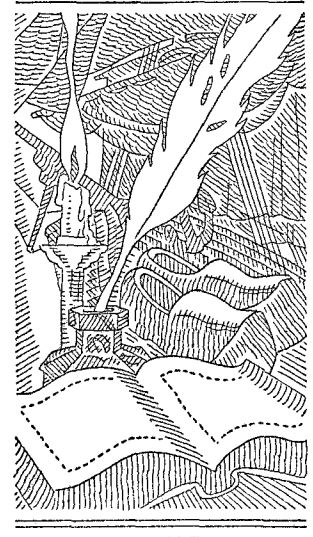


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps

Mr. Lewis's Fourteenth Novel . . . Charles Morgan on George Moore . . . Stephen Leacock, Humorist . . . F. P. A.'s Pepys Diary . . . Sundae History



SINCLAIR LEWIS has produced fourteen full-length novels. I have read them all, from *Our Mr. Wrenn* (1914) to and including *It Can't Happen Here* (1935). *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith* were explosions that shook the whole literary world; critics and book-reviewers in far-distant countries felt the seismic disturbances. The words *Main Street* and *Babbitt* are as well known and as well understood today as Pecksniff and Uriah Heep; for Mr. Lewis's immense reputation began with *Main Street* and was strengthened by *Babbitt*; these are the only two of his books that could have started it; these stories were greeted with that double delight of surprise and recognition that Henry James called essential.

Yet although I freely recognize the amazing ability displayed in those two works, they are not my favorites; of all his books, the two that I enjoy the most are *Dodsworth* and *Work of Art*, though I know very well that they could not have attracted universal attention. I am speaking only of my personal enjoyment in reading.

And by the same token, the two books of his that give me the least pleasure are *Elmer Gantry* and *Ann Vickers*.

Mr. Lewis has always combined the holy zeal of an evangelist with the skill of the objective novelist; but *It Can't Happen Here* differs from his previous works in having its scenes laid in the future, and in being, quite frankly, propaganda.

The story opens in 1936 and closes in 1939; and the title "It Can't" means

of course "It Can." Mr. Lewis thinks that one of the chief causes that make it a possibility is the too general belief that it is an impossibility. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

The author has nowhere committed himself to prophecy; he does not predict Fascism in the United States. My conjecture is that he does not really think it will happen. In this novel, he shows only that it might happen, and how. And the "how" is a brilliant *tour de force*, in which Mr. Lewis displays those gifts of mimicry in which he is without a rival. Although all these events and these conversations take place in an imaginary future time, they seem as real as if he were recording history. This is the main triumph of the book.

It may be merely my dislike of all forms of propaganda that stands in the way of my enjoyment of this novel; I recognize the skill displayed, but I cannot warm up, I cannot become excited.

Mr. Lewis himself is not a radical, not a revolutionist, not a Communist; he is primarily a novelist, who has chosen to depict certain features of contemporary social and political life, and to suggest their possible tendencies. He loves his art and he loves the individual freedom necessary to art more than any other two things. I suppose politically he might be called a Liberal.

His newspaper editor, Doremus, comes near to stating Mr. Lewis's position on page 432:

As a newspaper man, Doremus remembered that the only reporters who misrepresented and concealed facts more unscrupu-

lously than the Capitalists were the Communists.

He was afraid that the world struggle today was not of Communism against Fascism, but of tolerance against the bigotry that was preached equally by Communism and Fascism. But he saw too that in America the struggle was befogged by the fact that the worst Fascists were they who disowned the word "Fascism" and preached enslavement to Capitalism under the style of Constitutional and Traditional Native American Liberty. For they were thieves not only of wages but of honor. To their purpose they could quote not only Scripture but Jefferson.

That Karl Pascal should be turning into a zealot, like most of his chiefs in the Communist party, was grievous to Doremus because he had once simple-heartedly hoped that in the mass strength of Communism there might be an escape from cynical dictatorship. But he saw now that he must remain alone, a "liberal," scorned by all the noisier prophets for refusing to be a willing cat for the busy monkeys of either side. But at worst, the Liberals, the Tolerant, might in the long run preserve some of the arts of civilization, no matter which brand of tyranny should finally dominate the world.

