

ingly complex problems of national planning. Probably very few of them are aware of the extent and importance of the enormous shifts in population which are taking place every year as the result of differential increase or decrease of large population groups. In the farm communities of this nation there are born each year some 200,000 children in excess of the needs of these districts for the replacement of their population. The proportion of children per adult in the southern and mountain states is twice as great as it is in the industrial states of the eastern seaboard, or in California. But so long as education is a function of the states alone, the economic resources available for the education and rearing of this large surplus of child life in rural communities are far less than in the industrial states. Reproduction takes place in our cities at a rate far below the number needed for replacement, and city growth would cease or rapidly decline without a continued immigration from the farm. Are the newcomers from the country districts largely fitted by training to raise the standard of city life? If they stay on the farm, will there be any but marginal land for them to occupy, and will there be a sufficient increase in the markets for the products which they raise to give them an adequate standard of living? In our cities and elsewhere, the public official is concerned with the social morality which requires that we properly care for the dependent and incompetent. Will he learn to heed the social morality that refuses to sanction their disproportionate multiplication?

The educators of our country were slow in making the transition from the

classics to the modern studies of physics, chemistry, and genetics, which have metamorphosed industry and agriculture at a pace too rapid for society to keep up with. Educators are moving forward slowly now into the sciences which study man. Will they soon recognize the fundamental importance of population studies, so that we may know about the fertility of various groups, about the qualities of the people which compose them, and about the causes and control and the effects of population change?

The problems presented to the psychologist are equally important. Studies on the interrelation of heredity and environment in developing intelligence and in forming traits of personality, must be rapidly advanced, so that we can distinguish between those population trends which affect only our social heritage and those which more fundamentally affect our biological heritage. And, perhaps more important still, the psychologist must delve farther into the springs of human behavior so as to teach us more about the derivation of human values and how they can be moulded by education and public sentiment. They must be held responsible for such injury to the public as has been wrought by the spread of undigested Freudian theories, and must substitute a popular education in sound and well-established psychological principles.

The task of the clergy is a difficult one, and one for which they are perhaps the least prepared. There can be little doubt that the teaching of higher human and family values will be a necessary part of the new morality in raising the birth rate of an urbanized people. The spiritual side of these values

particularly cannot be neglected, but unless they are preached with a real understanding of the social conditions with which they react, and with a scientific understanding of the problems, the preaching will fall on deaf ears. To an extent, the preacher must turn student and scientist.

Perhaps the greatest responsibility of all rests with the publicist, whether in politics, in the church, or in the field of science. A field so close to the deepest human emotions, so capable of arousing deep-seated racial, regional, or class animosities, must be handled at all times without demagoguery, and with strict adherence to the facts. Such processes of education are slow, so slow sometimes as to be painful to those who desire to see rapid progress in their lifetime. But in this field at least only slow progress can be sure.

There can be no doubt that from the point of view of its social tradition and its biological inheritance our country is at a critical period. For a time at least, our population will be stationary, or will decline. This in itself should make us hopeful that we may have the patience and the knowledge to work out the problems vital to the ultimate success of civilization. Changes must come in many directions. And, first of all, there must be developed a new and aroused social morality, which will not tolerate the continuance of conditions that handicap large families among those who are most competent and best fitted to nurture children, and encourage large families among the hopeless and unfit. These things must be changed, before individual morality can reach the level at which the finest human values will find fulfillment.

## THE WEASEL

*By Robert P. Tristram Coffin*

A COILED steel spring endowed with life,  
The perilous luster of a knife,

Quicksilver made of sleeky fur,  
Too light to make a grass blade stir,

Beautiful, hateful, lively thing,  
Sensitive as a swallow's wing!

