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CONTRIBUTORS

KATHERINE NEWBORG is the young lady who has lately been the subject of comment because she did not buy an airplane.

ANN CHAMBERLAIN HODGES was the only woman to survive the recent ski tour.

HELMUT SUMM, a junior in the School of Applied Arts, contributes the design for "Family Tree".

VIRGINIA BELL RANDALL is from Kentucky and takes an interest in journalism and dramatics.

JIM DROUGHT, on his own confession, would rather be Wright than be president.

IRV TRESSLER was recently elected editor of *Octopus*.

TAMARRA is the pseudonym of a former student of the University of Minnesota.

VICKERY HUBBARD, Wallaston, Mass., is a new contributor.

ELISEO VIVAS has recently been appointed Venzuelan consul to Philadelphia.

PEG JOSLYN writes *Cardinal* feature stories and transferred here last September from Lawrence College.

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Cromane

THEY stood on a flat stone by the side of the lake, watching the ripples follow each other on the small stretch of sand, like miniature waves. The sky was grey, but not with a dull heaviness; it was a grey filled with infinite lights and shadows, and there was a faint mist blurring the line where the water met the sky. Standing on the large flat rock, they felt very much alone, and quite important and rather insignificant all at once.

"Do you suppose Monet could have painted this, Joan, those variations in the light tones, and the grey mistiness?" Smiling, because he looked so much like a poet when he tossed back his light hair and turned up his face, that looked so delicate and incorporeal in the softening light, she said.

"I don't think that the artist of artists, the greatest master of Cromane could paint this." He caught her in his arms by way of an answer, for was not Cromane their especial and particular and most strictly private place, whither they would sometime flee and live? Cromane was peopled only by the greatest of the world's poets, painters, and philosophers, and what made it so utterly delightful was that Joan and Peter could pick them out for themselves according to their own personal preferences. It was, in fact, a most superlative island. Nor were there too many of the eminent, only enough to supply an infinite variety, and not enough to crowd anyone. Besides the greatest of the great there was to be nothing other than the natural scenery which was also varied and superlative.

As they looked across the lake, both knew that they were at that moment standing in Cromane and each knew just precisely what was in the mind of the other, for it was just precisely what was in their own minds; that being one of the prime reasons for their love. Although they never mentioned that word or even hinted at such an attitude, and only once Peter had written to Joan, "I love you," which fact both accepted and then forgot as unnecessary, obvious, and inadequate. As they turned to climb up the steep bank, the moon floated from behind a dark grey patch, forming a ring of iridescent radiance in the mist. Joan and Peter caught each others' hands and stood looking at the slender branches of a tree cutting black streaks across the bright surface. They whispered "Cromane," to one another, and ran hand in hand up the steep path because it was already late. At her door Peter looked at Joan for one long unsmiling moment, then turned and ran down the steps.

On blue and gold days, they sometimes walked miles out into the country, only they always tried to keep near the water, and when

it was too cold or too sloppy, they would talk. Sometimes they would talk about books, and often they would explain their conceptions of the universe, struggling for words to express meanings of which they were not quite sure. Joan would say, "I know what I mean, it is all inside me . . . quite clear. . . But I can't explain." And Peter would decry the meagerness of the English language.

"Words," he would say with a fine contempt, "we have not the words to say half the things we know." Then the pucker of seriousness would leave his forehead and he would say arrogantly, "On Cromane I shall make up many, many, words. They shall have the onomatopoeia of the Greeks, and the smoothness and flow of the Spanish. And I shall make some particularly fine ones with which we can express the universe." Joan understood the arrogance of his frequent, "I shall do's," because there was in her too, at times, a sense of untried power. Sometimes in the most secret of the secret places of her mind, she would hint at the great and truly wonderful things that she would do. . . Sometimes she would tell Peter of Europe, his eyes would gleam, and dramatically he would say, "Joan, tell me about Cézanne, Renoir, Degas, Ghirlandajo, and Frans Hals." Laughingly Joan would start a scholarly dissertation, but soon she would remember some incident in connection with some name or place, and the talk would wander and flow and ripple from places to people to things and ideas.

But there were times, when in the midst of their happiest dreams, Joan would be caught by a sudden fear. At first it was a vague presentiment that something was going to happen. She tried to stamp it out by losing herself in Cromane, or by racing with Peter along the shores of the lake until her body glowed with heat and a pleasant sense of physical weariness. But Joan found that reality was not so easily subverted, and one evening when the painful uneasiness was upon her, she hunted for a cause. She found it to be the thought of her parents and all the environment of home which they symbolized. She tried to reconcile Peter with New York, society, and wealth. It seemed somewhat incongruous.

There was of course, the possibility of a magnificent gesture, a single sweep of the arm that would forever wipe away the whole of her home environment. For awhile, Joan played with the idea of that gesture, but she was not sure enough of herself and decided to wait until the end of the coming holiday. She tried to be impartial, objective, and fair to herself and Peter and her parents, particularly Peter, but it was so hard to imagine him at dinner with the family. So Joan decided to forget about it and wait until she was at home.

Living, as she did, so intensely in the present, it was not hard for Joan to forget difficulties of the future, and she effectively put the situation out of her head until she was sitting between two immaculate gentlemen in white ties and full dress coats, at one of the popular night clubs in New York. While they talked to her about Harvard, the theatre, business, recent novels, parties they had been to the previous evening, and then again about business, she tried to dress Peter of the open shirt and unruly hair, in just such a suit and tie, and make him talk in a patronizing way about art and the theatre and business. He would not do it. All he would do was to put his hands to his ears, close his eyes, and beg to be taken out of this God-awful place, or at least, he said, open the windows and murder the orchestra. Meanwhile his shirt bulged in front, his collar melted, his coat tails flapped against his legs, caught in doors, and gave him a faint resemblance to Charlie Chaplin. Then Joan forgot all about him, danced between courses in the heat and jangle, and talked about everything under the sun in a slightly patronizing way.

At three o'clock she went home with tired feet, flushed cheeks and a happy smile. There were so many people and so many places to go that college was blotted out of her mind, and sometimes when she remembered Peter, he seemed unreal. She could not quite remember what he looked like or what he was like, except that he seemed an impossible dream from a distant past. When, on Sunday morning, she paraded down Fifth Avenue, in her favorite clothes, shimmering grey, that brought out the color in her cheeks and the shine in her

dark eyes, on the arm of an equally well dressed man, whose young features looked dignified and well ordered under a derby hat, a sudden vision of Peter came to her. Peter in a derby that somehow did not quite fit, looking pained and unhappy because he never wore hats. Joan inadvertently giggled; her companion smiled at her and said, "Happy?" And she said "Yes," and told him how amusing college was, and as she told him it grew more ridiculous, until they both laughed, so that other parading couples pointed them out to one another, saying, "How charming they look."

Then came the evening to which Joan had been looking forward. The evening when her parents gave a dinner for their friends, who were also Joan's friends. She was particularly anxious to see Mr. and Mrs. Grant, because her admiration for them amounted almost to worship. He, who had always been so friendly to her and who could be so utterly rotten to people whom he disliked; who always talked to her as an equal; who knew all the most delightful restaurants, and museums, and people, in all of the large cities. She, with her tall slender beauty, her quiet charm, the epitome of all that was meant by the word: lady.

As they sat after dinner talking cleverly, for these people loved nothing better than a good story or the clever turn of a phrase, Joan laughed to think that they had planned to have just such people as these on the island of Cromane. Men who were unhappy if they were out of a large city over night, who played hand ball for exercise, and who made of conversation an art. To Joan they seemed to be the heart and nucleus of the city; prosperous, with a deep culture, and a deeper sophistication, coated with a scintillating wit. They understood people and politics and smiled at both. They had mild enthusiasms and a hatred for stupidity, but a smile was never far below the surface, a smile, not of bitterness or scorn, but merely of amusement. There was little in their attitude of wonder or of awe, and nothing of perplexity. When she thought of Peter she knew that here too he would be hopelessly out of place. Perhaps it was his lack of their deep rooted sophistication, of that complete acceptance of their world. The faces of the guests were hard, clear cut lines, in the bright light; in her mind, Peter's half emerged from a mist.

The last evening of vacation, Joan spent at home, talking to her mother. They talked seriously and wisely; it made Joan feel mature. Her mother was so liberal, she wanted Joan to do with her life as she wished. Then she had said almost fearfully, "But you will live in New York, won't you? We will let you do as you please, you know that. After all, New York offers you the best opportunity to do interesting work, and meet interesting people and to go interesting places." Joan reassured her, for now she herself was sure that she would live at home, and do just such interesting things. Perhaps some day she might even marry one of those immaculate young men, who knew a great deal about everything, were troubled not at all by immensities and incomprehensibles, and looked quite charming in derbies. And Peter? She wondered if he would care very much. Certainly he should never come to New York, because he was much too fond of lakes and hills, and solitude that gives you a sense of greatness. How desperately he would hate so many people, the noise, the restlessness. The glow that was deep within him, he would jealously hide from the hard glitter. Perhaps it would be quenched, leaving instead a useless, bitter, contempt. Joan knew that when she was with Peter she could not bear the thought of not being with him, but she now knew equally well how quickly the contours of his face faded and blurred when she was away from him for even so short a time.

That night as Joan smoked a last cigarette before going to bed, she dreamed. It was a habit she had formed of dreaming one purely absurd dream each night, just long enough to last through a cigarette. She dreamed that Peter and she were walking, hand in hand, in Cromane; the moon went in and out of the clouds, slender branches cut dark scars across it, and the surface of the lake was covered with a queer pattern of dark and light shadows. Together they set up a sign at the entrance way.

"No men in derbies allowed here."

—KATHERINE NEWBORG.

Yea, they were mighty men, these men my ancestors—
Pilgrim and Pioneer and Puritan!
All down the decades I feel their eyes on me—
Law-maker, Patriarch and Minute-Man.
They bid me be a pride to them, to carry on the name;
They bid me love New England and the soil from which I came;
I am not loath to honor them, their courage, or their age,
And yet how has it come to me, this hybrid heritage?
For I am partly Buccaneer, with sinful fingers red,
And some of me is Outlaw, with a price upon my head;
And I am very sure there sits upon the family tree
Some rhyming tavern wastrel who is visited on me.
I cannot do them justice, as my duty is to do.
The most of them are worthy men; the wicked are the few.
Yet when the Godly guide me, and I'm sober, and I'm sane,
Irreverential forebears make my efforts all in vain.
Yea, they were mighty men, these men my ancestors—
What have they made of me, these and the other Pilgrim and Pioneer and Puritan. . . ones—
Poet and Buccaneer and Outlaw-man!

—ANN CHAMBERLAIN HODGES.

The Second Watch

THE cool August wind blew off the lake in swirling gusts. With a hollow mumbling it tore around the rickety buildings along the lake shore, rattling the windows and whistling through the eaves. A dull moon moved listlessly across the darkened sky; now losing itself among the clouds, now emerging amid the scattered stars. The only movement detected over the broad expanse of sky and lake was the lumbering haste of the waves and the slow, ceaseless course of the moon which dimly outlined the desolate buildings. Standing nearer the shore, above the loose, board shacks, was a rude brick building. A meager, yellow light displayed a sign above the doorway—Lake Carrier's Hall—Entrance.

Within the hall a score or so of men were lying about on the floor, tables and chairs, trying to sleep. Others were turning restlessly from side to side, too cold or uncomfortable to sleep. The heavy, hacking cough of a man on the floor awoke those who were sleeping lightly.

