pretext, he discovered, was to offer him a cigarette from her case. He shook his head.

"See here, Mr. Mefford," said Norma, after her first deep inhalation, "I've been wanting to talk to you. Why don't you play around more with the girls and men of the club? You have the time, and you admit you have more than enough money. You could have a wonderful time; and it would keep you young."

Cyrus coughed and fumbled with his made-up bow tie.

"I play around on this land, I guess, because I've been on it for sixty years, and my father and his father. It was in the family ninety-two years. From the coal I got enough to be called rich, I guess; and then I sold the surface. I been sort of lonesome. It's a feeling you don't know unless you've owned land and lived on it. The club-house—that was our old home. My father built it."

"But walking over these hills alone, dubbing at a golf-ball," Norma cut in sharply. "You need to dance; play in the matches; be with people more."

"I couldn't dance in the club-house after what we went through there. Both my girls were born there."

"But——"

"We raised 'em there, my wife and me. Our dancin' was all done forty years ago, before you were born. I couldn't dance there, especially this new way, all shakin'."

"I know other men——" began Norma, but the other went on:

"My wife, she never had any fun on this land, or in that house; what you'd call fun. Nothing but work; for while we had some money even then, while father was living we couldn't live any different from the way he was used to. I'm not saying he wasn't right; but it was mighty hard on my mother and my wife. They both died too soon from too much work."

He stopped, finding himself looking at

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her and noting her eyes. Women were prettier at all ages to-day than they used to be, he reflected.

"You oughtn't to die without any fun," she said in a low voice, and suddenly clasped a warm, strong hand over his as it rested on the bench. In a moment it was gone. "Go on," she said.

"Well, a man my age don't see much fun in what they do now. I guess I expect young folks to settle down. Amanda and I were married when I was twenty and she was eighteen—that's a little younger than you, isn't it?"

"I'm thirty-two years old," said the other.

"Well, now, you don't look more than twenty!" exclaimed Cyrus, his voice rising in the first real interest he had shown.

"I don't dare to. Competition is too keen."

"Competition?"

"Don't you see? I'm thirty-two and poor. I've got to get married."

"Girls used to do something when they were left."

"Go on; I don't mind. You were going to say 'left over.' I could do something; I could teach. But it's funny; our crowd is essentially honest. I know I'm not fit to teach, so I wouldn't do it. I'm not trained for anything but getting married to somebody with money."

For the first time since he had known this Big Savage Club crowd, Mefford was really interested.

"You don't think of being in—in love, then, in order to be married?"

"I don't; not at my age. And a good many of the younger girls don't. Neither should you, if you should think of marriage again."

Cyrus looked at her. He never had thought of it. He was embarrassed and grew silent again. His relief at the arrival of the boy was plain. The pail in which ginger-ale bottles and glasses were embedded in ice was placed on the bench between them, and Norma motioned the boy away. She uncapped a bottle and let it fizz into the glass.

"I reckon Isabelle doesn't think of me marrying again," remarked Cyrus, after a taste of the cold drink.

"Isabelle Tripp can look out for herself," was Norma's cool response. "And

Eunice, too. You think of yourself a little, once in a while."

Norma, Cyrus noted as they climbed the long hill to the fifth tee, was pleasant to look at. He had known her mother years ago but not her father. She led a rather precarious life among her mother's relatives since the death of her parents, he had heard Isabelle Tripp say. Her remark about thinking of himself stuck in his mind. He had never done that. His father, Eli Mefford, and his grandfather, the first Cyrus, had taught against that; the slightest indulgence, relaxation, was ruled out. When Norma brushed past him at the sand-box he caught a peculiar and pleasurable fragrance, an air of her presence that he had never known in his life. He felt invigorated, smiled, and addressed his ball with confidence. His drive brought a note of approval from the other.

"A few lessons and you would be in tournaments."