A very interesting and significant thing in this novel is that the "good" characters look to Canada as the Land of Freedom. Indeed they escape from the tyranny of the United States not to Russia—but to Canada. Mr. Lewis, with his infallible instinct for mass sentiment, knows that many thoughtful and liberty-loving Americans are enviously looking to our neighbor on the north in a way that could not have been even dimly imagined twenty years ago. Such a regard is worth a chronicle.

Another thing. Mr. Lewis certainly has never lacked either courage or frankness; no one could accuse him of undue reticence. Thus I am interested to see in this novel that when certain expressions are used in conversation and certain epithets applied to certain

persons, the words themselves are represented by dashes and are not printed in full. This return to the decencies and proprieties does not indicate any lack of realism and does not reduce the hitting power of phrases. Perhaps it may indicate that Mr. Lewis believes that readers are "fed up" with the complete spelling out on the printed page of obscenities, blasphemies, and various indecencies; and that he is leading the way back. Mr. Lewis is a writer of such vigor that he does not have to assert it.

Epitaph on George Moore, by Charles Morgan, is a small book of great value. Mr. Moore wisely selected Mr. Morgan as his official biographer; but after a vast amount of work had been completed, Mr. Morgan discovered that he could not obtain access to a series of vitally important letters. He therefore abandoned the task regretfully enough; and yet being a novelist himself, much of whose time is taken up also with daily play-reviewing, I think he ought to feel more relief than vexation. This *Epitaph* is admirable both in its intimate revelation of Moore as man and as artist, and in its judicious and judicious criticisms of his work. Mr. Morgan believes that George Moore was one of the great English novelists and that his books will enjoy permanent fame.

Another terrific blast against war and once more from an accomplished artist, is *Mars His Idiot* by H. M. Tomlinson. No one book will save the world; but it is just possible, by the accumulation of anti-war books, that universal peace may be brought a little nearer. The soloists are sounding more and more like a chorus. The quotations chosen for this book by Mr. Tomlinson are startling. Here is one from Charles Lamb, written in 1830.

Alas! can we ring the bells backward? Can we unlearn the arts that pretend to civilize, and then burn the world? There is a march of science; but who shall beat the drums for its retreat?

Booth Tarkington has written a novel of the fourth dimension in *Mr. White, The Red Barn, Hell, and Bridgewater*, a long title for a short book. His Preface is one of the best things he has ever composed; and is necessary for the understanding of what follows. As

Mr. Lewis placed the scenes of his new novel in the years 1936-1939, so Mr. Tarkington has placed his in the years after death, even though they take place on the earth and amid familiar scenes in New York and elsewhere. Here the art of the realistic novelist is employed for a mystical purpose. This is not only one of the most brilliant, one of the most original of Mr. Tarkington's novels, it is assuredly one of the most interesting. No one will find it otherwise.

Stephen Leacock's book called *Humor* is by one of the foremost of living humorists. He does not kill humor by analyzing it; he rather helps us to appreciate it. He is probably correct in believing that humor reached a world climax in the nineteenth century and especially in two men, Dickens and Mark Twain. I share Mr. Leacock's lack of enthusiasm for much of ancient and medieval humor; it is dull stuff, for the most part. And Artemus Ward, who made the English-speaking world rock with laughter in the days just before Mark Twain, is now unreadable. Mr. Leacock's comparison of Dickens with our great American is full of interest.

For what one may call the mere mechanism of humor, Mark Twain offers a much more available study than Dickens. Indeed if I were to undertake to deliver one of those college courses on "The Technique of Humor" of which mention was made at the opening of this book, I should make much of Mark Twain. A student of a serious mind could learn better from Mark Twain than from any other source how to get rid of it. This is not merely on account of his eminence. Charles Dickens stands at least as eminent as a humorist, if not higher. But Mark Twain was beyond anybody in the world a technical humorist. He combined the basis of the matter—the inspiration—with the mechanism of it. He brings into play, far more than Dickens, the resources of technique, the surprise of words, the shifting dexterity of form. Hence it comes that Mark Twain can be quoted in single sentences, Dickens mostly only in pages. Dickens, both for humor and pathos, must move along on a full flood tide of words. Mark Twain can make a splash even in a puddle. One could put together a joke book of humorous extracts out of Mark Twain. It would be quite hard to do it out of Dickens. The funniest things in Dickens are all part of something else. Much in Mark Twain can stand alone.

