

MAY, 1918

Price 15c.

The International

Edited by LINDLEY M. KEASBEY



Slaves of the Drug

EDWIN MARKHAM

In the Dusk of the Day

MAURICE RELONDE

Conventional Complacency

LINDLEY M. KEASBEY

SHORT STORIES, POEMS AND ARTICLES BY

Alexander Harvey Hamilton Craigie

Yone Noguchi Faith Baldwin David Rosenthal And Others

THE INTERNATIONAL

An American Magazine

of
INTERNATIONAL
POLITICS
LITERATURE
ART
MUSIC
THE DRAMA
and
SIGNIFICANT ECONOMIC
EVENTS

*Neither before, nor in the midst of,
but BEYOND THE WAR*

YOU WILL FIND IN THIS ISSUE:

Some first-rate Fiction and a bully-good Play.

A Poem of Excellence, together with Verses that are well worth while.

An old-fashioned Essay on a new-fangled subject, preceded by an Editorial or two.

Dramatic Criticism that counts, a Musical Story that amuses and instructs.

Book Reviews of the latest and best.

—
All for fifteen cents, isn't that encouraging considering the prices of pabulum these days? It's going to be twenty cents soon.

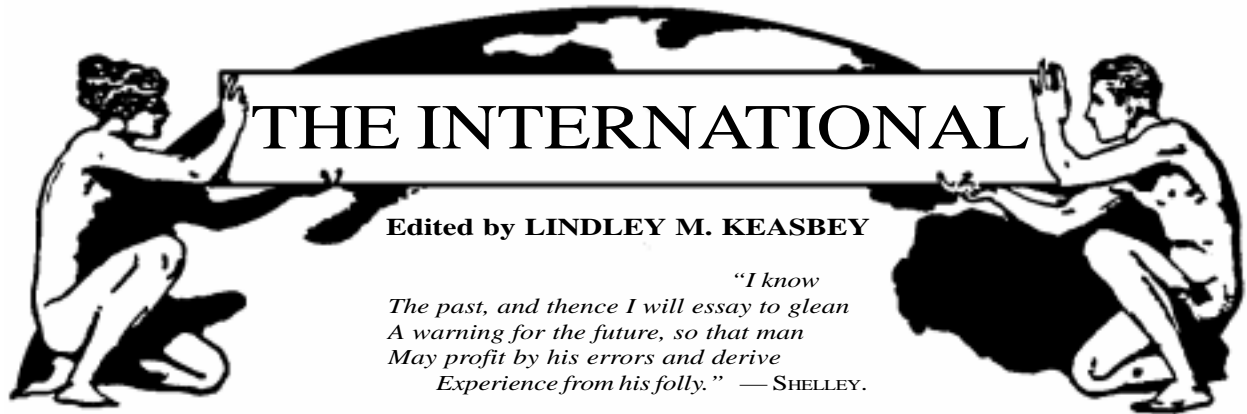
So dig down for the nickel and the dime, or better still, send us your trial subscription, nine months for a dollar. You'll not regret it, rest assured.

Or if you do, write us wherein, we'll endeavor to improve. You have our number, we'd like to get yours. See last page for ways and means.

CONTENTS FOR MAY

Announcement	129
Slaves of the Drug	130
Edwin Markham	
Editorial	131
The Ragged Edge	132
Hamilton Craigie	
In the Dusk of the Day	136
Maurice Relonde	
Conventional Complacency	139
Lindley M. Keasbey	
Jack Biddle from Nowhere	141
Ford Tarpley	
Five Japanese Essays	144
Yone Noguchi	
Alastair	147
Arcott	
Illumination	148
Dorothy Willis	
Foreigners	150
Tom Ransford	
The Characteristic Gesture	152
Alexander Harvey	
Intellectual Drama	154
George Sylvester Viereck	
An Interview with Auer	156
Leila Bathurst	
Some of the Latest and Best Books	158

Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Vanderbilt 3,648.
President, Lindley M. Keasbey; Treasurer and Secretary, Frederick W. Keasbey.
Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.75 for six months. In Canada: \$1.75 per year; \$0.85 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.
Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.
Entered at the Post Office at New York as second-class matter.
Manuscripts addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.
Copyright, 1918, by the International Monthly, Inc.



VOL. XII. No. 5

MAY, 1918

PRICE 15 CENTS

OUR POLICY

THE editorship and control of THE INTERNATIONAL have passed over into our hands; the policy of the magazine will remain the same. THE INTERNATIONAL has been, is now, and for some time shall be (just how long depends upon our success, or perhaps better, our ability to survive) — AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, AND EVENTS OF CURRENT INTEREST — a magazine edited formerly by an established poet, a magazine to be edited in the future by a dismissed professor. Established poets are few, dismissed professors are many — they're becoming as plentiful as blackberries these days. So if there is anything in the quantitative theory, we ought to be able to survive. But it's quality chiefly that counts. So we are going to rest our case (and measure our success maybe) upon the qualitative standard. For when all is said, civilization itself, including politics, literature, art, events of current interest and all the rest, is nothing more nor less than the *measurement of human qualities in quantitative terms*.

BUT international politics are so hopelessly confused. How can such equivocal qualities be measured in quantitative terms? The old standards are all obsolete. Nor is one able to rise "above the battle" and take a bird's-eye view of the existing situation — aviators succeed in doing so, but philosophers are sure to fail. With a lateral stretch of our imagination, may we not, however, look out over the battle lines and project ourselves into the era beyond the war? Such at all events is our editorial desire and such is to be our editorial plan — to produce an American magazine dealing with international politics *beyond the war*.

TO Literature and Art we are going to add Music and the Drama. They are already included, be it said, as a perusal of recent issues will show; so this is merely a matter of emphasis.

The keynote of our policy in these respects is contained in our caption: *An American Magazine of International Literature and Art*. American art and literature are far more insular than international. We propose to emphasize the continental note, not in the narrower European connotation, but in the broader world-all acceptance of the term. Anglo-Saxonism is very well,

in its way, but there ought to be other notes sounded in the literary and artistic scale, the Slavic and Romanic, the Scandinavian and Teutonic, the Asiatic, and even the African withal. These and other elements are included within our literary and artistic constitution, therefore they should find expression, we opine. But as in international politics, so in literature and art, American continentalism will constitute the keynote of our policy, not North American continentalism exclusively, but Pan-American continentalism, including the art and literature of our Spanish-American colleagues on the south.

CONCERNING events of current interest, the question comes up as to what these events actually are. Americans are mostly from Missouri, or as the New England phrase goes: "Do tell; I want to know!" Events of current interest are accordingly simply what the newspapers elect to record. Very good, but these events so recorded are only consequences after all, whereas we, as scientists, are primarily interested in the antecedents thereof — remember THE INTERNATIONAL is to be edited henceforth by a dismissed professor. Thus our policy in this respect will be rather to explain than simply to set forth. This we shall do by calling attention scientifically to the geographic and ethnic conditions and considering the economic antecedents of the interesting events that occur.

