

1935

Full Issue

University of New Mexico Press

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Recommended Citation

University of New Mexico Press. "Full Issue." *New Mexico Quarterly* 5, 4 (1935). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol5/iss4/1>

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THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

Published by the University of New Mexico in February, May, August, and November.
Entered as second-class matter February 6, 1931, at the post office at Albuquerque,
New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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VOLUME V

NOVEMBER, 1935

NUMBER 4

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Contributors to this Issue

- CLYDE TINGLEY, Governor of New Mexico, has been a citizen of the Southwest for more than twenty years, having lived in Albuquerque, New Mexico, during this time except for his present residence in the state capitol, Santa Fe. As mayor of Albuquerque, as a public minded citizen, as a sportsman, Governor Tingley has offered New Mexico's hospitality to many noted visitors from other states and foreign countries. With no one of New Mexico's guests was his friendship closer than with the man he voices a tribute to in this QUARTERLY.
- W. A. GEKLER is an Albuquerque physician who has devoted his medical practice and research largely to the cure of tuberculosis. He ascribes his interest in social thought to the precedent set him by his grandfather, who left Germany, carrying a doctorate degree, to found a small college in a pioneer community in Wisconsin.
- ETHEL B. CHEYNEY is an Albuquerque poet who won second prize last year in the Poetry Contest sponsored by the Albuquerque Woman's Club.
- JOHN DILLON HUSBAND's poetry has been represented in several of the recent QUARTERLIES. His home is in Batavia, Illinois.
- BASFORD VAN DOKEN is the educator who contributed "Westward Ho!—In Epitome" to the November, 1934, QUARTERLY.
- JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL was a visitor to the campus of the University of New Mexico last summer while her husband, Clyde Tull, was a member of the English staff during the Summer Session. Mrs. Tull has just had a chapbook of her verse published by the English Club of Cornell College, Iowa. The title is "Seven Ages and Other Poems."
- HORACE GARDNER, graduate in English, of the University of New Mexico, has contributed poetry to the QUARTERLY and *New Mexico*. His sketch, "The Afternoon for Flavio," published in the QUARTERLY for May, 1934, will be reprinted this year in an anthology of college prose.
- GEORGIA KNOTTS, also a graduate in English of the University of New Mexico, now lives in Wisner, Louisiana, where she is teaching.
- KATHERINE POWERS GALLEGOS contributed a short story, "The Sewing Machine" to the November, 1933, QUARTERLY. She lives in Los Lunas.
- BENJAMIN SACKS earned his doctorate at Stanford University in 1934. He is a member of the History Department of the University of New Mexico. The *New Mexico Business Review* last year published an article by Dr. Sacks reviewing the causes of the World War.
- ELIJAH L. JACOBS is a teacher at Central Missouri State Teachers College. He taught formerly of State Teachers College in Silver City, where he avers he learned of an episode in Arizona that suggested his story in this magazine.
- ROLAND DICKEY is a student assistant in the English Department of New Mexico University. He has been active in student journalism and has published a number of poems in student periodicals.
- NAN BOLSIUS lives now in Tucson, Arizona, where she is the center of a family group including two brothers, both artists, one of them her husband. The Bolsius's lived for several years in San Antonito, New Mexico, where the present story has its setting. Mrs. Bolsius is doing an article on scenic Arizona for the *Southwestern* magazine.
- T. V. CALKINS holds a doctor's degree in Education from Yale University and was a member of the College of Education staff, University of New Mexico, in the Summer Session of 1935. He teaches in Bethany College, West Virginia.
- T. M. WILEY is principal of the public school in Atrisco, New Mexico. He lives in the south of Albuquerque, near Hope Wiley, his artist brother.
- JULIA KELEHER, who in this issue inaugurates the section, *Los Paisanos*, has returned this fall to the English staff of New Mexico University after a year in New York City, teaching in New York University.



WILL ROGERS

Pen Drawing Reproduced by Courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox Pictures

In Memoriam—Will Rogers

A Tribute

By CLYDE TINGLEY, Governor of New Mexico

IN THE death of Will Rogers, New Mexico lost one of its best friends.

As a cowboy he had worked in the state. He had visited the state frequently, had given his time to help raise Red Cross funds in New Mexico towns, had been a frequent visitor in Roswell, where his son attended New Mexico Military Institute.

Oklahoma claimed Will Rogers, but he was too great a friend of the whole world to be claimed by any one state. His writings were universal in appeal and the man himself appealed to everyone—to all races and all nationalities.

He had written much about New Mexico, and New Mexico can claim him, too, for the state never had a more genial, lovable friend.

Probably everyone in New Mexico who had read his writings felt as I did, that his death was a personal loss.

The American Philosophy

By W. A. GEKLER

WITH THE exception of a very few favored regions, such as some of the islands in the South Seas, the economic environment of mankind has always been one of insufficiency or poverty. While man has dreamed of eternal plenty, he has never before been able to raise himself out of the poverty into which he was born. Beginning with the steam engine, power derived from coal, petroleum, and the conversion of the energy of falling water into electricity has progressively displaced that derived from human and animal sources until today human energy provides an exceedingly small part of the power used in agriculture and industry. About the time of the outbreak of the war, thanks to the ever-increasing amount of power at our disposal, we in America were beginning to pass from the immemorial poverty over into actual or potential plenty. The close of the war found us with an agricultural and industrial plant expanded to the point where we were well into an economy of abundance without our realizing it. With the "return to normalcy" our troubles began.

Capitalism may be interpreted as the normal and inevitable human reaction to an economic environment of insufficiency or poverty, because the essence of capitalism has been the effort arising out of the instinct or law of self-preservation to store up against the uncertain future the means of existence. While differing somewhat in minor details from time to time and nation to nation, this has been accomplished by the taking of profit on present production, together with the taking of interest and ground rent. Gold, by reason of its relative scarcity, small bulk, and resistance to corrosion or oxidation, served in the three-fold capacity as a means of saving, a medium of exchange, and a measure of value.

Today, the human reaction to abundance must be as different from the reaction to poverty as abundance differs from poverty. The age-old economic mechanism of poverty, capitalism, will not work in an economy of abundance. Until there is an about-face and until a new economic order suitable to abundance comes into being, our present discomfort will continue. To the extent that the measures instituted by government and business constitute an adjustment to the newly achieved plenty we may properly speak of a "New Deal," but to that extent only.

We in America must either adjust ourselves to the new economic environment by the development of a suitable economic technique, or rapidly sink into a condition paralleling that existing in China today, with a relatively small class of extremely wealthy individuals or families, and a coolie existence for the rest of the population. It remains to be seen whether a democracy, particularly ours, will accept this latter course.

Assuming that the first course will be taken and that a new economic technique is to be developed which will translate our potential abundance into an actual abundance for all of us, two questions arise: the first, "What shall be the basic idea or principle underlying the new order?"; the second, "What is the means or instrumentality by which the change and the new order itself will be engineered?"

The answer to the first question is to be found in the Declaration of Independence which states that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. As a philosophic proposition we have deduced that in spite of the inevitable differences between individual men, they are equal in the Universe by virtue of the necessity of their existence and in human society by the needs of their existence. Men to live together in a social order of harmony rather than conflict must guarantee and enforce certain political rights to each individual. We have affirmed this in a national political document. Men

to live together in an economic order of harmony rather than conflict must guarantee and enforce the rights and privileges of economic life, liberty, and pursuits of business happiness. We can apply the same reasoning to our economic order that we have applied to our political order. A great variety of economic functions and abilities is necessary if we are to enjoy a wide variety of goods and services. Since all kinds of vocations and abilities are necessary for the production of the wide range of things we desire and need, the equality of these vocations cannot be denied. Further, with reasonable diligence and competence on the part of those pursuing these vocations and professions, economic equality among them is logical. We have no more right to assume that one vocation is worth more to society than another, than we have to assume that certain individuals have a special quality of blood in their veins to be honored by special privileges of rank and title.

We have no standard to measure the economic worth of any occupation or profession in a modern social order. Standards of measurement of any sort are entirely artificial and on closer examination are found to be fictions. Not only is economic equality logically and philosophically sound, it is also sound economics. Mass production is impossible without mass use. Economic rights derive of the people, just as do political rights. They result from mass use, and this mass use can be enjoyed to the fullest degree only by economic equality. Thus, in order that our American civilization may be preserved and continued, the pronouncement of the Declaration of Independence for equality must become an economic, as well as a political, fact.

In seeking an answer to the second question, we are fortunate in having at hand in the form of our present Constitution the instrumentality through which the change can be effected, and on which the new order can be based. The Constitution can and must be made to serve without change, for it may be doubted whether the march of events can be held up or delayed to wait for any fundamental alterations in that document.

The purpose of business is to enable individual men and women to secure maintenance for the present and provide security against the time when they shall be incapacitated for work by old age or some other disability. Until the individual has behind him the protection of his entire occupational or professional group, or of the entire nation through the government, the capitalistic methods of individual protection, attained through the taking of profits, interest, or ground rent, cannot be abandoned. If the individual is to be prevented from exploiting his fellows as well as our national natural resources in order to make himself secure, he must be given in exchange a protection upon which he can rely; this can come only through a group sufficiently large to afford that protection, that is, the entire nation. In reshaping our economic machine, this protection of the individual will necessarily be an extremely important feature.

Feudalism has always been an essentially predatory institution, whether chiefly agrarian as in the Middle Ages, or chiefly industrial as we know it today. It results logically from an economic environment of poverty or insufficiency and is the underlying cause of the civil and international wars, of the revolts and overthrow of governments by peasants and workers, of misery for the weak and luxury for the powerful. There can be no necessity for activities of a predatory nature in an economy of plenty, and with the disappearance of the cause which brought it into existence our modern industrial feudalism is doomed. Our new economic mechanism, which is now being born, will be the embodiment of the antithesis of feudalism, namely, representative democracy. Our century and a half of training in democracy makes America the nation best fitted to apply democratic principles in business. A century and a half ago, through a revolution, the American people made an effort to control the sources of political abuse. Through a new revolution we are making an effort to control the sources of economic abuse. Our history and fortunate

geographic position indicate that it is America's mission to lead the way and once again hold aloft the torch of liberty to shed its light upon a suffering world.

Government has been defined as that agency which has been set up to carry on those affairs which are common to all of us. At the time our Government was founded its functions included national defense, police protection, public health and sanitation, postal service, the fixing of weights and measures, the coining of money and regulating its value, the issuing of currency, and the regulation of commerce between the states. Since that time other affairs which are common to all of us have come into existence. Transportation, communication other than by mail, the production and distribution of goods and food, and the production and distribution of power are matters which vitally touch the welfare of everyone. In other words, what we call "business" is government.

History indicates, I believe, that democracy is not a permanent way of community life in an economic setting of insufficiency or poverty. Our business and social life have, in the past, been anything but democratic, and our vaunted democracy has been an unattained ideal rather than an actual fact. Genuine democracy is possible only in an economy of plenty, and it is the only form of social organization which will work in plenty. Our problem, then, is to establish economic equality and provide that protection for the individual which he has had to secure for himself, through the introduction of representative democracy into our economic system.

Under our Constitution in its present state and as it has been interpreted to us, there would seem to be two ways by which representative rights of economic security can be enforced. The first would be for the Government to provide work for those now unable to find employment at whatever occupation or profession they are skilled on a non-profit basis, with added provision for protection against old age and disability. Once the present partial inflation result-

ing from the Government's borrowing and spending to provide means of support for those unable to find work is stopped, the capitalistic processes which stripped those now on relief will again begin to push ever-increasing numbers over the line into the relief group. In other words, the economic suicide of the profit system will proceed without hindrance. New units of vocational employment government sponsored for support rather than for profit would appear. When a majority of our population is forced over into the new economy, the new order will have been born. The capitalistic minority would have no choice other than to join up with the majority. This would, in effect, constitute an abandonment of the old order.

A second solution to our problem would lie in the levying of an individual income tax so drastic that the Government would take everything above an amount required for the liberal maintenance of a family of average size. In view of the fact that the salaries of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court cannot be diminished during the tenure of office of those now on the bench, an amount equal to their present salaries, \$20,000 per year, would probably be the limit allowed any individual head of a family. Naturally the present exemptions to the income tax provisions would have to be abandoned.

Such an action on the part of Congress would have two results. In the first place, it would bring an immediate diffusion of income and purchasing power, and thereby start business back toward maximum production with absorption of the unemployed. In the second place, it would enable the Government to cease its efforts at correcting the abuses in business. The root of these evils lies in the necessity and desire to take profits and once the tap root is cut through limitation of income, the evils will disappear.

Regardless of which of these two courses of development is taken, individuals engaged in the various basic industries will naturally gravitate into groups and form organizations. Industries, crafts, professions, arts, are

organized today to protect investments or to protect labor. With the predatory exploitation of human beings and natural resources no longer necessary or *possible*, the purpose of these business organizations must become that of doing economic equity between the different individuals composing them. Representative democracy, as exemplified in our republican form of government, is the normal form of organization among Americans; this will naturally be the form in which the various basic industries and services will organize. They may well be considered *industrial states* whose jurisdiction and authority will extend wherever their particular economic function is performed. Their boundaries and limitations will be functional instead of geographic; they will govern functions and not individuals. They will extend to the economic function of the individual, his job in other words, the same protections which are now guaranteed him for his person and property. And, most important perhaps of all, these industrial states will provide every protection for their citizens against old age or other infirmity.

Originally our present Constitution established a means by which the nations composing the Union could maintain peace in their relations with each other instead of the perpetual warfare which seems to be regarded by some as the normal relationship between nations. While perpetual hostility and war may be the normal condition of affairs between political states, the exact opposite, co-operation, is the normal for business or industrial states. Our various basic industries are interdependent to the greatest degree and the prosperity of one affects that of all the rest. As a means for facilitating co-operation, rather than maintaining a perpetual truce, our Constitution will serve without amendment or alteration. Applied to the business functions of the individuals, the provisions of the Constitution offer a just and equitable solution for all the personnel problems of business.

The American philosophy here, very briefly and sketchily outlined, involves no bureaucratic regimentation of

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human beings. It not only does not necessitate depriving any of us of any of the liberties we now enjoy, but actually proposes to broaden our freedom to the fullest extent. This philosophy is based on the truth of the Declaration of Independence and its expression through our American Constitution. The American solution to the American phase of the world revolution now in progress lies in extending the essence of Americanism into the economic field thus rounding out and fulfilling the structure begun a century and a half ago with the founding of this nation.

Sudden Fall

By ETHEL B. CHEYNEY

I saw a fallen yellow leaf today,
And in that moment thought was all confused;
For autumn, it had seemed, was far away,
And there were many summer days I had not used.

But with the small leaf lying mutely there
On sunshined grass, with flowers all around;
I felt the chill of winter in the air,
And icy blasts, though there was not a sound.

Loneliness

By JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

Loneliness comes bitterly to me
When last stars slowly dim and fall
Before the keen up-curving blade of sun
And angled shadows lift and crawl
Across the narrow ledge of grass.
The hurried feet that echo up and pass
Have in the thin autumnal air
The narrow sound of moving leaves
At season's end. There is no sound
So lonely as this one at dawn
Of hurried helpless city feet
Moving down a city street.

Two Old Men Die

By BASFORD VAN DOKEN

OLD MEN—today, even as when Aristotle wrote the ancient syllogism about Socrates—always die. Young men sometimes die, but normally, at least, they first become old men. That is, death for the old is always a more-or-less imminent event, and they themselves conceive it so. This does not mean that they regard it lightly or with lively anticipation. My observation is that thought of it often fills them with profound sadness, but having faced the inevitable throughout the latter part of a lifetime, they come to its acceptance in the spirit of its inevitableness. Perhaps naturally then, unless bound to them by close ties, we pay slight heed to their slipping away from mortality.

Yet when I went to the funerals of two old men within recent months I was distressed by that scant notice which their passing received. These men had given themselves to their publics. One was a preacher, the other, a teacher; neither had acquired fame, yet one had been well known throughout the state during a period of nearly forty years. They were not my close friends; our acquaintance hardly exceeded a brief five years. But in this period my respect for that inner essence of them which we call spirit had grown deep; I had found there fineness, dignity, courage, and a wonderful kindness. And this discovery had sought expression, almost involuntarily it had seemed, in attendance at the last rites to be paid them. What struck me was that so few cared to pay this mark of respect. In the one case there were chairs set for perhaps a hundred people; in the other, for two hundred. In both instances more than half the chairs were vacant.

Now I am aware of a change in funeral customs. Attendance induced by morbidity is, happily, discouraged in many ways; only those who really care are supposed to witness the ceremony attending the final disposal of the mortal frame. Entering into this change are both an

improvement in taste and a decline of at least a certain type of religious conscientiousness. The Judge Sewalls of today do not keep pious—albeit thrifty—records of gloves and rings that once were the perquisites of pallbearers. Moreover, it is obvious that in the city of more than twenty-five thousand people it is a rare funeral that can evoke community-wide response. The larger the center of population the greater are one's chances for obscurity, and, by and large, city funerals are unimportant affairs.

In marked contrast to this is the mood of the village or small town. There are millions of men, particularly middle-aged and old men, in large places who would live and die much more happily in small ones, if the item of economic support could be disposed of. One of the virtues of the village is its inclusion of every soul within its borders as part of its social corporateness. Individuality grows by the sense of such inclusion, is crushed by its lack. The given individual of certain limitations, let us say, may not move actively even in the small group, but the mere fact of his presence over a period of years is well nigh inescapable. In such a place, as in the family, his going will leave a certain niche vacant, and his neighbors will gather at his bier to mourn. This point was interestingly confirmed in the case of one of my two old friends. A few years preceding his death he moved from our larger city to a small town where he served his people through the medium of a so-called "community church." To his funeral in this little chapel people flocked from far and near; large numbers were forced to wait outside the building during the service, and the business of the town temporarily stood still. Next day in his previous, and larger, home-town the service prompted the attendance of barely fifty of us.

On the other hand, it must be pointed out that it is in the large city where the most impressive obsequies occur, as in those responses of magnitude which often follow the ending of a "public" career. The public man is a topic of conversation in all homes, whether personally known or not.

His undertakings, his contests, his daily routine, his interests and his sins, petty or great, bandied about from tongue to tongue and blazoned upon the front pages of newspapers, make him, vicariously, the possession of every humble citizen. He is like the character of the popular novel, in whose exploits one may share and in whose passing from the stage one feels a personal loss, although one's attention to his career may not have been accompanied by admiration. And this sense of loss, this interest in the passing of the public man, is greatly augmented when the hand of death smites him in the midst of his activities. The death, even, of an old man still pursuing his career creates more stir than that of one who has, either willingly or unwillingly, relinquished his hold upon it; while the young man, suddenly cut off, becomes a figure of tragedy.

In my section of the world two other persons—eminent people, and, hence, not in the category of my humble friends—recently died within a rather short period. One was a governmental officer of high rank, the other a woman writer of international fame. The former possessed in his office a hard-driving political power that menaced throughout his state some of its finest cultural interests. Among large groups his sudden demise provoked little genuine sorrow. But his funeral was a state occasion; on that day the capital streets were crowded; bands played slow dirges; eulogies were spoken; flags fluttered at half-staff; and the attention of people through a whole region was fixed upon the ceremony.

Now, on the other hand, although I shall have to admit my surprise and satisfaction at the amount of comment elicited by the taking-off of our famous writer (there were even page-wide headlines in two or three of the newspapers, and I have no doubt that the news of her death carried to far more distant parts of the earth than did that of the functionary of government), yet, obviously, the response was a different one—that of a select group of people. The general populace was not affected; many had never heard of

her, and to large numbers who had seen her name, her work was a quantity wholly unknown or unintelligible. Five hundred years hence that work and that name will still be known, that of the politician buried deep in oblivion. Ideas and accomplishment contributory to human living have a way of gathering force as they roll down the avenues of time, and legends about the personalities behind them grow apace, while the temporary and the local, no matter how passingly important, steadily decline.

One's mind inevitably reverts to two deaths near the beginning of the Christian era. Octavius, grandnephew of the great Julius, had led Rome definitely into the path of empire. From beginnings clouded by intrigue and political scandal he had gone on not only to absolute control, but to many constructive achievements worthy of his title, Augustus. His death brought repercussions throughout the civilized world, and his funeral was a world-event. Suetonius tells us that his body was carried by the senators of the municipalities and the colonies through several nights all the way from Nola, where he died, to Bovillae, where it was met by members of the equestrian order and borne to the city. "In their desire to give him a splendid funeral and honour his memory the senators so vied with one another that among many other suggestions some proposed that his cortège pass through the triumphal gate, preceded by the statue of Victory which stands in the House, while a dirge was sung by children of both sexes belonging to the leading families; others, that on the day of the obsequies golden rings be laid aside and iron ones worn; and some, that his ashes be collected by the priests of the highest colleges." But though a limit had to be set upon the acceptance of the multiplicity of suggestions made, he was, nevertheless, given the unusual honor of two eulogies, one delivered by Tiberius before the temple of the deified Julius and one by Drusus from the rostra. His body was then carried, again upon the shoulders of senators, to the Campus Martius, and there burned. Later his ashes were gathered up by the

leading men of the equestrian order, "bare-footed and in ungirt tunics," and placed in the mausoleum he had built between the Via Flaminia and the bank of the Tiber. One can readily envisage those long lines awaiting through the night the approach of flaring torches that lighted the slow steps of the bearers, throngs standing silent and respectful as the solemn cortège moved through the city streets, and a multitude rapt before the spectacle of an imperial pyre swallowed up in flame. One ex-praetor even took oath he had seen the form of the Emperor on its way to heaven. It was a time when, in an atmosphere charged with emotion, all men paused to take account of the passing of this great figure, and the more seriously since it signalized the opening of a new and uncertain era.

A few years later a humble Jew was executed over on the east coast of the Mediterranean. Only close relatives and friends and a small guard of soldiers were present, and a very small band of faithful ones put his body inconspicuously away. No one at the court of Caesar heard of his death, and no one at that court knew of him until a good many years afterward. Yet there were elements in his thinking which seized so increasingly upon human imagination and aspiration that later an Emperor was constrained to espouse the institution in which this thinking had become incorporated, and a civilization enduring two thousand years embraced that institution. Today all know one name; few know the other. Institutionalized ideas can grow into forms vastly different from their origins, yet revolutionary ideas do not become institutionalized unless they have power to move great numbers. An aged institution, it is true, that continues to affect the masses harks back to a "Founder," a personality. This is particularly evident in our oldest institutions, the world religions, and it tends to be true in governments. Most people do their thinking in terms of people and things, but no personality can project itself down through time without the momentum of ideas, for, after all, ideas must remain in this kind of a world, the only

finally permanent bequest. The lives and deaths of our two old men are bound up with such a theme; fulfillment in life and the value of ideas were, for them, never very far apart.

Fulfillment and frustration are potent words. All life at the level of consciousness is subject to the pangs of frustration, and the greater the power denied expression the keener this feeling, though a given individual may fail to define it. Some men, to be sure, seem to sink below even a consciousness of failure, but possess them with either a real or an imagined gift or ambition, and sensitiveness immediately becomes intensified. Death and all manner of other disgrace may pale before the agony of a word that pronounces the adverse judgment of contemporaries upon one's life ambition. Fulfillment, therefore, is at the opposite pole, and though attained probably more often than we care to admit by way of reaction against the pain of frustration, is linked up both with freedom of expression and with the acknowledgment of power. That is, men who seek influence, either legitimately or otherwise, seek confirmation of their possession of it. The child loves to perform and to repeat the act which his comrades acknowledge superior; so does the man, for acknowledged superiority begets influence, and influence is the subtlest sweet the gods have ever left within the reach of man.

But not all men respond to the call of the same sort of power. Influence may be said to fall into two great classes, or types—the one, latitudinal; the other, longitudinal. By the former is meant that which palpably affects the current world of men. A Caesar's empire applauds him living and bows before him dead; its returns are immediate and tangible; prestige and adulation may be sensed and enjoyed. Here, of course, lie most men's interests, and their judgments are cast in terms of contemporary standards. So completely a matter of second nature has this type of reaction become with these men that it is doubtful if the dilemma of choice even presents itself. Their perplexity is genuine when they ask why you propose the countering of

public opinion. Assuredly it is hard to conceive a way to power through unpopularity. Give the talented politician the opportunity to spend a life-time in retired concentration upon the solution of an idea certain to benefit mankind, and he dubs you a crack-pot. Ideas are fanciful, poetic stuffs; he prefers to deal with "substantial" things.

Now longitudinal influence is not immediate; it sets out weakly like a rivulet down a hillside; but if it has greatness, it is evolutionary, and its source then becomes important after it has travelled long enough and far enough to prove its power upon succeeding generations of men. Obviously to this type of influence there is attached only a small group with a single-minded loyalty to the world of ideas and values, and even these are not alike in their attitudes toward contemporaries. One thinks of the differences between a Luther and a Spinoza. There are those advocates and zealots who can be happy only in the clash of opinion, in the winning of converts, in the manifest augmentation of numbers of disciples, although denied all these, like Bruno, the heretic, they go to martyrdom, if necessary, without surrender. Then there are those quiet thinkers who are willing to forge their instruments of truth very quietly and very slowly, and to set them on their way in the world without ado. Every man, including these, seeks confirmation of his worth; he craves the response of his fellows; but great men of this quiet and retiring kind are willing to let future generations pronounce the final judgment. A Spinoza knew the respect of many eminent contemporaries, but he knew nothing of his name's later prestige.

The kind of attachment of which we have been talking is based, I believe, upon one of two basic characteristics—creativeness or mysticism—or perhaps upon both. These two elusive qualities make for individualism and for self-reliance. Creativeness can assert itself, of course, in countless ways—in business, in the profession, in mechanics, in any sort of planning, as well as in poetry and painting. But if genuine, it contains within itself a satisfaction which

other honors cannot approach. (One is reminded of the epitaph of Thomas Jefferson.) And the creator, driven by that inner fire, at once a thirst and a quaffing of the spirit, finds his way by doing what other men do *not do*; he looks upon their world, but he does not accept their version of it. His way, as he walks it, is his own.

Now one approaches the second of these two characteristics, mysticism, much less freely. It has been so completely linked up with an attitude prevalent before and opposed to our modern so-called scientific approach to the universe that its mention may beget both scorn and impatience. But there is a sense in which mysticism involves a large number of science-conscious moderns. There must first be ruled out a group of the naturalistically-minded who insist that all human problems fall within a measurable limit—to be completely explored in the course of time with the instruments of science. To these either speculation or systems of thought not proven by facts are dangerous. But those remaining tend to acknowledge, with greater or less sensitiveness, an Inexplicable. Some of these lives are affected by such an acknowledgment; some are not. That is, certain men are too dull, too unimaginative, or too prone to compartmentalize their thinking to live other than a sense-dominated life. Many men's lives, however, are in some measure changed by such a conception, for they find within themselves certain emotional responses to it that alter outlooks; and these men we choose to call, broadly, mystics. Such persons are apt to place the Real in the background of the universe, and not on its surface. They may denominate it Apeiron, or Logos, or Idea, or Absolute, or they may leave it nameless; nevertheless, its influence remains so potent that the perspective of life is inevitably affected. It lends a kind of permanence supplementary to the flux of events and generations of man, like the depth of space and its constant suns in the life of an astronomer; to the man who knows the heavens, they would say, life simply cannot be interpreted in terms of mere planetary circumstance.

