

Letters & Life

In which books, plays, and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Journalism at the X-Roads



HE pied field of journalism is being cracked by earthquakes: the seismographs of daily change must now record changes in themselves. Stresses within the American newspaper portend a process of disintegration and a new distribution of functions; pressures from without—radio, cinema, and television, are forcing new alignments for public service. We face an era of experiment in that increasingly important field we may broadly call public communication by mechanical processes. The press was for over three centuries the sole machine that could multiply words and pictures and so it served us nobly and gained vast power. Now it has rivals, effective likewise in special ways for service and power. The struggle between them has begun on several fronts—in purveying news, in advertising, in offerings of entertainment. The public interest demands that we take thought on this struggle to make it serve us.

We must first conceive of all these instruments as parts of education, education in the sense of providing information and guidance and also in the sense of culture, or taste in art and recreation. Whether we enlarge the idea of journalism to include all these new forms (and they seem to be based on common principles) or invent a new name for clarity's sake is a minor thing; what is urgent is that we take thought on how society can profit from all. Second, we must enforce cooperation and avoid the losses inevitable from internecine wars. Each instrument will survive as fit for its true function. Can we not allot the fields and avoid the struggle for survival? The radio is for the ear. The periodical for the eye. The sound-cinema for both and, I suppose, the televisior. Certainly some division of fields should arise from these facts. Likewise from the fact that one requires a gathered audience at a set time while another reaches the individual when he wills. Lastly we must be sure that the newspaper that has served us long and nobly shall not be crippled in its true duty. It is still by clear odds the most valuable method of distributing a lasting record and interpretation of current events and opinions for the information and guidance of the people. It possesses the sovereign advantages of being permanent, portable, readable when we want with a personal selection of what we shall notice, and with a fine tradition of service and responsibility. We would be fools to let new forms hamstring this institution.

The fact is we have overloaded the newspaper, stuffed it like a portmanteau with each new thing we found interesting or useful—and paid three cents for a ten-cent product while the advertiser contributed the rest. The structure is topheavy and the format bulky and crowded. Consider what we ask of a modern newspaper—a news diary, a pictorial album, a mag-

JOURNALISTIC VOCATIONS, by Charles Elkins Rogers. Appleton. 354 pp. Price \$2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.
THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND MESSRS. PULITZER, by James W. Barrett. Vanguard Press. 117 pp. Price \$1.25 postpaid of Survey Graphic.
THE END OF THE WORLD, edited by James W. Barrett. Harper. 273 pp. Price \$2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.
MAGAZINE MAKING, by John Bakeless. Viking Press. 323 pp. Price \$3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.
MR. MILLER OF "THE TIMES," by F. Fraser Bond. Scribner. 264 pp. Price \$3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.
CAN THESE THINGS BE! by George Seldes. Brewer & Warren. 433 pp. Price \$4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

azine (superior often to the old weekly), a critic of the arts and recreations, expositor of complex fields like science, economics, social reform, international affairs and exploration, interpreter through editorials and feature articles, purveyor of entertainment and vicarious thrills, and general

guide, counsellor and friend. It has begun to break down of its own weight so that it will be a blessing if we can transfer some of these multifarious tasks to new mediums.

The death of The New York World is a case: it blew up trying to be all things to all men like the chameleon which perished seeking to imitate the colors of a Scotch plaid. It tried to be a newspaper; without funds to cover the news; a chapbook for the intelligenzia; a philosophical interpreter and fighting crusader of liberal causes; and a people's paper with thrills and entertainment. It really fell between the devil of the tabloids and the deep sea of The New York Times. Journalists and liberals watched its death with a sense of tragedy and fear: it marked some change in the spirit of the times.