At Number Seven they looked directly across a deep ravine at the tenant house Cyrus had taken for his own use when he sold the homestead. At the bottom of the ravine a dam had been thrown across, backing the water up into a reservoir for the greens. It was deep, dark, and forbidding, among many low trees. It was not a water hazard, for the fairway lay the other way, but it was used for a bathing-pool, and with the motions and shouts of swimmers to distract him and the possibility of a sliced ball going into the reservoir, a player had to drive carefully.

"That Velma at your house," remarked Norma, as if casually, catching sight of Mefford's housekeeper hanging clothes in the little yard on the opposite hill, "who is she? She doesn't look to me like an ordinary servant."

"I don't know much about her," responded the man. "She was our girl before my wife died, a year or so. I told her she could go; I thought she might mind staying, a young girl like that; but she said she would rather stay and do for me. She's a good cook."

"Cook? You can hire lots of cooks. She's a beauty. Didn't you know it?"

Cyrus teed his ball.

"No. Well, of course, she always looks nice. But I haven't thought about women being pretty since my wife was young."

"It won't hurt you," said the other in a low, insistent voice. And then, in a change of tone, she said: "I am having a little dinner at the club to-morrow night; it's Isabelle's tenth wedding anniversary. I know you never go to the club to eat, but this is different. There'll be only a few; about eight o'clock."

"Isabelle married ten years? Well, now, it don't seem that long. I guess I can come to that, all right."

Norma looked away across at Mefford's house on the hill.

"I want you to come—on my account partly. Will you?"

He smiled.

"Well, maybe," he answered.

"Good! I'm going now and let you finish the round in peace. Until to-morrow night!"

Norma smiled, pressed his arm for a brief moment that seemed an age to Cyrus, gestured to her caddy, and was gone. Instead of driving, the man picked up his ball and started along the foot-path toward the club-house.

At the breakfast-table in the little tenant-house kitchen next morning Cyrus said:

"You don't need to get supper for me this evening, Velma. I am going over to the club. There's going to be a little party for my daughter Isabelle."

The girl paused, the coffee-pot in her hand, and regarded her employer. Her arms were bare to the elbow, and for the first time Cyrus noted their roundness and their strength.

"Then that'll make it easy for me," she said. "The steward wants me to go over and wait table, there are so many reservations for dinner at six."

Her voice always made Cyrus think of the sound he obtained when he pulled out the stop on the old parlor-organ labelled "vox humana." She was always quiet; never surprised. Cyrus would have used the word "repose" if he had known it.

He tipped his chair back and contemplated her, feeling in his waistcoat pocket for a cigar.

"How old are you, Velma?" he asked.

"I'm twenty-nine," she answered directly and simply.

"Funny you've never married; a girl like you."

"I had a fellow; he died in the war. He was a fine boy. I have never thought of anybody else. He was not a handsome fellow, but he was a maker of things. He could make a whole car. He could make

Cyrus rose and strolled out to the little front porch. Across the ravine the morning sun was dimpling the hills of Big Savage, and from where he stood he could see three greens, like emerald pools, among the rolling fairways.

"There's a pretty shade of green over there," he observed, pointing with his cigar.



"I'm not trained for anything but getting married to somebody with money."—Page 481.

a house; and he was quiet and kind. After the war we were going to a Western wheat country and farm."

"Were you born in this country? Sometimes you talk——"

"My people came over from Sweden when I was a little girl. We lived a long time in Minnesota. I was East to see my fellow in camp; he was so sick. And he died. I could not go back right away, so I got housework."

"You like it—here?"

"Yes; but I think of the wheat, the green, and then the yellow we used to watch. I think if I had my man I would go there."

Velma, in the kitchen behind him, did not reply.

Norma, by some magic known only to herself, had the room called the grill empty of other parties by the time she sat down with her guests at the largest of the round tables. At her left Cyrus, in his black Sunday suit, looked around curiously. He had not been in the old house since he had left it. The architect, he saw, had managed this grill-room by tearing away partitions and throwing together the old back parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. The result was a pleasing, almost square, room with gray panelled

walls and smooth birch floors, waxed for dancing. The base-boards, Cyrus noted, were the same, for behind him, as he peered around, he found a bruise in the woodwork Eunice had made with a heavy toy locomotive.

