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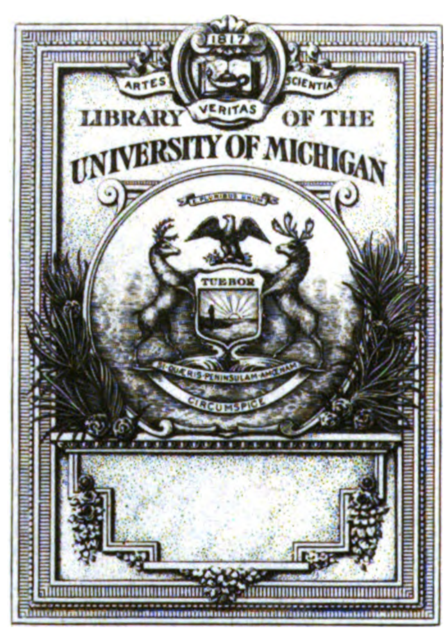

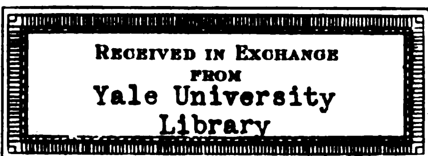

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

OCTOBER, 1914.

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CONTENTS OF NO. DCCIX

TO KEEP IT HOLY	*Frank Wright Tuttle*	1
AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR	*Howard Buck*	4
BLESSED JOHN RUYSBROECK	*Gordon Bodenwein*	5
THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG GODS	*Howard Buck*	11
DIANA OF THE CHASE	*David Hamilton*	12
AT TWENTY	*H. Phelps Putnam*	19
CONCERNING DEVILS—GENERAL AND PARTICULAR	*C. R. Walker, Jr.*	21
PORTFOLIO		26
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA		35
BOOK REVIEWS		36
EDITOR'S TABLE		46

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eightieth Volume with the number for October, 1914. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competitors of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 20th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Business Manager or his authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Business Manager.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the EDTIORIAL MANAGEMENT of the periodical must be addressed to Archibald MacLeish, Chairman. Communications with regard to the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT to Alfred O'Gara, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX OCTOBER, 1914 No. 1

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1915.

JOHN CROSBY BROWN ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
OLIVER McKEE JOHN CARLISLE PEET
FRANK WRIGHT TUTTLE.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

ALFRED H. O'GARA

"—TO KEEP IT HOLY."

THE early Pilgrim fathers were shockingly narrow-minded when it came to religious matters. They believed in forcing everyone into their way of worshipping the Almighty —doubtless, because they had themselves fled from those who had the same belief. It is only human nature for the oppressed to become the oppressor when he finds someone he can oppress with impunity. At all events that was the case with the Pilgrim fathers. They were not merely content with seeing to it that every member of the community attended church; they went farther and made it impossible for a member of the congregation to take his attention from the preacher, even for a brief moment. This was accomplished very satisfactorily by a gentleman who stood in the rear of the little log church, armed with a long stick. At one end of the stick was fastened a tuft of feathers; at the other, the large hinder foot of a rabbit. Whenever the dignitary who bore this weapon saw a head nodding, or suspected that some young Miles was more enthralled in contemplating the delicate profile of the prim little Priscilla in the adjoining pew than in hearkening to the ad-

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monitions of the preacher, he would tiptoe down the aisle to investigate. If the offender was a woman, he tickled her sharply under the nose with the feathered end of the stick. If the transgressor turned out to be a man, he brought him back to earth by cracking him smartly on the head with the rabbit's foot.

It is little short of ridiculous to imagine a service conducted in such a bizarre fashion nowadays. We have passed the period where the phrase, "religious freedom," can have any significance to us except as a matter of historical interest. We look upon the right to follow out our own beliefs as a matter of course. We would never think of compelling the general adoption of any creed, however keenly we ourselves believed in it. And yet, we, the up-to-date, the broad-minded, submit, with scarcely more than a murmur to a service which the man of this creed, that creed, and no creed at all are alike forced to attend. Indeed this atavism of the early Puritan days is even more strongly marked as such. Even the figure of the man with the stick has survived. If he descends upon the Senior who has found reading more congenial to his "creed" than listening, he tickles him with a feathered warning, while he belabors the Freshman who has done likewise, with an allegorical rabbit's foot of five marks.

Even the act of forcing worship down a man's throat may sometimes be defended, even if it never may be excused, by the purpose back of it. When it is aimed primarily at the improvement of character, as it was in the case of the Pilgrim fathers, we can perhaps satisfy ourselves with exclaiming against it; but when it is used merely as a handy cog in the machinery of the curriculum, it falls little short of becoming blasphemous, or—what is of more interest to the modern man—inefficient.

Perhaps those who defend compulsory Sunday chapel, that is, those who defend it sincerely, and not because their authoritative position in the University demands that they defend it will assert that Authority does not use the chapel as an instrument for keeping the undergraduate members of the University in New Haven on Sundays. If there are any who have the temerity to make such an assertion, let them consider the fact that the System provides that all men who wish to worship

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outside the cough-beridden atmosphere of Battell must confine their religious ardor to a church *in New Haven*. Let them regard also the method of marking those who are absent from chapel, in which the Senior is allowed more cuts than the Junior, the Junior more than the Sophomore, and the Sophomore more than the Freshman. Certainly, no one can seriously claim that this gradation is based on an automatic increase in the religious fervor of the undergraduates—that is, no one who has attended compulsory chapel for four years could.

As for the inefficiency of compulsory chapel, it must be obvious at a glance that as a method of preventing the "Sunday Exodus" it is needlessly complicated. Any system of registration would be infinitely more effective and less expensive, than the needless waste of speakers, monitors, and endless other figurative money changers now existing in our House of Worship at Yale.

Let us have done with the mockery of compulsory Sunday chapel. There is nothing new in this idea—indeed, the repetition of this slogan from time to time during several generations of Yale men who have suffered, has made the cry as much of a tradition as the institution itself—this by way of answer to those in whom the acme of sentiment is expressed by clinging to a mummied form from which the spirit has long since departed.

Frank Wright Tuttle.

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AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

O ye famed Poets of far England, how
Can ye recount the thunder of it now?
Keen as your Europe's quivering swords should be
The pulse that trembles—bursts to minstrelsy
With clarion call to all eternity!
Blade-bright thy breathing battle song
And ringing pæon echoing along;
Those words like sun-beat swords flash through the air
Borne on the winds, at once defiance—and despair!
"Oh, when in all the world . . . " Enough, for who
Hath not ere now exclaimed, "Nor Waterloo,
Nor Austerlitz—no, no, nor Salamis,
Nor Marathon . . . "? Awake, awake! Is this
The time for silent eloquence? O ye
Whose tongues are the heart's swords, those blades unsheathe,
Unto your country give your lives and breath—
Shout from her cliffs across the enarming sea,
Noble until her sons shall fighting cease to be!
O Belgium, Belgium, 'twas thy lot to come,
As ever, to a deathless martyrdom!
Fair France and mighty England, what have they
To give for that which thou hast given away?
Can these give aught to thee? No need to say,
"She needs not what no nation can repay."
Let the dead live—how can they truly die?
All faults forgot, one bright renown they lie.
Is it the time for widows' tears? Not now.
They would not wish it—strike one fiercer blow
And lay who slew the loved one but as low!
After the war, her tears—but now the storm.
After the war, o'er earth's distorted form
A prayer to the all-gracious God for grace.—
But now let each man silent find his place;
Nor falter once for a dim, pleading Face.

Howard Buck.

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BLESSED JOHN RUYSBROECK.

IN the simplicity of a child which still remembers something of "the imperial palace whence he came," John Ruysbroeck's vision was ever of an abode not made with hands. Impelled by an abounding consciousness of a Divine Life, of ultimate and adorable reality, he early sought the unaccustomed paths out of the unreal world of sense in which the self is normally immersed. His only wish was to "stand in the courts of the Lord, forever."

And in this simplicity, in a great and unconscious innocence, as a thirteenth century monk, he achieved the wisdom of buried centuries, and knew, though unknowingly, the Platonism of the Greeks, the Sufism of Persia, and the Buddhism of Thibet. In utter abnegation of the world he reached, in the depths of the obscure Brabantine forest of Soignes, summits of human thought at the mere reflection of which Plotinus, dazzled, had covered his eyes with his hands in sheer terror. It is, in truth, a strange realm of the mind: a desert, perhaps, or a fathomless abyss, between black, smooth walls, where there is neither ordinary light nor air, and where it is extremely cold and extraordinarily sombre. Maeterlinck can speak of it only in terms of the flaming lights and bleak ice-floes of the polar regions.

Truly analogous to this great cold which exists above images, is Blessed John's passage in "The Mirror of Eternal Salvation," on *introversion,* or the return of a man unto himself. It runs:

"See, here our reason and all clear actions must yield; for our powers become silent in love and remain silent, and bend before the apparition of the Father; for this manifestation lifts the soul above reason, in bareness without images; there the soul is simple, pure, and empty of everything, and in this pure emptiness, the Father shows His divine splendor. In this splendor, neither reason nor judgment, neither observation nor distinction, can enter. But the simple eye, above reason, and

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at the heart of intelligence, is always open, and sees and contemplates with a naked vision, this light by that very light. Yonder there is eye against eye, mirror against mirror, image against image."

Such are always his similes—mirrors, reflections, glittering glasses, crystals, fountains, gems, red-hot iron, hunger, thirst, fire; upon the color white of innocence, red roses, upon the color of hyacinth, like unto the air, birds of diverse plumage, upon the color purple, that is to say violet or blood-red, water lilies.

One of his most beautiful passages is this, speaking, in the "Book of the Spiritual Tabernacle," of the offering of the poor in the Jewish law:

"These doves are of an ardent nature, and from them are often born young doves, for each time that, in the glory of God and for our bliss, we consider sin with hate and contempt, and virtue with love, we bring young doves into the world; that is to say, new virtues."

There are passages, too, indeed, which in their immense and cruel love, even the translators themselves are afraid of, and make lengthened and afar off:

"I keep house with Jesus.
He is mine and I am His.
He has stolen my heart;
I am engulfed in His mouth."

The chapter on fishes in the "Mirror" is remarkable:

"And that is why we must cover our inner being with four kinds of scales, and each kind should have the living fins of good will; that is to say, it is essential for us to wish to accomplish by works what we understand by reason. Thus the inner nourishment is pure; for all science and all wisdom, without the virtuous life, are scales without fins; and all virtues practiced without consideration are fins without scales; and that is why we must know, love, and practice virtues so that our life may be pure; and then we will be nourished with pure fish which have scales and fins."

It all sounds very weird, but it must be remembered that these are the words of a seer, that it is no dream nor the vision of a dream, but a very great and very sublime science—the

metaphysics of mysticism. It is odd because the acquisition of virtue is no longer an ordinary pursuit. To most men this "being good" is a foolish thing. The modern man may be anything but holy, but to be holy is to be ridiculous. However, there are those who through some intellectual or moral crisis are shocked into a sudden realization or awakening of self and see before them two different worlds, each with its wonders and excitements. In one all the glamor of the deadly sins glare out, in the other are many clouded paths and desolate places. An exaltation, a great desire, not the neat deductions of logic nor the apologist's proofs of the existence of the Absolute, has unsealed the eyes to things unseen before. And some cry out, "I will go on," and start into the unknown. Such was the experience of Pascal, who leaves as a record of it the words: *"Depuis environ dix heures et demie du soir jusques environ minuit de demie, Feu!"*

Ruysbroeck, on the contrary, had no such violent vision. The knowledge of all this seemed to be innate, to find its gradual development in later years, for at the age of eleven he ran away from home and began at once the contemplative life. In contemplation his soul drew apart, into itself, surrendered to an unknown "nothingness," to come in touch with the Unconditioned, for whom poor symbols are an insult. "That which is," says Augustine; "the energetic Word," says St. Bernard; "Eternal Light," says Dante; "the Abyss," says Ruysbroeck. In his "L'Ornement des Noces Spirituelles" John says of it: "Contemplation places us in a purity and radiance which is far above our understanding, and none can attain to it by knowledge, by subtlety, or by any exercise." Out of which there came for him, a ceaseless and consuming hunger, an inward craving of the affective powers toward an Uncreated Good. A hunger precipitously transformed into a passionate, all-quickening love!

"Lume fuor di mesura
resplende nel mio core,"

sang Jacopone da Todi. A love dreadful in its intensity, in which the breath dried up, the body trembled, and the life ebbed out. A Love calling to love, the inevitable rush of a roving comet, caught up at last, into the Central Sun. It was the

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"Hound of Heaven," chasing down the nights and down the days. It was, too, the music of "heavenly pipes, which blown upon by the Holy Spirit, played ditties of no tone."

Then did visions and voices, which stand in the same relation to the mystic as pictures, poems, and musical compositions stand to the great painter, poet, and musician, come to the saint. Amid the sound of softly beating wings, the heavenly hosts drew near. His mother appeared to him after the celebration of his first mass, to thank him for her deliverance from Purgatory. The Blessed Virgin with a numerous retinue of saints visited him, and he heard the words, "Behold my chosen servant!"

Like his was the love which caused St. Catherine of Genoa to vehemently cry out, "No more sins!" well knowing that the proof of her love lay in a sanctity and purity of life. Vernon Lee in one of her essays speaks of the high order of Walter Pater's spirituality. But Pater was not spiritual. The ability to write of holy things and to dabble in ecclesiastical lore does not constitute a condition of the soul. An art critic is seldom himself an artist. Unless an impulse for moral perfection be born in him and the travail of the inner life begun, a man is no mystic: though he may be a visionary or a poet. Only the life is the proof of the spirit. Pater was very great; he was not spiritual.

How different was the spirit of St. Teresa, who begged, "Let me suffer or die," a queer contradiction in the world of common sense. Her petition came from a heart pierced and wounded by love.

But around these heights, alas, great clouds close in, and they become as stagnant, moaning marshes. The visions no longer appear. There are no more ecstasies or orisons. A period of impotence, blankness, and solitude sets in. All progress stops and nothing is present save pain and despair. How long Blessed John suffered this Dark Night of the soul we do not know. His tone is very humble: "When the sun begins to decline in the heavens, it enters the sign Virgo; which is so called because this period of the year is sterile as a virgin."

Yet this darkness was, as it were, but a time of rest, a preparation for a greater illumination. Slowly it began to grow

—the old Love was coming back. But it was a changed love, for the passion was gone, and in its place was a serene quiet. The spirit nestled, took care, and was taken care of. Barriers were obliterated, the Absolute flowed in, and the spirit, rushing out of its embrace, found and felt the Infinite above all reason and above all knowledge. The love chase was over, the soul was at home with God. "All that He has, all that He is, He gives; all that we have, all that we are, He takes." So wrote the saint when he and the Blessed Spouse were one.

For the intimacy of this divine union, at times even the solitude of the cloister was not sufficient. In such case, he would wander away into the depths of the forest surrounding the monastery, taking a stylus and a wax tablet to record such inspirations as he wished to preserve. One of the most vivid pictures of his life is that, as he was one day discovered by the brethren, at work beneath a tree, manifestly rapt in ecstasy, both tree and scholar encircled by flames. The memory of this miracle was never lost in the community and such is the traditional representation of Blessed John.

This no doubt was the crowning stage of the evolution of his human life, the dual condition of fruition and activity. As he says, "God according to the Persons is Eternal Work, but according to the Essence and Its perpetual stillness, He is Eternal Rest." The soul of the true mystic has not established itself comfortably within itself, but from its Spiritual Marriage has derived life to fight the battles of the world, with a wisdom far surpassing the wisdom "which is the light of men." Ruysbroeck's last supreme effort was, in fact, to tell this true relation between man's free spirit and his God. The lesson, which the life of St. Catherine of Siena teaches, whose activities ranged from tending the plague-stricken to the reforming of the Papacy, the lesson which the strenuous lives of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Ignatius wonderfully illustrate, is the same. And to-day it is the greatest vindication of the modern Religious, that those who can not recognize virtue, nor the act of Being, but only of Doing, find occasion to wonder at "the things these men do."

On the night Blessed John died, the Dean of Diest, watching by the body, seemed to behold the saint, clad in the priestly

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vestments and all radiant with glory, ascend the altar as if to celebrate the sacred mysteries. And it is related that several years later, when the body was exhumed for translation to a more honorable sepulchre, it was found entirely incorrupt, and the priestly vestments intact. Also a most sweet odor exhaled from the holy remains.

Such was the life of Blessed John Ruysbroeck, a mystic in that age when great mystics were recognized and their help eagerly sought. Since his beatification in 1908 the appreciation of him and his works has gradually increased, though the Latin translation of the Carthusian Surius is still the only standard and authoritative edition of his writings. In him awe and rapture, theological profundity and keen psychological insight, were tempered by a deep and touching simplicity. But most important of all is the fact that he trod the path between the apparent and transcendent worlds, an exponent of Immanent Love, a forerunner into the realm of the Real.

It is with uttermost timorousness that Ruysbroeck is presented as an example of virtue. There seems to be so little in common in the life of an ascetic of the dim Middle Ages, and our own busy times. On the contrary, the Solitary of the Forest of Soignes through his works, and through his life, especially by his constant devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, stands for a sublime truth, oblivion of which is to-day rendering society sick unto death. Blessed John of Ruysbroeck preaches to the world its utter need of God, "the peace of the summits, the dim silence where lovers lose themselves."

Gordon Bodenwein.

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THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG GODS.

The young Gods, the free Gods, when earth was scarce begun
  Rushed in the might
  Of their manly beauty bright
O'er the white dancing places of the Sun.—
But where were the Daughters of the Moon?

Oh, these were the Gods, young Gods in all their glory,
And they danced till entranced by the dance's rhythmic story—
'Twas the story of the glory of the world the Gods had won:
  And they looked in their dance of love
Like the blaze of the rays of the mist-behazèd sun
  Sifting through a leafy olive grove!

Oh, Nature's brilliant eyes were wide with surprise
At the glory of their beauty as the shining streams that run
Softly sliding and dividing till at last again they're one
  Where the waters of the world united move!
And she leaned her head and said as their manly beauties spread
Through the flush and the blush of the poised hush of beauty—
"Right here now methinks is the gem before which sinks
  All the beauty of the realm which is my duty!
For since sovereignty began there was never aught like man
  In the span and the depth of his beauty!"
And she sang a happy tune for the answer found so soon
Of her Beauty's riddling rune—
But where were the Daughters of the Moon?

Oh, the young Gods, the free Gods, they dance till day is done
O'er the white dancing places of the westward-sinking sun—
Till—still flitting—by they go
In a dumb rhythmic show
As the sun fades slow—
Past, past, past, till their figures fade at last,
And the rose of their flesh eyes no longer might contrast.
—And as they died in the wide waste of gloom undescried,
In a whisper like the whisper of the lisping rain they sighed—
"Oh, where be the Daughters of the Moon?"

Howard Buck.

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"DIANA OF THE CHASE."

(As the curtain rises a young woman hurries into a room, evidently a hunting lodge. Over the large window at the back of the stage are several mounted deer heads, and the floor is covered with fur rugs—before the fireplace lies the skin of an enormous white bear. The young woman waits a moment—then goes back to the door.)

THE WOMAN: Don't come up, please! *(A pause)* Are you coming up?

(A young man, out of breath, enters.)

THE WOMAN: You cannot excuse yourself—don't try to say anything, because no matter what you say you cannot make me believe you. I refuse to be comforted!

THE MAN: Oh, Sylvia!

SYLVIA: Is that all you can say? Won't you even *try* to excuse yourself? Why do you say, "Oh, Sylvia"?

THE MAN: Sylvia is such a pretty name—you know what it means—child of woods. It makes me think of trees and shady groves—

SYLVIA: And rabbits, I dare say, but not of *me!* Oh, no, of course not! That's just it! You never think of me. I should have known.

THE MAN: You know I think you are most beautiful—

SYLVIA: Then why did you say my red cloak made me so much more beautiful—if you thought me absolutely beautiful the cloak couldn't have improved me, could it? Besides, some-one has probably noticed it and told Rutherford and he will be on our trail—and I just wore it to please you.

THE MAN: Don't weep, Sylvia.

SYLVIA: If I had two handkerchiefs, I would!

THE MAN: My dear Sylvia, I was merely trying to express my pleasure and admiration for the coat.

SYLVIA: There you are, Hugh, coat again! Rutherford would not have been so thoughtless—so cruel. Why didn't

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you let me marry him—you could have married Diana. Why, I'd like to know? *(She crosses to the polar bear rug and is pleased by the effect of the red cloak on the white rug.)* Oh, Hugh, tell me what you think of me?

HUGH: You are the most beautiful—

SYLVIA: You really mean it? *(She lets him put his arms about her.)*

HUGH: Your eyes—

SYLVIA: Hugh, darling!

HUGH: Your hair—your—

SYLVIA: Go on, dear.

HUGH: Is like the—

SYLVIA: Oh, Hugh, why do you insist upon calling me these delightful things?

HUGH: Your arms—

SYLVIA: Now, you know that I am not *very* pretty. Am I? *(There is a knock at the door.)*

SYLVIA: Hugh, someone has followed us!

HUGH: Don't interrupt me—I just thought of something to say. Your hair—

SYLVIA: It may be Rutherford!

HUGH: Never mind, dear, the door is locked.

(The person who is knocking suddenly pushes the door and it flies open. A woman stands in the doorway.)

HUGH *(still holding Sylvia in his arms)*: You might have waited—can't you see that I am busy, Diana. Why do you follow me? Why do you look at me like that? I told you this morning and I tell you now that I am perfectly sane. Cannot you see that I am in a very embarrassing situation?

DIANA: I am able to see, Hugh, that you are in an extremely embarrassing situation, but you have offered me no greater proof of your insanity than wishing to be in that position.

SYLVIA: Oh, if I were a man I would tell you to go—

HUGH: It's no use, Sylvia. I've tried it. You can't send her to the devil—she's an atheist. *(He sits down on the couch.)*

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DIANA (*going to him*): Poor Hugh. I know you are tired and discouraged—but I am near you and I shall nurse you back to life. You are overworked.

HUGH: I tell you I am not! I'm just tired of the whole thing, that's all. You knew that I was a fool from the beginning. I wanted to have people think I knew something and I deceived everyone; but now, when I confess that I never will, and never did know anything about art, everyone thinks I have lost my mind. I have not! I never knew anything!

DIANA: There, there, Hugh. Everything shall be well. I will help you.

HUGH: Don't wish any help! Who ever heard of anyone painting the sensations you have when you look at a person, instead of the person's features.

DIANA: It was a great idea. After you are dead you will receive even more recognition than you do now. What will your pupils and your followers do? What about the men who have defended you ably in the press and who have sympathized with you?

HUGH: Don't care what happens to them. I admit I am a fraud; and they must believe the truth. Ever since I painted your portrait, Sylvia, and painted a flower-pot instead of features—

DIANA: Which everyone said was a splendid and clever idea.

HUGH: Don't mind her, Sylvia.

DIANA: Everyone looked at Sylvia and wondered what sensation they had, and thought the painting of the flower-pot expressed it very well.

SYLVIA: It wasn't just a flower-pot! There was pink paint all over, and you said that was the dimple in my chin, didn't you, Hugh?

HUGH: The whole painting was rot! I painted a flower-pot because I couldn't paint your features, Sylvia. When that thing was exhibited I was hailed as the master of a new school. Oh, I admit that at first it was very delightful and amusing. But I am tired of it—the sight of a paint brush makes me wild! I don't know anything about it, I tell you, and I won't! Everyone believed me when I pretended I could paint and now they

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think I have lost my mind because I confess the truth. *(He walks up and down.)* No one will believe me! No one will believe that I am a fool!

SYLVIA *(hurrying to him)*: I do, Hugh, dear!

HUGH *(to Diana)*: Why do you pursue me? Do you expect me to return and marry you?

DIANA: I am impatiently waiting.

SYLVIA: You ought to be ashamed to follow poor Hugh in this manner. Can't you see he doesn't want you?

DIANA: That doesn't make the slightest bit of difference. Heaven knows it's taken a long enough time to bring him down to facts—he only promised to marry me yesterday. I've spent too much time on him to let him go; you haven't spent as much time, and anyway you can switch off and marry Rutherford, or someone else, very easily. As for me, I have been in training, so to speak, for Hugh so long that now I am suited for no one else—I let appearances go long ago. Oh, I mean being modern and all that! I know what to ask Hugh to speak about, how to listen to him, and when he is bored. Then, Hugh is the kind who must eat what he likes, be watched and petted, and have hot water when he wants it. You don't know anything about it, Sylvia—I'm prepared for all this. It's too late to start a new campaign.

SYLVIA: You mean you will attempt to force Hugh to go with you?

DIANA: Yes!

SYLVIA: I give you my beauty, Hugh—I may not be able to give you hot water and—

HUGH: Don't listen to her—she can't force me to go with her.

DIANA: Everyone knows you are overworked and ill.

HUGH: I am not! Once and for all, I will not go with you!

SYLVIA: Let us leave her and go, Hugh; Rutherford may be following us.

DIANA: I'll follow you wherever you go. You're mine and it isn't fair for Sylvia to take you away.

SYLVIA: Lawful prey, I suppose? Come, Hugh! *(She takes one arm, Diana the other.)*

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SYLVIA: Hugh! A horse! *(A pause.)* It's coming here! Yes. It's coming here! What will I do? It's Rutherford!

HUGH: Rutherford?

SYLVIA: We shouldn't have stopped here! The horses would have lasted! He must have returned early, and someone has seen me pass. I told you it would be noticed. What can be done?

HUGH: Do not be afraid, Sylvia! You are mine.

SYLVIA: Hugh, you are right. *You* shall break the news to Rutherford! Here *(takes off a ring),* give him this and tell him—

HUGH: Do you think it would be quite proper—he wouldn't dare do anything to you, you know. You are so calm. Then this is just why I insisted upon leaving secretly. It is so disagreeable to have to speak to Rutherford—I won't do it.

SYLVIA: Very well, if you will not protect me, I will take my own course of action. I will leave you all—farewell forever!

HUGH: And Rutherford?

SYLVIA *(pulling on her riding gloves)*: He will never forgive me. I should have known that I could not trust any of you. You are all the same. Ever since I discovered that my Persian cat climbed out the window and spent his nights on the garden walls, my eyes have been opened. I should not have believed in you any more than the cat. I used to take him in my arms and tell him he was the only living being I ever trusted. I am wiser now. Although these revelations have crushed my spirit, I shall rely upon no one hereafter! *(The horse is heard directly under the window; Sylvia starts to cross the room—then turns to Diana.)* Rutherford would recognize me if I looked—go, Diana, and see if it is he. He always rides a dappled-grey.

DIANA *(goes to the window)*: Yes, a dappled-grey.

SYLVIA: It is he! I am not afraid!

DIANA: Sylvia, exchange cloaks with me—and take my horse; he is standing by the side entrance. You can reach it by the door on the left. Hugh and I will wait for Rutherford.

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Hugh: This is very thoughtful of you, Diana.

Diana: Rutherford won't be angry—he won't know that Sylvia ever came here—I will have borrowed her red cloak and was mistaken for her.

Sylvia: I will not be humiliated in this manner. Deserted by one, and leaving by side doors in order to escape the other's anger.

Hugh: It isn't any worse than your cat climbing in and out windows. Rutherford won't suspect any more than you suspected the cat.

Sylvia: You are unbearable, Hugh. I refuse to go! I don't want to marry Rutherford. Don't care what he thinks. I shall stay here.

Diana: Then you lose both Hugh and Rutherford, Sylvia, by not going. Hugh has refused to protect you. You can't marry him. If you don't leave, Rutherford won't marry you—

Sylvia: Oh, what will they say?

Hugh: Who?

Sylvia: Everyone—the world!

Diana: Besides, Sylvia, Rutherford may be your last chance. It is a little disagreeable to insist just as I am insisting upon Hugh's marrying me at present—but it is better than nothing, Sylvia, and worth while in the long run.

Sylvia: Oh, how humiliating! I can't do it! *(She walks up and down.)* I will stay.

Diana: He will be here in a moment.

Sylvia: Humiliating! *(She suddenly throws off her cloak, puts on Diana's, and goes to the door.)* You have forced me to ask you to protect me, Hugh, and you have refused! I am going! *(She goes out, a moment later opens the door.)* I give you to Diana—hot water! *(She closes the door with a bang.)*

Hugh: My dreams—withered—shattered! I thought to hide myself in love. Now Rutherford is coming to demand what I have done with Sylvia; and Sylvia is riding home across the fields.

Diana: Why, Hugh dear, you don't believe that that was Rutherford's horse, do you? Of course it wasn't; I just told

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Sylvia that, so she would go, don't you understand? It was the gardener's horse, that black one with the wrinkled legs. Now, Hugh, I am very glad that the thing has been brought to a crisis; I am going to marry you, you will have to support me and therefore you will have to paint. And, Hugh, I think that since you have caused me so much trouble you ought to let me have a church wedding.

HUGH *(falling back on the couch)*: Heavens! I can see myself—standing—knee-deep in orchids!

David Hamilton.

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AT TWENTY.

Ah, love, come out with me
  Behind yon thorn
A leprecaun's asleep;
  Soon with the dawn
Awaked, he'll stretch, and leap, and sing,
  And with a grin upon his peaked face
  Will call us mockingly unto the place
Where he has hid the heart of Spring.

Come, let us follow quick!
  Before he flees
And we have lost his form
  Among the trees
That stand so green and golden in the light.
  See, here's a reed; I'll make a flute of it
  For you to dance by—then at noon we'll sit
Where some slow-purling stream, half hid from sight
Among the lush grass, widens to a pool,
So deep and cool,
  And over all the hum
Of honey-laden bees.
  Ah, come, love, come!

* * * * *

Beneath a silver moon,
  A heap of grey,
Our dying fire lies.
  I heard one say,
A lonely shepherd on the hills he was,
  That 'tis a fairy house and that those bright,
  Fast-fading coals are tiny windows light
By fairy fires within; and when they pass
And blacken, gnomes and elves are dead!
Or so he said.

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Perchance the leprecaun's
 A-dwelling here
And takes his ease, and warms
 His fingers where
The smoke's up-wreathing from his chimney-place.
 But see! The windows darken one by one!—
 Black all now!—so that merry sprite is gone.
'Tis time to leave, then, love—for youth's sweet space
We've dreamed and played—you have my heart—
Now let us part
Ere this dream, too, is dead.

H. Phelps Putnam.

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CONCERNING DEVILS—GENERAL AND PARTICULAR.

IN the old-fashioned print shop in the days when the trade was orthodox, the Devil had a truly poetic character. But now, civilization and heresy have so invaded our world that most devils have either taken a White mask or been happily rarified into the social conscience. No wonder, though His Majesty of the *type* and *shooting-stick* should succumb to the Mechanical Reformation, become spritelike and exist no longer in the Art, save as a wraith in a white apron, I have always had a sincere affection for the Devil: theology without him is like a novel, *sans* villain; Heaven must needs have black, as a setting for bliss!

To begin with an axiom. Gutenberg was a gentleman, and the practice of multiplying bibles from types started life as an Art. Stuck close to the skirts of the Arts, too, and trotted happily down through the centuries till it broke its head against the Nineteenth. Then it became a *trade*. Now, any man of that century or this one who is brainy and impatient and practical will have the reason in the van of his small talk. Pick out a clean-lipped American who takes time-tables for light reading and politics for recreation, especially if he have affiliations with a *Times* or a *Globe*. He will say: Organized labor has done it; and so has the linotype and the auto-feed sextuple—at this point you will walk toward the elevator. But I will tell you the real reason why printing has slipped from Art to trade—in four words, without your leaving the arm-chair:—The Devil has departed!

But he isn't dead. He lingers still in certain very remote New England hamlets; chosen spots of typographical rusticity, where the Editor-Printer is still a scholar, and a man of good report. I know a doctor who has a fearful mania for old-fashioned clocks; has been into every old roof tree in northern New Hampshire seeking them out. He has got into such a

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condition now that he can descry by the build of the chimney and the character of the well-sweep if there is a time-piece within worth his while. I was going to add, ascertain if it were made back of 1750, and if it had two cuckoos painted on the face, but Science is making the age incredulous. Some men will walk over half a continent looking for *citradilla bombilla*—and so I am merely in accord with the rest. My complaint is *devil-mania,* I suppose. For being a rare and fast dying species, the devils are to be found in distant districts and protected places.

A word historically before I tell of my Stygian discoveries. Firstly, there are no printed records that yield anything but fragmentary superstitions about Gutenberg's devils, and I am not idle enough to weave a Teutonic comment from old manuscripts, and the discarded type fonts of the patriarchs. It is better to begin where history speaks distinctly. Take Benjamin F., for example, who was a devil before he became a patriot. According to Poor Richard's own word, when the journeymen printers or the pressmen, or brother John himself felt indisposed the office atmosphere hinted the old formula: Let the Devil do it! Which was as comprehensive as Hell itself.

Most devils are not more than fourteen years of age. If they outlive that, like elderly chimney-sweeps, they lose their demon charm and become merely ugly young men. The one I am thinking of has hair the color of ink, with which it is mixed most of the time, and the whitest of teeth that grin mischief at you whenever they dare from the top of a font cabinet or between the rollers of the printing press; the hair always stands up wildly, showing the child is a devil and not a negro, and the body is sinuous and slender and ever on the wriggle; either hugging a black molasses roller, or performing some nether-world function amid the cams and troughs of the press. You never see one at rest: they either run or leap, or writhe or crawl. The reason they do this is simple: They have such a preposterous lot to do, in no time at all. Here I must beg all journeymen's pardon for digression. A short exegesis on ink is imperative if the layman is to follow the devil into his functions with any subtlety. Picture Carter's

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Koal Black ink distinctly in your mind, and then forget it as speedily as you can: printer's ink is nothing like it. Firstly, it is ten times blacker, and secondly, it is not ink at all, as the world knows ink. Printer's ink is as thick as a new dough and as black as the great void, and as sticky as molasses: and withal it would spread itself like oil paint in fair, unbroken surfaces over smooth nickel plates, prepared for it, or fair white sheets, noses and knuckles surrender to it. Now, this is the element in which the Devil lives and helps to convey all over devildom, and which *in breve* endows him with the very nature of bedevilment. By way of synopsis: he must perenially clean it off the frames of smutty type, off the funny pudgy cylinders that put it there, off the smoky plates that put it *there,* and lastly (on week-ends only), off his own cheeks, nose and ears; and then there is the floor to wash, the slugs to cast, and the lamps to fill—everything, in fact, from putting an obituary in type to bringing beer and crackers to the Editor-Printer—no wonder he's in a devil of a tear from Monday morn to Monday morn, Sunday by no means excepted.

Always through eye, never through ear, had come to me my knowledge of demonology. I had seen them flitting masterfully among the levers and cams of cylinder presses, where all is appropriately dark and sticky, or sitting on a pile of old weeklies in a shop corner, with a box of exiled type in their aprons, picking out the good letters, a task for which only a devil would have fortitude. But to suppose they would talk and chatter in one's own mannish dialect seemed mildly sacrilegious. But I proved the paradox. One quite lovable, blue-eyed elf, it was, I drew into mortal chatter, on an August day in Elizabethtown, and he spoke to me quite splendid English, broken now and then by scraps of Stygian dialect. I had run away from the sordid city to seek the primal stimulus of Adirondack grandeur. Hill-seeking though I was, I met no pixies or elves in the green wood, but a devil, clothed in flesh and blood and ink. The hamlet, you see, had kept some of the virgin charm of the mountain that encircled it.

What! *Type* up here with rocks and trees, I gasped, passing the post-office and spying a smutty face in a gabled window. *Maxime incredible,* for the town had not even a railway (you

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can look this up on the tables). I hurried up steep, steep stairs: the Editor-Printer met me and shook hands as though I had come from a far country. He glanced with somewhat of a regal aspect over the typographical domain and I joined his glance delightedly. Then I sought His Highness, the Stygian elf. He was seated on a box and bathing a great molasses roller in gasoline.

"Youth," said I, "what would you be doing now, if you were doing quite what you liked?"

"Settin' type," said he.

"Oh, no," I cried, "I don't mean *here*. If you could run away, I mean, would you choose to be a sailor, or a soldier, or a railroad president?"

"Nope," said he, fetching a new tuft of waste. "I tried it once; had a fine city job for a whole year, as a store clerk, but I came back. I like the smell of the ink."

I looked at my devil. Close to nineteen, I guessed, now, but his very fair curls and his very blue eyes had made him seem an adolescent devil.

"Will you always be a devil?" I asked, wonderingly.

"Oh, no," said he, grinning through his griminess; "I shall print a daily paper, when I'm growed up!"

Not a devil, I cried to my heart, but still in Hell. . . . Yet my horizon, typographical and satanic, was widened by a couple of moons. Lo! the child of darkness loved his dusk. Moreover, he was ambitious to be the Arch-Fiend himself, when he grew up. I fell into a muse, as I sat there gazing at a shiny ink plate. If the imprint of the tiny lead types gets on your fingers, it gets on your heart also. I had read that a printer never changed his trade, that he was fettered by mighty though viewless bonds to the print shop all his days, but I had set it down as legendary fiddlesticks. I believe it now like an old faith exhumed, for lo! I am *half-victim* myself. Never do I pass an open door, these days, where a modern demonology are cleaning the gleaming letters in a frame on a marble table; never see through a second-story window, some old journeyman printer putting letters by hand into a nickel stick, than I wish for a moment I had been Benjamin F. There is something wondrous, Godlike, about the craft that until your nose

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has smelt ink your heart may never know. For lo! by taking one by one in a monastic patience, those slender lead letters in their boxes, where they lie a great chaos of scraps, you make up a page of your thought, or of some poet's thought, or God's thought, it may be. But all pressed out by the printer's skill into cold black lead with the fire there still hiding between the types. And then—locked in the great press, the wheels move and in a trice a blank sheet has taken the print of a living mind, clean and even lined and smelling of new print, and ready to fly over the world and make men beasts or cherubim. With one thrust of the pressman's foot and an eager twist of his hand, with one crisp lick of the rollers, a new page flutters, a potential sprite that with its fellows may float in legions before men's eyes, and stamp the creator's thoughts into their souls.

A young voice with a laugh in it broke up my dream building. "Isn't it clean?" it said, pointing to the polished plate on which I had glued my eyes while my soul wandered.

Guiltily I slid off the paper cutter, made apologies to the Devil and fled. In a few hours, I was scaling Adirondack headlands with dirty hands and a white soul: lo! both through shaking the Devil by the hand. God bless him!

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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PORTFOLIO.

IDYL.

Come, light-footed Phyllis, with berry-stained smile,
Chase with me, race with me, through the wood wild,
One with me, run with me, through the wood wild.

Come, white-fingered Phyllis, and dance with me here
By water-soaked willows with streams singing near.
Glance with me, dance, to their cadences clear.

From the bright blue of dawn to the scarlet of dusk,
From the lark's matin song to the last nesting thrush,
Then we'll creep in the roses and sleep in the musk.

W. Douglas.

IN DEFENSE OF THE DILETTANTE

——Because of the mere bi-syllabic appendage of the word we are prone to forget that the University is somewhat of a universe in itself. We are forever searching beyond the walls for matters to write about as though there were none worth our attention within. But despite our reluctance to look about us, a stranger from the Beyond occasionally finds our miniature world of sufficient interest to peer into, and subsequently he appears in print, ruminating upon the things he has discovered here, now in an appreciative and now in a depreciative fashion. It was not long ago that such an one was deploring the dilettantism of the American undergraduate. The assumption that the American undergraduates are dilettanti causes us to smile, not because of the ignorance displayed in such an assumption (for there is too much pathos in the fact that it is not true), but because we are rather surprised to find anyone so mentally feeble as to deplore undergraduate dilettantism. There are those who would confine the dilettante to the category of Campus Curses, but the dilettante is no curse. The regret is that we have so few of his kind.

Unfortunately, the stranger from Beyond is not alone in his

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opinion. Even here, where we should look for a certain degree of enlightenment, the dilettante is a much maligned creature, who, despite our lavish bestowal of scorn or pity, appears to thrive in his unhonored, though not unhonorable, state. The hundred that pity him, he may, if he give them a thought, pity, and as pity is often a pleasurable emotion, who will gainsay that he has the greater capacity for enjoyment? Nor is his reward to be in some far-off Heaven, which some of us imagine he must seek, it being incomprehensible that he should forego the delights of Poli's and the Movies to pursue his more lonely course, unless the future should hold out some such recompense for the sacrifice. His own pursuits, his companionship with kindred spirits, together with innumerable other factors, are sufficient returns to him as he pursues his course, filling "his days with self-rewarding toil." One might suspect from the common attitude toward the dilettante that the word was connected in some way with dilly-dally, rather than being a derivative of the Latin *delectare,* to delight in. The dilettante is a person who interests himself in the arts and sciences rather for the pleasure he finds in so doing, than for any materialistic gain. He is the amateur, as opposed to the professional, and, although for the most part he enters no field deeply, merely skimming the surface of a great variety of subjects, he nevertheless derives untold benefit and does a great service. That he recognizes the truth of his position is made evident by the manner in which the apparent stigma of dilettantism, cast at him in scorn, is graciously received with a becoming pride, and through contact with him metamorphosed into a halo of glory.

Let us usher ourselves into an acknowledged dilettante's room, and look about us. Owing to a certain aesthetic quality inherent in this species, we immediately are aware of an atmosphere. Somehow the room is different from the cluttered and not too orderly rooms of the rest of us; his room may not be orderly, but there is, paradoxically, a certain order in its disorder. Books and magazines may seem carelessly strewn about, but, for some indefinable cause, we do not find them strangely intermingled with all varieties of apparel, as we do elsewhere; and in this we may find witness of the finer sensibilities of the dilettante. We may discover in other rooms a cheap student edition of Shelley

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pancaked between a pair of over-shoes, where by all justice the already much perused number of the *Cosmopolitan* should be; but who ever in a dilettante's room saw a volume of Keats in the embrace of a shirt? No; although there may be disorder in this room, it is an orderly disorder born of a fastidious appreciation of proper values. Just as in this simple example we see a certain facet of the dilettante's personality reflected, so likewise do we see other qualities mirrored in the complexity of his possessions. Regard the pictures upon his wall! They are not there merely to make his room look less like a cell, but each one has its definite *raison-d'etre;* each strikes a responsive chord in his make-up, and is an eternal source of delight to him, a veritable part of himself. They are jewels which he has gathered in his *dilettanting*. Turn to his book shelves, and wonder at the varying titles ranging from Plato to Bergson, from Shakespeare to Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. All this reflects the character of the owner's mind. He has dipped here and there in fields of philosophy, of art, of literature. Following no specified course, save that which he himself willed, he has conversed with the great spirits of the world, accepting those whom it pleased him to, and rejecting those whom it did not. Necessarily in his wandering he has stored up in his mind a knowledge of a wide variety of subjects, extensively rather than intensively cultivated, any one of which he could converse on, although not in a scholarly, at least in an intelligent fashion. He can be relied upon to be acquainted with the works of modern worthies just coming to the fore, and it is in this respect that we may discern one of his prime services. Let but the voice of a new poet be ever so faintly heard, the dilettante, always on the lookout for some new delight, is usually among the first to accept him. We are too prone to confine ourselves to the "already arrived," and to neglect the new voices. Not so the dilettante, the modern patron of rising poets, who makes up the cheering section of the modern poetic conflict, and through his small dippings and purchases, helps these young poets to win their meagre royalties whereby they may survive, the while they are rising from the foothills to the cloud-clustered heights of Parnassus.

But the greatest service the dilettante renders is not to others, but to himself. His sympathies have no patience with that creed

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which demands that a young man should concentrate all his powers on the pursuit of a single course of work, and become a mere specialist therein. He prefers infinitely to wander over a world of possible courses, acquiring a general knowledge of a great variety of things, instead of narrowing himself to one specific pursuit. As an undergraduate he neither knows himself, nor his capacities, sufficiently well to plunge immediately into the first thing that strikes his fancy, and henceforth and forevermore pursue it as his life's work. He comes here to feel about, to taste a little of everything, and to acquaint himself with all sorts of possibilities. Having so acted during his undergraduate years, he feels that he is much more capable of properly choosing his life's work than the man who, as a Freshman, immediately buries himself in a rut, digs deep therein, and never knows whether or not some other course might have fitted him better. Certainly the dilettante, with his wide field to pick from, is more likely to enter the field most congenial to his nature, and is less likely to awake after the passage of a decade to the realization that he has missed his vocation. Herein lies the justification of undergraduate dilettantism. Just as we should not expect the débutante to wed the first man she met with upon her introduction to society, but would believe her more likely to enjoy a happy marital existence if she should wait until she had grown more experienced in the wiles of masculinity, and found a groom more congenial to her personality, so we should expect the undergraduate, after the manner of the dilettante, to delight in many possibilities before he decides upon his life work, lest, like Paracelsus, he should in his later years be compelled to say:

> "I would forget hints of another fate,
> Significant enough, which silent hours
> Have lately scared me with."

F. H. Bangs

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HEART-SONG.

Beautiful, wild with a breeze abroad
  Dimpling the sunlit lake like mad,
All the bright day a gay young God,
  Showering the gems of his youth, and glad
To live and give on a day like this,
When the breeze that blows on the brow's a kiss.

Beautiful so, with the thrill of life
  Awake in sunlight, a lilting song;
Blood a-leap for the exquisite strife
  Of living this day out full and strong;
And a strength that is full as the cool wind is,
And Life's full lips in one long kiss

Pressed close on yours like a bursting flower!
  Oh, a spurt of grape, a laugh, a quip,
Rain on the cheek from a thunder-shower
  Out of the North! Just—life's at the lip:
Ah, drain to the dregs that dizzy draught—
What?—a young satyr behind you laughed?

Howard Buck.

THE OPEN ROAD

——The sun, just risen, threw grotesquely lengthened shadows of every bush and tree across the dewy fields. Straight down the road it shone, and threw the traveler's shadow before him as he went along. The traveler had spent thé night in the open, as his worn clothes, still damp with the dew, testified. Over his shoulder he carried a light bundle; and, as he walked, he was finishing the piece of bread that had made his breakfast. Yet in spite of his frugal fare and coarse attire he walked cheerfully enough, and noted with keen eye all that he passed. He did not trudge blindly as do most of those who walk not for pleasure but from necessity; he took as sharp an interest in the countryside as if he had been some artist who was tramping solely to enjoy its beauty. And indeed it was a country to rejoice the eye. Open and rolling, it

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showed a succession of ripening fields fresh in the morning sun. Here and there thickets or clusters of trees promised pleasant shelter from the heat that would come as the day wore on. The scattered farmhouses were well kept and inviting, with the roses in their yards, their dark woodwork, and thatched roofs. It was hard to believe that far away in the North the men of these farms were fighting in a terrible war; that here among these pleasant fields there were left only the women, with the men who were not of fighting age.

At the first crossroads the traveler came upon a man seated by the roadside, who rose to his feet on his approach, a man with a worn face, set off the more by a bandage about his head. For that matter the traveler himself was bandaged, but with him it was an injured forearm. The two greeted each other warmly, though they had never met before. The *camaderie* of the road is enhanced when wayfarers bear the marks of having fought in a common cause.

"I got hit early in the war, and was invalided home to the South," said the traveler. "You look as if you'd got your's about the same time."

"About then," answered the other. "Shrapnel splinter did the trick, and so I'm back again. I live hereabouts, just a few miles up this road. You're a stranger, aren't you?"

"Yes; I'm tramping up from the South, looking for such work as a man with a game arm may be good for; there's none where I live. Fortunately, there's a good road through here, and that's a blessing."

"It is in times of peace, but not in times like this," said the other. "It's too near the frontier. First thing we know the enemy will be making a little raid through here along this beautiful road. Nothing grand and spectacular, just a brigade or so, that will leave this region a smoking waste, with the houses burnt and no food for the winter. They couldn't reach us if it wasn't for these infernal good roads."

"Surely you've got materials for destroying the bridges and blocking the road?"

"Devil a bit. The government is so busy rushing supplies to the front that it hasn't got time to bother its head about us."

"That's very interesting," said the traveler. "Are you sure?

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There may be preparations made at some other point on the road."

"Dead sure. You can ask the people anywhere around here. I tell you, the thought of this white road lies like a blight on us. Every morning we look down it expecting to see the enemy, and every evening the women pray that the night bring none with it. About the only thing that is benefited by this road now is the amount of praying we do," he closed grimly.

They walked on, mainly silent, till nearly noon, when they reached a little hamlet. "Here," said the native, "is the place I live; stop and get something to eat. We haven't any delicacies, but compared to what we got at the front you'll find it a banquet."

The traveler thanked him, and they entered a yard fragrant with Jacqueminot roses. A little boy brought them food and they sat down to eat in the shade of the house.

"It's pleasanter out here," said the host. "There's a man inside raving with fever, and it gets on my nerves. That's another trouble with this road—it's so easy for them to send us men from the base hospitals. They're supposed to be convalescent, but the hospitals are so crowded that convalescent only means you're well enough to be moved without dying. I'd almost as soon be at the front. I was wounded in just such a garden as this, filled with deep red roses. We were lying among them, listening to the enemy's shells going overhead—they were firing at troops in our rear—and I was arguing with the man next me as to whether the roses were a true blood-red or not, when a shrapnel struck short just beyond him. I know what color roses like these are now. I saw that much before I lost consciousness from my own wound."

The two men were silent for the rest of the meal. That finished, the traveler rose.

"I must be getting on," he said. "I've a long road before me. Thank you for all you've done for me."

The sun was hot by now, and the traveler wearied by his morning's walk, but he strode on like one who sees success ahead. Only when, by some farmhouse with children, perhaps, about the door, he would see the dark Jacqueminot roses, would his face grow sad. Their suggestion of blood and war seemed so

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out of place in such surroundings. www.libtool.com.cn Worse even than the fighting itself seemed to him this metamorphosis that war worked in all about him, making the fair roses the symbols of death, and the pleasant road a thing of dread.

Late in the afternoon he came on a cart broken down beside the road, with a girl and an old man trying to fix it. The break-down was not in itself a difficult one, only the lack of skill of the two working on it had made it so for them. Even hampered by his one bad arm, he soon had things in shape. In return, they begged him to ride with them, and he climbed into the cart and sat beside the girl. As they talked he found that she, too, feared the road. She told the traveler of two brothers in the army whose fate she did not know, and of a third who had been slain early in the war. Through it all the old man sat dumb, only nodding his head in assent from time to time. So they drove, while pity for the girl mounted in the heart of the traveler. It seemed so terrible that she should be exposed to the dangers of warfare; that along the open road ruin and destruction might come upon her. At last they reached her home, a farm whose low walls glowed with roses in the evening sun. There she begged him to stay for supper, but he would not, and, taking some bread in his hand, pushed on on foot. The girl stood at the gate and watched him go down the road, black against the low sun.

The traveler, when he had crossed the hilltop, and had left the house out of sight, turned aside from the road, and chose a resting place for the night. He could go no farther, for the sun was setting, and he had work to do before he might go to sleep, work which needed light. Sheltered from the road by a thicket, he looked cautiously around him, then reached into some inside pocket, and drew out a small notebook and pencil. He looked out pensively over the valley, golden and peaceful in the evening light. Thus he sat, reflecting, while the sun sank lower, and its light changed from gold to red. Finally he opened the book, and bent to write. A last shaft from the sun broke through the low cloud bank on the horizon, and bathed the page in a dull rose-red on which the traveler's writing stood out sharp and black.

. . . The road is open, and no steps have been taken toward its obstruction. The country is quite defenseless. Our raid should

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on no account be delayed. The detailed state of the road is as follows: . . .

The traveler wrote busily as long as the light lasted. Then he closed the book, and shivered a little in the night wind that was beginning to blow up from the valley.

Morris Hadley.

BALLAD.

Joy is the gift of life; life is a storm,
  A wild brown brook down a dark glen, a flush
Of stinging color on the autumn hills,
  A wind a-tingle with the sea,
                    —A hush
Falls on the autumn hills, the strong wind goes,
  Full quietly the brook runs, the sweet breath
Of heather fills the dusk. Earth mingles with
  The stars of night. Peace is the gift of death.

Pierson Underwood.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

SPRING 1914.

The University Crew

Defeated Harvard on June 19th, by two feet. Yale's time was 21 minutes 16 seconds; Harvard's, 21 minutes 16 1-5 seconds. After the race, T. B. Denègre, 1915, of New Orleans, La., was re-elected Captain of the crew for 1915.

Baseball Scores

Yale, 1; Princeton, 3.
Yale, 11; Amherst, 1.
Yale, 8; Vermont, 0.
Yale, 2; Tufts, 1.
Yale, 3; Princeton, 0.
Yale, 6; Harvard, 1.
Yale, 3; Harvard, 7.
Yale, 13; Harvard, 8.
Yale, 0; Princeton, 1.

The Baseball Team

Elected L. Middlebrook, 1915, of West Hartford, Conn., Captain for the season of 1915.

The University Track Team

Elected W. M. Shedden, 1915, of Brookline, Mass., Captain for the ensuing year.

FALL 1914.

Football Scores.

Yale, 20; University of Maine, 0.
Yale, 21; Virginia, 0.
Yale, 20; Lehigh, 3.

The Minor A. A. Association.

Has elected the following officers: R. F. Boomer, 1915, President; T. A. Connors, 1915 S., Vice-President; G. W. Ewing, 1915, Secretary.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

The Falconer of God, and Other Poems. By William Rose Benét. The Yale University Press. Price, $1.00.

Mr. Benét is a cosmopolite of the poetic world, who, like the great wanderer of old, is a part of all that he has met. He seems to have spent a large part of his time drawing inspiration from such poetic centres as Kipling, Noyes, Browning, Masefield, and Thompson. Those who last year read his "Merchants from Cathay" know how profusely reminiscent the poems were of other voices. We do not recall Francis Thompson as a noticeable factor in that earlier collection, but find in these present poems so many intimations of him, that we believe Mr. Benét has recently spent some time there. "The Hound of Heaven" inaugurated a new era of poetic conception which is reflected in the Thompsonese titles, "The Falconer of God" and "The Stallion of Night": in this poem Mr. Benét makes a frank reference in the verse, "And one poet who sang white daisies on the downs of Storrington." The resemblance, however, is not merely titular, for we find striking imagery everywhere, especially in such a nature poem as "May Celebrants." Like Thompson, he is fond of the far-fetched word. Many people believe this trait infelicitous, but we should welcome any addition to the "praetorian cohort" of poetic words, which if limited tend through constant use to be sweated of their values.

When we say that Benét is reminiscent, we do not imply that he lacks originality; only that the poems taken individually bring to mind more forcibly the other poet than they do Mr. Benét. In "The Land of the Giants" we are listening to Alfred Noyes. Read the first stanza:

> "The land of the giants is an old and dark and cold land.
> Aye, still it frowns around us, as of old we read and knew.
> 'Tis a cruel Do-your-worst and a gloating All-for-gold land,
> Far truer than the fairy-tales. Would God it were not true!"

In the same way, we would not be surprised to find "On the Waterfront" in a volume of Masefield, or "Poor Girl" among

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Browning's "Dramatic Lyrics." His inspiration is drawn largely from books, and the book-lover reading these poems gets the added pleasures of the reminiscences called up. "The Intrepid Mariner" pictures Shelley to us in an introspective mood just before the wreck of the "Ariel." He is not wholly conscience-clear, and haunted by a ghost of the past, cries:

> "But say I have been constant! Harriet! Harriet!
> Say that I have been constant! I protest
> Against the dark indictment of your eyes."

This poem immediately brings to mind Thompson's "Buona Notte," verses supposedly addressed to Jane Williams by Shelley's spirit while his body is tossing on the waves.

We spend so much time on this imitative and reminiscent tendency because it is the most striking thing about the book. Mr. Benét has a poem, "The Schoolroom of Poets," which holds the lines—

> "Far more than in their verse, than in their prime,
> I love my poets in their seeding time."

And so are we interested in the *seeding time* of Mr. Benét, for we believe him still in the schoolroom, with great promise of an early graduation. He has learned much from others, and is still willing to learn more. He is no dogmatist, and has experimented a great deal on his own part in dexterous new meters, and has shown extraordinary versatility and adaptability. He is best in the unrestricted forms, and becomes cramped when using the sonnet. He makes such easy use of almost all the poetic tools at hand, that as time goes on we are assured that there will be more of Benét and less of his teachers. Already the collective poems have an atmosphere over them. A pervasive spirit of faith and idealism breathes through them, which, despite their variety, gives a unity to them. This spirit, which finds definite expression in the first and last poems of the collection, is in essence that "eternal hanker after something higher," the striving for "that beauty yet to be" which has symbolical utterance in—

> "I flung my soul to the air like a falcon flying.
> I said, 'Wait on, wait on, while I ride below!'
> I shall start a heron soon
> In the marsh beneath the moon—

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A strange white heron rising with silver on its wings,
 Rising and crying
 Wordless, wondrous things;
The secret of the stars, of the world's heart-strings
 The answer to their woe,
Then stoop thou upon him, and grip and hold him so!"

F. H. B.

Gideon's Band; A Tale of the Mississippi. By George W. Cable. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

For years the Courteneys and the Hayles had been friendly rivals in steamboat building. Old Mr. Courteney, after the early days of experiment against Gideon Hayles' father, had handed the business to his son, John, who had pitted himself against Gideon's tremendous energy. And now at the point at which the present volume begins, John Courteney is about to pass the reins on to his son, Hugh. Gideon Hayle also has sons, but they, unlike Hugh, are not born to the love of the river. Only in Ramsey, the daughter, is this evident, and that she is unable to succeed him in his beloved calling is her father's chief sorrow.

The tale begins with the departure of the new Courteney boat, Votaress, for Louisville. On her main deck are gathered the principal characters of the story. Captain Courteney is in charge, assisted by Hugh and Mr. Watson, head pilot and delightful character. As guests of honor we find Madame Hayle and her family, while conspicuous among the passengers are Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, traveled—and traveling—stage people, a Senator, a Bishop, and an attractive wanderer from California. These we have called the principals. But below decks is another main figure, Otto Marburg, head of the band of three hundred German immigrants. An interesting figure, typical of the Teutonic settlers of the Middle West, he steps suddenly into prominence with the outbreak of cholera among his people.

It is thus that Mr. Cable has laid the groundwork for the ensuing complications of the story, which, though picturing the events of only four days in the first fifty-five chapters, are never without action. The Captain and Madame Hayle at once go to the aid of the foreigners, and the charge of the vessel falls to Hugh. Inevitably disorder spreads among the stateroom passen-

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gers, an occurrence by no means less violent as a result of the malevolent attitude of the Hayle twins, who feel the plague a Courteney insult to their family. With these two spoiled children Hugh has his hands full, and were it not for Ramsey the task would be well-nigh impossible. The important part of the book is that devoted to the first four days, his efforts, and the development of Ramsey from a child to a woman lovelier even than her creole mother. As a close Mr. Cable has devoted several chapters to the final settlement of his characters after a lapse of eight years. And though we have expected it we are none the less glad to find Hugh a full captain and Ramsey at last able to marry him—though this does not occur in the story. Even the suicide of the recalcitrant twins does not disturb us, for we are confident that at last Gideon Hayle has found a riverman for a son.

Mr. Cable has written so much of the South that lazy Southern ways have crept into his style. We turn from Otto toiling over his sick companions to drowse in delectable fashion with Ramsey in the pilot house. Below us for a time we watch the ladies gossiping on the hurricane deck and turn away to leave the warm, fragrant breezes for a look in upon the Senator and the Evangelist disputing in the fog of the smoking-room. The book is a series of pictures simultaneously taken, and from the disease-filled freight deck to the breezy pilot house each is sympathetically faithful.

And finally we must not forget Mr. Cable's dialect. Anyone who is tired of having "yo' all" and "suh" the dialectic limits in a Southern story will delight in Madame Hayle's charming creole patois. "California's" drawl is inimitable, and the strange jargon of the Evangelist fills us with as much awe as his doctrines. The task was a hard one, but Mr. Cable has succeeded in every instance and the result is more than praiseworthy. The atmosphere is the most alluring and often the hardest part of a story, but it is never lacking in this one. And there is no one to whom the distant singing now and then breaking out in full melody in the flare of the landing torches can fail to have its haunting, almost pathetically humorous, appeal:

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". . . Den de grizzly b'ah an' den de mole,
De terrapintine an' de wrigglemarole,
Do you belong to Gideon's band?
Here's my heart an' here's my hand,
Do you belong to Gideon's band,
Fightin' fo' yo' home?"

J. C. P.

Thirty Years. Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1876-1906. By Sir Thomas Barclay. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and New York.

A rather late review, applying as it does to a volume which barely missed being in time for the last issue of the past college year, this notice, which is more than justified by the exceedingly timely character of the work, partakes also of the nature of an appreciation. At the present time, when our attention is commanded continuously by the War of the Eight Nations now in progress, we tend toward intense partisanism which is almost sure to be very unfair. In such a case we need the aid of all clearly written books bearing on the subject, and when we have so valuable a work as this of Sir Thomas Barclay, issued just before the outbreak of the war, we should think ourselves especially fortunate.

The volume contains a detailed account of the forming of the "Entente Cordial" between Great Britain and France, in which its author was chiefly instrumental, being known as the man behind the movement. Starting with his appointment in May, 1876, as correspondent of the *London Times* in Paris, he traces the various waves of feeling in France and England through the trying situations in Egypt, in Siam, and in the Sudan. The jealousies, the fierce resentments occasioned in England by the Dreyfus trial and in France by the Boer War, the tariff troubles of France are set forth in a way evincing keen sympathy and insight into the Gallic nature. Striving for peace and good will, he carries us down a route marked by his own unfailing labors and scarcely less continuous thwartings to the early days of this century.

His troubles, however, were largely due to official lethargy and in time public opinion aroused by countless strokes of diplo-

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macy at length began to favor him. The English king visited France with great success, visits were exchanged between the various chambers of commerce of the two countries and at length by the efforts of one man popular sentiment had been so swayed as to leave the consummation of the Treaty of Arbitration, October 14, 1903, a lesser formality.

From this point the author takes up the perversion of the "Entente Cordial" from a measure of which the "securing of international peace was and still is the object," to a threat to Germany. This, he asserts, was done largely by reports which appeared now and then in Berlin papers from uncertain sources and which "for cool perversion of facts and deliberate malevolence it would be hard to find equalled." German suspicion was naturally aroused and slowly grew more acute until the Agadir incident and the Conference of Algeciras, in which Germany was worsted by keen diplomacy.

Finally the author turns to the future:

"A war between the two great Continental Powers of the West would be a calamity out of all proportion to any result conceivable. Defeat of one or the other could only shift the spirit of *revanche* from one side to the other of the frontier.. . . France has had her *revanche in* Morocco."

To sum up, the book is full of such comments and is splendidly non-partisan. Those who feel that the Prussian War Party is not wholly to blame for the war will read with interest that, "If England had responded at the time (1905) to the German tender of friendship . . . there might have been no German rivalry in naval armaments." The volume can not now be overestimated by those who would know how the alliances were formed that stood firm last July, and its clear, interesting story will go far toward eliminating hasty and partisan opinions.

J. C. P.

The War and America. By Hugo Münsterberg. D. Appleton & Co., New York and London.

That a volume on the European struggle by a German should be partisan is no more than natural, though it is to be regretted

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that in the present instance the author did not take a more dispassionate view. For Professor Münsterberg has intended his book to be a factor in swaying and checking the anti-German sentiment which is so general in this country. Its effect in this way is dubious. The entire volume hardly presents a single argument in favor of Germany. The author has relied wholly upon unsupported statements, passing from one to another without a moment's pause to answer possible doubts. And as a result the general effect of the book is unconvincing. The author seems almost to regard his readers as listeners at an oracle, and when one closes the volume the inevitable effect is expressed by the thought, "Yes, but how can you prove what you say?"

The various factors in the war, the aggressors, the English, the anti-German sentiment, the American press, the German governmental institutions and traditions, and the morals of the war are treated successively in the pages of the book. The Servian aggression on Austria is set forth as fostered by Russia, the Belgian invasion is justified by a previous French entrance on neutral ground. There is nothing in which Germany was wrong, nothing which can upset her stand that the sword was forced upon her. But after telling us this Professor Münsterberg declines to give us his proofs, and we are forced to admit that his word is no better than that of H. G. Wells, who assures us from the other side of Germany's perfidy. We do not receive Mr. Wells unauthorized by proofs, how can we so receive Professor Münsterberg?

In fact, the real argument in the book, the argument which makes it, after all, worth the reading is an utterly unconscious one. Professor Münsterberg may be presumed to know Americans as well as any alien can. He doubtless knows their tendency toward requiring to be shown the facts and their slow acceptance of unbased assertion. The Professor's opponents have argued, while the Germans have not, and the anti-German sentiment has arisen naturally. Yet his feelings have been so great that they have forced him out of his psychological balance, out of his own branch of science, into statements which can not but be doubted. It is from this that we can deduce the real gravity of the situation. Where there is smoke there is fire, and where a mind such as that of this celebrated scientist is swept

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out of line, a strong force has acted. The present volume is too hurried and fails to cover the case, but we shall all profit if the Professor will extend it to an exposition calmly written of the German view of the Russian menace. For obviously he feels that to be the real danger and of it most Americans know little. His present work interests us, but fails to carry the point. We want more argument and less assertion without backing. And if Professor Münsterberg will carry on his writing and explain in a more extensive way the pros and cons of the question we shall be indebted to him for "The War and America" for arousing our sincere interest, though failing to carry conviction.

J. C. P.

The Choice of Life. By Georgette Leblanc. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Always the essential thing in any work of thought is the expression of the author's personality. The continuity of subject, plot, theme or whatever superficial structure may serve to exhibit this is unimportant. If we are to appreciate the thought we must have the real person speaking to us. Thus it is that we feel "The Choice of Life" to be a success. The whole book breathes with a personality, not merely that of its heroine, as do so many, but with the vastly more necessary personality of the authoress. After reading this single volume we are sure that the vital, brilliant, and artistic soul of Madame Maeterlinck stands revealed in its pages. It is her thought, her appreciation, her point of view, and as such is infinitely valuable.

The machinery of the book is briefly as follows: The authoress, seeing a strikingly beautiful peasant girl near her summer home in Normandy, is taken with the idea that here is a person to whom she can impart the real joys of life, real love, true beauty, true knowledge. She tries, doing all that she can to carry success, but in the end is baffled by the inborn nature of the girl, who must work out her life as her fathers before her had done, her glorious beauty useless and unknown even to herself. The book recounts in three parts the authoress' efforts and her failure.

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We are not sure if Rose ever existed or if Madame Maeterlinck has merely used her as an outlet for her own thoughts. Nor do we care greatly who or what she was or how created. She has served to illustrate the great French actress' ideas of how women should live, and has inspired an almost unlimited wealth of beautiful thought. In such sentences as:

"The swift walker goes alone upon his road; there is never any but his shadow to follow him."

"Do we then behold only what we seek? It is a sad thought."

"Past errors are dead branches that make our present life burn more brightly."

—We see a soul able to rise to heights that the greatest poets might not be ashamed to reach. And we could quote almost indefinitely.

"The Choice of Life" is really the first book from Georgette Leblanc. She has given us a glimpse of a new and very valuable author. If we must criticize the work, we are forced to wish that it had been a series of essays and that Rose had been left out, for her presence sometimes obscures the view of the authoress. This, however, is all. We are pleased to regard the book as an exposition of Madame Maeterlinck's views of life. And as such it is more than worth reading, more than charming, and opens before us hopes of many volumes from the same artistic pen.

J. C. P.

Writing to Sell; A Text-Book of Literary Craftsmanship. By Edwin Wildman. Wildman Magazine & News Service, New York.

A well-known dramatist once said, "You may be as highbrow as you please, but if the Public turns down your play that play is no good." Something of the sort is Mr. Wildman's opinion in the little volume at hand. He publishes it not for the man who desires to address the small groups of scholars and literateurs, but for those whose living depends on the approval of their works, for those whose field is "the ninety per cent." His advice is clear-cut and comprehensive, and though some of his illustra-

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tions seem startling and rather unliterary, they are always effective. A man planning to earn his living by his pen is sure to find much worth knowing in this little handbook, and a look within its pages will not harm one with even the highest literary aspirations.

J. C. P.

The Question of Alcohol. By Edward Huntington Williams, M.D. The Goodhue Co., New York.

In this volume Dr. Williams discusses the various aspects of the use of alcohol. Its effect as offsetting the use of cocaine, etc., to a more or less evident degree is pointed out with especial reference to the increasing drug habit among the Southern negroes. From this point he rapidly progresses through "temperance education," labor legislation and alcoholic medicines to an exposition of his views on what should be done. The book is carefully and interestingly written and should prove of value to students of the subject.

J. C. P.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

"This narrowness of views," proclaimed Cato, leader of the advocates of Lemon, "is beyond belief. Not only do my benighted opponents uphold the antiquity of the sacred cow, but they even lower themselves before this most modern of golden calves. For instance, my essay, 'The Paradoxical Features of Parliamentary Procedure Under Connecticut Rules,' is ousted, ousted, I say, for—for the sublimest thought of the Dreamer. Such pulsing threnodies as these—" Leander rolled his eyes skyward. "Pulsing threnodies as these," he murmured, "can not be understood save by those who live by the divine gift of the sacred cow. Oh, delectable cream," he went on, raising the little brown pitcher aloft, "how wonderful are thy—" "Bull," roared Mr. Thoreau in stentorian tones, and gentle Ossawatomie slunk behind the door to comfort weeping Culture. "I say," continued the member from the tall timber, "that this rapture stuff is great. It has such a lot of—of rapture, you know. Listen to this:

"'The blustering rush of bloody blast
Swept o'er our heads that angry day,
And who could sunset find at last
To tell that this was Corinth's bay;'"

Mr. Thoreau nearly wept with emotion.

This was more than Harlequin could stand. "Well," he exclaimed, "what has all this got to do with Cato's first remark. I want to know just what he means by sneering at us. I always use cream and I am not narrow in my religious sentiments either. But when a poor heathen upholds Lemon against the sacred cow he has got to prove his words. He—" but a well-aimed cracker toppled his cap and in fury Harlequin lunged forward, challenging his Roman assailant to a duel. Hastily Leander and Mr. Thoreau stepped between, sobered by the impending disaster, and another encounter of might against maybe was avoided. And as the glaring combatants resumed seats, Ossawatomie, beatifically smiling, led Dame Culture to the seat of honor, Mr. Thoreau promising to forego his passion.

"Wasn't that lovely?" asked Ossawatomie, pushing back his disordered golden curls. And if we are to be frank we must admit that it was.

H. D. Thoreau.

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VOL. LXXX. No. 2

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

NOVEMBER, 1914.

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CONTENTS OF NO. DCCIX

LEADER	*O. McKee*	47
A VAGARY	*Richmond B. Barrett*	52
MRS. SAGELY'S SON	*C. R. Walker, Jr.*	54
HARBOR-DREAM	*Howard Buck*	65
THE POETRY OF W. E. HENLEY	*O. McKee*	66
AUTUMN DAWN	*P. Underwood*	71
THE DUCHESS AND THE FAUN	*David Hamilton*	75
PORTFOLIO		82
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA		86
BOOK REVIEWS		88
EDITOR'S TABLE		95

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eightieth Volume with the number for October, 1914. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competitors of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 20th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Business Manager or his authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Business Manager.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the Editorial Management of the periodical must be addressed to Archibald MacLeish, Chairman. Communications with regard to the Business Management to Alfred O'Gara, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of The Yale Literary Magazine, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX NOVEMBER, 1914 No. 2

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1915.

JOHN CROSBY BROWN ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
OLIVER McKEE JOHN CARLISLE PEET
FRANK WRIGHT TUTTLE.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

ALFRED H. O'GARA

MEN OF THOUGHT.

THE present era of unparalleled growth of higher education, of extraordinary expansion of university training, threatens seriously the former national position of Yale. Amidst the establishment of so many institutions of apparently similar aims, she may forfeit almost wholly the prestige that was once hers. Yesterday but a handful in number, degree-granting institutions are now counted by the hundreds: whereas once the possession of a diploma was a distinction claimed by few, thousands yearly receive it with a careless indifference. Essential a generation ago for a professional career only, a college course is to-day sought by the many who wish to enter on a business life. The demand for pure knowledge and the study of the humanities has been replaced all along the line by cries for applied knowledge and technical training, whose value in terms of money can be brought to an immediate realization. Everywhere the man of affairs has taken the place in the popular esteem once occupied by the man of thought. The quest for the practical and the immediate has superseded the search for the ideal and the ultimate. And in

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meeting and satisfying the transformation of public taste, the course of higher education has been fundamentally altered. Popular and "practical" courses, as shallow in substance as they are worthless in their effect, have driven away the rigorous diciplinary studies of old. The standards which once gave Yale her preëminence no longer exist: changed external conditions render her position more and more precarious.

