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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XXI | Madison, February, 1922 | Number 5

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Whatever may be the limitations which trammel inquiry elsewhere we believe the great state University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS. The Regents of 1894 must have been an unthinking body of people, to give their sanction to a public utterance like that above, and the Class of 1910 must have been a lot of bespectacled Phi Bets who took life very seriously, since they dragged it out of its obscurity and set it on our foreheads like a star.

Did the Regents know what they were saying? It is doubtful. At any rate, they were framing an impossible program, the impossibility of which was demonstrated by the recent skirmish between the so-called Social Science Club and President Birge. If the University authorities tried to carry out this mighty conception of the functions of the University, they would have to permit such men as Scott Nearing the free run of our buildings and minds; nay, they would not turn up their noses at Lenin himself, nor Emma Goldman. Perhaps these people have the truth. Whether they have or not, they are entitled to a hearing under the doctrine of fearless sifting and winnowing—but can you fancy President Birge sitting on the platform in the gymnasium at a lecture given by a walking delegate from the soviet governments? So can we.

We would call especial attention to the word "fearless." If the Regents had only had the foresight to omit that, their famous "Magna Charta," as Professor Pyre calls it, would have been subject to interpretation; a discreet limit could have been put on the sifting and winnowing and we would go on much as we go on now without disturbing the naive mind of the Honorable Calvin Coolidge or giving the youthful energies of the Social Science Club an excuse to go on the war-path and get their pictures in the *Capital Times.* But the word "fearless" is there, and it is unequivocal. It means that the Regents of 1894 considered the University great enough to ferret out the truth no matter where its lair to lead in the march of human advancement, no matter what direction the march took.

They were wrong. No institution is great enough nor free enough to lead as bodily as the individual might desire it to lead. In the very implication of the word "institution" there is necessity for conservatism, for accordance with the established order. Individuals may sift and winnow fearlessly, but institutions must always be a few jumps behind the bold individual if they know what is good for them—and the University of Wisconsin has learned very clearly what is good for it. It is not good for the University to demand the intellectual freedom to which a sincere effort is entitled. Courses which are likely to swerve the current of accepted beliefs out of the channel in which the proverbial man on the street is accustomed to look for them are suspect by women's clubs, legislators, and blue-nose reformers. And these various agencies can control the minds of the populace by

raising the spectre of an insidious pedagogue poisoning the minds of youth. The spectre once raised, the populace would be quick to cut off the life-blood of the University, its financial support.

This condition is by no means peculiar to Wisconsin. It has been in all time true of all universities; if the populace had not the power nor the inclination to smother dangerous intellectual curiosity, it was the king. In spite of Regents, inquiry in our state universities is trammeled. In Kentucky, recently, the legislature forbade scientists to acknowledge the theory of evolution in the class-room, a *sottise* a thousand times worse than anything a Wisconsin legislature or a Wisconsin women's club has done. Wisconsin is not yet ready to follow Kentucky into the savage desolation where thrives only the scientific inquiry that has the sanction of the "how-different-from- the-home-life-of-our-dear-queen" fossils.

To get back to the Regents, they are to be commended for their greatness of vision, for the ideal program which they outlined in epic simplicity, but it would be stupid to hold them to their word. Only people with the bilious fervour of a Social Science Club and its attendant lack of generous insight would expect an institution which is based on a certain order to betray that order by encouraging too radically the quest after its weaknesses and contributing to its ultimate downfall.

Our instructors are very fortunate in being given a scope as wide as it is; there is very little interference from outside. But we ought to remove that bronze tablet from Bascom Hall. It is misleading and revolutionary, even though it be nothing but empty words, "signifying nothing," to most of the thousands who push through the swinging doors daily.

NEW EDITORS. The prayers of the staff of editors of the LIT are being answered—we are stirring up contributions from persons hitherto unknown who desire to qualify for positions on the staff of next year. Let us have more. Despite a lean year, we still have confidence that there is an abundance of latent potentiality in the University. We wish it would stop being latent and would come to the surface. If it does, we promise to treat it kindly and give it every opportunity to have a hand in carrying on the tradition of the LIT.

EDITORS

PAUL GANGELIN MARGARET EMMERLING
EARL HANSON LLOYD GEORGE
HORACE GREGORY PENNELL CROSBY
KATHERINE ROCKWELL

King Midas

HORACE GREGORY.

The fingers of unanswered dreams
Have touched you and your breasts are cold
And from your pallid body gleams
The ancient sorcery of gold.

And if my lips meet your desire
To drive my blessed spell away,
My heart returns to dust and fire
And gold is changed to formless clay.

Webs

ERNEST L. MEYER.

In the obscurity of the cloak room, while pulling on his coat, Manley scowled at the thin partition separating him from the thumping linotypes. They had aggravated his head ache, had formed the prelude to a bad morning. Swift, the court reporter, stopping for his hat on his way to the city hall, glanced at Manley and offered mock congratulations.

"Hear the Old Man put you on State Fair again," he said. "Good for you. You need to quit hitting the high spots," he added maliciously.

"Quit that infernal kidding," growled Manley. "A week on the manure pile, that's what it means. I've been the goat for three years. State Fair? Hell! State prison—and you're locked up with a seedy assortment of country hicks, barnyard stench and sticky kids. And the Old Man expects you to get excited about it and write feature stories with a punch. And a week of it—oh Lord!"

Swift grinned without sympathy.

Swift, the veteran of the staff, had reached the virtuous, matrimonial stage, and to him the hollow eyes of Manley expressed something vicious and unclean.

Swift shrugged his shoulders.

* * * *

Manley, fair-bound on an interurban car, got the first whiff of his week's doom. Jammed on a platform with a country crowd of stock breeders and yelling children, he sullenly watched mile after mile of sooty warehouses, factories and barren fields slip by until the great rectangle of white-washed fence gleamed in the valley. When the car stopped at the entrance gates, Manley slouched into one of the saloons that lined the roadside and drank hard and moodily until late in the morning. Then he crossed the road and entered the grounds, cursing the dusty heat, the vast muddle of squat, white buildings and drab tents, splotched with crimson banners like a farm drudge on a holiday, the throaty swagger of side-show barkers, the penetrating smell of swine stalls, and frying sausages, the staccato snort of merry-go-round calliopes, the confusion, the raw hilarity. Head down and shoulders hunched as if he hoped to ward off the assault upon his jangling nerves, Manley pushed his way through the crowd and reached the press building, flat-roofed, one-storied, buzzing with importance.

Manley grunted greeting to a room-full of faces he recognized hazily. He slumped into a chair before a typewriter and began to write, stopping now and then to wipe the sweat out of his eyes. It was torture. The dull ache in his head was aggravated to an acute pain by the rattle of flying keys and the drumming of the wooden shelf, reverberating under the rhythm of a dozen busy machines. Leaning over his copy, he became aware again of a keen torment in his lungs. He finished a batch of pages at last to find the messenger from the News prodding him in the back and he handed over the copy with a grunt.

"Finish the masterpiece?" asked Cavanaugh of the Press.

"Hell!" snapped Manley. He arose unsteadily, flung his coat over his arm and walked out.

"Sweet-tempered child," murmured Miss DeWitt, who had 'phoned in her notes on the embroidery exhibit for the woman's page of the Record and now sat on the shelf, swinging her feet comfortably.

"He's heading for the dog kennels," said Cavanaugh.

"Judging by his bark, he's reached them," broke in Colwin, of the Sentinel, scooping up his finished copy into a heap. That extra sourish mood of his today has its reason. You heard of the raid on the Winslow Flats last night, didn't you?"

The other reporters stopped their clattering and swung around in their seats, and Miss DeWitt, who had resumed her telephoning, said "Just a moment, please," and clapped her hand over the mouthpiece.

"He was there," went on Colwin. "He knew the 'dicks,' and while the rest of the gay company was being bundled into the patrol, he was shunted through a side entrance. One of the men spilled it to our police reporter. I meant to kid Manley about it, but judging from the looks of him this morning he would have blown up and burst."

"With a grouch like that, how can he appreciate the night life?" Miss DeWitt asked.

"Only his morning-after-scenery," said Colwin, laughing.

* * * *

The noon-day heat and languor was pressed down over the fair grounds as Manley walked down the now nearly deserted, dusty alleys. Parched grass plots were strewn with picnickers, smells of onions and coffee and a tinny clatter of plates floated out of the windows of restaurant stalls. Manley, forced to remain for the afternoon races, killed time by reading mechanically the gaudy banners of the side-shows and suddenly awoke from a daze to find himself gazing steadily into the mottled face of a platform barker who was leaning over his ticket box eating a sandwich. The barker, bristling under the scrutiny, gulped down a mouthful, and thrust out his jaw.

"Say you," he said, with the weariness of long hours of incessant shouting in his hoarse whisper, "I ain't the show." But his surliness vanished in the accustomed whine of his profession and he went on glibly: "But if you want to see something that'll make you think, if you want to see a mystery that'll send a chill—thanks. You can walk right in." Manley had dropped a dime into his palm.

The tent was tucked behind the shadowy side of a large pavilion, and as Manley entered, the moist breath of earth and shavings passed like a cool hand over his face. It was quiet in there, in the half darkness, and Manley, grateful for the retreat out of the heat and glare, sat down on a bench in the deserted side-show. Up in front was a lighted box, a bright square against the blur of dirty canvas tent wall. Manley, still revelling obliviously in the quiet and coolness, was startled by the sound of a girl's voice:

"You're not a bit curious, are you?"

