

# THE END OF OOFY GOOFTY

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

A lot of folks from Texas, reading this explanation, will set me down for a Hoover Democrat same as Judge Grigg.

I'm not.

A newspaper man like me, wandering over the length and breadth of the State, running a linotype in Lubbock, writing sports in Temple, doing county politics in Sugarland or selling advertising in Abilene, has to switch beliefs too often to be even that type of a loose thinker. I don't monkey with major issues. Wherever I happen to be uplifting journalism at the moment I think with my wheat-cakes, which means I write as my boss wants me to. And I always concentrate on home stuff. It's snappier and permits a fellow to become an expert in a short time.

There's a hell of a difference between writing up a nice argument on road appropriations in McMullen county and jiggling around with this tariff yarn. It's even got the big boys dizzy up in Washington, so where would I get off, opinionating? You'll tell me I'll never get a name as a writer, sticking close to the prairie; but look at Mr. White up in Emporia and remember George Bailey down in Houston. I'm the sort that prefers being a big fish in a little puddle to *vice versa*. And let me tell you I wouldn't trade the welcome I get from the capitol correspondents when I walk into the Austin Hotel coffee-shop for the presidency of this Gridiron Club that Mark Goodwin's always yelping about when he comes back to Dallas to see the folks.

However, this story's about Judge Grigg and the jam he's in and not about myself.

I'm merely the chronicler of the drama. At least it's drama to the judge, although there's a lot of folks scattered over the country who claim to see a lot that's funny about it.

Everybody in Texas knows how the mess started but it's astonishing how few people outside of here know what came afterward. I was talking to a man from Smackover the other day and he told me he'd never even heard of Oofy Goofty, or Judge Grigg, or even me that telegraphed the story of the trial to the *New York Herald Tribune* and got a letter of congratulation from my old friend Stanley Walker. He wrote me my copy took him back to the days when he worked under me on the *Plains Gazette*, over in Yoakum county. I was managing editor and boss printer of that sheet and I gave the lad his start—if I do say it myself.

Oofy Goofty has to open this recital. He's a little bit of a shrimp of a fellow. Or rather I mean he *was* a little bit of a shrimp of a fellow that you'd think you could knock over with a backhand swipe. But he's made the strongest men in Texas weep tears of mortification at their inability to hurt him. He challenged you to do your damndest and if you couldn't make an impression you paid up—anything from a shot of mule to a century note. They do say that in his home town of Galveston, where they were right proud of him, he once collected five hundred cold smackers for five consecutive wallops on the rear end.

That was Oofy's game. Wallops with a baseball bat on a rear end that was as tough as that of an army-truck. He worked

up a reputation that made him famous from Galveston to Amarillo and from Texarkana to Uvalde. In the old days before Prohibition he played the saloons and did well. Like many another honest fellow, this dry law started his ruin. Speakeasy customers don't spend as much on side-attractions because they need more for their liquor. And the change to rotgut didn't do Oofy's insides any good either.

## II

However, he was always what you would call a standard attraction. He'd blow into a town and pick his spot. In the old days it would be the biggest or most popular saloon. In later times the most respected speakeasy. After he'd made his arrangements with the proprietor a notice would go in the windows with this simple announcement:

HERE TONIGHT!  
 OOFY GOOFTY  
 TEXAS' MOST FAMOUS SON  
 THE MAN WITH THE RE-ENFORCED  
 CONCRETE FOUNDATION.

Bring Your Own Baseball Bat—And Try to Hurt Him!

Oofy Goofty Will Positively Pay Ten Dollars to any Man or Woman Who can Knock Him off His Feet.

And then the price for taking a whack at him would be set down according to his estimate of the town's ability to pay. In big places like Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston or San Antonio he'd charge—and get—as good as ten dollars a sock. Then he would scale down through places like Austin and Waco at five dollars all the way to the river bottoms, where he has run from a quarter to a dollar. Yes, he's done his act for a shot of mule many and many's the time. And I've seen him pick up a fifty and even a century for a single crack, around the time of the oil boom in Mexia, Breckenridge and Burkburnett.

Just before the tragedy which is being set down here, Oofy had been hitting up the booze pretty heavy. After a long drunk he'd usually start up in a small burg so as

to get his hand in and his nerve back. So he wandered into our county seat and set up his card in the window of Bill Truex's speakeasy.

