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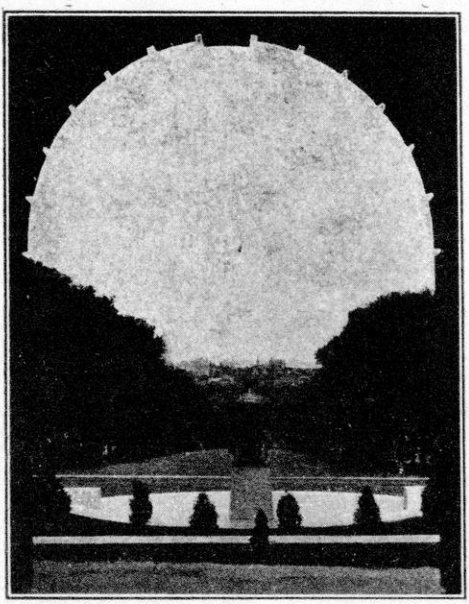
The WISCONSIN Literary Magazine



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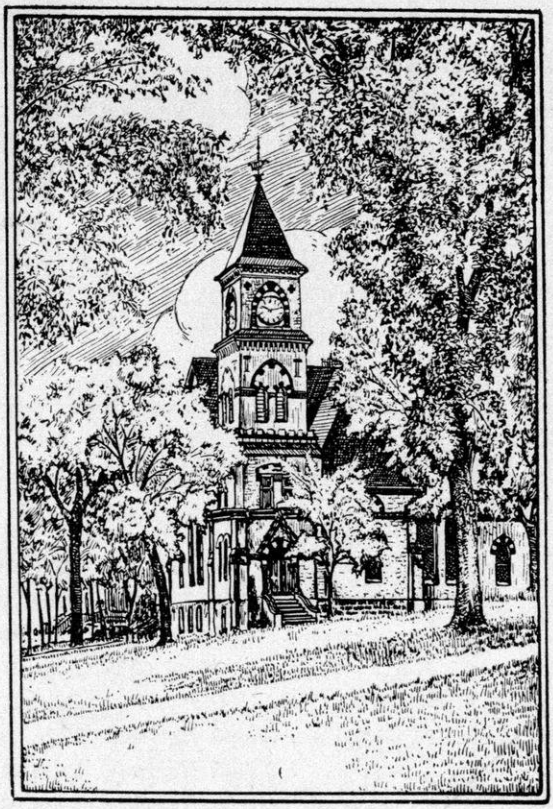

Seek and thou findest, in thy heart alone
new color for the colors thou hast known.
Raise then those eyes, the moon abandoned lies
white in the very darkness of the skies,
And the new day shall hold new dreams for thee
rich with the colors of reality.

WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

GLADYS FIST
Editor

RUSS DYMOND
Business Manager

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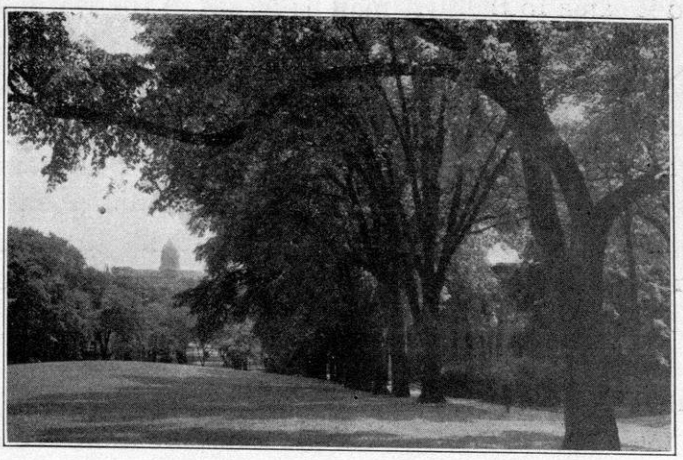


The Song of Silence

by

FRANKLIN TESAR

(Lewis Prize Essay 1927)

OUT over the steaming marshes of the world's new born chaos went a long, trailing cry. Between the stems of the treeferns, through the dull blackness beneath the great club-mosses, it found its way, to die at last by the side of the tideless sea.

And with its death came silence. No wind shook the gray lichens or rustled the heavy fronds of the ferns; no waves moved on the face of the shallow inland lake or broke against its shores. No living thing disturbed the quiet surface of the sea, or passed the stretch of sun-warmed sand between the water and the forest edge. No shadow stirred among the deeper shadows of the undergrowth; no beat of heavy wings pulsed through the still, unmoving air. A hush as deep as death had set its hand upon all created things and they lay mute, listening to a voice that thrilled through the silence, filling it with sound—the Song of Silence!

Through the cool forest it swept, out over the sunlit sea and beyond; to a green plain that rose to low, rolling hills; over the hills to a valley shut in by Titian mountains; over the moun-

tains and away to the clear blue distances until all space was filled with the Song.

So it came to the first man as he sat in the warm sunlight on the ledge before his cave. Across the broad upland pastures, on the same wind that brought the sweet scent of growing things, the Song was carried to his ears. Day and night through all the years it sang to him; sang of peace and measureless calm; of quiet and unbroken rest; and, at last, as he lay upon the very edge of life, it reached his side across the widening gulf of consciousness and whispered to him of the deepest silence of all silences—the longest and most perfect sleep.

Since then it has been known to every man; in his heart he carries the image of strange, far places where there is only stillness unbroken; places silent as the dawn, hushed as the twilight; above the strident noise and ceaseless clamor of the world he hears the Song of Silence.

And this is the manner of its singing.

IN the green depths of the forest there is silence. The golden sunlight makes no noise as it falls upon the tangled mass of grass and flowers that spread between the trees. The little lost breezes that stray among the branches go softly lest they cause a rustling of the leaves. The wild things that have their homes there stir seldom and in furtive quietness, careful not to wake an echo or break the stillness by their scampering. Clear nights follow tranquil days with never a sound to mark the change; both are empty of everything except serenity and solitude. Between the interlacing branches of the living roof blue glimpses of the sky are caught, throughout the colonnaded aisles the Pipes of Pan still sound, within the languorous shade man still can dream and wake, and dream and wake no more.

Over the desert's face is silence. Not a sound, not a whisper comes from out its brooding distances. Its silver springs rise and disappear unmurmuring. Across its yellow sands no thing moves, save only the shadows of the clouds. Pale wraiths of winds raise whirls of golden dust which dance unheard across the waste lands. Into the desert's unknown heart no sounds can penetrate; the deep and utter stillness swallows them, and they are lost and scattered in the sands. Infinities of sound are all about it; its borders are steep walls of silence which they cannot pass. Upon the summits of the

shifting hills is laid the mantle of silence; within the deep-scoured valleys the gray mists of silence gather. Here, forsaken and forgotten by the world, Hypnos and Thanatos dwell; their temple is a fringe of palms around a sunken spring, their shrine a heaped-up mound of sand. Here to their worshippers they show themselves;—Sleep in the guise of Death; Death in the robes of Sleep.

Upon the smooth, unvarying, eternal sea there is silence. A hundred miles beyond the clamorous shores dead solitude sets in; unbroken, everlasting. Blue sea meets blue sky with never a sound to mark their joining; the morning sun bursts from the sea to sink again at night; the full disc of the moon leaves the waters and returns to them in the ceaseless round of her journeying;—through these runs not the faintest echo of splashing spray or lapping ripples. Everywhere silence lies profound as at the birth of time; the feet of the centuries have passed down the wide road of the sea and made no sound. The wild rush of the winds is lost; the wailing of the storm is only unheard whispering. Mid-ocean lies in sleep, untroubled by the mad shouting of crazed multitudes; lost in the silence of her farthest reaches, man may also sleep, a sleep too full to be dispelled by even Proteus' trumpetings.