It was a musical, youthful voice and the words were followed by a laugh so unaffectedly joyous that a quivering impulse of delight brought Manley to his feet.

In the box, slanting upward, was a spider web of gilded rope, through which, apparently, one could see the entire interior of the box. On the surface of the web, and seemingly suspended by the strands, was the head of a girl. Manley had seen the trick before—a clever combination of mirrors—but the face arrested him. Under the dark hair, caught together at the temples by a gold band, the skin looked unnaturally pale, and a red spot burned on each cheek. Manley, loking into the eyes that glittered feverishly, became conscious of a sudden quickening of the pulse. His breath seemed to choke him. The singing pain in his head which had tortured him all morning was routed by the sensual fire in his veins, and he felt the intoxicated lightness he had felt last night before the raid. He moistened his lips and foolishly lowered his eyes to appraise the form that was concealed.

"That's all I am—a head," said the girl.

"Stuff," said Manley harshly. "When'll you be out of this? How long do you work?"

"Oh, I'll be here all week."

"I mean tonight," Manley said impatiently. "I want to see you."

The girl hesitated.

"I'm here till quite late. I don't know when—No, I think you'd better not try—" she broke off confusedly.

Manley suppressed his rising fever. Somehow the girl struck him as being inexperienced, although her heigthened color and intensity had all the boldness of a courtesan. The feeling added fire to his eagerness, but he determined to walk more softly.

"What is your name," he asked.

"Zara—you can see it on the posters."

"I mean your real name."

"Oh, never mind. Call me anything."

"Well, Ruth— how's that?" he forced a laugh. "This is an awful hole for a girl. How do you stand it?"

"It's not a hole," she replied eagerly. "No, I like it. All winter long I'm shut up, sort of. In a small town, you know. But in summer my brother takes me to the fairs. It's fun. There's excitement. This is my third year traveling the fairs and I don't get tired of it. No, it's only the long winters I don't like."

Again the feeling of the girl's inexperience swept over him.

"Listen, Zara, or whatever it is," he said, "I'm coming tonight and stay till the show closes. Just to talk to you. We'll go to town. You know, just as friends."

"No." Her pleading irritated and delighted him.

"Well, then we'll just talk here—eh?"

"Yes, if you want to."

* * * *

Manley, on leaving the tent, stopped at the entrance to take a few deep breaths. The barker was shuffling out green tickets in preparation for the afternoon trade. He had been reinforced by a ticket taker, who stood at the entrance, and who greeted Manley as he emerged.

"A neat show," said Manley, lighting a cigarette.

"Ay, so it is." The ticket taker was ingratiating.

"And a pretty girl," added Manley.

"Isn't she though? And my sister. I take her to the fairs every summer."

"Listen," said Manley. "I'm working on a newspaper. I'd like to write up this show. Maybe I could see your sister and get a talk with her—you know, something about her impressions of the fair crowds."

"Yes, maybe," the man replied doubtfully. "But you might just as well see her now. You can't see her when she's not in the tent. She won't like it."

"Why not?"

"Well—she's—she's helpless, you see. I don't like taking her around to fairs really, but she likes it and there's no harm done. She's a cripple—"

"What?"

"Oh it don't hurt her none to sit in the box," said the man defensively. "Her legs are all wasted away—paralysis, you know—but it don't give her no pain. It's—"

Manley stood motionless. The barker began his noisy harrangue. The streets were beginning to liven up. Manley walked into the blazing sunshine towards the race track. His cigarette burned his fingers. He dropped it on the ground and stamped it savagely into the dust. The dull ache in his head was beginning to throb again.

November

PENNELL CROSBY

Shall that day come when we shall kiss no more,
When all the color shall fade out to grey,
November-killed vermillion of our love,—
That flamed against the tender sky last May?

When the dead leaves are lying on the ground,
And all the shivering boughs are bare and black—
Parted, shall our hearts hungering, not find
Something to wish; alone, shall we not lack?

Nor lack for comfort, or for friendliness,
Nor miss that quickening in another's eyes,
Betokening something we might fan to love—
Who says we shall not miss these things—he lies.

If we had lost each other then, last Spring
We should have died, nor stopped to wait and fret;
But now your dear blue eyes, your proud gold head,
Your warm lips that I kissed, I shall forget.

Shall love fade like a flower in the frost?
And shall I wake, some morning grey and strange,
To wonder if I still am beautiful,
To know at last, we shall not die, but change?

Concerning Henry James and Sundry Pieces in His Scrap-bag

HELEN H. ATEN

There is a rambling intimacy in the pages of Henry James' *Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*, which one had not dared to hope from the novelist's pen. That James delayed to write these reminiscences until the last moments of his career only served to mellow their background. For the two volumes have a richness of personal glimpses rivaled only by the Letter Volumes. In their pages James has fairly turned his mental "scrap-bag of impressions" inside out and fingered over all the silk and velvet pieces. With the result that one sees in them, at last, just how such a gay variety of pieces had happened to flutter into the James bag,—pieces for instance, that rustle so audibly in the silken patches of Mrs. Assingham's argument in the *Golden Bowl*, in the satin beauty of Milly Theale in her Venitian loggia, and in the rare syllables of foreign beauty in the Poynton rooms.

Of the two books, *A Small Boy and Others* was, for me, the richer in background. The first page of it let me in at once for the most intimate glimpses of a dingy old New York Broadway, long forgotten in the noise of the Elevated, and for a quiet elm-shaded Albany in which Henry James grew up. Intimately, too, it steeped one in the beautiful leisure of the James family, in old Albany: in the sticky sweetness of endless mounds of Isabella grapes and Sechel pears; in the quiet flavor of the old sun-lit drawing-room talks of Emerson and Thackeray and Henry James' distinquished father; and, best of all, in the delicate incense of Henry James Sr.'s philosophy, seldom alluded to but always scented in the corners of the James household. And I saw—with what vividness one does see it—that it was this idealistic philosophy that had opened up all the colorful panorama of Henry James' experience. For Mr. James was a believer in the splendidly general method for culture—a bit here, a bit there. His shears were sharpened with wealth, and he used them to snip pieces out of the whole cloth of European culture for his children. In return he asked only that they *convert* the pieces.

And there you have it * * * For isn't that precisely what Henry James did? Convert his scraps into a figure for his Persian Carpet?

As for the scraps themselves, they are the charm of *A Small Boy and Others*, for the artist has fairly made them rustle with life. Of course there were, occasionally, schools for William and Henry in the early Albany and New York days,—among them the Institution Vergnes on Middle Broadway, whose black interior and long musty stair case prepared Henry James for Daudet's Jack years afterward. But the small Henry dawdled much more than he studied; to-and-from strolls were, for him, more fascinating than school. On some bright October afternoon in old New York you might have caught a typical glimpse of this small impressionist, standing with an inquisitive nose pressed against the cold iron fence-rails of the Zöological Gardens, staring absorbedly at some lovely peacock's tail, and thinking one of the strange and unutterably long thoughts of childhood.

School benches, in other words, were of far less moment in Henry's juvenile existence than such things as theater seats and Albany cousins. One can fairly make old Broadway live again in those afternoons of drama which James remembers. And the thrill which shot through him when the dark curtain rose on his first play, "Comedy of Errors," was a presage of many to follow, the thrills being increasingly accompanied by a critical interest in what constituted the "done" and the "un-done" in drama. One can vividly see the mental horizons of these small pilgrims expanding through their drama feasts, and their curiosity for the "other" point of view whetted more and more.

As for the Albany cousins, they seem to have been an interestingly numerous and un-mothered lot. At least they made fascinating subjects for speculation. And one of them, Marie by name, threw a very bright little scrap into Henry's bag one summer afternoon at Linwood, his aunt's estate. The small Marie had been engaging in same execrable naughtiness and was not taking her deserved punishment with a proper grace. Whereupon her mother chanced to speak these illuminating words—illuminating, that is, for Henry James,

> "Come now, my dear, don't make a *scene*—I insist upon your not making a scene!"

And lo! with a strange clarity all the little snatches of existence, all the little odds and ends of conversation caught and held in Henry James' mind, bobbed up and recognized themselves at last. They were the

scenes, the tiny dramas, the entrances and exits of life.

Henceforth the small Henry had an occupation. He had something to compose. One fancies him sprawling for hours, with a certain sense of appropriateness now, beside his pencil-sketching, adored, brother William, on the drawing-room floor, and toiling with delight. The sight of those white sheets of paper covered with Henry James' first scenes startled me, as I think they startled the artist, when he remembered them, with their prophetic colour. For scenes "progressions d'effet" were to figure so inextricably in his Persian carpet.

But,—we dally too long over this small composer, meanwhile the shears have gone snipping on. Rather early they began to point toward the continent. As evidence, there was Uncle Henry in Albany, Uncle Henry who struck for Henry James a note subtly different from the other Albany relatives, a finished note that smote one softly amid the crudity of New Brighton and Albany hardness, a note with the ring of older beauty in it. Also there were the book-shops on Broadway where Henry James grew to love the smell of fresh English paper and printing ink (for all the books in those days came to Broadway from London) and, on the James reading table every month, there appeared an English journal where he discovered the strange fascination that English names had for his ear, Picadilly, Richmond Park, Ham Common.

