

Piles of newspapers, magazines, and books were on a table near Cobb's bed when Stallings came in. These were discussed in detail. Occasionally Cobb had received a letter from Woodrow Wilson. Wilson was dying and Cobb knew it. But Cobb never mentioned the fearful parallel. "Old W. W. keeps insisting that I ought to take up golf," Cobb would say with glee. "He thinks it will cure me." But golf did not save Wilson, and Cobb never had a chance to try it. He grew worse as fall came on, so ill that all activity in connection with *The World* stopped. He died on December 21, 1923. On the final day he felt unusually well. A few hours before his death he asked whether an old sweater, often worn on trips into the North Woods, had been kept.

"I'm going fishing again," were his last words.

Frank Cobb dominated *The New York World* as completely as though the paper had been his own. Ambitious men in the organization learned, when they tried it, that Cobb would tolerate no interference. No hiring from the counting room would have dared to make a suggestion on any subject. Herbert Bayard Swope, who became executive editor of the paper in 1921, would not have objected, to phrase it mildly, to a voice in the editorial policies. Cobb was fond of the red-headed, dynamic, talkative executive editor. But when Swope tried to interfere he found himself neatly rebuffed and Cobb, back among his friends of the page, would chuckle over the latest raid of the "Red-Headed Terror."

The World had been a very prosperous newspaper property in December, 1923. Yet it survived Frank Cobb by less than eight years. Cobb would have been appalled to know that it would vanish from the journalistic firmament, where it had shone so brilliantly, before a decade had passed. It is not appropriate, here, to discuss the reasons for that debacle. But all of *The World* men who knew or worked with Frank Cobb have one profound conviction.

"Had Frank Cobb lived," they will tell you, "*The New York World* could not have died."

This may not be wholly true. Whether true or not, it is a fitting epitaph for Cobb. For it is the very essence of truth in the hearts of those who admired and loved him.



"When Spring Brings Back..."

A STORY

By Edward Shenton

THIS is a mistake," Lawrence Baker thought. For the past hour the conviction had stirred uneasily beneath the confusion of the afternoon. Now that he was away from the voices, the laughter, the glancing eyes reflected in the mirror behind the bar, the idea emerged clearly and he recognized its truth.

The car ran smoothly along roads that should have been familiar, but missed being, in a tantalizing fashion. It was like meeting some one, after a considerable time, and remembering merely a part of his name. Only the rows of poplars were unchanged, and the piles of gray stones for mending the road. A mistake!

Yet, when the car reached the crest of the long rise and Lawrence saw the valley of the Marne in the twilight, the river slow-moving and quietly silver under the shadowed hillside and the white houses of Jaulgonne, his heart

seemed to stop, and recollection, like a curious pain, shook his erect body. He stared straight ahead until his mouth ceased twitching, holding one hand above his eyes as though the sun were still bright. From the tonneau, he heard his wife's voice, crisp and disappointed, "Is *that* the Marne?" and Marty Lambert's husky drawl. "Where are the gondolas?"

A mistake, like everything else he had done; but it could not be stopped, it had to go on to the miserable conclusion.

The road curved, flattening toward the valley.

"Turn left," Lawrence said to the chauffeur. "*A gauche!*"

The driver swung the heavy car from the main highway into a narrow pass, scarcely more than a lane. He was a little, elderly Frenchman with brown pouches under his faded eyes. Without slackening speed, he follow-

ed deftly between the hedges of black-berry bushes.

"Slower," Lawrence said. His voice sounded harsh and he made an effort to modulate it.

"*Arretez!*" he said. "*Ici!*"

The driver shut off the motor.

"Are we here, darling?" Cara Baker asked.

"Yes," said Lawrence.

He got down from his seat beside the driver, opened the door of the tonneau and held out his hand. His wife touched it lightly with the tips of her gloved fingers. Marty stood up stretching her round young arms and yawning.

"My boy-friend's passed out," she said.

Lawrence smiled politely, glancing into the shadowy car where Doug Amory, blond, youthful, huge, slept peacefully in a corner of the rear seat.

"Too bad," he said.

"Side cars always do that to him," said Marty.

"I'll remember."

Marty laughed, watching Lawrence side-wise with her clear, depthless green eyes.

"They make me weep," she said. "You might make a note of that, too."

"*Attendez!*" Lawrence told the driver.

"Well," Cara said impatiently, "here we are."

"It looks . . . different," Lawrence murmured.

There should have been . . . something, just here. He missed it without knowing what it was. Presently he would remember. The sensation was a little like that which comes after a particularly vivid dream. The dream had taken place in this countryside, now strange to him, and he was baffled by his inability to identify any of the elements once so clear. He turned toward the slope of hill covered with tall, matted grass and occasional clumps of thin trees.