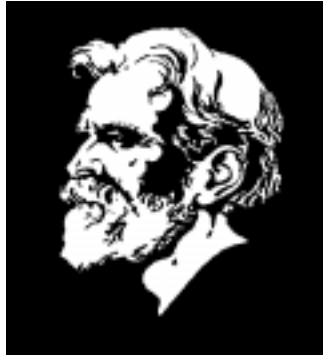
TO our original announcement, published in the April issue, we added a few words to the following effect: Our trinity is distorted, topsy-turvy, indeed. With so much falsehood, all this ugliness, and hate, too, prevailing in the world, we are going to try — and we hope you will help us — to set our trinity upright, by telling the truth, appreciating beauty, and stimulating love in the world. Now we are asked to enlarge upon this idea. Our answer is: the May issue of THE INTERNATIONAL. In this issue we have endeavored to do what we could toward restoring our overturned trinity. You'll find nothing of hate therein, no ugliness, and of falsehood, not even an inkling. On the contrary, what we say ourselves seems to us at least to be true; our contributors have added beauty, you'll admit; while amongst us all and toward our readers the spirit of love prevails.

THE EDITOR AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

“SLAVES OF THE DRUG”

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Author of “The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems”



WHO are those haggard hosts
Groping the roads of earth — unburied ghosts —
Pale youth and tottering age, a spectral throng
By some invisible Master lured along?

They grope in every land,
Drawn ever onward by some dread command;
And in their shadow, ever at their side,
The wraiths of all their hopes and dreams that died —
Phantoms that fling wild laughter and wild tears
Into the crater of the wasted years.
And evermore behind them as they grope,
Three crosses loom upon life's barren slope —
Three crosses, side by side,
Where Honor and Love and Truth are crucified.

What is this Thing that scatters blight and ban,
This stealthy Demon that unmakes a man?
What gives to dust of poppy and coca leaf
The power to build unreckonable grief?
What curse is on this dust?
What terrible “Thou must?”
What spirit builds this inframundane spell,
This fleeting heaven in the heart of hell?
Behold their eyes in burnt-out sockets glare
With glazed and frenzied stare.
Their bones are torture and their blood is fire,
Their will all withered to a fierce desire —
The hunger for a flame that feeds a flame,
And hurls red conflagration through the frame.

Ever they grope, and ever the Demon cries
Into their ear the music of his lies.
He whispers, “I am rapture, rest from pain;
I brace the body and I light the brain.”

And so he builds illusion into his slaves,
Hiding from them his skeletons and graves.
He lulls one grief, a thousand wake from sleep;
He stills one ache, a thousand palsies creep!

Behold his bargainings: for life's bright bloom,
He gives the bitter ashes of the tomb;
For strength, he gives a crumbling rope of sand;
For honor, gives dishonor's scarlet brand.
He whispers peace, but gives eternal thirst;
He builds bright visions filled with fangs accursed.
He comes with feasting and a king's salute,
But leaves black tables of the Dead Sea fruit.
He offers realms, but gives a prison cell;
He pledges heaven, but brings the booth of hell.
For Beauty's gesture and her look of light,
For starry reason and for manly might,
He gives the skulking step, the furtive eye,
The curse, the groan, the death that cannot die.

O brothers of the sorrows,
O brothers of the terrible to-morrows,
O captives blasted by the charnel breath,
Your names are written in the Book of Death.
Yet brothers of the gray battalions, wait . . .
Resolve: you still are greater than your fate.
You still can win the same, sweet dream of old,
Regain your soul's lost hold.
Strong are the shackles — strong — yet stronger still
Is the grim grapple of the awakened Will.

O brothers, in that might
Slumbers a power to shatter death and night.
O brothers, in your Will a god awaits,
A god with power to bend eternal Fates!

THE MOBILIZATION OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY



THE problem before us is the mobilization of democracy in America. But mobilization of itself is not enough; when mobilized, our American democracy must be made social and productive, productive in character and social in spirit. Only under such conditions, the conditions of productive social democracy, can American democracy expect to succeed.

There are only two kinds of States: oligarchies and democracies, as Aristotle told us so many centuries ago. In oligarchies the few rule because they possess the wealth — landed wealth or monied wealth, as the case may be. In democracies the many rule, because they possess the capacity, we say; but this is a fallacy. In order to rule effectively, the many also must control the wealth, either severally, as in the old-fashioned individual democracies, or jointly, as in the up-to-date social democracies of to-day.

When it comes to war and peace, oligarchies are on one side, democracies on the other. Oligarchies are disposed to be aggressive, since the few have interests to subserve: landed interests under the aristocratic oligarchies of old, monied interests under the plutocratic oligarchies of our day. Democracies, on the other hand, are inclined to be conciliatory, provided, of course, they are conceded sufficient space within which to expand. This is the case because democracy implies the power of the people and the people are inherently opposed to war, though they will fight to a finish if defense is involved.

BETWEEN oligarchy and democracy there is another distinction even more fundamental than the above. Oligarchies are exploitative, democracies are productive. In either of these ways — exploitation or production — wealth can be acquired, but only through production can wealth be secured, owing to the operation of an inexorable law: Exploitation allows inefficiency and tends toward diminishing returns; production requires efficiency and makes for increasing returns. To be sure, some oligarchies are both efficient and productive, but I have never heard of a democracy that was both inefficient and exploitative, have you? Evidently exploitation is the quicker of the two processes, suited to the sudden success of the few; whereas production appears to be the slower of the two procedures, adapted to the normal development of the many.

WITH these three distinctions in mind I ask you to visualize the existing situation, in a series of antitheses, so to say: between exploitation and production, oligarchy and democracy, war and peace. On the one side are the privilege-seeking, war-raging oligarchs, out for exploitation on every hand; on the other side are the liberty-loving, peace-desirous democrats, endeavoring to become productive in every way.

BECAUSE individual in spirit and competitive in character, democracy in America has not been so productive as it should. Another reason is: we have relied less upon our inherent capacities and more upon our natural resources. To speak of democracy in Europe is anachronism, you say; not so. Democracy is not only prevalent in Europe, but far more productive than democracy in America. Because European democracy is social in spirit, cooperative in character and, for these very reasons, efficient withal. Which goes far toward explaining what is otherwise incomprehensible, that outworn Europe should still be able to compete with virgin America.

BUT all this is altering under the inexorable logic of economic events. To the extent that American democracy is becoming cooperative in character and social in spirit, to just such extent is democracy in America becoming productively efficient and peacefully inclined. There are signs of this everywhere and all around; you have only to rise above, or delve below, the disturbed surface hopefully to appreciate and clearly to understand. To make the world safe for this sort of a democracy, social in spirit, cooperative in character, productive in capacity, and peaceful in purpose — this is indeed an ideal, an ideal well worthy of us and one which we Americans should whole-heartedly and efficiently strive to fulfill.

LINDLEY M. KEASBEY.



THE RAGGED EDGE

By HAMILTON CRAIGIE

AS Aline Wentworth paused in the entrance of the Pink Parrot cabaret a sudden faintness assailed her, but it was less a physical than a spiritual nausea which, for a moment, turned her giddy with a shrinking distaste for the garish riot of noise and scent and color which swept out at her as from the humus of a tropical furnace.

Despite the hastily formed resolution in obedience to the urging of which she now found herself in this most free and easy of all unconventional resorts, she stood a moment uncertainly as the whirling kaleidoscope of dancers gyrated past her in sensual abandon of pose — of bacchic revel — flushed faces, painted lips, leering eyes — all seeming to focus upon her in a common invitation of suggestive intrigue.