Eunice sat across from him now with Kelly Williams beside her. He did not see much of Eunice, he reflected. After her mother's death she had withdrawn, going into Brownsville to live with her sister. She was twenty now; or was she twenty-one? She was born the year the bank barn was struck by lightning. She was a fair, tall girl with light-blue eyes, set far apart, her yellow hair short in the prevailing graceful style. Cyrus watched here as she sat and played with her fruit cocktail and listened absently to young Williams, who was leaning toward her, talking earnestly. Eunice had recognized her father's presence with a light pressure of the arm as he had stood in the hall waiting nervously for Norma. Then she had disappeared with Charlie Tripp. The pair was immediately sought by Isabelle, who had come up to her father breathless. Isabelle was getting heavy.

"Oh, daddy! I can't stop a minute; but isn't it scrumptious of Norma? And to make you come too! Well, see you at dinner. I must find Charlie."

Cyrus looked around for Charlie now. Norma had placed Isabelle Tripp on her right and Charlie next. Cyrus could see his son-in-law only in profile, but he noted how old he was beginning to look. Well, Charlie must be forty-two now. The sole owner of the Bootery in Brownsville, he was a considerable business personage, Cyrus had heard. The Bootery, under old Elam Tripp, had been simply Tripp's Boot and Shoe Store.

Cyrus pushed back his cocktail cup and ran an appraising eye over the round white shoulder the hostess on his right turned to him. Norma's dress was such as he had never seen—black. He wondered what it was made of, so soft-looking, revealing such arms and shoulders as he had never supposed existed. There was a faint fragrance that disturbed him. Surprising himself, he asked the name and had the word "heliotrope" to ponder.

The waitress—it was Velma—was placing before him an enormous plate con-

taining fried chicken, ham, green corn, and a waffle. He looked at it uncertainly.

"I gave the dinner for Isabelle and Charles, but I planned what I thought you might like," said Norma, turning to him for the first time.

Around the table the ten of Norma's party were applying themselves to the serious business of eating. There were exclamations, sudden bursts of harsh laughter, comments on the food, but little conversation. Cyrus noted how greedily the men, in particular, ate, and how little they seemed to be aware of the presence of the women. In a moment, it seemed to him, the plates had been carried away and the air was full of cigarette-smoke. Then the appearance of the dessert, a rich peach shortcake, demanded and received a brief tribute of greedy diligence.

Again the cloud of smoke, and then suddenly attention was fixed by young Howard Graham, who rose in his place and rapped for quiet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, with a coarse attempt at a travesty on a side-show barker, "we are gathered here to-night to celebrate the tenth wedding anniversary of our respected club fellow, Charles Albert Tripp, and his charming wife, our little Isabelle."

This caused inordinate laughter from Alena Grover and Graham's wife. Isabelle smiled acridly at the reference to her lost slenderness. Eunice, Cyrus noticed, was still bored with her attentive Williams, and was listening eagerly to Graham, who was going on:

"We are also delighted to welcome Mrs. Tripp's handsome father, Mr. Cyrus Meford. It is Norma Carrier's dinner, but I as a committee of one am furnishing an extra and added course for which there will be no charge. Let us drink to the health, long life, and happiness of Charlie and Isabelle!"

Amid shouts, it seemed, from all but Norma, who frowned and picked at the cloth, Graham dived beneath the table and came up with two large bottles of what seemed to Cyrus to be water. He held them above his head.

"Gin!" he cried. "Eight dollars a quart. The real thing."



"I had a fellow; he died in the war."—Page 483.

In a moment he had uncorked both bottles and had handed them right and left.

Mrs. Grover took the bottle that came to her and poured herself a liberal drink in an empty tumbler, then handed it to Williams, who poured for Eunice and then for himself. In a moment Norma was offering Cyrus the other bottle, and when he shook his head, frowned, hesitated, and then poured some of the gin for herself.