My two old friends were creative, though in a minor key—for no man can write either sermons or class-lectures for years on end without finding a creative compensation of a sort—and both were mystics, and in no narrow sense; though devout, both were pretty good Platonists. Upon second thought I am not so deeply concerned about the close of their lives. They were not what the world calls great, and the world let them pass unobserved into the shadows. But I am sure they would not have been disturbed, had they known. They had attained some of that security which comes of long contemplation of life; they had found abiding satisfaction in the pursuit of something they might have called Real Worth; they had given it of their best, and they would have smiled depreciatingly at suggestion of a due of greater appreciation.

I think I can see now that the esteem they really craved would come from a discriminating group, those who would see in their lives an effort toward the perpetuation of excellence. They reached out constantly toward finer formulations, and life became thus a continuous creative effort, but effort always sustained by the conviction that life held truth in its depths. They were real "seekers." Preachers and teachers are fearfully prone to sink into a clutching mental routine that banishes all adventure; but these old men knew the thrill of mental and spiritual adventure almost to the day of their death—perhaps on that very day. I have been told that consciousness went with one of them to the end. He was fully aware of the situation, he called his wife to him, bade her a tender farewell—and waited. In those waiting moments I can imagine the presence of no misgiving; but I can almost see in the fading light of those eyes a gleam of eagerness!

Rare souls! There are some of us who will always feel a glow about the heart at thought of them. And so, whether there be principles of right and truth and beauty established at the core of the universe, or whether right and truth and beauty center in that scarcely less tangible "mind of man-

kind," their lives have struck a chord that goes singing on through time—perhaps eternity. We breathe for them a tender *Requiescat*. They have known more of the meaning of death than all of us, and more than most of us of the meaning of life.

Ride Through the Jemez Mountains

By JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL

Not for the jagged rocks, nor the smell of cedar,
Or the wide sweep of plain,
Shall I remember through long years
That friendly ride;
Nor for the wild aster and red rain
Falling like repentant tears
From a heart's pain—
But for two white goats between earth and heaven,
Clinging unafraid to the mountain side.

Peña Blanca

By JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL

I pass you by, Peña Blanca,
Your smiling walls in sunlight
Behind the Tamarisk tree;
But the white sorrow that you hide, Peña Blanca,
I may not see.
I have a sorrow, too, Peña Blanca,
But whether it is white or black, I do not know—
It may be as black as the night it comes from,
Or white as tomorrow's snow.

Vignettes of a Strange October

By HORACE GARDNER

Now in this warm October, black, sweet grapes
Hang heavily in the sun and all the land
Lies hushed. The Rio Grande curves through
The yielding earth, still warm and brown as flesh
Feeding the harshness of the desert, starved
Within itself by sand, and dry, dry wind
Painting it with cottonwood and grass
And singing softly through the timeless days
To the old men sleeping in the sun, who dream
Of long dead things, mumbling with their loosened mouths
And feeling the thrust of earth into their bones;
Singing to the brown skinned boys who feel
The sting of fire run over them—Prelude
To summer of the flesh—feeling the world
Awakening in this last outburst of sun
And splashing in the warm brown flow
Of water round their bodies, feeling strange, sweet
Resurgent voices in their blood.

Intense

In their upbeat of blue the mountains watch
This strange long summer on the land below
Wrapped in their haze, imperiously proud
A symphony of frozen notes, stretched out
Upon the cadence of the clearer sky.
This world is old, and voices whisper here
Alive and clear in this October's air.
What matter now the other days, the years
That ride the dust, when all that is, is here
And will be here again? The mountains stand
Aloof, knowing their days are short and pass
As swiftly as does the wind. They are content.

* * * * *

Old Angelina Maria Ortiz

Looks out her window at the road, looks long

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At white dust stirring, moving in the sun,
Sees the haze move slowly, undulating
In the heat.

Here she has been for thirty years
Here at her window, marking the days
Pass in procession toward the dark, the end
Of all her days.

* * * * *

At San Felipe, Josephine Jiron
Slants her basket off her head, the chaff
Flies off into the wind, the yellow grain
Falls to her blanket spread upon the earth.
How long ago at Pu-ye women stood
And winnowed, with their baskets slanting down
Their long black hair!

Josephine Jiron
Lets fall the yellow grain and sings
Softly, in her breath, the winnowing song.

* * * * *

At Bernalillo, Brother Charles picks grapes
Sweats in the sun, and thinks of Languedoc

* * * * *

Hilda Wilson, Kansas born, is tired
Of mending overalls. She cannot sit
And smoke the afternoon away, or watch
The afternoon pass slowly down the road.
Too much of Kansas pushes her to work.
Her stifled brain, if asked, would push out this
"These lazy natives never do a thing!"
And they, good souls, would slyly laugh at her
And know her crudeness not her fault. They know
Their own inborn gentility, and smile.

* * * * *

This all will pass. Another thousand years
The mountains will look down again
At warm October's passing, mark it strange
And smile and be content that they endure.

Christmas Money

By GEORGIA KNOTTS

MR. RHODES sat in his stuffy little office, wishing very much that there were no such thing as Christmas. He sat on his high stool by the desk, pencil in hand, absently making circles fit in squares and playing games of tatu with an imaginary partner.

Christmas, he reflected, is the one season of the year when men are supposed to lay aside daily cares—join in the spirit of good will toward men—be grateful for health and happiness, and wish friend and foe alike a “Prosperous New Year.”

Yet, Christmas this year was short of a nightmare. Prior to the year 1931, it was customary for the large plantation owners to furnish their tenants with Christmas money, which might be gotten back, but which more than likely would not be gotten back.

So many things could happen. It might be too dry, and the crop would burn up. It might be too wet and the grass would get it, then the boll-weevil had a habit of making a visit at inopportune times.

These negative elements bothered the negroes little, if at all. They wanted their Christmas money, and if “Ol’ Boss” would not let them have it, Colonel Stewart would. He had a fine place, too, ready for most any good negro that wanted to come over . . .

There was a respectful knock on the white-washed door of the office, and a black husky youth of about twenty came in.

“E’nen, Boss.”

“Evening, Peter.” Mr. Rhodes reached out and took a note from Peter’s huge black hand.

“All right, Peter, tell yo’ pappy he can have his Christmas money cause I can depend on him to pay out. But I’m not—” he reached in a cigar box and began counting out some bills—“But I’m not going to make this loan to every-

body. Times too hard, and we have to learn how to do without."

"Yas suh, sho' is fer a fack."

"Give this to yo' pappy and wish him a fine Christmas for me."

Mr. Rhodes stepped to the window and saw the boy lumbering slowly away. A good negro, he thought. Someday, not far away, he would take his daddy's place on the plantation. He was an honest, good boy. He'd never been into any trouble that amounted to anything. He was already one of the deacons in the church, which position was undoubtedly due to a loud voice and an unlimited amount of wind. No, he had not made a mistake there. After all, \$50.00 was not too much to loan to a negro like Uncle Alf. He had four fine sons, Peter, Paul, Andrew, and John, all good workers.

Mr. Rhodes paid out some other smaller sums during the afternoon to different darkies, locked his rusty safe, slammed the office door and went home feeling quite at peace with the world, and his negroes. He felt sure that he was being as generous as any neighboring planter and that he would begin the New Year with the same hands that he had now. That was always a sign of a good year ahead.

After breakfast next morning, Mr. Rhodes walked to his office, enjoying the cool, quiet morning, and the drizzle that was just beginning. He shut the door behind him and pulled his chair up before the little stove. There were some letters he had to get off—and a little figuring for his family's Christmas.

He was in the midst of writing a letter on his trusty 1920 model Royal, when he saw Uncle Alf shuffling up to the door.

"Come on in Alf. What's your trouble?"

"Boss, I lowed as how I'se gwine need de res' of mah Christmas money. I thought fer a while I wuzn't gonna need it, but I has to pay de doctor fer getting my little gal well."

CHRISTMAS MONEY

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"The rest of your money! What are you talking about? I gave you \$50.00 yesterday. What else do you want in these times?"

It was Alf's time to be surprised. He straightened up, and a certain amount of fire came into his eyes.

"Me? You don't give me \$50.00 this year boss? Naw suh, you ain't, Mr. Rhodes. Naw suh."

They stood silent for a minute. "Alf, you or me's crazy. I'll look anyhow."

The file was opened, and Alf's note removed. Mr. Rhodes read aloud, "Please give me \$5.00 for Christmas, please Mr. Rhodes." It was signed Alf Hunter.

"Well I'll be." These three words conveyed the bleakest despair imaginable. For one who had never seen a plantation negro's hand writing to make such a mistake, there might have been some excuse, but for Mr. Rhodes, after twenty years experience to do such a thing, it was unpardonable.

Of course the boy had known that his pappy asked for only \$5.00. Yet he had said nothing when he was given \$50.00. Mr. Rhodes recalled that he had not seen Peter in the store lately. Could it be that he had taken the money in his pocket, got his ginger-colored flapper, and departed?

"How much money did Peter give you?"

"Five dollars, boss."

"Peter at home?"

"Naw suh—he's over at Mis' Victoria Saulsberry. Dey is to be married soon dey orders fer de license."

"Well, you come with me. I'll tell you why when we get started."

They hurried to the old Model T at the back of the office. Uncle Alf had considerable difficulty in getting the door open, but once in he sat very straight, and smiled condescendingly at the one or two negroes who stood around the store.

They stopped at Victoria's house. Alf was not smiling now. He acted much as any white father would on hearing of his son's alleged dishonesty.

"Oh Pete."

Peter did not answer, but the laughter that they had heard when they first stopped had ceased, and there was a scared silence inside.

"Peter," called Mr. Rhodes.

A very nice looking brown girl came to the door.

"How you do, Mr. Rhodes. Hi, Mr. Alf."

"Victoria, is Peter in there," Mr. Rhodes was calm.

"Yas suh. Pete he here." She turned to the door and called to Peter. "Pete, yo' pappy want you."

Pete came slowly out.

"Get in the car, Peter. Got a little business to talk over."

Peter walked as slowly to the car as he could, and stubbornly refused to open the door. Mr. Rhodes opened it, and shoved him in.

They drove to the office in silence. Once inside, Peter took on an offensive air. He threw back his shoulders, put his hands in his pockets, and studied the ceiling just as he might do at a family gathering if he became a bit bored.

"Peter, what did you do with that \$45.00?"

"I ain't had no \$45.00, Boss."

"Look here, didn't I give you \$50.00 to take to yo' pappy?"

"Don' know if you did or if you didn't, Boss."

"Well, you better know by the time we get to the Squire's place. You'll know all about it by then. Come on Alf. Come on Pete."

Alf was more anxious to keep up the good name of the family than to defend his son's honor, so he grabbed Pete by the arm, and led him to the car, muttering all the time, "You ole' bad boy you. I don' know whar you gits yo' badness no how. Taint fum me."

Mr. Rhodes climbed in the front seat. "All right, Peter. One more chance before the Squire gets you. Know where that money is?" Pete carelessly lifted his right hand to scratch his head.

"Mah Gawd, boss, yas suh, I certainly does know whar it's at, boss. Please suh, boss, I does' suh. You jes' go up to mah house, an' I'll git it fer you in one minute."

His pappy, who had been looking dejectedly at the floor, quickly raised his head at his son's unexpected confession. There sat Mr. Rhodes scratching his head with a hand that held a neat pearl-handled pistol. "Please suh, Mr. Rhodes, don' do nuthing to mah boy, he's gwine tell, ain't you, son?"

Peter burst wildly into a confession, pleading between sobs for Mr. Rhodes to hurry to the house. He did not wait for the car to stop, but jumped out and ran to the stump of an old tree, and began feeling around inside the stump. Finally he pulled out a paper sack, which he handed to Mr. Rhodes. "Here tis', boss. I tuk it suh. I knowed pappy asked fuh five dollars, but when you giv' me fifty, I figured dat maybe pappy wouldn't want no mo' and dat he wouldn't fin' out 'til settlin' up time. By den, me and Vic would done been married and I would don' paid pappy back. Sho' nuf, Boss, I didn't mean no wrong. I wuz jes' tempted, dat's all."

"All right, Peter. Stop crying. I'm ashamed of you. A good boy that yo' pappy was so proud of, stealing from him. Aren't you ashamed?"

Mr. Rhodes put the pistol back in his pocket, and fingered the sack thoughtfully for a minute. He must punish the boy. But how? The days of beating negroes had long passed, and Mr. Rhodes was not sorry. He could never visualize himself as a Simon Legree. He wouldn't send Peter to jail, both for sentimental reasons, and because in doing so, he would lose an excellent negro. Uncle Alf broke in on his thoughts.

"I knows what you is thinking, boss. Youse wondrin' if to giv' dat boy a lickin' or sending him to de jail-house. Boss, fuh mah sake, don' do neither. I'se been here a long

time, boss, an dis is de first time dat any wrongdoing is happened in mah family. Ain' dat de truf', boss?"

"Yes, that's the truth, Alf."

"Dat boy, he ain't naccherly bad, he jes' tempted. Now me, here, I'se too old an' bent fuh to beat him mahself." He looked at his brawny son. "But I'll tell you what, boss. His mammy sho' can hit hard."

Mr. Rhodes thought this over for a minute. After all, this would be the easiest way out for everybody. The three of them started walking to the cabin with Peter in the middle. He looked about him as only a scared darkie can look. If he had any hopes of running away, they were broken the minute his pappy yelled in as loud a voice as his seventy-odd years would permit, "Ohhh Becky."

The cabin door bounded open an Becky loomed out. Mr. Rhodes hadn't remembered that Becky had been this large. She was enough to inspire fear in anyone, and to her son, who couldn't fight back, she must have been appalling.

She grinned pleasantly at Mr. Rhodes. "Enen, Mr. Rhodes. How you is today?"

"I'm fine, Aunt Becky."

"Sho' is cool today, ain't it?"

"We got a job for you, Aunt Becky."

The details were given. Becky's face grew tenser at every word. After the recitation, Becky reached out, grabbed Peter by the collar, and dragged him into the house.

"You young Affican, you. All yo' life I'se tried to raise you to be a man like yo' pa, and den you go and steals all his money."

Peter made one last effort to get away, but Becky's clutch was iron, and he followed her into the house, whimpering along the way, "Oh please, Mammy, fo' Gawd's sake, please mam don' whip me. I is never gon' to do nothin' like this agin."

The door closed behind them, and while Mr. Rhodes could not see them he knew well enough what went on. He knew that Peter was stripped, and was lying on the bare

floor on his stomach, with a chair over his head, both to insure his staying there, and to give Becky somewhere to rest her bulk while she administered the blows. He knew that Becky had gotten the old plow line off the back porch to use as a whip.

Ten minutes later, after all the war-like sounds had ceased, Becky walked out.

"Ah think ah don' fix him to whar he cain't steal no mo.' Us sho' is proud dat you don' caught dat trifling boy. He sho' is bothersome, stealin' his pappy's and mammy's Christmas money."

"Aw, Becky, dat boy ain't bad. He jes' wuz tempted by de debil."

"Now listen here, I says de boy is bad, an' he is."

Alf evidently thought so too, for he had found it wise to agree with Becky.

* * * * *

Mr. Rhodes went home, tired after the day's excitement. He was satisfied with the boy's punishment. It would be a lesson to him, and to the other boys, on the place. But Mr. Rhodes was worried about Peter. There was no doubt but that he would leave. It was not just getting caught for stealing that he would mind. It was that Victoria would hear about the beating, and probably would not marry him.

Mr. Rhodes spent a miserable night. He was awakened now and then by a voice, "Peter is going to leave. Peter is going to leave."

He arose earlier than usual next morning. He felt listless and tired. After a cup of coffee, he walked to his office and sat down to try to decide some way out. He could not lose Peter. He had counted on him for so long to carry on in his daddy's place when he died. Who would be hostler? Who would keep the garden?

Suddenly he jumped up, grabbed his hat, and started for the door. He would go and ask Peter to stay. It would be better to give in once than to regret it long after. He

opened the door and bounded out. As he rounded the corner of the store, he saw a familiar figure walking up the lane. As it came closer, he saw that it was Peter.

He did not know what Peter wanted, but he decided to wait and see. He closed the door behind him, took out a ledger, and began figuring just as though he had been there all morning. There was a knock on the door. It opened slowly, and there stood Peter, grinning sheepishly.

He looked first at the floor and then at Mr. Rhodes. He shifted uneasily from foot to foot.

"Well, Peter, what do you want?"

"Boss, I wants you to order off after me a pair of license. Me and Victoria is going to git married on Christmas day."

"Well, good for you, Peter. I sure will get you the license."

"An' Boss, us will need some furniture, too."

"Where are you going to live."

"Us got the house back of pa."

"All right. Take this note to Mr. Lewis there in the store, and he will give you the furniture you need, or at least, what we can spare."

Peter thanked him and walked to the door. "Oh, and Peter, I forgot something." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a five dollar bill. "Better take this along for luck."

Martha and Mary

By KATHERINE POWERS GALLEGOS

Mary's hands were beautiful,
Tapering rose and white.
They might paint a martyred saint,
Keep bright flames alight,—

They might finger holy beads,
Dress an altar fair,
Wave away a human love,
Fold themselves in prayer.

Martha's hands were firm and brown,
Needle-pricked and warm,
They could feed a tired man,
Lead small feet from harm.

They might gather rosy shells
From life's bitter sands.
When I'm dying may I be
Soothed by Martha's hands!

L'Affaire Dreyfus

By BENJAMIN SACKS¹

THE peregrinations of the Israelites after the loss of their native home is an interesting, albeit distressing, chapter in the history of mankind. Their quest for a haven free from persecution, took them all over the face of the earth. Wherever they went they were subjected to humiliating disabilities. Sentenced to live in special quarters, to engage only in certain occupations, to attend school in limited numbers, if at all, and to wear badges betokening their descent, the Jews eked out a miserable existence. To this group, it is needless to say, the French Revolution was a veritable blessing, for included in the rights of man was religious equality. The Jew was permitted to don the garb of a free man and to become a citizen of his adopted land. But traditional ideas and habits, if one chooses to call them such, are sometimes difficult fences to break down and occasionally there would appear signs of religious intolerance. To many of the older people of the present generation the news of the death of Alfred Dreyfus in July, 1935, at the age of seventy-five, recalled such a moment. In their youth they were treated to just such a spectacle as Germany under Hitler is affording the youth of today. From 1894 to 1906, with little interruption, the case of this French captain of Jewish extraction convulsed an entire nation. Its implications came to extend far beyond the individual himself. Important concepts of freedom and justice were at stake.

The genesis of this affair may be traced to the desperate struggle which the Catholic Church and the monarchical element were waging to retain their dominant influence in French life. Both were gradually losing ground and, unless the Third French Republic, guardian of the rights of man, was checked, they would soon be a spent force in their coun-

1. This paper was given originally as an address at the Temple Albert in Albuquerque, October 8, 1935, upon the invitation of Dr. A. L. Krohn, rabbi of that temple.

try. To place the Republic in an embarrassing light the remnants of the *ancien régime* spread propaganda abroad, predicting the disastrous consequences of a policy which gave full rein to man's ego. As an example they cited the fruits of religious equality. The rise of socialism, strikes, and anarchist outrages were attributed to the Mephistophelian influences of the Jews. If allowed to pursue their tactics, they would eventually undermine the unity of France and thus make it as easy a prey for foreign nations as Poland had been made in the eighteenth century. Some even regarded the unrest engendered by the Jews in France as but part of a general scheme of a Jewish *Syndicat* to dominate the whole world.

To give credence to such declarations of the perversity of the Jew there broke out in 1894 a scandal in the army. The Intelligence Service, reorganized after 1871 to watch particularly the German embassy so that the latter's attachés would be unable to effect any liaisons with French officers, discovered that secret plans embodying national defense were leaking out. This information was secured through the aid of a charwoman who collected the scraps of paper in the waste-baskets at the German legation where she was employed. From the tone of the notes, in particular that of a *bordereau*, an anonymous memorandum, pieced together by Major Henry of the secret service, it was concluded that it must be a staff officer and one in the artillery. This knowledge was communicated to the headquarters, which ordered the espionage bureau to leave no stone unturned to catch the traitor. In this connection it must be remembered that France never forgot the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, while Germany was constantly haunted by the fear of Gallic reprisals. So both sides, as a matter of fact, endeavored to maintain complete secrecy of the details of national defense in their respective countries and, at the same time, to keep apprised of the military plans of each other's country.

The army caste, still royalist in composition and spirit, since time had not yet given the Republic an opportunity to permeate that branch with its principles, had been noticeably displaying the growing anti-Semitic feeling in France. Jewish officers were discriminated against, provoked, and killed in unequal duels, and their courage rudely questioned. To such a group the presence of a Jewish officer in the Staff seemed very ominous. They compared the handwriting on the *bordereau* with that of the officer in question and, whether it was because of a slight resemblance or initial prejudice or a combination of both, they concluded that they had found the culprit. Forthwith the arrest of one Captain Alfred Dreyfus was ordered, while an investigation of his past life was undertaken. It was learned that the family, originally from Mülhausen, Alsace, had moved to Paris after the occupation of their beloved land by the Germans. Only one brother had acquired German citizenship and that solely to hold the family possessions, principally a prosperous textile business. At Paris, Alfred, an ardent exponent of *revanche*, had entered a military school and, despite obstacles placed in his path because of his faith, eventually had become a captain attached to the General Staff. At the time of his arrest he was thirty-five, married to the daughter of a wealthy diamond merchant, and father of two children. He enjoyed a considerable income, for in addition to his fair salary as an officer he possessed a private fortune invested with his brother.

There seemed little in such a recital to indicate any pecuniary motive for treasonable conduct. The examiners, however, accepted reports of a dissolute life as clinching the evidence and, after a secret and brief trial, declared him guilty of high treason. On January 5, 1895, he was publicly degraded before the entire corps of his comrades and sentenced to solitary confinement for life on Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guiana. The journals of the day gave the proceedings an anti-Semitic color, presenting the public with another bit of damning evidence of the evil

machinations of the Jews. They were willing even to sell out their country to Germany. In vain did the Dreyfus family protest their belief in the innocence of their kin. They appealed to a vice-president of the Senate and a former Alsatian, Scheurer-Kestner. But the latter was assured by the General Staff that the evidence gave definite proof of guilt.

The possibility that such inquiries might continue to pour in caused the Staff to request the Intelligence Service to gather more evidence. Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, a recent appointment as head, duly obeyed his instructions when one day he was handed a curious message, the famous "*petit bleu*," by the charwoman. The suspicious character of the note marked for one Major Esterhazy from the German embassy inspired Picquart to look up the reputation of the former. The findings disclosed the fact that Esterhazy was a very dissolute and debauched member of the nobility. Further, his handwriting closely resembled that of the *bordereau* attributed to Dreyfus. Picquart communicated his discovery to his superiors who, afraid of the disastrous repercussions it might have for monarchical sentiment if the Jew were vindicated and the noble indicted, ordered Picquart to cease his inquiry and shortly dispatched him on a special "mission" into the desert lands of Tunis.

Picquart did not take kindly to his involuntary exile to Africa. He felt that his military career was blighted unless he could regain the favor of his commanding officers. He secured leave to return to France and there placed his case in the hands of an old family lawyer. The latter, realizing that Picquart could only be saved through the vindication of Dreyfus and aware of Scheurer-Kestner's interest in the matter, went to him. The aged Senator was convinced by the facts laid before him of the innocence of Dreyfus and again requested the Army to reopen the case. Added confirmation that Dreyfus was the victim of abortive justice was obtained by Mathieu Dreyfus, a brother. In the hope that some one might recognize the handwriting, Mathieu

had published a facsimile of the famous *bordereau*. Great was his exultation when a banker who had had financial relations with Esterhazy wrote him that the handwriting was that of his one-time client. The Army, fearful that to deny such a request might arouse suspicion, permitted a trial but secured the acquittal of Esterhazy by very arbitrary proceedings. That the affair had become of nationwide interest and might yet be the stepping-stone to power for the Church and Monarchy was seen in the fact that Esterhazy, after the trial, was borne to his carriage and acclaimed by the "patriots." He became an international figure and was hailed as the "martyr" of the Jews.

To a small coterie of liberty-loving individuals, however, the trial had seemed nothing less than a travesty upon justice. Interviews with Picquart, Scheurer-Kestner, and Mathieu Dreyfus had convinced Émile Zola, a novelist of the day, of the innocence of Dreyfus. When the stockholders of the *Figaro*, fearful for its financial security in view of the sudden loss of subscriptions, stopped his articles, Zola issued pamphlets at his own expense. The principles of the French Revolution were at stake and, come what might, justice must be secured. Leading figures from all walks of life joined with him—Albert and Georges Clemenceau, lawyers and politicians, Anatole France, one of the foremost writers of the day, and Jean Jaurès, a prominent socialist, to mention but a few. To these men, too, the union of the Saber and the Church to crush the Republic was a serious spectacle. Worse yet was the fact that the ministry, afraid that any movement to encompass revision might mean its own political eclipse, had allied the Republic with the reactionary elements. With the issue thus joined, the French nation shortly resolved itself into Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards. As illustrative of the fact that the implications of the case had come to extend far beyond the possible injustice meted out to a Hebrew, the Jews at first refrained from taking a conspicuous part. It would be better to allow those who were not members of their race to take the lead.

Zola sounded the trumpet call of liberty through Clemenceau's journal, *L'Aurore*. To the President of the French Republic, he addressed an open letter, *J'Accuse*. In clear and simple language he accused the government of undermining the foundations of the Republic. Zola hoped that such a vigorous article would force the ministry to prosecute him and thus bring about a reopening of the case. The anti-Dreyfusards were quick to respond. They called for the crucifixion of Citizen Zola. He was burned in effigy and hurled into the Seine river. The press demanded his arrest for libel of the government. Throughout France, Jewish quarters were attacked. Faced with this public pressure, a reluctant ministry ordered Zola's arrest and, at the beginning of 1898, he was haled into court for his remarks concerning the Esterhazy acquittal. Apparently the crucial moment was at hand.

