

turn to the country that produced Cézanne, and for initiative and daring in thought we have only a handful of names, like those of Willard Gibbs and Charles Peirce, to put alongside the great galaxy Europe produced during the last century; and, as an Einstein, a Freud, a Whitehead, a Geddes, a Haldane, show, is still producing. A civilization which can out of its orthodox creeds produce a Spinoza or a Kant, out of the strict alignment of its social classes a Faraday or a Napoleon, is, one need hardly say, neither moribund nor decrepit nor hopelessly caked in stale ritual. Surpassed in one department of the practical life or another by the temporary ascendancy of some mechanical dodge we have perfected, like the chain production of cheap motors, Europe has in her culture reserves of power and energy that

are illimitable, because they are based upon the work of prime movers, like the poet, the philosopher, the pure scientist, rather than upon derivative transmitting mechanisms like the technician and the business man. Even invention, even technic, cannot, as the most eminent of our engineers has reminded us, exist or continue to improve without support from basic activities which are entirely free from any immediate practical application. The respect for the thinker is fortunately still a mark of the European mind; and as long as this respect remains pervasive, Europe need not fear American competition. Until America more fully absorbs that lesson from Europe, or until Europe herself forgets it, all our chance advantages of men or resources or money will only be passing ones.



Song

BY LOUISE BOGAN

It is not now I learn
 To turn the heart away
 From the rain of a wet May
 Good for the grass and leaves.
 Years back I paid my tithe,
 And earned my salt in kind,
 And watched the long slow scythe
 Move where the grain was lined,
 And saw the stubble burn
 Under the darker sheaves.
 Whatever now must go
 It is not the heart that grieves.
 It is not the heart—the stock,
 The stone,—the deaf, the blind—
 That sees the birds in flock
 Steer narrowed to the wind.

*A job—or Paris? To marry or not
to marry? A young man who
knew what he was doing decides*

A Man of Character

BY HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS

HE had not expected to go to the office so soon in spite of his promise to Laura, and was surprised to find himself turning into the big brass-and-marble entrance of the building, just as he had done so many times before he went away. On the left were the steps leading down to the subway. On the right was the drug-store where sometimes during the rush season he would swallow hot coffee in quick gulps, tasting of paper containers.

As he walked on through the lobby, and automatically turned into the fourteenth-floor express, he thought of himself as a man of character, going back to the job he hated, giving up his chance for individual work, his own life, his freedom.

Already, while standing in the car, waiting to be taken up, he felt the depression of the office on the fourteenth floor, and for a moment he wondered why he was going back.

The elevator glided by brown doors.

In the car with him were three men with brief-cases. One held a cigar in his left hand, the end of which he kept flicking with his little finger.

It occurred to him that possibly Riker would not take him back—in that case he would never have to go into that building again. He could go away. Back

to Paris and the Pasteur Institute and the exciting, satisfying life of research and experiment, where already his work, crude as it was, had been recognized by one or two of the big men over there. But at the same time he knew he could not do that. He had come back to Laura. He had wanted her, and he had come back to her. He had to make good. He had to amount to something. Hadn't his family, his successful brothers, his respected father, told him he had to amount to something?

Standing next to the elevator boy was a girl with short black hair and a green work smock. She chewed gum, and giggled at the boy.

Looking at the back of her head, he thought he could get the job if he really wanted to. All he had to do was to show Riker the letter from the Dillon Company. For the past three years Riker would have given his heart and soul to any one who could land the Dillon account. And now, he had it there, in his pocket.

The noise of the office met him, as he stood in the little hallway, the clatter of the typewriters, the telephone bells, the hum and murmur of voices.

The new telephone girl stopped him. "Who do you want to see?"

"Mr. Riker," he said.