"Got bad cough", he apologized.

No one answered. They turned and edged about in vain efforts to make the hard surfaces they were lying on more conducive to sleep. Presently the hall regained its customary noises of heavy snoring and restless movements.

Bring . . . B.r.i..nng . . . bring! The telephone in the office at the left rang through the dead night. Immediately a light snapped on in the office. The sleepy, mumbling voice of the commissioner was heard through the thin partitions. He clicked the receiver back and opened the office door into the hall.

"Any coal passers here?" he shouted.

No one answered. Some of the men began whispering among themselves.

"Hell no. . . I'm not going to shovel coal!"

"Me neither."

The commissioner became irritated.

"Any coal passers here?" he shouted louder.

A thin, flat chested form rose up at the rear and came toward the commissioner.

"Yah, I take job."

"Come on in here."

The slim form shambled in. He was tall, but stoop-shouldered and dressed in a baggy, ill-kept suit. His face was lean and hollow, of a pasty whiteness with lines of care and anguish. His eyes . . . were dark, deep, and piercing, too busy for his weary body.

"Where's your membership book?" asked the commissioner.

"Here, I got it."

"All right, sign your name here," the commissioner added, handing him a pen.

"I write only Italian," Anthony said.

"That's all right. Here, on this line. You'll find your boat, the *C. T. Willard,* over at the St. Paul docks. It's leaving damn soon, so you'd better go right over. Got any other clothes?"

"Yah, I got bundle old clothes checked in hall . . . here, I got check."

The commissioner took the extended stub and, unlocking the checkroom, gave Anthony his bulky newspaper bundle. Then, opening the entrance door with his key, he let the thin form out.

Anthony hastened off at a brisk pace toward the docks. He was feeling happier now. He had a job with seventy-two fifty a month, board and a bunk, after being out of work so long. It wasn't a tailoring job, the work he was accustomed to; one had to take what one got these days. Yet, beneath his momentary happiness there lurked a loneliness, a depression. He never seemed to get along right. People looked at his gaunt figure as though he were a ghost. Wherever he went they called him ugly names, "Greenhorn, damn wop". And that cough of his . . . he hated to have people stare at him when he had one of those coughing spells . . . and they were becoming more frequent now. Well, he'd work hard and save his money on the boat, couldn't spend it anyway . . . then quit . . . get a good job with easy work.

His steps sounded loud and hollow as he hastened over the heavy planking of the dock. Far down the narrow stretch he saw a few scattered lights dimly outlining the heavy hulk

of a vessel. It seemed huge and powerful to him. He began to feel proud that he was to work on that monster and to be part of it. As he neared the ship, he discerned a figure sitting on one of the hatches. With some hesitancy Anthony called to him.

"What ship is dis?"

"The *C. T. Willard*," came the reply.

"I'm new coal passer. How I get up on ship?"

"There's a ladder over on your left. Climb up on it."

A little nervous, Anthony tucked his newspaper bundle under his arm and climbed up to the deck of the boat. On the deck he was met by a sailor dressed in dungarees.

"You the new coal passer?" he asked.

"Yah."

"Well, come on with me." The sailor led the way down to the hold of the ship and into a small room.

"The upper bunk's yours. You're on the second watch, twelve to six. The other coal passer will show you your job." He then shambled out.

While Anthony was changing into his working clothes, a boy of about eighteen came in. He was covered with coal dust over every inch of his body; his lips, where he had licked them, and his eyes stood out distinctly on his blackened face.

"You the new coal passer?" he asked.

"Yah," Anthony answered, smiling nervously.

"I'm the passer on the first watch. Ya been on a boat before? No? Cripes, man, you got a lot to learn. It'll be harder than all hell at first, but you'll get onto it. There's a half hour of my watch left yet. Come on along, and I'll take you down to the fire-hole and show you your work. Wait a minute, what's your name? . . . Anthony? O. K., call me Bert."

Anthony was about to follow him when Bert noticed that he had no shirt on.

"Ain't you got no shirt?" he inquired.

"Yah, but it iss very hot verking dere, no?"

"Sure, it's hot, Goddam hot! but what 'cha gonna have on ya to protect ya from the heat of the flames when they are pulling a fire? Hell, man, this ain't no movies! You gotta put somethin' on or you'll burn your skin off, and wear some gloves, too."

Anthony began to put on his shirt hurriedly, but was interrupted by a fit of coughing. Bert stared at him fixedly.

"You ain't got the 'con', have you?"

"No. got bad cold," Anthony answered.

The ship was pulling away from the dock as Bert led the way along the deck to the stoke hole. They walked over the asbestos grating and then down the iron ladder that felt hot to Anthony even through his gloves. Anthony descended after Bert and looked about him. He could hardly distinguish the details of his surroundings through the thick haze of smoke and steam. The heat was terrific. He felt the perspiration already rolling down his body. He began to cough . . . he tried to check himself, but only coughed the more. Peering through the darkness he saw the two firemen leaning on their shovels. One rose, clanking his shovel against the furnace door, throwing it open. A burst of flame and light leaped out, illuminating the hole. The fireman, with head down, swung his shovelful of coal into the flames, again and again, then slammed the door with a resounding clang.

"Hey you!" he heard Bert calling him.

He stumbled toward him.

"See this chute?" The coal flows down this. What you gotta do is to shovel it along the sides there so the fireman can get at it, and you gotta keep a big pile on hand all the time or you'll catch hell. Every time the firemen change watches, they do it every three hours, us only every six . . . well, every time they change they pull four of the six fires . . . you gotta throw the water on the hot coals when they rake 'em out of the furnace. Then when that's all done you gotta pull the ash pans and throw the whole shootin' match overboard, through that ash chute. After that, if you got enough coal out and the place is swept up you can rest till the next firemen's watch."

Anthony was in a whirl with all these details and forgot half of them the moment after he heard them, but he nodded his head in assent, "Yah, I see, Yah!"

At the changing of the watches, Bert de-

parted, leaving Anthony to himself. The new firemen came down, grabbed up their heavy slice-bars and turned over the coals. They made ready to pull the fires.

"Grab the bucket," a fireman ordered. "Ever done this before? No? . . .Christ! . . . well here . . . when I pull these hot coals out throw some water on 'em and put 'em out, but spread the water out so you don't use too much or it'll be rollin' down on the coal. Now you throw when I say. Shoot!"

The fireman flung open the door, threw the good coals on one side with his huge slice-bar, then, putting his heavy fire rake in, he began to pull out the clinkers and white hot ashes that fell to the floor with a leaping of flames.

"Shoot," called the fireman.

Anthony threw the water on the burning coals. It rebounded with a loud hissing that rose up in jets of suffocating steam.

"Spread it more . . . less water!" the fireman cried, continuing to drag out hot coals.

"Shoot again!"

Four times Anthony repeated the work of putting out the coals of the pulled fires. The sweat of his body was caked in layers of coal dust and the steam and ashes made it difficult for his withered lungs to breathe. He was gasping for breath from the exertion as he flung the ashes, with his heavy shovel, into the chute and out into the lake. Resting a moment, he paused for a breath of air at the port hole and saw that the land was receding far behind them. It was too late to quit . . . he'd have to work at least until they got to the next port. But his weakened body was throbbing with excess effort and he was not sure whether he could stand it that long . . . Christ . . . he'd have to.

By persistent effort he finished pulling his ash pans and threw out enough coal for the firemen. Then wearily he climbed up on the deck for a few moments rest before the firemen changed watches. The soft lake breeze felt delicious. It cooled his hot face and expanded his lungs. He drew in three or four long breaths as slowly and exactingly as though he wished to taste the wholesomeness of each atom. The lake looked so blue, so cool and refreshing that he could hardly take his eyes from it.

It was three o'clock and the firemen were changing watches. Three more long hours before he could rest again, thought Anthony as he climbed down into the fire hole. The new firemen were automatically getting into the routine of their work, turning over the fires, hurling the coal into the roaring flames, watching for the steam guage to go up so that they could pull their fires.

"Get ready with the water," a fireman ordered.

Anthony went to him with a bucket. He watched the giant fellow swing his heavy slice-bar and rake with quick, deft strokes. His physical power was tremendous. He looked like a monster as he crouched there, head down, his small black eyes peering through their narrow slits as he pulled the living, flaming coals upon the floor.

"Shoot," he cried.

Anthony threw the water on the coals. In his eagerness he misjudged the distance and hurled half of it on the shoes of the fireman. The fireman was enraged and began blustering and swearing at him.

"God damn you! Watch where the hell you're throwing that or I'll break this slice-bar over your skinny neck."

Anthony became panic stricken . . . he hadn't meant it . . . he just didn't know how to spread the water. Twice again, while they were pulling fires, the enraged giant swore at him for his awkardness.

"Don't throw so God damn much water; you're getting the floor and coal all wet."

Anthony did not answer but went to work shoveling the ashes out. His disease-racked body was becoming exhausted from the heat and work that he was so unaccustomed to. The huge shovel he was using became heavier and heavier and his hands, the soft, tender hands of a tailor, were raw and blistered from gripping it. His back pained him greatly . . . he straightened up to take the kink out of it. The big fireman was grinning at him.

"Hell, you ain't weakening already are you? This ain't nothin', boy, wait 'till we get goin' and there ain't no breeze comin' down the ven-

tilators; then you'll know what work is. Ha, ha, ha!" His massive frame shook with laughter as he watched Anthony.

Anthony finally plodded through his watch and went to the galley for his breakfast, but he was so weary that all he could do was drink a cup of black coffee and trudge to his bunk. He hurriedly washed himself and then rolled his fatigued body into the blankets. At first he was too tired to fall asleep. He would have liked to lie there and rest for days, but then, he had to be on watch again at twelve . . . in six hours . . . he shuddered. Six hours watch and six off, day after day. Why he could never rest enough . . . he sank into heavy slumber.

Bert woke him at a quarter to twelve. He arose and went to the galley for his dinner, still very stiff but a little refreshed by his sleep. He was so hungry that he fully enjoyed his meal. Then with some foreboding, he went down to his work. He was more accustomed to it now, so that the newness of it did not annoy him, but the constant physical exertion coupled with the heat in the fire hole caused him to suffer greatly. He would sometimes start coughing in all that soot, steam and smoke until he felt that he never could stop.

When the big fireman came on in the second watch, for no reason whatever, he deliberately began to harass and anger Anthony.

"Say weakness, where was you born?" he asked Anthony.

"In Italy."

"Is that the way they teach you to shovel coal in Italy . . . throw it all over the floor?"

"I no shovel coal in Italy, I was tailor." The fireman burst into loud guffaws of laughter at this statement.

"What the hell's a lousy tailor doing as a coal passer?" he asked. Anthony's dark eyes shone with anger and mortification.

"I no have tailor werk, I no have any werk. My people is in Italy, I no have friends here. I mus' eat! I mus' sleep!" His voice was raising in a shout as he glared at the fireman. The other fireman came over to them.

"Leave the fellow alone, Nick. He ain't hurtin' ya. What 'chew yellin' about, ain't you Italian too?"

"Yes . . . but, I'm a n'American, I was born here."

"Well leave this guy alone, he ain't hurtin' nobody."

Nick was becoming enraged at this little fireman who was trying to give him advice.

"Say, who the hell asked you to butt in? You mind your own God damn business or you'll get somethin' you're not lookin' for. I'm just as much this guy's boss as you are. If I wanta ask him something I will, and you won't stop me . . . see?" The little fireman knew better than to start a fight with the powerful Nick, so he went back to his furnaces swearing under his breath.