He points out also that Mark Twain's humor, typically American, very often makes the joke at his own expense; his own failures and stupidities and run of bad luck are the material for fun. This Dickens does not do at all; it is always

some one else who supplies the material for laughter.

It is certainly interesting that Mark Twain could see nothing funny in Dickens. He read through *Pickwick Papers* without a smile. Which reminds me that the famous German novelist Paul Heyse, Nobel Prize winner, asked me in 1904 who was the greatest living American writer. I said, "Mark Twain." Herr Heyse replied that he had heard Mark Twain was very funny, so he read through the whole of *Huckleberry Finn*, and never found anything funny in it.

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys, 1911-1934, by F. P. A. (Franklin P. Adams), fills two sumptuous volumes and 1271 pages, without counting the excellent Index. He began writing a daily column in June, 1911, and I remember very well reading it with extreme pleasure in *The New York Evening Mail*. The heading was "Always in Good Humor." In 1914, when he transferred his talent to *The New York Tribune*, he called the column "The Conning Tower." Later he went to *The World* and in 1931 back to *The Herald Tribune* where all his readers (with a few disgruntled exceptions) share his hope that he will remain till death does them part. If I remember rightly, there was some trouble for a time about his retaining the excellent title "The Conning Tower," and so he perforce called the column simply "The Tower." But the name was finally regained by its proper owner.

In reprinting these commentaries, F. P. A. tells us that he has added nothing and changed nothing. The temptation to do this must have been strong; but there are few writers who could so well afford to leave unaltered their past opinions, judgments, and comments. For F. P. A. is not only one of our leading humorists and one of our most graceful versificators. He is a shrewd and penetrating critic, with no fads; guided only by a love of wit, intelligence, and beauty; and he is a thorough believer in individual liberty.

Apart from the pleasure that hundreds of thousands of readers find in his daily column, and will re-find in these two volumes, he is one of the most efficient school-masters who teach correct English without pedantry. He

combines accuracy with almost infallible good taste.

A book that will have a small circulation but which should be read by the thoughtful is *Paul Elmer More, and American Criticism*, by Robert Shafer. I regard Mr. More as the greatest living American philosopher, as our most profound literary critic, and as one of our foremost scholars. The style of this biographical work is often irritating; but the book will reward the right readers.

Among the new books of poetry, do not overlook *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, by W. H. Auden. I do not share Mr. Auden's political tenets, but I certainly enjoy the satire in this poem, and applaud the righteous anger it reveals against injustice and cruelty and stupidity.

For that large number of persons who are called on to preside at various meetings, and wish to be familiar with the rules governing such organizations, I have just the thing to satisfy their wants. It is a slender volume called *Parliamentary Law and Procedure*, and is written by the Honorable John Q. Tilson, for many years Representative in Congress from Connecticut, Majority Leader of the House, and in earlier days Speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives. A foreword is supplied by Speaker Joseph W. Byrns. This book has not only the advantage of being up to date (1935), it gives all the rules clearly and compactly.

In the sixteenth volume of the indispensable *Dictionary of American Biography*, covering the names from Robert to Seward, the mighty figure of Theodore Roosevelt dominates the field, his name receiving 17 columns. Others who have been awarded much space are Josiah Royce with 13¼, Augustus Saint-Gaudens 13, Winfield Scott 12, William H. Seward 12½, John S. Sargent 8, Carl Schurz 8½, Benjamin Rush 7½, John Sevier 7, Raphael Semmes, 6.

Now the only adverse criticism I have on this volume is the disproportionately small space given to John Singer Sargent, a man of genius, one of the great painters of all time. To

give him eight columns and Winfield Scott twelve seems to me ridiculous.

