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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume I

Number 2

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

AN EXCHANGE OF IDEAS

VOLUME I Madison, November, 1916 Number 2

CONTENTS

THE Wesleyan Literary Monthly prints an interesting symposium of letters from editors of college magazines. From the statements of the editors we gather that it is taken for granted that to adopt a purely literary tone is to make a sacrifice of the subscriptions. The Amherst magazine goes so far as to state, "We no longer carry the damning word, 'literary' in our title."

We of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine disagree utterly. We have restored the *damning* word "literary" into our title after it had been absent for many years. And so far we have not found out that damnation does not pay.

We believe that in Wisconsin as everywhere else there is a growing demand for the sincere and workmanlike literary expression of our thinking. If this be academic, then academic we mean to be. But we refuse to grant that our fellow-students cannot appreciate and will not support "purely literary" work because it happens to be the best expression their comrades can give to their views about the great and deep human things we all think. We do not believe that in a university where the news of the day comes by way of a newspaper as flourishing as ours there is any need for "lively" or "timely" articles. We do not believe that literary standards cannot live in the same world with journalistic ones.

Our welcome by the University Community has exceeded our hopes and deepened our sense of responsibility. We twice ran out of copies of our first issue. Our circulation is more than double the circulation of last year's magazine which aimed to be "timely" and "lively."

Perhaps we owe this good fortune to curiosity alone; perhaps it befalls all first issues. We do not, however, think so. We trust that we have only offered what the students and faculty have always been wanting; that we are the servants of a deep and constant demand for excellence.

If we are this, if the conventional assumption that literature must be treated as "high-brow" and is thus beneath notice, is an illusion among us, at least, may not we of Wisconsin justly point the way to our comrades in other institutions to the rehabilitation of the "literary?"

In any event, we pledge ourselves to the best that is in us, and we rely upon the friendship and co-operation of our fellows, the friendship and co-operation wherein lies the whole meaning of "college spirit."

SPEAKING of "College Spirit"!

We wonder to how many of us it occurs that the whole meaning of this foremost dogma of a college man's religion lies in those two words that we used in the preceding article without thinking.

To most of us college spirit is identical with making a noise at athletic contests, with seeing the team off, and with declaring, regardless of truth, that our school is the best school that ever was.

Alumni of fifteen years standing or more tell us that there was more college spirit at Wisconsin then than there is to-day. We, of course, do not know. What we do know is this: that fifteen years ago the school was smaller; all of its members knew each other better and achieved a greater sense of community and interdependence. We are told also that the motives which brought students to the university were different,

The professional schools were negligible. Men and women came to prepare for life not to find a vocation. But now we are hardly members, in a deeper and more significant sense, of the University of Wisconsin.

We are members of the School of Agriculture, or of the Law School or the School of Music or School of Home Economics or the School of Letters and Science. We feel for the schools of which we are not members some disdain and some rivalry. For the school of which we are members we have only the regard that anybody must have for a tool on which he depends for his living. We have no sense, no active sense, of interdependence, of belonging to a great home whose dignity and distinction is our dignity and distinction and whose failure is our failure. We lack the friendship the heart of which is working for common ends which are impersonal and belong to the community. We lack the sense of community which makes co-operation both spontaneous and inevitable. For this reason we do not exhibit *College Spirit*, as that is known and understood in the Eastern universities.

Who is to blame?

It is difficult to place the blame here or there. Certainly the student is to a large degree a passive agent. The freshman is raw and plastic, to be molded as his associations and his teachers determine. What he needs most when he comes to us is a set of common ideals by means of which he can identify himself in concrete and practical terms with the University as a whole, to feel himself one of a host of friends with whom he can co-operate by real sacrifice and labor to add to her dignity and glory.

College spirit is like team spirit. It does not exist until each man feels that he is part of a larger whole whose life and significance lie in the single purpose which all these parts conscoiusly serve. Unless this is present there is no team and there is no college. There is only an aggregate of individuals.

We look to the President and faculty to define an ideal which will command common loyalty and require its expression in common activity.

We believe in modernity, and we submit that the manifold of conflicting tendencies, the extremes of all kinds that compose present day thinking about art will integrate into a viril originality of conception and execution.

We believe in present day art. And we believe that present day tendencies, no matter what they connote, exhibit a richness in American imagination that has heretofore been unknown. It is charged and is admitted that in this sudden outpouring there is much that is unworthy, and much of poor quality. But this remains: in the art of to-day there is life and virility; the art of to-day has that onrushing vitality and enthusiasm which is youth, and youth, moreover with a vision.

That the powers that have determined the curriculum of the university evidently do not agree with us, will not deter us in our faith. As it is the nature of the poet to sing of the things that are living, it is the nature of the professor to classify the things that are dead. The new messages which are being brought are startling; they are alive and cannot be dissected. Perhaps that is why they are not taught.

If this be so, we who are here preparing for life and looking to the future, deplore it. We do not depreciate the past; but modern art, good or bad, is an antidote to academic dust. It enlarges our horizon and mitigates pedantry with passion. By means of it, we shall know the past more truly and the future more certainly.

MUSIC Hall is to be rebuilt. The plans call for a complete change of the outside. Doors will be replaced by windows, windows by doors, wings will be added, projections subtracted and an artist's fancy will be turned into a reality.

It is a pity that the proposed reconstruction does not take into view the persistent needs of the University community which are now being satisfied at a cost of something like two thousand dollars a year beyond the university walls.

Consider the dramatic organizations alone. There are the performances of the School play, Junior play, Senior play, Haresfoot, Glee club, Engineers' Minstrels and others that take place in a theater rented at high cost and used at a great disadvantage. The total sum applied annually to the provision of stage facilities in Music hall would in a few years easily pay the cost of construction involved. But we have already become accustomed to the absence of foresight as well as of a sense of beauty in the construction of our new buildings.

Architectural opportunism like opportunism in educational policy are, we suppose, both the expression of a program of service to the state, a program which seems to demand size rather than intelligence, cheapness rather than excellence.

"Yellow Roses"

Persons of the play:—
Ernest Marvin—the master.
Dr. Pennington—his physician.
Briggs—his valet.
Dolina—the girl.
Marmolla—the monkey.

Scene—Guest room of Marvin Mansion, done in Coeplin blue hangings and white enamel wood-work. There are two French windows, one of which looks out over the mansion gardens, and the other faces an alley-way. Large double doors form a center entrance and there is a fire-place to the left. As the curtain rises, there is subdued rumbling which grows louder and suddenly the master staggers through the open doors.

Marvin: "Get out of my way, you doddering old idiot, you! Anybody'd think I couldn't walk alone, the way you paw around all over me. Get out!" (Pushes Briggs against the wall with a murderous shove). "Even if I have got this damned thing over my eyes, I can find my way about perfectly without you—" (Crashes into a taberette, stumbles and staggers over toward the fireplace, where his hand falls upon a slender, Dresden vase, which in his tantrum, he prepares to break).

Briggs: (Quietly arresting his hand in mid air,) "Beggin' your pardon, Mister Ernest, but the little vase belonged to your mother. Better let me put it back on the mantle, Sir."

Marvin: (His rage suddenly spent, he sinks into an arm chair which Briggs has placed at his side). "Briggs, can't something be done? Do I have to stand this torture of another six months?"

Briggs: "Six months! Oh no, sir. Beggin' your pardon, but it's just three weeks since the operation."

Marvin: "Three weeks,—only three weeks. Are you sure? Why, it seems like about a thousand years. A thousand years of nights, nothing but nights, without stars! I'll go mad, I tell you, if I have to stand it much longer."

Briggs: "About two more weeks, sir, and you'll be as good as new. Dr. Pennington told me so just this morning.

Marvin: (Half rising) "I'll be damned if I keep this thing over my eyes another two weeks. (Tugs viciously at the band about his eyes).

Briggs: (Seizing his wrists.) "There now, Mister Ernest, sit down. It's bad for your eyes, getting excited like this."

Marvin: "Don't be a fool, Briggs, I'm not excited. Water! Water! Water! Can't you see I'm thirsty, you good-for-nothing lump?" (Briggs crosses the stage to a silver caratte near the French window.) "Why in the devil did you haul me into this room, and which one is it?"

Briggs: "It's the blue guest room, sir, and as your suite is being renovated this week, I thought—"

Marvin: "Who cares a hair what you thought?"

Briggs: "No one, sir."

Marvin: "Don't become impertinent on top of everything else! Hate impertinent people! Won't have 'em around. Get out! Rather'd have the ash-man around than you!

Briggs: "Very well, sir." (Moves noiselessly towards the double doors, steps out and closes them quietly behind him.)

(There is a momentary silence, Then—)

Marvin: (Calling hoarsely,) "Briggs!" Briggs."

Briggs: (Re-entering) "You called, sir?"

Marvin: "Yes, what do you mean by sneaking out of the room like that, you pussy-foot?"

Briggs: "But, Mister Ernest, you said—"

Marvin: "Never mind what I said. Never said it anyway—did I, now?"

Briggs: (Gravely and with an indulgent smile). "No, indeed, Mister Ernest." (Crosses the stage and opens the French window which looks out over the gardens).

Marvin: (Leaning forward with a sudden awful tenseness,) "You are sure Dr. Pennington believes that my sight will return again?"

Briggs: "Oh, without a doubt, sir, and beggin' your pardon, the more calm and sensible you act now, the quicker you'll find out for yourself."

Marvin: (Growling) "No penny-lectures, if you please!" (There is a long silence. Briggs, after arranging some yellow roses in a low blue vase, walks quietly over to the second French window, the one which faces the alley-way, and opens it. A faint sound of music is heard, and both men listen intently. The sound draws nearer and nearer. It is the voice of a girl, accompanied by the monotous throbbing of a barrel-organ.)

Marvin: (In hushed tones, after some moments,) "Good Lord! it's a voice—and I thought it was a flute." (He rises from his arm-chair and stands motionless. The voice continues from time to time, growing nearer, and finally bursts into a wild, and lovely rhapsody directly beneath the alley window. As the song ends, a sprithy, little, black

monkey with a pink face and white chin-whiskers, clambers up on to the window-sill and, holding out a little tambourine, jabbers and shrieks for pennies.)

Marvin: (Screaming out) "One of those dirty, disgusting, abominable, monkey beasts, I'll wager? Throw him out! Throw him out! And here—" (diving into his trouser pocket) "take this change, whatever it is, and give it to that screaching montebank, with orders to get out. Nobody has a right to sing like that when there are people like me around, people steeped in miserable despair."

Briggs: (Gingerly approaching the monkey) "There you are, my little man, there you are." (Drops change into the tambourine, while the monkey seizes his hand in an ecstacy of gratitude. Briggs shrieks out in terror, and the little beast, from sheer surprise falls backward off the sill. There is a sound of light-hearted laughter outside the window and Briggs, regaining his courage, sticks his head out of the window, calling nervously, "Mr. Marvin wishes you to leave this vicinity at once." (More laughter and a musically indistinct voice are heard.)

Marvin: "What did she say?"

Briggs: "She said, sir, that the pleasure of receiving so generous a fee was only outdone by the pleasure of being allowed to leave at once."

Marvin: "She didn't! The little spitfire! But that's the most one could expect from such a street gamin." (Musingly, after some moments,) "Did she really say that, Briggs?"

Briggs: "Most impertinent, but she did, sir."

Marvin: (Tapping his foot restlessly,) "Briggs,—was she pretty?"

Briggs: "I'm tellin' you she was! That is,—I should say—well, she seemed more blessed than the great majority."

Marvin: (Laughing dryly) "You're a rare old bird."

(Now the music organ sounds at some distance and Marvin, after having listened quietly for some moments, jumps up with quite sudden determination.)

Marvin: (Harshly) "Briggs, you see that that girl gets back here inside of five minutes, or your job is as good as gone."

Briggs: "But—sir, a valet—"

Marvin: "A valet of the King of Sweden, do as I tell you!"

Briggs: (Staggering out) "Yes, sir."

Marvin: (Alone) "That voice! That voice! Not a note of pathos, not one sad strain, nothing but joy, pure joy of living" (Suddenly) "Anybody ought to be able to sing like that when he can see the sun and the trees. But wait until he has all the beauties of life shut out of his life for over a month, and then I'd like to hear him sing a note!" (Paces back and forth, his hands folded behind him.)

Dolina: (Laughing lightly, appears suddenly at the alley-window). "What you wan', signor? You don't know what you wan', I guess. First you give me much monies—say go way quick like the winds, den you say, come back quick like de lightnings. Excuse, please, but you got a vera funny head."

Marvin: (Has groped his way to the window, where he stands facing the audience, also the girl. The window is rather high and itis only now and then that we catch a glimpse of Dolina. Laughing in spite of himself,) "Yes, perhaps I am rather whimsical, but then, if no one amuses me, I must amuse myself. What is your name, my child?"

Dolina: "Dolina, signor."

Marvin: "Where were you born?"

Dolino: (Softly) "Naples, Signor, Naples and de silver bay."

Marvin: "Where did you learn to sing?"

Dolina: "Learn? Why should I learn, signor? I sing because I cannot help it, because dis worl' is so wonderful!"

Marvin: "Say 'wonderful' again."

Dolina: "Wonderful."