"Must we go up there?" Cara asked plaintively.

"Why, no," said Lawrence. "Not unless you want to."

"Can't you show us from here?"

"Not very well." He kept his voice carefully modulated, expressionless.

"Oh, come along," said Marty. "If I ruin my shoes, Laurrie will have to

buy me the snake-skin pair at Duraines."

Lawrence helped them over the dry ditch. They walked up the rise, their high heels sinking into the soft earth. Cara's little crimson mouth was petulant and she continuously pushed back the fair hair that fell over her face. At the top of the hill they could see the river again. It seemed very near and wider. Jaulgonne had moved away from them, blurring in the dusk. Cara lit a cigarette and said:

"Is this where you won the war, darling?"

Lawrence did not answer.

"It looks more like a Massachusetts farm than a battle-field," Marty remarked in her bored drawl.

"Do you suppose we could find any German helmets?" Cara asked.

"No," Lawrence said.

He stood very stiff, his face turned away from the two girls. The brim of his soft hat shadowed his eyes. There weren't any helmets, German or French or American, to find; there was nothing to find except the river and the hills and even they seemed no longer the same. The trees were whole and covered with young leaves, fluttering in the faint wind; the earth wore an unscarred carpet of grass with nothing to indicate it had ever been otherwise. The few houses had roofs, and glass in the windows. The walls about the gardens were intact.

Yet here . . . yet here . . .

"I wish I could have seen you in shiny boots and spurs, darling," Cara said.

"I was a corporal," Lawrence answered.

"Don't they wear spurs?"

Behind them, a deep voice called:

"What the hell? A fine way to run out on a fellow."

"The boy-friend," Marty said. "Back to life."

They watched Doug striding up the hill. Under each arm he carried a bottle, between his fingers he held the thin stems of four wine glasses. Marty clapped her hands.

"Champagne," she cried.

"A little warm," Doug said. His eyes were bright and naïve and his blond hair was tousled. He smiled at them cheerfully and sat down with a bottle between his knees, loosened the cork, and patted the bottle gently. Lawrence

walked slowly away, toward a line of fruit trees.

"What's wrong with Laurrie?" Doug asked.

"He's fighting the war over again," Cara said.

"Is that why we're here?"

"Didn't you know?"

"I thought we came out in the country so he could kiss Marty."

"Isn't he cute?" Marty said. "Just a nasty little boy's mind. Do you scribble dirty words on fences, Doug?"

"Only where you can read them, darling," Doug answered.

The cork came loose with a suckling "pop!"

"It's the Huns, Laurrie," Marty called.

They all laughed.

"Imagine being married to a veteran of the Great War," Doug said to Cara. "What a fine time you'll have, sweetheart, when you're eighty, watching your hero parading with all the rest of the Grand Army of the Republic."

"That's the wrong war," Marty said.

"Oh, well, you know what I mean. What's another war among friends? Hold your glass."

Lawrence returned. They watched his tall figure approaching out of the gathering darkness. Doug handed him a glass of champagne. He took it without speaking, and remained standing, gazing over their heads, his thin face taut and pale.

"*Prosit!*" said Doug.

"I looks in your eyes an' I smiles," said Marty.

Cara leaned over and whispered to Doug; their fair heads seemed to touch lightly. Marty glanced at them, arose suddenly and went to stand beside Lawrence. She drank the wine slowly, gazing up at him across the thin edge of shining glass. Doug filled their glasses again. He tilted the bottle with an elaborate gesture, talking cheerfully. They all sat down, suddenly silent. The warm champagne was not unpleasant. In the darkness it tasted a little like cider and seemed suitable to the warm night and the country. They emptied the first bottle and opened the second.

The river was merely a pale glimmering between the black banks. The far hillside became dark and flat, without depth. Only the crest was sharp, outlined on the luminous sky. Law-

rence sat staring at the hill. Something was happening. The darkness was engulfing the years, enfolding and destroying. He found himself rigid, listening. The angle of his head seemed, in some way, desperate, as though he were, in desperation . . . waiting. He trembled and put the glass down. Unaware of the movement he stretched out flat, his left arm thrust forward, his body tense, pressing into the grass . . . On such a night . . . on such a night. Only later; darker. A night crawling with anticipation, swelling with horror. Little Benny Fry lay in the shallow trench beside him, muttering, "I wisht somethin' would start." Something was starting . . . The darkness was swallowing all the intervening years with their mistakes, their unutterable foolish mistakes. Doug and Cara were vanished . . . vanquished. Marty was gone . . .