Of necessity Yale cannot remain untouched by this nation-wide movement. She must inevitably choose one of two courses open to her. Yielding to the prevailing worship in mere numbers of students, she may give to the masses that bread-and-butter education which they can find equally well elsewhere. But if Yale competes with other colleges on these terms, she will in all probability fail to achieve that distinction which she looks upon as her right. For she does not possess either the large endowments nor the State aid granted to so many of her competitors. Offering nothing to the student which he cannot obtain better and cheaper at home, Yale's sphere of influence will become increasingly smaller, until it becomes wholly local and provincial.

But there is another course open to her, by which she may continue to assume her two-century-old position of leadership. She may regard it as her peculiar function more and more to produce men of distinction in every field of thought, men who will increasingly contribute to the intellectual life of the nation and thereby of civilization. Instead of taking pride in the mere number of her graduating classes, she must devote all of her efforts to setting on each the seal of an intellectual aristocracy. She must try to implant in each one of her sons a vision of the glories of his heritage from the past, she must cultivate in each the faculty of seeing beyond the immediate into the ultimate and the universal, she must turn their eyes for a moment away from the confined space of facts into the boundless realm of ideas.

If she is loyal to her function as producer of men of thought, she will develop and expand her system of honor courses leading to honor degrees. This step, so prophetic of the awakening intellectual temper of the University, is by far the most significant taken in recent years to enlarge Yale's national influence.

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Unique among her rivals she will bestow on all who desire a course of study which will be some adequate index of mental efficiency. When these honor courses are fully established, diplomas will no longer be granted on the same terms to those content with a mediocrity of training as to keen seekers after mental power. To a large proportion of her undergraduates the curriculum will have become invested with a real and live interest. No longer will it be unusual to see manifestations of undergraduate enthusiasm for the beauty of ideas. The spirit of competition, so notably absent from the present quest for Phi Beta Kappa key, will be at least as prominent in the curriculum as in the activities external to it. The winner of a first-class in final honors will be a man of mark. For it will be realized that he has won his place by sheer merit against the brightest and keenest of his compeers. Not the present crammed and ill-digested acquaintance with a collection of facts will be required in the honor examinations, but rather a mastery over the processes of thought, an ability to construct an harmonious whole out of the original ill-assorted facts. The accomplishment of these things will indicate that the curriculum of Yale has realized its true purpose: the training of the powers of thought of the individual, in order that he may be a more efficient member of society.

Yale will still continue to be built on democratic principles, on the doctrine of the equal opportunity for all. She will not refuse to open her doors to those who wish to enjoy her gifts. But they will open to disclose a democracy of merit, and not a community founded on the absurd worship of the marginal intelligence. Her loyalty to the principles of democracy will make Yale intolerant of those unquickened by its intellectual atmosphere. Hence in the future the ranks of the undergraduate body will not be filled with the indifferent, the lazy, the scoffers, with those, in short, who value a college degree solely for the social advantages to be derived therefrom. In self-defense, such a democracy will have to rid itself of all who cannot, or will not, subscribe to the principles to which it owes its very existence.

Because Yale will not yield to the cry for physical size, nor to the demand for that kind of collegiate training which can be

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forthwith turned into dollars and cents, it does not mean that she is thereby impairing her efficiency, nor limiting the sphere of her influence. And because she resolves to stress the quality of mind of her graduates, rather than their ability to make money, she does not neecssarily thereby lessen her future services to the nation, nor minimize the part her sons will play in directing the evolution of the nation's destiny. The United States stands now at the close of a period of unexampled material progress. The physical obstacles overcome by her citizens in the century and a half of her existence are without parallel in the history of the world. But the physical barriers confronting the nation are not so stupendous as they once appeared, nor the need for their being conquered so insistent. Gone is the time when it was essential that we be a people of practical business men, of energetic grapplers with the stern facts of reality. The problems of to-day are becoming more and more complex. They require for their solution not so much the practical common sense of the old-time politician as the broad vision of the constructive statesman, not so much the skill of the railroad builder, as the genius of the poet and philosopher, and scientist. The need becomes more and more pressing for a spiritual leadership of the nation, a need which cannot be supplied by technical schools and courses in farming and business administration. Such spiritual leadership must spring from elsewhere, from the influence of a national university such as the Yale of to-morrow. The emphasis laid therein on pure intellectual activity, on the training of the reasoning powers of the individual, the devotion to pure in contrast to applied knowledge, will go far in the years to come, to supply this nation-wide need for leadership. In increasing numbers Yale will send forth men of thought, of a large range of vision, who look forward to the future with eyes of understanding born of their freedom from provincialism. Men of affairs she will continue to produce as in the past. But in numbers gradually approaching these, she will graduate thinkers, whose souls have been inspired by the beauties of their mental heritage, men who have glimpsed the whole of which they are a part, and who have secured a mastery over their powers of reasoning from a vigorous pursuit of the

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humanities. The size of her undergraduate body is of trifling significance to Yale. But the type of her graduates is of tremendous importance: whether or not is found among them her share of the men of thought required by the intellectual needs of the country. By responding to this call for leaders of thought, Yale will completely justify her claim to be a national University. And her sons will continue to be a tremendous driving force in directing the spiritual destiny of the nation in whose service she was originally founded.

O. McKee, Jr.

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A VAGARY.

I.

The heavens are gently blue, bright near the sun,
  Elsewhere, veiled by soft haze, in tender glow,
'Till from a clear-cut line the waters run
  About the earth, nor does the ocean flow
Dare to o'erleap that boundary. Puffs of cloud
  Lie heaped, peaks snow-white, sides rock-grey below;
The sun drops on the sea in furrows ploughed
  A myriad of golden seeds that glide
Through twinkling dance and seem to hum aloud
  In strangely sleepy murmur as they ride
The summits of the peaceful, even waves.
  Far out the blue-green jaggedly is dyed
By streak of purple royally that paves
The way of Nereids rising from their caves.

II.

Up the curved beach of thick, shell-scattered sand
  The rollicking, rippling little waves advance,
Each eager to surpass in might its band
  Of small companions and to lead the dance
Still further up the shore. Uncommon bold,
  One far outstrips its fellows, but, perchance,
Aghast at its great distance from the fold,
  Checks itself and after one chill kiss
And one caress, with tips of fingers cold,
  Of gleam-lit pebbles now first lapped in bliss,
Retreats amid the chatter of the stones
  And swift is gone. A glimmer of peacock greens
  And blues, with ripples eyed, the ocean preens
And placidly controls the power she owns.

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III.

From out th' encircling, shaggy-bearded cliff
  A swallow swoops in daring curve to ground,
Sweeps up, dips, soars, sails like a tiny skiff
  Cleaving the blue; ecstasy without sound,
A joy of fragile, dagger wings aglint,
  Of unturned breast rosily warm around
The throbbing heart—a feather-clouded tint,
  Suffusion of white mist by wine-red gleams
From glowing, beating core. The rank-haired flint
  Receives the sprite, whose pulsing brightness beams
Beneath the shield of the breast's smouldering ash.
  The radiance is gone, the wrinkly seams
In massy, stolid rock have caught the dash
Of light and with dull shadow quenched the flash.

IV.

Like drowsy swarm of bees the waters drone.
  Out from the depths, a glimmer of white and gold,
Frolics a nymph. Slim, ankle-deep in foam,
  Back she flings her wet hair, plastered cold
About her, and slips quivering from the shade
  Into the glory of the sun. The mould
Of ocean streaks the yellow hair quick played
  On by small, licking flames of light. Her skin,
Like richly mellow marble, cold as blade
  Of steel before, now palpitates and thin
As film of gossamer lets the coursing blood
  Shine through.—A laugh, a leap, then raised on fin
Of scaly wave, she slips fast through the blaze
Of light, then swirled beneath the fretful maze
  Is mingled with the shimmer of the flood.

Richmond B. Barrett.

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MRS. SAGELY'S SON.

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Sagely, a widow.
Nan, her daughter, a child of thirteen.
Dick, her son, a boy of twenty.
Al. Hinks, a recent recruit.
"Colonel" Kellog, an old officer.

SCENE 1. *Mrs. Sagely's kitchen.*

On the right is an old-fashioned range, with a kettle on it steaming; in the rear to the right is a staircase; in the rear to the left a door leading out of doors; and in front of it a low couch. The square table near the center of the room is bare. Dick is sitting on it, spreading out a newspaper, reading it, with clenched fists and eyes close to the print; he has bent shoulders, which stoop more as he reads. Mrs. Sagely is seated in a rocker near the range, mending a dress. Her character comes into her face, when she bites off the thread, at each re-threading. Nan darns stockings, sitting on the low couch.

MRS. S.: Will you sift those ashes now, or sit a-readin' till we freeze our bones?

D. *(reading)*: "Our troops have regained their ground at three distinct points through bayonet charging. Heavy fighting occurs along the whole frontier, with severe losses for both sides."

MRS. S.: I think that is awful.

D.: What?

MRS. S.: Bayonet charging! To see a great black point a-goin' for your heart.

D.: Mother, I think it would be worse the other way. I mean, running a man down *(gripping the paper a trifle tighter,*

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tensing his lips), putting the steel into him, seeing his blood and taking his life. Mother, I don't think I'd have the heart for it.

MRS. S.: Nor I, either! Will you stop a-readin', Dick? There's ashes want siftin' and there's the outside door that wants a-mendin'—and there's money, too, you must be a-pickin' up wherever God in His mercy'll let you—Nan, will you get me a glass of water *(takes a bottle from a shelf back of the range)* —and what good'll this readin' of the war do to the both us —it's a-ruinin' more peaceable people by worry than it's killin' with bullets—

D. *(looking over the paper at Mrs. S. while she is measuring medicine from bottle to glass)*: How is that doing for your 'ealth, mother?

MRS. S.: Poorly, I'm thinkin', but I'm afraid allus I'll be a-takin' too much an' poison meself. Now, put it high on the shelf, will ye—top shelf, Dick—where Nan won't be a-meddlin'. It's ill sweets for a child. *(Nan throws up her nose, and drops her darning.)*

D. *(reading)*: "There have been some men in this country who have hesitated to offer themselves, thinking the conflict not serious enough to demand universal enlistment. This is untrue. Lord Prichard issues to-day a call for the immediate enlistment of 100,000 men."

MRS. S.: Ashes, ashes, ashes, Richard Sagely—

D.: I know, mother *(throwing down paper on table and climbing off)*. I've them half done, anyhow, you know *(bent over the table, still reading and walking away)*.

MRS. S.: You know the *recruits,* Dick, work 'arder than any men alive—

D. *(laughing)*: I know it, mother. I won't enlist—this sorter rot *(hands at his hips, he wobbles downward, till he sits on his heels)*. This is the way the greenies do in Broad Park. Like monkeys.

NAN: Just like monkeys, Dick *(gurgling)*. Splendid!

(Knock at the door; Dick straightens in a flash; Mrs. S. puts her partly-mended dress behind a print on the mantle; Nan sits calm. The door flies open immediately upon the knock, admitting Hinks. He steps forward without greeting, his

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great face-lacerating smile doing it for him. The smile is familiar, and suggestive. It says, "Well, you see I did it!" and it directs the gaze and admiration to the uncreased khaki uniform that is on his back, making him self-conscious. Hinks smiles at the three people in the room, and lastly at the visor cap which he places with loving awkwardness on the center table.)

D.: Al!

H.: Dick! *(Pause.)* Well, you see I done it—said I would—and I'm glad I've done my dooty. *(Pause.)* Now I'm wantin' you to look at me—I'm feelin', and I reckon I'm lookin', pretty much Napoleon.

(Mrs. S. writes a negative over a disgusted face.)

D. *(hugging him)*: You dear old fool, get some mud on your face. Wait till they take you, you old loafer, and *this (wobbling evolution again)*. They will Waterloo those pants of yours, Napoleon! *(laughing and pushing H. into a chair, who makes a long reach for his cap from the table as he goes down)*. They work 'em like slaves in a mine, Al, runnin' and squattin' and pilin' and diggin' before they're worth fiddlesticks. You'd crinkle and crumple at sight of a trench.

H. *(straightening up quickly, dropping the smile)*: Don't you believe your tipplin' son, Mrs. Sagely. *This* is my fix. Open your ears. Lord Prichard hez asked fer 500 men fer a special corps, fer immediate reserves—"men in an athletic condition" is what the proclamation asks fer. They goes at once, Mr. Dick, to take up their arms at the front. *(Bows elaborately, bringing his hand down from his breast in a distinguishing gesture)*. To the front immedjetly without pickin' up chestnuts in Broad Park—

(Mrs. S., Dick and Nan all ask at once)):

Mrs. S.: Well, what does your father think of your soldierin', Al Hinks?

D.: Where be you goin' to fight, Al?

Nan *(jumping off the couch)*: Oh, Mr. Hinks, will you ride a snow-white charger?

H. (*getting out of his chair, he clears his throat in a hurry. Talking, he leans far over the back of the chair, lifting it up and setting it down hard at the periods in his discourse)*: I

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be goin' to fight *(with a cough)* where the fight be most thickest, I'm thinkin'—and it's that everywhere—and few of us that know it. Most of the folks that lives in the city and all of the folks that lives in the country are thinkin' there be angels or somethin' fightin' the battles a-fore us. I met a codger this mornin' comin' up to town—with a mule team filled up to the top with onions. "What be this about the war?" says he. "Go back to bed!" says I. I say any man that's raisin' onions to-day orter be shot through the snout.—Well, I'm glad I'm where I am—there'll be work right off and interesting things to see—and right here a fellow can look beyond his nose: 'e either gits killed or 'e gits ahead *(sitting down again; pause)*. There're lots of funny things happen over at Broad Park. A fat man applied the other day—Chunk Brandon, remember? "You're too fat," says the recruiting officer. "It's an advantage," says Brandon. "It's eight inches from my heart and I wear it 'round with me, you see, as a sort of shield." *(Begins a laugh, in which only Nan joins.)*

D. *(subtly)*: I said yesterday I was rather thinkin' of enlistin'—

Mrs. S.: And this mornin', rather *not!*

H.: If they'd struck at the left wing sooner, it's my thinkin' they wouldn't be throwin' away their men now in ditches for a hundred miles by the river side.

D. *(leaning on center table, looking into Hinks' face)*: Al, I think I'll go in—

Mrs. S.: What fiddle-faddle. Nan, put the things on for supper. It seems as if we had *talked* away this blessed day!

D. *(wide-eyed)*: My God, I *will* go in, Al. *(Turning)* Mother, I'm sorry if I spoke quick—but I must do the thing; every man that's a man—

Mrs. S.: I'm mad listening to you, Richard Sagely, to be a-speakin' about leavin' Nan an' me—it's craziness, that's what it is. Who's to bring in my wood fer me—and sift ashes fer me? Who's goin' to bring home his wage to me—and me and Nan here alone in the winter—in the winter, Dick—and your father into the ground these ten years? *(Breaking*

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down) It's kind of you, Dick, it is! Nor can I be losing you, Dick, a-stuck with one of them bay-o-nets—

D. *(putting his arm on her shoulder)*: None o' that, mother. I'll be a-comin' back quick. You have father's pension, mother. It'll be hard, but I'm a-holdin' this a part of my manhood, this goin' in with Al—

H.: Dick, if you're thinkin' of this, serious, I'll do something for ye—what I can, by my own talkin'—I'll ask Colonel Kellog to let you into that special corps, if he will; what are 'ealthy lads and readier than the rest.

Mrs. S. *(tearing her hands from her eyes, and going to Dick, taking hold of his coat)*: My God, Dick, how crazy you are, my boy! I shan't let you go! I shan't let you go! *(clinging to his coat; suddenly with a queer light in her eyes, shrilly)*: You couldn't fight, Dick. Think of it—*killin'*—you ha'n't the 'eart, Dick, for goin' to war!

D. *(with a voice trembling, passion in leash)*: I'm a-willin' ter mak' a try, I reckon, on that, mother.

Mrs. S. *(shaking him)*: Swear you won't go, Dick.

D. *(loudly)*: I swear, in Christ's name, I will! *(Pause.)*

Mrs. S.: Well, you're a meaner scrump than I'd ever thought ye. Richard Sagely—and I *thought* ye mean—you would go a-journeyin' to hell to get out o' workin'—ay, here am I at the start of winter wi' no clo's to wear, and no clo's for the childer'. *(Lashing)* It's your manliness that's takin' ye away from it, is it? Leavin' myself and Nanny and Erick is noble, aye, a man's part, aye *(with bitter emphasis),* a man's part? Sweet God, look what you're leavin' the woman's part to be!

(H. comes up with frightened perplexity in his face, fingering his military cap fiercely.)

D. *(with fingers on Hinks' arms, whispering)*: It's *her* way, Al *(biting his lip),* and often I'm a-holdin' on to me own 'ands.

Mrs. S.: Huh. *It's your mother's blood in your veins that's a-spoken.* I know the kind. *(Shrill)* Your father wouldn't a-done it, and if we're alive, no fault of yourn! When ye come back ye'll find us stretched out, I'm thinkin'—

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Nan and me stretched out, cold like to receive you; Erick and me stretched out—

D. *(galloping over his words, and falling at nigh every step)*: Al, I will go in with you. Tell Colonel Kellog he must take me—right to-morrow I'll be for offerin' myself—I'll go *(drawing his hand across his mouth)* Oo, Oo, I hate you, mother!

(End of Scene 1.)

SCENE 2.

Eight or ten hours later. The same room, but darkened, except for the yellow light of the moon that comes half-clouded through the uncurtained windows. A bed has been made up on the floor to the right of the center table; Dick is lying in it; the outline of the low couch to the left is visible; in it Nan is asleep. Dick gets out of his bed, and stands in front of Nan's couch, both hands held to his head. Clouds passing from the face of the moon admit more light. Dick has not undressed. Coming back to the center, he kneels, just off the path of the strongest light, but rises agáin quickly.)

D.: I'm thinkin' God would strike me if I prayed. *(Turning away from the low couch)* With Nan and Erick and Jim stretched cold. *(There are long pauses between every group of words, but he stands motionless, facing away from the low couch.)* It's not true—and I'm a-thinkin' she's temptin' *(mocking)* me ter sleep—and I've a right to go—all the right in the world—a man's right—

(Nan, who has been listening, creeps out of bed, and tiptoes to Dick's back, holding her hand out to touch him lightly, when she comes close; but a board creaks; he turns.)

D.: Nan!

N.: I'm very sorry. I heard you talking—and I thought—

D.: Nan, you thought—

N. *(spreading her hands and shaking her curls)*: I thought you might want someone to talk to.

D.: Nan, you ought to be asleep; it's very, very late.

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N.: Do you see that sleeve, Dick? It looks just like an apple-tart, Dick. I wish it *were* an apple-tart.

D. *(startled)*: Are you hungry, Nan?

N.: A little—you see, I ate breakfast—

D.: Well.

N: And Erick and Jim, o' course, ate dinner—

D. *(moving away with his fingers in his ears)*: Any man that raises onions ought to be shot. Al Hinks is right. *(Loudly)* Good God, haven't I the right to fight for my country? And the women won't be a-keepin' me. To-morrow!

N.: Are you goin' away, Dick?

D.: Yes, Nan.

N.: I should like to go away, too. Why do you want to go away?

D.: To die for my country, Nan. Why do you?

N. *(in an even tone)*: Because I *hate* her.

D. *(at the word D. turns away with a cry of pain. He bows himself double with his hands guarding his face)*: Christ, do ye see it—a-goin' to war out of hate for one's?—God, God *(he uncovers his face suddenly)*, you'll be lettin' a man live?

(The dull thunder of the tramp of hundreds of feet is heard; passing forms cut off the moonlight. From the midst of the darkness, D. speaking): There they go—and a-carryin' livin' and dyin' in their two hands—with war in their hearts they go a-marchin'—and with peace in their hearts they go a-marchin'—and God is a-stridin' with them and a-stayin' behind—and Al Hinks a-goin' this like, some night! Al, in his new uniform and his visor cap—marchin' along with God—and me a-stayin' behind—a stayin' behind—with God—

(Pause.)

N. *(creeping up behind and laying her fingers on his head)*: I'm hungry, Dick.

D. *(staring at her amazedly for a moment, and then taking a package out of his coat, lays it in her lap)*: We'll be eatin' it together, perhaps. A soldier's ration, Nan, is bread and bacon.

(They divide the food and eat.)

(End of Scene 2.)

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SCENE 3.

The same room; morning. Nan is almost dressed and is combing her hair; Dick is still asleep in bed with his face hidden by his hand. As the curtain ascends Mrs. S. comes downstairs tying on her apron, and completing the final arrangement of her hairpins.

MRS. S.: How often have I told you, child, not to put on your dress till you have done your house work? *(Knock.)* Tell the milk man, Nan, we ain't a-buyin' *(coming to the center and noticing Dick)*. It's a dead man 'es like when 'e sleeps, I'm a-thinkin'. *(Stamping her feet)* Dick! *(As the door opens, Dick rubs his eyes and drags himself out of bed. He is fully dressed. Al Hinks and Colonel Kellog enter. Nan, who has opened the door, has hid herself behind like an elf. Mrs. S. does not advance, but stands gaunt and formidable by the ironing board. Dick is busy waking up.)*

H.: It's early it is perhaps, that I'm knockin' at your door; but a soldier I'm bringin' and that's the warrant. May I make you acquainted, Mrs. Sagely, with Colonel Kellog—*and is that Dick?* So the war ain't skinnin' you o' sleep, Dick?

D. *(still dazed)*: No, Al, I make out to sleep reg'lar. *(Pause.)* Well, sir, I'm pleased to shake your hand—my mother and sister, Colonel Kellog!—I tell you, Nan there is a general herself Colonel, for she's manouvering the whole house, to my thinkin', and everyone in it.

K. *(bowing again elaborately, first to Mrs. S., then to Nan—more elaborately to Nan)*: Mrs. Sagely—Miss Nan—I think I should like to serve a term under your sister, Mr. Sagely. *(Saluting)* General Nan, have you got room in your campaign for a poor devil like me?

(The laugh that follows radiates warmth, and some of the ice crystals dissolve into the atmosphere; Mrs. S. moves her lips into a smile.)

D.: *You*'ll be drinkin' coffee with us, won't you, Colonel?

(They advance toward the center table, on which Nan is placing coffee cups.)

K.: Well, well, speaking of generals, our own has been making a plea for increased support. The pressure, you see,

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on the right wing has been terribly severe; losses incredible—

H.: I beg your pardon, Colonel, but let's be cheerful. Truly, I'm thinkin' it a bit rude of you, not to be tellin' the boy the good news. Dick, I have been a-conquerin' for ye—no better thing would you ask of God—takin' the words out o' yer own mouth—no better thing than to be off quick with a gun in your hand—and there you have it *(stepping up and rapping Dick's chest), the Colonel'll have you in the corps, Dick!*

(D. tries to speak, but the Colonel interrupts. Nan is watching Dick's face.)

K.: I wasn't trying to shed gloom, Hinks. My point was this: Our general needs more men, and that only gives us the more reason to rejoice when the response—

Mrs. S.: Will you sit down to take your coffee, Colonel?

(There is a pause; the coffee is passed. After a moment's sipping, the Colonel gets out of his chair and puts his hands on Dick's shoulders, gruffly cheerful): Plenty of bulk here, Hinks. *(Closes his hands playfully about Dick's chin, pushing the head back)*: A healthy tongue, eh?

(There is a little cry of pain from Nan, and at the same instant Dick breaks away from the Colonel. He pushes him away with his two hands, one meeting Kellog's face, the other his breast; he totters slightly.)

D.: God's a-stayin' behind wi' me!

Mrs. S.: What, Dick? Don't talk in your throat.

D.: Gentlemen, I must be tellin' you this quickly. I'm not a-goin' to enlist.

H.: What's that, Dick? You talk in your throat.

D.: I'm not a-goin' with you, to fight—that's plain, isn't it? *(Sitting on the edge of the table, forcing a fierce calm)*: You see, Al, it's quite plain—I've been thinkin' it over hard—and this fightin' is not my part. I'm goin' to stay at home.

H. *(getting up and walking around the table with his head crooked forward toward Dick in a low wonder)*: And you a-swearin' las' night your soul would burn afore—

D.: Aye, and so much the worse for my soul, then, Al—but to you I'm thankful for all that—you've been friendly-like and have meant this thing right—and I'm thanking you,

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Colonel Kellog *(the Colonel avoids a nod)*, but it's not my part, I see. I've decided that, that's all. And I'm stayin' home. Will you gentlemen finish your coffee?

K.: We must be on, I think; yes, really we must be on.

H.: Ay, I must be seein' my father.

K.: One changes one's mind, of course. It is a real little problem, I suppose, this dying for one's country—some rather fawncy it—others look upon it as a bawe. *(He turns toward the door.)*

H.: I'm a-learnin' fast about men. *(Pause.)* Good-bye, Dick. Next time I hear a man say to me sech words as, "I'm a-hating my mother, and no woman with whipcord could bind me," and sech-like as, "By God's Son, I will go with you, Al!" I'll know the color of his heart *(reaching the door)*, and if he is for tellin' me, 'e hopes we'll be picked off together, in the same trench, I'll tell him—"Go sift your ashes, boy, for it's mother is a-callin'!"

K. *(who has reached the door)*: I've known some rather amusing fellows who have not been soldiers. There are several reasons why they keep out of service. Some men object to the new khaki garments; some men find themselves out of place on the battlefield, and some seem to be strangely unfitted for manly endeavor by a peculiar inaptitude of the heart.

(Exeunt Hinks and Kellog.)

D. *(steps out from table unsteadily, hands over head, and eyes wide, and glazed. He seems about to swoon, but he regains control and falls on the couch; sitting as if his two arms were necessary as props for his head and shoulders. After a pause)* Well, mother, I guess I shall be a-mendin' that door.

Mrs. S. *(turning her back and walking toward the ironing board)*: Well, and I thought you'd be comin' to it. It's easier mendin' doors than it is 'eads. But for all that, I wished ye'd had the blood to say ye'd go. It was hard for a mother to listen to yer tawkin'—

(Dick has been fingering Mrs. S.'s bottle of medicine for some moments; sits down again on the low couch, Nan beside him.)

Nan *(softly, putting her hand on his arm, cuddling)*: Give

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me half, Dick. I know it's good an' sweet-tastin', o' the likes o' you, Dick, would spit it out, like carraway—

(D. raises bottle quickly and drinks.)

MRS. S.: But I'm glad on't, Richard. I'm thinkin' I'd congratulate Lord Prichard for losin' ye, I would—for what good 'ud ye be in a battle, Dick, with men *killin'* one another—you who haven't got the 'eart to stick a pig—and I've tried it on yer—and can do it myself—and you wouldn't. It's lucky you're here, Richard Sagely, at home in a chair, with the fire, and odd jobs—*killin'*—huh *(cackles)!*

NAN *(whispers)*: Give me a drop, Dick. *I know.*

MRS. S. *(ironing)*: I know'd ye since ye was small—a baby almost—though I never see yer mother—and ye cried at sight of yer toes, ye did—ye never had 'eart. There, I have it out of yer own mouth, Dick Sagely, *ye never 'ad 'eart!*—What've you been doing these minutes? There are those ashes; will ye sift them now, Dick?

D.: Yes, mother; I'll be siftin' 'em now.

(The end.)

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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HARBOR-DREAM.

The harbor, the harbor, and all the spring is here,
  Dreams on the wind and the wind on the wave!
Come down to the harbor and out on a pier,
  Forget for a moment you're a sooty city's slave!

Oh, I saw a little beggar-lad standing on the pier,
  The sun in his eyes and the wind in his hair,
Bare brown legs planted wide with ne'er a fear,
  Calling to the mermen to lure him under there!

Little brother, little brother, what says the wind?
  What says the trembling of the sunlight to-day?
Treasure-laden galleons from far-off Ind—
  Ships filled with gold (or with dreams) from away?

Little brother, little brother, what says the sea,
  Murmuring so softly beneath your fearless feet?
Many a devilish thing, no doubt—piratical, maybe.—
  Nay, where will your gallant crew of ragamuffins meet?

Whither will ye sail? To a desert isle!
  What there to do? To fit my mighty ship!
Mutiny of men perhaps? Well, once in a while!
  And chased by a man-o'-war you'll give 'em all the slip!

You'll stand by the wheel through a rain of shot and shell,
  You'll carry all your sail, drain your cups to the dregs—
Swear like a trooper—tell 'em all to "get to hell!"—
  Oh, my mighty little pirate with the bare brown legs!

Wind and the sun and the blue waves before,
  All the sooty city there lost at your back—
Dirty yellow novels this? Nay, but there's more,
  There's the heart and the hope and the wide sea's track!

Following a Fancy across the foam to-day—
  (To-morrow and to-morrow o'er the sea!)
And will ye not drift on a day-dream away
  Till to-morrow to-day shall be?

Howard Buck.

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THE POETRY OF WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

THE poems of William Ernest Henley flash before us the spirit of one who cheerfully accepts battle with the facts of reality. They disclose the spiritual faith of a poet endeavoring to master his environment, who subscribes without a murmur to the sorrows as well as the joys inevitably encountered in such a conflict. The gift of life to Henley is the joy which springs from engaging in the world-wide struggle for existence. It is a gospel of conflict he preaches, a spirit of determination to face the vicissitudes of life with a smile ever on one's lips, and inwardly a heart ready to beat to the spirit of joy wherever found. Delighting in every manifestation of human energy, Henley sees all around him an ennobling and inspiring struggle, through which the human race is slowly fighting its way upward. The philosophy of zestful interest in the phenomena of life running through Henley's poems is built out of a victory over the clouded pessimism which first sought to quench his hopefulness.

Henley is no mere sheltered dreamer, dreaming of the thrills of victory away from the battleground of reality. Of delicate health throughout all his career, he spent in hospital several youthful years of acute bodily misery. This early time of pain has been immortalized by his volume, "In Hospital," wherein is described most graphically the mental despair of those who meet death face to face:

> "A square, squat room (a cellar on promotion)
> Drab to the soul, drab to the very daylight,
> Plasters astray, in unnatural-looking tinware
> Scissors and lint and apothecary's jars."

Knowing so young the tragedies of existence, perceiving the sorrow destroying so many a bright career, we might have expected Henley to have sung of the workings of irresistible fate, of the manifold ills to which man is heir, of the fundamental irony and hopelessness of the drama played by hu-

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manity. But Henley's physical sufferings produced no such effect. Instead, from these months of gloom, Henley emerged with an enthusiasm for the spirit of conflict, an exuberant delight in the operations of that enigmatic force, which, despite its caprices, he chose to regard as a Natura Benigna.

For in the panorama of existence, and in the manifold pulsations of human energy which impart life to this panorama, Henley ever took a keen and undisguised delight. This enthusiasm knew not the provincial bounds of class or creed, nor was it confined to the perception of things intellectual:

> "Carry me out
> Into the wind and the sunshine,
> Into the beautiful world.
>
> . . . .
>
> Oh, the wonder, the spell of the streets,
> The stature and strength of the horses,
> The rustle and echo of footfalls,
> The flat roar and rattle of wheels."

Commonplace and dull as such things are to most, they appear in a unique charm when invested with the poet's richness of fancy. By the magic of his poetic imagination, Henley describes the beauty that lies hidden in the sights and sounds of the streets of London:

> "Gifting the long, lean, lanky street
> And its abounding confluences of being
> With aspects generous and bland:
> Making a thousand harnesses to shine
> As with new ore from some enchanted mine,
> And every horse's coat so full of sheen
> He looks new-tailored, and every 'bus feels clean,
> And never a hansom but is worth the feeing,
> And every jeweler within the pale
> Offers a real Arabian night for sale."

The swarming thoroughfares of the English capital are not signs of man's misery and unhappiness. They rather symbolize the splendor of the struggle to achieve his destiny, and the golden glory that is in his every-day surroundings.

"London Voluntaries" displays to the full the author's remarkable ability to impart to the ordinary the spark of poetic genius. And it is here that he strikes his most characteristically modern note. A more modern subject it would be difficult to suggest—the pageant of present-day London. With an extraordinary effectiveness he brings before us that cease-

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less stream of humanity which surges up and down the metropolis of the world. Of this mighty throng, now gay and smiling, now sad and weeping, Henley seeks to uncover the soul. And the heart of London he finds as part of the eternal soul of nature, the visible being united to the invisible, the corporeal with the spiritual, in indissoluble bonds:

> "For Pan, the bountiful, imperious Pan,
> Still reigns and triumphs, as he hath triumphed and reigned.
> Since in the dim blue dawn of time
> The universal ebb and flow began
> To sound his ancient music, and prevails
> By the persuasion of his mighty rhyme
> Here in this radiant and immortal street
> Lavishly and omnipotently as ever
> In the open hills, the undissembling dales,
> The laughing-places of the juvenile earth."

A veritable fairyland of color and beauty and freshness is this which he discovers behind the dullness and smoke of what we knew before as London.

A patriot of the first rank Henley also shows himself to be. The temper which gloried in battling with the doubts of pessimism, would necessarily triumph in the marvelous growth and expansion of the British Empire. That a little island in the North Sea should control so vast and so distant possessions would alone awaken his keen admiration. But the almost miraculous manner in which she has planted her institutions and ideals on so large a proportion of the human race kindles an even greater pride. Great Britain's overcoming of the obstacles external to her indicate that she is divinely favored among nations. British Imperialism becomes an instrument of the Divine Purpose to establish a higher and more perfect civilization among mankind. To use the sword in order to create a more permanent peace, and a more widespread spirit of joy is the Anglo-Saxon's destiny. The magnificence of its wold-wide influence, the nobility of its mission, awaken him to sing the praises of the British rule:

> "Till now the name of names, England, the name of might,
> Flames from the anstral fires to the bounds of the boreal night,
> And the call of the morning drum goes in a girdle of sound,
> Like the voice of the sun in song, the great globe round and round,
> And the shadow of her flag, when it shouts to the mother breeze
> Floats from shore to shore of the universal seas.
> And the loveliest death is fair with a memory of her flowers
> And the end of the road to hell with a sense of her dews and showers."

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This is no mere perfunctory song of admiration: it is a poem of triumph in the achievements of the greatest of World-Empires.

While so fervently in love with the panorama of life, and the living forces playing therein, Henley showed that he was still mindful of

> "Death, and his well-worn, lean, professional smile."

To the inevitability of its coming, he refused wilfully to close his eyes, nor did he decry, as did the Greek chorus, the horrors of a comfortless, unmourned, old age. Without a murmur he admits the fact of material defeat, and physical dissolution. But he acknowledges no victory over the inner citadels of the soul. Satisfied that life has been good, that its gifts were pleasing, he sees no reason why its close should be soured by vain regrets. Of the future we, of course, know nothing certain. But even after death he sees nothing to fear; at the worst, we are merely lost in eternal oblivion:

> "Life—give me life until the end,
> That at the very top of being
> The battle-spirit shouting in my blood
> Out of the reddest hell of the fight
> I may be snatched and flung
> Into the everlasting lull,
> The immortal, incommunicable dream."

The mood which inspires Henley's poems is one which has met and defied pain and sorrow. The sanity of its optimism is born of a real triumph over pessimism: it expresses no mere closet-philosophy of hopefulness. No matter what its form, in every manifestation of life Henley delighted, because he apprehended the hidden spiritual element that lay behind the veil. Quickened by this spirituality was the mass of humanity surging on the Strand. And this same spiritual essence dwelt in their primal lusts for pleasure, in their obedience to the calling of the "great god Pan." At times one may feel like decrying this fleshly element in Henley, this wantonly pagan delight in the things of the senses. But to Henley the workings of the Divine Spirit were equally manifest in the realm of the senses as in that of merely intellectual emotions. The pulsating pleasure-call in the life of the masses was as much a

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spiritual thing as the motive which drives on a seeker after beauty. To each individual is offered the choice between a joyful acceptance of what life has to offer, and joyless refusal to partake of its free gifts. Knowing that evil does exist in the world, Henley teaches that it nevertheless can be overcome by a spirit of undaunted optimism which seeks an alliance with the forces of spirituality through a whole-hearted appreciation of the riches of the sense-world. Such a victory will enable the winner to create his own joyful viewpoint and say, with Henley—

> "It matters not how straight the gate,
> How charged with punishments the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul."

O. McKee, Jr.

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AUTUMN DAWN.

(Before the dawn. A hill path.)

LAURA *(dreamily)*:

The summer night still droops upon the hills
And veils the earth with beauties of the past.
Like Greece in that deep morning hush before
The voice of man arose my hill land lies
For a short space beneath the fading stars
Dreaming in old-world charm beside the sea,
The quiet loveliness of summer peace.

RAPHAELE *(eagerly)*:

Peace? In this land of windy moor and cloud?
Look thou, the valleys and the fruitful hills
Billow and blow with life. Oh, Laura, Laura!
And thou still strayest in the cloudy past
Old poets singing by thee!

LAURA:

But their charm,
Doth it not bind thee also, Raphaele?
To me their songs are like all lovely things,
The stealing of the summer over earth,
The soft approach of dusk or dawn. They woo
My thoughts to quietness and rich content.

RAPHAELE *(fiercely)*:

Old songs? The charm of ancient things? The past
Coils round thee like a drowsy incense-cloud!
Dost thou not feel the urging of the wind?
Content! When earth is lyric with the spring,
Or brimming with the fall! Oh, Laura, wake

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From summer dreams! Let loose the passionate storms
That sleep within thee. Deep hidden in thy veins
Burns the same desert fire that flushed the cheek
Of Cleopatra! Thou wert beautiful
As Trojan Helen if thou only roused
The tropic seas that wander in thine eyes!

LAURA *(half-afraid)*:
Oh, Raphaele! Thy voice is of the waste,
The desert or these windy hills!

RAPHAELE *(with gathering passion)*:
Content!
Amid the pageant of the crashing storms
That sweep across the purple moors. Content!
When the seas throb with color, and the shores
Tawny with sun, surge with a luxury
Of brilliant surf. Content! When night winds rise
Far on the whirling desert and the stars
Are veiled in rushing sand! Oh, thou hast missed
The whole of life, the tingling thrill of joy,
Even the golden bitterness of pain!

LAURA *(excited)*:
Is it a fever of the South that glows
Along my veins like wine? The rare perfumes
That clung about me vanish in the wind
That brings the breath of heath and moor and sea!
The cloudy past seems reeling with the dust,
Away across the hills!

RAPHAELE:
Oh, Laura, Laura!
Within thee autumn dawn begins to brim!
And spills the purple shadows of content
Over the rim of summer!
Laura!

LAURA *(in a whisper)*:
Hush!
What is it thrills the silence of the hills?

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(The Waste speaks.)

THE WASTE:

It is I, solitude and desolation,
The spirit of the lonely, barren hills,
The twilight moors, the beaches of the seas
Where blue-veiled distances across the heaths
Are like unfinished songs that lead one far
Among wild sloping glens, my autumn winds
Are restless with the sea's great discontent!

LAURA *(swayed)*:

Wild beauty! Old forgotten moods are roused
Within me by the chanting of the moors!
Things that I felt on the dim Asian plains
Ages ago!

RAPHAELE:

Oh, Laura, where art thou?
What is it calls thee from the valleys?

LAURA:

Hush!
Another voice, like spring's, sings from the seas
O'er swaying bloom in the long valleys!

RAPHAELE:

Laura!

(Earth speaks.)

EARTH:

Wake, oh, wake, for all the future calls!
Canst thou not hear, beyond the summer vales,
The singing of the poets yet to be?
Awake, for autumn floods the drowsy hills
With color! Answer thou the call of wind,
Of waste and purple moor! Awake!
Seek thou the joy, the bitterness of life,

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High-singing deeds, even the depths of crime!
Aught but the summer drowsiness and peace
Of sleeping valleys, not content, but joy!

RAPHAELE:

Ah, Laura! Thou art beautiful! The storm
Has broken in thee!

LAURA:

Look, the dawn!

(The sky flushes gradually beyond the hills. Another presence is felt now, not a voice, like those of Waste and Earth, but an intangible thing, at the same time terrible and lovely. Both feel it and grow hushed at the same moment. Laura sways slightly toward Raphaele. Suddenly he kisses her. The sun rises. They break through the bushes, wet with dew, at the top of the hill, gasping slightly with the sudden freshness of it. They go down the hill.)

Pierson Underwood.

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THE DUCHESS AND THE FAUN.

"I ALWAYS think of a duchess," I said, "as an old, hook-nosed woman, who leans on a staff, and frightens children by rumbling through the streets in a golden coach."

"Oh, no!" he cried. "My Duchess was young and fair."—Then he told me the tale.

"When the Duchess first promised to marry me," he said, "I was seized with a great desire to prove myself worthy of her. I knew that people were whispering that she would regret having married a young artist, a dreamer who had never been able to sell his dreams to the public; so I determined to produce a masterpiece and show the world that the Duchess had been able to see what it could not see, and that she had fallen in love with a great master. My whole soul, if necessary, I would put into my work, and, knowing that this could be done, I told her about it.

" 'Oh, what a bore!' she said. 'The lilac bushes are just beginning to blossom in my garden—you used to come and talk all afternoon, and now you won't stir out of this wretched studio! I don't believe you are speaking the truth.'

" 'I do mean it,' I said. 'For I know that people are saying that I am worthless.'

" 'Let them say it,' she cried. 'Why should we care? It is a wonderful time for riding, Allan; the trees are full of birds—and in the evening the sky is full of stars. It will be frightful if you are busy all the time.'

" 'Don't you want me to be known all over the world?' I asked. 'People are saying now that you should not think of marrying me—that you are far, far above me in every way.'

" 'That is just what you told me when you asked me to marry you, and I rather liked it,' she said, and turning her head slightly to one side, as a bird will, she laughed a little.

"Taking her hands in mine, I tried to show her why I wished to carry out this plan. 'You will realize when I am

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pronounced a great artist that what I am doing is the only correct thing to do; that it is for your sake—so that they will say that you had good judgment and married someone who, at least, ought to be able to appreciate you. And it is a far greater sacrifice for me than you. Do you suppose I want to work?'

" 'Well, let us not talk any more about it, now,' she sighed. 'Come and we will walk down by the river.'

" 'No,' I said; 'I begin the masterpiece to-day.'

"She stopped in the doorway before she left the studio.

" 'I know that if I leave you alone for awhile that this strange and unnatural desire for fame will disappear as quickly as it came.' Then she tried to smile as she always did when we parted.

"Next day she came, expecting, no doubt, to find me in a very bad humor, depressed, and in great need of encouragement; but when she opened the door I was working earnestly. There was a look of disappointment in her eyes.

" 'Why didn't you come to meet me?' she asked. 'Truly, Allan, it is very stupid of you to sit there knocking that piece of marble. I would much rather hear you tell me what you expect to do. However, we have come to stay, no matter how horrid and busy you are.'

"Then she called her little dog, who, weary from climbing the steep, winding studio stairs, had sat down, panting, in the hall. I never liked him for his face, with those patient, tired eyes and covered with silky, white hair, exactly resembled the face of an old man I had once seen, and it was not at all consistent with his little round body and tail that stood straight up in the air. The Duchess lifted him into her arms, and, with many caresses, placed him in the most comfortable chair in the room. Then she took off the hat with its large black velvet brim and the deep red ostrich plume—it was one that I had especially liked, for it made her hair seem even fairer—and sat down near me. I noticed that she was wearing the first gift I ever gave her—a small gold bracelet; I saw that the dress she wore was the one that I had stained with coffee the night we announced our engagement, when I had leaned quickly across the table to touch her hand when no one was

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looking. We had laughed about it many times, and she was sitting now so that I could not help but see the small, dark stain. She expected me to turn about, but if I did I knew all would be lost. After a few moments she began to hum the tune that the orchestra played the first dance that I had ever danced with her—that night of nights! Then she crossed the room and said things to her dog that I knew she would have said to me at any other time. At last she slowly put on her hat, tipped to one side to show as much of her hair as possible, and called her dog.

"'I shall not expect you for tea this evening,' she said at last. 'No, do not say that you would love to come, because I know that you will be too busy.'

"'Every morning after this, and most of the afternoon,' I said. 'I will have to work; but, of course, I shall come for tea.'

"That evening I had tea with the Duchess.

"'You have been thinking of nothing since you came, except that frightful statue,' she said. 'If you must talk about it and nothing else, what is it going to be?'

"'A faun,' I said. 'The gardener's boy has very unwillingly consented to pose.'

"'How uninteresting. Now, Allan, I shall have to ride this morning—all alone.'

"Again I protested that the sacrifice was mine, and that it was all for her, but as I left that evening she told me that she was sure that my love for her was changing.

"For many weeks I worked steadily; I found that the dream not only was possible, but exceeded my wildest hopes. After many entreaties the Duchess promised to come and see it. The day she promised to come I had found her having tea with Kingsley—they had been riding together.

"'Well, Allan,' she had said, when we were alone, 'you cannot expect me to ride alone all the time. I must visit with someone—sometimes you cannot come for tea. About the faun, I suppose I must see him, so you may expect me to-morrow.'

"When she came to the studio, at first she pretended not to notice the statue very much, and asked when it would be

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finished, and said that she hoped I would be free soon. But when I left the room for a minute, and returned, without her hearing me, I found her gazing intently at the faun's face. When she turned about and saw me, her eyes were darker than I had ever seen them; the flush of color had gone from her cheeks.

"'I hate it, Allan,' she cried. 'I hate it!'

"'Hasn't it any life?' I asked.

"'It has—it has,' she said. 'I did not believe that you could give it life—but you have, and I dislike it all the more for that reason. I hate its smile!' she cried. 'It seems to mock me, and say that you have given it what you could not give me—that you have given it the very best that you have. Oh, Allan,' she put her arms about me, 'tell me that you did care when you saw me with Kingsley!'

"'I knew,' I said, 'that it could mean nothing—and was glad that there was someone to ride with you when I could not be there.'

"'You did not care!' she cried, and she crossed the room, and stood looking out the window; when she spoke I could not see her face, but her hands were clasped tightly together. 'I wanted you, and you alone,' she said. 'I won't be second—I won't have you giving your very heart to a thing like that—that smiling statue. It hasn't the face of a man—it smiles like a woman would if she had taken you from me.'

"'You but imagine these things,' I said.

"'Oh, you cannot love me?' she cried, and she left before I could speak.

"For a moment I stood looking at the faun, and it did almost seem alive; in fact, I touched its outstretched hand to see if it were warm and lifelike, then I laughed at my own foolishness. I must finish it, I thought; the Duchess is jealous, but that will pass away when she hears of my great success; when I have finished it I shall do her slightest bidding—I shall worship her.

"Day after day I worked, and at last one late spring evening, as the dull gold bar of sunlight cast by the setting sun was slowly creeping across the studio floor, I pronounced the creation of the faun to be complete. Filled with a great joy,

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I stepped out onto the little balcony adjoining the studio, and I could not help laughing to myself. The sky seemed so very near to me that I felt that if I raised my hand, I could touch it.

" 'Finished!' I cried. 'Finished at last!'

"The thought of my triumph and my reception into the world as a great artist filled my mind—then I thought of the Duchess. Now I could turn to her once more! I thought of the neglect of which I was guilty, but I could soon reassure her of my sacrifice and love. Going back into the studio, I stopped before the faun; I stood there some time and then smiled back at it, and it seemed to me that its lips moved. Still gazing at it, I sat down at its feet with my hands clasped about my knee. How long I sat there I do not know, but when I rose again the bar of sunlight that had fallen across the floor had disappeared; as I turned I saw that someone was standing in the opening of the door—it was the Duchess! I could not see her face, but for a moment I did not dare move or speak. Then I went to meet her.

" 'I wondered if you would ever turn around, and see me,' she said, as I took her hands in mine. 'You are busy?'

"I bent to kiss her lips, but she turned away.

" 'No, no!' she said. 'Not now!'

"She drew her hands from mine and entered the room. I noticed that she avoided looking in the direction of the faun.

"I lighted a candle and placed it on the table by which she was sitting, and she shielded her eyes from the light by resting her head on her hand, which was trembling a little, I thought.

" 'In a short time,' I said, 'I shall be a great artist, pupils will come to me, I shall be known through all the world!'

" 'I did not ask for that,' she said.

" 'But it was for you,' I said, 'and I am free now, and can give all my time once more to you.'

" 'It is untrue!' she cried. 'You will be an artist all your life. You have given your very heart to that smiling statue there, and now you come to me when you have given it what was mine before! I know. Why did you sit there, and not hear me coming?'

"In her excitement she turned and looked at me. I saw that she had been weeping; I went and knelt at her feet.

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" 'You are all I have,' I said. 'You are my life. How can I work and have no one for whom I may work?'

" 'No!' she cried. 'I will not just be something that you may work for. It cannot be! I must live also—all this is impossible.'

"You cannot mean it!' I said. 'Can't you understand that your love means life to me?'

"She rose and crossed to the other side of the table, leaving me kneeling by the chair.

" 'I came,' she said, 'to tell you that we must part. You have not fulfilled your part all these days.'

"Then the thought flashed through my mind that she had been riding with Kingsley—maybe that very afternoon—that she had sung for him as she used to sing for me, that she had listened to him as she had listened to me.

" 'Kingsley!' I cried.

" 'It is his rose,' she said, and opening her cloak she showed me the deep red flower that hung upon her breast.

" 'You are not his!'

" 'I was willing to play my part,' she said.

" 'You are mine!'

" 'You have given your heart—your very soul—to that marble thing, and mine has been free to give also. I have given it, and not to you! You belong to that,' and she pointed to the faun.

"I reached across the table to seize her hand, but she drew it away; as I started to push the table, she quickly lifted the candlestick and threw it to the floor—the room was lost in darkness. I tried to reach the door before she did, and as I stumbled across the room with my hands out before me, I suddenly felt a hand in mine. At first I thought it hers and I grasped it tightly, but it was cold and hard as marble—it was the faun! Every vein in my body seemed frozen, and I stood as though bound to the spot. I heard her open the door, heard her steps on the stairs, and still I stood there holding the hand of the statue in mine. Then I drew my hand away—a terror seized me—she was gone—gone—maybe forever! I heard the sound of her horse's hoofs on the grove path below. My eyes were used to the darkness now,

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and I could see the outline of the faun's figure—although I could not see its face I knew that it was leering at me. A chisel, with which I had been working that afternoon, lay near my hand, and seizing it I hurled it at the statue; it hit the marble and glancing back I felt the sharp steel edge strike my forehead. Then something warm began to flow down over my eyes, blinding me—and I knelt at the faun's feet.

"Of course the Duchess married Kingsley."

Then he leaned across the table toward me, and smiled.

"But the statue *was* a masterpiece!"

David Hamilton.

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PORTFOLIO.

GRIEG.

Soft melodies, the crying out of souls,
Flash forth, through him, in pageantry of sound.
The low-hung clouds, the throbbing mountain streams
That dip pale fingers into depthless fiords
Are mingled, interwrought in tapestries
Of homespun woof. The threads of simple song
Are lost, then reappear among the sighs
Of winter winds. With crashing clouds,
With giants, girt with lightning and with pain,
Run laughing troops of shining little elves.
The June-clad Balder, dancing on the hills,
Is wrapped in shadows by grim, brooding Thor,
And all the music of the summer fields
Is caught into the whirlpool of the storm.
A living stream of molten melody
Surrounds us with the laughs and tears of men.
All life and light, all darkness, weird and wild,
All fire of youth, all moaning of the dead,
All songs, all creeds, all nations and all gods
Are surging in this golden burst of tone.

John Farrar.

MADEIRA

——There has been some fair prose, and some excellent poetic talent stirred by the Pillars of Hercules. To sight the rock forehead of Gibraltar, after a three months' buffet with the wind, the sea, and death is, I suppose, a spiritual experience, but unfortunately the prosaic regularity of the ocean greyhound has lowered the warmth of the spiritual experience. For Gibraltar it may be claimed that it *is land,* and hence comfort giving to the sea-tossed, if sharp rocks, and soldiers, be land and pregnant of good cheer. But to reach Madeira after a long Atlantic voyage is like the sudden change from yellow desert to green vineyard. There is enough of the unexpected to make you imagine magic, and magic which had had the power to banish the long leagues of the At-

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lantic's green waters, that have oppressed for many days, and uncurtain a new world, which is Wonderland.

Terrestially advising, it is wise to be hard hearted in landing at Madeira. For you are met by importunity: a clan of ragged kids with beautiful pathos in their eyes, who cry you tuppence, for the brightest of the blossoms of earth. And they put them, with pretty confidence on your arms, coats and buttonholes (superbly bluffing) and run off pretending to catch the coin that should come tumbling after. Beware, I say, of yielding, for before you have scaled La Bella Monte, and run the gauntlet of the crowded streets, your arms will be a garden of blossoms and your pocket wealth squandered. As ashes of bitumen in Pittsburg, so are flowers in Madeira; abundant and inescapable—on the rich slopes and in the tiny impertinent valleys. And never a leaf crinkled in disgust at a careless gardener or a blossom reddening into death. For there is no gardener to be careless, save Nature, and she has chosen this daughter for peculiar and passionate favors: winter must whip out his curses and scowl from afar; in the Sierra, rage icily if you will, where nobody cares.

I have always wondered what the deuce the Madeiran chatters of all day and every day, in his tiny, other-world isle. For he is at it every hour and minute, discussing his heart-promptings with the most unwearied passionateness. Not the standers-upon-street-corners, but the workers as well. Even the natives that tug visitors down in a basket over the paved path from La Bella Monte, discourse feverishly as they descend at breakneck speed. Portuguese when you listen with eager might is tempting as the melody of far hill music. There are the splendid vowels of Italian that you begin to recognize, and hintings here and there of Spanish speech, that you guess at faintly, and French liquids you have met with before. But like a piece of music you cannot quite understand, the theme is discovered and lost in each succeeding sentence.

It is the custom of nearly all men to swear. That is itself a horribly bromidic thing to do. Of tourists it is the custom to swear in prearranged directions, at Americans, for example, and funiculas. On this occasion I omitted my blasphemy for the Madeiran *funicula* moved heavenward directly for a view of the

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earth at its brightest and best. I whispered to myself: this is not our earth—gyrating wearily in the van of time, but it is an earth swept back a thousand seasons at least into the brightness of the miscalled Dark Ages. Or it is a theatre that a very talented but sensational artist has thrown into pigment for the public pleasure. Let me show you: there is a glorious hillside that Nature has arranged for man rather hastily, making it neither neat nor majestic: on this the patient-handed Madeirans started labor rather narrowly, owning no grand model of fairyland in their hearts, but working with two excellent tools, magic earth in the crannies of the rocks, and magic hearts that could fashion no ugly thing.

The colors of the flowers got into the hearts of these people, and they built houses like the rainbow. Over the green sea, running up the whole slope of La Bella Monte, are the red-tiled dwellings, like flame-ships, unreal as a painted summer's day. Unreal, for what people in a land of snow and steam engines, a land where people write books about the seriousness of life, and forget its color, would fresco their cattle sheds? Madeira is *splendid* in her unreality: her mountain of flowers, creeping over the houses and stables, over the garden wall, growing in profusion in the waste lands, and in the spots of cultivation; her flamed-tiled, frescoed houses; her simple, passionate, impracticable people! As such, then, Madeira must be sipped, as the delicate liqueur of dream only—at least by the passing traveler—to become heady only for a moment or two as the swift fumes rise, *or the boat leaves for Naples.*

It is hard to think of a railway pursuing a pathway of roses, yet the funicula does. Close by you can peek into the houses and especially the gardens, over high, properly decayed walls knit with grape vines. This is cultivated Madeira. Beyond, wherever the vineyard terraces give place, or there is an untutored spot behind a hut, or beside a scrap of forest, is *wild Madeira,* island jungle. Still the amazing flowers persist. Persist is the word, for nowhere are they veritably gardened, or coaxed into growth. Effects are unfolded by *permitting* here, by excluding there. In these so-called wild areas, they are perhaps more thickly growing and informal. Nature and the Madeiran vary but slightly in their spontaneous arrangement. Indeed, the island is meant to show how flowers grew before they

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were brought into the polite society of garden formality, and yet grew with garden abundance. It rather antedates Eden, I think.

At the top of La Bella Monte, the visitor, of course, does the thing for which he came to Madeira. But when he has put down the last glass on a porcelain table, he may perhaps catch sight of the background of his picture. In different climes, I am ready to swear the waters of the sea adopt a locally characteristic hue. Perhaps at Madeira it is merely a matter of seasons and sunlight, but I am sure the Atlantic that day viewed from La Bella took on the peculiar blue of the Mediterranean. Shelley's *pumice isle* is apt:

> " . . . Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
> The blue Mediterranean where he lay
> Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams
> Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay—"

For a moment it is merely a picture's background, delight-giving for its color, interesting with its ships motionless on the summer tide. But a new moment takes the strip of blue edging from the perfect picture, and makes of it the great ocean that wastes half the planet. I stand upon a tiny, almost invisible, oasis, midway in the Atlantic desert, and think lonelily of the leagues before me that I do not see but feel oppressively. Somehow Madeira has caught up still more of dream. Across such leagues have I sailed in the region between midnight and morning to reach such an isle ideal: of beauty indescribable, with the symphony of all colors in unimagined brilliance.

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Football Scores.

Yale, 21; Virginia, 0.
Yale, 20; Lehigh, 3.
Yale, 28; Notre Dame, 0.
Yale, 7; Washington and Jefferson, 13.
Yale, 49; Colgate, 7.

Phi Beta Kappa

has elected the following members of the Senior Class: R. S. Dubois, G. L. Gutwillig, R. C. Hilliard, W. Holden, J. R. Howard, L. Morrison, R. Naylor, R. Seiler, B. S. Shuman, E. Vorseler.

The Pundits from 1915

are: J. Easton, F. Bangs, F. Tuttle, R. MacDonald, A. MacLeish, D. Moore, W. R. Jutte, C. A. Merz, L. S. Weiss.

The Junior Class

elected its Promenade Committee as follows: Elmore M. Bostwick, Chairman; Henry J. Crocker, Floor Manager; George C. Carrington, Donald C. Shepard, Kinley J. Tener, Gilbert E. Porter, Alexander D. Wilson, Foster M. Hampton.

The Sophomore Class

elected its German Committee as follows: Harvey Le Gore, Chairman; Knight Woolley, Floor Manager; Spencer A. Pumpelly, Oliver B. Cunningham, Frank B. Shepard.

The Elihu Club

elected the following members from 1915: R. DeF. Boomer, B. L. Coley, R. E. Matthews, H. T. Morse, C. F. Winston. Elections were refused by C. Bennitt, Robert Hunter, J. H. Sharp and N. F. Thompson.

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The University Cross-Country Team
defeated Princeton on October 31st.

The Academic Senior Council
is composed of the following: E. A. Burtt, R. H. MacDonald, John D. Robb, W. M. Shedden, L. S. Middlebrook, E. J. Stackpole, R. M. Thompson.

The Academic Senior Class
elected the following officers and committees: Class Orator, E. A. Burtt; Class Poet, A. MacLeish; Class Day Committee, R. H. MacDonald, W. M. Shedden, E. J. Stackpole, R. M. Thompson, J. Walker; Supper Committee, S. R. Davenport, E. B. Harrison, J. S. Reilly, R. M. Thompson, B. A. Tompkins; Ivy Committee, R. DeF. Boomer, J. C. Brown, F. W. Tuttle.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

The Restoration of the American Merchant Marine. By The American Steamship Association, New York.

This has become an absorbing problem. There is hardly an American citizen who has not heard of the days of the Yankee packets, when our Merchant Marine was spelled in towering capitals. And to-day a large number of us see a chance to carry the Stars and Stripes to the place of mercantile glory which it once held. Why it has lost that place, what laws have foiled it and what forces have placed foreign shipping on the seas while wiping out that of America is set forth in the above pamphlet. Whether pro or con regarding the question it will be of value in aiding the reader to grasp the question.

International Conciliation. The American Association for International Conciliation, publishers, New York City.

We desire to call to the attention of our readers this compact pamphlet regarding the present war. Only in one way can war be avoided, by careful study of present conditions and earnest endeavor for their rectification. The pamphlet in question furnishes excellent grounds for study. It is composed of the four essential official documents which must be depended upon for a clear view of the developments leading up to the first of last August. These are: (1) The Austro-Hungarian Note to Servia; (2) The Servian Reply; (3) The British White Paper; (4) The German White Book. Great pages of history are being written daily, and the preface to these new chapters lies in the four documents cited above. Let us not misunderstand.

Rada. A Drama in One Act. By Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

The scene is laid in the home of a doctor in a Balkan village. The plot is the fairly obvious one of a bereaved mother trying to

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shield herself and her young daughter from the drunken soldiery and being forced at the end to suicide. The brutality of the soldiers, the innocence of the child and the ravings of an idiot produce the dramatic points which center on the fact that the action happens on Christmas Eve.

Obviously there are dramatic opportunities here. But they can not be handled brutally if they are to produce the desired effect, for brutality brutally treated falls into bad melodrama or loses force by repetition. Mr. Noyes has, we think, fallen into this trap, as evidenced in the way he treats the point of the widow's ring being hung on the child's Christmas tree. A powerful touch in itself the effect has been weakened by comments on the subject some time before the really gripping incident occurs. This seems a bad error and there are far too many like it in the course of the play to admit clean drawing of the foci of dramatic situations. We believe that with the really excellent material at hand a far more skillful drama should have been produced.

Besides being a "drama," however, "Rada" seems to be a verse drama. At least, its major part is composed of lines each beginning with a capital, and this, we believe, to be a convention in most verse. But why the verse exists is not altogether evident, nor is it easy, the fact of verse being established, to decipher the scheme of the meter. In large part it seems to be very ragged dramatic pentameter, but every now and then we find such lines as:

> "Howling like a wolf, with his belly blown out,"

and—

> "Many of them never seem to understand"

which defy pentameter scansion and read into a six-beat meter. These lines are set off by such an one as:

> "That remains to be seen; that remains to be seen."

which is again evidently not pentameter.

And even in the lines which seem to scan we find the little daughter saying:

> "The gramaphone! O, that's the gramaphone!"

at a time when there is no need for a jarring line. What Mr.

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Noyes meant we are at loss to say. If he aimed to write pentameter lines roughly to symbolize his theme he has more than succeeded. He has stripped every vestige of subtlety from his poetry as he has stripped effectiveness from the drama. He will not allow his audience to think. And because we feel that this play is a failure we venture to hope that such a work as "Rada" will soon be blotted out by a return to the days of the "Barrel Organ" and "The Highwayman." Mr. Noyes is a singer, but his lyre is out of tune in the roar of battle. Let us hope that he will seek out more romantic themes in the future and once more give us poetry. J. C. P.

The Anti-Trust Act and the Supreme Court. By the Hon. William H. Taft. Harper & Bros., New York and London.

The mind of the layman is a much abused object. More especially is this the case when legal problems of real difficulty arise demanding recognition. And when such cases as those raised by the long celebrated Sherman Anti-Trust Law come before him even the man who has a bowing acquaintance with judicial questions goes gasping down under a sea of "said party of first said part" raised to the nth degree of apparent complication. Every man to his own profession, and if it be a lawyer's business to wade through these fearsome conglomerations of language, we are apt to say, "Go; and may Heaven bless thee." Then we return to contemplate the less intricate.

It is thus that our lack of understanding has arisen. The reviewer will venture to say that out of one hundred men actually interested in the matter—as laymen—not half a dozen have been able to follow out the workings of the Supreme Court with any consistency. This has been particularly true in the Sherman cases. Who, merely reading the accounts of the decisions, has not been bewildered by the apparently vacillating standards used, who has really understood how the court could in conscience reverse so completely the decision in the Sugar Trust Case to produce those against the Standard Oil and the American Tobacco Companies? Was it not due to mere change of men and is not the judiciary therefore subject to be almost extraordinary extent to the caprices of changing human nature?

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The present volume exhaustively, clearly, briefly, and best of all, readably answers these queries. Professor Taft, starting from the passage of the law, carries it through stage after stage and traces the complete course of the Supreme Court from 1890 to the present day. The failure to apply common law principles at first, though the object of the statute was admitted, the error in such failure and the elimination of it by the later cases is outlined in such a way that the most casual reader can appreciate fully the essential points under discussion. Professor Taft has attempted to clear away the mists for the eyes of all of us, and in the opinion of the reviewer he has succeeded magnificently. An experienced judge, he turns upon the matter all the power of his calm, conservative judicial ability and in his steady reasoning we find foundation which enables us both to judge and to realize the logical, sound working of the first body of the judiciary.

J. C. P.

The Gilded Chrysalis. By Gertrude Pahlow. Duffield & Co., New York.

The heroine of Mrs. Pahlow's story is an American girl who, after being brought in the embassy of the United States in Paris by her aunt the Ambassadress, has married a young professor holding a minor seat in a New England university. Her adventures and experiences in the college town in which she must make her home form the matter of the novel, though the emphasis is laid not upon these episodes but on the resultant development of Cicely's character.

While some of the minor characters are excellently drawn, there is considerable skepticism in the reviewer's mind as to the plausibility of the various occurrences incidental to the plot. Also there seems much doubt that a girl as thoroughly frivolous, heartless and unlikable as Cicely should ever become the thoughtful, intelligent woman that we are told her experiences made her.

Save for a few bits of good description and the occasional character drawing aforementioned the novel is carried upon very small merits. The immediate impression is that the work is overdrawn. Cicely is too spoiled, her husband too enamored of his work, and their conversations express a desire on the part of

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the author to exhibit brilliant dialogue. But we must remember that Mrs. Pahlow is a new author. Allowance must be made and we may fairly hope that in "The Gilded Chrysalis" the authoress does not reach the limit of her ability. T.

The Unpopular Review. Henry Holt & Company, publishers, New York.

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE is honored in receiving the copies of this new and already illustrious quarterly. Here at New Haven we have one fine example of this type of periodical, and it is a real pleasure to see another come into existence. We wish it the best of success.

"The Unpopular Review" deals in subjects of interest to every thinking man, yet aiming at a standard of conservatism it feels justified in calling itself unpopular. That this title by no means describes its reception we are certain. And in its conservatism it has adopted the very unusual system of withholding the names of its contributors until the issue after the publication of their works, thus avoiding the name prejudice. An agreeable contrast to the "see who's here" covers of our popular magazines. We have only praise for this admirable new publication. It is needed, for our country is recoiling from the wave of gaity as the sky clouds with the smoke of the Great War. We must be thoughtful now, and this newest encouragement to thought will have a most salutary effect. J. C. P.

"The East I Know." By Paul Claudel. Yale University Press, New Haven.

The preface to this volume gives one idea of how and by whom the work was done. The reviewer, however, after careful consideration, offers the following solution: Some time ago a dreamer was born who, besides his ability to dream, was able to learn the views of science and ethics and their applications to the world. And in due time he left his home and walked through the world letting its lights and shadows play upon his spirit. And because it was such a spirit as few men ever imagine it grew and at last it was able to open the gate to a soul able to hold

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the whole of humanity. Then ideas and visions and mysteries heard of the still uncrowded haven and trooped after humanity. And when nothing more entered because all were within the gates were closed and the great soul began its instruction of its charges. The soul was Paul Claudel, and the instruction is in the form of his books of which "The East I Know" is a most delightful example.

The book consists of a series of essays and sketches, most of them rather short, depicting scenes of the author's life in China and Japan. Now and then also we find a short space of pure imagination and an occasional flash of a poet's view of life. The actual work is well-nigh indescribable, for it is of such beauty that any attempt to paraphrase it or to summarize it would be sacrilege. One must read to know its charm, to feel the dim mystery of the life, to see the flaring of the sunset behind bare mountains, to look up at the great Pagoda and understand its appeal.

Claudel's imagery is supreme. Evening meets him beneath the pines as he walks home. There is no sunset description. Claudel says simply, "It is the hour when one commences to see the fire-flies, hearth-fires of the grass," and leaves us to paint the scene. Again in the sketch—we had almost said poem—entitled, "November," he says, "Before I reach the pines night falls and the cold moon lights me. This seems to me the difference: that the sun looks at us, but we look at the moon. Her face is turned away, and like a fire which lights up the bottom of the sea, she makes every shadow become visible." Yet again he writes upon "Doors," beginning thus: "Every solid door opens upon less than is shut out by its particular panels. Many, through progress in the occult, have gained Yamen, the solitary state, and the court which a great silence fills; but if anyone, after attaining this degree, at the moment when his hand is poised for a blow on the drum offered to visitors hears the sound of his name penetrating the distance like a muffled cry (because the spouse or the sons of the dead are shouting loudly into his left ear), and if he vanquishes his fatal languor long enough to draw away one or two steps from the doors just barely opening to his desire—his soul will regain its body. But no melody of a name

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can rescue those who have taken the irretrievable step over the secret sill."

And yet in spite of this strain of mysticism and these pictures which draw us inevitably toward themselves the reviewer is inclined to prefer most of all Claudel's telling of a story. Such is the case in "The Bell" and "The Tomb," in both of which all the imagery and mysticism of the more abstract passages is gathered and applied to concrete forms. And in this application we have the author at his very best.

There is, however, small use in going on. If the reader prefers the shadow sketching of Tagore, Claudel can give it to him as well as the Hindu poet has done. If he admires the beautiful telling of a tale let him read Claudel. And if he would wander through lands of wonder—and humanity—guided by a master who understands beyond belief how he should see the world let him sail away to Claudel's East and standing on the deck as the storm-driven ship enters harbor let his introduction be formed in the poet's words on the sunset:

"For a welcome I have this farewell, richer than a promise! The mountain is vestured in rose and violet, the marriage of light and night. I lift to God my gratitude. . . . This time I shall not drink the bitter waters!"

J. C. P.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

"A. Pope," said Ossawatomie to Leander, "could not have written a better Editor's Table than yours. It is a gem; and I agree with you in what you say, but—"

"Grrrrrrrr!!" growled Mr. Thorean. "Don't start me on this subject. I feel too strongly about the matter. Please, Oss, don't go and get cold feet about it. Someone deserves something, and Leander gives it to him—well!"

"Cold feet," repeated Ossawatomie, "is what you need rubbed on your lines. You're too excited. You talk as if you had a hot water-bag instead of a head. Cool off, and listen to reason. As a matter of fact, we all agree at bottom. What is your opinion, Cato"

"I think," said Cato, "that the gentleman under discussion is an unapproachable, an unbelievable—a—a—oh, all that Leander said, but I don't approve of this method of attack."

"Oh, gee!" exploded Mr. Thorean, "you're all a crowd of quitters. Why, I—"

"Thanks, all," interrupted Leander suddenly, "but I've changed my mind; we'd better not run it—it is a poor policy, I suppose."

As soon as he could be heard above the sound of the disappointed sobs that were shaking the form of Mr. Thorean, Ossawatomie exclaimed, "Well, where's Harlequin? He's got to write us a Table now."

Mr. Thorean raised a tear-stained face.

"Where are the daughters of the moon?"

Quotha.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

DECEMBER, 1914.

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CONTENTS OF NO. DCCX

ON JEREMIADS .... *John Crosby Brown 2nd* 97
DIONYIUS REJECTS .... *C. R. Walker, Jr.* 101
THE BLACK SWAN .... *David Hamilton* 109
THE PASSAGE OF DREAMS .... *David Hamilton* 110
A FRIENDSHIP .... *Howard Buck* 116
RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE .... *Gordon Bodenwein* 117
THE OX .... *David Hamilton* 123
KHESDEB'S QUEST .... *Joseph S. Alderman* 124
PORTFOLIO 134
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA 139
BOOK REVIEWS 142
EDITOR'S TABLE 152

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eightieth Volume with the number for October, 1914. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competitors of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 20th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Business Manager or his authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Business Manager.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the EDTIORIAL MANAGEMENT of the periodical must be addressed to Archibald MacLeish, Chairman. Communications with regard to the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT to Alfred O'Gara, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX DECEMBER, 1914 No. 3

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1915.

JOHN CROSBY BROWN ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
OLIVER McKEE JOHN CARLISLE PEET
FRANK WRIGHT TUTTLE.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

ALFRED H. O'GARA

ON JEREMIADS.

THE prophet Jeremiah is a personage who is generally accorded the deepest veneration. The profundity of his wisdom and the accuracy of his knowledge we are accustomed to accept without question. Dignity, antiquity and the respect of mankind combine to lend to his lightest word the authority of an ukase. Yet the present writer has always felt that Jeremiah never did true justice to Babylon. That metropolis may, indeed, have been "a golden cup . . . that hath made all the earth drunken," yet a city which presented mankind with unexcelled systems of irrigation, astral theology and woman suffrage, not to mention an enchanting fashion of curling the beard, surely deserves a higher estimate from posterity. We can understand why ringlets and feminine jurists should fail to appeal to Jeremiah, but that he should overlook the sound contributions of a great civilization is a more serious matter.

There have appeared during the last year in the columns of the *News* and the *Alumni Weekly* three Jeremiads which, taken compositely, present a picture of modern undergraduate life compared to which the existence of the most effete and wastrel of Babylonians is an inspiring example. The becurled dandy

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of the Babylonian palace boudoir is outdone by the modern Yale man who, in the first of these lamentations, is represented as "going and doing his hair" during the rare intervals when he is not "plunged in oolong" in the company of "gentle and refined companions." Another critic covers several pages in attempting to prove that the typical present-day Yale student neither wishes to study, nor is stimulated nor compelled to do so. According to him the average healthy young man spends his four years here in a state of mental passivity corresponding to that of an idol or of a winged bull. The third complainant bewails the arrogance of the modern youth who takes it upon himself to consider and discuss college traditions, and implores him to reflect that "he is just as bad as we were twenty years ago," at which time he states with commendable frankness, "we were a bad lot."