To show how much he cared for the other fireman's opinion, Nick took advantage of Anthony whenever he could, swearing at him, calling him dirty wop, and greenhorn. Anthony received it all in silence. What could he do? He could not hope to attack that powerful frame with his puny body; Nick was just waiting for an opportunity to use his great strength on him. He was not Americanized enough to go to any of the officers and complain—he just had to endure it. But in his silence there grew up a terrible hate for this man who was his master in every way, who jeered and insulted him at every turn.

The end of the six hours watch was drawing near. Yet he felt as though his body could not stand for another moment the oppressive heat and the ceaseless bending over the shovel. He worked on shoveling and shoveling the coal as it rolled down the chute in a never ending stream. For each shovelful that he carried away, another moved in its place. In spite of all his efforts he never seemed to be accomplishing anything. He felt as if he would rather tackle a mountain and try to shovel it away than this never ending stream of coal, slowly trickling down the chute. It seemed to come from an inexhaustible source that would never stop . . . and he must go on forever and ever . . . shoveling . . . shoveling . . . shoveling.

His watch being over, Anthony did not even wait for his supper but went straight to his bunk, and, excessively wearied in mind and body, he fell into heavy slumber. His six

hours rest was but a swift moment to him. At the ringing of the twelve o'clock bell he arose even more tired than when he went to bed. The thought of returning to the heat and toil of the fire hole was so repulsive to him that his whole body was shuddering with the recollection of it.

During this watch he was bothered incessantly with his coughing. However, he could not stop working; with the same regularity as the throbbing of the motors and the roar of the furnaces he must work on, bending over . . . swinging the shovel out . . . bending over . . . swinging the shovel out . . . and on and on and on.

When Nick came on the watch, bubbling over with his strength and vigor, he saw the marks of pain and weariness on Anthony's face, and it pleased him. It showed him how superior he was. Here was a man who could not stand up under the heat and toil that was just play to him. He loved this struggle. "God damn it! It takes a man to do this." He swung his slice-bar into the fire as though it were as light as a thistledown, and smiled with the joy of it. Anthony, looking on, hated him more than ever. He hated this strength that Nick was ever flaunting before him as though to mock him. Yes, Nick was his boss; he was but a coal passer. Nick was an American who spoke English, while he was stuttering and stammering in a foreign tongue. Nick had power and strength; he was weak and sick. Nick was everything that Anthony desired to be, but never would be. The thought of it maddened him and put his mind in a frenzy. He glared at the towering body of Nick with flashing eyes . . . he clenched his teeth and contracted his body with intense hatred.

All through the watch, Nick took the greatest joy in taunting him and irritating him. He made him shovel out more coal than was necessary. He made him pull the ash pans twice. And always, always in that mocking, jeering tone he called him a lousy wop, ridiculed his weakness, and mimicked his foreign accent. Anthony was entirely helpless to stop it. He only could glare his hatred in return. The hatred in his mind increased the weariness of his body. The oppression of it all made him gasp for breath so that he had to stagger to the port hole for air.

There was no land in sight, all about him was lake. Waves and waves of blue, cool water. How delicious and cool it looked! How different from the heat and sweat of the fire hole! As he looked he felt that there could be nothing more sweet, more refreshing than to sink through that cool, delightful water. And if he could but sleep within it for days and days until his wearied, exhausted body was rested he could awake as a new being with untold strength and energy.

Watch after watch he monotonously toiled, and sweated with increased weariness. Always there came that second watch with Nick. He awaited it with dread and fear. As soon as the giant fireman stepped down into the stoke hole Anthony's face became hard and motionless; he was silent and moody with his thin lips tightly closed. To the insults and mockery of Nick only his piercing burning eyes answered with his hatred.

On watch and off watch this hatred consumed his mind. He could no longer sleep but would lie awake hour after hour dwelling continuously on his bitter enmity. His only joy in life came from devising various methods for revenging himself on his tormentor. Often he saw himself as a figure of enormous height and strength far more powerful than the odious Nick. With this strength he would make the fireman kneel and grovel before him. He would force him to work and sweat until he dropped with exhaustion.

On the fourth day, as Anthony came on watch, the boat was entering the Detroit River. Not a breath of air was stirring through the ventilators. The firemen who were coming off watch looked unusually haggard and worn. In the fire hole the heat was even more oppressive than before, causing the sweat to roll down Anthony's body in continuous streams and into his face and eyes. The air was so stifling that he coughed in gasps. It seemed as though he were working within the furnaces themselves, but work he must; the fires must be fed. By the time the firemen on the second watch came down he felt as though he could not stand up another moment. But there came

Nick, as fresh as the spring, mocking and leering at him. He would have to work now if only to spite Nick. Why did these firemen only work in three hour watches and the coal passers in six? . . . the unfairness of it maddened him. Soon the terrific heat began to tell on even the vigorous Nick; he snarled and swore at the slightest provocation and found fault with everything.

"God damn this river," he swore, "every time we go through it it's hotter than a bitch." He turned to Anthony. "Come on, weakness, we're going to pull my fires and get this hell over with."

Anthony remained silent but got his bucket ready. As the flaming coals fell to the floor he showered them with a deluge of water. The steam rose hissing with such rapidity and heat that he was stung and burned by the vapors . . . he stumbled backward out of range, coughing violently.

"Come back here, you yellow wop, or I'll wring your skinny neck!" Nick shouted. Anthony did not move but glared at the enemy. "You bastard, come back here!" Still Anthony did not move. The blustering fireman became violent with rage. He stooped down, picked up a huge lump of coal and hurled it at Anthony. It flew past his head with a swish and crashed against the steel wall behind him. At the sound of the crash Anthony screamed with frenzy. He darted over . . . picked up a shovel and in a flash, he brought it down on the head of Nick, whose huge frame crumbled like a tower.

"You beech, you beech! I keel you! I keel you!" he screamed, mercilessly pounding him with the shovel. The other fireman tried to stop him, but Anthony hurled him aside. The frightened fellow ran up the ladder shouting for help. Soon all the officers and men were gathered above the grating peering into the fire hole. Anthony was running up and down screeching and gibbering in Italian, pounding his shovel, slashing at everything about him. With his menacing shovel he stood at the bottom of the ladder and allowed no one to come down.

The boat was coasting now for lack of steam . . . the mate came forward and peered down.

"You bastard, move out of there or I'll blow your guts out," he bellowed through the grating. Anthony picked up a lump of coal and hurled it at him. The mate raised his revolver and fired. Anthony drew a sharp gasp . . . struggled wildly for support . . . and fell in a heap. The boat moved on.

—DAVID GANTZ.

Steel Mills

The flushing mills are blossoms of the night
Breathing delicately despite their might;
Despite the sweat of human toil
Their slender smoke stems climb and coil
Around the stars. The dull red glow
Of seething iron supports the moon. The flow
Of molten metal paints a flower
Upon the sky; and all the power
Of the dirty, smoldering anthracite
Cannot remove the poetry of night.

—JAMES PLEDGE.

A Fantasy of Masks

I WATCHED the face of Garnthare bent over his flying fingers, its lips turned with a smile of knowledge and amusement, its eyes dancing with secret comprehension even while they were narrowed with keen observation. The shadows of the Between-World darkened his thin, bent body and flying black hair; the light from the World's window threw out in relief the white sharpness of his nose and chin and gnarled fingers. He painted masks for the World and watched the people of the World as they wore them.

"Your trade is making masks?" I asked him.

"Making masks. I mold them in every form; I paint them with every color. Golden hair,"—he looked from the window, then back to his long brush and papier maché— "and blue eyes, not more than a quarter of an inch deep. People must not see too far into them. Ah, and carmine lips. Turned with a little smile—that hides many things. And the nose must be tilted ever so slightly, for I intend the World to look at this face." He dipped his brush into the carmine splotch on his palette.

"There are so many," I said, looking at the rows of masks that hung on the curtains of the Between-World. "Is there one for every single mortal?"

"Oh, more than that. Some have as many as fifty in a life time."

"That many? It is hard to believe. How can even you accomplish all that?" I looked my dismay at so overwhelming a task.

"Faugh! you make me out a mere craftsman," Garnthare replied scornfully. "I am an artist. I create. I scarcely bother at all with supplying all those. There have been so many masks worn in the World that there is an endless accumulation. They never wear out. Sometimes a mortal keeps a mask for a life, which is really a very short time, but far more often they return them to us in a few years, or months, or days. I send them to the walls of the other ages when they come to choose." He waved his hand toward the illimitable curtains that stretched into the shadows of the Between-World.

"They choose their own?" I asked in surprise.

"My, yes. Carefully, or casually, or hurriedly, or lingeringly. They slip the new one behind the old, which then falls off and is hung for the next comer. It is all really very unimportant. Most of the masks are of very inferior workmanship. I used to make them up in job lots three or four eons ago. But now I am an artist." His eyes lit with defiant fire. "Once every hundred years or so I create a masterpiece—a mask that has never been seen before."

"But do mortals never, never show what is beneath their masks? Surely in every masquerade comes the hour of unmasking."

"Look!" He pointed with his lean finger through the window of the World.

I peered over his shoulder. I saw Death just vanishing from one of the World's rooms. I saw a man hide his face as death passed. He hid a mask of aloof toleration. When he lifted his face again, it had been stripped away. The face beneath was drawn and wide-eyed with unutterable grief.

"Reality," I whispered.

Garnthare smiled and shook his head. "Look again."

"It is another mask," I said.

"Always," said Garnthare. "Always a mask. Another, and another, and another."

"Has no man seen what is beneath?"

"No man."

I turned away.

—VICKERY HUBBARD.

Not Without Honor

I

ARCHITECTURE is the most complicated and the most personal of the arts. To achieve the highest possible artistic value in a structure it is necessary for the architect to combine in harmony all the art that he has in color value, in line and design, and in sculptural form. In addition he must know the possibilities of his materials and have command of the structural principles involved in building. Taking the converse of these statements it will readily be seen that the architect, of all artists and artisans, has the widest opportunity for self expression in his creations.

Frank Lloyd Wright's articulation is superb. He is considered by some the greatest living master of the art of architecture. This is no idle or unfounded opinion nor do we cry "Local Boy Makes Good" without reason, for it was never so tragically true that a prophet is unknown in his own country as it is in his case.

Mr. Wright was born in Richland Center, Wisconsin, June 8, 1869. He is directly connected with families which have carved a fearless progressivism into the history of this state. Iconoclasts, all of them, what could be more natural than the fact that iconoclasm is Wright's predominant characteristic.

He entered the University of Wisconsin in 1884 and was enrolled in the College of Engineering. During his undergraduate days Wisconsin engineers pioneered in the development of concrete as a building material and it is not surprising that Wright, working in association with these men, was impressed with the great utility of this material. Probably no other architect has done the things which Wright has done with this one medium.

Following his graduation in 1888 Mr. Wright became associated with Louis Sullivan, then a leader of American architectural thought. Although exposed to Sullivan's dominating personality for many years Mr. Wright gained only Sullivan's mastery of his art, his fearless interpretation of buildings, and his spirit of freedom from historical precedent, or at least of freedom in using it. He did not, as so many other pupils, succumb to the mere "style" of his tutor but, as Fiske Kimball tells us, rose above imitation and discipleship.

In 1903 he began independent practice in Chicago and there designed residences, principally in the suburbs such as Oak Park. Among these are some of the most significant of Mr. Wright's earlier buildings. Here we find the basic elements of his style expressed with the peculiar clarity of youth, without the later refinements of maturity.