FAR down in the phorphorescent depths of the ocean there is a silence absolute. Deeper than Tartarus, no noise of the outside world can penetrate through the jade-green miles of piled-up waters. Immense, battered hulks of ships rub their sides together, impelled by the slow swing of the tides, and no sound comes forth. Huge masses of scarlet coral break loose and fall; no sound of any impact is ever heard. Fantastic fish dart through the clumps of sea-anemone; their passage makes no slightest rustle in the silence. Great monstrous shapes give battle in this eternal dusk; the waters churn to the lashing of their bodies; the mighty ocean weeds twist and sway in the grip of their fiery rushes; yet for all the sound they make the struggle might be a duel of phantoms upon a shadow-screen. Soft and subdued through all the valleys of the ocean-bed, in all the countless ocean caves, between the drowned forms of the ships, everywhere in the shifting half-lights of the sea, the Song of Silence is singing—singing to the men who have gone down with the galleons of the dead years, whose spirits are at rest.

Upon the tops of the wind-washed mountains, in that land which belongs not wholly to the earth nor wholly to the infinitude of space, there is silence. Sometimes the clouds brush against the peaks in their journeyings; sometimes the moon's thin crescent scrapes an upthrust shoulder in her path; sometimes all the blasts of heaven rage around them; no sound is heard. Up their steep sides no sounds have strength to make their way. Far below is movement, color, noise; small painted figures toil and play around the mountain's base; laden carts roll along the dusty roadway, or pass clattering over narrow bridges across quiet streams; great mills turn with the rush of water splashing over moss-grown dams; a writhing black cloud shows where an engine labors through the plain. These things have no accompaniment of sound, awake no echos; the myriad noises of the valley are scattered and swallowed in the placid labyrinth of voiceless air.

Down through the limitless sky, no sounds ever come. Old as eternity, space has been dumb since its birth. It is empty to eye and ear; the sight plunges dizzily through the clear abyss, on and on and never meets an end; the ear strains to catch some sound from out the gulf of limpid air, and no sound comes. At night the whirling planets spin, each through its accustomed arc; no whisper of their passage reaches to the mountain tops. A star falls, a streak of light from east to west; no faintest stir of moving air penetrates through the interstellar distances. Above, below, and all around is silence —only the Song trembles above the rocky gorges or lingers upon the oldest peaks. One deity alone remains upon Olympus—Silence is enthroned where once the old Gods dwelt.

Out through the gathering dusk of the dying world, unguessed ages hence, will go the same deep, rolling cry of the beginning. Through the last forest and over the last sea; up beyond the mountain's highest peak it will rise, and past the farthest star. Through all the universe the cry will swell, and to the uttermost borderland of space; then in the cold, blank nothingness beyond it will sink to a murmur, a whisper, an echo—and be gone; Upon the stars of the cold, the dead hand of silence will be laid; the whistling breath of silence will sweep the space between. And rising through the silence, filling it with sound, eternal, everlasting, never to be dispelled, will come the Song of Silence!

In Courtesy

So in thy courtesy
do this for love of me:—
seek thou an ancient land, that Saints have trod,
my Italy
Mediterranean Eden of the sea,
her feet on earth, her laboured soul with God,
or yet perchance
the Gothic splendour of forgotten France,
or where the ladies ruled, one time, in old Provence;
some place where God and man are reconciled,—
where the Saints have striven and the lovers smiled,
and in some cloistered shade where Giotto's paint
fades in depicting God's most humble Saint,
where in the silence every frescoed bird
sings sweeter songs than mortals ever heard,
if, like my heart, thy heart finds solace there,
light me one candle, pray for me one prayer.

—J. M. S. Cotton

Seattle Night

By Jack Hartman

One night I climbs into my raincoat and heads for the New Rialto Theatre on Third Avenue. Now let me put you wise: Seattle is one hell of a burg. It all started gettin' rough and ungentle when the elect of our fair city figures that we guys are too tough and unreligious to make good, upstandin' citizens, and, accordingly, they shoves the missioners and the hallelujers down here to see if they can't make sheep and a living out of us. They congregates these prayer-meetin' Davies around us on the "skid road" and endeavors to make our way rough and hard. It sure was no joke, for they started convertin' right and left 'til every dog-gone fireman or timberman we sent out on the job was given the air 'count of his being so kind and loving on his lily-white foldin' hands. They made a lot of mission-stiffs out of workin' men. But soon as they get down to the hard boys, the "spew of the devil," as they fondly calls us, those missioners lose all sense of respect an' admit to fightin' fair and foul against every son-of-a-gun that hails in from the frozen woods, or the kennels of the Orient, with innocent intentions of fun. They calls us a lawful enemy and initiates a campaign of hell-fire and fury to scare us, us who weren't afraid of no Pacific blow, or no breakin' log-jam on the river. Yep, they even

begins to throw their lip into the easy-lookin' face of Rosie, the sweet prostitute, and the jolliest little pal a hard-workin' stiff could find around here. An' if it weren't an indication of their interest in details, I'd've got a good laugh at the way they pitches into every Jack that hits into town just off the last N.P. freight, whoozy with cinders. That's the low-down on this burg.

There was a heavy fog rollin' up from the Sound which brought a drippin' rain with it. That's nothin' unusual. Seattle gets along with a steady rain pretty near all winter. But I must've got twisted in the dark for I turns up on Washington Street, way off my road. The first sign I got that I'd strayed away from home was a Jap. Along he comes and shoves me lengthwise on the street. I forgot to tell you that—well—it being New Year's, an' all that—what's a man to do? He can't celebrate on holy contemplation and snuss. Now these Japs are kept in their place in Seattle, because there's so dog-gone many of them here. They run the restaurants and the thirty-cent hotels and make themselves useful in menial ways. So I got up, madder'n a bitch with her last pup taken away, and tries to poke him a jolt. But he gets away, an' I didn't have the time to waste ridin' a drunk Jap, so I lets him go. Anyway, he probably was in a hurry, this bein' New Year's Eve, to get to his particular "house." And he might've had a gun on him. With these coolin' ideas buzzin' through my bean, I kept awalkin' down the street, when quicker'n a fish's bite, two cops slide from a touring car before it slithered to the curb, and shove two cannons into my ribs.

"Careful, now careful," says one politely, and finds quick that I'd left the artillery home.

"Tough luck," says I, sarcastic, "I don't know what you're lookin' for, but I ain't got it."

"Yeh, buddy," snarls the other fellow, "you'll look good occupyin' a cell tonight. What'n'ell you doin' around here midnight?"

"Coolin' off in the breeze and the sun," says I.

"Well, you gonna run him in?" yells a voice from the car.

"No, he's all right," they answers and take away their gats, slow-like. Say, I sure felt like sayin' a few nasty things, but's no use rilin' the department.

I trails along Washington Street until it runs into Occi-

dental Avenue. Jumpin' jiminy, stranger, what a street! It ain't but five blocks long, and the other end lands smack into Puget Sound. But it ain't that. Hold your horses! Don't get me wrong. There's nothing funny about the street a'tall: it's the crowd. I seen bigger crowds in Chi, but say, the bunch that drifts into Seattle is one of the toughest, roughest, and excitingest collections in the States. Get me? There's a big mess hall and combination gambling joint right on the corner of Washington and Occidental, an' it's just about there that every harvest-hand in from Dakota hangs around, pockets loaded with dough. An' the "harps" from the Butte mines, ready for a wild time and give her the works; deck hands and coal-passers, rolling along the sidewalks, tanned and hard-lookin', lookin' hard at the women; and lumber-jacks, just out of the woods, squirmin' to get in on some fun, make a pretty-lookin' mob.

EVERYBODY was pleasant that night, and though the rain continues to creep into your clothes at times, nobody notices the weather much. It was New Year's Eve! The missioners were out on every corner, givin' lectures, and singin' songs. Plenty of chesty-lookin' guys is hanging around them, some leanin' against the lamp-posts, watchin' the girls recite religion, an' a lot wandered up and down the street, givin' the pool-hall a trial, now and then. Sometimes a down-an'- outer would snake through the crowd and pan a few dimes. A few blocks away, two all-night movin' picture shows lighted up the whole works for fifty yards around with a yellow glare. The noise of the people can't be heard, it makes one big sound that couldn't be figured out into anythin' human. I saw a big clumsy-lookin' farm-hand on one corner, watchin' the mob as it brushed by his dirty, blue over-alls. After walkin' along for a while, I comes to a dance-hall engaged in sendin' sweet dance tunes into the air. It occurs to me like a flash that I could have some fun down there, and I makes for the ticket-girl. Just as I was handin' over my ten cents admission, I feels myself grabbed by the arm and yanked out into the open. I thought it was lucky for that guy that I wasn't in my fighting mood. He was a thin fellow with a mouth like a trap—it was that hard and tight. He was speakin'. . . .