These criticisms represent fairly accurately the point of view of a large body of graduates who feel that the spirit and vital force has ebbed out of Yale, and that she is to-day an uninspired if not a decadent institution. They view with amazed indignation such outcroppings of Satanism as tea drinking and the untrammeled discussion of ancient traditions. "Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed," cried the prophet; "howl for her." And these graduates howl for Yale, somewhat prematurely, we feel. Yet their ululations resound through the length and breadth of the country, inspiring people who have no other means of contact with the college with a lamentable notion of existing undergraduate life.

As a matter of fact, Yale has never been more thoroughly alive than she is to-day. The modern undergraduate puts into Yale life an offering of manly fellowship, of concentrated physical and mental work as generous as that of any previous generation. The Yale spirit is not dead. Two years ago, at the time of President Taft's inauguration as a faculty member, it broke into a scorching flame of loyalty and enthusiasm such as the Campus had not seen before, even in the days of our mythological athletic demi-gods, when the word Yale was synonymous with prowess and invincibility and the full flush of a glorious, carefree life. Modern Yale students no longer, it is

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true, exultantly trample each other down and whang at each other's knuckles in prescribed conflicts; they no longer congregate around the tables at Mory's "roaring with booze and victory" (at least not as a general thing). The roaring and bullying and carousing tradition is overthrown; it has become a decayed, hollow giant in black armor, impotent and self-distrustful, whom, if he should return among us, the merest tea-sipping Sir Gareth could overthrow by a twist of his little finger. But, it scarcely follows that the hardihood, the exuberance, the fine, vigorous manhood of early days has departed from us.

For him whose ideals of young manhood are personified by the black giant—and from the nature of their comments we are unwillingly led to infer that an extensive body of our graduates place themselves in this category—it has, however. Moreover, our critics are not content with denouncing our loss of boisterousness and physical prowess; they maintain that Yale scholarship has deteriorated together with Yale vigor, and that the student of to-day develops his mind no more than his body. I need not specifically deal with these various charges here; they have been answered elsewhere with force and efficiency, and their misapprehensions and exaggerations exposed. Suffice it to treat of their general trend, their underlying motif. These graduates are really bewailing, not so much the particular evils which they attack, as the fact that they find the Yale of to-day different from the Yale they knew, that it presents to graduates of fifteen or twenty years ago a changed and in many respects unfamiliar face.

The old Yale was one of simplicity, of centralization, of stability. Yale undertook a few activities and excelled in them. To-day Yale is a rapidly growing, constantly changing and developing organism, passing continually through new phases and showing every few months new aspects. It has had to adapt and modify itself to deal with the new attitudes and questionings and problems of the twentieth century. Each class in society, each corner of the country has made its peculiar needs and demands felt. School and sectional clubs with their scholarships, and the whole fabric of extra-curriculum has grown up until there are ten outlets for surplus energy to-day

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to every one of the past. Co-existent with a broadening in the scope and effectiveness of the curriculum we believe that there has been a quickening of the intellectual life of the college, a widening and deepening interest in the things of the mind and the spirit. The undergraduate may still develop his mental sinews through the exercise of advance calculus, but he may also quench his spirit's thirst by fire draughts of Francis Thompson or Compton Leith. And the significant thing is that here and there he is commencing to do so. To deal with the complex and subtle and many-sided problems of our age we need minds and understandings that are sensitive and firm and keen edged, and there are no finer polishing and tempering instruments than the new courses in the rarer and subtler phases of philosophy and literature at Yale.

That superb surplus energy which characterized the graduate of yore is employed to-day in dealing with these new and complicated factors. It is only natural that so deep lying, gradual and intangible a change should be imperceptible to those not in the closest contact with the developing life of the college, whereas certain spectacular accompaniments have at once attracted graduate attention. Temporary athletic reverses, an apparent incursion of dilettantism, and a destructively critical undergraduate frame of mind have called down graduate lamentation and opprobrium. Yet may we not justly interpret these phenomena as mere incidents, regrettable though they be, in a transition stage toward a higher plane of development?

The question can be answered only after an intimate and personal study of existing collegiate conditions. But it is just such a scrutiny as this which we have a right to expect from those who go before the world as our critics. We do not shrink from criticism; we appreciate that which we have received in the past, and we seek more, realizing the inestimable value of the comment of tested and experienced men upon the various aspects of undergraduate activity. We cannot have too many graduate criticisms and comments on the successively developing phases of Yale life. But we ask that these be made only after a careful scrutiny of existing conditions and with a first-hand knowledge of all the pertinent facts.

John Crosby Brown, 2nd.

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DIONYSIUS REJECTS.

THE letter that the Philologist had written was addressed to the most depraved man in eleven States—and the most amusing. There was a newspaper clipping on a pamphlet of Hindu dialects that printed a screaming speech he had just made at a perfectly disreputable club. It was steeped in the attar of humor. Whenever Tuck spoke, or threatened to speak by an odd act of lip pursing, the company became insane with laughter. Tuck, you see, was a man who laughed his way through life. He laughed his way upstairs into the most respectable drawing-rooms of the city, and laughed his way downstairs into the most profligate dives and ordinaries.

Now, if you, reader, in your stolidity, had asked the Philologist why he was writing to Derby Tuck, he would have answered by throwing a cloud of powder in your eyes, saying, perhaps, "To pay my rent." That would have been a corner of the truth. The whole truth would run something like this: Besides the Coptik syntax that paves the soul of me, Dariah Pemberton, there is fused a quality of sprightly though latent humor. Now, if there are two great intellects in the world it is ever a shame if they do not meet. The same holds good for humor. And there you have the reason for the note on the Hebrew grammar. By the way, the note said:

" . . . and so might we not soften the ill relation betwixt us of publican and sufferer, and settle our debts next time over Falernian and Chian wine. My passion, I swear it, is wine and pleasantry!

"Most sincerely, sir,

"Dariah Pemberton,

"Bigley Professor of Comparative Philology, and Wecklein Professor of Hamitic Literature."

"The children are fighting, Dariah. I need somebody to dampen 'em down a bit!" It was spoken by Mrs. Pemberton from the piazza.

Mr. Dariah came out at once, impersonating the necessary rain cloud. He is worthy, perhaps, of a word or two, being

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the vortex about which sequent paragraphs will gyrate gently. Fate had made his face, his chin, his hair, his brow, and his legs in quite a masculine cut, quite adverse to the inside of his soul. He had the chin of a Methodist preacher (along in the '40's), and the brow of a German professor, properly bald; his mouth was grave, a bit abstract, but impressive; his frame took his black clothes gravely if not gracefully, and his legs were serviceable without boasting calves. It is clear why Mrs. P. had assigned him the rain-cloud rôle for stopping joy and fighting. It had always been his rôle since his twenties! Whenever Dariah entered company everyone retreated into the colder region of their souls. It was the one thing he did excruciatingly well—freeze souls. Men called him "Judge" unwittingly, though in reality he was a grammarian. Now for the lining of his soul—the place transcending the black neck-cloth and the reedy legs. Herein was a great deal of imprisoned sunlight and much laughter rollicking around. Dariah Pemberton used to sit at dinner parties and when the poor, thrice-stale epigrams circled tittering, he would say to himself, "How weak, how flat! I will tell them a tale." Then he would pick forth a finely ridiculous, side-rending squib, something that a boy of twenty might say in the quick comedy light of a moment, or a boylike old man of sixty from a laughing heart, and, turning to the diners, he would begin. But ever at that spontaneous instant, some silver cord or other would be broken, and his tongue refuse to prove him Mark Twain. When his bald head lifted from his cabbage and his thin, abstract lips moved, silence would fall blanketlike over the company, and group laughter-tinklings, here and there, hush into respect. Mum, mum, the Philosopher! quietly announced the atmosphere. Hear, hear! 'tis Webster speaks, the pendant nether lips murmured. And then what could happen? Instead of trippingly telling the squib of the cat and the fly-paper, his quaking heart would falter, and his lips end by quoting Quintillian.

Pemberton looked forth through the frame of ivy that ringed his study door at the group of noisy youths, tossing about laughter and fire, and Mrs. P. observing all with her disapproving and perpetually frightened face, and a white-winged

harbinger said to his heart: *This day a crisis will leap into life.* I feel the glow of my 'teens.
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They were not his own children becoming quarrelsome on the veranda. He had none. They were nephews and nieces, the Hillary boys and the Dewberry girls.

"Damn the sailing, then; what else can this dead town offer?"

"Tiddle-de-winks," mused a Hillary son.

Pemberton disarranged his hair with one hand and sat down fragmentarily on the hammock. He had caught a word or two as he came through the ivy.

"Ho—nothing to do; not irremediable—" O grievous professor; "Bally unfortunate—" hardly better; "Kids, why don't you"—grabbing a straw—"*picnic?*"

Three of the Dewberry boys and Ann arranged a courteous snicker. Reginald spread his hands out deploringly over his knees. "Uncle, said he, in a ghostly tone, "will you go with us?"

Jim snorted uncomfortably.

"Never thought anything different," returned Dariah, poising happily on the edge of the hammock. "We will take some of Mrs. Pemberton's biscuits and *dried beef* and JAM, and walk to Groton Crown. There is a view thence, unobstructed for miles, of picturesque and instructive lowland. The boys, of course, won't care for the view"—Oh, bland, bland smile—"but while the girls are gazing at Nature in her splendor the boys—"

"Can be eating Aunt Caroline's biscuits," murmured James faintly.

Mrs. P.'s biscuits produced a conversational fog. The rain cloud was beginning to scatter its drops.

One of the Hillary boys sat up suddenly with energy. "Why don't we really think of something?" he suggested reasonably.

This was a spear thrust. Dariah slid from the hammock, absorbing lightning into his eyes from the sunbeams. He threw wide his arms in a Methodist gesture, and opened his vigorous mouth:

"Why shall we not picnic to-day on Groton Crown?" he thundered, as if voicing a call to repentance. "Mrs. Pemberton

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always has biscuits left over—somebody can bring a boiled egg!"

Dariah felt the chance for a life crisis slipping into vapor, and he reached after it desperately. The wife knew nothing about the crisis element. She thought Pemberton's soul at its normal temperature, a temperature which she had perused with diligence for thirty-eight years. She made no move toward biscuits, dried beef and jam, for Groton Crown, she reasoned sagely, would be evaporating into mental mist in ten minutes, and Dariah be creeping through the ivy-ringed door to correct the proofs for "Syntactical affinities in Yiddish and Phœnician." Besides, she sighted two figures pushing their way through the leaves of the arbor, that were enough to break up any crisis.

"We will start at half-past nine, and our young legs ought to bring us there by two," said Dariah more gently, his arm motion subsiding.

"I say we do it," said nephew Reginald.

The figures arrived and pattered up the steps. One was a man without a character, a friend of Mrs. Pemberton's family, whose visits were unaccountable. The other—*mirabile dictu*—was Derby Tuck!

"Good-morning," said he, formally leaving the Hillary boys and the Dewberry girls out of notice, "how's the Judge?"

The Humorist winced at the title, finally managing:

"Younger each day, Mr. Tuck. If you have good courage, sir, take a seat on the hammock. Wrackett, can you manage with this settee?"

Mr. Wrackett was the person, *sans* character. He sank limply into the settee, and after a brief gasp at greeting closed up like an oyster. He had been second assistant secretary to the secretary of the Consul to Chili, and had learned the trick in the diplomatic service.

"I've come to convince you, Judge, that the slight increase in rent for your home is not only reasonable but inevitable," began Tuck, with conscious pride in his cleverness and depravity.

The kids prepared to leave the piazza altogether. Ann picked up her bonnet, Reginald gathered in his blazer, and Jim whistled a recessional. Mrs. P. sighted the picnic wraith disappearing over the horizon, and took her filigree work from

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the work basket. Clouds, clouds, clouds. Suddenly Dariah Pemberton shot a bolt fringed with red levin.

"You're just in time, Tuck! *We're off on a picnic.* We boys are taking the girls up Groton Crown. But we must have a lunch—"

The little diplomatist looked about wildly for escape. Derby Tuck opened his mouth to laugh, but dropped an eye-glass on the veranda, which, as it slipped through one of the large cracks, broke his heart.

Dariah rubbed his hands with unction and pushed Mrs. P. into the house after her biscuits. "Can you supply doughnuts, Wrackett?" he said, laying his hand on the secretary's fragile knee-cap.

And so the crisis was given its fillip. If the Gods still laugh, here is a choice occasion. When the party of three boys and four girls, with the Philologist in the center, mounted the dusty steeps of Groton Crown, surely Apollo played ragtime on Olympus! Mrs. P. led the train, edging up the slope with her twisted little mouth twisted a little more, and her nephew propelling her vigorously. Tuck trudged forward, laughing, and carrying quarts and quarts of bottled lemonade in a green bag. The diplomatist guarded the rear with Mrs. Pemberton's biscuits. He was unattacked.

But the crisis unfolded beautifully. Before Dariah left home he had sworn in four languages a deep and terrifying oath, that he would be the funniest man in the party. It was halfway up the dusty country road toward the Alpine peak that his fountain of wit overflowed into diamond spray. They sat down for a moment's rest in a meadow fraught with grasshoppers, and near a country church, into which worshippers were slowly filing for morning prayer.

"Tuck, you look like a pickle trying to act like a lump of sugar." Tuck did. It was a good beginning. "Wrackett, don't flirt with my wife!" Wrackett was couched on a tuft of thistles and offering one of Mrs. P.'s biscuits to Mrs. P. The boys fairly barked with laughter. Wrackett paled and ate the biscuit himself—O Pinacle! The girls swept into giggles.

And then all the pickled heap of latent laughs in Dariah's

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breast rose in a clamor. All the unborn, repressed spontaneities of sixty-two years flickered and flamed. He cut into the air with a blazing torch—he would light the wits again before the ashes came.

"How keenly I recollect my youth," he began. "I used to climb the Crown often in those days—with a girl on each arm—oh, why smear your soul!—that was when my wrinkles were all dimples, and my hair was still visible." An old joker's part is half done before he opens his mouth. Everyone knows he is fated to be funny and so they prepare their larynxes for spasms. Dariah felt he was winning his listeners. "My aunt had bought new fly-paper—"

A woman slit the crisis in the center. She came across the green at an astounding speed, her green Sunday-best shawl fluttering in the breeze like a standard, straight to the budding humorist, and froze things up without mercy. Her voice was New Englandy and angular like her shoulders and hips.

"Is there a man here," she said, with somewhat dubious intonation, looking over Wrackett to where the humorist stood. "The preacher hain't come," she trundled on. Clearly she had run down from the meeting-house, her hymn book dangling from her hand. "And it's now thirty minutes after meetin' an' the church is full." She paused to stock up breath. "We want a man to read the service—a man. If I was a suffragette I would—but I ain't.—The janitor's blind."

Pemberton's jaw stood poised on the cat and fly-paper. It took him minutes to realize the angular apparition in calico. Mrs. P. bobbed and gurgled, the girls prepared to laugh. At length Reginald yawned.

"Let's draw lots," said he.

"Oh, my God, no!" whispered Tuck. "I might have to do it."

"Dear, no," put in the American legate, "let's not draw lots. My heart couldn't weather it.—Well, Pemberton?"

The woman grew warm and fluttered about. "There are men-folk in our congregation, but they seem to hev' stayed away this mornin'. It wouldn't be right not to have meeting just because the men-folk—"

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"Let the Judge do it," snapped Tuck quickly. "We will come and pass the box."

Reginald arose. "Of course," he said.

The New England woman dragged them up the hill in rude haste. "You look like a parson," she remarked, beaming into the Humorist's eyes, eyes that were wet with warm tears.

When they were in the hat-room she groomed him for the ordeal. "You needn't preach," she said; "just read the gospel and sing the hymns out loud and spiritual; then pray for rain and the President of the United States and the Selectmen, and pray for the *departed dead.*" She straightened his necktie for him. "Don't forget," she said, "to pray for the *dear, departed dead!*"

He rumbled through the service with tremendous effect, his heavy voice thundering pompously through the songs of David, and his prayers edifying his congregation with religious awe at the polysyllables. They grew weepy at his intercessions about rain—rain for the corn, the beets, the potatoes and the lima beans. He gave a pathetic and rather careful cataloguing. But it was a mighty religious and emotional capsizal when he touched the borders of the dear departed dead. His phrasing grew Pauline in its eloquence, and the timbre of his voice took unto itself a terror in the midst of gripping pity, and a pity amid its terror. The church swayed in the tidal wave of regenerative emotion. Mrs. Moffit drenched the sleeve of her linen shirtwaist with hot tears. Even the Hillary boys and the Dewberry girls felt strangely about the heart, and buried their eyes in perspiring palms. They wondered whence came this supreme gift to the voice of the Philologist.

Wondered, but might not know—thanks to the Vest of the Flesh. For the German brow, properly bald, held blackness and ruin, and cinders—a beautiful crisis all battered and torn and the lava of burning thought abroad scalding the central atmosphere. Had he not started the critical day with youth and laughter within and without him on the piazza? Had he not organized out of his own effervescence a picnic to Groton Crown, including a consular ex-secretary, a depraved publican, and a wife? Oh, God, had he not reached the pinnacle of the cat and fly-paper story—and—"In the midst of life we are in

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death; of whom may we seek for succor, but of Thee, O Lord—" His lips had begun the day with a tiff with a Dewberry girl; it ended—Oh, Miserere!—with a benediction. Ye Cynic Gods that laugh in heaven or hell, behold a man that had gladly pranced in the libertines' forest on Nero's golden night, forced by the malice of hell, to arise holy and undefiled to pray for the dear departed dead. No wonder Mrs. Moffit found tragic timbre in the voice, and wept her sleeve sopping!

Dariah walked home, his mind aflame with intolerable impatience. He felt if he hesitated many more moments, either from roaring or from getting drunk, the laughter in him would creep away and die. People would again throw up about him the grass ground wall of opinion, *inexpungabile.* There was rescue ahead in Derby Tuck. His confidence reswelled; the morning's episode with the point of view properly adjusted was an amazing scream, high humor. As he reached the garden gate and mounted to his study, his mind became a cheerful turmoil, in which disjointed conundrums and the names of Falernian and Chian wines tossed about in expectant ecstacy. Derby Tuck met him in the vestibule with the face of a mourner.

"Can a sinner join the church?" he said. "I want the levity out of my life—*to become like you, sir, God willing!*"

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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THE BLACK SWAN.

In state beside the stream the queen passed by,
With her own hands her snow-white swans she fed;
Her pages clad in scarlet formed her train,
Each bore a golden goblet full of grain.
Her velvet cloak was blown above her head—
And rose a purple thunder cloud on high.
"Whence came this swan as black as ebony?"
Sea-green and cold as em'ralds were her eyes.
"Drive from my flock this strange, dark swan," she said.
Her pages stoned him—from the flock he fled—
Then down the stream they followed him with cries,
Until the black swan fled into the sea.

His crown like fire beneath the sunlight shone,
And weary was the queen's small son of play;
Beside the sea that morn he paused to rest—
He saw the black swan swimming on the breast
Of the cool water—down each winding way
He looked to see if he were all alone.
His crown upon a willow branch he hung;
Upon the grass his sapphire belt fell low
Like sparkling dew! His soft robes slipped away
From his white body, till at last they lay
In golden folds about his feet as though
A wreath of daffodils, unseen, had sprung!

He stood there laughing—then he swam out far—
The queen walked in her tow'r beside the sea—
She heard him laugh and call the swan to play,
Far out she saw the black swan lead the way;
And as she gazed the wind rose suddenly,
The sky turned black as night without a star!
That morn their broken nets all shining bright
Some fishermen found on the beach—flung high
By breakers in the night. "Oh, something fair
Among the shells and weeds lies tangled there!
Is this a mermaid's sleeping child?" they cry.
"How silently he lies! How silver-white!"

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"THE PASSAGE OF DREAMS."

(As the curtain rises, a man, muffled in a cloak, and a woman in a black dress with a long train, are seen standing before a dark curtain. The woman is about to part the curtain.)

THE WOMAN: You are not afraid?

THE MAN: No. Where are we?

THE WOMAN: Past this curtain is the royal children's hall. Once you are there you cannot leave till morning—you are still willing to try?

THE MAN: Yes. *(The woman parts the curtains, and, as she and the man pass through, the curtains are drawn aside and they are seen to be in a room. At the back a large door opens onto a balcony; at the left a flight of marble stairs wind up to a gallery that surrounds the room. There is a small door at the head of the stairs.)*

THE WOMAN: This is the royal children's hall—make not a sound—it is about the hour when he comes here in state to visit the princesses. It was the custom of the queen to come with all her hand-maidens each day at dusk, and when the doors were barred she would take off her crown and play at games with the young prince and princesses; it is in memory of her he comes.

THE MAN: Are his apartments near?

THE WOMAN: Those winding stairs lead to the room where the young prince sleeps—no guards stand by the door that leads from his room to the king's.

THE MAN: Then nothing but a child lies in my path! I feel my enterprise accomplished now!

THE WOMAN: Through this passage alone the king's apartments may be reached—at this one door there stand no guards.

THE MAN: All is due to you!

THE WOMAN: I did not send for you until I was certain—certain of success. Slowly I have gained in power, slowly I have won his perfect trust; no one but I—and those I send for

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—may enter the garden where the royal children play and pass through the corridors that lead to this hall. Guards night and day watch at the doors without.

THE MAN: They did not stir when I passed by.

THE WOMAN: I gave out word that a physician from foreign lands would come to-day to tend the prince.

THE MAN: They did not question you?

THE WOMAN: No. I am trusted more than any other. For the queen loved me, and when she died she bade him always keep me near her children. Sometimes I almost long to break my vow! But then I think of you, and of our fallen house. And my reward will be—

THE MAN: Very great!

THE WOMAN: I have kept my vow. My vow that I would overthrow this king, who never moves save in a glory of bright arms—this king whose name his people even fear to whisper. This is the only way he may be reached—through this one passage.

THE MAN: While he lives, our cause is hopeless. But if he dies, they follow me. Now no one but his child to guard his door!

THE WOMAN: He is coming. Go in that room *(pointing to a door on the right)*. No one will look in there. Wait until the prince goes to his room, then follow immediately; you will find the king in his apartment. The longer you stay here the more danger. You are not afraid?

THE MAN: Why should I be? No one but children! How easy to pass through this hall—then up the winding stairs, through the young prince's room—oh, nothing could happen! *(He goes into the room on the right.)*

(Then there is the sound of many feet on the balcony—the doors at the back open and the king comes in alone.)

THE KING: My daughters?

THE GOVERNESS *(bowing low)*: They await your highness. *(She goes out the door on the left and a moment later four little girls enter—the oldest about eleven years old, the youngest above five. The governess comes in after them. They all wear stiff dresses of cloth of silver that touch the ground, and each wears a necklace—the first, pearls; the second, rubies; the*

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third, emeralds, and the fourth, sapphires. They stand in a row before the king.)

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THE KING: My daughters! Princesses! Already chosen wives of mighty kings—destined to wear upon your heads the crowns of empires past the sea—thus binding to our land the strength of other kingdoms. Rosamond, Christabel, Magdalen, Ygraine—where is my daughter Gloria?

THE PRINCESSES *(eagerly in chorus)*: She says she will not go to bed!

ROSAMOND: She is out looking in the lion's cage in the court—

MAGDALEN: And she says she will not come in—

YGRAINE: No matter what anyone says.

ROSAMOND: She says she likes the lion better than she does you.

THE KING *(to the governess)*: Madam, do they speak the truth?

THE GOVERNESS: Alas, my lord, they do. I hoped that your highness would o'erlook the absence of the Princess Gloria; I thought that later I might be able to tempt her by slow degrees to her apartment.

THE KING: Never again let this occur!

CHRISTABEL *(to Magdalen)*: You are standing on my dress.

MAGDALEN: I am not!

CHRISTABEL: You are!

THE GOVERNESS: Princesses! Princesses! Control your royal highnesses. Will the Princess Christabel please remove her foot?

CHRISTABEL: I don't care if I do stand on her dress—she combed her cat with my comb this morning. So!

THE KING: Enough of this. *(To Christabel)* Remember always that you are the wife by proxy of a king, who, although young in years, controls the seas and wind-swept oceans with his white-winged ships; and you *(to Magdalen)* the destined bride of one who for years and years has worn on his head—

MAGDALEN *(to Christabel, with pride)*: Mine is older than yours!

THE KING: Worn on his head—

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ROSAMOND: Whose head?

MAGDALEN: Be quiet!

THE KING *(hurrying to finish)*: Worn on his head a crown—

ROSAMOND: Why?

THE KING *(to the Governess)*: Teach them to practice the dignity that becomes great queens. My daughters, to-night—

YGRAINE: What is night made of?

ROSAMOND: Yes! Tell us!

ALL THE PRINCESSES *(clapping their hands)*: Oh, tell us!

THE KING: It is too late.

ROSAMOND *(to Ygraine)*: Do you think it is too late?

YGRAINE: No. Do you?

ROSAMOND: Tell us about it—and also if you can hear a flower's dream.

THE KING *(in a thundering voice)*: It is too late! Princesses *(he rises and says impressively)*, I bid you farewell until to-morrow. *(Ygraine is gazing intently at him; he starts to cross the room, and seeing her, stops.)* Those eyes—how like the queen! My daughter, you gaze at me. Why? *(She is silent.)* Fear not to speak.

YGRAINE *(after some hesitation)*: Your crown is crooked—it tips to one side, and it makes you look so queer! *(She laughs and then the other three laugh also. The king does not know whether to straighten the crown or not; finally he walks to the door at the back, starts to say something, but goes out instead.)*

THE GOVERNESS: Princesses! Princesses! Would you have me lose my head?—your royal father was greatly displeased. Come now, it is time for sleep.

ROSAMOND: Oh, no!

YGRAINE: It is so early. Why must we sleep now?

THE GOVERNESS: Come, come. I cannot wait. *(She takes Christabel's hand, but Christabel pulls it away and runs across the room—then they all run in different directions, holding up their long skirts.)*

THE GOVERNESS: Very well. I will call—the *devil!*

MAGDALEN: Oh, we were only playing. We will be very good. I love to be good, don't you?

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THE OTHERS: Yes. *(They all go into the room on the left in a very subdued and meek manner, evidently enjoying it; the governess follows. A moment later the prince and the Princess Gloria, a little girl about twelve with fair hair and a small nose slightly tilted up at the end, enter at the back, very quietly:)*

GLORIA: Yes—she has gone.

THE PRINCE: She will be very angry.

GLORIA: Never mind. I am so worried! What do you suppose he will be like?

THE PRINCE: Very large, with a long red beard.

GLORIA: That is what I am afraid of—no—I can never be a queen of Spain.

THE PRINCE: But you are married already.

GLORIA: I don't care—I have never seen him. You will just have to destroy him for me!

THE PRINCE: I can't.

GLORIA: You promised—you promised me. That is not fair! When you are king you will have ships and plenty of men to send against him.

THE PRINCE: I wish I could do it for you, because you are the only one I like—I hate Christabel, and Magdalen and the others. But I have been thinking.

GLORIA: About what?

THE PRINCE: The devil. You know the governess has told us so much about him. You see, the king of Spain has done nothing against me, and if I killed him I would surely be giving my soul to the devil. Anyway, maybe he won't have a red beard.

GLORIA: It is not fair—you promised. I do not want to go far away. I want to stay here, and when I am older I am going to have entire charge of the palace. Hundreds of maidens will follow me every morning bearing jars of warm water, and I will wash all the dust out of the corridors, and the casement, and the winding stairs. *(She sighs.)* Oh, there is so much work for me to do here that I can never go to Spain. You must destroy him.

THE PRINCE: Perhaps if you could persuade me some

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morning early, I might do it then; but when it is dark and all the halls are full of shadows I *do* believe in the devil—

(The governess enters.)

THE GOVERNESS: Princess Gloria! Your royal father was much disturbed.

GLORIA: I don't care. *(To the prince)* Remember. *(She goes past the governess into the room on the left.)*

THE GOVERNESS: Your highness mentioned the devil a moment ago. Do not be surprised if he comes to-night—there is no need to tell anyone—I persuaded him not to carry you off to-night. But he insisted upon coming. If you go immediately to bed and go to sleep you will probably not see him. If you awake and see a man pass through your room you will know who it is—lie perfectly still. This may teach you not to hide from me again, you understand.

THE PRINCE: Yes. *(The governess goes out; the prince stands thinking for a moment—then he runs up the winding stairs on the right and goes into his room.)*

(The man, whom the governess hid in the room on the right, enters. He listens, smiles, draws his sword and goes up the stairs and enters the room, closing the door. A few moments later the door flies open and the prince hurries down the stairs —he goes to the door of the princesses' room.)

THE PRINCE: Gloria! Gloria! Come here! Come here!

(Gloria enters, she stands in the doorway in her white night-gown.)

THE PRINCE: Gloria! It is all right! Do you hear? I have killed the devil! I have killed the devil! Do not be afraid. I heard him coming—I hid under the table—he came in—as he passed the long casement there was a noise in the court below and he stopped to look out. I came out from the table and pushed him as hard as I could—he lost his balance and went out. Listen. I am going in there to throw Magdalen out of bed, and break Ygraine's crystal doll—you see, I can do anything now! And, Gloria, don't you see? I can kill the king of Spain for you! Don't you understand? I can destroy him for you now!

(Curtain.)

David Hamilton.

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A FRIENDSHIP.

The lift of a great impulse up and up—
  Oh, thou art as a billow bearing forth,
  Urged by the insistent Wind of the North,
Inevitable, eternal, blinding-bright, foam-soft!
—The ship of my life reels to feel the surge
  Of that great power bearing it aloft;
Trembles and sways before the resistless urge,
  While a pure Wind blows keen upon my brow.
      This is thy friendship now,
A mighty power. Oh, thou hast seemed to sup
  At God's great feast of wisdom and of love,
  High in the glowing halls of heaven above;
To drain immortal nectar from Christ's cup,
  That meant to earth no idle purity,
  But a great vision high, strong as the sea—
The lift of a great impulse up and up!

Howard Buck.

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RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE.

AMID the noisy inanity of the unknowing world Richard Rolle found the discord between the deeper self and the superficial to be intolerable. Impelled by the Immanent, by a personal rather than by a cosmic relationship with Reality, by what was within rather than without, he had awakened to a consciousness of the Absolute. No shining vision of the transcendent world rushed in upon him, no apprehension of a splendor outside: no expansive, ineffable glory of nature, however formless. He received not the revelation of Divine Beauty but the pain of Divine Love. His problem was the same as that found in one of his fragmentary epigrams in the words:

> "Heuen is wonnen with woo & shame,
> Helle is wonnen with gle and game:
> I aske the then of these twoo,
> In world were better haue wele or woo?"

A seemingly ordinary enough question, but one which was to sound unfathomable depths in Rolle and draw him into untold labors; and he answered it characteristically for himself, by leaving Oxford, and running away from home in the guise of a hermit, after the example of St. Guthlac, into the Yorkshire hills. It was the flight of the alone to the Alone, and as the silence closed about him, he entered upon the way of "purgatio," a time of penitence and repentance, of tears and sorrows, of fastings and watchings, of severe discipline, withdrawing the mind from the world and the self, from sin and carnal affection. He had answered the inward voice, *"Dimitte omnia transitoria, quaere aeterna,"* and the Finite slowly approached the nature of its Infinite Source: climbing up the cleansing mountain pool by pool, like the industrious fish in Rulman Merswin's vision, seeking its Origin. And at the end of four years, as the process of self-simplification, through detachment and mortification, which Richard of St. Victor calls the essence of purgation, progressed, the veil of the heavenly vision was withdrawn.

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As the door swung open and he "saw into heaven with his ghostly eye," he received the three gifts of calor, canor, and dulcor: of heat, song, and sweetness. Of this rapturous heat he speaks vividly in his "Fire of Love": "I sat forsooth in a chapel and whilst with sweetness of prayer and meditation greatly I was delighted, suddenly in me I felt a merry heat and unknown. The heart truly turned into fire, giving feeling of burning love." Nor is this burning to be looked upon as merely symbolic. In it we have a bodily expression of the psychic travail and distress of the spirit. It is the parallelism which in prayer leaves the body exhausted and weak; it is the physical agony due to the developing soul. Richard is most emphatic in regard to its nature: "More have I marveled than I show, forsooth, when I first felt my heart wax warm, and truly not imagingly, but as it were with a sensible fire, burned. In my ignorance, oft I groped my breast, seeing whether this burning were of any bodily cause outwardly. But when I knew that only it was kindled of ghostly cause inwardly, in this I conceived it was the gift of my Maker." It was the great heat which was to light the Fire of Love; akin to the consuming flame of the Sacred Heart, beating and throbbing through the very depths of suffering and despair for the love of sinful man. *Cor vulneratum, liquefactum, crematum amore.*

In such fire imagery of deification which makes the soul "a live coal, burned up by God on the hearth of his Infinite Love," we have struck the keynote of mystic life. The foundation is love. No matter what plane of transcendental vision may be attained, without love, and this to the Christian means Divine Love, the word "mysticism" rings false. Rolle grasped this principle, a solution for the problems of all the love epochs of all history, so intensely that his warning *"fugito feminas,"* his views of human love in their tone of contemnation, are to be appreciated by those only who have foresworn human passions in search of the Fountain of love. A thing can be loved only *"propter bonum quod est aut existens aut apparens,"* and "Divine Love," as Dionysius the Areopogite says, "draws those whom it seizes beyond themselves: and this so greatly that they belong no longer to themselves, but wholly to the Object loved."

And the ravished souls in this union find all inspiration and all energy, inwardly manifest to Richard Rolle as the marvelous gift of canor, the chiming in the breast, the *musica spiritualis, sonus coelestis,* as he called it. The ordered sweetness of Divine Harmony has struck responsive chords in his music-loving soul and the whole life is attuned to and moves in accord with the heavenly melodies. Like the gaiety of the Troubadours of God his spirit laughs and dances in joy; like St. Rose of Lima, who sang a musical duel with the little bird which came to her window at sunset; like Blessed Henry Suso, who greeted the rising of the shining morning star *Stella maris,* and the angelic response came, "Illuminare, Illuminare, Jerusalem!" —so Richard, "joying he sings, and singing he longs" in music that in its sweetness and candid love is heart-rending:

"Swete Ihesu, now wol I synge
To the a song of loue-longinge;
Do in myn herte a welle springe
The to louen ouer alle thinge.

"Swete Ihesu, myn herte gleem,
Brihtore then the sonne Beem;
As thou weore boren in Bethleem,
Thou make in me thi loue-dreem.

His lyric fervor recalls what Bede says of Caedmon: that he received the miraculous gift of song not from men, nor from human means. So he takes up the tradition of the North and charges it with new meaning. His strength lies in the truth of his feeling, in the depth of his inner life, as in happy illustrations from nature, life, his own experience; he strikes some of the deepest chords that have ever been sounded in the human breast; he excels in terse sentences epigrammatically pointed and full of antithesis. His style is largely made up of sentences, each the result of a spiritual experience, a momentary inspiration. He is strong in point of feeling; he is all, entirely feeling. Essentially a genius, he writes with equal ease in Latin and English, in verse and prose, frequently using prose and verse in the same work; he writes postils, commentaries, epistles, prayers and devotions, satires, polemics. To him we owe the first prose of mediæval English and the revival of alliterative verse.

With uncompromising courage, alone and unaided, he cen-

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sures the manifest abuses in the Church, condemns the monks implicated in secular affairs, writes instruction for private devotion while assisting at mass, scores the book-wise, condemns the pursuits of philosophy. His system is life, not theory. Philosophy offers a map, a diagram at best, and he turns from the vain efforts of the brain and rediscovers, reintroduces the principle of Love, Cor, and proclaims salvation through the heart—in juxtaposition to the reigning scholasticism under Duns Scotus.

In *Incendium amore* he gives his creed, which is rigidly orthodox, and he emphatically declines to admit reason in matters of faith. Many of the arguments of Wicliffe and of Savonarola are first found in Rolle. As a matter of fact, the renaissance of letters and the Reformation were preceded by the regeneration of the heart, and Rolle is the link between St. Bonaventura and the reformers.

This the case, the consternation of Ten Brink and other commentators at his absolute orthodoxy, is due to ignorance that the reformation in England never aimed at the destruction of the Catholic faith, but would restore that faith to its original strength and vigor. In England the regeneration met with the individual principle of the Saxon, and by it received that tincture of self-independence, which threw off continental bondage, and it remained for a later generation of Luther and Zwingli mad people to perpetrate heresies, shatter cathedrals, and dim the light of the Church. Rolle knew nothing of this: his message was love, pure, simple and all pervading; sounding at the dawn of the fourteenth century a call which to-day rings clear and militant amid misunderstanding and persecution in the same part of the Church Catholic.

His system ran counter to the common opinion of men, of the world that lives, and struck against the very root and foundation of society. He proclaimed chastity, divine love, flight from "trieb." And the world would have none of him. His age treated him as a nonenity and gave him over to oblivion. Society simply took no notice of him. But his worst enemies were the professionals, the monks and doctors, and the prelates. They jeered at his canor. The book-wise asked where has he learned and from what doctor? They despised

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him as a layman, for his independence from communal obedience, and tried to lure him into sin. His bishop his adversary, he frequently suffered check at the hands of his diocesan. When he went to a new hermitage his wanderings about were objected to on the grounds that he was no true hermit; when settled in his cell, his enemies mocked him with the popular superstition, "it is better to be in the world and do some good, than to sit idle in the solitude or in the cloister."

So, with these conflicts, loss of patrons and friends, and difficulty of living, with his restlessness, with the echoes of an unhappy boyhood, *adolescentia immunda,* his life at this period become more and more sad. In the two great passions of life ambition and love, he had been foiled. By refusing kind, he is refused by kind. No one wants the love he offers. Bound by no vows, he clung to poverty and chastity, and tasted of that destitution in which man, stripped of all belongings, is reduced to the state of man simple, the son of man, the fullness of the years of Christ. He would so like an associate who would understand him, who would modulate his canor, so that it might become objective to him—but there is none. And his vast efforts and projects seem to have failed, his labor is lost, he is of no use to anybody. The world is too much for him, the very noises are painful to him. He languishes in still mourning, his youth is all consumed in yearning, but there is no relief, the beloved tarries so long!

His misery at times is extreme; his words sometimes betray utter desolation and sound like the outcry of a beast wounded to death. In this time he realized the depth of sorrow and conceived his deep sympathy with the suffering, the poor, the oppressed.

Then suddenly out of these trials he bears up, stands firm, where he had found agony he finds glory. *"Das Individuum richtet sich herrlich auf."* He has found the homeland, of which his earlier ecstasies were but the vaguest glimpses, and his pains the tests along the Unitive Way. Now no wrong, no affliction can make him sad. He blesses the solitude which has taught him his love. Perfect love kills pain, temptations flee at the invocation of the Holy Name. He stands firmly against his adversaries, and has an answer to all accusations;

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he speaks with authority in his own person, by his own experience.
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The storm is passed, the tension subsides, he recovers equanimity and calms down. His tone is more pathetic than before; he is stripped of all earthly concerns and passions; he dwells at peace in the "deep of deeps."

Thus he passed his last years near a Cistercian nunnery at Hampole, regarded by the nuns as saint and patron, and shortly after his death his name became celebrated for miracles, specially those of healing, and pilgrims flocked there from near and far away. He was the extreme product of an extreme age, when perfect Goodness could be found only as a hermit, similar to the holy desert Fathers of Egypt, to St. Simeon Stylites, at the base of whose column the maimed, the halt, and the blind were made whole.

Of all ideals of humanity—the hero, the sage, the poet, the king—the saint is the greatest, and Richard Rolle was one of these silence-rapt figures bowed at the foot of the Cross, with nothing on his lips nor in his heart save an ardent, "I love Thee!"

With God as his præpositus, with *abbas amor* ruling his life—a self-made saint, a *"homo sui juris,"* a king in the realm of the Spirit. To the measure "whereto the worlds keep time," pilgrimaging towards the Father's heart, from within the bounds of the Eternal Order, he tells to us the story of the everlasting coming of the Beloved, the Bridegroom of the Soul.

Gordon Bodenwein.

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THE OX.

(Translated from the Italian of Giosuè Carducci.)

I love you, pious ox! Tranquility
  And feeling of great strength steals round my heart,
Whether in fertile fields and meadows free
  You stand on guard, a monument, apart;
Or 'neath the yoke, contented, bending low,
  With man, swift, agile worker, you pass by—
He pricks and urges you while you with slow,
  Meek rolling of your patient eyes reply.
Your breath like dim, blue altar smoke I see
  From your wide nostrils, black and damp, arise;
Your lowing like a hymn sung joyously
  In quiet space is lost. Sea-green your eyes—

There mirrored 'mid sweet gravity is seen
The silences, divine, of pastures green.

David Hamilton.

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KHESDEB'S QUEST.

KHESDEB, the widow of Nehat, the weaver, arose with a cry of terror from her bed at midnight. The last fragments of those fear-textured dreams that had caused her to moan and pant heavily in her sleep still remained in her mind, though the exact nature of the disquietude had since departed. A palpitant sense of impending evil possessed her, a feeling of fear and dread that seemed to float all about her and pressed upon her soul. The room lay in darkness; the censer had not long since burned forth its life and still sent up a choking cloud of smoke. From behind the curtain which separated her room from that of Nebka, her son, came the feeble flickering of his lamp and his quiet, regular breathing. Khesdeb pushed aside the curtain of her door and went out into the air.

The night was hot and sultry. Not the faintest sigh disturbed the gaunt palm-trees near her door as they stretched mournfully upward into the brooding darkness. A few stars blinked wearily in the sky with a feeble, evanescent light. The moon lay buried in a mass of clouds, from which it broke, now and then, to glare spectrally at the earth, and then to be swallowed up again. Opposite her, was the dwelling of her neighbor, Basha, the midwife, and further off that of Adah, the Jewess, and she shivered as she dimly discerned there the dark stain of sheep's blood upon the lintel of her door.

Suddenly, she became aware of a slight breeze that had arisen from the direction of the Sacred River, and, looking thither, she beheld a strange Form whose ominous presence sent a chill of horror through her. Tenuous and subtile it was, like a frozen breath, with features that changed as she looked upon it; a Form that had not the semblance of living things, and yet was dimly like one. Fearful and dreamlike it moved, and, as it went, it brought with it a coldness as of Death.

And, first, the dread Form touched the house of Adah, the Jewess, and glided over it. And then, pausing for a moment at the dwelling of Basha, entered it with a quick, insucking

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rush of air. An instant later, the Form reappeared and the voice of Basha quavered plangently from within. "Woe, woe," she cried, "the spirit hath left my darling Baufra; the lamp of my life is extinguished!"

Khesdeb shuddered as the full significance of her dreams flashed upon her. The Form glided on, and, with the same quick onrush of air, entered her room. At the same time, Khesdeb felt all the blood leave her face and her whole body become paralyzed. She would have fled to the bedside of her son to grapple with the strange cold Form, but her feet became heavy and she could do nothing but stare hypnotically at the door, her breast heaving, her eyes fear-laden and strained. A moment later, the Form glided out and her trance was broken. With a sob, she fled into the room of Nebka, her son.

A cold breath, which had extinguished the last fitful gleams of his lamp, struck her as she entered. With panting dread, she groped about in the darkness until she came to his bed. Not a sound came from it, and her hand, touching his body, found it cold and damp. She felt his heart; not a throb responded to her nerveless fingers.

With a shriek, Khesdeb fell at the foot of the bed.

* * * * *

That night there was moaning and lamentation in Egypt. High and low, rich and poor alike, wept at the dread fulfillment of the Tenth Plague. And Pharaoh and his Queen dismounted from their purple-decked bed to wail at the bedside of the dead heir to the throne. And Pharaoh arose from his grief, and he spoke: "To-morrow shall they go forth, they, and their wives, and their children, and all that is theirs; that we may not see again the brethren of Joseph, for lo! it is their God that hath wrought this injury to Khem. To-morrow shall they go forth, and we shall see them no more."

* * * * *

And while it was yet dark, and the night still travailed with the unborn day, Khesdeb ceased her lamentations, and tenderly wrapping the body of her son in hides, placed him on the back of her mule, and set forth.

At first, wheresoever she went, a lugubrious chorus of groans and shrieks assailed her ears, but it left no impression on her

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grief-absorbed heart. Soon, however, the dismal chanting grew feebler and feebler as she reached the outskirts of the town, and, at last, died off altogether in a faint, distant wail. Khesdeb plodded wearily on, though now the city lay far behind her, and dreary expanses of deserted fields and moribund palms, drooping mystically in the ashy twilight, lay on both sides of her narrow path. At last, the road made an abrupt turn, skirting about a hill that rose precipitously in its way. Without pausing, Khesdeb drove the beast forward until, from behind a withered clump of bushes, a cave appeared. She hesitated a moment, and then knocked at the rudely-formed door. A shrill, querulous voice answered from within.

"Who is it that cometh here, while it is yet night? Hath not the day enough in its length?"

" 'Tis I," replied Khesdeb; "I, Khesdeb, widow of Nehat, the weaver, who is come to see thee. Open thou, I pray!"

A fumbling as of the withdrawal of a bolt followed, the door was opened, and Khesdeb entered.

The strange habitation presented, within, a scene of most forbidding gloom. It was a narrow, spider-bridged cavity, extending some distance into the bowels of the hill, from where it branched off into unfathomable, dark recesses. Weird, cryptical carvings adorned the walls nude of all covering, save that granted by the profusion of webs and rank-smelling mosses. A pool of stagnant water added to the noisomeness of the place with its feculent contents. A pallet of straw lay in one corner, over which a heap of skins was disorderedly thrown. In the opposite corner burned a fire, over which a kettle gurgled complainingly.

The strange dweller of the place was scarcely less fantastical. She was a shriveled hag of dwarfish stature, bent almost double with a load of inconceivable years, and with hair of snowy whiteness that fell, unkempt, to the ground. And yet, despite her withered visage and her palsied hands, her eyes maintained all the fiery force of their prime, and scintillated with a piercing, unwavering scrutiny that sent a cold, hypnotic thrill through the bosom of Khesdeb.

"Hail to thee, Aahmes, the sorceress!" cried Khesdeb to the strange apparition.

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"Hail, thou, Khesdeb, widow of Nehat, the weaver!" she answered shrilly. "Why hast thou come hither, and what lies there, bound to the beast?"

"Alas!" said Khesdeb tearfully, "my sorrow hath brought me here. Lo, the Messenger of Death hath come in the night and called forth the spirit of my son."

The beldame shuffled angrily about a few moments, and then, fixing her eyes intently upon Khesdeb, broke out fractiously: "And what wouldst thou have me do? Surely the magic of Death is more potent than my feeble skill!"

"Ah!" cried Khesdeb eagerly, "but I have heard thou canst call forth the spirit of the dead, and even restore the breath to such as pleaseth thee. Oh, help me, I pray, and do likewise to my beloved Nebka! Lo, I have here certain precious stones, even those that my mother Hatason gave me when I did become the wife of Nehat, the weaver! Take them, and bring back the breath to my Nebka!"

She had eagerly drawn a small casket from her bosom and extended it now imploringly toward the old hag.

Aahmes broke out into a weird peal of shrill, piping laughter. "Oh, thou foolish Khesdeb!" she cried. "What availeth me those sparkling trinkets thou offerest? Know thou, that to call forth the spirit from the judgment hall of Osiris is fraught for me with such danger, that not all the gaudy baubles of Egypt could pay me for my task! Whensoever I dare use my power to lead back the troubled dead to earth, I ask not for polished stones in payment for my skill. It is not oft that I may dare disturb the weary judgment of the soul; yet, lo, thee, now, for that thy husband was kin of mine, shall I do even as thou desirest! Bring thou in the body of thy son!"

Khesdeb hurried out, eagerly unfastened the grewsome bundle from the back of the beast, and carried it in. With the aid of Aahmes she unwound the cerements from her dead son and then placed him tenderly near the pool. Having carefully washed the body in the turbid water, the withered sorceress smeared it with a pungent, aromatic ointment and then scattered a heap of incense on either side. These acts performed, she began crooning in a doleful, inarticulate manner. Suddenly she rushed forward and set fire to the herbs, emitting

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strange, unearthly shrieks. Khesdeb recoiled in an agony of terror. A dense cloud of smoke arose, which, rolling upward, became ever more and more tenuous, until it resolved itself into a fine, purple haze, at the bottom of which the body of Nebka was dimly discernible. Aahmes threw herself, face downward, near the body and began to chant.

At first, she declaimed smoothly, cajolingly, as if she would entice the spirit back by her seductive phrases. Gradually, as the purple haze still floated upward and the body of Nebka suffered no change, her voice altered into one of supplication. She begged and implored, now sank her voice into melting intonations of entreaty, now wept and wailed and sobbed. In vain. The haze continued upward; the body remained supine. Then, at last, as if despairing of her entreaties, she arose wildly, and, throwing her hands about her with the fiercest gestures, blazed forth in invectives, called upon the dreaded name of Osiris and shrieked and commanded, until exhausted in her ecstasy, she fell sobbing to the floor.

But now a slight tremor passed through the body of Nebka. Slowly, from the midst of the burning incense, a fine, wraithlike vapor floated forth and was wafted upward into the purple haze, gradually assuming a shape the exact counterpart of the body at its feet. Aahmes arose from her fit.

"Thou art late in coming," she cried angrily, turning toward the wraith, "and didst cause me more labor than is wont."

"Nay, 'tis nought that thou scoldest," answered the spirit, in a faint, uneven voice. "Thinkest thou that I may come to earth whenever it so pleaseth thee? Even while thou wert commanding my presence hither, was I undergoing strange happenings, the nature whereof I may not breathe. Thy magic hath brought me here. Speak, now, what dost thou require?"

"Turn thy glances thither," directed Aahmes, pointing toward the corner where Khesdeb, her face covered underneath her tremblings hands, crouched in awful horror.

"The figure is that of Khesdeb, she that was my mother when I had life," whispered the apparition.

"Yea," said Aahmes, " 'tis thy mother, for whose sake must I use my skill to persuade thee to abide here—"

"Nay," interrupted the spirit of Nebka, "thy skill will little

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boot thee. In strange manner did I leave my body, in manner unknown unto the gods and the wise ones of Khem. Lo, the mighty God of the Israelites did send a cold, fearsome Form to touch all the first-born sons in Khem and draw forth their breath from them! Only he that may dare to approach the presence of that mighty God can hope to restore the breath unto my body."

"And where is such a one to be found?" asked Aahmes. "One who may dare to come near the presence of so powerful a God?"

"The leader of the Israelites, even Moses, the foster-son of the Princess, must thou seek. Lo, he cometh soon with the multitude of his people past this very hill, for the heart of Pharaoh softened in the night and he hath set the Hebrews free! But even now doth Pharaoh grieve thereat, and he gathereth his captains and his soldiers, his horses and his chariots, saying: *'I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil. My lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.'*

"But, ah! there shall none return of all his mighty host. Lo, I hear a roaring as of many waters—the sea dividing in its midst and opening a way across its heaving breast! And, see! the Israelites hasten through, singing hymns of praise even as they go. And the waters form a glassy wall beside them, but touch them not. And behold, there, Pharaoh and his mighty host, how he hath reached the waters' side and plungeth now in with all his multitude! But from the other side doth Moses stretch forth his hand, and the waters, with the wild joy in death, rush madly back unto their depths! Ah, what an awful cry ariseth, smiting the stars with its burden of terror! The sea hath overwhelmed the warriors of Khem; they struggle wildly in its fearful grasp. Ah, woe, woe, how they struggle in vain! Fruitlessly, they cling unto every splinter and shriek unto their gods. And some there are who sink at once, drawn down like a heavy stone into the heart of the sea. And some float wearily about on the waters' bosom and essay to reach the land, but they fail, and throw up their hands, and sink at last. Yea, they all sink; Pharaoh, and his captains, and his soldiers, and his horses, all are drawn into the bowels of the

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sea. And the sea shouts in its joy, and leaps up in exultation. Woe is Khem; woe, woe!"

The voice of the wraith had gradually grown feebler and feebler, as, at the same time, the purple haze had become ever more tenuous. At last, the mist resolved itself into the less fragrant atmosphere of the cavern. With a last, mournful wail, the spirit vanished.

Aahmes remained silent a few moments and then hurrying toward Khesdeb, removed the hands from her face. "Up, up, Khesdeb," she cried. "Get thee up!"

Khesdeb rose unsteadily, and gazed about her in bewilderment. "Methought I saw a fearful shape," she said, "one that bore the semblance of my beloved Nebka, yet was not he. And now nought is here, and *his* body lies there near the pool, even as it did before thy fearsome rites. Oh, Aahmes," she burst forth, sobbing in bitter disappointment, "thou couldst not restore his breath, and nought is left me but to lay me near him, and die!"

Aahmes gazed coldly at her. "I did tell thee the magic of Death was more potent than mine," she said. "But one thing remaineth for thee to do other than the death thou seemest to desire. Hark thee; the spirit did thus confide to me: *'Seek thou out Moses, the foster-son of the Princess. He cometh with the multitude of his people past this very hill.'* Wherefore, Khesdeb, do thou wrap again the body of thy son in the hides, and hasten down the hill. There shalt thou await the coming of the Israelites, and shalt direct thyself unto their leader and implore him to grant thee thy request."

Khesdeb had listened tearfully to the directions of Aahmes. She approached the body, now, and rewrapt it in the cerements of hides. Then mournfully placing it on the back of the mule, she bid the sorceress farewell and hastened down the hill. At the bottom of the declivity, Khesdeb tethered the beast to a withered terebinth, and selecting a rock nearby, sat down to await the coming of the Israelites.

The hours went wearily by. The sun blazed higher and stronger in the heavens, and beat down with an inexorable madness upon the earth that sent added misery to the thirsting fields below. A drowsiness fell over Khesdeb. Her eyes

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closed involuntarily ever and anon and she opened them, with a start, as long as she was able. Gradually, however, as the languor increased upon her, her resistance grew feebler and feebler, till at last it ceased altogether and she fell into an uneasy slumber.

She was aroused from her fitful sleep by the sound of a long-continued murmuring. She arose and gazed about her in bewilderment. In an adjoining field, less than a hundred feet from where she stood, a multitude of people was assembled. Numerous wreaths of smoke, redolent with cooking food, informed her that they had paused in their wandering to prepare a meal. "The Israelites!" she cried involuntarily.

She quickly unfastened the beast and hastened, with as much speed as her failing strength permitted, into the field. A group of women, busily engaged in cooking, were the first ones she met. "Where, I pray ye," she asked them, "is your leader, Moses, the foster-son of the Princess?"

They looked up at her in silent curiosity, gazing from her to the mule and the burden on its back.

"Yonder, mayst thou find him," a matronly, pleasant-faced woman spoke at last, pointing to a nearby sycamore, underneath whose shade a tent was pitched. Khesdeb thanked her and proceeded, with beating heart, toward the designated place. As she slowly made her way to her destination, the tent-flap was suddenly drawn aside, and a figure stepped out. A tremor passed through her as she beheld that tall, majestic form; that half-divine face so full of heavenly power and dignity, and lined with the suffering of his people. For a moment, the limbs of Khesdeb seemed to give way before her, but gathering herself up in a final effort, she hurried forward and threw herself at his feet.

"Oh, my lord, my lord," she cried, "have compassion on thy hand-maiden! Help me, else I die!"

He looked at her in surprise. "Arise," he said gently. "Arise, and let me know thy quest."

Khesdeb raised herself slowly from the ground.

"Oh, my lord," she said, "thy mighty God hath sent this night a Messenger of Death, that drew forth the spirit from my darling son. And now I am alone—ah, woe is me!—

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for no other children have I, and Nehat, my husband, is dead. Oh, pity me, my lord," she cried wildly, wringing her hands in bitter grief, "pity me and bring back the breath to my son!"

The Leader of the Israelites gazed at her sadly. "Alas," he said, "how may I dare to work against the Lord? Behold! He hath sent His messenger to slay all the first-born sons of Egypt, both high and low, and rich and poor. Alas, I cannot help thee!"

"Ah, no, no, no!" she burst forth despairingly. "What have I wrought against thy God?" A spasm of sobs swept through her frame, her feet gave way, and she fell to the ground. She raised herself on her knees, and a sudden quietness came over her. "Look at me!" she said calmly. "Look at me, and say if there is not aught in my countenance that is familiar to thee."

He looked at her intently. "Something there is about thee," he said, "that is familiar; but I recollect thee not."

"Hearken then, my lord," she said. "It was the first year of my marriage unto Nehat, the weaver; and he had left me alone that day that he might go unto a neighboring city with his wares. And the day was grievous hot and sultry, and I sat without, under the shade of the palm-trees, to refresh myself. When lo! there came up a young man, an Israelite, travel-worn and weary for breath, and asked me for a draught of water. And I gave him it and besought him to tarry a while, that he might rest himself from his journey. And he did so, and a great weariness came over him, so that he fell asleep. And when I saw that he slept, I disturbed him not, but covered him with flax, and trod softly out again unto the palm-trees.

"And lo! as I sat there, musing of many things, a band of Pharaoh's eunuchs hailed me from afar, and their leader spoke: 'Hast seen a young man, an Israelite, even Moses, the foster-son of the Princess, pass by? Behold, he hath slain one of the taskmasters that Pharaoh hath set over the Hebrews, and we do seek him to take his life in reparation!'

"Now, at that time, I was with child, even with that Nebka whose spirit hath departed; and already did I feel him quicken in my womb. And a great joy of life swept over me with a great pity for the young man, that I, who was then forming life, should cause another to die. And I answered the chief

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of the eunuchs that I had seen none that day save themselves, and they departed to the north. And afterward, when the man awoke, I did direct him to the south, and he thanked me, and journeyed toward Midian. And now tell me, my lord," she ended, "canst thou not recollect thy hand-maiden, Khesdeb, widow of Nehat, the weaver?"

A light of recollection had come over the face of Moses as she recited her tale. He lifted her gently up. "Truly," he said, "I do remind me of it all. Thou didst save my life then, even at the peril of thine own. Lo thee, now, I shall essay to perform thy request. Perchance the all-powerful God I worship may reward thy care for His servant and grant the life back unto thy son. Bring thou the body of thy son into my tent, but do thou remain without, until I call for thee!"

A beam of hope spread over the countenance of Khesdeb. She undid the burden from the mule and carried it into the tent. Then, as the leader of the Israelites stepped in, she withdrew hastily, and supporting herself against the nearby tree, riveted her eyes to the tent-flap.

The moments passed by. Strange fears swept through her bosom, vague doubts that alternated with uncertain hopes, and sent her from utter misery to an ecstasy of bliss, and back to misery again. Suddenly the flap opened, and Moses beckoned toward her. With fast beating heart, she glided into the tent. There, upon a low couch, sat Nebka, her son, looking about him in strange bewilderment. He saw her at the same moment and ran towards her. She caught him in her arms, sobbing and laughing hysterically.

"I have had a strange dream, mother," he said. "A wondrous dream, and I am weary. Come, let us go home!"

Joseph S. Alderman.

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PORTFOLIO.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Sing heigh! sing ho!
Ye high, ye low,
'Tis Christmas-tide
In every clime, the merrie chime
Rings far and wide.

Let candle light
Make Christmas bright.
Let Jollitie
Make gay your heart and there impart
Festivitie.

Let not a thought
With trouble fraught
Your pleasure cloy,
But let the soul, with peace enfold
Sweet Christmas joy.

William Douglas.

HEROISM

——Even in America the youth of King George's day felt few scruples for the maintenance of chivalry. Rustic Trillery Corners had its cavalier element, and they met in the court of an American castle semi-weekly for the cultivation of fellowship and the arts of war. They met in a deep panelled colonial dining-room, to sip with moderate moderation, their Valerian and Falernian wine, and in the virgin meadows to cross swords in friendly rivalry. But the censure of a stiff-necked people came upon them, for they were in advance of their age.

One late winter afternoon they returned home in a sleigh, singing their lungs out into the cold air. "Oh, Guy, let me out here; I will walk the rest to cool my head!"

Over the sleek, packed snow from Trillery Corners to Baskom, the sleigh had been skipping, for half the members of the knightly fellowship came from the estates and village groups of the countryside, and flowed into Trillery as the social junction. Guy stopped the sleigh. "Don't be a fool, Dick. We'll rein our singing if you think it will wake mamma."

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"Thanks, Guy; I'll walk," he said, getting out, but it was not to cool his head. Afar, at a crook of the highway, where the trees stopped and Baskom began, was a green-shuttered mansion, a little self-conscious of its respectability. Phoebe Slocum might this very minute be looking through the green shutters, and no risks must be taken in a campaign of the heart. How unaccountably tepid Phoebe had grown of late, quite inversely, he mused, to his own mounting ardor. Had she seen him in that frolicsome sleigh—just now jingling past the green shutters—hope had been quite blotted. She would have risen in her white scorn and jilted him with exquisite grace. And her father would, of course, indulge one of his notable bursts of righteous wrath, and mother would repeat disparagements of that "loose band," and grow discursive on "this decadent generation."

As he passed the mansion, a fatal impulse touched his lips.

"Evenin', Phe," he threw off with stupendous recklessness. Phoebe Slocum was speeding up the walk to the front door. She turned with the peculiar suddenness of the pedestrian who feigns oversight:

"Hullo, Dick; where have you been?"

Dick grew pale with suspicion, and sorted in his mind differing shades of falsehood. He selected a dark grey one.

"Just down the road at uncle's," he returned equivocally. Quite aware of it, she had lifted the colossal brass latch and with the fading of the calico behind the oaken barrier Hope hid its head in Dick's heart. She knew: in her mind he stood a condemned rake, and lo! Deacon Slocum and Mrs. Slocum would prepare now to dissect his heart with a moral scalpel.

He turned away, all sorts of combustions under his linsey woolsey. The sun was half through setting. It had thrown a gorgeous flood of gold and vermillion over Baskom's granite promontories, in an abortive attempt to divert men's minds from the price of succotash and the doctrine of predestination. Dick alone fell under its spell and drew his brows together.

"Somewhere I must find a deed to save my soul!"

But the sun thought Dick guilty of a slight confusion in terms.

* * * * *

New Year's day, 1775, was ungraciously frigid. The ridiculous foot-stoves in the meeting-house warmed the congregation's

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toes, but the weather took hold of their lungs and throats and sprinkled pneumonia amongst the unfit. Yet no one heeded the slaying draughts that crept between vilely milled clapboards, or watched the incense of the speaker's breath that rose frigidly to heaven. None of Dr. Anderson's "Job" sermons would have gripped them like this. An inflamed zeal, instead of a stolid reverence, was written in italics over their serious faces. Dr. Anderson himself was seated amongst his flock, all alone in a front pew, cupping his old ears to drain to the dregs the speaker's word. Baskom was making history.

" . . . Now that conciliation is past, let us maintain our position of liberty, with perseverance and manhood. Let us not weep like babes, or procrastinate like weaklings. Captain Bury is ready with the document of enlistment. Townsmen, I ask your arms and your hearts in defense of your country!"

Madness spread itself about in fierce moral enthusiasm, until the atmosphere was thick with it, until it burned the frost off the window panes, and caused an enormous crowd jostling about Captain Bury, and much shouting in impassioned tones, and much scratching of scratchy quills.

Dick, it must be confessed, had his own private enthusiasm in Pew 25. It was the pillar of flame of the God of Israel, pointing a certain path and he was ecstatically grateful. The jagged fact that he loathed bloodshed and would have been content to trade horses in Baskom's perfect peace till the great trump, rather flavored the act with a pleasing martyrdom. He burst out of his box pew and started up the aisle, flinging a glance of fanatical contempt at the lingerers in the rear. He would not be one to leave his country out-of-doors to freeze while he sat by a blazing hearth, holding a girl's hand. Worthy he would be of the men that were flinging their taunts and their lives in the teeth of an impudent motherland, and worthy, too, of the high beatings of his own unaffrighted heart.

He broke three quills in signing, but signed it!

In the height of passion it is quite easy to consent to the inquisition, but thinking over the leaded boots and the iron maiden in the drawing-room afterward has another flavor. Richard chewed the remembrances of his nobility as he plodded home-

ward, and they became bitter as colocynth, but nevertheless he chewed them.

Why should a light burn in the sitting-room at this unsocial time of year? He passed in at the side door and made for the enigmatical gleam, curiosity frisking in the top of his head.

"Phoebe!"

Sure enough it was prim little Phoebe.

"Phoebe!"

Only the curious descriptive detail is that she wasn't a bit prim. Unprimness and embarrassment found symbols all over her, from the quick pinned looseness of her coiffure, to the melted but incomprehensible smile between two red, red cheeks.

"I just stepped in to see your mother, and—I'm waiting for her now."

After all, Richard had not been made a man for nothing. All the imperceptibilities that I have described above, he gathered in joyously by the genius of a heart that is in proper condition. The eyes, although witching lashes veiled them, he felt were deliciously moist, and twitching red lips told of their exquisite office.

As he took her into his arms (and she came quite satisfactorily) the mighty realization overflowed his cup, that the shattering struggle had won its proper reward, that the vile blot of his carousing youth had been washed clean, and, as the setting sun would have gently added, that his soul was redeemed!

"Dick, you are really horridly good," she said, from the depths of her heaving bodice. An honest streak thawed his superb contentment.

"Dear," said he, "my past life has often been erring. It is full of dark channels."

"Confess!" she said, whitening and leaving his arms.

With a hundred fears in his voice: "Phe," he said, "Trillery Corners has thrown a blemish into my life." More fears: "Only Saturday week—"

"Oh," said Phoebe, with a fiery new light in her eyes, "I know, I know all about it."

It was the giant's plunge from peak to abyss; the cup dashed from the lips of the drinker. He did not fall before the girl with the scourging eyes, down on the patch-work rug, but he stood in

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a white trembling before her, till the might of his nature voiced itself in pain:

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"Oh, Phe, give me breath. Tell me this thing is forgotten—that it won't, can't break us apart."

"What, this Trillery, good-time affair?"

He knelt on the rug, nodding.

"Why, Dick," she trilled, with her hands on his shoulders, "that's what made me *reconsider* you."

"What," he said, tumbling up on to his feet, "and not the enlistment?"

"Enlistment?" she cried, in sudden surprise, and clinging to his coat. "Oh, Dick, dear, you're not going, are you?"

C. R. Walker, Jr.

HUMORESQUE.

With a host of bells and a crimson wand,
He danced in the path of the amber moon;
While the twinkling light in his merry eyes
Kept pace with his star-lit shoon.

On the whirl of a shimmering pirouette,
He brandished his bauble of flaming red,
And he scattered laughter and wanton smiles
Till morning found him—dead.

John Farrar.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Football Scores.

Yale, 14; Brown, 6.
Yale, 19; Princeton, 14.
Yale, 0; Harvard, 36.

Freshman Scores.

Yale 1918, 26; Princeton 1918, 0.
Yale 1918, 35; Harvard 1918, 6.

The Cross-Country Team

Lost to Harvard, and finished third in the Intercollegiates. J. Overton, 1917, was elected Captain for next season.

The Elizabethan Club

Announces the election of the following gentlemen: Horatio W. Parker, Hon. Yale 1892; M. Humphreys, 1890; J. E. Wheeler, 1892; E. F. Smith, 1915; L. S. Weiss, 1915; W. R. Thompson, 1915; A. H. Ely, Jr., 1915.

The Junior Fraternities

Celebrated Calcium Light Night on November 18th, and announced the following elections:
1916 elections—

Alpha Delta Phi—Philip Jerome Clark, of Cincinnati; George Henry Dovenmuehle, of Chicago, Ill.; William Loomis Kallman, of Jersey City, N. J.; Charles Thomas Lewis, Jr., of Toledo, Ohio; Dean Castleman Paul, of Washington, D. C.; Richard Joseph White, of Brady, Texas.

Psi Upsilon—Henry Hill Anderson, of New York City; John Meigs Butler, of Evanston, Ill.; David Osborne Hamilton, of Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Alexander Wolcott Harbison, of Hartford,

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Conn.; Philip Henry Lindenberg, of Columbus, Ohio; John Henry Vincent, of Minneapolis, Minn.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—Robert Beale, of Wallace, Idaho; George Palmer Black, of New York City; George William Clark, Jr., of Jacksonville, Fla.; Frank Graham Coates, of Abilene, Texas; William Belford Ryan, Jr., of Greensburg, Pa.; Augustus Lewis Wells, of Waterbury, Conn.

Zeta Psi—Morris Burke Belknap, of Louisville, Ky.; Murray Simmons Chism, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Donald Cummings Fitts, of Northampton, Mass.; Russell Healy Lucas, of New York City; William Mikell, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Marcus Morton, Jr., of Newtonville, Mass.

1917 elections—

Alpha Delta Phi—Edward Randolph Bartlett, of Malden, Mass.; Robert Horatio Byrne, of Maplewood, N. J.; Thomas Jackson Charleton, Jr., of Savannah, Ga.; Hamilton Phelps Clawson, of Buffalo, N. Y.; C. Roberts Coxe, of New York City; Charles William Estill, of Winchester, Tenn.; Roswell Hayes Fuller, of Winnetka, Ill.; Francis Schleiter Gaines, of Omaha, Neb.; William Middlebrook Goss, of Waterbury, Conn.; Frederic James Grant, of Zanesville, Ohio; Lucien Appleby Looram, of New Rochelle, N. Y.; Jarvis Jenness Offutt, of Omaha, Neb.; John Williams Overton, of Nashville, Tenn.; Hugh Scott, of St. Louis, Mo.; Charles Clarke Shepard, Jr., of Chicago, Ill.; Dumaresq Spencer, of Highland Park, Ill.; Heaton Ives Treadway, of Stockbridge, Mass.; Herman Leonard Underhill, of Owego, N. Y.; Frederick King Weyerhaeuser, of St. Paul, Minn.; Holcomb York, of New Haven, Conn.

Psi Upsilon—Tracy Acosta, of Jacksonville, Fla.; William Adams, Jr., of Lawrence, L. I., N. Y.; Richard Bentley, of Chicago, Ill.; Ronald McKelvey Blodget, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Stanley Williams Burke, of Plainfield, N. J.; Prescott Sheldon Bush, of Columbus, Ohio; Henry Carter, of Williamstown, Mass.; Henry Eugene Coe, Jr., of New York City; Edgar Gibson Crossman, of Lisbon, N. H.; Oliver Baty Cunningham, of Evanston, Ill.; Austin Dunham, of Hartford, Conn.; Samuel Sloan Duryee, of New York City; James Gould, of Philadelphia, Pa.;

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Edward Roland Noel Harriman, of Arden, N. Y.; Henry Hutton Landon, Jr., of New York City; Lawrence Newbold Murray, of New York City; Albert William Olsen, of Glenbrook, Conn.; Spencer Armstrong Pumpelly, of Owego, N. Y.; Edward Haynes Thurston, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Knight Woolley, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—Dwight Luddon Armstrong, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Heyliger Church, of Washington, D. C.; Edward Lawrence Davis, of Philadelphia, Pa.; William Randolph Hahn, of New York City; William Ellery Sedgwick James, of New York City; Harry William LeGore, of LeGore, Md.; William Lee McKim, of Short Hills, N. J.; Samuel Williams Meek, Jr., of Richmond, Va.; Stanley Warren Metcalf, of Auburn, N. Y.; Kenneth O'Brien, of New York City; Robert James Powell, of New York City; Robert Goodwyn Rhett, Jr., of Charleston, S. C.; William Ames Robinson, of Aurora, N. Y.; Frank Parsons Shepard, Jr., of St. Paul, Minn.; Raymond Sessions Thompson, of Fall River, Mass.; Atwood Violett, Jr., of New York City; Franklyn Edward Waite, of Adams, N. Y.; Samuel Sloan Walker, of New York City; William Noble Wallace, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Melyar Merick Whittlesey, of Pittsfield, Mass.

Zeta Psi—Peter Ball, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Russell Sturgis Bartlett, of New York City; Alfred Raymond Bellinger, of Syracuse, N. Y.; John Edward Bierwirth, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Galt, of Honolulu, H. T.; James Henry Heyl, Jr., of Columbus, Ohio; Henry Porter Isham, of Chicago, Ill.; Sidney Genin Kelley, of New York City; Frank Thatcher Lane, of New Haven, Conn.; Walter Baldwin Laurence, of Summit, N. J.; Leonard Lyon Marshall, of Chicago, Ill.; George Mosher Murray, of Plainfield, N. J.; Alfred Noroton Phillips, Jr., of Glenbrook, Conn.; Horatio Porter, of St. Louis, Mo.; Dickinson Woodruff Richards, Jr., of South Orange, N. J.; John Rutledge Shepley, of St. Louis, Mo.; Kenneth Farrand Simpson, of New York City; Harvey Farrington Stevenson, of Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Carroll Hopkins Sudler, Jr., of Chicago, Ill.; Arthur Kennard Underwood, of Auburn, N. Y.