Mr. Wright has spent many years of his life *In the Cause of Architecture.* Europe, in the 1890's, had sympathetic ears for the creative message which he voiced, while here in America he remained virtually unheeded then as now. In Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, the Balkan states, and across the world, in Japan, the name of Frank Lloyd Wright is a magical one. It was in Germany that his architectural drawings were first published; the Queen of Holland gave the publication the benefit of her influence and a large subsidy. The Japanese wanted him to take charge of the rebuilding of Tokio after the great earthquake in 1923.

In the United States Mr. Wright's crusade for Style, as against "Styles", and against formalism and traditionalism in architecture has been all but futile. It is only to-day, after thirty-five years, that he is coming into his own. Here his plans for the solution of the "skyscraper problem" remain unexecuted. For many years after the death of his teacher, Louis Sullivan, he was a lone figure rising above the common horizon in American architecture. His pupils at times were zealous, but more apt to carry out the letter than the spirit of the master's teachings.

II

Mr. Wright's architecture is truly an expression of his personal character. It is bold, simple, and strong. His frankness in the use of materials is a reflection of his own ingenuous character. There is no deception to conform with ingrown notions when he plans an interior; if the building is of concrete its inner

walls are apt to be of concrete—if the material is wood Wright brings out the most beautiful and useful properties of the wood. While he has searched the architecture of the past and has gleaned from it the wisdom of the centuries he has, as well, learned a lesson from contemporary civilization. He has travelled widely and has absorbed much from every country and culture. The Orient has given him a quality of expression in his art which might be compared to etching as opposed to charcoal drawing. It is true that Mr. Wright is bold, but it is none the less true that he is fine. In his study of the art of other lands he has not neglected the practical side. He has observed the principles of construction as well as those of design which are employed elsewhere. He has discovered what the relationship has been between the practical and the artistic in other times and places. He has done all of this and more until he has become a strange and yet ordered anomaly of world architecture. He has taken this mass of technical and aesthetical knowledge and refined it, reducing it to suit his ends.

Naturally, the buildings designed by Frank Lloyd Wright are strikingly different from ordinary buildings. As has been observed, the richness of his experience has contributed greatly to this phenomena. He is not bound by custom and tradition: he is himself. As Mr. Wright himself has aptly said in his article, *The Architect and the Machine,* "Our 'technique' may therefore be said to consist in reproduction, imitation, ubiquity, a form of prostitution other ages were saved from, partly because it was foolish to imitate by hand the work of another hand. The hand was not content. The machine is quite content. So are the millions who now have, as imitations bearing no intimate relation to their human understanding, things that were once the very physiognomy of the hearts and minds—say the souls of those whose love of life they reflect. . . . Is it that we are now willing to take it in quantity too—regardless of inferior quality and take all as something canned—long ago? One may live on canned food quite well—but can a nation live a canned life in all the rudimentary animal expressions of that life? Indefinitely? Canned Poetry, canned Music, canned Architecture, canned Recreation. All canned by the machine. I doubt it, although I see it going on around me. It has its limits."

American architecture has long gone the way of imitation. Too many of our buildings are but mere bastard adaptations—corrupted examples of the great architecture of other countries. Need one point the absurdity of adapting a Grecian temple for a modern bank? And yet we are not static: there is visible change. Even today there are evidences of a development along lines of originality. And one of the greatest leaders of these creative minds is Frank Lloyd Wright.

His buildings are the embodiment of all that he perceives in architecture because of the universality which we have tried to outline. In them he attempts to breathe the spirit of time and place: a decorative art that is in keeping with the country and the people who live in it. It is in this that he is different from the common draughtsman who passes as an "architect".

There is embodied concomitantly in his buildings the personal element—the man himself. His rugged individuality stamps itself indelibly upon all that he creates. Weak pupils may copy his work but only a rare few may create as he does.

III

It is not difficult to see why a man born and educated in the atmosphere of the passing frontier; who was thrown as intimately with nature and nature lovers as he was; loving those who sang as radiantly of nature as Goethe did, should have the keen sense of the natural and the fit possessed by Frank Lloyd Wright. The placement of a building with regard to its natural location is to him a matter of primary concern. To so great a degree has he mastered this technique that his buildings seem to spring from the ground on which they stand with the same grace and naturalness as do the trees about it. His buildings are not like many buildings which might have been erected in any place and have the same value. They are removed from this for they have a natural value characteristically their own. One cannot

judge the building alone but must judge both building and environment: together and in relation to each other.

No more striking example of this can be obtained than by visiting his home, Taliesin, at Spring Green, Wisconsin. Here we see the building as an integral part of the surroundings; it has grown from the hillside on which it rests, gaining its inspiration from the trees, hills and valleys. It is not merely a building sitting in a pleasant spot; it is a part of that spot. One feels instinctively that the building belongs here; that it could belong nowhere else; that any other building placed here would seem incongruous. Taliesin stands as one of the best examples of Wright's conscious emphasis upon the horizontal line to blend with the flatness of horizon and prairie. It is his own "machine for living in". It was built, as has been said, for the trees, hills, and valleys which surround it. Its interior is perfect. There is a stone fireplace in every room, each of a different design, and all expressing the character of the stone of which they are built. Twice major fires have ruined the house; even the limestone used in the construction burned, and now, in the present Taliesin, sandstone is employed instead. One of the fireplaces has withstood both fires, but has been tinged with a dull red which is like no other stone on earth.

Everything within the house is of Mr. Wright's design. The chairs, for instance, are confined to two models, both of which are light in appearance and exceedingly comfortable. The lamps are all table lamps of the same design, variety being obtained in the color of the shades. Other lighting comes from incandescent bulbs hidden behind branches or vases, offering interesting study in silhouettes. In a like manner everything about the house is carried out with great precision of articulation.

But, as is often the case with Mr. Wright's ideas, the emphasis upon horizontal line serves another and, to him, more important function: it serves to unify the building. Unity is the foremost of Mr. Wright's ideals. He believes that unity is one of the fundamentals of life, and architecture is the expression of life. Hence, architecture must have unity. He believes, for example, that in interiors doors destroy the unity of the whole, although they are necessary to give a sense of privacy within the home itself. He gains unity in the external structure through mass consideration and emphasis on line; horizontal or vertical.

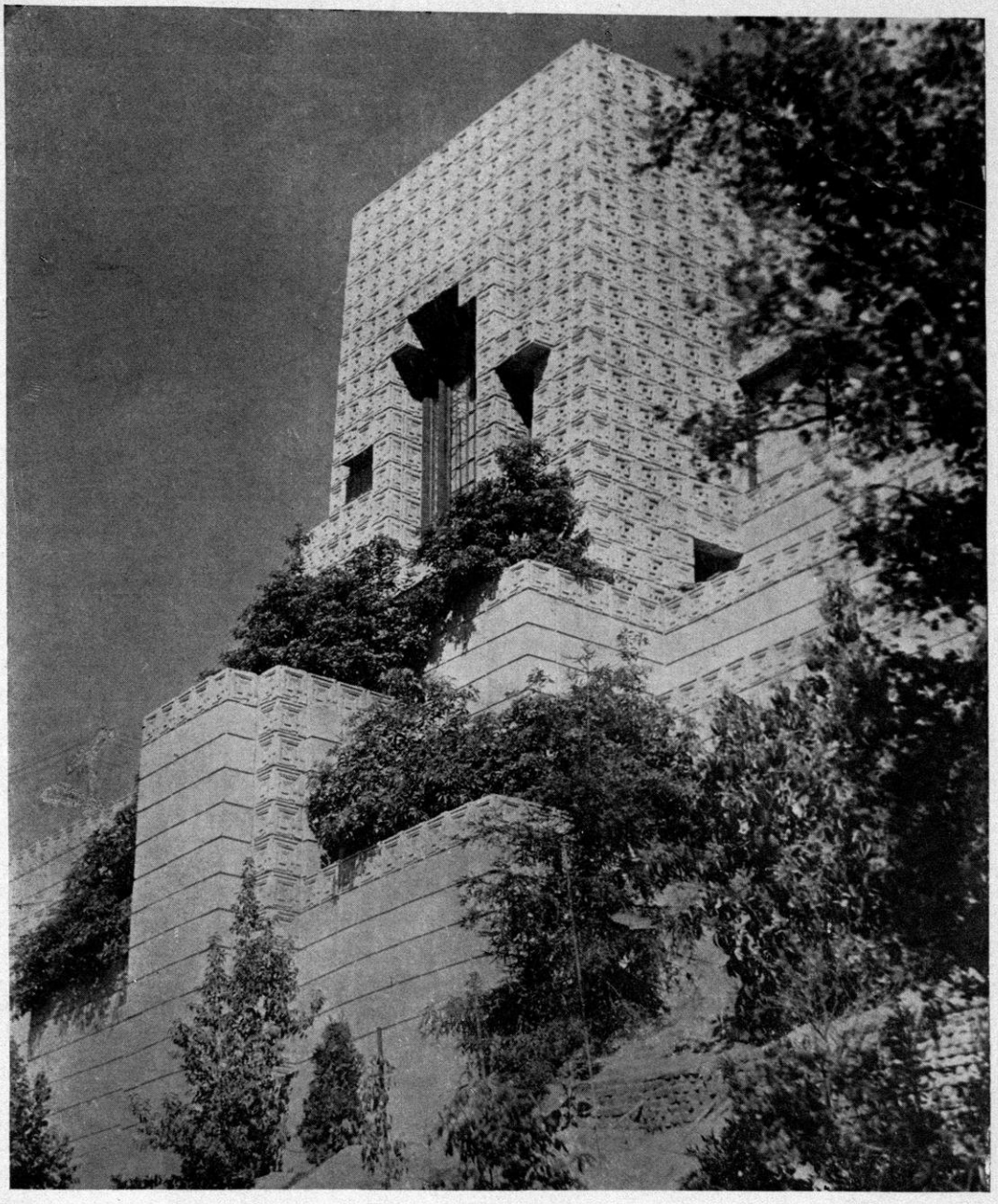
IV

The square lines and terraced roofs of Ennis House and other western buildings indicate all three of these principles. Ennis House is an outstanding example of Mr. Wright's machine made organic architecture. He believes that architecture should be organic or functional. In his search for the ultimate architecture, in which he champions Style as against "Styles", he "has worked so deep as to find a rule so broad to permit no exceptions", as Mr. Douglas Haskell has said. However, Mr. Wright has asserted that he is interested in the exceptions because the exceptions prove the rule.

It is mass consideration which predominates in Ennis House. The house is composed of one minor and three major masses, all united in the whole. The dining room and terrace form one mass; the living room and a bedroom form another, standing on a terrace of its own; a bedroom and a study form the third major mass.

This dwelling is constructed of concrete blocks poured into moulds, the edges grooved so as to fit into a network of steel reinforcing bars. A wall similarly constructed, forming the interior, serves as a lining to the exterior wall. The floor plan is such that communication between the interior space is the easiest possible. Outstanding is the fact that this building as all of Mr. Wright's work, is aesthetically a product of its surroundings.