Briggs: (Appearing in the door-way.) "Dr. Pennington is here, sir, shall I show him in?"

Marvin: (Turning from the window in vexation) "Yes, damn it. I suppose you've got to. Wait, Briggs. Go down and bring Miss Dolina in. Have her wait until Dr. Pennington goes..

Briggs: "But the monkey, sir."

Marvin: (Calling out of the window) "Dolina, Dolina. Must that beast of yours follow you everywhere?"

Dolina: (Warmly) "I should say so. Don' be so scared. He won' hurt one of his brothers."

Marvin: (Turning from the window) "Of all the brazen impertinence! Briggs, see that both Miss Dolina and her monkey are made comfortable."

Briggs: (Swallowing hard) "Yes, sir."

(Enter Dr. Pennington.)

Dr. Pen.: (Placing his case on the table) "Good morning, Ernest, how's the boy to-day?"

Marvin: (Turning reluctantly from the window) "Oh, so, so. How's the world been treating you, Doctor?"

Dr. Pen.: "First rate, thanks. But I've got about five calls to make before noon, so let's get right to business. (Leads Marvin to an arm-chair and begins to undo the bandage about his eyes.) "Now

(Continued on page 54)

The Captivating Odors of the Kitchen

FRIEND, if you read this story, there is a strong possibility that you will regret having done so. In that respect my tale will not differ from many others. but that is not the point. I believe in a square deal for everyone; something within me rebels at taking advantage of a fellow-mortal; and I wish to give fair warning to all those who indulge more or less indiscriminately in light literature. I refuse absolutely to take any blame or responsibility for this story; if you read it, it is your own fault, and you will do so with your eyes open. I speak both literally and figuratively. My title—I feel it my duty to tell you—I fear that my title may be misleading. Reading it, you have expected a feast for the intellect, a philosophical appeal to what we imperfectly call the soul. You have believed, trustingly, that I was catering to your aesthetic sense. You were flattered. I took it for granted that you had an aesthetic sense. Is it not so? Friend, something prompts me to a disclosure of the truth. I am appealing, not to the artistic sense, nor to the intellectual sense, no! but to the gastronomic sense! I am going to talk—how can I confess it—about things to eat. Yes, I agree with you, things to eat are both pleasant and necessary. But they are among the things not mentioned at length or in detail in really good literature, along with nightgowns and corsets and the retention of the Philippines. Nevertheless, I deliberately intend to fly, on the wings of my Muse, in the very face of prejudice. I shall talk about things to eat, good things and unpalatable things. I show no preference. Is it not dreadful? If you are one of the disgustingly healthy type of person, robust, ruddy, and complacent, who can devour soft-shelled crabs, warm milk, tomatoes, apple dumplings and ice cream, all within the period of one meal, and live to tell it; if you are the boarding-house sort of person who longs for just one chance at a palatable, well-cooked meal; in either case it will be safe for you to read this story. In the first instance, you would be able to stand anything. In the second, you would be just the person to sympathize with Jedediah Hoskins. But, and I cannot emphasize this too strongly, if you have lived all your life on buttermilk and toast, with stewed prunes and beef extract as your wildest diversions, or if you have just completed a meal so satisfying as to make the merest mention of food repulsive, then, I prithee, turn to some other tale.

Just to make the thing artistic, we will begin by talking about Jedediah Hoskin's mother, as if we were nosing out his shabby little biography from the records of fame, rather than from those limitless, colorless ones of mediocrity. And having mentioned his mother, that is about all there is to say about her. She was that kind. The senior Mr. Hoskins himself could scarcely have described her. She was heartrendingly unobtrusive, a washed-out, undersized nonenity. She gave the impression of nothingness; not the intangibility of a fairy, filmy being, but that which some of us are accustomed to connect with the idea of original Chaos —a dimly gray, shapeless, dismal mass of neither meaning nor purpose; coming from Nothing; passing to Nothing. And her cooking was worse than nothingness. It would have shamed a cannibal. It rebelled even the multidinous Hoskinses, brought up on it, before eating, choked them on the way down, and left unpleasant when not painful mementoes when it had passed to desparingly would-be digestive regions. Caviar, lobster a la, all the things we see on hotel menus and can't order because of flabby pocketbooks, would have been totally unrecognizable to the connoisseur after they had passed a period in the sticky general stewing pot through which voyaged all Hoskins viands. That pot was to Hoskins food what the grave is to mortal man; the place where everything has to go some time.

The day came when Jedediah was celebrating his thirtieth birthday. The packing house where he did specialized sorting work decided that he had become invaluable to the firm. They raised his salary from fifty-five to sixty dollars a month. The head of the dried apricots department invited him to his own house for dinner that evening. Jedediah sauntered home to his noonday meal feeling like the original millionaire, with none of that gentleman's worries. He realized that his mother had prepared a sumptuous meal in his honor. He counted the scorched potatoes, and there were thirteen instead of twelve. He was to have two, it being a great day. He looked at a flat, black, mysterious mass on a platter, mildly curious.

"Liver?" he queried pleasantly.

"No," replied Mrs. Hoskins with pride. "Om'let."

He looked forward to the dinner that evening with the casual interest shown by all of Mrs. Hoskins' offspring in a meal. It was a game with them, which Jedediah had not truly outgrown, to guess what different edibles on the table really were; the individual the nearest right winning a bite from every other of the ten plates. Mrs. Hoskins' table gave excellent practice in this. Seldom, if ever, could anyone guess correctly. Jedediah, on his way to the home, wife and dinner of the head of the dried apricots department, took it for granted that all cookery was like unto that

of the parental board; never having dined away before in his life.

"I hope your appetite isn't spoiled, waiting so long," said his hostess.

"Well, no. Can't say as it is."

"And I do hope you won't dislike what I have for dinner."

"Well, no," said Jedediah, wondering why he should dislike it. "Well, no. I'm—I'm not particular. I wasn't—wasn't brought up that way."

He blew his nose, not that it needed blowing, but it gave him something to do, sparing the necessity for speech. Knowing something by hearsay of dining room etiquette, he jogged his brain for subjects of conversation whilst he should be choking away through dinner. All that came to his mind were dried apricots and liver. He dismissed these as unworthy. Would they have either of the two on the table? If so, would he recognize them? And then he forgot his dining room etiquette-by-hearsay, and expressed himself in one long-drawn "A-a-ah!" of delighted wonder. He was seated at the table, his back close to the kitchen door, whence came odors such as might be wafting directly from Paradise. And before him in a graceful dish, wide and flat, was a lake of soup, definitely, deliciously tomato. It was roseate in hue, smooth as butter, and flecked with tantalizing islands of whipped cream. The German army en masse could not have convinced Jedediah that this dazzling concoction was even second cousin to the Hoskins puddles of mud that bore the same name. Before he was aware of it, the beautiful lake was gone, and he was staring at a spray of pink pansies on the bottom of the plate. There had not been a single choke, and he was conscious of a warm, grateful sensation in gastronomic regions. He riveted his eyes in awe on a comfortably round and snug fowl, exuding spicy vapors from a crinkly, seal-brown surface, and completely surrounded, like a mother hen with her chicks, by potatoes, glossy, even, and steaming. He became absorbed in the little waterfalls of shiny juice that sprang from under every movement of the carving knife, then came to his senses with a jerk. In a moment, he argued to himself, he would wake up with a stomach ache. He smiled nervously towards his hostess, and passed his hand across his forehead.

"I suppose—suppose—you get special rates on—on—dried apricots?"

The lady questioned leaned towards him with a mysterious air of confidence, shaking her finger under his nose. It had jelly on the tip of it, did the finger, and it smelled of crabapple, with an insinuation of mint leaves.

"Now, Mr. Hoskins, do you know, there's just the trouble." Her eye lit on the jelly. Her speech was halted until the finger could pop into her mouth and emerge pink, moist, and comparatively clean. "You know, Mr. Hoskins, we get such very special rates on dried apricots, we could almost live on 'em, for next to nothing, you understand, but—" her voice was as low, as far away, as a dying wind over the prairie, her wagging forefinger almost in contact with Jedediah's nose, that followed it hypnotically in its gyrations, "Mr. Hoskins—we don't like 'em! Don't like 'em."

She hung breathless, attendant, on his sympathetic response. Jedediah's face was blank. He sensed it that something definite was expected of him, what, he could not tell. He did not like beef stew and cabbage, but he ate it twice a week like a hero, saying nothing, almost thinking nothing, about it; he did not like his mother's sticky, leaden puddings, but—etc. What one liked or disliked had nothing to do with the business of self-nourishment. He studied the primrose plant in the center of the table, brows knit. His hostess was trembling with eagerness.

"Is that—so?" he ventured. "I always sort of—sort of—fancied—dried apricots myself. Stewed—real thick and soft," he finished hopefully.

She settled back in her chair mournfully. He could see that she was vastly disappointed; he was sorry to have failed her.

"It's just our luck, I tell my husband," she began determinedly again, as if Jedediah had satisfactorily soared to heights of agonized pity, "not liking 'em. We've tried, and we just can't, that's all. But, I tell him—"

But Jedediah's mind was elsewhere. It was floating on the billows of the little boat of rich brown gravy directly in front of him.

"Help yourself to the gravy, Mr. Hoskins, and pass the rolls."

The rolls! Were those golden morsels, folded over on themselves, with satiny buttered lining, mere rolls? Rolls in the Hoskins household were weapons with

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An Exchange of Ideas

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Verse

The Reading

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity"
Again, again the words pursue my thoughts
Again, again.

There stands the "poet" reading from his work
Reading to this group so well content
Which in the warmth and quiet of the room
Listens as he empties out his poem—
His vapid face oft wavering to a smirk
His dress suit perfect on his tall thin limbs
His nails well polished and well brushed his hair.
And while he reads one hears the maid
Preparing cups of coffee and sweet cakes
With which the company will soon refresh themselves.

I listen too—and yet I know not why
For as he reads his wingless words
I hear again, again the overtone—
"Vanity of vanities—all, all is vanity."

I raise my eyes
The man has moved close to the wall
And standing there, well groomed and satisfied,
Behind his head, even as a face reflected in a glass
There hangs upon the wall in austere eloquence
The image of great Dante.

My breath is choked—
Yet there they stand together,
The face of one drawn taunt with suffering
The other rounded with the fat of food.
One seared with lines of silent strength
Such as corode the contour of huge rocks
The other softly curved in chin and mouth
To grace a woman's clinging kiss.
The lips of one compressed in that disdain
In that austere complacency
Which stands impregnable
Against the whole world's blows and mockery,
And next him are those babbling, pretty lips.
They stand there side by side
Both are called poets
Even though one drank the bitterest of life's gall
And turned it into fire of the sun
While the other sips rich sweetened syrups
And vomits them on us.—
Yet both are called poets!

The reading stops.
The chatter and the compliments begin.
Coffee with cream and cake is passed around,
I rise from out my chair and while there thunders in my ears
"Vanity of vanities—all is vanity"
I walk out in the early evening air.
The sun has almost set and in the west
Great clouds are turned to living heads of fire.
I bend my head and smell the smell of grass.

Oh God, I am not over blessed with ease
No women flock to hear my words
No costly garments clothe my limbs.
And yet I pray for thorns upon my head.
Let bread be scarce unto my lips
Let love be scanty to my heart
Let friends pass by me on the way
Let ever laughter greet my dearest dreams—
For all is vanity—all but the clouds
The clouds are good.

Oh God, I ask to find my comfort in the clouds,
In the high-piled clouds of burning gold,
In the long streaked clouds of gentle gray,
In the huge storm clouds that rock the sky
And hurl out fire from their blackened throats,
In the thin wavering clouds of amethyst and pearl,
In the great stately clouds of marble white—
I ask no other recompense, oh God
But let me find my all within the clouds—
For all the world is vanity.

PERCY SHOSTAC.

Fragment

You have sent me a bit of Erika,
And I hold it to my lips,
And kiss it,
Wondering.

You have sent me your love,
And my soul kneels before it
Singing prayers of old times,
Old passionate eddic prayers
That the Teuton Gods have stolen from the hills
And from the crystal sweetness of the seas;
Singing prayers that the Teuton Gods
Shouted in their big red beards
In love and piety.

R. D. JAMESON.

The Rider

I straddle the back of each spirit who flies
Forever pursuing eternities.
Their wings blow over me cooling breezes,
And the earth beneath us foams and freezes.
I know no changes in seasons or souls,
For lo, I fly whilst the old earth rolls,
And I am laughter, laughter!
And I am laughter, laughter.

There is a mother who starves for bread!
There is a maiden whose lover is dead!
There is a God whose priests are flown!
There is a poet who sings alone!
But my song ever goes lilting down,
Through marshgrass and heather, through farmhouse and town,
For I am laughter, laughter.
Oh . . . I am laughter, laughter.

I watch the men in their revelries,
As they praise each self that Devil is.
I watch the funeral and the feast.
I watch the greatest and the least.
Nor heed the king nor the peasant, I
Bestride them all and onward fly,
I who am laughter, laughter,
Greater than God . . . I am laughter.

Sometimes my lips are drawn with pain
As I see the world swing again and again
The cycle of vices that never are dead.
They would move me to tears, but strangely instead
They call swift to my lips the shrill wild cry
As I fly on to eternity,
Of laughter, laughter, laughter,
Of laughter . . . laughter.

