

several respects rather an historian than a novelist. Again and again her characters show themselves less in the emotions of their flesh and blood than in the debates of their minds. Her people do not so much live their lives as talk them. Yet as a whole this is a spacious and moving history of an important age, here made intelligible and credible.

Pearl S. Buck's *The Patriot* (John Day, \$2.50) contains a great deal of history too, but it is admirable as a novel, clear, swift, running apparently under its own power, as if the events were happening, not being narrated. The scene is China and Japan, the hero a rich young Chinese named I-wan who in 1926 joins a group of revolutionists, escapes to Japan where he marries a Japanese girl, and in the end returns to the revolution under Chiang Kai-shek. The book gives a masterly and sensitive record of I-wan's revolutionary career, but many readers will particularly remember the account of his stay in Japan, with its subtle contrast of the two cultures. To American readers the Chinese hero will seem natural, the Japanese wife and her family strange and foreign. Mrs. Buck's talent has never had so good a subject for fiction since *The Good Earth*, and this is her best novel since that one.

The light, strong, satirical spirit with which John P. Marquand viewed George Apley has now been turned upon another New England family in *Wickford Point* (Little, Brown, \$2.75). The Brills live in an ancestral farmhouse not far from Boston, supported by small trust funds, family pride, and the memory of a grandfather, now unread but once eminent among the second-rate men of letters of Massachusetts. To an academic outsider, such as Allen Southby who had come from Minnesota to Harvard, the Brills seem full of what he would call Hawthornesque charm. Their kinsman, Jim Calder, who tells the story, sees them as cantankerous, frivolous, and hopelessly inconsecutive. Mr. Marquand presents them with a lively variety of incidents, in a satire that is at once precise and intricate. For Calder the narrator is also a Brill by blood and tradition, and he reveals himself while interpreting them. Though Mr. Marquand is not ill-natured, he makes the Brills out thoroughly unattractive, as presumably he intends. No doubt readers in and around Boston will think that various characters and incidents in the book are taken from actual life. But outside that closed corporation *Wickford Point* will be read as a bolder comic version of the New England life which Hawthorne found romantic.

—CARL VAN DOREN

Mysteries

A not too-inspiring spring mystery season draws to a close with but two flashes of genuine brilliance. Both books come from American authors, the English crop for the vernal season being both scanty and somewhat stunted.

Imprimis, then, one may recommend *Strawstack*, by Dorothy Cameron Disney (Random House, \$2). This is first-class hunting from the homicide with which it begins, to the startling conclusion. Miss Disney can write; her migrant Vermonters in a Maryland home are believable; and Detective Chant, who solves the triple murder, is brusquely efficient.

Rufus King, author of the Lieutenant Valcour stories, has done an exceptionally swift and puzzling yarn in *Murder*

Masks Miami (Doubleday, Doran, \$2). An adept poisoner kills two women and almost scares a certain sector of Miami society out of its habitual alcoholic haze. Valcour's solution hangs, literally, by a thread and will surprise even the most perceptive readers.

That happy pair of English economists, the Coles (G. D. H. and Margaret), who do excellent detective stories in their spare moments, oblige this month with *Off with Her Head* (Macmillan, \$2). The head of a lady of uncertain morals is deposited on a table in the sacred precincts of an Oxford college, giving rise to all sorts of intra- and extra-collegiate ructions. The dénouement is not exactly unforeseen, but the story has humor and excitement, plus the customarily efficient Scotland Yard detective.

—S. S. VAN DINE

The Party at Jack's

(continued from page 49)

noises from the service-elevator shaft. He paused and listened for a moment: the tapping began, then stopped . . . began again . . . and stopped again.