Look over this list that I have selected from the immense number of names and see how many are familiar to you. Ezekiel Robinson, Stuart Robinson, Comte de Rochambeau, James Jeffrey Roche, William Rockefeller, Knute Rockne, E. P. Roe, H. H. Rogers, Henry Wade Rogers, John Rogers, John Rolfe, William J. Rolfe, Ole E. Rølvaag, Henry Romeike, George F. Root, James H. Ropes, W. S. Rosecrans 3⅓, Betsy Ross, William F. Round, Richard Rush 5½, Sol Smith Russell, Henry Rutgers, John Rutledge 4, Thomas Fortune Ryan 5½, Margaret Sage, Russell Sage 2, Arthur St. Clair 4, Gurdon Saltonstall, Edgar Saltus, William T. Sampson, F. B. Sanborn, Sibyl Sanderson, Margaret Sangster, Dudley A. Sargent, Sassacus, Minot J. Savage, John G. Saxe, Winfield S. Schley, Eugene Schuyler, Clinton Scollard, Dred Scott, Fred Newton Scott, Charles Scribner, Charles Scribner, Jr., E. W. Scripps, James E. Scripps, Horace E. Scudder, Samuel Seabury, Alan Seeger, Julius H. Seelye, L. C. Seelye, Edward C. Seguin, Anton Seidl, Joseph Seligman, Isaiah Sellers, James Seth, Samuel Sewall.

Here is an interesting letter from the distinguished dramatist St. John Ervine, whose biography of General Booth I reviewed at length in the October issue. As he is probably the only man who has ever read every number of *The Warcry*, I asked him if there were any truth in a statement that I used to hear very often forty years ago, that the Salvation Army sang a song called "There are no flies on Jesus."

My dear Billy,

I've never heard of that hymn, and I feel certain it exists only in somebody's imagination. The number of people who tell you that they know *positively* this, that or the other makes me wonder why Ananias was singled out for summary treatment. When a man assures me that he *knows for a fact* so-and-so, I say to myself, "Damned liar! . . ." At the risk of being called one myself, I want to say "I know for a fact you're telling lies!"

But supposing there had been such a hymn, what's wrong with it? Isn't "There are no flies on Jesus" merely a colloquial rendering of Galatians vi, 7: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." There was a very popular padre in the war who once said to the Tommies, "Don't you chaps run away with the idea that God's a bloody fool!" A number of refined persons were extremely shocked, but the Tommies loved the man and

instantly perceived his point. Supposing a simple preacher in a village in America said to a congregation of rustics, "You can't put anything over on God!" Would anybody in his senses suppose him to be blasphemous or even vulgar? He would surely be talking to them in the language they understood, the language that most vividly conveyed to their minds the thought he was trying to express. Shaw's *Blanco Posnet* puts the argument, I think, with great force. We Protestants rejected Latin from our religious services, in spite of its manifold advantages, such as its universality, because we wished to have them rendered in language "understood of the people." Well, there are varieties of ways of understanding language, and although a hymn, with "There are no flies on Jesus" is not likely to move you or me, there must be millions of people to whom it instantly and more vividly than any other form of words expresses what Paul said to the Galatians.

There is a passage in *God's Soldier* where I describe Booth's attitude towards those who charged his soldiers with calling for three cheers for Jesus Christ. They hadn't, in fact, done so, but Booth rightly retorted to their accusers, "Why shouldn't they call for cheers for Christ!" and thereafter, I have been told, he himself often invited a meeting to give them. That's what I call turning the enemy's guns against him. . . .

My religious views are not orthodox. Far from it. I find that when I read the Apostle's Creed, I stop at "I believe in God!" That's as far as I can get without arguing or qualifying. I share Dean Inge's belief that Christianity is a life to be lived rather than a creed to be believed, and I think that it would be enough for all of us if we reduced our creeds to the Founder's assertion that we should love God and our neighbour as ourselves. Everything that is important is in that. All else is perplexity. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that the town of Dornoch, in Scotland, at this moment is shaken to its core because a Provost gave a children's party at Christmas and little boys and girls were allowed to dance together. The elders of the Provost's Church have solemnly suspended the Provost! . . . If I were God, I'd dump the whole lot in hell. Don't these people ever read their Bible? Are they incapable of realizing the geniality of Jesus, his mateiness, his ease in any company, the pleasure his mere presence in a house gave to its occupants, how quick he was to join in the fun? I mean, Billy, that the man who turned up at a wedding feast in Cana, and, finding his host in a jamb about wine, immediately got him out of it, was not the sort of man who would have turned sulky about a children's Christmas dance. Please don't suppose from this that I'm one of those flabby people who are tolerant of everything. I'm not. But when I'm intolerant, I try to be intolerant about something that matters and not about trifles or harmless things. As a small boy in Ulster, I could not bring myself to believe that God, who had made the Universe, would fly into a rage if he saw me playing marbles on Sunday, and I suspected that my elders who said he *would*, were attributing to him their own mean natures.