R. D. JAMESON.

Sea Moods

The ringed moon shines palely
Over a misty sea,
And sea and sky merge dimly
Wrapped in mystery.
Each wave is flecked with silver
Shot from the rays of the moon,
That dance and dart and shiver
Only to vanish soon.
And languidly backward and forward,
Rocked in the arms of the tide,
The rockweeds seaward and shoreward,
Forever tranquilly ride.

CLARA B. TAYLOR.

Her Face

Her face is April-like in changing moods,
Her eyes like deepening shadows in still woods,
Tear-dimmed, dream-filled, the heart of June-blue skies
Hiding therein her laughter and her sighs.

Her hair, like clouds that deepen o'er the night,
Brushed from her face in waves that catch the light,
Hovers, in little curls of blue-black hue,
Carressingly, as though it loved her too.

But who can half describe her laughing grace
When mirth plays hide and seek about her face,
Hides in her dimples, taunts me from her eyes,
Sings in her laughter, and mocking me flies?

WINFRED WALLIS.

I'm Fickle, Too

Thou art a fickle maid, my Beatrice!
Hast thou forgot that such a night as this
For us has held full many hours of bliss,
Our hearts as one?

For often have we walked beneath the moon,
And counted each our love until high noon
Of love's black day. And then I craved the boon—
The maiden's fee.

And now, thou pretty maid without a heart,
Another man thou'st taught to play my part,
And thou art plying all thy pretty art
To catch him, too!

But know, enchantress of my soul, thy fun
May oft by two be played as well as one;
For me the game of love was well begun—
I love again!

Altho I think with joy how often I
Have held thy hand against my heart, I cry
To tell thee there another hand doth lie,
Another heart!

So be as fickle as thou wilt, my dear,
Of my reproaches, sweetheart, feel no fear;
Thou has not wrested from my eye a tear:—
I'm fickle, too!

HAROLD LYNDON.

Turgenev

ONE must be a Russian to feel Turgenev. To understand him, a knowledge of Russia and her people will suffice, but is absolutely necessary.

Of all peoples, the Russian is the hardest to appreciate. Aside from the fact that the foreigner has to go back to the England of the thirteenth century, to realize the economic conditions of Russia; to the inhabitant of the Roman Empire, to understand the complete subservience of the moujik to the government official; and to the most fanatical and fatalistic of Arabs, to comprehend the people who instead of rebelling against the "Lord's anointed," ascribe all their sufferings to the will of God and consider it a part of the original sin with which it is out of question to grapple, and which they must bear as long as their strength holds out; aside from this, there is another condition, unknown to any other country, incomprehensible to the American, which causes more confusion in the Russian question than there ever was in the upbuilding of the Germano-Roman civilization.

Imagine the Europe of the twelfth, fifteenth, and nineteenth centuries combined in one, and trembling from the shocks given it by a Utopian who does not understand any of its components. Imagine the moujik of subtle understanding and quickness of apprehension who is nevertheless utterly ruined before he is of age by drunkenness, ignorance and oppression; the bourgeois who combines with the fatalism, superstition and improvidence of the moujik, the materialism, jingoism, and irreverence of the English burgher of the fifteenth century, and the dishonesty, cupidity and callousness of the curial of the Roman Empire, "who knows no ruth" and "will skin you five times in succession just as he would a hare," but who is unoppressed, nay, even aided by the government which considers a sleek scoundrel a better subject than a discontented but honest man; the aristocrat, Russian in name only, who is proud of his ignorance of his own language, who recognizes and even exaggerates the barbarism of his own nation and makes no step to aid her, and adopts a superficial coating of the French, German or English culture or a combination and ludicrous mixture of all of them. Imagine these living together but having nothing in common, the moujik who hardly knows that there are countries different from Russia; the Slavophil who cries, "Ah! our Russia! only look at those two geese. Why, in the whole of Europe there is nothing like them,"—and the aristocrat, the Westerner, who wears a morning suit of English style on the steppe and frowns and sniffs eau-de-cologne when he talks to his moujiks.

And added to this you have a government consisting of an absolute ruler who is an absolute idiot, and a bureaucracy of unscrupulous czarlets acting deliberately to reduce the people to a degree of abject, unreasoning obedience which will allow it to treat them like so many cattle. To this add a fearful—to an American—unimaginable lack of will power and an absence of a true and inspiring ideal which is replaced by senseless dreams and castles-in-the-air, and you will see the Russia of Turgenev, the Russia of two centuries ago, and the Russia of to-day.

It is this Russia that Turgenev has to present. And his picture, cruel and malicious as it seems, has no touch of bitterness, but rather sorrow, genuine and sincere sorrow. "Only one who loves has the right to censure and find fault," one of his characters exclaims. And it is this theory that Turgenev holds and follows in his work.

In the treatment of his people Turgenev has two invariable rules, the incomprehensibility of the moujik and the mediocrity of the hero. It is all virgin soil.

The author of "A Sportsman's Sketches" ever recognizes that the moujik is an unknown quantity, especially unknown to the well-meaning but inquisitive and unsympathetic reformer because of the abject terror of this cowed creature for all people "above him." And this fear that makes the moujik hide from and lie to every investigator and reformer causes him to gape in astonishment and despise the passionate revolutionist who tells him that the duty of enduring hunger instead of satisfying it is not necessarily his portion of life, is not the outcome of predestination. And it is this attitude that makes them fill Nezdanov with vodka and kick him home when he comes to uplift them and shouts, "Freedom! forward! shoulder to shoulder."

Turgenev has preceived that in a virgin race it is the average man that is the beginning of society and hence his heroes, for Lavretsky, Litvinoff, and Babourine are his heroes, are but ordinary men who do not conform to the established program and who, were they to fail in everything they undertake, still have a saving grace in the power for intense suffering which raises them above the usual, self-pitying failure.

But it is the first of these rules that is the more important. It is the cause of Turgenev, the reformer's superiority over Turgenev, the artist. This theory that it is impossible for Young Russia to understand, this "primeval force" who in turn has no aspirations to understand anything at all, is the key note of all his gentle irony against them.

From the passionate cry of Pavel Petrovitch, the

representative of the "Fathers" and in this case of Turgenev's sentiments, through all his works, to the pictures of "A Sportsman's Sketches," the profoundest and truest study of the moujik, he shows, directly or indirectly, that intellectual Russia does not know its millions and millions of listless, wordless brutes, that it is not the representative of their requirements and efforts—and what is much more important—their wishes. The moujik and his fate were better known by Turgenev. To him they were as clear as the twiddling of the thumbs of Uvar Ivanovitch, that inert mass, the personification of Russian peasantdom, that stares vacantly into space and ignores time. And because he knew, we have Turgenev, the reformer of reformers.

In only one work do we find a demand for the reform of the condition of the peasants, of the abolition of serfdom. "The Living Relic" is the only direct plea in this demand. But everywhere we feel that Russia's future lies in the hands of the Lavretskys, Litvinovs and Solomins, the men whose life is "mapped out" who will "cultivate the land" and "go among the peasants." Everywhere we see the mournful shake of the head, the gentle irony and rebuke to the Rudins and Shubins and Bombaevs. Everywhere we find the stern, decisive condemnation of the Bazarovs and Nezdanovs. And everywhere there is the scathing sarcasm and exposure of the Sipyagins and Ratimovs. And finally we have Insarov, whom even Uvar Ivanovitch admires and hopes to see among his countrymen. This is the plea for reform that Turgenev puts above the demand for aid to the moujik. This is the cause of the bitter criticism and stormy controversy which show that the point struck home. It is the cause of "a coldness approaching to indignation from people near and sympathetic with me," and of the now-bitterly-regretted remark, typical of the Russian bourgoisie, "I do not know Turgenev. He is a European and I am a Russian merchant."

But Turgenev's faith in the ultimate arousing of the moujik does not lie dependent on the coming of an Insarov. Unindexed is the power that will awaken Russia from its lethargy and moral stagnation. He has never pointed to the women of his stories and cried, "Bow, Russia, here is thy Savior." But can we find one of them, good, bad or erring, who analyzes everything and does nothing. Not one of them has that fundamental and characteristic weakness of that Russian male, the weakness—nay, lack of will. "Scepticism is our special characteristic," complains Bombaev. But neither in Tatyana nor Lisa, nor Maryanna, nor Elena do we find a trace of it.

Calm, resolute, self-renunciating the Russian woman awaits a leader who will let her share danger, toil and deprivation. There is little Romance—in the conventional sense of the word—in her soul. And Turgenev presents her without a touch of lyricism. No dreams of beds of roses or mid-night serenades are hers. "The Russian turn of mind gladdens her." The Russian whom she will help alleviate the terrible, wordless suffering of the moujik by "tilling the soil" is her Prince Charming and Sir Launcelot. And she is the one that will teach and inspire him in the unromantic task. Maryanna succeeds where Nezdanov fails and follows easily the Solomin whom Young Russia can not imitate. Lisa who may appear, to an American, of medieval ideas and ideals convinces Lavretsky that there is still hope for a country where men are aided by such women. And Elena is the life of that wooden idol of Turgenev.

Turgenev's women may be separated into three divisions.—They are more and less than types.—They are the divine, the deluded and the depraved. There is the mystic, it is true, which Machourina and Clara Militch typify, but who are no more common in Russia than in any other land.

It is through the first that Turgenev expressed the faith of a brighter, better Russia. She naturally is the one he loved best. But there is always sympathy and tenderness in his treatment of all of them, Irina and Madame Odintzoff as well as Natalya, Liza and Elena, and as well as Varvara Pavlovna and Madame Sipyagin. He pictures them with little lyricism but envelopes them in soft, filmy, none-the-less impenetrable veil. She is a charging enigma, often a riddle to herself, but of a holy charm which neither he nor we dare to break.

There are two reasons for this representation. The first lies in his realism and in the baffling nature of the Russian woman. The second is that the cosmopolitan Turgenev is at heart a Slav. The woman cannot be discerned. And then we have his dreamy self, the Russian, who applies the unknowable to all that is and then holds it in awe as the Great Unknown. Hence he never tries to define them or study their psychology. Therefore he presents to us women for whom love is inseparable from the ideal of self--sacrifice although he does not know the reason for that any more than they know why they love. He must present a creature conscious of a smouldering, suffocating fire who waits for a leader to cry, "There is the source," to jump in and burn herself in an effort to put it out; without knowing why she does not seek the source herself. For these reasons there is but one chapter in all of his works, although that is the unsurpassable diary of Elena, where a revelation of a girl's thoughts is attempted, where an analysis of his women is made, the women upon whom rests the future of Russia. "The

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Break-Neck Hill

DOWN Holly Street the tide had set in for church. It was a proper, dilatory tide. Every silk-hat glistened, every shoe was blacked, the flowers on the women's hats were as fresh as the daffodils against the house fronts. Few met face to face, now and then a faster walker would catch up with acquaintances and join them or, with a flash of raised hat, bow, and pass on down the stream.

Then the current met an obstacle. A man, young and graceful and very much preoccupied, walked through the church-goers, faced in the opposite direction. His riding breeches and boots showed in spite of the loose over-coat worn to cover them. He bowed continually, like royalty from a landau, almost as mechanically, and answered the remarks that greeted him.

"Hello, Geth."

"Hello."

"Good morning, Mr. Gething. Not going to church this morning." This from a friend of his mother.

"Good morning. No, not this morning." He met a chum.

"Good riding day, eh?"

"Great."

"Well, Geth, don't break your neck."

"You bet not."

"I'll put a P. S. on the prayer for you," said the wag.

"Thanks a lot." The wag was always late—even to church on Easter morning. So Gething knew the tail of the deluge was reached and past. He had the street almost to himself. It was noticeable that the man had not once called an acquaintance by name or made the first remark. His answers had been as reflex as his walking. Geth was thinking, and in the sombre eyes was the dumb look of a pain that would not be told—perhaps he considered it too slight.

He left Holly Street and turned into Holly Park. Here from the grass that bristled so freshly, so ferociously green, the tree trunks rose black and damp. Brown pools of water reflected a blue radiant sky seen through blossoming branches. Gething subsided on a bench well removed from the children and nurse maids. First he glanced at the corner of Holly Street and the Boulevard where a man from his father's racing stable would meet him with his horse. His face, his figure, his alert bearing, even his clothes promised a horse-man. The way his stirrups had worn his boots would class him as a rider. He rode with his foot "thru" as the hunter, steeple-chaser and polo-player do—not on the ball of his foot in park fashion.

He pulled off his hat and ran his hand over his close-cropped head. Evidently he was still thinking. Across his face the look of pain ebbed and returned, then he grew impatient. His wrist-watch showed him his horse was late and he was in a hurry to be started for what must be done had best be done quickly. Done quickly and forgotten, then he could give his attention to the other horses. There was Happiness—an hysterical child, and Goblin, who needed training over water jumps, and San Souci, whose lame leg should be cocained to locate the trouble—all of his father's stable of great thorobreds needed something except Cuddy, who waited only for the bullet. Gething's square brown hand went to his breeches pocket, settled on something that was cold as ice and drew it out—the revolver. The horse he had raced so many times at Piping Rock, Brookline, Saratoga had earned the right to die by this hand which had guided him. Cuddy's high-bred face came vividly before his eyes and the white star would be the mark. He thrust the revolver back in his pocket hastily for a child had stopped to look at him, then slowly rose and fell to pacing the gravel walk. A jay screamed overhead, "Jay, jay, jay!"