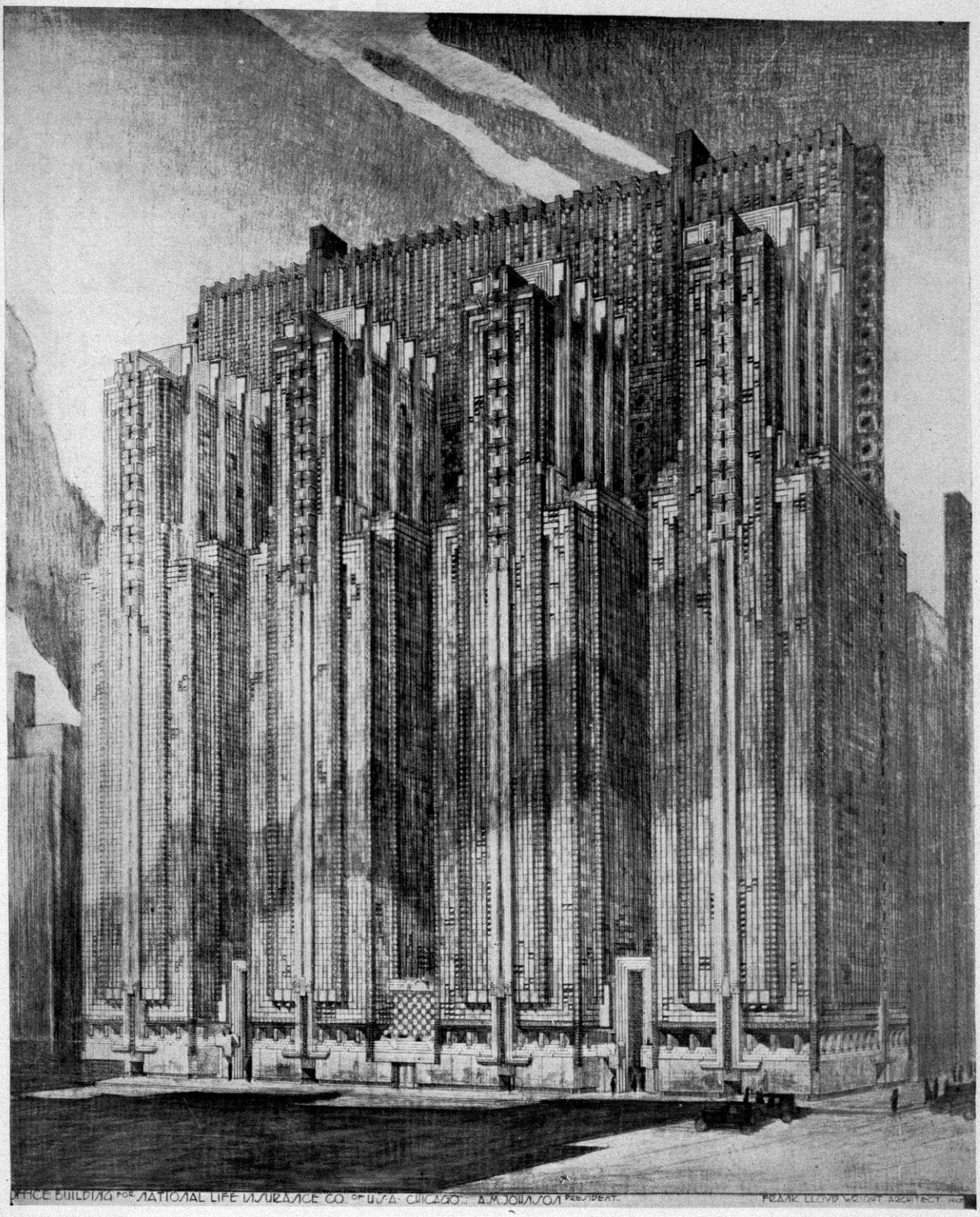
It may seem strange that he believes that in the construction of his organic building as much of it as possible should be made by machine. This is possible only because of another aspect of Mr. Wright's success: his use and mastery of materials. It is in this primary function of an architect that he is supreme. We have indicated how he employs materials in the construction of his exteriors so that the buildings blend with the landscape. His skillful combination of materials and machine technique



ENNIS HOUSE, HOLLYWOOD: DINING ROOM BAY

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, *Architect*

A recent structure for a high site in "Mediterranean" landscape and climate. The outside mass declares the inside room. A double wall of pre-cast concrete blocks with grooved edges is woven or "fabricated" into a net, or warp, of steel reinforcing bars.



A PRACTICAL SOLUTION OF THE SKYSCRAPER PROBLEM

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, *Architect*

The materials employed are sheet copper, concrete and glass. The structure is arranged in partitions, factory-made and standardized, which are assembled on the location about four central pylons. These contain all electric wiring and pipes.

NOTE

The Editors of the WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE *acknowledge the generosity of Mr. Simonson of Creative Art for the plate of* Ennis House: Dining Room Bay *and of Mr. Mikkleson of Architectural Record for the plate of* A Practical Solution of the Skyscraper Problem. *Further reference to Mr. Wright's work will be found in the current volume of Architectural Record and in the November 1928 issue of Creative Art.*

results in the dominant imprint of creative personality—of Frank Lloyd Wright himself—not of the machine.

Now let us pause to observe its effect other than the purely aesthetic and functional advantages. Mr. Wright has demonstrated, it seems, that when we employ the machine we do not necessarily get duplication in each instance. He has amply proven that the machine does not necessarily create ugliness alone. He has shown several extremely practical reasons for each of these actions. For instance, in the matter of choosing native materials for his buildings, a great saving in the matter of transportation immediately suggests itself. The use of the machine indicates another large money saving. If, as Mr. Wright has shown, we may obtain as beautiful effects with machine made decoration, judiciously employed, why should we primitively make them by hand? Whether Mr. Wright uses wood, stone, brick, concrete or, as in the case of the Imperial Hotel, Tokio, Japan, lava and brick, he has used the material for the material's sake. No practical motives have determined his choice of materials but the natural advantages must be commented upon.

Materials have yet another phase in Mr. Wright's work: he realizes that the materials by reason of their various qualities have bearing on the scale. He points out that "Sticks haven't the same space as stones nor allow the same proportions as steel." In designing a building such as Ennis House Mr. Wright very definitely bases his scale upon the dimensions of the smaller blocks of concrete which make up the whole. Thus the building is proportioned with a certain fixed number of blocks in height and length. But for a building necessarily based upon a larger plan or scale, concrete blocks obviously could not be employed to the same advantage as steel. Steel is the material for the architect of the future who will deal in large masses and on a far greater scale than ever before.

V

In the accompanying plate we find what Mr. Wright calls, and which truly is, "A Practical Solution of the Skyscraper Problem".

This structure, thus far, at least, marks the highest expression of his ability. In it Mr. Wright employs what is called the cantilever method of construction. The floors are of cantilever slabs extending from central pylons. This method of construction, coupled with the materials which Mr. Wright uses, makes the building one-third as heavy as the ordinary skyscraper and yet three times as strong in case of any disturbance. It was this method which Mr. Wright employed in his design of the Imperial Hotel which successfully withstood the jars of the 1923 Japanese earthquake and was the only large building in Tokio which remained standing.

The principle is illustrated by a waiter carrying a tray. The walls actually hang from the floors while each floor is a tray balanced on the waiter's arm—the central pylons. In this manner much of the heavy steel framework which goes into the modern skyscraper is eliminated.

More sunlight may be obtained in this than in the average tall building, as the walls do not bear so much of the weight of the entire structure, and lighter construction, using one-tenth more glass, may be employed. The individual walls between each room are barely more than partitions and may easily be removed making it possible to arrange rooms and suites of rooms to suit the occupant.

While all of this indicates a practical building, the most important and unusual feature of it is that it is to be factory made—a standardized product—to be assembled on the ground. The only construction work necessary on the ground would be the construction of the central pylons on which the building is to stand.

Artistically the advantage of the cantilever construction is obvious. What conscious appeal is made to the eye is done by means of the light, trim, practical materials used. Perhaps "fabric" would be a better term, for this type of building might be said to be woven together, in contrast to the stiffness of the steel-frame building. Every inch and every pound of the "fabric" is in use. As Mr. Wright himself point out, he entirely eliminates the matter of "architecture", in the ordinary sense of the word.

—JIM DROUGHT,
—WORTLEY MUNROE.

Contrast

Her face is an ivory carving
Laid on the black lacquer
That is her hair;
Her eyebrows are spread eagles
Swooping to kill the demon
In her eyes;
Her lashes are soft mufflers
For the harsh silence
Of her eyes;
Her mouth is a cruel curve
That ends in longing.

—VIRGINIA BELL RANDALL.

Comfort

The lights curtsey low to the stars
Milkmaids with spilling pails;
And dachshund cars go panting by
Waggling their smoky tails.

Through the chinks in the loft of the sky
The angels peek at the crowd
Of rustling trees who thumb the breeze
And giggle their comments aloud.

"All's well," yawns the fat watchman moon,
And sinks in an overstuffed cloud.
"The cherubs have said the Lord's prayer,
Their seraphim mothers are proud."

"All's well," chirps the cricket below.
"Prickly the nipping wind blows,
But the devils sit in a warm, red hell
Toasting their curly toes."

The lights curtsey low to the stars
And assure them that all is well
Between solid heaven on the north
And a southern, cozy hell.

—PEG JOSLYN.

Of the Soil

WIND, rain, snow. Cold beating snow that stings and whistles. The figure of a man bent double, forcing his way across the white waste. He is carrying something. It is bound with coarse ropes and matting. Heavy and solid it is, and the man pauses to shift its weight.

Can this be a path he is following, this drifted, boundless tract of frozen clods? Oh, ay, 'tis no man's fool is Obed Marcosson. He marches steadily with the slow tramp of a man who knows his way and follows it unthinking and animal-like. Lost? Hah! Far worse storms than this has Obed pushed his way through down those long miles to the village.

Obed is happy. He is thinking of Trotya. How happy she will be to get these wonderful things he is bringing her. True, he had not meant to buy so many, but that young Sven Aaberg! Oh he was a handy fellow to make you buy what you ought not! Ptro! What difference did it make? A fine year it had been. No, he, Obed, could not complain. Seven new calves and four lambs, ay, more in the spring, too. Never had there been such a fine stand of corn. And such hay! At this rate he could buy another horse next fall, maybe summer. Oh, 'twas a fine world, all right, all right.

His face clouds a little. But there is Trotya, too. Already they have Olaf and Trondert and Gotsine, and now another. March it would be, nay, sooner nor that. He shrugs his shoulders. God is good. He can say naught. He needs to add a wing to the house. Ay, he had felt it a long time. Two rooms, maybe, was all right for four, but six—no! He would fell the timber this winter.

The box grows heavier. No boy's load is this. Two men it had taken to lift it up to his back down at the village. How proud Obed had been to show them his strength, what with the Lensmand and others to stand about and see him. Heavy? "Hah! 'Tis nothing!" he had said, and the Lensmand had nodded approvingly.

But Obed had forgotten about the storm. He had known it was coming. Had not the sheep all stayed close about the hut that morning instead of going out to pasture? But the stars had shone out fair and clear when he had led the young bull out of the shed and started down the track to the village. Trotya had gotten up and prepared a packet of food. Ay, he ate like two men, did this Obed. And why not? Did he not do the work of two men?

The rain had driven into his face like drops of scalding water. 'Twas nothing, Obed had told himself. A bit of a squall. 'Twould soon be over with. But the rain had turned to snow—the first of the season. Big splashing flakes they had been at first. Then they had changed, changed to small dry particles that bit and stung, stung like needle points. Like bits of hot sand they were, like grains of fine gravel that came swishing out of the north at the front of the devil's own wind.

