

as were their now famous contemporaries. Promiscuous is an ugly word. Let us say that Suzanne was generous to her friends, and generous to herself in the satisfaction of her own ardent desires.

In the fall of 1883, when a young Catalan named Miguel Utrillo was the most conspicuous of her admirers, she became pregnant. It was the beginning of a prolonged tragedy, for the child who would be born to her would be Maurice Utrillo; he would become one of the world's most famous painters, but he would also be a hopeless alcoholic at the age of fourteen, a periodic inmate of rest homes and insane asylums, and a son who would turn his light-hearted mother into a hysterical shrew, desperately trying to defend her wretched child against himself and the world.

During Maurice's early years, however, Suzanne was an indifferent parent, content to leave him in the care of his brandy-soaked grandmother, who soothed him with wine when he flew into rages that were terrifying in their inexplicable violence. During these years Suzanne was busy becoming an artist. As a child she had drawn incessantly, on scraps of paper and the sidewalks of Montmartre. Now she began to draw again. Toulouse-Lautrec caught her at work on a charcoal sketch, was delighted with what he saw and became her first customer. At his insistence she submitted her drawings to Degas, who believed with Ingres that "drawing was the very core of artistic expression." He took her portfolio "as though it were a package from his tailor," and opened it without interest. But when he closed it he turned to her and said simply, "Yes. It is true. You are indeed one of us." Suzanne was on her way, a way that she was to follow in glorious independence of all artistic theories and movements, for "to her, art was an expression of private passion, uncomplicated and irrational."

Making admirable use of his ample sources, and with a skill that commands unflagging interest, John Storm has told the story of Suzanne without sensationalism, and without the lush writing and purple patches that have disfigured some other books concerned with the same time and place. He has also sketched the artistic history of Montmartre and has drawn individual portraits, such as that of Modigliani, that pulse with life. The illustrations give us a clear idea of the strength and simplicity of Suzanne's line; we must look elsewhere for her color. But we need not go beyond Mr. Storm's pages to meet and know the woman herself—and this is an exciting experience.



—Bettmann.

Susan B. Anthony cartooned left in 1873 newspaper; pictured right as young crusader.

## First Lady of the 19th Amendment

**"Susan B. Anthony: Rebel, Crusader, Humanitarian,"** by Alma Lutz (Beacon. 340 pp. \$5.75), captures the spirit of an intrepid fighter for woman's suffrage. Walter Magnes Teller, the biographer of Joshua Slocum, teaches writing at the New School.

By Walter Magnes Teller

ONLY the other day, under the headline "Swiss Males Deny Federal Vote to Women, but Yield 1 Canton" *The New York Times* published a report concerning the fate of a nationwide referendum to give the ladies of the inland republic the ballot in national elections and the right to run for national office. Having just read Alma Lutz's biography of Susan B. Anthony, I was struck by the timelessness of the struggle of the brave old girl and saint—if ever there was one—of suffrage.

Goals of social betterment don't change much; neither do *laissez-faire* and reaction. Though Miss Anthony now is fifty some years to leeward, her cause is still carrying canvas. The arguments of its opponents grow older rather than brighter. The item in *The Times*, date-lined Geneva, 1 February, reported:

. . . One national legislator warned . . . "It is better to be one man's darling than the elected choice of 20,000 . . ."

One antifeminist poster read: "If a woman is happy, what does politics mean to her? If she is unhappy, will politics make any difference?"

It is good to know Susan Anthony because, in the words of Herbert Muller, the self-conscious individual at his best is the glory of civilization. The virtue of Miss Lutz's book lies not in its literary charm or power, or depth of psychological insight, but in choice of subject: the life story of a carrier of human dignity.

Susan Brownell Anthony was born in 1820 on a farm at the foot of Mt. Greylock near Adams, Massachusetts. She was one of a large family. Her father, Daniel, whom she greatly admired, was a prospering Quaker cotton mill owner. He married out of meeting Lucy Read, a spirited young woman who liked to sing.

Susan got her first taste of learning in the school which her father set up in his house. He was one of the few in his day who believed in education for girls. When she was eleven Susan observed that a woman worker in her father's mill knew the business better than the overseer. Why not make the woman overseer, she asked her father. He replied that it would not do.

When Susan was eighteen her father's mill failed. The family moved to New York State and eventually settled in Rochester. Susan went to work teaching school. Her ability equaled any man's but her pay was only a fourth as much.

The Anthonys were an outstanding family, high-principled, intelligent, devoted to one another. All were strongly antislavery. Susan read William Lloyd Garrison's "Liberator" at home. Her thinking, however, went further. Negroes, she saw, were not the only disfranchised in the new world. Indians were. And women.