The University Football Team

On November 30th, elected Alexander D. Wilson Captain for the ensuing year.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare. By Charles D. Stewart, Yale University Press, New Haven and New York. Price, $1.35 net.

Mr. Stewart has attacked some forty of the famous textual problems which have caused critics trouble since the works of Shakespeare began to be edited. He has been eminently sane. In fact, the strongest impression running through the whole volume is that in certain ways a sane critic of difficult passages is unique, for the errors of some of the old commentators and even those of the editors of the *Globe* are incredible. This is the case regardless of whether or not Mr. Stewart has untangled the passages quoted. Naturally his success is varied, sometimes attaining great heights, sometimes failing to appear, but there is no instance where he does not seem more intelligible than his predecessors.

To take up the various cases would be fruitless, as the reviewer could hardly do more than paraphrase the text, for Mr. Stewart's suggestions are, of course, open to debate which must be more extensive than can be treated here. It is sufficient to urge consideration of the articles upon all careful readers of Shakespeare, and to commend the author's method of attack. Quite differently from any other commentator, he has applied his knowledge of Elizabethan usages in speech and manners to the human side of the great playwright. The errors in the punctuation of the folios are noted, but instead of trying to figure what some forgotten typesetter must have done, Mr. Stewart goes directly to what Shakespeare must have written to suit the particular mood of the particular character at the time The logical thought of the special human being was always sought by the playwright, and the present author has tried the simple expedient of applying normal reasoning to the doubtful passages, and has sought the natural sense. Certainly his success is marked in at least twenty of the trials, and the method commands recognition. Mr.

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Stewart's work is a really valuable addition to the long list of works on Shakespeare.

J. C. P.

Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh. By Henry Pemberton, Jr. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, $1.50 net.

Any book is worth having which sets out by prejudicing prospective buyers against it in its very title. The action argues strength and strength however applied is interesting. And inasmuch as there is no important relation between the two characters to whom the present volume owes its title, a challenge leaps at once from its covers. Interest must rise, and it will suffer no decrease when further examination discovers that a serious scientific mind is convinced that Sir Walter Raleigh is the real author of the Shakespearean works. For this is the assertion which this volume is written to defend and to this proposition its readers are asked to give attention.

Mr. Pemberton avoids falling into the trap of purely academic debating and reserving examination of the poems and plays for the moment devotes his first chapters to an extended tracing of the life of William Shakespeare, actor, of Stratford. In this he makes use of the usual facts whose meagre extent is more or less known to all. As Mr. Pemberton sees it, the actor's life in London could not possibly have placed him in a position to dedicate Lucrece as he did or to express the familiarity with his patron evinced in the sonnets. The present reviewer does not feel equal to writing "yea" or "nay" after Mr. Pemberton's detailed "facts," but there seems great power in them, and such points as are touched in the various passages quoted, especially in those relating to the lifelong intimacy of the Stratfordian actor with low and dissolute companions, demand strong and authoritative explanation. For if they are absolute facts there can be no doubt in any logical mind that William Shakespeare's claim to the works is gravely shaken. The theory advanced by Mr. Pemberton is that as the use of a *"nom de plume"* was common in Elizabethan times, and as the actor of Stratford was a popular character, the real writer of the plays of "Shake-speare" hid his identity under the borrowed name of the man of the stage. Mr.

Pemberton places considerable emphasis on the various spellings of the name, pointing out that Shakspere was the form used by the actor, while the more common ones for the author of the plays was "Shakespeare," or Shake-speare. He then proceeds to search for the man behind the pseudonym, and finds—Sir Walter.

How the author achieves this end the reader must evaluate for himself. The reviewer is able merely to say that the process is most interesting. The known relation of Raleigh with the person to whom the sonnets are addressed forms one very strong point: Mr. Pemberton rather cursorily excludes the possibility of the Earl of Southampton being the addressee, but with a seemingly sound reason. And from this beginning the author proceeds to point a truly remarkable parallel between the moods of the various sonnets and what must have been Sir Walter's moods at the same moments. Upon this series of parallels the conclusion of Raleigh's authorship is placed.

The volume is unfinished and the world has been deprived of the chapters in which doubtless the author would have locked down his statements, to his own satisfaction at least. As the book now stands it is chiefly an advancing of logical and powerful theories. The points are not complete, there is proof lacking which can not actually be neglected. Mr. Pemberton's facts are not securely bolted down and his conclusions invite criticisms which unhappily he can no longer give us. But as the title of his work carries a challenge to prejudice, so also it carries an appeal to give it due consideration, and to think carefully whither the reasoning of the author was leading him. A new subject has been raised for discussion and its originator has carried it at least far enough to make it formidable. Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh commences a search which, though beyond the reach of the present critic, surely invites serious comment from those whose grasp on the argument is more complete.

J. C. P.

The Yale Review. Yale Publishing Association, New Haven, Conn.

So much has been said in the past year or so regarding our illustrious contemporary that it hardly seems necessary to add

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further eulogy since its fame could hardly be more widespread. It is not, however, especially at this time of year, out of place to comment on the growing distinction of the *Yale Review* and to voice the pride which every institution connected with Yale must derive from the creditable record established far and wide by this product of the University publication offices. The *Review* is a scholarly quarterly which succeeds in attracting and entertaining its readers without for a moment lowering its dignity. There can be little doubt that it is destined to become one of the great literary powers of the new age of letters which is arising with the generation which will control the next three or four decades. And in this capacity the *Yale Review* becomes a necessity to the man who will keep pace with the literary progress of his country. THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE wishes the best of New Year's good fortune to its graduate contemporary and hopes to see the support already gained widened and strengthened during the coming year.

J. C. P.

The Story of Dartmouth. By Wilder Dwight Quint. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Indian Charity School" tucked away among the Vermont hills has changed tremendously since 1766, and Dartmouth College has long since become one of the really fine institutions of the country. It is, however, rather out of the way and we of southern New England hear rather less of it than we should like, save in brief intervals when a powerful football team appears or a brilliant seven sweeps every hockey rink clear of competitors. Wherefore, a book short enough to be read and yet long enough to command the subject is of distinct value to everyone. And the volume at hand seems to fill the bill nicely, covering the ground in a readable fashion and offering a real presentation of the past and present history of the college.

Starting from "The Indian Charity School," Mr. Quint carries out the life of the institution through the steps of its evolution, the famous "Dartmouth Case" before the Supreme Court of the United States, and the subsequent developments up to modern times. Dartmouth has certainly had a career calculated to develop, and the speed with which she has become a first-rank

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institution is accounted for in this resumé of her history. At the close of his work Mr. Quint places three chapters which, though reasonably interesting—especially regarding "Dartmouth Out-o'-Doors"—the reviewer thinks far less valuable than the ones devoted to the real purpose of the book. This is to give a brief account of the rise of the college and in this the book succeeds excellently. It should prove of interest to many readers, though primarily, of course, to Dartmouth men.

J. C. P.

Essays on Books. By William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, $1.50 net.

In a certain sense, especially with reference to the essays on Richardson and Jane Austen, Professor Phelps might have entitled his volume "Studies of Personalities." Experienced in years of popularizing the great authors before class-rooms of students whom only the most careful effort could induce to real appreciation, he has in the present work carried his art to the public. For while a great playwright may and probably should lose himself in the characters he creates, the great novelist must write his works directly around himself, and the public at large has long been in need of some work which could comprehensively explain the intricacies of the authors whose books it reads. Professor Phelps has seen this need, and to a great extent his present volume is written expressly to fill it. Of its success the reading public must, of course, judge, but the reviewer feels that that judgment is sure to be favorable.

After a short chapter on "Realism and Reality in Fiction," in which he outlines the views to be set forth in his essays, Professor Phelps begins his collection with an extensive examination of the life and works of Richardson. This essay occupies over a third of the book and with that on Jane Austen forms by far its most elaborate portion. The lives of both novelists are sympathetically drawn and their distinctive characteristics are brought out in a way which makes the reader feel a really intimate acquaintance. While offering literary criticism, of course, the author has searched deeper than criticism can possibly go and has brought to view an array of little indicative facts which alone have the

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power of reanimating the figures which stand out of average essays on authors.
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The remainder of the work consists of short papers which are more rapid sketches than critical essays. Personality is the important feature throughout, and whether the essayist gives a biography or devotes himself to some special phase of an author's writings, personality is of leading moment. From "Dickens," "Whittier," and "Carlyle's Love Letters" to "Schopenhauer and Omar," and "Conversations with Paul Heyse," we have a series of compositions each dealing effectively with its subject. And with such subjects infused with personality which makes them living persons and their deeds the acts of breathing human beings the "Essays on Books" can not fail to prove interesting. Whether at length or for only brief periods, Professor Phelps has introduced us to real people, carried us into their nearest circles and revealed to us their thousand and one little intimate facts and foibles. For a short time they are ours and we really know them. This privilege surely is one which is rare enough to make every reader of "Essays on Books" grateful to the author who has made such pleasant acquaintances possible.

J. C. P.

The Demi-Gods. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, $1.30 net.

There is something in the mere name of Patsy MacCann suggesting whimsical good humor, and when we meet the gentleman in the first chapters of Mr. Stephens' volume we are in no danger of disappointment. As we walk leisurely through the highways and byways of Ireland with Patsy and his daughter Mary we learn to love them as one can love none but tried friends. Free as the air and wandering as irresponsibly as it, the MacCanns, beggars by trade, are the true Demi-Gods, even though this be uncomplimentary to their guardian angels who accompany them. For besides Mary and her father, Mr. Stephens gathers for us three real Irish angels direct from heaven to help us understand his characters. They are promptly divested of their wings and raiment, which Patsy buries for safekeeping, and, attired as the rank of the party demands in some of his extra garments, they join the cavalcade. Not that Patsy really carries extra clothing,

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of course, but one never knows what may be found when one enters a strange house in search of food.

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Mr. Stephens has set himself the task of giving us real characters as they actually are. And, of course, as an Irishman is never quite what he seems, but carries about with him a stock of charming contradictions, the sketch of an Irish character is bound to be a bit complicated. Thus the author ranges in his drawing all the way from adventure to the simple descriptions of personal appearances, and each phase is done with the touch of the poet. Even the little ass is so much of a person that one wonders why his guardian angel did not appear with the others, and one more than envies him the affection of Mary. He must have felt rather badly when the youngest angel decided to become mortal and stay with her. But, no doubt, he soon recovered, for a heart as big as hers could never be full enough to exclude any true friend.

The characters of "Demi-Gods" are one and all real people. But as there is a hint of mystery and vagueness in the very name of Ireland, an echo of fairy voices somewhere in every true word ever written about it, so in Patsy and his troupe of followers, there is an intangible charm which can not even be described. Mr. Stephens has written from knowledge and with the added power of complete understanding. His pages must be read as they are written in complete sympathy, and he has taken care to command sympathy in advance. The beginning of the book is an assurance, its close is a regret. We are completely delighted with our new friends and it is a real disappointment when we at last return to the scene of the first campfire and watch them disappear in the distance. But we have known them and they will not be forgotten, and many times in the future we shall hear their voices in memory as we wonder how they are faring in their never-ending journeys. It would be wonderful to live like that, but very few of us can be Patsys and only Patsy and those exactly like him could live his life. One must have a touch of the ancient fairies to be at once a beggar and a Demi-God.

J. C. P.

Recollections of Full Years. By Mrs. William Howard Taft. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, $3.50 net.

Mrs. Taft is one of those fortunate persons who can select

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periods of past years at random and find everywhere material for interesting volumes of recollections. Her years have been so full that it seems as though they were too crowded for comfort. That this was not the case, however, is evident as soon as one is fairly started in the memoirs. Of course, a life filled with such incidents as rickshaw rides through rural Japan in the black of stormy nights, or preparing at a moment's notice to accommodate a couple of thousand guests at a gubernatorial reception must have been decidedly strenuous, but Mrs. Taft seems to have enjoyed the experiences and to have found them highly entertaining. Throughout the volume one is constantly amazed at her apparent ability to take things as they came to her and to adjust herself to circumstances.

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Naturally such a series of memoirs can not but be bound up with the life of the man whose prominence made them possible, and the ex-President figures largely through his wife's remembrances. Mrs. Taft has, however, realized that much has been and much probably will be written about her husband and has devoted her work chiefly to such incidents as other biographers could never really reach. In this feature alone the reader is indebted to her for a friendly picture which can not fail to amuse by its touches of humor quite as much as it pleases by its dignified intimacy. One has the feeling that, however much Mr. Taft belonged to his country, and great as were certain of the sacrifices he made for it, his family was never forced out of his life and had an unfailing share in his prominence.

The major portion of the volume, Mrs. Taft has given to the time spent in the Philippines. Her life and that of her husband before that are, of course, dealt with at considerable length, for Mr. Taft had gained legal eminence very rapidly, and before the war with Spain had held many high offices in the judiciary. But the life of a prominent lawyer is more or less after a pattern, as is—though on a larger scale—the life of a President, and neither can be of as absorbing interest as the experiences of the first Civil Governor of the first important over-seas possession. The reviewer enjoyed Mrs. Taft's book and found it uniformly attractive, but the section devoted to the Philippines is far and away its best part and insures the attention of every reader.

J. C. P.

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The New Hudson Shakespeare. Edited and Revised by Ebenezer Charlton Black. Ginn & Company, Boston. Price, 50 cents.

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This is a revised edition of the Hudson Shakespeare and is—as stated in the preface of the volume at hand, "Much Ado About Nothing"—a more conservative text than the earlier issues. The edition is planned for the use of students and is arranged to give all possible facility in notes and introductory chapters. Certain new chapters on Sources, Date of Composition and the like have been added and such alterations as seem to have marked real advances since the original edition have been entered. The whole is clearly printed and solidly bound and should furnish a very desirable and usable text for school or college courses in Shakespeare.

J. C. P.

France Herself Again. By Ernest Dimnet. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, $2.50.

The major portion of this volume is divided into two parts, namely, "The Deterioration of France" and "The Return of Light." The first of these, considering the fact that the author, though writing in English, is a French historian of prominence, is a daring caption, while the second is scarcely complimentary in its connotation. Mr. Dimnet has realized this and his assault is no less vigorous than its title. Clearly, even to the extent of resorting to numbered sub-headings, every phase in the gradual decay of France is taken up and arranged to produce a steady rise toward the culmination of wayward and erratic national policy in the Tangier incident which began "The Return of Light." In the closing sixth of the book two more sections appear, respectively, "The Political Problems and the Future" and "The War of 1914." These are relatively unimportant, the former being necessarily speculative, the latter too incomplete to do more than sketch in the facts and establish certain relations with the former part of the work.

Beyond the interest in the subject itself the American reader will find in M. Dimnet's rehearsal of the troubles of France certain parallels to our own republic which should give much material for thought. Of course, the United States is not in the same

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case and M. Dimnet uses it to illustrate weaknesses in his own country which do not exist in America. But when he talks of policies of "peace at any price," useless bills and laws which are passed and forgotten, tolerance of anarchism and the waving of the red flag, there is something in his sentences which has a strangely familiar sound. The American reader of the book may find himself startled to discover that more than one thing which has puzzled his country has worked out disaster abroad.

"France Herself Again" is a faithful resumé of the last thirty-five years. In relatively few words it covers the policies governing the European nations in recent decades, and gives a solid background upon which the reader may build his own conception of the causes of the present war. Germany is not attacked beyond an occasional caustic comment, the author preferring to remain at home and drive his arguments and accusations directly into his own people. M. Dimnet is a historian, but accurate chronicle does not take him out of himself and it is easy to see to what his beliefs and hopes are leading. While remaining eminently sane, he has theories and plans which we may expect at some later date to see urged upon his country. If his advice proves as sound as his criticism it should be valuable. "France Herself Again" is a book worth reading, not only in relation to the great war, but with regard to the views of a man who sees from within. And the reviewer can not refrain from mentioning again that the American reader may derive much light on the tendencies of certain movements in his own land from its pages.

J. C. P.

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE acknowledges the receipt of the following volumes, notice of which will be given at an early date:

Rural Credits. By Myron T. Herrick. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, $2.00 net.

College Life; Its Conditions and Problems. A Selection of Essays Edited by Maurice Garland Fulton. The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.25.

A Poet's Cabinet. Selected Passages from the Works of George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D. Arranged by Marion Mills Miller, Litt.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, $1.50.

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AN EDITOR'S TABLE.

Is a forum for the expression of conceits, grudges, prejudices, paradoxes and animadversions. It is written by one of a facile and foolish pen whose ambition it is to be recondite. It is read by those who fear to discover their names in its pages. And its purpose is to serve as a buffer 'twixt advertiser and poet, lest the literary style of the one suffer by confusion with the eroticisms of the other. In its paragraphs will be discovered arraignments of parody, metaphysics, lions, Mr. Thoreau, and the printer's devil. Its character is notable for a multiplicity of subjects, as in the following example:

"You're not supposed to open those till after make-up," said Cato, with a Socratic-hemlock expression.

"Oh, go to the arms of Proserpine!" yelped Ossawatomie.

"We know who they all are. This here Heracleitus is the rosy Eros. Horatio Oh-ho is the mad poet, who by any other name would smell as sweet. Puppi is the Romantic Merchant of Lyres and Lilies—"

"And Ossawatomie is Ossawatomie," essayed Mr. Thoreau, with a touch of his succise and evanescent humor.

"Head of a Lion," roared Leander, "you talk like Mrs. Sagely's Son. Where do you imagine this play is located, anyway? East Russia, of course! And if Dionysius wore the Queen's Lily what Metaphysician treated the Queen's Gneis? Pro-cede!"

"This is the worst Editor's Table we've ever had," said Ossawatomie, having read this far. "And the world's going to the dogs. Hephaestus is about to be fired. "Flibbertigibbet is incapable and Mr. Thoreau smokes cubebs in the office. Off with his head."

L.

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VOL. LXXX. No. 4

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JANUARY, 1915.

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CONTENTS OF NO. DCCXI

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YALE AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE .... *Oliver McKee, Jr.* 153
IN QUEST OF RAVIDORO .... *C. R. Walker, Jr.* 158
THE CUP .... *Alfred R. Bellinger* 170
THE POETRY OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS .... *C. R. Walker, Jr.* 172
BALLADE OF ROMANCE .... *David Hamilton* 182
SAVONAROLA .... *Gordon Bodenwein* 183
AFTER AN EARLY MORNING THUNDER SHOWER .... *Howard Buck* 189
OPEN WINDOWS .... *C. R. Walker, Jr.* 190
PORTFOLIO 198
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA 203
BOOK REVIEWS 204
EDITOR'S TABLE 208

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eightieth Volume with the number for October, 1914. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competitors of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 20th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Business Manager or his authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Business Manager.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the Edtiorial Management of the periodical must be addressed to Archibald MacLeish, Chairman. Communications with regard to the Business Management to Alfred O'Gara, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of The Yale Literary Magazine, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXX JANUARY, 1915 No. 4

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1915.

JOHN CROSBY BROWN ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
OLIVER McKEE JOHN CARLISLE PEET
FRANK WRIGHT TUTTLE.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

ALFRED H. O'GARA

YALE AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

WITHOUT parallel among the nations of the civilized world, is the cleavage between the university and the government in the United States. American university graduates have conspicuously failed to exercise that leadership in the affairs of the government which is the peculiar privilege and duty of the educated man. Not only have our institutions of higher learning never been the centers of political thought, but they have very rarely attempted to inspire in their undergraduates a real conception of their duties as citizens, nor an intelligent appreciation of political problems. The aristocracy of education and training in America to-day is not the class which is in control of the country's political activities. The result of the lack of this highly-trained governing class has been as unfortunate as it was inevitable. Politics in America have degenerated into a business. Our State legislatures are in the control of special interests. The subtly dangerous influence of the lobby is felt in much of the Congressional legislation. Instead of entrusting the conduct of our foreign affairs to a specially-trained and permanent body of men, we give it to the successful politicians. Our foreign policy there-

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fore changes overnight. In short, the best educated element in American society, which should assume control of the operations of government, has been content to resign that control to those to whom politics is a trade.

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The explanation, though simple, in no way excuses the fact. A people founded almost in a day, we at once found ourselves confronted by enormous obstacles. Before the consciousness of nationality could be awakened, an entire continent had to be conquered. The materialism of American life for the past hundred years is a direct result of the century-long process of overcoming the great Western frontier. Towards solving the material problems that lay in the way of its growth, were directed the country's best brains. Only a small fraction, at most, was turned towards public service. The typical American, the man of affairs, full of forceful energy and practical wisdom, has cared but little how his government is run, provided it does not interfere with his money-getting. In the eyes of Europe, where the ideal of public service dominates the highly-educated classes, we are a people of mere "money-grabbers." For in that wild scramble for material prosperity so universal in American life, even our educated minority have shown but scant inclination to exercise their duties of political leadership.

To this national spirit of indifference in political matters, corresponds closely the attitude of the Yale undergraduate. Plunged at an immature age into the complex and many-sided life of the college, he is immediately seized by the glamor of the extra-curriculum. Towards the achieving of collegiate laurels he bends every effort. But the limits of his mental horizon extend no further than the time when he has won for himself a place of prominence in the undergraduate world. Strenuous as are his efforts, they are for the most part, wholly unrelated to his future. He lives in complete isolation from the rest of the world. The labor expended in counting the cobblestones at his feet prevents him from seeing the magnificence of the mountains ahead of him. The curriculum, it is true, absorbs a considerable amount of his attention. But rarely does it succeed in stimulating him to think on political questions, or suggest to him that he is a citizen of a democracy.

Political discussions occur but seldom. The editorial sections of the newspapers and weeklies are passed over for the sporting articles and the fiction beyond. Occasional outbursts of interest in national affairs do arise: but they die out with a surprising, but regular rapidity. And whatever opinions they do bring forth, are based more on prejudice and impulse, than on carefully reasoned arguments. On the day of his graduation, he is presented with a diploma which is supposed to certify that he has received a liberal education. But in that most important characteristic of the educated man—an intelligent interest in public affairs—he is conspicuously lacking. He may, it is true, in the future, find opportunity to serve the state well. But that service he will render not because of his university training, but in spite of it.

Between the Yale undergraduate, and that of Oxford and Cambridge, the contrast is as striking as it is significant. The English universities are the national centers of political thought. The men who have made possible the British Empire of to-day, have very largely received their training at either Cambridge or Oxford. About a half of the membership of the House of Commons is drawn from graduates of these two institutions. Upon the picked men in her national universities, Great Britain aims to bestow a really liberal education, one that is an adequate index of their intellectual worth. In a very considerable number she implants a spirit of service to the Empire, which finds an abundant outlet in the administration of an Empire embracing one-quarter of the earth's land surface. The debates at the Oxford Union rival in intensity of interest, and maturity of thought, those in the House of Commons. Throughout both Oxford and Cambridge prevails an extraordinary interest in public questions. For with the Englishman of the upper classes government is both a privilege and a paramount duty. He feels a direct personal responsibility in the affairs of the nation which is almost unknown among Americans of the same class.

Of late years Yale has shown signs of awakening from her long slumber of conservative inaction to a sense of her duties as a national University. She is becoming increasingly conscious of the necessity for her exerting a far greater leadership

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in the intellectual life of the nation. Instead of reflecting popular ideals and tendencies, as she has in the past, she sees that it is her duty herself to create and influence national aims and aspirations. In the future she will rather choose to stress the high qualities of mind of the individual graduate, than to reduce all to the mediocre level of the "Yale type." No longer will Yale merely furnish agreeable surroundings among which to spend four years. The intellectual enthusiasms already kindled are growing stronger and stronger. Men will come to Yale from all parts of the country, as they always have. But the aims with which they enter will become higher and steadily more ambitious. The establishment in the immediate future of "honor" degrees has already insured a far greater emphasis on purely intellectual undergraduate activity. The college will cease to suffer from that listless mental vacuity which has tainted so many generations of its students. The curriculum will become a real and living issue, and not a merely undesirable condition to the pursuit of social pleasures.

The Yale man of to-morrow will have to be reckoned with in the realm of thought, as in the past he has been in things purely material. In the growing intellectual awakening of America he will become a stimulating and driving force.

Leadership in the awakening will bring with it a leadership in the activities of the government. The thinkers and the philosophers will assume a greater control of the workings of the state. The emphasis laid at Yale on the development of the powers of thought of the individual, the training in distinguishing the relevant from the irrelevant, the valid from the specious, and the personal contact gained in the process with the picked men from every State, will inevitably produce men of a philosophic breadth of mind. This new type of undergraduate will not permit the glamor of the extra-curriculum to blind him to the ultimate realities of life. He will see beyond his immediate surroundings and catch a glimpse of the whole of which he is a part. He will see that he is a member of a highly-organized political community, and that he is pre-eminently fitted to aid in controling its affairs. To a degree unknown before, the future graduates of Yale will lend their influence towards creating and maintaining that

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enlightened public opinion without which no democracy can hope to escape destruction.

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The people of the United States have grown conscious of their national unity. Broken down are the barriers which once isolated us from the rest of mankind. By thus expanding to a position of world-wide influence, we have both increased and made more difficult of solution our national problems. To meet them successfully will require the display of far broader and more statesmanlike views on the part of representatives than have so far been necessary. It is not the local and provincial, but the cosmopolitan outlook that will be needed. In the State legislatures, in Congress, in the federal judiciary there will be required a far greater proportion of the nation's intellect than that with which we must at present be satisfied. We may never need a governing class, such as is now possessed by every European nation. But the American people will demand that those who belong to its aristocracy of intellect shall contribute of their talents to political leadership far more generously than they do at present. In answering this great national call, which will grow more insistent as the years go on, and sending out her full quota of trained men into public life, Yale will be justifying her position of national prominence. She will at the same time be fulfilling the second of the two aims of her founders, the "training of men for service in church and state."

Oliver McKee, Jr.

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IN QUEST OF RAVIDORO.

A Play.

Persons in the Play:
Harry Derby.
Maxfield Derby.
Mr. and Mrs. Derby, their father and mother.
Dr. Neargard.
Phantoms in the Play:
Phantom of Dr. Neargard, enlarged.
Phantom of Unbuttered Bread.
Phantom of Syrup of Figs.
God.
Friends in the Castle of Ravidoro, Angels, Cherubim, etc.
A Clergyman.

[*The Playroom in the Derby mansion. There are doors in the rear wall veiled with blue curtains, and between them is a hautboy, with a baseball bat on top, and a bottle of Syrup of Figs. Opposite the door on the left is a fortress built of blocks, nearly five feet in height. On the right is a window, opened a few inches, and beside it an old-fashioned four-post bed. There is a comfortable upholstered rocking chair in the center of the room, with a table beside it, on which are a number of toys, notably soldiers, cannon, etc. On the floor is an automobile.*]

Scene 1.

Harry: Can you be a 'squire?

Max: I don't know.

Harry: Well, be mine, please. I need one to carry the pediments.

Max: The what—

Harry: The pediments. You see, I'm going farther than New Crampton, or even the Moon—on a quest: that's a thing you put at your lady's feet and are honored through all generalizations.

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MAX: What's gen—

HARRY: Listen! [*Reading.*] "The young prince started forth with his faithful esquire, who carried his princely robe, his shining armor, and food for many days."

MAX: Am I to carry the—

HARRY: Listen! [*Reading.*] "The land of Ravidoro is behind an impassable mountain range, encircled by a river of blood, and guarded by Gorgons, with the fangs of wolves and the tongues of serpents."

MAX [*a trifle awed*]: Is it real?

HARRY [*with horrible alarm, stuffing the book in his blouse*]: I heard— She'd kill us!

MAX [*as no mother appears*]: She might kill *you!*

HARRY [*at full height, a little Napoleonesque*]: I am going to Ravidoro. Max Derby, you must companion me.

MAX: Let's play Winkey Blinkey.

HARRY [*holding Max's shoulders, not a bit Napoleon*]: I'm going to run away, do you hear? You must be my slave.

MAX: I don't want to go.

HARRY: Then you must help me to escape. If you don't, you'll be called a vile traitor, through all—

MAX: *Let's play Winkey Blinkey!*

HARRY: Do you want to be called a vile—

MAX: N—no.

HARRY [*screaming*]: Then help me to escape.

[*Max gets off his knees hastily, and looks around wildly in search of a convenient hole in the wall or perhaps a scaling ladder.*]

HARRY [*pointing dramatically*]: The chimney!

[*They both rush over to the fireplace, and peer up it with waning enthusiasm.*]

MAX: It's black.

HARRY: It's dirty.—Listen! [*With the eloquence of a new idea.*] We might creep, creep down the back stairs, and kill Maggie—

MAX: How?

HARRY: With a rolling-pin, or with scalding water. And then *escape* through the back door.

MAX [*suddenly*]: I like Maggie.

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HARRY [*sadly*]: So do I. [*Pause. Sitting down, and pulling Max over to him, sagely.*] One must be calm. Listen! We'll read again and p'rhaps we'll think. [*Opening book.*] "As the Prince approached the fortress, he noticed that it was at least ten thousand feet high, and that Catherine's chamber was in the loftiest tower of the northern battlement."

[*The blue curtains of the door part, and a woman enters. Her hat is on, and she wears a seal cloak that is cut to precise style. Opening her lips to speak, she pauses and listens.*]

"There being no rope in the chamber, and the height being too great for any ladder in the world, the lady pined long in hopeless grief. But at length she bethought her of the immense wardrobe of silk sheets and satin quilts in the castle. Taking a hundred of these—"

MOTHER [*running forward into the room. With all possible emphasis*]: *Harry!* [*The children turn, dazed, Harry instantly sitting on the book, and Max running forward with good confidence.*] After you said you were sorry, why did you have to *steal* the book back. Give it to me instantly. [*Harry sits with more security.*] You are no longer naughty, Harry—you are truly wicked. Wicked, unspeakably wicked! We took you from school to keep you from sin. Now where you get it, God only knows—unless— *Is this the new game father tells of—* Harry give it to me!

HARRY [*as she takes the book*]: I'll go back to school, mother—I'll play Winkey Blinkey all day long—but if you take it away, mother, I'll—I'll—

MOTHER [*leaving with the book after a fierce struggle*]: Father must know of this, but I'll plead, I'll plead for my little thief—

HARRY [*quickly*]: Now we *must* go, Max! [*Pause.*] Now, dear Max, *think*.

[*Max, bewildered, presents an unusually unthoughtful face.*]

HARRY: We can't kill Maggie. THINK!! [*Irrelevantly*] Max, you—you are going to catch it. [*Leaping up suddenly, and diving like a young storm at the four-post bed.*] Oh, the red Indian blankets!—LET US DESCEND! [*Throwing a huge bundle of blankets over his head, and tumbling out into the middle of the floor.*] Quick, the other bed.

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MAX: W—what are you going—

HARRY [*with bustle of command*]: Never mind. BLANKETS! You don't want to be a vile—

MAX: Where is Ravidoro?

HARRY [*receiving new supply of Indian doubles from Max's hand*]: Now be a little man—tie that! That's a 'squire—if there are no trains running, I'll go to New Crampton.

[*Both at the open window, with two blankets tied chain fashion.*]

HARRY: Here! To the bed post.

MAX: Is it strong?

HARRY: As a tower—

MAX: Do I hear?

HARRY: Mother?—*I* shall escape.

MAX: Good-bye, Harry. Is't safe?

HARRY: 'Twould hold father. Good-bye! Good-bye!

SCENE 2.

[*A week later. The playroom again, but at two at night. Dr. Neargard is busy pouring some pink fluid into a measuring glass. He wears a pleated green suit, of heavy texture. Harry is under the bed clothes trying to raise himself on his elbow and lying in the four-post bed, which has been moved several feet further from the window to prevent draughts. Mother, in her kimona, with her hair down, is seated at his bedside on a little stool. None of the figures are distinct, for all the light in the room comes from an electric bulb with a heavy green shade. As the curtain rises, Dr. Neargard, kneeling, gives the measuring glass into the boy's hand.*]

DOCTOR: Just think you're a fish, boy, drinking up the sea. There—one swallow! Here's a glass of fresh water.

HARRY [*in a very weary, but very high-pitched voice*]: But I'm not sorry, I'm not sorry, I'm not sorry!

MOTHER: Now try and go to sleep.

HARRY: I won't try and go to sleep. I'll do it again. I'd run away. I'll break my ver, ver—I'll break it all over again.

MOTHER: Now don't let's talk any more. I'm sure you weren't thinking how much mother cares.

HARRY: I'm sure I was thinking how much—m-mo-ther—

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SCENE 3.

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[*The air. Harry holds Max's hand that they may not drift too far apart. The sun and moon and most of the stars pass rapidly on all sides. The moon is pale yellow and looks a bit like illuminated Edam, but the sun is much larger, like a titanic arc light, that they pass quite slowly. A piece of torn red blanket in the hand of Harry floats upward with the force of the descent. The rapidity of the descent makes the wind sound in their ears, like the rushing of a mighty storm.*]

MAX: How long has it been?

HARRY: About a week, I think.

MAX: I'm cold.

[*Pause, during which Harry tries to wrap the straggling blanket down over Max's shoulders. It flies off and escapes altogether into the sky.*]

HARRY: I'm sorry I pulled you out.

MAX: You didn't—I fell.

[*Pause, during which they pass through a cloud.*]

MAX: Will we land on clouds?

HARRY [*with weary wisdom*]: Clouds is water, you ninny.

MAX: What will we land on?

HARRY: I don't know—rocks maybe.

MAX: I'm scared.

HARRY: I'm not. Mebbe we'll land on ice, maybe we'll land on iron, maybe we'll—

MAX: D-don't!

HARRY: *I'm* not scared.

MAX: Why?

HARRY: Because I like bein' dead. [*Suddenly.*] Look!

MAX: What is it? It's a falling star.

HARRY: It's a bottle.—Oo, so big! Max, it's a bottle of Syrup of Figs.

[*The bottle passes, several feet in length. It is equipped with hands and feet. After a slight pause, the fearful rushing of the wind ceases, and Harry, Max, and the bottle land violently upon a large mountain of cloud stuff. It is not like cotton-wool, but much more flaky, and infinitely softer. It is so soft that Harry, who lands upside down, has to take a little*

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time to withdraw his head and shoulders before he can talk. Max is in to his waist. Up over the crest of the cloud on the left, to the rear, and several miles distant, is an immense castle at least five million feet high, and made of colored marble, such as you see in little squares in basement floors, except that they are very bright and of all colors. Over the cloud horizon to the right rear, the sun, moon, and a sufficiently representative sprinkling of stars is visible at an infinite distance.]

HARRY: Oh, oh!

MAX: Oooooh!

HARRY: Is it cotton-wool?

MAX: It isn't *water*.

HARRY: Hm—I rather thought it would be something like this.

MAX [*with terror*]: Look!

[*The bottle picks himself up and turns to face the children.*]

HARRY: OH!

SYRUP: Friends, I am Syrup of Figs; I greet you [*with a rather stiff bow*].

HARRY [*shielding Max with his arm*]: I hate you!

SYRUP: You hate what was in me. We might just as well be friendly now we are here together. Let me tell you, in the first place, I lost all my contents on the way down—I poured them out on the moon.

HARRY [*laughing*]: Well, well! I do like you better. Syrup, I seem to see through you more— How this cloud gets into one's ears [*picking off flakes*].

SYRUP: Into one's neck, I should say [*spouting clouds from his bottle neck*]. I was unfortunate enough to lose my stopper in Mars— Did you lose your stopper?

MAX: No, but we lost our caps.

HARRY [*who has been walking about and examining his environment, suddenly glimpsing the castle*]: Look, Max! Are those our blocks?

MAX: I don't know; they're pretty big.

HARRY [*who has run to a little eminence of cloud*]: Oh, Max, I think it's Ravidoro!

SYRUP: What's that?

HARRY [*with perfect conviction*]: I *know* it's Ravidoro.

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We must start at once. I'm afraid there may be a river of blood. www.libtool.com.cn

SYRUP: Pah! I'll drink it up.

MAX: Where are the pediments?

HARRY [*running down and drawing Syrup of Figs and Max to him*]: We must have an army—to overcome obstacles. [*Turning to Max didactically.*] Obstacles are things that are strewn in one's way— Where *can* we get an army?

SYRUP: Might use Unbuttered.

HARRY: Who?

SYRUP: Unbuttered Bread—a nice enough chap, a bit crusty at times, but a solid character.

HARRY: I hate it—is it anywhere 'round?

SYRUP: No, but I left him passing the fixed stars—you see, I fall a bit faster—he's liable to be any here—any—

[*Sudden introduction of Unbuttered Bread from the fixed stars. He sinks a good ways into the cloud stuff, so far that Syrup of Figs has a deal of trouble digging him out. Harry and Max await his resurrection at a distance.*]

SYRUP: Lose anything in space?

U.B.: Not much—a crumb or two.

SYRUP: Some old friends of yours on the cloud. I think you've supped often—

U.B. [*emerging*]: No friends of mine. They break me into bits to give to the cat—

HARRY [*fiercely*]: Throw him over the cloud!

SYRUP [*with a sudden idea; running behind a hillock of cloud*]: No—we'll make a new man of him—we'll jam him! [*Reappearance with a knife as long as a spear, with a foot of jam on the end. Applies it thoroughly to all parts of Unbuttered's body.*] You'll like him, I think, after this. It's like a sea bath, it changes one totally. [*Unbuttered is considerably mellowed: his face grows softer and younger and his voice more kindly.*]

HARRY [*conciliating*]: We're going to Ravidoro, and you can be part of the army if you like.

[*Before he can reply three youths rush up over the horizon of the cloud. The central figure bears a standard, with the words "Alfred Brown." As he comes into view, he is dis-*

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covered to be a mucker, of the most typical type; a scrawny toboggan covers short-cropped hair, drawn close to his eyes. No forehead intervenes. There is a gash under one eye; the other is black. He has a leering mouth, and carries an "Evening Mail" in one hand and revolver in the other. The other two are discovered as identical with the first.]

SYRUP: What is it—Germans?

U.B.: Ye loaves and fishes—they will eat me!

MAX: Harry—it's Al!

HARRY: It's the *army* of Al. We must fight at once. Syrup, Jam, Max, courage. Valor will extringe the victory!

[*An army of several hundred Alfred Browns follow from the horizon. Each has a "Mail," a revolver and a black eye; they differ only in height. They attack the allies with hands and feet. Many are carried bodily and dropped off the edge into Nowhere. About a dozen fall on the cloud and sink within. The clamor is terrific and but few words articulate. Here is a cross section of the noise.*]

AN ALFRED: Now, you 'fraid-cat!

ANOTHER ALFRED: Ouch! My other eye!

ANOTHER ALFRED: Take that, Bottle!

HARRY: You ninny, you mucker. Courage, Jam!

MAX: Ooooooh!

U.B.: Don' eat my head, I beg of you.

SYRUP: Get out of my neck.

ANOTHER ALFRED: —— —— ——

[*The army is annihilated, but the allies lie down in complete exhaustion.*]

HARRY: I knew I could lick him.

SYRUP: Him? Them, I mean. Where is Unbuttered?

HARRY: By Jove, I bet he's eaten!

MAX: Here is his leg.

HARRY: That's a real shame. It's *all* that's left.

MAX: I *did* want a bite of his head.

HARRY: Oh, how ungrateful! We must be getting on. Ravidoro is—

[*The sky darkens; till the whole cloud earth is cast in shadow. Then suddenly with the flashes of lightning that follow, the scene is shown to be much nearer the castle of Ravi-*

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doro. It now appears astoundingly like the fortress of blocks in the playroom. www.libtool.com.cn *There are sheets tied together and a big red Indian blanket hanging down from the windows for several thousand feet. And in the topmost windows are friends beckoning. After a pause, in which thunder forbids conversation.*]

HARRY [*looking down at his feet*]: What's the matter with the cloud?

MAX: Why, it isn't!

HARRY: *What!*

SYRUP: It isn't any more. We're walking on something green.

MAX: It isn't grass.

HARRY: It's cloth, green cloth.

In a vivid and prolonged flash of lightning the cloud is discovered to have resolved itself into an exceedingly coarse-woven stuff like green cloth. It is crossed at intervals by long ridges where the stuff is bent into enormous pleats.]

SYRUP: Don't stumble so.

HARRY: I can't help it; there are hedges in the way.

MAX: Look. [*Lifting up a mass of the cloth and disappearing beneath.*]

SYRUP: It's a pocket!

[*The lightning gives an almost constant flare of light. Beneath its glare the woven earth seems to sway and roll.*]

HARRY: Oh, dear, I know what it is!

MAX: Why, it's an earthquake.

HARRY: It isn't—it's his back.

SYRUP: What!

HARRY: We're on top of Dr. Neargard.

SYRUP: Where's Max?

MAX [*from within Dr. Neargard's pocket*]: There's toothpicks here.

HARRY: Come out or he'll catch you. Listen.

[*The thunder, on closer attention, becomes human. It breaks forth with all its natural and phenomenal terror; and adds the horror of articulate threatening.*]

VOICE OF THUNDER: He must go back to bed, he must go back to bed. Quinine, quinine, quinine.

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SYRUP: He will dump us into Mother-knows-where!
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MAX: Oh, dear, he may put us all to bed!

HARRY [*in agony*]: Ravidoro, O Ravidoro!

[*The long medical fingers of a rough and terrible hand steal up and almost crush Max, who trips over them and runs with the others down the back. The doctor is slowly straightening up, one corner of his shoulder heaving into sight, and it becomes increasingly difficult to gain a footing on the sloping broadcloth. A tiny blue object, shapeless at first, and like a patch of the sky, comes into closer view, sailing through cloud upon cloud till it breaks suddenly into clear view. It is hard to tell whether it is a book with a blue cover, or a* 1915 *touring model with blue doors. They get into it very quickly indeed, and it starts noiselessly toward the castle, its wheels going around and finding no trouble in getting a purchase from the air. The long arm of Dr. Neargard shoots after them, with the horrible long medical fingers distended, and the thunder beating in their ears: "Quinine for the rascal. Quinine, quinine, quinine!" But they fly on speedily, and pass over the castle. And as they skirt its height, the people looking out of the windows of the castle laugh very heartily, and wave the red Indian blankets above their heads. The red, and blue and green marbles of the fortress glow as though they had been dipped in phosphorus.*]

SCENE 4.

[*Heaven: being a place inside Ravidoro. A long line of steps made out of the best marble, and converging into a platform, on top of which is an easy chair, made out of gold. Extending down the steps on either side are the companies of the heavenly host. All the angels are tall, with silver wings, and clad in white night dresses. They have golden curls. At the foot of the steps is a gate, in front of which an old man stands with a number of keys on a large ring. God sits on His throne in His everyday clothes. There is a heap of white and purple garments at His feet, but He is wearing a common suit of tweed, and a low, easy collar. He is not an old man, and his face has a jovial mouth much like Mr. Jenkins'. There is a stool at His feet on which Harry sits, looking up into His face.*]

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HARRY: I didn't know you lived in Ravidoro.

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GOD: I don't; I'm only visiting. You see, I live nearly everywhere.

HARRY: Mother always said you wore wonderful g-garments and were perfectly terrible.

GOD: No, no. I put these robes on [*pointing to the heap*] occasionally out of concession to tradition. But I don't like them.

HARRY: Neither do I.

GOD: You see, fathers and mothers know, as a rule, precious little about me. These angels I *have* to keep, out of deference to what people say. I really don't give a rap about these steps or St. Peter there at the bottom. In fact, I'm not what I *appear* to you now.

HARRY: Haven't you really got the same kind of eyes?

GOD: Well, yes; those I really have.

[*Pause.*]

HARRY: I suppose we might as well do the damning now.

GOD: Yes, it is best. Cherubim, bring forth father and mother.

[*Two cherubim, equipped as near to the apocalyptic directions as possible, move out from behind the throne and disappear through the air. When they return the one on the right hand bears in his claws father, the one on the left, mother. They place their burdens some twenty steps below the throne.*]

HARRY: I wish *you'd* condemn them, God.

GOD: No, Harry. It shall be your task.

HARRY: All right. [*Very gravely.*] What is the worst thing that parents can do to their children?

MOTHER [*trembling, with her eyes bowed to the marble steps*]: To *neglect* their children.

HARRY [*in a very loud voice*]: *No, no. The worst thing a parent can do is to cut them off from the road to Ravidoro; never to let them speak of it, or show them the path, or even to let them find it themselves.* This is the sin of sins. [*Pause.*] Mother, I condemn you to live forever in a—

[*As he speaks Heaven shakes to its foundations and the marble steps crumble. Harry turns fearfully to the throne.*]

HARRY: God, God, what shall I do—

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GOD: Say on, say on—

HARRY: Mother, I—

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[*But Heaven falls.*]

SCENE 5.

[*The playroom of the Derby mansion, with the afternoon sun shining across the floor. A clergyman is sitting in an upholstered rocking chair reading out of a vest pocket Bible. Harry is in bed and tries to raise himself upon an elbow. His face is turned from his mother, who kneels at the bed.*]

HARRY: I'm going to get well.

MOTHER: Of course you are.

HARRY: Well enough to do it again.

MOTHER: What?

HARRY: I mean run away.

MOTHER: What, from *home?*

HARRY: Mother, I hate home! I'm *not* sorry. I'm only sorry the Indian blanket—

MOTHER: Hush, dear; you're feverish.

[*The clergyman closes his Bible with resigned lips, and tiptoes across the floor. He looks at the boy for a minute, and, crossing himself, starts forward.*]

HARRY [*in a new voice, turning slowly toward his mother*]: God doesn't think He can do it.

MOTHER: Do what, dear?

HARRY: Forgive— [*The clergyman breathes heavily.*] But, I guess I can—I'll ask *Him?*

[*For a moment or two Harry's breath catches audibly in his throat; his frame is shaken from head to foot; then stiffened; and then relaxed as if in deep and comfortable slumber.*]

[*The clergyman kneels suddenly and puts his ear over the boy's heart. At last—slowly.*]

CLERGYMAN: *Let us pray!*

[*Enter quickly father through the blue curtains.*]

FATHER: I believe the boy—

[*He stops under the glances of the others, stands with his eyes fixed on the bed. There is a blue-covered book in his hand. The curtain falls.*]

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THE CUP.

Come, drain the cup with a laugh!
'Tis better so.
'Tis knightlier by half
To toss it off and never let them know
Than it would be to sip and sip with slow
Malignant martyrdom, that needs must show
Its nobleness: for life
Is palpitant with woe
That cuts the sympathies as with a knife.
What need to add one more
To the long score
Of sighs, archaic when the hills were new?
A laugh were better—laughs are all too few.
Oh, aye, it will be hard!
Thy self-possession will be marred
By those who see
Uncomprehendingly,
Who think it nectar, and who envy thee.
And some, suspecting what the draught may be,
Will smile and sneer
Thine honest laugh to hear,
And say thou art too coarse of grain to feel
The hurt, as stone may blunt the keenest steel.
Bah! They are fools! And why
Shouldst thou consider them? What though they try
Their trivial stings upon thee? Wilt thou deign
To wince, who art aflame with inward pain?
What if thou die
Unwept by any eye;
Thy tragedy unknown to any friend?
Is pity then the end
Of man's endeavor?
No! Let thy laugh ring true and loud and high,
And it may be that someone passing by

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Who had deemed laughter dead
Or lost forever
Shall hear thy voice and raise his weary head
And look with livelier courage on the way
That he must travel, and, from day to day,
The memory of that laugh may grow until
When thou art long since still,
Thy voice has wrought re-birth of a human will.
Were that too dearly purchased, dost thou think?
Come, drink—

Alfred Raymond Bellinger.

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THE POETRY OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

LET the weather be July. Walk out over a bit of sunny moorland, close to the seashore, where breakers may roll. And let the sun be going down in its old glory, which you feel, though not attentive, and with an old emotion. Close enough to the sea the shore must be, that the surf can be heard each time as it withdraws from the shingles of the beach. You hear the roar, though you do not ponder it, but let its rhythm do what it will with your heart. Lie down on the moor, in the face of the sunset, and in sound of the sea, and read out of your book some chapter of the doings or yearnings of men. You might read of Agamemnon, King of Men, and the invasion of old cities, of ambition and the progress of hate, and the gleam of armor, and the shouting of brave hearts. If you did so, since your own heart has lived in its measure, it would feed its own life to your fancy till you re-lived Troy as you lay by the sea. But suppose instead you read of a Florentine who passed down into Hell alive, that you *went* with Dante to that windy region of infernal sighs where he met Francesca and her lover Paolo. You would hear then that story of condemned love, so fearful, that out of pity, Dante swooned on the floor of Hell. And out of the pulse of a living fancy, with the rhythm of the sea in your ears, you might build a new vision I think; the descent into Hell, the meeting, the story of passion, the swoon itself. The vision would be a vision of reality. Inasmuch as emotion and truth are transcendently stuff of the real.

Phillips may never have read the literature of the world seated on a moorland, but he has often walked with Nature, and it is his custom to sing old themes which grow beautiful through their natural imagery, and warm with the touch of a personal emotion. It is interesting to see how he has put his hand into the great literature of the world, the enduring myths, and fables that are rich with the meanings of generations of singers. To read his titles is like collectively naming the passion centers of literary history: "Ulysses," "Orestes," "En-

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dymion," "Faust," "Paola and Francesca," "Herod," "The New Inferno." It has been the trick of great poets, though often done perchance with less frankness. And they become original, of course, through the unfailing novelty of the human heart.

The manner in which he takes a Greek theme and brings it into a region of ideal beauty without losing the color of passion, is perfectly shown in "Marpessa," an early poem, and his best. It is told in a verse that is rich and langourous as a summer evening, till it grows poignant with Marpessa's passion. The great god, Apollo, rivaling a mortal, pleads his love before Marpessa, and is answered:

"O eager bridegroom springing in this world
As in thy bed prepared! Fain would I know
Yon heavenly wafting through the heaven wide,
And the large view of the subjected seas,
And famous cities, and the various toil
Of men: All Asia at my feet spread out
In indolent magnificence of bloom!
Africa in her matted hair obscured,
And India in meditation plunged!
Then the delight of flinging the sunbeams,
Diffusing silent bliss; and yet more sweet—
To cherish fruit on the warm wall; to raise
Out of the tomb to glory the pale wheat,
Serene ascension by the rain prepared;
To work with the benignly falling hours,
And beautiful slow Time. But, dearest, this,
To gild the face that from its dead looks up,
To shine on the rejected, and arrive
To women that remember in the night;
Or mend with sweetest surgery of the mind."

All this varied offering of the immortal lover has given Phillips scope for an omniscient glance into the secret growth of natural things, a poetic imaging of the great work of the sun. He seems to aim at carrying the mind to an Olympic region of hinting splendor, transcendent of earth. He wins such an effect by his use of words. You feel you breathe in a new atmosphere where the air itself is somehow rich with feeling, and the very beauty of the hill country passionate. His secret is in making the whole inorganic world personal; in committing the pathetic fallacy over and over again. He sings of subjected seas; of a bloom that is indolent and magnificent; of wheat pale and rising from a tomb like a man in

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resurrection; of the benignity of the hours which fall; of Time who is slow and beautiful. No wonder there is a strange music in his verse, for all his words have been caressed and loved. The leaves, the trees, the stars, all Nature, all abstraction quiver alike from the touch of a human hand. This is not real—no. This shining God, this more than human maid, this vision of immortal beneficence, this tremendous meeting of the Sun to woo a maid, and all this music about deep deliberate bliss. But the beauty of it is real and by all odds enduring. By beauty we look over and beyond this tangibility that flatters our senses by its concreteness, over and above and into the heart of reality. Now Marpessa yearns for her mortal lover. Even Apollo's lure of immortality she finds it in her heart to reject, and the shadowy Hades of her fellow-mortals she chooses against unending bliss upon Olympus:

"Yet would I not forego the doom, the place,
Whither my poets and my heroes went
Before me; warriors that with deeds forlorn
Saddened my youth, yet made it great to live;
Lonely antagonists of Destiny,
That went down scornful before many spears,
Who soon as we are born, are straight our friends;
And live in simple music, country songs,
And mournful ballads by the winter fire.

* * * * * * * *

"The half of music, I have heard men say,
Is to have grieved; when comes the lonely wail
Over the mind; old men have told it me
Subdued after long life by simple sounds.
The mourner is the favorite of the moon,
And the departing sun his glory owes
To the eternal thoughts of creatures brief,
Who think the thing that they shall never see."

Clearly, his verse does not gain greatness solely from a rich word texture, or the odd musical character that is half its charm. Rarely has the old yearning of young hearts for the rough and the real better spoken. In Hell, pain, at most, can establish a rude reality, and no bliss even Olympic and eternal can make unreality worth while. Oh, there is the yearning of a young, wild heart in those first lines, stirred by memories that reach back beyond the grave. *Perhaps* on a moorland by the sea he had read of those warriors that saddened his youth, yet made it great to live, those—

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> "Lonely antagonists of Destiny,
> That went down scornful before many spears . . . "

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with greater simplicity and greater wonder he proceeds:

> "The half of music I have heard men say
> Is to have grieved . . . "

As a culmination of Phillips' work with Greek themes comes the Ulysses. The Odyssey has been one of the most persistently popular stories among all peoples, since it was first told nine centuries before Christ's birth. There is color in it and infinite variation, the lure of adventure upon the sea, ambition, love, craft and the mighty hand of the gods. Phillips went to the myth as Sophocles might have in the Periclean Age for the groundwork of his play, and like Sophocles, pruned it with consummate skill out of the epic form into the dramatic. That was not easy. Yet he kept in his drama more of the Odyssean episodes than any of his forerunners, than M. Ponsard or Mr. Robert Bridges. The swift change of scene is almost cinematographic. First Olympus, and a council of the immortals; followed by Ulysses upon Ogygia under the love witchery of Calypso; then a vision of the home of Penelope in Ithaca, overrun with very realistic suitors, garrulous and drunk; again a scene with Ulysses at the door of Hell, then Hell itself, and the shades of the heroes; lastly, the return of Ulysses in beggar's guise to Ithaca and the slaughter of the suitors. Phillips has made his drama as close as he could to Homer, in color as well as in plot. He has read Homer into his very spirit. Think of the shield of Achilles, the brass doors of Antinous, the stained ivory and the couches bossed with ornaments of precious metal. Penelope herself is busy with—

> "The golden shuttle and the violet wool."

There are men in the world who can speak the phrases of daily commonplace, and make them eloquent through the power of personality. Phillips has not scorned a natural dialogue in the Odyssey. Ulysses' conversations with his mother in Hell, with Eumaeus the swineherd on his return, with Calypso on Ogygia, are fraught with simple thoughts and rough words. But they are there in the poem with the meaning of the whole luminous about them. It is a bit like the

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Sophoclean irony that hints of the progress of doom through the idle and unconscious words of an Oedippus. Phillips has obeyed realism in the general character of the dialogue, but he has made vivid the meanings that he as a poet could see, though neither the speaker nor the hearer knew them. He has gifted common speech somehow with the passion and prophecy of its ultimate meaning. When Ulysses is suddenly released from Calypso's spell, and the light of love passes out of his eyes, and the yearning for the long sea road and Ithaca enters it, the goddess speaks. Her words are a woman's:

"CAL.:

But I will know
Why suddenly you burn to sail; why suddenly
'I touch these arms of stone, this hand of flint,
Why suddenly your eyes peer seaward, why
All in one moment you are mad for home.
Is it your wife whom you at last remember?
Penelope?—doth she not drag her feet
A little as she walks —slow—but how chaste!
If I could see her, I would understand.'

ULYS.:

I'd not compare Penelope with thee.

CAL.:

I have shown you amorous craft, tricks of delay,
Tears that can fire men's blood; . . .
Hath she the way of it All the sweet wiles?
That love that shall not weary must be art.

ULYS.:

She hath no skill in loving—but to love.

CAL.:

And are her eyes dark; dark, yet with lightning?
Never a blue eye held a man like thee.

ULYS.:

I have forgot the color of her eyes.

CAL.:

Patient and fair and comfortable? Yes?
Stands she as I do? Is her head so poised?

ULYS.:

How should a mortal like a goddess stand?

CAL.:

And can she set a rose in bosom or hair?

ULYS.:

She hath a wisdom amid garden flowers."

Short lines that leap forward quickly as talk should. The

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talk of a woman driven to use all her craft to hold her lover. But out of it you can construct an Odyssey. You can see, of course, that Ulysses must be standing with his head bent, or sitting with it between his hands, in a slow awakening that is not yet defiant. His soul begins to be filled with the revolt from the new love to the old, but he is still half under the goddess' witchery, still taking her taunts quietly. And she taunts him with all the fierceness she dares, to blacken his reviving memory. Her character is complete and vivid in those few lines of dialogue; passionate, womanly, with a rich craft, and not unpitiful, for she has loved. And Ulysses' heart, too, is bare. The ashes of the mad passion for Calypso; hints of the deep sea of adventure he has sailed; and the re-birth of the old yearning. Lo, he answers her, half musing, with his mind in Ithaca—

> "She hath no skill in loving—but to love."

and again—

> "She hath a wisdom amid garden flowers."

There the character and life of Penelope are sealed; the picture of Ithaca is clear; of Ulysses' hearth; his hope, his happiness, the temper of his heart.

There are two chords, I think, that dominate the rhythm of Phillips' mind—the love of pure beauty sweeping to his sense from music and color, and a vision of yearning for a transcendental reality. I mean God's love in back of the small act of affection; Hell behind sin;—and immortality, perhaps, in the pale roseate glow that encircles deep human joy. He sometimes goes, especially when he is singing some short lyric, to the bleak side of human passion for a theme; to a murderer's room in ugly London, or to the story of a prostitute. But he never sees them as a realist, he cannot chain his eyes to either ugliness or beauty in themselves, but he must step beyond and hint of the horror that will follow the crime, or the greater love that lies beyond the human. Even of human passion he is scarcely content to sing for its own sake, but there must be overtones to bring it out of the common daylight into a new region of the ideal. A region, perhaps, of completer meaning.

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As the first love led to Greek beauty, the second has brought him a worshipper to the feet of Dante. He must have read the "Divina Commedia" so early that the fever of it sank into his spirit. This other-worldliness flickers here and there over the whole range of his poetry—even Ulysses he takes through Hades. Dante's extraordinary method of repressed wording of abrupt metre, and melancholy, monotonous ending he has taken into himself. In a measure, as far as English can give it, Phillips has caught the spirit of the *terza rima*: In his "Cities in Hell":

> "'Oh, if thou marvelest at this earthly home,
> This rustle of earthly foliage after death,
> This pattering of rain beyond the grave,
> Then tremble! Nothing done, or said, or thought,
> Shall ever perish: None can ever die.'
>
> "Listless again, when she had spoken thus,
> She grew; that other breathing fast I heard.
> Then sudden as a child I cried for earth;
> Down rushing, I was 'ware at last of waves,
> Then spires; and to the body I returned."

He has even written a *"New Inferno."* Of course, he has tempered Hell cooling here, and warming there, where needed, transforming the thing into a sort of self-punishing affair, which endures till repentance breaks the bonds of the pitiful condemned, and gives him a chance at an ultimate heaven. There is much of the manner of Dante's imagery, the same inclusive burning epithet, and even now and again the haunting gloom of the rhythm, spreading the old terror of the irretrievable. But Phillips has failed, because the poem is not built out of an individual soul. The old Inferno is the whole of the Middle Ages; the New, a small part of Phillips' fancy. In a word, the greatness of the "Commedia" came not primarily from the magic of the *terza rima,* but from the depth of Dante's soul, so charged with medievalism, that its intensity compelled the verse to vigor and beauty. With Phillips it is conceivable that he hit upon the idea of a New Inferno in the spirit of the old in the first warmth, and in a secondary glow plotted the ideas of immortality as material for his cantos.

When Dante, led by Virgil, reached the first circle of Hell, he looked out into a grey blackness from the edge of the abyss

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that reaches down to the center of Hell itself. In the dark air, and tossed now here, now there, upon the blast of the Inferno, were the spirits of those who had wandered from God on this earth through lust of the flesh, and who now, without hope of respite, wander through the murk of Hell. Suddenly two shades passed by, two that floated ever together, like doves, so light they passed upon the wings of the breeze. But when Dante beckoned they came and stood on the edge of the abyss. They were Francesca La Rimini and her lover Paolo, and their story as Francesca told it is the brightest spot in the darkness of the Inferno.

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Phillips has taken it and woven a complex and multicolored drama of human passion. It is a very real Italy in which the scene is laid, the soldiers upon the high road swagger, one fancies, as they should, and Giovanni is the lord of a proper castle. The realism—if there be any—is Shakespearian: swift and natural dialogue outstanding from the flow of musical verse. With all the might of his being Paolo has fought his love for his brother's wife: even to buying poison which he could not drink. He returns at length, mastered by love, but glad of his defeat, and Francesca receives him afraid. She is indeed fresh and dewy from her early convent days. She had said to Paolo before in the lonely hours of Giovanni's absence, "Oh, I have a fluttering up toward joy, lightness and laughter, and a need of singing. You are more near my age—you understand." She had been but half conscious of this new strange love for her husband's brother, and less conscious of its guilt. Phillips grows eloquent in the splendor of the final confession that united them forever, *though in Hell.* Paolo speaks:

"I am by music led into this room,
And beckoned sweetly; all the breezes die
Round me, and in immortal ecstacy
Toward thee I move: now am I free and gay—
Light as a dancer when the strings begin.

FRANC.:
What glow is on thy face, what sudden light?

PAO.:
It seems that I am proof against all perils.

FRANC.:
And yet I fear to see thy air so glad.

PAO.:
To-night all points of swords to me are dull.

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FRANC.:
And still I dread the bravery of your words.
Kiss me, and leave me, Paolo, to-night.

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PAO.:
What do you fear?

FRANC.:
One watches quietly.

PAO.:
Who?

FRANC.:
I know not; perhaps the quiet face
Of God; the eternal listener is near.

PAO.:
I'll struggle now no more. Have I not fought
Against thee as a foe most terrible?
Parried the nimble thrust and thought of thee,
And from thy mortal sweetness fled away,
Yet evermore returned?

FRANC.:
You fill me with a glorious rashness,
What!
Shall we two, then, take up our fate and smile?

PAO.:
Remember how when first we met we stood
Stung with immortal recollections.
O face immured beside a fairy sea,
That leaned down at dead midnight to be kissed!
O beauty folded up in forests old!

. . . .

FRANC.:
Ah, Paolo! if we
Should die to-night, then whither would our souls
Repair? There is a region which priests tell of
Where such as we are punished without end.

PAO.:
Were we together, what can punish us?"

Here, and in the whole of the "Paolo," Phillips is singing with all the strings of his spirit a-quiver, and in tune to passion. Here again is the ease of talk his other plays have shown, but the dialogue almost fades into a single glow of emotional expression. And there is beauty of music, too, sheer lines of Greek grace. "O face immured" . . . And over all rich passion. And at the end the *cry of the beyond*. They are sitting in Giovanni's palace, and in her chamber, rich in tapestries, she with a princess' garments, and the dark hue of her flesh, and the glory of her hair, and he, clad soldierlike, before her in the brightness of young manhood, his brown face, pale, perhaps, with love, and the very air heavy with passion's

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holiness. Into this warmth steals recollection, and Francesca speaks:

> "Ah, Paolo, if we
> Should die to-night, then whither would our souls
> Repair?"

But he, though seeing through the darkness into Hell, answers:

> "Were we together, what can punish us?"

It is hard not to demand that some day Phillips cease even this creative singing of literary themes. Not but that much more than half of each re-singing is new, but still, one wishes that some day in the impulse of mature creation, he would stride forth and tell us his theme in his own manner, with the grand landscape of no great name behind to give its color. He has played the old masters over to us with so much insight, with so much of himself in them, that we long to hear the new pure music his own ripe soul might give.

Among those perfect lines that sing themselves endlessly in memory, these I like best, for they tell why he may grow still in greatness:

> "The mourner is the favorite of the moon,
> And the departing sun his glory owes
> To the eternal thoughts of creatures brief,
> Who think the thing that they shall never see."

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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BALLADE OF ROMANCE.

I rode through booty-ladened street—
As Autumn walks in state between
The trees that cast their jewels sweet
From crowns of fruit. But past the screen
Of vines and falling leaves' gold sheen—
While grapes like living em'ralds glow—
The withered winter weaves, unseen,
'Mid flaming leaves a shroud of snow.

I saw thee stand, veiled in the sound
Of silver lutes; thy long robes strayed
O'er pearl-white limbs like mist, for round
Thy throne great peacock fans were swayed—
Thy crown beneath my feet was laid,
Along my path thy slaves knelt low.
My eyes met thine! The winter made
'Mid flaming leaves a shroud of snow.

I crowned thee queen—what though I die
A traitor's death, and dying bear
A country's curse? My kisses lie
Within the warmth of thy long hair!
Thy arms still cling—wild vows we sware!
Once more thy lips—before I go!
We saw the winter weaving there
'Mid flaming leaves a shroud of snow!

Oh, part the golden tapestry
Of trees—glance through! 'Tis life to know
That winter weaves there silently
'Mid flaming leaves a shroud of snow.

David Hamilton.

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SAVONAROLA.

NERO was come again, and the Seven Hills, livid in the flashing lights, echoed once more to the thick cries of "O thou Apollo!" Down the rose-strewn paths of the purple Emperors came the golden canopies of prelate and pontiff and the orgies of Borgia, of Pazzi, and of Riario, vied with the ancient worship of Bacchus and the goat-hoofed Pan. For the second time Christian Italy was plunged into what seemed universal madness. The outburst which was caused by the slow dissolution of paganism was repeated at the revival of paganism. The Renaissance had come to debauch the world, to destroy it, it seemed, and with it came greed, cruelty, and fierce struggle for temporal power. With the revival of classical learning in Italy, the old vices returned, and Rome and Florence in the latter part of the fifteenth century played the worn-out rôles of Jerusalem, Babylon and Athens. Ecclesiastics and philosophers were far more concerned with the writings of Aristotle and Plato than they were with the precepts of the saints. Science and philosophy had no place for the Christian Religion. Men's souls were guided by means of Virgil, Horace and Pindar, and architecture, art and literature were doomed to barbaric ruin. The "Divina Commedia" gave place to the "Ballate" of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the Italian tongue was declared unsuited for the utterance of lofty ideas.

An intellectual fever-ferment of the weirdest sort was at its height. Lectures were delivered on the occult virtues contained in amulets, on the efficacy of poisonous charms, on aerial spirits. The time was filled with whirling spheres and cycling orbits, with horoscope charts, and black, moon and star figured robes of professor-magician. No palace was without its observatory, no cathedral without its alchemists' kettles.

And in the midst of this chaos, *"de ruina Ecclesia,"* arose Savonarola, thundering invectives and denunciations, to see visions of the sword of God quivering above Rome, and to cry

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out in prophetic agony at it all, "O God, Lady, that I might break those spreading wings!"

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Seldom has the world heard such terrible words as those from the friar. Once before an awful voice had called from the wilderness and now was a second Saint John Baptist crying woe to a world black in the filth of damnation. The simple eloquence of the thirteenth century, of which with all its childishness and simple charm, Saint Bernardino of Siena was the last and best example, had long died out. The preachers of the time were the rhetoricians of the Fra Mariano type, or those who either indulged in vulgar theatrical displays, or spoke scholastic jargon. There was no use for the language of kindness and love, the real meanings of those words were unknown to the vice-sunken people. Only the cutting lash of fierce denunciation could start them from their sins. This Savonarola had for them.

"Behold, each day avarice grows, the whirlpool of usury is widened, lust hath contaminated all things, and pride roareth to the clouds. Ye are children of the devil, and ye seek to do the will of your father." Such was his tenor. He spared no one. In a city of fools, reared on a whale's back, he symbolized the rule of Piero de' Medici—continued to speak of "chalices of gold and prelates of wood," with all the fervor of a Dominican—of an Italian of the Order of Preachers. "I am like the hail," he said, "which pelts everyone who is out in the open air." No wonder Pico della Mirandola, as he tells us, felt cold shivers through his limbs, as the last sermon of Noah's Ark thundered down upon the congregation of the Duomo, and that people left the church under the bewilderment of a strange dread. Already the rumor was abroad that the soldiery of a new Cyrus was pouring down the Alps to the conquest of Italy. Indeed the sword of God had come down upon earth; the threatened chastisements of the prophet of Florence had begun. The whole population applied to him, the most influential citizens sought his advice, and as if my magic his followers became masters of the town.

He had succeeded in making his effect upon Babylon. He had matched its madness with a madness of his own. It was no easy task. Nor was it an easy task to outdo the passion of

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the bacchanals of the street with an excitement of religious pageant; to draw the people from the wilderness of raging sin to the paths of grace, by the greater attractiveness of those more difficult paths. But such was his problem. And of this one thing Fra Girolamo was certain; that if there were to be riots they should be religious riots.

Witness, therefore, at the close of Lent, on Palm Sunday, 1496, the famous procession, more gorgeous, and more lavish in fantastic religious symbolism, in images and banners, than any before it, that was to put to shame the unholy merriment of the Carnival and to show the way in which the austere season of Lent was hereafter to commence and to close. In the church of the Annunziata assembled not less than 8,000 children, each of whom in passing Saint Mark received a red cross, these part of the white-gowned concourse setting forth to the tune of mystic lauds composed for the occasion, songs of greater wildness than the revel odes of the Bacchanti. *"Viva Christo,"* burst the refrain, *"Viva Firenze,"* rose the mad reply.

They paused for a time before the church of Santa Maria dei Fiori, within which from an altar gleamed vases full of rings, gold, jewels, and trinkets of every sort; there were robes of brocade, silk and cloth of gold, and all kinds of gorgeous dress and decorations—all oblations for the Monti di Pieta, institutions which Florence owed directly to Savonarola. Thence with more singing and chanting they moved off to the Tabernacle set up on the Public Place. Fitting for the event, the Tabernacle bore upon one side a painting representing the Lord as entering Jerusalem on an ass, with the people shouting "Hosanna" and strewing their garments in the way; on the other side was the Virgin with a glorious crown. Having marched, aye, danced about this then, the procession returned to Saint Mark's, where, in the open square, crowned with garlands, all persons of every age, clergy and lay, went whirling around in fantastic reel in Christian Bacchanals, *"semper pazzo, pazzo, pazzo,"* vibrating to the skies.

Nor was this all. Savonarola would distinguish the carnival with still further solemn abnegation of the profane. There

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should be a costly sacrifice of vanities and worldly treasures. So under the conscription of his young police, a marvelous pyre of contraband was erected in the Piazza. Behold at the bottom masks, false beards, masquerading dresses, all the wild attire of satyrs, harlequins and devils, as worn in the riotous days; above them books of Italian and Latin poetry, the Morgante, the works of Boccaccio and Petrarch; next, whole female toilet perfumes, mirrors, veils, false hair; then instruments of music, lyres, flutes, guitars, cards, and chess tables; and finally layers of portraits of the famous beauties of the city. Into this hell fire went the marble busts of the lovely Bencina, Lena Morella, the handsome Bina, Maria de Lenzi. Among the precious things gathered by the inquisitoral zeal of the boy-censors were works gladly turned over by Fra Bartolomeo, and Lorenzo di Credi. In such holocaust was enkindled pagan naturalism, and as the fire roared to the volume of a Te Deum, to the sound of trumpets and the clanging of bells, another fantastic hymn-dance took place in the Piazza di San Marco.

The dreadful Friar himself voices the questions of stupefaction and breathless astonishment arising at all this sacred revelry. "What shall I say of the festival of yesterday—that for once I drove you all mad; is it true? What would ye say if I should make you all, old men and old women, dance every one around the crucifix, and I, the maddest of all, in the midst of all?"

What is to be said, indeed? It is a difficult question. In what measure were these workings of this extraordinary monk the means by which he redeemed his country from political turmoil and gave it the best form of republican government it ever enjoyed, by which, for a time at least, out of utter confusion he brought moderation, and from paganism Christian piety. The sequence is significant.

But it could not endure. The marvel was that the friar had existed as long as he had. With his hosts of enemies and the hostility of Rome, enraged at the reformation going on in Florence, was added an event which hastened his end in descent swifter than had been his rise to power. Either from some incautious words of Savonarola himself or from some rash

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defiance of his followers, he found himself bound in contest with the Franciscans to an ordeal of fire, to attest the truth of his prophetic gifts. The friar manifestly saw its folly. "God had not revealed the issue of the ordeal, or whether it would take place." The unhappy event was staged, however, amid a great crowd, with vacillations, tergiversations, wranglings and disputes: that the holy vestments should not be worn in the fire, nor the habit, nor the cross. Finally the Dominicans' proposal to bear the Host into the fire met with a storm of protest and then, suddenly, as evening drew on, came down torrents of rain, the farce was broken up, the Franciscans stole quietly away, and Savonarola retired in solemn dignity, bearing back the Host, the one object evident for the maledictions of the baffled, disappointed and enraged mob.