XI

THE space outside the great apartment building, or rather *between* it—for it was constructed in the shape of a hollow square—was now a wonderful spectacle. The sides of the tremendous building the whole way around were spanned by arches which gave the whole place something of the appearance of an enormous cloister—a cloister vaster and more modern than any other one which had been seen, a cloister whose mighty walls soared twelve flights into the air. Here, around the four sides of this great cloister, a horde of people were now constantly flooding out of the huge honeycomb. Seen so, the tremendous pageantry of the scene was overwhelming. It was really like the scene of an appalling shipwreck—like a great liner, her life gored out upon an iceberg, keeling slowly with her whole great company of people—the crew, the passengers, the rich, the poor, the mighty, and the lowly—assembled now, at this last hour of peril, in a living fellowship—the whole family of earth, and all its classes, at length united on these slanting decks.

This scene here now in this great cloister was like this—except that the ship was this enfeebled rock beneath their

feet, the ship's company the whole company of life, and of the swarming and unceasing city.

As yet few people seemed fully to have comprehended the full significance of the event which had thus unceremoniously dumped them out of their sleek nests into the open weather. For all of them it was undoubtedly the first time that they had had the opportunity of appraising at first hand, so to speak, unprepared, the full personnel of the great building. People who would never, under any ordinary circumstances, mingle with one another were now seen laughing and talking together with the familiarity of long acquaintanceship. A famous courtesan, wearing a chinchilla coat which her fabulously wealthy lover had given her, now took off this magnificent garment and, walking over to an elderly woman with a delicate and patrician face, she threw the coat over this woman's thinly covered shoulders, at the same time saying in a tough but somehow kindly voice: "You wear this, darling. You look cold." And the woman smiled graciously and thanked her tarnished sister; then the two women stood talking together like old friends.

Elsewhere, a haughty old Bourbon of the Knickerbocker type was seen engaged in earnest conversation with a Tammany policeman, whose companionship the Bourbon would have spurned indignantly an hour before. And so

it went, everywhere one looked: one saw haughty Gentiles with rich Jews; stately ladies with musical-comedy actresses; a woman famous for her charities with a celebrated whore.

Meanwhile, the firemen had dragged in across the court from all directions a network of great white hose. Squadrons of helmeted men would dash into the smoky corridors from time to time, some would go upstairs, others would emerge from the lower regions of the basements and confer intimately with their chiefs.

As for the crowd itself, it was in ignorance concerning the cause and extent of the fire. There was, indeed, at first, save for a mist of acrid smoke in the hallways, little evidence of a fire. But now the indications became much plainer. For some time upon the very top floor of the south wing, infrequent wisps of smoke had been curling through the open window of a room in which a light now somewhat somberly was burning. Now suddenly a great billowing puff of oily black smoke accompanied by a dancing fire of sparks burst through the open window. And, as it did, the whole crowd drew in its breath in a sharp intake of excitement—the strange wild joy that people feel when they see fire. Steadily the black and oily-looking smoke was now billowing out in belching folds and the smoke itself in the room within was colored luridly by the sinister and unmistakable glow of fire.

Mrs. Jack gazed upward with a rapt, a fascinated gaze. "How terrible!" she thought, "How terrible!—but God! How beautiful it is."

XII

THE police now began to move upon the crowd and good-naturedly but firmly, with outstretched arms, started to herd them from the court, and out across the street. Mrs. Jack, her servants, and her guests went into a small drug-store near at hand, and engaged in eager chatter with many other people of their acquaintance who now filled the store.

The conversation of these people was friendly, casual, and pleasant: some were even gay. But in their talk it would have been possible to detect a note of perturbation, as if something was now happening which they could no longer fathom or control. They were the lords and masters of the earth, those vested with the high authorities and accustomed to command. And now they felt curiously helpless, no longer able to command anything, no longer even able to find out what was happening. They felt somehow that they had been caught up by some mysterious and relentless force,

enmeshed in the ramifications of some tremendous web, and that there was nothing for them to do except to be borne onwards, as unwitting of the power that ruled them as blind flies fastened to the revolutions of a wheel.

And in this feeling they were right.

For, in ways remote and far from the blind and troubled kennings of this helpless group, the giant web was at its mighty spinning: deep in the boweled earth, the threads were being spun.