As she, standing as it were upon the brink of this languorous, steep wave of sound and motion, with a sudden hardening of impulse moved off in the direction of the cloak-room, eyes greeted her with that passionate, unresting query which is the symbol of the Masque — a male dervish, leaving for a moment the unceasing revel, accosted her with the careless ease of a faun questing, as of right, for Daphne, Chloe, Amaryllis — Phyrne — it was all one. But his speech was of the argot of his environment:

“Y’ look good t’ me, kiddo,” he said.

Through the slits in his domino his eyes burned with a wastrel invitation; mingling with Aline’s as yet uncertain mood, he seemed a falcon, hooded and doubtless jessed, too, beneath the modern equivalent for sandals, with spurs of the satyr.

But she passed him with a little, tremulous rush.

In this most unconventional of all unconventional resorts, as I have said, the Domino was at once the symbol and the unalterable rule. Aline was wearing a frock, simple yet suave as the sheathing of a many-petalled flower, out of which, as she submitted to the ministrations of the negro maid, her shoulders rose in a sheer perfection of satiny firmness.

As she adjusted the black velvet mask her thoughts — her sensations merged in a dizzy whirl of retrospect and anticipation. She recalled the parting kiss of her husband, and then the unsuspected telephone message from his brother and partner, Stacy Wentworth, that Henry was leaving that afternoon for Pittsburgh. “Henry” — “Pittsburgh” — there was nothing in the sound of either of that romance which, it appeared, had been so cavalierly denied her during the short span of their married existence. A parting kiss it had been, as unsuspected, however, as had been the message. She recalled her sudden resolve to see for herself this life — this devious current of bright shallows and obscure undercurrents whose edges only had she before observed from the safe shelter of her husband’s protection.

It had been from her husband indeed that she had first heard of the Pink Parrot; doubtless in his convivial days it had been known to him. But now — of course . . .

She made a slight grimace of disgust, or perhaps it was the beginning of a smile born from the depths of a consciousness that in her blood there ran a fiery current — a subtle leaven which even now, to her mingled alarm and yet some-

how satisfaction — appeared to urge her forward into that maelstrom whose eddies even now brought to her rising pulse a strange, barbaric rhythm in some way oddly familiar.

She was, she told herself, excellently well disguised. Her frock was a new one which even her husband had never seen; her domino would baffle the most searching inventory of her charms; like many another, she felt herself secure — armored against the world for whatever of adventure the evening might disclose.

Curiously, too, with the final adjustment of her mask there came upon her an odd lightness of spirit — almost an excitation — an insurgence of some dormant strain of irresponsible gaiety, so that, with a last slight shiver of departing prudence, or prudery — have it as you will — she plunged into the eddying vortex of the dance, which in a boiling chorus of song, of high-pitched talk, and of frenzied laughter, closed in about her like a garment of brilliant texture, hard as steel, yet woven of what tenuous fabric who will say?

For a space, breathless and drifting with the ebb-tide of table-seekers at the close of the number, the new-found flame of her anticipation might have flickered and died with the almost physical oppression of close contact with the swirling crowd when a hand on her arm, steadying her against the onslaught of an impetuous couple, guided her to a seat at a table somewhat removed from the press. A voice which she did not recognize murmured in her ear:

“Allow me”, it said, and with the words she seated herself mechanically and as mechanically observed her vis-a-vis as he gazed at her in silence through the holes in his domino, leaning forward in his chair as if waiting for her to begin.

In her swift inventory there was little in his appearance which she might have used as a basis for a more than haphazard appraisal. And yet — she was convinced — there was nothing of the satyr about him, nothing, surely, of the faun whose crude invitation she had but lately repulsed.

A domino will mask a voice as well as a face, yet, as she continued silent, and he began to speak, she was immediately aware both of his youth and of his breeding — that intangible something which, for lack of a better name, we have called *savoir faire*.

If, beneath his suave exterior there lurked the sybarite, it was not apparent in his accent, smooth, finished, and to her familiar only because he spoke in the language to which she was accustomed.

She did not know him — of that she was quite carelessly certain, so, when he said, with a grave inclination of the head: “Will you join me in a cocktail — er — Miss . . .” she nodded brightly, and as if her murmured assent had materialized him out of the confusion of sound and light, there appeared at her elbow an elderly waiter, who, having taken their order, departed even as, for one brief instant, her mental reflexes had almost urged her from her chair in a sudden realization of her position. Actually, she had not moved by a hair’s-breadth.

“You’ve not been here before to-night”, remarked her companion, in low tones in which there was less a question than

a statement of fact.

"N-no," she murmured, in reply. Something somewhere in her brain raced furiously — she was conscious of a half-formed resolution to escape before the waiter could return with their order. Somehow, for a brief space, as it seemed, the drinking of that cocktail would be to her a symbol — a sign — a pledge of forgetfulness which she was half-minded to forego ere it was too late. But even as she hesitated upon the brink of departure the servitor again was at her elbow, within her fingers was the slender stem of the glass — with veiled lids she sipped — then sipped again — and as the potent magic of the mixture penetrated her veins something within her snapped with the sharp sweetness of an almost physical pain.

It was not that she had never before tasted of these aromatic concoctions, but any one of a number of causes conspired to fire the madness in her blood as with the secret flame of a barbaric rite.

The music, beating with its sharp insistence of a staccato measure, weaving strange patterns of many-colored sound — the talk — the laughter — the lights now seemed less unreal and shadowy than that hearth which she had left but a short hour ago.

She leaned forward to her companion in a sudden access of confidence. At that moment, for one swift, fleeting second, it was as if she was re-enacting a pose — apart — as if, from somewhere in a dim, distant past, was resurrected for a brief interval a personality fusing, in an insidious liaison, with that soul and with that body of hers known and yet unknown to her to be Aline Wentworth.

Her veins throbbed — burned with a curious, sudden desire — of what she knew not — and yet this physical excitation was not born of the stimulus of the cocktail. Atavism — race-heritage — call it what you will — perhaps the obscure leaven of her desires — similar to that secret wish so shamelessly exposed in dreams — was now fixed in a sudden, uncontrollable emotion of sex-perception. But conventionality, even in the Pink Parrot, must have its innings.

"You — you — don't think me forward — you know I'm not — I'm not . . ." she said, and hesitated.

For the first time the eyes of her companion embraced her with a smouldering hint of passion. She felt his glance upon her shoulders, lingering like a caress upon their swelling sheerness of beauty. I say she felt his glances with a physical perception of their quality, and it is perhaps significant of her reaction to the strange and sudden mood that was upon her that she did not shrink — did not employ that unconscious feminine shielding of sex either by look or movement which at any other time would have been as instinctive as involuntary.

But she leaned forward with a provocative invitation, in her pose a challenge of which she was quite well aware, as the voice of her vis-a-vis came slowly:

"You — you *beauty*," he said throatily, in his glance a look of understanding which sent the blood in a swift rosy surge across her face and shoulders. Small drops of moisture, like a faint dew of desire, spread in a mist above her daring décolleté as, their fourth cocktail having been served, they rose, in mutual consent, as the sensuous melody of the music heralded the dance.