The end was not far distant. Encouraged by the fact of his Papal excommunication, the people turned against him, and their cry become, "Death to the Friar." The prelude to his tragic end is a miserable tale of imprisonment, of repeated torturings by hoisting, of confessions and recantations, of perjured accounts.

A month later the scaffold was built in the public square; a gibbet at one end. The plenary absolution was followed by the stripping off of the sacerdotal robes—the separation from the church militant—"Not from the church triumphant," cried Savonarola at the slip of the bishop in confusion at his evil commission. The halters and the chains received their claim—the three hung from what looked all the world, despite its shortened upper part—like a cross. The fire leaped upwards and from below the Arrabbiati, with howlings of indescribable horror, hurled stones at the half-consumed victims. Savonarola was the last to suffer, at length to know an end of his madly rushing course, to find the reality of the earthly shadow, and to dance at last with the angels in the still conditionless realms of light.

The voice crying from the waste places was gone. The golden chariot rolled on and the scarlet petals accompanying the "re-birth" and its ugly illegitimate, the "reformation," lay scattered over Europe. War was to come and famine, but five centuries later mankind, freed by the purgation of fire and

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shell, from the poisonous fang of the human beast, would look back to the fearful call of the Prophet of Italy in his brief halt of the pagan onrush.

Gordon Bodenwein.

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AFTER AN EARLY MORNING THUNDER SHOWER.

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Down wet sidewalks in the morning
Walking to my work and scorning
Folks who lie abed a-sighing
For the sidewalks to be drying.....

Odor of the rain-swept night;
Clear fresh pools in basins bright
Catching up the dewy light
  Out of heaven blue,
Giving back with wan pale smile
Tears cold clouds let fall a while
  Ere they slipt from view.
Blue-eyed broke the dawn above
  O'er these flooded lands of ours;
Still the glistening boughs above
  Hung with cold metallic flowers,
Dewy bits of heaven clinging
To the windy branches swinging
O'er the pleasant streets that lie
Wet and gleaming to the sky.
Waking sparrows' twittering mirth;
Life a-stir across the earth,
Faces moving to and fro,
Going whither? who should know?
Oh, 'tis pleasant to the eye
  To look out upon the world
  Like a crystal rose empearled,
Ere the rainy dews are dry!
Ere the drops are warmed away—
Lovely tears on lids of day—
And the dreamed-of eyes unclose
From the mist of sweet repose.

Down wet sidewalks in the morning
Walking to my work and scorning
Folks who lie abed a-sighing
For the sidewalks to be drying.....

Howard Buck.

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OPEN WINDOWS.

HE took an interest in everybody else in the car, and he looked at them with that complacent air that congratulates one on being alive. Good people have it on Christmas day and anybody at all on falling in love. He saw the old lady that sat opposite trailing her knitting in the lap of a young man, who did not mind because his nose was close to the A.M.'s and P.M.'s of a time-table. He appraised the old lady to high value for the nonchalance of her trailing mittens and the unpretending and chaste appearance of her poke bonnet. Upon the young man his glance fell with congratulation for his industry. The middle-aged man in the seat beside him interrupted his glance of sunshine, by turning to speak. He was an intensely practical man, with eyes that had grown steely-blue through studying stock columns, and lips that had acquired power by speaking rudely to stenographers.

"Sir, are you Cyril Murdock, the maker of the O. B. iron bolts?"

"With threads that can neither wear nor slip, and heads of tempered steel," said the other. Had he been at all in a normal mood of aggressive business fellowship, he had talked the blue eyes blind about bolts and bars, and forges and the new tariff, but his mood was a truant one and he left matters quietly with the threads that do not slip and the heads of tempered steel. He was running away from the factory on Seventh Street for making O. B.'s, to apron strings in New Hampshire, from a fashionable boarding house on Twentieth Street to a kitchen under a very antique roof-tree—to a fireplace as big as a grotto that kept the house like ice in winter weather. So, instead of amusing his leisure by selling the man with the vigorous lips, a carload of O. B. monkey wrenches, he watched the snow make itself into tiny monsoons over the meadowland, or bridge into smooth sloping mountains over hedges and stone walls. When he grew tired of the monsoons he turned about to a disgusted companion:

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"My dear fellow," said he, "I am fooling her!"

If Cyril Murdock hadn't smiled at him blandly the typical reader of the newspaper stock columns would have been less annoyed. He looked scaldingly over the top of the newspaper at the bolt-maker till he could look no longer:

"Who, your wife?"

"I am twenty-eight," said the man with the unctuous soul. "This is what mother said when I was eighteen: 'Cyril, ten years is a million years; if you go away now, boy, you will *never* come home. Set up in business in Joffstown.'" Cyril Murdock laughed and the whole car turned its head to look. He pinched the knee of the well-known type beside him and it grew defiant. "'Of course,' I said, 'Motherkins, Joffstown is a closet in a house on a back street. I want to go to a real town and make jugs of money—enough to shingle the barn a hundred times. Then when I'm rich as Cyrus March, I'll come home and surprise you out of your wits.'"

The stock and bond reader beside Murdock was showing all the signs of intellectual weariness. He hiccoughed with vigor and spread his hands out deploringly on his well-creased knees. As a final narcotic he bit off the end of a cigar.

But Cyril Murdock's retintings of boyhood had fast been becoming too intimate for the cooling atmosphere of railroad conversation, or the elephant ears of his companion. Most boys of eighteen love their mother eloquently in a very few rare and lovely moments, and the rest of the time they love her in a rough and ready, indulgent, half-annoyed sort of way. Meaning merely they have eighteen-year-old bashfulness about revealing the *still waters that run deep*. But Cyril had been different: he loved and declared his love. He identified ambition with the happiness he was to bring mother when he grew up. When the practical business man was biting off the end of the cigar (which he was not allowed to smoke in a common car), Cyril was thinking of a far, far scene that made his lips smile, and brought up tears to threaten his eyelids. This was the picture re-lived in vigorous memory: Mrs. Murdock mending a great gap in Cyril's linsey-woolsey, a gap as big as a man's hand. Suddenly she throws her arms around his neck, linsey-woolsey and all, and cries: "I know, dear

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boy, you will ***never, never*** come home again." "How do you know?" Cyril had asked. "I can see it in your heart, dear boy; the winders are wide open; I know it for God's truth, you will ***never***—" And the boy had laughed cheerfully at the mother's tears. "You can see more than I can, Motherkins. I shall fool you, dear, and be a-comin' home as rich as Cyrus March!"

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Well, the rumbling wheels of the Joffstown accommodation bore witness that he had.

Cyril Murdock would have hugged the little green station with its twenty-year-old coat of green paint had he been a trifle bigger. He felt nearly big enough, but not quite. There was a sort of phosphorus of happiness in his mind that tinged all his thoughts golden and clothed his perceptions in scarlet. He was glad to see drifts and drifts of snow; that would mean out-of-door work; he was rejoiced to find the little inn near the depot, looking just as it had ten years back, with the shutters falling off and the chimney falling in. He would build the town a new one. There was no stage to meet the train; he would walk. It was good to stretch his legs.

She had come out to the mail box to get his letter. He saw her brown shawl fly over her head, as he came up to the brow of the hill, and he ran with the speed of Hermes and met her at the mail box.

"Mother, let me carry you in," said he, after he had hugged off her cap and her shawl.

"How big you've growed, Cyril," said she at last. "Father won't know you."

When he reached the door-sill his delight ran over. He remembered every crack in the door and they were dearer than fissures in a mine of gold; the knocker with a one-eyed figure upon it stared forth welcome and good cheer, and he began to count his initials on the clapboards with a warm heart.

"Mother," he cried, glancing back over the front yard, "where is the sweep?"

"Cyril, we ain't a-usin' the well now; Cyrus March said it was un'ealthy, dear, and your father filled it up."

That was a bit of a grief: he had made the sweep himself.

They found father in the kitchen. Mr. Murdock was a

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man of seventy-four; with the shoulder of a smith, and a very heavy face, and eyes that seemed not quite alert, perhaps because of near-sightedness. For a moment he was mystified at the sight of the handsome man ushering in Mrs. Murdock. Then he got up with a broad, easy smile.

"Cyril, boy," said he, "what hez brought you home?"

Mrs. Murdock was too busy trembling and putting her hands on her boy's head and round his neck to talk a great deal, and father was hard to move to any words at all, especially if the occasion held emotion. So Cyril took up the golden thread and wove a modest tale of the making of bolts in Seventh Street, with reminiscences innumerable to Joffstown, and to the little roof-tree on Murdock hill. "And do you remember how father and I, dear, painted the barn red, Motherkins, when he dropped the pail on my foot—does she still preserve crab-apples, father"—and at last—"I wished many times, Motherkins, I had had your linsey-woolsey to keep me warm, and remind me of things." He turned around and took both her hands and spoke with all the mischief he could cram in his voice, "Do you remember, mother dear, when you said I would never come back to you? Read it in my heart, you said." He was laughing now. "When did I say I would come, dear?"

The little woman looked up with lips that trembled and smiled, "Ten long years, you said, Cyril."

He did not answer her, but got up and threw his arms around her neck, kissing her faster than she could kiss back.

* * * * *

The next day, how strenuous he was! Why, no one here knew anything about the use of time. He had thought mother the busiest body on earth, and father active beyond most Joffstown farmers. They both got up early enough; that was to be granted; but beyond that and the making of meals, and the bringing in of fire-wood, and the driving to the village for nothing at all, there were no great tasks accomplished. But there were hosts of things towards which Cyril's genius sprang. He found roof beams dangerously decayed; the chimney in splendid shape for burning the house up; and no plumbing whatever save the kitchen pump. He drove to the village and

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brought home a turkey for New Year's dinner, and some panes of glass, www.libtool.com.cn and to conclude the day sold three broken-down sleighs to the neighbor who dwelt over the hill.

He sat down in the evening for the refreshment of conversation.

"I have been talking too much," said he. "What has been happening here, mother, these ten million years?"

Father was puffing a new pipe. "Why," said he, "we sold the pine meadow lot."

Cyril looked into the fire a half-hour or so. Bedtime came at nine o'clock.

* * * * *

The *days* were filled with the cheer of manifold business, but Cyril wondered if the evenings couldn't be made a bit more cheerful. He had not been used to midnight gayeties even in the fashionable boarding house on Seventh Street, but he had often talked to the landlady until ten-thirty, and even read detective stories till twelve.

"Mother, let's buy a sleigh," he had said to the little woman over her knitting, and she, without looking up:

"Cyril, how foolish of you; we go out so seldom."

Toward the end of the week he found his mind absorbing gloom from the broad grey expanse of unbroken ice and snow that covered the farm, and the badly broken road running down Murdock hill out of sight. He took to long tramps of an afternoon, which did not help.

But the thought of the new chimney and the plumbing he would superintend awoke his enthusiasm, and then, too, he was happy at meals; he noticed the quiet life in the eyes of both of them. Saturday evening he whittled out pegs for a wooden rake. It was a boyhood habit he hadn't broken. Mother looked up at him with a little smile.

"You remember, dear, when I mended that rip in your linsey-woolsey as big as your father's hand? You remember what I told you then?"

"Well, haven't I, mother?" He was triumphant again out of the gloom that was constantly choking him.

The knitting of the little woman fell into her lap and she held her hands still a moment; wearily still it seemed, as if

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resting after sixty-nine years of linsey vests and woolen stockings, and woolen mittens for all the world. And her voice was gentle when she spoke, and her eyes gentle, although there was no mist of tears across them.

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"Have you, my dear?" she said.

For a moment he felt that the windows of his soul had been opened and a woman peering in, but in a moment he slammed them to and bolted them close, and denied like a man any woman's power to open intimate windows.

"How is father's cough? Mother, mine, do you realize I came home to a day! I never thought of that before—but it was New Year's, remember, when I began work for uncle. New Year's morning that I made my first bolt—haven't I made a million since? 'Twas New Year's eve that I kissed you at the gate, and hugged the shawl off your shoulders, and the cap off your head. How I fooled you! Kept my quest, I reckon!"

He threw his enthusiasm into the old channels that began to be frigid about the edges. But they yielded him stout, logical comfort still, and he cultivated them in defiance of the gentle eyes. His masculine soul began to bulwark itself with reason against the vague assault of the little woman; with reason and with passion.

Had he omitted anything that a son could do for a mother? He had come back out of a prosperous career and cordial friends in a little half-city of New England to shed a son's light over a mother's last years. Then he had humored father by listening to his talk about the politics of Joffstown or the best way to raise a peculiar brand of yellow corn that was sweeter than white. (What the devil did the Aldermen of Joffstown mean to him? God! Or the varieties of sweet corn?) Oh, and incidentally, he had planned to rebuild the chimney and install a washing machine and electric lights.

"Mother dear, I think I'll buy that sleigh for you. You *say* you don't want it, but it will do you good spinning around, and it will give excuse for opening up the stable."

Suddenly mother laid aside her knitting on the little table, and came up to him, putting her hands on his shoulders motherly.

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"How good you have been to us, dear— Good-night," she said, taking his kiss, "and the sleigh would be kinder nice to have, wouldn't it, dear?"

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He had won his case, and he kissed her again, and walking upstairs to the little garret room his selfishness had decreed should be his, he rubbed his hands mentally. How had he ever come to feel less complacent than he did this moment, entrenched as he was in the midst of his own beneficences. He rejoiced for a moment or two in the smallness of the room, and then he undressed vigorously. Tiny panes there were in the window, weren't they? Pajama-clad he flung up the window and balanced it on a stick (this was still old-fashioned), and stuck his head out for a moment's glimpse of the clear night, and a chest full of the January air. The stars interested him; they had in them the old mystery of magnitude and distance; they were awful, and Joffstown was not. They were mighty, wonder-compelling and suggestive of universal things and Joffstown was none of these things. They even meant to him personal things, as they must to any man if they are to be magnificent: meant the friends far off in the town of bolt making, and what they thought he might be, and what he thought himself, he might grow into, with God's aid, and the shrewd brain God had given him. They even suggested bolt making itself and made his heart grow warm and sentimental thereat. When his ears and his chest were cold, he drew in his head, and jumped under two patch-work quilts, for a long, contented slumber.

He had not slept a wink. He blamed it on the moonlight that crept all over his bed, and he dressed with a haste and with a trembling in all his limbs, *partly* from cold. His teeth were painfully clenched, and he felt in his soul his mind was making itself up for some decisive movement, but no hint in his head as to what it would be. He was wrathful unto desperation with the perversity of his own soul which would not sleep, and *would* think its old thoughts in old ways.

He opened the garret door quickly and less quietly than he had intended and stumbled over a suit-case—his own, and packed so neatly and completely with shirts and ties and pajamas, and clean collars and a silk bag, that he must have

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done it himself. For the six-thirty express to the city? But he hadn't done it; he had been in bed under two quilts. Mother —his hand was feeling down amongst the shirts and ties and pajamas—alone could have got them all in—this trunk full and a suit-case, not to be repacked.

* * * * *

He caught the last car of the express. The sun came up over the mountains. Little houses and big barns, broad fields, bounded and divided by stone walls, and crossed by brooks frozen and snow-filled, were the sights he turned his eyes to avoid. He was frightened to begin thinking again after a bit of a holiday—and the fields might make him logical if he looked at them, or wistful, which was worse.

"Have you, my dear?" she had said. His mother! She had looked through the open windows and seen all that; and then told it to him with eyes that were very gentle; but had no mist of tears across them—*he hadn't really come home.* Nor was he to be thrashed for it; or to regret it utterly. The fault lay in the heart of Time, or of God, or of the process of making bolts. The wheels as they rumbled and jarred and hiccoughed over the bad pieces in the road, and withal carried him irretrievable miles from Joffstown, made him glad.

And over that fact he grew exceedingly sorrowful.

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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PORTFOLIO.

ANDANTE.

And four and twenty hours more
Have run before, have fled before,
  Grey and monotonous and chill.
How shall we taste of Quiet's store
  Whom Labor lashes forward still?

Beloved, let us flee away
To far Cathay, to fair Cathay,
  The land of romance and of rest,
Wherein are marvels, so they say,
  Undreamed of in the weary West.

Great jewel heaps that tower high,
That cheer the eye, that blind the eye,
  The palace of the Cham can boast;
And silk-clad potentates go by,
  A royal Oriental host.

But, richer than the royal show,
The poppies blow, all scarlet blow;
  And where they grow no man may reap.
And breezes in among them go
  And bear away the breath of sleep.

Come, let us quit this life of stress
For pleasantness, for idleness;
  By subtle magic to be wooed
To crave the joy of labor less
  Than that of perfect quietude.

Alfred Raymond Bellinger.

THREE IMPRESSIONS

I. AN ARRANGEMENT IN YELLOW AND VIOLET.

——Five o'clock of the afternoon in early November; and streets, trees, shadows, buildings all lie bathed in deep washes of a pure violet Dark violet outlines of half-shaped rooftops stand out against a sky tinted with streaks of a lighter, more pellucid, crystalline violet. The trees tangle their limbs into intricate patterns of violet—imagery of a delicate effect; subtly suggestive of conscious design, of Japanese prints, of fragile tracery on Gothic cathedrals. And through the maze of branch and twig the light trembles and shivers along a jagged horizon—or rather a sky-

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line of gable and chimney-pot, for horizons lie just beyond these massed-up piles, over the roofs across the river. This is a sky-line of color—a demarcation of the radiant violets of the upper atmosphere from the heterogeneous purples and reds and yellows of the lower street levels. Deep purples linger and hover along the alleys, the mysterious doorways and shadowed arches; and sparkling among them leap forth the lamps and night lights which are flaring up one by one—bluish and gaudy electric arcs and splashes of gold in the shop windows. The mists enfolding the Common reflect the sky, its violet rapidly sinking to ever duller blue and azure; but the streets glow with a complementary yellow, and it shines in the faces of the murmuring crowds which rush by in steady confusion. Yellow and violet—violet and yellow.

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II. A PICTURE BY MA YÜAN.

The tide comes slipping over the sand-bars in a broad flat mass along whose surface the green billows ripple into little whorls and whirlpools, stretching out into long curving streaks of white foam from every snag and obstruction. It glides along with a sibilant purr—a mellifluous burbling from the tiny vortices and a soft murmur of snakelike currents ceaselessly twining beneath the surface. Khan has anchored his fishing-bark over in the deep water beyond the shoals, and the little craft gently rises and falls on the long slow swells of the China Sea. Soft grey mists drift past from the mainland—a low blue line scarcely visible against the horizon; a few white sea gulls leisurely soar and swoop above the waves, and at intervals a brilliantly colored land bird flies past from the islands. The fish have been unusually plentiful, and the prow of the boat, jutting up from the water at an odd angle, is heaped with nets and baskets. Khan sits in the stern, curiously hunched over his line, quietly gazing into the glass-green depths shiftly lazily far beneath him. Through the liquid haze of the fog the boat hovers in melting outlines, runs silently over the waves, rapidly quivers from side to side. Gradually the mists grow lighter, break into drifting fragments of silvery vapor, and far behind the hills of the mainland the dawn begins to gleam. Hauling in his last catch, Khan raises his patched square canvas and heads his boat for the shore. Slowly the sail fades into the sparkling films of morning haze.

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III. AN OCTOBER ELM.

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(Green, gold, and magenta.)

Down the road you swing, between long walls of broken stone over whose tops thrust occasional boughs big with apples, past a venerable farmhouse sunning itself in the fields in a silent atmosphere of decay—on through the dust, till some fifty yards from the top of the hill you break to the right with a sharp turn through a gate in the hedge and throw yourself down on the soft grass.

A tree, a vine, a ruined stone wall, a valley filled with undergrowth, and a low hill against the sky—of these elements you construct your picture. The elm is an American Elm; is very, very tall; and has been metamorphosed by the autumn to a shower, a fountain of dusty olive-green flecked with filaments of yellow ochre and spots of pure gold. And the vine is a woodbine, very old, and marvelously bitten by the early frosts into brilliant magentas and crimson lake: it clings to the elm with a million tendrils, and winds in a firm slow spiral around the long stretch of trunk leading twenty, thirty, forty yards to its first branching. The stone wall is robed in garments of green and scarlet; the valley glows with a thousand tiny colors harmoniously blended into a delicate mosaic; the tawny slope of the hill beyond shimmers through dim blue mists and diaphanous vapors. All the colors are pure and brilliant, brightest yellows and blazing crimsons; but the impression is rather that of a sombre and aged tapestry of the Renaissance—whose soft rich dyes play and interplay through schemes of intricate design, whose deep purples and burning crimsons blend in a gorgeous sheen of sober color. A faint yellowish film seems to settle over the entire scene—gathering the scattered detail into a single unity of tone; a hint this of the golden splendor of November light to follow, that clear translucent glory which no other month can equal.

The huge elm, solitary in its grandeur, tosses its leafy boughs into a silent spray of green and yellow; the dark magenta leaves of the woodbine stand out a sharp stain against the dull blues of the valley; and in the distance beyond the waving treetops the hillside glitters like an old silk scarf of palest yellow, shot with threads of radiant orange, of green, of gold, and of sparkling crimson.

F. R. Manning.

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——Thanks to the investigations of Dr. A. E. Shipley, of Christ's College, Cambridge, that wonderful and little known animal, the Yale, has been rescued from the mists of oblivion, and it is only fitting that the members of this University should be acquainted with the manners and habits of that strange beast. That our University and this animal should have the same name is, of course, pure coincidence; but a description of the creature may be of interest none the less. Unfortunately no specimens are preserved in museums, and no Yale expeditions have exhumed his remains. In this respect he resembles the Unicorn, like whom he must be reconstructed from the records of ancient and mediæval explorers, whose sharp eyes and keen ears found so many wondrous beasts and birds that our duller modern senses have been unable to rediscover.

THE YALE

Dr. Shiply became interested some years ago in tracing this animal from the first vague descriptions by classical writers through the bestiaries of the Middle Ages. The results of his investigations have appeared in a monograph entitled, "The Hunting of the Yale," and it is to this work that I am indebted for my information. One illustration of the book shows the Yale in all his glory, as he was carved by some mediæval artist over the gate of Christ's College, Cambridge. In appearance he follows closely the descriptions given by various writers of the Middle Ages. One bestiary, for instance, describes him thus:

(The books of this period being written in Latin, perforce spell the name Eale.)

"There is an animal which is called Eale, big as a horse, with the tail of an elephant, black in color, with the jaws of a goat, having inordinately long horns adapted as it were to obey its impulse, for they are shifted as the necessity of battle requires; one of which when fighting it extends and doubles back the other, so that if by any blow the keenness of one is dulled, the sharp edge of the other may take its place."

It is easy to see what a tremendous advantage this gave the Yale in fighting. In fact, his horns were his most striking feature. Gaius Julius Solinus, writing in the early third century, after remarking on the length of the horns, says that "they are not rigid, but movable, according to the need of battle." One

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disadvantage, however, was caused by their length and keenness. In feeding, the Yale had always to graze backward, for if in grazing he moved forward his horns became fixed in the ground. Apparently in times of peace the horns were not as flexible, or so capable of being bent out of the way, as in times of war.

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The writers who describe the Yale seem to have drawn their information from Pliny, who, as Dr. Shipley says, "first described the animal in such a manner that it could be recognized—as a Yale—by any intelligent person who came across one."

Where Pliny obtained his information is not known; though possessed of a lively imagination he always preferred to improve the animals of other writers rather than invent his own. But before Pliny the references are very vague. Herodotus describes some animals which may have been Yales—animals which dwelt in the Garamantian country, thirty days' journey from the land of the Lotos eaters. Pliny, however, starts the first of the detailed descriptions of Yales, descriptions that continue to be put forth even into the Seventeenth Century. Following the general lines of his account, substantially the same as that of the bestiary quoted above, various pictures and carvings of Yales have been found. At Cambridge two colleges, Christ's and St. John's, have such carvings over their gates.

Our University, then, can rejoice in the possession of an animal its own by right of name. An animal vouched for by the most reliable bestiaries of the Middle Ages, ranking with the Unicorn, Dragon, Hydra, and all the hierarchy of the mythical animal world. And yet such is the ignorance of the student-body, and, it is whispered, of the Faculty itself, that the Yale is unknown and unhonored here where his name should be held in highest regard. Let us no longer suffer this to be, but let us raise him to that eminence to which his peculiar qualities surely entitle him.

Morris Hadley.

TWILIGHT HYMN.

Once in the green dusk of a lacquered shrine,
A gong, red, like the depths of new-rushed wine,
  Awoke with tremulous ghost-whispered song.

Once in a dark-hung room, oppressed with death,
A maiden, as the sighing south wind's breath,
  Sang once-loved songs to ease the poignant hush.

Now in the fern-dimmed twilight wilderness,
That mystery, that joy, that tenderness,
  Floats new-born in the anthem of the thrush!

John Farrar.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Hockey Scores.

Yale, 6; St. Paul's, 2.
Yale, 4; Williams, 2.

The Yale News

Has elected the following to its Sophomore Board: Edgar G. Crossman and Oliver B. Cunningham.

Basketball Scores.

Yale, 53; Wesleyan, 26.
Yale, 39,; Brooklyn Polytechnic, 14.
Yale, 43; Fordham, 23.
Yale, 25; Catholic University, 29.
Yale, 22; Navy, 14.
Yale, 37; Pennsylvania, 27.

The Musical Clubs

Elected Elmore McNeill Bostwick Leader of the Glee Club, and A. H. Chappell, Recorder. The Banjo and Mandolin Clubs elected L. T. Miller, Leader, and F. D. Downey, Recorder.

The Athletic Association

Elected Henry J. Crocker, 1916, Assistant Baseball Manager.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

The Rainbow Chaser. By Kenneth Rand. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

When Mr. Rand arrives at that point in his career at which he intends to publish a volume of his complete works he will have as splendid a juvenilia for background as any aspirant could desire. It will be very interesting to the reviewer to read his next book—now that he has rid himself of what we may call his youthful exuberances—when he has seriously settled himself to his mature work.

As a whole "The Rainbow Chaser" does not show any marked improvement over Mr. Rand's previous publication, "The Dirge of the Sea-Children." It has the same veneer of laboriously affected beauty. It has the same dearth of spontaneity and originality of idea. One could with little effort discover the source of many of his effusions in the works of modern writers.

This criticism, however, like all criticisms, must be taken with a grain of salt. Sometimes, we may say often, Mr. Rand hits upon a thought which is well worth remembering. Such is exemplified in the short poem, "The Reaction," as well as in the longer piece, "The Ballad of the Red Fool."

We believe that if Mr. Rand kept himself in check, and confined himself to the cultivation of the force, brevity and simplicity of these two poems, the public would soon be found to recognize him as a most promising young author.

E. F. S.

The Kaiser. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

The volume at hand purports to be "a book about the most interesting man in Europe." Actually it is much more—or less—according to the point of view. It consists of selections from

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many essays bearing upon the Kaiser and his country and gives so much attention to the latter that the title subject is frequently obscured a proceeding certainly not in character. The effect, however, has been satisfactory on the whole and a person desirous of a general ready-to-hand knowledge of Germany and her ruler will find the book of very real value. While penetrating very deeply at no point, information is given over a wide range, from a biological tracing of the Hohenzollern family to a statistical summary of the commercial advance of Germany under Wilhelm II, and a comprehensive resumé of the Prussian governmental system.

It is nearly impossible at this time for a book to be wholly without prejudice, and in the case of the Kaiser few English writers have been able to admire him without publishing his faults with rather undue prominence. The general tone of this volume is therefore inclined to make more of Wilhelm's errors than is wholly necessary. Certain bits of the selections seem to emphasize the Hohenzollern alliance with God more than either of the partners would admit. Yet though these less pleasant characteristics of the Emperor are plainly illustrated hardly less space is devoted to his splendid energy and honest though often quixotic conceptions of himself. It is hereditary for him to believe himself appointed by God and much is natural to him which our Anglo-Saxon minds fail to grasp. And finally the responsibility of the Prussian party for the arrogance of German foreign dealings and incongruous and obtuse mistakes of policy which have characterized the administration which has well nigh isolated the nation in its crisis is by no means left out. The Kaiser is a Prussian of the Prussians, but that he has been coached into many bad moves by those who knew how to use his weaknesses is the evident opinion of most of the essayists whose works are compounded in this book.

Nice old ladies compare Wilhelm II to Nero and get infinite pleasure tracing the parallels in the reigns, men of business call him the Infinite Fool—more or less literally, of course—and nearly everyone is prejudiced against him by the tactful eruptions of the *New Yorker Staats Zeitung*. Yet, after all, mistakes or not, virtues or vices, he is only a man bred by the combining of generations to be essentially royal. And royal he has been, and

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when all is said and done he is a real Emperor and a real man who has known what he wanted and who has tried to take it. That he tried an ill method and was misled by ministers who failed to see that the question before them was not military but economic each critic may judge for himself and the outcome of the Great War will establish. The present volume offers no opinion. It merely states the case—with the aforementioned tendency toward being a little too precise regarding the Kaiser's faults. But in the statement as a whole may be found a very good account of Germany economic and social together with a multitude of interesting tales about her Emperor. And whoever would have a comprehensive birdseye view of the Kaiser and his nation up to the day when after the declaration of war he stood on the imperial balcony uttering the famous, "I recognize no parties now—only Germans," will find the volume at hand decidedly valuable. J. C. P.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

"I want to change my name," said Ossawatomie.

"What's the matter with your name?" whispered Mr. Thoreau, while his thumb flitted around the end of his mustache like an anxious osprey about its nest.

"It doesn't mean anything," returned Ossawatomie.

"Well, what do *you* mean?" snorted Mr. Thoreau, focussing his faculties in one of his deft touches of Voltairian irony. An eruption of epithets ensued.

"I'd like to call myself Wells," said Ossawatomie, sidestepping the lava.

"Wells is not a fitting name to be introduced into an editor's table," said Cato, who had entered silently, and was stalking majestically across the carpet. "I have just come from the Library, where I have been looking over past volumes of the LIT. between 1836 and 1900, and I am sure that no such name has ever appeared before. Why, it might be your grocer. You need something mystical and four syllables long—literary, at least."

"Wells is the name of an English author," said Ossawatomie, "a kind of admixture of Ovid, Plato and Jules Verne. That's fantastic, if no more."

"It sounds very undistinguished, however," commented Cato, "don't you think so, Thoreau?"

Mr. Thoreau did not reply directly. He drew his upper lip over his teeth in that expression of knowing craft which animates a group of marmosets when a cercocopithecus is introduced among them, and commenced chortling vigorously in Chinese. Cato's stately countenance assembled more than usual augustness, but his reply was splintered by a shaft of song in a tenor mellowed by many centuries of Scotch, and quite the most distinctive thing about its owner. "Good evening, merrie gentlemen," blew the breeze from the door, and Paracelsus was already vigorously exclamation-pointing his first manuscript. "Wonderful!" he cried.

"You questioned it last time," commented Mr. Thoreau. "Said you seriously believed the man was mad."

"He's changed the two words I didn't like," said Paracelsus. "Anyway, consistency is the virtue of crocodiles. When they take a dislike to a man, they retain their malevolence till they have torn him to pieces. I veer."

"So does Thoreau. Only you two never veer in the same direction at the same time, which is hard on heelers," said the litigant for a new cognomen.

"What, all busily at work!" cried Harlequin, emerging from under the table, and capering about the room. "Well, I'm with you in spirit!" Drawing a large telescope from his pocket, he focussed it at the topmost

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poem. "Oh, I don't like that at all," he snarled. "He uses the word 'light,' when it ought to be 'lilt.' Set the seal of my disapproval upon it!" Whereupon, on the whirl of a shimmering pirrhouette, he vanished through the sanctum door.

"As a matter of fact, the word he referred to was 'milk'," said Mr. Thoreau. "I don't like it, do you?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Paracelsus.

"The noun 'milk' is hardly a suitable word for the LIT." agreed Cato. "Now the adjective 'milky' "—

"Foam, fauns and star paths protest!" shouted Paracelsus. "Throw it out!" Whereupon a little white sprite of a hope which had been hovering nervously above the coarse manuscript fell back with a sigh and died. And the slaughter of the innocents commenced. O.

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THE

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CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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CONTENTS OF NO. DCCXIII

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CONCERNING PHI BETA KAPPA .... *J. C. Post* 209
THE PROSE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON .... *C. R. Walker, Jr.* 216
THE CONFESSION .... *D. O. Hamilton* 224
HARVEY DAGGART .... *C. R. Walker, Jr.* 229
THE MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA .... *G. Bodenwein* 244
MOON SHADOWS .... *P. Underwood* 249
THE SHEPHERD'S GIFT .... *D. O. Hamilton* 252
PLAYTHINGS .... *H. Phelps Putnam* 259
THE SECRETARY AND HIS WIFE .... *C. R. Walker, Jr.* 261
PORTFOLIO 269
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA 277
BOOK REVIEWS 278
EDITOR'S TABLE 279
INDEX 281

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eightieth Volume with the number for October, 1914. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competitors of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX FEBRUARY, 1915 No. 5

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1915.

JOHN CROSBY BROWN ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
OLIVER McKEE JOHN CARLISLE PEET
FRANK WRIGHT TUTTLE.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

ALFRED H. O'GARA

CONCERNING PHI BETA KAPPA.

REWARDS of scholastic excellence at Yale are separated into two main divisions, one containing the roll of the various specific rewards in the form of prizes, the other representing the Honor Societies: Sigma Xi, Debating Societies and Phi Beta Kappa. Of these two classes little need be said regarding the former. Unfortunately prizes at Yale have suffered under pressure of honors less restricted to mental ability. That they are rather easier of attainment than should be—one or two famous ones excepted—is a pity, but the fault is not in the prizes themselves. They are, and must be, formally and inflexibly administered. Decision in the competitions does not admit of much latitude for discriminating judgment of the competitors themselves. But, so far as possible, the rewards of this first sort are allotted with all intelligence and precision.

It is in honors of the second of the above classes, however, that there is room for reasonable discrimination. Less material in point of actual reward, the Honor Societies in general have the advantage of lasting and evident recognition. With a prize the glory of winning is gone in a day; with such

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organizations as these, when once a man is in he is accepted by a recognized social group and privileged to wear the token of that group. There is something cold and uninspiring about a prize, whereas there is a very human appeal in the attractive little charms given by these societies. In the former case, once the prize is given it is past, but in the latter the token of membership hangs ever in view to tell the world, not "I once did," but "I am." Hence the great power of the Honor Societies, and the reason for the present article. And, inasmuch as it is in Phi Beta Kappa that the main interest of the College is centered, we shall choose Phi Beta Kappa and the elections thereto for our discussion.

At the alteration of Phi Beta Kappa's graduated scale in force a couple of years ago to the present set standard there was some discussion as to whether or not the new system would prove beneficial. Among other things the alteration was considered to raise the bars against the easy acquisition of a Key in Senior year. Up to that time it had been possible for a student of comparatively mediocre ability to become so proficient in the "Course of Study" as to elect a Senior schedule so light and so easy as to make the high stand required for getting Phi Beta Kappa in his last year a farcically weak barrier. The best available system at that time seemed to be one which should automatically admit a man who could hold a stand of 330 or above for any two consecutive years. This is the system now in force. Let us note how it has worked out.

The Class of 1914 graduated 295 men. Out of this number over 60 were members of Phi Beta Kappa. That is to say, that at graduation a full twenty per cent. of the class was held to be fitted for the highest Academic honor. Twenty per cent. —one man in five! Was ever a class so gifted? If so, the highest Academic honor can no longer hold its position, for it is unthinkable that all sixty of those men could have been placed shoulder to shoulder and found of anything like even ability. Out of the sixty, very possibly ten—perhaps fifteen—were men of truly high calibre. The remainder were of no special value save in a superior ability to exert effort in laborious perusal of work assigned. Thus, in the first place, we find the 330 automatic election to be faulty, for in the remainder

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of the class there were probably two hundred men quite as fit for election to Phi Beta Kappa as a majority of its members. Academic honor should be awarded to the man who has availed himself most of the advantages offered toward culture. And while no man can get on, and no man should receive honors without ability for concentrated effort, the principle allowing any well-oiled bit of automatic mental machinery to be elevated to honor above other mentalities equally good but following wider circles is bound to be faulty. The 330 stand limit is an incentive to labor, but to enlightened work it is anything but inspiring.

To prove this contention, let us observe how the 330 admission tends to direct a man's course through college. Starting with Phi Beta Kappa as a goal he will soon observe what courses are to be followed. First of all, those in which he is best grounded must be pursued diligently. Though Latin be of no future use, yet because Mathematics is difficult he must gorge himself on Latin. The converse is equally true of a man gifted in Science. Everywhere the cry is, "Don't take a course you may have a struggle with. Stick close to your known ground, and drive it through." Thus the first tendency of such a Phi Beta Kappa system is to produce narrowness. For if the student dares venture out into the realms of the unknown, if he turns from a pleasant chat with Aristophanes to wrestle with the terrors of Newton's Laws or from admiration of Faraday's principles to the mazy rose gardens of aesthetics, it is only the very finest man who will not stumble. And as a stumble is always a stumble, the Faculty can not be expected to inquire into causes. Marks must go down, and hopes for Phi Beta Kappa vanish, unless the Classicist hold closely to his Greek and Latin and the Scientist retire into the laboratories of his cult. And what, we may well ask, shall become of culture and education in which breadth is the prime essential? What indeed; for it will be seen that, as present conditions indicate, the influence of Phi Beta Kappa is perilously near to being pernicious. But as it is worse than useless to assail without attempting to remedy we take the liberty of prolonging our discussion.

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Obviously the ideal Phi Beta Kappa would be made up of the most universally able men in the College. But such a society would be well nigh impossible to maintain and its members too ridiculously few if the very highest standard could be found. Phi Beta Kappa must be attainable by the fulfillment of some set laws, for no advisory elective board could be formed capable of knowing even a single class well enough to appoint members at random. Hence our question is briefly this: "What set of standards will at once admit to Phi Beta Kappa the most scholarly and the most highly cultured men, neither prohibiting specialization nor setting a premium on it, but while allowing a man to specialize if necessary, yet encouraging the average brilliant man to pursue a broad and liberal education. Even now Phi Beta Kappa conduces to narrowness, not for specific purposes, but because it is easier to get through a narrow course. Obviously merely raising the standard would increase this and would simply eliminate a certain proportion of the members. The standard must, of course, be raised, but it must also be supplemented by encouragements to broadness. Wherefore, as we see it, our ideal system should be graduated, changing automatically according to the course adopted by each candidate.

We, therefore, propose first, in order to embrace Freshmen in the scheme of Phi Beta Kappa, that the present major and minor system be extended through all four years, and that such Freshmen as are recommended by their schools as high stand men or whose entrance papers are of good grade, by declaring their intention of trying for Phi Beta Kappa, be exempted from certain of the requirements of Freshman year. As at present the fulfillment of the requirements for any two successive years shall mean election.

Only an exceptional man, however narrow, can rigidly hold a stand of 350 for two successive years. Hence as a fundamental requirement let us say that the major and minor courses must average 350. This means that a man specializing in a line for a purpose and, therefore, staying wholly within his major and minor courses, must average 350 to attain Phi Beta Kappa. This is high, but should logically

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be no hardship, since a specialist is not worth his salt if he be not a successful specialist. Let us build upon this foundation.

With the assumption of one outside course the problem of holding the major and minor stand up to 350 is complicated. It is therefore only fair to recompense duly the man who will reach out of his home field. But a really good man will not find it hard to hold up the basic courses and at the same time keep a creditable grade in his outside course. Hence let us say his mark in the side course must be 335, and that his recompensary credit starts from this point. We shall reward him by granting that for every 5 points above 335 in the side course 1 point shall be deducted from the major-minor average, while for every 10 points below 335 if he fails of that mark 1 point shall be added to the basic average. Thus we have under this system of credits:—

Average Major	Minor		Side Course
350	350		335 = Phi Beta Kappa
348	350	(349 average)	340 = " " "
350	340	(345 average)	360 = " " "
360	350	(355 average)	285 = " " "

It will be seen that the man must regulate his major-minor course according to the side course, but that while the credit for extra stand in the side course does not reduce the basic stand injuriously it does offer a decided inducement to side courses, and the penalty for failing to attain the 335 stand is not prohibitive, since a ten-point failure adds only one to the basic average.

As has been said, this is essentially a weighted flexible system. Hence with every additional side course taken a new "standard level" for side courses and new ratio of points to win or lose by side stands must be determined. To go through these in detail would be tedious and the reader is referred to the table appended for a detailed study of the system. To close our discussion we shall merely apply the system to one more case, that in which breadth is attained and a man is carrying six courses aside from his major and minor ones. Here we shall still have 350 as the basic or major-minor average, but the credit point or "standard level" in side courses will be now 270. For every 15 points in each side course

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above this level 1 point is deducted from the 350 basic average, while every 10 points below it adds one to the necessary average. We now have, tabulating as before:—

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Major-Minor Average	Side Course	Points Deducted from 350 Av.	Points Added to 350 Av.
	330	4	
350	260		1
	310	2⅔	
	360	6	
	240		3
	300	2	
		14⅔	4

Hence 350 — 14⅔ = 335⅓ + 4 = 339⅓ = Phi Beta Kappa.

Or—

Major-Minor Average	Side Course	Points Deducted from 350 Av.	Points Added to 350 Av.
	320	3⅓	
350	240		3
	310	2⅔	
	265		½
	270		
	340	4⅔	
		10⅔	3½

Hence, owing to the weaker stand in side subjects:—
350 — 10⅔ = 339⅓ + 3½ = 342⅚ = Phi Beta Kappa.

Or—

Major-Minor Average	Side Course	Points Deducted from 350 Av.	Points Added to 350 Av.
350	320	3⅓	
	330	4	
	360	6	
	310	2⅔	
	300	2	
	320	3⅓	
		21⅓	

For a man carrying so many side subjects these stands would be exceedingly high, yet Phi Beta Kappa almost exactly at the present requirement. Thus breadth would be had, and it seems likely that a man capable of carrying such breadth at such marks should certainly be Phi Beta Kappa material:—

350 — 21⅓ = 328⅔ = Phi Beta Kappa.

To sum up, then, the system proposed seems to cover the most essential points now at fault. It neither urges definitely breadth nor specialization, but, admitting both, demands that the specialist be of great excellence and that no matter how broad a course be taken a high grade of scholarship be maintained. That it is not perfect is probable. There has been

not even time to work out the figures very accurately. To some it may seem to set the bars too high, others may think that it lowers them too far in the wide courses. This is matter for debate and statistics. The present writer believes that the system is such fundamentally that it can be arranged to avoid faults at both ends. If found of interest it will be gladly carried through experiments to ascertain proper levels according to courses taken. In this article it is desired merely to advance the general form proposed in order to assist if possible with a new suggestion the solution of the problem before the members of Phi Beta Kappa.

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ILLUSTRATIVE TABLE.

Major-Minor Standard	Number of Side Courses	Standard Level for Side Courses	Ratio of Points Above Stan'd	Below Stan'd
350	None			
350	One	335	5—1	10—1
350	Two	325	7—1	12—1
350	Three	310	8—1	14—1
350	Four	300	10—1	15—1
350	Five	290	12—1	13—1
350	Six	270	15—1	10—1

[By supposing grades in side courses and applying them to find the points gained or lost and the final grade for attaining Phi Beta Kappa, the reader will observe the working of the system for any given case. In working a case out the models given in the text may be followed, as the number of side courses makes no difference in the application of the system.]

J. Carlisle Peet.

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THE PROSE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON.

"IT might almost be erected into a rule that a great poet is, if he pleases, also a master of prose." This is a thesis that Thompson attempted to prove in one of his essays by citation and example. But its best proof is perhaps his own manner of creation. He never refused to doff the royal purple of his poetic gift and come among his readers as a civilian artist in the less imaginative robe of prose. Divining, perhaps, his own frowardness in the matter of expression, his own love of star treading, he admitted to himself the need of walking now and then over the meadow land of prose, that he might not neglect a wholesome intimacy with tree and flower. "For it is with words as with men: constant intermarriage within the limits of a patrician clan begets effete refinement; and to reinvigorate the stock, its veins must be replenished from hardy plebeian blood." Perhaps this in a measure accounts for the richness, and connotative grip of his poetic vocabulary. Some of his symbols he has plundered from the word mines of Milton and Spenser; some have first become warm and common in an atmosphere of prose, before he took them for his music. But if his prose has reacted with magic issue upon his poetry, his poetry has taken his prose and lifted it to its own level. No man may take a critical knife and place it amid his work, and say this marks a dividing medium. In "Encomium Moestitiae," he rushes into rhythm, he walks upon precipitous heights of melancholy insight that lie above those cloudy mists, which as they near the earth vaporize into verse or prose. If poetry is the finding out of beauty in the sensitive plant or in the emotions of truth in one's own spirit and flinging these forth in a language so powerful that the emotions "scorch through all the folds of expression" then Thompson's "Encomium" is poetry, then the essay on Shelley is a great fugue that equals De Quincey in its emotional counterpoint; or, better, it is a cathedral window of mediæval glass: full of rich and changing lights, and novel with astounding beauty at each return of the worshipper.

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To one who would fill out with any surety a picture of either Thompson's poetic or personal development, his prose is indispensable. Half of it consists of essays upon men: Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, Ben Jonson, Crashaw, Coleridge, Bacon, Macaulay, Emerson, Dante—a mighty assembly. Yet little Thompson knew of men, save perhaps of the meanest, from experimental contact: his appreciation of these gigantic personalities came purely by glances into his own. Hence, experience in the content the philosopher gives it is the source of his comment, but as far as that experience goes his observations are profound. So in a walk through the varied fields of his prose he shows us not only many admirable intuitions into the minds of others, but the landscape of his own intellect. He describes somewhere the process of Emerson's fluency. Around a single pebble of an idea, widen in concentric waves the figures that explain it. "Each return of the idea reveals it in a deeper and fuller aspect; with each mental cycle we look down upon the first conception in an expanded prospect. It is the progression of a circle in stricken water. So from the first casting of the idea into the mind, its agitations broaden repercussively outward; repeated, but ever spreading in repetition. And thus the thought of this lofty and solitary mind is cyclic, not like a wheel, but like the thought of mankind at large; where ideas are always returning on themselves, yet their round is steadily widened, with the process of the suns!" It is absurd to claim cousinship in one's own mind for every tendency appreciated in another. But Thompson's own creative experience was certainly not unfamiliar with this fine power of seeing one's source idea in widening and almost endless circles of metaphor. The iteration of the tremendous conception of pursuit by God is noteworthy in "The Hound of Heaven."

Thompson could leave this controlled prose, too, if he wished: this smooth but withal careful and tremendous prose into a chatty style which was indeed careful in another way. Describing De Quincey: "A little wrinkly, high-foreheaded, dress-as-you-please man: a meandering, inhumanly intellectual man, shy as a hermit-crab, and as given to shifting his lodgings; much-enduring, inconceivable of way, sweet-hearted, fine-natured, small-spited, uncanny as a sprite begotten of

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libraries; something of a bore to many by reason of talking like a book in coat and breeches, undeniably clever and wonderful talk none the less; master of a great, unequal, seductive, and irritating style; author of sixteen delightful intolerable volumes, part of which can never die, and much of which can never live: that is De Quincey." The fact that he took to talking about De Quincey at all, is in the first place a fact that encloses in itself half his destiny. He was in a hundred ways like the man he describes above. He was a "high-foreheaded, dress-as-you-please man": as a medical student he was known to constantly walk the streets blithefully unconscious of untied shoe lacings. He, too, was "shy as a hermit-crab" and looked like a "sprite begotten of libraries." All his teachers, his friends and his enemies, emphasize these points: his unbreakable silence in youth and manhood and his haunting of bookshelves. He must have been thinking of Manchester days when be neglected his Materia Medica and spent his hours poetry reading in the libraries. It will be remembered lastly that it was the suggestive influence of De Quincey's life and writings that led Thompson to imitate his failings and take to opium eating.

But in a subtler way, there is interconnection between the mediums; what shone as a sun in his poetry reflected a true but planetary light in his prose. These earlier poems, "Love in Dian's Lap," that amply surprised a reading world who were bound to a robust sexualism in poetry, are built on the belief in a higher love. Passion is not evil, but it is reflection of the uncorporeal—the Love of God. This poetic belief becomes the theme at the back of the prose essay, "Paganism, Old and New." Greek mythology, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, had in it the charm of bodily outline of corporeal symmetry, but Christianity has infused in it spirit. This view that is such a mighty chord in his poetry, in his "Sister Songs," in "To Her Portrait in Youth," in "Poppy," gleams again in his understanding comment of Dante's religious reverence toward the love of woman. "Recall to your memory that, in their minor kind, the love poems of Dante shed no less honor on Catholicism than did the religious poem which is itself pivoted on love; that in singing of heaven he sang Beatrice—

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this supporting angel was still carven on his harp even when he stirred its strings in Paradise." And, lastly, in the prose piece, "The Way of Imperfection," he set forth in part at least his theory of poetic creation. *Perfection* is never to be attempted, sought or desired; it dams the springs of creativity, and mutilates the "unpremeditated strains" into artifice. Thompson's manner of plunging into an ode is his own illustration. He takes no conscious thought for his metre or his word choosing, but tries to stride forward so impelled by the wonder of his thought, that form and metre fit themselves about it in a proper garment. He would have no scheme of metre but the natural scheme that the leaping thought demands as its own. The principle may be criticized, but it implies this at its core: that all advantage is heaped upon the full and valid inspiration, and none is left for the man who is writing when half asleep and needs the prop of technique. "Over the whole contemporary mind," he writes, "is the trail of the serpent perfection. It leads in poetry to the love of miniature finish . . . to the tyranny of sonnet, ballade, rondeau, triolet, and their kind. The principle leads again to aestheticism; which is simply the aspiration for a hot-house seclusion of beauty in a world which Nature has tempered by bracing gusts of ugliness."

The Shelley essay and "The Hound of Heaven" were produced at the same time, almost from the same mountain top of emotional vision, one might say. It was a remarkable act of creation, because they are his highest mark, in both fields. The essay is pure poetry, more sublime, some would add, than the great ode. It was natural for an essay on Shelley to be characterized by wild bursts of burning description that must be called lyric, though in prose; and filled with flashes of pure insight, unapproached in other work, for of all the poets with the possible exception of Coleridge, Shelley was best loved and best understood. Treating of his boyhood, he says: "Grief is a matter of relativity; the sorrow should be estimated by its proportion to the sorrower; a gash is as painful to one as an amputation to another. Pour a puddle into a thimble, or Atlantic into Etna; both thimble and mountain overflow. Adult fools! would not the angels smile at our griefs, were

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not angels too wise to smile at them?" Thompson, like Shelley, had no boyhood. He went, like the elder poet, from the threshold of boyhood to the gate of manhood. In schoolboy days, even in Ushaw College days, the cruel laughter of boys, "God's good laughter," he calls it with bitter unreason, was his torture. He always walked with great peculiarity, hastening his stride in a nervous panic for a few steps, and then stopping for a moment in meaningless hesitation—and they laughed at him. He wrote orations in his schoolboy days, but never had the courage to speak one of them, and none of the aggressive fire of his poetry ever entered his manner or his conversation. This was a period in which, like Shelley, he was encysted from the world, living his child's fancies still, with the instincts of a youth. Indeed, he knew the meaning of childhood well, for he still viewed it sympathetically while upon the height of manhood. Speaking again, in the "Shelley," he says: "Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, and lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space. . . . "

There is a curious and undoubtedly unconscious parallelism in thought between "The Hound of Heaven" and the essay. In the early stanzas of the poem:

> "I sought no more that after which I strayed
> In face of man or maid:
> But still within the little children's eyes
> Seems something, something that replies,
> *They* at least are for me, surely for me!"

and then, just as he goes on in taking up Shelley to speak of his Nature love, so a little later in the "Hound of Heaven,"

> "'Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
> With me (said I) your delicate fellowship;
> Let me greet you lip to lip,
> Let me twine with you caresses,
> Wantoning

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With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
    Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured dais,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
    From a chalice
Lucent weeping out of the dayspring.'"

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Thus Thompson himself out of the lap of childhood ran into the lap of Nature, but it was not to worship her with orthodox ritual, as Wordsworth had done, but to sport with her, and twist her to his heart's content in his own fancy. It was to take sunsets and poppies and turn them into symbols for a divinity that transcended them both. He did in a measure what he so masterfully describes Shelley as doing: "He saw in her not a picture set for his copying, but a palette set for his brush; not a habitation prepared for his inhabiting, but a coliseum whence he might quarry stones for his own palaces."

It is as in poetry his purpose to make the tempo of the wording fit and fulfill the spirit of the thought. If he is talking of the glittering lyric choruses of the "Prometheus Unbound," his prose is alive with golden words, and changing colors, and lyric in its movement. If he is talking of the imagination of a child, he runs with it, with all its lightness of foot, its poetry and its grotesqueness. Thus he came at length to treat of the characteristically Shelleian lyric, in which metaphysical and revolutionary morals are cast aside, and the child in the poet arises and runs a riot of charming make-believe. "He is still at play save only that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kenneled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song." Here is the prose at its best, playing about in the

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bright firelight of remembered stanzas from "Prometheus Unbound," with no long words to stumble over, and hardly an antithesis; it is writing with great boldness of personification, at which both he and the elder poet were masters. There is no pointing finger to show the path a metaphor is to take: one must fly on Pegasus' wings, for lo, without warning: *He chases the rolling world!* It is style become so eminent that it is illustrative in itself of the theme and the spirit it describes.

Failings in Thompson's prose lie, I think, in its very nature. It is like the flight of birds through stretches of blue sky: they must alight betimes on some crag for rest and it is well if they have knowledge of the mountain tops. Now, despite Thompson's remarks about plebeian speech, I do not think he has any real acquaintance with the earth whatever. And further, he can only fly with comfort in one part of the sky—*above the clouds.* A man can not write of the things that Shakespeare wrote of without traveling as Shakespeare did up and down the world of human emotion. And Thompson had not. This is why, I think, his greatest prose is reducible to one or perhaps two supreme flights: the "Shelley" and "Moestitiae Encomium." For when his wings grew weaker, his prose lost that spontaneity he so much prized. "In poetry, as in the Kingdom of God, we should not take thought too greatly wherewith we we shall be clothed, but seek first the spirit, and all these things will be added unto us." Sometimes unwittingly perhaps he sought the apparel before the Kingdom. Launching on a sentence, with an orchestral opening, and glowing metaphor, he finds none leap into the closing half, and he makes it up out of cold intellect. You feel sometimes, too, he wrote when he was tired, when his shattered body would not permit him the common intuitions that health would have given him. Wonderful he was to the full bent of his strength, and on his own valid themes, the things he knew; a child's heart and God's. But how could Thompson write of "The Niebelungenlied"!

There has been so much set down in poetry not only by Thompson, but by all seers and poets about the sweet of pain, that I sometimes wonder if Sorrow may not righteously be thought of as the pathway of vision, leading to a region that

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is above either. The landscape of Truth when viewed quite fully must needs be beautiful and without pain, though the crags are ugly and sharp at close viewing. Much of Thompson's pain, if he is to be judged by human canons—and perhaps he is not—was magnified in his own eyes. Even when the world wished to acknowledge his genius, when his friends were faithful, when his faith appeared unwrenched by doubt or delusion, he seemed to court by desire, the Lady of Sorrows. But even if this invalid sorrow be swept away, there remains enough vivid grief to earn him the name of Sorrow's worshipper, as he loved to be called. He had known the degradation of the poor, had suffered hunger and chill in London streets, and walked in the valley of spiritual desolation. All these were the griefs of vision.

It is, after all, insight and experience, whether it be spiritual or external, that is the stuff out of which a prose style grows. If sadness was the deepest and most intimate chord in Thompson's life, it was best echoed:

"It was after the Christ had wept over Jerusalem that He uttered some of His most august words; it was when His soul had been sorrowful even unto death that His enemies fell prostrate before His voice. Who suffers, conquers. The bruised is the breaker. By torture the Indians try their braves; by torture Life, too, tries the elected victors of her untriumphal triumphs, and of cypress is the commemoration on their brows, Sadness the king-maker, *morituri te salutant!*"

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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THE CONFESSION.

[*It is Spring and through the open door of the convent cell a glimpse of the cloisters, and garden is seen; the sun is beginning to creep across the floor; and several branches with their new foliage are seen through the casement. A nun is lying on a cot on one side of the room—the Abbess is kneeling by it.*]

THE NUN:

He came each eve—at first I feared to go.
One day within the garden by the wall
I saw, just rising through the warm, dark earth,
A flower, yet unborn—but round the oak
The violets had heard the call and come,
Unseen, and silently on faery-wreaths
Had purpled all the ground. That morn the gate
Stood open, and far off where fields lay brown,
Through rolling meadows, faintly veiled in green,
I saw the path that he and I might take.
And as I gazed it seemed as though the ground
Beneath my feet had stirred, and deep within
All spring was yearning, eager to be born—
Was moving blindly, striving, rising up!
The earth had seemed to wake, and 'neath the trees
Had bared her breast, and I could feel life flow,
Rise up through all the boughs—through every twig!
Those branches falling cross the casement there—
Look, how they tremble, throbbing to give forth
Their buds and blossoms!

[*She half rises from the cot—the Abbess is bowed as though in prayer.*]

On the path I saw
Long, crossing shadows of the nesting birds.
The air was soft and heavy with the scent
Of box and lilac-hedges after the rain,

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And hyacinth—it seemed to me as though
God stooped to sow my path!

THE ABBESS:

God stooped to sow!

THE NUN:

What cared I if you drove me forth and barred
Your convent-gates, and I could never seek
To bow before your altars—kneel and praise
Your row of saints, carved out of marble, cold,
And never-changing, without hope of death.
Your patient saints, you crown with jew'ls and wreaths,
Not garlands of frail lilies that in haste
Come far too soon to bare beneath the snow
Their moon-white breasts—nor roses, wanton winds
Have wooed on summer nights to steal away
Their perfume, and at last have torn apart
The petals soft to strew the garden paths,
No! No! Your saints wear wreaths whose blossoms bloom
Immortal, carved in stone!

THE ABBESS:

You did not go;
Your sin was thought alone.

THE NUN:

I would have gone—
Oh, I was not afraid to go—I dared
To follow where the sun had come too near
The earth and it had burst into a flame
Of golden daffodils; where for a song—
Some thrush or lark might sing—the cherry trees
Were waiting, and would blossom, bending low
Beneath their scented burden, white and soft.
What though you burned my cast off robe, closed fast
Your gates, denied me ev'ry hope! Although
Not one of you in pray'r, alone, would speak
My name—although you cursed it, still I knew

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This burned within my heart—in spite of all
Your prayers, in spite of all that you would dare
To keep or take from me—the spring was mine!

[*The Abbess crosses herself—the Nun sinks back upon the cot once more—her eyes are closed.*]

THE NUN:

I would have gone, I tell you, would have gone.
One eve he came not—and another passed—
But then it did not seem so strange to me,
For in our first—in ev'ry kiss, in each,
Long parting I had felt and known the dread
And sadness of all partings yet to be.
I longed to go, alone, but then I thought
What if he sought me once again, and found
This silent garden—that I knew so well!
What if he whispered—called my name in vain!
No! No! I would not have him watch and wait
As I had often waited there, beneath
Those far-off stars. I kept my vow—to him.
I waited—waited—

THE ABBESS:

And he came no more—
You turned to us!

THE NUN:

Draw nearer to me now—
I cannot see. I waited, as I watched,
Beside the garden spring, I thought of you,
All kneeling, bent in silent prayer, and then
I laughed aloud—I laughed because I knew
That I had something in my heart that you
Could never dream of—never hope to have!
Then I would gaze into the spring while all
The mirrored stars shone round me like a crown;
Or I would draw my fingers lightly o'er
The water till the stars danced and the spring
Turned in ripples silver.

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[*She smiles—and pauses a moment.*]

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But there came
A time when I no longer dared to look.
He also will have changed, I thought, his hair—
Mine was not always white as it is now!
Look in my eyes, my hair was darker once,
Was blacker than their depths; all day beneath
My snow-white hood I hid it, but each night
It hung down free—

THE ABBESS:

The breeze has blown your veil
Across your face. So, I will smooth it—

THE NUN:

No!
You must not touch me! No! Not with those hands!
Your fingers are as thin, as cold and white
As your long altar-candles! There, the breeze
Has lifted it away. The sun! It falls
All gold across your bended head and here—
I almost touch it now—here—here—

[*She reaches out her hands—then they fall back. The Abbess, after a moment looks up, and then crosses herself—she bows her head once more, another nun comes in from the garden, and stops in the doorway. The Abbess hears her, and attempts to rise, and then motions to the nun to come to her.*]

THE ABBESS:

Your hand—

[*The nun crosses the room, and helps her to rise. The Abbess passes her hand over her eyes.*]

It is the sun—too bright—and then the scent
Of hyacinth—it fills the room. We plant
Too many flowers and—it smothers me!
We must have incense—yes, bring incense here.

[*She turns toward the casement.*]

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And then those boughs about to blossom forth—
Cut them away. I am afraid of them!

[*She holds out her hand—the nun takes it and leads her slowly out. The sun floods the room, and falls across the face of the dead woman.*]

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HARVEY DAGGART.

A PLAY.

Persons in the Play:

HARVEY DAGGART.
MRS. DAGGART, his mother.
DOCTOR HARTSHORN, who makes his profession his business.
FATHER GURNEY, a priest in the Holy Catholic Church.
ADAM DAGGART, an invalid boy of seventeen who has lain abed for ten years. Brother to Harvey.
MR. DOWDEN, proprietor of the Oswald Shirt Works.

SCENE 1.

[*Flat in Ingleworth: the home of Mrs. Daggart. The room attempts to be comfortable and mildly luxurious. The rug is an expensive one, red and green geometrical pattern, in worth-while imitation of the Persian. But it has been trodden to pieces, although it is extraordinarily brilliant and dustless. In fact, it has suffered so from excessive cleaning that there is scarcely anything left but the cleanliness. There has been a laudable attempt to cover up the wall paper, which is faded blue, and figured with gigantic baskets of violets. Four excellent etchings redeem the wall sparsely. On the left a couch. In the rear, left, the door leading into the front parlor and to the corridor; on the right center, a concession to flat life, a dining-room table, set with breakfast things, cereal, toast, and coffee. Harvey Daggart, age twenty-three, seated and vigorously at work on oatmeal. In the rear, right, another door, leading to the kitchenette through which Mrs. Daggart appears bearing poached eggs and muffins.*]

HARVEY [*taking the plates out of her hand*]: I wish these were Maggie's muffins rather than yours, mother! [*Mrs. D. turns and H. speaks with his mouth full.*] Because when Maggie comes home [*masticates*] it'll be fearfully hard [*masticates*] to return to bricks.

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MRS. DAGGART: Silly child, Maggie's bread is quite light.

HARVEY [*with mouth full*]: Um.

MRS. DAGGART [*going out with cereal*]: You have no need to fear, dear. I have dismissed her permanently.

HARVEY: Nonsense. She'll be back in a week. Of course, she'll be back in a week. I demand that she be rehired—for you are a funny little thing and get tired, even over making exquisite muffins.

MRS. DAGGART [*off stage*]: You're very wrong there, dear. I made muffins when I was a girl—I love it.

HARVEY [*buttering more*]: I believe it was muffins that melted father's heart. I can see a giant of a man melting before a winsome little girl with a plate of these [*lifting a couple*].

MRS. DAGGART [*from kitchenette*]: No, dear; your father never—

HARVEY [*hearing the clock and falling a bit out of his extensive good humor*]: It's eight o'clock. Father G. mustn't see me gobbling eggs [*smiling wryly*]. I told him I arose at six in the winter and five in the summer.

[*Mrs. D. comes into the front room.*]

HARVEY [*suddenly facing his mother, pushing his chair out a bit, balancing with his hands on the table edge*] Did Adam sleep last night? I thought I heard him.

MRS. DAGGART: I did what Dr. Hartshorn said—gave him this, twice—to make him sleep.

HARVEY [*getting up from table*]: I don't think Adam talks as much as he used to—

MRS. DAGGART: It's after not sleeping, Harvey. There are days, dear, that I don't think he cares about anything.

HARVEY: That's only when nobody visits him—no wonder. Adam is vastly sociable, mother, and he needs people more than food. He's content when you're there, knitting or mending socks.

MRS. DAGGART: That's *true*.

HARVEY: He'll tell me his dreams, too, which are interesting and weird, by the hour, and I can play him awake or play him asleep on the piano.—There must be some way out of it, if we had the eyes to see. Do you know, mother, I believe

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God works through the hands of science, and men are cowards who do not know that. The Glassar system has cured men.

MRS. DAGGART: That's what you said after the first year.

HARVEY [*breathing*]: That's when we had no money, and I was a child.

MRS. DAGGART: Well, dear, have you any money now, now you are grown up?

HARVEY: Listen, mother. I am to work in India as well as preach—the only way for a man to live—Father Gurney has got me a post with the Indian government, collecting taxes—a thousand dollars I'm paid. That is more than I could earn here.

MRS. DAGGART: Why don't you earn half that and stay here?

HARVEY: And leave the Kingdom to shift for itself? Motherkins, we have been all through this reasonably. How could I stay here, when we're suffering but a little, and over there millions suffer—without God. Sit down, Motherkins, and wait for the good Father; he will talk you into reasonableness.

MRS. DAGGART: I think not, dearie. I must take this bottle to Dr. Hartshorn, and I have no end of shopping.

HARVEY: I think I hear the elevator; stay a *moment*, Motherkins.

MRS. DAGGART [*draws him down to kiss him*]: Do try now and get the breakfast things away before he comes. [*Exit Mrs. D.*]

[*He stands for a moment looking out into the corridor, and then walks rapidly to the table, picking up the egg plate and cereal bowl in either hand. On the return—a gentle knock.*]

HARVEY: One moment, Father.

[*He makes off with the muffins in all speed, dropping a couple, recovering them, and, returning on his tiptoes, opening the door.*]

HARVEY: Sir, I'm glad to see you, gladder than I can put in words.

FATHER GURNEY: Boy.

HARVEY: And you're just in time to escape seeing what you shouldn't. Mother has worried herself to pieces for fear you would see breakfast set on the table.

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[Father Gurney is fifty, but he has a young face without wrinkles. There is much sweetness to his mouth, and much sternness to his eyes. He wears a plain black cassock and hood; his flat pancake priest's hat he has laid on the table. When he speaks his voice is strong, and resonant, without a note either of discouragement or sadness.]

FATHER GURNEY: Your mother is a dear good woman, with Martha's care of the house in her heart.

HARVEY: May I correct you, Father; it is *Maggie's* business she is about.

FATHER GURNEY [*smiling a little, too*]: You're quick, sir.

HARVEY: Yes, and a bit irreverent at times, I fear. But I'm breaking myself of it. May we begin at once, Father, since we are men who try to stand before God naked—may we begin without the small talk most men scatter? [*Getting up and walking back to the mantel; then in a lower tone if anything*] I think I have had the sign.

FATHER GURNEY: An outward sign?

HARVEY [*coming back to the couch with conspicuous calm*]: I think not—though men might argue it. A boy's soul has a hundred eyes in it, Father, through which it looks out at the whole world, and each one shows him a different career, most splendid and beckoning. I think I have worshipped God under many forms. I have known India all my life, I think. In boyhood I saw it as a splendid dream with its black kings and its rajahs, and its Morrowbie Jukes. Now I have read its own books and marveled at its deep heart; and from you I have heard of its degradations, of filth and chains. I know India! India is a great heavy-eyed, deep-hearted boy, who has been jailed, for some slight offense, and put in prison to his own sensuality. He needs only freedom, and Christ's light, and he will show the world how to live spiritually. When I was a boy, even before I met you, Father Gurney, I never really doubted that I should go to teach these people who are in their heart, greater than we. But I doubted decision. I believe I thought God ought to will this thing for me, and I follow meekly. I have found that out a lie. God never decides those things without *us;* that would be too easy for any man. I have decided this thing out of my own heart—

I am to save India, and I know now my will is God's, and His will was working in mine. That has been my sign.

Father Gurney: When were you sure?

Harvey: I took a walk up Eagle yesterday. There was a heavy storm and we fought our way over the top. It was then.

Father Gurney: You will have need for every strength, there. I like to think of the church's complete call upon manhood. You can lead men, and she needs that in you; you can talk to them, and win them, and organize them for her service, and she will use those gifts. They will find their expression in their sacrifice for her. And you are an artist: you can discern God's face in beauty, and this His voice in music.—The Indian will worship you.

Harvey: I am glad to have something to give.

[*Pause.*]

Father Gurney: By the way, you knew that the office was doubtful?

Harvey: What do you mean?

Father Gurney: The government job probably can't be obtained.

Harvey: The thousand-dollar—

Father Gurney: Yes, or at least nothing could be had that could give more than a nominal hundred. It's disappointing, because—I was wondering about your family. There's some income or something, isn't there?

Harvey: Yes, we live on a small income from mother's estate now, but we could spend; there are doctors' bills, of course. We could spend—

Father Gurney: I suppose Mrs. Daggart was quite wealthy before your father's death.

Harvey [*with a pause, his back to Father G.*]: When do we start, Father? I'm immensely glad we're quite decided and nothing makes any difference.

Father Gurney: We sail on the twentieth, if we can get passage. [*He picks up his clerical hat.*]

Harvey: You're not to go yet, you must listen to a bit of music I have been thinking out; at least stop in the parlor door as you go out and hear a few chords.

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FATHER GURNEY: I like your "Bugle of Eldorado"; what is this? www.libtool.com.cn

HARVEY: An impression from the mass. [*They walk toward the door talking.*] A bundle of impressions, really, that have rolled themselves up, one on the other. I've called it an odd name, "God's Cruelty." The human point of view, you see, which dissolves in spiritual eyes to transcendent love. You remember in the "Bugle—" [*Exeunt.*]

[*They pass out into the tiny front parlor, whose curtained door is just visible in the corridor, and the chords of the piano are heard in a minor key, as footsteps and voices echo in the hall.*]

DOCTOR HARTSHORN [*outside*]: —for some patients longer than others. Mrs. Potts was worse than Adam, madam—recovered in six months.

[*Mrs. Daggart and Doctor Hartshorn come into the room. The doctor is a little man with unparted hair, fat white face, and bulging eyes. He gazes at you without expression while you address him, and explodes into volubility and animation at the close. His medical bag is in constant oscillation from one hand to the other.*]

DOCTOR HARTSHORN: It would mean just this, Mrs. Daggart. Your son would be taken from his bed with medical care, and removed to Danbury. You know his trouble, madam. He can't be moved except by experts. In Danbury, where there is the best of air, the best of food and the best of medical attention he would be treated for six months. Mr. Glassar himself won't guarantee recovery, but I guarantee it—I know your son's case.

MRS. DAGGART [*conscious of social friction, but moved by the doctor's remarks*]: We can do this now, I think, Dr. Hartshorn, without inconvenience.

DOCTOR HARTSHORN: What guarantee shall I have, madam, of two thousand dollars.

MRS. DAGGART: My son's salary, sir. He has assumed a new position?

DOCTOR HARTSHORN: May I ask what position, madam?

MRS. DAGGART: A position, Doctor, with the British gov-

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ernment, which will increase our income a thousand dollars a year!
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Doctor Hartshorn: Oh, pardon my pressing the matter, Mrs. Daggart. I have to make these inquiries for Dr. Glassar. I shall speak to-night to him, this very night. Er—your son was better this morning—less temperature, and better breathing, I think. Good-night. [*Exit.*]

[*Mrs. Daggart stands for a moment as if struggling with enveloping pain—till realization breaks through her consciousness. Then her face is lighted like that of a woman in realization of motherhood. The pianist in the parlor is busy over plaintive chords—a melody in which joy and sadness become one emotion. As she runs to the door, Father Gurney is passing. She is unable to keep from making him receive her joy.*]

Mrs. Daggart: He will walk again, Father; leap and walk, and praise God. He will walk, dear Father, think of it, walk! My Adam. Christ is very good.

[*She throws herself into his arms in the helplessness of rapture. The music from the little parlor suddenly refinds its motif of triumph.*]

The curtain falls.

Scene 2.

[*Bedroom of Adam Daggart. Table in the center of the room. The light in the room comes from a low and rising moon, through a window at the left. It reveals part of a long, narrow room, with a tinted wall, covered by pictures, mostly unframed. There is a door at the right rear, visible through the glimmer of the moonbeams on the transom. Most of the light falls on the broad bed, at the left rear, in which Adam Daggart is lying, his white face topped by sparse brown hair, twisted into funny smiles. His hand beats a vigorous tattoo with a spoon on an empty tumbler at the bedside.*]

Adam: Harvey, Harvey Daggart!

[*A figure comes through the door, and speaks*]: Well, Adam, is there anything wrong?

[*The figure presses the electric button, and moves toward the bed. It is Harvey Daggart, with coat and collar off, and shirt unbuttoned.*]

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ADAM: No. Everything is right, and first best. It was because of www.libtool.com.cn my fine dreams that I called you.

HARVEY: Is there any pain to-night?

ADAM: A little—but I didn't call you for that. I've been walking up on top of clouds, off of mountains—

HARVEY: Mountains?

