CINCINNATI is a cheerful, friendly sort of a city, not large enough to have a humbug, and it only wants a little more hush. It's a city's pleasant neighborhood called Walnut Street. It is not a desert of sand and dunes, nor is it a wild, primitive country. It is a place where people think they are thinking. Before an open fire in the living room of her home in the heart of the city, Mrs. Mary Watts Graham Louise is reading the newspaper. "These people who think they are thinking," she said, "do not make up their own phrases or originate their own ideas. They think in catchwords." The New York Times

Mary S. Watts

"Social Consciousness," "Deliberate Bohemianism," and Influence of New York on West Coast

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it especially. But it means that they are not noble souls enduring unobserved miseries. Our own pains they undergo upon themselves.

Why can't our novels do this? Why do they write things like 'The Inside of the Cup' and frankly claim that they are writing a mysterious region? How can any writer dare to apply the name realism to a book which is a grotesque failure of our entire sociological studies?

"You can't fool me," said Mrs. Watts, "no matter how complicated or luxurious your colorless, colorless cardboard! I keep house, and any housekeeper knows that a plumber gets a 60 dollar a day and a housekeeper gets 60 a day, and many a college professor thinks he is lucky to get 60 a day."

"I think," said Mrs. Watts, "that the people who write novels of the sort I have described are not deliberately trying to deceive their readers. They would like to be American Sages, but are afraid. They have lost their moral obsession with the world, but they lose their nerve and stop short of his frightful obsession."

"Many novelists write about the working class in much the same spirit as they would write about the Far West or any other part of the country with which they were not familiar. They have little trips to get material. I hate that word! They get no real idea of the life of the working class. It's a thing of methods, habits, and desires; they get nothing but a few catchwords. And out of these catchwords they make their novels untruthful and 'untrue' and 'plain for social justice.'"

"And these novels do I suppose, no matter how they are written, are not true, that is false in intrinsically harmful. The result is that not only do our working class never read them. The working class reads novels by Elmer Glyn and Robert W. Chambers, all about romance in high society. The novels of 'urban socialism' are read by people of my class. People of my class apparently believe them, but they don't do anything about it, fortunately. They just sit there and like them. They think certainly made me think!"

"But all our novelists," said the re-