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The
Literary Supplement
of
Wellesley College News

March 18, 1926
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Prize Poem
SONNET
The finer part of me lies dead with you,
The world is kind again. No more the sky
Says only, "She can never come. A cry
To her is lost in this inviolate blue."
No more the early sunlight shaking through
The green-tiered trees makes eager shadows fly
Secret and cold against my heart, for I
Live passive now to agonies I knew.
You are a dream, almost. The final debts
To Time are paid, and you have slowly moved
Through memories more shadowed and more gray,
Why do I weep? If this dull "I" forgets,
What matter then? The gladder self you loved
Is with you now, as dead, as far away.
Alice Hickey, 1926.

Prize Story
THE STRANGE RED HOUSE IN THE HILLS OF KHAN

Once upon a time there lived a youth, Tenedon by name, whose parents had left him only a small cottage in the village of Rakko, and a vast deal of charm. He lived a quiet, merry life gaining friends and keeping them through the delight of his personality. Time passed by his door on even feet until the night of Tenedon's twenty-first birthday.

As the youth was feasting with his friends he was interrupted by a message from his uncle's brother, Sebano, the only relation he had in the world. The uncle was very ill and desired his nephew immediately.

Tenedon set out at once, and on the third day arrived at his uncle's house. He found Sebano lying on a great canopied couch whose curtains were red. The old man was dying, and the blue veins stood out on his white hands like the finely drawn lines on a porcelain vase. Calling the youth to his bedside, Sebano gave him a strange black ring set with a single ruby, his favorite color.

"This is a magic ring which will give its owner everything he wishes for, but a wish once made can never be recalled. Now before I give this to you, I am asking you to promise that after my death you will live three years in my red house in the Hills of Khan. At the end of that time you will be free to go where you will. Unless you obey my request you will perceive that the power of the ring has departed forever." As he spoke a last ray of light shone through the window, for the time was seven hours after midday, and fell clearly on the red stone in a baleful gleam. Tenedon gazed at the ring and promised. Hardy had he spoken when his uncle was dead. A black cloud covered the sky and the light in the ring seemed gone.

After the funeral the youth departed to the strange red house in the Hills of Khan, which had been Sebano's summer refuge every year from the lowland rains. The house was built of a curious red stone that burned with a sombre fire against the blank cliffs in that valley. Behind the gardens loomed rocks that contained the ancient tombs of the Kings of Khan. There was a silence hanging over the place, the quiet of bodies that are dust, and thoughts that are dead.

Tenedon opened the house and lived there a week in great content, wishing all manner of riches for himself. He had found every article in the great rooms was of a sombre red, and although he loved other colors better, yet for his uncle's sake he forebore to change anything of the furniture or walls. One day he awoke to find his servants gone. They had fled in terror from the heavy atmosphere of the narrow valley with its vast forgotten tombs. The youth in vain wished for new servants. The ring would cause new slaves to appear who stayed for a few days and then departed in panic. The house seemed to have the same influence upon Tenedon's guests. During the first year he was there he asked many times for his friends. When they arrived they were loaded with gifts and courtesy, but invariably refused to stay. At last the youth was obliged to live alone.

Time passed his door as a lame man, and Tenedon sat upon his doorstep in great loneliness one evening. As a sudden a thought came to him. "Give me a wife!' he cried to his ring. From down the valley came the sound of bells, and a party of gay-gowned merry-makers blossomed out in the black roadway. In the center of their group was a woman as glowing as the spirit of fire. She was in a black robe, but down her shoulders poured a cascade of red-gold hair that flashed in the twilight eerily.

The party hurried to the door and the woman came forward.

"I am to be your wife," she said quietly. "And my name is Dallobar." Tenedon took her hand in joy and the two were married. After a night's rejoicing the merry-makers rode away, leaving the lovers together. For a time all went well, but one day the youth found his wife weeping. When asked the cause of her grief she replied sadly:

"Know you that I am accursed, and at the end of seven weeks I shall die. Your ring itself cannot save me for there is a doom upon us both!"

Tenedon felt his spirits grow weak beneath the crushing weight of his sorrow as though his mind lay beneath great crags of black rocks. He wished to no avail, but daily saw his wife grow less strong. She had been at first a red-gold moth whose flutterings brought joy to the sight of his being, but slowly she faded as though a melancholy was crawling across her soul.

On the night before the seven weeks were over the two sat a while in the stony garden where Dallobar had tried to plant red roses. The blossoms had all died except one which was unfolding as they watched. The crimson petals glowed in the clear twilight.

As they sat together through the night talking softly, Tenedon twisted his ring a hundred times, praying that the life of Dallobar might not slip away. She seemed to grow stronger until just at dawn when a little tremor shook her. A wind blew down the valley and awayed the rose-bushes.

"Look! Our flower has blossomed!" cried Dallobar, leaning to touch it, and indeed the rose was in full bloom. As the last petal unfolded, Dallobar shuddered and drew back. The flower was deep black. The wind blew again. Slowly the petals fell one by one down into her hand—now white in death.

She lay back in Tenedon's arms and her glorious red-gold hair was dimmed like the ashes of a once living fire. In bits anguish the youth laid his wife away in a grave beside the house and continued his days alone.

Time passed by his doors as an old man limping. To Tenedon the red house seemed more somber than ever before. As one distraught he wandered restlessly through the empty rooms with their heavy red hangings and earren furniture. Wherever he looked through the window he saw the vast tombs of the Kings of Khan among the black crags whose height shadowed all the sky. When he could bear the house no longer he would rush out into the garden and pace up and down, trying to shut his soul to
the fearful gloom of the red house among the tombs. Days stumbled after days, and the weeks became cycles of eternal monotony.

At last Tenedon had only seven hours left to complete the total of these years. Evening had fallen across the valley, an evening of clear twilight and windless calm. The youth was sitting in the garden beside the withered rose bush. An unutterable gloom suffocated his spirits. Never had the house shone so terribly—a great burning eye. Tomorrow he would be free. Could he live through another night of this black stillness? His melancholy grew minute by minute as he sat and twisted the ring round and round his finger. The black cliffs loomed more close, his mind was being blotted out by the heavy color. All on a sudden he could bear his anguish no longer. Out of the crawling pain in his mind came a bitter cry.

"I would be dead, and could lie forever in a blank tomb in the Hills of Khan!"

A cold wind rushed down the valley and with it came swift vision of an eternal future among the barren tombs.

Then the wish came true.

Katherine Gage, 1926.

MISTRESS WIND

The wind is a high-born lady, A stiff, starched lady Who steps delicately among the tree tops With a swish of her silken petticoats. She whispers pleasant little nothings, Laughs softly, even sighs. Yes, sighs for nights when wild and free She ran and shouted along sea-whipped cliffs; When mischievous and gay she played about the sails, Laughed loud and lastly at sailor’s tears; When fierce and angry she tore by houses and barns, Shrieking disjointedly; When lazily, tenderly, she hummed an amorous air In a garden of the south. She sighs for those nights and for those still to come.

Yes, a dainty little lady is dancing through the leaves, A stiff, brocaded lady, A temperamental lady, Mistress Wind.

TO H. C. C.

She understands, my lady understands Though of my heart’s message, I spoke no word
I felt in chasping, welcoming hands She spoke panting, my lady understands. I saw in her kind eyes silent com- mands In tones of voice her sympathy I heard. She understands, my lady understands Though of my heart’s message, I spoke no word.

R. G. M., 1926.

Second Prize Story

THY FATHER’S SON, TALAAT

"For two hundred lire he will give it, Effendi. Such a bea-codful rug. Pray, come back, Effendi."

A nondescript little walf pattered with bare feet along the cool cobblestones of the bazaar nudging the venerable pasha's elbow, even venturing an occasional pull at the venerable pasha's trim coat. The pasha continued to stride along, his head with its tasseled red fez bent in fierce silence, not even deigning to shake off the pestering youngster.

Indeed, rug-seeker that he was, a pashalike tread was his and a nose ill-adapted to the musty smells of bazaar dogs. Trade was trade and then again it seemed to be something more than trade. That something lurked in the pasha's indiffERENCE. The boy left off his chattering and dropped behind, shaking his head in astonishment until the man was lost to his view among leisurely strolling people; until his attention was averted by the melody that sounds filling the air: scolding, haranguing, whining, jesting, pleading, dog's barking, children's screaming.

The pasha, too, was shaking his head. Surely, he had been offered a beautiful rug—cheaply, too. He might buy it later. Just now, however, his heart was sore, for he had not found the rug or one even approaching its beauty. Nearing the entrance of the bazaar, he hesitated, blinking his eyes in the white brightness flooding the opening. As he turned back, the recesses of the bazaar seemed black in contrast. Retracing his steps more quickly, he turned into a passageway on the left. At his approach a dirty, smiling children turned laughter into shrieks and scrambled into nearby doorways.

Talaat stepped out into a circular courtyard, light but lacking the offensive glare of the streets. Two wide-spread chestnut trees flickered on the cobblestones. Dainty lavender showers of wisteria festooned the rotten weather-beaten houses even the ancient fountain in the center of the courtyard, long dry and worn in smooth, rounded hollows where centuries of people had kaelit to drink or to fill their hairy water skins.

Talaat called loudly for Ali. After several moments of impatient standing up and down he noticed two great brown eyes set in a meagre, dirty face peering at him from around one of the doorways.

"Many pardons, Effendi. He is not here—Ali. He sips coffee with Mah- mud."

Talaat clinked two coins tantalizingly in his palms. "Bring him for me—quick." The lad, scooting out from his hailing place disappeared into the passageway.

Talaat grew weary waiting. Would he never find a rug to replace that first, passed down from his family? Would he not, in a generation, the symbol of the age, the honor of his family. At, he knew, he knew that, somehow, it was Ismet who had witched it away from him. Truly, Talaat's family was still great. His father was the closest to the Sultan, he, his most honored, but he was losing favor day by day and ceding to whom, to whom—to whom would it be? Al- lab, to Ismet. Ah! the losing of the rug had been enough. If only he could find the rug. He had traced it to Constantipole, even set himself up as a rug merchant that he might find it if in the name of a waif.