JAMES BARRETT, the last city editor, tells in his angry book *On The World and the Pulitzer heirs*, what the old institution was and his version of its decline and fall. His views should be in the record for they are often true and penetrant, but he does not get behind persons to the social phenomena that govern journals. He and his colleagues made a gallant last ditch fight to buy The World against the bids of chain-newspaper systems. The moral seems clear: only chains have the power and resources to conduct big papers under the load we have put on them. The crusading and brilliance may have to be contributed by weeklies that need not compete in news coverage or entertainment. In *The End of The World* some score of the staff record the death-watch round the dying giant. It reveals the reporter's romantic idealism at its best in picturesque and moving terms and glimpses the spirit of a great institution that demanded of them a good paper even in the last edition. It is helpful for the public to know how men labor and sacrifice in journalism. But what value have belated curses and tears? These men were devoted but they had no organization, no professional status, no plan. Their idealism was flattened by forces they seem never to have sought to understand. It's a heartbreaking book, both ways.

One task of modern newspapers is revealed in *Can These Things Be!* by George Seldes, who tells many inside stories about European intrigue and duplicity and has a useful section on various sorts of censorship. This is a lively, high-spot book, excellent for undocumented information about war-preparations, dictators, youth movements and secret plots. It is not

so well written or sound as was Selde's fascinating predecessor on European censorship, *You Can't Print That*. But you need to read both to understand how our foreign news really gets to us and what some of the things are we do not get! My point is that this whole delicate demanding task of interpreting the rest of the world to our citizens is just handed over to the newspaper as one of its little jobs for which it gets small money or fame for the readers don't care. It does a pretty good job too in spots; but here is field-enough for a separate institution with vast resources and highly trained personnel. It may be a good thing if the news-reel, the radio from Geneva, Vatican City, London, and ultimately the television, can supplement our news service. They won't break down the censorship but they will offer a kind of intimate personal first-hand sense of foreign lands and peoples that is better than print.

The size and divisions of the field of journalism come out clearly in Charles Roger's guide, *Journalistic Vocations*, the best book of first-aid to inky youth we have ever seen. We once thought of the daily, weekly and magazine; now are added business papers (some 2000), the agricultural, religious and labor presses, opportunities for women who now fill one fifth of the editorial places, free-lancing, the business side, and such interrelated things as publicity, advertising, and art and photography. Young Ben Franklin would be amazed. This book covers the whole field, interprets the various functions, lists the workers' duties, explains the preparation needed and offers an honest appraisal of the rewards, both temporal and spiritual. And the money rewards are pretty comfortable these days. The charts of staff organization, the bibliography and glossary are helpful. If you have to advise anybody on journalism as a calling, give him this book.

To discover what journalism was forty years ago and in the subsequent period of transition from its personal to institutional form read Fraser Bond's life of Charles R. Miller, for so many years the almost unobserved editor of *The New York Times*. He enjoyed the splendid training of *The Springfield Republican*, but not of the modern school of journalism. The interest in government and politics was still paramount, for our complex world was not yet demanding that an editor know about *everything*. So we have interesting chapters on the relations between Miller and President Cleveland and President Wilson. The importance and dignity of the editorial page were undisputed by columnists, special writers, and even news. Yet personal views were being slowly subordinated to the editorial conference and the use of specialists; necessity divested the editor-in-chief of some of his high functions. Mr. Miller was sound and clean and hopeful, conservative and scholarly, and he left his imprint on *The Times*. But he was not a creator in journalistic forms or an innovator in social ideas. He will not go down with the great editors, but as an interpreter of the conservative view in a style worthy for dignity and clarity. Both the dignity and clarity are needed today.

John Bakeless has written an admirable guide for that universal host who at some time have to edit a magazine, and he offers the mere layman a back-stage trip through the magazine world. Already we have a long list of magazines, house-organs, trade-journals *ad inf*. The fissures in the field of journalism doubtless mean many more magazines. For all the harassed editors here is balm of Gilead in the first manual of technical magazine-making and the theory of editing we have had. This is truly a mine of information on the techniques of publication and the editor who grasps the exhaustive data on type, lay-out, printing and such mysteries can look any printer in the face and foretell his destination. The delicate problem of the manuscript, the authors, the staff and the department fields is analyzed with precision and much example. Magazines need sustenance as well as ideals and Mr. Bakeless provides for both. His ideals shine forth in his standards for editors and in his scholarly reverence for sincerity and accuracy; his sense of reality in chapters on circulation, promotion and publicity. For mere readers the sly humor and spurts of criticism will enliven an instructive perusal that must enlighten them on the duty and perils of editors and enrich them with charity and understanding. The book fills a need with perfect concreteness balanced by a keen sense of responsibility to the whole art of printing.