On the night when the big doings came off there was as nice a crowd of solid citizens gathered in Bill's joint as I've ever laid eyes on. This Ranger Captain Hite, who was destined to play a big part in the ensuing drama, had come over from San Antonio way, supposedly to inquire into the liquor situation. He was certainly in the right place to carry on his investigations when he lit into Bill's joint. This Hite's a big broad-shouldered guy, an ex-cowman and a mixer, though a bit rough at times.

After some individual drinking had been going along, sort of spasmodically, Bill warmed things by setting them up twice all around. A bit later Oofy announced he was ready for all comers to take socks at two dollars apiece. He leaned over in his usual receiving position to show the folks the rules of the contest. He was a supple fellow, this Oofy Goofty, and when he was set for the clout his legs would be straight from the hips to his feet, which would be planted firmly on the floor. His hands would be in the same position, arms straight. He'd have his coat off, of course, and across the seat of his working pants there were two broad white stipes. These were for the guidance of the contestants and were parallel to the floor and about four inches apart. The top stripe was across the base of his spine for protection's sake, and Oofy always explained that as long as the indoor golfers would sock between the two lines everything would be okay.

I'd better explain right here that Bill's joint was in what had once been a store. Right in front of the bar there was a big plate-glass window, glazed over, of course, so snoopers couldn't peek and free audiences would be barred. Well, sir, Oofy faced the window about eight feet from it and then five of the lads took cracks but never budged him an inch. Then this

ranger, Hite, asked if he could have a sock.

"Sure," says Oofy from the bar where he'd retreated for a snifter, "the bigger they come the better I like them."

So the ranger borrowed the last contestant's baseball bat. Oofy gets in position and Hite measures his distance, making a couple of preliminary swings and just brushing the edge of Oofy's pants.

Then he let go.

It was certainly a hefty sock and it pushed Oofy forward a full two feet. But that was okay according to the rules, which called for the actor being knocked off either his hands or feet before a score could be marked up against him. Oofy just slid along on all fours. Another way for him to have lost would have been an admission that he was hurt to the extent that he couldn't get in position for a second sock inside of five minutes. But Oofy just bounces to his feet, grins at the ranger and holds out his hand.

"Some slug, partner!" he said.

They shook on it, bowed to the applause and had a quick drink apiece. Then Oofy gets in position for another belt. But right as soon as he had leaned over the ranger laid the bat down awful quiet-like on the bar and pulled out a new ax-handle which had been sticking up out of his cowboy's boot. He got into a sort of a crouch, faster than it takes me to tell it, and bringing his shot up from away low-down, he caught Oofy clean amidships, lifted him off the ground, and batted him through that plate-glass window.

Believe me, that's when the nearest approach there'll ever be to hell started!

There was a lot of women folk out on the street doing their shopping when Oofy lit through. He struck the middle of the roadway and the howling that started was just awful. He lay there quite still and the folks all around and inside of Bill's speakeasy had too much to think of at the moment to bother much with him. You see, the window had been split wide open and there was Bill's bar in plain view of the entire populace.

And talk about luck, who do you think was standing right across the street? Nobody but the State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, talking about law and order with the police chief and complimenting him on the absence of crime and the lack of liquor! There were women yelling their fool heads off and picking slivers of glass out of themselves and their babies. Kids were cheering, thinking the circus had come to town, and the community's most respected citizens were all cluttered up and cursing each other around Bill's back door, trying to get out of the mess unbeknown to the audience on the main street. And the police chief, being deviled now instead of praised by the dry boss, was just shaping himself for a raid.

Finally they gathered Oofy, all blood and still unconscious, into a car and ran him to the hospital along with about a dozen females who'd got glass slivers in them. The cops then took in a few innocent bums who'd run over from the park to see what the trouble was and while doing it let the leading citizens make a safe getaway. When the smoke cleared off there was nobody left in the bar but me, being a newspaper man and immune from interference, and this ranger, Hite, he also being immune from arrest because of his official capacity.

I poured myself a shot from a broken bottle and Hite took one too.

"That was a lowdown trick," I said, "changing your weapon."

"I don't think so," he answered. "It was just a new one on him. Instead of driving I lofted. Did you ever play golf?"

I never had so I let it go at that.

### III

The case came up in September. Oofy Goofy, plaintiff, Ranger Captain Hite and the Commonwealth of Texas, co-defendants. Of course the ranger didn't have two dimes to clink together but Oofy and his lawyer figured to collect heavy from the State, being that Hite was a representative

and an employé. They claimed \$200,000 for assault and battery on an innocent citizen.