She came to him with a little, swaying motion, like a lily upon its stem, and as they whirled off to the rapid, inchoate rhythm of the stringed orchestra she felt his grasp tighten about her, and for a moment, in a delicious faintness, suffered him to guide her — to envelop her with the keen passion of his skill as they were swept onward in what now was beginning to assume the unrestraint of a Bacchanalian revel.

His voice murmured in her ear:

"Are you happy?" it said, with a faint undercurrent of something which she could not quite comprehend.

"Yes — yes" she replied, and then, with the slightest measure of meaning in her tone: "Almost . . . with you."

She raised her head from its position on his shoulder, and they exchanged a long look — a look before which the barriers of caste, of breeding, of self-restraint went down in the swift disintegration of that ruthless fire in whose white-hot flame are fused the elemental passions of love and hate. But as she looked she became aware, with a certain strange feeling of unease — why, she could not have told — that, where his mouth smiled at her beneath the disguise of his domino, appeared a rent in the smooth velvet — almost a ragged edge — a ravelling of the cloth which to her mounting imagination gave to his smooth lips almost the quality of a sneer.

Abruptly, unreasonably, she was conscious of a wish to see the face of her partner — an almost ungovernable impulse prompted her to snatch away this troublesome incognito which, in her present wayward mood, she might easily have done.

Added to her obsession, the potent power of the liquor she had drunk showed in that further disintegration of speech which is the seal of Bacchus for his devotees.

As they returned to their table she said, with a certain slight roughening of tone — the merest gloze, as it were, to the delicate cadence of her voice:

"What — what name shall I call you — Partner?"

The man regarded her for a moment with a curiously level, passionless look. It was as if for a moment a personality other than the one which he had shown during their brief intercourse peered out of his eyes in a cold, even a daunting regard.

Then, abruptly, into his gaze there came the same suggestion of an ardent fire as he said:

"Call me Launcelot, an it please you, Princess."

"That is not your real name," said the girl, unsteadily. "I want your real name — yours — and I'll give you — I'll give you — mine — in exchange for it — tell me," she urged.

A faint shadow passed over the man's face as, with an appearance of casualness to which she was blind:

"Why — er — 'Wentworth' — d'you like it?" he said.

A sharp intake of her breath stung her throat with sudden suffocation; her fingers, holding her glass, trembled slightly, as, startled out of her increasing recklessness of spirits, she leaned forward in her chair, gazing almost with an appearance of fright at her companion.

"Your — your *last* name?" she faltered. A breathless suspicion had fastened upon her — a frightful suspense for the moment constricted her throat, so that she spoke with difficulty. "Could it be — was it possible?" she thought, her veins like ice, and then flushed as with a bath of fire.

Something in his manner — something forgotten and yet

half recalled added poignancy to her unease, and yet, she told herself, it could not be — it must not.

Half hysterically she compared the man: his height — the shape of his head — his hands — his voice — with certain other specifications which in her memory were, she knew, indelibly fixed. Then, nevertheless in a fever of doubt, despite her self-assurance that every characteristic of a certain familiar personality was indeed to her the most common denominator of her most certain knowledge, she waited, breathless, for his answer.

But in her companion's face was reflected nothing of her agitation as he said, with a slow smile and a slightly jocular air:

"My first — in this incarnation — at your service; 'Wentworth Darrel,'" he said, easily. "Now, then — your own . . . ?"

"Aline Fortesque" she lied promptly, with a sudden return to her former feverish gaiety. "Do you like — Aline?"

"Like her?" he said, bending forward sharply, his eyes bright with something other than the effect of his potations. "I — love her."

A misty smile usurped the transient pallor of her face. The cumulative effect of many drinks, added to the shock from which she was but just recovering, operated as a last effective breach in the thin armor of her reserve. She swayed toward him uncertainly.

"You — you may — if you like . . . love her," she said, scarcely above a whisper.

Around them at that moment the liberty which was the keynote of the night-life of the Pink Parrot was fast degenerating into license. Casting a bemused glance about her, Aline saw that which, at any other time, would have filled her with a shuddering distaste, but now . . .

At a table on their right an elderly Bacchus with the goatish countenance of a satyr was shamelessly kissing the pink shoulders of his companion with an abandon which was matched by the quite obvious love-making of a couple at their rear. Young girls walked to and fro between the tables with a licentious calmness of pose which somehow fired her imagination with a perverse desire to emulate their sang-froid of suggestion. And over all the music — sharp, staccato, feverish — beat time to the madness in her blood so that with difficulty she restrained an impulse to dance before the assemblage even as now danced the Hula-girl before them, slim, suggestive of potential amour, with bare bosom and limbs contorted in a frenzy of pictured passion.

Her companion leaned closer, laying his hand upon her bare shoulder with a proprietary air.

"It is the dance of desire, Sweetheart," he said.

She turned to him a face, beautiful, flushed, reckless with that last final abandon than which, in a woman, there is no surrender more complete.

"Do you really wish to know who I am?" she breathed. And at his murmured response against her ear, said, with an owlish solemnity which struggled against her faint, frantic laughter:

"You — you spoke of 'incarnations' — well — I'll tell you — secret — Phyrne — Sappho — all of 'em — I'm the incarnation of all of 'em . . . but I can be true . . . to . . ."

She paused uncertainly in the act of raising to her lips her

half-drained glass. Around her the lights revolved in a coruscating, fiery maze, out of which, as from some dim, distant avenue, appeared the face of her companion, the ragged edge of his domino lifting . . . lifting, so that she was conscious once more of a renewed desire to see his face, to touch it — to — to — kiss it, perhaps . . .

In the midst of this whirlwind of sound and motion she felt herself lifted; as in a strange dream — a fantasm of unreality — she somehow walked or was carried up . . . up . . . interminably, as it seemed, upon a winding stair. Then, abruptly, she was facing an open door, and once more lights, but this time, dim, subdued.

Then, by some odd reflex of her consciousness, for a moment she stood, swaying giddily, but with her blurred vision for a space restored to something less than normal.

Before her stood her companion of the evening, silent and strangely inscrutable as to his eyes, glowing, one might have thought, behind the impersonal barrier of his mask, with the cold gleam of an executioner or of a resurrected familiar of that Inquisition of dreadful memory.

Quickly, so quickly that he could not forestall her motion, on an impulse, even as his arms closed about her bare shoulders in a tightening embrace, she darted forward a clutching hand — grasped — and with one sharp jerk tore from its fastening the velvet mask, its ragged edge ripping into thin shreds and tatters, even as reputations shrivel and die in the hot flame of passion.

But at what she saw a death-like grayness overspread her face — she tottered — a sharp sigh issued from her throat, and with a choking moan she lapsed into unconsciousness.

After an interval, whether of seconds or of days she could not have told, she awoke with difficulty. There was an acrid taste upon her tongue — she was conscious of a feverish thirst which caused her to drink avidly of the water at her lips. But, as, her thirst temporarily assuaged, she gazed upward at the face above her, a shriek burst from the perfect column of her throat — again she nearly swooned as the bitter realization of her plight struck her like a blow.

But the face which gazed into hers was no less haggard than her own. The ashes — the dregs of his swift, sudden passion had drained his cheeks to a pasty grayness; the fingers which offered her now the sobering libation of a purer cup trembled no less than his lips as he said, hoarsely:

"Aline — thank God — there is yet time."