All of which but points to the time, between 1854 and 1855, when but one thing seemed any longer to matter to Henry James—that he should come to know, intimately and without delay, Picadilly, Richmond Park, Ham Common. Luckily, by this time, the door to Europe was already ajar. And one memorable day in June it fairly swung back off its hinges—for the James family sailed for Liverpool.

Then how the silken pieces did shower into his bag! Those first European years read like one long ecstacy of I told you so's!—shouted merely to himself of course: a moment of convalescence in a London hotel room and Henry James gathering in the whole thick sense of London, as it came to him in the very smell of the hotel room so ancient and impressive, and in the mysterious hum of London arising through the windows so pleasantly open to the English June; beside this scrap another, a Paris hotel balcony over the Rue de la Paix, and through the summer night the gleam of the modiste shops from the street below. All, in a moment, the sudden confirmation of his dreams, the very "breath of civilized lips." They impress one, those first three years in Europe, as a great dizzying panorama, a restless wandering pilgrimage, with overnight sojourns at the Gloucester Coffee House in London, where the family luxuriated in the British virtues of cold roast beef and cheese and ale, with pauses at Boulogne and Paris. And shining among these wanderings are William and Henry's walks on the Parisian quays, with their old book and print shops crying to the two small boys in their dusty tones,

> "Art, art, art, don't you see? Learn little
> gaping pilgrims, what *that* is!"

and the gaping pilgrims *were* learning; at least they were picking out the silver and gold threads from the dim designs about them.

One isn't surprised, then, in the last year of their sojourn in Europe, Henry James' seventeenth, to hear the impressions in his scrap-bag beginning to scratch quite noisily at the door of expression. Nor is one surprised to see the huge and vital question—just how were the scraps to be used?—suspending itself in his mental air.

In suspense, just there, the question remains until a certain page well along in the *Notes of a Son and Brother*. There the Muse of literary prose suddenly answered it. She flies into Henry James' "independent nook" in Winthrop Street, Boston, through a window open wide on a view of the Brighton hills, on the wings of the drama. The result—one morning Henry James receives a check from the *North American Review* in payment for a Howard Atheneum play review which he had timidly submitted to the editors!

The question, then, having been so beautifully answered, the way was paved for the great Metamorphosis, which begins on the remaining pages of *Notes of a Son and Brother*, and unfolds itself through the Letter Volumes—the metamorphosis of the artist, Henry James, the American caterpillar who spun his web out of International threads, but who emerged an Anglo-Saxon butterfly. There were few additional scraps to drop into his bag; the indescribable picturesqueness of Rome was to flutter in, and to haunt the contents ever afterward, the impressions of English county houses, the lustre of sunshine on the English moors, and the light of evening on Cathedral spires, were to be added. But even these were but to serve as backgrounds for people and their "progressions d'effet."

Of people, Henry James gathered about him a remarkable circle while he traveled back and forth over the Atlantic and up and down across the continent from London to Rome, and back again. William Dean Howells, Edmund Gosse, R. L. Stevenson, Turgenev, Goncourt, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Wm. Morris, Edith Wharton, H. G. Wells, Paul Bourget, Hugh Walpole, were among them; and

these were but the pivots upon which countless other connections swung. Between the lines of his Letters to these contemporary artists, one reads James' developing philosophy of the novel art, a philosophy whose golden key-words were concentration, saturation and civilization. From the familiar involuted folds of their sentences certain mental traits of the novelist leap out and confront one, too: a humorous talent for meeting one miles and miles beyond the half-way mark; a singular absence of what is commonly termed literary jealousy; a delightful fancy in his wistful letters to the Stevensons, his "wraiths in Samoa"; a rich horde of sprightly figures of language; an intense hatred for all *grossissements;* a vibrant feeling for words. And last, but not least, one sees in these letters why the chain across the Atlantic gradually slackened its hold on this American artist, and why the mellow crucible of British culture claimed him instead. The reason—simply that it took an older civilization to set him going. His "subsistance was a people with manners and a language." That was why he always returned to London, from the American "visits" of his later years chinking the knowledge that he had in a little downward burrow in the ancient world, like a handful of silver in his pocket.

To return to the scraps—now that we know what they were, it is much more delightful and possible to visualize Henry James at Lamb House, using them in his mature works, and to see into what he had converted them. In order to see one has only to watch him at Lamb House writing his last trio, *The Ambassadors, The Wings of a Dove*, the *Golden Bowl.* Lamb House was a lovely Georgian manor perched on the hillside of a cobble-stoned little English village, *Rye.* It was graced with a quaint brick-walled garden; and in one of its upper rooms, of mornings, with the windows open to the English sunshine and the scent of flowers from below, or shut tight against the English fog, James laboured on his mature and most graceful figures, Milly Theale, and Maggie Verver.

Had anything so exquisite as these civilized creatures ever dropped into his bag? Or were they but romantic visions of his creating? I think he had touched their outer garments perhaps in his cousin Mary Temple, in *A Small Boy and Others*, with her golden silences and lovely invalidism, and again on an evening described in the Letters, at Wm. Morris', in the Burne-Jones beauty of Mrs. Morris. Even then, it was what James' imagination *did* with Mary Temple and Mrs. Morris, that really counted. Orange sofa pillows would have looked well behind Mrs. Morris' black hair; but Henry James didn't see them there—not even for picturesqueness. The thing they did see was that Mrs. Morris looked hauntingly medieval in her dead-purple coloured dress—even her tooth-ache seemed ancient to him. In other words her background came with her for Henry James. Backgrounds always did come so.

There is the card-table scene in the *Golden Bowl* as an instance of exactly how much vibration of background the artist could get out of a given group. In that scene is packed all the silent drama of James, the drama that had vibrated at rare moments in "Daisy Miller", that had centered still more often about Isabel Archer in the *Portrait of a Lady*, that had reached a supreme intensity in the precariously balanced figure of Fleda Vetch in the *Spoils of Poynton*, —now concentrated in a few tense moments in the *Golden Bowl.* They are moments in which Maggie Verver (who is perhaps most of all James' women a creature of the Great Good Place) holds in the palm of her hand the precarious balance of a high decorum —hanging by a hair. The prick of one sharp word and Maggie Verver could have let all the ugly things out from behind the graceful tea-cups to end the quiet fall of the cards upon the bridge table. But she doesn't speak the word—she wouldn't—because it would have meant, ultimately, letting some one down.

And there you have it—the beautiful figures in James' carpet always keep each other up * * * It may consist, this keeping up, in humbugging to the end, as it did for Maggie Verver. Nevertheless it's the very string of civilization on which the James pearls, Nanda Brookenham, Milly Theale, and Maggie Verver, are strung. It is the motif of that exquisite design into which James had converted the pieces in his scrap-bag.

Les Mensonges

To C.

GASTON D'ARLEQUIN.

In the soft candle-light I saw your eyes,
Filled with the changing colours of the sea,
And large with your desires, that devise
Sweet, sinful words, and deeds of infamy
To snare new lovers, and let old lovers be
Thrall to your scorn, and leave you, sorrowing,—
For your eyes make of love, idolatry,
And make truth seem a barren, shameful thing.

In the soft candle-light I touched your hair,
And felt the heat of other lovers' sighs,
And breathed the scent of others' kisses there,
And knew that love was girt about with lies;
Yet will I love, while you do not surmise
I know your cruelty and wantoning,
For sinful loves grow sweet in this disguise,
And make truth seem a barren, shameful thing.

In the soft candle-light I kissed your mouth,
Your beautiful, warm, scarlet mouth, more fair
Than the red nenuphar of the hot South,
That breathes sweet poisons on the languid air,
And all the perfidies that linger there—
Old, pitiful, slain loves, and perishing,
Sad kisses, grow delicious in that snare,
And make truth seem a barren, shameful thing.

In the soft candle-light, O passionate,
Cruel heart, more pitiless than Iopé,
Let strange, sweet, shameful lies still desecrate
Your red, inviolable lips: betray
Beauty, your slave, to new desire, and slay
Love with your kiss, and watch his reddening,
Slow, soft, delicious, warm blood ebb away,
And make truth seem a barren, shameful thing.

Paris, Prince Antony, I know, I know
The love for which ye all the world could fling
Away:—these lips clothe lies in beauty so,
And make truth seem a barren, shameful thing.

Swiss Family Parkington

HORACE GREGORY.

Mr. William Henry Parkington was not quite certain as to how it all happened. The thing was too horrible, too romantic,—entirely unreal. He could remember nothing about the disaster that fitted into his idea of what an actual shipwreck ought to be. He was on a vacation, the first in five years,—he needed a rest, and here was another cause for worry. A last warning from Dr. Benson, his physician (who was safely at home in Red Iron, Mich.), came to Mr. Parkington's completely confused mind. "Don't worry, my dear boy; it's worry that'll drive you mad. Don't worry about your trip to Cuba, and forget Red Iron High School. If you do happen to go on a tear, the Board and your dear little pupils will never find it out in a hundred years. Forget your History of English Literature, forget everything. Damn it, man, you ought to take your fling. Talk monkey-talk to them Indian Hula Hula girls. Remember you're on a vacation; don't get excited and don't worry."

Mr. Parkington had endeavored earnestly to carry out Dr. Benson's instructions. In spite of the fact that Mr. Parkington was the principal of the only High School in Red Iron, the topmost strata of Red Iron society had decided to make a great sacrifice by agreeing to allow him a rest and a good time away from home. They'd even urged him to go, to save himself from a nervous breakdown. It was Steve Brown, editor of the *Red Iron Reporter*, who had suggested Cuba as a rest cure. Steve had always been something of a gay dog. He said that as long as Mr. Parkington didn't have a wife and kids to look after, he might as well go the limit.