"You see, it's my party. I mustn't spoil their fun. They mean it all right," she said to Cyrus.

But Cyrus was watching his daughter. Eunice sat revolving the tumbler on the cloth, but she was merely waiting, he saw; for when everybody was served she raised her glass and drank with the rest to her sister's future happiness. She took the gin with a toss of her bobbed hair and with

a peculiar, defiant glance at her father. When everybody sat again, the bottles were started around and formalities were forgotten. Eunice had more gin; so did Norma. Beyond, Isabelle was becoming talkative.

"I suppose it is strange to you, in a way?" Norma leaned toward Mefford, narrowing her eyes.

"Well, I don't suppose I can get used to seeing Eunice drink and smoke. I used to put the girls to bed in this room in the winter when we couldn't heat the upstairs——"

"There's a lot you don't know about Eunice; I can see that. But everybody else knows it. She doesn't care for young Kelly Williams; it's funny, but she likes Charlie."

"Charlie who?"

"Why, Charlie Tripp, you old goose. And Isabelle's furious with her and jeal-

ous as a cat. She's afraid they will run away some day."

Cyrus suddenly felt himself growing rather faint and sick. For the first time since he sat down in the familiar old house he thought of the gentle woman who had been his wife here and who with him had cared for the children in these rooms. He suddenly wanted her very much. He felt helpless. Across the table Eunice was letting Williams pour something brown into her glass from a bottle that had come around the table. The Tripps and Norma had started to sing a melancholy song about somebody's mammy. Howard Graham and Grover's wife were dancing to music from the phonograph in the corner.

"I guess I'll be going. You excuse me, please," said Cyrus. "I don't belong in here with the young folks and I think I'll go on over home."

Norma rose with him, a little unsteadily. She had been tasting the brown liquid too. Isabelle tried to fasten a dead flower in her father's lapel.

"Poor old dad," she crooned. "He has to go home early and get his beauty sleep."

"I know!"

It was Eunice's voice, shrill, insistent.

"This party has no pep! Let's all go down and take a plunge, just as we are!"

"You're crazy!"

"No, I'm not. I'll dare any of you. I'll race any of you to the pool and out to the raft."

"It's almost midnight!"

"So much the better; I love swimming at night. Come on!"

"You're on!" croaked Graham, kicking a chair over and making for the door.

"I'll give you all twenty yards' start and be on the raft first," said Charlie.

"You'll not go a step," said Isabelle in his ear. "You're drunk now. So is Eunice. If she wasn't she'd never suggest it."

But Eunice was already at the door, and Charlie wrenched himself away from Isabelle and followed. The rest streamed out to the porch and into the night.

"They'll be all right," said Norma, turning to Mefford and putting her arm through his. "It's a foolish stunt, but they all can swim. Let's walk across the course, under the moon."

They stood at the first tee, Norma close to him, stroking his hand. Up the hill, a hundred yards away, the others were panting and screaming after Eunice, who had disappeared.

"Shall we go up and sit where we sat yesterday, under the big elm? We can watch the moon from there; it's wonderful."

She turned her face up toward his and drew him toward the fairway.

"But Eunice—I can't leave her!"

Mefford took Norma's arm and with a sudden powerful aversion forced her away from him.

"She's my baby! We used to be so close. She's gotten away from me; and now she may need me. I'm going."

He turned and ran up the hill. Norma stood at the tee-box and watched him. She saw him running as a man who had dropped thirty years, and as he ran he tore off his coat and his collar—the collar that had so amused Norma.

As he disappeared over the sky-line the woman turned and made her way toward a short cut she knew to the pool. In a moment she was followed by another, also a woman.

When Mefford reached the top of the hill that dropped down to the black water of the reservoir the moonlight was flooding the whole scene so that he could see far below the midnight bathers as they stood in a huddle on the little pier that ran from the dressing-room. He stood for a moment and gazed down, and as he gazed the huddle divided and one figure separated itself and ran back a few yards, then dashed along the pier and hurtled into the water in a headlong dive. He knew it was Eunice.