Labori, an Alsatian by birth, and Albert Clemenceau, brother of Georges, acted as Zola's attorneys, while the "Tiger," appeared in defense of his own publication. But the trial, held under ministerial influence, was a farce. The court shielded the army, and every day the proceedings became a re-edition of the Dreyfus trial. Even Picquart's damaging testimony was given scant attention, whereas Colonel Henry, now head of the Intelligence Service, was permitted to introduce further evidence of the guilt of Dreyfus. The new *bordereau*, however, was carefully kept from the eyes of the court, on the ground that it involved vital military plans. A verdict of guilt was rendered and Zola was given the maximum penalty of one year in prison and a fine of three thousand francs. The three handwriting experts whom Zola had libeled were awarded thirty thousand francs. It was only through the intervention of wealthy friends that his home and personal belongings were saved. Georges Clemenceau was sentenced to four months' imprisonment and a like fine of three thousand francs. Picquart, for his part in the affair, was stricken off the army list.

An appeal was taken and delay after delay secured in the hope that fresh revelations would develop. When further stays were refused, in July, 1898, Zola's advisers urged a secret flight to England until they could secure new evidence. Though Zola did not relish this cowardly role, he resigned himself to their contention that in exile he would be a greater menace than if he went to prison and posed as a martyr. In England, Zola, because of the existence of extradition laws with regard to criminal refugees, had to content himself with a secluded existence in the country. The fortunes of the Dreyfusards indeed seemed at a low ebb, for in addition to the loss of Zola by exile and the confinement of the other leaders to prison, Scheurer-Kestner fell seriously ill. To climax this series of misfortunes came a sudden change in the tactics of their opponents. The latter shifted the burden of proof by charging that the Jewish *Syndicat*, as the anti-Dreyfusards termed the opposition, was employing Esterhazy as a substitute in order to draw off suspicion from their activities. So convincing did General Cavaignac, a descendant of a famous French family, make his brief, that for a moment the Dreyfusards were stunned and many Frenchmen were won over to the cause of finality.

Amidst such heart-breaking circumstances came welcome news. In August, 1898, Colonel Henry was accused by a handwriting expert in the service of the Dreyfusards of having forged the *bordereau* which he had introduced during the Zola trial. Henry, confronted with the evidence, confessed his guilt, and was confined to prison to await trial. The trial never took place, however, for Henry committed suicide with a razor left in his possession. Upon receipt of this news Esterhazy fled to Brussels and thence crossed over to London. In almost bewildering fashion several generals resigned. To complete the cycle President Faure, a foe of revision, died and his place was taken, after a bitter struggle, by a friend of revision, Loubet. With the French government now more amenable, the Court of Appeals

ordered Dreyfus brought before it and a third military tribunal held in the light of the new evidence.

After four years of solitary confinement and mistreatment, Alfred Dreyfus, now thirty-nine and white-haired, returned to France. Zola came out of retirement and appeared to lead the offense. To the utter astonishment of many, however, Dreyfus was again declared guilty but under extenuating circumstances. His sentence was commuted to ten years and then, shortly, President Loubet pardoned him. Further, to put an end to the entire affair which threatened to disrupt French unity, the Senate passed a law of general amnesty. Although many urged Dreyfus not to accept the findings, his advisers felt that to continue to pose as a martyr would only involve the Republic in continued unrest. Instead, they persuaded him to accept the pardon but to retain the right to appeal to the Court of Cassation if new evidence was forthcoming. In 1904 Dreyfus availed himself of this privilege, the high court inquired afresh into the whole affair and, in July, 1906, declared Dreyfus innocent.

The real culprit was definitely found to be Major Esterhazy, and it was further disclosed that he had been receiving for a while a monthly pension of approximately five hundred dollars from the German embassy for his services in procuring information. His guilt had been covered up by Henry, a close friend of his while both were comrades in the Intelligence Service. Afterwards, apparently, Henry seems to have been in the clutches of the traitor as were most of the Staff when they perceived themselves in the anomalous position of suppressing the actual facts in order to protect the Church and Monarchy. In connection with these revelations it must be obvious that Germany could easily have cleared up the entire matter in 1894 if she had so desired. Her representatives in Paris were perfectly cognizant of the fact that they were dealing with Esterhazy and not with Dreyfus. The German Foreign Office, however, felt that to make such a disclosure would involve their embassy in a

breach of international law. So the German government would go only to the extent of categorically denying that it had ever had any dealings with Dreyfus.

The remainder of the story has the ring of a fairy tale. Dreyfus was reinstated in the army and raised to the rank of major. At the outbreak of the World War he was given command of a regiment in an entrenched camp in Paris and in 1918 he was again promoted, this time to the post of lieutenant-colonel, and made an officer of the Legion of Honor. After the conflict was over, Dreyfus lived in retirement and, from all accounts, was a friendly man, optimistic and with little outward sign of bitterness. Picquart was made a general and later a Minister of War. Labori, too, climaxed his career with a ministerial office, while Georges Clemenceau ascended to the pinnacle of premiership. For Zola the real reward was more spiritual than material. Religious equality and the French Republic which symbolized this and other liberal ideals had been preserved. The reactionary elements had been driven into eclipse. Medals were struck in his honor by many associations for his defense of the rights of man. When he died in 1908, he was accorded the highest honor that France could bestow—burial in the Pantheon. As for Esterhazy, he eked out a miserable existence in England, selling several conflicting “confessions” to the press. In 1923 he died, virtually penniless.

So Much of Kindness

By ELIJAH L. JACOBS

WHEN RUTH and Evan Weston brought their two children to live on the ranch they had inherited, they felt that they were coming home. They had grown up in the region, and to them its remoteness was not isolation. Of course, at times like this, when Evan had to be gone for a week or more, Ruth was lonely. At present the windmill needed oiling.

"People call this range a desert," Evan had told her. "But there's enough kindness in it to take care of its own. You won't have any gunmen shooting up the street, and the babies won't slip under a truck. I'll find you here when I come back."

That had been yesterday morning. Yesterday had been long, today longer. Two children did not give a woman enough to do. The windmill was squealing.

Ruth had sat down to finish some mending. Her sewing basket was on the broad sill of the open window, and little Evan's sleeping garment lay across the arm of her chair, showing the small rent which she had started to sew. When she was in the act of lifting the lid from her basket, the windmill gave an unusually piercing shriek. Ruth shuddered and got up. She could not work while her ears were tortured with such sounds. She left the children playing in the next room while she ran out to wind the chain on the drum and bring the whirling vanes around, edge-on to the wind.

When she came back in, the children were still playing. She could hear little Evan's strangely mature chuckle, and three-year-old Molly's squeal of delight. It was pleasant that the children did not quarrel. She had known babies of three and five who did, but Evan and Molly seldom disagreed.

Ruth sat down and took up the little pajamas again. As she reached for her sewing basket, Molly called, "Mother."

Ruth half turned, the lid in her hand. At the same moment she heard the whirr that speaks of death to any desert dweller, and felt a sudden sickening, burning sensation just below the elbow of her outstretched arm. With a suffocating terror, Ruth knew before she turned and saw the reptile what a disaster had befallen her. A rattler had come through the open window, crept under the tilted cover, and coiled itself in her basket. She had disturbed it when she lifted the lid. It came to her that its buzzing had been a submerged undertone in the shriek that had sent her out to stop the windmill. The snake lifted its head stiffly, and its ominous tail quivered. Ruth half fell forward from her chair to get beyond its reach. Nauseous with fright, she sank down to the floor. But she could not let go—the wound must be treated quickly or she would die. She tried to suck the poison out, but the two tiny drops of blood oozing from her skin were on the back of her arm, an inch and a half beyond the reach of her lips. She strained desperately. Little Evan, in the door, laughed at his mother's contortions.

Ruth dropped her arm from her mouth. "Come here, Sonny," she gasped. "Suck at Mother's arm. Suck hard. And don't swallow. Spit it out!"

But the child saw his mother's face then, and screamed. Ruth coaxed. She grew desperate and commanded. Sonny cried and retreated. In an agony of haste Ruth caught him and started to hold his lips to her arm, but he was stubborn, and she saw that she could accomplish nothing. Molly added her screams to his.

Shaking, Ruth went to the upper shelf of her kitchen cabinet, where she kept the family drugs. She always had some crystals of potassium permanganate there, wrapped up with a razor blade. Some people said that to lacerate the flesh about a snake bite and rub the crystals into the wounds would neutralize the venom. Others said that there

was no merit in the treatment. It might help. She climbed dizzily to a chair—and then remembered that Evan had lost her snake-bite kit the last time he had gone out to shoot doves.

She got weakly down. As she lowered herself, she tried to remember how long people lived after being struck by a rattler. Twenty minutes—an hour—she could not recall. She had lived too long away from the desert.

She found herself lying on the floor where she had fallen. At first she could not remember what had happened. Then it came back. Her arm was swelling. How long had she lain in a faint? She knew the dreadful weakness and nausea might be due in part, at least, to terror, but she had no doubt that she would die in a short time, perhaps in a few minutes.

Suddenly she was overwhelmed by the plight of her children. Their father would not return for nine or ten days. What would become of the babies, left alone for that time—with their mother dead? Hunger—thirst—heat—and there were animals in the desert that would know she was dead. The desert that was kind to its own!

Ruth Weston staggered to her feet. She could not see clearly, and some raucous uproar was in her ears. But she reeled into the bedroom, to the dresser, and got her hands on the revolver there. Then back to the door—her vision cleared a bit. There were her babies, so terrified by their mother's frightful conduct that they had ceased to cry. She lifted the weapon.

But she saw little Evan's thrust-out jaw, and covered her face. She had loved his little stubborn defiance. The pistol dropped, and she sank to the floor again. A chill shook her.

She tried to pull herself together, but she could not rise. Her eyes caught a mottled shape.

"Sonny!" she said, as sharply as she could. She sucked in her breath, and the little saliva on her lips. "That's mother's new pet on the window. Don't touch it! Mind mother. Don't touch it!"

Her head dropped. Even to save him suffering—to make her parting with her baby so harsh!

But little Evan was a stout one, and in his present mood would not be forbidden. He ran and thrust out his hand. The spring-like form darted forward, but it evidently did not hurt much. The boy shrank back, but he did not cry.

Ruth was sobbing. "Now you may pet it, Molly," she gasped. "So much kindness, anyhow—"

She never knew whether Molly received the benison of the desert.

Poplars on the Plains

By ROLAND DICKEY

Two tall poplars on the street
 Bending in the winds—
Two tall populars tempests greet
 Like souls repenting sins.

Southwest wind bends them to the east—
 North wind bends them back
Ever they repulse the beast
 While their bodies crack.

They are brave to offer beauty
 To a land so brutal,
And testify the path of duty
 Isn't always futile.

Two tall poplars in a land
 Where poplars shouldn't grow—
Two tall poplars sturdy stand
 In their little row.

Mystery in San Antonito

By NAN BOLSIUS

THREE weeks ago, Charles came from the well with two buckets of water. As he set them down he said "Shucks!"

Such an exclamation from the brother indicates he is provoked, indeed.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, I was going to carve those figures on that cabinet today, and now I've got to go and look for somebody."

"Somebody . . . ? Who?"

"The brother of that man who built our fireplace. He went after his horses last Monday night, when it was snowing; and he hasn't come back. All the men in the village are going; so I've got to." Charles tone was impatient.

"If Camillio is dead, I don't want to find him," he added.

The searching parties scoured the mountains, the arroyos, and the canyons neighboring San Antonito, but they did not find Camillio. The next day men were detailed in pairs on horseback to visit all the neighboring villages to discover if Camillio had gone visiting. Once before, Camillio, who was a widower of seventy, had disappeared—to return from his unannounced visit some months later. This time there was every reason to believe he had gone for another visit as he had sold three bushels of corn very recently. However no trace of him was to be found. No one had seen Camillio since he had gone to bring in his horses a week previously.

Epifanio brought the milk every morning, and every morning he said, "Camillio not find. I theenk something—maybe." The search went forward, not again organized, but two weeks passed with two or three men searching for the lost man.

Pilari came to my house on a Thursday, three weeks after Camillio had disappeared. Pilari is a boy of seven.

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He goes to school and tells me he is in the "play-merry class." He speaks Spanish and English, both in one breath, and tells me strings of chatter from the time he enters the door until he has eaten his candy or cake, and announced, "I think I go." He doesn't care a rap if I know what he is talking about or not. He moves around the kitchen, his eyes on the coffee can which he knows contains candy, or watching the cookie jar. This day he was sitting on the wood-box, eating cookies and kicking his feet. By accident he upset the pan with water for the dogs. He gulped a bite of cookie, breaking off what he had been saying, and announced:

"They found Camillio."

"Where?" I asked.

"She is in five miles. She is in water."

"In an arroyo?" I suggested, knowing there is no open water on the mesa.

"In water," Pilari repeated with emphasis. "She is like this." He laid his cookies down, kicked the dog away from them, and crossed his hands upon his breast, shut his eyes and lolled his head around in complete relaxation.

"Is he dead?" I asked, startled.

"She is in water."

"Why don't they bring him home?" I asked in astonishment.

"They can't find Camillio."

"Oh . . ." I said, feeling a little resentful. An instant later I had collected my wits and said: "But, Pilari, you said they found him!"

Pilari picked up his cookies. "She is in water. I think I go."

When he was entirely out of sight I went to the door of Charles' studio and knocked.

"Charles," I said, "Go over to the store and find out what all this is about, finding and not finding Camillio in the water."

But the stores were closed, the streets strangely deserted, and no information was forthcoming.

The next day, Friday, a little boy, Jesus Rael, came to visit me and my cookie jar in the afternoon. Jesus is nine years old. When he was nicely settled, with a whole plate full of cookies—that would take a long time for him to eat—Jesus also told me: “They found Camillio.”

“Did they?” I asked, pretending I was not interested, and watching my sewing closely.

“Yesterday, they find Camillio. Today they look; but they do not find.”

I searched for the cautiously correct question, before asking:

“Yesterday, they found Camillio? Today they are looking for him?”

Jesus was delighted. “Yes,” he answered around a whole cookie. “The man from Albuquerque she come. She find Camillio they pay heem twenty dolar. She not find Camellio they not pay.”

I lowered my sewing into my lap. “Do they pay?” I asked quietly.

“Not yet. My father and every man she go in the store. The man from Albuquerque she say to the brother of Camillio—‘you tired, you sleep, you ve-e-e-r-r-y sleep.’” Jesus came to stand in front of me, moving his hands before my face and staring fixedly into my eyes.

“And the brother of Camillio she is sleep. She tell—she tell Camillio is in five miles. She is in water. Long time now, she is die.”

I said, “Oh!” and turned my sewing about, thoughtfully.

“They did not look for Camillio yesterday,” I reminded him.

Jesus laughed. “Can not. She is all very mu-uu-ch runk. Today she is not runk; she look.”

Which explained the store being closed, and the deserted streets.

Saturday passed, bringing no further news of the lost Camillio. Sunday afternoon came. I was seasoning the

pot-roast for our dinner when Epifanio, our local Justice of the Peace, came to the door. Charles, his face lathered for shaving answered the knock.

"Charlie, I need you one time for jury. Thees man is found. She is in well." He shook his head slowly from side to side. "Three peoples in these well. One woman—he is in bed with one leg broke; one man; now is Camillio—all same well."

"You want me to go when?" Charles asked.

"Now, we go. Pretty soon, sheriffs she come. You be one—six men—my jury."

"But, Charles cannot be of your jury, Epifanio. Charles is not an American Citizen."

He stared at me. "Then Pete." he said, looking about the kitchen. "Where Pete? She go."

Charles' eyes and mine crossed smiles. Pete, my husband, poor squeamish Pete! He would have to be closely guarded to get him to his own funeral. Death being so foreign to his gay humor, Pete would shut his eyes, passing a cemetery. We called him from the studio where he had been daubing paint upon canyas.

"Pederito," Epifanio greeted him cheerfully. They shook hands. "You be my jury? Camillio she is in well. This morning the brother, she find Camillio. Sheriffs she come pretty soon. We go now."

I saw Pete go white around his mouth, but he answered promptly:

"Sure, Judge, I'll go."

"You got wan rope?" the justice asked.

"No. No rope."

"I theenk—something gotta be done," Epifano declared thoughtfully. "Three people in wan well." He was about to close the door when I called:

"Epifanio, may I go with you to the well?"

He smiled uncertainly. "Why . . . I don' know, Missy Nan. Mebby you go—mebby you sorry. You go—you see." He went out to return home for his ropes, while we got the car ready.

"Did he mean Camillio was murdered?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Pete.

"But—three people in one well. A woman with her leg broken; she couldn't go there and jump in."

"Gosh," Pete said, narrowing his eyes. "It sounds as awful as that story about the well Kipling wrote."

It was, all of that; although there was only one man to be taken from the well. The other catastrophes having occurred three and five years previously.

A dozen men had already arrived at the well when we drove up. A fire of chips and small logs blazed near, about which all gathered for warmth. The situation seemed very strange to me; they stood about laughing, hitting at each other, or throwing their lariats with precise skill over posts and men who walked about. At intervals one or another walked over to peer into the depths of the well. I looked, my eyes becoming accustomed to the deep darkness, saw what appeared to be a gigantic spider floating on the oily black surface. Someone leaned over the wall of new logs, made since the morning, disturbing the wire the brother had hooked into Camillio's clothing.

The body stirred and I could distinguish the hat still upon the head, and a glove upon an outspread arm. I turned away. Walking back to the fire I wondered why they did not begin upon their unpleasant task. My curiosity went rampant. How—with no telephones—did the dwellers back upon the mesa, and isolated in the forest, know the body had been discovered? Almost every moment another man came riding up to dismount from a lathered horse.

An Anglo American stood near me and remarked, "They'll talk this thing over for an hour now; before they start anything." I suspected they were waiting for the sheriff, but discovered this was not true. They were waiting for—what we call—the spirit to move them.

Without any commands being given, with no one man seeming to take charge, a tension seemed to generate suddenly. The men collected about the well and began casting

ropes down the sixty-foot depth. However, they had no success. A rope was tied about a tall, skeletal man whose skin was very fair; he wore a very faded and dirty red sweater. He was lowered into the well; and a few moments later came climbing up the uneven log curbing, assisted by the rope.

The body was brought up, feet first and laid upon a canvas. A silence fell upon the group, all moved back; then in twos and singly they walked slowly close to gaze upon Nature's process. I, too, passed by, and saw the elements had progressed swiftly upon their return.

The great horror that struck me plunged me into an obscure sense that I had stumbled upon some great truth; which had previously remained invisible.

The Sheriff arrived, and spoke briefly with the Justice. Epifanio introduced his six jurymen; a secretary, who accompanied the sheriff, wrote them down in his notebook.

"Line up here, men, and view that body," the Sheriff commanded, designating a position with a wave of his arm. "Form—and declare—your opinion—if this death occurred from accidental or deliberate cause."

The jury looked, moving about to see carefully. The Spanish men talked in Spanish among themselves, politely including Pete with friendly glances. I could see that five of them were forming their opinions jointly; that Pete, isolated by the language, was making an independent opinion.

I asked myself: would they translate first and then ask that opinion; or ask without translating.

"It is plainly a murder," the secretary, who was from the district attorney's office, and an Anglo, whispered to me.

"What makes you think so?" I whispered back.

"The body is frozen. It wouldn't be if it had been in the water all this time."

I thought about the dead animals I had seen upon the mesa, and suggested: "Wouldn't the coyotes and vultures

have cleaned the bones if it weren't in the well?" I was watching the jury closely.

They concluded without translation. With no further word spoken, the foreman came to the Sheriff and Justice and declared in English:

"Accident."

At the pronouncement, everybody turned ready to depart, as though a signal had been given. The jurymen gathered up the canvas with its contents, placed it in a truck brought there by the keeper of the store, and in a scant few moments we were on our silent return to our homes.

For a month, when I stepped outside the house into the night, I fully expected that departing face to leer at me from around a corner. I looked for it. Epifanio, who had told me, "You go, mebbly you sorry," must have been watching me grow thinner, and nervous, for one day he said to me, "You sorry you go, Missy Nan?"

"No, Epifanio," I replied seriously. "I am not sorry. I have learned something I did not know." I laughed ruefully. "But I haven't found out yet, what it is I have learned."

The smile that leaped into his eyes and the writtings about his mouth were a benediction. He sat down on the bench in the kitchen; something he never had done without an insistent invitation.

"It is nothing—what you see . . ., Missy Nan. It is the bad minute when she go away from the well. It is verry, verry hard to go away without to have the face cover. What she have leave in the well, that is the earth, that is the sky. It is nothing—what you see."

The Dead March By
Armistice Day, November 11, 1935

By THOMAS V. CALKINS

Once, rank on rank, huge black against the sky
I saw the slaughtered dead go marching by
With faces set, with faces set in death.
They marched, the dead: they marched and marched. My
breath

Was stopped by utter fear lest they should see
Me standing there. The inhumanity
Of war and useless death and sacrifice
Of vibrant life, upon the bare caprice
Of kings, of potentates, of selfish greed,
Swept over me, and in my bitter need
Aghast, I cried, "God, must it be again?
Must man forever slay his fellowmen?"

As by command they stopped and stared at me
That multitude of dead. Clear to eternity
They stretched in boundless, dense-packed rank
Of war-slain youth in rank on countless rank.

"Again?" The question came from mud-clogged throats.
"Again!" in tones of deep, reverberant notes.

I trembled, and I could not say a word.
I trembled at the tragedy I heard.
I cringed before the stare of dead-live eyes
And quailed beneath that tone of sad surprise.

Then one stepped from the ranks whose eyes were wide
With tragedy, and from whose mangled side
The blood had run, and Oh, his face was sweet!
The blood had run to bathe his mangled feet.

The blood from mangled hands dripped slowly down,
 And blood was on his head like ruby crown.
 He spoke.

“Again? Aye. Yes, again, as long as man shall sell
 His soul for gold and power; as long as man shall tell
 The children that the glory in the taking of the sword
 Is the glory of their country and the glory of the Lord;
 As long as man shall nurture youth upon the creed of fear—
 As long as life is ruled by hate. That long, my son, shall leer
 The spectre of War’s cruel strife upon the hapless earth:
 For greed and hate, united, breed, and give War bloody birth

.....

*Then, rank on rank, huge black against the sky
 The hosts of slaughtered dead go marching by.”*

An Autumn Day

By T. M. WILEY

Lazily the Indian village
 Basks in the autumn sun:
 The crops are gathered in,
 Corrals are roofed with corn,
 Red chili hangs in fiery rows
 Under the flaming trees.
 Serene in the golden light
 That casts long melancholy
 Shadows,
 Life runs its stoic course
 In the Pueblo, even as
 Before.

Los Paisanos

[*El paisano* is the name given by the Spanish people in the Southwest to the chaparral cock or road runner. The word itself means "countryman" and carries with it a comradely note recognized by the Texas Folk-Lore Society who have adopted the word as their signal of greeting. The QUARTERLY means by this section to report the literary affairs of Southwestern *paisanos*. The editor, Julia Keleher, of the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, with the aid of contributing editors in Tucson, Taos, Santa Fe, and Fort Worth, hopes to keep QUARTERLY readers acquainted with friends and everyone who is writing or being written about in the *Sud-oeste*.]

A recently announced federal plan for the relief of "white collar workers" will be devoted chiefly to the arts, and is divided into sections for writing, art, drama, and music.

Ina Sizer Cassidy, poet and writer of Santa Fe, has been appointed director for New Mexico of the Federal Writers' Projects, and is busily organizing this work. The chief undertaking will be the state's section of the American Guide Manual, a sort of encyclopedia of the United States, to be published in five volumes.

Work will be given to writers, teachers, map draughtsmen, photographers, reporters, editors, journalists, librarians, research workers, etc., who are already on the relief rolls. The schedule of pay calls for "subsistence wages" for any one qualified to help in compiling and editing of the Manual.

Mrs. Cassidy is emphasizing the necessity of volunteer aid. Topography, geography, history, social life, biographies of well known citizens—all these things are to be included for every county in the state. Carbon copies of all material collected will become the property of the state and of the individual counties concerned. There is a large amount of money available, and contributions are asked on folk tales or local legends, authentic anecdotes of famous people and data on landmarks.

It is planned to achieve a readable reference work on all phases of life in New Mexico, and to this end material will be welcome, covering the early cattle trade, picturesque rustlers and bad men, the mining booms, and the rise and fall of ghost towns, interesting public, literary, or artistic characters.

Erna Fergusson reports from Taxco, Mexico, where she has spent the past few months, that she is planning to go to Guatemala soon. She has sold several magazine articles recently, one of which will appear in an early issue of the *National Geographic* . . . We understand that Harvey Fergusson has a novelette entitled "Proud Riders" in the December *Blue Book Magazine* and that his new book, *Modern Man*, will be published by Knopf the first of the year . . . Francis Fergusson is in general charge of the "theatre workshop" at Bennington College, Vermont, this year. Students in acting, stage design, costuming, and the drama are participating. The project will provide for a need of first-hand experience in stage-craft . . . Robert Briffault's novel *Europa*, now in its eighth edition, is dedicated to Kyle S. Crichton . . . Evelyn Seely Stewart, former Albuquerque *Tribune* reporter, is writing feature articles for several New York newspapers . . . Kenneth Stewart, her husband, is with the *Literary Digest* . . . The John Sloans have moved from their Greenwich Village studio-apartment in the Judson, to Chelsea . . . The Judson hotel, recently taken over by New York University, was also the home for many years of the late Edwin Arlington Robinson . . . Nils and Dorothy Hogner have returned from a summer in Mexico, and have taken a studio-apartment in New York City . . . Nils expects to give a "one-man-show" of New York and Mexican scenes soon. . . Dorothy is finishing her new book for children, *The Santa Fe Trail*, which will be illustrated by her husband . . . Ruth Laughlin is in New York attending a *Herald-Tribune* writers' conference . . . Earl and Marian Scott, prolific writers of detective fiction, are taking a six-months' rest cure, wandering around

the states west of the Mississippi . . . They will probably spend some time in Florida before returning to their home, in Crook's Nook, Santa Fe . . . Miss Minnie Maloney, is doing research on Mission Bells and will be glad to receive any material in connection with this subject. . . .