LEON WHIPPLE

What Every Dean Knows

STUDIES ARE NOT EVERY THING: *The Diary of a Freshman*. By Max McConn. Viking. 236 pp. \$2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

MAX MCCONN knows 'em. He is dean of Lehigh University; he has been at the University of Illinois; he was, not so very anciently, a freshman himself. Though autobiographical in form, this diary does not purport to be McConn's own but by some uncanny means he plainly knows how college looks to this sort of freshman—type of the joyous horde of boys without background, preparation, fitness or any other reason under heaven to justify their clattering up colleges during the freshman year—or until they are fired as soon or late they must be. Bobby Scott, characteristic true-bred flower of an American go-getter's home, profoundly illiterate, without a shred of intellectual taste or aptitude, describes in the first person singular his rollicking through the freshman year, member of a "best fraternity," even getting to be president of his class; too busy for the studies which as he says himself "are not every thing." They glimmer round the fringes of his life but never touch him. It is the like of him that drives to drink such deans as have to be driven to drink. On its face the tale is incredible extravaganza; yet in essence it is true, a priceless exhibit of the happy-go-lucky human stuff that the colleges are trying, none too successfully, to exclude; of the bulk of freshman "mortality." It is very funny, yet keenly discerning, even sympathetic. Not a bad lad, this Bobby; he will make a successful Main Street business; but he is about as appropriate in a college as a hoptoad in a cup of tea. And there are thousands of him.

JOHN PALMER GAVIT

Beals Knows Mexico

MEXICAN MAZE, by Carleton Beals. Lippincott. 370 pp. Price \$3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

MEXICAN MAZE aptly describes the Mexican scene as Carleton Beals views it. There is nothing confused, however, in his statement. Few men in the world, probably, are as qualified to discuss Mexican problems as this particular author. He knows Spanish-American literature through and through and is as familiar with Sarmiento as with Anglo-Saxon literature. Moreover he knows Mexican history and the chapters upon Tlaxcala, Tepoztlan, Church and State, and Black Gold, which describes the oil controversy, are at once accurate and profound.

It is seldom in fact that one finds a book of this kind so full of intellectual meat and so satisfactory from the literary standpoint. Beals paints the Mexican scene with sympathy and vivid understanding. His close contact with the submerged of the Mexican groups, the mountaineer, the muleteers, the Negroes of Valerio Trujano, his acquaintance with the leaders of the Revolution, such as Avellaneda, enable him to write a swift-moving and powerful account of the tragic and chaotic events of the last twenty years. Modern realistic writing knows how to take a photograph but very few of the realists paint a picture as well as Beals. For instance, in speaking of the apprehension felt by the people of Amecameca because of the fact that they lived under the brow of the great volcano, he writes:

But when the morning sun strikes its silver flame upon the two white mountains, the fears of the natives fall away; then men walk with quick elastic stride, proudly calling themselves the "Sons of the Smoking Mountain." At such times a superficial brightness and business rustles like the autumn leaves through the twisted streets. Long trains of burros come jingling and braying down from the mountains, dragging enormous timbers slantwise or staggering beneath sacks of brimstone from the crest of the crater. The lanes echo with the clear echoing yodel of muleteers. Bent Indians dogtrot half a day with hundred-kilo sacks of charcoal strapped to back and brow; at night the blood-red fires of their kilns may be seen far up on some wind-swept ridge. The town itself is criss-crossed with deep-cleft gleaming arroyos; streams of crystal-clear water gurgle down the center of the streets; and women in bright wondrously embroidered *camisas* scrub clothes on slabs of gray *tezontle*.