In one of the smoking corridors of that enormous hive, two men in helmets and in boots were talking quietly together.

"Did you find it?"

"Yes. It's in the basement, Chief. It's not on the roof at all: the draft is taking it up a vent—but it's down here"—he pointed thumbwise down below.

"Well, then, go get it: you know what to do."

"It looks bad, Chief. It's going to be hard to get."

"What's the trouble?"

"If we flood the basement we will flood the tracks, too. You know what that means."

For a moment the two men's troubled glances met and held each other steadily. Then the older man spoke shortly, and started down the stairs. "Come on," he said, "we're going down."

Far from the troubled kennings of these helpless folk, deep in the tunnel's depth there in the boweled earth, there was a room where lights were burning, and where it was always night.

There, now, a phone rang, and a man with a green eyeshade seated at the desk was there to answer it: "Hello . . . oh, hello, Mike"—he listened carefully for a moment, suddenly jerked forward, taut with interest, and pulled the cigarette out of his mouth: "The hell you say! . . . Where? On number thirty-two! . . . They're going to flood it! . . . Oh, the hell! . . ."

Far from the kennings of these helpless folk, deep in the marvelous honeycombs of that boweled rock, things began to happen with the speed of light. Six blocks away, just where the mighty network of that amazing underworld begins its mighty flare of rails, lights shifted, changed, and flared immortally: the Overland halted swiftly, but so smoothly that the passengers, already standing to debark, were unaware that anything had happened. Ahead, however, in the cab of the powerful electric locomotive, the engineer peered out and read the signs. He saw these shifting patterns of hard light against the dark, and swore: ". . . Now what the



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hell." Turning, he spoke quietly across the darkness to another man: "We're going in on Twenty-one . . . I wonder what the hell has happened."

*

On the seventh landing of the service stairs, the firemen were working ruthlessly with axes. The place was dense with smoke: the sweating men were wearing masks, and the only light they had to work by was that provided by a torchlight and a flare. They had battered open the doorway of the elevator shaft, and one of them had lowered himself down onto the roof of the imprisoned elevator half a floor below, and was cutting in the roof with his sharp ax.

"Have you got it, Ed?"

"... O. K. . . . Yeah . . . I'm almost through . . . Here it is."

The ax smashed through; there was a splintering crash, and then: "O. K. . . . Wait a minute . . . Hand me down that flashlight, Tom . . ."

"See anything?"

And in a moment, quietly: "Yeah . . . I'm going in . . . Jim, you better come down too; I'll need you . . ."

There was a silence for a moment, then the man's quiet voice again: "O. K. . . . I've got it . . . Here, Jim, reach down and get it underneath the arms . . ."

In such a way they lifted it from its imprisoned trap, looked at it for a moment, and laid it down, not ungently—something old and dead and very pitiful—upon the floor.

*

At this moment Mrs. Jack went to the window of the drugstore and peered out at the great building across the street.

"I wonder if anything's happening over there," she said. "Do you suppose it's over? Have they got it out?"

The cold immensity of those towering walls told nothing. But there were other signs that it was really "out." The lines of hose that had threaded the street in a thick skein were noticeably fewer, and now and then there was the heavy beating roar of a great engine as a fire truck thundered away. Firemen were coming from the building, putting their apparatus back into their trucks, and although the police would not yet permit the tenants to return to their apartments, there was every indication now that the fire was over.

Meanwhile, newspapermen were beginning to come into the drugstore to phone their stories to the papers. One of them, a rather battered-looking gentleman with a bulbous red nose, had already called the City Desk on the tele-

phone and was now engaged in reporting his findings to the man at the other end: "... Sure, that's what I'm tellin' yuh . . . The police have t'rown a cordon round the building . . ."