Beatrice Chauvenet has returned to Santa Fe after several months spent in the East, and has been successfully writing "short-shorts" for various magazines . . . Curtis Martin, former student of the University of New Mexico, now principal of the Junior High School at Cimarron, has sold five stories within the past few months. One called *Lost Time Run*, will be published in *Story* magazine, and another one entitled *Jack*, will appear in *Hinterland*. Mr. Martin is at present finishing a novel which will be published by Crowell Co. . . . Horace Gardner's *Afternoon for Flavio*, which appeared in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY last year has been accepted for publication in Warren Bowyers's anthology of student literature, which will be published the first of the year . . . Kenneth Adams, Taos artist, has illustrated John Hodgdon Bradley's *Autobiography of Earth*, with charcoal drawings. The book deals with the theories of the age and origin of the earth, with winds and temperatures and climates as they have affected the contours of the earth's surface and life upon it. The most stunning illustration of the many in the book is that one which depicts man standing on the surface of the earth, feet stolidly planted in the mud, but with both arms outstretched to the stars . . . Conrad Richter continues to appear in the *Saturday Evening Post* . . . Amy Passmore Hurt, Ethel Musgrave, and Pauline Claffley are all writing "Juveniles" successfully . . . Lucilles Welch has recently sold six romantic stories to the *Monthly Publishing Co.* . . . Carey Holbrook will have a Christmas poem, and two New Mexico poems in the *Optimist* . . . E. F. Dellinger, prolific writer of railroad stories, turns out a novelette a month for *The Railroad* . . . Maude Lansing Bloom and Mildred Adler have collaborated on a series of five stories which are appearing in *Capper's*. They

have also been contributing to the *Canadian National Home Monthly*, the *Saturday Evening Post* of Canada . . .

Frances Gillmor, former English instructor at the University of New Mexico, now at Arizona, is busy teaching and lecturing "round-about," but she expects to have leave of absence next semester in order to finish her book. She says that the Arizona writers are not a group in the sense of working with any common critical platform, or even with knowledge of each other's activities. The names are solitary names, and the production has a corresponding variety. Miss Gillmor sends the following notes on Arizona writers . . . Thames Williamson, who has returned to Tucson after several years in Finland, Lapland, Spain, Austria, and any other place you might mention offhand, keeps up the batting average with five books a year. This year he has published four juveniles under three pen names, and in his own name one novel, *Under the Linden Tree*. In another month Doubleday Doran will bring out his next novel, *Beginning at Dusk*. He puts in an eight-hour working day, and looks sternly on those who do not match his industry and his output. Mrs. Williamson keeps up her end of the family literary activities with her children's books. The two of them seem to find plenty of time for their two babies, the older of whom was born in Tucson four years ago when his father was writing *Sad Indian*. How do they get so much work done? The answer they say is simple—no parties, no cocktails, no late hours, just work, and more work . . . George H. Doran, whose *Chronicles of Barabbas* came out under the Harcourt Brace imprint last spring, continues to live quietly in Tucson. Only his close friends even know his address and they are pledged not to tell. But letters from writers and publishers all over the world find their way each day to the mailbox of this distinguished leader in the publishing world . . . Jack O'Connor, whose articles appear regularly in *Esquire*, *Field and Stream*, and *Outdoor Life*, and whose novel *Conquest* was a Harper success, maintains a dark silence about the book in hand; he says it puts a

jinx on a book to talk about it before it is finished . . . Also avoiding the jinx is Charles G. Finney, whose *Circus of Dr. Lao*, published by Viking this summer, is still one of their top sellers . . . Bernice Cosulich, who turns out enough stuff in the *Arizona Daily Star* to make about four books a year, and who runs "The Literary Lantern," a column of keen critical comment on books, finds time for magazine articles nevertheless. Her "Deer in Laboratory" is the leading article in the November *Outdoor Life*. . . Gypsy Clark, whose western novel, *Out Yonder*, was published by Crowell last spring, has another book in the offing, whose title is still unannounced . . . Mary Kidder Rak, whose *Cowman's Wife*, published last year by Houghton Mifflin, told with integrity and charm of her Rucker Canyon Ranch, has just sent off a new book to her publishers, entitled *Mountain Cattle*.

Mabel Major serves notice of two books that she and Rebecca Smith will greet with pardonable pride: John C. Duval's *Early Times in Texas* and *Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace*. Both are to be published by the Tardy Publishing Company of Dallas, publishers of the excellent *South-western* magazine. Major and Smith are responsible for introductions and annotations to these pioneer Texas journals. Duval relates his escape as a boy of nineteen from the Goliad Massacre; Big-Foot Wallace was a hunter, ranger, survivor of the Mier expedition, and the famous bean drawing. Publication dates are January first and March first for the two books.

Edna Ferber and Thomas Wolfe were visitors at the Santa Fe Fiesta and in Taos subsequently. Robert Frost read his poetry August fifth in Santa Fe under the auspices of Writers' Editions, who, by the way, have announced *A Child's Banquet*, a new book of songs for children, music by Mary Morley and verse by Alice Corbin.

JULIA KELEHER.

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Book Reviews

Feliciana—Stark Young—Scribner's, New York, 1935—\$2.50

"They say"—so reads the prefatory quotation in Stark Young's new volume, *Feliciana*—"that when he comes into the parishes of Feliciana, a man, without forgetting to please others, may act to please himself most variously. We may conjecture, perhaps idly, . . . what part in this the verdure, the sun, the great river flowing past might take."

Feliciana, the happy lands, here is the true Stark Young country, whether in *Heaven Trees* or *So Red the Rose* or *Feliciana*. The happy lands are sometimes along the banks of the Mississippi and sometimes in South Texas and sometimes even in Italy. Sunny and spacious they are, and their felicity lies in the way of life they nourish. They are regions where it is the custom for the best people to live tolerantly and joyously and intelligently, without undue competition or unkindness. Any country where such a life is possible would seem praiseworthy to Stark Young; but it is clear that nowhere has he found existence so rich as in the Deep South along the Mississippi, the homeland of his forefathers and of his own childhood. Therefore, although he is a sophisticate, a cosmopolite, a modern, he takes his place among contemporary American fiction writers as the laureate of Southern leisure.

It must not be thought, however, that he writes elegies or apologies for the antebellum South as did the local colorists of a half century ago. He is one who believes wholeheartedly in the ordered plantation life, both antebellum and present day, as a still vital culture. He is concerned with showing in his stories that strong characters develop best within a great tradition; and that otherwise life becomes rootless and trivial. The interplay between vigorous individuals who demand freedom of choice, and the powerful loyalties they feel to blood and soil—this interplay is the heart of any Stark Young book.

The tradition which motivates conduct in such a novel as *So Red the Rose* is more easily felt than defined. What was it, precisely, we may ask, for which the McGehees and the Bedfords, most of whom deplored slavery as a system, gave their lives and fortunes in the war? It was, Stark Young tells us, for the high privilege of living their own lives; of solving their economic and ethical problems according to the needs of their own region; above all, for the right to refuse to be drawn into the competition and regimentation of the industrial North. Thus he aligns himself with all regionalists, whether in Santa Fe or in South Carolina or in Oklahoma.

Feliciano is a collection of sketches much like the author's *The Street of the Islands*, but richer. One group of the stories relates to the McGehees and their kin whom we have met in *So Red the Rose*. There is Cousin Micajah, who "forgot death and made death forget him" because he was loyal to something larger than himself; and there are Cousin Cad Dandridge of Parlange Plantation, and many others, all dwellers in the happy lands. These studio sketches are related to *So Red the Rose* as Galsworthy's interludes are to the *Forsyte Saga*. Done in Mr. Young's best style, they are pretty surely the best pieces in the volume.

In addition, the volume contains some portraits with Italian settings, notably "Setti Frati," subtle studies in the frustration of restless, modern people. There are several whimsical memories of Southern negroes, in a vein almost too much like Thomas Nelson Page. And, finally, some colorful sketches of South Texas: "Chile Queens," and "The Trail Driver," and "The Angelus," for example. These are brilliant, objective, a little journalistic.

Feliciano will delight Stark Young fans, although it will hardly become a best-seller. Its significance lies in a quiet reiteration of its author's faith in the tradition of individualism.

Fort Worth, Texas.

REBECCA W. SMITH.

Redder Than the Rose—Robert Forsythe—Covici Friede—\$2.00.

Redder than the Rose is a collection of essays, mostly humorous and satirical, by Robert Forsythe. Many of the essays appeared in *New Masses*, a fact which more or less establishes their tone and point of view. The only unity in the book is gained by the consistently Marxian tenor of the thought. There is no exposition of Communist dogma, but every subject touched upon is finally made to reveal, directly or by implication, what a thorough-going Marxist is forced to think about that subject.

The proletarian movement in American letters today is, in the eyes of many people, not really proletarian. The proletarian novel, for instance, is said not to be proletarian when it is a good novel, and not a good novel when it is only proletarian. But this argument always ends in a quibbling over terms. In fact, there is a growing Communist literature of great strength and vigor in the United States today, whether or not it is narrowly proletarian. Communist literature is at present chiefly concerned, not with life as it should be in a Sovietized United States, but with the frazzled, bewildered, brutalized life of the United States at present under a decaying capitalism. This revolutionary literature may not be proletarian in the strict sense, but it is thoroughly informed by the Marxian points of view even when, as in James T. Farrell's *Judgment Day*, these points of view are subtly suggested and never openly intruded upon the reader.

Mr. Forsythe belongs, then, with the converted bourgeoisie who are bent upon portraying the spiritual and cultural decadence of a capitalistic civilization. He is no proletarian. He has evidently, in his time, sat in a raccoon coat in the Yale Bowl, been behind the scenes in the Broadway theater, talked informally with politicians and capitalists, and lied about his golf score. He is not yet so much interested in the detailed and complex annals of the poor as in the disgusting antics of the upper class and the smart bourgeoisie. In "Tragedy in the Bowl" he speaks of his "re-

searches into the semi-cultural manifestations of the upper-classes." There, I think, is the key to the majority of the essays. Most of the essays are an hilarious commentary upon the vulgarity, stupidity, barbarity, of our "leaders"—a quite satisfactory answer to those would-be Bourbons who hold that a society needs leaders to set standards and give tone to society. The tawdry goings-on of our "aristocracy" are evidence enough that a *civilization* can get along without them—or better, can never get along until a very much greater intelligence and taste are allowed to set standards and give the tone.

This commentary upon decadence is sometimes seriously bitter but oftener ironically amusing. Summaries, extracts, or quotations can give no idea of the sharply-stabbing intelligence behind these sentences, or of the richness of critical ideas which the author can bring to bear upon a football game, a Beaux Arts Ball, the marriage of a Woolworth heiress, or any contemporary event that happens to show any amusing incongruity. And to Mr. Forsythe, almost any event does show either an amusing or a tragic incongruity. One need not be a Communist to laugh at the raptures and the posing of the slick-shirt-front crowd when Mlle. Boyer or Mlle. Printemps plays to New York's élite. "I am reporting this at length to show that fashion is not dead and manners are not dead and that wealth will carry on the banner of culture," Mr. Forsythe says ("Speak to Me of Love"). Even Mr. Herbert Hoover could appreciate the irony of this: "Leading the procession [at the D.A.R. Convention in Washington] was Countess Cantacuzène-Grant . . ." ("The Whites of Their Eyes"). Any self-respecting citizen will be amused by the charge in court that one of the very flowers of our aristocracy was not fit to rear her little Gloria because she locked Gloria in the attic with the rats ("The Vanderbilts and the Rats"). Any misguided soul who believes that life is real and life is earnest will agree with Mr. Forsythe about the decline in the art of the Lunts, the decadence of Noel Coward, and the fiddling-while-Rome-

burns air about the Beaux Arts Ball ("First-Act Intermission"). One may not agree that all this futile splendor offers an exact parallel to Rome on the brink of ruin, but one will be appalled at the length to which our "cultural leaders" will go to try to keep from being bored. Whose heart will not bleed for Mr. J. P. Morgan, who has had to sell six paintings, thirty-one acres of his Long Island estate, and one of his yachts ("Fare Thee Well, Annabelle")? This essay is a masterpiece of ironic understatement and not a soap-box tirade. Even if it did have a soap-box flavor, one should recognize the frequent need for a simplified appeal to humanity's sense of justice, if it has any. A writer, however, should not deal so boldly in blacks and whites. Everybody knows that Mr. Morgan has the self-sacrificing spirit of the true aristocrat, for did he not give his time to speak over radio in behalf of Al Smith's "block-aid" plan for unemployment relief? The "block-aid" plan was one whereby the inhabitants of any one city block were to assume responsibility for the support of all the unemployed in that same block! A lovely plan, based upon the idea of local self-responsibility, and in the true American tradition! Only a member of our altruistic aristocracy could ever have thought of it. So, be careful of your overdrawn statements, Mr. Forsythe; we need the fine leadership of our upper-crust.

The silly spectacle goes on. Other persons than Communists have noted the ludicrous situation of ermined dowagers with lorgnettes appealing to *hoi polloi* to come to the rescue of Mr. Otto Kahn's Metropolitan Opera ("Land of Sweet Lorgnettes"). These aristocrats, by the way, are supposed to have a sense of humor, while a Communist is so deadly serious as never to appreciate how screamingly funny he is with his long whiskers, tattered clothes, and dull, serious opinions. F. P. A., court-jester to the coupon-clippers, who read Mrs. Ogden Reid's *New York Herald Tribune*, no longer can get even a Liberal very much excited over his crusades against dry-sweeping and noisy trucks

and in favor of visible house numbers. Mr. Forsythe is right. A great talent is going to waste, as it did in the case of Ring Lardner, who with an acid tongue and keen mind never turned his great powers to any end ("Aged Bard Takes His Stand"). Let the bourgeoisie bury their heads in shame if this statement be true: The "sadism, morbidity, and bestiality" of the Hauptmann trial are symptomatic of capitalistic society trying "to spew from itself all the pent-up venom from which it is dying" ("Five-Star Final").

At least two essays represent personal attacks. Mr. H. L. Mencken gets a good scorching in a Menckenesque style ("In Defense of Mr. Mencken"). Mr. Forsythe's attitude toward Mencken, Nathan, and Lewis is, I believe, the usual Communist's scorn for these apostates to the cause of revolution. "Alex—the Pooh" (Alexander Woolcott) is our little friend Winnie, grown up to be pudgy and forty-five but still oh! so winsome and whimsical. The method in these two essays is simply to range the victim in a list with one's other aversions (a trick very well known to Mencken himself) in the hope that the malodorous association will thoroughly damn him. Thus: "... seldom in history has there been a greater triumvirate than the one to which Mr. Mencken now belongs: Nietzsche, Mencken, and Bernarr Macfadden." Or thus: "The place of inanity in our national life also lacks proper statistical foundation. It is generally agreed that we rank well among the nations of the world in this respect but in the absence of complete figures on the audiences addressed by Arthur Brisbane, Mr. Woolcott, and John B. Kennedy, we have nothing but conjecture on which to base our claims. When we have added those who consider Will Rogers a philosopher to those who consider Walter Lippmann a thinker, we have a basis upon which to start, but we shall have to tabulate the females who have swooned over Mr. Clark Gable before we can be certain that our calculations are not out of line." That, I submit, is the good old stick-out-your-tongue, call-'em-names method of Mencken himself. It is too facile a method, too loose in its

workmanship, to be finally effective. It disposes of its victims in a hurly-burly way, by brusquely pushing them aside instead of puncturing and deflating them. But that title, "Alex—the Pooh" is very near genius.

What some people call the intransigence of the Communists, but what the Communists themselves no doubt call their strict adherence to principle, is plainly revealed in this book. I refer to their contempt for Liberals, Socialists, and other tender humanitarians who can see the evils of the present order but who shudder at the thought of any real change. In short, all non-Marxian radicals are on the wrong track. *Redder than the Rose* is very severe upon Stuart Chase, the Technocrats, and the followers of Veblen—the "social evolution" radicals who believe that some day presto! we'll all hand ourselves over to the engineers who will run us efficiently for use and not for profit. This argument must sound as silly to a class-struggle Marxian as the cooings of Walter Lippmann about a "benevolent capitalism." "The Little King" has to do with the evolution of Fiorello La Guardia, present mayor of New York, former white hope of the Liberals, from a supposedly militant reformer to a compromiser to an ally of the bankers. The essay is a little lesson in how hopeless an undertaking it is to try to change the *system* from the inside. The bankers always win and the Liberals are always being jilted and disillusioned but always coming back for more. It is the same conclusion that Lincoln Steffens' *Autobiography* comes to. If, as a famous English Liberal, H. J. Laski, has said, Communism is a complete religion; and if, as Kenneth Burke says, only a movement that has the fervor of a religion can save the world; then the Communists are right in their intransigence towards mild reformists, for a religion has its dogma and its closed membership, and those who are not for it (however closely to it they may stand) are against it. And this is the lesson that Heywood Broun has learned, I believe, after years of wrangling and quibbling. It is perhaps more true than it is comfortable for a Liberal to admit,

that when the real breakdown and the real crisis come, only the thorough-going Marxists will be left to stand against Fascism.

Let no one get the idea that *Redder than the Rose* is only for Communists. Any reader at all with any sense for incongruity or any love of satire can enjoy the book. There is, after all, on the surface, nothing that intelligent Bourbon critics have not been saying for a long time relative to the breakdown of culture as reflected in our press, our movies, our radio, our mob hysteria—in short, the way in which all our activities get their color and tone from our sordid commercialism. The reader will find much that is familiar, little that is new or strange, in this book. But he will find one thing that is more or less new—a solidifying and congealing of belief which gives the satire simplicity and, consequently, effectiveness. Satire flourishes when a norm of belief is held, when departures from the norm can be excoriated sharply and tellingly. Confused Liberals can portray incongruity only against a background of vague ideas as to what is intelligent, civilized, proper, in good taste. The Communist can portray incongruity against a background of solidly formulated beliefs.

Redder than the Rose is not all satire. At the end are three essays, "The Long View," "All Hectic on the Potomac," and "Gangway for the Future," which are not in the bantering vein, but which are an eloquent appeal to all humanitarians to open their eyes, see the major evil of modern society, and set it right. Many a reader, of course, will balk at Mr. Forsythe's assumption that all evils are reducible to the Marxian formulas; but any reader who is still capable of responding to an appeal to his sense of justice and right will heartily admire the passion and the conviction with which Forsythe takes his stand.

DUDLEY WYNN.

Albuquerque.

Navajo Winter Nights—Dorothy Childs Hogner—Nelson, Pub.—\$1.50.

If you are an adult and still remember with pleasure the days when you pored over Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit, you will be delighted with these animal stories drawn from Navajo Indian folk lore. If you are fortunate enough to have a child of about nine, you may share with him your pleasure. Here is Reynard the Fox re-incarnated in the person of Coyote; here are giants and magic enough to enchant any imaginative child.

It is not because Dorothy Hogner is my friend, nor that I had the pleasure of seeing these tales in manuscript, that I am so enthusiastic about them, but because I feel that they open up for children a new, strange, and fascinating world of magic lore, stories told, withal, with such a masterful simplicity that they cannot fail to attract children.

Forty-three stories, none of them too long. Creation myths, tales of Long Man, but, above all, stories of the rascal, Coyote, and his tricks. Fascinating, all of them, their charm enhanced by the striking illustrations of Nils Hogner, fine artist, with a thorough knowledge of the Indians of the Southwest, gained at first hand. In all, a beautiful book and one to buy for the children.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

Albuquerque.

My Life on the Frontier—Miguel Otero—Press of the Pioneers, 1935.

Hon. Miguel Antonio Otero, former Governor of New Mexico, has written a valuable autobiography concerning his eventful life on the frontier from 1864 to 1882, which might well serve as a model authentic historical biography—a sort of lifelike heroic classic—neither too tame nor too wild and wooly but impressive with its great truths and its intelligent handling of important facts which grip the readers' attention as no fiction could.

I, for one critic, can readily understand why such a forceful writer prefers to deal in facts instead of colorful

Western fiction, for Mr. Otero, like O. Henry, could truthfully say, "My own life is far more exciting and thrilling than any fiction I could imagine."

The book, *My Life on the Frontier*, is one of a series the distinguished New Mexican author intends to write for the enjoyment and enlightenment of posterity, and the present volume is artistically printed by The Press of the Pioneers, Inc., New York, in a limited edition of seven hundred and fifty copies, all autographed by Miguel A. Otero, thus enhancing their intrinsic value. This first volume appropriately ends with the account of the death of the author's illustrious father, Don Miguel A. Otero I, which occurred in Las Vegas, on Decoration Day, May 30, 1882.

After reading the first volume, a host of appreciative readers will determine to read the second volume which will deal with facts in connection with Mr. Otero's three terms as Governor of New Mexico.—The daring author promises to "Let the chips fall where they may."

The author knew Uncle Dick Wooten, of Raton Pass fame; Wild Bill Hickock, Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, Clay Allison, and other western characters of which he writes in a manner that throws new light on their colorful careers. It seems that he always saw some of the best traits of character in even the outlaws and killers. Of Uncle Dick Wooten he writes: "Uncle Dick was a fine old man, always kind and gentle, and as hospitable as a Southern colonel. He was in no sense a bad man, as the term was understood in the West. As a frontiersman, Uncle Dick was much on the order of Kit Carson though their means of livelihood was quite different, Carson being a noted scout and Uncle Dick a trapper, hunter, road builder, and Indian trader."

The book abounds in intriguing episodes and incidents of the real Old West and demonstrates beyond a doubt that the Oteros were builders without a peer—true pioneers. Many of the amusing incidents are "too good to keep" as the editor of Satire magazine once wrote an aspiring young author while returning a would-be contribution, but I pre-

fer that the reader get them first hand. However, in closing, I wish to quote Mr. Otero's description of George Thompson, operator of a monte layout in Las Vegas:

"During Christmas Day many years before the railroad reached the state, Sam Kaiser and Charlie Kitchen broke the bank and laid Uncle George on the shelf for the time being. He caught his second wind the next day, however; borrowed a bank roll from somebody; reopened business at the old stand and before the midnight bells sounded at Father Pinal's cathedral up the street, (calling the Faithful to Midnight Mass,) George Thompson had not only got all his money back, but had made a profit of \$22,000 on the play of the day. It was like picking up shining nuggets on the golden streets, and Thompson was wise enough to know when to quit, for the next morning Jim Olney hauled him out on the Barlow & Sanderson Stage Coach for Trinidad. There he married the widow of Colonel George Bent, got a start in the cattle business, reared a family and became rich—all because he knew when to quit and what to do at the right time."

Even a book review critic of an authentic Western should get the above point and know when to quit, so *adios*.

CLAY VADEN.

Quemado, N. M.

Puro Mexicano—Edited by J. Frank Dobie—Texas Folk-Lore Society Publications, Number XII, 1935.

The evaluation of such a book as *Puro Mexicano* calls for two types of criticism: one dealing with the book as a whole, and the other a more specific comment of each contribution. As the title implies, the content is supposed to be purely Mexican, but unfortunately, however, not all contributions are Mexican, and because of this lack of uniformity, the book suffers somewhat. The highly imaginary legend of Holy Ghost Canyon and the inaccurate account of a metamorphosis which does not occur are hardly in conformity

with a book so excellently written. Neither of these two essays are Mexican, and the Spanish story collected in Taos, while it is interesting from a dialectal viewpoint, lacks evidence and treatment of a theory that it purports to evince.

Mr. Aiken made a fortunate decision in translating the folk tales into English. The translations have not lost the spirit and content of the original but have made the material accessible to a larger reading public. The phonetic transcriptions that some folklorists insist on are of interest only to phoneticians, and it is a bit selfish to insist that folk material be written for only a few technicians whose works have no public interest. The essential part of folk tales is the content, and Mr. Aiken has wisely scrapped the facetiousness of erudition in order to propagate a good story that speaks more eloquently of the folk than do a few phonetic nuances.

It is about time that our folk material is presented in popular fashion in order to reach the very folk from which it emanates. A library shelf is hardly a place for material of this sort.

The stories of Messrs. Dobie and Woodhull indicate the thorough understanding that they have of the Mexican. There is a certain roguishness in Mr. Woodhull's *Juan Goes to Heaven* that is the very essence of popular Spanish literature. The Spanish phrases interspersed throughout the narrative add color to the story and at the same time indicate that the author has not lost the flavor of the tale. The tale of *The Bullet Swallower* by Miss Gonzalez, on the other hand, has lost a good deal of the flavor of the soil. In an effort to be literary, Miss Gonzales has struck a compromise which borders closely on the dime novel. Had she given the story in a straightforward manner like the others in the book, she might have maintained the true Mexican element. Her story leaves us with the impression that it might have been a good tale had not the collector been so intrusive.

The old time usages that Miss Crook offers are rather commonplace and are treated in a very unscholarly fashion. There are any number of customs in New Mexico that would have been of greater interest. Her collection of material does not show an extensive knowledge of her subject.

The stories of Messrs. Aiken, Dobie, Woodhull, as well as Mr. Taylor's collection of songs are excellent enough to justify the entire book. As a whole, it is one of the most interesting and best prepared along this line. Frank Dobie merits our congratulations for his publication.

ARTHUR CAMPA.

Albuquerque.

Adobe in Sunlight—Farona Konopak—The Galleon Press—\$2.50.

There is art and there is poetry in the air in New Mexico. Those who come here catch the vibrations of one or the other or both. Farona Wendling Konopak felt its beauties and rhythms so deeply that she has expressed her reactions in poems, recently published in a volume called *Adobe in Sunlight*, by the Galleon Press. The publication came as a reward for Mrs. Konopak's having won first prize in The American States Anthology Competition in 1934. The volume was given the title of this prize winning poem:

"Squatting low beneath the brooding sky
The little houses, spawned from the sun-soaked soil,
Hug the scarred earth from which they sprung.
Shoulder to shoulder they huddle around the plaza
Or stagger tipsily along the humpy road.
Through endless days the beaten sun pounds down
Soaking them in light,—spreading a golden glaze
Over the hand-patted walls. Adobes in sunlight are not
Houses of mud—they are native hearts reflecting
The throbbing life of the land from which they sprung."

In her poem *New Mexico*, she declares this hold that New Mexico grips upon those who come to her:

"Unconquered,
New Mexico stamps her brand
On her people—
Rico, paisano, alike.

Lightning rips at her mountains' peaks;
Thunder rocks her valleys;
The sun sucks rivers
And burns the mesas' grasses.
To God alone New Mexico
Bows her head.

But the people?
They are never the same!
Though they leave the land,
To which they came,
They bear forever the strange tattoo
That land can do."

Especially savoring of the country are "Penitente Hermanos," "In Chimayo," and "El Santuario." One finds in these poems the real essence of the land. All through the volume one feels that Mrs. Konopak truly loves this state of her partial adoption. As a whole the poems are the expressions of a true poet. Here and there one will find a line amateurish in feeling, a strained rhyme like *tattoo* and *can do*, or an unusual word making itself conspicuous among a group of others, simple and easy-flowing.

Mrs. Konopak is happiest when writing about New Mexico; for the few poems in the volume that do not deal expressly with things of this land do not reach the standard of those that do treat of New Mexico.

Adobe in Sunlight is a worthy addition to New Mexico verse.

ELIZABETH WILLIS DEHUFF.

Santa Fe.