At midnight it began. The earth trembled and death fell out of the stars. It was as though the stars were ripping away from the shrouded vast spaces. They made a rending sound, tearing loose, falling, roaring, flaming, bursting, bringing death. One fell on little Benny Fry. He fought with it, screaming. They had to hold him while he died. Just over there, under the apple trees; not the trees standing now, other trees that had died the night Benny died . . . The night they grovelled in the earth while the green apples were shaken from the boughs and fell upon them . . . They lay shuddering with the stars and the apples and the shells falling and bursting among them . . . All the time they are waiting. Some of them die, waiting, and some of them pray they may die. The rest are waiting and trying not to see those who have died, or to hear the terrible prayers of those who long to die . . . Out on the field sloping to the river the pale wheat grows taller; in a curious fashion it sprouts in darker clumps. Lawrence feels his breath exhale in a fading sigh. Ah-h-h! This, for which they are waiting, has arrived. The dark forms above the wheat vanish instantly; they emerge again, closer, disappear and reappear. It is like a tide rising and swelling, each wave advancing; a tide of shadows, bearing a strange sound. A wave sweeps up and over the hill to the right; another runs through the valley

on the left. The sound comes toward them from three directions . . . In a moment the in-flowing shadowy tide will meet behind them; then the waves in front will curl, breaking down over them, obliterating . . . Here is where it happened; here it came to him, here the very substance of body and brain altered . . . It was returning. He felt it possessing him again. Lawrence trembled, breathing quickly; giving himself to the return of that purging emotion . . . Clear, passionless, detached, complete in himself, without home or country or friend or God . . . Himself, cuddling the hot rifle to his cheek, alone, opposed to the rushing tide of shadows that were not men, never became men. He confronted the eternal onslaught of mystery, seeking his destruction; he was participating in the enduring battle of life with death . . . Marty's husky voice drawled in his ear.

"Cara is kissing Doug."

Lawrence lay still. His shoulders trembled. Marty placed a hand, compassionate and ironical, upon his head. He sat up, laughing quietly, secure in the moment of passionless clarity.

"Don't you want to kiss me?" Marty asked.

"No," said Lawrence.

"Tired of me?"

He did not answer. Rising, he stretched his arms like a man refreshed by a deep, a profoundly satisfying sleep. Marty sat motionless, leaning forward, her thin back arched like a bow drawn taut to speed an invisible arrow.

"I hate you," she said.

"Hush," Lawrence answered.

"Why don't you stop her?" Marty asked fiercely. "Why do you let her go around taking anything . . . anybody she wants?"

"It doesn't matter," Lawrence said.

He turned away from her, walking

down the hill into the darkness. An ember of flame marked the driver's cigarette where he sat on the running board. He stood up as Lawrence approached.

"*Tranquille, la nuit,*" he said.

"*Oui,*" Lawrence answered. "*Tout est tranqui.*"

The driver took another cigarette from the yellow packet and lit it from the stub in his fingers.

"*Avez-vous une cigarette?*" Lawrence asked.

"*Excusez, certainement.*"

The cheap, strong tobacco was like . . . was right, Lawrence thought suddenly. It was a taste, a luxury men had once shared, men of different nations, of different heritage and belief, caught together in the same rising shadowy tides of life. He drew a silver case from his pocket and offered it to the driver. The little man took one of the pale brown cigars, lifting it gently between nicotined thumb and forefinger. He removed his flap cap, placed the cigar carefully inside and put the cap back on his head.

"*Merci, m'sieu.*"

In the moment when he had been bareheaded, Lawrence saw a reddish furrow of scar along the edge of his hair. On an impulse, he said:

"Wounded? . . . *Blessé?*"

"*Oui, m'sieu,*" answered the driver. He gestured toward the hillside behind them. "*Là haut,*" he said.

"Here?" cried Lawrence. "*Ici?*"

"*Oui.*"

"I fought here."

"*Pardon?*"

"*Moi, j'ai faits la guerre ici.*"

"Ah," said the Frenchman.

"It's very strange," Lawrence said. He went on in his labored, elliptical French. "Doesn't it mean . . . anything . . . Coming back to the place where you were wounded?"

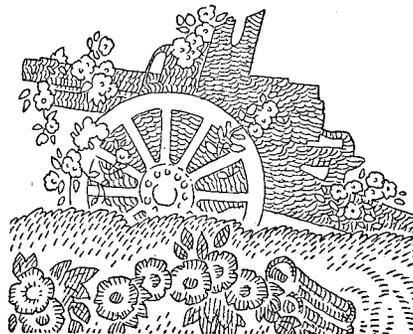
"It is all France," said the little man.