There was a moment's pause, but then the red-nosed man rasped out irritably: "No—No—No! . . . not a *squadron*! A *cordon*! . . . C-o-r-d-o-n—cordon . . . For Pete's sake! Didn't you ever hear of a cordon before . . . Now, get this: Lissen—" he glanced at some scrawled notes upon a piece of paper in his hands, "... Among the residents are included the names of many Social Registerites and others prominent among . . . What? . . . How's that?" he said abruptly, rather puzzled—"Oh! . . ." he looked around briefly to see if he was being overheard, then lowered his voice and spoke again: "Oh, sure! . . . *Two* . . . Yeh . . . both of them were elevator men . . ." Then, looking at the notes upon his piece of dirty paper, he read carefully, in lowered voice: "John Enborg . . . age 64 . . . married . . . three children . . . lives in Jamaica, Queens . . . and Herbert Anderson . . . age 28, unmarried, lives with his mother, 841 Southern Boulevard, the Bronx . . . Have yuh got it? . . . Sure. Oh, sure!" Quietly, after a moment's pause, he spoke again, "... No, they couldn't get them out . . . they were on the elevators, goin' up to get the tenants when the current was shut off . . . Sure: that's the idea— They got caught between the floors . . . They just got Enborg out," his voice sank lower, "they had to use axes to get in through the top . . . Sure—sure," he nodded quietly into the mouthpiece, "that's it—smoke: no, just those two . . . no, the management wants to keep it quiet if they can . . . no, none of the tenants know it . . . Yes, it's almost over . . . Sure, it started in the basement, then it went up a flue and out at top . . . Sure, I know," he nodded—"The tracks are right below it . . . they were afraid to flood the basement; if they did, they'd flood four sets of tracks. Sure, it's going down now, but it's been tough . . . Okay, Mac . . . Shall I hang around? . . . Okay," he said at length, and hung up.

XIII

THE fire was over now. The people began to stream back into the court, collecting the scattered personnel of their establishments as they did so. An air of authority and order had already been re-established. Each little group, master and mistress, servants and members of the family, had now collected somewhat frigidly into their own separate entity

and were filing back to their cells in the enormous hive.

Mrs. Jack, accompanied by her husband, Miss Mandell, and the young man, went in at her entrance. There was still a faint smell of smoke, but the elevator was running again. She noticed that the doorman, Henry, took them up, and she asked him if Herbert had gone. He paused just perceptibly, and then said quietly: "Yes, Mrs. Jack."

"You all must be simply worn out!" she said quickly, with her instant sympathy. "Hasn't it been a thrilling evening?" she went on eagerly: "In all your life did you ever know of such excitement as we had tonight?"

Again, the man said: "Yes, ma'am" in a tone so curiously unyielding that for a moment she felt almost angry, wounded and rebuffed. But already her mind was working on the curious enigma of the doorman's personality: "I wonder what is wrong with him," she thought. "Oh, well, poor thing, I suppose the life he leads is enough to turn anyone sour—opening doors and calling cabs and answering questions all day long— But then, Herbert has to do these things also, and he's always so sweet and so obliging about everything!—"

And, giving partial utterance to her thoughts, she said: "I suppose Herbert will be back upon the job tomorrow?"

He made no answer whatever. He simply seemed not to have heard her. He had opened the door at her own landing, and after a moment he said quietly: "This is your floor, Mrs. Jack."

She was so annoyed for a moment after he had gone that she halted in the little vestibule, and said angrily: "Honestly, that fellow makes me tired! It's got so now he won't even answer when you speak to him."

"Well, Alice, maybe he's tired out tonight with all the excitement of the fire," suggested Mr. Jack, pacifically.

"Maybe it's all our fault?" said Mrs. Jack ironically, then with a sudden flare of humor, she shrugged comically and said: "Vell, ve should have a fire sale!"—which restored her to good humor, and a full-throated appreciation of her own wit.

They opened the door then and went in. The place smelled closed and stale and there was still an acrid scent of smoke. But by this time the maids were streaming in from the service entrance at the back and Mrs. Jack directed them to throw up the windows.

Lily Mandell who had gone into the guest room for her wraps, now came out and said good-by. "Darling, it has been too marvelous," she said, with weary

arrogance. "Fire, smoke, Piggy Hartwell, everything— Your parties are too wonderful! You never know what's going to happen next."

