

collection of essays by well-known authorities surveying the bases and main problems of American foreign relations.

—WILLIAM L. LANGER

## Mysteries

Out of the current crop of mysteries, these six stand out:

*Trent Intervenes*, by E. C. Bentley (Knopf, \$2). All lovers of literary crime may be grateful for the fact that when that splendid novel, *Trent's Last Case*, appeared, Mr. Bentley didn't say *positively*. Here in *Trent Intervenes*, Mr. Bentley has done something valuable for detective fiction. He has been at once episodic and exciting, at once casual and satisfying. Suavity and melodrama, leisureliness and suspense, go hand in hand. The twelve stories are far above the ruck, with never so much as a veiled insult to the reader's intelligence.

*Murder Will Speak*, by J. J. Connington (Little, Brown, \$2). An epidemic of poison-pen letters leads to the murder which Sir Clinton Driffeld is called upon to solve in this excellent example of English detective fiction. Both glandular disturbances and radio are mixed up in it, and it's rather unsavory at times; but the way the letter writer is exposed, and the method by which the culprit is at last identified, make first-class reading for those who enjoy a good puzzle intricately worked out.

*The Crooked Hinge*, by John Dickson Carr (Harper, \$2). This is undoubtedly Mr. Carr's best book and, indeed, shares laurels with the best detective stories of the past year. Dr. Fell, Chesteronian detective of other Carr stories, corners the murderer.

*Death Sends a Cable*, by Margaret Taylor Yates (Macmillan, \$2). Most books about the FBI special agent have accentuated the bloodier aspects of his profession. But here he comes into his own, in a well-devised and brightly written story of strange deaths at Guantánomo Bay. Agent Bill Duncan is helped no end by Mrs. Hugh McLean—the nurse "Davvie" of Mrs. Yates' earlier stories—and the international gang is, for once outside of Oppenheim, composed of credible people.

*Three Bright Pebbles*, by Leslie Ford (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2). An arrow extinguishes the life of Rick Winthrop on one of those Maryland estates that are filled with lovely ladies—all with slim, lithe bodies—and handsome men. A number of impeccably groomed and an-cstored folks come under suspicion, but grave Dr. Birdsong and his dog finally make it too hot for the murderer. Well worked out and remarkably pleasant

reading—but lacking both in the chill of earlier Ford Stories and a detective as interesting as John Primrose.

*Challenge to the Reader*, by Ellery Queen (Stokes, \$2.50). A comprehensive and good anthology of 25 detective stories ranging from Conan Doyle to Dashiell Hammett—chosen with care and an alert understanding of mystery material. In fact, it's so good an anthology that I could easily dispense with the dubious "game" idea of having the protagonists bear substituted names to test the reader's wit. But once you have made your own index and pasted it in on the flyleaf, you will possess a satisfying and up-to-date collection—interspersed with several unfamiliar yet authentic inclusions.

—S. S. VAN DINE

## Art

After two decades of debasing confusion in art, during which the evils of presumptuous mediocrity were foisted on a bewildered public, we have had, of late, a marked return to more estimable standards of endeavor. This salutary tendency on the part of artists and writers alike is characterized by its repudiation of "pure form" and "esthetic impeccability" as practiced by the various modernist sects, and by its insistence on the fact that the artist is part and parcel of his period and his environment. This return to first principles is beautifully illustrated in the current crop of art publications by two books of conspicuous merit—*Goya*, by Charles Poore (Scribners, \$3.50), and *Toulouse-Lautrec*, by Gerstle Mack (Knopf, \$5).

Both books are biographical rather

than critical, and both are examples of sound scholarship, painstaking accuracy in historical matters, and an intelligent conception of the purpose and meaning of art. Of the two, the Goya is decidedly superior in its reconstruction of the background and in its convincing presentation of a great personality. Mr. Poore writes with exceptional energy, always vividly and often with brilliance. At times, in his determination to uncover the real Goya behind the incredible libertine of romantic legend, he interrupts his narrative with skeptical discussions which, though damaging to the old familiar escapades, do not remove the possibility of such adventures. But he has created a living figure in a living environment, and his book, in this particular, is not likely to be superseded for a long time. Mr. Mack, for all his diligence and his knowledge of the French Bohemia of Toulouse-Lautrec, is not so successful as a biographer. His difficult subject, a physical deformity and a dipsomaniac, but a great artist unmistakably, almost defies belief and remains a shadowy little monster in a world of depravity and sensual excesses.