His perception of the psychology of the Indian is also marked. With what essential truth he sums up the characteristics of the American Indian race:

There is something Oriental in the Indian, at least in his patience, his renunciation of too much worldly endeavor; yet there is also something more truthful and wholesome in his life than in that of the East. We Americans shut out the roaring tide of life by externals, by living outside of our bodies and minds, by conquering nature instead of ourselves; the Oriental escapes the roaring tide of life by shutting out the world, by conquering himself instead of nature. But the Indian lives close to the spirals of nature itself. There is a healthy interpenetration of himself and nature. The American lives for the future, he divides his life into time units; the Oriental destroys time; the Mexican peasant is time in its Bergsonian fluid essence. . . .

In fact it is not too much to say that no one is really in touch with modern Mexico who does not have some conception of the rise and fall, the ebb and flow of the various currents so splendidly delineated in *Mexican Maze*.

FLORENCE E. ALLEN

Supreme Court of Ohio, Columbus

UP FROM BANKRUPTCY

(Continued from page 345)

Massachusetts requires that relief be given to needy citizens. So the Board could not, if it would, just chop out that big item. Another way had to be found.

What about the private charities? Could they take up some of the load? Here again a little background is necessary if one would understand Fall River. As the town grew it accumulated the usual quota of charitable institutions, amiably and often generously supported by the Hill and by the "foreigners" through their religious organizations. It has three good private hospitals, one of them under Catholic auspices, an Old People's Home, a Y.M.C.A., and a Women's Union, all well housed. The Boys' Club has two buildings, given and endowed with \$150,000 by M. C. D. Borden and his sons. There are three children's homes, two of them Catholic, and two or three day nurseries. The B. M. C. Durfee Highschool, "the finest gift ever made to the city," was erected in 1887 by Mary B. Young as a memorial to her son. Her sister, Sarah Submit Brayton, gave the beautiful First Congregational Church. Endowments have grown slowly. But in spite of all this it seemed to me that in general the Old Families, even in their heyday, had not returned much of their wealth to the community.

The organized charities, as distinguished from the institutions, are not a sturdy lot. Case work has not rooted itself very firmly. The Association for Community Welfare, organized in 1899, does the best it can in the way of family work with a somewhat uncertain budget of \$15,000. When the trouble began last fall its board hesitated to assume any added responsibilities. Somewhere in the confusion of differing opinions the Association found itself without an executive. Two case workers and two stenographers have carried on, struggling with a case load which in February numbered more than 500.

The District Nursing Association, on the other hand, has an active and harmonious board and a competent director for its staff of seventeen nurses. Of course it has had serious money troubles. The incomes of most of its contributors have suffered severely. Fees paid by the mills for nursing care for their employes have dropped off sharply. As a sideline and as a clinic center the Association maintains the King Philip Settlement in a reclaimed tenement—a cheerful, busy place with an atmosphere that many a stronger settlement would like to capture.

One need not list here all the agencies that make up Fall River's social battery. None of them is high-powered. All are inadequately supported, understaffed, overworked. Yet a great deal of private relief work went on last winter, scattered, somewhat hit or miss, but undeniably affording a cushion for many families unable to exist on the meager city aid. And in a curious, highly personalized way all these scattered efforts were pretty well coordinated. Last fall the mayor of Fall River appointed an employment committee. As a committee it never really functioned, but one of its members did, vigorously. She

is a little slip of a woman from the Hill whose name at her own insistence must remain unsung. Fall River knows it well. Armed with simple card forms printed over night, she made the round of the somewhat startled clubs and committees and organizations which she knew from her wide acquaintance were doing something, and all but dragged from them their lists of unemployment relief cases. She worked over those cards day and night. She consolidated their information, she classified and cross-indexed them until she had a picture of private relief work in the city which many a highly organized community might envy. The Catholic Welfare Bureau and the Salvation Army, the Community Welfare and the Deaconess Home were all there, along with the various city-employe relief committees, the S.P.C.C., the Women's Union, half a dozen churches. Even the Employes' Association of the American Printing Company yielded up its almost sacrosanct list. Never before in Fall River or probably anywhere else have so many charitable lions and lambs lain down together.

