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## THE PATHOLOGY OF SERVICE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

I PROPOSE herein to isolate the bacillus of Service, the itch to make the world better. Why it has never been isolated before I don't know. The disease rages, it has a myriad symptoms, from the Harrison Act, the Mann Act, and the Volstead Act, in its simpler phases, to such fabulous derivatives as the law forbidding the teaching of Evolution in Tennessee and the law compelling the finger-printing of infants in Pennsylvania. Yet little has been done to discover its essential nature. Those whom it oppresses carry on a desultory traffic in epithets; they denounce it as "fanaticism" and sneer at it as "uplift," but they add nothing to what is known about it.

Always they make a fatal mistake. They discuss it in terms of the symptoms rather than in terms of the disease. That is, confronted by a new delusion, a new movement for this or that, they accord it all the honors of a lucid idea, and seek to combat it as though it had sense in it. They discuss it seriously, with its supposed import of good or evil to the commonwealth, and its relation to the Bill of Rights. This is like calling out a posse to rope the pink elephants seen by a man down with delirium tremens. I shall fall into no such error. I shall treat all these fine schemes as having no objective validity at all; I shall regard them as a social

phantasmagoria, whirling clouds and specks in a national fever dream, and so doing, I shall try to discover what has brought them into being.

First, I should like to outline the problem. Service is peculiar to America. It is unknown in the Orient, in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Spain, in short, in most of the civilized world. It is known in England and the Scandinavian countries, but in a mild form, and in these places its presence is traceable almost in its entirety to feminist activities. As a dominant social philosophy it is the exclusive possession of ourselves. Moreover, even here, it is relatively recent. As I shall show presently, in the form we know it it is hardly more than twenty-five years old. The problem, then, is to account for something which is peculiar to America and which has come into being in this, the glorious Twentieth Century.

If I am right, then all current theories about it are wrong. This is especially true of the theories put forward by the Servists themselves. Ask the average adherent of Prohibition why he believes in it, and if he does not cite the Bible, he will cite something which he calls "modern enlightenment." Society, he will tell you, as a result of the increase in its collective knowledge, has developed a new conscience, a new realization of the duty it

owes itself and its posterity. Prohibition, he will explain, has come as a result of this enlightenment. Inasmuch as human knowledge has actually increased of late, a specious plausibility goes with this argument. But it goes to pieces on inescapable rocks. Certain changes, it is true, may be ascribed to the new enlightenment. An example is the modern practice of sleeping with the windows up instead of down. Previously, night air was thought noxious; now it is thought necessary to healthful sleep. The point to be noted is that all persons not ignorant agree on it. But about Prohibition and other forms of Service there is no such agreement. One man is a dry; his neighbor is a wet. Both sleep with their windows open, but their enlightenment does not extend to Service. If Service were properly ascribable to enlightenment, it would enlist all informed persons in its ranks. But it does not, and its origin must be sought elsewhere.

If the Servist is thus unable to explain himself, his victims are in just as bad case. They have evolved various hypotheses. One of them is that Service results from the inferior man's envy of his superiors. The inferior man, it is held, by reason of his hoggish nature, cannot enjoy the principal pleasures of his superiors. Therefore, acting collectively, he prohibits all such pleasures. Another hypothesis, almost identical, is that Service results from the country dweller's envy of the city dweller. Still another is that Service, at least that part of it which is concerned with sex morality, results from the suppressed sex desires of the Servist. Still another is that Service is but a smoke screen to hide a mass scramble for government jobs. And finally, there are the hypotheses which ascribe Service to bigotry, malice, and intolerance, and let it go at that.

It needs but a glance at any of these, however, to show that they won't do. Service is not the exclusive business of the inferior man. Rather it is the other way around. It is notorious that Prohibition was foisted upon the working classes

against their wish. Service may not be the business of the very superior man, but it is the business of the comparatively superior man; the mediocrity, perhaps, but surely not the boob. Nor is it the exclusive business of the country dweller. The yokel has a few simple schemes to save the world, but all the rare and beautiful ones originate in the cities. Nor is it the exclusive business of those who hope to get jobs out of it. For one prospective jobholder in Service there are five hundred disciples who listen to the speeches, give the Chautauqua salute, and pledge \$10 each as sustaining members. As for the sex theory, and the bigotry, malice, and intolerance theories, they collapse before space and time. Sex, bigotry, malice, and intolerance are as old as man. They exist in France, but Service is unknown in France. They existed in 143 B.C., but Service was unknown in 143 B.C. Our problem is located on the American continent, roughly between the year 1900 and the year 1925. Factors must be found which operate in this particular place and this particular time.