"Here, here, stranger, this way, this way. You're lost; you're on your way to hell. What! Don't care? Leave it to

me. I'll set you right. I'm a representative of Him. Come on, He's jolly company for the sinner."

And he leads me into a big, square white-washed room that looked out on the street from a cellar. It reminded me of a hospital, for it smelt as if they been fumigatin', but it was too stuffy, and dark. By George, was I dreamin'? That big clumsy farm-hand was deliverin' a sermon from a little platform up front to a bunch of men that looked like bindle-stiffs after a week on the road without washin'. The damn room stunk some more, after I took a look at 'em. But the big fellow stops yellin' just then, and a band located under the only light in the room began to play like the dickens. Real jazz, too, if it weren't taken from the hymn book! Jazzin' Jesus! That was swell! Religion had a kick to it after all. I was just beginnin' to think things over, when a little runt with a dirty face gets up and whoops for attention. He had a hand bent like a claw, which he keeps close to his stomach, an' I guess it was paralyzed. His clothes hung on a piece of cord tied around his waist.

"Hail, halelujah, the Lord is mine, the Lord is mine. I seen his glory," he yelps out like a shot dog. "Oh, Lord, Lord, Lord, you saved me from the hot place, you saved me from the devil! You come down an' fight Satan for me! I was sittin' at my shoe-bench, and suddenly I falls dead. My wife has a funeral for me. They lays me out on the ice for three days, and oh, glory to God, hail, halelujah, before they sticks me in the coffin, I awakes and sees the blessed light. He done it. He done it!"

WELL, thinks I, what a dog-gone liar! I see that he aims to clinch some more time, so I contradicts his motive, gets up and declares my intentions of makin' a speech myself. The little runt who looked like he'd died and been refused on the "other side" on account of him bein' unfit physically, jumps into the air, an' this time I thought he'd kicked-off sure, for he landed on the back of his head against a bench. But I refuses to let that bother me and goes ahead. I was feelin' pretty good, an' the stranger who dragged me into the joint holds my hand and cries, "Go on, go on, He'll remember you for it!" Then takin' my ideas as they come, I spill my stuff as loud as I could, like I heard the preacher go at it when I was a kid.

"My name ain't much to get excited about, but what I been

through is the whole cheese. What's over is dead, done, an' it weren't no ennuieing holiday. I aint never been diseased with piles of kale, or suffered from a chronic pain in the mid-section from too much over-eatin'. Speakin' to an educated gang, I'd say that a guy called Christian, in a book I read once, resembles me like a twin brother, exceptin' he murdered a few giants and climbed to heaven which I ain't reached yet. But he and I just hit it off together when it comes to ridin' the bumps, an' holdin' on for life, until we hits the next division-point on the line. Them calamities he had in those days are just the stiff kicks we get from the guys who got the "uppers" on the main drag of life in these civilized eras. It just goes to show that styles don't change in the way we're used to thinkin'. In the beginning, the Bible says, there weren't anything except a word, an' that word was God. I ain't believin' that as altogether on the square, 'cause I can sling the lingo with any bird in the jungle, an' I ain't no God. The whole works sounds like a put-on job, like the one they framed on those guys called the Greeks. That was way back. But even in those days, there was two or three hold-ups, who, seein' that they could think up an idea without getting a pain in the neck, put over the first hard-luck story on the first hard-working guys. These antideluvian sharks framed the money-makin' scheme that a fellow called Jupiter let the world be, in return for roasted cow's meat, and mutton. After the farmers worked like hell to grow their three squares of corn-bread a day, these priests rouse out and take away half their stuff, tellin' them to go away an' play, for gods like good, little men. They goes and plays, like we do now. Maybe you don't like what I'm sayin' and you believes it's not on the level, though there's some down here who got enough brains to think. You're the drift-wood on the beach, an' some are still in the current, and blind yet, not noticin' the rotteness of the back-waters of life an' old age. You aint seen and felt enough, oh no! By God, can't you see that sniffy old dame in the furs that looked down at you yesterday workin' in the black guts of the city—for her. And she not givin' a damn! You muddy devils, they claims that there's only one way to live, an' that's successfully. They howl at us, an' beg us to become good, hard-workin', savin' men. But they're mistaken. We can't succeed because there's nothin' to win. The ones who got hang on to what they got, the others are kidded along, made to trot with blind-

ers until they pass into the boneyard. Yeh, you get used to it, you animals! Your old man did! Go ahead an' chirp your little hymns about golden gutters in heaven. You're goin' to see plenty more yellow mud in your ditches before you're through."

Here I feels like a high old time, and the room gets a little hazy.

"Come on, since there's nothin' to work for then. Ho, big dreams, little dreams, colored dreams, deliriums. Ho, visit the stars, tickle the moon, kiss your lady, hey boom. A mannikin is happy, happy, happy, without his little prison cell, the high sky, the tumbled ground. Here we go, high, wide, dreamland, where the shadows come an' go, where the trees drip golden gleams, where the colors dim an' glow, hey oh. Wheeeee, come on you maundering sycophants, you mushy idiots, after me, the Notorious Homme! I'm the devil himself, I'm the Old Bye in person. Say, can you see a garden in this stinkin' room? Right in that corner, to your left! There's Eve, herself, an' good old Lilith of the obligin' ways. Say, 'tis no disgrace to share your soul. Come away. Right after me—to heaven!"

I saw a light go out an' I knew that the electric system had gone on the blink.

TIME is a queer thing. There's days when I'm all set for a spell of joy, when along comes a wind out of nowhere, an' blows me off into an ocean of blues. It was like that then. One minute I was singin' a song to them mission-stiffs, an' the next I was wingin' along on the back of an eagle, a million miles from good solid ground. That song must've come out of some darn potent stuff to carry me off that way. The old bird was goin' round and round, whirlin' like an aeroplane in a tail-spin, an' every time he smacked the air with his brown wings, he opened his beak in my face and shrieked in the voice of that old preacher of mine,

"Time is an eagle, whirling in space,
Droning crescendo, spiralling grace,
Now whooping (Youth's day)
Now sighing, (Youth's way)
Thou grim-faced swift Harrier,
Immortality's barrier,
I am thy master for Aye;
Death, is my slave for alway."

He didn't say it long, because he gave a sort of buck with his tail an' flung me into the air. Whoooooosh, down I went, right into a frozen pond, through the ice, an' into the coldest, oh the coldest water. Then the lights went on. I thought I was dead. People were prayin' over me and some were howlin' words I couldn't make out. My friend of the ticket-window was lookin' at me with tears in his eyes, an' an empty glass in his hand. By Jove, I must have made some speech! The band was playin' "Up From the Depths" accompanin' the drummers' bangin' on the cymbals. Everyone was runnin' up to my bench. But I felt sick an' indisposed, as they says in the movies. So considerin' what I'd contributed to the meetin', I thinks it about time I left. I crawls under a bench, rolls over twice, and makes my get-away, two feet ahead of the man with the rat-trap mouth.

Response to---

Thank you, my Older School Sister!
I am not such a coward
That I am afraid of being misunderstood.
Kwei Chen needs not to live in a stranger land to
be misunderstood.
I appreciate the few who understand me,
Yet I fear not the majority who do not.

Yes, I enjoy my solitude.
I can ponder over things clearly
While I am isolated from this world.
I too like to talk with people
When the talkers are sincere and intelligent,
When there is something to talk about.

Friendship to us is merely the reflection
Of such patterns of life
As we call our ideals.
Let us but cultivate our ideals,
Friendship will thus be established.

Thank you, my Older School Sister! . . . .

—Kwei Chen

As Things Happen

by

GLADYS FIST

"I tell you, I did not know that an old woman could eat so much. Not that I begrudge it at all, but the funny thing is that she doesn't think she has an appetite." Mrs. Laribee leaned forward as she talked, so that the long beads which she wore about her neck swung back and forth over her bosom.

Mrs. Cribs nervously looked at the old woman who sat stiffly straight in a chair which stood in the corner, and then said in a low voice, hardly moving her lips, "Don't, Clara, she'll hear you." Her voice was so soft that it seemed to blend in with the rain that rustled against the window pane.