There was an air of finality about everything. The party was over, the fire was over, the last guest had now departed, and Mr. Jack was waiting to go to bed. In a moment he kissed his wife lightly upon her rosy cheek, said good night casually to Webber, and departed. The young man was also going now, but she, taking him by the hand, said quickly, coaxingly, "Don't go yet. Stay a few minutes, dear, and talk to me."

For a moment she looked around her with an air of thoughtful appraisal. The place looked just the same as it had looked before the people came, before Mr. Hartwell and his horrible performance, before the fire, all the excitement, all the confusion. If anyone came in here now he would never dream that anything had happened. This thought was uppermost in her mind when she turned to him again.

"Wasn't it all so strange? . . . And wonderful?" she said. "I mean, the way it happened. I don't know—but it sort of frightens you, doesn't it? . . . No, not the fire!" she spoke quickly—"That didn't amount to anything. No one got hurt—it was terribly exciting, really—I think everyone was thrilled! . . . What I mean"—her brow was furrowed as she sought for words—"when you think of how sort of—big—things have got—I mean the way people live nowadays—and how a fire can break out and you won't even know about it . . . I mean, there's something sort of terrible about it, isn't there? . . . And God!" she burst out suddenly. "In all your life, did you ever see the like of them? I mean the kind of people who live here . . . the way they all looked, pouring out into the court . . . Have you ever dreamed —" her excitement as she spoke these words was almost comical, "Well, it was the most astonishing . . . the queerest . . . I mean," she said confusedly, "it's—it's—"

She paused, holding his hand, and looking at him tenderly. Then, with a rapt look on her face, like an enchanted child, she whispered: ". . . Just you and I . . . They're all gone now . . . there's no one left but you and I . . . Do you know," she said in a quiet tone, "that I think about you all the time? I carry you around inside me—here," she laid her hand upon her breast and looked at him like a good child who believes religiously its own fable. "Oh, do you ever think that there was ever since the world began another love like this?" she

cried. "If I could play I'd make of it great music! If I could sing I'd make of it a great song! If I could write I'd make of it a great story . . . but when I try to play or write or try to sing, I can think of nothing else but you and I . . ." Smiling, she inclined her rosy little face toward his, and said: "Did I ever tell you the time I tried to write a story? But all that I could say was 'Long, long into the night I lay, thinking of how I should tell my story.' But now at night that old line of the story keeps ringing in my ears: 'Long, long into the night I lay—thinking about you all the time.' For that's the story." She came closer to him, and lifted her rose face to him—"Oh, dearest, that's the story. In the whole world there's nothing more."

He made no answer. For suddenly he knew that, for him, at any rate, it was not the story. He felt desolate and tired, weary of all the consuming passion, the degrading egotisms of possession—of desire, of passion, and romantic love—of youth.

And suddenly it seemed to him that it was not enough. It seemed to him that there had to be a larger world, a higher devotion than all the devotions of this fond imprisonment could ever find. Well, then—a swift thrust of rending pity pierced him as he looked at the rose sweetness of that enraptured face—it must be so: he to his world, and she to hers—which to the better one, no one could say—but this, at last, he knew, was not enough. There were new lands; dark windings, strange and subtle webs there in the deep-delved earth, a tide was running in the hearts of men—and he must go.

They said little more that night. In a few minutes he got up, and with a sick and tired heart he went away.

XIV

OUTSIDE, on the now deserted street, one of the dark-green wagons of the police was waiting now with a softly throbbing motor. In a few moments a door which led down into one of the basement entrances of the enormous building was opened, and two men emerged, bearing a stretcher which had something on it that was very still, completely covered. They slid this carefully away into the back of the green wagon. In another moment two other men, bearing a stretcher with a similar burden, emerged, and this also was quietly and carefully disposed in the same way. Then the door of the wagon was securely closed.