## II

These factors, I think, like the factors which produce cancer, are two: there is a general agent and a specific one. Of the specific agent, or factor, more in a moment. The general agent, I think, has its roots simply in the appetite for drama. That is, the Servist yearns to shine before his fellows and himself, to play a rôle which is heroic; unconsciously, he seeks an escape from the meanness of his everyday existence. In a superficial way this is often noted. The lustful satisfaction which he gets out of his labors, a satisfaction out of all proportion to anything they bring forth, is a matter of common comment. The trouble is, that this satisfaction is thought to be purely hedonistic. The Servist is thought to go his queer way because he gets pleasure out of it, of the same sort that other men get out of wine and music; and it has even been suggested that he

might be cured if he were provided with other simple pleasures, such as those offered by band concerts and bull fights. This is all wrong. There is hardly any pleasure, in that sense, in a Servist's day. Snooping down alleys and behind speak-easies must be far from pleasurable, and operating on amorous husbands must be downright nauseating: knights of such rococo grails are requited with a satisfaction that is far from pleasure, in any proper use of the word. It is my contention that this satisfaction is dramatic, that it has nothing to do with good and evil, pain or joy; that it is the satisfaction which a little girl gets when she dons her mother's hat and parades before company.

The chief buttresses of this theory, of course, are intangibles, not facts of record: you observe the Servist's grimaces, and you penetrate to his soul or you don't. But certain concrete facts bear on it. To begin with, there is the manner in which the Servist goes about his work. He is forever holding meetings, parades, and demonstrations, and for all these he provides badges, banners, and slogans. All this bears a suspicious resemblance to a college football game, which is also marked by badges, banners, and slogans, *i.e.*, yells, and which is so transparently an effort on the part of the many to dramatize themselves by seeking identity with the heroic few that it needs no detailed discussion. There is nothing about improving the world which calls *per se* for such tactics. Business men, launching schemes which are demonstrably beneficial, often do so with a brief notice on the company bulletin-board. When the Servist invariably uses whoops and noise, he lays himself open to the suspicion that improving the world is not his only object. He appears, to use childhood's expression, to be "showing off," to be seeking an inflation of his ego by merging himself with a great and glorious procession, one in which all participants are knights in shining white armor, and the despair and envy of those who line the sidewalks.

Next, I point out the sharp contrast between the kind of people who are Servists and those who are not. In Service, one finds bankers, druggists, grocers, superintendents of schools, proprietors of gents' furnishing stores, teachers, professors in third-rate universities, butchers, owners of Ford garages, proprietors of shoe-stores, grain and feed dealers, vendors of stationery and school supplies, ice, coal, and wood dealers, dentists, proprietors of soft-drink emporiums, agents for hygienic corsets, boarding-house keepers, insurance agents, proprietors of lunch-rooms, advertising solicitors, station agents, secretaries to associations, promoters of cemeteries and daylight mausoleums, realtors, and postmasters. Not in Service, one finds cowboys, actors, bootleggers, opera singers, prizefighters, lumbermen, head waiters, pool champions, baseball players, stick-up men, writers, newspaper men, gangsters, sculptors, soldiers, prostitutes, acrobats, and doctors. There is a middle ground on which stand people who may be Servists or may not, depending on temperamental peculiarities; I leave them out of consideration, and mention only those who, on the one hand, are almost always Servists, and those who, on the other hand, are almost always not.

Examining these two groups, one is struck by two circumstances. The first, the group which is in Service, is made up of people who lead insufferably dull lives. It is not that they are such dull people intrinsically, or that they lack brains of a sort, or that they lack money to seek pleasure, for most of them, in a petty way, are fairly well off. It is simply that as they survey their lives the tiny spark of imagination which flickers in all humankind must revolt at a drab, utterly pointless spectacle, and so it is not surprising to find them casting about for means to cast a bit of glamor over it. The second group, the group which is not in Service, is made up of people who according to their own notion lead a heroic existence. The people who are indifferent to Service, it is com-

monly thought, are infected by a liberal spirit which renders them immune. But looking over my samples, I find this hard to believe. That a liberal spirit infects an actor is surely not plausible. I think it is simply that an actor can admire himself hugely, and that in consequence he has no need of Service. Of course, *you* may not admire an actor, but be assured *he* does, and that is all that matters for the purposes of this inquiry.