"You fool," Geth called to him and then muttered to himself. "Fool, fool—oh, Geth—" From the boulevard a voice called him.

"Mr. Gething—if you please, sir—!" It was Willet the trainer.

"All right, Willet." The trainer was mounted holding a lean grey-hound of a horse. Gething pulled down the stirrups.

"I meant to tell you to bring Cuddy for me to ride, last time, you know."

"Not that devil. I could never lead him in. Frenchman, here, is well behaved in cities." Gething swung up. He sat very relaxed upon a horse. There was a life time of practice behind that graceful seat and manner with the reins. The horses started a low shuffling, gait that would take them rapidly out of the city to the Gething country place and stables.

"You know," Geth broke silence, "Cuddy's got his—going to be shot."

"Not one of us, sir," said Willet, "but will sing Hallelujah! He kicked a hole in Muggins yesterday. None of the boys dare touch him, so he hasn't been groomed proper since your father said he was to go. It's more dangerous wipin' him off than to steeple-chase the others." Geth agreed.

"I know it isn't right to keep a brute like that."

"No, sir. When he was young and winning stakes

it seemed different. I tell you what, we'll all pay a dollar a cake for soap made out 'er old Cuddy."

"There'll be no soap made out of old Cuddy," Gething interrupted him, "I'll ride him out—up to the top of Break-Neck Hill and shoot him there. You'd better begin the trench by noon. When it's dug I'll take him to the top and—"

"But nobody's been on his back since your father said it was useless to try to make him over. Too old for steeple-chasing and too much the racer for anything else, and too much the devil to keep for a suvnor."

"Well, I'll ride him once again."

"But, Mr. Geth, he's just been standing in his box or the paddock for four weeks now. We've been waiting for you to say when he was to be shot. He's in a sweet temper and d' y'er know, I t'ink I do—"

"What do you think?" Willet blushed purple.

"I think Cuddy's got something in his head, some plan if he gets out. I think he wants to kill some one before he dies. Yes, sir, *kill* him. And you know if he gets the start of you there is no stopping the dirty devil."

"Yes, he does tear a bit," Geth admitted. "But I never was on a surer jumper. Lord! How the old horse can lift you!" Gething dropped into a disconsolate silence, interrupted before long by Willet.

"Happiness will get Cuddy's box—she's in a stall. Cuddy was always mean to her—used to go out of his way to kick her—and she, sweet as a kitten."

"So you'll give her his box in revenge?"

"Revenge? Oh, no sir. Just common sense." Any thought of a sentimental revenge was distasteful to the trainer, but he was glad that good Happiness should get his box and disappointed about the soap. It would have lent relish to his somewhat perfunctory washings to say to himself, "Doubtless this here bit of soap is a piece of old Cuddy."

"How long will the trench take?"

"A good bit of time, sir. Cuddy isn't no kitten we're laying by. I'll put them gardeners on the job—with your permission—and they know how to shovel. You'll want an old saddle on him?"

"No, no, the one I've raced him in, number twelve, and his old bridle with the chain bit."

"Well, well," said Willet rubbing his veiny nose.

He considered the horse unworthy of any distinction, but in his desire to please Geth, took pains to prepare Cuddy for his death and burial. Gething was still at the big house although it was four o'clock and the men on Break-Neck Hill were busy with their digging. Willet called them the sextons.

"And we, Joey," he addressed a stable boy, "we're the undertakers. Handsome corpse, what?" Cuddy stood in the center of the barn floor fastened to be groomed. He was handsome, built on the cleanest lines of speed and strength, lean as an anatomical study, perfect for his type. The depth of chest made his legs, neck and head look fragile. His face was unusually beautiful—the white-starred face which had been before Geth's eyes as he had sat in Holly Park. His pricked ears strained to hear, his eyes to see. The men working over him were beneath his notice.

"Look at him," complained Joey, "he pays no more attention to us than as if we weren't here." Cuddy usually kicked during grooming, but his present indifference was more insulting.

"Huh!" said Willet, "he knows them sextons went to Break-Neck to dig the grave for him. Don't yer, Devil? Say, Joey, look at him listening like he was counting the number of spadefuls it takes to make a horse's grave. He's thinking, old Cuddy is, and scheming what he'd like to do. I wouldn't ride him from here to Break-Neck, not for a thousand dollars." He began rapidly with the body brush on Cuddy's powerful haunch, then burst out.

"He thinks he'll be good and we'll think he's hit the saw-dust trail, or perhaps he wants to look pretty in his coffin. Huh! Give me that curry. You wash off his face a bit." Cuddy turned his aristocratic face away from the wet cloth and blew tremulously. Joey tapped the blazing star on his forehead.

"Right there," he explained to Willet, "but anyhow he's begun to show his age." He pointed the muzzle which had the run forward look of an old horse and to the pits above the eyes. The grooming was finished but neither Gething came to the stable from the big big house or the trench diggers from Break-Neck to say that their work was done.

"Say, Joey," suggested Willet, I'll do up his mane in red and yellow worsteds, like he was going to be exhibited. Red and yellow look well on a bay. You get to the paddock and see Frenchman hasn't shipped his blanket while I fetch the worsteds from the office."

Cuddy left alone, stopped his listening and began pulling at his halter. It held him firm. From the brown dusk of their box-stalls two lines of expectant horses' faces watched him. The pretty chestnut Happiness, already had been transferred to his old box, her white striped face was barely visible. Further down, on the same side, Goblin stood staring stupidly and beyond were the heads of the three brothers, Sans Pareil, Sans Peur and the famous Sans Souci who could clear seven feet of timber (and now was lame). Opposite stood Bohemia, cold blood in her veins as a certain thickness about the throat testified, and little Martini, the flat racer. On either side of him were Hotspur and

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The Last Word

Conversation or Noise?

"MORE brain, oh, Lord, more brain! Why did Meredeth pick out women to say that about?" Kay sighed wearily as she kicked off her slippers and flopped down on the edge of the bed. "I am a fool," she added, "I have been to another Sig Delt dance."

"But you said you were never going to another," I suggested. "And anyway I wouldn't let mere man wear me out like that. Hurry up and come to bed, I'm tired."

She sat on stupidly. "That's the reason I'm a fool. It's not as if he were the typical fusser of this college. He is a big man on the hill."

She let her party coat fall on the floor and started to undo her dress. With no variation in her tone she went on.

"I found Dick in the parlor, good looking, wearing one of the two thousand new Hart Schaeffner and Marx pinchbacks. He was looking at the year book and held it open at his fraternity picture.

" 'Here I am,' he announced. 'And here and here. There is a Sig on every page of the outside activity section.'

" 'Quite characteristic of the Sigs,' I murmured with interest.

"We started. I had noticed his elephant badge and to begin a conversation I said, 'I see you are a Hughes man. What's the matter with Wilson?'

" 'Vacilating, inconsistent—we need a strong man—Look at his foreign policy and Mexican mixup.'

" 'What should he have done in Mexico?'

" 'Something, anything!—Gone in and cleaned it up and not stood around and waited.'

" 'You think he should have recognized Huerta?' I insisted.

" 'Oh I'm not speaking of little things like that. I'm talking about his whole Mexican policy, inconsistent, vacilating—'

"I cut him off. 'Just why are you such an ardent partisan of the principles of the G. O. P.?'

" 'Why I've always been a Republican. All the fellows at the house are Republicans,' he answered.

" 'Do you believe all the bombast about the 'Americans'?'

" 'Heavens, no! I've bet all my money on the Nationals.' He was emphatic.

"But I knew nothing of baseball." Kay sighed. "Should I go on?"

"You might as well get it out of your system," I replied from the bed.

" 'Why are you so interested in politics?' he asked me later at the dance.

" 'Why not?' I answered after the manner of the March Hare.

"It didn't serve to silence him. 'It doesn't seem to fit you. You are different from the usual co-ed you know.'

"Did every man in college memorize that phrase from a Robert's Rules I had never heard of, I wondered?

" 'Of course you wouldn't let your sister come here would you?'

" 'Lord no,' he said with lovely frankness. 'I don't want her to go to college, especially not this kind. The nicest girls at home go to exclusive schools like Miss Spence's and National Park.'

" 'And learn to wear the right kind of hats and to dance the latest Castle steps,' I put in.

" 'Aren't they some dancers though? Look at that girl with Bob Bacon. She's from Chicago. Isn't her dress artistic? And it cost ninety-five dollars. She is by far the best dressed girl here."

"No comment from me. I was thinking of the last year's prom dress I was wearing.

" 'And how sweet she is,' he continued. 'Coeds get so hardened and blazé.'

"I agreed. Tis true. Meeting men every day on equal footing makes us realize they are not god-heads. We cease to worship you for your purely virile qualities. Yes, we get hardened.

"It was the music of the last dance. I was glad to get back to Dick. He was running for Prom chairman and had had a dance with every Junior girl there. And the last three men had been trials. The first had stepped all over my feet and kept reminding me he hadn't danced for three years. The second was a short and thick football man who talked only of the time when training would be over and he could eat enough. The third was merely stupid. He didn't know that an editorial which had appeared in the new 'Lit' magazine on a late speaker at the University, was sarcasm. And Dick danced beautifully.

"We were taken for a drive after the party and under the influence of a deciduous autumn night, he drew closer and said with meaning

" 'You are very beautiful tonight, Kay. You remind me greatly of the girl I was in love with last year. We were infatuated with each other—but now it is all over. It was more than a mere flirtation; we were very close to one another, very close to one another. I was going to leave college and marry her. But my brother left his sophomore year that way and he advised me

not to. He said it didn't work. So I wrote to her. She took it nicely—very nicely. And now I call on her, just as I would on any other girl. We were very close to one another,' he added in a melancholy tone.

" 'Vega is clear and white tonight,' I suggested.

" 'And you are fair and beautiful.' And I heard him start sentimentally.

" 'Roses she wore on her breast that night. Oh but their scent was sweet
Alone we sat on the balcony, and the fan palm arched above
The witching strain of a waltz by Straus came up to our cool retreat
And I prisoned her little hand in mine, and whispered my plea of love.'

"He would have gone on but I withdrew my little six and one-half hand.

"To think I look like the kind of person men quote Robert W. Service to!" Kay rasped. "Oh I know him well. Three men in two weeks have recited all they know to me and the last brought me a marked copy. But there is more to this story.

"We returned and stood on the darkened porch, waiting for twelve thirty. 'When may I see you again,' he said softly. 'I feel that you will be a great influence in my life. And little girl,' he whispered tenderly, 'tonight I give up drinking for I want to live up to your ideal.' "

"Oh Kay, give thanks unto Terpsichore that he could dance, and come to bed."

—AGNES DURRIE.

Malted Milk and Co-Edwins

"TWO malted milks," said Frances languidly, as she glanced up and down The Chocolate Shop menu.

"Do you know," she said, turning to me, "I am weary of malted milks, weary of trying to endow them with 'a fresh, individualistic taste,' and they are not 'a trifle better like pine-needles.' But since we can't drink bock beer, we *must* have malted milk—the men say it's the next best thing—although I should much prefer a hot fudge." Frances adjusted her floating veil and looked cynically about her.

"Did you know also that my creative imagination is getting worn out?" she asked after a moment.

I was not aware that Frances had a creative imagination, but I was willing to hear about it.

"Yes, the strain of trying to imagine this rose-lit and saccharinely feminine place into the smoky, brass-railed retreat of masculinity which I conceive Charley's to be, is wearing upon even the stoutest imagination. For a while I did it quite well, but since my last blighting experience—"

"Tell me about it," I said quickly. Frances' blighting experiences in spite of their frequency and retrospective brilliancy are always interesting. She tells them with a kind of lyrical sadness which reminds one of the poignant regret of Villon's "Où sont les neiges d'antan?"

Frances gazed into the depths of her malted milk for an appropriate beginning. Not finding inspiration there, she looked in the mirror and began.

"Well, I have at least escaped the two besetting evils of co-ed existence—getting to the stage of tortoise shell spectacles or marrying a professor. However, I experimented with the third great class—Co-Edwins. You see, a month ago I found myself in exactly the same state of boredom in which I am now. All my resources were at an end. I was failing to shock anyone. I had already attained 'the highest summit of invention,' and my fertility in the manufacture of shock producing schemes had waned visibly.

"I started a subscription to an Anarchist magazine. Its monthly arrival used to cause a delicious sensation; I would leave it lying about open at the most rabid article, so that they would all pounce upon it and hold council regarding the perversion of my morals. Next I started an Anarchist Club—or at least I talked of it. At meal times I would discuss the exclusiveness of this new organization, and I would give long descriptions of the reception and tea which we were going to have when Emma Goldman arrived. I had the entire receiving line picked out—the most conservative of the professors—but the Sisters listened in fascinated and credulous terror. But when the Anarchist Club failed to organize, excitement again waned. Even my superhuman industry in raking out wild statements of love, marriage and women, from Bernard Shaw, Nietzsche, Strindberg, and Smart Set lost its effectiveness when despite my protests some of the sisters started taking Contemporary Drama and Philosophy, and spent their quarters on Smart Set. Yes—I was at the end of my rope, everyone took me quite calmly. Of course I still had Meredith and H. G. Wells to console me, but their help was rather negative.