Last, there is *Sky Hooks* (Lippincott, \$3.50), the autobiography of John Kane, an immigrant day laborer who painted naïve pictures of unquestionable originality. Kane's story, dictated in his last years to Marie McSwigan and recorded by her with all the elements of discretion and good sense, is the extraordinarily moving confession of a "modern primitive" whose pictures, after his death, won the suffrage of the intellectuals.

—THOMAS CRAVEN

## One Last Wilderness

(continued from page 51)

"I could have a gun and shoot bears," the General said.

"Someday," Felix said, a little wearily, "somebody'll beat you two tough guys to death with a sock full-a soft mush. Go on to sleep."

"Huh!" the General said. The whispering began again.

Finally Fletcher rose. "I guess I'll turn in. I've got to pack tomorrow."

"Comin' back next year?"

"Maybe. There's still a little work I could pretend I was doing."

"You'll prob'ly have to stay at Reichert's," Felix said. "Better bring along a

soup and fish and a lot-a boiled shirts."

"I know one thing I'm going to do. I'm going to stop at the division office and see if anything can make them change their minds."

"You'll find the whole office with little buttons in their button holes, sayin' 'I am Reichert's little man.'"

Felix seemed so unnaturally troubled, so lacking in his usual boisterousness, that Fletcher was glad to get away. He went through the chilly dark to his tent, wondering if the dairyman was going to keep on in his mood of cynical defeatism. He hoped not, and he thought

not, because he could think of Felix only in terms of wilderness toughness. When he went down it ought to be with his teeth in somebody's throat. And before he went to sleep he remembered the fierce, alert eyes of the boys over the rim of their blanket, and was reassured. There was no danger of lack of spine in that family.

## IX

It was afternoon before Fletcher finished striking his tent, packing his boxes, and loading the car. Felix had been around the house most of the day, puttering and thinking. When Fletcher came over after stowing away the last bundle, Felix led him off up into the draw.

"Well, I made up my mind," he said. "I'm gonna put in a stable."

"Good. As I thought it over again last night I hoped you'd see it that way."

"I'm gonna put up another corral right up here," said Felix. "And this winter I'm gonna catch me some wild horses down in the Parker Range. Henry can use the cows."

For a moment he stood looking at the ground, thinking. "And I'm gonna put up a couple of cabins. I c'n get one up before snow flies, and the other'n before the season opens next spring."

"You don't look very happy about it," Fletcher said. "Need any money?"

"No, I c'n swing her. But I don't like it. It don't bother Reichert none to spoil a whole mountain, but it bothers me. Only thing good about it is it's better'n lettin' him run me off."

"Well, good luck," said Fletcher. "I'll stay to supper, if I may. Then I'll pull down to Richland and leave in the morning from there. Anything I can do for you in town?"

"Naw. I'm takin' some more cows down tomorrow or next day. But you c'n come back here next year, anyway."

"I will," Fletcher said. "I want to."

For most of the morning, after the chores were done, Wild Bill and Custer had been off together in the woods. They appeared briefly for lunch, carried in a few armfuls of stovewood, and vanished again. Now they came down through the draw under the thin gold of the aspen, saw their father and Fletcher standing in the clearing, and with something sly and cunning in their faces and movements, shied off into the timber again.

"What's the matter with them two?" Felix asked, looking after them.

"They look as if they had daggers under their cloaks," Fletcher said.

"I'll have to watch them little

suckers." Felix grinned. "When they look like that they got some devilment in their heads."

At supper the two were still conspiratorial, saying little and sneaking knowing glances at one another. Before the others were through, Wild Bill jerked his head at Custer and the two slipped away from the table.

"Hey, where you goin'?" Felix said.

"Oh, just outside," said Wild Bill.

