

found their ultimate career in the pulps and who actually give themselves airs of importance on the basis of their achievements. The largest single group is composed of congenital pulpsters: but they, too, are dissatisfied; even though fitted by mentality and temperament for pandering rubbish, their desire for security makes them uneasy for the future.

What finally becomes of worn-out pulpsters is a mystery into which none of us dares delve. We prefer to believe that somehow we will beat the game. We are occasionally encouraged by literary contributions from our more erudite friends, on newspapers and in advertising agencies, who believe they can write salable pulp stories any time they are pressed for money. But the most illiterate hack would be ashamed of what they turn out. For success in the pulps is not, as many think, a matter of "writing down".

That is the real tragedy for us who came

to the pulps for training. While we are writing this daydream in which some potential two-fisted barroom fighter or glamorous captivator or gunslick bronco-buster can identify himself, we must believe it at the moment. We must inject some enthusiasm to give it false vitality and spurious reality. It is working oneself into this alien mood, this primitive emotional and cerebral pattern, that poisons the brain like a drug, atrophies the perspective, and dulls the spirit.

And yet I myself have become a dependable purveyor to those five million morons who pay a few nickels each month for their mechanized dreams. I am one of the camp-followers of the writing profession, the rag-tag and bobtail of the fiction parade, who, for a bare subsistence, scavenge in the garbage heaps of literature. I am one of those disillusioned hack authors whose hopes lie somewhere back in the dim golden years when everyone believed in self-expression.



WINTER SONNET

BY TOWNSEND MILLER

THINKING all winter in a quiet place,
 From long interrogation of the stone
 I see that such perfection never was
 Except it be unuttered and alone.
 Brave hearts who speak but braver at the last
 Who keep in silence the sufficient word
 And learn of snow that eloquence is most
 When the full hour is inner and unheard.

O whiter muse, take refuge in the rock
 And dream the ages out with marble eyes;
 Dwell here for ever by the endless sea
 Whose wave no moon shall lift nor tempest shake.
 Yea, here in peace and casual of the skies
 Compose your wing against eternity.

SAD DEATH OF A HERO

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

RHEA COUNTY COURTHOUSE nestles in the lap of a fat and luxuriant Tennessee valley, flanked by green, flowering hills. Its red brick walls are dingy with age. Giant maples canopy the generous lawn. An ordinary summer afternoon discovers a few farmers and fruit-growers loitering in the shade, discussing crops and the relative merits of Brown's Mule and Picnic Twist for chewing. Teams doze at the hitching rail. The atmosphere is lazy and restful. The main excitements in prospect are the county election and the annual Baptist revival.

But on a crude platform erected in the center of this rustic lawn was enacted one of the most memorable dramas of modern times. The date was July 20, 1925. The event was the cross-examination of William Jennings Bryan by Clarence Darrow, in the closing hours of Tennessee's celebrated Monkey Trial. It was the best story this writer ever covered or ever hopes to cover. The entire business lingers in memory as the perfect answer to a reporter's prayer. It had everything.

The issue was the centuries-old conflict between science and religion, and over that issue two old men, each recognized as the champion of his respective cause, met in what proved literally to be a battle to the death. Two old men, both burdened with age and honors, but each at the peak of his powers. One, eloquent, magnetic, passionate; three times his party's candidate for President, and still

idolized by millions. The other, cold, impassive, profound; the greatest criminal lawyer and the most invincible debater of his generation. Upon that rough platform they grappled, and as implacably and impersonally as a rock crusher closes upon the yielding chunk of limestone, one old man ground the other to ignominious dust. It was stirring and it was pathetic.

Early in the spring of 1925, a bill had been introduced in the lower house of the Tennessee General Assembly, thus:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee; That it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normals, and all other public schools in the State, which are supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of the State, to teach the theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals.

The sponsor of this measure was one John Washington Butler, a farmer by vocation and a reformer by avocation, and anyone who studies, or even observes, its grammar, syntax, and verbiage, will be disposed to accept his stout claim that he composed it all by himself. Its extraordinary lack of legal exactness and definition was, in fact, the principal target of the attack afterward made on it. For it did become law—in precisely that form—on March 21 of the same year. No one was more surprised than John Washington Butler by the furore which ensued.