A bent, old man in a loose, tattered robe, a filthy rug wound around his head in lien of a turban, hobbled across the courtyard, squatting his eyes questioningly in Talaat's direction. Talaat spoke slowly.

"It has been told me that you have some more beautiful rugs since I last was here," All bent towards the pasha, his cupped hand at his ear.

"Aye," he muttered. With the help of the ragamuffin who had brought him back, he pried open a rusty bolt and slid back the worm-eaten doors of an old warehouse. Pulling out a small table and two stools, he sent the boy for two coffees.

The pasha, slipping his coffee, shook his head at the rugs thrown out before him, one by one, first stretched on the pavement, then lifted and rippled into gleaming hoops and stroked softly.

"But you have not shown me all."

"I swear—all the rugs," in a high- raked voice from Ali. Looking steadfastly at the pasha for a moment, he changed his mind. "There is one more, Effendi; but it is old, very old, and it will cost much."

As soon as he caught sight of its gleaming folds, the uncharged depths of its blues, Talaat knew that the moment for which he had waited long was coming. His eyes filled with tears, his chin trembled, but he was prepared. He gripped the sides of the stool with iron fingers.

"Pfive thousand lira," Ali was muttering.

"You ask too much, Ali." Talaat's voice was cool.

"If you know, Effendi, how precious it is. And to anyone else, anyone, Ef- fendil, I would not think of making such a price. I give it away to you for five thousand."

Talaat rose slowly. "It is a beautiful only two thousand lira. And I have no more time now. I thank you." He moved hes- tily across the courtyard, had reached the passageway, when a reluctant sigh burst from Ali.

"It is yours for two thousand, Ef- fendil, he called sadly.

Talaat turned. "I will be back within the hour with the money and a banat to carry the rug. You will wait.
As he turned to make his way, painfully, through the dark passageway, he noticed something black lying on the white cobblestones in the sunshine. He leaned over carefully to pick it up and suddenly his hands trembled furiously, his eyes filled with a mist of tears. Nervously, eagerly, he thrust his hands into the wallet. Rolls and rolls of bills were there. A confused rush of thoughts filled his mind. He was rich again, rich again. He could do anything with riches. The honor of his family was restored.

"Hassam! Hassam!" he called frantically, limping towards the old warehouse. "Hassam!" Hassam, a slowly young, sauntered out of a doorway, irritated by the old man's impatience.

"The rug, Hassam!"

"I won't open the door again, today. What are you thinking?"

"I have money—oh! much money. Bring out the rug, Hassam!"

Hassam looked at Talaat incredulously and unbolting the door, dragged out the rug. Talaat, jumping up and down in his eagerness, thrust the wallet into Hassam's hands.

"There is much money. It is enough!"

Hassam fingered the rolls of bills. Surely there must be more than ten thousand lira there. He shook his head.

"Not quite enough."

Talaat, trembling with excitement, was desperate. "Will this make it enough?"

He begged, emptying his girdle of a few coins.

"I will give it to you for that," said the lad, descending. Talaat hobbled to the boy and kissed his hand. Looking at him through tear-filled eyes, he blessed him.

"It is not too heavy," he said. Hassam slung the rug to Talaat's back and watched the old man across the courtyard. Talaat, in the bazaars, beamed with content. At last he was perfectly happy. He could almost dance for joy. He hobbled up and down the bazaars muttering foolish, joyous little things to himself.

It was not for several hours that he discovered he was hungry. But he had no money. He lingered near a baker's stall, watching the ekwej-je closely and edging nearer to the loaves of bread laid out in rows. When the ekwej-je turned back to his oven Talaat took his chance and snatching a loaf, thrust it beneath his jacket and hurried around the corner. Well out of the shop, kneeling in a dusky corner, he slipped the rug from his shoulders. He patted the precious bundle and sitting on it, drew out the great loaf, tearing huge chunks of it and gobbling them up greedily, rocking backwards and forwards hilariously.

"Mommy!" he guarded the rug, smoothing out the wrinkles carefully, dipping off crumbs with shaking fingers.

"Allah!" he muttered, his mouth full of bread, "the honor of my family is at last restored. May my venerable ancestors rest in peace!"

Katherine Hoover, 1928.

**THISTLE-DOWN**

Swift she comes, like an arrow fleet, With pretty patter of dancing feet, Dropping about her an incense sweet, Hither, thither:

Beauty she has like a magic spell; Skin like a smooth-lined nautilus-shell

And laughter light as a tiny bell

Came with her.

As she trips away in her endless dance O'er her dresses the little lights prance As slippery sunbeams glitter and glance On a feather.

Nothing she reaps and nothing she knows;—

Puff of a zephyr, and off she goes, Whither?

Elizabeth Henry, 1925.

**THE DULL PRINCESS**

A Fable

There was once a beautiful princess; but she was stupid. She had a father who was very wise. He was harsh. He said to the beautiful princess, "It is time for you to marry. Suitors come from far and wide to win your hand and since you are very dull and I am very busy your choice shall be decided thus. These three caskets will I place before the suitors and according to which choice will their desserts be given them." The princess said not a word. She was pleased with this idea. "This," she said to herself, "had been done before and very successfully."

The first suitor came and with amazing shrewdness picked the leaden casket. Nothing was said, no verdict given. The second, and the third, and the fourth came and with the same amazing shrewdness chose the leaden casket. And then a young man came and he reasoned thus with himself, "I love this fair dull creature who will make me an admirable wife, but as for having a dull father-in-law too, that I could not stand." So he did not chose the leaden casket.

"This," he said to himself, "has been done before, and very successfully; reason enough why a wise man would not marry a dull wife." He then chose the golden casket, which was right. They were married immediately and happily and the wise father-in-law proved to be a very great joy.
A MODERN ROMAUNT

I entered in a dauncen halle
And solemn longe agauns the wall;
And loke rounde I gan bieholde
How thinges chaunson sin dwaes of old.
That were a lusty company,—
Folke ful of mirithe and jollitee—
The dauncen there—but, never in France

Saugh I in olde tymé swiche a dauncé,
This fresse caroles folk hem clepe
The fox-trotte and the fair oon-stepe,
And mony othere a fressa deys
Ful cherie and ful neet, wyss,
Ful longe I lended hem to expoune,
Whan, suddenlie, I hearkened bye
Oon syke so longe, and lustytie,
It mak me staunten rounde to see
What creature coude mak swiche a moon?
And ther besyde me, alle alone,
Thy maydens sitten with lokes so sore.

Swiche, folk clepen hem Wall-
Floures;—
For who laks popularitie
Moot sitten by the walle alway.
So I gan loken carolus,
What manere of folk hem mote be.

Learninge
The firste who enyve hem turnyn.
Were lady folk y-clep Learninge.
She hadde browe ful scholarie,
And pal visage fro moche studie,
And on hir hook-nose sette ful wer
Som spectacles of tortoise-shell!
And she come unfare shayed.
In Frenche, in Russian or Latyn,
She understanden all science,
And she hir dight with purveyance
To answere alle question.
Of calculust she knewe the somme,
And with facound and facultee
She coude expone ful sikkerly.
And she no face hadde that I best,
lest she was intelligent.
Dignity
And besyde hir sat Dignity,
A lady tall and ful semely,
Hir nose ful feteys was and straighte,
Hir longe hair high on her heede sate.
But hir mawes was stily and cold,
I quaked when I hir firste bieholde,
And she encompassed seeme to be
By aura of frigiditye.

Modestie
The third, folk yclepe Modestie,
And right ful modest semed she.
No wynter face noge too wynter
Ne windred browses hadde that wight,
But tresses smoothe and strayte she bered
And robe ful derk and plaine she wered,
Hir mibled larrgh, and hir shoon,
She kep her harse and her chamberne
Ne hadde she rolled hir yen sin birthte
But hem beat alway on the Erthes,
Ne woulde she hearken ribaudrye—
At firste foules wordis she moot flee.
Her specked nought but ye or ne,
So folk niste any-thing hir to seye.
So thise maydins nis populaire
And oude but wringe hir homdes ther,
Wylf whyl disputously denye

To dauncen with swiche a lady.
On thise dispresen damisellis three,
When I lade lokked with pitte
I askt me whereon thise other
That dauncen, shold be populare.
So I gan loken aperily
On hem carolers so comelie.

Beautie
In that brighte thronge I sawe
Beautie,
As men hem clepe now—but ah me!
She nis so comelie half, I trou.
As I was in usage to knowe,
This Beautie hadde a clipppe, ywis,
Which nis noghte comelie, but man-
Always mynder of hir body;
And moche be-peynted was that wight,
Hir cheke ful red, hir nose ful wy.
But this eloquence rounde hir ther
To dauncen with lady so fair.

Pep
Another mayden I did see
Dauncen by ful jollty
With ful quick, and ful newe stepe,
And hir folk love and clepen Pep.
Stindre dawe she, and large hir eye—
But hir nose turnen to the skye.
She hadde a rohe ful bryt and rede,
— Scarlet as any wadwale's heede.
And she coude jappe wel, and singe
Thisonges newe men clep Rag-
Tyme,
And she coude smoken cigarette—
No had noon overpast hir yet—
For she was evermo redy
To dar alle thinges to be myrle.

Fraunche
But the mayden in populare
Of all thise folk who dauncen ther,
Is hir men clepen fair Fraunche,
For she is debonarie in gyse.
She nis feteys but she was trewe,
Hir clere eyen and hir robe were blewe.
Ful clearere and ful free were she
And eke coude folk speaken inly.
And tellen hir alle what hir thinke,
Whyl she herkedn with smyl and winke,
And heled hem smertes ful motherlo,
And mak hem laughen jollite.
Ne she scorned mait, nor diid tellen
Whether hem liken il or well.
And folk hir seken far and wyde
And longer hir to besyde.
I lened longe agins the wall.
And longe I lokked on that balle
And now wyte I, that you mote knowe,
The vyece, and virtus also,
Of this moderns societe,
And whereof hit abashes me!
—
Elizabeth Surf.