"Yes," said Lawrence. "That's right, of course."

All France, all war, all men bound together; no one who had not struggled in that vast tide could ever be part of them; not Cara or Marty or Doug. They had never been washed in the blood . . . in the blood . . .

"*La guerre,*" said Lawrence. "*C'est bon!*"

"*La guerre,*" said the driver, "*c'est . . . la guerre.*"





The Church Builds Battleships

By David Carl Colony

A priest of the Episcopal Church states his position concerning American mission activities in medicine and education in foreign countries

KIRBY PAGE, apostle of peace, asked a hundred thousand clergymen:

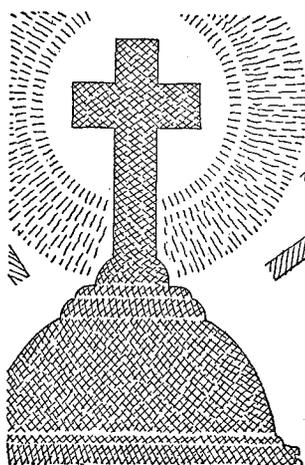
"Are you personally prepared to state that it is your present purpose not to sanction any future war or participate as an armed combatant?"

Some twenty thousand ministers made reply. And of these, sixty-two per cent answered in the affirmative.

The Reverend Alvin J. Forry of Lancaster, Pa., wrote:

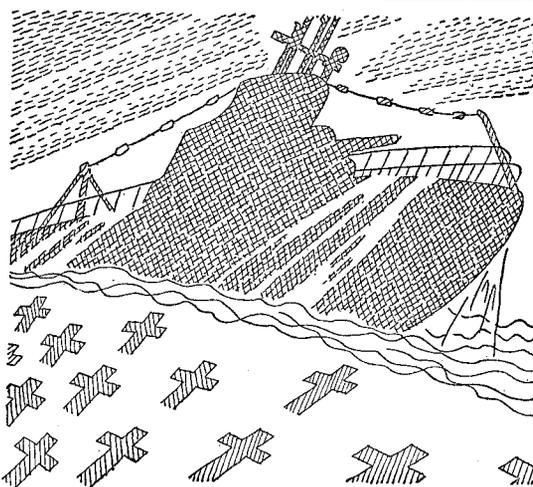
"Yes, this is my present purpose. However, I am not sure whether I should have the courage or the plain 'guts' to maintain this position in war time. But I should have to count myself 'yellow' if I should fail."

This answer is typical of many others. Yet these same gentlemen are, for the most part, intensely loyal to the program of foreign missions and thereby, unwittingly, promote the very cause which they nominally detest. Much of the money which is contributed by the faithful for the conversion of the heathen actually goes into the making of warfare. And in the light of the current feverish armament race it is pertinent to charge that American missionary dollars are, in deed and in truth, building battleships for Japan, cruisers for Great Britain, and guns



wherewith Chinese warlords serially abolish each other. Before sincere ecclesiastical efforts toward peace can bear any fruit, therefore, the entire foreign missions program needs microscopic examination and ultimate revision.

It is highly significant that the United States leads all the world in contributions to the cause of missions. It is equally arresting to note that nations which are capable of supporting the world's most impressive armament structures, great and proud nations, evidently believe that there is much in a name. Uncle Samuel is to them indeed an uncle who allows the dictates of his heart to sway him more than the sensible promptings of his Yankee mind. British India is an interesting example. The Englishman who loves to "bear the white man's burden" is content to let American dollars perform the work which should be the bounden duty of the British government. The same thing is true in Japan and, to a considerable extent, in China.



The actual figures bear mute witness of misguided Yankee generosity. In the biennium 1929-31 the following countries gave to missions these amounts:

North America (very largely the United States)	\$28,171,146
Great Britain (including Australia and New Zealand)	12,871,150
France	197,838
Germany	1,525,494

In other words, Canada and the United States gave almost twice as much as the other three countries combined. It will be noted that China and Japan contributed nothing beyond their own borders and that Italy, being primarily Roman Catholic and therefore not a member of the International Missionary Council, is not considered in the group. In fairness to France, too, it should be remembered that only about two per cent of her population is Protestant.

Probably the greatest amount of missionary energy is expended in India, Japan, and China. Hence, Great Britain, the government of the Mikado, and whoever currently claims to rule the unhappy land of Confucius, are the chief beneficiaries of American missionary giving. It is difficult to estimate what the military strength of China is. Yet it was sufficiently great to give the Japanese some uneasy moments in the recent Shanghai episode. England and Japan, however, present no problem in analysis and, since the next war will probably be a clash of naval forces, the