The driver and another man walked



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around and got into the front seat and after conferring quietly a moment with the sergeant of police, they drove off, turning the corner below with a subdued clangor of bells. The three policemen conferred together for a moment longer and two of them wrote down notes in their little books. Then the two policemen saluted the sergeant and they all departed, each walking away upon the further prosecution of his appointed task.

XV

AT this moment, Mrs. Jack, wearing her silken dressing gown, had just gone

to the window of her room, and drawn in appraisingly a good full breath of cool night air. She found it good. The last disruptive taint of smoke had been washed clean and sweet away by the cool breath of April. And in the white light of the virgin moon the spires and ramparts of Manhattan were glittering with cold magic in splintering helms of stone and glass. Peace fell upon her tranquil spirit. Strong comfort and assurance bathed her soul. It was so solid, splendid, everlasting, and good.

A tremor, faint and distant, shook her feet. She paused, startled, waited, listened. Was the old trouble there again to shake the deep perfection of her soul? What rumor had she heard this night? . . . Faint tremors, small but instant, and a talk of tunnels there be-

low?—Ah, there it was a second time! What was it?—

TRAINS AGAIN!

. . . Passed, faded, trembled delicately away into securities of eternal stone, and left behind it the blue helms of night, and April, in the blazing vertices of all that sculptured and immortal peace.

The smile came back into her eyes. The brief and troubling frown had lifted from her soul. And her look as she prepared to sleep was almost dulcet and cherubic—the look of a good child who ends the great adventure of another day and who knows that sleep and morning have come back again.

“Long, long into the night I lay—” she thought—“and thought of you—” . . .

Ah, sleep.

“Yes,” he agreed, “I think that’s the best one.”

In the musty, cool smell of his little office they got up. Her gallant figure reached his shoulder. She buttoned her kid gloves over the small pink haunch of her palms and glanced about her. His battered sofa filled one wall, the line of his long body was printed in the leather. She looked up at him. His face was sad and grave. They remembered.

“It’s been a long time, Elizabeth,” he said.

They walked slowly to the front through aisled marbles. Sentinelled just beyond the wooden doors the angel leered vacantly down. Jannadeau drew his great head turtlewise a little farther into the protective hunch of his burly shoulders. They went out onto the porch.

The moon stood already like its own phantom in the clear-washed skies of evening. A little boy with an empty paper delivery-bag swung lithely by, his freckled nostrils dilating pleasantly with hunger and the fancied smell of supper. He passed, and for a moment, as they stood at the porch edge, all life seemed frozen in a picture: the firemen and Fagg Sluder had seen Gant, whispere, and were now looking toward him; a policeman, at the high side-porch of the police court, leaned on the rail and stared; at the near edge of the central plot below the fountain a farmer bent for water at a bubbling jet, rose dripping, and stared; from the tax collector’s office, city hall, up-stairs, Yancy, huge, meaty, shirt-sleeved, stared.

And in that second the slow pulse of the fountain was suspended, life was held, like an arrested gesture, in photographic abeyance, and Gant felt himself alone move deathward in a world of seemings as, in 1910, a man might find himself again in a picture taken on the grounds of the Chicago Fair, when he was thirty, and his moustache black; and, noting the bustled ladies and the derbied men fixed in the second’s pullulation, remember the dead instant, seek beyond the borders for what (he knew) was there. Or as a veteran who finds himself upon his elbow near Ulysses Grant, before the march, in pictures of the Civil War, and sees a dead man on a horse. Or I should say, like some completed Don, who finds himself again before a tent in Scotland in his youth, and notes a cricket-bat long lost and long forgotten; the face of a poet who had died, and young men and the tutor as they looked that Long Vacation when they read nine hours a day for greats.

Where now? Where after? Where then?

An Angel on the Porch

(continued from page 18)

corner of his thin lip. No one knew how fond he was of the angel. Publicly he called it his white elephant. He cursed it and said he had been a fool to order it. For six years it had stood on the porch weathering in all the wind and rain. It was now brown and fly-specked. But it had come from Carrara in Italy, and it held a stone lily delicately in one hand. The other hand was lifted in benediction, it was poised clumsily upon the ball of one phthisic foot, and its stupid white face wore a smile of soft stone idiocy.