"I could no longer evade the truth which I had discovered in my soul—a Co-Edwin must be my final resource against boredom. I tried to escape, but I could not. I liked my queer, socially non-presentable men friends with whom I could alternately discuss cosmic consciousness and party dresses—Francis Thompson and ragtime—with whom I could go for a walk in the rain instead of to the movies—but they would not do—I must try a Co-Edwin. Intrinsically, of course, I dislike the creatures, but as psychological experiments

they are interesting. So I looked about me. Of course I realized the disadvantages of the procedure. I should have to get up 'a good line of talk.' Zealously I must guard against the use of three syllabled words. I must eschew all reference to art, literature, philosophy, music, and the drama. I must be letter-perfect as to the words and music of 'There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl,' and all the rest of the popular songs, and get up a filing system of Orpheum jokes for hasty reference. Yes—it would be hard. I must guard against being even 'incipiently intellectual,' as one of my highbrow friends had condescendingly described me. He thought incipient intellectuality very amusing, but in this instance it would not do. The whitewash must be applied thickly over my cultural veneer, so thickly that there could be no suspicion as to its presence.

"Well, a man was not long in turning up—they never are when one is resolutely watchful and prayerful. He was what the girls of the university sum up as a 'marvelous dancer, my dear.' He parted his hair directly in the middle, wore the latest in tight fitting overcoats and yellow gloves, and never condescended to smoke anything save Pall Malls. So he was all that any woman could desire. He conformed to all the standards of Country Club efficiency, and if not exactly a boulevardier, thought that he talked like one. Indeed, he had the highest of recommendations from the sisters. I awaited my date with him in expectancy, not in deference to my crowded date book, but to his. He was so much in demand at sorority teas, open houses, dinners, and the dansantes, that it made life rather complicated for him. However, he admitted that it was good training for his destined place in life, the diplomatic service.

"In deference to his social prominence I made an elaborate toilette. I visited the Rosemary Shop to have my hair dressed, I wore the highest of gold tissue slippers, my dress was ultra feminine, and my ear rings did not suggest an acquaintance with Kant's Categorical Imperative or The Critique of Pure Reason. Needless to say, I was a few moments late when he called for me. I was all dressed but I had to rehearse 'my line of talk,' which had been carefully garnered and prepared. To be sure, it consisted mostly of monosyllables, but then there were the glances to go with the monosyllables. Also the art of using monosyllables in the correct place is little appreciated by those outside of the Neo-Helenic circle. At last I floated down in graceful fashion—outwardly serene, but inwardly fearful lest a three-syllabled word might contradict the sweet vapidity of my smile, or that my knowledge of the theory as to the warfare of the sexes might in some way crop out and spoil the general effect.

" 'Good evening, Mr. Clayton,' I said. No danger in greetings anyway.

"As he returned the greeting, I could feel him glancing me over furtively to be sure that I was worthy to accompany one so acknowledgedly distingué as himself. My pale blue party coat and lacy bit of party dress showing beneath, bore the scrutiny quite well even though I feared that a shameful consciousness of the fact that I knew the difference between a synthetic and an analytic statement, lurked in my eyes.

"Although it was not raining, Mr. Clayton, as a gentleman really worth while, had his motor at my disposal. As we rode the few blocks to his fraternity lodge, we discoursed upon automobiles. As I can only distinguish Fords and Packards, the conversation was a little one-sided. But Bob (we had gotten to calling each other by our first names by this time) needed no assistance. He rambled on gaily about his motor cars and racers, and gave a proud account of the many times he had been arrested for speeding. He also told me about his distinction in having been successively expelled from Culver, Harvard, and the University of Kansas.

"I looked up with my best affectation of an adoring and slightly fearful gaze at him. 'How wonderful it must be to have had so much experience in life,' I murmured. 'Girls don't get a chance to do anything.'

" 'No,' he replied pityingly, and as if replying to a profound philosophical truth, 'they don't.'

"His gravity alarmed me. I realized we were venturing upon dangerously intellectual territory, and that 'experience' is a word of four syllables. I hastened to divert the conversation to more sprightly channels.

"I remembered 'fraternity beer hounds' as one of the subjects recommended me for conversation with Co-Edwins, so I hastened to say, 'I hear you have the cutest new dog at your house.'

"This was a happy thought. The topic lasted us for the rest of the ride and for the first two dances. As the 'marvelous dancer' whirled me about, he told me how the fraternity brothers had sent him down to Chicago to select a beer hound worthy of their order, of the trials which he had had in finding a sufficiently noble beast, and of the great price he had had to pay for it. Then he told me of the chivalric service which the beer hound performed in leading the way home of a Saturday night when the 'gang' had become just inebriated enough to have lost a sense of direction.

"After the second dance we changed partners. I noticed that Bob was not enjoying himself as much as he had with me. He looked down at his partner in an almost bored manner—gone was his sparkling vivacity inspired by the topic of beer hounds.

"After some time we had a dance together again.

I started conversation up with a joke I had heard at the Orpheum, and this, as I expected, brought the right anecdote. He immediately launched himself on an account of the occasions when the brothers had entertained Orpheum 'queens' at the lodge, and he mildly insinuated that he was one of the chief attractions. He described one particular dark haired beauty, who had directed all her songs at him during the performance. Again we separated, but during the last dance things were as lively as ever—he poured forth his soul to me in the same ardent fashion. My smile was as sweetly appreciative as ever, my monosyllables as well chosen and correctly placed, my gaze as worshipful of masculine superiority—but behind it all what a seething tumult of revolt. I thought of Maeterlinck's philosophy of silence—I thought of great, starlit vistas of silence, remote and desirable beyond anything on earth. Still I smiled on.

"The clock pointed to two minutes past twelve; the orchestra was putting away its instruments; the dance was over. Bob assisted me into his car and we sped along in the cool night air. He told me that there were three or four girls in every sorority who were madly pursuing him with invitations and attentions. I gave him my sympathy. He said he wouldn't mind if I pursued him a little though. I appreciated the condescension.

"We stood on the porch saying good night. I thought it had been said sufficiently. I felt perfectly capable of unlocking the door alone. Suddenly as I reached up for the key, I felt his arm in the early stages of encircling me. Quick as a flash the three approved methods of kiss-prevention leaped into my mind—slapping, laughing uproariously at the absurdity of it all, and crying (an ineffective method usually ending in capitulation). I rejected them all. With supreme dignity I wrenched myself from him and said as fast as I could 'Do you know that consciousness hypostatizes the possession of gray matter, and that eudamonia, the ancient ideal of happiness has not been present with me this evening, and that every great poet has ethos, and you most certainly have not.'

"He fled down the steps, leapt into his car, and was off.—I have given up Co-Edwins."

I looked up at Frances sympathetically. "Would another malted milk be any relief to you in your tribulation?"

Frances looked wearily into the depths of her empty glass.

"No, it would take an absinthe at least," she said.

A Critical Standard of Judgment

SALLY is secretary to one of the directors of the Art Institute at Chicago. She has an even tempered face, respectable brown hair, and an embarrassed little laugh which is enchanting. Save for the frequency of the little laugh and a constant query above brows which are too refined, you would never convict Sally of having a tragic aim in life. But alas, Sally aims to become ultra-refined. The very word always creates within me a desire to say, "My dear," with various inflections, especially with a pretentious and false eastern accent. To become ultra refined, Sally says one must cultivate poise.

Therefore, when I burst into her office during the holiday season to talk ecstatically of a prospective concert, she pointed a dainty but accusing forefinger at me to say, "My dear, you are losing your poise, it isn't necessary to be so strong in your praise."

I winced, but undiplomatically continued, "But surely you too are enthusiastic about this Bohemian violinist?"

Sally frowned, and hesitatingly remarked, "Miss B.— she has studied abroad, you know—says he exhibits too much emotion."

"Fiddlesticks," I exclaimed impatiently, "What do *you* think?" But Sally only laughed and the talk ended, as our talks usually ended, without one positive or original statement from Sally. She never commits herself upon any point unless she has the opinion of some one superior to herself—some one, to quote Sally herself, "with a critical standard of judgment."

Upon this particular day I was to take luncheon with Sally. Not being quite ready to leave the office, she suggested that I step into the director's large reception room. "And mind," she said, "It is a room which gives the best possible view of Michigan Boulevard. This particular portion of Michigan Boulevard has been passed upon as being one of the finest metropolitan scenes in the United States."

Before I could carry out her suggestion, one of the directors, Mr. R., entered. Mr. R. is sandy-haired and tall, with a fondness for phrenology.

"Yes, do watch our scene and tell us how it impresses you," he smiled.

And Sally laughed, pleased at Mr. R.'s interest.

The reception room was pleasantly filled by a large colonial table of mahogany and several spacious arm-

chairs. Upon the walls hung the violet-hued *Old Garden* by Labrada, a stern Van Dyke, and a brilliant but needlessly immodest Italian painting. A large window occupied one entire wall. Frowning at the smiling Italian beauty, I moved mechanically towards the window.

The snows and rains of the past weeks had marshalled many rivulets through the dust on the outside pane until the window had become a grotesque mass of fruitful images. Dreamily, I remembered the metropolitan scene and looked to the left. Higher and higher rose the magnificent office buildings, each one striving to outdo its neighbor in height and impressiveness. But I forgot the magnificence in the thought of the struggle for height. How small in comparison were the endless number of limousines, runabouts, and electric-motors. And the gay boulevardiers, how like puppets they seemed, busy puppets who never stopped save at street crossings, where they waited for the wave of an authoritative blue arm—then scurried like mice across the street—there to resume their busy pace.

Unsatisfied I still continued to gaze, yet no longer saw the boulevard or its people. Gradually I became aware of the puff puffing of engines and looked to the right—the railroad tracks.

On and on they came, those wonderful black-throated funnels of fire. I remember that at first, I tried to count the engines, for I had never seen so many, but soon I lost myself in smoke. Yes, smoke, mazes and mazes of bewildering smoke. When first it issued from the funnels, the smoke was in tiny tight ringlets like the moist curls that cling about the head of a sleeping child. As the smoke danced higher, the curls flung themselves out like hands until they drifted upward in one exultant and billowy mass. From one throat would come rolls of blue-grey smoke that merged into deepest violet, from another such clouds of purest white arose and it seemed as though nothing could be more superb. But from still another funnel burst so great a glory of intense blackness that my throat tightened with ecstacy. What an inexhaustible quantity of beauty; one could always be satisfied, but never sated, for each new billow was different than the last, different and more beautiful in its strangeness.

I wanted to put out my arms and feel the loveliness. And when the violet-greys, white, and black merged in the skies, my throat, and arms ached with suppressed emotion. I do not know how long I watched, but when Sally came I was drunk with the madness of too much beauty.

"Well, how do you like our metropolitan scene?" Mr. R. asked when I dazedly re-entered the office.

"Oh," I gasped, "I never knew smoke was so beautiful."

"Smoke," exclaimed Sally and Mr. R. in chorus. I only nodded my response to the accusation. Mr. R. ran his fingers through his sandy hair and looked at me contemplatively. I'm sure he would have liked to have exercised the authority of some renowned phrenologist. Sally uttered the embarrassed, little laugh and exclaimed reproachfully:

"Why that smoke is a blight upon our finest metropolitan scene. How can you joke in such fashion?"

And now, please, how may one acquire a *critical standard of judgment?*

ROSE PEREL.

A Little Learning

HE is one of those men with a comfortable theory of life ready worked out. Consistent always, you know just what his attitude on a subject will be. His position is that of a normal man untinged by personal selfishness or any other saving form of human weakness which we sometimes so like to see. His view is the social view: society is right, society must preserve its traditions and every man's first duty is to that society. A talk with him was sure to bring you into clash with what Locke calls "the great God, respectability."

It so happened that this evening we drifted towards the subject of vagabondia. The fact that we were then seated in a straw-matted native house of an interior district of southern Japan, that he had been born in the United States and graduated at a Canadian university, that he had travelled over much of Europe after having earned his passage across the Atlantic on a cattle boat, was not to be appealed to in my favor. Neither logic absolute nor argument *ad personam* could confute his assurance in his jarring sect. He was an apostate to the true religion.

It was not long before we were lost in figurative language. I spoke of the two paths, the well-travelled, much-frequented, smooth road, always respectable and with little "Keep-off-the-grass" signs at every point where there was danger that beauty migh lure the passer-by into the soft, green valleys and shaded nooks; the other road, the less frequented, passing through few hamlets but over many hills, always difficult, changing, and leading nowhere. I made plain that to my mind there was only one to choose.

"But where do you get,—what do you find at the end to merit the travel? The other road leads to service, to society and to a recognized position in the world, and yours—"

I could but reply that I did not feel so much the necessity of "arriving," but wished rather the fullest life while traveling. In support of my views I brought out my pet stock of quotations; Stevenson and old Isaac Walton, Carman and Hovey came to my aid supported by recent magazine literature. As a fitting climax I recalled the following from a recent reading of Job:

"He scorneth the tumult of the city,
Neither heareth he the shoutings of the driver,
The range of the mountains is his pasture,
And he searcheth after every green thing."