They were mainstaying their case on the switch from the baseball bat, an admitted instrument of sport and pleasure, to the ax-handle, described in the complaint as a lethal weapon. They'd also tacked on a side bet of \$50,000 for loss of earning power, Oofly claiming his nerve was gone as a result of the trip through the window and that he would never be able to face an audience again. If you'd have asked me I would have said that claiming \$250,000 didn't look as if he'd lost much of his nerve.

Here's where Judge Grigg enters the drama. He's a noisy fellow from the Pan-handle and personally I never had any time for him. But right's right and the way things came out I don't think he's had a clean break. I always gave him credit for sincerity and so did Jim Ferguson, although it was Jim who clapped the name on him that has stuck ever since.

It was around the time Jim was out campaigning for Ma, his missus, as Governor. There was a big meeting somewhere in the judge's territory—I forget just where—and Jim kept on talking about Necessity Grigg. Every time he referred to the judge—who of course was fighting him—it would be Necessity this or Necessity that. He got the crowd's curiosity stirred, which of course was what he was aiming to do, and from all corners they kept asking him what he meant. Jim let it drag along as much as he could and then proceeded to enlighten them.

"Well, boys," he says, in that slow drawl of his, "you know the old proverb 'Necessity knows no law.' Judge Grigg knows so little about law that you could properly say he don't know any. And that's why I call him Necessity."

The name has stuck ever since.

I almost forgot to tell you our own judge, Jim Wakefield, had got himself in bad with the boys when he handled the first case out of the Oofly Goofty mix-up.

He'd given Bill Truex, who kept the speak-easy, two months for maintaining a nuisance, and poor old Oofly himself, still all cut up, got thirty days for damaging property when he passed through the window. But where Judge Wakefield, to my mind, showed real prejudice was when he dismissed all charges against Ranger Hite. Now if it hadn't been for Hite and his ax-handle there wouldn't have been any mess-up at all. But the judge was a dry and according to talk among the boys he was tipped off to let the ranger get by. I suppose the Anti-Saloon folks figured they'd never have got the evidence on Bill's joint if it hadn't been for Hite and his ax-handle and that consequently he was doing duty in a fine cause.

Anyhow, after that travesty of justice Oofly's lawyer, State Representative Ashton Sneed, applied for either a change of venue or another judge. Wakefield wanted to be out of the case, so it was all okay with him. And that's how Necessity Grigg came to be assigned to us.

There was certainly some entertainment spread out at that trial. More noise and backtalk than there was when the Klan paraded through Dallas at the opening of the 1923 State Fair. There were folks present from as far away as Lubbock and San Angelo. The streets were jammed with parked Fords, away out on to the edge of the prairie. Booger Red brought his crap tables over from Booger and did a mighty nice business at Bill Truex's—that is, till things blew up at the trial. Bill had moved his speakeasy from the actual scene of the crime and was certainly on the job. That two months he'd done in jail had drained a lot of booze out of him and had fired him with new energy for unloading the stuff on others. His joint was now in Bailey's alley, right next door to the office of State Representative Barney Cullom, who had been appointed counsel for the defense, acting for both Ranger Hite and the State.

Cullom had lent Bill the ax-handle with which the crime had been perpetrated and had told him he could keep it on exhibi-

tion till it was called for at the trial. The police had tried to impound it but Cullom, who's right smart, got out a *habeas corpus* or something like that. Anyhow Bill had the weapon on the bar in a glass box, nailed down to the boards. The folks certainly did jam his joint for a look at it. Next to Oofy, who of course was the star of the opera, I guess the weapon was the cynosure of all eyes, as they say in the big town papers.

## IV

Beside Booger Red's crap tables, Hamstrung Joe Voorhis, who had his tendons cut twenty years ago for sheep stealing, was present and accounted for. Hamstrung had brought along his bit of a rodeo, which he uses to tour around the Ozark country. He can't do any bulldogging since he got his punishment, but he carries two pairs of smart boys and girls with him. He set up in a field right across from the courthouse and did himself a nice trade with the overflow and at night. But this last part of his show was sort of cut into by the Blue Mountain Canary, who'd made the trip up from Houston.

Evangelizing seems to have gone flat down there since the Democrats used the town for their convention and the Canary didn't have more than just enough jack to land among us. But he sure started to collect after he'd got his tent up. First off, he declared himself in on Booger Red's and Bill Truex's businesses, swearing he'd preach sermons about their iniquities if they didn't come across. So they paid up. Four hundred talesmen had been called for the jury-picking and they all took religion from the Canary, figuring it might help them to get among the twelve good men and true. Even Oofy got half a dollar's worth of the Canary's comfort and did a good hour on the mourner's bench. I guess he figured it would help him too, poor unsuspecting soul!