And now Mr. Parkington felt that he had gone beyond the limit. His world was broken up into a hopeless jumble of distorted impressions. His past life seemed thousands of years away from the terror of the present moment. Here he was, after two hours of frantic efforts to keep his head above water, tossed ashore upon an apparently deserted island in the West Indies. . . . The beach lay under a deep purple shadow; the moon had set behind the jungle. Mr. Parkington hoped that there were no wild animals sleeping near him. He remembered that lions came from Africa; this comforted him. He lay on his back in the sand, trying to sleep. He couldn't. His body was exhausted, but his mind was unusually active; it traveled back over the events of the last twenty-four hours. . . . If he had only stayed where he belonged, back at his "European Plan" Hotel in Habana. But no, the restlessness which had been growing on him for the last two weeks, had driven him to buy a round-trip ticket for an eight day excursion through the Marquisas. He knew nothing about ships and navigation, yet, when he climbed on board of the broken-down freighter, he had felt that the old tug was ready to sink to the bottom without orders from the captain. It was then that he had wondered why the United States Government didn't pass a law prohibiting junk like this from carrying American passengers.

Mr. Parkington became painfully aware of the fact that he had nothing to cover his body except a suit of thin, palm beach pajamas; the insects were confoundedly irritating. It was impossible to sleep.

He had gone to his berth the night before with a feeling or uneasiness. His dreams had been restless. There had been a terrific explosion that invaded his nightmare and brought him to. Darkness. He had somehow found his way to the upper deck. Men pushing and shouting; women screaming. He had been thrown into a life-boat, and when he endeavored to regain his equilibrium, had fallen overboard. He was then thankful for the swimming exercises he had taken in the Red Iron Y. M. C. A. It seemed that he had been swimming forever.

What he needed was sleep. He tried to fix his mind upon something abstract. He began to run through the theorems in the first book of Euclid. "A short line is the straightest distance between two points." No, that was wrong; he must start again. "A straight line—" He went on. Plain geometry passed in review, then Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry. He was in the heart of Differential Calculus before his mind became a complete blank, and, from utter exhaustion fell into subconsciousness.

When he awoke, it was mid afternoon. The first sensation that Mr. Parkington noted was that he was desperately hungry. He stood up to look about

him; then he knew that he had forgotten his glasses. He had been woefully near-sighted for many years. He sat down again to think. Good Lord! Was he going to starve to death? Yet, there was the sea with its variety of sea-food;—lobsters, crabs, oysters, and clams. He rose to his feet, and walked to the shallow water along the beach to begin his search for oysters and clams. He had already discarded the idea of eating lobsters and crabs. He couldn't bear the thought of swallowing them raw.

He wandered along the shore without the slightest sense of direction. He was in no mood to appreciate the brilliant blue of the sea and sky, and the vivid greens and purples that lay in the little jungle on the other side. The tropical sunlight only served to restrict and limit to a greater degree his normally imperfect eyesight. He was conscious of a painful desire for food and a warm blur of light and shade. He began to dream of the Baptist Church suppers in Red Iron. Creamed chicken on toast and baked potatoes. Fruit salad, coffee, and strawberry ice. He found nothing but stones and sand. He thought of swimming out over the calm waters in search of jelly-fish. He realized that he was on the wrong track; he must, in spite of possible danger, go inland to find food and drink. He was thirsty now. The very sight of water increased his craving. He went into the tall grasses with fearful hesitation. There were doubtless many snakes and spiders lying in wait for him.

In his weary meandering through the swampy wilderness, Mr. Parkington lost count of time and conception of space. He tried to recall what Robinson Crusoe would have done under similar circumstances; the rules of living carried out by that immortal adventurer were of little use in the practical effort to exist upon questionable mushrooms and fallen fruit. The generous goat and the handy man Friday were conspicuously absent from Mr. Parkington's scheme of deserted island life. Night came upon Mr. Parkington with renewed terror. His imagination brought fantastic figures into a world of utter darkness. . . . He felt his way on all fours to a little clearing in the underbrush, and sank prone to the ground, with his face buried in the curve of his elbow. . . .

Something touched his shoulders. He turned about. It was broad day-light, and there was a woman leaning over him. A white woman, fully clothed, sensibly dressed.

"Good morning," she said. He lay motionless, speechless, looking up at her. She wore a cork helmet, a grey flannel shirt, serge breeches, and stout, waterproof hunting-boots. A feeling of naked shame swept over him. He felt that somehow or other his pajamas failed to meet the situation, which, he knew, was extremely delicate. He closed his eyes.

"I was afraid you were dead." Her voice seemed far away. "Stay where you are; I'll bring you something to wear and a bite to eat."

He opened his eyes again; she was gone. He stroked his chin; he needed a shave. Good Lord, he was a tramp, a beggar, a sort of chap to whom you hand a meal at arm's 'length. Mr. Parkington's mind returned to the time when he told the Lady's Aid Society of Red Iron that to be merciful and generous to the poor was good for your soul, but they really didn't deserve your contributions . . . As to that woman, he knew her kind, strong-minded and athletic, with a maternal instinct that fastened itself upon every male being that came across her path. She was, perhaps, on the dangerous side of thirty, and he had just turned forty. He was a trifle bald,—that might save him. He thought of hiding himself,—then he saw her coming back. The desire for food and drink won the decision.

It was evening, and Mr. Parkington was gathering stray bits of wood for Miss Wiletta Huggins,—that was her name. They were building a camp-fire. She had given him a flannel shirt, a suit of overalls, and a pair of rush bathing-slippers. His costume reminded him of the uniform worn by delinquent juveniles at the Michigan State Reform School, two miles out of Red Iron. He had told her of his unusual misfortune, and she had been duly sympathetic. She, in turn, had explained to him that she was alone on the island, that she was camping here for two months in the interest of science. She was an entomologist in search of new data. She had taken him to her camp, a canvas cottage furnished with every possible means of comfort and convenience for a temporary home,—a wooden floor, an oil stove, an iron cot, a serviceable table, and a reading lamp. Mr. Parkington had expanded in this atmosphere. He had delivered a lecture on the civic perfection of Red Iron, on the advantages of living in the Middle West, in his best manner. He was invited to share the evening meal with her.

They were seated at supper, facing each other across the table. There was a drop in the conversa-

tion. Mr. Parkington decided that she was not at all good looking, yet the lines of her figure were well rounded and developed. Miss Huggins settled back in her chair.

"Really, Mr. Parkington, I think you'd change your mind about the West if you spent a little time in the East. You know, I was brought up in Newark, N. J., and received my degree at Columbia. There is an air of refinement and culture in the East, and it isn't forced and stilted. Of course, I am a sort of person who always has a good time." Mr. Parkington wondered whether she was going to have a good time with him. "I've always been that way; I look on the bright side of things. It was wonderful at Columbia, you know, I am fond of sports. I was on the girls' basketball team, too, in spite of my work in sciences, and I love sciences, but it was hard for me then, I often had ever so much fun. I simply revel in the great outdoors." Mr. Parkington nodded his head doubtfully. "Now, I like men of your kind, ready for adventure, who go out into the wild, away from civilization; although, as I said before, I admire culture and refinement and knowledge. Knowledge is power." Mr. Parkington admitted that it was. "I knew that you would understand me, a man in your position. I think that every one should find his play in his work, just as I am doing, and I am sure you do, or else you wouldn't be here. Every executive must."

He tried to check the flood to turn the channel, but the sentences were flowing on in an endless stream. He wanted to ask her whether there was a chance of a steamer passing the island within the next few days. After three hours of patient listening, he found an opening.

"Yes, day after tomorrow. But you are not going so soon, are you?"

Mr. Parkington mumbled a word or two about sending a wire to his wife and children. He blushed at the lie, but he was building a wall of defense. He was afraid of Miss Huggin's glances of evident approval. He thanked her for all she had done. He rose to go. He assured her that he was not annoyed by insects, that sleeping on the ground under the sky was one of his pet hobbies.

"Don't forget to come over to breakfast," she called after him.

He walked out in the direction of the sea. She had indicated the plan of the island that afternoon. He curled himself up in a little hollow of sand, and fell asleep.

He was awake early next morning. His first thought was of Miss Huggins. The desert island love-stories that filled the fiction magazines came to his mind. Every one of them ended in a passionate embrace and the prospect of an elaborate church-wedding as soon as the delirious lovers set foot on civilized land. Mr. Parkington felt a wave of panic sweeping over him. The woman was after him; she was going to get him. It was fate. According to popular fiction fate always manages things in this manner, and, in an effort to get away from reality, he had secretly enjoyed and approved of such romances. The one woman in the world was on his trail, closely following his footsteps. It was a dream coming true. His lie that he had a wife and family, would only make her more determined in her relentless pursuits. She would ask him to defy conventions for her sake. He resolved to keep away from her in spite of her excellent food-supply. He sprang to his feet and dived into the jungle.