It was a happy thought this reference to holy writ; knowing my man, I felt certain of my case.

"Very pretty, but of whom is that spoken? Who is the 'he'?"

Of that I was not so sure; but it was only the work of a moment to turn it up. I did so and read the pasage aloud. And then I wished that I had not.

"By the way, who 'Hath set out the wild ass free'?" was his very irrelevant question as I closed the door and stepped quietly out under the stars.

YAMATE JUROKUBAN.

And Then---The Bubble Broke

IT was toward the end of the evening. The music had lulled itself into a dreamy waltz. The dancers, tired from the more strenuous steps, revolved with a measured grace. The quaint hooped skirts, in dainty colors gave the room a soft, pleasant glow. I was tempted to feel a breath of romance—the romance of the sweet old days one reads about or hears of when Grandma takes down gently from the top shelf in the attic a scented bundle of yellow letters "to dust."

A tall youth, and fair maid in lavender gown glided past. Her dark curls had loosened, and a glistening whisp insisted upon blowing against her partner's cheek. I thought of the sentiment the poets have attached to streaming hair. I remembered the fanciful words of Pelleas to Milisande. "Hearest thou my kisses along thy hair? They mount along thy hair—Each hair must bring thee some."

Then the maid spoke:

"I'm sorry you have to eat my hair," she apologized.

He struggled manfully to disentangle himself. She laughed sympathetically:

Don't worry too much. I had a shampoo to-day."

"That helps some." He smiled good-naturedly, and they danced on.

Ah, what a hard, real world it is—but lots more sensible.

CAROL MCMILLAN.

"Yellow Roses"

(Continued from page 40)

be sure that your lids are closed tight. The tiniest opening might —Humm— Looks rather well." (Poking his temple) "Does it hurt there?"

Marvin: "Not a bit."

Dr. Pen.: "Or here?"

Marvin: "No."

Dr. Pen.: "Is there the least pain here?"

Marvin: "No."

Dr. Pen.: "Good! Now then, keep perfectly still." (He goes from one French window to the other, carefully drawing the shades). ."Has your food been agreeing with you lately?"

Marvin: "Yes, perfectly well."

(The room is almost dark now, except for a glimpse or two of sunshine that slips in from the garden. Once more Dr. Pennington scrutinizes his patient's eyes closely, and then straightens up, and taking a black case from his vest pocket,)

Dr. Pen.: "Now, Ernest, keep as calm as possible. Nerves are miserable things, you know." (He fastens a pair of dark glasses to Marvin's eyes and rests one hand firmly on the patient's shoulder).

Marvin: (Trembling violently) "Not—not—"

Dr. Pen.: "Yes, open them. Open your eyes. Everything's all right. But remember what I said about nerves, young man."

Marvin: (After opening his eyes and realizing fully that he can see again, collapses into his chair, sobbing violently).

Dr. Pen.: "There, there, boy, brace up and be a man. It's all over now. Forget it."

Marvin: "But the horror of it was so great! It's a wonder I didn't go insane, Doctor."

Dr. Pen.: "I know, I know. It's a wonder I didn't myself." (Looking at his watch.) "My stars, I'll never finish by noon. Good bye, Ernest, and above all, don't get worked up. It's the worst thing you can do."

(Exit Dr. Pennington).

Marvin: (Alone) "The table, the fire-place, the chairs, the flowers, the window, the garden, they're all really there." (Closing his eyes) "Oh, what I have suffered this past month!"

Briggs: (Entering quickly) "They tell me you can see again, Mister Ernest. Oh, thank holy St. Michael, but this is a blessed day." Suddenly remembering) "*They're* here, sir."

Marvin: "They?"

Briggs: "Yes, sir, the Miss and the monkey."

Marvin: "The Miss and the —, Oh, yes, to be sure. Show them in, Briggs." (Alone) "Now for some real sport. Thank fortune I can see her this time."

(A tiny laugh is heard, the middle doors swing open and Dolina stands motionless in the door-way.)

Dolina: "Your house, it is vera beautiful, vera expensive, but vera, vera big, much too big, signor."

Marvin: Rises and walks unsteadily towards her shadowy figure, dimly outlined against the white panels of the door. Whimsically,) "Dolina, that's that's your name, isn't it?"

Dolina: "Si, signor, but you say it like—like this animal, how you say him, 'hippipotomo' isn't? Like this beast walk, you say my name:" (Mocking him) "Dolina, Dolina,— like these, you say him."

Marvin: (Smiling in spite of himself) "You're certainly not afraid of me, are you?"

Dolina: "Afraid—no, why?"

Marvin: "Don't you think I'm a big, growling old bear? Why, child, I'm almost afraid of myself sometimes. You'll do me a great favor by telling me I don't look like one anyway. Truthfully now, do I?"

Dolina: (Smiling wistfully) "You ask of me something vera har'. No, you are not a bear. This I know by how you jus' speak to me. Your face? I guess he is good too, but it is vera har' for me to say, when I am blind."

Marvin: (Remains motionless some moments, then staggers closer to the girl. He is suddenly arrested by the meaningless, vacant stare in her black eyes. "Girl! Dolina! My God, you are blind."

Dolina: (Serenely) "Yes, signor, I was born this way. Oh, flowers." (Goes with outstretched hands towards the bowl of roses on the table). "Roses, wonderful pink roses." (Feels them delicately,) "No, not pink—yellow. Please, kind signor, can I have one?"

Marvin unable to say a word, walks unsteadily over to the table and with trembling fingers, lifts all the roses from their vase, placing them in Dolina's outstretched hands.

Curtain.

BERTHA OCHSNER.

Turgenev

(Continued from page 46)

heart of another, you know, is a dark forest, and a girl's more than any," is something that he rarely contested. It is not only here that Turgenev was a realist. Realism is best seen by two characteristics, the importance accorded to description and the preference of the average human being to the heroic and great one. The latter I have already treated. To those who have read his work there is little need to bring up the volume and character of Turgenev's pictures of scenes and individuals. The steppe at sunrise, the meeting of the Russian politicians at Baden, the scene at the grave of Bazarov are not soon forgotten. In short, Thackeray and Dickens and Scott and Irving have seldom attained the beauty and force that are found in any of his works. No groundless creations—it matters little whether they were true to life or not—came from his pen. No such creed as art for art's sake was his. There was more than realism in his works. First and foremost this dreamer of Russia's future was a reformer.

What to the foreigner may be merely a realist's picture of Russian life of years ago is to the Russian a profound diagnosis of the destiny of Russia. Each of his characters is playing his part in the tragedy of that unfortunate country. There is no figure in his novels who is there merely because he exists. There is no character in Turgenev's works who is not a representative of an existing type *which should be encouraged or eradicated.* Each of his works is an artistic picture of the history of modern Russia. Each of his chapters is a plea for a less tragic and less ludicrous history. But he is not an artist if only such are his virtues. And if I grant that for a moment, not wishing to delve into an explanation of that word, I can say he is a master none-the-less, a master of the technique of literature and of the power for analysis of the human soul. He possessed the keys of all human emotions and was an adept in the combination of the details into a harmonious whole.

And does his mastery end with a well-written study of his characters? We have but to read one of his novels to utter a thunderous, "No." His is a unique command over the sympathies and emotions of his readers.—Did I say read? I meant live.—For one does not read Turgenev's works, one lives in them.

But does the definition, one of the strongest political thinkers of his day with a power to touch the weak spot in our hearts and pierce that of his countrymen, give us the be-all and end-all of Turgenev? Does it account for the power that pictured the flight of Litvinov, the meditation of Lavretsky in the garden where he first learned of his love, or the praying parents of Bazarov at his grave? Does it bring before our eyes the picture of the Russian tree at Baden? Does it remind us of the pitiful, half-maddened father of Bazarov who shrieks, "I said I would rebel—and I rebel, I rebel?" Does it stand for one of his hundred love scenes? How can it? All that is the work of an artist.

And Turgenev is an artist among artists. The freshness of his sensations, although his pictures suggest much more than they show, the sympathy with every soul, the acuteness of his discernment, and the

tender, artistic treatment of nature and individuals are those of a prophet and a poet. They alone have been enough to carry his work when the political satire so maddened his countrymen that every word he had written was branded as false, and when the teacher and seer who is now understood and followed was reviled and slandered.

Some have claimed that Turgenev's love stories did that. They maintained that these were there to float the sermon he wished to preach. Turgenev never intended them for ballast. To him love was the light which showed the dross and pure metal of his man. The love affair was a test of a character. And it determined his point of view. It shows the contrast between the sweet dream and the cold and harsh reality. And who excels Turgenev in presenting the moment when the character discovers this contrast? It is after his love affair that Bazarov realizes the omnipotence of Nature one of whose tender playthings could so wound him. It is then all his characters realize their impotence and insignificance.

And it is this eternal tragedy more than the struggles of Russia that cause the note of pessimism and despair in his work. All his work is tragic and some is hopelessness in every line. And although Turgenev has often tried to modify that effect, very few of his novels show a sincere, bright ray of hope peering through the dark, low clouds. But his pessimism never goes so far as to reach hatred of man. His love for Russia, for the Russian life of wasted energy and wistful dreams is the source of the sympathy and tender treatment, of the gentle irony and deepfelt sorrow that pervades his works.

Turgenev like Tolstoy and Dostoievsky found but bitter satire and derision in the criticism of his countrymen. More than one storm of ignorant and vile abuse shrieked its unintelligent message of hatred and contempt to him after his death was considered almost holy. Malignant and suspicious Young Russia, fearful and contemptuous aristocracy, and ever-persecuting government poured maledictions and vituperations on his head. And toward the end, the man whom thousands followed to his grave had but one thing to solace him, that for which he had sacrificed all that this world could give, literature, to which he had consecrated his whole, noble life.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO.

The Captivating Odors of the Kitchen

(Continued from page 42)

which to repel invading cats and dogs, the sound alone of the black objects crashing against the wall sufficing to terrify away the intruders. No one ever dared surmise what would happen if one ever struck anything alive. A large-sized one, coming in contact with a man's head with any amount of force would have meant certain death. Taken internally by anyone not brought up on them, they would probably have meant the same thing. Fortunately, no guest ever dined at the Hoskins' frugal table. And Jedediah, speechless, well-nigh senseless, before the new world that had opened up before him, was eating and eating and eating.

"You must save room for a couple of slices of my apple pie," his hostess said; and then—It was brought on.

It seemed to Jedediah Hoskins as if that apple pie represented the culmination of his life's ideals and ambitions satisfied. His soul went out to meet it. It linked him forever to a hitherto undreamed-of perfection, made him a part of it. Every finger-print about the edge of the crust was an impression on his inner being. As the last mouthful of the third slice sped on its way to oblivion, he realized for the first time in his life that there was a something within him far removed from other Hoskinses, and mountain-high superior to the general stewing pot from which he had been nourished for thirty years. Jedediah was a changed man.

It was late when he wandered home in the starlight, with the curious restlessness of Spring, that has just a touch of languor behind it, tugging at his new-found being. He thought with revolt of the parental abode, dark and odorous. He thought he must stifle if he went inside; so, when he reached the house, he sat down on the doorstep, and looked at the watery moon (a thing he had never before deliberately done), and thought. He realized that a great intellectual shifting was going on within him. His apathetic attitude towards existence in general was being relegated to his mental attic. Fiery ambition to lead a new life, untouched by the products of the general stewing pot, enthused him. It was impossible for him ever to partake of another meal at the Hoskins board. One evening had revealed to him a world into which he felt impelled to enter, and he resolved, passionately, to take his meals around at restaurants until he found the place, The Ideal Place, where he might embrace Edible Perfection forever. And then—then—another idea insinuated itself into his surprised mind. He found himself thinking of a wife in connection with his new culinary ideal. Upon this, his overtaxed brain registered a distinct shock, and Jedediah crept away to bed, horrified. It was twelve o'clock.

Morning yawned dully over the Hoskins abode. It was time for a listless descent to the breakfast table, though why that should be differentiated from any other

kind of a table, dinner, supper, or mahogany, no one knew. The same streaked, gray tablecloth was there, the same disarray of eating utensils, and the same pervasive odor of something with a fire under it and boiling water over it. Jedediah's head was heavy from his late hours of the night before, and he had lost two collar buttons and found them again before he came to an acute awareness of a strange heart palpitation hitherto unknown to a Hoskins. It was the day of the great rebellion! To-day, purposely, cruelly, he was to sever the bonds that had linked him to many Hoskinses, dead and alive. He was to throw a crashing, screaming thing into the smelly darkness, stillness of the dining room. His hands trembled; in halting to quiet them he noticed that he was putting on a collar intended for the wash. This condition he remedied; and then felt better. He was glad to have discovered his mistake in time. Somewhere in his make-up was a genuine germ of elemental neatness. He brushed his shiny blue serge coat, slid into it, and creaked down the stairs. He creaked down for two reasons: the stairs had been built that way, and his shoes were new. In the hall he stopped to put his hands in his pockets and to moisten his lips. His mother! he could see the wavery lines of distress that would amble nervously across her vacant face when he told her what he had to tell. He had read somewhere of filial ingratitude. Was he ungrateful to the hand and breast that had nourished him? Was he overturning household gods in repudiating the general stewing pot? A spasmodic flicker of anxiety passed through him. He was taken unawares, and the ground beneath him swayed back and forth. The green animals in the carpet were chasing one another around the border in a dizzy fashion. Jedediah caught hold of the newel post and chocked on a nothingness that was filling his throat. He was honestly alarmed. He gasped, closed his eyes. And before him there passed, in regular file, like an army going forth to glorious battle, a line of graceful dishes, one wide and flat with a pink lake in it, one large and square with a crinkly brown fowl sleeping on it, one crystalline with a castle of quivering jelly built in its bosom, and so on to the end, where three triangles of appled perfection danced in the rear.