There was also a sword-swallower, doing his stuff on the steps of the courthouse. The kids liked him, but he didn't go so

good with me. I've seen better performers than him in the House restaurant the time I was up in Washington.

It took five days to get a jury, what with Counsellors Sneed and Cullom arguing with each other and Necessity Grigg asking the talesmen the foolest sort of questions a man ever listened to. Of course, all the boys wanted to get in the box and they cluttered up things quite a lot presenting their own arguments as to why they were qualified to give a fair and impartial verdict. There was one old fellow from the black-lands who took up the whole of a morning quoting those portions of the Scriptures that have to do with the wrath to come. It was just on lunch time before they found out that all along he thought it was Necessity Grigg that was on trial. He's had a grudge against the judge for thirty-five years.

However, all the delay had its advantages for Bill Truex, Booger Red, Hamstrung Joe, the Blue Mountain Canary and the sword-swallower. There were folks around who were saying that the five of them had put up a purse for the lawyers so they could drag things out and keep the crowd enjoying the pastimes of rum, religion, rodeo and gambling.

Finally a fellow from the county Farm Bureau came over and advised Necessity that the first cotton crop would be lost if he kept his show going another three weeks. You see, all the available help for miles around had gathered into town. So Necessity got busy. He had two men in the box ten minutes after the Farm Bureau agent had finished yelping. And he filled her that afternoon.

But, if they had only known it, they didn't have to worry about the cotton crop, for the Oofy Goofy trial didn't last long after the jury had got set. Sneed made his opening address for the plaintiff during the next morning session. He spilled a lot of Latin that I'd read parts of before in county seat newspaper editorials and he shot in some pretty fair poetry that the crowd seemed to like a hell of a sight bet-

ter than the Latin. His main argument was that the greatest sporting character in Texas, offering his noble and invigorating example to redblooded men all over the world, had been brutally and underhandedly attacked by a hireling of that same great but occasionally careless Commonwealth. He wanted to know what was the use of baseball, football, duckshooting or any other health-giving exercise if the spirit of fair play which they engendered was to be ignored by the government itself.

"A thousand rangers," bellowed Sneed, "could have struck my talented client with a baseball bat and he would have turned to them a smiling face and a demand for further exhibitions of skill upon his person. But I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, when this hired minion of the Commonwealth of Texas—whose Governor even now should be hanging his head in shame—when this hired minion, I say, swapped a baseball bat—glorious token of red-blooded athleticism—for an ax-handle, gentlemen, then I say to you fellow Texans, remember the Alamo! Remember the Alamo, you twelve good men and true, for like Santa Anna this ranger had nothing else but murder in his heart."

That was hot stuff and he spilled a lot more like it. The crowd gave him a great hand when he came out for lunch. Cullom got his turn in the afternoon session. He's a different type from Sneed, not so fiery and loud-mouthed. But he gave a good show, and on the two opening speeches I would have said the crowd and the jury was just about even-minded. Cullom hardly said a thing at all about the crime but hung most of his conversation and accusations on to the counsel for the plaintiff.

## V

It might be as well to give a bit of history right here. Judge Grigg, you see, went over with Oscar Colquitt after Al Smith had been picked as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Governor Colquitt led these Hoover Democrats, as they came to

be called. Necessity Grigg, working along those lines, carried his county for Hoover, although he'd always been a Democrat—of sorts. Now Representative Sneed, who was appearing for Oofy Goofty, was sort of tarred with the same stick, although he hadn't been quite as active as Necessity.

Cullom started in to picking on Sneed's record in the lower house at Austin, not that I could see what it had to do with Oofy's case—but Cullom's no fool.

"This vacillating politician," Cullom told the court, "this well-fed exponent of the law [Sneed's a right hearty eater and kind of shows it] has the gall to come into this court and pose to you intelligent gentlemen as an expert on sport. Why I don't believe he'd know a baseball bat if he saw one. But that's neither here nor there. What I do propose to do is to take you gentlemen back a few months in order to prove to you that he not only knows nothing about fairness, honesty or decency, but that he also has dared to defame the fair name of Texas. He has not only defamed it in this court, where he seeks to collect from the public coffers money to assuage the well-deserved hurts of his mountebank client, but he has dared to defame it in the legislative halls of Austin, the shrine of the Lone Star State."