"O, no, she won't—stone deaf, you know. You'd have to yell all night before she'd even know you were talking. And you know she's so inquisitive. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy." She shook her heavy head with every word.

"Are you sure that she can't hear?" She still looked suspiciously at the old woman, who was leaning forward expectantly, her thin white lips half parted, as though she expected them to say something to her.

"Of course not; she can't hear a word. I hardly ever talk to her, and when I do, I scream." Mrs. Laribee laughed at her guest's ignorance.

"Well then, if that's the case, it's all right." She leaned back restfully. "You say she eats a lot, just like a servant, I suppose. Mine ate five pieces of bread last night with butter and jelly too. I know; I saw what was left when she finished."

"What did you say, Clara?" The monotone voice of the deaf woman broke through the room.

Mrs. Laribee neither answered her, nor turned her head toward her, but went on talking to her friend. "See! See, she's always interrupting that way; she seems to forget that people come to see me, and not her."

"O, well," Mrs. Cribs looked at the old woman and suddenly grew compassionate. There was something pitiful about her delicate, small face that made her think of her dog when he had broken his leg. "She can't help it—being deaf, I mean.

She's awfully old; just think of all she knows, and all the feelings that are tied up in her which she can't let out because nobody will listen. I imagine she'd be interesting, if you'd have the patience to talk to her. I really do feel sorry for her." Her last words died away on her lips, for she was afraid to assert herself; she found that it was much easier to get along with people when you agreed with them. She had suddenly caught the glint of fire that struck in Clara's eyes when she spoke.

"Feelings?" Mrs. Laribee's words cut curtly through the room. "Feelings, don't fool yourself; she hasn't any; she's like a rock, a strong one, too. You know she's had eight children. John, my husband, was the last one. Well, five of them died—funny ways, too. One of them fell in a wash tub of hot water, and she said she couldn't hear him scream because she was going deaf. The other four got ptomaine, and all of them died at once. I tell John he's lucky. You know when they died, she didn't even cry—not her." The rain swayed mournfully against the window. "No, she went to that cemetery, John said, and all she did was throw roses on the grave—they buried them all together—and say, "I want the roses to die—I don't see no use havin' roses when all of them are in the ground." Then she stepped and stamped on those roses until they was all pulp, yes sir, she did; just like a mad woman. And they cost four dollars too—and that was in 1890. What's more, she went home and cooked a big meal. She never even mentioned the funeral, and she wouldn't even put an obituary in the newspapers." She looked at her mother-in-law as she finished, and hopelessly shook her head.

Mrs. Cribs shuddered at the awfulness of the disclosure; her lips drew into a thin, straight line—she was deeply shocked at the old woman's heartlessness; she must have no more feeling than an animal. Once her dog had dug up her rose bush.

"What were you saying, Clara? I didn't understand." Old Mrs. Laribee leaned forward and smiled at the two of them. It was nice having Mrs. Cribs here; she had pretty red flowers on her hat that looked like the red cosmos she used to have in her yard before she came to live with Clara and John.

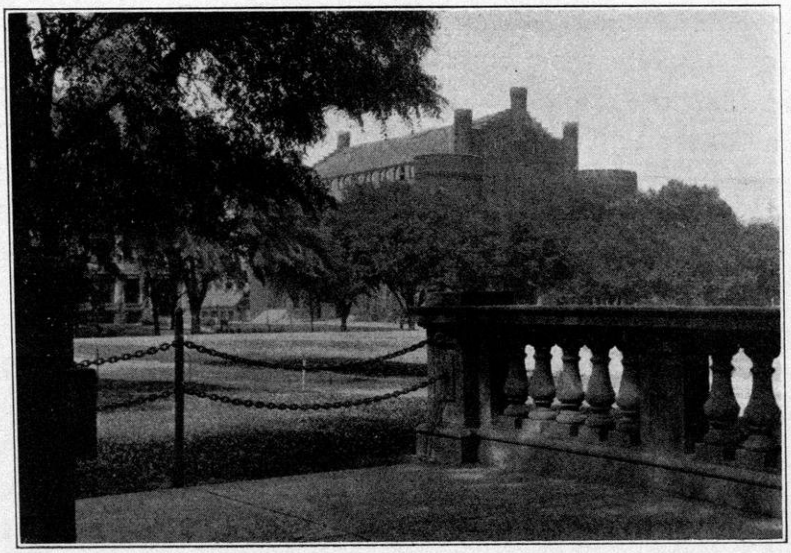
"We weren't talkin' to you," Clara was screaming at her, so that her face grew red and big glands stood out on her neck. "Don't worry, if anything happens, I'll tell you." Then she

added in a lower tone meant only for Esther Cribs, "What she don't know doesn't hurt her, and she don't know much."

"My, it must get on your nerves terrible. What do you have her here for? Why don't you ship her to John's sister?" The rain made Mrs. Cribs feel limp and sticky, so that she fanned herself with her hat. The flowers on it moved back and forth as though they were being stirred by a slight breeze. Old lady Laribee watched their gentle waving—they looked almost real.

"Ship her? O, no. I've got my plan. She can't live forever, you know, and she's eighty now. She's got to leave her money to somebody, and you know if she lives here. . . ." She winked slyly, and her eye looked like a frog's. "Believe me, sometimes I think it isn't worth it, though. But she does do all of the dishes, not that there are so many, and that's a help. I don't have to get my hands ruined in soapy dish water—look at her's." Both women turned and looked toward the old woman, who thinking they had addressed her, said, "What did you say, Clara? I'm sorry, but I didn't understand."

Clara grew very stiff; she threw back her head, and sprang from the chair, so that it rocked violently back and forth. As she strode toward the old woman, she gasped out angrily at Mrs. Cribs, "I'll fix her; I'll tell her something. Just listen to this." Mrs. Cribs felt nervously apprehensive; Clara did have a violent temper, and the old woman had really not done very much. Mrs. Laribee's jaw was moving up and down furiously,



and her pot-lidded eyes were snapping open and shut. She stood directly in front of the old woman, hemming her in with her own largeness; her big hands with their peculiarly flat, broad thumbs were placed on her lips, and her heavily clad, big feet were stolidly planted in the carpet. In a raucous voice she shouted, "We was sayin' that you're gettin' to look old; and your hair's gettin' thin. You look bad!" Then she muttered to Esther, between her clenched teeth, "That'll get her; she think's she young lookin'; her mirror's cracked." Her breasts were moving up and down with her deep breaths, and the beads hanging about her neck were trembling with the motion.

The old woman shuddered, instinctively raising her hand to her face, and then she said in the dull, monotonous voice of the deaf, "Why, I ain't sick, Clara. Do I really look bad?" Her eyes seemed to reach out pleadingly towards her.

"Yes!" She wheeled ponderously about, and walking back to her chair, sat down. She looked triumphantly at Mrs. Cribs and said, "I told you that'd get her! Maybe she'll start thinkin' she's sick now, and not eat so much. She made some cookies this morning; I'll get some." She walked out of the room, and Mrs. Cribs was left alone with the old woman and the incessant brushing of rain against the window.

THE old woman looked as though she expected her to say something. She was still rubbing her face, and Mrs. Cribs knew that she wanted to be assured that she did not look badly. Well, it was not her place to say anything, for Clara knew what she was doing. Old people were only interested in themselves, especially when they were deaf. If she did talk to her about that, the old woman wouldn't understand her anyway. It was such a bother, having to scream, and, besides that, risking one's voice. It must be hard for Clara living with that shrivelled, dry person. That rain made the whole room damp and soggy. She felt her hair to see if the wave had been taken out of it.

The old woman was clearing her throat. She was going to talk, but she would not answer her. "I ain't a bit sick. Why, I feel as brisk as those flowers on your hat. Do you think I look sick?"

Mrs. Cribs pretended that she did not hear; she took a hair pin out of her head, bent it, and put it back in; then she

brushed a hair off her dress. If only Clara would come, for she did not like being in a room with such a very old person; it was like death and life wrapped in the same bundle; the room was dark and close, too, like a huge coffin. It was strange the way one old person could dull everything. There! She heard Clara, and she hoped that the cookies would not have raisins in them.

When Clara offered them to her, she carefully selected one of the smaller ones, for she did not want Clara to talk about her appetite after she was gone.