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THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

Published by the University of New Mexico in February, May, August, and November.
Entered as second-class matter February 6, 1931, at the post office at Albuquerque,
New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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- CLYDE TINGLEY, Governor of New Mexico, has been a citizen of the Southwest for more than twenty years, having lived in Albuquerque, New Mexico, during this time except for his present residence in the state capitol, Santa Fe. As mayor of Albuquerque, as a public minded citizen, as a sportsman, Governor Tingley has offered New Mexico's hospitality to many noted visitors from other states and foreign countries. With no one of New Mexico's guests was his friendship closer than with the man he voices a tribute to in this *QUARTERLY*.
- W. A. GEKLER is an Albuquerque physician who has devoted his medical practice and research largely to the cure of tuberculosis. He ascribes his interest in social thought to the precedent set him by his grandfather, who left Germany, carrying a doctorate degree, to found a small college in a pioneer community in Wisconsin.
- ETHEL B. CHEYNEY is an Albuquerque poet who won second prize last year in the Poetry Contest sponsored by the Albuquerque Woman's Club.
- JOHN DILLON HUSBAND's poetry has been represented in several of the recent *QUARTERLIES*. His home is in Batavia, Illinois.
- BASFORD VAN DOKEN is the educator who contributed "Westward Ho!—In Epitome" to the November, 1934, *QUARTERLY*.
- JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL was a visitor to the campus of the University of New Mexico last summer while her husband, Clyde Tull, was a member of the English staff during the Summer Session. Mrs. Tull has just had a chapbook of her verse published by the English Club of Cornell College, Iowa. The title is "Seven Ages and Other Poems."
- HORACE GARDNER, graduate in English, of the University of New Mexico, has contributed poetry to the *QUARTERLY* and *New Mexico*. His sketch, "The Afternoon for Flavio," published in the *QUARTERLY* for May, 1934, will be reprinted this year in an anthology of college prose.
- GEORGIA KNOTTS, also a graduate in English of the University of New Mexico, now lives in Wisner, Louisiana, where she is teaching.
- KATHERINE POWERS GALLEGOS contributed a short story, "The Sewing Machine" to the November, 1933, *QUARTERLY*. She lives in Los Lunas.
- BENJAMIN SACKS earned his doctorate at Stanford University in 1934. He is a member of the History Department of the University of New Mexico. The *New Mexico Business Review* last year published an article by Dr. Sacks reviewing the causes of the World War.
- ELIJAH L. JACOBS is a teacher at Central Missouri State Teachers College. He taught formerly of State Teachers College in Silver City, where he avers he learned of an episode in Arizona that suggested his story in this magazine.
- ROLAND DICKEY is a student assistant in the English Department of New Mexico University. He has been active in student journalism and has published a number of poems in student periodicals.
- NAN BOLSIUS lives now in Tucson, Arizona, where she is the center of a family group including two brothers, both artists, one of them her husband. The Bolsius's lived for several years in San Antonito, New Mexico, where the present story has its setting. Mrs. Bolsius is doing an article on scenic Arizona for the *Southwestern* magazine.
- T. V. CALKINS holds a doctor's degree in Education from Yale University and was a member of the College of Education staff, University of New Mexico, in the Summer Session of 1935. He teaches in Bethany College, West Virginia.
- T. M. WILEY is principal of the public school in Atrisco, New Mexico. He lives in the south of Albuquerque, near Hope Wiley, his artist brother.
- JULIA KELEHER, who in this issue inaugurates the section, *Los Paisanos*, has returned this fall to the English staff of New Mexico University after a year in New York City, teaching in New York University.



WILL ROGERS

Pen Drawing Reproduced by Courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox Pictures

In Memoriam—Will Rogers

A Tribute

By CLYDE TINGLEY, Governor of New Mexico

IN THE death of Will Rogers, New Mexico lost one of its best friends.

As a cowboy he had worked in the state. He had visited the state frequently, had given his time to help raise Red Cross funds in New Mexico towns, had been a frequent visitor in Roswell, where his son attended New Mexico Military Institute.

Oklahoma claimed Will Rogers, but he was too great a friend of the whole world to be claimed by any one state. His writings were universal in appeal and the man himself appealed to everyone—to all races and all nationalities.

He had written much about New Mexico, and New Mexico can claim him, too, for the state never had a more genial, lovable friend.

Probably everyone in New Mexico who had read his writings felt as I did, that his death was a personal loss.

The American Philosophy

By W. A. GEKLER

WITH THE exception of a very few favored regions, such as some of the islands in the South Seas, the economic environment of mankind has always been one of insufficiency or poverty. While man has dreamed of eternal plenty, he has never before been able to raise himself out of the poverty into which he was born. Beginning with the steam engine, power derived from coal, petroleum, and the conversion of the energy of falling water into electricity has progressively displaced that derived from human and animal sources until today human energy provides an exceedingly small part of the power used in agriculture and industry. About the time of the outbreak of the war, thanks to the ever-increasing amount of power at our disposal, we in America were beginning to pass from the immemorial poverty over into actual or potential plenty. The close of the war found us with an agricultural and industrial plant expanded to the point where we were well into an economy of abundance without our realizing it. With the "return to normalcy" our troubles began.

Capitalism may be interpreted as the normal and inevitable human reaction to an economic environment of insufficiency or poverty, because the essence of capitalism has been the effort arising out of the instinct or law of self-preservation to store up against the uncertain future the means of existence. While differing somewhat in minor details from time to time and nation to nation, this has been accomplished by the taking of profit on present production, together with the taking of interest and ground rent. Gold, by reason of its relative scarcity, small bulk, and resistance to corrosion or oxidation, served in the three-fold capacity as a means of saving, a medium of exchange, and a measure of value.

Today, the human reaction to abundance must be as different from the reaction to poverty as abundance differs from poverty. The age-old economic mechanism of poverty, capitalism, will not work in an economy of abundance. Until there is an about-face and until a new economic order suitable to abundance comes into being, our present discomfort will continue. To the extent that the measures instituted by government and business constitute an adjustment to the newly achieved plenty we may properly speak of a "New Deal," but to that extent only.

We in America must either adjust ourselves to the new economic environment by the development of a suitable economic technique, or rapidly sink into a condition paralleling that existing in China today, with a relatively small class of extremely wealthy individuals or families, and a coolie existence for the rest of the population. It remains to be seen whether a democracy, particularly ours, will accept this latter course.

Assuming that the first course will be taken and that a new economic technique is to be developed which will translate our potential abundance into an actual abundance for all of us, two questions arise: the first, "What shall be the basic idea or principle underlying the new order?"; the second, "What is the means or instrumentality by which the change and the new order itself will be engineered?"

The answer to the first question is to be found in the Declaration of Independence which states that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. As a philosophic proposition we have deduced that in spite of the inevitable differences between individual men, they are equal in the Universe by virtue of the necessity of their existence and in human society by the needs of their existence. Men to live together in a social order of harmony rather than conflict must guarantee and enforce certain political rights to each individual. We have affirmed this in a national political document. Men

to live together in an economic order of harmony rather than conflict must guarantee and enforce the rights and privileges of economic life, liberty, and pursuits of business happiness. We can apply the same reasoning to our economic order that we have applied to our political order. A great variety of economic functions and abilities is necessary if we are to enjoy a wide variety of goods and services. Since all kinds of vocations and abilities are necessary for the production of the wide range of things we desire and need, the equality of these vocations cannot be denied. Further, with reasonable diligence and competence on the part of those pursuing these vocations and professions, economic equality among them is logical. We have no more right to assume that one vocation is worth more to society than another, than we have to assume that certain individuals have a special quality of blood in their veins to be honored by special privileges of rank and title.

We have no standard to measure the economic worth of any occupation or profession in a modern social order. Standards of measurement of any sort are entirely artificial and on closer examination are found to be fictions. Not only is economic equality logically and philosophically sound, it is also sound economics. Mass production is impossible without mass use. Economic rights derive of the people, just as do political rights. They result from mass use, and this mass use can be enjoyed to the fullest degree only by economic equality. Thus, in order that our American civilization may be preserved and continued, the pronouncement of the Declaration of Independence for equality must become an economic, as well as a political, fact.

In seeking an answer to the second question, we are fortunate in having at hand in the form of our present Constitution the instrumentality through which the change can be effected, and on which the new order can be based. The Constitution can and must be made to serve without change, for it may be doubted whether the march of events can be held up or delayed to wait for any fundamental alterations in that document.

The purpose of business is to enable individual men and women to secure maintenance for the present and provide security against the time when they shall be incapacitated for work by old age or some other disability. Until the individual has behind him the protection of his entire occupational or professional group, or of the entire nation through the government, the capitalistic methods of individual protection, attained through the taking of profits, interest, or ground rent, cannot be abandoned. If the individual is to be prevented from exploiting his fellows as well as our national natural resources in order to make himself secure, he must be given in exchange a protection upon which he can rely; this can come only through a group sufficiently large to afford that protection, that is, the entire nation. In reshaping our economic machine, this protection of the individual will necessarily be an extremely important feature.

Feudalism has always been an essentially predatory institution, whether chiefly agrarian as in the Middle Ages, or chiefly industrial as we know it today. It results logically from an economic environment of poverty or insufficiency and is the underlying cause of the civil and international wars, of the revolts and overthrow of governments by peasants and workers, of misery for the weak and luxury for the powerful. There can be no necessity for activities of a predatory nature in an economy of plenty, and with the disappearance of the cause which brought it into existence our modern industrial feudalism is doomed. Our new economic mechanism, which is now being born, will be the embodiment of the antithesis of feudalism, namely, representative democracy. Our century and a half of training in democracy makes America the nation best fitted to apply democratic principles in business. A century and a half ago, through a revolution, the American people made an effort to control the sources of political abuse. Through a new revolution we are making an effort to control the sources of economic abuse. Our history and fortunate

geographic position indicate that it is America's mission to lead the way and once again hold aloft the torch of liberty to shed its light upon a suffering world.

Government has been defined as that agency which has been set up to carry on those affairs which are common to all of us. At the time our Government was founded its functions included national defense, police protection, public health and sanitation, postal service, the fixing of weights and measures, the coining of money and regulating its value, the issuing of currency, and the regulation of commerce between the states. Since that time other affairs which are common to all of us have come into existence. Transportation, communication other than by mail, the production and distribution of goods and food, and the production and distribution of power are matters which vitally touch the welfare of everyone. In other words, what we call "business" is government.

History indicates, I believe, that democracy is not a permanent way of community life in an economic setting of insufficiency or poverty. Our business and social life have, in the past, been anything but democratic, and our vaunted democracy has been an unattained ideal rather than an actual fact. Genuine democracy is possible only in an economy of plenty, and it is the only form of social organization which will work in plenty. Our problem, then, is to establish economic equality and provide that protection for the individual which he has had to secure for himself, through the introduction of representative democracy into our economic system.

Under our Constitution in its present state and as it has been interpreted to us, there would seem to be two ways by which representative rights of economic security can be enforced. The first would be for the Government to provide work for those now unable to find employment at whatever occupation or profession they are skilled on a non-profit basis, with added provision for protection against old age and disability. Once the present partial inflation result-

ing from the Government's borrowing and spending to provide means of support for those unable to find work is stopped, the capitalistic processes which stripped those now on relief will again begin to push ever-increasing numbers over the line into the relief group. In other words, the economic suicide of the profit system will proceed without hindrance. New units of vocational employment government sponsored for support rather than for profit would appear. When a majority of our population is forced over into the new economy, the new order will have been born. The capitalistic minority would have no choice other than to join up with the majority. This would, in effect, constitute an abandonment of the old order.

A second solution to our problem would lie in the levying of an individual income tax so drastic that the Government would take everything above an amount required for the liberal maintenance of a family of average size. In view of the fact that the salaries of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court cannot be diminished during the tenure of office of those now on the bench, an amount equal to their present salaries, \$20,000 per year, would probably be the limit allowed any individual head of a family. Naturally the present exemptions to the income tax provisions would have to be abandoned.

Such an action on the part of Congress would have two results. In the first place, it would bring an immediate diffusion of income and purchasing power, and thereby start business back toward maximum production with absorption of the unemployed. In the second place, it would enable the Government to cease its efforts at correcting the abuses in business. The root of these evils lies in the necessity and desire to take profits and once the tap root is cut through limitation of income, the evils will disappear.

Regardless of which of these two courses of development is taken, individuals engaged in the various basic industries will naturally gravitate into groups and form organizations. Industries, crafts, professions, arts, are

organized today to protect investments or to protect labor. With the predatory exploitation of human beings and natural resources no longer necessary or *possible*, the purpose of these business organizations must become that of doing economic equity between the different individuals composing them. Representative democracy, as exemplified in our republican form of government, is the normal form of organization among Americans; this will naturally be the form in which the various basic industries and services will organize. They may well be considered *industrial states* whose jurisdiction and authority will extend wherever their particular economic function is performed. Their boundaries and limitations will be functional instead of geographic; they will govern functions and not individuals. They will extend to the economic function of the individual, his job in other words, the same protections which are now guaranteed him for his person and property. And, most important perhaps of all, these industrial states will provide every protection for their citizens against old age or other infirmity.

Originally our present Constitution established a means by which the nations composing the Union could maintain peace in their relations with each other instead of the perpetual warfare which seems to be regarded by some as the normal relationship between nations. While perpetual hostility and war may be the normal condition of affairs between political states, the exact opposite, co-operation, is the normal for business or industrial states. Our various basic industries are interdependent to the greatest degree and the prosperity of one affects that of all the rest. As a means for facilitating co-operation, rather than maintaining a perpetual truce, our Constitution will serve without amendment or alteration. Applied to the business functions of the individuals, the provisions of the Constitution offer a just and equitable solution for all the personnel problems of business.

The American philosophy here, very briefly and sketchily outlined, involves no bureaucratic regimentation of

human beings. It not only does not necessitate depriving any of us of any of the liberties we now enjoy, but actually proposes to broaden our freedom to the fullest extent. This philosophy is based on the truth of the Declaration of Independence and its expression through our American Constitution. The American solution to the American phase of the world revolution now in progress lies in extending the essence of Americanism into the economic field thus rounding out and fulfilling the structure begun a century and a half ago with the founding of this nation.

Sudden Fall

By ETHEL B. CHEYNEY

I saw a fallen yellow leaf today,
And in that moment thought was all confused;
For autumn, it had seemed, was far away,
And there were many summer days I had not used.

But with the small leaf lying mutely there
On sunshined grass, with flowers all around;
I felt the chill of winter in the air,
And icy blasts, though there was not a sound.

Loneliness

By JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

Loneliness comes bitterly to me
When last stars slowly dim and fall
Before the keen up-curving blade of sun
And angled shadows lift and crawl
Across the narrow ledge of grass.
The hurried feet that echo up and pass
Have in the thin autumnal air
The narrow sound of moving leaves
At season's end. There is no sound
So lonely as this one at dawn
Of hurried helpless city feet
Moving down a city street.

Two Old Men Die

By BASFORD VAN DOKEN

OLD MEN—today, even as when Aristotle wrote the ancient syllogism about Socrates—always die. Young men sometimes die, but normally, at least, they first become old men. That is, death for the old is always a more-or-less imminent event, and they themselves conceive it so. This does not mean that they regard it lightly or with lively anticipation. My observation is that thought of it often fills them with profound sadness, but having faced the inevitable throughout the latter part of a lifetime, they come to its acceptance in the spirit of its inevitableness. Perhaps naturally then, unless bound to them by close ties, we pay slight heed to their slipping away from mortality.

Yet when I went to the funerals of two old men within recent months I was distressed by that scant notice which their passing received. These men had given themselves to their publics. One was a preacher, the other, a teacher; neither had acquired fame, yet one had been well known throughout the state during a period of nearly forty years. They were not my close friends; our acquaintance hardly exceeded a brief five years. But in this period my respect for that inner essence of them which we call spirit had grown deep; I had found there fineness, dignity, courage, and a wonderful kindliness. And this discovery had sought expression, almost involuntarily it had seemed, in attendance at the last rites to be paid them. What struck me was that so few cared to pay this mark of respect. In the one case there were chairs set for perhaps a hundred people; in the other, for two hundred. In both instances more than half the chairs were vacant.

Now I am aware of a change in funeral customs. Attendance induced by morbidity is, happily, discouraged in many ways; only those who really care are supposed to witness the ceremony attending the final disposal of the mortal frame. Entering into this change are both an

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improvement in taste and a decline of at least a certain type of religious conscientiousness. The Judge Sewalls of today do not keep pious—albeit thrifty—records of gloves and rings that once were the perquisites of pallbearers. Moreover, it is obvious that in the city of more than twenty-five thousand people it is a rare funeral that can evoke community-wide response. The larger the center of population the greater are one's chances for obscurity, and, by and large, city funerals are unimportant affairs.

In marked contrast to this is the mood of the village or small town. There are millions of men, particularly middle-aged and old men, in large places who would live and die much more happily in small ones, if the item of economic support could be disposed of. One of the virtues of the village is its inclusion of every soul within its borders as part of its social corporateness. Individuality grows by the sense of such inclusion, is crushed by its lack. The given individual of certain limitations, let us say, may not move actively even in the small group, but the mere fact of his presence over a period of years is well nigh inescapable. In such a place, as in the family, his going will leave a certain niche vacant, and his neighbors will gather at his bier to mourn. This point was interestingly confirmed in the case of one of my two old friends. A few years preceding his death he moved from our larger city to a small town where he served his people through the medium of a so-called "community church." To his funeral in this little chapel people flocked from far and near; large numbers were forced to wait outside the building during the service, and the business of the town temporarily stood still. Next day in his previous, and larger, home-town the service prompted the attendance of barely fifty of us.

On the other hand, it must be pointed out that it is in the large city where the most impressive obsequies occur, as in those responses of magnitude which often follow the ending of a "public" career. The public man is a topic of conversation in all homes, whether personally known or not.

His undertakings, his contests, his daily routine, his interests and his sins, petty or great, bandied about from tongue to tongue and blazoned upon the front pages of newspapers, make him, vicariously, the possession of every humble citizen. He is like the character of the popular novel, in whose exploits one may share and in whose passing from the stage one feels a personal loss, although one's attention to his career may not have been accompanied by admiration. And this sense of loss, this interest in the passing of the public man, is greatly augmented when the hand of death smites him in the midst of his activities. The death, even, of an old man still pursuing his career creates more stir than that of one who has, either willingly or unwillingly, relinquished his hold upon it; while the young man, suddenly cut off, becomes a figure of tragedy.

In my section of the world two other persons—eminent people, and, hence, not in the category of my humble friends—recently died within a rather short period. One was a governmental officer of high rank, the other a woman writer of international fame. The former possessed in his office a hard-driving political power that menaced throughout his state some of its finest cultural interests. Among large groups his sudden demise provoked little genuine sorrow. But his funeral was a state occasion; on that day the capital streets were crowded; bands played slow dirges; eulogies were spoken; flags fluttered at half-staff; and the attention of people through a whole region was fixed upon the ceremony.

Now, on the other hand, although I shall have to admit my surprise and satisfaction at the amount of comment elicited by the taking-off of our famous writer (there were even page-wide headlines in two or three of the newspapers, and I have no doubt that the news of her death carried to far more distant parts of the earth than did that of the functionary of government), yet, obviously, the response was a different one—that of a select group of people. The general populace was not affected; many had never heard of

her, and to large numbers who had seen her name, her work was a quantity wholly unknown or unintelligible. Five hundred years hence that work and that name will still be known, that of the politician buried deep in oblivion. Ideas and accomplishment contributory to human living have a way of gathering force as they roll down the avenues of time, and legends about the personalities behind them grow apace, while the temporary and the local, no matter how passingly important, steadily decline.

One's mind inevitably reverts to two deaths near the beginning of the Christian era. Octavius, grandnephew of the great Julius, had led Rome definitely into the path of empire. From beginnings clouded by intrigue and political scandal he had gone on not only to absolute control, but to many constructive achievements worthy of his title, Augustus. His death brought repercussions throughout the civilized world, and his funeral was a world-event. Suetonius tells us that his body was carried by the senators of the municipalities and the colonies through several nights all the way from Nola, where he died, to Bovillae, where it was met by members of the equestrian order and borne to the city. "In their desire to give him a splendid funeral and honour his memory the senators so vied with one another that among many other suggestions some proposed that his cortège pass through the triumphal gate, preceded by the statue of Victory which stands in the House, while a dirge was sung by children of both sexes belonging to the leading families; others, that on the day of the obsequies golden rings be laid aside and iron ones worn; and some, that his ashes be collected by the priests of the highest colleges." But though a limit had to be set upon the acceptance of the multiplicity of suggestions made, he was, nevertheless, given the unusual honor of two eulogies, one delivered by Tiberius before the temple of the deified Julius and one by Drusus from the rostra. His body was then carried, again upon the shoulders of senators, to the Campus Martius, and there burned. Later his ashes were gathered up by the

leading men of the equestrian order, "bare-footed and in ungirt tunics," and placed in the mausoleum he had built between the Via Flaminia and the bank of the Tiber. One can readily envisage those long lines awaiting through the night the approach of flaring torches that lighted the slow steps of the bearers, throngs standing silent and respectful as the solemn cortège moved through the city streets, and a multitude rapt before the spectacle of an imperial pyre swallowed up in flame. One ex-praetor even took oath he had seen the form of the Emperor on its way to heaven. It was a time when, in an atmosphere charged with emotion, all men paused to take account of the passing of this great figure, and the more seriously since it signalized the opening of a new and uncertain era.

A few years later a humble Jew was executed over on the east coast of the Mediterranean. Only close relatives and friends and a small guard of soldiers were present, and a very small band of faithful ones put his body inconspicuously away. No one at the court of Caesar heard of his death, and no one at that court knew of him until a good many years afterward. Yet there were elements in his thinking which seized so increasingly upon human imagination and aspiration that later an Emperor was constrained to espouse the institution in which this thinking had become incorporated, and a civilization enduring two thousand years embraced that institution. Today all know one name; few know the other. Institutionalized ideas can grow into forms vastly different from their origins, yet revolutionary ideas do not become institutionalized unless they have power to move great numbers. An aged institution, it is true, that continues to affect the masses harks back to a "Founder," a personality. This is particularly evident in our oldest institutions, the world religions, and it tends to be true in governments. Most people do their thinking in terms of people and things, but no personality can project itself down through time without the momentum of ideas, for, after all, ideas must remain in this kind of a world, the only

finally permanent bequest. The lives and deaths of our two old men are bound up with such a theme; fulfillment in life and the value of ideas were, for them, never very far apart.

Fulfillment and frustration are potent words. All life at the level of consciousness is subject to the pangs of frustration, and the greater the power denied expression the keener this feeling, though a given individual may fail to define it. Some men, to be sure, seem to sink below even a consciousness of failure, but possess them with either a real or an imagined gift or ambition, and sensitiveness immediately becomes intensified. Death and all manner of other disgrace may pale before the agony of a word that pronounces the adverse judgment of contemporaries upon one's life ambition. Fulfillment, therefore, is at the opposite pole, and though attained probably more often than we care to admit by way of reaction against the pain of frustration, is linked up both with freedom of expression and with the acknowledgment of power. That is, men who seek influence, either legitimately or otherwise, seek confirmation of their possession of it. The child loves to perform and to repeat the act which his comrades acknowledge superior; so does the man, for acknowledged superiority begets influence, and influence is the subtlest sweet the gods have ever left within the reach of man.

But not all men respond to the call of the same sort of power. Influence may be said to fall into two great classes, or types—the one, latitudinal; the other, longitudinal. By the former is meant that which palpably affects the current world of men. A Caesar's empire applauds him living and bows before him dead; its returns are immediate and tangible; prestige and adulation may be sensed and enjoyed. Here, of course, lie most men's interests, and their judgments are cast in terms of contemporary standards. So completely a matter of second nature has this type of reaction become with these men that it is doubtful if the dilemma of choice even presents itself. Their perplexity is genuine when they ask why you propose the countering of

public opinion. Assuredly it is hard to conceive a way to power through unpopularity. Give the talented politician the opportunity to spend a life-time in retired concentration upon the solution of an idea certain to benefit mankind, and he dubs you a crack-pot. Ideas are fanciful, poetic stuffs; he prefers to deal with "substantial" things.

Now longitudinal influence is not immediate; it sets out weakly like a rivulet down a hillside; but if it has greatness, it is evolutionary, and its source then becomes important after it has travelled long enough and far enough to prove its power upon succeeding generations of men. Obviously to this type of influence there is attached only a small group with a single-minded loyalty to the world of ideas and values, and even these are not alike in their attitudes toward contemporaries. One thinks of the differences between a Luther and a Spinoza. There are those advocates and zealots who can be happy only in the clash of opinion, in the winning of converts, in the manifest augmentation of numbers of disciples, although denied all these, like Bruno, the heretic, they go to martyrdom, if necessary, without surrender. Then there are those quiet thinkers who are willing to forge their instruments of truth very quietly and very slowly, and to set them on their way in the world without ado. Every man, including these, seeks confirmation of his worth; he craves the response of his fellows; but great men of this quiet and retiring kind are willing to let future generations pronounce the final judgment. A Spinoza knew the respect of many eminent contemporaries, but he knew nothing of his name's later prestige.

The kind of attachment of which we have been talking is based, I believe, upon one of two basic characteristics—creativeness or mysticism—or perhaps upon both. These two elusive qualities make for individualism and for self-reliance. Creativeness can assert itself, of course, in countless ways—in business, in the profession, in mechanics, in any sort of planning, as well as in poetry and painting. But if genuine, it contains within itself a satisfaction which

other honors cannot approach. (One is reminded of the epitaph of Thomas Jefferson.) And the creator, driven by that inner fire, at once a thirst and a quaffing of the spirit, finds his way by doing what other men do *not do*; he looks upon their world, but he does not accept their version of it. His way, as he walks it, is his own.

Now one approaches the second of these two characteristics, mysticism, much less freely. It has been so completely linked up with an attitude prevalent before and opposed to our modern so-called scientific approach to the universe that its mention may beget both scorn and impatience. But there is a sense in which mysticism involves a large number of science-conscious moderns. There must first be ruled out a group of the naturalistically-minded who insist that all human problems fall within a measurable limit—to be completely explored in the course of time with the instruments of science. To these either speculation or systems of thought not proven by facts are dangerous. But those remaining tend to acknowledge, with greater or less sensitiveness, an Inexplicable. Some of these lives are affected by such an acknowledgment; some are not. That is, certain men are too dull, too unimaginative, or too prone to compartmentalize their thinking to live other than a sense-dominated life. Many men's lives, however, are in some measure changed by such a conception, for they find within themselves certain emotional responses to it that alter outlooks; and these men we choose to call, broadly, mystics. Such persons are apt to place the Real in the background of the universe, and not on its surface. They may denominate it Apeiron, or Logos, or Idea, or Absolute, or they may leave it nameless; nevertheless, its influence remains so potent that the perspective of life is inevitably affected. It lends a kind of permanence supplementary to the flux of events and generations of man, like the depth of space and its constant suns in the life of an astronomer; to the man who knows the heavens, they would say, life simply cannot be interpreted in terms of mere planetary circumstance.