For some two or three hours he lay surrounded by a screen of giant ferns; then he heard her voice calling his name. . . . She passed by; he was motionless. . . . . He was winning the game against fate; he revelled in his victory until night fall, when he became unspeakably hungry. His determination was rapidly falling to the pit of his stomach. After all, his attitude had been childish—jumping to a conclusion, from a premise that was founded upon the shifting ground of his imagination. The sensible thing to do was to face the woman. To maintain a firm stand, that is the point, to be manly and strong. Surely, he retained the strength and poise that had enabled him to rise to a position which necessitated the supervision of a teaching staff. This woman was not remarkably unlike those that he had met every day in Red Iron High School. True, the circumstances were not quite the same, but . . . He stood erect, squared his shoulders, and marched toward the cottage.

Miss Huggins greeted him cordially. "I was so afraid that you had lost your way, I've looked everywhere for you."

He told her that the strain of the last two days and the heat of the tropics had worn him out completely, that he had slept soundly for over twenty hours. She replied to his halting explanation by offering him a plate of canned beef and salted wafers, which he accepted with trembling fingers. She informed him that she had already prepared the signal fire to stop the Mail Packet on its way back to Habana. It would pass the island at noon the next day. Then she inquired about his family.

"I hope they are not grown up; I adore little children."

Mr. Parkington reassured her,

"Two little girls, Alice and Mary. Alice will be ten in April, and Mary will be seven next month." Mr. Parkington gulped. He was quite uncomfortable. Confound her curiosity.

"What an ideal education you will be able to give them. Education means so much to a woman, a modern woman. The doors of the world will be open to them. They shall be the measures of the future, Mr. Parkington. You must realize what this generation is giving to the rising one. Prohibition, a union of nations, universal peace, and equal suffrage." She went on. Mr. Parkington remembered his address to the graduating class last June. He was warmed by the familiar echo of his own ideas. They talked for nearly five hours on the coming of a new era. He was uplifted, thrilled. But after he had said "Good-night" and returned to his improvised bed on the beach, his doubts regarding the motives of Miss Huggins came forward again. She understood him. She was planning to trap him. He was playing a dangerous game, but he was going to win. Tomorrow he would leave the island and Miss Huggins far behind him. . . .

It was about an hour before noon when Mr. Parkington made towards Miss Huggin's cottage. She was waiting for him with a pot of coffee on the oil stove. He sat down beside her. A feeling of gratitude welled up within his breast. He talked freely, without restraint. She had saved his life. And now he was leaving her. He thanked her again and again. He saw the emotional qualities of the situation; a lump was forming in his throat. Miss Huggins went to the door which faced the sea. He followed her. She turned. Your boat is coming; you must run to the beach."

Mr. Parkington stood still. He swallowed a rush of words. There was a contraction of every muscle in his face. Some power stronger than himself was working again. He seized her in his arms, and kissed her full on the nose. "Why, Mr. Parkington!" was all he heard as he tore out of the cottage, leaving Miss Huggins behind him, the image of surprise and horror.

* * * *

Mr. Parkington stood on the fore-deck of the weather-beaten little mail boat, as it came into Habana harbor. Well, he'd had his fling, he'd gone the limit and beyond, the affair was over. He'd proved to himself that he was a man after all. He wondered what the Board would have thought if they could have seen the last episode in Miss Huggins' cottage. Mr. Parkington smiled and shook his head. "Once to every man . . ." He was tired out, nervous. His eyes were strained through the lack of proper protection and care. He had a great adventure in his past, but his health was in a worse condition than it had ever been. He had failed to carry out Dr. Benson's prescription, beyond a certain point. He had taken his fling; well, that was life. But never again would he return to the West Indies. He was going back to Red Iron for a rest.

Two Quatrains

LLOYD GEORGE.

When muses whisper summer's dying breath,
No image stirs my tranquil thought of you,—
My fancy's caught by bits of heaven's blue
And coming Autumn's silent, restful death.

You called me as I watched a breeze
Run lightly through the tender green of Spring;
And when you spoke again, that idle thing
Called Love swept up beyond the trees.

Two Essays

DON HANSON.

MY LANDLORD.

My landlord is in bed most of the time. He is old, but he is not weak. He has fierce eyes, and a powerful jaw, and a worshipping wife. He has that commanding attitude which makes him impressive even now when his face is wrinkled and his hand shakes. Within him is an indomitable spirit, helplessly succumbing to physical weakness. There is power in him, a determination invincible and yet conquered and fettered by age. He is like an artist without his tools; like a general without his army; like a dethroned king. His spirit is imprisoned in an infirm body,—a lion sullenly glaring through unbreakable bars.

But he is a glorious old fool. The world has advanced and left him behind. He is supremely, blindly religious. He believes that service is the end of life; that sacrifice is divine. He believes that cigarettes and wine are works of the devil. Ultra-modesty in women is an essential to him. Short skirts are horrifying, and musical comedy, with its gaudy chorus, is vile, satanical. He never speaks. It is his wife who tells us all this. He is not resigned in his views. He is a sullen, glowering force, strong in his convictions and wishing the power to rise against everyone and smash the godless foolishness of the modern generation. He is like the gray veteran of a past war, manning the guns of the Soldiers' Home a half century after the last battle. The world has gone on, and he is left behind, still guarding forgotten forts, —a glorious old fool.

Sometimes he feels better and gets up. His wife makes him comfortable in a big parlor chair. She puts a cushion behind his back and a stool under his feet. And he sits and sits and stares. I remember the first time I saw him there. I had just gone in, and on my way upstairs I saw him. Rather, I felt his presence, his eyes on me, and I turned. He was sitting there, his long form bent, his hands folded in his lap, looking at me. His white brows jutted bulgingly over a pair of cold scorching eyes,—black eyes. His jaw protruded. And he just sat still and glowered at me, like a fatally wounded bear at bay. I spoke to him,—quaveringly. But he is nearly deaf, and he did not hear me. I walked upstairs. His eyes seemed to bore into my back. My breath came quickly. I was awed.

Only once have I seen him rise up and show his vicious power. We were up in my room, three of us, talking over a little wine. We were happy, and for the moment forgot that "The Old King," as we called him, did not allow smoking in his house. There was more wine, a practical joke, and loud laughter. Someone threw a book, and it hit the door with a bang. There was a step in the hall and the door opened, burst open. Framed in the sill was the old man. The stoop had left his shoulders. He towered in his long bathrobe. And he stared at us with searching eyes that made us writhe. He glared at us, —at me. Then, deep from his white beard, came distant, awful speech.

"What kind of doings are you having here?"

It was the first time I had heard him speak. I sat and looked at him, one hand still on a wine glass, cowering before that mysterious force of his. And I could not speak.

Slowly he raised his hand. Majestically he towered above us. His clenched fist swayed and drove down through the air. In the mass of his beard there appeared a jagged row of teeth,—two rows of teeth. And while his eyes flashed coldly, blackly, he shouted at us.

"I will not tolerate a smoke-fest in my house. And there has been something else going on up here."

His piercing eyes searched out the wine glasses and the bottle. His face grew vividly red. His fist lashed the air frantically. We turned apprehensively, and cowered. And his words came as a thunderbolt from the threatening cloud.

"I will not tolerate—"

His voice rose higher, wavered, and cracked. He tottered, backward, breathing hard. His hand reached toward his heart. He was broken. His

wife had come upstairs, and she stood behind him and supported him. We helped her,—carried him to his room. And on his bed he rose, with his face still distorted. He shook an erratic hand at us, and half-ordered, half-whimpered:

"Wine in my house! Wine! Out—"

That is the only time I have heard him speak. He is in bed now, almost all the time. On rare occasions he rises and sits in the parlor, and his eyes cry out defiant challenges.

A glorious old fool! But he is a very good landlord, for most of the time he is in bed.

ON TAKING A SHOWER.

My God, that water is cold. And the tile is freezing my feet off. It will take nerve to get under this shower. Why didn't I stay in bed another half-hour? It is warm there, and soft and comfortable, and this tile floor is like ice. And the water,—it numbs me when I merely stick my arm under it. I'm a baby to stand here and hesitate at a little cold water—a damn baby. What am I made of, anyway? I'm going under that shower,—now,—I'm going—Lo-o-o-ord—my back—

Writhings, and frantic chest-pounding, and holding of breath,—then a dash for a towel and the radiator. Gasps of relief. Hurried, exhausted breathing. A nimble reaching in from the side to turn off the water.

I am a man. I did have the nerve to go into it. It was not so bad after all. And this is mighty good for me. And I feel better the rest of the day, if only I would be warm now. Yes, a man has to sacrifice a little something in order to be a man. He must conquer his own cowardice. I am a man.

* * * *

There are many of them, these self-styled "men". These "plunge-and-walk-before-breakfast" idiots. The cold shower is, according to them, beneficial, so they indulge in it. They are healthier. They feel wonderful the remainder of the day. And they are men,—not babies afraid to undergo the disagreeable sensation of the cold shower.

They are healthier. Many doctors are discrediting this statement, and it probably has no meaning. Be that as it may, we will pass over it, for it is only a minor point. Even though it were granted, it would nevertheless be outweighed by logical reasons against the shower.

They feel wonderful the remainder of the day. Yes, they enjoy the warmth of a natural life more after the contrast with the breath-taking shower. They feel glowing, and warm. But would not these same men enjoy anything more by contrast? Could not they eat only one meal every two days, in order to appreciate the joys of satisfying the appetite better? Could not they sleep but once a week, in order to appreciate it more? The theory of enjoyment by contrast is a poor one. Must a man break his leg in order to appreciate walking, after months of healing? Why must a man torture his body with pangs of numbing cold in order to appreciate warmth?