"How come?" asks Necessity. He never was very strong on strictly legal language. Sneed knew what was coming and tried to stop it. But the judge wanted to know and lived up to Jim Ferguson's description of him. He opined that most anything could go in an opening speech barring actual assault and battery and signaled Cullom to go ahead.

"This is not the first time that counsel for the defense has dared to impute unworthy motives on the part of this great Commonwealth," Cullom goes on. "Although he was born within her boundaries and although he has profited by every benefit which she has so generously distributed among her inhabitants he has dared to hold Texas up to the ridicule of other States——"

"What's it all got to do with the case on hand?" asks Necessity, at last taking a tip from Sneed, who'd been tying himself in knots trying to get his eye.

"I'm going to tell you, I'm going to tell you," Cullom assures him. "May it please the court, I am now on the heels of proof that counsel for the plaintiff has always been a Benedict Arnold to the State in which he was born and bred. At the last session of the Legislature he sponsored a bill to legitimatize all children born in Texas out of wedlock——"

"I don't see anything——" starts Necessity. But Cullom cut him off short.

"The court knows," he shouted, banging his fist on the table, "the court knows, and I know, and this jury of fine upright citizens knows, and this splendid audience of Texas men and women know, that there are no bastards in Texas——"

Right here was where Juror No. 4 blew up the show. He rose in his seat and wagged a finger at Necessity sitting there on the bench.

"How about the two hundred thousand Democrats that voted for Hoover?" he yelled at the judge.

That was bad enough in all conscience, but Oofy, who has always been the right sort of a Texan in politics, had to shove his oar into the mess.

"Ye're damn tootin', fella!" he shouted at the juror.

Then all hell started. Three of the jurors jumped out of the box to pry the attorneys apart and private fights began all over court. Necessity wasn't any good at halting the riot and the man who finally brought about quiet was the defendant, Ranger Hite, who did it with the two guns he always totes around.

As soon as he could make himself heard Necessity announced that there would be a new trial and that this one was off from now on. Then he haled Juror No. 4 to the bar and slapped a fifty-dollar plaster on him for contempt of court. You could hardly blame the judge.

The concessionaires certainly burned up

over the delay. It meant now that the show couldn't go on till after cotton picking time and folks had to live in the meantime, to say nothing of the expense of moving crap tables, tents, cow ponies, bundles of tracts and Bibles and the like over to another hot spot and then back again.

Oofy Goofy went out and got drunk that afternoon and when I found him toward evening he was laying up in Joe Wood's cow shed, a pretty fair sort of a mess. I wouldn't have been chasing after him only Necessity saw me on the street and told me to dig up the plaintiff and send him over to the judge's chamber, back of the courthouse.

## VI

Oofy was wearing his working pants as the easiest way of carrying round a court exhibit. Saved him changing them any time a juror would have wanted enlightenment on the art of rear-end socking. He'd been over in Bill Truex's place with a couple of professional baseball players who'd been brought down as witnesses for the plaintiff to bust up the defence's contention that the big clout was a sporting proposition and not an attempt at murder.

When I found Oofy he had lost his belt. I guess somebody had swiped it because of the gold buckle which had been presented to him by the San Antonio Elks. He was in such bad shape that he needed something to hold up his pants and I, like a fool, lent him my gallusses. I always wear both belt and gallusses for protection.

You see, I'm setting all this down in fairness to Judge Grigg because if it hadn't been for the gallusses Oofy wouldn't be in the bug-house today. I shall testify to the facts when Necessity is tried and I hope I'll be able to help him out of his jam.

Well, I fastened him up and we made our way to the judge's chambers. Necessity was sitting there in company with a slim guy with a pompadour.

"This is Skylight Reed," he said to Oofy and me. "Skylight puts himself down as the finest golf player in Texas and

he has a theory in this case that might simplify matters for me from a judicial point of view. He wants to try out both methods on you, Oofy. The baseball bat swipe and the ax-handle wallop. He promises to do what he calls a piece of putting when he uses the ax-handle which means that he'll pull his shot."

Oofy was willing, though, as I learned when it was too late, the success of Skylight's theory was of benefit to the defendant and absolutely none to the plaintiff, meaning Oofy.

Reed's idea was that Oofy depended on his grip with his hands and feet on the floor to hold off the downward sock of the baseball bat and that thus in this position he had no protection from the upward wallop of the ax-handle which twitched him off the ground and into the air. This would sort of tend to dispose of the theory that the ax-handle method was murderous assault and provide a contention that here was nothing more than a new method of playing the game.