"Now, watch me," Clara's voice was smooth, like thick molasses dripping from a jug, as it always was when she was revealing one of her plans. "I'm going to offer them to her—watch her take the biggest one." She turned the plate so that the largest one would be nearest the old woman. Mrs. Laribee stretched out her thin, bony hand, and took it.

"See, see." Mrs. Laribee's voice soared triumphantly, "I told you. She's always grabbing."

Mrs. Cribs nodded her head disapprovingly, and said, "My, that's awful! She's so little, too; you wouldn't think it possible."

"Well, that proves it." She glanced at her mother and saw that she had not bitten into the cake, but was still holding it in her hand. She was crunching all of it in her mouth at once.

"Do I really look bad, Clara?" She nodded her head back and forth, as though she were trying to assure herself that she did not.

"See there, Esther! She's still harping on the same subject. She'll talk about that 'till I tell her something else—a one-tracked mind."

"My!" Tears of self pity rose in her thick, whining voice. "You don't know what I have to put up with." She turned to the old woman, and cried out, "Eat your cake, now you've got it!"

"I'm sorry Clara; I can't. I ain't hungry." Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and some were falling on the cookie.

MRS. Laribee looked distractedly at Mrs. Cribs. "See that. If she isn't eatin' all the food in the house, she's wastin' it. I tell you that woman hasn't any feelings or any sense either. After all I do for her, too:" She was growing hysterical.

"I tell you, and I mean it—it ain't nice to say (I've been a God-fearing woman all my life) but I tell you—I am glad she's old, I am, I am!" The plate of cookies clattered to the floor, and some of them rolled off the carpet. The rain swished heavily against the window. The flowers on Mrs. Cribs hat suddenly looked faded and soggy; twilight slipped over the room.

A voice, burdened with tears, monotonously hollow, came from the dim corner of the room, "I guess I do look bad, Clara; I feel funny; I'm sorry I ruined the cake. I'm gettin' old, I guess."

The rain hurled itself against the window so furiously that her words were almost lost in its onslaught.

An After Thought—In Faith What I Think, Do You?

In faith, this world is over-kind:
Wild gaiety rides on the wind,
Mad love holds revel in my breast,
Oh sing my heart, Life's but a jest!

Hark to the laughter, of sweet girlish rapture,
Wing toward Zenith your roistering song,
Begrudge not your joy, pass it lightly along
And thus! Spend Youth with gladsome gesture!

Why yes, this world is over-kind:
'Tis crammed with fools who're filled with wind,
And swelled like bubbles on frothy wine;
Big with inanity—hark how they *whine!*

They cannot see before their very noses:
Ever saddest he who happy poses.

—Jack Hartman

Sailor's Song

Mild wind or wild wind,
It's all the same to me,
I'll mend my sail by candle light,
At dawn I'll put to sea,
And if a mild wind blows me home,
We'll share a drowsy nook,
And you'll grow stranger every year,
Beneath my constant look,
And if a wild wind bears me far,
And there be storm and wrack,
You'll know me better to the end
For never coming back.

—*Jack Hartman*

Behaviorism and the Chromosome

By KATHERINE NEWBORG

When Aloysious Aldous Ames was two days old, Mr. Ames sent for a psychologist. Mr. Ames informed him that he wished his child to be a poet. "Of course, I am a merchant, and my father"—He hesitated doubtfully, but the psychologist clapped him jovially on the shoulder and said, "My dear sir, you must know that heredity simply does not exist; it is an outworn superstition like the instinct of motherhood. You need not have the slightest fears on that score. All you will have to do is to see that your son carefully follows the diet which I will prescribe for him. As you probably know, diet is the most formative element in producing personality. And personality, character, and thought habits are formed between the ages of two and three. You must condition him when he is young if you wish him to respond when he is older. That means for only one year will you have to accord particular attention to your son. My advice is that you hire an attendant for him during that year to supervise his diet. After that he can eat as he chooses at the family table.

To Mr. Ames this program seemed almost impossibly easy. For Mr. Ames had found that the things you wanted had to be fought for. He wondered if, when he had been two years old, he had not been fed on hash, sauerkraut, noodles, and grade C milk, his struggles for economic independence would have been so difficult. But Mr. Ames was not given to sighing over what might have been; he was, in fact, too busy to take time off, so he asked forthwith for the dietary list, as the hour was at hand when he had promised to meet his partners for an important consultation at the golf links. He went in search of accoutrement, which, now that his wife was in the hospital, he had great difficulty in finding. Meanwhile the eminent psychologist condescended to pound out the list on Mr. Ames' noiseless typewriter.

Having found his golf clubs in the umbrella stand, Mr. Ames hurried back, as the sound of the typewriter had ceased, and found the psychologist impatient to be off. Mr. Ames paid him the nominal fee of $2,000 for the small, typewritten list and stuffed it hurriedly into his pocket. He offered to drop

the psychologist at his office, but was pleased to find that the latter preferred to walk as his waistline was growing somewhat out of the bounds of propriety.

While waiting for a twosome, who had prior rights, to play through them, Mr. Ames drew the list from his pocket and glanced through it. His partners remarked the surprised expression on his face. Mr. Ames was startled because it looked like a formula to be repeated at midnight in a graveyard for the purpose of calling up the devil. It read somewhat like this: Pomegranates, purée of peas, persimmons, pastry, pie, pancakes, paraffin, paregoric, pork, parsley, parboiled pudding, pimento, peanuts, pumpkins, porridge, port, pottage, prunes, panocha, pop, parsnips, partridges, pralines, peaches, pears, pepina, peppermint, pickerel, pike, pistache, plums, pound cake, pretzels, puff paste, pickles, etc., etc.

At the end of this list were directions to the effect that the more delicate and esoteric foods should be administered as a steady diet, while the coarser, commoner ones, such as prunes and porridge, should be given only rarely, so that the boy's poetry would have a somewhat virile flavor. Mr. Ames did not show these directions to Mrs. Ames until she was fully recovered. When she read them, she was forced to retire for the day with a sick headache. Toward evening she became somewhat hysterical and asked her husband whether he did not think it would be better to train Aloysious Aldous to be a plumber. But Mr. Ames knew that after a good night's sleep she would feel differently. And she did.

WHEN Al (Mr. and Mrs. Ames had tried ineffectively not to call him that) had reached the age of two, an attendant was hired whose duty it was to watch the boy night and day, and see that he did not eat anything which was not prescribed on the dietary list. It was no easy task, for Al was not a quiet and subservient child. In fact, he did not sit in corners and dream, as Mr. and Mrs. Ames thought he should, nor did he make bright and mature remarks about nature and people. In fact, his vocabulary was almost entirely limited to da da, ma ma, and goo ai, the last being accompanied by a frantic shaking of the hand. He was not a good baby. He crawled into dangerous places and had to be hauled out, and then he would howl. His face would grow purple, he would hold his breath until he almost choked to death; his attendant often wished he would.

Nor was he a graceful, fairy-like child. He was stockily built, and soon developed a strong likeness to Mr. Ames' father. This puzzled Mr. Ames, because the child had never seen his grandfather, and the psychologist had assured him that there was nothing in heredity. Mrs. Ames tried dressing him in velvet suits with white lace collars, and let his hair grow. But he managed to tear and stain so many suits so fast that she was forced to give that up. And as his hair was thin, black, and straight, she resorted to barber shop and pomatum. The attendants followed one another in rapid succession, and Aloysious howled when the old ones left, and howled even more vehemently when the new ones arrived. Mr. Ames gave up golfing in order to help keep the young poet out of mischief and the kitchen, and Mrs. Ames looked worn and haggard from nursing him through repeated attacks of indigestion. But slowly the year drew toward a close, and the Ames' family began to look more cheerful.

IT was two weeks before Aloysious' birthday. Mrs. Ames was resting in her room in case Aloysious would be sick again that night. Mr. Ames had stolen out to play nine holes before supper, and the attendant was reading "When We Were Very Young" to Aloysious. His attendant, a young college boy, was fond of A. A. Milne, and felt that Aloysious should be, too. Aloysious listened for about two and a half minutes, and then a hostile look came into his eyes. He took a deep breath, and opened his mouth for a whoop, then closed it, exhaled silently, and crept noiselessly out of the room to the tune of,

"James, James, Morrison, Morrison,
Weatherby George Dupree."

