

lin, Lincoln, and Roosevelt, was shrewd enough to play up to type. No man could possibly be as Coolidgean, as President Coolidge: it is not in human nature. His impersonation of silent, conservative America, although slightly overdone, was a masterpiece of art, which well deserved its *Encore*.

We have passed in breathless review a few cases in which the æsthetic definitely affected the political. In many cases, the influence was evil. We seem to be led to the conclusion: Art should be kept out of politics altogether.

If the æsthetic element were removed, however, politics would become extraordinarily dull. It would turn, at worst, into a stodgy bureaucracy, at best into the rule of efficient experts. The glamour would be gone. Personally, we would not grieve: we prefer to take our æsthetic draught neat, without political dilution. But mere efficiency would be stagnation. The æsthetic, the dramatic, the sentimental in national life, are all expressions of a quest. Politics is the collective drama of a

people, history the collective epic, religion the collective lyric: without these, national life would be stale and unprofitable. Or indeed there would be no life at all. A nation would not exist if it did not dramatize itself. A nation is not a geographical area: a nation is a state of consciousness. American patriotism is the *vivid realization* that America exists: a work of art.

Let us not attempt then to eliminate art from politics: we need more art, not less. But, most of all, we need better art. All too frequently, art in politics has been of the trashiest kind, on a level with the worst thrillers and the silliest talkies. It has been insincere and gaudy, rejoicing in trappings and attitudes. It has been cheaply antiquarian, or brutally melodramatic. Is this inevitable? Can we not hope that our political art may follow the same trend as our architecture: discard outworn traditions and meretricious ornaments; express its purpose with simplicity; achieve the serene and rational order which, in architecture, is *Balance*; in the State, *Justice*; in both, *Beauty*?



Unconquerable

By EDNA YOST

And if I should discover that
This jewel I possess,
This delicately tinted gem,
This bit of loveliness,
Is not the Beauty that it seems,
It would not take from me my dreams.

And if I should discover that
These books from which I sip
The veritable draught of life
Bring poison to my lip,
Are not the Truth they seem to be,
It would not take my faith from me.

And if I should discover that
You laughed my love to scorn;
That what I thought was bud and bloom
Was nothing much but thorn;
I swear by all the gods above,
You could not take my power to love.



Ohio in Her Bones

A COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

By D. V. CARLAW

Glamour, romance, the desire to meet clever people and to know life beckoned Jane from Ohio to New York and thence to Europe. Her adventures culminate in meeting a Russian artist in a Riviera town. The author has succeeded in painting truly the character of a small-town girl against an interesting and contrasting background. This novel, the eleventh to be presented of those selected in the \$5,000 Prize Contest, is the first published work of the author.

I

THE January sun sank and early twilight came down, greying the water and the sky. The sea roughened and wind broke against the boat, making it list. Most of the promenaders had gone inside, but one goat-bearded Frenchman still walked around and around the deck, slanting against the boat's slant, like a mountain climber, like a goat.

Jane reclined stiffly in her deck chair. Now she was going back to France from Algiers—like an old suitcase shipped back! She wondered what it would be like to land alone to-morrow in Marseilles: the toughest waterfront in the world, she had heard. Overnight in Marseilles. Well, she was nineteen. She could take care of herself. But there was the disgrace of being sent back this way!

She glanced sidewise at the French people in the deck chairs nearest hers, a young woman with a thin white face and a young man who kept tucking the rug more snugly about her feet and talk-

ing in a low voice. Once during the afternoon, as he stooped over to tuck the rug closer, she had seen him press his mouth against the woman's cheek. Now they both stood up and the young man folded the two steamer rugs and put them over his left arm. With his right arm he supported the young woman against the list of the boat. They went slowly down the deck to a door and disappeared inside.

The greyness deepened, spreading over the water and the sky. There began to be the sound of the wind and of waves beating against the sides of the boat. Jane still lingered in her chair on the empty deck, but slumped down, with her coat collar pulled up around her face. Sometimes spray was blown in upon her, wet against her forehead. She wondered what would be in store for her in Marseilles—and Nice—and after Nice, what?

All the empty deck was wet now with the spray. The grey boards looked desolate like the grey water which stretched out into the deeper grey of the twilight.