Well, Oofy got into position for the first slug with the bat. Now, if I had had sense enough to look at him then I'd have seen what was wrong—but I'm sorry to say I paid no attention. Reed hefted the bat, measured his distance and gave it to him full force.

Oofy dropped cold and until we dug up Doc Griffith the three of us were sure he was dead.

As time passed we were able to learn what had happened. The first thing that struck us as being queer was that when Oofy came to about ten hours later the Doc offered him a swallow of honest-to-God red liquor.

Oofy turned it down.

The judge, who was taking on something awful, sent for a brain specialist all the way to Waco. This bird got in the next day and went all over Oofy. He figured that Reed had planted his wallop fair on the base of the spine and had knocked the vertebræ up a good couple of inches, so that the brain had been sort of flicked. He announced to us that Oofy was crazy as a coyote and would now have to be taken care of by the State. He finished up by ordering his committal after he'd offered the patient a shot of prescription booze like Doc Griffith had and had seen him turn it down. This brain specialist, who'd been an admirer of Oofy's for years, said he didn't need the evidence of the shifted backbone to convince him the man was daft. Turning down the drink, he said, was proof enough.

Well, of course they had to have an inquiry and some court procedure and what chance did Necessity have down here among real Democrats? He and Reed were both held for murderous assault and their trial comes up next month. I guess it'll be as big a thing as the first case. I know the gang's all coming down for it: Hamstrung Joe, the Blue Mountain Canary, the sword-swallower and Booger Red. As for Bill Truex, he's always with us.

The real angle of how the thing happened never struck me till Necessity had been ordered held. You see, when I put my gallusses on Oofy they tightened up his pants so that when he leaned over for Reed's sock the two white guiding lines between which he had to hit had been hitched so that the danger spot, the base of the spine, was dead in the middle of the two safety marks.

# A SUPERIOR PERSON

BY DUFF GILFOND

WHEN Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut was lately caught sneaking a lobbyist into the secret sessions of the Senate Finance Committee, his colleagues fell upon him with a malevolent enthusiasm which can only be explained as a compensation for their own unhappy inferiority. The transgression of a smaller, weaker brother would certainly have found them far less indignant. But the opportunity to pull down and belabor a man so much taller, so much more beautiful, opulent and successful than they: a degree-holder from Yale, Harvard, California and Cuzco, Peru; a former member of the faculties of Harvard, Princeton and Yale; a famous explorer with fifty-three lines in "Who's Who"; a man who writes books without ghosts; who never swears, gets drunk or uses *don't* for *doesn't*; who quotes Brazilian poets on the Senate floor; who makes a committee meeting on time by the use of a blimp; a suave, elegant gentleman whose entire career has been as perfect as his face—the opportunity to knock off this colossus was too gorgeous to be resisted.

Not only, indeed, is he handsomer, richer, more cultured and successful than any of his colleagues; he has never soothed their natural envy by seeking to conceal the fact. Far from it! Day in and day out he has corrected their boorish mistakes and told them how things should be done. Once when Senator Borah (a college graduate too, but of Kansas State, a cow college) read an authorized translation of a portion of the Nicaraguan constitution, Professor Bingham arose to advise him coldly that *falta* meant *absence* and never

*default*. And then he dazzled the galleries by reading the whole passage in Spanish. On another occasion he interrupted Senator Walsh (who has no academic degree, but only a teacher's certificate) in the reading of a letter from a corporation, to inform him that "they make *machetes*, those large knives used in the Cuban cane plantations." The gentleman from Connecticut knows everything.

But instead of appreciating all this wisdom, as King Arthur's knights did when an earlier Connecticut Yankee fell into their midst, the Senators wriggle and squirm under it. Aspiring prima donnas themselves, they don't want to be told anything; they bristle when treated as sophomores. During the Professor's lectures they break in with queries and denials necessitating that he "go back to where I was at the time of the interruption." Forgetful of their Latin, if they ever knew any, they writhe when he swings into the language of his great Roman predecessors. Never have Senatorial vanities suffered so.

The truth of the matter is that they simply cannot understand their super-learned colleague. Like the late Senator Lodge, the Professor can speak to few men and hobnob with fewer. He is not a rough-and-tumble politician, ingratiating himself with elevator men and department clerks by soft words. His lofty thoughts are far away from the faces of tariff experts or any of the other fry that pop into his path. His humor is not the low, practical joker variety of Babbitts; the books he reads and chuckles over would bore ordinary men; his moral standard, despite his slip in the matter of the lobbyist, is higher.