If I am right so far, it would seem that a person consecrated to Service, if he were suddenly thrust into a heroic job, would become most shaky in respect to his vows, and that a person hitherto immune to Service, on quitting the original heroic job, would be extremely liable to contract the disease. And so in fact we find it. For an example of back-sliding Servists, we need go no further than Congress. It is full of up-standing Methodists, once ardent Servists, who on election to the heroic toga forsook the good, the true, and the beautiful, and became addicted to licentious practices. Representative the Rev. Mr. Upshaw, of Georgia, has made bitter complaint about the scandal, and as I write the outstanding facts about it are being entered on court records, as an incident to a congressman's divorce suit. As examples of heroic buckaroos who quit their original calling, and then went into Service, the names of John L. Sullivan, Al Jennings, the Rev. William A. Sunday, Robert Downing, and Benny Leonard come to mind at once. None of these gentlemen, so long as he followed the profession he first engaged in, was ever heard of in Service. Yet on retirement, each became a Servist in his own way, Sullivan as a temperance lecturer, Sunday and Downing as preachers, Al Jennings as a moral writer. Benny Leonard, after taking leave of the ring in an elegant valedictory, conceived the ambition of making the world healthy, and sent Heywood Broun an exerciser. There are hundreds of lesser lights who have gone the same way: a revival meeting is hardly complete without

one of them. And as a wholesale example of the process, we have only to look at our soldiers. So long as they were heroes, they were fine scoffers at Service, especially in the form it took under the red triangle; but as soon as they doffed their uniforms, they went in for Service with the most fanatical zeal, and were a menace to public order until they were finally reshackled safely to the oars.

There is much more evidence that I could adduce bearing on the impulse of the Servist, but I leave it out for lack of space. It seems to me, however, that the considerations I have touched on make a strong presupposition in favor of the dramatic hypothesis.

### III

The specific factor brings me to the saddest part of my discourse. For it is my solemn and awful conclusion that Service, which rallies to its banner Fundamentalists and all other right-thinking men, was sired by these three: Darwin, Nietzsche, and Spencer, and that the greatest of these was Spencer.

Service, in so far as it has a philosophic basis, involves the idea of Progress. That is, humanity is conceived to be moving toward a goal, in accordance with God's holy law, and this goal is the millennium which should be ushered in as quickly as possible. This is a new idea in the world. Before the Twentieth Century you will find no record of it: men had advocated reforms a-plenty, for the general convenience or on theological grounds; but they had never conceived of Progress, apart from the specific steps which marked it, as an end in itself. The notion, obviously, did not arise of its own accord, and it is necessary to find something to account for it.

This will be found, I believe, in the writings of Spencer. He announced the thesis that society is itself an organism, and that it is in process of evolution exactly like a biological organism. He

showed that social groups in their lower forms are small and of simple structure; that as they develop they become larger and more complex, with a growing specialization of individual units and interdependence between them; that finally, in the big national groups, a structure is attained similar to the structure of the higher forms of animal life, with sustaining system, distributing system, and regulatory system all complete. Here is the beginning of the idea of Progress. It is only fair to Spencer, however, to absolve him from responsibility for the godly results his theory later led to. In his hands, it produced no godly results at all, but appeared to lead straight to atheism and despair. Pursuing his studies in the evolution of moral ideas, he was led to the conclusion that there can be no such thing as an absolute standard of human conduct. What is right in one society is wrong in another; what seems so conclusively in accordance with the will of God is usually quite illusory. To obey the dictates of biological instincts and appetites was about as far as he ever got in the way of a maxim for the young.<sup>1</sup>