My two old friends were creative, though in a minor key—for no man can write either sermons or class-lectures for years on end without finding a creative compensation of a sort—and both were mystics, and in no narrow sense; though devout, both were pretty good Platonists. Upon second thought I am not so deeply concerned about the close of their lives. They were not what the world calls great, and the world let them pass unobserved into the shadows. But I am sure they would not have been disturbed, had they known. They had attained some of that security which comes of long contemplation of life; they had found abiding satisfaction in the pursuit of something they might have called Real Worth; they had given it of their best, and they would have smiled depreciatingly at suggestion of a due of greater appreciation.

I think I can see now that the esteem they really craved would come from a discriminating group, those who would see in their lives an effort toward the perpetuation of excellence. They reached out constantly toward finer formulations, and life became thus a continuous creative effort, but effort always sustained by the conviction that life held truth in its depths. They were real "seekers." Preachers and teachers are fearfully prone to sink into a clutching mental routine that banishes all adventure; but these old men knew the thrill of mental and spiritual adventure almost to the day of their death—perhaps on that very day. I have been told that consciousness went with one of them to the end. He was fully aware of the situation, he called his wife to him, bade her a tender farewell—and waited. In those waiting moments I can imagine the presence of no misgiving; but I can almost see in the fading light of those eyes a gleam of eagerness!

Rare souls! There are some of us who will always feel a glow about the heart at thought of them. And so, whether there be principles of right and truth and beauty established at the core of the universe, or whether right and truth and beauty center in that scarcely less tangible "mind of man-

kind," their lives have struck a chord that goes singing on through time—perhaps eternity. We breathe for them a tender *Requiescat*. They have known more of the meaning of death than all of us, and more than most of us of the meaning of life.

Ride Through the Jemez Mountains

By JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL

Not for the jagged rocks, nor the smell of cedar,
Or the wide sweep of plain,
Shall I remember through long years
That friendly ride;
Nor for the wild aster and red rain
Falling like repentant tears
From a heart's pain—
But for two white goats between earth and heaven,
Clinging unafraid to the mountain side.

Peña Blanca

By JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL

I pass you by, Peña Blanca,
Your smiling walls in sunlight
Behind the Tamarisk tree;
But the white sorrow that you hide, Peña Blanca,
I may not see.
I have a sorrow, too, Peña Blanca,
But whether it is white or black, I do not know—
It may be as black as the night it comes from,
Or white as tomorrow's snow.

Vignettes of a Strange October

By HORACE GARDNER

Now in this warm October, black, sweet grapes
Hang heavily in the sun and all the land
Lies hushed. The Rio Grande curves through
The yielding earth, still warm and brown as flesh
Feeding the harshness of the desert, starved
Within itself by sand, and dry, dry wind
Painting it with cottonwood and grass
And singing softly through the timeless days
To the old men sleeping in the sun, who dream
Of long dead things, mumbling with their loosened mouths
And feeling the thrust of earth into their bones;
Singing to the brown skinned boys who feel
The sting of fire run over them—Prelude
To summer of the flesh—feeling the world
Awakening in this last outburst of sun
And splashing in the warm brown flow
Of water round their bodies, feeling strange, sweet
Resurgent voices in their blood.

Intense

In their upbeat of blue the mountains watch
This strange long summer on the land below
Wrapped in their haze, imperiously proud
A symphony of frozen notes, stretched out
Upon the cadence of the clearer sky.
This world is old, and voices whisper here
Alive and clear in this October's air.
What matter now the other days, the years
That ride the dust, when all that is, is here
And will be here again? The mountains stand
Aloof, knowing their days are short and pass
As swiftly as does the wind. They are content.

* * * * *

Old Angelina Maria Ortiz

Looks out her window at the road, looks long

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At white dust stirring, moving in the sun,
Sees the haze move slowly, undulating
In the heat.

Here she has been for thirty years
Here at her window, marking the days
Pass in procession toward the dark, the end
Of all her days.

* * * * *

At San Felipe, Josephine Jiron
Slants her basket off her head, the chaff
Flies off into the wind, the yellow grain
Falls to her blanket spread upon the earth.
How long ago at Pu-ye women stood
And winnowed, with their baskets slanting down
Their long black hair!

Josephine Jiron
Lets fall the yellow grain and sings
Softly, in her breath, the winnowing song.

* * * * *

At Bernalillo, Brother Charles picks grapes
Sweats in the sun, and thinks of Languedoc

* * * * *

Hilda Wilson, Kansas born, is tired
Of mending overalls. She cannot sit
And smoke the afternoon away, or watch
The afternoon pass slowly down the road.
Too much of Kansas pushes her to work.
Her stifled brain, if asked, would push out this
"These lazy natives never do a thing!"
And they, good souls, would slyly laugh at her
And know her crudeness not her fault. They know
Their own inborn gentility, and smile.

* * * * *

This all will pass. Another thousand years
The mountains will look down again
At warm October's passing, mark it strange
And smile and be content that they endure.

Christmas Money

By GEORGIA KNOTTS

MR. RHODES sat in his stuffy little office, wishing very much that there were no such thing as Christmas. He sat on his high stool by the desk, pencil in hand, absently making circles fit in squares and playing games of tatu with an imaginary partner.

Christmas, he reflected, is the one season of the year when men are supposed to lay aside daily cares—join in the spirit of good will toward men—be grateful for health and happiness, and wish friend and foe alike a “Prosperous New Year.”

Yet, Christmas this year was short of a nightmare. Prior to the year 1931, it was customary for the large plantation owners to furnish their tenants with Christmas money, which might be gotten back, but which more than likely would not be gotten back.

So many things could happen. It might be too dry, and the crop would burn up. It might be too wet and the grass would get it, then the boll-weevil had a habit of making a visit at inopportune times.

These negative elements bothered the negroes little, if at all. They wanted their Christmas money, and if “Ol’ Boss” would not let them have it, Colonel Stewart would. He had a fine place, too, ready for most any good negro that wanted to come over . . .

There was a respectful knock on the white-washed door of the office, and a black husky youth of about twenty came in.

“E’nen, Boss.”

“Evening, Peter.” Mr. Rhodes reached out and took a note from Peter’s huge black hand.

“All right, Peter, tell yo’ pappy he can have his Christmas money cause I can depend on him to pay out. But I’m not—” he reached in a cigar box and began counting out some bills—“But I’m not going to make this loan to every-

body. Times too hard, and we have to learn how to do without."

"Yas suh, sho' is fer a fack."

"Give this to yo' pappy and wish him a fine Christmas for me."

Mr. Rhodes stepped to the window and saw the boy lumbering slowly away. A good negro, he thought. Someday, not far away, he would take his daddy's place on the plantation. He was an honest, good boy. He'd never been into any trouble that amounted to anything. He was already one of the deacons in the church, which position was undoubtedly due to a loud voice and an unlimited amount of wind. No, he had not made a mistake there. After all, \$50.00 was not too much to loan to a negro like Uncle Alf. He had four fine sons, Peter, Paul, Andrew, and John, all good workers.

Mr. Rhodes paid out some other smaller sums during the afternoon to different darkies, locked his rusty safe, slammed the office door and went home feeling quite at peace with the world, and his negroes. He felt sure that he was being as generous as any neighboring planter and that he would begin the New Year with the same hands that he had now. That was always a sign of a good year ahead.

After breakfast next morning, Mr. Rhodes walked to his office, enjoying the cool, quiet morning, and the drizzle that was just beginning. He shut the door behind him and pulled his chair up before the little stove. There were some letters he had to get off—and a little figuring for his family's Christmas.

He was in the midst of writing a letter on his trusty 1920 model Royal, when he saw Uncle Alf shuffling up to the door.

"Come on in Alf. What's your trouble?"

"Boss, I lowed as how I'se gwine need de res' of mah Christmas money. I thought fer a while I wuzn't gonna need it, but I has to pay de doctor fer getting my little gal well."

"The rest of your money! What are you talking about? I gave you \$50.00 yesterday. What else do you want in these times?"

It was Alf's time to be surprised. He straightened up, and a certain amount of fire came into his eyes.

"Me? You don't give me \$50.00 this year boss? Naw suh, you ain't, Mr. Rhodes. Naw suh."

They stood silent for a minute. "Alf, you or me's crazy. I'll look anyhow."

The file was opened, and Alf's note removed. Mr. Rhodes read aloud, "Please give me \$5.00 for Christmas, please Mr. Rhodes." It was signed Alf Hunter.

"Well I'll be." These three words conveyed the bleakest despair imaginable. For one who had never seen a plantation negro's hand writing to make such a mistake, there might have been some excuse, but for Mr. Rhodes, after twenty years experience to do such a thing, it was unpardonable.

Of course the boy had known that his pappy asked for only \$5.00. Yet he had said nothing when he was given \$50.00. Mr. Rhodes recalled that he had not seen Peter in the store lately. Could it be that he had taken the money in his pocket, got his ginger-colored flapper, and departed?

"How much money did Peter give you?"

"Five dollars, boss."

"Peter at home?"

"Naw suh—he's over at Mis' Victoria Saulsberry. Dey is to be married soon dey orders fer de license."

"Well, you come with me. I'll tell you why when we get started."

They hurried to the old Model T at the back of the office. Uncle Alf had considerable difficulty in getting the door open, but once in he sat very straight, and smiled condescendingly at the one or two negroes who stood around the store.

They stopped at Victoria's house. Alf was not smiling now. He acted much as any white father would on hearing of his son's alleged dishonesty.

"Oh Pete."

Peter did not answer, but the laughter that they had heard when they first stopped had ceased, and there was a scared silence inside.

"Peter," called Mr. Rhodes.

A very nice looking brown girl came to the door.

"How you do, Mr. Rhodes. Hi, Mr. Alf."

"Victoria, is Peter in there," Mr. Rhodes was calm.

"Yas suh. Pete he here." She turned to the door and called to Peter. "Pete, yo' pappy want you."

Pete came slowly out.

"Get in the car, Peter. Got a little business to talk over."

Peter walked as slowly to the car as he could, and stubbornly refused to open the door. Mr. Rhodes opened it, and shoved him in.

They drove to the office in silence. Once inside, Peter took on an offensive air. He threw back his shoulders, put his hands in his pockets, and studied the ceiling just as he might do at a family gathering if he became a bit bored.

"Peter, what did you do with that \$45.00?"

"I ain't had no \$45.00, Boss."

"Look here, didn't I give you \$50.00 to take to yo' pappy?"

"Don' know if you did or if you didn't, Boss."

"Well, you better know by the time we get to the Squire's place. You'll know all about it by then. Come on Alf. Come on Pete."

Alf was more anxious to keep up the good name of the family than to defend his son's honor, so he grabbed Pete by the arm, and led him to the car, muttering all the time, "You ole' bad boy you. I don' know whar you gits yo' badness no how. Taint fum me."

Mr. Rhodes climbed in the front seat. "All right, Peter. One more chance before the Squire gets you. Know where that money is?" Pete carelessly lifted his right hand to scratch his head.

"Mah Gawd, boss, yas suh, I certainly does know whar it's at, boss. Please suh, boss, I does' suh. You jes' go up to mah house, an' I'll git it fer you in one minute."

His pappy, who had been looking dejectedly at the floor, quickly raised his head at his son's unexpected confession. There sat Mr. Rhodes scratching his head with a hand that held a neat pearl-handled pistol. "Please suh, Mr. Rhodes, don' do nuthing to mah boy, he's gwine tell, ain't you, son?"

Peter burst wildly into a confession, pleading between sobs for Mr. Rhodes to hurry to the house. He did not wait for the car to stop, but jumped out and ran to the stump of an old tree, and began feeling around inside the stump. Finally he pulled out a paper sack, which he handed to Mr. Rhodes. "Here tis', boss. I tuk it suh. I knowed pappy asked fuh five dollars, but when you giv' me fifty, I figured dat maybe pappy wouldn't want no mo' and dat he wouldn't fin' out 'til settlin' up time. By den, me and Vic would done been married and I would don' paid pappy back. Sho' nuf, Boss, I didn't mean no wrong. I wuz jes' tempted, dat's all."

"All right, Peter. Stop crying. I'm ashamed of you. A good boy that yo' pappy was so proud of, stealing from him. Aren't you ashamed?"

Mr. Rhodes put the pistol back in his pocket, and fingered the sack thoughtfully for a minute. He must punish the boy. But how? The days of beating negroes had long passed, and Mr. Rhodes was not sorry. He could never visualize himself as a Simon Legree. He wouldn't send Peter to jail, both for sentimental reasons, and because in doing so, he would lose an excellent negro. Uncle Alf broke in on his thoughts.

"I knows what you is thinking, boss. Youse wondrin' if to giv' dat boy a lickin' or sending him to de jail-house. Boss, fuh mah sake, don' do neither. I'se been here a long

time, boss, an dis is de first time dat any wrongdoing is happened in mah family. Ain' dat de truf', boss?"

"Yes, that's the truth, Alf."

"Dat boy, he ain't naccherly bad, he jes' tempted. Now me, here, I'se too old an' bent fuh to beat him mahself." He looked at his brawny son. "But I'll tell you what, boss. His mammy sho' can hit hard."

Mr. Rhodes thought this over for a minute. After all, this would be the easiest way out for everybody. The three of them started walking to the cabin with Peter in the middle. He looked about him as only a scared darkie can look. If he had any hopes of running away, they were broken the minute his pappy yelled in as loud a voice as his seventy-odd years would permit, "Ohhh Becky."

The cabin door bounded open an Becky loomed out. Mr. Rhodes hadn't remembered that Becky had been this large. She was enough to inspire fear in anyone, and to her son, who couldn't fight back, she must have been appalling.

She grinned pleasantly at Mr. Rhodes. "Enen, Mr. Rhodes. How you is today?"

"I'm fine, Aunt Becky."

"Sho' is cool today, ain't it?"

"We got a job for you, Aunt Becky."

The details were given. Becky's face grew tenser at every word. After the recitation, Becky reached out, grabbed Peter by the collar, and dragged him into the house.

"You young Affican, you. All yo' life I'se tried to raise you to be a man like yo' pa, and den you go and steals all his money."

Peter made one last effort to get away, but Becky's clutch was iron, and he followed her into the house, whimpering along the way, "Oh please, Mammy, fo' Gawd's sake, please mam don' whip me. I is never gon' to do nothin' like this agin."

The door closed behind them, and while Mr. Rhodes could not see them he knew well enough what went on. He knew that Peter was stripped, and was lying on the bare

floor on his stomach, with a chair over his head, both to insure his staying there, and to give Becky somewhere to rest her bulk while she administered the blows. He knew that Becky had gotten the old plow line off the back porch to use as a whip.

Ten minutes later, after all the war-like sounds had ceased, Becky walked out.

"Ah think ah don' fix him to whar he cain't steal no mo.' Us sho' is proud dat you don' caught dat trifling boy. He sho' is bothersome, stealin' his pappy's and mammy's Christmas money."

"Aw, Becky, dat boy ain't bad. He jes' wuz tempted by de debil."

"Now listen here, I says de boy is bad, an' he is."

Alf evidently thought so too, for he had found it wise to agree with Becky.

* * * * *

Mr. Rhodes went home, tired after the day's excitement. He was satisfied with the boy's punishment. It would be a lesson to him, and to the other boys, on the place. But Mr. Rhodes was worried about Peter. There was no doubt but that he would leave. It was not just getting caught for stealing that he would mind. It was that Victoria would hear about the beating, and probably would not marry him.

Mr. Rhodes spent a miserable night. He was awakened now and then by a voice, "Peter is going to leave. Peter is going to leave."

He arose earlier than usual next morning. He felt listless and tired. After a cup of coffee, he walked to his office and sat down to try to decide some way out. He could not lose Peter. He had counted on him for so long to carry on in his daddy's place when he died. Who would be hostler? Who would keep the garden?

Suddenly he jumped up, grabbed his hat, and started for the door. He would go and ask Peter to stay. It would be better to give in once than to regret it long after. He

opened the door and bounded out. As he rounded the corner of the store, he saw a familiar figure walking up the lane. As it came closer, he saw that it was Peter.

He did not know what Peter wanted, but he decided to wait and see. He closed the door behind him, took out a ledger, and began figuring just as though he had been there all morning. There was a knock on the door. It opened slowly, and there stood Peter, grinning sheepishly.

He looked first at the floor and then at Mr. Rhodes. He shifted uneasily from foot to foot.

"Well, Peter, what do you want?"

"Boss, I wants you to order off after me a pair of license. Me and Victoria is going to git married on Christmas day."

"Well, good for you, Peter. I sure will get you the license."

"An' Boss, us will need some furniture, too."

"Where are you going to live."

"Us got the house back of pa."

"All right. Take this note to Mr. Lewis there in the store, and he will give you the furniture you need, or at least, what we can spare."

Peter thanked him and walked to the door. "Oh, and Peter, I forgot something." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a five dollar bill. "Better take this along for luck."

Martha and Mary

By KATHERINE POWERS GALLEGOS

Mary's hands were beautiful,
 Tapering rose and white.
They might paint a martyred saint,
 Keep bright flames alight,—

They might finger holy beads,
 Dress an altar fair,
Wave away a human love,
 Fold themselves in prayer.

Martha's hands were firm and brown,
 Needle-pricked and warm,
They could feed a tired man,
 Lead small feet from harm.

They might gather rosy shells
 From life's bitter sands.
When I'm dying may I be
 Soothed by Martha's hands!

L'Affaire Dreyfus

By BENJAMIN SACKS¹

THE peregrinations of the Israelites after the loss of their native home is an interesting, albeit distressing, chapter in the history of mankind. Their quest for a haven free from persecution, took them all over the face of the earth. Wherever they went they were subjected to humiliating disabilities. Sentenced to live in special quarters, to engage only in certain occupations, to attend school in limited numbers, if at all, and to wear badges betokening their descent, the Jews eked out a miserable existence. To this group, it is needless to say, the French Revolution was a veritable blessing, for included in the rights of man was religious equality. The Jew was permitted to don the garb of a free man and to become a citizen of his adopted land. But traditional ideas and habits, if one chooses to call them such, are sometimes difficult fences to break down and occasionally there would appear signs of religious intolerance. To many of the older people of the present generation the news of the death of Alfred Dreyfus in July, 1935, at the age of seventy-five, recalled such a moment. In their youth they were treated to just such a spectacle as Germany under Hitler is affording the youth of today. From 1894 to 1906, with little interruption, the case of this French captain of Jewish extraction convulsed an entire nation. Its implications came to extend far beyond the individual himself. Important concepts of freedom and justice were at stake.

The genesis of this affair may be traced to the desperate struggle which the Catholic Church and the monarchical element were waging to retain their dominant influence in French life. Both were gradually losing ground and, unless the Third French Republic, guardian of the rights of man, was checked, they would soon be a spent force in their coun-

1. This paper was given originally as an address at the Temple Albert in Albuquerque, October 8, 1935, upon the invitation of Dr. A. L. Krohn, rabbi of that temple.

try. To place the Republic in an embarrassing light the remnants of the *ancien régime* spread propaganda abroad, predicting the disastrous consequences of a policy which gave full rein to man's ego. As an example they cited the fruits of religious equality. The rise of socialism, strikes, and anarchist outrages were attributed to the Mephistophelian influences of the Jews. If allowed to pursue their tactics, they would eventually undermine the unity of France and thus make it as easy a prey for foreign nations as Poland had been made in the eighteenth century. Some even regarded the unrest engendered by the Jews in France as but part of a general scheme of a Jewish *Syndicat* to dominate the whole world.

To give credence to such declarations of the perversity of the Jew there broke out in 1894 a scandal in the army. The Intelligence Service, reorganized after 1871 to watch particularly the German embassy so that the latter's attachés would be unable to effect any liaisons with French officers, discovered that secret plans embodying national defense were leaking out. This information was secured through the aid of a charwoman who collected the scraps of paper in the waste-baskets at the German legation where she was employed. From the tone of the notes, in particular that of a *bordereau*, an anonymous memorandum, pieced together by Major Henry of the secret service, it was concluded that it must be a staff officer and one in the artillery. This knowledge was communicated to the headquarters, which ordered the espionage bureau to leave no stone unturned to catch the traitor. In this connection it must be remembered that France never forgot the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, while Germany was constantly haunted by the fear of Gallic reprisals. So both sides, as a matter of fact, endeavored to maintain complete secrecy of the details of national defense in their respective countries and, at the same time, to keep apprised of the military plans of each other's country.

The army caste, still royalist in composition and spirit, since time had not yet given the Republic an opportunity to permeate that branch with its principles, had been noticeably displaying the growing anti-Semitic feeling in France. Jewish officers were discriminated against, provoked, and killed in unequal duels, and their courage rudely questioned. To such a group the presence of a Jewish officer in the Staff seemed very ominous. They compared the handwriting on the *bordereau* with that of the officer in question and, whether it was because of a slight resemblance or initial prejudice or a combination of both, they concluded that they had found the culprit. Forthwith the arrest of one Captain Alfred Dreyfus was ordered, while an investigation of his past life was undertaken. It was learned that the family, originally from Mülhausen, Alsace, had moved to Paris after the occupation of their beloved land by the Germans. Only one brother had acquired German citizenship and that solely to hold the family possessions, principally a prosperous textile business. At Paris, Alfred, an ardent exponent of *revanche*, had entered a military school and, despite obstacles placed in his path because of his faith, eventually had become a captain attached to the General Staff. At the time of his arrest he was thirty-five, married to the daughter of a wealthy diamond merchant, and father of two children. He enjoyed a considerable income, for in addition to his fair salary as an officer he possessed a private fortune invested with his brother.

There seemed little in such a recital to indicate any pecuniary motive for treasonable conduct. The examiners, however, accepted reports of a dissolute life as clinching the evidence and, after a secret and brief trial, declared him guilty of high treason. On January 5, 1895, he was publicly degraded before the entire corps of his comrades and sentenced to solitary confinement for life on Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guiana. The journals of the day gave the proceedings an anti-Semitic color, presenting the public with another bit of damning evidence of the evil

machinations of the Jews. They were willing even to sell out their country to Germany. In vain did the Dreyfus family protest their belief in the innocence of their kin. They appealed to a vice-president of the Senate and a former Alsatian, Scheurer-Kestner. But the latter was assured by the General Staff that the evidence gave definite proof of guilt.

The possibility that such inquiries might continue to pour in caused the Staff to request the Intelligence Service to gather more evidence. Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, a recent appointment as head, duly obeyed his instructions when one day he was handed a curious message, the famous "*petit bleu*," by the charwoman. The suspicious character of the note marked for one Major Esterhazy from the German embassy inspired Picquart to look up the reputation of the former. The findings disclosed the fact that Esterhazy was a very dissolute and debauched member of the nobility. Further, his handwriting closely resembled that of the *bordereau* attributed to Dreyfus. Picquart communicated his discovery to his superiors who, afraid of the disastrous repercussions it might have for monarchical sentiment if the Jew were vindicated and the noble indicted, ordered Picquart to cease his inquiry and shortly dispatched him on a special "mission" into the desert lands of Tunis.

Picquart did not take kindly to his involuntary exile to Africa. He felt that his military career was blighted unless he could regain the favor of his commanding officers. He secured leave to return to France and there placed his case in the hands of an old family lawyer. The latter, realizing that Picquart could only be saved through the vindication of Dreyfus and aware of Scheurer-Kestner's interest in the matter, went to him. The aged Senator was convinced by the facts laid before him of the innocence of Dreyfus and again requested the Army to reopen the case. Added confirmation that Dreyfus was the victim of abortive justice was obtained by Mathieu Dreyfus, a brother. In the hope that some one might recognize the handwriting, Mathieu

had published a facsimile of the famous *bordereau*. Great was his exultation when a banker who had had financial relations with Esterhazy wrote him that the handwriting was that of his one-time client. The Army, fearful that to deny such a request might arouse suspicion, permitted a trial but secured the acquittal of Esterhazy by very arbitrary proceedings. That the affair had become of nationwide interest and might yet be the stepping-stone to power for the Church and Monarchy was seen in the fact that Esterhazy, after the trial, was borne to his carriage and acclaimed by the "patriots." He became an international figure and was hailed as the "martyr" of the Jews.

To a small coterie of liberty-loving individuals, however, the trial had seemed nothing less than a travesty upon justice. Interviews with Picquart, Scheurer-Kestner, and Mathieu Dreyfus had convinced Émile Zola, a novelist of the day, of the innocence of Dreyfus. When the stockholders of the *Figaro*, fearful for its financial security in view of the sudden loss of subscriptions, stopped his articles, Zola issued pamphlets at his own expense. The principles of the French Revolution were at stake and, come what might, justice must be secured. Leading figures from all walks of life joined with him—Albert and Georges Clemenceau, lawyers and politicians, Anatole France, one of the foremost writers of the day, and Jean Jaurès, a prominent socialist, to mention but a few. To these men, too, the union of the Saber and the Church to crush the Republic was a serious spectacle. Worse yet was the fact that the ministry, afraid that any movement to encompass revision might mean its own political eclipse, had allied the Republic with the reactionary elements. With the issue thus joined, the French nation shortly resolved itself into Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards. As illustrative of the fact that the implications of the case had come to extend far beyond the possible injustice meted out to a Hebrew, the Jews at first refrained from taking a conspicuous part. It would be better to allow those who were not members of their race to take the lead.

Zola sounded the trumpet call of liberty through Clemenceau's journal, *L'Aurore*. To the President of the French Republic, he addressed an open letter, *J'Accuse*. In clear and simple language he accused the government of undermining the foundations of the Republic. Zola hoped that such a vigorous article would force the ministry to prosecute him and thus bring about a reopening of the case. The anti-Dreyfusards were quick to respond. They called for the crucifixion of Citizen Zola. He was burned in effigy and hurled into the Seine river. The press demanded his arrest for libel of the government. Throughout France, Jewish quarters were attacked. Faced with this public pressure, a reluctant ministry ordered Zola's arrest and, at the beginning of 1898, he was haled into court for his remarks concerning the Esterhazy acquittal. Apparently the crucial moment was at hand.

Labori, an Alsatian by birth, and Albert Clemenceau, brother of Georges, acted as Zola's attorneys, while the "Tiger," appeared in defense of his own publication. But the trial, held under ministerial influence, was a farce. The court shielded the army, and every day the proceedings became a re-edition of the Dreyfus trial. Even Picquart's damaging testimony was given scant attention, whereas Colonel Henry, now head of the Intelligence Service, was permitted to introduce further evidence of the guilt of Dreyfus. The new *bordereau*, however, was carefully kept from the eyes of the court, on the ground that it involved vital military plans. A verdict of guilt was rendered and Zola was given the maximum penalty of one year in prison and a fine of three thousand francs. The three handwriting experts whom Zola had libeled were awarded thirty thousand francs. It was only through the intervention of wealthy friends that his home and personal belongings were saved. Georges Clemenceau was sentenced to four months' imprisonment and a like fine of three thousand francs. Picquart, for his part in the affair, was stricken off the army list.