ADAM: Harvey, put out that light and sit down here [*pointing*]. There's lots without that. It spoils the moon.

[*Harvey obeys and sits on the floor in the path of the moon.*]

Mother told me last night, but how could I know what it meant to be alive. I went to sleep not knowing—and I dreamed. I was upon a great journey, and there lay in the way, mountains, and rocks and streams—even clouds—and I passed them all faster than you can run. As fast as the snow drifts by the face of the sun. It was most fun upon the mountains—they were as you have said, jagged and always with a necklace of snow, and from them it was easy to step off upon clouds. There was one cloud, as long as this street and split into chasms, but if you took time you could leap from one bank to the next—and if you weren't careful [*throwing his head back to laugh*] you would tumble through into the sky. And some people did and got lost.

HARVEY [*getting up, in an even voice*]: This talking will bring back your fever; you had better sleep.

ADAM: You must hear a little further. This is the best part. Mother was standing on the edge of one of the gaps of cloud. I ran up to her, of course, and she looked and thought I was a strange man. How could she have known me! Her face was tired, and a little pale, and her lips were frightened. I took her in my arms, and jumped very easily down onto the other cloud. Then she knew me, and she wept in my arms. But I put her down and laughed.

HARVEY: This may bring on your pain again. I am going to put on the light.

ADAM: Where is Doctor Hartshorn? I want to tell him; he likes dreams.

[*Harvey presses electric button, and returns to bedside with bottle of bromide. Fixes it in a glass.*]

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ADAM: I never told you how I lived, really lived—for you and mother hoped for something like this. And I had stopped hoping, or caring, except before you—when I told you my dreams.—Think of sitting at a dining table and eating chicken pie!

[*Harvey arises from his knees, hastily turning his back. He staggers to the button, mightily keeping silence; then he laughs with hysteric iteration. As the room is thrown in darkness, Adam continues.*]

I know you're tired of me, with my dreams and all—but can you blame me?—*I'll sleep.*

[*Harvey stands without moving, in the moonlight, and his head is hidden in his hands. Adam lies down, pulling the blankets over his shoulder; snuggling up.*]

ADAM: Will it cost much—to get well? [*Two jerky steps toward the bed by Daggart.*] I'm pretty sleepy, now. G-good-night.

[*Harvey starts for the hall door in a quickening walk. Reaching it he hesitates, swaying, leaning against the panel monotonously.*]

HARVEY: God might grant me a sign.

[*Adam Daggart opens his eyes with a start. He has his hands stretched above his face as if to fend off the object of his dream. His cry is the nightmare terror of a child.*]

ADAM: Don't drop me, don't let go—there are rocks, rocks, rocks! Harvey, that is my blood! O-o-h!

[*Harvey stalks slowly to the other end of the table. His lips are moving, his eyes look to the corners of the room. He seems not to hear Adam, or only as the imaged echo of his own face.*]

ADAM [*fully awake, with wide eyes*]: Harvey—it's the pain come again. My side—dear God—

[*Harvey sways and looks at the edge of the table.*]

Harvey! [*Pause.*]

Oh, the bottle—that will kill it—on the table.

[*There is a pause in which he waits, suffering and amazed.*]

On the table—under your hand—Harvey!

[*Harvey moves at last, but his steps are absurdly drunken. He reaches his hand for the bottle, but drops it again to his

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side. His eyes are wide and staring and they manage to see only the red light flaring through the transom. He aims for it obliquely, but encounters the table on the way, and topples over the bottle, which rolls slowly from middle to edge, and shatters itself on the floor as he reaches the transom. He disappears into the corridor.]

The curtain descends in silence.

Scene 3.

[*The same as Scene 1, with minor changes. It is the middle of the morning of the next day and the breakfast table has been carefully covered with a green flowered cloth and rolled into the center in the rear of the couch. An uncomfortable morris chair that has been moved into its place holds Mr. Dowden up with some difficulty. He is a man with a large chameleon necktie that covers most of his breast, and he has a paunch that has been won through thirty-five years of successful business. He is a man who started as an office boy and he realizes how much it means to have started as an office boy and evolved into Mr. Dowden. The brutality in his voice is an accretion of a superintendent's life. Despite an abundance of physical and vocal energy which leads him constantly into talking men down, he has sense of fairness and more judgment than most men. If the matter is monetary in any shape or manner, he has the ability to look it in its face, and see thereby its back side. Daggart clearly has not slept, and in all probability not eaten his breakfast—there are unbeautiful rings under his eyes. But he is without a trace of nervousness in his manner and his voice is usual. Dr. Hartshorn is sitting in a straight-backed chair on the left of the stage, reading a newspaper, bending his eyes within three or four inches of the print. Perhaps he is afraid he will lose his medical case. At any rate, he holds it in his lap.*]

Dowden: As I was saying, we turn out about four hundred shirts a day. That means fifty shirts an hour, in ordinary seasons. And *that* means about eight shirts a minute. That sort of a business isn't built up in five days. It's taken men and money, and most of all, work. When I was your age, I

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worked for three and a half dollars a week—and nights [*breathing spell*]. I've talked to your mother, and I know where you stand, boy—that's why I'm easy—that's why I've broken precedents to give a novice a paid job. I don't come here as a blind man, though. I knew your father; knew him before he was high up, knew him when he stumped the State. You've got a brother to support, haven't you—doctors' bills?

DOCTOR HARTSHORN [*looking over the top of his newspaper*]: He's got a job already, Dowden. Why do you put your finger in?

DOWDEN: What job?

DOCTOR HARTSHORN [*returning to his newspaper*]: With the British government—in India—taxes or something.

DOWDEN: Wake up, Hartshorn—that's off. Another man has it.

HARVEY [*sliding from the edge of the table*]: I can't see why we need talk of shirt-making further. I don't intend to enter it.

DOWDEN: Mr. Daggart, I'm a business man from my shoe leathers up, and if you're not with me you're not with me—that's all, but this is a matter in which I am confoundedly curious; you will pardon my asking, My Daggart—just why do you turn me down?

[*Dr. Hartshorn has been growing nervously attentive in a puzzled, misunderstanding sort of way. He has dropped the newspaper, and put his medical case on the floor.*]

HARVEY: Because I shall be in India the rest of my life, Mr. Dowden.

DOWDEN: And who, may I ask, except God Almighty, is to support the family?

HARVEY: You have mentioned the chief agent.

DOCTOR HARTSHORN: I beg pardon—do I understand—er, that Indian money is, is—

HARVEY [*turning sharply*]: Doctor Hartshorn, have you begun the Glassar treatment?

DOCTOR HARTSHORN: I'm beginning to-day, Mr. Daggart, as soon as—

HARVEY: Don't start it. It will not be paid for.

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DOWDEN: I'll take great pleasure to butt in, young man. I'm no Billy Sunday, and I'm sharp in my corner—but I've always been reasonably decent to my own mother. Let me get you right. Who is it paying for the sick kid's cure? God? He's a damn poor paymaster if it comes to bank-notes. If I have your department down, it's a case of religion cutting off its own hand.

[*Mrs. Daggart's voice is heard in the hall with another, a man's voice, deeper and less articulate.*]

MRS. DAGGART [*off stage*]: I'm all right, quite all right. Let me go to him! [*Every part of her bespeaks restraint, her hands, her lips, her voice. She enters and stands quite near her son.*] Have you signed it, Harvey? I sent Mr. Dowden to you. Have you signed it?

[*Harvey closes his lips, and picks up the contract, is about to tear it, but hesitates.*]

DOWDEN: He has not, madam.

MRS. DAGGART [*breaking through her restraint as through unnatural fetters, and at Harvey's feet*]: Why are you so mad toward us all? Can you not leave fearful India even for this? You are ambitious. It is your pride—to be holier and stronger than other men; than your own mother—that is leading you. Oh, son, think of us! How can we live here with your face buried in India? Would you kill your brother for Christ's sake? I saw Adam this morning: he does not know, he thinks he will be well like you and strong like you; he talks of mountain tops and peaks of clouds. Can you not see his white face?—You are not human, you are not my son.

HARVEY: Christ was not human, nor were any one of His followers, that bled for Him, else they could never have endured; never left their father and mother, and wife and child, for His sake.—Was Christ human toward His disciples, His *children,* whom He gave to be crucified? God is cruel because He holds forth a love that no man can understand, save they give all—even pity. Do you think I do not love you, now, or him, in his pain, because, because—

MRS. DAGGART: So you hate us; your mother and your brother, and you love only your own will—your will, will,

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will! You were always so, as a child—no one could break your will, no matter how foolish it was. Your will was God.

HARVEY [*raising his hands, with light coming into his eyes*]: Mother, you have spoken it.—My will, my will—no one shall break it; it shall carry me there—to India, for God's mark is upon it! It shall carry me there—to India, for God's mark is upon it!

[*Father Gurney speaks, and as he does so, Harvey turns upon him startled and amazed, a little cringing.*]

FATHER GURNEY: Do not blaspheme, using Christ's words for sin. How can you call this His service [*glancing at the woman on her knees*]? Oh, Harvey, behold your madness? Here is His kingdom—*here,* loving your own mother, curing your own brother. It is not in India any more: in India is your pride, your ambition, and your dream. God Almighty have mercy upon you; may Christ have mercy upon you. Do not trample upon all our hearts, for your will's sake. Make shirts for this man in Ingleworth. The kingdom is at your hearthstone.

HARVEY [*wounded till his voice is a cry*]: You are one of those who point to a soft path, and say: Here you may love and be kind, and people will be kind unto you. Does not this seem to your heart right? You are neither of the Christ nor the Antichrist. You are one of the little heated ones, the men of luke-warm souls. How I hate you, priest, friend of old days! Christ looked into my heart one day and said I have a great love that is greater than man, and I said I love much already, teach me to love more, and He said if you would find this, you must hate all lesser loves and love Me only. I sought Him then, and I have not faltered. His will, I have made mine. His will be done.

[*There is silence. Daggart's head is bowed upon the table, his arms extended. Father Gurney's face is calm, the lips move in prayer. Suddenly across the silence a cry, then words*]: Again the pain—my side—mother, Harvey—

HARVEY [*moving his head slowly; the contract is under one hand*]: Do I sign here?

[*There is no word from the others:*]

Curtain.

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SCENE 4.

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[*Same as Scene 1, a week later. Father Gurney and the doctor sit in chairs on the left, taking tea-cups out of Mrs. D.'s hand. She is a good deal rested, and has better color.*]

MRS. DAGGART: Let me give you a drop of hot water.

FATHER GURNEY: If you please, Mrs. Daggart.

DOCTOR HARTSHORN: No, thanks; I like it all tea.

FATHER GURNEY: I'm afraid, after all, I was to blame. I led him to think of the foreign field.

MRS. DAGGART: How unjust to yourself, Father. You were his saviour, and ours.

DOCTOR HARTSHORN: It was a good fight: I like to see a man get one better on the devil.

FATHER GURNEY: It was the grandest spiritual victory I have ever seen; he will be a better son and a better soldier for it all.

MRS. DAGGART [*walking toward the window*]: Haven't those geraniums done well, Doctor? They catch more sun here. I think I know what the benediction means now—God's peace which passeth all understanding; it is here in this house.

[*Pause.*]

DOCTOR HARTSHORN: If you would only try some of my seeds, Mrs. Daggart; they give hardy little plants and big blossoms. I—

MRS. DAGGART: I have. I'll get yours, Doctor. They're in the arbor, here. I want you to see— [*Exit.*]

[*The doctor and priest sit, too much interested in their tea-cups and geraniums to notice the opening of the door. Harvey Daggart enters. He has a companion, whom he carries with one arm, a small frame with a white face, and sparse brown hair. There is no sound from the two, for Harvey has clapped his hand over the invalid's mouth, covering most of his features. Suddenly dragging the tiny frame forward, and turning sharply.*]

HARVEY: Don't be alarmed, Doctor, for this is only a dream! I arranged that. Oh [*bursting into a broad smile*], you'll understand this, Father, for you know why Maggie is a

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bad cat. Mark me, Father, if this wasn't a blessed way out—to dream a death instead of having one! I'll explain. Every night as I lay in bed, that black idea came to me with its awful face—kill, you must, *must* kill Adam. I ran away from it, down the elevator shaft, and out into the street, and up into the clouds, but it followed me, with its ugly face and I grew sick with it. For how could I kill my own brother, my own best brother Adam? Last night I thought of this way out—the only human way out. Mark me, Father, if it was not an inspiration. To kill him in my dream, to take him out of his bed and drag him here. [*Pause.*] If I took this hand away from Adam's mouth he would cry out with pain, if he is not already dead, and that would wake me up, and you would melt into the air, Father Gurney, for you are a part of my dream, and you, Doctor, and the room, and Adam.

[*Enter Mrs. D. with a pot of geraniums.*]

MRS. DAGGART: Oh, Doctor, these are such tiny blossoms! Look at mine! [*She stops bewildered before Harvey, still holding forth the flowers in her hand.*]

HARVEY: You, mother, above all, will see how kind I have been.

[*The doctor, wrenching the boy's frame from Daggart's hands, lays it on the couch; bends above it, swearing softly.*]

HARVEY [*turning to his mother*]: Since it had to be done, Motherkins, wasn't a dream best? I loved him too much when I was awake to hurt a hair of his head, even though God spoke. So now I am dreaming it forth splendidly. I am a dream, and talking foolish dream words. You are a dream, yourself, Motherkins [*pointing, with a smile*], he is a dream there! Now, Motherkins, now, Motherkins [*fear leaping into his eyes, advancing toward Mrs. Daggart*], now we had best wake up. [*Running to Mrs. D. and taking her arm*] Mother, won't you wake me up, won't you, *won't* you wake me up?

Curtain.

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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THE MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA.

HIS employment was life; and the "Memoirs" are tales of adventures. A crystal city, rising from the sea like a dream of rose and marble, domes, cupolas, and towers bathed in wonderful exquisite brightness; Venice was the ideal for adventures, the home of adventurers. Black gondolas ply swiftly through the labyrinth of canals, and the circling ripples on the sullen waters lap mysteriously upon the palace steps. Through the floating vapors come whispered words behind a fan, sly rustlings beneath a domino, the slam of secret doors. Zulietta follows the fiddle-string of a gallant lover, leaving crumpled sonnets and velvet mask, and the body of her husband is found at the bottom of the garden well with its skin all gone green. The city is full of fearful and subtle poison, the spy lurks in the frock of the dancer, and red and black Inquisitors sit in solemn judgment. Captain Spaventa has fought with the stars, has lain with Death in the nether world, and in fleeing on lonely roads at night, among the shadows frightens himself to death.

Adventure is everywhere; fashionable novels are novels of adventure; the drama is a drama of adventure. In olden days the great merchants sailed off on voyages of discovery and their triumphant galleys returned to the quiet lagoons laden with treasure, ivory, indigo, gold cloth from Damascus, bric-a-brac from Armenia, trailing in the rear captured ships of war, their sails all furled. But in the eighteenth century the great-grandsons of Marco Polo display the survival of the instinct which drove their ancestor over wild seas, to foreign marts, to found colonies and win islands—in their restless humor of life, their continual motion, their countless intrigues, escapades, amours. From being pirates on the high seas, they have become adventurers in the realms of human life. Sons of fortune and opportunity, daring and dodging, wriggling in and out, without locality, profession or connection—a Tom Jones, a Figaro, or a Gil Blas. And their autobiographies run like the tales of the "Arabian Nights."

A strange creature, Antonio Longo, was a notary, a playwright, a horse doctor for a whim, and a tutor at Treviso; who dueled with Grandees of Spain and stole diamond buckles from ladies' shoes. The Memoirs of Lorenzo Da Ponte tell of the convert son of a Jew of Ceneda, Latinist, teacher of humane letters, author of verse and libretti. For eating ham on Friday, he goes into banishment from Venice, at Dresden falls in love with the wife and two daughters of a painter all at once and departs for Vienna. In the evening a window opens, a voice says, "Hist!" a rope runs down, at the end of the rope, a basket with a baby in it. In the New World he sets up as a grocer, and eventually dies as a teacher of Italian. There are also the Memoirs of Goldoni, whose wandering life is the life of an adventurer, but of an adventurer who is an honest man.

But it is Casanova who lifts the last veil that covers the secret city, tells the romance of the white nights, of the fire within him scattered abroad, and engraves libertine exploits in a truly scandalous chronicle. "The world is a happy place," he says. And it is the peculiar glory of the city that at this period has conjured up, enchanted together all the material in the world for pleasure, and is intent upon enjoying it, using it up, avariciously, remorselessly.

This appetite is a driving force and supplies the motive power of his career. For he is never idle. Without ambition, without calculation or any line of conduct, in utter recklessness he rushes from country to country, from one affair to another. Time and place and family have no responsibilities for him, he can emerge from under the leads of a filthy garret to discuss the Gregorian Calendar with Catherine of Russia. He moves unceasingly along the highroads of Europe, through the France of Mme. de Pompadour, the Spain of Aranda, the England of the Georges; familiar with all the green-rooms and all the alcoves, all the deeps, and all the shoals. Constant risks, impostures, beatings, prisons, amours, these compose his life, and he is not idle a single moment. No one knows where he is going, what he does, what he is, or what exactly is his name. No one knows whence he derives his title of Seingalt and just as the mystery seems about to be solved, with a queer

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twist of the eyebrow he seems to say, "Do you think so?" and the cloud of unknowing becomes thicker than ever, and with a soft ring of laughter he is gone to some new field. He gets everything he wants, does what he will, exhilarated by danger, amused by difficulty. His writings are quite candid, he tells you everything, discussing the punishments of the instincts of nature, composing lampoons with the names of the swooning women of the cafés, telling of his murders and his plots of murder, describing with a certain high-handed pride, the dying lights on the faces of his perishing victims. "I shall not die, but live, and sing the praises of the Lord," is his motto, and, clothed in pink or ashen-grey velvet, he carries it boldly forward.

Without a trade of his own, he plies all trades. Knowing nothing of finance he sketches plans for the royal lottery at Paris; which, according to his own account, are adopted. From a theatrical manager he turns to spy, and after that founds a cotton-printing factory. In mathematics he composes a memorial on the corollary to the duplication of the hexahedron, in history treats of Polish disturbances, and as a philosopher busies himself on a systematic refutation of Voltairianism. As a novelist the "Icosameron" with the wondrous adventures in the land of the Megamicrians attests his skill, as a poet the translations of the Iliad into Italian octaves, while among essays there is a "Treatise on Modesty." He touches everything, he never stops short, in the heart of Magna Graecia he is in raptures over the memory of Pythagoras and at Vaucluse he bathes in tears the remains of the house of Laura. When most in doubt he dares most: at his best when at bay in a corner.

Thus, when he has no money left, he paves his way with audacity. Surely, the thing is fairly clear. With no assured resources save magic and play, he lives by swindling, and his stakes are high. Cabalists and necromancers come to his aid, a pasteboard nose, or the trailing sleeves of an aged senator do his turn. For instance, see the bearded angel make entrance to the prison cell and the cowering Soradaci cut his beard in preparation for the famous flight. Or look at the Marquise d'Urfe, solemnly and seriously believing that she is

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to be transformed into a little boy by a marvelous process known only to the Knights of the Rosy Cross. The white-haired dowager is led to a bath exposed to the rays of the moon; spices burn fragrant, there are invocations, formulas. The conspirators dispatch a letter to the skies, and patiently await the answer, which shortly appears in letters of silver, forsooth, on the face of the lustral water. Casanova laughs at himself and at all the world. He frankly says, "Madam, I am a libertine by profession."

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The pulse of life beats vigorously beneath his finger and the blood-flow is the passion of love. There is nothing very ethereal in it, it is true, not much of the soul, but it is his foremost business, the mould of all his acts. No one served it more faithfully, or yielded to a more youthful strength of desire than this grandson of Aretino, with all the burning imagination of a reckless boy. Peasant or patrician, child of a butcher, or child of the Golden Book—he cares little whence the charmer springs. Beneath the statue of Il Colleone he keeps a famous tryst, or plans a rendezvous in the little garden with its trellis-frames of gold in San Biagio. Leaning on the pale balustrades the women look craftily down on him as he capers by in the white cap of Pierrot under the colored lanterns of the Carnival which dance and quiver in the soft air. When he passes among the mirrors and card tables in the casinos it is at length to wrap his scarlet cloak about some timid *blondinetta* and steal her away in the pale flush of dawn. It is the infant god; the urchin Eros, naked as a street arab of the Rive; love in the classic fashion, keen, tender, without cessation. Love that does not last, but recommences.

And the momentum of the whirling pleasure course seems to increase of itself. Adventure once developed is a magnet of adventure. Unknown ladies and haughty countesses suddenly appear of themselves and make Casanova their adviser. There are smiles from dainty strangers and blushes without reason. He is awarded medals, is the distinguished guest at foreign ports. He is considered "an uncommon man, a valuable acquaintance, worthy of consideration and affection"; and this pillar of the gaming-house, this priest of raging Aphrodite, seems worthy of respect.

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Pleasure is the means of his success and of his advancement. To him everything is pleasure and productive of pleasure; everything is sport, ease, mirth. All things amuse him, good and bad, study, danger, debauchery. He is never bored, nor worried, nor apprehensive. He is untinged with horror at himself, he utters no Manfred soul cries, but on the contrary: "I like myself," he declares. He forgets to grow old and the world which his purpose has created does not seem to him void. Nobody ever satisfied more animal appetites and fewer moral aspirations. Nobody decked sensuality with more grace and intelligence than this impenitent voluptuary, and nobody ever suffered less, was a worse host to sorrow, to destiny, than this mad pleasure seeker, the highest expression of an age incapable even of "conceiving the possibility of misfortune."

The sky is always fine, and there are no shadows, and such as are called so, are the changing flashes cast from butterfly wings. Pantaloon and giddy Harlequin prance in the pelting confetti; the Moorish philosopher shuffles through the lanes ringing his little bell, bidding everyone be happy; and the laughter of the red-hatted gondoliers as they sit huddled over their game of cards rises like the mirth of merry children.

True, the plaintive weeping note of the madrigals becomes gradually clearer and more dominant, and the laughter growing lighter, passes down the canals in songs of dead love. The flowers will not always lie so thick upon the coffin lid and some day the tale will arise of a marvelous gilded blossom which lived and flourished, then faded, became dark with blight and decay. But that is to come later.

Colored dust, luxury, nothing to do, Voltai and his frog, Lucrezia, with her smiling lips and keen eyes—and you have Venice of the eighteenth century. The odor of musk and peppermint, of far-away things scorched in the sun, the jingle of spoons. And in his extraordinary fortune, not only a manifestation of the age, but a triumph for the city he lived in, Casanova recounts a merriment which broke through all doors, love which was a wonderful game, and life when on a dazzling, gay holiday.

G. Bodenwein.

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MOON SHADOWS.

(A WOMAN SPEAKS):

Oh! . . . The night's kiss is like cool-crumbling snow
Crushed to my lips! . . . No, no, I must be still,
I must not think, I must not think at all;
For I would dream the white ways of the wind,
The stinging wind along the darkened sea,
And all the white roads underneath the stars!
Nay, I must just lie hushed, so . . . how the moon
Makes the room large and empty . . . lying so
I may just see the milky curve of tower
And minaret and dome in the thick scarf
Of cloudy trees that hide the moon-white ways.
They sink and narrow in my trancèd sight
And very small they grow—beneath the moon—
They look like round white pebbles in a well
Far down in the cool depths of silent dark . . .
And there is nothing moves within the room
Or in the streets or out upon the hills—
Starlight and shadows lying very still
And moment after moment just the same.
So hot, so still . . . and the slim hands that choke!
Oh! . . . for one moment of the white-foot wind,
The wet wind in the corners of the hills . . .
Or one more twilight of blown rippling leaves,
And drifting stars above and the cool dark,
Ripple and starlight of the well beneath.
To sit upon the gleaming marble stairs
That wind deep down between the mossy walls,
While all the place is murmurous with wind.
And falling water from the dipping cups
That draw the stars up, and the water's kiss
When the brown vessels sink again for more
Is hushed and quiet. So it was one night
When our lips, wet, like children's, from the well

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Crushed each to each in silence . . . and the fire,
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All the white fire of the moon and stars,
All the wild urgency of summer night,
Filled us with Beauty that was like the pain
Of perfect song, of mother-love, of death,
And we must gallop on the curving roads
And far across the valleys of the night
On tall brown horses of the silent North.
For thou wert of the North, and so our love
Was wild and strong. And as we rode, far out
Across the clouds the splendid Valkyrs came
And swept about us like the Western sea.

. . . . .

The Dream stood in our eyes and we rode far . . .

. . . . .

Dear Lord, how still the room is! My white pain
Binds me again! Dear Lord, I must not think
Of that steep, dizzy fall . . . or of the pain
If I move quickly now, or lift my head.
Always he comes and holds me, and his hand
Upon my aching brow is cool as silver.
And he is dear. Did he not say my eyes
Were deep as waters of the shadowed well,
And full of stars and things mysterious
Just like the well? Did he not say my lips
Thrilled like the wind along the Northern sea?
But in his eyes still stands the ancient Dream
And the road calls him, and he cannot go,
And the stars call him, but he cannot go.
The white, fierce North, the solemn silences.
The glory and the splendor of the earth
Call from the South, drenched with too heavy beauty,
Sweet like a subtle poison, but he stays.

. . . . .

Dear Lord, I cannot let him go. And yet the song
Of silence and the ancient beauty comes
To me, too. And the wheeling skies and seas,
And circling suns and stars go overhead
And the white road runs swiftly underneath,

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As if once more I ran as free as fire
Or storm or the white wind along the waste.

. . . . .

The silent, empty voices in my head
Grow loud and louder—dull, monotonous,
Louder and louder still until I cry,
And catch my breath and shut my hot, dry lips,
And crush the sheets against my throbbing face.
Shadows and splintering lights and colors whirl
And burn like ice or the white pang of steel.
And then the mounded dark falls suddenly
Gulfing the sound and wounding light. . . . Once more
The city's domes gleam very still and sharp
And large against the white, fantastic moon.

And then the moon fades quietly, the stars
Go out, and the dull dawn comes up
Bringing the weary, yellow span of day.

Pierson Underwood.

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THE SHEPHERD'S GIFT.

THE little dwarf, in his fool's cap and bells, danced in and out among the deep-red roses, and stood on tiptoe to gaze into the white ones; but even then the lady did not smile. All her maidens looked at one another, and at last one came forward and knelt down at the lady's feet.

"Has he sent me no gifts to-day?" she asked.

"His pages have come," said the girl, and going to a gateway cut in the hedge, she motioned with her hand. In a moment three little pages clad in crimson appeared; the first knelt down before the lady and opened the doors of a golden cage, which he bore. There was a flutter of wings, and six snow-white doves circled about the lady's head, and some lighted upon the rim of the marble fountain, while others fluttered down upon the marble bench where she sat—one even touched her arm with his coral-colored feet. Then another page came forward leading by a chain of pearls a hound as black as starless night, with eyes that shone like amber; and the third knelt down and opened a casket of jewels—so brightly they glittered when the sunlight fell upon them, that all the maidens shaded their eyes with their feather-fans. But the lady only sighed, and gazed down the long avenue of rose bushes; and then she slowly rose and walked through the gate in the hedge across her garden. Her train of purple velvet and silver brocade, bordered with precious stones, was so heavy that six of her maidens bore it; silver and sapphire-blue was her gown, and her hair was wound with wreaths of amethysts. At the end of the garden she stopped to unfasten the train which hung from her shoulders, and motioned to her maidens to bear it away, and leave her. When she was alone she walked to a gate in the wall, opened it, and went out.

The lady stood gazing before her as though she were afraid to go farther, but after a moment she closed the gate, and walked down into the meadow. All about her as far as she

could see, sprinkled like drops of blood, there grew great scarlet poppies; butterflies with wings of blue and green fluttered about, and near her feet one with wings as white as snow was hovering over a flower. She stooped to touch it, and it fluttered away; she laughed aloud and followed after it. Across the meadow it flew, while she fled after it reaching out her hands before her, and her long black hair slipped from the amethyst wreath that held it—at length, out of breath, she stopped at the edge of a wood. She saw that her hair had fallen free, and that the jewels were gone; at first she thought of turning back, but instead she picked some of the poppies and made a crown of them. As she was placing them on her head she noticed that someone was lying in the shade of a tree not far away—she drew near and saw that it was a shepherd boy who had fallen asleep; by his side lay his staff, and in his hand he held a pipe, made of reeds. After watching him for a moment, slowly bending over him, she drew the pipe gently out of his hands; as she was bending above him his eyes opened and looked into hers.

"Will you play for me?" she asked.

He only gazed at her, and she laughed and held out the pipe.

"Play on it," she said, "and I will dance for you!"

The shepherd, still gazing and without answering, arose, took the pipe and played upon it, and she danced about before him. First in the shade of the tree she danced, then out into the sun so that the sapphires on her silver gown flashed like fire; and her long black hair rose and fell, sweeping over her breast and her white arms. Then she stopped dancing, and knelt before the shepherd.

"Do you come here each day?" she asked.

"Every day I sit beneath this tree," he said, "while my flocks graze in the meadows."

"Then I will come again, and dance for you," she said. "But do not follow me or watch where I go." And she rose and left him.

Day after day he piped for her, and she came and danced before him; and once when she had finished dancing the shepherd suddenly cast away his pipe, and fell down at her feet.

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"Who are you?" he cried. "Tell me who you are! Oh, you are a faery," he cried, "for who but a faery would wander through the meadows dressed in silver and jewels?"

"These jewels are my wedding gifts," said the lady. "I am to marry one who can give me anything I long for—anything in the world."

"Is there no gift that I could give?" cried the shepherd. "No gift that I could give that would be greater than his?"

"None," said the lady.

"Bid me seek anything!" he cried.

She looked at him lying at her feet, and she laughed aloud.

"If you could give me a crown fairer than the stars," she said, "and a veil fairer than the sunlight I would wed with you." Then she drew her gown from the shepherd's fingers and disappeared among the trees.

As the shepherd lay there beating his clenched hands upon the ground he heard someone calling his name, and looking up he saw a young girl standing by him.

"It is very long," said the girl, "since you have come—who is it that was dancing before you?"

But the shepherd only turned his face from her, and buried it in his hands.

"Oh, you no longer love me!" said the girl. "Tell me, tell me that you do," she cried. "Why have you not come? It is she you love. Yes, I know it is she!"

"Yes," said the shepherd, "I would give my very soul for her love."

The girl was standing now with her back to the tree, her head resting against it, and her hands clasped before her; as she came through the meadow she had picked a flower and had placed it carefully in the bodice of her dress—now as she bent her head and saw it, she drew it from the bodice, and cast it on the ground.

"You cannot love me," she said.

"I tell you I would give all that I have—everything for *her* love," said the shepherd, "but the gift she asks is too great."

"What does she ask?" said the girl.

"A crown that will be fairer than the stars," he said, "and a veil fairer than the sunlight."

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"Oh!" cried the girl. "Then she will not have you; for you could not give her these! You will still be mine! Yes, still mine!"

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"I would give my soul for *her* love," he said.

Slowly the sunlight faded across the meadows—one by one the stars appeared, and still the shepherd lay with his face buried in his hands, and the girl standing beside him leaning against the tree. At last she spoke.

"I told you," said the girl, "that I would always give you whatever I could—that I would never fail in my love. I will win her love for you, for you can no longer care for me. And I will make you a crown that will be fairer than all the first stars, and a veil that will be more beautiful than the morning sunlight. I will win her love for you."

* * * * *

That night, when her sisters were asleep, the girl arose and lighted two candles to place on either side of her loom; then she loosened and combed her long, fair hair, and she cut it away so that it fell down about her feet shining like gold in the candlelight. Then she sat before her loom, and wove the strands of her hair in and out with golden threads. All the night she wove, till the light of the candles faded in the grey dawn, and her sisters awoke.

"Your hair!" cried the eldest sister. "You have cut away your hair! Oh, he will no longer think you beautiful!"

"He used to say that it shone like the sun itself," said the youngest sister. "He may not care to wed with you now. Such long hair!"

But all that day the girl wove at her loom, and late into the night; the next morning when the sisters awoke she was still weaving. So day after day she wove, and often she sang as she worked, and a golden web slowly crept across the loom and fell in folds about her on the floor. Then one evening she told her sisters to go into the fields and tell the shepherd that his gift was nearly finished; and the sisters went into the fields and found the shepherd playing upon his pipe in the twilight, while a lady, with long black hair, and dressed in a robe of silver, was dancing before him. The sisters stood far

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off and the lady stopped dancing and sent the shepherd to them; then they told what the girl had said.

"Is it very fair?" asked the shepherd.

"It is a veil," said the youngest sister, "that shines like the sun."

"Like the sun!" he cried.

When they were gone he ran back to the lady, and put his pipe once more to his lips.

"No," said the lady. "All is over—I shall never dance for you again; for to-night is the night of my marriage. Never more can I steal away from my maidens, never more can I wander alone; now I shall only walk in my garden or through the halls of my palace and ride in state to court. All this play is over and past—this has all been but a dream, and you must forget that I have ever come to dance for you."

The shepherd clasped the hem of her robe in his hands.

"But the gift!" he cried. "It is not too late?"

"What gift?" asked the lady. "Oh, I remember now; if you could give me gifts like that, I would wed with you."

"Where shall I find you?"

She led him to the edge of the grove of trees and pointed across the fields to the towers of her palace, standing black against the glory of the sky.

"But remember," she said, "this has all been but a dream," and she held out her hand and the shepherd pressed it again and again to his lips.

* * * * *

When the sisters returned from the fields they found the girl, sitting beside the loom, holding the veil in her hands.

"It is finished," she said. "Have you told him?"

"Yes," said the youngest sister. "And there was a lady, more beautiful than I have ever dreamed about, dancing before him."

"Go to the garden," said the girl, "and cut all the white roses from my rose bush, and bring them to me."

"But they were to wear on your wedding day," said the eldest sister. "You remember he said that the flowers you tended were more beautiful than anything on earth. Do not have them cut away!"

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"Bring them to me now," said the girl. "I cannot wait."

So the sisters went to the garden, and cut all the white roses from the bush; then they brought them to the girl and she began to weave them into a crown.

"Guide my hands," she said, "for I can no longer see."

Her sisters guided her fingers as she wove the roses together, and at last it was all finished—save one rose.

"Finish the crown," said the girl, "and fasten the veil to it—take it to him—she *must* receive it—"

Then the youngest sister knelt down in prayer, but the eldest wove the last rose into the wreath, and fastened the veil to it.

"She wished this to be done," she said.

And as she was carrying the gift into the meadow to give it to the shepherd, she met him running toward her.

"Where is the gift?" he cried.

"My sister sent you this," she said. "Take it to the lady—she will receive it."

"Oh, it *is* very fair!" cried the shepherd. "She may receive it."

He took the wreath and veil, and ran across the meadows to the gate of the lady's garden, which stood open; through the garden he ran and he beat upon the doors of her palace. From within came the sound of voices and laughter, and music. Again and again he beat at the doors and at last they were opened; past the guards by the door he ran and through corridor after corridor till at last, as he flung aside two curtains of crimson, he saw her, standing in the light of many candles, robed in shining white. By her side stood an old, bent man, wearing a purple robe and many rings upon his fingers; though the room was crowded with many people the shepherd saw none save her and the old man. He went to her, and kneeling at her feet he held up the crown of roses and the veil.

"My gift!" he cried. "It cannot be too late! Receive my gift instead of his!"

The lady took the crown and veil and held it out before her—the hall was silent.

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"I told this shepherd," said the lady, "that I would wed with him if he could bring me a crown fairer than the stars, and a veil fairer than the sunlight. He has brought me *this!*"

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There was a moment of silence—then the hall rang with laughter; and the lady's dwarf caught the edge of the veil in his hand and tore it away from the roses—and the wreath fell from the lady's hand. Then the guards flung the shepherd from the hall.

The next morning, as they were bearing away the candles and goblets from the hall, one of the pages saw a withered wreath of roses, with some threads of gold tangled about it, beneath one of the tables; and he picked it up and cast it among the ashes on the hearth.

D. O. Hamilton.

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PLAYTHINGS.

Come, great friend, you
Who know me e'en to where
My soul stands laughing.
See! Here I hold
In my cold, eager hand
A little sport for us,
A jumping little clown
With all his nerve-wracked tricks,
A heart,
Which I have taken fresh
From underneath the young swelling
Of the breast of her
Who gave it me,
With eyes
In which new passion's bold surprise
Leapt dancing.

Sing, sing,
Come, friend, sing;
Hear our prying hammers ring
At the walls o' the frail thing.

Soon can we smile,
Calm with deep knowing,
Our wise eyes answering straight
The veilèd mystery of any nun's
Or harlot's glance!
For we'll have pried
Into a woman's soul;
Have seen the tide
Of all her charms go running out
From its heart-home.

Watch closely now—
See you not how

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When I approach her
With swift-footed love,
It stirs
From out its slumbrous bed?—
And when I kiss her
How it swoons;
Then jumps aloft
As it would break away,
Go running off to find a star,
And sing fey love-songs to it?

See! See!
How it starts!
I had not thought
A heart could beat so
For a man!
Yet so this does for me!

Go! Quick! Away, friend!
You must not see
This red-heart's joy!
This is *my* world;
I am the god
Of this enspherèd love!
Sole god! And jealous, too!
Aye, god and fool!
A gaping, white-faced clown!
Thus and thus had I thought to play,
And now—
Oh, say, warm heart; say, wistful love,
That you'll not break for me
For having so betrayed myself
To thee!

H. Phelps Putnam.

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THE SECRETARY AND HIS WIFE.

IN the first place the languor was not a Mediterranean one. John Buckle had concluded that fleeing to Italy to escape one's friends was like running out of one's house into one's club. He had therefore decided upon any boat but a European boat. This one was proving the discomfort of southern seas—pushing forward vigorously to Yucatan, or Chile, or some country or other in that land of theoretical geography that lies below the United States. He had been in his old life abnormally honest, which he denied was the cause of his failure, but was too honest to really believe it. Whenever a man offered him a glowing business proposition, he would by force of modesty argue his own demerit, till the man granted his case with enthusiasm. If people took him for a jolly man, he demonstrated his gloom. If the world thought they saw in him a brilliant man, he vindicated his own stupidity. Having thus spent long years in discovering to mankind his own degradation, he awoke one day to find himself worse than he was. He then bought a passage for South America.

"The sea is like a woman; it has moods that not the wisest of mariners can foresee.' Buckle was delighted with the opportunity of making these perfectly impersonal remarks, and he had for four days been inventing epigrams. A sea voyage itself was the most impersonal of experiences. Because a person being simply the garment of his own past, fades into nobody when he leaves this behind. All you know of your shipmate, unless he be an autobiographical Westerner, is what he is, not what all his past have made people think he *was*. The person beside Buckle, despite the fact that she was a woman, refused to be bored at his transcendant impersonality. For four days he had sat on deck with her, and rigidly shorn the old themes of interest from the conversation: his soul and her soul. She had watched this sweeping with an ever growing interest, because it was so masterfully done, so adequately done, so appropriately done. The little lady that listened to

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Buckle unfortunately concluded that any man who effaces himself so supremely must have a wonderful self to do the effacement.

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Now, the advantage of conversing on a sea voyage, is that there are no awkward pauses between themes. When you sit to talk all day, no one demands the conversational compression of afternoon teas. Again, the *ocean* answers you in a way, rolls on with the theme itself till you see fit to take it up again. The little lady was beginning after the waves had argued alone for a half-hour.

"This, too, is really America, you know, and they are saying that people come to it to-day, much as they used to come to the New World of Cortez and Pizarro—for adventure and for gold. That the adventure may be in government or the building of empire, instead of the shooting of Indians doesn't lessen its interest, I think. Or that men will dig their gold out of industry, instead of rock."

Buckle still looked at the sea, but less placidly.

"People say that everyone that goes to this wonderful country nowadays has a new idea. I *am* sorry I must be frank with my curiosity. . . . I know that the one that is bringing you is different from most men's."

The sea was broad and deep and blue! For a moment Buckle wishes he might leap into it. He was afraid that if he unmasked his soul as was his use, and told that he had left native New York because he had no friends, no money, and no particular desire for living among the acquaintances who knew him at his own estimate, she might have conceived he was interesting. That appeared to him to be the most extraordinary of calamities. She might build romance out of it! So he found himself fleeing from himself, and he began:

"Er—I am simply— I suppose there are, you see I am simply an—official."

It is a difficult art to choose one's profession, in the telling.

"—A government official—a secretary."

The little lady became silent, and Buckle began to divine how improbable he sounded. He summoned a long excluded schoolboy mind to lend stamina, and for a tense second bundled

together some shreds of geography and federal government. Then he became precise.

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"I am secretary of the American Minister to Peru."

"Oh," said the little lady, turning to him half shyly, "the *new* Secretary!"

Despite the fact that the stateroom was insufferably warm, Buckle's dreams were regenerative. The night managed to sweep away the horror in which he went to sleep; he woke up with a vigorous expectancy running through his thoughts. The horror had been due, as a matter of fact, to a great doubt as to whether he was to live on as honest Buckle, or doffing Buckle become the Secretary to Peru. He washed his face in the china bowl, that with the lurching of the ship bathed his trousers and feet at the same moment. It did not disturb his equanimity; he had become conscious of a new and growing personality. Not conscious, either, simply weirdly aware. He discovered by the ship's clock as he climbed deck-ward that he had arisen at the perfectly useless hour of seven o'clock in the morning. There was no one up except the ship hands who were sloshing the decks with suds and water. He wandered into the lounge. There were several books scattered over the center table. He wandered up with languorous curiosity to read titles. One was bound in bright red, a new book with some lettering across the back in gilt. He read it lazily. *"Peru,"* it said, *"Its Government and Commerce."*

Not that this completed the metamorphosis, but buckled with another circumstance it helped. Without looking inside and noting from whom he was looting his golden information, he put the book under his arm and went swaying down the ship's stairs, to read in the guilty secrecy of his bedroom. Any book can be given a hypothetical interest if only the reader be made hero. Buckle sat acquiring Peruvian information at the most abnormal speed for some minutes, till a sound as of a distant fog horn brought fright into his consciousness. It was the snoring of his bunkmate, whose presence he had forgotten. At the moment he looked up, the sleeper opened his eyes.

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After "Good-morning," he strained his eyes over the bed-side toward the gilt letters.
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"I've been looking for something good on that myself. You live in Peru, don't you?"

"Why, yes. I am Secretary to the American Embassy."

The man wanted to know something about Peru, and Buckle repeated Chapter I. Late in the morning he returned to his deck chair, and found the little lady looking placidly at the sea.

"If I were a man," she said, after they had mentioned how the sea remains the same while it changes, and had discovered to one another how well either had slept. "If I were a man, I would be tempted to seek out the golden regions of the new world; it's still possible to be a gold seeker, isn't it, in the new world?"

"Do you know anything of the geography of Peru?" he inquired, conscious of diplomacy.

"Not a river," she answered.

"In that case," he returned sonorously, "let us not consider the mineral deposits of the land. But if you drag me back to my favorite topic," he returned, with a smile calculated to engage and conciliate, "have you ever thought what the Peru of the future will mean to the world?"

Chapter Five—And then again even a mystic may talk of the future with accuracy. Buckle's soul found a new stature; perhaps better he never knew till then he could stand straight. He was a young hero, that when the sun looks on thinks expansion worth while.

"Captain, will the fair days last to Peru?"

It had come to be a matter of custom. Captain Nagel strode along the sun deck, by the little lady's chair daily just about tea time. He was a short man, with enormous good health, and face made uncomfortably red by the wind and the weather.

Having asked without curiosity, she cut off his reply:

"The Secretary to the Embassy," she chirruped, "has been telling me I would make a good Peruvian politician."

"I think he is right," bellowed the captain, crushing Buckle's limp hand. This advent of the world into the secret of his metamorphosis was utterly disturbing for a few moments, but

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he weathered it bravely, buoyed up by the enormous authority his words carried.
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"But the future of Peru is more than a delightful story," he began, head high, hands spreading in gesture. "It strikes close at our own hearths; at our well being, at our prosperity. The men in Peru that are flinging themselves into the expanding fields of business enterprise must be fed, clothed and civilized: if the United States does not do it, Germany will!"

When the conversation was over, he went forward, and leaned as far as he could over the rail, looking into the waves. Oh, the expansive glow of deception! As the wind blew the salt brine into his face, and he folded the lapels of his coat over his shirt, he asked himself, why his conscience permitted him to be the Secretary to Peru. Something that wasn't his conscience said fiercely, because you *succeed* at it!

Dora Brown had a stateroom in the center of the ship. It was one of the best on the ship and she occupied it with her sister.

"One of the greatest amusements in the world is having a man admire you."

Dora Brown made the remark as she was taking down her hair.

"There is no need," replied her sister, "to make remarks simply for the sake of making remarks."

"But truly the greatest fun of all is admiring a man, when he thinks you imagine him what he really is not."

"Oh, Dot, let us go to bed."

And thereby sister missed the telling of a very interesting story. But Dorothy Brown went right on thinking even after she had climbed up into the upper berth, and the moon shone through the porthole. "The dear child; I wonder if he would treat me quite queenly if I told him I was the queen? Dear, dear—who's a nice famous person I can change into?" And then she fell asleep.

As Buckle cut off the end of his soft boiled egg for breakfast, he did not cut off the end at all; but he slashed jaggedly across the center. The voyage was within a day of its ending. He might be a member of the American embassy aboard the

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Peruvian coaster, but he could scarcely continue to pretend in the face of Peru. The little lady must be greeted for a last time. One aspect of the thought still kept his spirit dancing: the thought of this "last day." It must be well spent; with her entirely; and the conversation should be about themselves and not their titles; no confessions; a simple forgetting of anything else but I and You.

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It was rough enough to keep a goodly number in their bedrooms, and the lounge was nearly deserted. He was obliged to begin in a manner he didn't desire; she led him.

"No, the society is not destructive to one's mind or one's manners, at the capital. You see, I have never cared to go about much. But, dear girl, people are civilized quite as much in South America as they are in Boston. Let us leave the country alone," he complained, "wonderful as it is. Why is it that a blue gown becomes you better than any other?"

"Isn't it neat?" she returned. "Bought in Peru."

"I thought you said you had never been out of New England."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Dorothy—"

"I am the wife of the Secretary to the Embassy."

From opium dream to reality is too shopworn an analogue, too shopworn and too unutterably weak. Say, perhaps, out of the supreme heights of religious realization, from flame pastures of faith flung back into the sordid alleys of disillusionment. Each day of his voyage of bliss became a lake of blue fire, through which he sailed tortuously back in fearful memory. He became his old sensitive, self-effacing Ismaelish self, as he listened to his humiliation. She had laughed at his apish pretendings for eleven days—and laughed not as the generalized scorn one would bestow on any alien prig, but with the intensified, detailed, mocking mirth of one who watched her own husband insulted by a fool!

A tall man entered the room. He had the proper attributes of stature, dignity and grace. Buckle had never spoken with him, though he had seen him often, and at odd moments he had joined the daily tea group where Buckle talked, by request,

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upon "the future of Peru." (The ship had a small library of South American literature.) The tall man spoke to Buckle.

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"You are Secretary, I believe, of the Peruvian Embassy?"

Buckle looked at the Secretary's wife on the couch; winced under the shoulder grasp of the tall man, and had no idea *who* he was. He answered after awful moments.

"I am known as the Secretary to Peru."

The tall man's face became a morning of smiles: "I am very glad to shake your hand, sir."

He shook it with confirming vigor.

"And you, sir, have I had the pleasure—"

"I am the American Minister to Peru."

"He would have run out of the cabin door and dived into the sea, had he been Herculean, had not the Minister's enormous hand clasped his shoulder. The flame lakes in his consciousness redoubled. There had not only been a woman to laugh at him for eleven days; there had been a man to grind his teeth! A moment passed, and a supreme possibility of horror occurred to him. He voiced it.

"Is the Secretary of the Minister to Peru on board?"

The tall man allowed the tremendous moments to pass. Buckle looked at the Secretary's wife. Her presence he felt was to be the supreme lash in the expected announcement.

Suddenly the Minister broke out uproariously:

"There *is* no Secretary," he said.

If you destroy other people's estimates of a man, you have stabbed him deeply, and deeper still if you destroy his own estimate! But for supreme mangling this is the formula: Take away the living ideal a man makes in his heart of the woman that heart loves. While the tall man was standing over him like an executioner, gnawing his moustachios, Buckle was watching Dora Brown. It was sweeping over his much racked nervous system, how much he had come to care for the "little lady" for his own sake, yes, *and* for hers! So she had been as perfidiously low as himself, an imposter like himself, a hypocrite! He did not rejoice when he heard it—he wept with all the tears of his soul.

The tall man put both hands on Buckle's shoulders:

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"I have ***never had*** a secretary!" He dropped his elbows and came closer to Buckle, ***even*** closer. "Do you know what you've done, Buckle? Besides putting into ashes your own soul, you have told more things about the American Embassy and the Peruvian government than ever happened. Every Peruvian on board ship is discussing free trade, anti-Germanism, naval construction, and one-house government. Buckle, you have been setting afloat ideas that the American Embassy never dreamed of in nightmares. This entire shipload is corrupted. You have preached radicalism and a new trade policy. The issues are incalculable. It has gone back to Washington by wireless, and the reporters that boarded the ship at ——— have got it into Peruvian headlines by now. God knows what will happen when it reaches the President!" He paused for breath, but his hand grips retightened. "You're sole offender, and it follows that you must feel the lash. You can't escape, Buckle—I have you in my power and I shall go the limit.—I appoint you, therefore, *Secretary* of the American Embassy!"

Buckle recovered slowly, but completely.

"Excellency," he said, with a sudden boldness, looking toward Dora Brown, "I would like to have you meet ***the Secretary's wife.***"

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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PORTFOLIO.

THE GLIMPSE.

A splendid being, sweeping my soul to flame!
  All those high aspirations for far things,
All the divinest music beyond name,
  The want, the wish to be a God who flings
O'er all the blessing of his presence, came
Shouting and leaping down my life! And lo,
All day and night the glory haunted so,
  And the wild shouting clung and dipt and sang,
That up I leaped, crying, "Peace! have end, have end!"
  —Then sweeping like the sea, the answer rang:
"No foe am I."—And I cried, "So, a friend?" . . . .
"Dost thou not know me?—thine own self—a friend."

HOWARD BUCK.

HEZEKIAH USHER

——Park Street Church—to the eternal fame and undying glory of the twentieth century Puritans—has been burnished and scraped, been painted and plastered, rebuilt and renewed until its high brick sides and its tapering steeple gather the irregular roofs of Beacon Hill and the blatantly new buildings of Tremont Street into a sharp focus of red and white, an unexpected apparition which casts a sombre sheen of antiquity over the surrounding region. A solemn and silent relic of older days, the venerable church broods over its coeval neighbor, the Common; and drowses away the teeming hours in an air of peaceful meditation. Poised as a lonely sentinel above the corner, it strives to lift the eyes of the busy crowds from the sidewalks, and to proffer a gentle reminder that this tumultuous moment is, after all, as fleeting and evanescent as the generations of moments which have flowed about its walls; that these affairs which seem so all-engrossing are really quite transitory things—are, perhaps, even trifling and inconsequential when seen from the light of the days when Sir Harry Vane and stern Governor Endicott ruled the Province, when the two lanterns in the North Church belfry proclaimed the riding of Paul Revere, when the women climbed to the housetops to watch the thick smoke-clouds roll over the harbor from the muzzles of British cannon—far from trifling (or so the old

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meeting-house seems to believe). Thus it nods and murmurs through all the long and sleepy summer months, a solitary survival of obsolete and half-forgotten days: and so, passing its corner, do I forget the sordid pound of tea or the box of cigars I am to purchase across the way; and I wander far beyond my destination in a hazy reverie of white powdered wigs, of crimson coats with broad belts, of odd three-cornered hats and of damsels in brocade and flowered satin.

This, no doubt, accounts for the singular glamor which falls, for me, over Beacon Hill, as I pass the ancient church and make my way toward Scollay Square. And this, moreover, must be the secret of the curious fascination of King's Chapel and its tiny church-yard and, more important, of the crumbly stone vault in the corner, the tomb and last resting-place (so the sign-board informs me) of Hezekiah Usher, once selectman of the City of Boston, who died in the year of our Lord 1676.

Of Hezekiah Usher, I must admit, to begin with, I know little or nothing. His pompous colonial name has long been swallowed up in the dusty maw of obscurity, and—but for a single brief paragraph in somebody's Dictionary of American Biography, which grudgingly affords him his small space as the forefather of some later, more notable Usher—there is little to be found about him. That is, to make necessary addition, there is little which I have found about him. For I will confess that the seeming lack of information as to the deeds and habits of Hezekiah is not altogether unwelcome; and though it may appear a highly indecorous admission from the pen of his biographer, I freely own to a deliberately inadequate investigation. I have not, indeed, consulted the early colonial records in the files of the Public Library, nor have I sought the histories of Boston and Massachusetts—any of which might very probably give important but quite unnecessary facts of this colonist's life.

For Hezekiah's claim to immortality rests not on his building of wharves, his cleaning of streets, or whatever may be the particular merit of a meritorious selectman. It is to the signboard by the tomb in King's Chapel churchyard that I must again refer; for here, in addition to the fascinating fact of his political achievements, I learn that Hezekiah—mark it well—was the first of that long and illustrious succession which has brought to

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Boston more fame, perhaps, than Harvard College itself—the first bookseller, forsooth of Boston!

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The first bookseller of Boston! What wonder that as I hurry along the street on the bright summer afternoons I am accustomed to linger a little while before the iron railing, pondering on the dim yet fascinating figure of Hezekiah Usher. Or perhaps I push the creaky gate along its rusty hinges, and entering, seat myself on some tomb beside his own—(the crumbly white one, it is, over in the northeast corner, with the huge slab of flat grey stone for its cover)—and laboriously decipher the half-obliterated inscription. And what wonder that, as I leave the churchyard and reassume my way, the hazy and intangible images which the old church on the corner has already stirred into being gain the strength of a true illusion; so that the hurrying automobiles and the rumbling motor-trucks of the street gradually fade away, and a slow, halting procession of square, lumbering stage coaches and high-wheeled cabriolets drawn by splendid horses takes their place. And I thread my course over the flags of the uneven pavements, past dignified groups of people in unfamiliar garb—in tall peaked hats, long black coats with belt and skirts, in knee-breeches and shoes with silver buckles. Some have swords by their sides; some are followed by small boys with tin punch-lanterns (for it is growing late of the afternoon); and some, perhaps, bear long muskets over their shoulders. And I turn the corner to Cornhill, and proceed leisurely down this narrow lane of dusty treasures—this street of the second-hand book stalls which guards so closely its colonial antiquity.

Here, of course, was the notable shop of our Hezekiah. Aye—even you of the forbidding historical aspect, you who have shuddered already at the atrocious dates I have connected with Park Street Church—though you may exclaim in shameless exultation that Cornhill was a nameless cowpath in Hezekiah's lifetime—you shall not laugh me to scorn. Certainly Hezekiah opened his bookshop on Cornhill—where else should he have done so?—not far indeed from the later site of Bartlett's, where Emerson and his friends were accustomed to replenish their libraries. And now, as I hasten over the pavestones I stop before the tiny diamond panes of his misty windows, and curiously turn over the scanty stock of books on the wooden stands along the sidewalk.

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And a nondescript stock it is—a rare collection of mongrel volumes: new copies of Quarles' Emblems, Bacon's Essays, of course; Lydgate, perhaps, and the works of the "morall Gower." The poems and prose of Abraham Cowley are here—that bulbous singer of bi-rhymed nothings; Lyly's Latin Grammars; the familiar New England Primer in small blue covers; and, to be sure, vast and weighty quantities of Punson's Puritan Pamphlets or Momas' Holy Maxims—indigestible gobbets whose place has been filled of late years by Buckle's History of Civilization and Mrs. Symberley's plush-bound verses—unlovable volumes, which every haunter of second-hand bookshops has cast aside a thousand times in his search for possible treasures hidden behind. I look in vain, however, for brand-new folios of William Shakespeare, for Spenser or Philip Sidney; for Hezekiah, be it known, was a Puritan stern—one of the founders, indeed, of the Old South Church (so the biography-dictionary declares)—and little would he have had to do with such infidels as these!

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But the shop itself; what a place is that! A dark and musty little room I see, with two tables running down its center, and rows of book-laden shelves along the walls by the windows. The remaining space is given to a wide open fireplace, and one corner, perhaps, to the printing press which was brought from England to put Eliot's Indian Bible in circulation. And, nervously poking about the shop, wandering from shelf to shelf, is the immortal Hezekiah himself; a small individual, delicately made, with long tremulous fingers and a queer inquisitive glance as he looks up from under his eyebrows. He has straight grey hair and a long pointed chin; he wears, moreover (though this may be the most horrible of all my anachronisms!), a large pair of steel-rimmed spectacles—rather overlarge, in fact, with an annoying habit of slipping down to the tip of his sharp-edged nose. Close before his fire he keeps on cold winter days; but now, in the midst of the sultry New England August, he brings his chair out by the door and silently contemplates the passersby; chatting at times with such of his friends as may chance to drop in of a morning.

Thus, through the sleepy afternoons, I picture old Hezekiah, and Hezekiah's bookshop. And I present my picture in all solemnity, believing that this strangely neglected figure merits careful and kindly consideration. The excellent Usher! Often

I wonder how it may have been that he came to open his primordial bookshop. Could Hezekiah secretly have harbored an unpuritanical love for literature, a pure affection for the golden fruits of learning? Was he, in the very midst of the sordid duties of a provincial selectman, occasionally inclined to furtive bursts of light-winged poetry, or to more pretentious attempts at the moral essay or even the drama? It goes against the grain to conceive this man other than a booklover. Nor is it at all difficult to violently react at this supposition: who else but a lover of books could have had the hardihood to open the first bookstore in the City of Boston, to have transported across the seas a printing-press for the publication of Eliot's Indian Bible? I listen not to your mocking scorn, your Philistine insinuations; Hezekiah Usher is as clear in my mind as the Old South Church itself, a picture which suffers no alteration.

But now it has grown dark and the diminutive dusty windows no longer are bright with sparkling sunshine. My eyes are weary with much straining; I tear myself from the shelves, turn out of the crooked lane, and hasten away from this region of phantoms. And lo, the churchyard of King's Chapel is swathed in inpenetrable blackness, and the tomb of Hezekiah Usher is lost to the sight in the midst. So I pass from the hazy shadows of the bygone centuries into the rushing, noisy, tumultuous crowds of the evening streets. The slender belfry of Park Street Church is tinged with a pale, wan glow of electric arcs, gleams in fitful splashes of light from the lamps of a thousand automobiles. Beyond, the Common, thronged with many people, smoulders in the night air, fretted with innumerable tiny sparkles. My illusion is lost for the time being—but never so the slighted fame of the ancient Hezekiah.

Brave Hezekiah! May he take his place and his pedestal in the Halls of Fame, side by side with the great innovators of history—the first dyster of Tyre, the first vintager of Madeira, the first sailor of Carthage, the first librarian of Alexandria! All honor to our ancient Usher: and you, reader, if you chance to stroll down Tremont Street past King's Chapel this year, do you pause by the churchyard for a moment, and contemplate, with perhaps a clandestine tear in your eye, the tomb of this first bookseller of the City of Boston!

F. J. Manning.

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THE INCOMPLETE OARSMAN

——There is a bulky and authoritative work, by R. C. Lehman, whose title is "The Complete Oarsman." If only one author had treated this theme the matter might perhaps go unchallenged, but there are scores of books on the same subject. To anyone who has ever gone down to the harbor and watched our crews on the water the field for a treatise of broader range must be evident. Very few oarsmen are complete; after listening to any rowing coach for a few minutes you will realize that none are complete, at least none of the present generation. Most coaches cherish vague traditions of perfect oarsmen who flourished somewhere in the distant past, but so shrouded in uncertainty are these demi-gods of rowing that they can be set aside as mythical. There remains our modern mass of incomplete oarsmen, and to them this work is respectfully dedicated.

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Yet it is not of all who row on the waters of the world that this treats. Even if no oarsmen attain utter completeness, some come so near that mark that to their clumsier brethren they are in a world apart. 'Varsity oars would feel hurt to be included in our class, and we would feel uncomfortable if they were; it is only with the great majority that this work deals. We are easily recognizable, particularly toward the end of the season. Does a shell come down the river in perfect time, with a clean swirl of water from the blades of the oars, and a long run between each stroke? We are not in it. Ours are the boats where the water splashes about the oars, and where there is generally a heavy list. You do not see in our rowing that uniformity so crushing to individual development. Each man has developed a stroke all his own, and some have evidently reached an extreme of individualistic expression along this line. Often we are accompanied by a coaching launch, but then we do not appear at our best. The coach is always bent, in defiance of manifest fate, on turning us into complete oarsmen, and the enforced pursuit of the unattainable damps our spirits.

Our life is a simple one, far removed from the glare of newspaper publicity. Our features, mangled and blurred in printing, do not appear on sporting pages. The only newspaper attention that we get is a line or two in the *News* each morning under "University Notices"; some brief statement, varying in length

from a list of our names to the curt "all others," and followed by the hour at which our presence is requested. When we arrive at the time appointed there are seldom more than seven of us to be found, the eighth man usually has a recitation, or has given up rowing. Very occasionally he has been taken up to a real crew, perhaps even to a 'varsity boat. But even so he is seldom lost to us for good. Temporarily we have to find a man to take his place; but after a week or two he returns to the fold, and we welcome him again to our midst. Soon he will forget his brief lapse from true. incompleteness, and in time he may even cease disparaging the way our boat goes, and stop talking about the real crew on which he once rowed. However that may be, by hook or by crook we get eight men and a coxswain, and are ready to start.

It is now that our tribulations begin. There are boats and boats, and also the sort of craft we sometimes receive for our use. They are shells that have seen better days, but now are patched, worn and cranky. At least so we think; as a matter of fact, though there are some boats which almost merit the epithets we shower upon them, in general we use the shells as scapegoats for our ill rowing. If for any reason the shell is unimpeachable, we lay the blame on the coxswain; he is held directly responsible for our ragged time, our unsteadiness, and our general worthlessness. We need some refuge of this kind, for other friends we have none. The guardian genius of the boats, who fixes the riggers, and the seats, and lengthens your stretcher, is particularly cold to all complaints. Especially in regard to leaks is he unsympathetic. When a shell has long been out of use it will leak at an appalling rate when a crew gets in, but to all prayers for another, dryer boat, he answers: "That water's no more than coming in around the patches. It's not coming through by buckets-full anywhere, is it? Well then, what you kicking about?"

But if we have our tribulations, we also have our compensations. One has already been referred to, namely, that often we get out without a coach. Then we are free to row after our own sweet will, some men ahead of stroke, some late, and all different. Even when we have a coach, we are apt to row late in the day. In the fall this is bad, for the evenings are cold, and when the

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shell rolls down to one side, as it always does, the harbor water that slops over the riggers feels like ice. Then the sharp evening breeze numbs our wet hands, and altogether life is far from happy. But bad as this may be, late rowing has one tremendous advantage, after nightfall the coach finds it very hard to see how poorly we are rowing. The arc lights on the shore shine in the distance, but their light does not reach far over the dark river. Even a full moon does little to dispel the darkness that mercifully shrouds our blunders. And, at the worst, if the coach can still see, and, seeing, is moved to vehement speech, one can always look at the calm stars far overhead, and reflect on the pettiness of the words of man.

But when in the warm spring we row at night our joy is complete. The coach, perhaps, is very busy, or the launches are all in use; the result is that we don't start out till after six o'clock. The trip out to the Lighthouse is uneventful, it is still light enough for the coach to see; but when we turn by the breakwater after our four-mile paddle the evening is waning fast. The shore looks miles away, and the lights begin to come out in the city. Our rest is brief, but even before we start in again night has really come. There is still a glow in the western sky, but the harbor is dark, and the coxswains must lay their course by the harbor lights and the sign on the Hotel Taft. Even the looming gas tanks on the river front have become lost in the black mass of the city. It is so dark that as we row back the launch is at first a vague blur, and then lost altogether. Our only company are stray tugs with mysterious and endless tows of dim barges, or the Richard Peck, steaming in from New York in a blaze of light, and looking to us in our shell as large as the Mauretania. Then nothing but darkness, while the grey water slips murmuring past the boat, and the lights that are strung along the shore grow nearer and nearer. Finally comes a weird glare of light from the arc lamps on the drawbridge, a plunge into darkness again beneath the bridge, then out once more into the light, where, as we rest on our oars, we see close at hand the waiting boat-house, offering a welcome haven to weary, incomplete oarsmen.

Morris Hadley.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Hockey Scores.

Yale, 5; Massachusetts Agricultural College, 2.
Yale, 4; Williams, 2.
Yale, 5; Massachusetts Tech., 3.
Yale, 2; Toronto, 3.
Yale, 4; Cornell, 2.
Yale, 4; Dartmouth, 1.
Yale, 3; Princeton, 1.
Yale, 2; Harvard, 4.

Basketball Scores.

Yale,, 28; Cornell, 22.
Yale, 37; Pennsylvania, 27.
Yale, 25; Cornell, 27.
Yale, 43; Manhattan, 26.
Yale, 31; Dartmouth, 29.

The Academic Junior Fraternity

Of Psi Upsilon, announces the election of Harry Arthur Tarson, 1916.

The Junior Promenade

Was held on Tuesday evening, February 9th.

Swimming Scores.

Yale, 29; Montreal, 15.
Yale, 35; Columbia, 18.

The Academic Junior Fraternity

Of Delta Kappa Epsilon announces the election of Eugene R. Fish, 1916.

The Elizabethan Club

Announces the election of the following: Max Farrand, Arthur R. Kimball, 1877; William Rose Benét, 1907 S.; Gerald Chittenden, 1904; Gordon Bodenwein, 1916; Alexander McKee Munson, 1916; William Ross Proctor, 1916.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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Rural Credits: *Land and Coöperative*. By Myron T. Herrick and R. Ingalls. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

This volume is a very timely study of the land and agricultural credit systems of Europe. The author aims to prepare for future and better plans for the United States by a somewhat detailed analysis of the conditions prevailing in Europe, and in other parts of the world. Mr. Herrick obtained most of his information first-hand through his position as American Ambassador to France. In his own words, "I have deemed it a patriotic duty to investigate the rural-credit systems and institutions of various nations and to give my fellow-citizens the results of my search."

Mr. Herrick divides his subject into two parts. The first deals with Land Credit. With considerable detail he describes the remarkable extent to which the principles of land credit have been developed in all the countries of Europe. The application of these principles to the farming communities of the United States, Mr. Herrick holds would prove of tremendous financial value to the country. Long-time credit, such as is enjoyed by nearly every European farmer, would enable our farmers greatly to increase their holdings by permitting their sons to pay for part of the expense for improvements.

The same practical methods Mr. Herrick employs in discussing the coöperative credit societies of Europe. The advantages to the farmers who belong to these societies are pointed out, and the general scheme of formation clearly described. After illustrating the benefits arising from the operation of such societies, Mr. Herrick goes on to show how desirable it is that we in the United States should also enjoy the same advantages. But before this can be accomplished, certain objectionable State laws will have to be repealed, and more uniform legislation established throughout the various States of the Union.

The volume as a whole presents in an illuminating and striking way the contrast between the large and universal opportunities for land credit prevailing in Europe, and the corresponding lack of facilities existing in the United States. Even to the general reader, Mr. Herrick's book will succeed in emphasizing this contrast, and showing the desirability of our greatly improving and expanding our land-credit facilities.

O. M'K.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

"When all is said and done," remarked Leander, passing a bundle of unread manuscripts to Mr. Thoreau, who promptly stuffed them into the scrap-basket, "we've had a pretty good time. I, for one, shall be mighty sorry to have to give up this office."

"Yes," replied Cato, taking upon himself the task of answering this general observation, "I think—"

But Mr. Thoreau cut short the thought by shouting a string of Chinese epithets in Cato's ear, with the result that the stern essayist remained in a morbid silence throughout the rest of the evening.

"Well," Leander broke in, "let's get to work. Have you read the manuscripts, Harlequin?"

"Of course not," returned that dark gentleman; "don't be ridiculous. I'm only here to-night, because I had nothing better to do, anyway."

At this moment Maeterlinck burst into the room.

"Here are two things of mine," he exclaimed breathlessly.

"They're late," remarked Leander sternly.

"Why, I told you about them—"

"Oh, all right." Maeterlinck left, his blond locks completely obliterating his left eye.

"It's my fault," continued Leander. "Now someone will have to read these things. Harlequin objects to my intonation of poetry—so I guess he can read them."

Harlequin read it.

"He reads like a plumber," said Ossawatomie to Cato, *sotto voce.*

"Humph!" said Cato, still very angry.

The make-up completed, and the choice posted, the discussion continued.

"Look here," declared Leander, "Wilfred Ward read 'The Bugle Song' last year as Tennyson read it—and it was fine. Now I don't see—"

"But they both had beards," suggested Thoreau.

"Well," said Leander, "I'm recommending it to Harlequin—he has the requirements. Let's see, it went like this: 'Dying, dy—ing, dy—ing."

"But I think—"

"Look here, hadn't we—"

"Did you ever try—"

"Huh!"

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There was a confused babel of voices. A moment later a passing member of the University Orchestra heard strange sounds in this office. "Hum," thought he, "the LIT. Board is singing its farewell dirge." And out over the Campus floated in mournful cadence the sound of five strong young voices that intoned sonorously:

"Dying, dy—ing, dy—ing!"

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

MARCH, 1915.

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CONTENTS OF NO. DCCXIV

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FOR REFORMERS ONLY	*Archibald MacLeish*	281
THE FAIRY POETRY OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS	*C. McKee, Jr.*	285
SONG	*John Farrar*	291
THAIS	*John Farrar*	292
BEN	*J. Carlisle Post*	297
THE DAWNING	*H. Phelps Putnam*	305
PORTFOLIO		306
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA		310
BOOK REVIEWS		312

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eightieth Volume with the number for October, 1914. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competitors of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 20th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Business Manager or his authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Business Manager.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the EDITORIAL MANAGEMENT of the periodical must be addressed to Archibald MacLeish, Chairman. Communications with regard to the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT to Alfred O'Gara, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX MARCH, 1915 No. 6

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1915.
JOHN CROSBY BROWN ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
OLIVER McKEE JOHN CARLISLE PEET
FRANK WRIGHT TUTTLE.

BUSINESS MANAGER.
ALFRED H. O'GARA

FOR REFORMERS ONLY.

IT has been our whimsical custom at Yale College to preserve a longitudinal range in our outside interests; we are traditionally conscious of the existence of Harvard University, and we are periodically aroused to the presence of a similar institution at Princeton, New Jersey. Occasionally the Campus elms blossom forth in posters of yellow or green calling attention to some vaguely familiar educational formula. Occasionally the daily bulletin of the University notes that such or such a college has or is about to win or be defeated by our representatives in this or that field of sport. But, for the most part, we allow the exigencies of the Atlantic seaboard to determine our collegiate relations.

And this particular astygmatism is exceptionally fortunate. It saves us the doubtful pleasure of perceiving and marveling at the newer universities of the Western Republic. For, once conscious of their existence, we could have no choice but to marvel. Sheer magnificence is to be blinked by none save the high-gravel blind. The visionary gaze of philosophy itself cannot rest upon acropoles of Indiana marble and laboratories of steel and glass without a certain awful consciousness of their

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From the tentative democracy, so to speak, that greets all men with a cheerful will to believe, there has grown up the philosophy of the average. It is an elusive philosophy, that is more in our systems than our minds, a philosophy that no man will acknowledge as his own, but one which few totally escape. It is an historical, an almost national heritage, harking down from a day of peculiar tyrannies, which called forth a renovation of social ideals, lasting into new days unacquainted with the problems of the old. Ambassador Bryce has stated the American ideal: It is not the best men in their country that the Americans choose as their political leaders; but a "fair sample of the people" they desire to represent them. All greatness is looked upon with suspicion, as an infringement of the democratic rights of the common man. All genius becomes a disease.

It is this kind of philosophy that is the unconscious philosophy of nearly all Yale men: the philosophy that makes our boasted democracy a deep reproach, not because we have lost it, but because we retain it. It governs our choice of courses, for in our choosing we have not courage enough here to be aristocrats, allowing the best to rule. Yale is in a stage of transition, striving to throw off, I believe, the fetters of faculty condolence, but until most recent days, this vestige of ancient democracy prevailed as a principle of education: *plan your lecture for the intellect of the lowest element.* This idea which used to be a principle, persists still as an attitude, at least as an atmosphere. The working of philosophy is again discovered in the choosing of careers, in which the end of a four years' course is made the objective. It is in these matters of education, of philosophy, even of religion, in which America's inability to become aristocratic becomes most jarring. When a man becomes serious-minded at Yale and decides to take an interest in the curriculum, it is to obtain practical skill in some field of science, that the wheels of civilization may be oiled to run more smoothly, in the region of economic data that immediate and visible reform may flow from the hands of the worker. In this we have gone a little way surely in aristocracy, we have rejected the immediate call of rapid wealth, or early fame, but there must be some to see

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that if they www.libtool.com.cn are to be utterly practical they must be practical in the light of eternity, in the light of the demand of all of their own and mankind's physical as well as psychic instinct, in the whole process if such can be of the unfolding of life. We ought to produce a few perfect aristocrats, who in each case reject the dictates of the demos, following the best with perfect courage in Philosophy, in Science, in the quest of beauty, in the knowledge of Life.