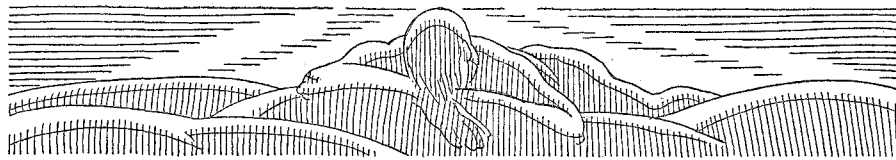
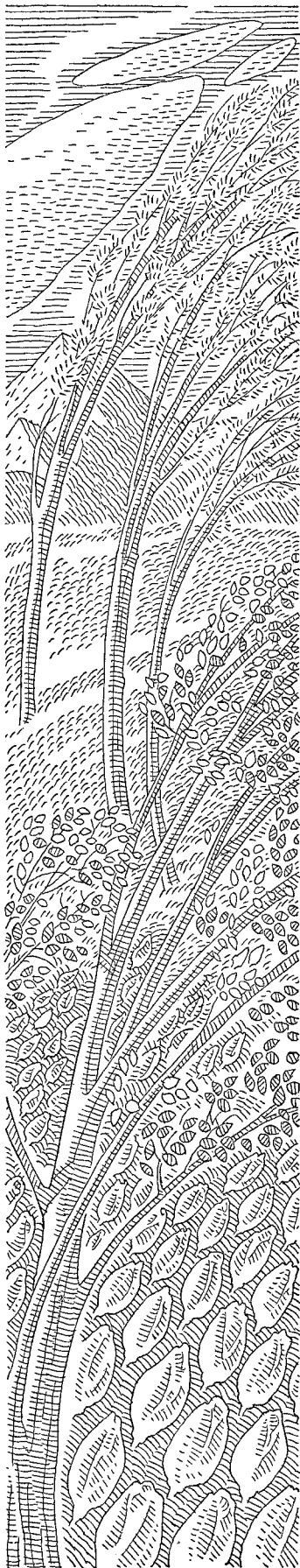
Here and gone as soon from sight  
As a raindrop falling bright,

The serpent of four-footed kind,  
A body that is wholly mind—

All these wonders pass in one  
Flash of fur below the sun,

And the hill is richer by  
The glitter of the weasel's eye.

It is brighter for a breath  
So slender and so full of death.



# Sonatas of Spring

By Jesse Stuart

O Gods of Storm, beat savage-white and cold!  
Crumble the ancient hills with lightning splits!  
O Gods of Storm—you mighty Gods of old—  
Shiver the spurging rocks to tiny bits!  
Clouds kiss the jugged land with watery kiss!  
This is the time for storm: make Earth awaken!  
There is no better time for Storm than this.  
O Gods of Storm, do all you've undertaken.  
Awake reptiles cold-blooded in their sleep;  
Awake the slimy lizards, water-dogs!  
Awake the terrapins from mud knee-deep!  
Awake the turtles and white-throated frogs!  
Above all, wake the sleeping flower and tree,  
Tell them it's Spring and not eternity!

Give trees, you ancient Gods, new blood for veins.  
Give flowers, you ancient Gods, new blood for stems.  
Give snakes, you ancient Gods, new blood for veins.  
Give man, you ancient Gods, new blood for dreams.  
Give man a new land with the high clean sky.  
Give him a clean air where no factories burn.  
Give man to breathe the clean wind blowing by  
From lonesome waters and dew-dripping fern.  
Give man green-velvet earth and light-green wind.  
Give man the world where he can own his heart,  
And own his brains and breathe no smoke-dyed wind,  
New earth where he can play the different part.  
Give man the Spring that heavy thunders wrought:  
The wine-green wind for lungs; sweet Earth for thought.

Sing out, you mighty organs of the wind!  
Bend down to wind-organs, you living trees!  
Sing out, sing out, you organs of the wind,  
Sing out in vast eternal harmonies—  
The ancient Gods are close to hear your singing.  
They love the sweet clean music of the Spring—  
Sing out, sing out and keep your Spring Songs ringing—  
Sing out, sing out, this dawn of early Spring—  
What is this life without music and flower?  
What is this world without the harmonies  
Of wind and tree and flower and silver hour—