All this, of course, was equivalent to giving the *Summum Bonum* a kiss on the head with a potato masher, and indeed it has never been the same *Summum Bonum* since. It is small wonder that Spencer's English colleagues were loath to concede much sense to his ideas. Leslie Stephen and S. Alexander are very polite to him,<sup>2</sup> and even manage to fit evolution into their argument, but it is quite plain they had no intention of subscribing to his heresies. Huxley joined issue with him, and on his own ground, contending that if society is evolving, it is evolving in a direction opposite to the evolution of species, since the evolution of species acts to eliminate weak strains, whereas the evolution of society, with its tendency toward "hu-

mane" treatment of the unfit, acts to preserve and perpetuate these strains.<sup>3</sup> It goes without saying that American moralists conceded him nothing, for they had apparently never heard of him at all.<sup>4</sup> Down through the eighties and nineties and early nineteen hundreds they went their untroubled way, occasionally giving him space in a footnote, but preoccupied mainly with their categorical imperatives and four major virtues. Then all of a sudden, some time during the reign of the immortal Theodore, they had a great awakening. They embraced all that Spencer wrote thirty years before, they endowed it with evangelical overtones—and the philosophical basis for Service was complete. How did this come about?

As to that, I can only guess. But my guess is that it came about through the writings and speakings of Borden P. Bowne, who, during the closing years of the last century, was professor of philosophy at Boston University. Although forgotten now by the laity, Bowne enjoyed tremendous academic prestige in his day, and his influence must have been considerable. His specialty was examining the arguments as to whether there is or is not a God, and his bias was in favor of God. Writing at a time when evolution had rocked men's faith, he did much to hearten them for another try at the trail. Atheists confronted him, demanding proof of God, and he had back at them by demanding proof that there was no God. If a burden of proof lay on believers, he said, an equal burden lay on non-believers: here were phenomena which could be explained two ways, and neither side could claim exemption from logic. Having thus cleared his decks for action, he opened up his guns, and he had pretty good guns. It is absurd, he said, to hold a mechanistic view of life

<sup>3</sup> See "Evolution and Ethics," by Thomas H. Huxley.

<sup>4</sup> In regard to current thought in their field, the ignorance of American writers on "moral science" at this time was almost comic. See the writings of Mark Hopkins, Noah Porter, and Francis Wayland, presidents of Williams, Yale, and Brown respectively, for bizarre specimens of ignorant bumbling.

<sup>1</sup> See "The Principles of Sociology," 1876; "The Data of Ethics," 1879; "The Principles of Ethics," 1893.

<sup>2</sup> See "The Science of Ethics," by Leslie Stephen, and "Moral Order and Progress," by S. Alexander.

and the universe. Matter could not spontaneously have sprung into life, and life could not mechanically have developed into Man. We must have another conception of causation and teleology. We must get away from that theory of causation which regards the cosmos as a series of pool balls in a row, with man as the No. 1 ball in the side pocket. Rather we should regard the cosmic process as a great musical composition, wherein each part has a separate existence taken by itself, and yet fits into a planned and logical whole, and wherein all the parts move toward a pre-conceived goal. Thus he took the small orchestra of Spencer, the orchestra of the flora and fauna, and augmented it by adding an infinite number of pieces; he set planets and fixed stars to banging great instruments in the heavens, and earthquakes to rumbling down in hell. And above all, he said, it is unthinkable that all this fuss could have been set going as mere caprice; there must have been some reason for it, and this reason, this purpose, must include all of it, and all of it must be moving toward some goal worthy of it.<sup>5</sup>

It was a fine cacophony, and even the professors could catch a little of it. The orchestration was beyond them, but the main tune they could hear, and this they fashioned into a stave of their own.<sup>6</sup> They forgot about the planets and the fixed stars, and all of Bowne's cautions about abstractions, and seized on the idea of society

<sup>5</sup> See "Theism," by Bowne, a collection of his lectures.

<sup>6</sup> Among books which state the theory with more or less emphasis are the following, all widely used in our colleges and universities: "The Elements of Ethics," by J. H. Muirhead; "Morals in Evolution," by L. T. Hobhouse; "The Ethics of Progress," by Charles F. Dole; "History as Past Ethics," by Philip Van Ness Myers; "Moral Values," by Walter Goodnow Everett; "The Socialized Conscience," by Joseph Herschel Coffin; "The Ethics of Evolution," by John C. Kimball; "Problems of Conduct," by Durant Drake; "Introduction to Philosophy," by George Thomas White Patrick. One or two of these writers are Englishmen, but their works are extensively used in our colleges, so I include them. A particularly malignant specimen is the Drake book. Dr. Drake actually argues, page 405, that there is merit in having more laws. There are plenty of other such books, if you have the heart to plow through them.

moving toward a goal, a moral goal. At last, they said, we have something which hooks up with Darwin, and the descent of man; with Spencer, and the evolution of conduct: with Nietzsche, and the superman, and with Holy Writ. So sing a little lay about progress, and the job is done!