Jedediah opened his eyes, lingeringly. Hopefully he peered to the left, to the right. The little army had surely gone away, but behind it was left, in his heart, the lust of conquest, the glorious loyalty to a principle, that marks the fighter. He realized that he had a sacred duty to fulfill, to himself and to his stomach. He had built for himself a goal, an ideal, and to that everything else must give way. He would be a coward if he allowed this to go the misty way of all his former uncertain ambitions and longings.

He marched into the dining room with his long, thin head held high, and his pale eyes glittering like dirty water in the sun. He greeted his family silently, and was surprised to find himself shaking out his little red and white fringed napkin and spreading it over as much of his knees as it would cover. Hurriedly he re-folded it and put it back on the table; then satisfied himself that no one had noticed his unwonted procedure. Mrs. Hoskins had dished out a nondescript porridge of soapsuds hue and odor, and now held it out to her son. The moment had come. He faced it with a perfect equanimity. He lifted his right hand with the majestic, awesome gesture of a traffic policeman, and checked the progress of the porridge. Mrs. Hoskins' hand and the dish wavered unsteadily in mid-air; then fluttered down to the table again. Jedediah's gesture had been unquestionable magnificent. Mrs. Hoskins stared first at the porridge, then at Jedediah. He met her anxious gaze squarely.

"You don't want it?"

He shook his head gravely. She edged her chair closer to the table and leaned over it, her hands hovering over and among the various dishes, under the immediate necessity of handing him something, anything. Omitting the porridge upset the usual order of things, and she sank back into her chair, helpless.

"What—what can I give you?" she queried pleadingly.

Jedediah's tones were portentous.

"Nothing, mother, nothing."

She was baffled. She stirred her coffee rapidly, her frightened eyes on him. Then she breathed deeply, and stroked back her hair as bright relief came over her. Her voice was maternal.

"Now, that's a shame, Jed. You're bilious, I just know it, bilious. After I get through eatin' I'm a-goin' to give you a good big dose o' colomel."

In the old days she could have offered him calomel at any time, yes, fed it to him, and it would all have been in the day's work. But now! The insult of tendering him this, the new Jedediah with new dreams! His eyes flashed. His electrified manner made the younger Hoskinses, who had been contentedly smacking and slobbering over their plates, pause and watch him. He held the wondering attention of the whole table.

"I'm no more sick 'n you!"

He waited for this to dig its impression.

"I'm not a-going to eat to home anymore!"

Jedediah was not going to eat at home anymore. The little Hoskinses went on with their interrupted business. But Mrs. Hoskins still gazed at the outrage male, her offspring, and her lips quivered.

"But, Jed, why? Ain't you satisfied with what I

give you? Lord knows I do the best I can, with them kids always empty, and nothin' must to do on. Ain't I always fed you enough?"

She looked so pitifully weak when she asked questions, and her eyes looked hurt like that, and her voice wobbled! Jedediah felt the bite of remorse. She had worked hard for him, and she had fed him enough, good heavens, yes; he had always had *enough!* He was on the point of taking up his napkin and asking for a cup of coffee.

"Oh, say, Jed, are you—are you—goin' to get married? Maybe?"

And again the tremor that had come upon him the night before assailed him. He shut his eyes and swallowed, hard. The physical exertion of the swallowing increased his self-respect, and he was offended again, mildly insulted.

"No," he said with dignity, "I'm not—not—a-goin' to get married." The word seemed to stick in his throat liked a crooked fishbone. Why should he stumble over the word—"married"—? Who, indeed, would he—marry? He mopped his face, in his horror, with the red and white fringed napkin. When he looked at his mother he experienced the same guilt, and the same terror, that he had felt when she had caught him in his first theft, that of a dirty cur from a neighbor's yard. He gulped. "No," he repeated, "it's just that—"

If only she wouldn't look at him so steadily. He shivered. He would not hurt her feelings with the truth. He would lie nobly, although it was disappointing to lose the effect of the bomb he had planned to throw.

"I thought as how—as how—maybe a change would do me good. Perk me up a mite. Maybe," he added reflectively. "And seein' as I got a raise, I could spare to eat—to eat—around—places. I was readin' the other day where a doctor said as—"

He coughed, and spent much time in getting out his handkerchief. It came harder than he had thought.

"—as a man was apt to get all kinds of d'seases by never gettin' a change, and always etin' in one plce."

Mrs. Hoskins pursed her lips and studied her son. She nodded her head slowly.

"Mebbe that's so. You can try it, at all rates. Though old Ma Hoskins et here forty years before she died, and it didn't never 'pear to hurt her much. But you've been lookin' kind o' peaked o' late, Jed, seems to me. You try eatin' around a while." She cocked her head on one side to get a better view of his face. "I'm real glad you read what that doctor said." Economic considerations came before her. "Now I can make two pounds o' rump do, 'stead o' two 'n a quarter. It always made it come out half a cent uneven, an' they charged me the whole cent. I can save money on my meat good, an' cents by the day make dollars by the year," she said with real pleasure, both in her housewifely thrift and the cleverness of the saving.

It had not come out at all as Jedediah had planned it, and he was conscious, strangely, of being very hungry. Such a thing had not happened in years.

"Hadn't you best have some bread an' coffee anyhow? You won't have time to get nothin' downtown this mornin'. 'Fore you start eatin' around?"

"Well, yes, I guess maybe," said Jedediah. "Well, yes. Not a full cup, an' lots o' milk in it."

* * * * * * * * *

MARJORIE KINNAN.

Break-Neck Hill

(Continued from page 48)

Meteor and there were a dozen others as famous. Above each stall was hung the brass plate giving the name and pedigree and above that up to the room the hay was piled sweet and dusty smelling. The barn swallows twittered by an open window in the loft. In front of Cuddy the great double doors were open to the fields and pastures, the grey hills and the radiant sky. Cuddy reared abruptly striking out with his front legs, crouched and sprang against his halter again, but it held him fast. Willet, on returning with his worsted, found him as he had left him, motionless as a bronze horse on a black marble clock.

Willet stood on a stool the better to work on the horse's neck. His practised fingers twisted and knotted the mane and worsted, then cut the ends into hard tassels. The horse's withers were reached and the tassels bobbing rakishly gave a hilarious look to the condemned animal.

Four men, very sweaty, carrying spades entered.

"It's done," said the first nodding, "and it's a big grave. Glad pet horses don't die oftener."

"This ain't a pet," snapped Willet. "He's just that much property and being of no more use is thrown away—just like an old tin can. No more sense in burying one than the other. If I had my way about it I'd—" But Geth entered. With his coat off he gave an impression of greater size, like Cuddy his lines were graceful enough to minimize his weight.

"Hole dug? Well let's saddle up and start out." He did not go up to Cuddy to speak to him as he usually would have done, but as if trying to avoid him, he fell to patting Happiness' striped face. She was fretful in her new quarters. "Perhaps," thought Willet, "she knows it's old Cuddy's and *he's* gone out

out for good." All the horses seemed nervous and unhappy. It was as if they knew that one of their number was to be taken out to an inglorious death—not the fortune to die on the turf track as a steeple-chaser might wish, but ignominiously, on a hill top, after a soft canter through spring meadows.

Cuddy stood saddled and bridled and then Willet turned in last appeal to his master's son.

"Mr. Geth, I wouldn't ride him—not even if I rode as well as you, which I don't. That horse has grown worse and worse these last months. He wants to kill some one, that's what he wants." Geth shook his head.

"No use, Willet, trying to scare me. I know what I'm doing, eh Cuddy?" He went to the horse and rubbed the base of his ears. The satin head dropped forward unto the man's chest, a rare response from Cuddy. Gething led him out of the stable, Willet held his head as the man mounted. As he thrust his foot in the stirrup Cuddy lunged at Willet, his savage yellow teeth crushed into his shoulder. The rider pulled him off by striking him with his heavy hunting whip. The horse squealed, arched himself in the air and sidled down the driveway. He did not try to run or buck, but seemed intent on twisting himself into curves and figures. The two went past the big house with its gables and numberless chimneys and down to the end of the driveway.

There is a four foot masonry wall around the Gething country-place ("farm" they call it). The horse saw it and began jerking at his bit and dancing for ever since colt-hood walls had had but one meaning for him.

"Well, at it old man," laughed Gething. At a signal Cuddy flew at it, rose into the air with magnificent strength and landed like thistle-down.

"Cuddy," cried the man, "there never was a jumper like you. Break-Neck will keep, we'll find some more walls first." He crossed the road and entered a rough pasture. It was a day of such abounding life one could pity the worm the robin pulled. For on such a day everything seemed to have the right to live and be happy. The crows sauntered across the sky, care free as hoboes. Under foot the meadow turf oozed water, the shad-bush petals fell like confetti before the rough assault of horse and rider. Gething liked this day of wind and sunshine. In the city there had been the small of oiled streets to show the spring had come, here was the small of damp earth, pollen, and burnt brush. Suddenly he realized that Cuddy, too, was pleased and contented for he was going quietly now, occasionally he threw up his head and blew "Heh, heh!" through his nostrils. Strange that Willet had thought Cuddy wanted to kill some one—all he really wanted was a bit of a canter.

A brook was reached. It was wide, marshy, edged with cowslips. It would take a long jump to clear it. Gething felt the back gather beneath him, the tense body flung into the air, the flight through space, then the landing well upon the firm bank.

"Bravo, Cuddy!" the horse plunged and whipped his head between his forelegs, trying to get the reins from the rider's hands. Gething let himself be jerked forward until his face almost rested on the veiny neck.

"Old tricks, Cuddy. I knew *that* one before you wore your first shoes." He still had easy control and began to really let him out. There was a succession of walls and fences and mad racing through fields when the horse plunged in his gait and frightened birds fluttered from the thicket and Gething hissed between his teeth as he always did when he left a horse going strong beneath him.

Then they came to a hill that rose out of green meadows. It was covered with dingy pine trees except the top that was bared like a tonsure. A trail ran through the woods; a trail singularly morose and unattractive. The pines looked shabby and black in comparison to the sun on the spring meadows. This was Break-Neck Hill. Perhaps Cuddy felt his rider stiffen in the saddle for he refused passionately to take the path. He set his will against Gething's and fought, bucking and rearing. When a horse is capable of a six foot jump into the air his great strength and agility makes his bucking terrible. The bronco is a child in size and strength compared to Cuddy's race of super-horse. Twice Geth went loose in his flat saddle and once Cuddy almost threw himself. The chain bit had torn the edges of his mouth and blood colored his froth. Suddenly he acquiesced and quiet again, he took the sombre path. Gath thrust his right hand into his pocket, the revolver was still there and still as cold as ice. His hand left it and rested on the bobbing, tasseled, mane.

"Old man," he addressed the horse, "I know you don't know where you're going and I know you don't remember much, but you *must* remember Saratoga and how we beat them all. And Cuddy, you'd understand—if you could—how its all over now and why I want to do it for you myself."

The woods were cleared. It was good to leave their muffled dampness for the pure sunshine of the crest. On the very top of the hill clean-cut against the sky stood a great wind-misshapen pine. At the foot of this pine was a bank of fresh earth and Gething knew that beyond the bank was the trench. He bent in his saddle and pressed his forehead against the warm neck. Before his eyes was the past they had been together, the sweep of the turf course, the grand-

stand a-flutter, grooms with blankets, jockeys and gentlemen in silk, owners' wives with cameras, then the race that always seemed so short—a rush of horses, the stretching over the jumps, and the purse or not, it did not matter.

He straightened up with a grim set to his jaw and gathered the loosened reins. Cuddy went into a canter and so approached the earth bank. Suddenly he refused to advance and again the two wills fought, but not so furiously. Cuddy was shaking with fear. The bank was a strange thing, a fearsome thing, and the trench beyond, ghastly. His neck stretched forward. "Heh, heh!" he blew through his nostrils.

"Six steps nearer, Cuddy." Geth struck him lightly with his spurs. The horse paused by the bank and began rocking slightly.

"Sist! be quiet," for they were on the spot Gething wished. The horse gathered himself, started to rear, then sprang into the air, cleared earth-mound and trench and bounded down the hill. The tremendous buck-jump he had so unexpectedly taken, combined with his frantic descent, gave Gething no chance to get control until the level was reached. Then, with the first pull on the bridle, he realized it was too late. For a while at least Cuddy was in command. Gething tried all his tricks with the reins, the horse dashed on like a furious gust of wind, he whirled through the valley, across a ploughed field, over a fence and into more pastures. Gething, never cooler, fought for the control. The froth blown back against his white shirt was rosy with blood. Cuddy was beyond realizing his bit. Then Gething relaxed a little and let him go. He could guide him to a certain extent. Stop him he could not.