The woman raised herself painfully from the couch whereon she had been resting, in her face an odd mixture of disgust, comprehension, and, scarcely understandable to her companion, a dawning something in her face which somehow, even at this moment, gave to her expression the sincerity almost of a new birth.

"You — my — my — brother!" was all she said.

At the pregnant monosyllable her companion winced slightly; then he said, with a mixture of eagerness and embarrassment:

"Well — your — brother-in-law," he amended. "I — I thought —" he hesitated. Then he went on, lamely: "I — I can't help the resemblance, Aline — I — I'm sorry — I can't find the words — you — you tempted me beyond all reason —"

He appeared to pull himself together with a physical ef-

fort. "I've a taxi waiting — it's all right — no one need know."

The woman surveyed him for a moment with a sharp hardness in which, however, there lingered a hint of tears.

"I — I tempted *you!* No — no — Stacy — it was ourselves, each one of us, who listened. No one but ourselves will know. That's our punishment I suppose." Her voice sank dully. Under the lights she seemed suddenly departed from that radiant youth of hers with which she had dared so greatly — that youth now so harshly flowered into the bitter realization of the interminable years.

He glanced at his watch, the hands of which pointed to

that hour whose ebb would bring the dawn. Then, her toilet hastily arranged, a silence fell and deepened between them as, with carefully averted faces, they descended to the waiting cab. Still in silence he made as if to hand her in, but disdainfully his assistance, without a backward look she sank into the padded cushions of the seat, leaving him standing upon the curb.

The door slammed — the gears meshed — the motor roared with a sudden, staccato clamor — then settled into a steady beat of harnessed power as the car rolled onward into the new dawn.



LA DAME AUX MARIONNETTES

By HELEN WOLJESKA

LET me show you my puppets.

The tall one, shrouded in dark, mysterious veils, is Fate. She stares before her with unseeing, immobile, jewelled eyes. Although half hidden in the background's shadows, she always dominates the stage.

These smaller ones are gayer.

Here is Arlequin, in bright satins of royal red and sinister yellow. He is beautiful and intense. He is Love. . . . That is why his eyes burn with this smouldering flame, and why, instead of his bâton, he carries a dagger. For love, alas, has power to kill.

Here is Punchinelle, clothed in dull drabs and crude greys. He is Duty — blatant, irrepressible, vulgar, every-day Duty. How self-satisfied he looks. He thinks he is the most important of them all. Is it not laughable?

Here is Pierrot. Pale, pale, and languorous. He is the Dream, the Dream every one of us dreams, of joys and glories that never can come true. . . .

And here is Columbine. See how delicate she is. Her eyes are long and moist, they seem to smile through tears. Her mouth is eager and very red. And her body as fragile and perfumed as a white flower. She is my Soul. How sad she looks. The inscrutable goddess has struck her with terror. The blatant fool has hunted and harassed her. And Arlequin has torn her heart.

But her fingers are linked with those of Pierrot. His luminous eyes are ecstatic, and her red lips pressed to his. . . . For at last she knows that the Dream is life's Only Reality.

GRATITUDE

By FAITH BALDWIN

OH, little Loves more delicate than May,
Who came to comrade me on tinkling feet,
And hung Life's long and greyly sombre street
With tinted lanterns, colorful and gay —
I shall remember you as one recalls
Quaint, haunting melodies once blithely sung,
Oh gifts from Half-God laughing largess flung —
Courageous roses climbing Fate's high walls!

Oh, little Loves like flame-swift fireflies —
Why should I scorn Love's tiniest frail spark
If it can pierce with gold my lonely Dark?
Immortal only are the distant skies!

They lie, oh little Loves, who name you false,
And say you seek the clearer sight to blind
Like tinsel dust upon a tawdry wind
Whose Life span is the measure of a waltz!
They shrug your fleet enchantments and embraces
For that no Heights, no Depths are yours . . . and yet
I walked glad ways with you nor knew regret —
Oh, little Loves with darling April faces!

L'ENVOI

Why should I dream you over save to bless?
Were you unfaithful — who am I to blame?
You went as lightly as you lightly came,
Dear, kind companions of my loneliness!

IN THE DUSK OF THE DAY*

By MAURICE RELONDE

Those of whom it tells:

SIMEON
ESTHER
MOLLIE
TOM

A typical farmhouse kitchen in Northern New York showing fairly good circumstances. In the centre of the back wall there stands a stove, to the left there is a kitchen table with a chair; on the table are some kitchen utensils. In the right wall is a door, and next to it opens a window looking into the yard. There is another door in the opposite wall leading to the hallway. Shelves with bags, pots, dishes, etc.

A late cloudy afternoon, the weather is threatening, the room is quite dark.

Esther stands near the stove over the pots; she is twenty-one years old, but looks much younger; slim; pleasant, thoughtful face. Simeon stands near the yard-door, ax in hand. He is twenty-eight; big, heavy, slow moving. A plain face which has just now an ugly expression.

SIMEON: I'll chop enough wood so I don't have to do it for a few days.

ESTHER: Alright, Sim; don't overheat yourself, it's blowing an ugly wind in the yard.

SIMEON (*turning towards the door; hesitates for a few moments, then turns around*): Where's Mollie?

ESTHER: She'll be down soon. I just heard her get up; she's been takin' a bit of a rest.

SIMEON: Takin' a rest this time o' the day! Only sick ones rest . . . an' you down here, workin' for'r!

ESTHER: You shouldn't be so hard on her, Sim dear. You ought to like her a bit. 'Tain't many cousins you've got. She's a good woman even if she does act high at times. 'Tain't her fault; it's livin' in the city makes 'm that way.

SIMEON: I wished she'd live in . . . She can't stay here no longer. We haven't got much ourselves, an' to be givin' it away to a . . .

ESTHER: But all she's been here is four days; we kin afford it easy.

SIMEON: She's playin' the rich lady, an' makes you work for her . . . No . . .

ESTHER: Oh Sim! . . . I don't mind it a bit. She'll not make us poor neither.

SIMEON: She won't, but she'll . . . You don't know her, she's worse'n a black snake.

ESTHER: Bosh, come. You talk so suspicious . . . There, I hear her comin' down; you mustn't let on . . .

SIMEON: I'll get out an' chop the wood.

(Goes out quickly. Mollie comes in through the hall door. She is twenty-seven, a pretty face, doll-like; rouged and powdered; bleached hair; stylishly dressed, which looks out of place. From the moment she enters, the slow regular thuds of the ax are heard. After a time it is as if they were accompanying the voices.)

ESTHER: Did you sleep well, Mollie?

MOLLIE: 'Was alright. What time is it? It's all dark.

ESTHER: It's early yet; I think we're goin' to have a bit of rain.

MOLLIE: Then there'll be no going to the village to-night?

ESTHER: I'm sorry, I don't think so.

MOLLIE: Can't the horses be driven in the rain?

ESTHER: I don't think Sim'd like to drive 'm in this weather.

MOLLIE: Why? . . . What . . . What's that confounded banging out there? . . .

ESTHER: It's Sim choppin' wood. If it's botherin' you, I'll tell him to go behind the barn.

MOLLIE: Never mind, that's alright.

ESTHER: Are you goin' to stay for a while in here?

MOLLIE: What else am I going to do?

ESTHER: Will you please keep an eye on the water while I run up an' tidy up the room.