An appeal was taken and delay after delay secured in the hope that fresh revelations would develop. When further stays were refused, in July, 1898, Zola's advisers urged a secret flight to England until they could secure new evidence. Though Zola did not relish this cowardly role, he resigned himself to their contention that in exile he would be a greater menace than if he went to prison and posed as a martyr. In England, Zola, because of the existence of extradition laws with regard to criminal refugees, had to content himself with a secluded existence in the country. The fortunes of the Dreyfusards indeed seemed at a low ebb, for in addition to the loss of Zola by exile and the confinement of the other leaders to prison, Scheurer-Kestner fell seriously ill. To climax this series of misfortunes came a sudden change in the tactics of their opponents. The latter shifted the burden of proof by charging that the Jewish *Syndicat*, as the anti-Dreyfusards termed the opposition, was employing Esterhazy as a substitute in order to draw off suspicion from their activities. So convincing did General Cavaignac, a descendant of a famous French family, make his brief, that for a moment the Dreyfusards were stunned and many Frenchmen were won over to the cause of finality.

Amidst such heart-breaking circumstances came welcome news. In August, 1898, Colonel Henry was accused by a handwriting expert in the service of the Dreyfusards of having forged the *bordereau* which he had introduced during the Zola trial. Henry, confronted with the evidence, confessed his guilt, and was confined to prison to await trial. The trial never took place, however, for Henry committed suicide with a razor left in his possession. Upon receipt of this news Esterhazy fled to Brussels and thence crossed over to London. In almost bewildering fashion several generals resigned. To complete the cycle President Faure, a foe of revision, died and his place was taken, after a bitter struggle, by a friend of revision, Loubet. With the French government now more amenable, the Court of Appeals

ordered Dreyfus brought before it and a third military tribunal held in the light of the new evidence.

After four years of solitary confinement and mistreatment, Alfred Dreyfus, now thirty-nine and white-haired, returned to France. Zola came out of retirement and appeared to lead the offense. To the utter astonishment of many, however, Dreyfus was again declared guilty but under extenuating circumstances. His sentence was commuted to ten years and then, shortly, President Loubet pardoned him. Further, to put an end to the entire affair which threatened to disrupt French unity, the Senate passed a law of general amnesty. Although many urged Dreyfus not to accept the findings, his advisers felt that to continue to pose as a martyr would only involve the Republic in continued unrest. Instead, they persuaded him to accept the pardon but to retain the right to appeal to the Court of Cassation if new evidence was forthcoming. In 1904 Dreyfus availed himself of this privilege, the high court inquired afresh into the whole affair and, in July, 1906, declared Dreyfus innocent.

The real culprit was definitely found to be Major Esterhazy, and it was further disclosed that he had been receiving for a while a monthly pension of approximately five hundred dollars from the German embassy for his services in procuring information. His guilt had been covered up by Henry, a close friend of his while both were comrades in the Intelligence Service. Afterwards, apparently, Henry seems to have been in the clutches of the traitor as were most of the Staff when they perceived themselves in the anomalous position of suppressing the actual facts in order to protect the Church and Monarchy. In connection with these revelations it must be obvious that Germany could easily have cleared up the entire matter in 1894 if she had so desired. Her representatives in Paris were perfectly cognizant of the fact that they were dealing with Esterhazy and not with Dreyfus. The German Foreign Office, however, felt that to make such a disclosure would involve their embassy in a

breach of international law. So the German government would go only to the extent of categorically denying that it had ever had any dealings with Dreyfus.

The remainder of the story has the ring of a fairy tale. Dreyfus was reinstated in the army and raised to the rank of major. At the outbreak of the World War he was given command of a regiment in an entrenched camp in Paris and in 1918 he was again promoted, this time to the post of lieutenant-colonel, and made an officer of the Legion of Honor. After the conflict was over, Dreyfus lived in retirement and, from all accounts, was a friendly man, optimistic and with little outward sign of bitterness. Picquart was made a general and later a Minister of War. Labori, too, climaxed his career with a ministerial office, while Georges Clemenceau ascended to the pinnacle of premiership. For Zola the real reward was more spiritual than material. Religious equality and the French Republic which symbolized this and other liberal ideals had been preserved. The reactionary elements had been driven into eclipse. Medals were struck in his honor by many associations for his defense of the rights of man. When he died in 1908, he was accorded the highest honor that France could bestow—burial in the Pantheon. As for Esterhazy, he eked out a miserable existence in England, selling several conflicting “confessions” to the press. In 1923 he died, virtually penniless.

So Much of Kindness

By ELIJAH L. JACOBS

WHEN RUTH and Evan Weston brought their two children to live on the ranch they had inherited, they felt that they were coming home. They had grown up in the region, and to them its remoteness was not isolation. Of course, at times like this, when Evan had to be gone for a week or more, Ruth was lonely. At present the windmill needed oiling.

"People call this range a desert," Evan had told her. "But there's enough kindness in it to take care of its own. You won't have any gunmen shooting up the street, and the babies won't slip under a truck. I'll find you here when I come back."

That had been yesterday morning. Yesterday had been long, today longer. Two children did not give a woman enough to do. The windmill was squealing.

Ruth had sat down to finish some mending. Her sewing basket was on the broad sill of the open window, and little Evan's sleeping garment lay across the arm of her chair, showing the small rent which she had started to sew. When she was in the act of lifting the lid from her basket, the windmill gave an unusually piercing shriek. Ruth shuddered and got up. She could not work while her ears were tortured with such sounds. She left the children playing in the next room while she ran out to wind the chain on the drum and bring the whirling vanes around, edge-on to the wind.

When she came back in, the children were still playing. She could hear little Evan's strangely mature chuckle, and three-year-old Molly's squeal of delight. It was pleasant that the children did not quarrel. She had known babies of three and five who did, but Evan and Molly seldom disagreed.

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Ruth sat down and took up the little pajamas again. As she reached for her sewing basket, Molly called, "Mother."

Ruth half turned, the lid in her hand. At the same moment she heard the whirr that speaks of death to any desert dweller, and felt a sudden sickening, burning sensation just below the elbow of her outstretched arm. With a suffocating terror, Ruth knew before she turned and saw the reptile what a disaster had befallen her. A rattler had come through the open window, crept under the tilted cover, and coiled itself in her basket. She had disturbed it when she lifted the lid. It came to her that its buzzing had been a submerged undertone in the shriek that had sent her out to stop the windmill. The snake lifted its head stiffly, and its ominous tail quivered. Ruth half fell forward from her chair to get beyond its reach. Nauseous with fright, she sank down to the floor. But she could not let go—the wound must be treated quickly or she would die. She tried to suck the poison out, but the two tiny drops of blood oozing from her skin were on the back of her arm, an inch and a half beyond the reach of her lips. She strained desperately. Little Evan, in the door, laughed at his mother's contortions.

Ruth dropped her arm from her mouth. "Come here, Sonny," she gasped. "Suck at Mother's arm. Suck hard. And don't swallow. Spit it out!"

But the child saw his mother's face then, and screamed. Ruth coaxed. She grew desperate and commanded. Sonny cried and retreated. In an agony of haste Ruth caught him and started to hold his lips to her arm, but he was stubborn, and she saw that she could accomplish nothing. Molly added her screams to his.

Shaking, Ruth went to the upper shelf of her kitchen cabinet, where she kept the family drugs. She always had some crystals of potassium permanganate there, wrapped up with a razor blade. Some people said that to lacerate the flesh about a snake bite and rub the crystals into the wounds would neutralize the venom. Others said that there

was no merit in the treatment. It might help. She climbed dizzily to a chair—and then remembered that Evan had lost her snake-bite kit the last time he had gone out to shoot doves.

She got weakly down. As she lowered herself, she tried to remember how long people lived after being struck by a rattler. Twenty minutes—an hour—she could not recall. She had lived too long away from the desert.

She found herself lying on the floor where she had fallen. At first she could not remember what had happened. Then it came back. Her arm was swelling. How long had she lain in a faint? She knew the dreadful weakness and nausea might be due in part, at least, to terror, but she had no doubt that she would die in a short time, perhaps in a few minutes.

Suddenly she was overwhelmed by the plight of her children. Their father would not return for nine or ten days. What would become of the babies, left alone for that time—with their mother dead? Hunger—thirst—heat—and there were animals in the desert that would know she was dead. The desert that was kind to its own!

Ruth Weston staggered to her feet. She could not see clearly, and some raucous uproar was in her ears. But she reeled into the bedroom, to the dresser, and got her hands on the revolver there. Then back to the door—her vision cleared a bit. There were her babies, so terrified by their mother's frightful conduct that they had ceased to cry. She lifted the weapon.

But she saw little Evan's thrust-out jaw, and covered her face. She had loved his little stubborn defiances. The pistol dropped, and she sank to the floor again. A chill shook her.

She tried to pull herself together, but she could not rise. Her eyes caught a mottled shape.

"Sonny!" she said, as sharply as she could. She sucked in her breath, and the little saliva on her lips. "That's mother's new pet on the window. Don't touch it! Mind mother. Don't touch it!"

Her head dropped. Even to save him suffering—to make her parting with her baby so harsh!

But little Evan was a stout one, and in his present mood would not be forbidden. He ran and thrust out his hand. The spring-like form darted forward, but it evidently did not hurt much. The boy shrank back, but he did not cry.

Ruth was sobbing. "Now you may pet it, Molly," she gasped. "So much kindness, anyhow—"

She never knew whether Molly received the benison of the desert.

Poplars on the Plains

By ROLAND DICKEY

Two tall poplars on the street
 Bending in the winds—
Two tall populars tempests greet
 Like souls repenting sins.

Southwest wind bends them to the east—
 North wind bends them back
Ever they repulse the beast
 While their bodies crack.

They are brave to offer beauty
 To a land so brutal,
And testify the path of duty
 Isn't always futile.

Two tall poplars in a land
 Where poplars shouldn't grow—
Two tall poplars sturdy stand
 In their little row.

Mystery in San Antonito

By NAN BOLSIUS

THREE weeks ago, Charles came from the well with two buckets of water. As he set them down he said "Shucks!"

Such an exclamation from the brother indicates he is provoked, indeed.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, I was going to carve those figures on that cabinet today, and now I've got to go and look for somebody."

"Somebody . . . ? Who?"

"The brother of that man who built our fireplace. He went after his horses last Monday night, when it was snowing; and he hasn't come back. All the men in the village are going; so I've got to." Charles tone was impatient.

"If Camillio is dead, I don't want to find him," he added.

The searching parties scoured the mountains, the arroyos, and the canyons neighboring San Antonito, but they did not find Camillio. The next day men were detailed in pairs on horseback to visit all the neighboring villages to discover if Camillio had gone visiting. Once before, Camillio, who was a widower of seventy, had disappeared—to return from his unannounced visit some months later. This time there was every reason to believe he had gone for another visit as he had sold three bushels of corn very recently. However no trace of him was to be found. No one had seen Camillio since he had gone to bring in his horses a week previously.

Epifanio brought the milk every morning, and every morning he said, "Camillio not find. I theenk something—maybe." The search went forward, not again organized, but two weeks passed with two or three men searching for the lost man.

Pilari came to my house on a Thursday, three weeks after Camillio had disappeared. Pilari is a boy of seven.

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He goes to school and tells me he is in the "play-merry class." He speaks Spanish and English, both in one breath, and tells me strings of chatter from the time he enters the door until he has eaten his candy or cake, and announced, "I think I go." He doesn't care a rap if I know what he is talking about or not. He moves around the kitchen, his eyes on the coffee can which he knows contains candy, or watching the cookie jar. This day he was sitting on the wood-box, eating cookies and kicking his feet. By accident he upset the pan with water for the dogs. He gulped a bite of cookie, breaking off what he had been saying, and announced:

"They found Camillio."

"Where?" I asked.

"She is in five miles. She is in water."

"In an arroyo?" I suggested, knowing there is no open water on the mesa.

"In water," Pilari repeated with emphasis. "She is like this." He laid his cookies down, kicked the dog away from them, and crossed his hands upon his breast, shut his eyes and lolled his head around in complete relaxation.

"Is he dead?" I asked, startled.

"She is in water."

"Why don't they bring him home?" I asked in astonishment.

"They can't find Camillio."

"Oh . . ." I said, feeling a little resentful. An instant later I had collected my wits and said: "But, Pilari, you said they found him!"

Pilari picked up his cookies. "She is in water. I think I go."

When he was entirely out of sight I went to the door of Charles' studio and knocked.

"Charles," I said, "Go over to the store and find out what all this is about, finding and not finding Camillio in the water."

But the stores were closed, the streets strangely deserted, and no information was forthcoming.

The next day, Friday, a little boy, Jesus Rael, came to visit me and my cookie jar in the afternoon. Jesus is nine years old. When he was nicely settled, with a whole plate full of cookies—that would take a long time for him to eat—Jesus also told me: “They found Camillio.”

“Did they?” I asked, pretending I was not interested, and watching my sewing closely.

“Yesterday, they find Camillio. Today they look; but they do not find.”

I searched for the cautiously correct question, before asking:

“Yesterday, they found Camillio? Today they are looking for him?”

Jesus was delighted. “Yes,” he answered around a whole cookie. “The man from Albuquerque she come. She find Camillio they pay heem twenty dolar. She not find Camellio they not pay.”

I lowered my sewing into my lap. “Do they pay?” I asked quietly.

“Not yet. My father and every man she go in the store. The man from Albuquerque she say to the brother of Camillio—‘you tired, you sleep, you ve-e-e-r-r-y sleep.’” Jesus came to stand in front of me, moving his hands before my face and staring fixedly into my eyes.

“And the brother of Camillio she is sleep. She tell—she tell Camillio is in five miles. She is in water. Long time now, she is die.”

I said, “Oh!” and turned my sewing about, thoughtfully.

“They did not look for Camillio yesterday,” I reminded him.

Jesus laughed. “Can not. She is all very mu-uu-ch runk. Today she is not runk; she look.”

Which explained the store being closed, and the deserted streets.

Saturday passed, bringing no further news of the lost Camillio. Sunday afternoon came. I was seasoning the

pot-roast for our dinner when Epifanio, our local Justice of the Peace, came to the door. Charles, his face lathered for shaving answered the knock.

"Charlie, I need you one time for jury. Thees man is found. She is in well." He shook his head slowly from side to side. "Three peoples in these well. One woman—he is in bed with one leg broke; one man; now is Camillio—all same well."

"You want me to go when?" Charles asked.

"Now, we go. Pretty soon, sheriffs she come. You be one—six men—my jury."

"But, Charles cannot be of your jury, Epifanio. Charles is not an American Citizen."

He stared at me. "Then Pete." he said, looking about the kitchen. "Where Pete? She go."

Charles' eyes and mine crossed smiles. Pete, my husband, poor squeamish Pete! He would have to be closely guarded to get him to his own funeral. Death being so foreign to his gay humor, Pete would shut his eyes, passing a cemetery. We called him from the studio where he had been daubing paint upon canyas.

"Pederito," Epifanio greeted him cheerfully. They shook hands. "You be my jury? Camillio she is in well. This morning the brother, she find Camillio. Sheriffs she come pretty soon. We go now."

I saw Pete go white around his mouth, but he answered promptly:

"Sure, Judge, I'll go."

"You got wan rope?" the justice asked.

"No. No rope."

"I theenk—something gotta be done," Epifano declared thoughtfully. "Three people in wan well." He was about to close the door when I called:

"Epifanio, may I go with you to the well?"

He smiled uncertainly. "Why . . . I don' know, Missy Nan. Mebby you go—mebby you sorry. You go—you see." He went out to return home for his ropes, while we got the car ready.

"Did he mean Camillio was murdered?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Pete.

"But—three people in one well. A woman with her leg broken; she couldn't go there and jump in."

"Gosh," Pete said, narrowing his eyes. "It sounds as awful as that story about the well Kipling wrote."

It was, all of that; although there was only one man to be taken from the well. The other catastrophes having occurred three and five years previously.

A dozen men had already arrived at the well when we drove up. A fire of chips and small logs blazed near, about which all gathered for warmth. The situation seemed very strange to me; they stood about laughing, hitting at each other, or throwing their lariats with precise skill over posts and men who walked about. At intervals one or another walked over to peer into the depths of the well. I looked, my eyes becoming accustomed to the deep darkness, saw what appeared to be a gigantic spider floating on the oily black surface. Someone leaned over the wall of new logs, made since the morning, disturbing the wire the brother had hooked into Camillio's clothing.

The body stirred and I could distinguish the hat still upon the head, and a glove upon an outspread arm. I turned away. Walking back to the fire I wondered why they did not begin upon their unpleasant task. My curiosity went rampant. How—with no telephones—did the dwellers back upon the mesa, and isolated in the forest, know the body had been discovered? Almost every moment another man came riding up to dismount from a lathered horse.

An Anglo American stood near me and remarked, "They'll talk this thing over for an hour now; before they start anything." I suspected they were waiting for the sheriff, but discovered this was not true. They were waiting for—what we call—the spirit to move them.

Without any commands being given, with no one man seeming to take charge, a tension seemed to generate suddenly. The men collected about the well and began casting

ropes down the sixty-foot depth. However, they had no success. A rope was tied about a tall, skeletal man whose skin was very fair; he wore a very faded and dirty red sweater. He was lowered into the well; and a few moments later came climbing up the uneven log curbing, assisted by the rope.

The body was brought up, feet first and laid upon a canvas. A silence fell upon the group, all moved back; then in twos and singly they walked slowly close to gaze upon Nature's process. I, too, passed by, and saw the elements had progressed swiftly upon their return.

The great horror that struck me plunged me into an obscure sense that I had stumbled upon some great truth; which had previously remained invisible.

The Sheriff arrived, and spoke briefly with the Justice. Epifanio introduced his six jurymen; a secretary, who accompanied the sheriff, wrote them down in his notebook.

"Line up here, men, and view that body," the Sheriff commanded, designating a position with a wave of his arm. "Form—and declare—your opinion—if this death occurred from accidental or deliberate cause."

The jury looked, moving about to see carefully. The Spanish men talked in Spanish among themselves, politely including Pete with friendly glances. I could see that five of them were forming their opinions jointly; that Pete, isolated by the language, was making an independent opinion.

I asked myself: would they translate first and then ask that opinion; or ask without translating.

"It is plainly a murder," the secretary, who was from the district attorney's office, and an Anglo, whispered to me.

"What makes you think so?" I whispered back.

"The body is frozen. It wouldn't be if it had been in the water all this time."

I thought about the dead animals I had seen upon the mesa, and suggested: "Wouldn't the coyotes and vultures

have cleaned the bones if it weren't in the well?" I was watching the jury closely.

They concluded without translation. With no further word spoken, the foreman came to the Sheriff and Justice and declared in English:

"Accident."

At the pronouncement, everybody turned ready to depart, as though a signal had been given. The jurymen gathered up the canvas with its contents, placed it in a truck brought there by the keeper of the store, and in a scant few moments we were on our silent return to our homes.

For a month, when I stepped outside the house into the night, I fully expected that departing face to leer at me from around a corner. I looked for it. Epifanio, who had told me, "You go, mebbly you sorry," must have been watching me grow thinner, and nervous, for one day he said to me, "You sorry you go, Missy Nan?"

"No, Epifanio," I replied seriously. "I am not sorry. I have learned something I did not know." I laughed ruefully. "But I haven't found out yet, what it is I have learned."

The smile that leaped into his eyes and the writtings about his mouth were a benediction. He sat down on the bench in the kitchen; something he never had done without an insistent invitation.

"It is nothing—what you see . . ., Missy Nan. It is the bad minute when she go away from the well. It is verry, verry hard to go away without to have the face cover. What she have leave in the well, that is the earth, that is the sky. It is nothing—what you see."

The Dead March By
Armistice Day, November 11, 1935

By THOMAS V. CALKINS

Once, rank on rank, huge black against the sky
I saw the slaughtered dead go marching by
With faces set, with faces set in death.
They marched, the dead: they marched and marched. My
breath

Was stopped by utter fear lest they should see
Me standing there. The inhumanity
Of war and useless death and sacrifice
Of vibrant life, upon the bare caprice
Of kings, of potentates, of selfish greed,
Swept over me, and in my bitter need
Aghast, I cried, "God, must it be again?
Must man forever slay his fellowmen?"

As by command they stopped and stared at me
That multitude of dead. Clear to eternity
They stretched in boundless, dense-packed rank
Of war-slain youth in rank on countless rank.

"Again?" The question came from mud-clogged throats.
"Again!" in tones of deep, reverberant notes.

I trembled, and I could not say a word.
I trembled at the tragedy I heard.
I cringed before the stare of dead-live eyes
And quailed beneath that tone of sad surprise.

Then one stepped from the ranks whose eyes were wide
With tragedy, and from whose mangled side
The blood had run, and Oh, his face was sweet!
The blood had run to bathe his mangled feet.

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The blood from mangled hands dripped slowly down,
And blood was on his head like ruby crown.
He spoke.

“Again? Aye. Yes, again, as long as man shall sell
His soul for gold and power; as long as man shall tell
The children that the glory in the taking of the sword
Is the glory of their country and the glory of the Lord;
As long as man shall nurture youth upon the creed of fear—
As long as life is ruled by hate. That long, my son, shall leer
The spectre of War’s cruel strife upon the hapless earth:
For greed and hate, united, breed, and give War bloody birth

.

*Then, rank on rank, huge black against the sky
The hosts of slaughtered dead go marching by.”*

An Autumn Day

By T. M. WILEY

Lazily the Indian village
Basks in the autumn sun:
The crops are gathered in,
Corrals are roofed with corn,
Red chili hangs in fiery rows
Under the flaming trees.
Serene in the golden light
That casts long melancholy
Shadows,
Life runs its stoic course
In the Pueblo, even as
Before.

Los Paisanos

[*El paisano* is the name given by the Spanish people in the Southwest to the chaparral cock or road runner. The word itself means "countryman" and carries with it a comradely note recognized by the Texas Folk-Lore Society who have adopted the word as their signal of greeting. The QUARTERLY means by this section to report the literary affairs of Southwestern *paisanos*. The editor, Julia Keleher, of the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, with the aid of contributing editors in Tucson, Taos, Santa Fe, and Fort Worth, hopes to keep QUARTERLY readers acquainted with friends and everyone who is writing or being written about in the *Sud-oeste*.]

A recently announced federal plan for the relief of "white collar workers" will be devoted chiefly to the arts, and is divided into sections for writing, art, drama, and music.

Ina Sizer Cassidy, poet and writer of Santa Fe, has been appointed director for New Mexico of the Federal Writers' Projects, and is busily organizing this work. The chief undertaking will be the state's section of the American Guide Manual, a sort of encyclopedia of the United States, to be published in five volumes.

Work will be given to writers, teachers, map draughtsmen, photographers, reporters, editors, journalists, librarians, research workers, etc., who are already on the relief rolls. The schedule of pay calls for "subsistence wages" for any one qualified to help in compiling and editing of the Manual.

Mrs. Cassidy is emphasizing the necessity of volunteer aid. Topography, geography, history, social life, biographies of well known citizens—all these things are to be included for every county in the state. Carbon copies of all material collected will become the property of the state and of the individual counties concerned. There is a large amount of money available, and contributions are asked on folk tales or local legends, authentic anecdotes of famous people and data on landmarks.

It is planned to achieve a readable reference work on all phases of life in New Mexico, and to this end material will be welcome, covering the early cattle trade, picturesque rustlers and bad men, the mining booms, and the rise and fall of ghost towns, interesting public, literary, or artistic characters.

Erna Fergusson reports from Taxco, Mexico, where she has spent the past few months, that she is planning to go to Guatemala soon. She has sold several magazine articles recently, one of which will appear in an early issue of the *National Geographic* . . . We understand that Harvey Fergusson has a novelette entitled "Proud Riders" in the December *Blue Book Magazine* and that his new book, *Modern Man*, will be published by Knopf the first of the year . . . Francis Fergusson is in general charge of the "theatre workshop" at Bennington College, Vermont, this year. Students in acting, stage design, costuming, and the drama are participating. The project will provide for a need of first-hand experience in stage-craft . . . Robert Briffault's novel *Europa*, now in its eighth edition, is dedicated to Kyle S. Crichton . . . Evelyn Seely Stewart, former Albuquerque *Tribune* reporter, is writing feature articles for several New York newspapers . . . Kenneth Stewart, her husband, is with the *Literary Digest* . . . The John Sloans have moved from their Greenwich Village studio-apartment in the Judson, to Chelsea . . . The Judson hotel, recently taken over by New York University, was also the home for many years of the late Edwin Arlington Robinson . . . Nils and Dorothy Hogner have returned from a summer in Mexico, and have taken a studio-apartment in New York City . . . Nils expects to give a "one-man-show" of New York and Mexican scenes soon. . . Dorothy is finishing her new book for children, *The Santa Fe Trail*, which will be illustrated by her husband . . . Ruth Laughlin is in New York attending a *Herald-Tribune* writers' conference . . . Earl and Marian Scott, prolific writers of detective fiction, are taking a six-months' rest cure, wandering around

the states west of the Mississippi . . . They will probably spend some time in Florida before returning to their home, in Crook's Nook, Santa Fe . . . Miss Minnie Maloney, is doing research on Mission Bells and will be glad to receive any material in connection with this subject. . . .

Beatrice Chauvenet has returned to Santa Fe after several months spent in the East, and has been successfully writing "short-shorts" for various magazines . . . Curtis Martin, former student of the University of New Mexico, now principal of the Junior High School at Cimarron, has sold five stories within the past few months. One called *Lost Time Run*, will be published in *Story* magazine, and another one entitled *Jack*, will appear in *Hinterland*. Mr. Martin is at present finishing a novel which will be published by Crowell Co. . . . Horace Gardner's *Afternoon for Flavio*, which appeared in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY last year has been accepted for publication in Warren Bowyers's anthology of student literature, which will be published the first of the year . . . Kenneth Adams, Taos artist, has illustrated John Hodgdon Bradley's *Autobiography of Earth*, with charcoal drawings. The book deals with the theories of the age and origin of the earth, with winds and temperatures and climates as they have affected the contours of the earth's surface and life upon it. The most stunning illustration of the many in the book is that one which depicts man standing on the surface of the earth, feet stolidly planted in the mud, but with both arms outstretched to the stars . . . Conrad Richter continues to appear in the *Saturday Evening Post* . . . Amy Passmore Hurt, Ethel Musgrave, and Pauline Claffley are all writing "Juveniles" successfully . . . Lucilles Welch has recently sold six romantic stories to the *Monthly Publishing Co.* . . . Carey Holbrook will have a Christmas poem, and two New Mexico poems in the *Optimist* . . . E. F. Dellinger, prolific writer of railroad stories, turns out a novelette a month for *The Railroad* . . . Maude Lansing Bloom and Mildred Adler have collaborated on a series of five stories which are appearing in *Capper's*. They

have also been contributing to the *Canadian National Home Monthly*, the *Saturday Evening Post* of Canada . . .

