The McClure Crowd:

S. S. had a passion for experimenting with people. His response to the ambitions even if they were of slender achievement of a newcomer was immediate, and almost before we older ones charged with getting out a magazine realized it there would be sitting in the chair perhaps of the Managing Editor an entirely new man. S. S. was sure he would be able to give that to the magazine of which he dreamed but which nobody could satisfy him. One of his interesting features was tearing an editorial pieces in order to put in a touch of genius and so often he succeeded. Quote Kipling's poem.

There was always a response to youth, a new vein in the office. He frequently brought in even in short-lived came to us fresh, inspired, whom everybody wanted to see fulfill the talents you suspected. But genius is a wayward thing, hard to hold.

Jack Reid came fresh from Harvard; he had undoubted genius. Look up magazine for his production. We became great friends. See Day in Bohemia for dedication.

Every new flamed into something grandiose. Story of the Greek amphitheatre at the Farm. I suspect that if death had not taken him at a moment to make him a martyr from the that he would have found his way
out - disillusioned. The cruelty would have been too much for him for Jack was not cruel. It was more like that of Abraham Cohen who once said, "I can't see cruelty as an attribute of justice."