They are men! They are not babies who cower at the thought of cold. They are men! Fools who torture themselves in order to show that they are not afraid. Give their boundless heroism a chance. Let it develop and they will be the daredevils of the world. They will be the men who fight mobs single-handed, and have their heads broken for it. They will be the dynamite jugglers, the fools who take up every dare. They will undergo every pain and discomfort to prove that they are men, not babies. They are men! Oh, for a world of babies.

* * * *

I have changed. No longer do I take the morning showers to which I once tried to reconcile myself. When I hear the alarm in the morning, I turn over, and draw the covers up around my chin, and feel rosy and warm, and I think of the fools of the cold shower, and the tile floor, and I shiver, a warm shiver, and smile to myself. And I close my eyes and let the alarm ring. Just let it ring, indefinitely. For I am a baby. And I hope I may never grow up into manhood.

Dark Ultramarine and Scarlet

PENNELL CROSBY.

Things are not as we wish; and many a white
Moon shall make lovely many a burning night
While I sit lonely with a pictured face;
Cloistered in dark, with but faint gleams of light.

For though self-schooled to labor and aspire
To warm my hands at learning's painted fire,
Yet I must yearn upon your patient face
Lest I should go half-mad with hot desire.

The night-dark shore; the sea; the quivering slips
Of lights that shimmer there among the ships
I dare not look upon, for these things bring
The too-tremendous longing for your lips.

If God was cruel that he made like wine
The mingling of our glances, mine and thine—
Cruel to part us for so long a space—
Yet I thank God, Beloved, you are mine.

The One Thing Worse

C. W. BAILEY.

There was something wrong with the scheme of things.

When Charlie Jones stepped away from the cashier's window at the First National with his eighteen dollars, representing two weeks' pay, James Hallworth Hotchkiss stepped up. Enviously Charlie watched the rapid succession of fifties, twenties, tens, and fives that were shuffled upon the counter before his only half-comprehending eyes. A little pleasantry from the cashier drew a good-natured laugh from the heavily coated man as he drew the money under the wicket.

Charlie experienced an over-worked feeling of self-pity. Something was wrong in the scheme of things that gave one man nine dollars a week and board for washing restaurant dishes, and gave another incomprehensible sums because he happened to work with real estate.

As the broker stuffed away the bills in a long folder, a small, square piece of paper fluttered to the floor. Charlie saw it, but did not follow his inclination to pick it up and hand it back. Probably it was worthless, and he would be laughed at for his efforts.

He stood in awe of Mr. Hotchkiss, real estate broker, County Golf Club president, and numerous other distinctions. For Charlie knew him. Sadi West had been maid at the Hotchkiss home. She had also been Charlie's "steady" (four times a week) when times had been more rosy than now.

The Great War and flat feet had brought great prosperity to him. Then Sadi and he had lived the life joyous. Finally industrial depression and unap-

preciative employers had brought financial ruin and the loss of Sadi. For no girl like Sadi need waste her time on men who couldn't pay the piper.

He picked up the paper and watched Hotchkiss enter his closed car and whirl away down the street. Then he looked at it.

R 6-L 4-R 10-L 11-R 1. That was all that was on it. A sharp whistle from the foundry made him slip it into his pocket and rush off to Nick's Day and Night Cafe.

There, from five to eight, he must labor in the kitchen. How he hated it—that pawing about in greasy, smelly dishes, scraping off half-eaten victuals from plates, and soaking his hands in slimy, smarting water. There was something wrong with the scheme of things.

He was rather dreamy that night, imagining himself the possessor of unlimited riches. When in such moods, his favorite pastime was to picture himself acquiring sudden wealth. He might save the only child of a millionaire and be magnificently rewarded; he might get "something on" a wealthy and ambitious politician and operate a profitable system of blackmail; or he might pull a wealthy old bachelor from a watery grave, only to see him die of pneumonia, before which, of course, a will was made, leaving a large fortune to the rescuer.

Naturally, when occupied in working so strenuously with his mind, he could scarcely be expected to accomplish much with his hands. A soapy dish, slipping through his fingers, called forth the wrath of Nick. So the world of realty was brought back to him. He applied himself with sullen vigor to his task. There was something wrong with the scheme of things. Sometime, somehow, he would escape the sordidness of that kitchen.

At eight o'clock he gingerly rinsed his hands under the faucet and departed to the nearest pool hall. There he could always pick up a discarded paper and read. He very seldom played. Being an indifferent player, or rather as he chose to consider it, out of practice, he couldn't afford it.

He never failed to read the society page. It afforded him so much ground for self-sympathy. Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss were attending a formal at the County Club he learned.

A vision of the large roll of bills brought back the remembrance of the lost slip of paper, and he examined it again. A sudden gleam of understanding entered his brain. Here was the combination to the Hotchkiss safe.

He recalled the stories Sadi had told him of the contents of the safe which stood in the Hotchkiss den, of the many times Mr. Hotchkiss had brought home large sums of money, and gone out again in the evening, leaving it guarded only by the iron door of the safe.

A new thought came to him that caused him suddenly to lower his eyes from the vacant stare of a stranger opposite him. Then, fearing that his actions would excite suspicion, he forced his eyes to meet the other's.

For a time he affected a deep interest in a game of pool. Then he sauntered carelessly out of the hall and wandered over toward the Hotchkiss home.

A bright porch light distinguished it from the other houses. Close to the library window, a soft blue and gold floor lamp shown warmly. He walked back and forth before the house several times, each time intended to be the last. He would go home and forget. But his intense hatred of greasy dishes, and his vision of the money he had seen Hotchkiss draw from the bank held him. The opportunity which that small piece of paper held, and the sure knowledge that no one would be home for some time lured him on.

After a quick glance through the deserted street, he ran quickly through the shadows to the back door. It was locked. He started to go back to the street, when the sound of someone coming down the sidewalk, stopped him. Beside him was a doorway leading to the cellar, and he crouched within its shelter.

The pressure of his body pushed it open. He stared into the blackness within, every nerve shaking. The deep silence repelled, but opportunity urged him on.

By the light of a match he found the door leading upstairs. It was not locked and soon he reached the kitchen. He had been here many times before. Fear caused him to hurry, and his familiarity with the house at once brought him before the safe. With trembling fingers and pounding heart he followed the figures from his paper. The heavy door swung slowly open.

Instead of the money he expected to find, there was another steel door—locked. With a sigh that expressed as much relief as disappointment, he swung the big door silently back again.

A little noise behind him caused him to whirl around. Terror flattened him against the safe. In the doorway stood Mr. Hotchkiss with a small revolver in his hand and an evil-boding smile on his face.

"Go and sit down there," commanded the broker pointing to a chair near the desk.

* * * *

As the train sped on, Charlie tried to recall just what had happened. The past few days were

massed in confusion. Dimly he remembered the coming of a patrol wagon, many questions by a judge, a sleepless night on a cell cot, the judge again, and the words, "from three to five years at Ionia."

Through it all, Charlie was conscious of but one comforting thought. He would escape the kitchen at Nick's Day and Night Cafe. Nothing, not even the prison, could be worse than washing a never ending stream of dirty dishes.

The train stopped. His companion took him firmly by the arm and led him through a series of rooms. Each door closed behind him with a surer click.

Next, a large, grey haired man looked at him across a high desk. Charlie's escort handed the warden a packet of papers which were read in deep silence. Then the warden looked up.

"You were employed as dishwasher at a restaurant?" he asked Charlie, who could only dumbly nod his head in reply. The warden pressed a button, and a man appeared from a door behind the desk.

"Tell Fritz I want him."

The man disappeared. Soon Fritz came in.

"This fellow," said the warden, "will work in the kitchen—on the dish gang."

Charlie stared. There was something wrong with the scheme of things.

Hurdy Gurdy

HELEN ATEN.

Oh! Who has seen him,
Hurdy-Gurdy,
With his weather-beaten grin,
Is he playing to the children
At the gates of old Pekin,
While their almond eyes spill laughter
And their queues go bobbing after?
Or is that his organ-tune
'Neath the far Venetian moon,
Where the gondoliers are flinging
Pennies, on the cobbles ringing?

Oh! Who has heard him,
Hurdy-Gurdy,
Winding up his harmonim?
Is he on some road in Spain,
Wand'ring through the twilight dim,
Underneath the olive leaves,
Silver-singing in the breeze?
Or does dawn-wind blow him home
To the time-worn streets of Rome,
Where the pillared ruins grey
Echo back his roundelay?

Compensation of Tantalus

FRANK GRAY

I can readily appreciate the anguish of the traveller in the sun-dried wastes of the Sahara when, perceiving from afar the treacherous glimmer of the mirage, he approaches only to experience bitter disillusionment. I can appreciate this depth of feeling because I too have suffered from such irony of fate. There is, on the second floor of Bascom Hall, a little drinking fountain. Its sparkling jet of water bubbles merrily, all day long—when no one is near. One glimpses the cool oasis when he rounds the corner, hot and weary from a disheartening journey up the slope of the hill, and a tedious climb up the stairs. How refreshing! The mouth puckers with expectation—for what, I beg of you, is more soul satisfying when one is thirsty than a long draught of water.

There are sundry trivialties of life, which commonplace in their very nature, are nevertheless occasionally intensified and refined almost to the point of luxury, by a suitable prelude of fortaste. We mortals take too much for granted. We assume nonchalantly that the rulers of our destiny owe to us a birthright of what we call necessities of life; it is only when the easy swing of our earthly stay is disturbed by some unwonted circumstance which brings about a lack of these ordinary necessities, that we are educated to a realization of their true values. I suppose that more than one poor devil has passed into the Great Unknown with parched lips mumuring a prayer that he might exchange the peace of his immortal soul for just such a trivial thing as a drink of water.