MOLLIE: Never mind. I'll fix it later.

ESTHER: Don't bother. I'll do it in shape now. I don't mind it a bit. Call me as soon as the water starts boilin'. I've got to peel potatoes yet.

(She leaves by the hall door. For a time Mollie stands in the centre of the room, then takes a paper and sits down on the chair. The dull, steady thuds are heard still stronger in the silence. After a few seconds she jumps up and walks quickly to the door.)

MOLLIE (*speaking outside*): Stop that damned banging. . . .

SIMEON (*comes in ax in hand. Mollie takes a few steps backward; but Simeon follows her. She stops near the stove; he is close to her*): I'll stop it . . . if I get just one more . . . an' see your head flyin' like one o' them chunks of wood.

MOLLIE: Hm; times have changed . . . It was quite . . .

SIMEON: You devil . . . you . . . you'll get out . . . You'll go to-night. . . .

MOLLIE: I'll do nothing of the sort.

SIMEON (*slowly*): You'll go to-night. . . . You'll go by the next train . . . or there'll be someone dead here.

MOLLIE: A fine way for a husband to talk to his wife! No, my darling husband, I'll stay. I'll go when I'm good and ready. And before I go I'll have a "tet-a-tet" with your charming wife . . . number two of course. Do you know what that means? I'll have a little heart to heart talk with Esther. . . .

SIMEON: You say a word to her an' you're dead. An' that won't end it. I'll kill myself, too, so that I kin hound you an' give you no rest in hell neither.

MOLLIE: Ga'b; that's all. I'll break up this little happy home the way Laura Jane Libby never imagined yet. Just think of that little darling Esther when . . .

SIMEON: Quiet, I . . .

MOLLIE: . . . When she discovers who shares her respectable title. I wonder if she'll love me as much as she loves "cousin Mollie"?

SIMEON: A word to Esther an' . . .

MOLLIE: I hope you are not ashamed of me. It was a perfectly legal marriage, you know. No respectable person like Esther could say anything against it.

SIMEON: You beast . . . You red-eyed devil . . . It was you

*Rights of production reserved by the Author.

fooled me in it, you witched me in it . . .

MOLLIE: It was very lawful, my dear.

SIMEON: You got me drunk like yourself. I didn't know what I was doin'. . . . I was crazy. . . .

MOLLIE: It's all the same, my dear Sim. Come, why get so excited about it? It's nothing, we're just married, that's all. Anyhow, you must have liked it, otherwise you wouldn't have done it over again . . . with this . . . kid . . .

SIMEON: Leave her out o' your mouth, I tell you . . .

MOLLIE: I was quite surprised when I heard it, my dear . . . I thought it so interesting that I came right up to make sure. You seem to like variety. I wonder if your darling Esther . . .

SIMEON: Leave Esther out of your dirty, rotten mouth . . .

MOLLIE: A dirty, rotten mouth I? . . . A dirty, rotten mouth! . . . But it's good to hear you talk like this! Why do you think I'm staying here? I don't give a hang for your damned bread and water. It's to drive the green devil in your eyes. I'm getting even . . . with all of 'm . . . who've been using me and never thinking a damn about me afterwards. I'll stay here and you'll work for me now, do you understand? It's you I'll make suffer the black tortures for the whole rotten lot of 'm. I'll not go back walking the streets; you can't throw me out; the law won't let you. . . . Sometimes the law's good for something. And if you do . . . the whole country'll ring with it. I'll put you in jail for bigamy. I'll show your wife who you are; I'll . . .

SIMEON (*suddenly raising his ax*): Wait you . . .

MOLLIE (*jumping back with a shriek*): Esther! . . .

ESTHER (*above*): What is it? Is the water boilin'? I'll be down in a second.

(*She is heard coming down the stairs. Simeon walks quickly to the door; on the threshold he turns.*)

SIMEON: The horses'll be ready . . . d'you hear . . . (*He leaves.*)

MOLLIE: We'll see about that. (*Esther enters.*) I was looking for the potatoes. I can't find them, where are they? (*The heavy, vicious sound of the chopping begins to be heard again.*)

ESTHER: Here they are; that's alright. I always put them on this shelf. Where did I put that knife? Oh, there it is on the window. Lordy, don't the hours fly. I wished the day was twice as long. (*She seats herself on a chair and begins peeling the potatoes.*)

MOLLIE: Let me help you.

ESTHER: Never mind, it's alright. Ain't it funny, Mollie, I like to work. It's such joy to work in a place where there's one you love. I of'n wonder why.

MOLLIE (*with a short dry laugh*): It's only at the beginning. You'll get over it soon.

ESTHER: It's been that way for the last two years an' it's always like new. God, I'm so happy.

(*Steps are heard outside, the door opens and Tom ambles in. He is fifteen years old; has an abnormally large head, and large meaningless eyes. His manner of talking, as well as his appearance show him to be half idiotic. He speaks with a thick, lolling accent. He goes right up to Mollie talking into her very face.*)

TOM: Gimme a nickel as you give Susie. I wan' 'e buy candy.

ESTHER: Don' . . .

(*Mollie takes a small purse from her skirt pocket, takes out the coin and gives it to him.*)

TOM: Thanks. (*Grins, moves his face still nearer to Mollie's.*) I like ye; y're nice. Won' ye shake han's wi' me? (*Puts his hand out, drops it immediately and runs out.*)

ESTHER: You shouldn't give them money, Mollie.

MOLLIE: That kid has been drinking again, Esther.

ESTHER: What can I do? . . . What can I do? . . .

MOLLIE: You're his aunt. And what about Hannah, his mother — he should be looked to.

ESTHER: What can we do? The men'll give him drink on the sly . . . just for the fun of it.

MOLLIE: If I was his mother . . . I'd show them a thing or two. Hm. . . . That's fine . . . and any one of them may be his father.

ESTHER: It's terrible. It's enough to drive madness in your head. But what can be done! Three children an' one worse'n the other . . . and no father to look to 'm. I'll take Susie to me, but I can't take Jim and Tom.

MOLLIE: She should have someone to look after them — and herself as well; she looks like a corpse. (*Jumping up.*) Won't he stop that banging!

ESTHER: I'll tell him to stop if you don't like it.

MOLLIE: No, no . . . never mind. (*Sits down.*) I heard a man by the name of Ezra Hinshaw wants to marry Hannah.

ESTHER: So they've been talkin'. An' if he does . . . he'll whip the red blood out of the kids, or not look at 'm at all. An' as about her. . . . You know when a man marries a woman who has had three children an' unmarried, the kind o' treatment she kin expect.

MOLLIE: It's common up here.

ESTHER: That don' make no difference. He'll treat her worse'n a dog.

MOLLIE: I don't understand this altogether.

ESTHER: It's just that way. Most o' the women up here don' think nothin' about havin' children . . . before they're married. An' when they get a man. . . . Well, there ain't many things up here to keep you much thinkin' . . . In some places it's the only thing they seem to live for. . . .

MOLLIE: And you. . . . I mean . . .

ESTHER: You see I was a bit different than the rest. I used to read — an' I loved Sim . . . since I was a child. I wouldn't stand for no man gettin' near me tho' many of 'm tried. I loved Sim. I would have him an' no other. He said he'd marry me.