Aloysious crept directly to the kitchen. He could find his way there from any part of the house. His sense of smell was well-developed, which is as it should be for anyone aspiring to write verse. The kitchen was empty, but on the table was a steaming bowl of Irish stew. There was a chair drawn up to it, and Aloysious climbed thereon with no little effort, and from thence to the table. Having stuffed himself with a large quantity of the delectable dish, he climbed down with even more effort, and returned to the feet of his attendant, who was chuckling over,

"What is the matter with Mary Jane,
It's lovely rice pudding for dinner again!"

He looked down to see how Aloysious was enjoying it, and was surprised to find him covered from forehead to ankle with a brown, pasty substance. But being young and a college boy, he did not inquire too closely, and merely washed Aloysious, and put a clean suit on him. It was well that Mrs. Ames has rested that afternoon, because Aloysious was ill all that night.

When Aloysious passed his third birthday, the family returned to normalcy. The attendant was dismissed. Mr. Ames resumed his golf game, and Mrs. Ames no longer had to sit up nights with Aloysious, because his digestion had improved, though his temper had not. Aloysious was early sent to school, where, although he was not among the best, neither was he amongst the worst students. He played innumerable pranks, but rarely ones of his own invention. And so by dint of some tutoring and much cramming, he finally matriculated at an University. Mr. Ames had never had an university education, so he wished his son to have the benefit of this inestimable advantage. On the night before Aloysious was to leave for the Unversity, his father took him aside and had a long talk with him. He told him that he was destined to be a poet, and now that he had reached man's estate, it was time to lay aside the carefree pranks, (Mr. Ames was always tactful) of childhood, and turn to the serious business of writing poetry. Aloysious, who, by the way, had never forgiven his father for blessing him with that name, now grew purple in the face, and demanded by what authority his father had decided the career he should follow without first consulting him. He then called his father by a name rarely seen in any anthology of poetry, even a modern one, and left the room. But Mr. Ames knew that genius expresses itself in violent forms at times, so he said nothing. But he was troubled, because in his rage, and also in his language, Aloysious had so much resembled his grandfather.

MR. and Mrs. Ames heard rarely from their son, and when they did hear, his letters were not over descriptive of college life. He merely scrawled a line or two, saying the he was fine and working hard, or that he liked the fellows. Mr. and Mrs. Ames realized that a long, informative letter was too much to expect from a son whose energy was spent in creative work. One day, they got a letter saying that he was coming home for a short stay. Mrs. Ames had the house thoroughly

cleaned from top to bottom. She baked several cakes and more pies, and had some standard editions of Keats and Shelley put in Aloysious' room. That evening, as she was resting from her labors, while Mr. Ames read to her the latest murder trial—a woman had murdered her husband because he would use . . . . the door bell rang. Mr. Ames, upon opening the door was surprised to find a blue uniformed policeman standing on the porch. For an incredulous moment he thought it was his father. But Mr. Ames did not believe in spirits.

The policeman stepped into the lighted hall, tripped over the rug, cursed like a true protector of the public, and said proudly, "Well, pa, pleased to see your prodigal?"

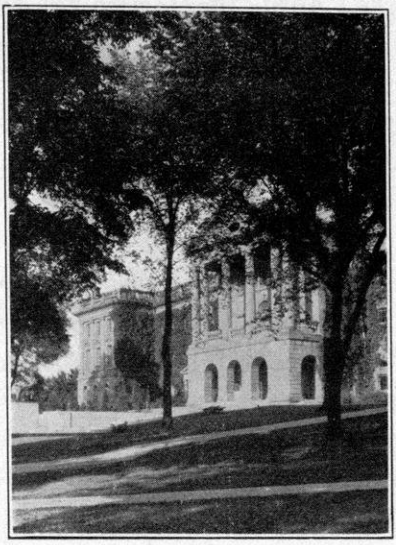
Evangelist

The weak ones, the mean ones
Have come to hear him tell
The Password of Heaven
And the Scarehead of Hell.

The poor ones, the thin ones
Have come to hear the Story
Of jasper walls and golden halls
And grandeur, and glory.

When the Lost have been saved,
And the Way has been shown
Does he walk with his doubts
As he goes out alone?

—STUART PALMER



The Thousand and Second Night

By Ellis J. Hughes

"O most beautiful one," said the Caliph as he hung his hazar on the bedpost, "in a moment of weakness last night I promised you your life." The Caliph shook his head sorrowfully. "Tomorrow, when the mussulmans and the children of Allah greet the prophet, when the sun casts straight shadows from the minaret, you must die."

"Good Allah!" quoth Sheherazade, "what ails thee now?" And she placed a drop of ambergris behind her left ear.

"Know, once most cherished one," continued the Caliph, "that four and twenty score of thy brethren and cousins inflicted themselves upon my court today—and will not, it seems, depart from my hospitality. Furthermore," he added peevishly as he watched Sheherazade place a drop of ambergris behind the other ear, "they are smoking all my Creeshish and are drinking all my K'hawah. Two years old, too," he added by way of an aside.

Sheherazade gave the Caliph a burning glance. She arose and dragged him gracefully over to a large, silk-covered ottoman and thrust him gently into its depths. The little Caliph watched her carelessly place two drops of ambergris on her

lips. She strode with a graceful, swaying motion across the chamber back to the Caliph, picking up her azulis from the floor without bending her knees. "What a woman!" thought the Caliph. And Sheherazade seated herself cross-legged on a cushioned mat on the floor, her back against the ottoman, her head close to the Caliph's head—and she strummed lightly on the strings of her azulis as she told the Caliph the following wondrous tale:

"Many years ago, in the days when the earth was young and the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid, commander of the faithful, governed with wisdom and kindness, there dwelt in the city of Bagdad a wicked magician who was known as Ahmoud dul Ahmar. This Ahmoud was marked with the curse of the Great Genie by two humps, one on each shoulder. His face was ugly, in reflection of his deformed body, and the faithful, as they passed him in the markets, placed their palms on their foreheads and muttered, 'Allah is god, and Mahommed is his prophet!'

NOW this wicked magician had in his power a beautiful maiden, a daughter of the Sulton of Khan, whom he had stolen from her father's palace. This maiden, who was the most beautiful the earth has seen, was named Princess Zhedin—her lips had the red of the Ahrana rubies, her eyes the sparkle and color of Sarnia sapphires, her teeth the whiteness and lustre of Lahmad pearls, her skin the tint and texture of the petals of the pale roses from the valley of Moura. The wicked Ahmoud kept this princess locked in a high chamber of his house, where the slaves her father had sent out in search for her could not find her.

"Now every day this wicked Ahmoud dul Ahmar unbolted the door to this chamber and limped in, bearing a tray of food for the Princess Zhedin. And every day he asked her to wed him, and every day she refused him. And then he would turn away as if to limp out of the room, but would suddenly twirl around and attempt to enchant her with the Enchantment of the Evil Genie. But the Princess Zhedin had heard tales of this Enchantment of the Evil Genie at the court of her father, the Sulton of Khan. She knew that it consisted of three magic words. And so, suspecting the evil intent of the wicked Ahmoud, she always murmured, before Ahmoud could get to the

third word, 'Allah is god, and Mahommed is his prophet!' and touched her palm to her forehead.

"But one day when Ahmoud entered her prison-chamber, she, having eaten nothing but two ligras and an elzrad since the day before, seized a choice morsel from the tray and commenced to appease her hunger. Immediately the wicked Ahmoud, seeing his opportunity, pronounced the enchantment, while the Princess gulped down the ligra too late to murmur the charm against the incantation.

"Ahmoud then drew out his knife and cut off one of the ears of the helpless Princess Zhedin. He then snapped his crooked fingers thrice before the eyes of the Princess, and lo, she was free again of the enchantment, for the Enchantment of the Evil Genie is but a temporary enchantment. But the poor Princess was without one of her ears.

"Ahmoud then threw the ear on the floor and made a few magical passes of his hand and mumbled a few magical words, and lo, the ear vanished in a puff of smoke. Ahmoud limped to the door, and, drawing a magic wand from his sleeve, tapped thrice on the threshold and again muttered some magic words. From the folds of his gown he took a sign upon which was written 'He who crosses this threshold shall lose one of his ears.' This sign he hung on the door. With a final smirk at the Princess, he limped out.