Ah, that wind! 'Twould not have been so bad had it been from the side, but no. Straight into the teeth of it, right into the heart of it Obed had been forced to make his way. His way lay north, and out of the maw of the north had come the gale. A gale that had grown faster and louder and stronger as it swept down over the moors; a gale that had grown crueler and more vicious with each barren mile. And into the teeth of it tramped Obed. Ay, there was no other way. His path lay north.

'Tis getting colder now. Obed is glad he brought his mittens. Ay, crude they are, just a bit of cowhide stitched together with a wisp of hay inside, but they serve well. The snow is drifting rapidly. Everything is white now. Eyuk! Eyuk! Eyuk! go his boots. Raw cowhide they are, and frozen like the ground. He bends his head still lower.

There is a light over to his left. That will be Rolan Bergson's place. A bit of a stop, perhaps? A drop of coffee at Rolan's? 'Twill be wondrous warm at Rolan's, and smell nice of the dung packed 'round the outside. But no! He cannot afford to stop. There are miles to be covered yet. Still, this would be

the last place, the last one before his which lies farthest north.

"Hrut!" says Obed aloud, angry with himself. He shifts the box and keeps on into the wind.

Eyuk! Eyuk! Eyuk! The noise beats itself into Obed's consciousness. It is the slow, relentless, space-consuming tramp of an army. It is the tiny creak of a cricket alone in a vast solitude. It is the single sound of a solitary man fighting against the elements. But it is a stubborn, unyielding sound.

The box is growing heavier, or does he but imagine it Ho! and so he is going to let a little thing like a snow storm beat him, eh? He shifts the box again. It is heavy, too heavy. He should never have tried to carry the load all at once. Ay, he was not a young fellow any more. Best leave it to them to break their strong young backs. What was it the Lensmand had said down at the village? ". . . mighty good for a man of your age". Hah! he could carry a box twice as big as this, ay, and further! He shifts the load again.

The snow comes faster and thicker. It beats into Obed's face and he closes his eyes and trudges along blindly. It whisks down through the openings in his coarse jacket. It catches at his feet and pulls. It covers up and obliterates everything, making all a whiteness. But he keeps on. Oh that box! It has chafed the flesh raw. Ay, used to great burdens is Obed, but this—! it is too much. He feels as if he had always been bent double.

He opens his eyes now. He is looking for something, a landmark to guide him. He peers slowly around as he walks. He should be about to the Parlag now. Can he have missed it? Ptro! What nonsense! Think of missing a field of boulders as big as the Parlag! All the same he looks about him even more carefully. Something, an idea, is growing in the back of his brain. It is a fear. Fear of what? He begins to walk faster. Suddenly he stumbles, almost falls. He kicks the object with his foot. Haha! 'Tis all right! A small bit of rock—just a chip off a big one, but enough. 'Tis the edge of the Parlag.

Eyuk! Eyuk! Eyuk! Oh that box! It rests on his shoulders like one of these big boulders he is threading his way among. It makes him stagger now. Can he not set it down a bit? Hrut! No! And how would he be getting it up on his back again? He flounders on. 'Tis not far from the other side of the Parlag to his place. But the way is woeful hard.

He reaches the edge of the Parlag. His eyes are tight shut now. His arms are numbed into their cramped position long ago. There is no feeling in him any longer. He fights on blindly. His mind turns over slowly. He must get to the top of these hills. If he falls he will not be getting up again. Eyuk! Eyuk! Eyuk! One little hill. Just a bit further. He forces an eyelid open by brushing it against the sleeve of his jacket. 'Tis a light! A house! He stumbles drunkenly down the hill. He cannot move his arms. His head butts against the door. It opens and he sprawls over the sill.

"Obed!" It is Trotya. Strong, capable Trotya.

The shock of the fall seems to revive Obed. He speaks hoarsely, motioning to the box. Trotya pulls it to one side. He climbs stiffly to his feet.

" 'Tis a bit of coffee you'll be wanting," says Trotya, moving towards the pot simmering on the coals.

"Ay," says Obed. He waits for Trotya to say something about his trip. Finally it comes.

"A good price you got for the bull, maybe?"

Obed nods his head. He explains how glad the Lensmand had been to buy it. Fresh meat was not so often in the village, it seems. But the cheeses, they were different. Too many people had goats. Finally he had taken them out in trade at the store.

Trotya is about to ask the big question. Obed stays her off, trying to enjoy his moment as long as possible. He swells with pride. Trotya is dying to know what is in the box. Obed moves slowly about taking off his mittens and jacket. Little Olaf and Trondert are clambering on his knees now. He sends one of them out for a bucket of snow for his ears. Trotya edges closer to the box.

"And what might you be bringing back in such a box"

"Ho! 'Tis but a bit of groceries and things," says Obed, attempting a casual air.

"Maybe a mite of cloth and the like for a new dress?"

"Ay, mayhap."

Trotya moves nearer. Obed sees that she is bound to know what is inside. He motions a bit sharply for the mallet and chisel on the wall. His ears are beginning to thaw out now, beginning to hurt now.

Trotya and the three children gather closely around. Obed makes extra elaborate preparations for opening the top, enjoying every second of his glory. He warns them to stand back out of the reach of the mallet. He pries off the first board. Trotya edges closer and leans far over. He slaps her away with a guttural noise. "Is it that you cannot wait, eh?"

Board after board comes off. Each nail is saved and given to Trotya. Each board is carefully stacked up against the wall. There can be no waste at Obed's place. Such things as boards and nails are too valuable.

Finally the whole top is off. Nothing can be seen but the dried moss with which the inside is stuffed. Obed slowly removes the moss. Little Gotsine trips over her father's foot in her eagerness to see what is inside. She scrambles up, forgetting to cry, so intense is her interest. The moss is stripped off. What is it? Obed carefully lifts it out.

"O-o-o-o-h!" The little family steps back in admiration. Finally, Trotya finds her tongue.

"And what might it be, this shining thing?" she asks.

Obed proudly holds it up to view, turning it all around. It is a round brass globe. It has a little pump handle on one side and a spray spout on the other.

"'Tis for bugs—a spray!" announces Obed. The globe passes from hand to hand. Each admires its gleaming reflections. What if it is absurd to think of trying to kill the flies in the house when they breed right in the dung of the cattle shed attached to the house without even a door to shut them out? What if a gallon of the chemical solution to fill the machine will cost more than a month's cheese making? The spray will be set up on the centre table for awhile, and then hung upon the wall for all to praise.

But Obed is digging down in the moss after something more. He brings it up. Big and black it is—a Bible! Oh, 'tis a merry day for the little family! Their first book, and the Bible! The precious thing is handed around in turn like the spray. There are colored illustrations in it. There is one of Noah leaving the ark. What matters it if none of them can read? What matter, what matter? Oh, 'tis a wondrous good provider is Obed.

And now Obed is digging down still further in the box. Can it be there are still more treasures? He works carefully. 'Tis something even more precious, no doubt. Trotya pulls back the little ones and they wait in breathless silence. Little Gotsine is so happy she can hardly keep from dancing. Finally Obed bends down and gropes for a hold on the thing at the bottom of the box. He lifts and it comes to view.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" and then an "O-o-o-o-o-h!" all from Trotya. She knows what it is. She has been to Bergen and seen them. Little Olaf and Trondert and Gotsine pull and tug at their mother's skirt, devoured with curiosity and awe at this strange wooden thing with the bits of shining metal about it.

Obed clumsily undoes the keys to the lid of the talking machine. There is only one record. He tries to set the disk whirling, but fails. Trotya comes to his aid. She has run one before, long ago. Obed retires abashed to one side of the room. They play the record over and over again. Each time they find something new and astonishing in it. What does it matter if the record is Lord Donlarney's "Speech on the Unveiling of the Monument to the 33rd Regulars?" 'Twas the only one in the store, and besides has anyone within fifteen miles got such a thing as a talking machine? Ay, not for fifteen hundred miles away north this way from the village. 'Twill be the talk of everyone who stops in for a cup and a bite. Everybody will know and remark how they are prospering. Trotya hugs herself for joy.

At last Obed rises. He must be getting to bed. There is work to be done next day. He is still stiff and sore. The children drag reluctantly over to their bed of hay. Trotya and Obed take off their top garments and climb heavily in between the coarse blankets. Obed

groans and turns away from the raw spots on his back. Trotya is thinking of the wonderful things Obed has brought back. Finally:

"Obed, 'tis a great provider you are."

"Ay," says Obed confused, flattered.

"Ay, that you are." A long silence, then, "Obed, 'tis wondrous far and hard going down to the village. Might it be that you had some trouble a'carrying that box?"

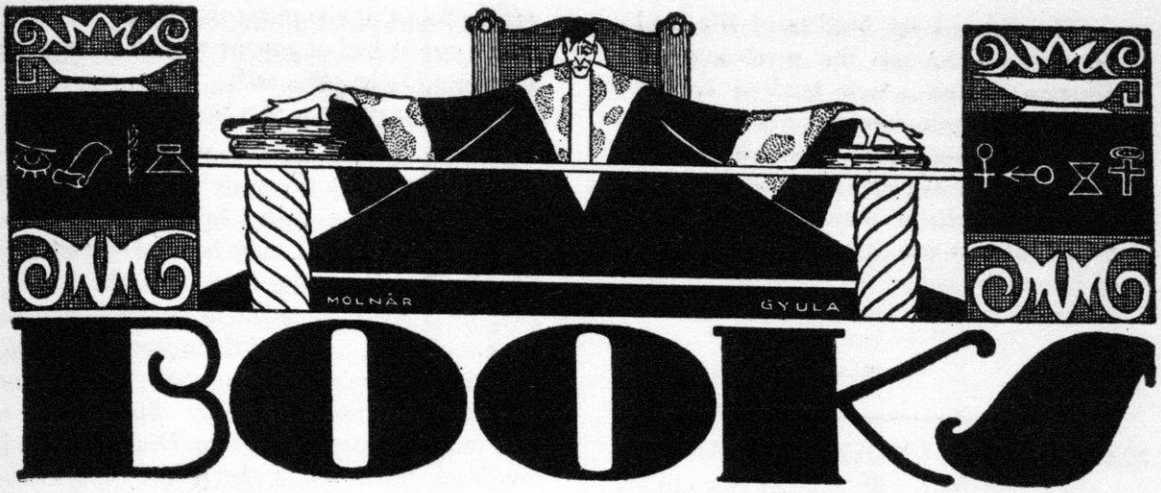
"Hah!" Obed snorts. "'Tis a hundred boxes like that I could have carried!" He waits for more.

"Ay, that I believe," says Trotya at last. "God is right good to us." She turns over and goes to sleep.

—IRVING TRESSLER.

Valentine Message

First: there is me.
Then: there is my body.
Next: there are my clothes.
Then: ten people.
Next: some glass, and wood, and bricks.
Then: branches of a tree.
Next: infinite cubic feet of air.
Also: convention.
custom.
law of gravity.
When all these are conquered, sky,
I shall be with you.



LEONARDO THE FLORENTINE. By RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. xxxi, 580. $6.00.

While the title of this book does not on the face of it seem descriptive, it contains the hint of a subtle but strong undercurrent of meaning which is the motive spirit of the whole work. Mrs. TAYLOR declares that whatever Leonardo may have been, "sceptic and mystic, various artist and savant of all the sciences, cavalier and student, sweet with an ironic sweetness, strong with a serenity of grace, armoured in pride, with the Medusa on his breastplate, splendid but reticent, supple with courtesy, love-compelling, with some cruelty, beautiful in spirit and in body, fitted alike for the symposia or the sacred games of Hellas, a natural heir to the Greek tradition rather than the Roman, this great Renaissance figure inevitably proceeds from that supremely Renaissance City for whose midsummer festival he suddenly sighed in the quiet French castle of his closing years."