Beginning with the simple demand

## USA

to speak in public—at that time unheard of for females—Miss Anthony launched a lifelong commitment. She announced her single-minded purpose in the motto of her paper, *The Revolution*: Men their rights, and nothing more; women, their rights and nothing less. She worked in the temperance movement and then, for a year, wore the rig Amelia Bloomer promoted. She valued the relief from floor-sweeping skirts but saw that dress reform stole away men's minds from more political issues. She moved on to property rights for married women, and then to abolition. In Albany she addressed an antislavery meeting while the mayor sat on the platform, a revolver across his knees to discourage a jeering mob. On Election Day 1872, Miss Anthony tested the fourteenth amendment by voting; whereupon she was arrested, tried, and fined. From then on she focused her efforts on Federal woman suffrage.

WHEN in 1906, aged eighty-six, Susan Anthony died, only four states, all Western, had granted women the vote. However, she knew she had brought her people to the border of the nineteenth amendment. "Failure is impossible," she charged them. After her death, her generals pressed on and, the 26th of August 1920, crossed over to a woman-enfranchised land.

Despite her limitations as a writer, I thoroughly enjoyed Miss Lutz's biography. It is richly informative, well documented, and just now when disengagement and morbidity are in fashion, nourishing to the soul. Its wonderful photos of Miss Anthony and her companions (women and also men derided as nancies and betties), form a gallery of nineteenth-century great hearts.

## Century Salute to First Strike

### *Oil and Old Timers Recall an America Past*

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

IF THERE seems to be a slight whiff of oil in the air today, it is undoubtedly the Spirit of Petroleum seeking recognition in a year of centennials and sesquicentennials. What price Poe, Lincoln, Darwin, Holmes, Havelock Ellis? To millions of men and women the price of gasoline is infinitely more important. Back in 1859 the first oil well was brought in—and for two mammals, the whale and the horse, this was the handwriting on the wall.

The discovery of "a subterranean fountain of oil" at Titusville, Pa., in 1859 was made by a local workman hired by a New Haven Railroad conductor named Edwin L. Drake, who had heard about oil from a New Haven bank president named James Townsend, who had heard about oil from the great Professor Benjamin Silliman of Yale. The date was August 27th—a Saturday. (This year, unfortunately, August 27th will be a Thursday.) Hildegarde Dolson tells the story in "The Great Oildorado" (Random House, \$3.95), which carries the subtitle "The gaudy and turbulent years of the first oil rush: Pennsylvania, 1859-1880." Miss Dolson grew up in Franklin, Pa., twenty-two miles from Titusville, and writes familiarly of

familiar things; she has delved to good purpose into a rich deposit of sources, most of them local. Her prose is a little bouncy, but so is her subject. It is somewhat startling to learn that John Wilkes Booth, whom one wouldn't suspect of getting into a thing like this, visited the Pennsylvania oil country in 1864 and acquired an interest in what turned out later to be a real bonanza. "If the stroke had happened a year earlier," speculates Miss Dolson, "it might have swerved the course of history. Diverted by a brand-new, high-flowing gusher, Booth might have stayed in Pennsylvania."

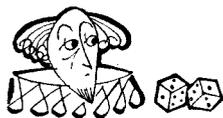
Some of the same ground is covered in "The Oil Century: From the Drake Well to the Conservation Era," by J. Stanley Clark (University of Oklahoma Press, \$3.95). Mr. Clark is not specifically concerned with history for history's sake or for story's sake: his field is progress in production techniques right up to 1958. He goes in pretty heavily for figures and tabulations. But figures need not be uninteresting, and Mr. Clark's certainly are not. In 1902 there were 23,000 automobiles of all types in the United States; in 1935 the American Petroleum Institute estimated that by 1960 there would be 35,000,000 passenger cars on the roads—by 1949 there were 36,000,000. In 1900 less than 8 per cent of our power and heat requirements was provided by oil and gas; today the figure is 65 per cent. In 1914 only 4 per cent of the world's merchant and naval tonnage was powered by oil; today the percentage is close to 90. There are good illustrations.

Coincidental with the centennial nosegeys to the oil industry, there is a heady reek of petroleum and the sharp stench of corruption in high places in "Teapot Dome," by M. R. Werner and John Starr (Viking, \$5), which recites, for the first time in its entirety, the story of one of the murkiest conspiracies in American history—the scandal that put a Cabinet member into a Federal prison and placed one of America's wealthiest men behind bars for contempt of the United States Senate. The Cabinet member was Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the

## Your Literary I. Q.

NO SNAKE-EYES, NO BOXCARS

Conducted by John T. Winterich



Did Shakespeare ever shoot craps? There is no direct evidence to that effect, but David Deutsch of New York City has noted several uses of dicing terms which are, to say the least, suggestive. He asks you to identify the plays in which these citations appear. All bets are paid on page 36.

1. "You say, seven?"
2. "Power divine hath looked upon my passes."
3. "Where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see."
4. "Do fade so fast?"
5. "No more money out of me at this throw."
6. "You are most hot and furious."
7. "Ay, there's the point, sir."
8. "I shall shake thy bones."
9. "Go, bid the soldiers shoot."
10. "If I could shake off but one seven."