"The Princess then sat and bewailed long and loudly the loss of hear beautiful ear. 'If only,' thought she, when she had finally outwept the passion of her new grief, 'I could escape.' And at last she found a way. She took one of the large silver platters from the tray of food the magician had brought her, and, extracting a pin from her girdle, she engraved on the tray the story of how the magician had brought her to Bagdad. This tray with its message she dropped from her chamber window. And she sat down to wait.

AND it so happened that on this very day the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, roaming about the city in disguise, as was his wont, doing deeds of kindness and charity for the Faithful, passed, at this very moment, the house of Ahmoud dul Ahmar. And he saw in the street this large silver platter. 'What is this?' wondered the Caliph. 'A fine silver platter lying in the street?' And the Caliph approached the platter to see if, perhaps, it were really not silver at all. But then, seeing the in-

scription on the platter, he picked it up and read what was thereupon engraved.

"Now the Caliph was much moved by the story of the Princess' misfortunes, and he resolved to rescue her. So he approached the entrance to the house of Ahmoud, and, removing his slippers at the door from force of habit, he entered the magician's dwelling. Following the instructions given in the message on the platter, the Caliph mounted the wide staircase he saw before him; and, reaching the top, he saw, as the message had said he would, a great iron door at the right of the stairway.

"The Caliph approached the door and read the sign the magician had placed on it. 'Pah!' exclaimed the Caliph, 'that shall not stop me. I know the charm against all enchantments.' And he shot back the heavy bolts, and, swinging open the door, he strode across the threshold.

"But so entranced was the Caliph by the beauty of the Princess Zhedin, who was seated on a mat in the center of the room, that, although he remembered to murmur, 'Allah is god, and Mahommed is his prophet!' he forgot to place his palm to his forehead. And lo, the Caliph, feeling a lightness on the side of his head, reached his hand up to his left ear, to find it was no longer there. But so pleased was the Caliph with the beauty of the Princess Zhedin that he gave no second thought to the loss of this member.

"The Princess, overjoyed at the presence of the Commander of the Faithful, spoke words of profuse gratitude. And the Caliph avowed to the Princess that she was the most beautiful maiden in all the lands of the earth. They were struck immediately with love for each other, and, after a few exchanges of compliments on the part of both, the Princess promised to wed the Caliph as soon as they should escape the magician's house.

AT this moment who should come limping into the chamber but Ahmoud dul Ahmar. Seeing the Caliph and the Princess together, the wicked magician flew into a rage and screamed the following words in his fury: 'O, Caliph, for I know you are he, and Princess, never again shall ye have your ears back—unless ye go past the countries of Khan and Persia, through the bottomless Valley of the Seven Vicious Princes, and into the impassable Region of the Ghastly Genie. And

then must ye climb the unscalable mountain of the Five Unnatural Brothers, and at the top must ye find the cave of the Outcast of the Evil Genie, which is guarded by a thousand lesser Genie. And in this cave ye must pass the seven caverns of the Malicious Mahmouts. And then ye will come to the Outcast of the Evil Genie. Of this monster ye must ask your ears back. Maybe he will give them to you; . . . . maybe he will not!'

"Enraged at this intrusion and insolence of Ahmoud, the Caliph drew his sword and spitted the magician through the stomach. Ahmoud vanished in a puff of smoke.

" 'O most beautiful Zhedin,' said the Caliph Haroun al Raschid to the Princess, 'shall we prepare to embark upon this long and tedious quest? It will take many, many years and even now I am getting gray hairs.'

" 'By no means," said the Princess Zhedin, 'let us not even think of such an odious task. What is an ear between you and me?'

"And so the Caliph al Raschid, commander of the Faithful, and the Princess Zhedin left the house of the ill-fated Ahmoud dul Ahmar and repaired to the palace of the Caliph, where preparations for their wedding feast were immediately commenced.

"And a few days later the Sultan of Khan, hearing by messenger of the deliverance of his daughter and of her marriage to the Caliph, sent to the Commander of the Faithful a dowry of five chests of gold and three great caravans of silks and spices from the kingdoms of Khan.

"And so the Caliph and the Princess lived in peace and happiness for many, many years, and the Princess never ceased to be the Caliph's favorite in his large and choice harem. And all the evil plans of the wicked Ahmoud came to naught, for, never, in the midst of all their happiness, did the Caliph or the Princess ever heave one sigh of regret over the loss of their ears. And, for all I know, the Outcast of the Evil Genie even yet waits for the Caliph and his Princess to come and claim their ears."

"Good Allah!" remarked the Caliph as Sheherazade finished her tale. "That is some story!"

"Yes," admitted Sheherazade, as she loosened the strings of her azulis preparatory to putting it away until the next

night, "it is." Then an idea seemed to strike her, for she went on: "And you know," she informed the Caliph in a confidential tone, "after the Caliph married the Princess, some of her relatives came to the Caliph's court and smoked his creshish and drank his K'hawah. And the Commander of the Faithful," she looked up at the Caliph through the corners of her eyes, "gave them each five pieces of gold and told them to go home."

"Did they go home?" queried the Caliph.

"Yes, indeed," said Sheherazade.

"O most beautiful and wise of all the maidens in Turkestan, the execution tomorrow is off."

"Blessed be Allah!" ejaculated Sheherazade. "And tomorrow night," she promised, "if you are nice to me tomorrow, I will tell you how the Caliph lost his other ear."

"Five gold pieces . . . . " murmured the Caliph over and over again before he fell asleep.

For I'll Be A Child Again

For I'll be a child again tonight,
though saddened and somewhat older,
hand to your hand, and the tired head
resting against your shoulder,
such be the dream, ere dreaming done,
saddened one must awaken,
sometimes one weeps too long alone,
sometimes the heart is shaken,
even as the thick brown hair grew gray,
somehow the child is old today,
fold then my hands and tenderly
least someone come to waken me—
for I would keep it, the dream I dreamt,
and the years of pain and of wonderment.

—J. M. S. Cotton

Review of Current Books

BISMARCK, THE STORY OF A FIGHTER, by Emil Ludwig. 1927 Little, Brown, and Co.

Bismarck, the second of Emil Ludwig's brilliant biographies is an achievement only slightly less great than his "Napoleon." Possibly the feeling that it could not be the equal is because of the deep impression left by "Napoleon" —a feeling that might follow reading any of his books for the first time. Those who have read "Napoleon" will find the same forceful and energetic style in "Bismarck"—a style that portrays with remarkable candidness and clarity.

There have been many attempts at biographies of Otto Von Bismarck. Ludwig, however, leaves the reader with the satisfaction of intimately knowing the Iron Chancellor and his life; and after all what more can a biographer do. Being of the German race, Herr Ludwig might easily have been accused of sentimentality of patriotic blather in his story of this great hero. Here again he is unbiased and indifferent to anything but the truth just as in the tale of the Little Lieutenant, who was a German enemy. This fearlessness alone sets Ludwig apart from most writers who attempt the lives of national heroes.

Ludwig's accomplishment is particularly praiseworthy in that he has written clearly and accurately the biography of a man with whom few were intimately acquainted. In his lifetime, Bismarck was little understood because his inner man remained hard to penetrate. His first thirty years were spent apart from politics. During that time his inner development was practically completed. His activities in following years were largely governed by the impressions and habits of his youth. Consequently Herr Ludwig deals at considerable length with Bismarck's early life which

most biographers dismiss with a short summary. As a child Bismark was unhappy and rebellious, as a youth wild and undisciplined, proud and contemptuous, thoroughly ambitious and therefore never happy or satisfied.

After his thirty-second birthday, Otto Von Bismarck started his political career—a career marked by swift rise from deputy in the Landtag, through envoys and premierships, to imperial Chancellor. As the "Iron Chancellor" his rule swayed all Europe. Under his hand the Germans and Prussians became a united nation, a nation that stood out as one of the world's powers till the late war.

Unlike Napoleon, the Iron Chancellor did not harbor ambitions of being a world ruler or even emperor of his people. He continually tried to resign from his chancellorship—tendering his resignation six times before finally being retired from political leadership.

