

One asset the Hoover group has: Ogden Mills. Unlike most politicians he inherited money, but in addition to his great fortune his father also handed on to him a good mind and the love of hard work. He is the sort of man who leaves no stone unturned in order to get whatever he goes after; one might say that he leaves no pebble unturned. Not gifted with a winning personality, he used to be described as cold, but he early learned to make a good speech, making up in personal force and knowledge of his subject for what he lacked in charm. It was a notable achievement at the Republican Convention of '32 when he alone of the defenders of the hybrid semi-wet plank was able to get a respectful hearing from the roaring Chicago galleries. No one who knows his long record as a thorough-going wet believed him to be in love with the wretched make-shift which he was defending; he praised it only as a compromise, but his downright sincerity impressed even his opponents. It was a personal triumph. Mills's experience in the Treasury Department makes him strong precisely where the Roosevelt Administration is weak, that is in public finance. Should Franklin inflate and should that inflation of the currency do the harm that such debasement has always done, God help the peanut politicians and second-rate professors on the Democratic side when Ogden Mills begins explaining to their victims how and why the value has been stolen from their savings bank accounts. If that happens he might win the non-Hoover group as well.

The non-Hoover group is important. For good or ill the Republicans have never been a one-man show like the

Democrats; usually G. O. P. leadership has been a self-perpetuating affair. Today that leadership is weaker than usual; last fall's election removed from the Senate both Watson of Indiana and the frank and lovable Moses of New Hampshire. Another veteran, the Mormon Smoot of Utah whose astonishing memory enabled him to quote every tariff schedule letter perfect without a figure before him, removed himself by deliberate retirement. Dwight Morrow is dead. Reed of Pennsylvania is handicapped by having Pinchot as Governor of his State. McNary of Oregon is unknown outside the Senate Chamber. Nevertheless the non-Hoover group, the Republican organization men as distinguished from the "Federal crowd" of the last administration, have a first-rate man of proved ability in James W. Wadsworth.

Whereas Hoover progressed from a promoter of questionable mining companies to a dispenser of public charity and thence to his unhappy presidency, "Young Jim" Wadsworth began his political apprenticeship in the New York State Assembly twenty-eight years ago. In his second term he was elected Speaker, in which job he served four years and did one of the neatest bits of political organization ever seen in that experienced little city. From '14 to '27 he served two terms in the U. S. Senate, liked and respected by political friends and foes who agreed that he was one of the most useful members of that curious body.

What are his disadvantages? The writer knows of only three, of which the first has been well lived down: his vote to override Wilson's veto of the Volstead Act was a sufficient pretext for the Democratic posters denouncing him as

a "fake wet" in his losing campaign of 1926, but that poison dried up long ago. His second drawback is that in Washington he concentrated on statesmanship and completely neglected the details of political management which had served him so well in Albany. The third disadvantage is personal to himself and his wife: there are dark rumors that during his twelve years as Senator no New York State Congressman except Ogden Mills and Hamilton Fish were ever asked to the Wadsworth house. Certainly the Wadsworths are not loved—to put it mildly—by the wives of many important New York State Republicans. Whenever the Senator happened to met these ladies he was his charming self, but by the time he met them again he had forgotten what they looked like and even that they existed; Mrs. Wadsworth seems never to have known that there were such people on earth.

How important will this feminine friction be in 1936? Just as in 1928 the Smiths were attacked for being socially below average American middle-class standards, so the charge of being exclusive and "high hat" might be aimed at the Wadsworths. Peanut politics? Yes. A serious matter? Perhaps, and perhaps not. The writer, for one, devoutly hopes not. Could some friend persuade the Wadsworths to change their social spots just a little within the next two years? It seems improbable. But perhaps people will be thinking more of issues than of social squabbles during the next campaign for President.

Franklin Roosevelt, Ogden Mills, Jim Wadsworth—is their combined importance a symptom of an aristocratic drift in American politics?

## THE ANSWER

*By John Hall Wheelock*

TOWARD dawn I came awake hearing a crow  
Perched on the roof-tree lift his guttural cry  
Twice on the shaken air of morning. No  
Caw, answering, made reply.  
The wood shivered, a wind began to sigh  
Among the boughs already growing bare,  
As drowsily I waited—and once more  
That raucous question shook the vacant air.