TO MAKE OR MAR

“The Canaries”

A warm sweet morning wind blew through the kitchen window and puffed out the short starched curtains. The sink board, scoured till its little white water-soaked fibers bristled, was drying in the sunlight. A bright gleam twinkled on one of the nickel faucets and was reflected on the opposite wall in a quivering livid streak.

Louise leaned across the sink to look down at the garden two stories below. The big grass plot was half enclosed by a curving porch corridor with several long hospital wards running out from behind it. There were three circular flower beds within view of the window, one of flaming Cali-

Orange pinnacles, another dark low one of pansies, and the fastest one of orange margoldes. Louise viewed them with satisfaction. Aunt Anna had asked her to pick flowers for their apartment that morning. She could take as many as she liked from any part of the naval hospital grounds; her family’s familiarity gave her permission. This was the only way one could really hope to make an artistic effect, Louise reflected,—to be able to go from one bed to another and choose just here and there. She squinted one eye imaginatively. "Why, my dear Louise," murmured she to herself, "whatever made you think of putting those colors to-gether! The effect is exquisite, but I never would have had the daring." As she turned from the window, her eyes fell upon a patch of water with a rippling stream of water. She hesitated, then took a dish-towel from the rack and mopped it back and forth with one foot. Aunt Anna had said there was no limit to the towels and things they could put in the laundry. The government washed everything. Louise picked up a corner of the towel and walked to a corner of the kitchen to throw it in the hamper. It must be a wonderful relief to live in a government station always. There was a man to bring up the ice—he always took down the garbage too, and there under the table was what came with a noisy balloon sweeper every morning to do the rugs of the apartment. And Louise had heard her aunt telephone to her uncle's office downstairs just a moment ago to have some more listerine sent up. Aunt Anna was now going to wash her face.

"Dear, I didn't even want listerine," Louise heard her gar-
gle at least seven times since she came yesterday. Once Aunt Anna explained it to her, "It never hurts one and there is no telling what dangers one is counteracting!" Louise dallyed with the idea. Suppose, for instance, she should have had one of those one-artery in her wrist. She would not faint or scream, but just go calmly to the telephone and take down the rec-
er with the other hand, and say, "Uncle Frank, I believe I've cut an artery. It's bleeding, rather badly. Will you send up some iodine, or shall I come down to you?" Here Louise's thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a thin, pale-faced woman with a floppy pompadour of greying hair and a gentle, resigned expression. She smiled wearily. "Well, I can't mean to leave you for so long, but I just had to get my vegetable ordering done before
the gardener left the commissary. I see you've finished doing the kitchen. How nice it looks. Your mother's training I can see.

Louise smoothed her wavy light hair with the back of one hand, slightly curling the water-shrivelled fingers. "Oh really, it was no trouble. Aunt Anna. I wasn't quite sure where the fruit dish goes, so I left it for you to put away. And where shall I hang my apron?"

"Give it to me, dear. I'm sorry to say it will just have to hang on the hook behind the door with all the other things. Your mother's a wonderful housekeeper, dear. I wonder if she would do it if she had a little closet-room as I have. She wouldn't find it such an easy matter to keep her house spic and span!"

The quick sudden clangs of a ship's bell came in through the open window.

"Nine o'clock! I must hurry over to Mrs. St. John's and see to her canaries. She's away for two weeks and I promised I'd do them for her."

"Simn? What a funny name!" Louise forgot herself for a moment.

Aunt Anna picked up the kitchen clock to reset it. "English clock, my dear. Spelled S-t period. Capital J-o-u-n. They're a very fine old family, of course. Anyone with that name always is."

"What are you fixing her canaries for, though?"

"Why, she sees, he's the head doctor's wife, and of course the social leader of the post. So when she came to see me the day before she left on her little trip—(she comes over quite often)—and said, 'Mrs. Graham, I'm at a loss to know what to do with my birds these two weeks, because I really can't trust them to the servants,' of course I was obliged to offer to take care of them for her."

Louise frowned thoughtfully, "I should say that was a hint. I don't think I would have, Aunt Anna, just for that."

Mrs. Graham smiled indulgently. "You don't understand my dear. There are times when we have to disregard our personal feelings and push aside our pride for another's sake. But here I stand talking, when I should be over there talking."

Louise watched her aunt stoop down and take some clean newspapers out of the bottom kitchen drawer. "These are for the bird-cage. They must be changed every morning, and I've never been able to find where Mrs. St. John keeps hers."

"Why, I go with you?

"Why yes, child. You might like to see the house, although I dare say it won't be looking well now. At least, not if the house boy put on the furniture covers as I told him. Mrs. St. John went off without attending to it, so I took the liberty," Mrs. Graham tucked the newspapers under her arm, and led the way through the apartment and down the thick-carpeted stairs to the office floor below.

A tall pale young man with a dark mustache and sad eyes rose from his seat at the hall desk. Louise regarded him more closely as her aunt spoke with him. No, his eyes weren't exactly sad; they had a humorous twinkle in them. It was the sensitive, drooping mouth that showed he had tasted some of the bitterness of life. He was the sort of young man one ached to mother; he would call forth one's maternal instincts. "So young to have known life so well," Louise half murmured to herself. Perhaps it was Robert Louis Stevenson he reminded her of. Her aunt pulled forward gently.

"And this is my niece, Mr. Thomas. We feel very fortunate in having her even for this short time. If it were not that her father cannot spare her, he would indeed be tempted to send her," Mrs. Graham smiled regretfully and shook her head at Louise. Then more briskly, "Well, then, if anyone calls you will tell them I am at Mrs. St. John's? Thank you, Mr. Thomas. Good-morning." They walked down the hall, and Louise reached for the handle of the screen door. Mrs. Graham caught her hand. "Oh no, dear! We don't touch doors here. There are so many dreadful diseases; one can't be too careful." She wrapped her hand in a handkerchief and opened the door. The morning air was warm and faintly fragrant. The tar of the driveway looked dry and wrinkled with the heat. It slipped a little under their feet as they walked along by the border bed of heliotrope and candytuft. Just below them, a shallow lake sparkled pale blue in the sun, and straight gravel paths ran between rows of evergreen trees. Pigeons were hopping in the gravel about the wheelchairs of the convalescents. There were green benches along the windows, and relatives who had come for the morning visiting hours. Louise wondered why these people came at all. They did not seem to be talking, but just sat dumbly beside the sick men, and watched every person who passed by. Perhaps they were afraid their friends would not talk to them.

As Mrs. Graham and Louise rounded a corner in the driveway there appeared a big gabled white house with a row of pillars across the front. Mrs. Graham turned from the road and led the way up the red flag stones to the sloping terrace. They stood for a moment on the hot doorstep after ringing the bell. Then there was a shuffling step and a white-jacketed Japanese man opened the door. Mrs. Graham smiled kindly at him and pushed gently past him into the darkened hall.

"Good-morning, Kawa. Everything all right? I hurry up stairs, Kawa—"

I very busy this morning. Oh Louise, you wanted to see the three who warned us didn't you, dear? Kawa, all right I show young lady? Oh, you no forgot their covers. That's good. This way no dust can come, Kawa."

Louise blinked in the dim room with its clumps of ghostly white figures. Mrs. Graham raised one shade and a glare of light shot in on the heavy mulberry carpet.

"See dear? Of course you can't get a very good idea of it now, but it really is a charming drawing-room. The government did rather well with these furnishings. Mrs. St. John has gotten them all proper."

"Now do you want to come upstairs with me? The birds are kept in a sun-parlor up there."

A little dark person with straggling hair met them in the hall at the top of the stairs. She peered at them a moment, then spoke in a tired, relieved voice.

"Oh it's you, Mrs. Graham."

Louise's aunt rustled forward soothingly.

"Why if it isn't Miss Moffatt! Whatever are you doing here to-day? This is a very nice day."

Miss Moffatt nodded at Louise, shaking some more wisps of hair down on her neck.

"How do you do? Yes, Mrs. St. John wants me to finish her new evening dress so she can wear it the first night she stays. I don't know how she expects me to do it without her, and if I don't look right, she'll be angry most likely. I didn't want to come,—I'm so busy at home just now, but she wouldn't take 'no' for an answer."

Mrs. Graham slipped past her into the hall. "Let's see the dress, Miss Moffatt. Oh, is this it? My, what handsome material! Isn't this handsome, Louise dear? Brocaded velvet is over fifteen a yard now, isn't it, Miss Moffatt? I was looking at some just the other day."

Miss Moffatt held up her arm. "No, I didn't want to come to your house, Louise."

"I'm afraid I must ask you to leave."

Mrs. Graham dropped the material she was feeling. Well you know, Miss Moffatt, Mrs. St. John is an unusual woman, and then her position, too, is extraordinary. Well, I must tend to the birds. Come, Louise. Wouldn't you like to see them take their bath, Miss Moffatt. They're so cunning!"

The two women left the room; Louise could hear their voices growing fainter down the hall, but she stayed a moment behind. She tiptoed to the bed to stroke the soft material lying there. How seductive to be the leader of a post society! Mrs. Sinjin! Yes, even the name was unusual. She must be a
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fascinating woman, the toast of the post. Louise narrowed her eyes and murmured,

"The fortunes of men lay careless- 

ly in the hollow of her white, jewelled hand." She was silent a moment and then added as an after-thought.

"Hers to make or mar!"

Mrs. St. John

Louise and her aunt sat in the back seat—already a governess was waiting on the sloping drive-way at the front of a flagstone walk. A cool afternoon wind blew across the lake toward them, but the corner of the leather seat where the sun slanted in was burning hot. The car brakes were squeaking a little under the strain of waiting on a hill. Mrs. Graham leaned forward.

"Are you quite sure they're safe, Mr. Baker?" she asked pleasantly.

The driver turned a clean-shaven profile toward them. "Yes ma'am, they're safe enough," Mrs. Graham put up her hand to whisper in Louise's ear. "Such a nice clean-looking young man! I always call him 'Mr.' because he really is well-bred—he goes to college in the winter—and then besides one gets better service."