One by one the others jumped or plunged into the reservoir and then began the splashing, shouting, screaming progress toward the raft, lying out in the middle. Somehow Cyrus reached the little dock, where Isabelle Tripp was still standing wringing her hands.

"Daddy, daddy, make them come in. They'll all be drowned. They're all full. I couldn't make them stop. Oh, please, daddy, make Eunice come in. They'll all follow her."

Some of them had turned already and were coming back. They knew their

danger, apparently. Graham and the Grover woman clambered out and began an idiotic dance on the dock in their soaked clothes. In a moment Grover climbed out.

"Water's too cold," he muttered. "I'm going up and get my car and go home. Coming, Alena?"

Far out at the raft, Eunice, Charlie, and Kelly Williams were swimming. Eunice had reached it, winning the race, and now she and Tripp were wrestling and splashing each other, with Williams looking on.

Then, as Cyrus stood on the pier and watched, Eunice screamed and disappeared. In a moment she was on the surface again, for a moment, giving one loud terrifying call:

"Daddy, come!"

The man on the pier leaped into the water and in a second was swimming toward the group with powerful, terrible strokes.

"She's tryin' to kid us!"

It was Tripp, shaking the water out of his eyes and hair, and pointing to where Williams was struggling with Eunice in the water ten feet away.

At that moment Williams lost her and she went under.

"She's drowning; don't listen to Charlie," gurgled Williams, going under and groping for Eunice.

Then Cyrus Mefford went under the water, too, for a crazing, torturing age. At the last moment of consciousness he fastened his hand in Eunice's hair; with his final strength he drew her slender body close to him, and down there under the black water he felt something he had not known for years. To die like this if Eunice, his little girl, understood that her daddy had not failed her; it was not such a bad ending—

Was that a hand in his collar? Such a strong hand. Holding Eunice by the hair, Cyrus felt himself rising.

On the dock a little later he heard somebody say, "Let the damn fools go; I'll take care of them," and opened his eyes. It was Velma, half dressed, soaking wet.

Eunice, able in two days to creep out to the little porch of the tenant house, found her father sitting on the step, gaz-

ing across at Big Savage course. White and still, she found a place at his knee, leaning against it, her head against his arm. Neither spoke for a long while. It was Eunice who broke the communion of early-morning silence.

"Is it true what they said about Charlie, daddy?"

"I guess it is; when he saw you and I were goners, or he thought we were, he streaked it for the shore. Velma passed him when she swam for us."

"I didn't really care for him. I was just crazy. Girls get like that—these days. Velma is packing her trunk. Where is she going?"

Cyrus stirred uneasily. "I don't know. Maybe out West. She comes from out there."

"Daddy, are you going to get married again?"

He turned toward her sharply; then, at sight of her white, drawn face, he softened and kissed her hair.

"No; what made you ask that?"

"Something Velma said. Norma Carrier was on the dock at the reservoir when Velma got there. She said something to Velma."

"Something? What could she say?"

"I don't know; anyhow, Norma's been intending to marry you. I could see that."

Mefford rose.

"I wonder what she said to Velma?"

"You'd better ask Velma."

"That's true; I guess I had. I didn't think of that."

He sat down, and after a while Eunice slipped away.

Mefford's eyes were fixed on the greens across the ravine. They had fascinated him by their coloring since the art of the course architect began to be apparent. They told him of pure beauty, something he had never considered or known, and he had searched them out from every angle and vantage-point on the hills around, in the varying moods of light and shade. He was so absorbed in them now that he did not hear Velma when she came and stood behind him on the porch.

"Miss Eunice says you wanted to speak to me."

It was the tone of the old *vox humana* stop on his mother's little old parlor-or-

gan. He looked up at her with one of his rare smiles.

"I am not going to get married to that lady who spoke to you the other night," he said.

She looked away from him, twisting her hands in her apron, and turned to go into the house again.