There was at least a paper organization behind all this, called the Emergency Relief Bureau with His Honor the Mayor as chairman and half a dozen prominent citizens as members. But the Lady was the Bureau in fact and in function. Coordination was served, there can be no doubt of it. But coordination revealed some distressing gaps in prompt and effective relief. Into these gaps the Lady flung herself. One day a passing milkman dropped into the office of the District Nursing Association to say that his company was discontinuing several routes because the people were no longer using milk. The Lady heard about it and went into action. She bought a roll of milk tickets as big as her arm. She dashed to a five-and-ten-cent store and came back with a basketful of funny little spotted-cow milk jugs. The next morning every nurse on her round left in every milkless household a spotted cow with a bunch of milk tickets tucked in its tummy. The spotted cow did not actually have much to do with it, but she made it more interesting. A few days later Bishop James E. Cassidy assumed responsibility for the milk distribution. The Lady cheerfully yielded the honor, the bishop set up eleven milk stations and the spotted cows retired from duty.

A STUDY of the cards convinced the Lady that many families were not getting enough to eat. Families run large in Fall River and even if one member was working and another drawing city aid there was not enough food to go around. Some help came from the unions, but although the aggregate of union relief during the winter mounted to some \$40,000 it had to stretch a long way and last a long time. Something, a good deal in fact, came from the St. Vincent de Paul Society, something from this relief fund and that. But when it was all added up it was still pitifully little for all the mouths it had to feed. So the Lady went into her own pocket and set up a kind of a grocery store stocked with staples to which came families attested by one or another of the relief agencies or committees, each family receiving what it needed according to its taste and size. For a time some hundreds of families came twice a week for rations and for the clothing which the indomitable Lady stirred up the Women's Club to collect, sort and distribute. Because knitted garments were needed she marched out and bought quantities of bright-colored wool, and presently the whole town was knitting just as in the old exciting war days. Both the grocery store and the clothing store were staffed with volunteers, mostly club and church women and Junior League girls. Indeed the Bureau in all its activities, and not all of them can be mentioned here, was almost wholly volunteer.

Early in the year when the situation threatened to break through all the dams that could be built against it, the Lady grew panicky and sent a call for help to the Governor's Committee on Unemployment in Boston. At the suggestion of James Jackson—Fall River was soon to know him well—three experienced social workers went down to see what measures they could propose. They found that the general scheme of a little bit here and a little bit there, unorthodox as it was but held together by the Lady's particular brand of coordination, was serving very well. In any case it was no moment to change horses, especially as there was no other horse to change to. One of the Boston workers stood by for several weeks observing the operation of municipal welfare activities. Some of her

suggestions for improved procedures were immediately adopted while others served as guides to changes that have since been effected.

Of course according to the tenets of organized emergency relief it was All Wrong. Your Fall River social worker will admit it and in the same breath will declare that she doesn't know what Fall River would have done without the Lady, her grocery store, her clothing store and her faithful volunteers. It should be added that the Lady and all her friends had a thrilling winter and that anyone who belittles the value of their contribution, made in their own way in a trying situation, simply does not know his Fall River.

So it became apparent to the gentlemen of the Board of Finance that private effort was carrying all the load it could bear. Relief for the city had to come from somewhere else. Do not think for a moment that the Board's eyes were fixed only on the Public Welfare Department—it had eyes all around its head. Not a department or bureau escaped its scrutiny. With the aid of hard-headed tax experts it wiped off \$30,000,000 from last year's valuation figures as non-existent and estimated the probably assessable value of taxable property at \$120,000,000. A forty-dollar tax rate was the limit the city could bear. That was admittedly high. But Fall River had danced, now it must pay the piper. The forty-dollar rate would yield \$4,800,000 in revenue. The city's share of state taxes and all other income would amount to \$1,697,977, making a total estimated income of \$6,497,977. The Board's final budget with allowance for state and county taxes was about \$600,000 less than the mayor's earlier proposed budget and \$1,081,150 below the 1930 expenditures. Slashing had to be done and done quickly.

While the commission was viewing the field for candidates for major surgery it attended to a few minor cases. The city chime-ringer and the caretaker for neglected graves were separated from the payroll. Nursery maids vanished from the kindergartens. But after all these were small fry. Larger fish had to be landed and many of them. The City Council had already planned consolidations of departments with the elimination of superfluous personnel. The Board speeded the process and added materially to the number of exiles from City Hall. The listing of polls, for instance, hitherto done by assistant assessors, was transferred to the Police Department, thereby saving \$3200 and wiping out thirty-six political job handouts.

