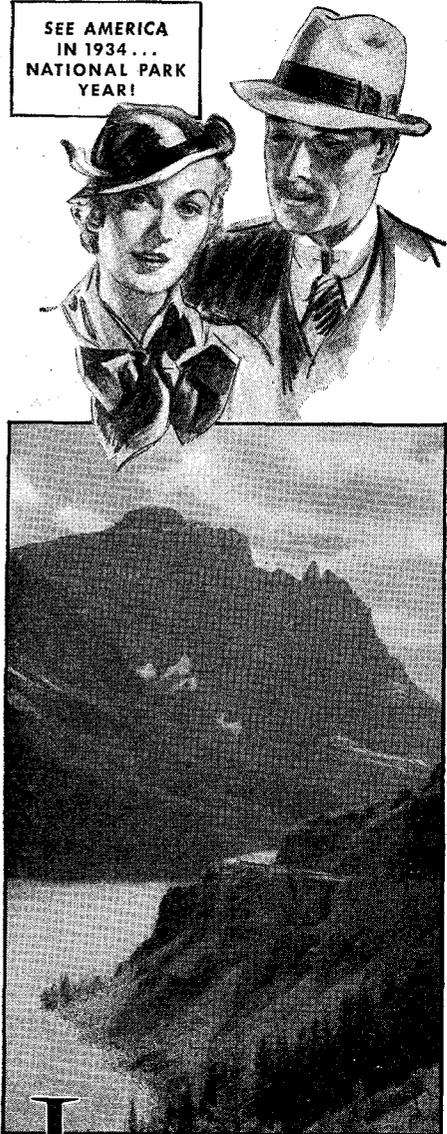


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Among the Outstanding Books of the Week

By HAROLD DEWOLF FULLER

Merchants of Death. By H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanigher. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; \$2.50.

Apparently there is not much to be done about the armament-makers. Periodically they come in for hard knocks. In a recent volume, "Cry Havoc," Beverley Nichols, English publicist, bombarded them with specific charges of selling out their respective countries for private gain. This later book is more restrained in the interpretation of evidence. The authors, one of whom is an editor of *The World To-morrow*, organ of a pacified universe, conclude that not the armament-makers, but the nations themselves are responsible for the war spirit. The former will be put into a quiet corner when, and if, the peoples of the world decide that war is a silly way to settle disputes.

The authors easily dispose of the recurrent suggestion that Governments should own and direct the arms industry—this on the plea that international sales of arms would disappear. They point out that only the leading industrial countries command the necessary natural resources and that even France, England, and the United States, which

account for 75 per cent. of all arms exports, find it convenient to import some of their armament. Prohibition of traffic in arms would be looked upon by the non-producing countries as a hostile act. When a related suggestion—international control—was discussed in 1925, under the auspices of the League of Nations, the leader of the American delegation to the conference and a strong advocate of peace, Representative Theodore Burton, made an impassioned defense of the private manufacturers. "What have they done that there should be this discrimination against them?" At the close of 1927, Mr. Burton introduced into Congress a bill proposing an embargo in war times on all war materials. The bill was not popular, especially with the military and naval authorities, because it "might impair the preparedness program" or "impose upon national defense." There was the added difficulty that no agreement could be reached on what constituted war materials. How about chemicals, metals, cotton, etc.? It was the same difficulty later faced by the prohibitionists as to whether

restaurant keepers might sell to patrons ice and mineral-water or ginger ale—ingredients to mix with strong drinks!

In the authors' detailed history of the arms business are these items:

The DuPonts, during their century and more as powder-makers, have put patriotism first. Incidentally, only 2 per cent. of their manufactures now are military products.

Krupp, the "Canon King," tried to put patriotism first but found that it did not pay.

At the end of the Eighteenth Century, Robert Fulton, later of steamboat fame, peddled unsuccessfully about France and England a rough-and-ready submarine of his own invention.

In the Great War there was an international solidarity of arms-makers. Thus the French Government "dared not bombard the Briey Basin and stop the German exploitation of its mines because, if it did, the Germans would certainly bombard the mines operated by the French at Dombasle."

* * * *

How Peary Reached the Pole. By Donald B. MacMillan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.

Echoes of the Peary-Cook controversy are reviewed in this interesting volume, published just twenty-five years after Peary "nailed" the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole in April, 1909. The author was one of Peary's chief assistants and is an explorer of note. Mr. MacMillan says that people still ask him whether he really does not believe that Dr. Cook reached the Pole. The answer: In 1917 MacMillan was in near-polar regions with one of Dr. Cook's two Eskimo guides. "Here was my opportunity. 'E-took-a-shoo,' I asked, 'how much farther did you go with Dr. Cook?' 'We passed Dr. Cook's last camp as we came out from land.' This point was, roughly, five hundred miles south of the true, or geographical, North Pole!"

In such undertakings, it seems, records are not indisputable evidence.

Mr. MacMillan also deals with the perennial question: "Why did Peary refuse to take a white man with him in the final dash to the Pole?" The answer is that Matthew Henson, a Negro, was the most experienced and resourceful of Peary's assistants.

Worth Reading

On Our Way. By Franklin D. Roosevelt (New York: John Day; \$2.50). The President gives a good account of his stewardship during his first year.