Louise looked at the back of his pink neck and decided she didn't like clean-looking men. She wished he would wear tortoise shell glasses instead of that rimless kind that pinched the nose; you couldn't tell where his complexion was under the glass and where it wasn't. But what difference did a chauffeur make when Mrs. St. John was coming? From what she had heard, Louise felt she would not like her. She would of course be haughty, with a cold mature beauty, and she would only exercise her charm when there was something to be gained. But already Louise knew that strange admiration would be forced from herself, like the sheer admiration of one beautiful young woman for greater skill of an older, more experienced woman. But she promised herself that she would keep this feeling to herself. Mrs. St. John should be jured with the discovery of one person who did not succumb to her charm.

They waited a few moments longer in silence. Then her aunt suggested hesitatingly.

"You might trot again, Mr. Baker. Just once—not too long. Oh no, don't, Mr. Baker! Here is Mrs. St. John."

Louise tilted her chin and looked the other way a second, then she turned what she considered cool impersonal eyes toward the figure hurrying down the flagstones. The cool narrowed eyes flew wide open in surprise. A dumpy, middle-aged woman in a striped sport silk dress and a broad, floppy white hat was ducking down the last terrace and came to a halt by the side of the car. Mrs. Graham opened the door and leaned out of the car, humming and nodding.

"Well, it is nice to see you, Mrs. St. John. You're almost a stranger to your own home. I hope the trip was enjoyable?"

Louise was aghast. Surely this couldn't be Mrs. St. John! But the woman was answering in a throaty voice.

"Delightful, oh very delightful, Mrs. Graham. We just returned this morning. Thank you, but I shall sit in front with Baker." She lifted herself into the front seat and slammed the door. "I'm in a hurry, Baker. Drive me at the Royal Garage, will you? You know it's just a couple of blocks outside the grounds."

Mr. Baker released the squeaking brakes and they were off down the driveway.

Mrs. St. John turned her head sideways and put one plump arm along the back of the seat. "I trust that does not interfere with your use of the car, Mrs. Graham? I left my own little car there at the garage during my absence, and really I find I am quite lost without it. I'm so annoyed by the rate, but I suppose we kept me longer than I expected." Louise stared as her aunt hastened to reassure Mrs. St. John, at the face under the floppy white hat. She had never seen skin like that before. It looked unnaturally stretched, and yet sagged a little as though it were going to be lost; here were wrinkles, spots on her cheeks, but where there was no rouge Louise could see tiny brown freckles. A little reddish-brown, wrinkly hair showed from under the hat,—it reminded Louise of some fern mass she had seen. But Mrs. St. John was looking at her, and her throaty voice interrupted her aunt's.

"Is this the little niece, Mrs. Graham? Oh, that's quite all right,—we can dispense with the introduction. Your aunt has told me about you my dear. Mrs. Graham, you must drive me home. She suggested to me at home sometime soon." Louise smiled her thanks mechanically. Her aunt fluttered back into her seat.

"Why, what was I thinking of to forget you, Louise dear!" She leaned forward again. "Oh Mrs. St. John, I hope you found the dear little canaries all safe and as when you left?"

Mrs. St. John raised her eyebrows. "Why yes. . . Oh, yes, thank you so much, Mrs. Graham. I haven't had time to see them since I got back, but I'm sure they did very nicely under your care. It was so kind of you, Mrs. Graham."

"It was no trouble at all. Indeed, Mrs. St. John." Mrs. Graham insisted gently, "I quite enjoyed it."

The car had passed through the big stone gates by now, and had turned into a broad tree-lined street. Mrs. St. John was looking at ermine fingernails against the metal across the back of the seat. "I wonder if you can recommend a caterer to me. I'm forced to hunt for another; my old one disappointed me last time. Yes, this is the place, Baker."

They stopped at the red entrance sign of the Royal Garage. Mrs. St. John withdrew her arm and turned around to allight. Louise's aunt leaned out of the car.

"Why, I can't think of the name of a caterer right now, Mrs. St. John. You know I don't have occasion for one, but—"

Mrs. St. John nodded the floppy hat. "Oh, of course you wouldn't I shall find one, I do not doubt. Well, I just got home again, so I'll say good-bye."

The car started up again. Louise looked back once at the short stripped figure just disappearing into the black dome of the garage. Her aunt settled back once more against the seat and said,

"We just want to be left at the City of Paris store, Baker. Mrs. St. John is a charming woman, didn't you think so, Louise dear? She didn't look as well to-day, but I have seen her when she really was handsome."

She turned herself and not explained her true feelings to Aunt Anna. "I - I know I wouldn't like her in that velvet dress."

"Oh, you mean the one Miss Moffatt was showing us? That was a little bright perhaps.

I wasn't used. I wrinkled it wearily away and closed her eyes. So that was the woman Aunt Anna took care of canaries for! Oh it was dreadful. No wonder people talked about corruption in the government!"

Winifred Warren, 1926

PASTORAL

There is a road that winds upward through black chaums of wet rock from Bolzano over an upland pass to another town that backs equally con- 

trasted with camouage he beside the river

valley. They proudly flaunt their bits of bright, new Italian hunting; chattering black-eyed groups of young military clunk about in the oleander

cafe; church-bells jingle incessantly in an ecstacy of patriarch-

ism. But the road winds upward along the unchallenged pine for-

tests, past impotent grey-green torrents rushing to the sea. In 

the shadows of round, lichenated rocks are patches of snow that never melt. Chumps of brilliant aspahire blue for- 

get-me-nots spring out of the very ground. Louise felt more like jeweled bals of heaven than any earthly, tangible thing. At the top of the pass the yellow ribbon of road spirals down to East and West into the limpïd lowlands. A pile of rusting harbed wire, a dilapidated gun-carriage flecked with camouflage he beside the road; just beyond rears up a whitening hu-

man-shine. And on it rolling campaign boot. K C, 1926.
Mrs. G. Come right in Ann. I'm so glad to see you.
Ann (gravely). My dear, do you know what I think about you. Mrs. G. Go on. Ann (quickly). I wished you had been a little older, but I came on purpose to see if there was anything I could do to help you. Do tell me there is. Mrs. G. It's sweet of you to offer but there isn't a thing to be done. Huldah has dinner almost ready. She's a right good maid even if she does grumble because she has to answer the door and tend her dinner all at once.
Ann. You're so lucky to have one who will do both, but I'm not so early after all by your clock. I tell you Huldah ought to appreciate such thoughtful parents—giving him this fine party.
Mrs. G. I'm only inviting the few old friends of the family—all of them saw Henry christened.
Ann. Over twenty years ago! He was such a wee bit of a darling baby. Mrs. G. (at window.) Here come the Havens. (Bell rings.)
Ann. Alice is with them, I suppose. She seems such a sweet little thing at the christening. (Both Ann and Mrs. G. stand at the door. There is a bobble of "so glad to see you," etc.)
(Ann, Mrs. Haven, Mr. Haven and Alice Haven enter.)
Mrs. G. Molly Haven you're looking so well. And Alice—I simply must kiss Alice in memory of the days when she was little Alice. I was just telling Sarah how well I remember Alice at Henry's christening. She was scarcely three.
Mrs. H. I beg your pardon—barely two.
Ann. Alice (Trying to be kittenish and only succeeding in being annoying). O Mammah you're calling attention to my age. Mammah mustn't.
Ann. She was such a pretty child and she was so lovely that afternoon at the christening. She had on a little white dress with a wide pink sash and pink hair ribbons.
Mrs. H. I'm sorry but you're mistaken. Alice never wore pink. Her bows were blue I'm sure to match her eyes.
Ann. Perhaps you're right but I can remember just as clearly how she looked with her pink ribbons.
Mr. G. (entering.) Why don't you ask the young lady herself? (All look round rather surprised.) I'm so glad to see you all here. (He smiles, and to do his guests.)
Alice. Why Mr. Guthrie, we didn't hear you come in—but we're mighty glad you did.
Mr. G. So am I, it's been a long time since I've seen you.
Mrs. H. (Shaking hands) It's been two months, John.
Mr. G. It has been so long since I've seen you, Ann.
Ann. Oh no, I'm always hobbing in and out. I simply can't stay away from your lovely home. (Bell rings.)
Mr. G. (Shaking hands.) Well, well
Frank. You're looking well—
Mr. H. Oh I'm feeling pretty good; how are you?
Mr. G. Pretty cocky—to have a son like Henry coming of age.
(Outer door is heard to open and shut.)
Mrs. G. That's Brother George. Now we're all here except the guest of honor.
Mr. G. (At door.) Greetings, George.
George. Hello everybody. How's the proud father? (Stops Mr. G. on the back.)
Sarah, my dear, let your flag brother be the proud mother's check. (He does so.)
Ann (to Alice) Wouldn't it be lovely to have an affectionate brother?
George. Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt. You'd rather have the man in another relationship, wouldn't you?
Mrs. G. George Parsons, don't say such things.
Alice. Uncle George, you don't mind if I call you that, 'cause that's what I always used to call you. Uncle George, I'd rather have an affectionate Uncle.
George. Well I can't resist that invitation (He kisses her as if she were still a child.) I'm a bit sorry that I made that remark, I'm afraid Molly—so come be mollified—
Alice. Oh awful, just awful, Uncle George.
Ann. Now Ann as the wisest of this party, you don't think as badly as all of that of me, do you?
Ann. I'll give you a pleasant Annius.
George. Now Alice, what's your judgment of that?
Alice. That's not a fair question. You'd better ask Pappah.
George. Well Mr. Haven I'll wager I'm not the first man your daughter has sent to ask Father. Mr. H. You are.
(Stiff pause, but both George and Mrs. H. are equal to the occasion and start to speak at once.)
Mrs. H. Dear Alice—
George. But I'll bet—
(Both stop. Both stand.)
Mrs. H. I'm sorry.
George. I beg your—(Both stop but George motions frantically.)
Mrs. H. I was just saying Dear Alice knows how to handle men, and never lets them go too far. Ann. I have no doubt of it.
Mr. G. Henry ought to be along any minute now.
George. He's with some pretty girl. I'll wager.
Mrs. G. (hastily) Oh no he's at the hospital having his knee treated. He's not that kind of a boy anyway. I've often wished he'd pay more attention to girls. He's so bashful in their presence.
George. Now, now Sarah, don't tell us that. Alice, you must come to the aid of a suffering Mother. You must rescue this poor boy from his sorry plight.
Mrs. G. Of course with Alice, it's different. He's grown up with Alice.
George. Child sweethearts make the most romantic couples. Alice, Alice, when he comes, I'd advise you to send him straight to Pupph.