Five minutes later the others found them sitting disconsolately on the step. General Custer was looking up at the dark massed clouds that obscured the west. "Hell, it looks like it's gonna rain," he said.

His father cocked a weatherwise eye skyward. "Oh, not for a while. It'll take that four five hours to come to a head."

The boys perceptibly brightened. "Think so?" Wild Bill said hopefully.

"Lemme tell you something," said Felix. "In this country, in the fall, she never rains in a hurry. She builds up slow and she lasts a long time. Spring rain, now, that comes on 'fore you can reach for your slicker."

"Well, that's all right then."

"All right for what?"

"Oh, nothin'."

"Maybe I'd better get on my way," Fletcher said. "I'd like to get down that dugway before it breaks."

"You got plenty-a time," Felix said. "Sit around awhile."

They sat quietly talking for more than an hour, while the darkness from sky and land drew slowly together, until the mountain was a dense shadow above them. Only over the lake, like a pale pearly scarf, the light lay still. At last Fletcher rose to go. It was not till then that they noticed that the boys were gone.

"Now where could they be?" Felix asked suspiciously. "They had something on their minds all day."

"Last I saw them they were going down the corral," Ruby said.

"Damn it to hell," Felix said. "I bet I know. I bet they're plannin' to bust into Reichert's. I yanked the General out-a that candy case a dozen times. That's where they are. They think they'll make a cleanin' and get even with Reichert for me at the same time."

"They wouldn't steal," Fletcher said in disbelief.

"The hell they wouldn't steal. They'd steal from him, anyway. I bet you a dollar the mare's gone out-a that corral."

The three of them walked down across the oozy spring until the corral bars loomed up in the opaque near-dark. The sorrel mare was gone.



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"I'm going right by there," Fletcher said. "If they're around, I'll send them home."

"I'm goin' down that far with you," Felix said. "Them little suckers gonna get a hidin' they won't forget for a while."

As they drove around the flat, the pearly twilight over the narrows faded to impenetrable dark, and the headlights bored into absolute starless blackness. It was not until they were climbing the ridge of the point that they saw the red glow on the clouds. Fletcher's first thought was of a forest fire. Around the point he stepped on the gas, the two of them watching anxiously. The dull red was concentrated on one spot of the low ceiling of cloud.

"If that's a fire, it ain't spread far," Felix said.

But when they turned the point and looked out over the main basin there could be no question of what it was. Reichert's lodge was afire. Fletcher's foot slapped down on the throttle, but in a moment he slowed up and pulled the car to the side of the road and stopped. "Well?" he said. With his left hand he turned off the headlights so that they could see better.

It was plain, even at that distance, that nothing could save the building. Flames were leaping high off the broad porches into the lurid clouds, and beyond and above those, higher and higher and dimming and scattering, the sparks soared in meteor showers. In the glare the boat houses and the rows of cabins were flame and velvet, brilliant highlight and impenetrable shadow.

"It might not of been them," Felix said finally, "but it damn near sure was."

"But where are those kids now?" Fletcher said worriedly. "What had we better do, go down there and look for them or just let them come back on their own? The watchman might have caught them."

"He'd have to be cagier'n he is to catch them two," said Felix calmly. "Let 'er burn! That old guy prob'ly never even seen 'em. He allus sleeps a couple hours after supper. The kids knew that."

"Any danger he'd be caught in it?"

"Naw. He sleeps down in the boat-house."

"But, my God," Fletcher said. "We've got to do something! This is arson, you know that? They can lock those kids up for life. They might even pin it on you. Reichert would try to."

"They ain't lockin' either me or the kids up even for one day," Felix said. "I'm damn glad this happened. I wonder I didn't think of it myself."

"What are you going to do? Sit here all night?"

"Listen!" Felix said sharply, raising a finger.

On the road ahead they heard the swift tattoo of hoofs. With instant celerity, timing it perfectly, Felix reached over and switched on the headlights. A block ahead of them a galloping horse with two tiny figures clinging to it shied suddenly on the dead run, buck-jumped like a deer into the sage, and vanished.

Felix turned off the lights again and chuckled. "Lookit them little devils ride," he said. "That jump would-a piled me."