Frances Gillmor, former English instructor at the University of New Mexico, now at Arizona, is busy teaching and lecturing "round-about," but she expects to have leave of absence next semester in order to finish her book. She says that the Arizona writers are not a group in the sense of working with any common critical platform, or even with knowledge of each other's activities. The names are solitary names, and the production has a corresponding variety. Miss Gillmor sends the following notes on Arizona writers . . . Thames Williamson, who has returned to Tucson after several years in Finland, Lapland, Spain, Austria, and any other place you might mention offhand, keeps up the batting average with five books a year. This year he has published four juveniles under three pen names, and in his own name one novel, *Under the Linden Tree*. In another month Doubleday Doran will bring out his next novel, *Beginning at Dusk*. He puts in an eight-hour working day, and looks sternly on those who do not match his industry and his output. Mrs. Williamson keeps up her end of the family literary activities with her children's books. The two of them seem to find plenty of time for their two babies, the older of whom was born in Tucson four years ago when his father was writing *Sad Indian*. How do they get so much work done? The answer they say is simple—no parties, no cocktails, no late hours, just work, and more work . . . George H. Doran, whose *Chronicles of Barabbas* came out under the Harcourt Brace imprint last spring, continues to live quietly in Tucson. Only his close friends even know his address and they are pledged not to tell. But letters from writers and publishers all over the world find their way each day to the mailbox of this distinguished leader in the publishing world . . . Jack O'Connor, whose articles appear regularly in *Esquire*, *Field and Stream*, and *Outdoor Life*, and whose novel *Conquest* was a Harper success, maintains a dark silence about the book in hand; he says it puts a

jinx on a book to talk about it before it is finished . . . Also avoiding the jinx is Charles G. Finney, whose *Circus of Dr. Lao*, published by Viking this summer, is still one of their top sellers . . . Bernice Cosulich, who turns out enough stuff in the *Arizona Daily Star* to make about four books a year, and who runs "The Literary Lantern," a column of keen critical comment on books, finds time for magazine articles nevertheless. Her "Deer in Laboratory" is the leading article in the November *Outdoor Life*. . . Gypsy Clark, whose western novel, *Out Yonder*, was published by Crowell last spring, has another book in the offing, whose title is still unannounced . . . Mary Kidder Rak, whose *Cowman's Wife*, published last year by Houghton Mifflin, told with integrity and charm of her Rucker Canyon Ranch, has just sent off a new book to her publishers, entitled *Mountain Cattle*.

Mabel Major serves notice of two books that she and Rebecca Smith will greet with pardonable pride: John C. Duval's *Early Times in Texas* and *Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace*. Both are to be published by the Tardy Publishing Company of Dallas, publishers of the excellent *South-western* magazine. Major and Smith are responsible for introductions and annotations to these pioneer Texas journals. Duval relates his escape as a boy of nineteen from the Goliad Massacre; Big-Foot Wallace was a hunter, ranger, survivor of the Mier expedition, and the famous bean drawing. Publication dates are January first and March first for the two books.

Edna Ferber and Thomas Wolfe were visitors at the Santa Fe Fiesta and in Taos subsequently. Robert Frost read his poetry August fifth in Santa Fe under the auspices of Writers' Editions, who, by the way, have announced *A Child's Banquet*, a new book of songs for children, music by Mary Morley and verse by Alice Corbin.

JULIA KELEHER.

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Book Reviews

Feliciana—Stark Young—Scribner's, New York, 1935—\$2.50

"They say"—so reads the prefatory quotation in Stark Young's new volume, *Feliciana*—"that when he comes into the parishes of Feliciana, a man, without forgetting to please others, may act to please himself most variously. We may conjecture, perhaps idly, . . . what part in this the verdure, the sun, the great river flowing past might take."

Feliciana, the happy lands, here is the true Stark Young country, whether in *Heaven Trees* or *So Red the Rose* or *Feliciana*. The happy lands are sometimes along the banks of the Mississippi and sometimes in South Texas and sometimes even in Italy. Sunny and spacious they are, and their felicity lies in the way of life they nourish. They are regions where it is the custom for the best people to live tolerantly and joyously and intelligently, without undue competition or unkindness. Any country where such a life is possible would seem praiseworthy to Stark Young; but it is clear that nowhere has he found existence so rich as in the Deep South along the Mississippi, the homeland of his forefathers and of his own childhood. Therefore, although he is a sophisticate, a cosmopolite, a modern, he takes his place among contemporary American fiction writers as the laureate of Southern leisure.

It must not be thought, however, that he writes elegies or apologies for the antebellum South as did the local colorists of a half century ago. He is one who believes wholeheartedly in the ordered plantation life, both antebellum and present day, as a still vital culture. He is concerned with showing in his stories that strong characters develop best within a great tradition; and that otherwise life becomes rootless and trivial. The interplay between vigorous individuals who demand freedom of choice, and the powerful loyalties they feel to blood and soil—this interplay is the heart of any Stark Young book.

The tradition which motivates conduct in such a novel as *So Red the Rose* is more easily felt than defined. What was it, precisely, we may ask, for which the McGehees and the Bedfords, most of whom deplored slavery as a system, gave their lives and fortunes in the war? It was, Stark Young tells us, for the high privilege of living their own lives; of solving their economic and ethical problems according to the needs of their own region; above all, for the right to refuse to be drawn into the competition and regimentation of the industrial North. Thus he aligns himself with all regionalists, whether in Santa Fe or in South Carolina or in Oklahoma.

Feliciano is a collection of sketches much like the author's *The Street of the Islands*, but richer. One group of the stories relates to the McGehees and their kin whom we have met in *So Red the Rose*. There is Cousin Micajah, who "forgot death and made death forget him" because he was loyal to something larger than himself; and there are Cousin Cad Dandridge of Parlange Plantation, and many others, all dwellers in the happy lands. These studio sketches are related to *So Red the Rose* as Galsworthy's interludes are to the *Forsyte Saga*. Done in Mr. Young's best style, they are pretty surely the best pieces in the volume.

In addition, the volume contains some portraits with Italian settings, notably "Setti Frati," subtle studies in the frustration of restless, modern people. There are several whimsical memories of Southern negroes, in a vein almost too much like Thomas Nelson Page. And, finally, some colorful sketches of South Texas: "Chile Queens," and "The Trail Driver," and "The Angelus," for example. These are brilliant, objective, a little journalistic.

Feliciano will delight Stark Young fans, although it will hardly become a best-seller. Its significance lies in a quiet reiteration of its author's faith in the tradition of individualism.

Fort Worth, Texas.

REBECCA W. SMITH.

Redder Than the Rose—Robert Forsythe—Covici Friede—\$2.00.

Redder than the Rose is a collection of essays, mostly humorous and satirical, by Robert Forsythe. Many of the essays appeared in *New Masses*, a fact which more or less establishes their tone and point of view. The only unity in the book is gained by the consistently Marxian tenor of the thought. There is no exposition of Communist dogma, but every subject touched upon is finally made to reveal, directly or by implication, what a thorough-going Marxist is forced to think about that subject.

The proletarian movement in American letters today is, in the eyes of many people, not really proletarian. The proletarian novel, for instance, is said not to be proletarian when it is a good novel, and not a good novel when it is only proletarian. But this argument always ends in a quibbling over terms. In fact, there is a growing Communist literature of great strength and vigor in the United States today, whether or not it is narrowly proletarian. Communist literature is at present chiefly concerned, not with life as it should be in a Sovietized United States, but with the frazzled, bewildered, brutalized life of the United States at present under a decaying capitalism. This revolutionary literature may not be proletarian in the strict sense, but it is thoroughly informed by the Marxian points of view even when, as in James T. Farrell's *Judgment Day*, these points of view are subtly suggested and never openly intruded upon the reader.

Mr. Forsythe belongs, then, with the converted bourgeoisie who are bent upon portraying the spiritual and cultural decadence of a capitalistic civilization. He is no proletarian. He has evidently, in his time, sat in a raccoon coat in the Yale Bowl, been behind the scenes in the Broadway theater, talked informally with politicians and capitalists, and lied about his golf score. He is not yet so much interested in the detailed and complex annals of the poor as in the disgusting antics of the upper class and the smart bourgeoisie. In "Tragedy in the Bowl" he speaks of his "re-

searches into the semi-cultural manifestations of the upper-classes." There, I think, is the key to the majority of the essays. Most of the essays are an hilarious commentary upon the vulgarity, stupidity, barbarity, of our "leaders"—a quite satisfactory answer to those would-be Bourbons who hold that a society needs leaders to set standards and give tone to society. The tawdry goings-on of our "aristocracy" are evidence enough that a *civilization* can get along without them—or better, can never get along until a very much greater intelligence and taste are allowed to set standards and give the tone.

This commentary upon decadence is sometimes seriously bitter but oftener ironically amusing. Summaries, extracts, or quotations can give no idea of the sharply-stabbing intelligence behind these sentences, or of the richness of critical ideas which the author can bring to bear upon a football game, a Beaux Arts Ball, the marriage of a Woolworth heiress, or any contemporary event that happens to show any amusing incongruity. And to Mr. Forsythe, almost any event does show either an amusing or a tragic incongruity. One need not be a Communist to laugh at the raptures and the posing of the slick-shirt-front crowd when Mlle. Boyer or Mlle. Printemps plays to New York's élite. "I am reporting this at length to show that fashion is not dead and manners are not dead and that wealth will carry on the banner of culture," Mr. Forsythe says ("Speak to Me of Love"). Even Mr. Herbert Hoover could appreciate the irony of this: "Leading the procession [at the D.A.R. Convention in Washington] was Countess Cantacuzène-Grant . . ." ("The Whites of Their Eyes"). Any self-respecting citizen will be amused by the charge in court that one of the very flowers of our aristocracy was not fit to rear her little Gloria because she locked Gloria in the attic with the rats ("The Vanderbilts and the Rats"). Any misguided soul who believes that life is real and life is earnest will agree with Mr. Forsythe about the decline in the art of the Lunts, the decadence of Noel Coward, and the fiddling-while-Rome-

burns air about the Beaux Arts Ball ("First-Act Intermission"). One may not agree that all this futile splendor offers an exact parallel to Rome on the brink of ruin, but one will be appalled at the length to which our "cultural leaders" will go to try to keep from being bored. Whose heart will not bleed for Mr. J. P. Morgan, who has had to sell six paintings, thirty-one acres of his Long Island estate, and one of his yachts ("Fare Thee Well, Annabelle")? This essay is a masterpiece of ironic understatement and not a soap-box tirade. Even if it did have a soap-box flavor, one should recognize the frequent need for a simplified appeal to humanity's sense of justice, if it has any. A writer, however, should not deal so boldly in blacks and whites. Everybody knows that Mr. Morgan has the self-sacrificing spirit of the true aristocrat, for did he not give his time to speak over radio in behalf of Al Smith's "block-aid" plan for unemployment relief? The "block-aid" plan was one whereby the inhabitants of any one city block were to assume responsibility for the support of all the unemployed in that same block! A lovely plan, based upon the idea of local self-responsibility, and in the true American tradition! Only a member of our altruistic aristocracy could ever have thought of it. So, be careful of your overdrawn statements, Mr. Forsythe; we need the fine leadership of our upper-crust.

The silly spectacle goes on. Other persons than Communists have noted the ludicrous situation of ermined dowagers with lorgnettes appealing to *hoi polloi* to come to the rescue of Mr. Otto Kahn's Metropolitan Opera ("Land of Sweet Lorgnettes"). These aristocrats, by the way, are supposed to have a sense of humor, while a Communist is so deadly serious as never to appreciate how screamingly funny he is with his long whiskers, tattered clothes, and dull, serious opinions. F. P. A., court-jester to the coupon-clippers, who read Mrs. Ogden Reid's *New York Herald Tribune*, no longer can get even a Liberal very much excited over his crusades against dry-sweeping and noisy trucks

and in favor of visible house numbers. Mr. Forsythe is right. A great talent is going to waste, as it did in the case of Ring Lardner, who with an acid tongue and keen mind never turned his great powers to any end ("Aged Bard Takes His Stand"). Let the bourgeoisie bury their heads in shame if this statement be true: The "sadism, morbidity, and bestiality" of the Hauptmann trial are symptomatic of capitalistic society trying "to spew from itself all the pent-up venom from which it is dying" ("Five-Star Final").

At least two essays represent personal attacks. Mr. H. L. Mencken gets a good scorching in a Menckenesque style ("In Defense of Mr. Mencken"). Mr. Forsythe's attitude toward Mencken, Nathan, and Lewis is, I believe, the usual Communist's scorn for these apostates to the cause of revolution. "Alex—the Pooh" (Alexander Woolcott) is our little friend Winnie, grown up to be pudgy and forty-five but still oh! so winsome and whimsical. The method in these two essays is simply to range the victim in a list with one's other aversions (a trick very well known to Mencken himself) in the hope that the malodorous association will thoroughly damn him. Thus: "... seldom in history has there been a greater triumvirate than the one to which Mr. Mencken now belongs: Nietzsche, Mencken, and Bernarr Macfadden." Or thus: "The place of inanity in our national life also lacks proper statistical foundation. It is generally agreed that we rank well among the nations of the world in this respect but in the absence of complete figures on the audiences addressed by Arthur Brisbane, Mr. Woolcott, and John B. Kennedy, we have nothing but conjecture on which to base our claims. When we have added those who consider Will Rogers a philosopher to those who consider Walter Lippmann a thinker, we have a basis upon which to start, but we shall have to tabulate the females who have swooned over Mr. Clark Gable before we can be certain that our calculations are not out of line." That, I submit, is the good old stick-out-your-tongue, call-'em-names method of Mencken himself. It is too facile a method, too loose in its

workmanship, to be finally effective. It disposes of its victims in a hurly-burly way, by brusquely pushing them aside instead of puncturing and deflating them. But that title, "Alex—the Pooh" is very near genius.

What some people call the intransigence of the Communists, but what the Communists themselves no doubt call their strict adherence to principle, is plainly revealed in this book. I refer to their contempt for Liberals, Socialists, and other tender humanitarians who can see the evils of the present order but who shudder at the thought of any real change. In short, all non-Marxian radicals are on the wrong track. *Redder than the Rose* is very severe upon Stuart Chase, the Technocrats, and the followers of Veblen—the "social evolution" radicals who believe that some day presto! we'll all hand ourselves over to the engineers who will run us efficiently for use and not for profit. This argument must sound as silly to a class-struggle Marxian as the cooings of Walter Lippmann about a "benevolent capitalism." "The Little King" has to do with the evolution of Fiorello La Guardia, present mayor of New York, former white hope of the Liberals, from a supposedly militant reformer to a compromiser to an ally of the bankers. The essay is a little lesson in how hopeless an undertaking it is to try to change the *system* from the inside. The bankers always win and the Liberals are always being jilted and disillusioned but always coming back for more. It is the same conclusion that Lincoln Steffens' *Autobiography* comes to. If, as a famous English Liberal, H. J. Laski, has said, Communism is a complete religion; and if, as Kenneth Burke says, only a movement that has the fervor of a religion can save the world; then the Communists are right in their intransigence towards mild reformists, for a religion has its dogma and its closed membership, and those who are not for it (however closely to it they may stand) are against it. And this is the lesson that Heywood Broun has learned, I believe, after years of wrangling and quibbling. It is perhaps more true than it is comfortable for a Liberal to admit,

that when the real breakdown and the real crisis come, only the thorough-going Marxists will be left to stand against Fascism.

Let no one get the idea that *Redder than the Rose* is only for Communists. Any reader at all with any sense for incongruity or any love of satire can enjoy the book. There is, after all, on the surface, nothing that intelligent Bourbon critics have not been saying for a long time relative to the breakdown of culture as reflected in our press, our movies, our radio, our mob hysteria—in short, the way in which all our activities get their color and tone from our sordid commercialism. The reader will find much that is familiar, little that is new or strange, in this book. But he will find one thing that is more or less new—a solidifying and congealing of belief which gives the satire simplicity and, consequently, effectiveness. Satire flourishes when a norm of belief is held, when departures from the norm can be excoriated sharply and tellingly. Confused Liberals can portray incongruity only against a background of vague ideas as to what is intelligent, civilized, proper, in good taste. The Communist can portray incongruity against a background of solidly formulated beliefs.

Redder than the Rose is not all satire. At the end are three essays, "The Long View," "All Hectic on the Potomac," and "Gangway for the Future," which are not in the bantering vein, but which are an eloquent appeal to all humanitarians to open their eyes, see the major evil of modern society, and set it right. Many a reader, of course, will balk at Mr. Forsythe's assumption that all evils are reducible to the Marxian formulas; but any reader who is still capable of responding to an appeal to his sense of justice and right will heartily admire the passion and the conviction with which Forsythe takes his stand.

DUDLEY WYNN.

Albuquerque.

290] *The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY*

Navajo Winter Nights—Dorothy Childs Hogner—Nelson, Pub.—\$1.50.

If you are an adult and still remember with pleasure the days when you pored over Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit, you will be delighted with these animal stories drawn from Navajo Indian folk lore. If you are fortunate enough to have a child of about nine, you may share with him your pleasure. Here is Reynard the Fox re-incarnated in the person of Coyote; here are giants and magic enough to enchant any imaginative child.

It is not because Dorothy Hogner is my friend, nor that I had the pleasure of seeing these tales in manuscript, that I am so enthusiastic about them, but because I feel that they open up for children a new, strange, and fascinating world of magic lore, stories told, withal, with such a masterful simplicity that they cannot fail to attract children.

Forty-three stories, none of them too long. Creation myths, tales of Long Man, but, above all, stories of the rascal, Coyote, and his tricks. Fascinating, all of them, their charm enhanced by the striking illustrations of Nils Hogner, fine artist, with a thorough knowledge of the Indians of the Southwest, gained at first hand. In all, a beautiful book and one to buy for the children.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

Albuquerque.

My Life on the Frontier—Miguel Otero—Press of the Pioneers, 1935.

Hon. Miguel Antonio Otero, former Governor of New Mexico, has written a valuable autobiography concerning his eventful life on the frontier from 1864 to 1882, which might well serve as a model authentic historical biography—a sort of lifelike heroic classic—neither too tame nor too wild and wooly but impressive with its great truths and its intelligent handling of important facts which grip the readers' attention as no fiction could.

I, for one critic, can readily understand why such a forceful writer prefers to deal in facts instead of colorful

Western fiction, for Mr. Otero, like O. Henry, could truthfully say, "My own life is far more exciting and thrilling than any fiction I could imagine."

The book, *My Life on the Frontier*, is one of a series the distinguished New Mexican author intends to write for the enjoyment and enlightenment of posterity, and the present volume is artistically printed by The Press of the Pioneers, Inc., New York, in a limited edition of seven hundred and fifty copies, all autographed by Miguel A. Otero, thus enhancing their intrinsic value. This first volume appropriately ends with the account of the death of the author's illustrious father, Don Miguel A. Otero I, which occurred in Las Vegas, on Decoration Day, May 30, 1882.

After reading the first volume, a host of appreciative readers will determine to read the second volume which will deal with facts in connection with Mr. Otero's three terms as Governor of New Mexico.—The daring author promises to "Let the chips fall where they may."

The author knew Uncle Dick Wooten, of Raton Pass fame; Wild Bill Hickock, Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, Clay Allison, and other western characters of which he writes in a manner that throws new light on their colorful careers. It seems that he always saw some of the best traits of character in even the outlaws and killers. Of Uncle Dick Wooten he writes: "Uncle Dick was a fine old man, always kind and gentle, and as hospitable as a Southern colonel. He was in no sense a bad man, as the term was understood in the West. As a frontiersman, Uncle Dick was much on the order of Kit Carson though their means of livelihood was quite different, Carson being a noted scout and Uncle Dick a trapper, hunter, road builder, and Indian trader."

The book abounds in intriguing episodes and incidents of the real Old West and demonstrates beyond a doubt that the Oteros were builders without a peer—true pioneers. Many of the amusing incidents are "too good to keep" as the editor of Satire magazine once wrote an aspiring young author while returning a would-be contribution, but I pre-

fer that the reader get them first hand. However, in closing, I wish to quote Mr. Otero's description of George Thompson, operator of a monte layout in Las Vegas:

"During Christmas Day many years before the railroad reached the state, Sam Kaiser and Charlie Kitchen broke the bank and laid Uncle George on the shelf for the time being. He caught his second wind the next day, however; borrowed a bank roll from somebody; reopened business at the old stand and before the midnight bells sounded at Father Pinal's cathedral up the street, (calling the Faithful to Midnight Mass,) George Thompson had not only got all his money back, but had made a profit of \$22,000 on the play of the day. It was like picking up shining nuggets on the golden streets, and Thompson was wise enough to know when to quit, for the next morning Jim Olney hauled him out on the Barlow & Sanderson Stage Coach for Trinidad. There he married the widow of Colonel George Bent, got a start in the cattle business, reared a family and became rich—all because he knew when to quit and what to do at the right time."

Even a book review critic of an authentic Western should get the above point and know when to quit, so *adios*.

CLAY VADEN.

Quemado, N. M.

Puro Mexicano—Edited by J. Frank Dobie—Texas Folk-Lore Society Publications, Number XII, 1935.

The evaluation of such a book as *Puro Mexicano* calls for two types of criticism: one dealing with the book as a whole, and the other a more specific comment of each contribution. As the title implies, the content is supposed to be purely Mexican, but unfortunately, however, not all contributions are Mexican, and because of this lack of uniformity, the book suffers somewhat. The highly imaginary legend of Holy Ghost Canyon and the inaccurate account of a metamorphosis which does not occur are hardly in conformity

with a book so excellently written. Neither of these two essays are Mexican, and the Spanish story collected in Taos, while it is interesting from a dialectal viewpoint, lacks evidence and treatment of a theory that it purports to evince.

Mr. Aiken made a fortunate decision in translating the folk tales into English. The translations have not lost the spirit and content of the original but have made the material accessible to a larger reading public. The phonetic transcriptions that some folklorists insist on are of interest only to phoneticians, and it is a bit selfish to insist that folk material be written for only a few technicians whose works have no public interest. The essential part of folk tales is the content, and Mr. Aiken has wisely scrapped the facetiousness of erudition in order to propagate a good story that speaks more eloquently of the folk than do a few phonetic nuances.

It is about time that our folk material is presented in popular fashion in order to reach the very folk from which it emanates. A library shelf is hardly a place for material of this sort.

The stories of Messrs. Dobie and Woodhull indicate the thorough understanding that they have of the Mexican. There is a certain roguishness in Mr. Woodhull's *Juan Goes to Heaven* that is the very essence of popular Spanish literature. The Spanish phrases interspersed throughout the narrative add color to the story and at the same time indicate that the author has not lost the flavor of the tale. The tale of *The Bullet Swallower* by Miss Gonzalez, on the other hand, has lost a good deal of the flavor of the soil. In an effort to be literary, Miss Gonzales has struck a compromise which borders closely on the dime novel. Had she given the story in a straightforward manner like the others in the book, she might have maintained the true Mexican element. Her story leaves us with the impression that it might have been a good tale had not the collector been so intrusive.

The old time usages that Miss Crook offers are rather commonplace and are treated in a very unscholarly fashion. There are any number of customs in New Mexico that would have been of greater interest. Her collection of material does not show an extensive knowledge of her subject.

The stories of Messrs. Aiken, Dobie, Woodhull, as well as Mr. Taylor's collection of songs are excellent enough to justify the entire book. As a whole, it is one of the most interesting and best prepared along this line. Frank Dobie merits our congratulations for his publication.

ARTHUR CAMPA.

Albuquerque.

Adobe in Sunlight—Farona Konopak—The Galleon Press—\$2.50.

There is art and there is poetry in the air in New Mexico. Those who come here catch the vibrations of one or the other or both. Farona Wendling Konopak felt its beauties and rhythms so deeply that she has expressed her reactions in poems, recently published in a volume called *Adobe in Sunlight*, by the Galleon Press. The publication came as a reward for Mrs. Konopak's having won first prize in The American States Anthology Competition in 1934. The volume was given the title of this prize winning poem:

"Squatting low beneath the brooding sky
The little houses, spawned from the sun-soaked soil,
Hug the scarred earth from which they sprung.
Shoulder to shoulder they huddle around the plaza
Or stagger tipsily along the humpy road.
Through endless days the beaten sun pounds down
Soaking them in light,—spreading a golden glaze
Over the hand-patted walls. Adobes in sunlight are not
Houses of mud—they are native hearts reflecting
The throbbing life of the land from which they sprung."

In her poem *New Mexico*, she declares this hold that New Mexico grips upon those who come to her:

"Unconquered,
New Mexico stamps her brand
On her people—
Rico, paisano, alike.

Lightning rips at her mountains' peaks;
 Thunder rocks her valleys;
 The sun sucks rivers
 And burns the mesas' grasses.
 To God alone New Mexico
 Bows her head.

But the people?
 They are never the same!
 Though they leave the land,
 To which they came,
 They bear forever the strange tattoo
 That land can do."

Especially savoring of the country are "Penitente Hermanos," "In Chimayo," and "El Santuario." One finds in these poems the real essence of the land. All through the volume one feels that Mrs. Konopak truly loves this state of her partial adoption. As a whole the poems are the expressions of a true poet. Here and there one will find a line amateurish in feeling, a strained rhyme like *tattoo* and *can do*, or an unusual word making itself conspicuous among a group of others, simple and easy-flowing.

Mrs. Konopak is happiest when writing about New Mexico; for the few poems in the volume that do not deal expressly with things of this land do not reach the standard of those that do treat of New Mexico.

Adobe in Sunlight is a worthy addition to New Mexico verse.

ELIZABETH WILLIS DEHUFF.

Santa Fe.

Volume VI

of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, will include:

"The Tourist Tabu"—by Ruth Laughlin—Do you behave like a typical tourist?

"Medical Economics"—by Leroy S. Peters, M.D.—Is a New Deal coming in Medical Costs for the pinched pocket-book?

"Impression of New Mexico" by Brenes Mesen—What does a visitor find of interest in our regional culture?

"New Mexico Santos"—by Gilbert Espinosa—What was the art of the *santero*?

"Medievalism in America"—by Raymond Otis—Is there a cult of religious flagellants in America?

"New Mexican Folk Tales"—by Dolores Huning and Irene Fisher—Do you know the stories of Blanca Flor, The Clever Thief, Conrado Pimpun, Tio Anselmo and Chacoli—Chacola, and the Little Napkin and the Little Stick?

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