In his rages Gant sometimes directed vast climaxes of abuse at the angel. “Fiend out of hell,” he roared, “you have impoverished me, you have ruined me, you have cursed my declining years, and now you will crush me to death—fearful, awful, and unnatural monster that you are.”

But sometimes when he was drunk he fell weeping on his knees before it, called it Cynthia, the name of his first wife, and entreated its love, forgiveness, and blessing for its sinful but repentant boy. There was from the square laughter.

“What’s the matter?” said Elizabeth. “Don’t you want to sell it?”

“It will cost you a good deal, Elizabeth,” he said evasively.

“I don’t care,” she answered positively. “I’ve got the money. How much do you want?”

He was silent, thinking for a moment of the place where the angel stood. He

knew he had nothing to cover or obliterate that place—it left a barren crater in his heart.

“All right,” he said finally. “You can have it for what I paid for it—four hundred and twenty dollars.”

She took a thick sheaf of bank notes from her purse and counted the money out for him. He pushed it back.

“No. Pay me when the job’s finished and it has been set up. You want some sort of inscription, don’t you?”

“Yes. There’s her full name, age, place of birth, and so on,” she said, giving him a scrawled envelope. “I want some poetry, too—something that suits a young girl taken off like this.”

He pulled his tattered little book of inscriptions from a pigeonhole and thumbed its pages, reading her a quatrain here and there. To each she shook her head. Finally he said:

“How’s this one, Elizabeth?” He read:

“She went away in beauty’s flower,
Before her youth was spent,
Ere life and love had lived its hour
God called her, and she went.

Yet whispers Faith upon the wind:
No grief to *her* was given.
She left *your* love and went to find
A greater one in heaven.”

“Oh, that’s lovely—lovely!” she said. “I want that one.”

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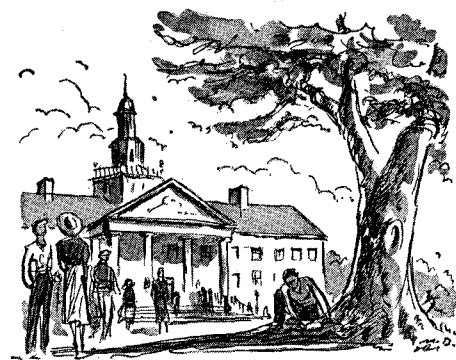
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MAGAZINE

EDUCATION



Education of a Justice

William O. Douglas, most recent appointee to the Supreme Court, always mixed his education with work. During his primary and high-school years in Yakima, Washington, he is said to have helped support the family as newsboy, farmhand, junk dealer, sheep herder, janitor, and tutor. Valedictorian of his high-school class, he won a scholarship at Whitman College in Walla Walla (where he lived part of the time in a tent), continued working as janitor, fruit picker, errand boy, and waiter. After serving as a buck private in the War, he graduated from Whitman in 1920, and for two years taught at the Yakima High School. Then he entered Columbia Law School, worked his way through by tutoring and writing a textbook, and graduated second in his class in 1925.

Tolerance

A Japanese jiu-jitsu expert, a Negro musician, and a Jewish rabbi are appearing before New York City school children to help dispel the prejudice against their people. This is part of a large-scale experiment the New York Board of Education is making to counteract the racial intolerance spreading from Central Europe. The plan calls for "exposing" New York's 1,200,000 public-school students to tolerance ideas in several ways: through radio and motion pictures, through classroom emphasis on the facts of biology, history, and social science, presented to refute false claims of racial qualities, and through bi-monthly assemblies in which racial minorities will be represented and their cultural contributions dramatized.

We don't suppose anyone thinks this plan will wipe out intolerance. Or that many other cities will follow suit. But at least it is what people call the constructive approach—in contrast, for example, to ineffective attempts to laugh buds out of existence.

R. B.

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