This nonsense in one form or another is now poured into thousands of our college students every year. Every year a new crop of clear-eyed young men and women, fit in mind and body, all convinced that it boots not where we are going, so long as we are on our way! And the Liberal editors wonder what has come over the country!

#### IV

If I am right about the dramatic instinct, and right about Progress, it remains for me to show what the dramatic instinct did with itself before Evolution came along, and why other nations have remained immune to the disease which is a plague among us.

America, I take it, needs more artificial bolstering up of personal rôles than any nation on earth. We are a complete democracy. Other nations have representative government, and to that extent are political democracies, but ours is both a political democracy and a philosophic democracy. Here, men not only have the right to vote, but they have the right to consider themselves equal to all other men. And for this last right they pay a terrific price. Since in America, all men are equal, all men must justify their existence, must get ahead. In other countries, where it is impossible to move from one caste to another, men do not try to. In England, if a man is born a valet, he may remain a valet the rest of his life, and retain the respect of his master, his friends, and himself. But in America, if a man is born a valet, he must become a butler, a headwaiter, and finally a bootlegger, else he is a failure, despised of all men. Thus there is a frantic scramble to attain what is called success. But in the nature of things, all men cannot attain

success. The vast majority must play lowly rôles indeed, and the national imperative being as it is, this sets them to brooding and self-castigation. Naturally, even if they have not attained success, they seek a way to make it seem that they have, some means whereby they can induce other men to look at them with respect, envy, and maybe a little fear.

In the early days of the Republic, of course, this craving for drama was just as strong as it is now. The necessity for getting on was just as great, and the failures were just as numerous. But the despair of those days discharged itself in a great national adventure which has now come to an end. This was the adventure of winning the West. It was something which everybody could participate in, everybody could identify himself with, just as the howling freshman identifies himself with a fast half-back, just as a Servist identifies himself with a parade on Fifth avenue.

Everybody was on the move or wished he was; everybody had relatives who were going or had gone; everybody read about it in the newspapers and heard it talked at the village store. It was forever on the floor of Congress: whether to send a company of regulars to some corner of Colorado, whether to slaughter the Indians or geld them, whether to admit Missouri free or slave, what to do with Kansas and Nebraska, whether to insist on 54-40 or fight. That great region over the horizon came to be the symbol of romance and opportunity. If you have any doubts about the appeal that it carried, have a look at the names of the railroads which were built in the past century, and notice how many of them bear the expression "and Western." This was the magic shibboleth that evoked epic, mystic poetry, poetry which stirred the hearts of all the citizens of the land. But along about 1900, the adventure was over. The West was won, and the rest was faint perfume. Giving up that glamorous frontier was a wrench. Magazines continued to print "Western" stories long after the cowboy was extinct in every place

except the rodeo, and after the magazines quit, the movies carried on. But bit by bit, people realized that the big day was gone.

Now, it is easy to see that when the West no longer offered an easy way to heroism, people should have turned to something else. But why did they turn in the peculiar direction they took? Why did they embrace this philosophy of foreigners? Why didn't they go on with the philosophy of Emerson, or William James, or even Elbert Hubbard? I believe it is because this philosophy of progress was the only thing on the market which satisfied the craving to regard America as a land of destiny, a craving which had been acquired during the winning of the West. Previously, Westward Ho! had been the watchword, and since people rarely think more than one generation ahead, it never occurred to anybody that Westward Ho! would not be our destiny until the end of time. When we were brought up short by the Pacific Ocean, the spell of a destiny had become too strong to be cast off. We had to have a destiny, and the idea of progress, of doing God's will by hastening His divine plan, by bringing nearer His great millennium, and of beating all other nations in the race, held an appeal stronger than all other ideas. Thus we see why America embraced the doctrine while other nations let it alone. Other nations are not harassed by the scramble for success, the way we are, and their citizens have less need of bolstering up their rôles; other nations have rarely held the notion of destiny, so they have no need to find one for themselves. We alone have need of this philosophy, and we alone have embraced it.

## V

Well, can anything be done about a cure? It seems to me that much can be done. I need hardly point out that the specific factor, misapplied evolution itself, appears a bad place to begin. You may argue about this until the cows come home, and never prove anything; indeed, I doubt if you could

even get the average Servist to admit the origin of his ideas. But the general agent, the craving for drama, is surely vulnerable. All that is necessary is to make it impossible for the Servist to derive a thrill from his work, and ridicule is the obvious way to do this.