Mr. GILBERT MURRAY, in an introductory note on the work of the author, states that Mrs. TAYLOR'S *Leonardo* "will offend many readers and bewilder more." The prophesy may well apply to the above picture of the artist in relation to his environment. Leonardo has, for all these long years, been regarded as the almost perfect example of the "universal man", with intellectual roots in all the ages, and obligations to none. I suppose I am in the company of thousands who, with more sentiment than real information about the genius, have allowed this aspect of the legend a delightfully free and almost unquestioned play. And it is by no means untrue, as truths go. What Mrs. TAYLOR has done is the work of a sensitive poet and a careful student: she has through some characteristically feminine process realized that *l'uomo universale* never existed, and she has found her belief substantiated, by a thorough re-examination of history.

Mrs. TAYLOR describes herself as depicting one side of Leonardo's psychical biography, but the limitation cannot be taken literally. I would much rather agree that she has "contemplated the full tide of Renaissance energy as it sweeps around his art, have tried to restore the cities in which he dwelt, and to reanimate the people who decided his movements . . ." In her richly lyrical prose she depicts Lorenzo's city, Lodovico's court, the Renaissance Vatican, the Borgias, the Sforzas, the Medici, as well as the strange character of Leonardo.

It is puzzling to know whether to applaud or deplore the exotic and riotous luxury of imagination and phrasing of the book. It affects me somewhat like an exhibition of paintings whose dominant colors are purple and gold, with outlines in glaring black, and even the background of sensuous violet and in which, for better or for worse, composition is laid on the altar of emotion and burned. It is intoxicating, and I cannot help ending this review without another quotation, in an effort to transmit some of the quality of the work:

"He widened the borders of life, and he diffused through the psychology of Western nations a new kind of delight and a passionate expectation of wonder, such a mysterious hope as invades you if you see the dawn begin unearthly over the ultimate islands, or the hills vanish into paler hills that are again but the foothills of heavenlier ranges, or the birds on the golden horizons climbing their castled air."

—WORTLEY MUNROE.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, or David Copperfield. By ROBERT BENCHLEY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. pp. 212. $2.50.

Back in the days when Jewish was a nationality and not an epithet, there occurred what we now know as the First Great Moment in literature, when in the words of Homer, the blind Prophet, crying in the wilderness, "My kingdom for a horse!" the Bible, or ba-hibble, summarized the experience and the hopes of a nation, I wish these stenographers could use something besides commas and full stops.

Months later, Shakespeare's great epigram, "Who's this guy, Bacon," expressed to a nicety the England of his day, in which perhaps it was the only nicety.

All this work was swept aside, however, by Noah Webster, who brought on the Third Great Moment by applying the atomic theory to the whole of English Literature. This paved the way for Robert Betaoin shrdlu etaoin shrdlu rrrrrrr $$$ && etc. etc. etc. ff ff æ æ th , without which not, as the Latin has it. At one stroke eclipsing such pretenders as The Forsyte Saga, The Wide, Wide World, Crime and Punishment, and Black Beauty, Robert Benchley's latest expose of the Dreyfus affair ("20,000 Leagues Under Something or Other, or Something Something". Hank Holt, $2. It's after Christmas now, anyway) takes immediate place on the shelf just below Dr. Eliot's, about two feet from the left. With this volume, it is safe to say, Mr. Benchley takes his place in the stream of great interpreters. We'd like to hold his head under. Fifth in a series of five books, it completes the "Saga" or "set", which can be had of anyone who has read them for about fifteen cents each.

"Do You Tell Me So?"

—*Lady Gregory*

Any critic who is worth the salt it would take to catch him knows by this time that a book, to be a BOOK, must be clearly symbolic. Clearly, that is, to the Critic. If the author, like Mr. Cabell, intended to be symbolic, we are not amused. It's a little indecent, like saying, "Now, here's the funny part," when you come to the point of a joke. But give us a nice juicy allegory, like Moby Dick, and send Mr. Van Doren out of the room; *then* watch Mr. Lewis Mumford, who is a Gentleman if he is anything at all, and Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who is anything at all but a Gentleman, leap on it and call it everything from The Spirit of the White Race to the Theory of Marginal Utility, or PT equals MV, taking the index number for 1929 as 3.1416, out of Irving Fisher, on 1913. Sonny Boy, out of Al Jolson on Columbia, 75¢, and it's a good thing for him he's so far away.

"Oh, Skip Your Dear Uncle!"

—*Aristophanes*

The symbolic development is clearest if followed through the five volumes. The first one, "Sur Toutes les Choses", translated into English as "The Women at the Pump", Mr. BENCHLEY, then aged eleven, a rather tender age for a first novel, but then look at Berkeley at twenty-two, or Hilda Conkling. In the second, "Amor Winks at Omnia" (which was thought until a few years ago to mean "He Who Gets Slapped," but how times have changed!), Mr. BENCHLEY, now fifteen years of age and living with his aunt, whose husband was one of the Lees of Virginia—I almost said, one of the dregs. The third and fourth stages showed clearly that the problem of the first two, Self vs. Society, became with their publication Society vs. Self; and so it is 1928, —isn't it? Have they done that calendar thing again? Well, here we are, and Mr. BENCHLEY standing with one foot in the past, one in the present, one in the future, and one in the grave, solemnly munching thistles. In this

volume we see the Industrial Revolution nearly complete, and Uncle Tom coming into his own, by the Family Entrance. As I haven't yet seen this volume, I am struck with its strong resemblance to Proust, in that I never read his last volume either.

"How Will the Benchley Bible Look to the Thirtieth Century?"

—*Robert Benchley*

Well, how does the Bible look to us, I always feel like asking. What would you think if some great big giant came along and tied a can to *your* tail? Think of that. At any rate, future centuries must unite Robert with Art, Architecture, and Archeology, in that he too begins with R. They will realize, too, that his powerful symbolism—which I explain below—marks, like the quiet thud of the horseshoe on the grass, another clean miss. Indeed, they should realize by then that a clean miss ought to be marked, and stuck in a museum.

The inner significance of BENCHLEY'S metaphysics is lost unless you have two keys: The one, that exclusive Benchleian code which baffles so many, giving rise on the one hand to the theory that the writings are really from the pen of Clarence Ayres, and on the other convinces thousands that here is only nonsense; the second, a chart of the complex symbolism. You can't tell the meanings without a score card. Arm bands? Peanuts? Here, lady, take the little feller to Gate 11 and any gentleman will take care of him.

A. THE CODE

1. Holding—fifteen yards
2. Off side—five yards
3. Two lumps, or both lemon and cream—Half the distance to the goal
4. Ladies Union Suits—15¢
5. Ladies Corset Covers—8¢
6. Gents' shirts—haberdashery—O'coats
7. George Washington—Miss Helen Mention
8. Lady Plumly Plipp—George Jean Nothin
9. Beer—50

B. THE SYMBOLISM

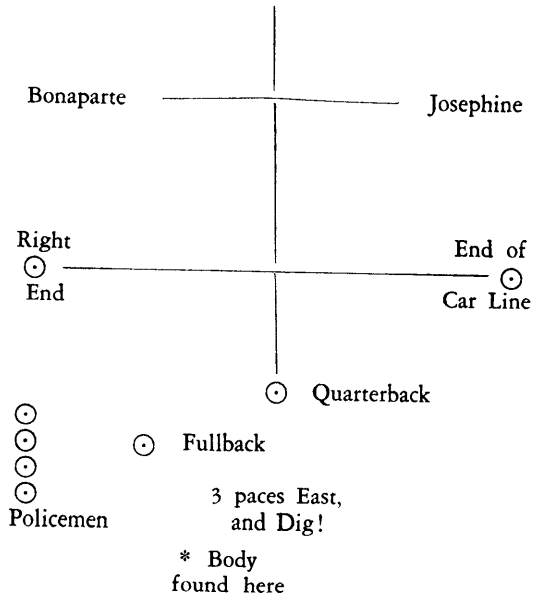
I. *Sociology*

1. Pullman Car—America
2. Pullman Car Porter—Henry Ford
3. Smoker—Education
4. Man Washing Teeth with Shaving Soap—Science, the False Messiah
6. Man Wiping Face on Next Man's Shirt Tail—Politics

II. *Philosophy and Home Economics*

1. Vacationists—America
2. Precocious Child—Henry Ford
3. Automobile—Automobile
4. The BOOR Who uses the Guest Towel—Mr. Coolidge
5. Recipe for Gin—Alcohol, water; add juniper essence

C. THE BENCHLEY FAMILY



In conclusion, let me say that I consider 20,000 Leagues to be BENCHLEY'S Verne-al Equinox. The emphasis is not on the nox. All that is left for him is to write an imitation of someone imitating him in a review. But it is not his thaumaturgy, nor yet his presti-digitation which got him where he is; and yet if it isn't those, what on earth can it be? All I can say is, I'd like to read the book sometime. If the review copy comes before we go to press, I may say something more—if there is anything more to be said.

* * *

Later

P. S. Dear Bob,

The book finally came OK, and I like it fine. It's not so good as *Love Conquers All,* but I like it. Wish you were here. Thank God I had this written before it came!

—JOHN WALKER POWELL.

CASPAR HAUSER. By JACOB WASSERMANN. New York: Horace Liveright. pp. xxvi, 467. $3.00.

It was fifteen years between the time JACOB WASSERMANN decided to write a history of the *Caspar Hauser* case and the publication of the book. During the fifteen years, he tells us in his lengthy introduction to the English edition, he spent a great deal of time in reading sources and discussions about the affair, and in preparing himself to write such a work. In 1904, four years before the book finally appeared in the original German he had almost completed one draft of it but abandoned it as unsatisfactory. It was only after he had penetrated to a more primary order of signification in Hauser's experience and the attitude of the world toward him that he was able to make of the story a genuine work of art. It was then that he hit upon the subtitle to the German edition: *Die Trägheit des Herzens*—the Unheeding World, or literally, the Slothfulness of the Heart.

When Caspar Hauser staggered into Nürnberg, in the Fall of 1828, the world was hostile to him. He was unable to talk or even to walk properly. Although he had not had to go far, the uncalloused soles of his feet were badly bruised. He rapidly learned enough language to tell his story, which was that he remembered nothing except being shut up in small dark room, in which food—bread and water—was always left for him while he was asleep. Then one day a human being, whom Hauser called the *Thee,* opened one of the walls of the prison and took him out, hastily attempted to teach him to speak and to write his name, and left him with a letter at the outskirts of Nürnberg. When, five years later, Caspar Hauser was mortally wounded by a man who said he had come to take him to his kingdom, the world was still hostile.

Apart from those who had a legitimate concern over the boy's existence—it is an almost established fact that he was the kidnapped heir to the throne of Baden—the attitude of those others is doubly tragic because it is so utterly true. Disturbed in the course of their daily lives by the mere presence in the world of such a strange and beautiful phenomenon as Hauser, the people resented him as challenging their complacently learned boundaries for human conduct and capacity. It is the old and bitter tale of human selfishness and envy. The people did not want to believe that Caspar Hauser's story was true, that because of his high breeding his was a first-rate intellect, that he could see and feel more deeply and finely than they could, and that his extraordinary impulses and judgments were genuine. For if they did believe it they would thereby admit that they themselves were inferior. Yes, perhaps they had as strong a reason for wishing to kill him as had those impostors who had gained the throne of Baden by Caspar's imprisonment. Therein lies the tragedy which is so much more moving than the death of a single human being.