Fletcher contemplated that statement in amazed silence. The dairyman, at a time like this, could chuckle, could feel pride in the horsemanship of two fierce little demons who had just committed gross arson, who had definitely and forever put an end to their family's life on the mountain, who had jeopardized their own and their father's freedom. In the moment of contemplating that violent act of his sons, Felix had lost his depression, lost his almost hangdog air. Now he was in complete command of himself and his destiny, calm and assured and chuckling.

The fire down the lake roared higher. With the window open they could hear it like wind in timber, and out from the lodge in a wide half-circle the lake was dull red. Flame swooped down from the roof in a sudden flaw of wind, rayed out in pennants of crimson, and licked at the roof of the store. In a terrifyingly short time the whole building was ablaze. Then, with abrupt violence, the whole front of the store lifted in a streaming parabola of flame, lifted and hung and fell, while the sky writhed with streamers of white and violet. A moment later the air around the truck shook with the heavy explosion.

"Gas pumps," Felix said, with satisfaction. "Maybe we better get on back to the ranch."

Feverishly Fletcher turned the car, cursing when the front wheels bumped against the bank and the kick hurt his wrist. Felix was ruined for good now. That spectacular violence would almost surely be blamed on him, and the dairyman would certainly not prove an alibi by blaming it on his sons.

"You'll have to get out of the country, Felix."

"Sure. C'n you give me a hand to-night?"

"Of course," Fletcher said, irritated by the other's calm. "What are you going to do?"

"What I been wantin' to do for a long time," Felix said. "Now ain't you glad I never told nobody about that lake-a my old man's?"

"But it's winter!" Fletcher protested. "Almost, anyway. You've got a baby, and a couple of kids, and a wife."

"That don't cut no ice," said the dairyman imperturbably. "They c'n stand anything I can."

Ruby met them in the doorway, straight and tall against the light. "Gotta pack up," Felix said. "On the jump. Perfessor, maybe you better unload your stuff from your car. We'll need 'em both."

"Where we goin'?" Ruby asked.

"Tall timber," said her husband, stopping for a second to grin at her. "The kids burned Reichert's lodge down."

"Where are they?"

"They'll be along," Felix chuckled.

With only that explanation Ruby turned to her packing. Fletcher, coming in panting from his hurried unloading of the car, found all the bedding rolled, canned goods going into a flour sack, and a pile of clothes thrown over the dismantled bed. Ruby was tying a half-dozen little round cheeses into a blanket. She asked no questions, did not worry over what to take and what to leave behind. She simply threw necessities together, and after a half-hour of silent, hurried work, Fletcher's car was loaded, and the two men were lugging things down to the truck.

"This is more'n we really need," Felix said, dumping the cheeses and a bundle of clothes into the truck. "But we c'n make a cache just up Short Creek and get it when we want it. We won't dast show a nose around here till middle-a winter."

"You'll freeze to death, the bunch of you," said Fletcher. "What'll you do for a house?"

"I c'n throw together a shanty in three days. Don't you worry, Perfessor. This is what I been itchin' to do for a hell of a while."

The last bundle was loaded, the sleeping baby was wrapped and laid on a pile of bedding in the box of the truck, and still the boys had not appeared. "Let's go down to the chicken house," Felix said. "They're prob'ly hangin' around in the brush. I got some candles there I want-a get, anyway."

They went down to the corral again, feeling their way in the dark. The air was heavy and oppressive with withheld rain. Outside the corral bars something moved, and Felix went forward. It was the sorrel mare. He put out a hand, felt

her wet coat and the heave of her flanks. Looking around him, Felix whistled. There was no answer, but in the black stillness something rustled. The dairyman nudged Fletcher with an elbow, and Fletcher knew he was grinning. "Well, hell, let's go," Felix said loudly. "I was gonna take 'em along, even if they did set that fire, but this settles it. They can stay here and wait for the cops."

When they got back up to the cabin Wild Bill and the General were standing inside the door, looking half-defiant and half-afraid. Their father wasted no words on them. "Get on down and climb in that truck. We gotta pull out-a here."