(*There is a pause; the dull, steady, chopping outside is heard coming down sharp and ugly. The room is now quite dark.*)

MOLLIE: Didn't you ever think . . . he might . . . marry . . . some other one. . . .

ESTHER: No . . . he wouldn't. He said we'd be married so soon as he earned enough for the two of us to live on, an' I said I'd wait. I'd 've waited for him till the day I'd died. All my life.

MOLLIE: All your life?

ESTHER: Sure. I love him an' 'd been easy. Only once it was hard. When he went to New York. It was hard livin' up here with the men. An' what was worse tho', he stopped writin' for a time. There was a long knife in the house. Them heavy ones; twisted; the kind you cut bread with. It was very

sharp; someone brought it from the city. I always dreamt about it, an' saw it before me. If he'd forgotten me, I'd 've done it. An' if he died, I'd 've done it just the same. Then one day he wrote he was comin', an' when he did, luck came with 'm. Soon we'd enough to get married. An' now we're so happy! If only *not* for Hannah. . . .

MOLLIE (*very low*): Are you . . . really? . . . Suppose something would happen to . . . to . . . Sim? . . .

ESTHER: God in Heaven! I'd cut my throat.

MOLLIE: You would . . . really? . . .

ESTHER: What'd be the good of livin'? With these men here! . . . To be like Hannah with her three kids? . . . Or like Miriam, my younger sister! One summer a boarder that was at one of the farms tol' her if she'd go to New York she'd be earnin' as a waiter or somethin' like that more than she could ever make up here. She went an' we got two letters from her; that's nigh three years ago. Nothin' since. Sim said he looked for her when he was there, but he never found her.

MOLLIE: Not much happiness up here — is there?

ESTHER: Mighty little. They don't live much around here. Do you think . . . (*Wild yelling is heard outside.*) What's this? (*Gets up, dropping the potatoes to the floor, and walks quickly to the door. A voice is heard outside: "Tom and Susie are fightin'; they're moiderin' each other. Quick, Sim, come over." Esther goes out.*)

ESTHER (*outside*): I'll go, Sim. I can settle this better 'n you. Please, I'll be back in a minute.

(*The ax is heard coming down a few more times then it stops. Mollie is slowly gathering the potatoes from the floor. Sim enters noiselessly. She doesn't notice him. He walks a few steps nearer and, when she arises at the noise, she is*

close to his very face. She falls back a step on seeing him; he stands before her in a crouching position, ax in both hands. In the dark room his figure seems a wild unshapen mass.)

SIMEON (*hoarsely*): Well? . . . are you ready? . . . or no. . . .

MOLLIE: Ready!

SIMEON: Are you goin', or ain't you? . . . are you goin' or ain't you? . . . You'll go, an' if you don't an' say a word to Esther I'll knock your brains out the way they do wild beasts, an' then I'll knock out mine so that I kin set all the devils in hell on' you. I don't want you here. What right 've you got to be here? . . . You're not my wife. . . . I never did you no wrong. You picked me up an' when I went, you didn't give a damn. You wanted me to go. . . . Esther's my wife . . . not you. . . . D'ye hear. . . . She's my wife. You'll let us live; you'll go away from here an' not say a word that'll kill her, or there'll be bloody murder this night. You're makin' me crazy. Will you go? . . . Will you? . . .

(*Mollie stands now quietly looking at him.*)

MOLLIE: It's not for you, but for another wom . . .

(*The door opens and Esther appears at the door right behind Simeon. He turns about at the noise.*)

ESTHER: They were fightin' over the. . . . Why, what's this? . . .

MOLLIE: Nothing, nothing. I told Sim I wanted to go this evening with the next train and he insists somehow excitedly that I should stay a few more days. I'll get my things ready, there isn't much time.

ESTHER: But why. . . . Anyhow, you can't go without supper.

MOLLIE: I might miss the train . . . you can put some sandwiches in my bag. . . . I've got to get back by to-morrow. . . .

AT DAWNING

BY FAITH BALDWIN

I woke of late to greet a wistful Dawn,
 Mother-of-pearl and dove-soft gray and green,
 While, past my windows, shone the misted gleam
 Of quiet waters like a silver lawn.

I turned to watch your dream-sweet eyes unclose,
 I turned to see you lying languid there
 Your dawn-pale face, and fragrant unbound hair,
 Your waking smile — swift sunlight on a rose.

And then — the birds! — a-hymn in pagan fashion,
 Tuning their little throats to sun and rain,
 Mad with all Spring's delight and poignant pain,
 Minstrels of Dawn and Life and Youth-gold passion.

And I forgot that ever Dawn had been,
 And I forgot that Dawn would come once more,
 This was the Dawn my nights had waited for —
 Mother-of-pearl and dove-soft gray and green!

And I forgot that you would soon forget
 This waking to a misty world of song,
 Forgot that I'd remember, Dearest, long
 After your Love's sun shall, for me, have set!

CONVENTIONAL COMPLACENCY

By LINDLEY M. KEASBEY

OURS is an age of self-made men and man-made institutions. Imagine an ancient arrogating to himself his own creation, or a mediævalist attempting to reconstruct society! Yet such is the presumption of our individual moralists and the social uplifters of our day. Having modified themselves they would make over humanity, — and mechanically, mind you, in accordance with standardized ideals. What a strange state of conventional complacency! From the religious point of view it is certainly sacrilegious, from the scientific standpoint obviously absurd, — yet when economically interpreted very easily explained. You have only to fasten your attention upon the factors of production and follow their succession historically, — from the Natural State, through the Proprietary Period, to this the Commercial Era, or capitalistic age.

Of the three factors of production — land, labor, and capital — two are *inherited* and one is *acquired*. Then again, labor is *naturally*, while land is *legally* inherited; whereas capital is *conventionally* acquired. Apply these distinctions to the course of human development, the existing situation, with all its conventional complacency, becomes comparatively clear.

In the Natural State labor was the productive factor that prevailed, because land was still free and capital non-existent as yet. Now labor connotes *personal* power, *muscular* and *mental* combined, which is naturally inherited, so science assures us; but, being no eugenists, the ancients regarded personal capacity as a gift of the gods. A self-made man forsooth! God made man in his own image, — imagine a Homeric hero arrogating to himself his own creation! In those olden days strong men derived their strength, and wise men acquired their wisdom, altogether from the gods, from whom they were directly descended, and with whom they were intimately associated. Therefore the ancients respected their personal capacities, and regarded the results of their labors with religious awe. And even as human capabilities were god-given, so also were earthly institutions divinely ordained. Man-made institutions indeed! Imagine Moses introducing the Decalogue as a reform bill before the House! In these ancient days wise men were instructed to inculcate, strong men were called upon to execute, the commands of their gods. Therefore, in the Natural State, terrestrial institutions seemed to be celestially established, and human society appeared as a reflex of the heavenly hierarchy.