I do not speak without clinical data. Ridicule has been tried, as a matter of fact, and with marked success. In Baltimore, the fair city by the Chesapeake, lives a publicist by the name of Hamilton Owens. He is editor of a newspaper which is opposed to Service in all its forms. But he never makes the mistake of taking Service seriously. He ridicules it, mocks it, tweeks its nose and pulls its whiskers. He produces grotesque maps and charts, showing how far the Servists would reach if placed end to end; he demands to know, if  $x$  Prohibition agents collect  $y$  bribes in  $z$  number of days, how many bottles of booze can be stored under Brooklyn Bridge; he makes up terrible slogans, and offers them to the Servists. In short, he

does the one thing Service cannot stand: he strips it of its glory. The result is that the Maryland Free State is probably the hardest State in the Union to perform Service in. Servists there have become timid and skittish. The Servist who would thrive and grow fat on ordinary abuse thinks long and hard before he braves the deadly ridicule of Mr. Owens.

The plan, I think, is practicable all over the country. Moreover, I do not see that it violates any of the Servist's rights, moral or civil. He, uninvited, holds a parade, and asks the help of the police to compel us to get in line. If we not only refuse to get in line, but jeer at him and withhold the admiration he so plainly desires, I do not see that he has received anything but his deserts. His plea that he works for God and morality is all bosh. Actually, he works for his own aggrandizement, and I see no reason why we should not suppress him as we would suppress any other nuisance. Progress be damned! I am a Fundamentalist.

# THE COLLAPSE OF KENTUCKY

BY W. G. CLUGSTON

AS THE offspring of sires and dams who entered the Kentucky wilderness in ox-drawn wagons shortly after the Revolutionary War, and had the good sense to settle in the heart of the Blue Grass, and to do their bit for three generations to keep the distilleries and race courses in operation, I rise in all melancholy to discuss the rise and fall of the Kentucky culture.

As the last male of my family, and so far childless, I can speak with a frankness that is denied to those who must have a consideration for posterity. With Roundhead, Cavalier, and Celtic strains thoroughly mixed in my blood, and with the good fortune to have had both Catholic and Campbellite guardians at my cradle, I have no religious astigmatisms. My political inheritances have been at long last renounced, and I have been away from the banks of Elkhorn creek sufficient time for my local patriotism to have become over-grown with perspective. But I have been back to my old haunts for short visits often enough to make notes on the lamentable changes that have been taking place.

In spots where Burley tobacco growing has not sapped the life of the soil, the blue grass grows as tall and luxuriant as it did during the Civil War, when John Hunt Morgan's troopers spraddled themselves out on it after a hard day's fighting down Cynthiana way. The Kentucky water, trickling out of the limestone crevices, or bubbling out of the earth in the low level of a ravine, is as clear and cool as it ever has been known to be. And the mint that grows on the banks of the brooklets that ripple down from shaded spring-houses

will soften the tinkle of ice against the side of a frosted glass just as it always would. The arch in the Natural Bridge shows no sign of crumbling. The clay cliffs at Frankfort have not changed color. The cobblestones in Louisville are the same. But there is little else in the Dark and Bloody Ground that has not undergone a radical and pathetic evolution.

The manners, the customs and the ideals of the people are so completely altered that there is little left of the old stripes and patterns. In every section of the State mongrels are in the mixing and every circle of society is changed, and changing. Old prides are being forgotten and new pruderies prattled about all the way from Catlettsburg to Clinton, and from Covington to the Cumberland river. Nancy Hanks and Peter the Great, no more than two decades ago, were the prides of the State. Today it is the completion of the Dix river dam that every booster boasts about. Once every Kentuckian gloried in the fact that his State was known all over the world as the home of pretty women, fast horses and fine whisky. Now moonshine is the best whisky that is to be had, up-and-coming women are frequently more in favor than fair ones, and fine horse-flesh soon will be seen only in the saddle rings at the county fairs. On every hand the gods of the new commercial age and of prostituted Puritanism are demolishing the old traditions and tainting the tastes of all classes of the citizenry. The dulcimer, once all-popular in a large section of Eastern Kentucky, no longer proclaims the happiness of the mountaineers. The descendants of General Isaac Shelby, Hum-