"You saw me the other night swimming," he remarked, his tone stopping her. "I'm still pretty good; I'm sixty, but I'm as sound as some of these fellows of forty."

He saw at once he had said something wrong. She was crying quietly, her apron lifted to her eyes.

He got slowly to his feet.

"What I mean is—well, you said if you could get a man——"

She started into the house, but he caught her wrist.

"I am a man; I'll be kind and quiet and I'm rich—take me to some of that wheat land you know about. I want to farm again."

"It's such a wide, clean sweep of green—miles—you cannot see." She had wiped her eyes and stood smiling, her hand in his.

"Is it prettier, that green, than what you see yonder?" he asked, pointing across the valley.

"That's nothing; you have ahead—much," said Velma.



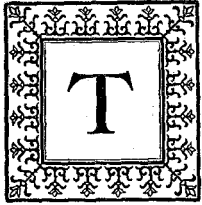
"Daddy, are you going to get married again?"—Page 487.

Mainsprings of Men

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

Author of "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows," etc.

IV. FAITH VS. FEAR INSIDE THE FACTORY AND OUT



TEN MILLION TONS!

That's the size of the order we're workin' on." So my companion explained as we pushed through our great "cold-rolls" ton after ton of steel sheets for the sides and fenders of automobiles. The figure sounded impressive, until I recollected that the country's entire yearly output of fabricated steel was less than forty millions—with little likelihood that more than a fourth could be used by one customer!

"I dunno. Somethin' about steel." During the preceding ten years of my miner friend's working life every ton of coal he and his neighbors raised had gone to the mine company's steel plant; when that ran out of orders, the mine stopped. Yet "Somethin' about steel" was as close as he could come to explaining the near-tragedy of his life: namely, the weeks in which the come-to-work whistle blew only two or three times.

"The Reign of Rumor"—that describes the situation which I have found throughout the mines and factories of America—and, for that matter, of western Europe as well. Of that reign the cause—also the result—is the worker's unbelievable ignorance of his employer's plans and purposes, his aims and his ideals. That unbelievable ignorance is unequalled by anything I know—except the employer's amazing ignorance of the plans and purposes, the aims and ideals of his employees.

It goes without saying that the maintenance of such law and order as exists throughout this twilight realm of "Old King Idunno" is put upon the strong but unfeeling, cruel shoulders of his Prime Minister and shadow-companion, old General Fear.

For plotting the overthrow of this mighty pair which curses our modern industrial world, no better time will ever come than *now*. A Europe of Bolshevism,

invasion, and Fascismo; an America of the flapper, the jazz cow-bell, the hooded Klan, and the Herrin Massacre—all these unite in broadcasting the same unanimous and universal announcement:

"The old loyalties are hereby laid aside. Pending further examination, the age-old leaderships are herewith discontinued. It's 'anybody's ball'!"

Such a condition is largely the result of the war. But something like it was bound to happen, war or no war. The wireless and the turbine, the movie and the Sunday supplement—these have increased the geographical and the numerical size of the operating groups in both industry and politics too fast for the old leaders to hold them within the bonds of united thought and action. In the absence of that bond, old groups have split and strange new ones have formed. What is most to the point is this: that this splitting-off has taken place along new lines of cleavage, I mean the lines of "class"—lines which are dangerous even though they appear inevitable. Naturally enough, when it's anybody's ball, we all find it easy to join up with those whose thought and feeling is like our own because they are living our kind of life. That is bound to be the result of that truth which bears repeating: We tend to *live* our way into our thinking enormously more than we tend to *think* our way into our living. And that living of our way together into our thinking and feeling must, in these industrial days, be determined by the living we do there where we earn it—on our job.

In such wise a strange thing happens—strange, yes, and sinister: the coal-miner in West Virginia's Panhandle finds himself closer in thought and feeling, because in work and therefore in life, to the miner in England's Rhondda or Europe's Ruhr than he is to the mind of a reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE in Pittsburgh! So, too, all those who go through Manhattan's subways to their jobs at 6:30 in the morning are likely to feel themselves