

efforts to tax all the people of the United States for the benefit of only a part of them. Indeed, of the ninety-six members of the Senate, drawn from all the States, only a handful voted at the last session of the Sixty-eighth Congress against the provisions of the Muscle Shoals Bill which authorized the government to engage in the business of manufacturing commercial fertilizers and other industrial products at Muscle Shoals in competition with its own citizens.

The truth is that the consolidation of the Federal power has reached a point at which, when we are told that its inroads should be sternly resisted, we are reminded of the lines which Dean Swift composed in his senile decay, upon his attention being called to a newly erected building for the storage of arms and powder:

Behold! a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

But the field is by no means yet lost. The overwhelming defeat, to which the Child Labor Amendment is plainly doomed, is sufficient proof of that; and, moreover, there are not a few other significant tokens of a popular reaction

against extreme extensions of the Federal authority; indeed, even some of a popular disposition to recall extensions that have already been made. Especially should this reawakened interest in State rights be shared by the people of those Southern States whose social conditions are such that general control of popular education by the Federal government, and uniform Federal legislation relating to marriage and divorce, might be far more prolific of local derangement and discord within their borders than in any other part of the United States.

One thing is certain: were the Federal government to absorb all the powers of the States, bureaucratic hypertrophy, if nothing else, would render it necessary for that government to create organs of its own for local purposes; unless it were decided that the present functions of the States could be better performed by satraps or proconsuls. If this is so, surely there should be little hesitation in making a choice between subordinate agencies of administration created at Washington, and the local institutions, already created by State constitutions and laws, deeply embedded in the associations, the habits, the sentiments, and the affections of the American people.

The Singing Saviours

BY CLEMENT WOOD

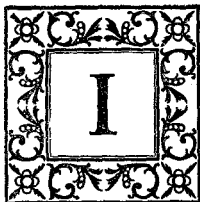
"DEAD men tell no tales!" they chuckled,
As the singing saviours died,
A few serene, the many shackled,
Scourged, tortured, crucified.

Dead men tell no tales. . . . Is Shelley
Dust blown dumbly over the ground?
Are Keats and Burns silenced wholly?
Do Milton's stiff lips give no sound?

Is Shakespeare voiceless, Dante tongueless?
And, in this black, protesting year,
Is the dead Jesus wordless, songless?
Listen. . . . They are all that you can hear!

My Personal Experience with a Texas Twister

BY LAURA KIRKWOOD PLUMB



N the days of old the Wizard of Oz made the Kansas cyclone famous. I lived in Kansas then and thought our twisters were somewhat maligned, but I did not realize

to what extent until a Texas cyclone recently blew me from there to Seattle, Washington. So many people have asked me about the storm country, and how it feels to be in a cyclone, that I thought others would be interested, too.

I lived on a ranch which comprises forty thousand acres and is ninety miles northeast of Amarillo, in that desolate region of sage-brush and sand called the Texas Panhandle. Several towns are nearer than Amarillo, though the nearest one, Pampa, which means the plain, is still thirty miles away. However, these towns are merely wide places in the road; about the size of the pin-point which dots them on the map. Fortunately for the Panhandle, Amarillo has opened up a large gas-field which has given her a place in the sun. It has also given that part of the world a location point for other than local use.

The Canadian River twists, turns, and worms its weary way through this wind-swept, sun-scorched region. Its bed is a half-mile wide and dry as a bone, except in the centre, where a dwindling thread of moisture has resisted the choking sands. However, in flood times the river is bank full. The ranch borders the Canadian and extends a little over the flats beyond.

The country around the river is different from the plains. It is rough and is called the brakes. Nay, not fern-brakes, with their green restfulness and shadowy shade, but sage-brush and sand-hill brakes surmounted by bleak cap rocks, gaunt sentinels in a land of dreary desolation.

Tawny hills here, white ones there, like mounds of bleaching bones with scant clumps of gray sage to hide their nakedness, stretch as far as the eye can reach. And where these hills give way to the plains the same deadly monotony of sage-brush and sand continues. Realism predominates in our literature; but the Western story is still in the hands of the romanticists. The writers still sing of the great open spaces where a man's a man without mentioning the unutterable lonesomeness of these places and the crudeness of the men therein! Realists, awake! There never will be any better places to kick in the seat of the pants the great god, Romance, than these same open spaces.

My husband, who is a Methodist in good standing, has a poker disposition notwithstanding. The only vocation which contains enough of the element of chance for him is the cattle business. For years his winnings exceeded his losses. However, during the war, when the agriculturist was urged to produce, he sold an excellent Kansas ranch, invested the proceeds in a big string of cattle, which encountered a hard winter, later a drouth, and lastly a market in chaos; and produced as per order; but produced, like the rest of the cattlemen, a terrible failure. Curtailing a long and painful tale, we ended up on this Texas ranch, farming a part of the flats on shares with the owner, whom we had known in the days of our prosperity. I cultivated or tutored the owner's children during the school months, while my husband hauled cotton-seed-cake, fed cattle, and later started his crop.

During the school term we lived a community life in the main ranch-house. This is situated in a valley formed by lofty ranges of sand-hills running north and south. A little stream, which originates in springs and is bordered by giant