The Roosevelt Year. Edited by Pare Lorentz (New York: Funk and Wagnalls; \$2.75). A photographic record of all the figures, political and otherwise (including Mae West), who have caught the public's attention during the last twelvemonth.

Best Fifty Currier and Ives Lithographs (New York: The Old Print Shop; \$1). The title speaks for itself.

The Racial Myth. By Paul Radin (New York: McGraw-Hill; \$1.50). An attempt to expose the Nordic complex.

Here To-day and Gone To-morrow. By Louis Bromfield (New York: Harpers; \$2.50). Four short novels by this well-known American author.

Too Many Boats. By Charles L. Clifford (Boston: Little, Brown; \$2). A novel of Army life in the Philippines during the Great War.

Tender Is the Night. By F. Scott Fitzgerald (New York: Scribners; \$2.50). A new novel by the author of "The Great Gatsby," for which his public has long been waiting.

Master of the Revels. By Don Marquis (New York: Doubleday, Doran; \$2). A spirited play of Henry VIII by one of America's subtlest humorists.

A Child Went Forth. Autobiography of Dr. Helen MacKnight Doyle (New York: Gotham House; \$3). San Francisco in the gay 'nineties pictured in the romance of a young physician.

Current Poetry

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned. Unpublished poetry unavailable

The New Republic prescribes an antidote for skyscraper-worship:

BUILDINGS SHOULD NOT BE TALL

BY KENNETH BURKE

Buildings should not be tall, that we be spared
The need to walk in gulches. Of their pride
We are the squalor. We the traffick-eyed.
Stench-nostriled, Klaxon-eared and thinning-haired,
Inhabiting a city's underside,
By this man-made biology prepared
To cower in meekness.—Forgetting how we fared
Who, guided for their profit, served and died.

These are our masters, basking in the sun—
It is our owners that we crawl among.
In such granitic utterance they reveal
Self-portraits of greed that rose up, when
A grasping brood expressed in stone and steel
Its detestation of its fellow men.

A life of solitude close to Nature finds a strongly personal interpretation in this, from *The Gypsy* (Cincinnati, Ohio):

DEAD MARSH LOVER

BY JAY G. SIGMUND

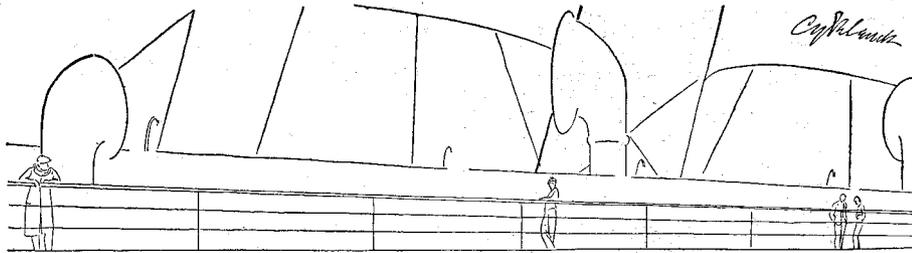
Here has the bittern, year on year,
Guarded, ready to sound alarm,
And this span of rushes, wind-tossed here,
Marked the edge of his sterile farm.
In spring, when his oats were cleaned and sown,
The pied frogs gave him a serenade;
The redwings' talk was so much his own
That he fathomed the jingling words they made.
When his plow uncovered an arrowhead
He sat and mused on the hunting man
Who sent it to claim a bufflehead
Or teal to carry back to his clan.
He loved this marsh with its sora rail
And the two night herons that came each spring;
No wonder that when a crop would fail
He sowed for the next year's harvesting.
Bury him, then, upon this knoll
Not back of these trees; he needs a clear,
Clean view of the marsh; his unleashed soul
Will wander there; keep his body near.
Watch next spring when the fireflies
And will o' wisps hold a night conclave—
Before the dew of the morning dries
You may see tern flying above his grave.

In *The Will-o'-The-Wisp* (Suffolk, Virginia), comes a sensitive afterthought:

AVALON: THE ISLE OF APPLES (Glastonbury)

BY VIRGINIA TAYLOR MCCORMICK

Tread softly, this is sanctuary;
speak no harsh word, make no moan where
the sombre dust of Arthur lies
on ivory dust of Guinevere.
A sleeping king no longer knows
vain jealousy of Lancelot;
lie easy, golden queen, rest well,
your fragile sins were soon forgot.
Faith and unfaith at last are one;
forgot the beauty of your face:
your dust may nourish Joseph's thorn
or grow a flower of Queen Anne's lace.



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the Olympic's lure!

You will find a roster of eminent names always appearing on a White Star sailing list. And as you stroll aboard, you will see in your first glance through brilliant public rooms . . . your first welcome by a White Star steward . . . your first delicious meal in a White Star salon . . . why it is that the *Olympic*, *Majestic* and their companions are so often first choice with those who have crossed the ocean 50 times or more—seasoned seagoers who know what luxury in ocean travel should be. Regular services to Ireland, England and France. Arrange for passage through your local agent. His services are free.

S. S. MAJESTIC, May 4, May 25
(World's largest liner)

M. V. BRITANNIC, May 5, June 2

S. S. OLYMPIC, May 17 June 8

M. V. GEORGIC (new) May 19, June 16

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