Alice. Uncle George, You quit. Just 'cause Henry and I have been friends, just forever and ever, it doesn't mean that we're, we're,—well you know what you said.

George. You haven't named the happy day, just yet. Is that it? Alice.' Uncle George, you make me more flustered every minute.

Mrs. H. George Parsons, haven't you yet outgrown your teasing habits? I can assure you that there is nothing serious between Alice and Henry yet.

Mrs. G. (Who has been watching from window). Quick hide, everybody. Henry has just driven up. Here this way. (Much scurrying out amidst murmurs of "Won't he be surprised" and frantic shushing. Just as the door is heard to open and shut, George runs back for a peep and dashes back again barely in time.)

Henry (enters, puts keys away) That's funny. I was sure that there was somebody here. (Steps to door and makes a sign.)

Everyone (bursting into room) SURPRISE.

Henry (Frightened-looking). Why hello everybody. (Signs dramatically behind his back.)

Mrs. G. Why, Henry, what's the matter?

Henry. Well—why—nothing—that is—Well—I've got a surprise for you. Lucia (she enters somewhat flustered), Lucia, I want you to meet my family and friends. Everyone, Lucia Fletcher.

Mrs. G. There is always room for one more at any of my parties, and so I do wish you would stay for dinner with us.

Henry. Don't you understand. Lucia's last name is Guthrie now. Alice. Henry, you don't mean to say—(She sits down and sniffs, her mother runs to her).

Mrs. H. Oh Henry, how could you announce it in such a cruel way. If you had to do it, why didn't you break it gently to Alice. You know that she has always thought of you as more than a brother.

George. Well, you seem to have upset the ladies, Henry, but it looks to me as if you had made a good choice. I'm charmed, indeed, to have such a pretty new niece.

Ann. That's cruel of you, George. Oh, Sarah, I always knew that Henry was keeping something from you. That he would do something very rash.

Mrs. G. Henry do anything rash or sudden! I should say not. Henry is the best son anyone could imagine. I have always wanted a daughter, and I am very grateful that he has chosen such a lovely one. I don't see anything for me to keep about. (however, she begins to wipe her eyes) Those are tears of joy, Lucia, dear.

Mr. G. Yes I'm quite sure they are tears of joy. My son, I congratulate you. How now did you meet her?

Henry (Much relieved) She was the nurse at the hospital—and when I knew I was free legally and financially to marry her, we simply couldn't wait an hour.

Hulblah (Enters) Dinners is served. Mrs. G. Hulblah, set another place. We will all have a double celebration.

Mr. G. Let us all go to dinner and become better acquainted with the new ladies.

(All exit none too gracefully.) (Just as curtain goes down George is heard to say) If I'd known this was going to happen, it wouldn't have been so hard to select this birthday present.

Ruth G. Mason. 1926.

OLD AGE

His song is gathered in gentle gray, This poet whom I heard to-day— His song, it wears a sombre dress, A cloth of meagre mournfulness. He seems to revel in his woe; His youth, perhaps, has made him so.

And who am I, that I should long To make a little laughing song: A song according to my whim, In rosy gown, with tiarel trim,

To make it sparkle bright, like gold;— It must be I am growing old. Elizabeth Henry. 1928.

RUPERT BROOKE

It is not an unusual thought that an early death may do much for an artist's posthumous reputation. Twenty-six years ago, Brooke's untimely death has drawn forth the tentative thought that, had he lived, he might have achieved something so much better than he had already accomplished as to place him higher than Shakespeare. This bit of praise, futile as it is, has been hung like a May morning gift of flowers at his door, for the most part because it is the door of his tomb. But the more general, and the more substantial emotion quickened by Marlowe's death is one of regret. Keats' death at the age of twenty-six produced the same effect. About them both we have now a lingering curiosity as to what they might have been, more than they were, and a shadowy regret that they should have been denied the opportunity to reveal it.

Although Rupert Brooke died at the age of twenty-eight, I have dared to call his death "timely" for the sake of his own memory. For if Rupert Brooke must be made to typify something, it is "Youth—eternal Youth. In his lifetime, he was Youth at its loveliest and its fullest. If we can seek out the secret source of his genius, I think we shall find it here, in the moments that he lived. In his rich joy in feeling himself a man possessed of passions and powers. This magnificent delight in life, one may conjecture, approached or reached its apex during the war which blotted it out completely. To have lived on through the years of the war could only have dimmed his bright spirit, and might have poisoned it. Although the man, Rupert Brooke, might have mellowed to old age, and retained both sweetness and charm, he could not have retained the young gladness and joy that brought him always lip to lip with the loveliness of Life. It was when the lights of his life were brightest and the trumpets of his genius clearest, that "Suddenly all sounds ceased together." Thoughts of him can now only be lit by the sweet clear light of his gallant youth, and never with the thin glimmer of old age.

Yale University awarded Rupert Brooke the Howard Memorial Prize, stating that it was in recognition of the "idealistic element" in his works. In reading his poetry, I have come to think "idealistic" the wrong word. There is often a quality of noble feeling and of glorious expression which is deserving of considerable notice. It is most prominent, perhaps, in "The Soldier."

"If I should die, think only this of me; That there's some corner of a foreign field That is forever England."

His patriotism was a part of the galant spirit of his life. He lived, as notably as has anyone, and a great deal more than most people, in his emotions. He loved them, and he loved, I think, to see them beautiful. He did not think nearly so intensely as he felt, and his poems were inevitably the expression of his feelings, never very philosophical, never very weighty, but always charged with the current of his emotionalism, and made of the very stuff of his living.

But this warmth and fervency are not idealistic in their origin. For his closeness to the real, rather than the ideal, I think he will be remembered. His thoughts do not soar to Utopias of any kind. He is close, marvellously close, to the little, the tenable and living realities of life.

Rupert Brooke's emotionalism finds a darker and more popular term in his sensuousness. His poems are, indeed, teeming with actual body reactions, with strong impressions of color, sound, smell and feeling.

"Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree. Dript down the darkness. Plangent, hidden from eyes Somewhere cackled thrills and cries, And stabs with sharp pain the night's brown savagery."
And dark scents whisper; and dim
Gleam like a woman’s hair, stretch out, and rise;
And new stars burn into the ancient skies,
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea.

It is not, of course, great poetry. It is not even very good poetry, though it is immensely superior to what follows.

"And I recall, lose, grasp, forget again,
And still remember, a tale I have
heard or known
Of two that loved—or did not love—and one
Whose perplexed heart did evil, foolishly.

A long while since and by some other sea.

Such watery lines as these are far too frequent in his work, but in a few verses of "Town and Country," a cruel name for such a poem, it seems to find his passions find a truer tongue, and real beauty of expression.

"Stay! though the woods are quiet, and you’ve heard
Night creep along the hedges, Never go
Where tangled foliage shrouds the crying bird
And the remote wins sigh and waters flow.

"Lest—as our words fall dumb on windless moons
Or hearts grow hushed and solitary, beneath
Unheeding stars and unfamiliar moons,
Or boughs bend over, close and quiet as death,—

\textit{Unconscious and unpassionate and still}
Cloud-like we lean and stare as bright leaves stare,
And gradually along the stranger hill
Our unwalled loves thin out on vacuous air,

And suddenly there’s no meaning in our kiss,
And your lit upward face grows, where we lie
Lonelier and dreadful than sun light is
And dumb and mad and eyeless like the sky."

I hesitated about giving space to the last stanza, and quoted it solely on the merits of its last line. It seems so often thus with Rupert Brooke’s poetry. There is an enormous difference between his poems, and often even a difference between lines and stanzas of the same poem. There is an astounding amount of mediocrity and a smaller amount of actual cheapness. It is always presumptuous to attempt an analysis of anything so personal as poetry. One feels as though one had no right to weigh the dearest passions of man’s heart, which are those he sings in poetry, and it appears almost too Skylokeian to probe insistently after the flaws of this, his tenderest flesh. But if we are positive that what we want is understanding added to judgment, sympathy after comprehension, then a calculating survey of his work must be made.

"The Song of the Beasts" is one of a comparatively small number which do succeed in sustaining the emotion which is some part they set for themselves. It is a too frequent occurrence when banality falls like a dead weight in the middle of a passage of glorious poetry, and it is a fault which greatly disfigures his work. It is best explained by a specific example. His poem, "Blue Evening," begins with this stanza:

\textit{My restless blood now lies a-quieter
Knowing that always, exquisitely,
This April twilight on the river
Stirs anguish in the heart of me."

The poem dribbles on in much the same mediocre way for three quatrains, until the fifth and sixth stanzas.

"My agony made the willows quiver;
I heard the knocking of my heart Die loudly down the windless river,
I heard the pale skies fall apart.

"And the shrill stars’ unmeaning laughter,
And my voice with the vocal trees Weeping. And Hatred followed after Shrieking madly down the breeze."

In his propensity toward writing poetry of the finest degree and of the most worthless, Rupert Brooke is as young and immature as he always shows himself to be. In the first stanza of the three just quoted, in the sextet of "Walkkiri," there is nothing which has the least die of poetry. The line, "Stirs anguish in the heart of me," is puerile and without any mark of distinction. But in the same poem, he writes, "I heard the pale skies fall apart." The poetical imagery is superb, the effects of enormous emotion and of breaking ecstasy are perfectly achieved.

In "The Call" there is an even more striking change from power to weakness, from the poetic to the inartistic.