There is another word that is identical with this aristocratic love of the best. It is love of Reality—a word that has proved a veritable juggler's glass in the hands of those confusing and often harmful people, the metaphysicians. It is transparent as glass, to be sure, but it has certain magical faculties that baffle us. I use it, I think, naturally, though perhaps not popularly: to mean that interior essence, that something we embrace, and call reality when the whole of our personality has dwelt upon a problem in the hope of finding truth. This seeking of reality, or living in its presence, America, and Yale at her heels, never attempts to do, because she is result-mad. Even in her religion, she cannot worship God without showing Him a practical business account of the souls saved, and the shoes given away. (God forbid she should become a bad bookkeeper in church affairs!) But in the midst of her work of caring for the poor, she forgets that the poor are always with her, forgets to see the shoe-giving, and the parish account as proper bits of divine dust in the largeness of God's firmament.

There is a certain region of the real, in which American genius is supreme—the region that deals with tables of stock, with time-tables, and with the raw materials of invention. Within these borders she has a splendid passion for disillusionment: with steadfast stoicism, she faces through her scientists the ugly aspects of destiny, which the facts of materialism indicate. It has long been the fashion for the East to ridicule this practicability of the West, for the artist, the poet, the dreamer and the seer of all localities to scoff at unspiritual, unseeing, unappreciative America. There is too little realization that this obedience in the face of stubborn evidence, is only possible through the consciousness of spiritual power—that the man who choses as his reality, the flinty facts of the

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material world, *is at least not a democrat.* If there is hope for America (and we sometimes doubt it) it will come because the clear courage that the seer has gained in these lesser visions of factual reality will serve him well when he attempts a broader vision. In the generations of man strength is the substructure for the mansion of beauty. Courage likewise is the raw stuff out of which flowers the penetration of the mystic. When America lifts her eyes to the horizon she will be ready to bear the light and ready likewise to value the prospect that spreads before her. But until she can shake herself free from the enveloping net of the immediate, can labor in some measure *in specie aeternitatis,* willing to let herself go in mighty ventures whose issues are obscured in the mist of horizons, ventures which are only practical in the light of the soul's passion, she cannot achieve.

If the democrats who read this essay, and who of course refuse to admit their classification, do not grant me the lengths of aristocracy I picture, I may not blame them. For in fear of boredom I have set down such a summary sketch, and in hope of suggestiveness such a vague one, that I do not wonder if I fail of full sympathy. At least the first degrees of aristocracy are able to stir them to some reach of vision, or some measure of violent reaction. The animating principle I am confident is in a clear light: that in back of the choosing of flunk-proof courses the planning of four-year careers, the facing away from the adventures and the failures, of Art, Philosophy or Science for the practical highways in business or religion, there constantly lurks the great cowardice of the half-thought, the crime of choosing the immediate and the tangibly real in the place of Reality. As long as we remain democrats of this color we may not see God. What then is to be our constructive criticism of Yale?

That the vestige of the idea of grading instruction to fit the under tenth be destroyed, and if any department must be chosen as the camping ground of the indifferent and the mentally deficient, that it be not the department of Classics. I speak with great ignorance of the interior working of faculty management, and therefore many of the failings I remark

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may be regretted but inevitable. I can therefore only suggest
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in the light of my own limited knowledge. First: the Classics department is easily voted by the college body as the easiest in the University. A Greek and Latin major is not only the most attractive course for the man whose objective is high marks, but it is the safest field for the man whose scholarship is doubtful and who wishes to pass through college with a minimum of labor. It has even come to be known popularly in some circles as "the athletic major," in support of which statistics could be easily gathered. The aim of this discussion of the matter is in no way to urge a return of the classics to their former position of prestige. Perhaps in the present day they do not deserve that position. It is simply urged that the study of the classics be treated with as great seriousness as the study of hydraulics. Let the number of students taking them be halved or quartered. If a man is to win his C.E. or his E.E. he must submit to the terrible reality of labor. By degrees the candidates are weeded out, there is ambition, emulation, a survival of the fittest. In the end the few remaining are aristocrats of engineering; they have won the best laurels in their peculiar field. On the other hand, in the humanities, in the pursuit of philosophy, subjects which palpably should be schools for the leaders of humanity, a mighty multitude start the race, half the demos, in fact, and at the finish all are found standing, many of them scarcely out of breath. Why have we not the courage here to renounce the ambition for numbers, here if anywhere, and strive more vigorously with the few men who have caught the vision?

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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THE KITTIWAKE.

"Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?"
—*Shakespeare, "Merchant of Venice."*

AMID the splash of the wind-swept tides, and never far from the ocean brine, the Kittiwake—saucy gull of the northern climes—impertinently passes its varied existence. With a dignity born of contentment, he seems to scoff the very tempests without which he scarce could exist. Now your theatrical apathist is a kind of human Kittiwake. Storm-tossed on the billows of dramaturgic emotions, he wonders wearily what people mean by display of feeling. Not a Philistine (for his soul is not dead within), he is rather a marvel of self-repressed consciousness. He witnesses a whole drama without any change of facial expression, and is as noticeably bored with a choice bit of comedy as he is unaffected by the gradual unrolling of a powerful tragedy. With studied superciliousness he leans back in his chair at the climax of the story, turns to search for his hat as the heroine declares herself betrayed, and then is scandalized at the stares of the oldish person at his right, or the disparaging whispers of a neighboring couple, who would criticize his mental attitude. In short, your Kittiwake is ever a poseur *par excellence;* an insistent declaimer against applause; and, most probably, a follower of George Bernard Shaw (if he admits having heard of the gentleman). For it was no less a personage than G. B. S. himself, who, on the production of one of his own plays, had posters printed and placed in all conspicuous portions of the theatre, requesting his audience, as a special favor, "to refrain from all laughing, crying, or applauding during the performance." A profound egotist, perhaps? Ah, yes, but a Kittiwake as well!

Clearly, therefore, the epidemic is more than a local infection. From small beginnings it has spread as rapidly as the craze for bright-hued mufflers, or government action. A prominent

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American actor recently remarked that, frequently, enough of these inexpressive individuals were scattered through a theatre to neutralize the responsiveness of the rest of the audience. Your Kittiwake should exult! But he does not—no, not for a moment! For with the increase of his species he loses his main object for existing—his unique conspicuousness. Despite him, however, the attitude is growing, especially among the freshly graduated and their more youthful followers. One might even point with deadly accuracy to a certain little "Hyp." incident after the 1911 Yale-Princeton game as the exception which proves the rule. But even this bit of youthful exuberance suffered from the cold shower of managerial disapproval.

Some day, gentle reader, when you meet your Kittiwake, confront him with that quaint little verse of Austin Dobson's:

> "When Burbage played the stage was bare
> Of fount and temple, tower and stair;
> Two broadswords eked a battle out,
> The throne of Denmark was a chair!
>
> "And yet, no less, the audiences there
> Thrilled through all changes of despair,
> Hope, anger, fear, delight and doubt,
> When Burbage played."

He will listen attentively as you impress upon him that, although Elizabethan audiences lacked the spectacular thrills or realistic settings which our modern scenery makes possible, nevertheless they were profoundly moved by the performance of their greatest actor. And, though "the devil might not cite scripture for his purpose," you will not find him unprepared.

"History," he will tell you, "recounts of one playgoer of a somewhat later age, who has always appeared as having a most peculiar, if not altogether unique manner of showing his feelings. Whenever any effect especially pleased him he took his cane in both hands, and laid it vehemently upon the next piece of timber that stood in his way. Universally he was known as the Trunkmaker of the Upper Gallery. Moreover, his strokes were not scattered about promiscuously where an actor-manager might think it advantageous, but they were always so opportune, so just, and so forceful, that before long the audiences became accustomed to wait for his first rap to start

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the hand-clapping. And if they would commence of their own accord, the trunkmaker would allow them to finish the applause before he would ratify it with a single thwack. But," he will conclude, with a supreme burst of pessimism, "though an audience, when highly keyed up, will still respond to a suggestive hand-clapping, times have greatly changed. Our modern Trunkmakers of the Upper Gallery are the leather-handed 'plants' of the metropolitan theatrical first nights. Would you have me earn, in my local way, the glorious title of 'Applauder extraordinary to H. I. M. the producer of all new plays'?"

Poor old Kittiwake! Undoubtedly you lessen those absurd types of applause occasioned by some apt feminist remark or pandering socialistic appeal. But otherwise, what a barren philosophy of action you pursue! Know you not that life is but what we make it—a dream of pleasure or pain? Expressing one's feelings is but one of the roads to happiness closed—damnably closed—for you. Poor old Kittiwake, with your red blood and your marble shell. Externally you breathe a note of tragedy; but in your heart is lyric music. Emotions are absorbed, suppressed, but not reflected. Some day they will burst forth from their pent-up prison; and even you will be surprised to find the tree of true appreciation blossom forth from out your soul.

M. P. Bloch.

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REJECTED MILEAGE.

THE owner of three newspapers had developed a paunch at 32. He had that peculiar gift of planning conversation to order that comes to men who long offer incense to the god of trade.

"We are sorry, Mr. Harwood, we cannot suppress the Walton story. We agree with you, it is unfortunate, very unfortunate, but it is out of *our* power to alleviate. Pitiless publicity is our motto. It has raised us above other journals—made our peculiar name with the public. In the long run it is an honest, though often heartless policy. Have you ever thought of the matter of Miss Rayter's death in the light of the long run?"

The bald-headed man opposite with the twisted nose had never thought of Miss Rayter's death in the light of the long run.

"To be square with the public we can't make exceptions—we are servants, you see, of our readers, but we sympathize, deeply, with Miss Rayter . . . your views—ah—*good-night!*" (Exit man with twisted nose.) "And how is the north State section looking up—I understand there has been a trickling of subscribers toward us—a thousand or so; last week shows at least our seeds germinate—the Rawley stories are pulling readers, like free tickets. We play by the rules, Treat. And, by God, it's you who know them!"

The thin secretary with a black tie bowed humbly. His hair was parted in the middle:

"I was fortunate enough to throw out suggestions, perhaps, in your novice days. Now, sir, you quite outstrip me, both by your prudence and your aggression." He mused as he jiggled together the edges of mimeographed circulars.

"We have advertised our honesty. That's won our way. Er—how peculiarly honest we have been, Treat!"

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"It is not so much honesty that I insist on, Mr. Lord," pursued the other with didactic eyes, "but respectability. How peculiarly respectable we have been, Mr. Lord!" . . .

Averill Lord lived in a newly-built mansion on Auburn Hill. Well, well, the discriminating buyers of homesteads were all suburban. And the Crosslys lived on Auburn Hill, and the Neargards. The house was not a palace. It did not roar for recognition, but it was properly sized, and mildly lured remark. Averill Lord would have none of the extreme fashions in a homestead—nor none of the old, for that matter. So the house began by being Colonial, but hating the bondage of uniformity, it admitted superfluous gables to establish its independence. Averill boasted that it had neither austerity nor extravagance. . . . The architects' bills had been twenty thousand dollars.

"A particularly busy day, my dear."

"You are home on time."

"That is a part of my business, dear."

Mrs. Lord's eyes were truly queenly, with their long lashes and their apparent depths, and she dressed her hair like a queen's—with infinite device. When she spoke, you listened to the color of her voice—a voice that made you feel she was conveying a distinct favor upon you by being in your presence. Mr. Lord had not married her because of her money, but because of his own. She gave it its proper background.

After dinner, they sat as they always sat in the drawing-room, inspecting each others' clothes. She reclined on a couch upholstered in Persian fashion, and held books in her lap which she did not read. The center table was covered with a cloth of deep blue velvet, and the lamp upon it let its light through green spangles that hung about the edge. There was never an awkward silence, for that would have been poor taste; nor ever an informal enthusiasm, for that would have meant vulgarity. There were tapestries of immense worth usurping some of the expensive wall paper, and a book or two from The Bodley Head thrown in with effective carelessness on the settle. It was the shrine of good taste.

"Mr. and Mrs. Masterly are to be in town to-morrow, Averill. We must have them here for dinner."

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"Use your own best wisdom, my dear. I approve of everything."

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Of a sudden, an ague crept upon him, poisoning the lungs of his mind, leaving him no breath to keep him alive. The curtained windows, the portieres guarding the hall, all the delicacy of drawing-room arrangement became fine dust that was hard to breathe. "Every man needs a month's holiday," the doctor had told him innumerable times. It was Nature's revenge, he began to figure; he was in shape for a breakdown. Well—he would fulfil old promises then, and walk with business friends over Adirondack peaks. But this refuge in reason promptly made him mad. For peaks of mountains were distant as the horizon and he yearned for immediate oxygen. Oh, God, the four walls of the room beat his temples!

In your childhood nightmares, when Aunt turns Gorgon and wields about your head infinite terror, you pick up your child's heels and run to the place of Waking Up. Lord felt with swift impulse, that his whole environment had turned Gorgon-Aunt, and there was no time to reason why, else she would catch him and choke his life. He must run somehow out of it all. Oh, across vistas of horrible dream to the region of Waking Up!

The perspiration from his thumbs was wetting the vellum of the classic between his fingers, and he dropped it on the floor and opened the window behind lace curtains. The scream of the street cars came into the drawing-room, and in the midst of it shrill monotony: "Extra-a—all about Miss Rayter's death!"

"I'm off."

"Where, Averill?"

"I don't know."

"What?"

"Oh, to the office—of course. Treat—"

"What's the matter, dear? Remember Mrs. Neargard is coming—" and then, "You're ill!"

"Why, yes, so I am. I can't breathe."

There was no explanation for that, so the oak panel slammed in Mrs. Lord's face.

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In dreams we run, and climb, or stumble into wakefulness. So Averill ran, stripping his overcoat and leaving it on the hedge; ran down and away from Auburn Hill.

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As he passed the office building of twenty stories, it loomed to him like a German fortress pointing its guns as he fled. And he thought of the office on the nineteenth story, where Treat sat fingering mimeographed circulars. He wished he had Treat on the cobblestones above him; he would take pleasure in running across him, *narrow black necktie and all!*

It is a fearful thing to be chased by one's environment, for it is quite possible you may be choked to death before you escape it. Averill had left the business city behind him, and was coming upon some gutters where he had played marbles as a boy. Lo, a boy, when he has been too well behaved for long weeks, can restore the pristine laughter in his soul by committing striking misdeeds. What can a man do? . . . Averill looked about sharply for candidates for death, but the streets were bleak and desolate. And so he climbed the cobbled hill, with most of the breath out of his soul, and all of it out of his body, and there he met a new city and escaped from the Gorgon.

The moon was right in coming out on Rawley Hill: it made its empty lots into mystery, and its ugliness into grotesqueness. And the long bleak alley stretching through Rawleyville to the land of Nobody Cares it took to paving with silver bricks, making it a Highroad to Eldorado. Oh, if you stood on the very top of the muddy rise, and looked over all of Rawleyville, and glanced through a half-closed eye, and tried hard to banish daylight, the black city, I tell you, is a ploughed field, and all the house rows are furrows, most of them dark and deep and roughly furrowed in the light of the moon. And here and there are lights that twinkle on the edge of uneven turf (though precious few in Rawleyville). These are quartz and silicate and shell, that the plough turns up and that gleam against the black loam.

To flee one's country, people will go to the ends of the earth, to Italy, sad with her cypress groves, and glad with her sunshine, or to the defiant fjords of Scandinavia, in hopes of meeting a new self there less boresome than the old. But, lo,

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it was easy for Averill Lord. The moon had taken him to dirty, magnificent Rawley Hill, the land of boyhood, and shuffled into the region of the Unborn, three newspapers, and Mr. Treat! . . .

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"What a wind, my lads, has come out of the North—
For our good ship trim and yare,
Oh, she shall go mightily faring forth!
(But her haven: dear lads, is—where?)"

Ten years ago he was about to find out where that haven was, he remembered. Now as he wandered he could see in the east a bit of water glimmering by the quay, and the stark rigging of freighters against the moon. He had often sat on a wooden doorstep and looking down the rolling hill cobbled to its base, thought how frightfully important the question was. He had sat on the quay and listened to the gurgling of night waters, and thought how they were eating the piles away, and gloried, too, in the ugly ships. But he had never thought of shipping as runaway midshipman: he liked rather to think of getting to the haven some other way. And he liked best humming over thoughts about adventurous seas, and tall ships and lands that are "gold with the sun." The sea was somehow an adequate symbol of luring destiny. And salt on the breeze made his muscles harden, and his heart leap to the end of the rainbow.

There is no need of brooks, and mountains, and speaking trees to feed a boy's heart, nor even of the sea—though it is too bad to take this away. There is only need of a boy's heart. Which will take its mountain secret out of the stars, and find its hillocks in walls of brick. The street, thick-packed, forested with brick and stone, had been his woodland path for musing. And what a path! It ran up into bleakness and down into degradation. But no orthodox impressionism ever held his mind: his impressions were revolts. If you showed him a mud alley, it was likely if his mood was right, for his eyes to behold jasper pavement with curbs of porphry. This hill, as he climbed it, now gave his spirit the old rush of transcendence: it showed the sky aflush before him above the even tenements, which he kicked from his heels as dust—and he treading on into the dawn.

And, oh, the joy of Earth intimacy, of getting mud into the pores of your skin, of getting a landscape into the pores of your heart. A shame it was he could not have started with beauty, could not have opened his new mind upon the novelty of the flower, instead of upon the ancientness of man's desecrations. But when he met the country as he did now and then, of a holiday, or else met it in miniature, pushing blossoms between flagstones, he knew it for an old friend, a very old friend chummed with perhaps aeons past when his instincts were forged. Oh, there is a peculiar love that only comes up amid those things which are continually familiar, as with stone fences you have beaten with a stick every day through boyhood, or bricks walls you have touched with your fingers, or spires and smokestacks you have touched with your eyes daily. They become almost dearer than beautiful things, as the old song of a thousand singings is dearer than tremendous chords. Rawley Hill was old melody, resung.

"Good-night to yer, who are you?" It was an old and well-seasoned tar, cruising up the hill, and just able to hold his course, for the cargo he carried.

"My name is Lord."

"What's yer job?"

"And I'm seventeen, and second mate on the Hadley sailing for South Port by the new moon."

"He knew he was himself now: for that was one of his youth's gifts—the blithe lie to every questioner. And he knew it when he started back to the lights of the city, down Rawley Hill: his legs felt young and glad to run. He felt he was picking up his seventeen years where he had left them: his thoughts were properly perilous and aglow. If the haven did not lie over in back of the Moon as he had sometimes supposed, it was easy to guess it did not lie in the city of three newspapers. There were no beats for the Indies in this century; but there were depots with railway tickets. He would buy one that would take him to some spot where he might doff respectability and bury it under the sands that lie under the sea. He had not thought of his wife: why should he—a boy of seventeen?

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On the way to the depot, whither he turned, he thought stupendously little, so busy he was feeling the rapture of iconoclasm. What little thought he managed was spent in finding the name of a properly distant city. He was starting life. And a bit of foolishness may be permitted—at seventeen? *So he bought a mileage.*

"I beg pardon, Mr. Lord." The speaker raised his felt hat slightly, enough to reveal his hair parted in the middle. "I beg pardon, are you going away, sir?"

He began again long before Averill Lord had had time to faint. "Because if it can be postponed, I should strongly advise it—there are men that must be seen to-night—if we intend to keep our respectability—and there is the lawsuit to-morrow, which it is almost imperative to quash—and there is the Rayter—"

The next evening Mrs. Lord found her husband leaning over the Oriental waste-basket, and cried amazingly: "My dear, what are you destroying, *a mileage?*"

Luckily the telephone rang: "Hello. Oh, yes, indeed, we will publish further details. How unfortunate! I understand perfectly, but the public is master. Our policy, you know, pitiless publicity, and besides—"

C. R. Walker, Jr.

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IN LAUGHTER.

Look! Comes Death on a leaping wind
And, tagging at its edge,
Death's fool, red-eyed with tears,
His meagre cloak clutched 'round him
In cold fear.
O'er demon-mawlèd, troublous steeps
And bleak, planed ridges
Sawing at the sky,
They sweep to where,
In rumbling pain, there lies,
Golden in the sun, on the very height of hills
A giant—
Streams of frothy blood jet out
From the yawing gap in the great,
Plateing muscles of his side.

Now says the fool—
"Alas, poor man,
Oh!—let me shrive your soul—your span
Is done, and Heaven or Hell awaits
For you."

The giant raises up;
Astonished scorn breaks in his eyes—
A while it stays—then down the hills
A crashing laugh rolls out,
Bombs bursting from his lips—
He rocks with mirth and, brushing
To one side the mouthing fool,
Claps Death upon the back—
Death grins and winks his eye;
Ill-stifled laughter even shakes
His naked skull.

Thus the giant dies!

H. Phelps Putnam.

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A TWIG.

THAYER WILLIAMS waited after class. Some jester in passing had switched off the electric lights, and the room was in semi-darkness. Like strange, grotesque shapes of another world the test-tubes and apparati straggled about the lecture platform, while some bottles, half filled with various colored substances, littered the desk. The conventional seats ranged high above the platform—so high in fact, that little wizened Professor Xanvier, gazing in dreary absorption through his huge glasses, became more gnomelike than ever. His hand, very white in contrast, still rested on the edge of the black desk, almost scorched in the restless, wheezing flame of a gas jet. Professor Xanvier had forgotten to turn it off.

He was always forgetting something. It was very probable that he did not even know the month of the year. It was this faculty among others which led to the belief of the students that he taught because he had been unable to hew his niche in the outside world and gave astuteness to Thayer's remark that "his intellect was ingrowing." Yet apart from his absent mind, and other disqualifying qualities, he was pathetic.

Even Horace has acknowledged that it is the right of young men to dream. In Professor Xanvier's class, however, the right was—to use a football term—"carried out of bounds," and almost into the territory of Morpheus. For Professor Xanvier gave the renowned ell. Then lazy youth took the corresponding mile, wasted the hour, drew pictures on the seats, and cursed him for the monotony of his classes. But let us grant Professor Xanvier his full due, by remarking that "youth should possess a realization of the future." Even in the face of a statement of so wide scope, however, there still remains a large balance of blame to his account. His glasses were so thick, his eyes so misty, his voice so wobbly, and his preoccupation so deep, that even a newspaper reporter might have found some difficulty in taking down his lectures on aldehydes,

ketones or the thousand and one inexplicabilities which go to make up a course in chemistry.
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Besides, youth is an ambitious period. One can build many castles without ever soiling one's hands or sweating, hod on shoulder. It makes youth very censorious of a lack of ambition in others—a sort of bravery off the battlefield. As a result, the some hundred-odd opinions of some hundred-odd students unanimously agreed in failing to classify Professor Xanvier amongst those who gave a good cause for their existence. Surely he must have failed in life to be here! And now he was here with the avowed purpose of inculcating chemistry into the rising generation, he failed to show ability enough to make even his teaching a success. Yes, Professor Xanvier was a failure.

Thayer Williams, himself, as he stood by the door, felt his own superiority and pitied the little man. Could there be anything big in such a life, he wondered? What did Professor Xanvier know of love or self-sacrifice or life or humanity?

Suddenly a ray of sunlight, thick with crawling particles of dust, peculiar to class-rooms, entered one of the high windows and glided down the row of seats. Perhaps it was aware that it did not belong there with the queer studious appliances and the strange, bent little old man. It merely passed across the desk, shone for a moment on Professor Xanvier's bald head and, as though it had seen enough, as quickly departed. It gave Thayer time, however, to note Professor Xanvier's expression. His ridiculous eyes were not staring at the yellow, worn seats in front of him, but were lost leagues and leagues beyond everything. Thayer remembered a picture he had seen somewhere of inspired Dante. Not that Professor Xanvier reminded him of it at all. But, carried away by his imagination, he could not help wondering if Professor Xanvier might not be seeking something with those peering eyes of his—something that other men had never seen. Then the ridiculousness of it struck him. Professor Xanvier of all men! No, his mind was probably still doddering over ketones, or was occupied with the thought of the coming dinner hour. Small chance that Thayer might rob humanity of a discovery by

disturbing this inoffensive creature! Thayer approached the desk and shuffled his feet.

"Professor Xanvier," he said.

His voice must have disturbed the former, for the hand on the desk closed very slowly with a scratching sound as the fingers curled up. The eyes, however, were still gazing miles and miles beyond the seat.

Professor Xanvier shook his head.

"Thirty-five years," he murmured.

And then his beard and lips continued to move in tiny jerks, as though he were repeating again and again to himself, "Thirty-five years—thirty-five years."

As this seemed a purely personal statement, not especially applicable to anything in particular, Thayer put his books under his arm, swore, shut the door and departed. And if Thayer had remained in the room he would have been surprised to see that his last effort had failed, and that Professor Xanvier did not even move when the door slammed.

* * * * * *

Unless the writer is an artist, who can give it a divine touch, the death of a father is too intimate a subject to be mauled over. Of course in Thayer's case his father was not yet dead, but the doctors said recovery was impossible. Mrs. Williams had met Thayer in the hall with a brave little face, which had changed from resolution to tears as soon as she had slipped away from her son into the drawing-room again.

Thayer stood in the hall for a moment, staring at the card tray, for a mind suddenly shocked steadies itself on small things. Then, bending down, he carefully tightened the straps on his bag. Somehow it seemed a very important act to him. Only when he had finished he did not run upstairs to his father's room.

Out of the window one gained a view of the comfortable little beds of pansies on the front lawn, with the two lilac bushes and the twirling sprinkler, tossing golden drops at the retreating sun. Thayer glanced about. There were the same books on the same table, and in front of the mirror stood the same white-backed military brushes, side by side like crabs on

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their stiff bristles. His father was sitting up in bed reading a paper.
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"Hello, Thayer," he said in his most matter-of-fact voice.

Thayer's mind was dazed. Surely, he thought, his mother was wrong—everything should be different—and here was his father as he had seen him many and many a time before. So hard it is to reconcile oneself to a sudden change in established things!

On the next day, even, it seemed strange when the noted specialist—a man who had given his life to the study of poisons—came, looked grave, and announced, as he sat himself down with a pompousness which assured reputation gave him, that there was only one chance—one very, very slim chance.

The specialist took his glasses off and wiped them. Thayer caught his breath, and glancing naturally at his father was struck by the awful composure of his face.

"There is only one man who knows more about this particular poison than I," said the specialist. "He will be here this afternoon—it is the only chance."

Then he put his glasses on again with a flourish, and Thayer for a moment felt a dazed blast of anger at the man's coolness.

Slowly the blazing afternoon wore on, and gradually as it began to fade to a mellower light the trees stretched their shadows further and further across the lawn. The gardener set the sprinkler out again, while bobbing robin red-breasts gathered mysteriously from somewhere about, chirping and cooling their throats in the wet grass. Evening after summer evening had been exactly the same through Thayer's boyhood as far back as he could remember. It seemed impossible that it could be changed now. His father—and then suddenly the dread of realization swept over him. Was the great man never coming, he wondered—the great man bringing the small chance, which loomed so big now?

Thayer moved toward the window. He felt he could not let his father see the misery that was killing him. The shadow of the grandfather elm was already stretched across the gate. It must be very late. Thayer looked at his watch.

Suddenly the specialist spoke from close behind him.

"There he comes now," he said.

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The gate slammed, and Thayer looked up to see a small figure coming up the walk. He came very slowly and uncertainly. Perhaps the sun was in his eyes, for he peered furtively as though he were not sure of things. Suddenly he looked up. All that could be seen of his face, framed in a white beard and a very disreputable traveling cap were two misty, wondering eyes peering through a huge pair of glasses.

Thayer started. "Professor Xanvier!" he exclaimed.

* * * * * *

Let it suffice that the "small chance" which Professor Xanvier brought was an assurance. Mrs. Williams burst into tears, and Thayer felt as one feels when of a late afternoon the sun breaks sparkling through a thunder cloud. Then suddenly for the first time he knew what a mistake he had made, and an exalted thrill passed through him.

The next day Thayer found himself with Professor Xanvier. The latter, sitting in the drawing-room, on the verge of departure, was gazing if possible more wistfully and timidly than ever through his thick glasses. Outside it was one of those white afternoons, when the sun has never shone all day, and the sky is a great, undecorated wash-basin turned upside down over the world. The colorless light from the window shone upon Professor Xanvier with very much the same tone that it shone upon the old bleached stable at the end of the garden. Truly he was very old, very bleached, and—very, very pathetic. Even more pathetic than Thayer had ever seen him in the class-room, and for a moment he felt all his old contempt come back.

It was hard to know how to thank him. Boyishly, feeling he could never express his gratitude, he suddenly blurted out his inmost thoughts.

"You know, Professor Xanvier," he said, "I never knew you had any ambition. I thought—I mean—"

But Professor Xanvier was slowly shaking his head from side to side. It was a distressed movement, and Thayer thought he had hurt him.

"Thirty-five years," he murmured, and Thayer suddenly remembered two weeks ago in the college class-room. Then

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Professor Xanvier looked up and scrutinized the boy's face in a curious sort of way.

"I had too much, I'm afraid, Mr.—Mr. Williams," and his old hand picked nervously at the fringe of the table cloth. "When I was a boy I craved fame, and—I've craved it ever since. I wanted to do one thing better than anyone else—only one little thing. It was like a caterpillar crawling to the tiniest twig on a whole tree. I—I—" but Professor Xanvier caught himself with all his old nervous timidity, suddenly peering out through his glasses. He hesitated a moment. Then, "I nearly started talking about myself," he said, apologetically, with pathetic inflection in his voice. His whole demeanor told Thayer that he wanted to go on.

"Yes?" said Thayer encouragingly.

He was fully repaid by Professor Xanvier's grateful, timid relief. His misty eyes almost sparkled as he gained assurance.

"Thirty-five years," he said, and fell to musing. As Thayer caught himself wondering what this strange war-cry might mean, Professor Xanvier drew himself together again, and: "Nearly all my life—all my life for a formula," he said. He had fallen to picking at the fringe again.

"A poor, old caterpillar crawling for one twig. But that twig was to bring me fame. People were to turn around and say, 'That's Xanvier.' And now—now just before I've quite reached it—just before I was going to roll up in my cocoon to emerge a glorious butterfly—I had to point—to point to my twig and say to someone else, 'There—there it is.' "

Thayer had never thought Professor Xanvier could feel anything before. His voice was shaking now, however, and his hand was so nervous that he clutched the edge of the table in an unconscious effort to hide its trembling.

Thayer did not quite understand what he had said, but he did not dare to ask him. It did not even clarify the matter for him when Professor Xanvier twisted the fingers of one hand in his beard and mumbled something about "there never being any great Xanvier now—never growing any wings—just old Professor Xanvier after thirty-five years—thirty-five years," and the beard again started bobbing up and down. Thayer tried once or twice to arouse him. It was of no avail,

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however. For even ten minutes later when he dumbly climbed into the carriage which was to take him to the station, he was still repeating, "Thirty-five years" over and over to himself. In fact, Thayer never realized what it was all about till two weeks later Frank Harding leaned over in the seat next to his in chemistry.

"Awfully glad about your father, Thayer," he said. "He must have had a wonderful specialist, that man you had—wonderful. The papers are full of him."

Thayer looked down the steep row of seats over a sea of heads to the lecture platform, where a gas jet was flickering, and the timid, obscure, half-apologetic voice of Professor Xanvier, with his thick glasses and misty, peering eyes, floated up in mumbled confusion.

Then he turned back to Frank.

"Poor old Xanvier," he said.

Curtis Munson.

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INVITATION.

Down by the dusty, golden road,
Over the darkening hills,
  Where the sky burns clear,
  Where the clouds float near,
And heaven's gladness spills
  Its fulness of mirth
  On the sun-stained earth
To lighten her load of tears;

Oh, come with me, when the red leaves fly,
  And even the cluttered street
You'll forget, and the ache of a half-drawn sigh
  A red-lipped smile will meet.
For who could frown at a squirrel's mad race,
  Swaying from tree to tree,
Or who could sigh at the leaves, a-skip
  To the wild wind's melody?

Yes, come with me, when the red leaves fly,
  Unshoulder your pack of woes—
To the woods, to the gold-decked canopies
  Where the mad-limbed brooklet flows.
There we will run through the rainbow trees
  And laugh at the grey-winged sky,
Threading the path of the autumn breeze—
  Out where the red leaves fly.

John Farrar.

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PORTFOLIO.

JEST A-HINTIN' O' THUH FALL.

Do yuh know a day in summer
  When thar's jest uh bit of breeze,
Not a-blowin' or a-stirrin';
  Merely whisprin' in thuh trees,
An' er feller's layin' on his back
  A-doin' as he please.
They's the bestest days o' summer,
  Jest a-hintin' o' thuh fall.

Not the real hot summer weather,
  But thuh dreamy kind o' days
When yuh ain't afraid o' workin',
  But yer in a kind a maze,
It is 'cause the spell hes got yuh—
  It's thuh brown October haze.
They's the bestest days o' summer,
  Jest a-hintin' o' th' fall.

An' lookin' 'crost thuh golden wheat,
  Yuh hear the partridge call,
An' yuh notice that thuh second crop
  O' clover's gittin' tall;
Oh, them's the days 'at gits a fellow,
  Jest a-hintin' o' thuh fall.
They's the bestest days o' summer,
  Jest a-hintin' o' thuh fall.

C. M. Stewart, III.

THE POEM OF PATRICIA

——From Patricia, my four-year-old sister, I heard, as we walked hand in hand down a country lane on a bright September morning, the Tale of Victor: Victor was a hero, born mischievous and grew up mischievous. He was encased at birth in his armor, which had a golden fringe and a red lining; he had upon his head a golden helmet. He killed some fifteen hundred thousand foxes —and he died from the effects of poison—for *these* were poisonous foxes.

Victor had a sister, one Fax, who was also born in armor. In childhood she disliked ice cream, iced tea, and spinach. Gradually, however, she learned to like ice cream and spinach; and is

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going to start on iced tea day after to-morrow. She married a Mr. Orrin; but was called Mrs. Fax.

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To be Nietzschean at the age of four! Deep possibility! To create the super-hero, the divinely mischievous one! I stood, on one night o' dreams, in a vast forest of memorial monuments, tombs, cenotaphs, mausoleums, and what not other paraphernalia of death. I could only make out the inscriptions on those nearest, but they were sufficient to arrest my attention. I will tell you a few. "Napoleon Bonaparte—Emperor. Here lieth one who meddled superbly in the affairs of the Gods." "Here are interred the mortal remains of Martin Luther. He was blest with unbounded mischief." "Here rest the sacred bones of William Shakespeare. God loveth a mischievous man." "Julius Caesar—Rex—Imperator. He grinned at the counsels of Olympus." I came therefrom chuckling to myself, and on the watch as I passed the darkest places for certain poisonous foxes.

To be an Edward Lear in baby frocks! Intense joy! Naïveté of pure fancy! You look at first upon Fax as an unnatural child. "The idea," you say, "of a child not liking ice cream, and not longing for iced tea!" And then your eye lights on "spinach," tucked away at the end of the list, and immediately Fax is with you, living and breathing. Spinach! That stringy, green horror of childhood. In my own annals it holds an equal rank with Cod Liver Oil.

I have talked vehemently against suffrage for females; I have let myself be cozened by black eyes and soft hands into passive acceptance of the creed; and I have revolted again. But never until that hour in the lane have I come so near a solution. When I heard that Fax was born in armor my soul flamed instinctively, for I thought, "Great Pan, will you suffer another Boadicea, a third Pankhurst!" But no; like all good heroines, she got married—and to no king, no parliament brayer, no parader for the cause, mind you, but to mere Mr. Orrin. Then her armor asserted itself—and here lies the solution, the only kind of solution worth anything, an illogical, unsatisfactory one—for she maintained her new womanhood insofar as to retain her maiden "Fax."

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You say your heart is deep—that it is very intricate. You point to your mentality and exult over the complexity of it. Come, tell me! Have you the four-year-oldness, the intuitional artistry, to create a man born in armor, and never consider whence come nor whither going? "He was born——he died"—a vast sufficiency! Is your heart simple enough to be mischievously heroic?

H. Phelps Putnam.

THE NIGHT SHIFT

——A measured throbbing—steady, ceaseless, pulsing in balanced couplets, beats in low refrain from some where below the hill. A strange half-audible rumbling which gradually swells and increases as I hasten along the road.

It is a clear, cold night, a night of massive calm, of frosty crispness. I walk through an avenue of tall trees, a vague double line stretching away from the summit, blotting the sky with tangled tracery. In the distance, above the treetops, I see pale streamers of delicate smoke, a tremulous cloud which hovers over the smouldering city all fretted with bright sparks and faint evanescent twinkles. To my left rises a dark cluster of woodland, shadowy and barred with straight columns; on the right the hill falls abruptly to a deep, invisible gulf; far beyond, a single light glows wan on the horizon.

From the valley the solemn throbbing rumbles on—rising and falling in definite periods, murmuring, mysterious, a harsh chanting of dead voices.

As I hasten along the road the city mists tremble afar through an intricate maze of fine-etched branches; the sky-line slowly disappears, sinking below the trees. Over the brow of the hill, above the broken design of fringed shrubs, a faint glow of orange shivers fitfully on a rolling column of smoke, long and dense, leaning towards the city.

Beneath throbs the incessant rumbling, which has risen to a metrical beat by which I unconsciously measure my footsteps.

Now the ground drops sheer to the right. Across a dark, empty field barren of trees flames a rude glare of yellow and orange, softly tinting the marge of the hill with a thin edging of light. I turn aside from the road to a low stone wall, and behold, over the hill, unreal and half impalpable, the valley.

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though of a somewhat impetuous nature, I shall never do it, for I regard her as a hallowed thing.

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Oh, what a sight it is to see her dust! Upon her head is the most bewitching of boudoir caps. In her hand is a cheese-cloth dusting rag. Cautiously she approaches the study table. She shows it the rag so that it will not be unduly alarmed, and then makes the most coquettish advances upon it. A few particles of dust lazily bestir themselves and float over to the nearby chair. The great mass of dust peacefully lies in ever deepening beds. On certain days our mistress has "a general cleaning day." On these occasions she carries a broom and a bucket of water (to let us know that it *is* a general cleaning day) and with the greatest possible ostentation, she changes our waste baskets around!

That Dame Quickly would never have tolerated the name O'Hara nor have sung her wood notes wild in the brogue of that lady, I care not. It is to be expected that three hundred years would work some change. But as reincarnation succeeds reincarnation and age succeeds age, she passes through them essentially the same, loving, simple, henlike, imperishable. Our debt to her is great, but we cannot pay her for it. We can only recognize it. She has stimulated our fancy, has set us dreaming, and we should be grateful to her, laughing at her meanwhile through our tears. Here's to the perennial Quickly!

Wilmarth S. Lewis.

LINES.

I.

Swim in the dawn, with coral skies about.
The sea is pale and mild, the sand is cool,
Here and there a rose-lined sail.
No sound perhaps save some most distant shout
Made mellow by the veil of golden-lustered mist.

II.

Swim in the noon with water and with sky
Losing their edges in the gayest blue.
The brittle waves are crackling on the sand.
How low the tide!
The beach is scorching and the plums nearby
Are shriveling it seems, they are so hard and dull.
The bottom of the sea is hard and green.
And ridged like tiny deserts of the deep.

III.

Swim in the night.
It seems as if the stars were in the sea,

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It is so quiet and so still and clear.
Dive. Crack the mirror. See the silver run,
Purling about your throat, your breast, your feet.
You cut the enameled sheet
With arms of silver brightly hung with gems.
Is it not warm at night!
The tide is running high.
That lemon-tinted lantern in the east
How placid, pale, and tranquil!
Call!
Dost hear sweet Echo answer from the shore?
She waits for thee—but only in the night.
Come. Swim to shore. We'll catch her in her flight.

William Douglas.

SONG.

I saw a wisp of fairy cloud
Sailing in the morning sky,
When sky-larks cry their song aloud
To wake the dawn from revery.

The winds of morning, ever sweet
With freedom, and the elfin's bell
Were joyful notes, while at my feet
Wild children came with dreams to sell.

I dreamed that thou wert hiding there,
A smile upon thy lips anew,
Laughing beyond the cloud-wisp, where
Thy happiness was lost to view.

And yet the very cloud was thee,
Drifting across the azure years,
Over the purling of the sea,
To fill God's chalices with tears.

Danford Barney, Jr.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Yale-Penn. Races.

Yale 'Varsity and Junior 'Varsity eights each won their race against the University of Pennsylvania.

Yale University Crew: A. McLane, Jr., coxswain; A. Morse, stroke; C. D. Wiman, 7; C. Meyer, 6; A. D. Sturtevant, 5; J. R. Sheldon, Jr., 4; S. Low, II., 3; C. Bennitt, 2; C. J. Coe, bow.

Yale Junior University Crew: B. Pratt, coxswain; W. Adams, Jr., stroke; S. W. Atkins, 7; M. M. Whittlesey, 6; L. W. Fox, Jr., 5; R. T. Walker, 4; A. M. Munson, 3; R. C. Gilfillan, 2; W. W. Crocker, bow.

Baseball.

Yale, 6; Georgetown, 8.
Yale, 4; Washington Americans, 11.
Yale, 2; Holy Cross, 1.
Yale-Virginia, called.

Dramatic Association Commencement Play.

Tennyson's "Harold" has been selected as the play to be presented by the University Dramatic Association at Commencement on June 19th.

Elections to Beta Theta Pi.

Harry Gray Anderson, Jr., Roscoe George Ashley, Marston Burnham, Kenneth Hadon Chalmers, Rufus Hodges Clapp, Wallace Graham Corwin, Franklin Lindley Couch, John Landon Davis, Joseph Godfrey Deering, Everett Allan Earling, Harold Daniel Finley, Donald Shores Funk, William Roberts Goodall, Jr., Edward Williams Hartley, Albert Conrad Leisenring, Jr., John Hugh MacMillan, Noel Noyes, Balfour Phelan, Philip Hand Richards, Paul Beach, George Parker Shutt, Maurice Robert Smith, Emerson Parsons Smith, Oliver Wade Spencer,

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Benjamin Morris Thomas, John Randolph Thompson, Waldo Leiss Tucker, Walker Clayton White.

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Alpha Delta Phi.

William Newbold, Jr., Isaac Collier Gifford, Louis Samuel Hardin, Robert Henry Stewart, Jr., George Holzer Stillman, Samuel Johnson Walker, John Lloyd Weeter, Harold Reed Wilson.

Psi Upsilon.

Francis Reynolds Blossom, George William Calhoun, Stuart Holmes Clement, John McHenry, Jr., Jonathan Stone Raymond, John Francisco Richards, Charles Morton Stewart, Lester Woodruff Ward.

Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Francis Cullen Brophy, Henry Augustine Conway, Henry Sage Fenimore Cooper, Adolph Mollenhauer Dick, Lyttleton Bowen Purnell Gould, Oliver Burr Jennings, Robert Robinson, Henry Calhoun Taylor.

Zeta Psi.

Clive Cameron Day, Henry Thomas Donahoe, Henry Walcott Farnam, Jr., Calvin Wesley Gamble, Augustine Healy, James Calender Heminway, Robert Stone Stoddart, Jack Scott Wiley.

Election of University Crew Captain.

Albert D. Sturtevant, 1916 S., was elected Captain of the Yale 'Varsity eight, succeeding T. B. Denègre, 1915, resigned.

The Yale Elizabethan Club

Elected the following: Robert Munger, 1897; Hiram Bingham, 1898; H. W. Church, 1904; A. T. Taft, 1905; F. J. Manning, 1916; H. P. Putnam, 1916; J. C. Haddock, Jr., 1915 S.; W. T. Sanders, Jr., 1915 S.

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University Basketball Team.

The Yale Basketball Team won the Intercollegiate championship. Left forward, Stackpole, Weiner; right forward, Kinney, Rhett; center, Smith, Garfield; left guard, Taft, Conway; right guard, Arnold.

Wrestling.

Yale, 13; Harvard, 4.

Gym. Team.

Yale, 35; Princeton, 19.

Frederick V. Burgess, 1916, was elected Captain of the Yale 'Varsity Hockey Team for next year.

Karl N. Llewellyn, 1915, received the Iron Cross for bravery in Flanders.

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, '59, a former editor of The Yale Literary Magazine.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

Victory—An Island Tale. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Co.

That a literal and voluminous transcription of life constitutes art is a principle whose validity Joseph Conrad has refused to admit. Accurately to represent a passing phase of life is, he would say, but the beginning of the novelist's duty. "The task approached in tenderness and faith is to hold up unquestioningly, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragment before all eyes and in the light of a sincere mood." But the writer's mood, as, one look completed, he turns to the composition of another, may well vary; and it is characteristic of Conrad's art that it is ever changing. One might almost believe it his pleasure continually to astonish his readers by the adoption of untried methods and novel points of view.

His latest book marks the abandonment of those minute processes of psychological analysis that formed the basis of *Chance.* Not, however, because of lack of appropriate situation. For in the closing pages of *Victory*—at the moment when Axel Heyst's whole philosophy of life is shattered by the self-sacrifice of the girl who loves him—an opportunity arises for an immensely effective scene of mental conflict. But here, as in other places, possibilities of psychological treatment are unrealized. Neither has he returned to the impressionistic methods of his earlier work. The setting of the story is again an island of the eastern Pacific; but in *Victory* the author has disregarded the tropical environment, and made almost no attempt to create an atmosphere.

Superficially, at least, the book bears more resemblance to *Romance* than to any other of Conrad's novels. In directness of narration they are certainly alike. But in the case of *Romance* the bare outline of the story would suffice to hold the reader's attention—while *Victory,* regarded as a novel of incident, is not

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altogether successful. There are oversights in the plot; especially does "plain Mr. Jones'" decision to follow Heyst to Samburan fail to convince. Consider the two novels from the point of view of character drawing, and the difference becomes even more apparent. For in *Romance* Conrad has been satisfied to use the conventional literary types of adventurous fiction. Whereas in *Victory*—by treatment that is for the most part objective—he has depicted no less than six characters whose individuality is so sharply defined, whose personality so consistently developed, that any one of them might justly be termed a masterpiece. Here, in fact, lies the distinctive feature of the novel-imaginative creation that does not depend on the interposition of a first person singular for the illusion of verisimilitude. And if after reading *Victory* we still hold the figure of Lord Jim to be Conrad's most admirable piece of work, we must at least admit in Mrs. Schomberg a subtle and distinguished portrait worthy of comparison with the immortal Dr. Monygham, of *Nostromo*.

G. R. C.

Chaucer and His Poetry. By George Lyman Kittredge. Harvard University Press, 1915.

These lectures on Chaucer set forth Professor Kittredge's views of the poet as a man, as an artist and as the subject of many misunderstandings. Mr. Kittredge's own solutions on the debatable points, the character of Pandarus, for example, will not satisfy everybody, but in the main Chauceriana is much enriched by the new contribution. While scholarly, it has charm; while in some instances it shows evidences of the author's own predilections, for the most part it is Chaucer whom we have before us. We smile reminiscently as the "elvissh contenaunce" pokes through all the discussions. Decidedly it is a fine book.

When dealing with the poet as a man, Mr. Kittredge is particularly good. Taking up the question of his "periods," he shows how we have been accustomed to murmur, "Italian period" or "French period," thinking we thereby boxed the man up in little receptacles of convenient criticism. The author readily

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demonstrates that the different "periods" are not parallel compartments at all, but are continual enlargements of horizon, fine examples of transcending by including.

As for Chaucer's art, Mr. Kittredge settles one point in no uncertain terms, the matter of "*naïvété*." With curious Teutonic obfuscation of vision the scholar Ten Brink, as every Chaucerian knows, called the poet "*naif*." Ever since then whenever Chaucer has been discussed, the force of a big name has again brought up the question. The ghost of Ten Brink always walks. Mr. Kittredge has exorcised it very comprehensively. It is to be hoped that from now on everybody will realize Chaucer to be perhaps the most sophisticated writer in literature. Everyone at all sensitive must feel that to call him "*naif*" is simply ridiculous. Our gratitude to Professor Kittredge.

W. H. L.

Yale Yesterdays. By Clarence Deming. Yale University Press, 1915.

The older graduates of Yale who wish to bring back freshly in memory their college days will find Mr. Deming's book rich in reminiscences and anecdotes of their way of doing things when they came here to the old Yale of the brick row, town and gown troubles, and puritanical, limited and severe curriculum. They will find sympathetic and true pictures of the professors who were their terror in the class-room and in many cases their friends outside, and of the Campus characters of their own day, the old building and customs, and perhaps some of the events they themselves took part in.

To the outside friends of Yale, this book will bring a more genuine insight into the moving spirit of the Yale of the past which is responsible for the Yale of the present which they know. Further than this, however, "Yale Yesterdays" can serve perhaps a more important purpose. The undergraduate of to-day is always ready to refer with pride to Yale as the college of good traditions, resting on a glorious past history and carrying on its work with a virile and academic spirit which has been its heritage from the past. When pressed further, however, the undergraduate is found to have the most rudimentary impressions of

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what the Yale traditions are, how they originated and grew, and of the men that formed them. Here is a book which tells just that in a convincing and clear way. The undergraduate reader will find himself shuddering at the horrors of compulsory Commons, required Astronomy, and three Sunday services, deprecating, but also perhaps envying the riots of the 'sixties, perhaps a little doubtful over the fact that he sees he is a much more sophisticated person than his predecessors, and very proud of the record of Yale men who have gone before, both because of their character and achievements. He will probably come to the conclusion that Yale never was a better place than it is now, not because it is separated from the past, but because it is the result of the work of the past. He will be better able to understand the problems of the Yale of to-day because he knows the Yale of yesterday.

W. A. B., JR.

A Lover's Tale. By Maurice Hewlett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, casting aside for the time being the mystic, subtle charm of the Middle Ages, has gone even farther back into the past for the central idea of this, his latest book. From the vigorous old saga of Cormac in which a spell laid upon the hero so influences him that he no longer wishes to wed Stangerd, his betrothed, the present tale is derived, but Mr. Hewlett by means of rather abnormal psychology manages to do away with the necessity of having an actual spell; we see the hero as a kind of moon-gazing person, always uncertain of the real purpose of his motives, a skald whose poetry is never perfectly understood by any of his hearers—even Stangerd, who perhaps more than any other character is the book, seems blessed with a slight degree of perception. Just why Mr. Hewlett felt inspired to write this book is a trifle uncertain; probably he was interested in experimenting with paraphrases of Icelandic singing and decided to recast an ancient saga as a fitting which for such attempts. Needless to say, the poetry is the most successful part of the book; for the rest, we have a succession of rather stiff characters who almost invariably succeed in boring the reader, only on rare occasions rising above the level of monotonous com-

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monplaceness. Berse, the good-natured giant who finally marries Stanvor, his serving maid, after Stangerd had forsaken him, is the one shining exception. He at least is genuinely human, a real man.—Mr. Hewlett is to be highly commended, however, on his manner of narrating his story; consistently throughout the book he uses the simplest possible language, never indulging in slightly archaic expressions which are commonly supposed to give atmosphere to so many historical romances; he is the poet weaving his verses into a surrounding web of incidental fiction.

G. MC C. T.

George Bernard Shaw. By Joseph McCabe. Mitchell, Kennerly, 1914.

Our libraries are gradually amassing as elaborate collections of Shaviana as they already possess of many men to whom usual critics would assign higher literary position. It was with some hesitation, therefore, that we took up Joseph McCabe's new book. But Mr. McCabe is a sure guarantee of good work on even so difficult a subject as Bernard Shaw. It was a great relief to find a critic sufficiently equipped in philosophy, science, and art to understand what Shaw is doing. But though the author professes to write an unbiased critique, this book cannot meet with the unqualified approval of Shavian disciples. To be sure, Mr. McCabe traces out fairly the development of Shaw's ideas through his youth down to the present time, pointing out how his metaphysics is mere twaddle, how inconsistent have been his various economic views, and how poor artistically have been made parts of his plays. But few of us who admire the man who wrote the first four masterly acts of "Doctor's Dilemma" will be content to reach the conclusion that Shaw is only a well-meaning ascetic whose views of life are quite ridiculous. Good as Mr. McCabe's expository work is, his final view amounts to this.

Now, Mr. McCabe does not realize that though Shaw on vaccination, vivisection, marriage, municipal nurseries, war, the "Life-Force," or feminism may be inconsistent within himself and intellectually impossible to anybody else, he nevertheless has voiced an emotional impulse that many of us feel. It matters not what he strikes, so long as he has the impulse to strike at all.

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In other words, the important thing is not the theory but the state of mind which led to the theory. The Shavian attitude of mind smooths many of us over as though we were cats and being stroked. Mr. McCabe would probably say we had drunk the Shavian Circe's cup and been reduced to cats. Granted. But in our intoxication we are happy and yet able to laugh at the plays which succeed because they are artistic before being propagandistic; and to enjoy Shaw, which we secretly believe Mr. McCabe does, is to live more contentedly than to oppose him. For he is very lively and will keep bobbing up.

W H. L.

Poems. By Maurice Maeterlinck; *Done Into English Verse*, by Bernard Miall. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, 1915.

It is no easy matter to translate verse from one language into another (especially Maeterlinck's unusually subtle and elusive creations) and still keep the mood and charm of the originals. But Mr. Miall has succeeded in this exceedingly difficult task, and therefore all admirers of Maurice Maeterlinck—certainly one of the greatest personalities of our time—should be greatly indebted to Mr. Miall for his having given them the first volume of the "complete edition."

These early poems were undoubtedly written during a time of morbidity, doubt, struggle, and despair.

"My soul is sick, in evil mood;
Stricken with many a lack it lies,
Stricken with silence, and mine eyes
Illume it with their lassitude."

The poet is passing through a period of "arrested visions," and imagines himself smothered and lost in a world of "false civilization," and "unreal religion"—"a dark and evil house of glass." His dreams are "blue with languor," and his soul colorless, indolent and "pale with impotence."

His work to him is a "piteous work, in form like the dreaming of a corse," and his eyes have snared his soul.

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"A soul for action all too weak,
Pallid with tears, it vainly heeds
The weary hands that idly seek
To grapple with abortive deeds.

"Forth from my slumbering heart exhale
The purple bubbles of its dream;
My soul, with waxen hands aid frail,
Pours forth a drowsy lunar gleam,

"A listless light that dimly shows
The faded lilies of days unborn;
A languid light that only throws
The shadows of those hands forlorn."

The poems were written to form part of the Belgian Symbolist movement—the curious plants, hothouses, and beasts are all symbolic.

"'Neath the azure crystal bell
Of my listless melancholy
All my formless sorrows slowly
Sink to rest, and all is well;
Symbols all, the plants entwine:
Water lilies, flowers of pleasure,
Palms desirous, slow with leisure,
Frigid mosses, pliant vine."

At the end of the volume are fifteen lyrics—"Fifteen Songs" —which are very suggestive of Rossetti. They are songs that deal with the tragic love affairs of maidens and Princesses, very similar to those who appear in his later plays. In those songs there is inevitably the bolted door (the same door behind which Tintagles dies, and the seven Princesses sleep), or the opened door (through which Sister Beatrice and Ardiane go into the world).

In order to realize the charm and beauty of the verse the reader must attempt to put himself in the poet's mood before entering this strange passage of dreams. Those who scorn to wander through strange gardens by the sea where birds of night perch among lilies—to enter tall crystal palaces where curious plants are sheltered forever, will find nothing of interest. For once you have knocked on the locked doors, and the Moon in silence has set them ajar with her azure hands, the reader finds himself in an enchanted land, a valley of the soul forever undisturbed, humid with the warmth of noon. Animals! Every-

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where! Uncouch hyenas, crouching wolves whining in the dusk, drowsy hounds sleeping in the deep grass, flocks browsing on moonlight, and love's lion blinking on the pale and listless plain; and you will find birds circling about you, proud, indifferent white birds, peacocks as white as snow in indolent flight about the shores of some sunless lake; birds of listless thought, indolently waiting for the sunless days to break, and near you flocks of crowds will gather amid roses. Swans!! Swans wandering over the sea, and stretching forth their mournful throats in vain, swans upon rivers of milk that flow into darkness, and perishing amid serpents—and some are ailing in the shadow of a rotting bridge. Here they have set young cygnets in a nest of hemlock. And here the brooding swans have hatched a nest of crows! Then lambs! There are lambs in a meadow full of bleaching linen, there are lambs hastening away by moonlight to graze in darkness, by a misty river, leaving the grass withered where they irresolutely pass—here they are feasting in an isle of meadows, while black sheep alone are grazing in starless meadows! And at your feet lies the long-spilt blood of lambs that died in wintry ways. Pass on, and you will find yourself in unheard-of gardens. Flowers without a hue, frigid mosses, listless reeds asleep in deep waters, pliant vines, flowers of pleasure, and amid them all one pale, fragile, unbending lily; farther on there are lilies everywhere, lilies in a hall of marble, lilies weeping in desolate water, lilies of war and here are some that grew where neither star nor sun bessed the ground; look about you, on one side are beautiful plants growing upon a glacier and on the other the vegetation of the tropics are growing in a cavern of ice. And at last before you the white roses of death are growing in a cavern, and near them the flowers of the past are lost in the blue and secret depths of hours long ago. For a moment the moon swathes the dream with her slow, uncertain raiment, and you wait in the shadow of a whale voyaging to the Pole—then you find yourself beneath domes of crystal, with shifting pictures on the crystal wall before you. Here a beggar sits upon a throne, and gnaws his crust, emigrants loiter through a palace, antediluvian beasts invade a city, and pirates lurk upon a pond; look, all the king's daughters, on a day of feast, are wandering through the meadows—now they are out in a boat in a storm—and now

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all the princesses are dying in a field of hemlock! Sins like yellow mongrels slip by. Darkness lies between your fingers! There is a sense of contact, the cries of brazen instruments in a tempest, the music of organs in the sunlight, the blaze of blue lightning—all the flocks of the soul in the depths of a night of eclipse. The angels of evil open the gates at noon! Now there are only madmen on a pestilent river, a heart bleeding under ribs of ice, sick folk lying in a springless pass, a maiden being put to death in a chamber with closed doors, the dream of unknown sorrows, peasants at the windows of a factory, the thoughts of a queen on behold a sick man in her garden, the odor of camphor in the forest, men sailing on the stagnant waters of a canal all day, and a princess is locked in a tower on a day of rejoicing. A gardener has turned weaver! Here come people who have the air of children who have lost their way at supper-time, convalescents at harvest-time, indistinguishable suffering, glances all but dumb, stifled glances, and here you look into eyes in which you see ships in full sail lit up by flashes of the storm. Near you are princesses deserted in swamps that have no issue! Turn, and your lips are pressed by the kisses of a wounded man! The sentinels have died at their post! There is the odor of ether abroad on the sunny air, an ambulance is passing in the midst of the fields of harvest, and far off comes the sound of people keeping Carnival on a Sabbath in time of famine. In wintry gardens by the sea sick men are picking roses in their pain. Then suddenly hands are stretched out about you! Clenched hands that can never move, hands frozen by the moon, hands that have touched your hands (there is a sudden vision of all that was protected by those hands!), hands to pity that have emerged from the caverns of the moon and are worn with spinning threads from the distaffs of fountains; here are some that are too moist, and here are cool, faithful hands, come to offer ripe fruits and cold water to the dying, to water the battlefields with milk—they must have come from wonderful and eternally virgin forests. Now for a moment there blazes before you a conflagration on a sunny day—then there is always rain on the far sky-line which hides the tempests of long ago. Pass on through this brimming tide ot dreams—the visions are more mixed, more confused—there are Sisters of Charity on an ocean devoid of patients, people are

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casting handfuls of green lilies into a bonfire, and an armada sails upon a mud puddle—look at the children watching the hermit in his cell! Phantom marshes vanish about you and everything is dimly blue. There is a vision of the green soul of hopes to be, azure reveries of sight, jaundiced arrows of regret, purple leaves of want, and the ruddy stems of hate mid the emerald woes of love. Green as the sea, temptations creep through the shadows of the mind, and dark ejaculations leap, entwined with flaming flowers! Then blue languor falls everywhere. Look above, the moon is green as a serpent in the sky. So you are lost with the poet in a strange, sensuous lassitude of dreams.

D. O. H.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

The blackamoor dwarf drew on his white gloves and opened the door, bending ceremoniously the while. In they came, one by one, Mr. Petulengro and the Flute-Player, who had not been invited, watched through the window, their noses impinged upon the panes.

"A rummy crew!" murmured the Flute-Player.

"Inartistic dogs!" Mr. Petulengro growled, and smiled in a superior manner.

But the party was on.

Tartuffe stalked about, his painted smile wearing well. He burst upon the first quiet of newness. "I intend," he announced boldly, "to make my mind a fit companion for me in case I should be cast on a desert island."

"Hm!" à Kempis leaned toward The White Cygnet. "I'd hate to be alone with *his* mind on a desert island!"

The White Cygnet's dreamy glance drifted slowly towards him. "Mind? What mind? Listen! I was journeying to a feast with the white deer whose eyes are rubies—I had an amethyst bracelet, and there were plangent palms."

George Gordon, my Lord Byron, rushed up. He blinked passionately and sat in à Kempis' lap, thus gaining a decided advantage with the fair The White Cygnet. "Moon-maiden!" he breathed forth, tremulously adjusting his glasses. "Moon-maiden! Oh, I have worshipped thee in pangèd silence and in subtle v—— Hey! Quit!"

A Kempis, being decidedly uncomfortable, was pinching him and shouting, "Worship? What do *you* know of worship? Have *you* ever penetrated into Durability?"

Tartuffe whirled up, his world-weary eyes speaking great globs of devilish things, "I fail to see what worship has to do with women. Now I——"

"Yes, yes, we all know. And the *Decameron* has much more literary flavor, anyhow."

"Bah!—Literary flavor!" Byron bristled. "Why, for thirty-two volumes I've been proving its non-existence!"

Confusion was arising. The White Cygnet put his hands to his ears, his fragile shell-like ears. "Gentlemen—pray do not!—The faun in the electric bulb is quite disgusted.—Where is——"

"Yes, where?"

"Where?"

"Where *can* he be?"

Mr. Petulengro looked at the Flute-Player. "Do you know "

"Why, he was looking for a necktie under his typewriter."

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"Well, he won't find it."

"Which?"
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"Neither."

Which proved correct—for the door burst in, sweeping the blackamoor violently aside and disclosing a figure with rolling eyes and ebullient hair, his collar caught with a safety pin. The Great Unknown strode to the table, which was heaped high with Things. Gazing thereon intensely for three seconds, he whirled around and exclaimed:

"I like the Freshman Poets."

Naturally, all fainted, and the blackamoor climbed into the contributor's box.

"O purple-chasmèd spaces, and
O interstitial stars!"——

quavered the Unknown deeply.

He swept the Things to the floor.

"*I* shall make up the Lit.!"

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Vol. LXXX No. 8

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

MAY, 1915.

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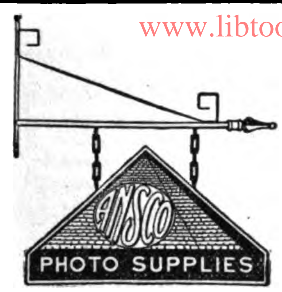

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CONTENTS OF NO. DCCXVI

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THAT MISS THE MANY-SPLENDOURED THING .... *David Hamilton* 363

THOMAS HARDY .... *Percival Gray Hart* 368

THE VEILS OF BEAUTY .... *Pierson Underwood* 373

LEWIS CARROLL .... *Wilmarth S. Lewis* 377

THE BIRD .... *D. O. Hamilton* 381

PORTFOLIO 387

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA 392

BOOK REVIEWS 393

EDITOR'S TABLE 395

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eightieth Volume with the number for October, 1914. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competitors of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 20th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Business Manager or his authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Business Manager.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the Editorial Management of the periodical must be addressed to Charles Rumford Walker, Jr., Chairman. Communications with regard to the Business Management to Jacob Sterling Halstead, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of The Yale Literary Magazine, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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VOL. LXXX MAY, 1915 No. 8

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1916.

GORDON BODENWEIN HOWARD SWAZEY BUCK
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BUSINESS MANAGER
JACOB STERLING HALSTEAD.

"THAT MISS THE MANY-SPLENDOURED THING."

"No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise." —*President Wilson.*

WHEN Christopher Marlowe wrote and produced "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" the Elizabethan ladies and gentlemen—and undoubtedly several wide-eyed youthful admirers of the very notorious, "out-of-the-way," and rather scandalous young poet—flocked to the theatre prepared most likely to be shocked and amazed by the magic and doubtful tricks of the learned Doctor. What an opportunity for the first of the great dramatists of Elizabeth's reign! What undreamed of ideas and unheard of art the young poet could whisper in the ear of his new creation, Faustus! There are very few who have not once upon a time imagined that they grasped the enchanted scepter of gold, and have built themselves palaces and cities of crystal and, with a wave of the hand, have brought the greatest of kings to the foot of their throne, and accomplished their dream of dreams. Christopher Marlowe had already shown London his Tamberlaine—the peasant who leaves his flocks on the hills to become conqueror of the world and crosses the stage in his triumphal chariot, drawn not by horses but by captive kings (six of the greatest

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prolonged period fermented, and produced a delightful effect
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upon his being. This was merely the first crude method, however, and totally ineffective, for instead of raising self-consciousness out of this life, it smothered it into mere bestial consciousness as differing only from inorganic matter. It made life bearable to the possessor by taking the knowledge that he was living away from him. This first attempt of man, not a failure, for it took him out of the misery of existence temporarily—and a drop of water is heaven to Judas—was, nevertheless, not a step in advance. That came later when he drew pictures of mammoths, danced in the shadow of prehistoric plants, and made up religions. Thus the arts sprang up—the faculty of make-believe whereby self-consciousness escaped from the utter unbearableness of life. From this time forward old men saw visions and young men dreamed dreams with more and more frequency, till Christ and His followers suffered willingly for the dream of saving mankind, and Lamb lived for the vision-faces of children who might have been. So we come to to-day, with the actual existence of the college man far outstripping the wildest make-believing of the savage. The result is not pleasing. We might be forgiven for expecting that the college man's make-believe would be proportionately higher than that of the savage. Instead, he finds existence so uninspiringly comfortable, that he gives up make-believe entirely, preferring to live appreciatively on the plane of primitive man. Exaggeration is frowned upon, preparation for a business life and good citizenship are overemphasized and one by one the romantic old customs are torn down, because—"no one really has the time, you know."

All this results in a fine—an exceedingly fine type of practical young man, eager, clean-faced, and solid, but with a certain refined quality lacking—the traces of a want which has never been fulfilled. He has slept, eaten and worked and has been a man. There is little more to be desired of anyone, except perhaps a few purple days. Days which live as mysterious memories in his inner self. Days when he remembers faces for what those faces expressed, and cannot ticket any of them with a name; days when places return to him by the languor, by the excitement, by the romance which they breathed and

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not by two trees here, and a bench there. For it makes life long to know yesterday from the day before and a purple day stays with you even when you sleep.

Yes, it is rather too attractive an occupation this existing—sunshine, good food, exercise, health, and sufficient work to give a person an inner feeling of substantialness. It takes an effort to weave a glamor of shadowy threaded romance about trolley cars, and cities, and friendships—an effort which in the majority of cases will not be made unless the reality of these things makes us suffer. And they do not make us suffer. They are not sufficiently intimate to us. We do not stake our all on one little village or one good friend. The French peasant, so they say, has lost his world when he returns in this present war to find his home demolished, and he is inconsolable. Whereas the big cities, which are the homes of the majority, are regretted only as national calamities with scarcely a tinge of the personal note. On the other hand, our friend disappoints us, and we turn to twenty others, with the mere obituary cast over our shoulders that "we thought he was a better friend than that." There is none of the *"et tu Brute,"* the utter hopeless love of a great Caesar giving up at last because a Brutus was more to him than the headship of an empire, or even the hut to the French peasant.

It has often been a question in my mind whether the men were wickeder who crucified Christ than those who later white-washed the beautiful walls of the churches. The former ideally perfected a great tragedy, the latter buried forever under an eighth of an inch of lime and water exactly what Christ desired to bring out by His coming to earth—beauty, truth, and the soul of man. Although the undergraduate does not need this art as an escape from his happy life, is there any reason he should white-wash it over? For when he does "get up against it" in after life and his hungering eyes turn for solace to truth, beauty and imagination he finds a blank, white-washed wall, and is unable to stand the reality.

When I was a little boy in school a man spoke somewhere—sometime, and all I remember he said was that if ever he had a hopeless charge or a lost cause to lead he would come there to get the leader. Mind you, he did not say a flourishing busi-

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ness organization, but a lost cause. He knew that there were boys there who would some day be men to whom that sort of thing would appeal. And all because they would not look too keenly at the hopelessness of the reality which existed in black and white, but would perish for an ideal under a mass of opprobium and a wave of irresistible force with a confident sort of smile because they had seen something which did not exist. I do not know that there is more in practical success that there is in that smile. But few of us can gain practical success, and all of us can smile—that is, if we exercise our make-believe. And the smile enters in and grows a part of us, while the dollar has many equally fickle twin sisters. And, alas, there is more than one seat on the stock exchange. Hundreds of men can follow after you and take your positions, one by one, and fill them better. Perhaps it was revealed to you one dark night on the fence by the sudden spurt of a match, when the faces about stared for a moment and were gone. Perhaps you caught it in the middle of an old, old song. Perhaps it came a whole mosaic from thousands of such blue and gold and startling stones. These no one can ever take from you. For they were so vital and so unreal.

Curtis Burton Munson.

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THE GRAIL.

"Would I could touch the Truth,
Lay hold of it, pluck petalled-leaves apart
Till all its dew-drenched heart
Glowed coolly to my parching lips."
So cried I; and made answer Youth:
"Oh, mouth that sips
Envisioned dews of its own dry desires,
Fool!
Drink thou the cup of life that fires
The jewelled chalice and the rusting pool;
Drink deep of Truth."

I drank and life lay greenly at my feet,
With paths through flowing fields of windy wheat,
And over birch-browed hills;
Past clacking water mills,
And deep in moss by solitary streams:
The paths of labor and the path of dreams,
But nowhere Truth.

And Sorrow said;
"Nay then, the heart of nature is not dead."
And listening I heard the surge of the besieging sea,
And streams that murmur rhythmically,
The undulating lyrics of the leaves,—
Slow pulse of Gaea's wheel that spinning weaves
Frail form of Truth from failer mystery,
Frail form and fading stain.
The waves wrote runes upon the shifting sand
And wrote and washed again,
The streams gave bubbles to my hand,
And in the leaves the vague, the bland,
The empty wind wrought his refrain,—
Yea, emptiness and shifting sand:
O God, does no thing true remain?
The old gods hear not; will the new disdain?

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I kissed the lips of Love,
And nested in my heart the dove
Whose mourning maketh laughter through the earth,
Sweet laughter and the joy thereof,
Yet never mirth
Nor grey-eyed peace came nigh to me.
Still, still there rose eternally
The vision, and the longing and the fears,
The bitterness of half-belief,
The mocking years,—
Till Love grew heavy-eyed with grief,
And dim with tears.

Yea, I have sought for Truth,
And flung against the ready-rending tooth
Of doubt, and beat with bleeding blows
The bars invisible of Heaven.
I have cried out to Christ who loves and knows,
And knowing still can love,
That my night may be riven
With lightning of His truth and might thereof;
So sought and striven
And so prayed—
Lord, till the work is marred,
The spirit broken, the stick charred,
Shall be no answer made?

Archibald MacLeish.

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IMPRESSIONISM AND IMPROVISATION.

TAKE a pencil in your hand and draw a line upon a piece of paper. Curve your line or break it in many angles; fold it back upon itself or twist it in circles and spirals. Perhaps you are vaguely interested in this aimless meandering of your pencil, and you curiously vary and change your result, adding here a scroll and here a shading. Perhaps you will draw crude trees or houses, rough figures awkwardly threading your maze of lines. And perhaps, still amused by your idle task, you may take a crayon or two and add spots of color to your paper. Your occupation is quite unconscious, quite innocent of artistic pretensions. You are simply extracting a faint pleasure from an arbitrary manipulation of lines and colors.

Again, if you are a fairly normal person, you have undoubtedly invested your time and money at some period of your adolescence in a more or less elaborate career of amateur photography. If I only had a camera! you had exclaimed a hundred times as you came upon some silvery waterfall in your quest of a likely pool for trout or pickerel. And you hoped to fulfil this vague longing with your films and plates and astigmatic lenses. This longing, which you may or may not have realized, was to catch forever those rare moments of your life in the world of vision which particularly pleased you; to make a permanent record of the more poignant of your scenes and vistas.