They went. Ruby, with a worn old coat around her, looking briefly around her home, picked up a spool of thread from the table, put it in her pocket, smiled slowly, and followed them. Felix shut the door.

"There's another thing," Fletcher said. "How are we going to find this lake in pitch dark, when I wasn't able to find it in broad daylight?"

"I c'n find it," Felix said. "You trail me up Twelve Mile till I stop, and then you cinch up your belt and tag along."

"Okay, you're the doctor." He stood for a minute before the dark house, heard the thin rattle of aspen leaves, the first sigh of the coming storm up the draw. Down below, the truck started, and the lights cut out across the brush along the spring. On the run, feeling helpless and impotent and dependent, Fletcher made for his car and pulled out after the others. The dog, he discovered, was asleep in the seat beside him.

## X

HE had never been in such absolute inky blackness as hung on that timbered mountainside. Ahead of him Felix's flashlight stabbed the dark occasionally as he took his bearings, but generally they fumbled along completely blind, Felix first, then the boys, then Ruby carrying the baby, then Fletcher stumbling under a load of foodstuff. All of them were loaded, even the dog, with a couple of blankets tied around his middle. He prowled just beside Felix, and the abrupt tiny burst of light once in a while turned his eyes into glowing green points.

The mountain was steep, and Fletcher would have been grateful for longer rests, especially after the fever of packing and the stiff labor of caching the surplus household goods under a great lava boulder several blocks back in the woods from the Twelve Mile road. But always there was Ruby's hand reaching



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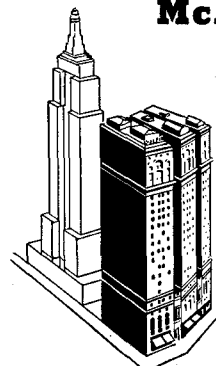
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back in the dark to guide him upward. Several times they stood momentarily, listening for the burble of the hidden stream, and once as they stood thus the night was split by the yowl of a mountain lion so close it made Fletcher's skin crawl. The dog growled, a deep, menacing rumble, and Fletcher could imagine the hair stiff as spines along his back. Felix chuckled in the dark ahead, and his derisive voice came back. "I wonder if the game-census boys got that baby tagged."

But that, Fletcher thought as they started again, didn't matter. This mountain was too black, too utterly lost, too wild, for comfort, and as his fatigue and confusion grew, his admiration for the dairyman and his silent wife grew also. No one, he knew, could find his way up so tricky and black a mountain, with no sign of a trail, no guide but the phantasmal murmur of underground water and the occasional stab of a flash-lamp that picked out trees and rocks in staring brilliance and then gave them back to the unrelieved night. Yet Felix found his way; by ear, by scent, by some obscure instinct, he led them through the trackless timber until they stood on level ground and he saw by the beam of the light that they were at the fork of the spring. Fletcher hadn't even known they had picked up the surface stream again until that moment. He set his burden down and rested, panting, unable at four feet to see more than a vague blur where one of the others stood.

"Think you could-a found your way, Rube?" he heard Felix say.

"Sure," said Ruby. "It's easy to here."

Easy! Fletcher thought. Easy! Good Lord, what's it going to be from here on?

But in a moment more, before he had got his wind, Felix was leading off again, directly into the impenetrable shadow of the timber. With the bundle like an anvil on his back, Fletcher followed Ruby's guiding hand, snagging the pack on limbs, running his face into matted prickly needles, groping at a crouch with lungs afire from the swift scramble up the mountain. The timber was like a dense hedge that he had to shoulder, buck, tear through, and wherever he turned his face there were clawing branches. Then Ruby's hand touched him again, motioning him down on hands and knees. "Crawlin's the easiest way to get through this," she said. And they crawled, for heaven only knew how long, under the ground-hugging branches of alpine spruce so tightly interlocked that he didn't know it was raining until she stopped him and he

found himself in the open. The light darted downward to reveal dark, rain-dimpled water.

"Well Perfessor," Felix chuckled. "Still think she don't exist?"

"I'm still in doubt. If this isn't a nightmare then I never dreamed."