BUT still the big drain went on in the Welfare Department. The only hope of stopping it was to open up employment. So Mr. Jackson drove hard at the biggest possibility in sight. Ever since June the five mills of the Iron Works had been closed. Nathan Durfee, the treasurer—he would be called the general manager anywhere but in Fall River—said that the company was willing to assume some loss to help the unemployment problem and the general financial situation in the community. An adjusted wage scale had been figured which would permit the opening of the mills without too great loss. It reflected, he said, the highest figure that could be paid under existing conditions. That was all right with Mr. Jackson. What he was after was to get those mills running and thereby relieve the city treasury.

One early March morning the word passed that the Iron Works would open. What a day in Fall River! Merchants ran from their shops to spread the word, business men called up their wives to tell the news. The worst was over. Fall River had turned the corner. The Iron Works would open. The Herald-News that night carried a streamer headline. Far down in the story was mention of that little matter of the adjusted wage scale.

And then, the next night, right in the middle of the front page of that same Herald-News, appeared an open letter from Bishop Cassidy. "Will the Herald-News be good enough to ascertain for its readers in what direction, upward or downward, this adjusted wage scale is to function? . . . all men know that the advantage in the general standard of living accruing to the cotton operative in the last twenty years has been little enough. We pray God to shield him from any danger of its loss by any downward revision of wages."

The bishop had thrown a monkey-wrench into the machine. No gallery of Fall River personalities is complete without a portrait of the Rt. Rev. James E. Cassidy, D.D., Auxiliary

Bishop. A man well along in years, aggressive, courageous, with a nice taste in antiques and a choice collection of Currier and Ives prints, he speaks his mind without fear or favor. And when he speaks 85 per cent of Fall River listens and the other 15 per cent is aware that he has spoken. Those who follow his leadership glory in his fearlessness though not always agreeing with his methods. Those who do not follow him attribute to him motives of which Machiavelli could hardly have been guilty.

THE bishop spoke and the textile unions heard. They were already on the job, they say: Certainly the bishop's pronouncement galvanized them into action. Mr. Jackson sought Bishop Cassidy in his clerical fastness. What they said to each other no one knows. Both are plain-spoken men. More conferences now, with James Tansey of the Textile Council very much on the scene. The rank and file of the operatives wanted to be loyal to their unions but they desperately needed work. The Loom Fixers, a small but fully organized union with a key position in the operation of the mills, voted to hold out. Those were hectic days in Fall River with nerves tense and raw. The bishop spoke nightly on the front page; Mr. Jackson, Mr. Durfee and Mr. Tansey wrestled to find a basis of agreement. What that basis was has never been made public. There were compromises, with no flat cut from top to bottom. Certainly the wage scale on which the mills finally opened was lower than the scale which prevailed when they closed. But certainly it was not as low as it would have been if the bishop had not raised his voice.

One by one the five mills of the Iron Works opened. In March 4500 people went to work. The city's textile industrial payroll which had sagged the week of March 7 to a low of \$278,838, jumped the next week to \$309,125 and by May had climbed to \$376,786. Other weaker mills took courage and cautiously enlarged their operations. The Iron Works are more than an industry to Fall River. As go the Iron Works so goes the city.