The fountain in Bascom Hall is singularly exasperating, and yet, to the complacence of drinking, it adds an unusual element of chance. Over the entire length of the dusty stairs one speculates whether or not the water will be effervescing when he arrives. Sure enough, it gurgles cheerily and brightly from the lips of the cup. The step quickens, the eyes hunger, the throat thickens. One approaches, bends down, and parts the lips with a prayer of thanks, while a preliminary sense of the cold jet tickles the palate. Then the stream recedes, the water sinks down, down — the mouth follows avidly, and encounters—the pipe. The Gods have spoken! All earthly remedies are for naught; even sturdy kicks and blows at the refractory iron casing are of no avail. One lingers pensively, with the fond hope that water may emerge before the bell rings for class. But no—it is not to be. Sadly the itinerant turns therefrom, and resumes his journey, dry and thirsty. Upon a sudden portentous afterthought, he wheels to look back reproachfully as he rounds the corner. Lo and behold! The vital stream is bubbling again, and mocks with tantalizing inconstancy his departure.

But, after all, I would not have it otherwise. That this insignificant, insufferable, little fountain is able to irritate me into a better appreciation of my necessities, and sometimes tantalizes them into luxuries, is to me a complete justification for its existence.

Epilogue

GASTON D'ARLEQUIN

When the years have sunk to sleep
In the western sea, and Time
Has accomplished, without haste
The strange destinies of men,

Haply in that far-off day
One shall find these rhymes of mine
And shall sigh for all the hours
You have not remembered me.

The Holy Kiss

ELIZABETH KATZ.

"You don't want that picture, I'll give you a better one," said the Reverend Jack to one of his young feminine parishioners.

He alluded to a snap-shot of his reverend self standing in front of the Gothic doorway of the church. It really did not do him justice, though it looked very ministerial and showed his athletic figure and wavy blond hair to advantage.

"This is better. You may have it if you wish." Here he brought out a large photograph of his Greek profile and presented it to Miss James. "But why do you want it?"

"When we have dances at our house at school, we fix up one of the girls' rooms for a men's dressing room and we never know what man's picture to put on the dresser," she explained. "It looks suspicious if you don't have any; you can't be so cruel as to have one of a man that's coming to the dance, and it certainly is bad form to have one of a man who isn't coming. You'd look no end well and so plausibly with the snap-shot stuck in the corner of the photograph. But don't you think it ought to be autographed?" the Evil One prompted that young lady to say.

The Reverend Jack was doubtful. "What shall I say?" he asked helplessly.

"Something characteristic. Anything to keep them guessing. It ought to be *margaritas ante procos*, but that wouldn't be complimentary," she objected. Again the Evil One prompted her and she exclaimed, "I know. Write *Cum osculc sancto!*"

The idea appealed to the Reverend Jack, but caution bade him walk carefully. "Couldn't I write it in Greek?" he suggested. His Greek was rusty, so he pulled out his little Greek testament and found the passage. Now if the Reverend Jack had not been quite so much of a scholar, the devil in the young lady would never have conquered, but he was more or less of a pedant. He saw that the Greek version had another shade of meaning and though none who would see that picture would by any stretch of the imagination, know Greek, he felt that the Latin version must be taken.

"Woman, I am in your hands!" he said to the departing Miss James. "What would the presiding bishop say if he should ever find out?" Yet he did not repent, for the Greek profile was perfect, and clerical vestment is very becoming to a blond young athlete. The Reverend Jack was to be punished for his folly, but not by the presiding bishop who exacted penance which lacked ingenuity. The young lady and the devil took good care of that.

So the picture went to college and was the talk of the New Year's dance. Not only did the men marvel and inquire, "Whom does he belong to?" and remark that "it must be pretty bad!" but the girls all were in love with him. Did the Reverend Jack forsee this? He had considered it and it looked good to him, but he had not accounted for one little fiend, called Mary, who determined to have him. Miss James felt that such love should be rewarded and gave her the picture.

Mary went to the infirmary that spring with pleurisy and took the picture with her. It looked very appropriate on the hospital table, and the doctors and nurses read the inscription and wondered, but Mary said nothing and enjoyed herself immensely.

Then she became dangerously sick and the doctor, who knew that she was an orphan, wondered whether he ought to notify anyone. He thought of the picture and that day inquired of Miss James, who came to see her friend, the name and address of Mary's fiance. It is possible that Miss James' eyes twinkled when she courteously offered to wire the lover. The telegram was astonishingly deceptive and was signed with the doctor's name. It said that the girl to whom his picture meant so much was dangerously ill and wanted him.

The Reverend Jack came. Rules were broken to let a fiance into the hospital because of Mary's extreme illness. All was prepared for him. Between the time of the sending of the telegram and his arrival, Miss James had smuggled into the infirmary an electric curling iron. Never was Mary as carefully curled at any dance.

That was no pastoral visit,—that call. Mary had the devil's own self-possession and the minister was embarrassed to say the least. That was only at first. Mary had no intention of letting him stay that way, but she knew it was a healthy start.

The rules of the infirmary are strict in denying all men callers to girls, but some religiously inclined regent had seen the necessity for both men and women receiving spiritual consolation. Shamelessly the Rev. Jack took advantage of this, and, by the time that Mary's peculiarly lingering attack of pleurisy had departed, they were at least extremely good friends.

But the Evil One, whom I believe to be a strictly moral person, had not yet punished the Reverend Jack for his sin of vanity, and he did not intend that this affair should end in friendship. He had his way, of course. It ended, *horrible dictu*, at the altar!

Could any presiding bishop, who was himself an eminent celebate, have devised a punishmnt as ingenious as this?

The Sikh's Tale

JOHN CULNAN

JAG NANLO SINGH, a native Indian officer, was in London for the pragmatical purpose of writing a civil service examination that might win him an enviable situation in his native province. The young man's command of the language of his rulers was remarkable, and in speaking he imparted to the tongue of the white conqueror a note of virile beauty seldom heard. From his dark eyes flashed the mysterious flame that long generations of pure-living, fearless warriors had instilled in his nature. He was youthful in his bearing, although perhaps thirty years of age, and his lithe body bespoke a boyhood devoted to the quest of physical perfection.

If you were one of the more genial members of the International Students' Club, which is quartered almost within the afternoon shadow of the British Museum, and by means of an occasional game of chess and cordial chat at the fireside had gained Jag's confidence, you could persuade him to relate the following account of the curious silver-spiked ring that he wore upon his finger. He was capable of throwing himself into the tale with the ease of a minstrel, and to impress you as though he were re-living the scenes of the narrative:

I am a Sikh, the sect founded by Nanak Shah. When Govind Singh died in 1708, one of my forefathers became a chosen member of the group that guarded the sanctuary at Amritsar, repository of the Adi-Granth. That is the name given to our sacred book. These men were the first of the Akalis, "The faithful of the Eternal."

I could cite many more illustrious members of my people. I speak thus not boastfully, but so that you may understand my own devotion more clearly. The tenets of my sect seem generally known to the world. Nanak Shah founded a religion that did away with the worship of many gods. He preached human brotherhood for ourselves and hatred and death for the Hindus and the Musselmen. No Sikh could return the salutation of a Hindu, nor could he fail to kill a Musselman on sight. The waging of the holy war to extend the power of the faith—that was the lifework of its devotees.

The Sikhs prayed to their swords, by whose strength they made themselves supreme in the north. You have noted this thin silver bracelet that is always on my wrist. It can be thrown, with practice, so swiftly and accurately as to inflict a mortal gash. Likewise, in defending one's self against a swordsman, it can ward off a blow and deflect a thrust. We are required always to have such a life-saving bit of metal on our persons.

I spent my childhood in preparation for the life of action that I have led for more than ten years. It is not primarily the lure of a more comfortable income than has led me at last to consider abandoning my calling, as you will believe when I am done. Yet there are times when the change that I am making seems monstrous. Times are changing, however, and some day, I believe, the proudest warrior in the world will lay down his arms and declare that all hostility is futile. The world-war marked my own turning-point. What I shall now hasten to relate occurred several years ago, as you will suspect upon hearing it.

Shortly after I had become a full-fledged cavalryman, I formed a deep regard for the daughter of a merchant in Lahore, the city famed for its choice rugs. Our regard for one another increased, little known to her father, and Gilna accepted a beautiful ruby ring that I offered to her. This is the ring, and you will learn why the ruby no longer forms the setting.

Before I was able to approach her father with regard to my plans, my regiment was ordered from the vicinity, and I could only hope for later opportunity of wooing the girl. I wish I could describe her to you as I knew her, but I have never attempted to portray her beauty by words.

On the day when the occasion of my departure from the city gained me the first and only kiss that I ever enjoyed from her lips, I encountered, upon leaving her father's house, a stranger who had been seen about the city for some days. He was a sorcerer by profession,

and I had formed a hatred of him at first sight. He was an infidel, not of our own people. He was not much older than myself, and it was the vain display of his magnetic power that antagonized me most.

On this occasion he had the temerity to offer me his hand in passing, inviting me to join him in a European greeting. This I haughtily refused to do, and continued on my way to camp. He called after me, saying,

"One day, sahib, you will clasp my hand, and of your own volition."