WASSERMANN'S book stands as an accusation against education, for it is an eloquent restatement of the theory that education is the process whereby the older generation impresses its views upon the younger. When Hauser was not being disciplined by hirelings who were paid to take care of him, he was being trained in the formal way set for him by an over-zealous schoolmaster. (I use "schoolmaster" as an epithet.) And the death of the boy's spontaneity and candor is almost as complete as, and much more painful than his physical death.

The writing and construction of the book are, while characteristically German, wholly admirable. The author spent a good part of his life in preparing himself to write it, fully realizing the magnitude of the theme and its importance. So far as I can see, the time was well spent.

EDWIN F. LESTER.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN OF DARKNESS. By GLADYS OAKS. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. pp. 112. $1.50.

If I had charge of the morals of this community I would prohibit the sale of Miss OAKS' poetry within it, for it is difficult to conceive of anything more dangerous in the hands of unformed youth. Miss OAKS has an attitude toward the world to express, a philosophy of life—if by philosophy be meant the crystalization of an experience which has been fully lived, and not the gummy, threadbare platitudes which constitute the shopkeeper's maxims of renunciation—and this philosophy is frankly radical, rebellious, and contemptuous of the weakness and timidity that lead men to take refuge in the safety of prudent wisdom. It is a philosophy of darkness, Faustian lore, unrepentant in its romanticism, though the poet has found its fruits bitter; joyful in its affirmation of pain, hard in its pride. Evidently it has been squeezed, drop by drop, out of a personal experience much larger than the ordinary man's, and of an experience which has plumbed depth—has scanned passions, has glimpsed at impulses, has admitted claims—which it is the chalky nicety of respectability to avoid, or, if encountered, to inhibit and negate. Miss OAKS has met her experience with full frankness, has grabbed at it with an unyielding grip, has lived it through, and has found that all the pain and joy it brought her is not enough for her thirst.

The note of rebellion at denied experience rings as an overtone throughout the whole book, and is one of the threads which gives its philosophy fundamental unity. It finds clear expression in the "Elizabethan Gentleman", and in "Sapho to the maiden, Atthis". Sapho tells her lover,

Yours are the subtle grace
And the subtle powers. The glow
That comes from flowing, easy strength—
It is time for you to go.

Atthis must go to play with statesmen, to madden philosophers, to feed artists with longing. Go, says Sapho,

And have no pity upon them;
They would not have pity for you.
If they die of their love they are weaklings;
If they live they will learn something new.

And when power is singing through you
Till all your blood is a song,
Come—fulfill yourself on my bosom. . .
You will not be gone too long.

Sapho's command is but the obvert objectification of a doom the poet herself has felt with cutting intimacy, when she has realized that men cannot eat endlessly of the fruit of knowledge and experience.

So many people in her one dark body
Frustrated to a single paltry life

she exclaims. The utterance is sobered by the consciousness of the inevitable frustration of her dreams, for when these dreams are lived to threads, she knows, will they not always be found ludicrously wanting? All the more since she has heard the low echo of Koheleth's wisdom ringing out of the very metal she struck for joy, and has realized as her only certain truth that

Years have grief

To wear hearts thin and brittle, crisp and hard,
So death may crush them like a sapless leaf.

The burden of Miss OAKS' poetry is given wing by a sturdy, yet wholly poetic imagination. She has found no need to experiment; but orthodox as her usual manner is, it allows her sufficient freedom to incrust into its versification a rich imagery and a personal phrase which has the sharpness of delineation and the clean brilliance of coin fresh from the mint.

Yet I do not believe that her poetry will be readily accepted by our public. We naturally delight in reading of fragile hearts, easily patched up, of pretty moods, light, lyric, facile nothings, mouthed with ease in catchy phrase. When one turns with sharp talons against the soil of life, and begins to dig fiercely into it, when one fetches depths of psychology such as those of "Mary Magdalene" or reaches flights of rebellion such as those of "Judas meditates about the Christ", in which the utterance achieves double resonance by the rare quality of its imagery and by the height of its poetic exaltation—well, we are too comfortably set, too smug, too well fed and protected to relish them. We may be poets or thinkers or anything we like, but with moderation. We must not forget to be reasonable, nice folks, first. I am afraid Miss OAKS has a hard time ahead of her: her first book cuts too deep for easy success.

—ELISEO VIVAS.

STONE DESERT. By HUGO WAST. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. pp. 287. $2.50.

This novel by South America's most popular author has received the $30,000 Argentine National Prize for Literature. We imagine a committee of bewhiskered old gentlemen with the soft light of sentimentality in their eyes and hearts that quaver for the good old days and the pure and the noble and the true. Or perhaps there was a sudden dearth of novels in Argentina. We are at loss for an explanation.

It is a tale of the Argentine mountains, where bad men lurk and fat aristocratic creoles lounge in the sun. After twenty years of exile, Roque Carpio returns to Gaucho Land and falls in love with a footprint which he sees in the sand. Later he encounters the girl whose foot has made the alluring impression, and finds that she has just arrived from the city and is the niece of old Don Pedro Pablo Ontiveros. Marcela is a brave girl; she decides to save her uncle's starving cattle and wheedles him into the management of the slowly decaying estate. Uncle Pablo really cares for nothing but his demijohn of caramel colored wine that cools in an ancient well.

Marcela's father is a dreamer who burns numerous candles thinking of delightful and original ways of failing in business. Finally in a burst of genius he decides to cut and to sell Uncle Pablo's carob trees. It breaks the old gentleman's heart and he dies of grief. He was eighty-three, however, and one suspects the demijohn. And now comes Roque Carpio to the front. We had great hopes for him, but he disappoints us miserably, and proves himself a villain. After all, he beheaded his first wife. He determines to get by force that which he cannot get by persuasion, and sneaking in the dead of night to Marcela's room, he attempts to open the door. However his foot becomes momentarily caught between the lodge and the door. While her aunt prays Marcela seizes her scissors and jabs at the captured foot until "not a vein in his foot but was pierced." A pool of warm blood spreads and spreads. "At last they heard the noise of the heavy body falling like the crack of a mighty tree." . . . And now the patient, faithful lover comes into his own. Marcela loses her scorn for him, and all is well.

The economic situation that is presented is probably correct—the indolence and conservative methods of the old land-owners, who are destitute of money but extremely wealthy in land, as the cause for the vast numbers of decaying estates, with the contrast of these conditions to the well managed and productive farms of the energetic peons. There is the usual plea for a return to the soil. The slow tragedy of thousands of dying cattle over which there is a constant circling of buzzards is well portrayed.

But in view of the book as a whole, one must have the emotions of a child or a secret passion for Harold Bell Wright to enjoy these pages of maudlin

sentimentality. The writing itself is elementary. Gleefully tossing phrases in rapid succession, WAST wanders on in the hope that they will land squarely and clearly in proper sequence. There is a most tiresome enumeration of details—actions that have in themselves no significance are described at length. The attempt at forcefulness in the phrasing sadly dwindles into a set pattern of subject, verb and predicate.

Occasionally there are flashes of description that take on a clear beauty, but the usual attempts are too forced and direct. There is a decided halt in the prose, one feels a mental preening and a sequence of strained phrases rush at him that seldom take the semblance of a whole.

—KATHERINE THEOBALD.

POINT COUNTER POINT. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. London: Chatto & Windus. pp. 510. 13/6 s.

Quaint folk with their minds riveted to the past, blind to the present, who clasp out-worn moral forms with the rigidity of death, protest in a curious manner against the writings of ALDOUS HUXLEY simply because he is aware of the changes in habit morality and has the poor taste to depict them.

If his characters wish to enjoy the legitimate pleasures of marriage illegitimately, and they sometimes do, Mr. HUXLEY has the courage to describe their actions, at times perhaps too minutely.

Point Counter Point is no surrender to tender consciences; anyone who says the book is a mess of seductions has merely read the marked passages. If the book contains the story of a hard sex adventuress like Lucy Tantamount, it also has contra-puntal to it the genuine loyalty of Mr. and Mrs. Rampion. There is the little wretch Illidge, but also the benign Lord Edward. Old Bidlake's sensuality is counterbalanced by his son's cold severity. And so on throughout the novel. Each chapter, each character is contra-puntal.

Worshippers of Shelley and Matthew Arnold might be shocked a little to see Shelley defined as a cross between an angel and a white slug. Others not so worshipful will see the justice of the definition and quote corroborating paragraphs from Saintsbury to Lafcadio Hearn.

Point Counter Point is a novel constructed as a symphony is constructed. Nowhere is this more apparent than at the end. One feels that the novel should end with the death of Spandrell: Spandrell, a rake, whose despicable life had a magnificent close, listening to the last bars of Beethoven's "A-Minor Quartet", while he clawed the floor and picked at his bullet wounds.

But it does not end here; it ends in a short dissonant chapter, troubling, irritating because of its discord, and with this refrain,

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

—WILL OLSON.

THE SET-UP. By JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH. New York: Covici–Friede. pp. 184. $2.00.

JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH'S epic of the boxing profession rings true. For his characters he has not taken those fighters who draw stupendous box office receipts but rather the lowly hangers on who live from hand to mouth. He is unconscious of the Shakespearean Tunney and the gilt edged Dempsey. His characters are those who fight for their twenty dollar stipend and only yearn for greater things.

From beginning to end of this stirring tale MR. MARCH holds the reader's interest in everything he describes. There is a beautiful unity to the entire work and not once do we find a discordant note. From the description of Herman's bar, the dressing-room in the Star arena and the interior of a subway station we gain a complete harmony of descriptive imagery. Nor is MR. MARCH'S talent for picturization confined to places for his characters are also finely etched. He has mastered the fine detail of setting one character against another, than which there is no better device, save perhaps contrasting characters against background, obviously impossible here.

The narrative moves swiftly toward a definite goal. There is no waste motion or misdirected energy. Every line and word of *The Set-Up* says something; no small feat in these verbose days.

Narrative verse is returning to American literature and with such poets as Benêt, Robinson, Millay, Leonard and MARCH we may expect much.

—RAYMOND HATHAWAY.

JAVA-JAVA. By BYRON STEEL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 288 pp. $2.50.

Serious-minded readers light-headed and fortunate enough to read this delightful book will throw it down and cry:

"Trash, this adds nothing permanent to literature."

With which good recommendation I tender the book, *"Java-Java"*, to you. Who wants to read permanent things all the time, anyway? They will last. Bright books that bubble away as pleasantly as this one does must be read immediately, before the tang vanishes, because in ten years where will you find a copy of it?

BYRON STEEL, the author, takes many liberties with convention. In a very respectable manner however, a manner as impeccable as that incurred only by the most respectable * * *

Nor is the book in the least subversive; the more remarkable because the author cheerily accepts and enlarges the rich tradition of Don Juan, Mephisto, Tom Jones (though Tom Jones, let it be whispered, reformed lamentably), and, perhaps, Jurgen.

Time, Space and Possibility are politely shuffled aside to let the ought to be, and desirable, come true.

—WILL OLSON.

That Thing Called Printing

The type of this magazine is Garamond, one of the most delightful and readable of all faces. It is based on the original designs of an old master, Claude Garamond, who was the first known professional type founder, and it has an honorable history of 387 years to vouch for its merit. This publication was printed by the Democrat Printing Company at Madison, Wisconsin