With the Iron Works running, came the expected drop in city-aid cases. Not a big drop, but a healthy one. The Board of Finance now turned its attention to the schools. It found them absorbing more than a third of the city's tax levy. Debt service took nearly another third. "And government," said Mr. Jackson, "is more than education and debt-paying." The debt service could not be cut, the school service, as they figured it, had to be. If the school system could have concealed itself from attention by hiding out in some convenient wood-lot it would certainly have done so. But no department with a budget of \$1,793,091 can hope to remain invisible. Mayor Sullivan had pointed out that the city's population in 1930 was slightly less than it had been in 1912 and the school enrollment only 1400 more. Yet schoolrooms were almost double in number and the teachers' annual payroll had swelled from \$364,236 to \$1,488,338. "Frills," said the financial surgeons, were the trouble and frills had to go. The kindergartens were closed. The school age could not be cut at the top but it could be raised at the bottom. Fall River children, during the Drastic Decade, will enter school at six years instead of five and a half, thereby saving every year the per capita school cost of 666 children. The highschool athletic coaching service went overboard along with the supervisors of special classes, assistant supervisors of music, of art and of physical education. The highschool had to skeletonize its shops and its household arts department. Americanization classes were discontinued. The pupil load per teacher was increased from an average of twenty-six to thirty-eight. This meant that some 150 teachers would be dispensed with. Massachusetts has tenure of office rules, but the Board of Finance was operating under a statute which automatically suspended any statute which conflicted with it and all rules were off. But the Board was not as hard boiled as many people liked to think and it gave its best efforts to evolving a plan whereby teachers of twenty years standing were protected in their rights. May, when all these adjustments were made, was a dreary month for the teachers of Fall River. "Are you a frill?" they asked each other.

But with all the job-holders heads that fell into the basket there was still a big gap between estimated expenditures and income. Something still more (Continued on page 364)



Traveler's Notebook



VISITS • TO

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Ways and Means

I HAVE myself traveled and lived cheap in Europe. I have been able to do this because I was in touch with the Society of Friends. For example, supposing at this minute I wanted to go from London to Salonica. I should begin by "blowing into" the Dew Drop Inn, a place in such a squalid section of London that my cabby enquires if I am sure of the address. The Quaker lady who runs this tiny settlement will squeeze me in somehow, very likely as roommate to the last poor thing discharged from the neighboring London Hospital. Here I shall meet the latest miner tramping to London to find work and the lady who has lost her job sewing buttonholes. Such and many more crowd the tiny kitchen where theories of social justice are discussed and personal grievances are aired. Of course the average American traveler would not dream of going to such a place. In case there were no room, I should try to get into the Quaker hostel close to Friends' House on Euston Road. I should have to pay here but it would be cheaper than a hotel and just as clean and comfortable.

From London to Vienna the third class fare is (or used to be) \$24. People don't like traveling third at night, but often it's less crowded than second and one can stretch out on the seat. There is only one night on the train, which isn't bad. Leaving London, say, Tuesday morning one is in Vienna Wednesday night.

In Vienna, I go at once to the Friends' Hostel, Singer Strasse 16. The price used to be a dollar for night and breakfast of coffee, rolls and butter, but I think it is up to a dollar-twenty now. The Horsnails, who run the hostel, can tell me a good place near by at which to get my meals.

The third-class fare from Vienna to Salonica is \$16. I prefer to break the journey at Budapest, where I get a room and board in a good place, patronized chiefly by Hungarians, for about \$2 a day. With one more night on the road, I reach Salonica.

En route, I have observed how the Serbians make the Turks stand in the corridor rather than let them have seats. I have talked with a soil-and-climate professor, who assures me the next war will be between England and America and gives me enlightening information as to how the Serbian officials rook the peasants; with a musician who belongs to a mountain-climbing club and describes trips he has taken; with a drummer who sells optical supplies and doesn't like Greek business methods; and I have seen some Polish dancing girls en route for Athens, and numberless Turks and peasants in full regalia, all of whom I can't talk to because of not knowing "Slavic." Oh yes, I have traveled first class too, Wagons-Lits and all the rest, and not spoken to a soul. Third is vastly more interesting.

At Salonica I am at home. I board and lodge at the American Farm School for \$30 a month. (The Thessalonica Agricultural and Industrial Institute is the proper name.)

It all boils down to this. The Friends have learned the ropes all over Europe during their post-war work. If this appeals to you, let your next reporter (or student of society, if that is a better term) look up John Fletcher of the Hospitality Committee in Friends' House, London, and with that as a start get introductions to various members of committees—on Bulgaria, the Near East, Poland, Austria.

DOROTHEA SIMMONS

Castle Daly, Walker's Wood, Jamaica, B. W. I.

(In answering advertisements please mention THE SURVEY)