

which was so near out there in the kitchen.

His hunters, however, didn't hear him. Bill Lowndes was saying, "We been a-lookin' for Jim out along the old road. Figured he'd make tracks for Shawboro. You ain't noticed anybody pass this evenin', Annie?"

The reply came promptly, unwaveringly. "No, Ah ain't sees nobody pass. Not yet."

IV

JIM HAMMER caught his breath.

"Well," the sheriff concluded, "we'll be gittin' along. Obadiah was a mighty fine boy. Ef they was all like him —. I'm sorry, Annie. Anything I c'n do let me know."

"Thank you, Mistah Lowndes."

With the sound of the door closing on the departing men, power to move came back to the man in the bedroom. He pushed his dirt-caked feet out from the covers and rose up, but crouched down again. He wasn't cold now, but hot all over and burning. Almost he wished that Bill Lowndes and his men had taken him with them.

Annie Poole had come into the room.

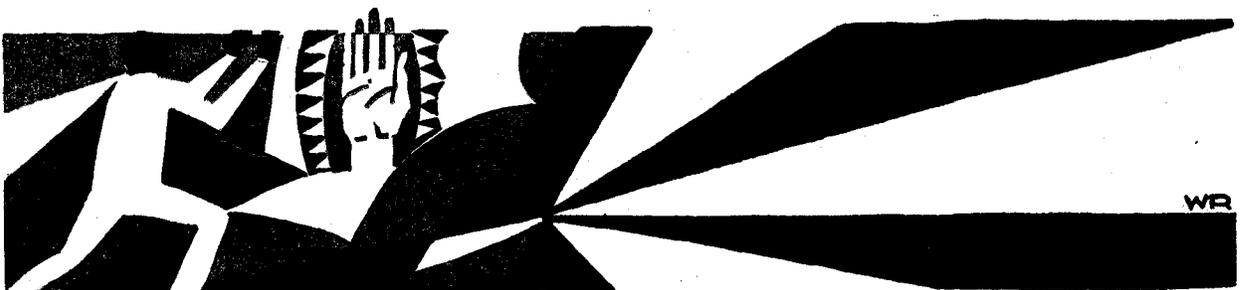
It seemed a long time before Obadiah's mother spoke. When she did there were no tears, no reproaches; but there was a raging fury in her voice as she lashed out, "Git outen mah feather baid, Jim Hammer, an' outen mah house, an' don' nevah stop thankin' yo' Jesus he done gib you dat black face."

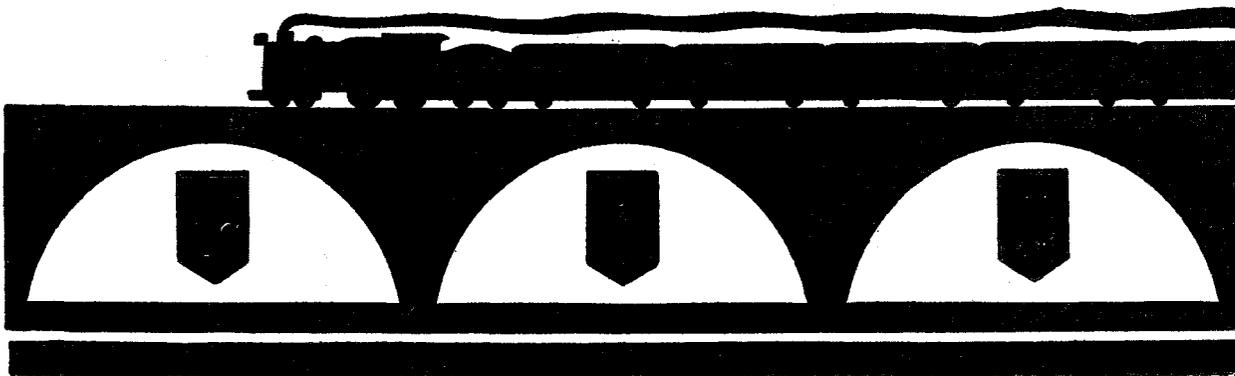
Epitaph For A Good Woman

*HERE lies the fretful heart of one
Who had no patience with the sun,
Who yanked the window curtains down
To save her carpet's patterned brown;
Here lie the stark and still remains
Of her who cried against the rains,
And would not suffer flakes of snow
Upon her doorstep — but would go
With fury to her kitchen-room
For hat and mittens, coat and broom.
Here are her bones, but is she free
From all she fought so bitterly?
Will she rest softly in this earth
She hated from her very birth?
Already snow is smoking white
Across her dooryard; by to-night
The witless, gloating wind will heap
Her narrow doorway high and deep
In this light stuff she swept away
With venom every winter day.*

*What will the dreary creature do
In Heaven? Tidy up the blue
Of God's own dooryard? Surely Hell
Would satisfy her rather well,
Since she could struggle in despair
To far, far better purpose there.*

— *Martha Banning Thomas*





Drawings by Lloyd Coe

Our Muddling World

The United States of Europe

by **SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA**

I

AS FOR SOUND, "the United States of Europe" is undoubtedly fine. It has the right pitch; it rings in tune with the age. Everything is now *à l'Americaine*. "Other countries," said Mr. Irving Babbitt in these very columns, "are now lamenting the evils of 'Americanism' and at the same time getting themselves Americanized as fast as they conveniently can."* The whole world is now fascinated by the United States — by its wealth, its power, its speed. With that eagerness to believe which is one of the most pathetic features of the human race, the world wants to discover the hidden principle of success responsible for the turbulent prosperity of the American nation and for her marvelous expansion. So American life becomes the model which, consciously or subconsciously, all life is now imitating.

The two names under which the idea of European federation is being discussed reveal American models: Pan-Europa is an image of Pan-Americanism; the United States of Europe, an image of the United States of America. But the names are not the only imitations. The ideas behind the European movement also draw their inspiration from overseas. They spring from the well-known argument where-with English free-trade economists have en-

*"President Eliot and American Education," *THE FORUM* for January, 1929.

deavored to parry the thrusts at their doctrine — thrusts based on the prosperity of a nation so highly protective as America. They say that America is prosperous because it constitutes a vast, interior territory under free trade. "Likewise," runs the argument, "let us constitute such a territory in a federated Europe, and our industries will flourish because they will be able to cater to a vast population."

The same attitude of subconscious imitation underlies the groping toward a political federation of Europe. Instinctively it is felt that the balance of power in the world has been upset by the overdevelopment of the United States into a huge mass of power concentrated under one unified will. In the political system of the world, such a mass exerts an overwhelming effect which prevents the easy working of the remaining forces. It is therefore but natural that there should emerge a tendency to amalgamate a number of smaller masses in order to create in Europe an adequate counterweight to the immense weight of the United States.

The tendencies thus described are still obscure, and the ideas to which they lead are correspondingly vague. Yet they have attained sufficient definiteness for a statesman to handle them as political raw material. It is true that from his native Brittany M. Briand