"I'll break and forge the stars anew,
Shatter the heavens with a song, Immortal in my love for You Because I love you very strong."

Reading this stanza I received something the same sensation that I get when I am mistaken in the number of stairs I have to climb, and think I have one more to mount when I am already at the top. The exalted plane of the first three lines drops an incredible distance to the last one.

If it has been necessary to criticize as harshly as this the defects of Rupert Brooke’s poetry, it is just as necessary that we emphasize even more strongly the beauty which he has created. He sings his own elegy when he writes.

\textit{My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshine all the suns of all men’s days.}"

For the smoky glimmer of "Wagner," or the feeble candlelight of "The Beginning," he will be forgotten. But for the sweet star of his youth, the bright star of his passionate living, he should be remembered. The youth which Rupert Brooke has lived, and whose soul he has succeeded in portraying through his poetry, is a thing of man’s eternity. When the time has come that man is born ancient, Rupert Brooke’s poetry will have no meaning, and his singing will fall a wakeful response.

But until that time, the strong free spirit of youth, with all its risings and fallings, its triumphs and failures, its glorious struggles and its helpless weaknesses, will live in the heart of his poems.

\textbf{SEARCH}

We lay beside a clear blue bay. You said, "Let’s climb a hill today; I want to go up very high; I like the clouds against the sky." But you had quite forgot, I guess, The everlasting next your dress.

We climbed the hill. And, looking down, You said with a tiny treeful brown, "The loveliest thing that I have seen Is that blue bay against the green." And you were trampling down a mass Of blue delphinium in the grass.

Helen Kaufmann, 1927.

\bf{DANCE OF THE HOURS}

And when the summer moon is bright, And clean-edged, like a lance, A mist-grey revellers Sways to an ancient dance.

The tempo slow, the measure faint, With light step, hand in hand, In moonlit quietness they tread A minor sarabande.

Their forms so slim, so strangely pale, Against the forest-side, They move; and moon-blurred trees are dark, Behind them as they glide,

These phantom figures, lingering, These dancers of the moon— Why do they swing so silently To such an old, old tune?

Fair,—yet so uncomely, dear Chloë! How can you my true love keep, When your shoes like small tin daggers, Pierce the fabric of my sleep?
ON CAUTIONOUSHNESS

Even the sea is beginning to annoy me. Why does it roll so vigorously when I have just completed an entirely too hearty meal for a sea-going traveler? It was folly for me to eat that Russian caviar—It never does agree with me. Oh, yes, I remember how it happened; I was supposed to have the way to remove it, when my attention was distracted by that fascinating brunette across the table. Why do women always have to interfere in a man's affairs, anyhow, and particularly at a crucial moment like that? Now, I shall be ill the remainder of the evening, I presume, and I didn't bring my indigestion tablets along... forgot all about buying some until I got to the pier yesterday, and then it was too late. Oh, I suppose that I could have told Cousin Agnes and the flock of girls she had with her please to excuse me until I run over to the drug store to get some pills? I can see now what would have happened, the whole mob would have followed me to the store. No, indigestion isn't so bad, after all! Looks like a rough night ahead, and that means more discomfort. As far as I can see, the great, frothy swells are unbroken and undeviating. I don't see what some people are thinking of to rave about this fresh, tangy, salt air; it's taking all of the creases out of my newly pressed dinner coat. I think probably that the sunset is really worth seeing, but who can view anything through these great clouds of black smoke? Everything is sticky... even the pages of "The Constant Nymph" feel wet and inspirationless. I told that steward not to put my chair down here by the funnels... indubitably... queer how I always think of the Latin for everything when I never did like to study it. No wonder I'm getting a cold; I knew it! This steamy rag was left out during the shower this afternoon, and it hasn't dried out yet. The dank atmosphere isn't bad enough in itself, but must be augmented by moist shin-bones as well. Gad, the service this trip is poor! I guess that I shouldn't have been in such a rush, and waited for the Ma-

jectic next round. She has twice as much tonnage, and her crew doesn't seem to be absolutely "as one" to make a chap uncomfortable. The deck, shadowy now in the last rays of the late sun, is almost deserted. Already a haze is enquiring the great liner, and the ocean is fading into illusion in addition. I shall have to do my six around and work off the ill effects of that caviar, but this may be the only solitude I'll have for some time; so I'm going to enjoy myself a bit. Enjoy? Was that what I said? If anyone could read my jumbled thoughts now, I doubt if he would be deceived. Sometimes I wish that I could read the rest of others than that I do. There's a keen joy in being unsophisti-
cated, which cannot ever be recaptured no matter how hard one tries, after it has once been lost. Guess I'll have a smoke... Soon it will be time to go down to the ballroom, and once more become a part of the beau monde. "Oh, I say, I'm awfully sorry about that!-" It was an unexpected guest that blew out my match, too, but not before I burned my fingers. Sure it didn't do any damage? I'll be more careful next time."

If I had to scatter cigarette sparks on anyone, why couldn't it have been a man? The girl in the next chair is really attractive, but at least I'm safely past the age where I can be deceived by any woman. I do wish that she wouldn't let that scarf blow out like that; it may go overboard any minute. I won't say that the process of learning wasn't painful at times, but it is worth a lot now to know that all women really are alike. They are all engines, that's comforting, and amusing... but untrustworthy. Five times out of ten they don't mean a thing they say...two minutes after it is said. They know how to chatter pleasantly and amusingly, and many a poor chap succumbs, and finds himself married before he realizes his great mistake. Some day I would like to "hold forth" on this subject, but I don't suppose that there is anyone who would listen. It isn't as though I were a philosopher or a poet or even a pro-

fessor, for then my opinions would be well received and carefully weighed, however unusual they might be. But since I am only what is commonly known as a cynic, there is little that I could avail myself by revealing my true personality to the casual observer. Why do plump hostesses with mar-

riageable daughters, or nieces, or friends continually introduce me as that "delightfully etymological and intricately sophisticated young bache-

lor whom I have spoken of before?" There really isn't any mystery about me at all, if they only knew it. I'm so damn plain to myself that it hardly seems possible that others do not comprehend me equally well. They don't, however, and they never have. I'm sure that it would amuse me a great deal of bother and worry if I could but bring myself to reveal my true nature upon all occasions. No, that probably wouldn't do, either. It is not that I try to conceal my ideas, but I suppose it is the natural result of my careful early training and my inherent re-
sistence for the truth...considerably which prevents me from disclosing my philosophy to all with whom I come in contact. Now, I suppose there are some peo-

ple who would be overjoyed at the thought of an extended European trip as the representative of the New York Bar Association, but to me it is nothing less than a laborious undertaking. I have seen everything in England on the Continent that is worth seeing in many a place. There is nothing new or interesting any place for me now. It was different my first trip... when I was still in col-

lege... before I had even thought of taking up Law. That trip was a regu-

lar far, but it was all very silly, Ever-

everywhere there were women! It often bothered me to find myself embroiled in so many unexpected and un planned for love affairs. I never really feel romantic myself, at least not in the truest and highest sense, and yet for some reason or other the girls seem to find me attractive. It is not that I am particularly blessed with the attribute Apostle the other Greek god... I know better than that. Aside from being tall and lean and fashionable in a moderately conserva-

tive manner, I don't know what anyone could say about me. It isn't my ap-

pearance that interests anyone especi-

ally, but my innate amiability attracts them before I realize it. Perhaps it is the tone there is nothing at all that I really like or enjoy that I find it so hellishly easy to say and do the most surprisingly nice things... convine-

ingly. I know that by so doing I am merely strengthening my own philoso-

phy. I am just as untrustworthy as the rest of the world. I never really like anything... therefore it amuses me to say that I do. Other people don't see what is so plain to me, and take my words seriously. As a result, they like me, but because they never know what lies back of my words there is al-

ways a bit of... something about me which they do not understand. Per-

haps it would be better if I could change my nature, but I doubt it... even if it were possible. Damn this salt air; can't even smoke in peace. This raw, chilly wind feels more like November than July! What a magic month that was; let me see, was it really thirteen years ago that there was the sea breeze on the head of Capri...I can remember those piercing blue skies yet, and the girl! Oh, there was life, but... What's this? A scarf under my chair? At least the charming young damsel is a bit more original than some; at times it is a handkerchief, at others a purse, or gloves, but it is al-

ways something... always. Yes, she is pretty. I'll have to do it... it's her scarf, and we both want to dance. Poor child... she's young and un-

sophisticated, and I'm afraid she'll like it. Oh, well, nothing matters any-

how, for there isn't such a thing as truth. Dorotho M. Leonard, 1926.

FOR THE FACE OF A CLOCK

Each hour is like a jewelled cup, Containing essence of sweet wine. Then drink and quietly resign. Your goblet when the time is up. Helen Burt Dickson, 1929.
E D I T O R I A L

SHALL WE DANCE?

There is a flavor about the dances we now attend that is distinctly different from the flavor of the dances that Evelina went to. In Evelina's day balls were stately, beautiful places where the very fairest were, as a matter of course, singled out by the most courty of periwigs and most shining of shoe-buckles. The very fair, too, were deserving of the greatest attention. The haughty beauty was inevitably outshone by the winsome sweetness and shy reluctant loveliness of the young bad. Things were as they should be.

Consider what a state we are in now. How often is it that we attend, in our youthful hopefulness, balls that we think are to be really balls, and how often is it that we are crushed, beaten back against the wall, as it were, in that first hour of glorious anticipation.

Can there be something peculiarly wanting in the male of today, a lack of discrimination, a shyness, a dulness of perception? The sweet voice, so often blow unnoticed about the ball-room, smiling for smiles as they finger the cords of their party bags, or balloon across the room on waverling heels to the distant haven of the smoking-room. No friendly eye lights with pleasure on the struggling turdy creature. No familiar form advances from the huddle of critical youth to claim her hand for the next. All eyes are on the glitter, the sparkle of enamelled gowns and impertinent laughter. From all directions vain efforts, nothing to the side of the haughty beauty.