Silence settled back slowly, as before.  
I turned to sleep. I heard half-waking there  
His harsh vehement caw lifted again.  
The frosty dawn was silent on the hill,  
Silence over the listening wood—and then,  
Faintly, from far away,  
The answer came. Morning flowed into day.  
All was still.



# AS I LIKE IT

## William Lyon Phelps

A Spy Reveals His Past . . . Their England and Yankee Hilltops . . . Literary Ministers . . . The Best of the Thrillers . . . Slight Mathematical Correction . . . St. Paul an Investor?

HERE is a new and important addition to the increasing list of books written in English by those who have learned the language in mature years. Yes, it is a war book; but I hope that will not prevent any one from reading it, because it is filled with thrilling adventures and penetrating observation. It is called "Memoirs of a Spy," deals exclusively with happenings along the Eastern fronts, and is by Nicholas Snowden, whose native name is Miklós Soltész. He was born in a little Hungarian city that is now a part of Czechoslovakia. He grew up in the tower of Babel, so instead of laughing idiotically when he heard men talking in a strange language, as is the common way with children, he determined to learn that language. "As a boy I could not endure it to hear anybody speaking a foreign language that I could not understand." Thus at the age of eighteen, he spoke fluently Hungarian, Polish, Russian, Serbian, Bohemian, Ruthenian, Slovak, Croatian, German, French, and a little Rumanian and Yiddish. Later he learned English, Spanish, Italian. He was well equipped for spyhood, when he was graduated from the commercial high school in 1914.

So many books have been written on the Western front that it is peculiarly interesting to read this one which deals with the Russians and Hungarians and successive revolutions. To those who, like me, Przemysl was only an unpronounceable name of a place that in the war seemed to be taken and retaken, the account of Mr. Snowden's adventures in and near that city will make it as real as Chicago. In the course of his work, he was captured more than once,

tortured, condemned to death, and for eight months was in prison. In 1923, he embarked for the Argentine, believing it was to be his permanent home. But he is now living in the United States.

While this book is not peace propaganda, or any kind of propaganda, it reveals the folly and horror of war. The pages have mainly straightforward narrative; only occasionally does he comment. But here is something worth remembering: "short as was the word war, it contained within its compass all the miseries and havoc which mankind can suffer."

Passing from tragedy to high comedy, I salute the author of a book which opens with a scene on the Western front and then has no more to do with war than I have. This hitherto-to-me-unknown writer is A. G. Macdonell and the name of the book is "England Their England"; with a preface to the American edition by Christopher Morley. It is a Scotsman's view of England and the English; it is a compound of satire, exaggeration, outrageous mirth, sympathy, poetic charm. It also has much of that irresistible nonsense that only the British know how to write. It always seems strange to an American that England, almost exactly the size of Michigan or North Carolina, can be such an object of curiosity and perplexity to the Scots. It is as if the people of Wisconsin were alien and enigmatic to the people of Michigan.

The chief glory of the English, although they don't know it, is their inconsistency. They have always preferred life to any theory about life. If they have any philosophy at all, it must

be based on experience, and no apparently sound syllogism will stand if inconsistent with facts. They irritate formal and logical people, because they like to do things the way they have done them; and when an improvement in efficiency is pointed out, they are only politely interested, and plainly mean to do nothing about it. Now this is perhaps their greatest charm, because in an age of uniformity and conformity by compulsion, I love to see individuals doing as they choose; the home of lost causes is never the home of lost people.

"England Their England" is altogether too entertaining for a bed book; but it is perfection for reading aloud in congenial company. Although I am a whole-hearted American, the thirteenth chapter, with its incomparable English country scenery, country buildings, and country people, makes me poignantly homesick, homesick for the home of the founders and patriots of America.

The bewildered Scot who attempts to find a solution for the insoluble inconsistencies of the English character comes near the truth when he suddenly has revealed to him in a vision that the English people are fundamentally poets. For the fact is that from that small island and from those people so often regarded as stolid, so sensible as to be insensible, has come the most glorious romantic poetry the world has ever known.

Professor Frances Theresa Russell, of Stanford University, a Browning scholar, has prepared a charming anthology of verse from the two Brownings, called "Two Poets, a Dog, and a Boy." She contributes a narrative of their lives and comments on their poems; and the