Upon him, as strong as any emotion he had ever felt, was the sense of complete isolation, of untouched wildness, of danger and the dark. They stood alone in the midst of a wilderness other-planetary in its loneliness, cold and rain-swept and pierced by the cries of beasts, rustled with the sly movements of wild things. Above them a sky as black and close as the treetops, below them an unseen lake known to no one else on earth. For companions he had a family incredibly, primitively self-reliant, people who found their way like prowling animals in the dark. How Ruby had got that baby through the tangle of timber he would never know. He would never, he knew, believe it when he remembered this night. Curiously he reached over and touched the baby's face, ran his fingertips over the brows. The eyes were closed. Sleeping!

"This is swell!" the General said.

"How about that lion back there?" asked Wild Bill. "I guess that about shook you out-a your pants."

"Like fun. I ain't a-scared-a no lions. They're cowards. They dassent fight a man."

"I s'pose you're a man!" Felix said. "You did a man-sized job tonight, I tell you that. From now on you settle down and work your tail off. If I don't beat it off first. What'd you go and burn down that lodge for?"

"'Cause old Reichert's a buzzard!" the General said. "He slapped my ears once, remember?"

"He run you out with a gun, too," said Wild Bill.

"Don't you know," their father said, talking into the dark, "that Reichert's got that place insured to hell and gone? He'll come up next year and build her all over again."

"Then I'll go burn it down again," said the General promptly.

"Well," Felix said. "Maybe you're right, General. That's the way your granddad would-a done it. But before you get through this winter you'll wisht you had a little-a that fire you built."

"I ain't a-scared," said Wild Bill.

"Neither am I," said the General.

"Come on," Ruby said. "We're wasting time. Mr. Fletcher's got to get back."

With the rain on their heads they felt their way cautiously around the bank, stumbling in the crumbled lava

SCRIBNER'S



rock. It was lighter now, and Fletcher could make out the vague outline of the shore and the black wall of spruce. At an opening where a tiny spring came in, a grassy little bay wet with rain sunk back into the surrounding forest, Felix stopped and dumped his pack.

"Okay. You keep the flashlight, Rube. You kids get on out and cut a lot-a spruce boughs. Better make a little lean-to tonight, so we c'n sleep dry. I'll be back with another load in a couple hours."

"I don't need the flashlight. I'll use candles. It ain't windy."

"All right. Dig in and get to sleep. Don't wait up for me."

"I'll be up," said Ruby calmly.

Fletcher found his way to her and shook her hand. "Good-by, Ruby. The best of luck."

"That's mighty kind of you," Ruby said. "You've been good to us."

"Good-by, kids."

"So long," said the boys in chorus.

"Don't let the bears eat you goin' back," the General said. He moaned aloud in simulated terror, with a burble of laughter behind the moan.

Then the two men were feeling their way back along the bank, into the tangled, exasperating, many-armed timber, down through the level stretch along the creek, down and down and down an impossible distance of tortured mountainside. They went wordlessly until, with the rain soaking them now, they stood in the little cove in Twelve Mile where they had parked the cars.

Felix climbed into the car and sat with Fletcher a minute. He fished a soggy pack of cigarettes from a shirt pocket and they smoked. "Well," Felix said, "I never expected to move so quick when I moved, but there we are."

"I hope you never have to go anywhere like that in as big a hurry again."

"No danger. I c'n hole up there the rest-a my life if I want to. But you c'n do me a favor, Perfessor."

"Sure."

"You c'n take this truck back and park it in the yard. That's the best for now. And when you go on down you c'n stop in at Henry's, just outside Richland, on the reservoir, and give him the key. Tell him to come up and get the stock and the rest-a the stuff in the shack. He better not try seein' me yet. I'll get word to him after the yellin' dies down."

"How'll I get the truck back?" Fletcher asked. His mind was tired, he was confused. Things had happened too fast, and there had been too much hard work in the rain and dark. His legs were

already stiffening, and as his face dried he felt the deep scratches tightening in his cheeks.

Felix said, "I got a tow chain in back. We'll just snub her up short behind your car and you c'n tow her down."