With reference to the history of the word "Sundae," I received the following letters: from Miss Zaida Nicholson of New York:

In regard to your query in the current "As I Like It" in SCRIBNER'S, as to the origin of

the word Sundae, please let me reply as follows:

In a newspaper or magazine—name and date now forgotten—I read that one warm Sunday in New Orleans two ladies went into a drug store and asked for sodas. The druggist however found he had only cream and syrup on hand and offered his customers portions of this mixture. They found the resulting confection delicious. The druggist continued to supply these very popular sodaless sodas to his general customers and decided to call them Sundaes in honor of the day on which they had been invented.

From Richard Lloyd Jones of *The Tulsa Tribune*, Tulsa, Okla.:

Words are full of romance. I too enjoy the history of words, so was I attracted to your references in October SCRIBNER's to the delectable "sundae." Perhaps the dictionary makers did not know what I think I know about the origin of that term. And perhaps I do not know the truth.

I grew up as a Chicago kid who did the things that most city boys do. I chased the fire engines all over Chicago and was as much a patron of the soda fountains as my purse would permit. I remember when the sundae first appeared over the marble fountain counter and I remember the soda jerkers of that time relating the story of the origin which was something like this:

Evanston, Chicago's Godly neighbor, "Heavenston" as the good Frances E. Willard used to call it, was in those days at least rather Methodist minded. The piety of that town resented the dissipating influences of the soda fountain on Sunday and the good town fathers, yielding to this churchly influence, passed an ordinance prohibiting the retailing of ice cream sodas on Sunday.

Some ingenious confectioners and drug-store operators, in "Heavenston," obeying the law, served ice cream with the syrup of your choice without the soda. Thereby complying with the law. They did not serve ice-cream sodas. They served sodas without soda on Sunday. The sodaless soda was the Sunday soda. It proved palatable and popular and orders for Sundays began to cross the counters on Mondays.

Objection then was made to christening a dish after the Sabbath. So the spelling of "Sunday" was changed. It became an established dish and an established word and finally the Heavenston "sundae" appeared even in Congregational Connecticut.

From David Shulman, of the Bronx, New York:

In regard to "sundae" which the older editions of Webster's New International say is equivalent to "college ice," there is an etymology which you and others overlook. It is the following from Tucker's book on American English (p. 306):

"SUNDAY—sometimes misspelled 'sundae'—

Name said to have been first used, about 1897, at Red Cross Pharmacy, State St., Ithaca, N. Y., directly opposite to barroom of Ithaca Hotel, which was closed on Sunday, suggesting to the pharmacy people to offer a distinctively Sunday drink."

Professor Krapp alludes to this derivation (Eng. Tg. in America, v. 1, p. 142). However, he does not accept this explanation as final. Nevertheless, Tucker tells us that "sundae" was used long before the quotations you give from Oxford Supplement. The two volume Oxford gives only the date 1920.

Here is an interesting letter from Mr. O. J. Mitchell, of Los Angeles, Cal.:

In running over some back numbers of "SCRIBNER's," I note with a great deal of gratification in the December, '34, under "Books I Like," your review of Harold Bell Wright's latest book, *To My Sons*.

Coming from a gentleman of your prominence in the literary world, this review is particularly interesting. For several years, I was secretarily associated with Mr. Wright. In this association, I had become familiar in talks with Mr. Wright with his early life long before *To My Sons* was put in print. This review is the only one I have seen on the book. If there have been any other reviews, it does not matter; what you have said is worth a thousand, good, bad, or indifferent. Whether Mr. Wright has seen it, I don't know; but I intend to send it to him: I think he will be glad to read it. . . .