Perhaps it is the taffeta dress that ruins one's chances in the race for recognition. My sister and I once went to a dance in sprigged taftatts with cherry colored party bags. "We should have known then", we said, "that we entered under a handicap." Our evening was a misery to us. Every time we sought to slide inconspicuously out of the room the breeze roused by our haste caught in the fullsome taffeta and made it belly out like sails before the wind. My sister, however, had less trouble than I. She could dance and say bright little things that made her sullen partner smile. I spent most of the evening frowning about the room between long engagements. My sister was also in good company, a partner in the grand march to supper and was led off in triumph to the conservatory, where I could see her lodged happily under a palm. Her partner sought to lure some couples to join their table, but was unsuccessful, so she had the field to herself. I somehow hadn't lined up quickly enough in the march and lost my partner in the fray, as did a few other unlucky girls. We were all rounded up at one table in the big dining room and our hostess came and sat with us. The table was known as the odd-girl table. So much for the taffeta dress.

And yet the fault can not be all the man's, for surely man is half the dance. It can not be all the gown, for I have seen dresses go out fully only to come back again mocking the wearer's heavy heart, her former twinkling heels and radiant eyes, the gems all turned to tinsel. I have seen some taftatts go forth and cut wide wake on the crossed floor, a bright atom drawing from the "horridge mass" with ever increasing attraction. Can it be that the fault lies in the girl? It is true that today the little violet has less chance of coming into her own than she had when Evelina was in London. Her colors are not the same. Then a gentleman might claim a dance and modestly retire without being encumbered with the little violet for the rest of the evening. Now, Woe betide the lady who takes a false start and the gentleman who does not own the right of access to the floor but is forced to see her throw herself to the finish. She, poor creature, may be smothered in self-consciousness, drowned within herself, buried in depths of soundlessness amid the roar, but he, given even a depth of sympathy and a broken heart, is forced to watch her fade away, helpless. A word may struggle from the silence, meet the hunting and hunted look on the gentleman's face float for a minute and dissolve. Then down, down, she goes and round and round and round. There is no relief, there is no opportunity to express approval and later proud return. It must be round and round or retreat, ignominious, humiliating retreat. "I am tired, too tired, if you'll excuse me, call my car..." Heartbreaking, small satisfaction even to the most longsighted of all.

One can not be a violet, a lovely thimbl Evelina at a ball now-a-days and wait that the dance has been too short. Even the most gallant of gallants-the most persevering of heartbreakers would hesitate to return to Evelina having once escaped safety. He would indeed be a fool who would rush in. Now one thing alone is indispensable and there is but this one key to success. Talk. There must be a gay line of patter, volatile, continuous, inexhaustible, on, on into the night, chattering of indifferent subject matter, complemented with a smile of indifferent character, sparkling, suggestive, guileless, only let it be flatly, flatly, flatly intent, absorbingly interested, and let it be done with style. Modesty abuses itself, wit stands to nothing, grace has long been a thing of the past, the line is the thing, the apt, the taking, the seasonal, the mode of the minute, the vogue par excellence.
THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION

The Italian Government has authorized the exhibition of paintings and sculptures now on view at the Boston Museum presumably for propaganda purposes—an attempt to “sell” Italy to America. It is in many ways a very interesting collection, covering an artistic era which saw possibly greater changes in treatment and in purpose than any equal length of time in the world’s history. It ranges from the pretty superficialities of the late nineteenth century—represented by Mancini and Boldoni—through the ultra-realistic school, and including a few cumbustic works. In sculpture the variety is no less marked, though it seems to me that here the individuality and purely national character has been better preserved.

To first mention the paintings, we find here a motley group, headed by Boldini with his portrait of Whistler, distinctly in the Whistlerian manner itself, and the pictorially brilliant canvas entitled After the Ball, which is quite French both in spirit and subject—a highly colored and romantic treatment of the end of a Madrigal. There are twelve canvases by Mancini which, despite his great renown have always affected me as the immature daubs of a rather sophisticated child. The portrait entitled A double has a certain distinction and a richness of color which make it memorable, despite the general messiness of technique that chiefly characterizes Mancini’s work. Proceeding around the room, we come upon some of the more recent works: the crude, rather vigorous color effects of M. Dought whose Portrait Teller fairly hits you between the eyes, and to whose most Wasmuthiones one must concede great strength and virility. We personally could have dispensed with the painting entitled the Staircase, by the same artist in which are depicted a table surmounted by six very white eggs, and a dull green flight of steps in the background. There are many examples of the younger Italian experimentalist group among which stand out in memory the Portrait of Signor Beria by Felice Casorati with its delicacy and suggestiveness of characterization, and the powerful and sensitive picture by Mariano Sironi,—The Architect. There are also two rather studious Chinese women which are a strong argument in favor of oriental treatment of oriental subjects. The restraint and fine brush work, the reverence for line that characterizes a Chinese print has rather spoiled one’s taste for this flamboyant burst of color. To the young portrait painter, Arturo Nozi, goes our personal olive crown for the exquisite lady in grey which he has entitled

nigmatically Portrait. We are indubitably prejudiced in this preference because the lady reminds us so poignantly of the patrician, Mme. X, who for a long time has graced the walls of the Luxembourg. This lady has the same regal air, the same delicately stenciled features, and the same marvelous expression of unworlly loveliness.

The collection of sculptures also presents some very interesting material, and here also the range in development is equally remarkable. One sees first the cool and graceful figure of a Nymph, by Arturo Dazzi. She is very lovely and very calm, quite in the classical tradition except for the individualization of her features. There is a strange bas relief by Alberto Gerardi, of her baby daughter. It has a certain appeal, but its unfinished appearance lends it a definitely weird look. Then, there is a few other works, in what resembles yellow soap more closely than anything else, and whereas as one of them purports to be a portrait of a woman—for Signor Rosso has entitled it The Servant—I am unable to concede the others with any significance whatsoever. There is also by Signor Dazzi, who is dressed in a pinafare and clutching a very round apple in each hand, that is perfectly delightful. But by far the most distinguished work in the exhibit is that of Adolfo Wildt. His highly polished marble head, entitled Xan is exquisite in workmanship, sympathetic in treatment. His bas relief, Maria is equally impressive, as is the profile which he has called Victory, and his self-portrait, deeply chiseled and terrible in expression.

BORROWED PROGRESSIONS

A certain divine economy marks the art of this world. Balzac or Aristotle or perhaps Mr. H. L. Mencken (according to the generation, of course) is credited with excelling on the paucity of themes upon which man has become eloquent—a paucity never so aptly exemplified as by the exclamatory itself. At any rate, the theft of the Muses in this respect has had a great effect on mankind. It is probably the reason why Homer spent so considerable a time talking about the sulkiness of one Greek soldier. It is also why the decade before us went through one of Beethoven’s period when he works to an old Welsh marchling song for the tune of the “Merry Widow” Waltz.

Illustrating this redundancy as it runs through music, Mr. John Tasker Howard recently showed us how a nocturne of Chopin had been translated into the “Beautiful Month of May.” He might likewise have mentioned the reincarnation of the D flat nocturne in the classic bars of “I Love You.”

Then he demonstrated how, in turn, authoritative composers have used popular melodies, modestly illustrating from his own works.

His second point might have been taken farther, had Mr. Howard attended the Boston Symphony orchestra’s recent performance of Mr. John Gilbert’s new Symphonic Piece. Through the medium of the descriptive notes, Mr. Gilbert explains that “many of his young friends have pressed him to tell them what it’s all about.” He admits, then, that his aim has been to represent “certain aspects of the American character” which, to quote his inimitable phrasing, he feels has “plenty of jingoism, vulgarity and Harrah Boys!; but the spirit of the new birth underlies all, for him who can see it. . . . So the first theme has become one of the Harrah Boys’ character. The second theme . . . contains a remote suggestion of Old Folks at Home . . . interspersed with a couple of measures from The Arkansas Traveler. “But let it be said,” he concludes, “that, although I am a great believer in the songs of the people as possible bases for national art compositions, these two suggestions (neither used verbatim) are the only folk suggestions I have used in this composition.”

What Mr. Gilbert fails to mention in this scrupulous account is his rather flagrant insertion—one of the few vital elements in the piece—of the opening measures of what is popularly known as Lonesome Blues. Whether the insertion was unconscious on Mr. Gilbert’s part, or whether he thought the matter unworthy of mention so cultured a public as the Boston audience, it is hard to say. At any venture the sturdy syncopation is unmistakable—which the rather cloying adaptation of Foster’s piece was not.

And while music is our subject—a new meteor has flashed across the horizon of orchestral Boston. Paul Hindemith’s Conducto played for the first time in New England on March 6, gave an admirable illustration of what a modernist can accomplish with classic form. Mr. Hindemith has written an “atonal fugue,” which is as conscious as our mid-Victorian adaptations of Gothic architecture; any contrapuntal piece, play each voice in a different key, and you approximate the result. At the risk of being classed by a potential Mr. I. H. Fricke in a post-Wagnerian list of disapprovers, we can only sigh a little with Richard Strauss, and admit that the composition has rhythm. So has lambic pentameter, scanned in nonsense syllables.
BOOK REVIEWS

The once famous Mr. Hutchinson seems to have started quite a popular mode when he used the quotation from Shelley's 'West Wind' as a title to his book. Just what was the connection between title and content has always been at a loss to determine, and here comes Miss Thompson quoting from Swinburne quite as ineluctably. However, it is a nice title, and to all intents and purposes the book's only claim to distinction. For if ever a mediocrity was launched upon an unsuspecting public, and highly praised by the CRITICS to boot, the present volume is it. Miss Thompson has cooked her bread and milk story in mildly pleasant English prose, and the first quarter of the book floats along unobtrusively enough on the gentle tide of her style. One back in the sunshine of an English garden amid a group of total nonentities who comprise the mother, sister, brother, nurse and lover of our heroine, whom Miss Thompson has cruelly dubbed Zina (doubtless to produce an effect of novelty), we are led into the father from the above category because he seems to have retained some shred of personality, and a mild, slightly bewildered charm, coupled with a rather hackneyed philosophy and the remnants of an Austrian accent. He has during the long years of his residence in England been knighted by a grateful foster-country for some obscure reason, but he thus spares his creator the accusation of being pro-German and of other horrid epithets.