Bismarck was never happy. Whereas Napoleon had a single goal toward which he continually worked, Bismarck was constantly changing his ideas and plans. His work for the most part embodied his genius and sagacity, but oftentimes was in error. A terrific fighter, Bismarck led a life of continuous struggle. He possessed one of those rare personalities that thrusts aside all opposition by pure force of energy. He would not allow himself to be defeated and never let up till the job was finished. Then, on reaching the desired end, he would become dissatisfied and unhappy. He yearned to spend his days in the quiet and happiness of his country home but on being there a short time would become restless and worried. His whole life was a series of masterly achievements that never quite made him happy.

Strange to say, in spite of all that Bismarck accomplished for his people, he was little appreciated during his life. He was too proud and unhappy to love, and he was too full of hatred and hardness to be loved. Nevertheless his character and deeds were an enormous influence on the history of the world. Only since the World War have we come to realize fully what his career meant. Emil Ludwig in his inimitable style has contributed a valuable chapter to the story of European history.

—Beverly Murphy

THE UGLY DUCHESS By Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking Press.

Turning the last page of this book, we had a dismaying sense of a motley of color and movement, a confusion of kaleidoscopic change. Before us passed, on every page, a strange array of characters and campaigns, shifted and superseded. But with a mixture of beauty and brilliance, and some very real horror, Herr Feuchtwanger has painted for us Austria and Germany on the eve of the Hundred Year's War. Kingdoms are redealt like a pack of cards. Shadow figures and potentates rise and fall. And through it all moves the figure of Margarete, the Ugly Duchess of Tyrol. In this feminine freak, this monster, there is something reminiscent of Richard III. Married at twelve, by a father who wished to secure territories, she is full conscious of her repulsiveness to her petulant boy-husband. But Margarete has a mind that is brilliant and keen. Knowing that every peasant maid is courted more than she, she vows to plunge into study and politics, sublimates all her energy in a tremendous campaign for governmental supremacy. She is a woman of vast intelligence and ability. Carefully she builds up stability in her little mountain kingdom, establishes order and prosperity.

But always there is the beautiful Agnes von Flavon, defeating her projects, frustrating her plans, winning men and subjects from her. Desperately and terrifically the Duchess combats her, all the while losing ground. Her reign takes on the aspect of terror and persecution.

But we can not feel that the Duchess is merely the tyrant, the ape-like monster. Underneath her hideousness, there is, as is expressed in her warm, full voice, a great goodness and strength, which has been perverted and thwarted. There is a great pity in it all. At last, worn from life, dead of every interest, retired, we see Margarete in her little retreat,—the woman of limitless vigor and resource—"Margarete stood up, stetched herself languidly, and trailed up to the house with her heavy, dragging step. The savour of fried fish came welling out in a cloud. Margarete sniffed it contentedly and went in."

E. K. E.

ADAM AND EVE, by John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill.

John Erskine has written the third of his burlesques. Having read it, we hope it is his last. He would have been wisest if he had stopped the series with GALAHAD. There he really has an achievement, but we are inclined to question the value of ADAM AND EVE. It is clever, no doubt; Erskine will continue to be clever as long as he writes. But it is tiring. Adam is a superbly stupid person, and Lilith is a bore. Eve saves the book. Eve is a woman. Erskine's philosophy is monotonous, his iconoclasm tiresome. He has lost much of the subtelty that he had in THE PRIVATE LIFE and in GALAHAD. But for one thing we must credit him: his psychology is sound. But that alone will not sustain the book.

The story is the old one. Adam tires of his lover Lilith, because she has no soul. He then falls in love with Eve, who, apparently, has a soul, but the strange capacities of the above mentioned soul seem to be marriage, duty, and clothes. At any rate, Eve soon domesticates the poor man, and gives to the

world, conventions. Adam, of course, like all men, never completely gives Lilith up, but goes occasionally to see her, since she is really the only one who understands him.

We would like to see Mr. Erskine write a novel of present day problems. Then we could better judge his artistic ability. Although we will not soon forget sentences like, "God made Himself, like man, lonely," we know that ADAM AND EVE has missed the mark. M.R.S.

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN by Ernest Hemingway. Scribners.

Ernest Hemingway is growing in importance. He has preceded this last volume with TORRENTS OF SPRING, a direct satire on Sherwood Anderson and his school, and with THE SUN ALSO RISES, an excellent novel dealing with a group of Americans on the continent. Now he has published MEN WITHOUT WOMEN, a collection of short stories, many of them reprinted from the magazines, which do a good deal towards establishing Hemingway as a literary figure of importance, and as one of America's most brilliant short story artists.

The first story in the book, THE UNDEFEATED, a tragic and beautiful tale of the bull-ring, is a fine example of Hemingway's conversational ability. FIFTY GRAND, a story that in some respects corresponds to THE UNDEFEATED, deals with the prize-ring. A SIMPLE ENQUIRY is a subtle tale of perversion, dealing with the subject so lightly that it escapes becoming either nauseous or disgusting.

Altogether, it is a beautiful collection. It convinces you that Hemingway is a very individual stylist and one of our really important contemporaries. M.R.S.

SPLENDOR by Ben Ames Williams.

Mr. Williams has accomplished two things in his new novel. First, he has given an accurate and keen portrayal of the mediocrity of the middle class American, and secondly, he has done this in a realistic, but not sordid fashion. The book is essentially optimistic, although the lives of the various characters, especially Henry Beeker, is full of vicissitudes; the misfortunes of the present are always off-shadowed by the hopes in the future. The book is healthy.

The novel is a rounded whole, dealing mainly with the life of Henry Beeker, who begins his career as an office boy in the reference department of the *Boston Tribune*. Beeker's rise on the paper, his decline, and his final job, the one he had when he began, give the book a completeness which is often lacking in modern fiction.

The style of the book is not outstanding; Mr. Williams' literary manner is not sensational, but it is keen enough to give us a graphic account of the life of Henry Beeker together with a rather thorough criticism of contemporary middle class life.
M.R.S.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY by Thorton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni.

This new book of Mr. Wilder's has attained a place as one of the most distinctive novels of the year. With the first sentence, we had a sense that here was something vitally different—a fresh attitude which the author was trying to create, in contrast to the usual realistic novel, or the romantic type of the general run of book-of-the-hour best-sellers.

"On Friday noon, July the twentieth, 1714, the finest bridge in all Peru broke and precipitated five travellers into the gulf below." We are transported immediately to a new stage, an unfamiliar period, a strange situation.

The book is essentially a philosophical novel. The author is not merely content to relate to us dramatic events and occurrences, however startling and sensational the report may be. He aims to see beyond and beneath the superficial, to the inner reality and truth.

Brother Juniper, a Franciscan who was in Peru converting the Indians, happened to witness the accident. "It was a very hot noon, that fatal noon. Coming around the shoulder of a hill, Brother Juniper stopped to wipe his forehead, and to gaze at the range of snowy peaks." A moment later the bridge divided. To the monk, who had been about to cross the same bridge himself, came the thought—"Why did this happen to *those* five?" And upon himself he took the resolve to inquire into the inner lives of these persons who had been cut off so suddenly—to discover what pattern there was in life, or if there were any plan in the universe at all, latent in the secret lives of these five that had been so mysteriously picked out.

And so for six years he went about Lima, questioning, collecting, piecing together the bits of his stories.

We look beyond into the reality of the charmless but brilliant Dona Maria, with her extravagant and devasting love for a cold and indifferent daughter. The little maid Pepita steps before us, and the abbess.

We wonder in face of the deep love of the twin brothers, Esteban and Manuel. There is Uncle Pio, the strange teacher-attendant of the actress Camila, with his adoration of the theater, sublimating in the Perichole and her little son all his dreams for what may be achieved in art.

At the end we are left with a query, but there is not doubt. All these lives are bound together by the greatness of love. But the solution lies deeper than that, in the heart of love that lavishes itself utterly. We do not doubt the justice of these deaths. The circle of each life had been completed. Death was the final, natural gesture. There is fulfillment. "Perhaps an Accident"—and "Perhaps an Intention," are the beginning and the end.

"Soon we shall die and all memory of these five will have left the earth. But the love will have been enough. There is a land of the living, and a land of the dead and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning." E.K.E.