

suggestions that when John Phillips retired as editor, the management gave Siddal a chance at it.

In my own case, I was editor of a paper in Syracuse. I had selected "Hampton's Magazine" — then at the height of its popularity — as the door through which I wanted to enter the magazine field. I began by making suggestions by letter to Ben Hampton, one of the most human and most brilliant men I have ever encountered. I realize now of how little value most of my suggestions were, but in them Ben saw something which appealed to him. One day I received a telegram asking me to come to New York for a talk.

When we met, Ben said: "Well, young fellow, when are you going to quit trying to run this magazine from Syracuse and come down here and try it in New York?"

"I don't think I can get here before Monday", I answered.

And the next Monday I moved into the office next to him. We had a wonderful two years together, at the end of which I went to the "Red Book" organization. Seven years later I

came with Mr. Hearst as the editor-in-chief of his magazines, particularly as editor of the one that had always been my goal — "Cosmopolitan".

I could ask nothing better for you than that you should travel the same paths that I trod; that you should have as much fun along the way as I had; and that you should be rewarded as generously as I have been. There was a time, I understand, when magazine editors were not highly paid, but today competition is so keen that the men who can build circulation command substantial incomes. There are at least three magazine editors whose incomes are double that of the President of the United States, several others whose salaries approach that of the President. But each one of these men and women — one of the highest paid editors in the world is Miss Gertrude Lane, of "The Woman's Home Companion" — is collecting something that to him really means more than money. He is enjoying every minute of his work. If he were not, he could not do the work well enough to earn that much money.

QUESTION

By Nan Belisle

AREN'T stars sky-children?

I have seen them coasting —
Coasting in the winter —
Coasting down the snowbanks of heaven's tall cloud hills.

They swim in the sky-pool in summer —
I've seen their white arms flashing.

Stars are sky-children.

THOMAS BURKE

By Edwin Björkman

With a Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

ANYONE with a love for strong color and brisk action can enjoy the work of Thomas Burke. But to savor it fully, one must bear in mind sympathetically the three main factors that have combined to make his art what it is. The first of these is the soil from which he sprang: the London East End; the life of the slums; the sounds and sights and mysterious doings of the dock district, where, "on the flood-tide, floats from Limehouse the bitter-sweet alluring smell of Asia". The second is the metropolis itself, in its vast and protean entirety, which every evening, when the human ebb retires from its heart to the suburbs, "affords an event as full of passion and wonder as any Eastern occasion". The third is his devotion to beauty, to all forms of art that strive genuinely to express it, and, above all, to "the secret beauty that lies behind the material beauty of colour and sound" . . . a devotion born and nursed among surroundings and under circumstances so adverse that its triumphant survival seems little short of a miracle. In view of the continued dominance of these factors over his art, there are moments when I wonder whether anyone may grasp the innermost spirit of it, especially in his later and more introspective work, who has not himself been teased by the chimeric dream of perfect beauty; who has not in person felt the appalling, sphinxlike lure of the greatest city on the earth; and who has not himself risen from one of those sub-

merged layers of the social structure whence issued so inexplicably the creator of "Limehouse Nights" and "More Limehouse Nights", of "The London Spy", of "The Wind and the Rain", of "East of Mansion House", and, most recently, of "The Sun in Splendour".

Out of the classes more and more apologetically termed the "lower" are formed the broad basis and main bulk of the social pyramid, which in England tapers to a vanishing apex of nobility and royalty. But Havelock Ellis tells us in his "Study of British Genius" that, in order to visualize the relative distribution of exceptionally gifted men and women among the various strata of the pyramid, we have to turn it upside down. This does not mean that genius may not lie dormant to an unsuspected degree among those doomed to live at the bottom, with all the rest of the social contents pressing down upon them. It means simply that among them the handicap is so great that only a scattered few can fight their way into those realms of beautiful endeavor which seem above all others to require a certain amount of leisure and peace of mind for admission to them. Thomas Burke is one of these rare few, and his success in breaking out of his native environment is the more notable because he started from the undermost surface . . . from a region lying even lower socially than the miner's cottage which originally sheltered D. H. Lawrence . . . and because he has never