The horse was now running flatly and rapidly. He made no attempt to throw his rider. What jumps were in his way he took precisely. Unlike the crazed runaway of the city streets Cuddy never took better care of himself. It seemed that he was running for some purpose and Gething thought of Willet's often repeated remark, "Look at 'im—old Cuddy, he's thinking." Two miles had been covered and the gait had became business-like. Gething, guiding always to the left, was turning him in a huge circle. The horse reeked with sweat. "Now," thought Gething, "he's had enough," but at the first pressure on the bit Cuddy increased his speed. His breath caught in his throat. There was another mile and the wonderful run grew slower. The man felt the great horse trip and recover himself. He was tired out. Again the fight between master and horse began. Cuddy resisted weakly, then threw up his beautiful, white-starred face as if in entreaty.

"Oh, I'm—" muttered Gething and let the reins loose on his neck, "your own way, Cuddy. Your way is better than mine. Old friend, I'll not try to stop you again." For he knew if he tried he could now gain control. The early dusk of spring had begun to settle on the surface of the fields in a hazy radiance, a marvelous light that seemed to breathe out from the earth and stream through the sky. A mile to the east upon a hill was a farm house. The orange light from the sunset found every window, blinded them and left them blank oblongs of orange. The horse and rider passed closer to this farm. Two collies rushed forward, then stopped to bark and jump. The light enveloped them and gave each a golden halo.

Again Gething turned still keeping towards the left. A hill began to rise before them and up it the horse sped, his breath whirring and rattling in his throat, but his strength still unspent. To the very top he made his way and paused dazed. "Oh, Cuddy," cried Gething, "this is Break-Neck." For there was the wind-warped pine, the bank of earth, the trench. The horse came to a shivering standstill. The bank looked strange to him. He stood sobbing, his body rocking slightly, rocking gently, then with a sigh, came slowly down onto the turf. Gething was on his feet, his hand on the dripping neck.

"You always were a bad horse and I always loved you," he whispered, "and that was a great ride, and now—" He rose abruptly and turned away as he realized himself alone in the soft twilight. Then he returned to the tense body, so strangely thin and wet, and removed saddle and bridle. With these hung on his arm he took the sombre path through the pines for home.

ESTHER FORBES.

Books: New and Old

THE ROAD TO EVERYWHERE.

Glenn Ward Dresbach. (Wisconsin Alumnus.) The Gorham Press. Boston.

WE IN America, with our Ezra Pounds, our Amy Lowell and our Edgar Lee Masters, need constantly to be reminded that poetry is esssentially and originally song; and that the poets of the past have made use of a magic singing quality to interpret and universalize the mere rational message of their verse. That excellent poetry has been written in free rhythms, that it is possible to sing in free rhythms, and that free rhythms have undoubtedly a place in poetic modes, is unquestionable. But in our enthusiasm for what seems to be a new discovery in mode, we must not forget that the rhythmic sweep of the traditional poets has stood a rigorous test, that it has been able to interpret civilizations no less complex than our own, and that by this virtue it is available to the modernist.

As a reminder of this truism come the forty odd poems which Mr. Glenn Ward Dresbach has published in his little volume, "The Road to Everywhere." Indeed the poems which he has here collected may be for him, a road to anywhere. They are written in various moods, of various themes, and they are of various qualities. When they are most effective, however, they are singing. Sometimes, like the songs of all young poets, they imitate the measures of the masters, thus, this line from the "Songs of the Sirens":

"Gone are the sirens from the sea
Where the wild white horses fret in the spray;"

reminds us of that famous line of Arnolds in the "Forsaken Merman." This stanza from "A Vagabond at the Gates"

"What of the sobs and hate-words that I hear
This shouting and mad barter in the street?
I know a calm hill where the stars seem near
And the airs are sweet."

Reminds us distinctly of Swinburne in his quieter moments, or of Keats.

There are in these poems other rhythms too, that are traditional, but traditional in a good sense. They imitate but their imitations are an attempt to master a tool, to gain power, and when Mr. Dresbach sings in the second of his "Songs for a Violin"

It seems sometimes that I have been
Upon an island far at sea,
Shipwrecked, alone, and I have seen
White sails beyond the call of me.
Have seen them pass—to what fair skies
Beyond the hunger of my eyes?

When he sings this we must recognize the power of a distinct and original imagination over an old form. This power grows and finds itself most completely in "A Road Song." I wish I might quote this complete but I have only room for a portion of the first stanza.

"Where are you going?" he said.
"Where are *you* going?" said I.
Then he cried: "Where the dawn throws red
And silver over the sky;
---"

The kick in the rhythm, the artistic naturalness in the treatment, and the lyric imagination which colors Mr. Dresbach's thought are found here in their finest expressions.

Mr. Dresbach often reminds me of some courtly bard. His court is America and the tendency towards moralizing which is distinctly a part of the American mind, at once strengthens this illusion and weakens the poetry. He is essentially a modern balladist in the most excellent of the longer poems, "The Weaker Arm." The theme, that of a revolutionary student who avenged the death of his father by hurling a bomb at the governor of the town, and the allusions, to the architecture and student and political life of modern times, are both modern; but that changing cadence of the line, the dramatic pauses and the gracefully interwoven motifs are of another day.

What is the final impression left upon the reader of Mr. Dresbach's poetry? To me it is a complex. A too sweet song of love and roses is followed by one of virile and fresh imagery. The Swinburnian swing of "In a Gift God's Praise" is followed by the freest of free rhythms. An unquestioning joy of living becomes now didactive and now argumentative. Yet one cannot but believe, though Mr. Dresbach may not become a second Swinburne, that he still rises above most of the young poets of the present generation. We hope to see more of his work soon. At any rate this first volume should prove a catharsis.

MR. WELLS FINDS FAITH

Mr. Britling Sees It Through: H. G. Wells. MacMillan and Co., $1.50

A WAR story that plays with the subtler, more human passions of the stay-at-homes left at Matchings Easy while the boys go out and Zeppelins get in, a yarn that is well worth reading, such is Mr. Wells picture of the war. For picture it is, a cinema of England turning from peace to war. And in that turning all manner of people are caught in strange poses. Of the score or more of likeable and distinctive characters who are presented, none are modelled with the care that would be necessary if the plot were drawn more closely. This freedom leaves them to be themselves, and to work out unhampered those mighty changes which war forces in their lives. The play of cross purposes and the dramatic interweaving of plots are almost absent, leaving it a forceful, thrilling, thought-compelling story of how England makes war.

We have a right to expect that Mr. Wells, dreamer of Utopias, will give us his theory of war. This he has done for us before, not, perhaps, dealing with this one question, but elaborating the *motif* of this war study with great lucidity and humanity. Anticipations and later Modern Utopia summed up a decade of careful thinking and put his problem in much its present form. The naive wonder at the potency of science is transposed to a search after some way to socialize this new power. All his work is a protest against muddling and social waste. We find him contrasting politicians and men of their ilk with the scientists and soldierly engineers of his dreams, much to the disadvantage of the former.

War, always important to him, now absorbs his attention. Through the lips of Mr. Britling he castigates the British War Office with the same patriotic fervor with which he condemns Germany. One feels that he is panning out what have long been his literary stake claims. But he turns at last, in pain and nausea, from the bitter struggle. The shattered lives of those near him, the fast slipping chances of a permanent reconciliation with those others, equally unresponsible, suffering equally in the welter of loss, lift him above his patriotism into a democracy and a religion that is new-found and precious.

Such a statement of the case is refreshing. No recourse is made to political and social devices to solve the dilemma. The problem is left, unglossed by theories and schemes, in its pristine simplicity. The hope of the future lies in keeping it so; the

end of war is to be found in a new integration of life that shall challenge patriotism and the surrendering of the individual to the necessities of the state, and shall bind Europe in the fellowship of common losses.

SOCRATES: A PERSONAL VIEW

Socrates Master of Life; William Ellery Leonard. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

MR. LEONARD'S little book on Socrates is interesting not only from the point of view of the original interpretation of the work and significance of so great a man, but in that it is a poet's expression on an informal logician. Yet Mr. Leonard is not only a poet. He is beside this, or perhaps above it, a professor, a scholar, and a philologist. And these elements colour an interpretation whcih is neither an exposition nor, in its accepted sense, a study, but rather an imaginative creation. The book throughout is intensely personal, and here mirrored in the life of Socrates can be seen much of the author's own struggle against the bigotry and lack of understanding which characterised his stay in the Middle West. The title of the book is "Socrates Master of Life," the matter of the book is Leonard Teacher of men. The teacher's cloak is never discarded. It flutters through the pages of the book, now bringing a message filled with intense idealism and its own greatness, now struggling with the winds of petty dogma and superstition, or finally calm in that realization that the "world is full of stupid folks."

Mr. Leonard sees Socrates in an Athens whose "inquiring intellect had succumbed neither to luxury nor to civic disaster." The character of the Athenian civilization at this time is seen best in its most important production; in its drama which is " 'talk, debate, consultation, retort;' talk moreover on human conduct, on right and wrong, and the purposes of the Gods." "The Athenian listened to others because he was interested in some new thing or thought, and when he spoke he desired to speak well._____ He had both the speculative interest in ideas and the rhetorical interest in form and effect."

Greek philosophy, as is always pointed out in connection with Socrates, had come to a bad pass. Skepticism, as the result of an attempt to explain man in terms of the universe beset the mind on the one hand, and sophistry, an overdevelopment of the sense of form inherent in the Greek temperment, was beginning to become an all too prevelant vice. Socrates came as a corrective to these and in turning man back to a study of himself turned much of the subsequent Greek thinking in a new direction.

But it is not Socrates, the historic philosopher, that interests Mr. Leonard chiefly. It is Socrates, the man, the man as a teacher and liberator of humanity. From this point of view Socrates' statement, "Knowledge is Virtue" becomes most important. And Mr. Leonard, now in the role of classicist and professor, takes pains to show that even to-day wisdom and virtue are synonomous terms.

I do not mean to say by this that the book is either academic or pedantic. In point of fact, with the exception of the copious foot notes and references, the author tries to guard himself against the charge of pedantry with painstaking care. The book is, as was stated above, the book of a teacher; and with "Wisdom is virtue" as his support, the author tries to show that all great men are teachers and that all teaching is liberation.

"Socrates was interested in the salvation of man," he says____ Salvation shall mean emancipation from all that hobbles and shackles the mind—emancipation from ignorance, uncouthness, stupidity, gloom, fear, and the whole interminable train of devils, among whom sin, though chief, is but one. The emancipators, the saviors have been many; teachers in the village school, singers in the street, painters at the courts of kings, as well as prophets and poets on the mountain." Thus it is seen why Socrates, that meddlesome, lovable old question-asker in the streets of Athens was a savior of men, a master of life.

There are many other ideas in this book which it would be interesting to discuss: Socrates and the transcendental implication for instance, or Socrates and the state, or the large sturdy personality of the man. But let him who is interested read the book itself. He would find his evening well spent.

The book is written with a good deal of verve, and enthusiasm; with a very fine artistic insight; with dramatic and descriptive power and with a charming modesty, as such a sentence as this "No historic generalisation ever put to paper was absolutely true; but far truer than most is this___" will serve to prove. Evidently the author of the "Vaunt of Man" is still vaunting, but his vaunt is generally very worth while.

Fragments

A LITERARY ENCOUNTER.

"Are you too, reading novels?" The girl across the fancy goods counter asked, and she stretched her hand for the book under my arm. She glanced at the title page and at the last page.

"I haven't heard of it," she said. "Is it good?" (It was Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons.") But without waiting for my answer she went on:

"I thought they didn't allow you to read novels at school. You know, when I was fourteen I used to go to school. It was a girl's school in London. Our school matron, she was an old maid, *never* allowed us to read novels. One day, Oh, I shall never forget, she caught me and another girl reading a novel. If you could see what a rage she was in. It makes me laugh even now to think of it."

She turned to the book again, opened it at about the middle and looked at the printed page.

"I love to read novels. Don't you?" she said looking up from the book. There was a warm glow in her full face and soft eyes. When, after fondly fingering the pages of the book in silence, she resumed in a somewhat lower voice without looking at me or anything in particular:

"Sometimes I just feel as if I should love to write a novel about myself. But then," the girl broke off, gave a little shrug with her shoulders and with a meaningful look at me, went on:

"One would have to tell everything in a novel. Oh, I could never tell everything, never—you know what I mean."

The glow in her face had now deepened, it spread all over it, covering even her neck.

"But," she said as if suddenly arousing herself, "Did you ever read 'At the Altar' by Viola Cross? No? You *must* read it. Its great."

The floor-walker came up. The girl across the counter assuming a business air turned to an approaching customer.

"Don't forget," she whispered in passing. "You must come back to tell me how you liked the book. It's by Viola Cross. They are now selling it at Siegel-Cooper's for a quarter."

RUTH SOLON.