Tho' you say ". . . I don't care myself for Mr. Wright's novels," I have a feeling, should you ever meet him, you would like Wright himself. Some months ago, he left Tucson for California. Near Escondido, San Diego County, on a fine place of his own selection and making, a place he calls "The Farm," he is living in very good health, busy "in growing things for the good of everybody," and getting out of it a great deal of happiness. On your next vacation (I see you have been doing England), put California on your map. Then, if you come out, I'll give you a card to Wright.

Here is an interesting letter from Doctor Kenneth D. Coates, of the Department of English, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.:

In the November installment of your "As I Like It" Mr. H. L. McKnight speaks of a "long" sentence of 423 words in Mr. Hemingway's *Green Hills of Africa*, and wants to know if you can "beat it."

If Mr. McKnight will get down his copy of *Leaves of Grass* (I hope he has one, as Walt could give any Chamber of Commerce Secretary lessons in "boosting,") and turn to stanza 15 of "Song of Myself" he will find a sentence of more than 900 words; then, if he will

turn to stanza 33 he will find a sentence of more than 1100 words with more than 100 commas, not to speak of semicolons.

It might also be mentioned in this connection that there are probably a good many sentences in the prose writings of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries that are almost as long as that of Mr. Hemingway's. Some years ago I had occasion to study the average length of sentences of representative prose writers from Sir Philip Sidney down to the present. And I was somewhat surprised to find that whereas the sentences averaged from 60 to 75 words in Sir Philip's day, they gradually got shorter until today the average is nearer twenty.

Does the quickened tempo of our daily living have anything to do with this rapid shortening of sentences? Or is the shorter sentence the result of the fact that in the last hundred years the printed word has been extended to ever-increasing numbers of the masses, who, naturally, are less capable of understanding the long and involved sentence structure of bygone centuries?

Mrs. C. P. Britton, of Wyncote, Pa., writes me:

Your question in the October SCRIBNER's "Do you know why bridges were covered?" to which you answer "Neither does anybody else," I should think might be answered by others of my age—eighty years—to other times, other uses. It was because the winter snows broke the open wooden bridges. I was a native of a southern New Jersey town where there was only one road out of the town that was not built over a causeway. The covered bridge was a prominent feature; hence the vivid recollection of Somebody else.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

The Faerie Queene Club acquires two new members this month—Mr. John W. Suter of Andover, Maine, and Miss Dorothy E. Glassburn, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

ANTHONY ADVERSE CLUB

I have the pleasure of welcoming into the Anthony Adverse Club Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Gilbert of New Haven, Conn.

As an example of 100 per cent loyalty, I should like to print the following letter from one who had questioned my accuracy on a certain point.

Sir:

Of course you are right. Even when I thought you were wrong I was sure you were right! Thanks.

BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

It Can't Happen Here, by Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday Doran. \$2.50.
Mars His Idiot, by H. M. Tomlinson. Harper. \$2.50.
Mr. White, The Red Barn, Hell, and Bride-water, by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday Doran. \$1.25.

Epitaph on George Moore, by Charles Morgan. Macmillan. \$1.25.
Humor, by Stephen Leacock. Dodd Mead. \$2.50.
Paul Elmer More and American Criticism, by R. Shafer. Yale. \$4.
The Dog Beneath the Skin, by W. H. Auden. Random House. \$1.50.

Parliamentary Law and Procedure, by J. Q. Tilson. Ransdell Inc., Washington. \$2.
The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys, by F. P. A. Two vols. Simon & Schuster. \$6.
Dictionary of American Biography, Vol XVI. Twenty Volumes. Scribners.

Behind the Scenes

● About SCRIBNER authors. . . . James Truslow Adams back in this country. . . . A series by Nicholas Murray Butler. . . . Music students. . . . Art schools. . . . King Cotton's Slaves. . . . Parents and Childless.

THE Changing Constitution—Is It Adequate Today?” is the second of a series that James Truslow Adams is writing on the subject of the Constitution and its relation to present problems in this country. Mr. Adams has returned to the United States after several years of living in England.