Stiff and sleepy, Fletcher dragged himself out of the car, helped Felix snub the two cars together securely, and stood in the rain shaking hands with the dairyman.

"I'm sorry your fight with Reichert had to end like this, Fix. I was hoping you'd stick it out and run him into the ground."

"I got what I want," said Felix. "Let him have what he wants. The kids sort-a evened my score with him. They might not-a hurt him much, but they give him a headache. Well, so long, Perfessor. You been a white man."

Under the slanting invisible rain they shook hands again, and Fletcher climbed into the car. As he stooped to fumble for the ignition key he heard a loud, unstifled yawn from the dairyman. In the midst of that oppressive isolation, that inhuman waste of rock and timber that he had to go through and to live in, that yawn was the grossest impudence. A fugitive, run like a fox into a hole, condemned to face the winter and the rest of his life in a crude shanty on a lost lake in the midst of a pathless wilderness, Felix yawned as heartily and as unconcernedly as if he were sitting at the table at home and were rising to go to bed.

And all the way back down the canyon, all the way up the trail to the deserted ranch, Fletcher found himself thinking of that yawn and that impudence with an amazed and pitying admiration. In the morning he would have explanations to make, lies to tell, but he didn't bother now to smooth out a story. His whole mind was at rest, tired as his body, but relaxed and satisfied. Felix had got what he wanted, after all, and at whatever expense. With his fierce and self-reliant family around him, he was throned like a king in the middle of one last wilderness. He might have gone on bucking Reichert, and all Reichert stood for, but his end would have been poverty and desperate dissatisfaction. Circumstances, and those demonic boys, had been kind, had forced him into what he might not otherwise have done. The modern world had crowded him until he fought it, but there was no hope in that battle. Felix's one solution was to run, as his father had run, to another frontier.

That was where he was; that was where he belonged.



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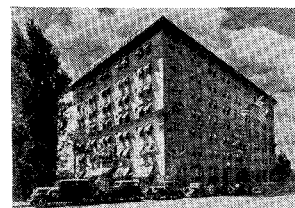
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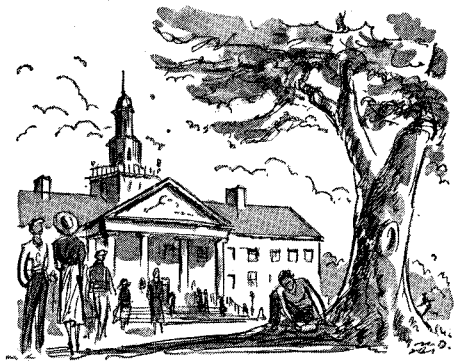
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## EDUCATION



## Hutchins vs. Cowley

Robert M. Hutchins and William H. Cowley do not agree. Hutchins is president of the University of Chicago and in recent years the ring-tailed wonder of American education. Cowley is the new president of Hamilton College who, in his inaugural address, took issue with Hutchins on educational theory.

Hutchins has consistently advanced the theory that colleges should concentrate on developing the student's mind, should try, above all, to make him a thinker. This theory, says Cowley, is inadequate today. He believes that colleges should turn out a well-rounded person, trained mentally, spiritually, and physically to meet life's complexities.

We cannot hope to do these ideas justice here, but we want to say something about the education of the two protagonists who personalize the issue.

Both Hutchins and Cowley were born in 1899, the former in Brooklyn, New York, the latter in Virginia. They both attended Brooklyn public schools. Hutchins entered Oberlin College in 1915 and left after two years to serve in the U. S. Ambulance Corps overseas. Cowley went to Dartmouth in 1920, was editor of *The Daily Dartmouth* and chairman of a committee appointed to report on education in that college.

When Hutchins returned to America he entered Yale University, where he was captain of the debating team, head of a co-operative student tutoring bureau, and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. After graduation, he studied in, and later became dean of, the Yale Law School.

After leaving Dartmouth, Cowley did personnel work for the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and in 1925 entered the University of Chicago for graduate study in psychology and political science. Soon he was put in charge of student personnel at the University.

In the fall of 1929 Hutchins left Yale to take over the presidency of the Uni-

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