Well, the war comes, as seemed not too inevitable, and Colin, the fiancé, and John, the brother, depart in all boyish enthusiasm, while the females of the Renner family devote their time and thought to making bandages and hoeing weeds, as so many English heroines did. Colin is reported "missing; believed killed," thereby causing in the reader's mind the strong suspicion that something is going to bring him back again after a long bout of shell shock or something. And that is exactly what happens. But not before Zina, completely demoralized, marries George Barrett-Saunders, divorced and in companionship with the unforgiven Colin, very beefy and banal. Zina has also produced an heir to the Barrett-Saunders line about whom she is fairly indifferent; so that when in the midst of a hotly contested by-election, in which George is running, Colin is suddenly discovered, it is as matter of only a moment's hesitation before Zina leaves her child and husband, and departs for Fiesole with the poetical and impecunious Colin. A postscript finds them still living in idyllic bliss, and the message that Miss Thompson wishes to leave with her reader is apparently that if you provide a man with an heir or two, and see him safely installed in a political berth you are at perfect liberty to go off with a former lover at the earliest possible opportunity, provided you have loved him long and ardently enough.
The tale is told against a background of English country life, Oxford and Vienna, just after the war; and though we don't claim to be widely read there doesn't seem to be a single element that Miss Thompson has introduced into this book that hundreds of her predecessors have not also mentioned.

It is rather difficult to tell from Mr. Benét's latest book whether he is still pursuing the art for which he revealed so naked a yearning in his earliest attempt, or whether he is beginning to prostitute it. The jacket tells us that Spanish Bayonet is "a swinging romance of colorful Florida in Revolutionary days," and while it is not quite that, it unfortunately is not very far removed from such description. One begins by wishing that Mr. Benét had not chosen to revive the past—we are having so many pieces of it porcelainized at present. And this particular part of the past seems to have finally reached a second death, so that reviving it consists more or less of propping the corpse in an affordable pose.
Perhaps it is for this reason that the plot is contrived—obtrusively so in its several dramatic moments—and the characters unreal figures endowed with unmistakably inferior or superior qualities. The hero himself is a negative, impressionable creature and as such, might easily fit in with Shakespeare's heroes according to Dr. Johnson's description. All this would be very well if Mr. Benét were making one of Elinor Wylie's precise mirror tales with their deliberately stiffened figures. But he is not, and the pity of it lies in the fact that he occasionally borrows from Mrs. Wylie's style, as he said he would, from an impersonal and unprejudiced onlooker that she was not as innocent as she looked. The only difficulty was that when Helen was around there could be no such impersonal or unprejudiced watcher. That was the great trouble, and the reason why it was so

A professor at Columbia University has joined the ranks of those who improve on the classics. He has supplemented Homer, filled out the details of character, and carried the tale through to the troubles of the next generation. The story has become one of those intimate family novels that are now so much the fashion.
Although Helen still has "the face that launched a thousand ships" we see it as a profoundly disturbing factor of domestic tranquility. It gives her the power to dare to be frank. She can admit that she caused the trouble, that she was foolish things that were charged to her, but she knows that men will be still charmed by her beauty and other women will continue to be envious. Her great beauty has given her power to break any old rule of society that binds the expression of her true self. It enables her to promulgate a radical philosophy, and convince all men of its truth. Of course, with such attraction for men, she has long since learned how to manage them. Her flattery, her persuasive power, and her way of getting around any difficulties indeed, showed to an impersonal and unprejudiced onlooker that she was not as innocent as she looked. The only difficulty was that when Helen was around there could be no such impersonal or unprejudiced watcher. That was the great trouble, and the reason why it was so
center of attraction. It was hard on Ménélas, too, to have such an overstimulating wife. He is a man who would like to occupy a nice residential place in some quiet suburban spot, but what can the poor man expect with such an unconventional beauty for a wife? It is with these intimate reactions that "The Private Life" concerns itself.

All the traditionally heroic size of the two are is fragmented. Those motives for actions are no longer soul-inspiring. Was Orastes really a martyr to duty? Or was he merely a murderer? Was Helen to blame for the war, or was Ménélas? Somehow nothing seems to be Helen’s fault, after reading this statement of her case, yet everything hinges upon Helen. It is all rather complicated,—but so is Helen herself.

On the surface, however, the book is perfectly clear. Of course it is not in verse but in heroic prose. The manner is conversational with the minimum of exposition. Whole chapters have nothing except direct quotations and phrases "said Helen," or "Ménélas said." It is a wonderful chance for Helen, and the others to tell their points of view, and for the accounts of events to be made by the person who is most capable of doing it with gusto. There can be no question but that the whole book is interesting. Perhaps it is not as powerful as Homer, but it is far more likely to be read by the public today, than the Iliad or the Odyssey. It may seem incongruous that the sequel should be so purely satirical, but it is to be remembered that tastes, as well as a good many other things have changed in the few thousand years that have elapsed between Homer and Mr. John Erskine.

The Pilgrim of Eternity, by John Drinkwater. New York, Doran, 1925, $4.50.

"Byron—a Confidant," John Drinkwater has inscribed as the subtitle of this new volume. And perhaps the author meant the inaudible his words suggest. For the life of the young nobleman who rose so swiftly to perilous heights, and fell trailing light like a comet, has always been a conflict in its own proper elements, and a subject for controversy in the opinions of others. Unlike so many writers, Byron's actions cannot be dismissed as we turn to his art: the two are intricately interwoven and one is the complement of the other. Moreover, even adding his poems to what we know of his life, we cannot say of any part, "This is right, and that wrong." It is impossible to judge, ignorant as we are of the thoughts and feelings that have been rendered the man so incomprehensible, yet so attractive an enigma.

We can, nevertheless, make inquiry, not with impudence, not with importunate curiosity, and not always with understanding, but at least with sympathy, into the events which began and brought his career, through troublous passages, to its close. It is this which Mr. Drinkwater has done, scrutinizing his facts from many angles, weighing the reliability of witnesses, and building up only such characterizations of the principal actors as we can actually find recorded. He very rarely makes those eerie sweeps of imaginary invention which have, in the past, tainted works on the same poet. Yet his document, perhaps because of its authentic perspective of vision, has far more intrinsic charm than any of these fictional reconstructions.

The subject matter of the "life" is eminently familiar. E. Barrington has treated the general scope of events with less clarity of style, and less accuracy of judgment in the "Glorious Apollo." But Miss Barrington followed the story by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, purporting to be that of Lady Byron, and about as indicative of actuality as Mrs. Stowe's more famous invective against slave conditions. Mr. Drinkwater, on the other hand, has gleaned a more complete summary of incidents, dealing through primary sources with the picturesque early journey with Hobhouse, etc., and not omitting, with the curious carelessness of Miss Barrington, the hours which Byron must have spent composing his voluminous works.

That the Byron of Mr. Drinkwater's work is not saintly nor yet Mephistophelean is perhaps one of its most commendable virtues. Our concern is, for a relief, not with the morals so much as the buoyant spirit of the man, wasting itself with so prodigal and so tragic an energy against the inevitable issues of life.

SIX NEW BIOGRAPHIES

The last few years, and especially the last few months have produced such an overflow of a certain type of literary work that, were the medium different, we should fancy ourselves back in the age of Roman Portraiture. Witness the six new biographies referred to in the column of "Clippings." Five of these books are about Americans, four about contemporary Americans, and all six go into such minute detail that one emerges knowing their subjects down to the last brain cell and chin whisker.

This movement is the result of the modern photographic trend in literature. Ever since Main Street we have insisted on the face, the whole mind, and nothing but the facts. If we do not recognize in the current best seller the following facts: food, tooth-paste, and gestures which we use, or see there all the ideas and half-felt emotions which sift through our own brains, then thumbs down!—let the author retire from the arena a wiser, since poorer, man. Next time, if he read his car- dinals diligently, he may have better luck. The animal actuality of the Dreiser, and the minute psychological records of the Morleys have spoiled us for imaginative, the singular, and the impossible. Our taste has been formed by the American Magazine; (we love our "captains of industry" and we cling to actuality); so avant, ye "wagish fauns, and satyrs stark,"—and as for you, Carlissa Harlowe, "Get thee to a nunnery."

CLIPPINGS

An American Tragedy by Theodore Dreiser.

"Every moment of a bell-hop's day, including his night adventures . . . by an honest man, but no artist." Calvin Coolidge: the Man who is President by William Allen White.

"Author struck by the coincidence of the similarity between the Coolidge temper and the temper of his time. He remarks 'Moses was slow of speech and of a slow tongue. Coolidge, looking down his nose, seems as 'meek as Moses.' He isn't. Neither was Moses.'

Madame Recomby by Edouard Herriot.

"It is a good biography—and is, like her pictures, distinctly a full-length portrait." Abraham Lincoln by Carl Sandburg.

"Sandburg has achieved the crowning success of having done one book that he, of all men now living, was specially designated to do."

A masterpiece . . . a gloriously beautiful piece of prose." The New Negro Edited by Alaine Locke.

"A milestone. . . The youth movement recorded herein does not propose to be told by anyone where it will stop—it goes its way asking alms and favours of nobody, and cares little for race obstacles." Life and Letters of John Burroughs by Clara Barrus.

"The first volume, which carries the leisurely story to his sixty-fifth year reads well enough, but it is to be feared that only those who believe Burroughs worthy of immortal regard will survive the second, which begins with his sixty-fifth year and tends to oscillate monotonously between small events and large honours."

The Man Mencken by Isaac Goldberg.

"The author has handled a dozen South Americans with ease, but paws over Mr. Mencken like the traditional blind man trying to find out the nature of the elephant. . . Beneath a democratic equality of insignificant facts, the individuality of America's foremost individualist is almost totally submerged." Memoirs of William Jennings Bryan by Himself and His Wife.

"It might well be entitled 'The Personal Memoirs of a Knight Errant,' it is just that glamorous, gaudy and unreal."