William Faulkner, of Oxford, Mississippi, author of *Sanctuary* and *Light in August*, is still living in Oxford, still writing novels. He writes that the facts about him are “same as before.” Says he’s “been breathing and working and still doing both: now at a novel which I hope and trust will justify both states or conditions.”

Probably there is no one better qualified than Nicholas Murray Butler to write the story of fourteen Republican Conventions. He was, of course, present at all of them, and at many took his place as an important figure in the Convention. This article deals with conventions from 1880 through 1896. It is the third in a series of articles on various subjects, by Doctor Butler under a general title “Across the Busy Years,” appearing in the magazine.

Eugene Lyons has been close to the Russian situation since 1922 when he edited the *Soviet Russia Pictorial* in this country. Since then he has been United Press correspondent in Russia for six years and is a close student of the development of Communistic philosophy and practice.

“Dixie, Harlem, and Tin-Pan Alley” or “Who Writes Negro Music?” is answered by one who should know. For four years Sigmund Spaeth was music critic for *The New York Evening Mail* and wrote about music for *The New York Times* and other papers and magazines. That was obviously some time ago. Now he is lecturing and broadcasting on the Pacific Coast and after Christmas is going to tour the South and the Middle West. He is the

author of thirteen books on music, both popular and informative, the latest of which is *The Art of Enjoying Music*, but the best known probably *Read 'em and Weep*. He has appeared on the screen in a number of short pictures of his own creation and he plans to make more movies soon.

The first story which Jo Pagano published in SCRIBNER's, “The Disinherited,” has been made into a sixteen-millimeter film by the actor Lew Ayres and has received such favorable recognition that Mr. Ayres is now considering amplifying it into a feature. There are two writers in the Pagano family, brother Ernest being a well-known scenarist and an associate producer at R. K. O. His mother and father are both living and much as he describes them in the story. His father started life in this country as a coal-miner in Colorado. The author of “Return to the Source” is the youngest of five children and he has been writing since he was sixteen, though his earlier impulse was more toward painting than writing. He says “whatever talent I have reaches its highest fruition in the spaghetti which I occasionally cook for my friends.” Fortunate friends, then.

Percy Winner's official title is *Redacteur-en-Chef pour les Services de l'Amerique du Nord de l'Agence Havas*, which translated, means that he is in charge of all the news emanating from the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba and Central America of the Havas News Agency of France which is the largest international news agency in the world. In that capacity he directs a large staff of men who furnish news from America to the entire world—for example, thousands of newspapers in all the European countries, all the South American countries, all of North Africa, Turkey, Japan, China, Manchukuo, etc. He also writes weekly analyses of the American political and economic situation which leave New York for the Far East (in English), for

France and Europe (in French), and for Central and South America (in Spanish).

O. R. Pilat (pronounced pilot) says that his most amusing job was working for eight months as associate of William Griffith compiling *The American Scrapbook* and *The European Scrapbook*, although he never heard of anybody's buying either. His nicest job was as European correspondent for *The Brooklyn Eagle* during 1933-34. His present job is editing a column called “By the Way” for *The Brooklyn Eagle*. His most disgraceful experience (he says) was fainting during the proceedings when he was assigned to an electrocution at Sing Sing, and his pleasantest experience was hearing that E. V. Lucas liked his book *Sea-Mary*. He has worked in many boats, and all kinds of boats, including a five-masted schooner, a freighter, in tugboats, dredges, wire-drag boats, etc.

Paul Hutchinson has been working and writing for magazines and newspapers since 1921 and is now managing editor of *The Christian Century*. He is thoroughly familiar with newspaper psychology and newspaper ethics both in this country and in England so that he is on well-known ground when he writes “Why Blame It on the Papers?”

Just when Edna Yost was on top of the difficulties of establishing herself as a free lance writer, some years ago, the physical difficulties which she describes in “A Patient Wants to Know” began to beset her with the ensuing experiences. She is the author of many articles, short stories, and poems which have appeared in leading magazines throughout the country. At present she is teaching classes in short-story writing.

The writer of “New York Is Not a Home Town” came to New York after graduating from an Eastern college, and as she openly confesses has