imagination, bringing forth beauty in one
form or another.

Edwin Arlington Robinson has worked
here every summer for eighteen years:
Threnody was born here—or should I say
re-born?—and Lancelot, and Cavender's
House, and many a lovely lyric.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey was writ-
ten here. Lenora Speyer here perfected
her volume of verse which won the Pulit-
zer prize in 1926. Josephine Preston Pea-
body, Elinor Wylie, William Rose Benet,
Stephen Vincent Benet, Sara Teasdale,
Padric Colum, Louis and Jean Unter-
meyer, Luis and Muna Lee Muñoz Ma-
fin, Margaret Weldemer, Julia Peterkin,
Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward, Willa
Cather, Thornton Wilder—the list of
famous names would require the space
allowed me—all have used the gift of
Edward and Marion MacDowell in bring-
ing us the Art of America.

I arrived at the colony on the second
day of July just past: and I was seized
with an "inferiority complex" so virulent
as to paralyze temporarily both tongue
and pen, on finding myself in such com-
pany! My first meeting with the colonists
was at the regular Sunday night supper
at Hillcrest, Mrs MacDowell's home.

Edward and Marion MacDowell, the successful dram-
atin who has several comedies produced
on Broadway, at once perceived that I was
scared stranger and introduced herself
and all the others. She is a lovely young
woman, and she, with Thornton Wilder,
did most to thaw me out during the days
following, while the complex was doing
its worst. I felt better about this state of
mind when Lenora Speyer came. She
has been at the colony several seasons, and
she told me, dramatically, that she never
came without exactly the same symptoms
that had paralyzed me. And she had
given the colony ten thousand dollars!

I heard Thornton Wilder read from
his new book written at the colony last
summer (at least partly). It is called
A Woman of Argos, and I thought it
quite wonderful, though of course could
not compare it with The Bridge and The
Cabala just from excerpts.

Nobody ever knows what Robinson is
writing. He admitted to me that it was
something perhaps a bit more cheerful
than Cavender's House. Mrs MacDowell
told me that he looked like a ghost when
he got through with that, last year, but
he attributed this to an unromantic cold
rather than to his poem.

We had with us Monsieur Jules Bois,
one time professor of philosophy in the
Sorbonne, officer of the Legion of Honor,
dramatist, poet and whatnot. A round
man of middle-age with a Puckish smile
and a pleasant humor somehow reminis-
cent of Shakespeare's comedies, albeit he
is wholly French! His English is so bad
that, knowing how much time he has
been in England and America, one fears
that he holds our mother-tongue in con-
tempt.

Daniel Reed who has successfully dram-
atized Scarlet Sister Mary, about to be pre-
sented in New York, was there when I
arrived. The least dramatically-looking man
in the whole world, I should say! Can
you imagine Ethel Barrymore creating the
title role in Sister Mary? No white man
or woman born north of the Mason and
Dixon line can do realistic negro dialect.

Nancy Byrd Turner, Virginia poet,
now living in Boston, was there. She
does child verse almost as well as Milne,
and smashing sonnets as well, as witness
"Incidents" in the September Atlantic
Monthly.

Also, Marion Bauer, she whose songs
I have been liking for a number of years:
she is New York editor of the Chicago
Musical Leader, and a critic of distinction,
as well as a composer for strings, voice
and piano.

Charles Haubiel who used to head the
piano department of a conservatory in
Oklahoma City before the war, and who
had just won a five thousand dollar prize
for the best symphonic composition cele-
brating the Schubert centenary, was there.

One of my best friends was William
Thomas Walsh of Connecticut, who was
writing a Life of Isabella of Castile. He
learned to read Spanish (from the fif-
teenth century) so he might get his
sources in the original! And he could
fiddle most beautifully, the Kreutzer So-
unate, and the like! He started out to be
a professional violinist, but changed off
to literature. He is a poet and dramatist,
as well as biographer.

It would be impossible to imagine a
group of men and women more friendly,
cordial, and simple-mannered than these
artists. Before I left I was feeling per-
fectly at home with every one of them,
this not because my first estimate of my
own relative value changed materially,
but I found them not at all concerned
about that, and estimating me and each
other as fellow-humans, rather than as
artists good or bad. Of course all were
interested in the work that was being
done, but we talked very little about it.
Everybody looked up to Mr Robinson
devoutly, but there was no snobbishness,
no superior airs. Robinson is himself
quite lovable, once you get to know him,
which is about the time you are packing
up to leave, at the end of the season. He
is exceptionally gentle and kind, and, his
best friends say, shy. He loathes being
lionized, and avoids every possibility of it.

Peterborough is the loveliest of all the
lovely New England villages, and my
summer there was the happiest of my
whole life.
Does the human point of view pay? Let us look at some comparisons so that we may prove that anything else fails miserably.

Hosiery manufacturers told girls not to follow the bare-legged vogue if they would keep their reputations. The girls went bare-legged.

Corset manufacturers adopted the slogan, “Don’t be a squaw,” in an effort to keep up the corset business. But today they are manufacturing bandeaux and girdles so small that a squaw would blush to wear them.

The manufacturers of rubber footwear started an anti-cold, anti-grippe, anti-rheumatism, anti-everything campaign to retain the old style rubbers—but arctics and gaiters are in the museum today.

Advertisers are learning that it is business suicide to tell people not to do a thing. Parents learned that long ago. They are learning that they must talk the language of the people, on subjects vitally interesting to the people, if they would get favorable attention.

The discovery, aside from the increased business which resulted, has brought about another advantage. Advertising of itself—the mere assembly of printers’ equipment on a sheet—is more or less dull and routine. But when the human element is introduced, as is happening today, the work becomes highly interesting and is attracting a higher type of individuals than formerly.

The changes might best be explained punningly when we say that until rather recently, advertising was the “bull-work” of the nation; today it is becoming the bulwark.

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Oxford versus Oklahoma

By Jack Fischer

Sparkling British wit and hard Yankee logic deadlocked when an Oxford debating squad debated Oklahoma’s orators to a tied decision, rendered by a house-packing audience, on the question of installment buying December 10 in the university auditorium.

Under a barrage of dry humor that only occasionally touched on the evils of installment purchasing, the Oxonians, W. J. K. Diplock, Richard Adland, and B. J. M. MacKenna, launched a scathing but good-humored attack on American business and advertising methods. Carl Albert, Merton Munson, and Bob Harbison defended the dollar-down system as a necessary cog in the American economic machine.

“Half of America seems to be trying to sell something to the other half. The country has more than 300,000 salesmen, or 500,000 if you count bond salesmen,” remarked Ackland, first speaker for the Oxford group. “Every advertising campaign is an attack against thrift. Your people are working overtime to satisfy an artificial taste for luxuries. Hard work is becoming not a virtue but a vice; Americans are becoming machines. Now, in England people don’t become machines; men become women and women become men. A man can’t get a haircut in an English barbershop because of the women getting their necks shaved. And it is rumored that a London woman recently signaled a left turn and actually turned to the left.”

Hitting installment buying as an encouragement to reckless spending, Adland concluded his argument with a prediction that the United States’ unprecedented prosperity might be short-lived.

Albert, former national oratorical champion, opened the Sooner defense with the assertion that installment purchasing represented an insignificant part of total buying, and is not a serious economic problem in America. Less than