He uttered the words in the tone that he affected while practicing his art among the people, and I inwardly mocked him as I went along the hot street, keeping to the shadow of the buildings.

The expedition was long and trying. The damsel and I had agreed to exchange no written word during our separation, fearing her father's wrath. Patiently I did my soldier's duty and bided the time when I might see her again. Then one day, when five months had elapsed since my departure from Lahore, I received a tiny package addressed to me in an unknown hand. Opening it, I was astounded to find the ring I had given the girl, but now shorn of its rich ruby. More astounded still was I to read these words on the inner wrapping,

> Sahib: I have stolen your jewel. But even yet you will one day clasp my hand, and of your own volition. It is written sahib.

My anger knew no bounds. There was no doubt in my mind as to what his statement regarding my jewel carried with it. But by what unfathomable means had he secured the girl? I had never before known the extent that my passion then reached. The temptation to desert my post and avenge my wounded feelings was stronger than I could hitherto have dreamed. But the honor of my house kept me true to my soldier's oath. Within a week I had secured official leave, and three days of irksome travel found me again in Lahore. With heavily throbbing pulse I went to the house of the girl's father. From the dignified man of business that I had known and respected, I now found him transformed into a broken creature without control over feelings of mingled sorrow and hatred. Upon his refusal to share with me the confidence that we had formerly enjoyed, I left him, feeling more despondent and more vengeful than before, it that were possible.

It was from friends that I learned the fate my romance had met. The charlatanic sorcerer had by some method of his profession ingratiated himself with the girl's father. Perhaps it was by opening a vista of immense wealth to the merchant. I do not know. He then succeeded in gaining his consent to wed the daughter, who could not rebel against her father's wishes, heart-broken though she was. The marriage took place, and a month had elapsed before her father realized that the sorcerer's promises were as nothing. Meanwhile the man of mystery had moved away with his bride, and was known to be living in Patiala, many miles to the southeast of Lahore.

From that time on I was as a puppet in the hands of revenge. I kept the stoneless ring always in the pocket of my blouse, and would constantly finger it as my thoughts raged within me. And always the mocking words of the sorcerer, "one day you will clasp my hand," rang in my ears and increased my wrath.

It was in such a moment that I conceived a novel method of carrying out my resolution to kill this man who had blighted my hopes. I took the ring to a jeweler and had him mount in place of the ruby this silver spike, whose surface was at that time delicately roughened. He asked no questions, although he must have deduced my intentions as to the use of the device.

I then secured a powerful poison in solution, curan, it is called, and was satisfied that when dipped in the liquid and allowed to dry, the new setting of my ring would carry certain death.

My leave was of brief duration, and demanded immediate action on my part. I proceeded to Patiala without delay, and was directed to the house of the sorcerer. Directly across the street from it stood a dramshop, from the public room of which I could command a view of my goal.

For a final time I dipped the setting in the tiny vial, and observed with breathless satisfaction how the etchings on the surface of the spike held an added quantity of the heavy liquid. Instead of its projecting from the back of my little finger, I had turned the setting inside my closed hand, which I rested motionless on the table while the poison was drying.

At that moment the door across the street was opened from within, and I saw the sorcerer slowly approaching the very room that I was in. I felt myself become suddenly as cool and unrelenting as my ancestors were in the days when they followed the death-dealing rules of the faith.

I heard him pause in the side room and order a glass of liquor. Then he slowly approached the open doorway of the public room. As he entered, I noted that he scarcely appeared master of himself. He swayed in his walk, and one of his hands fumbled

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about the cup which his other held. He faced me without a word, then raised the vessel and quaffed the beverage at a draught. He expressed no more surprise at seeing me than he would have if we had been separated ten minutes before.

I rose from my seat and approached him.

"I bid you good afternoon," I said evenly, and proffered my hand, holding it palm down.

He extended his hand without hesitation and without taking his eyes from my face. His hand was limp, and soft as a woman's. I gripped it harder than ever I had gripped my sabre in a charge, and I felt the drug-laden spike sink into his flesh and bury itself completely there. But his eyes never left the vicinity of my own, and it seemed to me that I could even then detect a glassiness in them.

With a jerk I freed my hand and said,

"I have poisoned you, infidel. You are a dead man."

"No," he contested, "I am a dead man, but it was beyond your power to poison me. I had just poisoned myself."

"Fiend!" I exclaimed, "And Gilna?"

"She is to be mentioned in the same breath," he replied, enunciating with difficulty, "for a snake caused her death this morning."

"A snake with two legs," I said hoarsely, as he collapsed upon a bench.

"No,—sahib," he gasped, "it—was—written."

Yesterday

ALICE H. CREW

I saw you come across the field,
With wind-fleet limbs and wind-blown hair,
In gingham dress whose scant folds served
But ill to hide brown legs and bare.

Come, follow me! come play with me!
Echoed your voice from over the way,
And hand in hand I turned with you
Across the fields of yesterday.

Straight to my poplar tree you led,
With foot in crotch you swung with ease
Up to a height where tapering boughs
Trembling swayed in the twilight breeze.

I knew as I watched just what steps you would find,
What footholds take to reach the height,
Yet though I had lived in that poplar tree,
I could not follow you in your flight.

But calling to you in the branches high,
Lost to the world in the heart of a tree,
"Pray tell who you are," a voice came back,
"*I am the child you used to be.*"

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Dust From A Bookshelf

DYASKEUAST.

I despair of ever finding the book which will, upon all occasions, give me the relaxation that I need. I have found only a few that even approach the desired type. What I want is something which will relieve me of all contact with everyday grinds, with problems of conduct, with social conditions, and ignorant intelligence. The book must be a very diverse one—one that will relieve my soul, not by lying to me about the conditions and affairs of men, but by smiling at those idiocies. No Pollyanna need apply. Still the spirit wanted is found most frequently in the so-called child classics—"Tom Sawyer", "Huckleberry Finn', "Treasure Island" and so forth. These do not dodge the truth and yet they are far enough removed from our daily life to give us the true joy of the struggle in prospective. Detective stories often are good mediums of relaxation for the same reason. If the last six chapters of most detective stories could be admitted —those chapters in which poetic justice is being dealt out with a shovel—they would please me more, for the evasion of truth becomes almost unbearable, but one must read them to learn the solution to the mystery.

I suppose that my search for the proper book for my easy chair will be ever in vain, but I have installed a large book case next to it, and I may in time gather such a collection that within my reach there will be an assortment of blessed literature sufficient to calm even the weariest river as it winds "somewhere safe to sea."

* * * *

May I venture to hope that all admirers of Joseph Hergesheimer have applied to his publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, 220 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. for the free booklet relating to his life and letters. The pamphlet is written by Llewellyn Jones; and a postcard will bring it to you. And in passing, the picturization of "Tol'able David" is quite as good as the story which appears in the collection "The Happy End."

A book of H. M. Bateman's drawings which have enlivened the pages of *Punch* for several years has recently been published by Herny Holt. It contains as well an introduction by G. K. Chesterton.

Don Marquis has brought out a new book of his verse, entitled "Poems and Portraits."

In much the spirit of "Peacock Pie", Walter de la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget" moves along in prose. The subtle intermingling of pathos and humor makes the book unusual and attractive.

A new novelist has come to the front with a remarkable book called "The Fair Rewards." His name is Thomas Beer, and his book concerns the stage. The story begins back when Frohman presented "The Prisoner of Zenda" and comes down to the recent production of "The Jest." Many famous figures of the stage, such as Anna Held, James Huneker, Clyde Fitch, and Frohman are among those present.

"Cytherea" by Joseph Hergesheimer has completed my ruin as a poet. I composed the following:

> For something that won't weary ya
> Try this one called "Cytherea".

But it seems her name is pronounced Sith-a-ree'-a, so my poem is all shot to pieces. The pronunciation diagram is authentic, I have it direct from the publisher.

The advance orders for F. Scott Fitzgerald's new book have been so great that the publishers have been forced to get out two editions before it goes on sale. It is promised in March.

In "While I Remember", Mr. McKenna, the author, tells this remarkable anecdote of Mark Twain and King Edward VII. Mark Twain was once sent an assessment form by the English income tax authorities when he was staying in England. He referred it to Queen Victoria with the statement that he had not the honor to be one of her subjects; she must forgive his writing to her, because, though he did not know her, he had once had the pleasure of meeting her son. "He", said Mark Twain, "was driving in his coach of state to St. Paul's, and I was on top of a bus." Many years later when he returned to England in his glory, he was presented to King Edward, who said that he was glad to meet him again. "Again, sir?" queried Mark Twain. "Have you forgotten our first meeting?" asked the King. "I was in my coach of state, driving to St. Paul's, and you were on top of a bus."

From Keith Preston's "Splinters":

> "We cannot bear to roast a book
> Nor brutally attack it;
> We lay it gently in our lap
> And dust its little jacket."

From A. B. Walkley's "Pastiche and Prejudice":

"Sir Henry Irving used to tell how he and Toole had gone together to Statford, and fallen into talk with one of its inhabitants about his great townsman. After many cross-questions and crooked answers, they

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arrived at the fact that the man knew that Shakespeare had 'written for summat.' 'For what?' they enquired. 'Well', replied the man, 'I do think he wrote for the Bible?"

Amid the authors of our day
Who all have much, too much to say,
There's one who tantalizes me
But never quite sufficiently.
I wish, therefore for a friendly push
That would make me finish "The Briary Bush."

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