These seemingly insignificant amusements in which most of us have participated at one time or another are, I believe, rather elementary expressions of the two impulses which have given rise to the Art of Painting. Composition or Improvisation on the one hand, Imitation or Representation on the other; these are the two tendencies which in more or less interblended forms underlie pictorial art. You, who have whiled away an idle hour or a boresome lecture in constructing meaningless lines and figures, have experienced the same half-unconscious pleasure with which the ancient cavemen traced

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decoration upon the stone walls of their dwellings. And the impulse which instigated your photographic adventures was the inspiration of the pictures of Mu-Kai and Hiroshige, of Monet and Pissarro.

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The Art of Painting has been overwhelmed in recent years by a deluge of so-called revolutionary discoveries and movements. Half a hundred schools and brotherhoods have come forward with some common creed and title, and for every new school has appeared a flood of acidulous discussion and theory. Pre-eminent among the newcomers have been the notorious tendencies arbitrarily called Impressionism and Post-Impressionism. About each has arisen a surging storm of protest and vituperation. The one has weathered the tempest, the other is now in its throes. And supreme confusion still reigns as to their reasons and their true ideals.

It is my own belief that both of these tendencies can be infinitely simplified and more clearly understood by an examination of the primal impulses which give them their being. I believe that neither of them is "new," neither "revolutionary." I believe them to be simply tendencies towards the emphasis of the two extreme ideals which have always stood at either end of the scale of methods of painting. And hence my task is to show the relation of the essential features of each tendency to these two impulses, whose blind action I have just pointed out in your own experience.

The Artist, says a current theory, be he painter or singer or poet, is one who lives and feels deeply. He has found the universe, bitter and hostile though it may have been, a place of burning intensity and vibrantly real experience. The salient characteristic of his life is poignancy—whether of grief or gladness; and this poignancy which he has found is his great gift to other men, the gift which we call his Art. In his quest of intensity and poignant experience the artist is outside of morality, outside of the state, outside of religion; for though like Wordsworth he may find his intensity in the spiritual joy of a country landscape, he may yet walk through Hell with Dante, or with Tschaikowsky he may compose a Symphonie Pathetique. Life itself, with all its pleasures and all its pains, is his subject matter; his gift is a capacity for living deeply.

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"My task which I am trying to achieve," writes Conrad, "is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, *to make you see.*" To make you live as he has lived, feel as he has felt, see and hear as he has seen and heard—such is the task of the Artist. He transmits to his fellows his most vital and private consciousness of the world in which he has his being.

One of the most real and most intense aspects of this consciousness of the external world is that received from the sense of sight. From vision chiefly do we develop our ideas of the universe about us; to our visual experience of life we owe most of our thought, our science, our art and philosophy. Hence the art of vision—Painting—is one of the most direct means for the transmission of living-capacity from one man to another. In his painting the artist directly shows other men the sights, the vistas, the visions, which make up the world as he himself sees it. He cultivates their powers of observation, he teaches them how to use their eyes. He can *make* them see as he sees; can consciously transmit his own wild joy in the universe of lines and colors. Once you have learned to see landscape through the eyes of Monet, your whole sense of perception has undergone a vast and subtle education. You can no more see the same fields as before than you can think the thoughts of your lost boyhood. It is possible that you may not care for the world as he sees it, but you can never ignore it; in seeing his pictures you have made him a part of yourself.

In painting the visual side of his consciousness it is obviously all important that the artist paint *as he sees,* that he copy the color sensations of his mind with supreme accuracy. If he cannot accurately transmit his impressions he is not yet an artist. And here lies the significance of the Impressionist movement of the last century. For the Impressionists carried the impulse to representation to its logical conclusion. They claimed that men had not been painting things as they *saw* them, but as they *thought* them to be. The art of painting had for years been accumulating a vast body of conventions and traditional rules. All objects were endowed with definite, clear-cut boundaries, with unchanging characteristics of form and color. Snow was white, grass and leaves were green. A tree was an object

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possessing the qualities of rotundity and solidity, possessing a brown-grey stem supporting an immense number of individual green leaves. From sunrise to sunset, from week to week and year to year these qualities remained inflexible and unchanged. You might sit before your landscape at any time of day, leave it, and complete your study the next afternoon or the next half-century. The conventional task of a painter was to imitate and suggest each leaf upon his tree, as far as human limitations would let him; he would insist upon modeling all the contours which he knew from experience to exist in the tree whether he could see them or not. "Truth" was the conventional ideal—botanical "truth" of vegetation and geological "truth" of trees and hillsides. To paint a tree was in a sense to dissect it, to elaborate the green-blue blur which you saw in the distance into a thousand scientific details of structure.

But this, said the Impressionists, is anything but painting appearance as you *see* it. They might have appealed—some of them did—to the facts of psychology and the study of optics. Your painting must be an imitation of your own living, not of the conceptions which you, or somebody else, have formed of the nature of objects. Your pictures must be records of your own passing experience—instantaneous snapshots of the aspects of light and color in your own consciousness. By no means do you always see things in the same way. A cloud is purple and green in a thunder-shower, light blue in a morning mist, delicate rose in the sunset. A grassy meadow is blue-green on a cloudy day, golden yellow in sunlight. Snow is more often blue and violet than white; shadows are mostly purple. The medium of vision is light, whose varying aspects form the spectral colors. And as color depends on light, so the appearance of every object changes and alters with every fugitive change of light. Monet painted some fifteen pictures of the very same subject; but each was a very different and individual picture, for each was painted under different conditions of light.

The painter must rid himself of all prejudice of memory and association. He must take his canvas out into the fields and spend day on day in the effort to paint the colors he really sees. He will find no such thing as an absolutely definite out-

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line in nature. Objects blend softly into one another. A distant tree is seen as a mixture of blue and yellow and green rather than as a great number of tiny and separate leaves. An Impressionistic picture of a tree might be produced by a being who had existence for the moment only, granting him technical skill and normal vision; a being to whom tree, leaf, bough, perspective, were meaningless conceptions; whose idea of his subject was simply a visual consciousness of inter-blending lights and shadows and colors. He would imitate his inner experience of life and that alone.

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Impressionism is, therefore, a kind of visual autobiography in which the artist endeavors to represent his actual sense-impressions as vividly and as perfectly as he can. His pictures are records of his color consciousness. His aim is to produce the effect of a true impression of real life. If you turn Monet's *Poppyfield* upside down and look at it from a distance of six inches you will see no more than a meaningless mosaic. But if you will stand some eight or ten feet back, and see the picture from the angle the painter intended; lo, the mosaic merges into the single impression of a very beautiful landscape, and you see as the master saw before you.

Such, in brief, is the movement which threw European art into such violent commotion some thirty years ago. "Visual autobiography" we have called it; a record of the immediate data of sense perception. Strange though it may seem, this attitude is a realization of the doctrine of "Truth" which Ruskin and his disciples preached so ardently in the last century. The cause of the evil conceptions of landscape art, says Ruskin in the preface to the second edition of *Modern Painters,* lies "in the painter's taking upon himself to modify God's works at his pleasure, casting the shadow of himself on all he sees . . . and exhibiting his ingenuity by the attainment of combinations whose highest praise is that they are impossible. Every alteration of the features of nature has its origin either in powerless indolence or blind audacity, in the folly which forgets, or the insolence which desecrates, works which it is the pride of the angels to know and their privilege to love." And the Impressionists, qualifying this doctrine by their insistence upon the subjective knowledge of actual visual ex-

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perience in place of intellectual and objective knowledge, carried it to its logical conclusion—exact and unprejudiced imitation of the artist's visual consciousness.

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Ruskin, however, with his incessant demand for truth and exact reproduction, never fully escaped the inconsistencies in which he found himself entangled. Truth, he cries; and goes on to heap approval upon some drawing of Turner's whose every detail is modified and altered. He praises the *Pass of Faido* at great length, but admits that its treatment of the facts of the landscape is hopelessly capricious and inexact. Indeed, if we make a careful and unbiased study of Turner's work, we find him continually false to Ruskin's creed of objective Truth as well as to the subjective Truth of the Impressionists. The collection of his drawings and sketches in the National Gallery has given us an insight into his methods such as we can have of no other artist. And the salient fact which a comparison of his studies from nature with the finished pictures painted from them forces upon us, is the master's arbitrary distortion and rearrangement of his landscapes for his own artistic purposes. Compare the sketch and the finished picture for *Bolton Abbey,* for *Hornby Castle,* for any of the Rivers of France series. He adds mountain peaks, removes trees, alters every slope of a field or hillside. To the literal recording of facts he adds deliberate and fanciful creation. He uses the facts of nature as mere elements from which to build his picture.

Modern criticism of Impressionism has proceeded from this standpoint. We hear jests at the "slavish copying" of Monet, at the servile dependence of the Impressionists upon their impressions. "The artist," say these voices, "is not a sensitive physicist with a brush in his hand enslaved to a given palette; he is not a recorder of given values arising out of the chance tones of the moment. He need obey no laws but those of artistic necessity. His composition should be synthetic, controlled by decorative requirements or by expressive effectiveness and not by the 'agreeable surprise' of accidental grouping." Visual autobiography, they might remark, while of great and undoubtedly value as a method of recording experience and as an education in the faculty of observation, can make no claim to be called Art. The essence of Art is creation; conscious and

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deliberate creation, subject to no limits but those of its own fancy and the exigencies of its artistic medium. Consider a Japanese print, a Persian miniature; what life experience was *copied* here, what artist ever saw such an utterly fantastic arrangement of line and form and color?

Vincent Van Gogh, a contemporary and friend of Cezanne and the later Impressionists, expresses his own transition from Impressionistic ideals in a letter to his brother. "I should not be at all surprised," he writes, "if, within a short time, the Impressionists found a great deal to criticize in my work. For instead of reproducing exactly what I see before me, I treat the coloring in a perfectly arbitrary fashion. Just suppose that I am to paint the portrait of a friend.—To begin with I paint him just as he is, as faithful as possible—still this is only the beginning. Now I can begin to apply the color arbitrarily. I exaggerate the tone of his fair hair; I take orange, chrome, and dull lemon-yellow. Behind his head, instead of the trivial wall of the room—I paint infinity. I make a single background out of the richest of blue, as strong as my palette will allow. And thus, owing to this simple combination, the fair and luminous head has the mysterious effect, upon the rich background, of a star suspended in dark ether." Here is a very great divergence from the methods of Impressionism; something less perhaps of visual autobiography, and something more of deliberate artistic creation. Color has here transcended its reproductive function; has become a means to quite another end, has well-nigh become an end in itself. This delight in color for its own sake makes itself apparent in the paintings of any true artist. Even Monet, who is probably the most perfect example of isolated Impressionism in all his school, is carried away at times by his own pure colors; and we find him constructing a certain evanescent undertone of a rose-violet quite foreign to the visual truth of his landscape.

Physical sound, if you care to analyze it, seems to be no more than an aspect of what we call wave-motion or vibration. From the interpretation of this vibration by the human sense of hearing arises that most subtle and intangible of all arts—Music, the Art of Sound. Just so, claim certain painters, with color. Color, like sound, is an aspect of vibration—a vibration

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more rapid and more delicate. And so, they say, from the human interpretation of this visual vibration, we can achieve an Art of Vision of the type of music— an art, perhaps, more exquisite than music itself. We have the entire gradation of the visible spectrum for our use, with all its possibilities of combination into balancing forms and colors. For a painter to limit his work to imitating his consciousness of the color-arrangements which he finds in the landscapes and figures of nature, is simply for him to impose upon himself infinite restriction and narrowness of range.

What musician would confine himself to imitating the sounds in the world about him; the clatter of wheels, the rush of the wind, voices and squeaks, horns and gasoline explosions? We call these chance groupings of sound "noises," and disregard them in our creation of sound-harmonies; unless perchance we occasionally happen to make use of their associational values and suggestions. So with painting: what are landscapes, fields and hillsides but a series of visual noises, purely chance groupings of color? The painter may copy natural objects to discipline his technique as a pianist plays his scales; he may find occasional fortuitous arrangements of color which he may care to reproduce and record. But at the most he will only turn to nature to find figures and schemes for his designs and pictures. The analogy is, to be sure, far from perfect. Scenes and landscapes possess a richness and poignancy of association which no natural sound can equal; the beauty of form and figure has an emotional and intellectual appeal of its own. But to limit the Art of Vision to these imperfect and discordant color-patterns—this is to make of the artist a mere photographer with no more creative freedom than the selection of his subject affords.

So does the painter of color for its own sake speak of the medium of his art. Combinations of color are fully as rich and as vibrant for him as those of sound in music. For him every color has a definite emotional value—impossible to describe in words, but of infinite poignancy and wonder. By color-arrangements he can create and transmit the most subtle and most spiritual emotions. His is an art of visual harmony; harmony achieved by the balance of color with color in the

intricate variations of form and pattern. His harmonies of color are as subjective, as intangible and as unrestrained as Debussy's Images or MacDowell's Idylls, as Chopin's preludes and ballades. We have few if any successful examples of this extreme and ethereal tendency of color harmony. This is the most abstract and most difficult of all painting. Like music, it offers the greatest freedom only under the greatest restrictions. The artist must throw aside the last vestige of intellectual association, and must wander forth into the dangerous regions of pure creation, relying upon his own creative genius for his guidance. Few have had the courage to attempt the task. Kandinsky, a Russian, famous for his theory of spiritual harmony, has painted Improvisations of this sort, but we can tell little of their true value. Prejudice is too great and the demands of the intellect for representation will not be satisfied. This is an art of the Future, whose development is beyond our power to predict.

This, the extreme of the art of color-harmony, the very antithesis to the Impressionist method, leads into unknown and as yet untraversed regions. But what a new light it casts upon our conception of representative painting. With what a different criterion can we judge our landscapes and marines. Kandinsky and his fellow color-musicians have given us the key to the solution of the problem which led Ruskin into his inconsistencies. They have given us for our aim the composition and improvisation of color harmony, which we can build up around the elements of our subject for representation. All form is in the artist's hands; from landscape to the human figure, from blades of grass to birds and animals. His Impressionistic studies and copies of nature will serve as keynotes upon which he can build his pictures. His alterations of color and contour, his arbitrary introduction of his own imaginative creation, is seen no more as impudent desecration of nature. "Nature," says Whistler, "contains the elements, in color and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music." And so our artists of form and color will pick and take as they choose; willfully creating their pictures, their harmonies of vision.

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This principle is the guiding impulse of that recent movement of art which, being a revolt against Impressionism, has been called Post-Impressionism. Post-Impressionism simply insists on the attainment of color-harmony as an ideal for every picture, creating no restrictions as to the subject matter from which this harmony is to be wrought. The Post-Impressionist has no creed to set forth, no moral propaganda to maintain. This is an art of creation, of composition and improvisation; expressing in visual harmonies the artist's whims and fancies. Representation is no more than a possible theme for its variations; and to examine a Post-Impressionist picture with the criterion of Impressionism is, of course, to find wild disorder and confusion, lawlessness and meaningless exaggeration. It is as if one were to criticize the Egyptian hieroglyphics for their figure-drawing and color. The delusory "freedom" which appears to underlie such pictures has attracted scores of tyros and untrained painters who have attempted to hide their ignorance of technique under the plea of freedom from representative ideals. But their pictures are as discordant color-harmonies as they are impossible reproductions of nature; they achieve the most hopeless color-confusion. Hence the blind and enormous prejudice which has arisen against the whole movement and all its followers. We must learn to value a Post-Impressionist picture from the standpoint of its harmonies of line and color, not by its representative success.

But this color-harmony is no "new" conception, you may remark; this is no "revolution" of painting. Precisely; this is the oldest principle of art, the impulse which inspired the first caveman's decorations. Among the painters of color-harmony are such widely divergent artists as Van Gogh and Turner, Whistler and Winslow Homer, Hokusai and the Japanese artists. Turner's whole career is an illustration of a transition from more or less realistic records of fact to the unspeakably beautiful color-harmonies, or color-symphonies, of his later years. The Venetian pictures, the water-colors from the Alps, the paintings of the Rhine—Western Art has seldom if ever equaled these masterpieces for sheer beauty of form and color. Greatest of all color and form harmonies, perhaps, are the paintings and prints of China and Japan. Eastern Art

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has always sought harmony before representation, has never used landscape as more than a means to an end. The painters of the Sung Dynasty and the later school of Japanese masters were producing marvelous pictures of line and color when we of the West were just emerging from our Dark Ages. Hokusai, in his way, is supreme in his treatment of natural figures and landscapes. The Hundred and the Thirty-six Views of Fuji, the Waterfalls, the pictures of birds and animals—these are wonderful examples of the arbitrary manipulation of form and color for the purpose of visual harmony. Eastern Art is the consummation of the Post-Impressionist ideal.

Such then are the manifestations of our two impulses of painting, impulses which find their extremes in Impressionism and Kandinsky's spiritual harmony. The one, a type of visual autobiography, has for its ideal a perfect representation of conscious experience, of actual living. The other, a less objective and more subjective method of painting, has for its aim a harmony of color and form analogous to the sound-harmony of music. The Impressionist has a certain definite experience or perception which he makes as clear and as intense as he can, that he may isolate it, and reproduce it in his picture. The Post-Impressionist has but a hazy conception of the general scheme and tone-value of his picture when he first takes up his palette. He knows a pattern or two, a sequence of colors, a definite form or figure about which he intends to build his composition.

Representation, the task of the Impressionist, is essentially a static, as opposed to the Post-Impressionist's more dynamic task of Improvisation. In representative painting the picture is complete in the artist's mind before he touches his canvas. He knows exactly what effect he is trying to produce, and he will stop his work only when he sees that he has attained his effect. Once he has started his picture, his attitude is that of realizing a past conception. He may spend hours or days or years in the attempt; time is not a determining feature in his work. He might conceivably paint his picture in sections; might paint sky, foreground, trees, clouds, all on separate days; might even paint them on separate canvases and piece them together only when each part should be complete in itself. The

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Impressionist *constructs* his picture, building piece by piece. Far different is the task of the artist of dynamic composition. He must create continually from his first brush-stroke to his last. Every new color he introduces will alter his whole composition; every line and shadow becomes an organic part of a harmonious whole. Time and duration are the chief forces and guides of his work. His painting is pure and unrestrained creation.

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Between them, these two tendencies guide the Art of Painting. Representation, developing into the imitation of nature and natural objects as actually seen by the artist or as constructed by his memory and imagination, finds its extreme in Impressionism. Improvisation alone develops into the ethereal extremes of color-music and spiritual harmony. But when the two combine, they produce Japanese Art; they produce Turner and Hokusai. And on either side of the way lie the blind allies which have allured the Cubists, the Pointillistes, the English Moralists—the blind allies of hide-bound creed and dogma, of traditional laws and conventions, of schools of art and all their abstract titles.

"Later on," writes Van Gogh, "I hope that other artists will appear in this beautiful land who will create an art like that which the Japanese have created in their own country. And to pave the way to this is not so bad after all." Van Gogh, a failure as men count success, had his eyes always to the Future. But we need neither despair of the present nor fear for what may come. When a genius becomes a painter he creates in the light of his own ideals; and, being a genius, he perforce produces Art. We have had and we shall have painters who bind themselves neither by any fixed idea of representation nor by the exigencies of moral purpose. For they are Artists, and their business is with their Art.

Frederick Manning.

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BY LADYBROOK.

Hush, little child. In the murmuring darkness,
Roaming, wild water swirls under the tree,
Ladybrook, white brook, whispering, singing,
Over its pebbles, Ladybrook calling
Down to the sea. . . .

Hushed is the star-time. Low is the wind-song,
Cool as the water-song over the downs,
Out of the airy, blue lands o' the heather,
Far from the beaches and blown, wet towns.

Small and *so* frighted, my wee, sleepy baby!—
Like a shy, furry-thing under the hedge,
Like a wee, feathered-thing deep in the thicket,—
Watching the night, at the sleepland's edge. . . .

Hush. It is magic to sleep by the water,
All the fair song of it under thy dream.
There is a charm set within the white streaming,
Who is it sings in the foam and the gleam?

It is thy God and the Lord of White Heaven,
He shall keep guard in the hill and the plain,
Shall come in the heath-wind—to kiss thee full gently—
And all down the hills in a sweeping of rain,
And in the fair Ladybrook, rippling and bubbling,
Shall cool the black sorrow and bright, dizzy pain.

Thou little baby-thing, child of the May-month,
Love of thee, song-like, maketh me cry,
Wistful with fragrance of white-petalled childhood,—
Blue as the harebell and deep as the sky,—
Love of thee, wee one, maketh me cry. . . .

Hush, little child. In the silence of moon-down,
Roaming, wild water whirls under the tree,
Ladybrook, white brook, whispering, singing,
Over its shallows, Ladybrook falling
Away toward the sea. . . .

Pierson Underwood.

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THE FAIRY PRINCE.

CHARACTERS.

The King's Fool.
Mary, a simple peasant girl, his wife.
The King, consciously handsome.
Falder }
Gaspard } servants to the King.
Simeon, an aged wood-chopper.

[*The dusky interior of a cottage in the forest. Through an open door at one side the thick trees can be seen, while the door on the other side shows a clearing with a well in it. It is late afternoon and the songs of the birds can be heard, and far away the horn of a returning hunter. Simeon is just coming to the door with a load of wood. Mary, who has been sweeping, puts down her broom, and taking a daisy from a bunch on the table puts it in her hair, laughing and courtesying to herself in the mirror.*]

SIMEON [*placing the wood by the fireplace*]: Vanity, Mary, vanity. Always pretty flowers in your hair, and bobbing around the glass! As if you could make yourself prettier for the looking!

MARY [*ingenuously*]: How do I know I'm pretty?

SIMEON [*as he sits down on the doorstep*]: Humph! Leading an old man on, Mary, is cruel. Just wants to hear me say it once more. It's cruel, Mary, it's cruel—leading an old man on. Why, there isn't a lady in the King's court but would look like an ugly-faced kitchen wench a-standing alongside o' you. Humph! How do you know you're pretty!

MARY [*fluttering to him*]: Oh, bad Simeon. You're very much prejudiced, and besides [*laughing*] it is a very long time since you have been to court. As for the old hunters that stop for a drink, why they probably have forgotten what beauty is—they're so very old. [*He shrinks at the contempt for age in her voice, but she kisses him on the ear.*] And then, they'd

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have to say pretty things to me to pay for the drink of water I give them. You know they're always asking for wine. But, Simeon, why should they think that the wife of the King's fool should serve wine to the King's courtiers? Then, water is so much better for them—they all have the gout! How dull they are. Have you ever seen the King, Simeon?

SIMEON: Once at Cross Corners, gone two years.

MARY [*up and sweeping again*]: Was he handsome?

SIMEON: Now the men they say the young fellow has a squint and is a bit bow-legged, but the women—well, that's only gossip.

MARY: Didn't you see him yourself?

SIMEON: I'd say he was in looks and figure as I was when young; and I leave it to you that it wouldn't be just what you'd call modest to say he was surprisingly handsome.

MARY [*letting the broom fall, running to the table and sitting there*]: Do you know, Simeon, I get very lonely in the day-time. You don't come to see me often—and my little Fool only comes home at night—sometimes very late. He's always tired and he uses all his jokes to make the King laugh; he never has any left for home—and—I wish a fairy prince would come to—to take me off! [*She is just like a child, she almost weeps. But the old man, shocked, yet tender, comes to comfort her.*]

SIMEON: Don't, don't, child. Don't say that! I'll come to see you every day. Your little Fool loves you so, and he's a good sort, Mary, and he's a good sort, and he'll be good to you. When it's a man's business to be funny, now he wouldn't rightly bring his business into the house, would he?

MARY: Yes, but there's no one here, and not a soul to talk to but the bothersome little sparrows on the doorstep and the cat and the dog, and all—my hens! [*She is crying, or trying to, now.*]

[*There is a noise of shouting in the forest near by.*]

SIMEON: There, there! Someone's coming. I'll be back again later. Be a good little wife—it's lonely maybe, but what's that when you have a good man to love you and be good to you? Shoo! Stop those fancies. They're a bad thing—fancies—and especially those about fairy princes. [*He laughs as he goes out. She sweeps again.*]

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[*A hunter's horn sounds very near the cottage. Mary drops the broom and runs to look into the water pitcher. She picks it up and starts out.*]

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MARY: Another grandfather gout-leg, no doubt—and the water pitcher empty. It's late. How very hot the poor old fellow must be! [*She can be seen running down to the well and filling her pitcher there. The King enters. He is very handsome. Somehow we are led to believe that it is the ministers and not the King who rule the realm. He is talking with Falder.*]

THE KING: So this is where my Fool lives? This is my storehouse of wit? Here's a broom—why, Falder, am I getting old? Do I scare away the women?

FALDER [*who knows that the King knows*]: Your majesty is far too modest.

THE KING: There's the bird. Ah, Falder, she is not hunched like her father; do you see her there, beside the well? The Fool's daughter; isn't she a picture?

FALDER [*with a touch of malice*]: Your pardon, majesty, if I may venture to speak—his wife, married these six months.

THE KING [*his train of thought rudely broken*]: Don't tell me that, man. She his wife, my Fool's wife? Why, she's lovely. Don't you see her there? He's old and hunched-back and not even funny!

FALDER [*a trifle amused*]: He told me about her himself, your majesty.

THE KING [*after a moment of silence. The ways of the world are quite against him*]: Don't stare like that; go! Wait around somewhere. I am tired, and this seems a good place to rest.

FALDER [*daring*]: Your majesty, the place is very good to rest—and the company—

THE KING: Sir, go quickly; forget to smile, and neglect to tell the Queen.

FALDER [*bowing to cover the smile which he has failed to forget*]: You know me well enough to be sure of that, your majesty. [*He goes.*]

THE KING [*aside*]: And you know me the devil of a lot too well!

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[*Just as he turns, Mary enters with the filled pitcher, which she places on the table, courtesying as she sees him.*]

MARY: Oh! [*Surveying him. He, smiling, quite at ease under her surprised scrutiny, she, fluttering about him.*] You are a fairy prince, aren't you? But you haven't any wings. Or are they hidden beneath your coat? [*He throws it off indulgently.*] No! But you are, aren't you?

THE KING [*amused*]: They do call me a prince.

MARY: And you have come to take me away?

THE KING [*thoroughly astonished, a little abashed*]: Why —why, what makes you think that? Aren't you happy here? It's a very nice house, and you have, I suppose, a husband— a wood-cutter, or stone-hauler. What more, pray tell me, could you want?

MARY [*discouraged at his attitude*]: He—he's not a wood-cutter or a stone-hauler—he's just a Fool.

THE KING: Nothing unusual about that, my dear; there are many of us.

MARY: Sir! He is the King's fool—court jester; they tell me he is very gay there.

THE KING [*irony peeping through*]: And they may tell you truly! Well—I can't take you away, but, come here, and I'll tell you what I *can* do—that is, if you'll let me.

MARY: Oh, anything, anything, Sir Fairy; only take me away, too!

[*He draws her up beside him on the table.*]

KING: If I could spirit him away to the land of fairies and take you to the King's court—like Cinderella?

MARY: Oh! Oh! [*Clapping her hands.*] With a gown of gold and pearls?

THE KING [*he is in the spirit of the game now*] Pearls, yes, thousands of pearls, but there's only one thing: you must love me very well; for a fairy prince is vain—he likes to be loved!

MARY [*innocently letting her arm stray over his shoulder*]: You feel real! But I couldn't help loving you just the same.

THE KING [*as he kisses her*]: There, now for the magic. [*There is the sound of a quavering voice singing on the trail.*] Is that [*she nods ruefully. He takes a ruby from his cap, glowing with pride at his own craft.*] See, child, this is a

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magic ruby. With this we'll spirit him away. Come, see, I'll put it in the cupboard, so! [*He hides it in the dusty cupboard.*]

Mary: It's very dusty. I meant to—

The King: Never mind. What is dust to a fairy prince?

[*The Fool is standing on the threshold; he is rather old and pitiful.*]

The Fool [*singing*]:

> A bauble, a bauble of yellow and scarlet,
> Yo ho, yo ho,
> A mid-summer's day.

[*He stops quite overcome; Mary steps back in the shadows. The King speaks sternly.*]

The King: I have lost a ruby, Fool! Yesterday, I think it was. Somehow, I thought it might be here. You haven't seen it, have you? [*The Fool, dazed, can only shake his head. Mary turns, starts to intervene, stops, wondering.*] Falder! Gaspard! Here! [*They come hastily.*] Search those cupboards! [*They find the ruby. The Fool does not understand. He is choked with tears, he cannot speak.*] So I thought. Take him away. Do what you like with him!

Mary [*running forward*]: But you must not; it isn't—

The King [*soothingly aside to her*]: Hush, dear. Remember, it is only a fairy tale. [*She stops, smiling.*]

The Fool [*he has sensed it at last. The thought fills him with helplessness, rage, and love for her innocence. His emotions are all embodied in the one word*]: Mary!

The King: At once, Falder. Why do you wait?

Falder [*as he and Gaspard laughingly swing the little man off his feet and out of the door*]: At once, your majesty. We'll choke his silly wit.

[*She, turning at the words "Your majesty," stands uncertain.*]

Mary [*running to him*]: Please, please, Sir Prince, bring him back. Even if it is a fairy tale, it is so real that it hurts. He was so forlorn and he loved me!

The King [*comforting her*]: Hush, little one. You shall have a snow-white horse, and we'll dance at the ball, with the

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fiddlers playing, and the lights above. You will be Queen, with your beautiful eyes.

MARY: Yes, and you?

THE KING [*quite forgetting the Queen, or rather, fooling himself that he forgets*]: I shall be beside you and all the fairy princes and princesses will bow before you, and the trumpets sound! That will be very fine.

[*There is a choking, piercing cry in the distance.*]

MARY: What is that?

THE KING [*again annoyed, his train of thought broken, aside*]: Bungler! [*To her*] Only an animal crying to its mate.

MARY [*running to the door*]: No, it was not. They are coming back without him. What, oh what are they laughing at? [*She runs to him.*] Are you all unreal? Is it all a fairy tale?

[*The two men come in at the door. He would have stopped them. He dislikes display of emotion. But they are out with it.*]

GASPARD: He's dead, your majesty.

FALDER: Yes, you should have seen his little red hump come up in the water, and that scream! After all, he was funny at the last! [*They laugh brutally. Simeon has come in and sees the King. He kneels overwhelmed.*]

SIMEON: The King!

[*The girl turns slowly, and suddenly takes it all in. The King is angry now. He is tired of it all. She crumples into herself, her face white.*]

MARY [*begging, her arms about his neck*]: It *is*, oh, it *is* a fairy tale! This is not true! You couldn't be so wicked!

THE KING [*petulantly*]: You wanted to get rid of him, didn't you? Besides, I'm not so bad, am I? You promised to love me.

MARY: That was when you were a fairy prince—but now—

THE KING [*sentimental for an instant only*]: But now? Oh, little one—here! Here's the ruby, and you shall have pearls in plenty. The Queen will take you into her service; you shall be a lady-in-waiting.

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MARY: The Queen! Go. Leave me here. I loved him and you have made me kill him. Yes, and he loved me, in his poor, twisted way. Go away. Go quickly!

THE KING: And what will you do?

MARY: Simeon, oh, Simeon, you'll take me, won't you?

SIMEON [*of the Puritan temperament*]: I have two girls of my own, your majesty, and another mouth to feed is too many. No, girl, go with the King! That's best. This is what comes o' fancies.

THE KING: You see!

MARY [*sobbing*]: I can't, no, let me go with the little Fool, where is he?—let me alone—I will go with *him* out where there are no lies!

THE KING [*coldly*]: Falder, place madame on the white horse with the silver trappings. She is very tired. You will be careful to see that she does not fall!

[*Curtain.*]

John C. Farrar.

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SONG IN THE MEADOW.

Francesca, dost thou watch me now
Here in the meadow? Long ago
  It was I had thee in my arms.
Dost thou remember all we dreamed
Of love and wonder, how life seemed
  A treasury of all thy charms,
    Francesca, long ago?

And, oh, the halo in thy hair!
The sweet curve of thy shoulder bare,
  I would have kissed in Paradise!
Only to dream upon thy breast,
As floating among clouds at rest,
  Mad with the heaven of thine eyes,
    Francesca—long ago!

Dost thou watch me as I lie,
Thinking me dead, beneath the sky,
  Cool in the meadow grass by night?
Prone, with my hands beneath my head,
The villagers have thought me dead,
  Because I slept in fields by night.

I saw a golden ship arise
Against the crimson of the skies
  Beyond the outer gilded strand.
And oh, the light upon the oars
Flashed, in its glory, to the shores
  Of twilight in far sunset land.

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So the ship vanished on the sea,
Bearing thy soul afar from me,
  Francesca, and I knew not where.
Yet sweet the wind sang in the spars
A song re-echoed to the stars
  That glitter through the darkling air.

Ah, love, dost wonder that I lie
With face unto the arching sky
  Since thy soul broke its fretted bars?
Ah, wondering, how might I tell
The mystery of worlds? 'Tis well
  I dreamed thou wert among the stars,
    Francesca—long ago!

Danford Barney, Jr.

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ERNEST CHRISTOPHER DOWSON.

IN the latter part of the last century the old "Cheshire Cheese" in London became the meeting place for a new group of poets. They called themselves the "Rhymers' Club"—a club which read its own verses aloud, drinking and singing there in the dusky light, where ghosts of Johnson's coterie looked on wondering at them and chiding them, perhaps, for the wildly morbid spirit that had caught them in its snare. They were young men whose work would come under Walter Pater's definition of romantic poetry—"Strangeness added to beauty." But theirs was an abnormal strangeness and a beauty which was, for the most part, sensuous. Earnest Dowson alone of them all was destined to be a true poet, and he, not a great poet. Scattered members of the club have told wild tales of him. Mr. Yeats recalls nights of maudlin drunkenness. Arthur Symons tells of a shy, morbid Dowson whose love a bar-maid disdained—bestowing her hand afterward upon a jovial, and, no doubt, a cockney waiter. But Victor Plarr in a recent biography gives us a more intimate picture of a man of charming personality, a true friend, and a poet of high ideals led by the excessive weariness of disease to pursue wandering fires of imagined desire until his dream of life, all too fitfully appearing, faded, and the poet's way came to him to be—

> "Fruits and flowers among
> What is better than they:
> Wine, woman and song?
> Yet is day over long."

"He seems to have been everywhere and done everything; and at last to be tired of it all, and of himself the most." This is Dowson's own characterization of a violinist who has failed by a small tip of the scale to attain greatness. He could scarcely have written a more perfect autobiographical note. At times in his poetry he rises to greatness, to real depth of feeling; but with one or two exceptions, there is, as a keynote to all his

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work, a strange lassitude, a weary half-grasp of ideas, a clinging to dusky similes. If only he could have learned to be objective —to have caught, like Byron, the vital thrill of passion in the world around him instead of the pale disappointment of his own satisfied lust. If only he had dipped his brush in the sea and painted us song-pictures of the waves curling around old trawlers, of his father, the dock-keeper, of the dusky wharves teeming with oriental cargoes and singing men where he spent so much of his youth! But he drew his pigments of inspiration from the rivers of tears and forgetfulness, letting life and sunlight pass by—

"No man knoweth our desolation,
Memory pales of the old delight
While the sad waters of separation
Bear us on to the ultimate night."

This, then, is his one fault as an introspective lyrist: he had not enough force to sin grandly nor enough moral fibre to live nobly! Tragedy of asceticism! He longed for the luxuries of Greek antiquity, for an ideal of passionate beauty, swift embraces beneath dark blue skies, wine from deep golden bowls on marble altars, beauty, beauty, everywhere! But this he knew how to find only in the lowest inns of Europe, in tawdry dissipation in an atmosphere wild with hashish dreams and the fumes of cheap rum. He became Shelley without a noble ideal, Keats without an intellect to balance his sensuousness, Thompson without the refining fire of deep religious fervor!

To-night, sitting before smouldering embers with the spring rains beating on the window panes, we may pick up this thin volume of poems, these fragments of prose, and prepare ourselves for the enjoyment, if such be possible to him of brave blood, of some of the most wonderful bits of intensified melancholia ever written.

Love held for him only bitter regret mingled, it seems, with a certain morbid sweetness, so often and so long does he dwell upon it:

"Thee may I serve and follow all my days
Whose thorns are sweet as never roses are."

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Now love is dying and we have wreathed him with violets while Proserpine bends to kiss his cold eyes shut. In the springtime he has smiled on us in a Breton apple orchard, but when the days have grown short and it is too dark to wander there of an afternoon, we are bending over a dew-wet grave and murmuring,

> "No, you never remember, Yvonne,
> And I shall soon forget."

His philosophy of love seems embodied in the idea of a moon maiden. She appears again and again. Her eyes are cold! The spirit of love lies within, frozen. This is the cold maiden of the skies whose kiss leaves mortals striving for an unknown love, a dream love—

> "Most passionless, pure eyes!
> Which never shall grow soft nor change nor pity me."

In this vein is his fantasy, "Pierrot of the Minute," a stiff little play which might have been painted by the dainty brush of Watteau, and for which someone has written delightfully quaint music. Now Pierrot dances naïvely into the *Parc du Petite Trianon* with its artificial bowers and doric temple. He is in search of love! Although he has never seen it, he knows that it must exist, for—

> "The eglantine in loftier station set,
> Stoops down to woo the maidly violet,
> In gracile pairs the very lilies grow;
> None is companionless except Pierrot."

Then the Moon Maiden comes with her cold, stinging kiss and steals his soul with the wonderful new breath of love, leaving him asleep, as she disappears, saying,

> "Whom once the moon has kissed loves long and late,
> Yet never finds the maid to be his mate."

Dowson wanders through a dream of lost love. His heart lies in an open grave where lilies and roses gleam fitfully. But of a sudden the burden is too great to bear. In a mad bacchanal of wine and dance he strives to forget; but in the song, her remembered voice echoes through all, and above the harlot's bought lips he sees only the sad smile in those other eyes. In the consummation of passion and of genius he gives us his greatest poem—one of the finest lyrics of his age, which ends,

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"I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! The night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion."

Even religion holds out but a passing aesthetic charm to him, and the religious poems show no deep grasp of the spirit of catholicism; but only the same effete craving for rest. In his youth, before the wander-lust had come upon him, he had the healthy boyish period of agnosticism, it is even whispered that along with this he was a woman-hater. But with the coming of a pale, miserable conception of life and woman, he lost all ability to cope with his own growing ideas. He turned, weakened and ineffectual mentally, and saw as a new lode-star for life—a relief, with his charm of beauty, the lofty symbolism of the Roman Church. Such a conversion to any creed could not understand nor conform to its discipline, nor understand its virility. He does not even look for the human element in the monastic ideal, but in the hushed convent where the "Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration" keep their long vigil, he overlooks the holy love with which they must, of necessity, be burning; overlooks stifled passions and aching pangs of crushed mortality! This, then, is but a haven of rest. They pray their continual rosaries for the peace of their own souls in heaven, perhaps,

"They heed no voices in their dream of prayer."

"Benedicto Domini" spells the same cessation of *life* in religion. Hush of prayer! Oh, Dowson, if the Catholic faith or any other faith is ever to come back in all its entirety, it is not by ceasing to "suffer and desire," but by desiring, by living, by upholding young flaming ideals and by being willing to suffer for them, yea, to *die* for them even! And death brings to Dowson as he contemplates it in "Extreme Unction" no impassioned gleam of immortality, only light and rest, through a veil of shadows,

"In such a twilight hour of breath,
Shall one retrace his life or see
Through shadows, the true face of death?"

Of childhood he writes fancifully, and with probably no personal knowledge, now a plaintive lullaby, now a lament for the lost youth of a growing girl. Always the note of sadness! But from old age he cringes pitifully, contemplating almost in terror that which he was never to know. Bewailing the loss of the fire of passion and the resultant bitter and thoughtless pity of youth,

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> "Remember nought of us but long ago,
> And not at last how love and pity strove
> When I grew old!"

Of all the decadent poets and artists he is most to be pitied, both for the fact of his bodily weakness and for his strong ideal of versification, gone wrong—so to speak. He is the only one who did not allow himself to be caught by the lure of artistic charlatanism—who did not cavil to popularity and fadism. An aesthete to the extreme, in life, he could yet admire the calm, mid-Victorian respectability and simplicity of Tennyson. At a time, too, when an unhealthy distaste prevailed for the sonorous line of Tennyson and the virility of Browning. So much that is good, beautiful and highly inspired has been done along sane artistic lines that the modern poet or artist finds himself confronted by the tempting hobgoblin of forced originality. This spirit is a sly fellow, and it is hard to tell sometimes where he and his fatal companion insincerity have crept in. For this reason, although we find daubed, crinkled pieces of "Le Temps" parading themselves as art, and words with neither "rhyme nor reason" begging to be termed poetry, we have no right to condemn artistic tendencies; but only, perhaps, to deplore a shifting toward work in those wide and tempting fields of creative insanity.

To a certain extent, as far as form is concerned, Dowson is almost classic in his simplicity. We find none of the strained sensuousness of Oscar Wilde, the forced meters and *vers libre* of the *imagistes,* nor word-pictures drawn with the wild eye of Aubrey Beardsley. On the other hand, there is none of the vitality and purity of Francis Thompson, whose life and religious experiences outwardly coincided so strangely with Dowson's. The fundamental difference was that Thompson offered his heart and work at the altar—was living and praying

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and hoping, while Dowson sat at the farther end of the nave, dreaming, and watching the gleam of candles through half-closed eyes. They did not know each other personally, these two; but Thompson has given us the best estimate of Dowson that we have. He of the great soul and compelling charm says of this paler star of catholicism, he was " . . . a frail and (in an artistic sense) faint minor poet. . . . The major poet moulds rather than is moulded by, his environment. And it may be doubted whether the most accomplished morbidity can survive the test of Time. In the long run Sanity endures; the finest art goes under if it be perverse and perverted art, though for a time it may create art under the ribs of death."

John C. Farrar.

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PORTFOLIO.

THE BIGAMIST.

A bumble bee lit on a love-in-the-mist,
Quite charmed with her deep blue eye,
And he boasted of all the bright flowers he had kissed,
Trying hard to impress her how much he was missed
When he left all these mistresses shy.

"How they love me," he cried, with a brush of his stripes,
Which he kept just as neat as a pin,
"I can hardly get free from the Indian pipes,
Or the whip-poor-will's shoes which so often invite,
When once they inveigle me in.

"But of all the gay flowers of the garden or field,
I find you the fairest indeed,
Far sweeter you'd be if your love you would yield."
She nodded consent. With a kiss it was sealed,
And he hastened away to the mead.

The next day he came and he kissed her pale cheek,
The sweet little love-in-the-mist.
He stole all her honey, then fragrant and sleek,
He blundered away, nor was seen for a week,
For the bee was a sly bigamist.

William Douglas.

BABIES

——From the beginning of time, when Eve found herself suddenly confronted with a new responsibility in the guise of an excitable atom of life, babies have been unfortunately an essential portion of the human race. All of us, even the most sedate and prehistoric, have been at some time or other in our course of existence red and squawling, startling as that may seem. We have yelled loudly upon all occasions, thus making the most of our single means of self-expression, and have been generally objectionable to everyone, ourselves included. The idol of much parental adoration in private, we have been forced occasionally to receive homage from the gushing female friends of our mother and father, who insisted upon crowding about us, commenting upon our marked resemblance to whichever side of the house they desired most to flatter, and even going so far as to presume to make weird, gurgling noises, consisting of letter "o"s, surrounded by consonants. All of this we have undergone dignifiedly, in addition to the trying ordeal of being bathed in a mixed com-

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pany, the very thought of which now is enough to cause us to turn crimson. On fine days in our regal chariot of white straw, shaded by an umbrella of lace and cotton and bundled up warmly in nice knitted blankets, we have ventured forth to discover the world, propelled casually and spasmodically by our Nubian slave, who was far more concerned greeting her friends than attending properly to us. If we were good, phlegmatic infants, we went to sleep almost immediately, thus enabling our means of locomotion to enjoy herself thoroughly. Little were our dreams troubled then about our future or that of the race! To us the world consisted of simple, unconnected sensations; we either screamed or slept.

It upsets me greatly, but truth and a New England conscience force me to confess that I passed through just such a state. I hate to think about it. Of course an ultra-sentimentalist who hears a lyric utterance in every sound a babe makes, who beholds all the joys and sorrows of creation epitomized in the infant smile or tear, would be quite delighted with such an idea. To think that once his hands were soft, curled up rose leaves and that he was able to be carried about in his mother's arms! The stern reality of being awakened abruptly in the dead of night or of having always to keep quiet in order that the slumbers of Baby may not be broken does not occur to him; everything is wrapped in a rosy haze of dreams.

And it is this idealized kind of infanthood that has been immortalized by the great literary geniuses. We are never informed how many hours young David Copperfield spent in making life a burden to all those around him; the dream children of Charles Lamb are the creations of a mellow brain rather than realistic portraits, and even Esther Waters' offspring which causes her so much inconvenience (and the reader so many yawns) is nicely disposed of during its most unpleasant period. It is admitted, of course, that from the age of three until they reach ten or twelve, children are fascinating subjects for study; they are still unspoiled by the precosity and self-consciousness which mar their later years and they undeniably make interesting companions. But with them we are not concerned just at present; they somewhat surpass our scope.

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One day I went to call upon my niece, an estimable infant of some eight months, whom for various reasons I was quite interested in. The dear child gazed upon my kindly countenance for a brief second, then burst into wails of anguish which continued with slight interruptions during the remainder of my stay. Not even the charms of various rattles, rubber dolls, and other impedimenta seemed to lessen the fierce resentment which she felt called upon to express. We dined to the music of her cries as she lay in her cradle, which, considering that everything imaginable had been done for her, were a direct insult to me. Since then I have refrained from venturing in her neighborhood. It is my conviction that others have gone through even worse experiences, but does one ever hear them mentioned when babies are under discussion? Heavens, no! Rather we are requested to listen to the latest "cute" gurgle the Infant Phenomenon has emitted, which is freely translated to mean everything from "mamma" to "heterogeneous." Obviously Genius which will some day cause the world at large to prostrate itself in mute awe, is rampant in that quarter, but just how it will manifest itself is another matter. Great maternal grandmother wrote exquisite poetry and paternal grandfather made a fortune in cement. Business or the fine arts? Whatever it may be, however, doting parents are convinced of final success for their darling. Later Darling may refuse to go to sleep as it should, unless it is rocked and sung to, two occupations which mother would rather omit. But duty forbids the apparent neglect, so with resignation equal to that of the early Christian martyrs, she abandons all her plans and settles down for a long siege. Apparently the infant has already begun displaying symptoms of temperament.

At about this stage of the child's life, father suddenly produces his venerable kodak, covered thickly with the dust of ages, and proceeds to snap the future genius in such characteristic poses as sucking his thumbs or gazing at his toes, while mother hovers in the background. Immediately all intimate friends are deluged with those little gems which they have to keep lying around their desks until the series becomes so numerous that they are forced to put them away. However, many years later when the child has grown up, these frightful perpetuations of his early ugliness will be brought forth and displayed before a jeering

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company, to his intense disgust and their great delight. In my own family there exists a book of such things; all of us are immortalized in the most awful costumes and postures; my younger sister is seen in all the plainness of her straight hair, enormous spectacles, and sloppiness of dress contrasted with the plump charm of my own infant beauty. It is a well recognized fact that baby pictures of celebrities are always screamingly funny; the King of Italy at nine months is apt to be worse looking than Francis X. Bushman at one year and a half, but we are thrilled by both and clamor for more. The persons themselves must in every case, blush with shame and curse the fate which allowed such affairs to remain undestroyed, the fond parents who perpetrated the outrage, and the friends who preserved the records.

Can anyone imagine poor Mother Eve's sensations when Cain arrived? In the Garden of Eden she had been an innocent, playful child until the Serpent tempted her, and now, expelled from that Paradise, she had not only her stupid husband to look after but this new creation which she did not understand in the least. It cried aloud into the heavens, but uttered no intelligible words which she could grasp. How, she wondered, was she ever going to look after it, and why had it not arrived at least full grown? *She* certainly had, and as far as she had been able to learn from Adam, his experience agreed with hers. Now this noisy thing was upsetting all her calculations, her well-founded beliefs in the uniformity of the universe, and she disliked it. But gradually her feminism asserted itself and she began marvelling. With the coming of Abel, comparisons were possible which further enlivened matters, and so it went on.

Personally I am unable to understand just why ever thoughtful Science, which delights in anticipating our wants, has not busied itself long ago in this particular province. The present method of social evolution is so obviously antiquated that we require something original immediately. And this field is quite unexplored and fascinating! Considering that nothing hitherto has been too difficult or too sacred to escape its scrutiny, why can we not reasonably expect it, with its usual enterprise, to start out and soon astound us all by its discoveries? There, really, would

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be a pest removed from the life of man which would lighten his days and nights. So down with babies; long live Science!

Gilbert McCoy Troxell.

——As I entered the room everyone rose. The hostess came graciously forward.

AFTERNOON CALLS

"I'm *so* glad to see you," she said. "Have you met Mr. Klandys, Mr. Clemson, and Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Clayton?" I bobbed my head at each of the gentlemen named and smiled idiotically.

I found myself in the tense atmosphere of an afternoon tea party. Our hostess was busy with the tea.

"We were talking about airships, Mr. Rolph," she explained, for my benefit.

"Oh, really," I said amiably, and sat down on the sofa by Mr. Clemson. Then by way of showing my real interest, I added, "On *air*ships."

"Yes," she replied, "on airships. Mr. Klandys has a friend who went up in one once, and he has been telling us all about it."

Mr. Klandys, who had been fidgeting around in his chair waiting for an opening, now burst in.

"Yes; it was five years ago when my friend, Lawrence Tompkins, son of Senator Tompkins, you know, was over in Erfurt, Germany. Erfurt is about a two hours' ride from Berlin and—"

Our hostess had fixed somebody's cup and was holding it out appealingly. I sprang forward to help her and then carefully steered my course among the feet and chairs and cats and things to Mr. Gordon. Mr. Gordon met me halfway and then with many a furtive look at the things on the floor behind him he made slow backward progress to his seat, where he sat down very cautiously and cast a determined eye on the would-be playful spoon. The irrepressible Mr. Klandys was still aviating. He was bent eagerly forward pouring forth his tale upon our hostess, who was preparing Mr. Clayton's cup.

"Excuse me, Mr. Clayton, but do you take cream? Go right ahead Mr. Klandys; it is *very* interesting."

"Then my friend said it was like the feeling one has when taking the steepest drop in the roller coaster at—"

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"Will you please pass the sandwiches," our hostess whispered to me in an aside.

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I grasped the top of the sandwich arrangement and made my perilous course around the floor. When I came to Mr. Klandys he reached out and took a jelly sandwich, without, however, missing a revolution of the motor. In fact, he had completely lost himself in his subject.

Now it so happened that the particular jelly sandwich Mr. Klandys had acquired was not the most perfect of its race. It was of a remarkably juicy constitution and when squeezed it was no longer good to look on. If Mr. Klandys had not been aviating in Germany at the time he must surely have recognized in the sandwich those earmarks of a nature which indicate it must be treated with infinite tact and courtesy. But Mr. Klandys *was* aviating in Germany and he gave his sandwich the fatal squeeze. Down came his machine with a shuddering crash. Upon his thumb had appeared a large red mass which proceeded to crawl into the yawning cavern of cuff which lay in its path. Mr. Klandys, however, was apparently a man of resource, for he was not at all daunted on this occasion. With tigerlike swiftness he inserted the blushing thumb into his mouth. The result was the disappearance of the red mass in an abrupt, kisslike, dismaying smack.

"Won't you have a second cup, Mr. Clemson?" our hostess demanded quickly.

"Thank you, no," Mr. Clemson replied, not caught unawares.

"How beautiful the trees are this spring," she began again. "Have you seen the poplar grove on Cedar Avenue?" This to Mr. Clayton.

"Yes, I have," that gentleman rejoined, coming forward to the edge of his chair, and then after a tremendous effort, "how fine and soldierlike they are in their green pants, and—and, their green jackets." Mr. Clayton sank back in misery.

"Yes, aren't they splendid. And the dogwoods, I don't know when they've seemed so lovely as they have this year."

I had risen and now came forward engagingly. "Good-bye, Mrs. Carstairs," I murmured. "This has been *very* pleasant."

Mr. Clemson, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Clayton, and last, Mr. Klandys, followed me out in flattering emulation.

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And when we reached the street again and had drawn deep breaths of the reviving air, I turned and fervently shook the hand of Mr. Clemson, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Clayton, and Mr. Klandys.

Wilmarth S. Lewis.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Senior Society Elections.

Tap Day was observed this year on the College Campus on Thursday, May 20th. The list of men tapped here follows:

Skull and Bones.

Donald Carrington Shepard, of Buffalo, N. Y. Tapped by Harold Pumpelly Armstrong.

Hermann Valdemar vonHolt, of Honolulu, H. T. Tapped by Thomas Hilary Cornell.

Gilbert Edwin Porter, III, of Elmhurst, Ill. Tapped by Stephen Rintoul Davenport.

Charles Holmes Roberts, Jr., of Flushing, N. Y. Tapped by John Sylvester Reilly.

Farwell Knapp, of Hartford, Conn. Tapped by Edwin Arthur Burtt.

Wesley Marion Oler, Jr., of Larchmont, N. Y. Tapped by Edward James Stackpole, Jr.

Henry Webb Johnstone, of Philadelphia, Pa. Tapped by Irving Paris.

Arthur Burr Darling, of Wichita, Kans. Tapped by Thomas Bayne Denègre.

Charles Rumford Walker, Jr., of Concord, N. H. Tapped by William Martindale Shedden.

Howard Phelps Putnam, of Harvard, Mass. Tapped by Ranald Hugh Macdonald.

Donald Ogden Stewart, of Columbus, Ohio. Tapped by Walker Ely Swift, Jr.

Samuel Gourdin Gaillard, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa. Tapped by Archibald MacLeish.

Kinley John Tener, of Sewickley, Pa. Tapped by Lyon Carter.

Laurence Gotzian Tighe, of St. Paul, Minn. Tapped by Edwin Lyon Slocum.

Morris Hadley, of New Haven, Conn. Tapped by Louis Shelton Middlebrook.

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SCROLL AND KEY.

Foster Martin Hampton, of Fordyce, Ark. Tapped by Norman Vaux Donaldson.

Alexander Dickson Wilson, of Binghamton, N. Y. Tapped by Henry Blair Keep.

Nelson Marion Way, of Manchester, N. H. Tapped by John Wesley Hanes.

Henry Joseph Crocker, Jr., of San Francisco, Cal. Tapped by John Wesley Castles.

George Williams Carrington, of Charleston, S. C. Tapped by Joseph Walker, III.

Otis Love Guernsey, of Greenwich, Conn. Tapped by Dean Gooderham Acheson.

Charles Pratt, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Tapped by Kenneth Duryee Hull.

Curtis Burton Munson, of New York City. Tapped by John Crosby Brown.

John Henry Vincent, of Minneapolis, Minn. Tapped by William Willard Crocker.

Daniel Collier Elkin, of Lancaster, Ky. Tapped by Boyleston Adams Tompkins.

Frederick Vaughn Burgess, of Burlington, Vt. Tapped by William Huntting Jessup.

Charles Denston Dickey, Jr., of New York City. Tapped by Colles Johnson Coe.

David Osborne Hamilton, of Grosse Pointe, Mich. Tapped by Arthur Farwell Tuttle.

Wayne Chatfield-Taylor, of Lake Forest, Ill. Tapped by Winslow Shelby Coates.

William Ross Proctor, Jr., of New York City. Tapped by Joseph Frederick Stillman.

WOLF'S HEAD.

Alfred Hebard Chappell, Jr., of New London, Conn. Tapped by Theodore Philip Swift.

Daniel Brooks Grant, of Memphis, Tenn. Tapped by Howard Elwood Beedy.

Henry Hill Anderson, of New York City. Tapped by Douglas Stuart Moore.

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Bennett Sanderson, of Ayer, Mass. Tapped by Valleau Wilkie.

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Lewis Leonard Bredin, of Detroit, Mich. Tapped by Barnes Newberry.

Edward Waite Hubbard, of Auburn, N. Y. Tapped by Henry James Wiser.

Allan McLane, Jr., of Garrison, Md. Tapped by Richard Elisha Wheeler.

Huntington Lyman, of New York City. Tapped by Albert Heman Ely, Jr.

Harold Hilgard Tittmann, Jr., of St. Louis, Mo. Tapped by George Patterson Crandall.

Thomas Emerson Hapgood, of Hartford, Conn. Tapped by John Crull Herman.

Archibald McMartin Richards, of New York City. Tapped by Thomas Pierrepont Hazard.

Chard Powers Smith, of Watertown, N. Y. Tapped by Stanley Morrison.

Seth Low, II, of New York City. Tapped by Frank Wright Tuttle.

Alexander McKee Munson, of New York City. Tapped by Charles Andrew Merz.

Elmore McNeill Bostwick, of St. Louis, Mo. Tapped by George Washington Ewing.

Baseball Scores to Date.

Yale, 8; Holy Cross, 0.
Yale, 7; Brown, 8.
Yale, 0; Cornell, 1.

Ethen A. H. Shepley, 1918, has been elected Captain of the Freshman Baseball Team.

John Kendrick Bangs spoke at the annual banquet of The Yale Literary Magazine on May 7th. Professor William Lyon Phelps, '87, presided as toastmaster.

The following officers of Phi Beta Kappa have been chosen from the Class of 1916: President, Morris Hadley; Vice-President, Laurence G. Tighe; Secretary, Allen H. Boardman; Treasurer, William Wyer; Executive Committee member, Donald A. Quarles; Chairman of Banquet Committee, Farwell Knapp.

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The 1917 Board of the *Yale Daily News* has organized as follows: Chairman, Kenneth F. Simpson, 1917; Business Manager, Henry Porter Isham, 1917; Assignment Editor, Knight Woolley, 1917; Managing Editors, Samuel W. Meek, 1917, and Dickinson W. Richards, Jr., 1917.

The Junior Fraternity of Zeta Psi has announced the election of the following members of the Class of 1916: Wright Dillingham Goss, Jr., and William Augustus James.

The Junior Fraternity of Delta Kappa Epsilon has announced the election of Howard Phelps Putnam, 1916.

William E. Chilton, Jr., has been chosen Fence Orator for the Sophomore Class, and John M. Vorys for the Freshman Class.

The Junior Fraternity of Zeta Psi has announced the election of Sidney W. Davidson, 1916, and Donald P. Robinson, 1916.

The Junior Fraternity of Alpha Delta Phi has announced the election of Paul Stetson Phenix, 1916.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

Plays. By Leonid Andreyeff. Translated by C. L. Meader and F. N. Scott. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This latest volume out of Russia contains three of the symbolic dramas of Leonid Andreyeff: *The Black Maskers, The Life of Man,* and *The Sabine Women.* The first two are tragedies of Destiny; they show us man in his blind struggle against a pitiless and meaningless universe. Lorenzo, the hero of *The Black Maskers,* is the victim of a duality within his own soul; and the play is the weird representation of his contest with himself. Not until the very end does he break away from his delusions and see the light—whereupon he dies. *The Life of Man,* more pretentious and more successful, portrays the futile efforts of a strong man to wrest with Fate. The drama is remarkable for the way in which Andreyeff makes use of every device of the stage, from modern settings and scenery to suggestive music and Greek choruses, to secure his atmosphere and his effect. Through this strange suggestion of the unknown and the supernatural he shows us the Life of Man; his birth, his love, his success, his failure, and his death. *The Sabine Women* is a satire on Russian politics and political parties, but is curiously interesting in spite of its satirical significance. The march of the Sabine men, two steps forward and one step backward, needs no understanding of Russian politics for its appreciation.

Andreyeff lays the souls of his figures bare before us. He shows us their psychology and the inmost struggles of their hearts. And these figures of his reflect the transition through which this mighty nation is passing. Russian literature as well as Russian politics is vastly different from that of a half-century ago. In place of Rudine, the incapable doubter of Tourgeneff, we now have Sanine, Artsybasheff's conceited but straightforward man of action. Man, the hero of Andreyeff's drama, faces

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his destiny with a resolute heart and a strong soul. In his final hour of defeat he stands erect and proudly curses the Fate which has ruined his life. "I curse all that you have given me!" he cries. "I curse the day on which I was born! I curse the day on which I shall die! And I hurl all back into your cruel face, senseless Fate! Be accursed, be accursed forever!" He has found no light, no saving grace; his path has run into pitfalls and deep abysses—but he has fought his fight to the finish and has kept his birthright as a Man. F. J. M.

Vision of Revisions. By John Cowper Powys. G. Arnold Shaw. New York.

The Book of Youth and of such old ones as have the courage to stake their souls on Inconsistency. "How easily a man may render himself stupid by sprinkling himself with the holy water of Fixed Principles," Powys says, and, having said, does not write himself into stupidity. Consistency!—what indeed has consistency to do with these masters? The mob of consistent mediocre persons who have thrown their strangling nets over the deep dreams of creative artists have been with us too long—the waywardness of passion has been suppressed by the stiffness of intellect. And here we have one who is not a critic but a sea-diving visionist.

For once, while he lay sleeping, some wanton faun pressed to his lips a maddening potion. Now, nerves a-tingle for one—aye, but one more—draught of this divine drink, he flings himself at these mighty artists and brings back—dreams!

So far has he penetrated that he has seen strange things, things he can scarcely tell you of. His efforts are rough, uncouth at times. He sobs, he mutters incoherently, he curses with the great force in him—and through the high-piled, black clouds the lightning sword of his overwhelming connotation leaps to sear your heart and launch you off, out onto the sea of his red, his purple visions.

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You who are Artist-Pagans like his Shakespeare, his Keats, his Matthew Arnold, or his Goethe will rejoice to find one here who understands your hearts—one who knows your divine carelessness—knows with you that morals are not religion, that ethical art is a lichen on the tree of your Love. He knows your "true philosophy." He calls it "resignation"—and he means by this a dramatic valuation of existence. He says of Matthew Arnold, "He never mocks our pain with foolish, unfounded hopes and he never permits mad despair to paralyze him. He takes life as it is—and makes the best of its confusions." And of Shakespeare, "After reading Shakespeare, the final impression left upon the mind is that the world can only be justified as an aesthetic spectacle. To appreciate a show at once so sublime and so ridiculous, one needs to be very brave, very tender, and very humorous." Again of Shakespeare, "He is a sad and passionate artist, using his bitter experiences to intensify his insight, and playing with his humors and his dreams to soften the sting of that brutish reality which he was doomed to unmask." Have no fear, Pagan-Artists, but that he knows your hearts! He will, moreover, give you an understanding of that other sort of artist who has so often puzzled you.

He knows the fierce religious dreamer. He has penetrated the soul of Neitszche, the man who loved Christianity so mightily that he hated it. Dante, the scornful judger of Good and Evil; Dostoievsky, with his moralless Mysticism, his pathological insight; Milton, the creator of a noble, hellish hierarchy—Powys has the secret of them all, and all hold an equal place in his affections. He only asks of them that their guesses at the Mystery of the world be great and flaming.

But for you readers who are neither of these kind of artists, and you are by far the larger company, he has done a marvelous thing. He has beat at the walls of these towering personalities until his hands are torn, and he has left for you great jagged breaches through which you may see—what?—Ah! the indefinable! He suggests, perhaps, glowing eyes or sad eyes within these yawning chasms—perhaps some nebulous dreams—and leaves you with an ache in your heart to grasp the whole of the depths into which your pigmy head peeps fearfully. He will not soothe you, but the reward of your unrest will be the feel of

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a great wind in your faces and the sound of exulting, sad songs in your ears.
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Powys is evidently exceedingly fond of Rabelaisian humor. This I gathered from his essay on that great clown, from his frequent reference to it all through his book, and from the form of his own jesting. For he, too, is Rabelaisian. His sallies are not the glinting thrusts of a rapier, they are blunt jabs. They do not wound excruciatingly, they rather sting like a slap upon the cheek. And they are mostly directed at the happy little Robert. He calls him "a gentleman, with lavender-colored gloves, putting his feet on the chimney-piece"—and this, also, the rarest of insults, "Mrs. Browning's energetic husband."

I have been very incoherent, very illogical about this man's book. I have, indeed, liked it too well to be logical. One could scarcely be consistent in justice to this inconsistent one. I do not beg you to read the book, I command you to—and you may obey me or not. But if you do not, you cannot be the youth or the venturesome old one that I took you for. And if you read it and like it not, you will at least dislike it with a divine rage.

H. P. P.

A Florentine Cycle, and Other Poems. By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert. Putnam.

Mrs. McGiffert's very attractive volume of poems is characterized by a gentle dignity and delicate fancy which catches slight fugitive ideas and feelings and pins them down on paper for our enjoyment. She is a lover of nature and art, and therefore a true lover of Italy. In "A Florentine Cycle" she once more fills her beloved city with its old-time vigor and pride, peoples its streets again with its great men, and interprets its beauty and its treasures. In her other poems of nature and places, Mrs. McGiffert shows the same sureness of touch and sincerity of feeling. She uses a wide variety of meter, and is never monotonous and seldom conventional. Beginning with "The Garden of the Gods," Mrs. McGiffert has a series of short pieces which are filled with

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her observations and thoughts on life, passing fancies and subtle emotion. These are followed by a short series of excellent sonnets in which a deeper and more vigorous feeling is evident. "The Poet," "Sleep" and "Fear Not" may be single out as possessing unusual merit.

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A kindly series of poems of home life and home associations, and a playlet, "The Aged Christ," which is of itself sufficient comment on the half-faith characteristic of our day, close the volume. The reader of "A Florentine Cycle" will feel that he has come in contact with a deep and well-rounded personality, and will find much in it to enjoy and be thankful for.

W. A. B., JR.

The Mysticism of Music. By R. Heber Newton, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1915.

This volume, which was left by the late Dr. Newton is readiness for the press, is a philosophic treatise on music. The author considers this art principally from an intellectual and scientific standpoint. Music is the art of an age of knowledge, and as it does not imitate nature, but evolves from within man himself, to such an extent it is a human art. But beneath its aesthetic and emotional elements music possesses a framework of scientific principles which show that "the most bewilderingly beautiful harmonies are all expressions of mathematical relationships, that in the world of sound there is a world of law."

Moreover, music, as Wagner expressed it, is "the Idea of the World." Looked at from this viewpoint it opens up a new vista which discloses the soul of man. We not only gaze upon the brink of the Infinite, as Carlyle maintained, but according to Dr. Newton "music takes us by the hand, boldly leads us within, closes the door after us and then leaves us alone in this inner world"—a world which is overwhelmingly real and imbued with a great spirit before whom we bow—a Being of Infinite Truth, Infinite Beauty and Infinite Love whom we call God.

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As love is the central reality of life and music is a sign of love so this great symphony which we call the universe will end, as it began, "in love human made divine, the love of God outworking itself in the love of man, reconciling all things unto itself."

Such is the mysticism of music which embodies, also, through its ideals of love the mystic conception of Christianity. If music's mysticism must be scientifically founded we can forgive and forget in the delight that the author of this book has translated into earthly words some elements of the Inpressible which "Holy Music" speechlessly conveys to our souls. M. B. B.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Table Round was littered over sore.
King Arthur groaned; ah, over sore was he!
Amongst his wits he sate, where sate before
That Paynim Chief in his arch ribaldry—
Ah me! when will we glimpse again such glor-
Y? when, yes, when another such wight see
Whose spirit seems to pass 'twixt earth and heaven?—
Just then our Tartuffe neatly passed with seven—

A Kempis crossed himself and "Aves" sobbed;
King Arthur cried out, "Tartuffe! no more craps!"
The Duchess said she knew her poor heart throbbed
Ever so much more fiercely its love-taps
'Gainst her worn, weary bosom:—when up bobbed
Tartuffe with, "Damn it, Kempy, can't we chaps
Enjoy ourselves for once without your dolors?
Pray just consider us your Holy Rollers!—

"There's Byron there—no bigot—come!—get hep!"
—The Duchess, noble lady that she was,
Rose to her feet and: "Tartuffe! mind your rep!
You can't go on so like a silly ass—
The thing about an epic's does it ep?
We've business here—you didn't come to pass.
For instance, 'Babies': such realistic squeaking,
We fairly seem to hear the author speaking."

But then the great King, pained to hear such wrangling,
Cut short these sportive tongues' too idle wag,
Broke wildly in, yea, left the Duchess dangling—
"What—what's to come? O my beloved Mag,
Is it those dear teeth rattling that's this jangling,
Or is it some intruder that would drag
The ambrosial secret from a violet?
Has no one sung a single Spring Song yet?"

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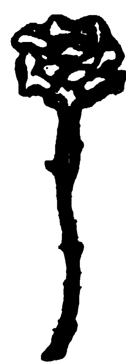

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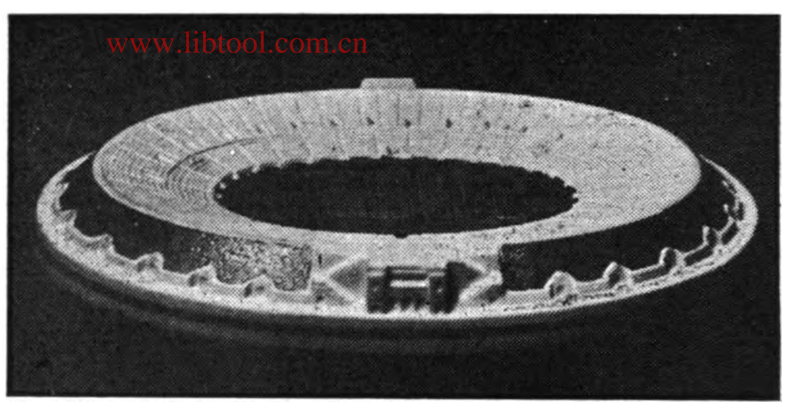

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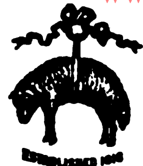

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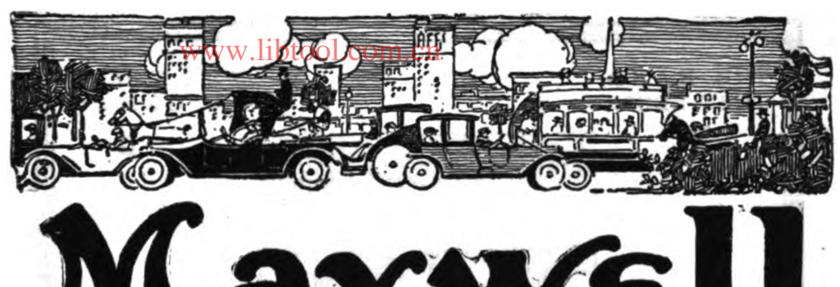
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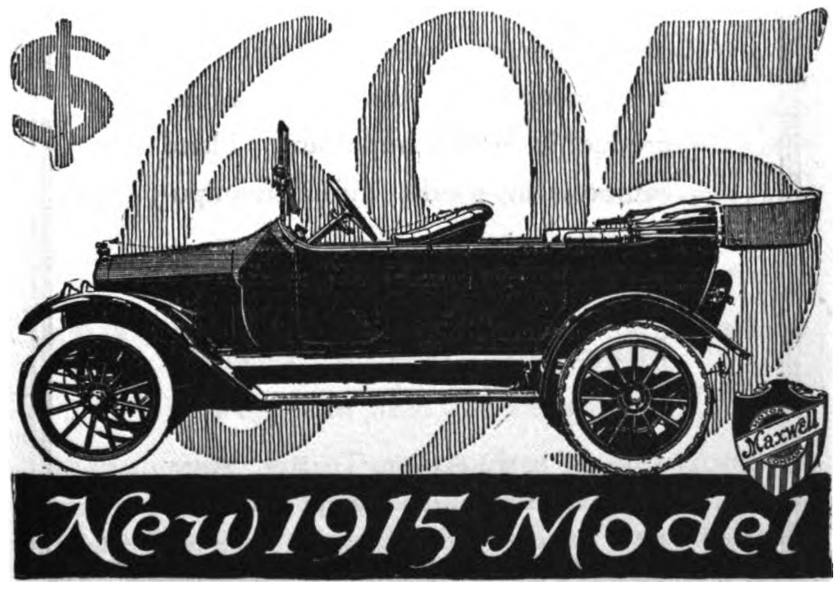

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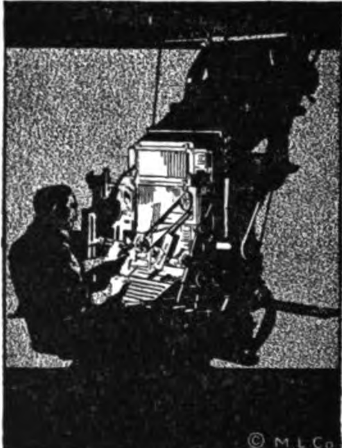

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