During the Proprietary Period land became the productive factor that prevailed, — as appropriation proceeded, through conquest and conversion, on the part of the warriors and priests. Now land is the source of *physical* power, *mechanical* or *generative* as the case may be, both of which have long since become legally inheritable. But, being no jurists, the original appropriators regarded their real property as a benefice conferred, — in first instance by the Almighty, — “God,” said King David the Psalmist, “has given the earth to the children of men.” Not in fee simple, to be sure, but as a trust estate to such of them as showed special

capacity; for upon these his chosen creatures, strong men and wise men, God conferred authority to occupy and administer the earth. Not in their own right, or even in their own interests, however; but as surrogates, so to say, or vice-regents of the Almighty, in behalf of their subjects and charges, the children of men. So it was in the beginning, but is not now, and never shall be again; because, as appropriation proceeded, inheritance was inaugurated, and succession ensued. Consequently, in the course of a few generations, the heirs and successors of the original appropriators ceased to consider themselves simply as beneficiaries, and came to regard themselves as actual owners, — or proprietors in their own right, the titles to their real estate inhering henceforth, either in their feudal families, or else in the ecclesiastical corporations to which they belonged. Whereupon real property interposed itself between God and his children, estates were established, and landlordism began to prevail. Strong men and wise men were now no longer essential; since, secure in their possessions, weaklings and fools could prevail. Nor was it necessary that terrestrial institutions should in the future be celestially supervised; since the State, which comprised the confederacy of feudal families, and the Church, which included the hierarchy of ecclesiastical corporations, henceforth secured their support from the earth beneath, instead of from the heavens above as heretofore. So it came to pass during the Proprietary Period that land-established institutions became prevalent and real estate men ruled supreme.

In the course of the Commercial Era capital has come to be the productive factor that prevails, — to the extent that occupations are differentiated, markets are organized, and money is accepted as a medium of exchange. Now capital constitutes *commercial* power, *selling* power on the one side, *purchasing* power on the other side of exchange. Neither of these commercial powers descended from the heavens above; since God himself gainsaid; for it is written in the Scriptures: Christ “cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers and the seats of those that sold doves.” Nor were either of these commercial powers derived from the earth beneath, because the proprietors thereof were opposed; for it is related in history that the ecclesiastics condemned usury, and that the aristocrats stigmatized trade. But if neither descended from the heavens above nor derived from the earth beneath, whence then did selling power and purchasing power proceed? From the *Exchange System*, I should say, which was established in between by the outcasts from heaven, and extended round about by the disinherited of the earth.

But to such establishment and extension of the exchange system both the Church and the State stood opposed. Thus the outcasts were deprived of direct resort to heaven and the disinherited were excluded from immediate access to the earth. Therefore, in the face of such restrictions, they — the outcasts and disinherited who bought and sold on the market place — saw fit to protest. So it came to a ques-

tion of the Commons on one side over against the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal on the other. The latter, including the ecclesiastical hierarchy and the feudal confederacy, had not only received sanction from heaven, but also inherited the earth. For the former, comprising the commercial classes, there was nothing for it, therefore, but to open up independent connections with the Almighty, and come to some agreement among themselves, — to provide for the differentiation of occupations, the organization of the market, and the circulation of money, so that capital in the future could be conventionally acquired. To these ends individual initiative, religious tolerance, free trade, and contractual relations were required, all of which reforms the Protestants peremptorily insisted upon. Thus the third estate, composed of self-made men, arose and ranged itself in opposition to the other two, which were God-ordained and land-established besides. Then, to the extent that such opposition was successful, God-ordained and land-established institutions gave way; and, in the course of the Commercial Era, self-made men and man-made institutions came proportionally to prevail.

All of this is intelligible so far as self-made men and man-made institutions are concerned; but how is our conventional complacency to be explained? By success, I should say; for it is defeat, according to Emerson, that educates the man. Our captains of industry conceive of themselves as self-made men; as a matter of fact they are market-made men, who owe their success in sooth, not so much to their own initiative, as they do to the exigencies of exchange. So it is also with our conventionalized institutions. We regard our government as a man-made democracy; as a matter of fact it is a money-made democracy, which owes its success in sooth, not so much to contractual relations, as it does to the contingencies of exchange. Whether it be hypocrisy, or faulty reflection on our part, is altogether immaterial. Market-made men in the midst of money-made institutions, we conceive of ourselves as self-made men in the midst of man-made institutions. So situated, we arrogate to ourselves our own creation, whereas in reality we are the creatures of exchange; thus environed we pride ourselves upon our contractual relations, whereas actually they also are the products of exchange. Hence our state of conventional complacency, arising from the fact that we take credit to ourselves for our individual and social achievements, which should be attributed to the vicissitudes of exchange.

But this conventional complacency of ours is becoming unstable, and, as I foresee things, a severe shock is in store. You have only to look back over the historical process; the past relations between the three productive factors are already revealed. In the Natural State labor showed itself sufficient, because land was still free and capital non-existent as yet; during the Proprietary Period free labor was suppressed, and appropriated land ruled supreme; in the course of the Commercial Era capital has succeeded in asserting its ascendancy, not only over emancipated labor, but also over monopolized land. So you see, labor, land, and capital have run their respective courses, and each has ranged itself successively in opposition to the other two. Such is the historical succession, which has given rise to present conditions, and produced our conventional complacency by the

way. Now another alteration is evidently in order; in conclusion, therefore, I shall ask you to look forward: the future relations between the three productive factors are about to be revealed.

Exploitation on capital's part has recently given rise to a reaction, and another revolution is already under way, originating in the organization of labor, proceeding thence toward the socialization of capital, and leading eventually to the liberation of land. So far this revolution is only in its initial, or negative stage. Laborers are organizing industrially, to resist the exactions of capital, and agriculturally also, to oppose the restrictions of land. From such negative action it is only a short step to positive procedure, over against capitalism and landlordism on the proletariat's part. This step taken, such positive procedure is likely to continue, along the lines of industrial and agricultural co-operation, industrial co-operation accomplishing progressively the socialization of capital, agricultural co-operation leading eventually to the liberation of land. Consequently, in the future Social State, no one productive factor will prevail over the other two; because — through the organization of labor, the socialization of capital, and the liberation of land — all three productive factors will become co-operatively combined. Then you have only to ask yourselves: under such co-operative conditions whence will productive power proceed? Not from the heavens above, as supposedly in the Natural State; not from the earth beneath, as actually during the Proprietary Period; nor yet altogether from the exchange system, which in the course of the Commercial Era has come to be established and extended, round about and in between. But if not from any of these separate sources — personal, physical, or commercial — whence, in the coming Social State, will productive power proceed? From the common centre, of course, around which land, labor, and capital are going to be co-operatively combined.

We are still a long way from this conclusion, I grant; but co-operation is proceeding and "coming events cast their shadows before." Already under the adumbrations of socialism the effulgence of capitalism is becoming obscured. In the subdued light of public opinion one can catch the reflection that the market projects toward successful individuals; under the pall of popular disapproval one can detect the glamour that money casts around our conventionalized affairs. Thus even at present, under perfunctory investigation, self-made men and man-made institutions are shown up as they actually are: market-made men exhibiting their false faces, money-made institutions exposing their seamy sides. And we have only arrived at the organization of labor! As we proceed toward the socialization of capital the shadows will be short-ended, as we approach the liberation of land obliquity will be rectified, and the truth at last revealed: *Human character at its best and social systems in their fulfilment are the outcome of co-operative procedure.* There will be no shadows then for self-made men to stand in, conventional complacency will be dissipated, and man-made institutions will be exposed to the full light of day. So when the Social State arrives at its zenith co-operatively produced individuals will rule over the earth and socially established democracies prevail.

JACK BIDDLE FROM NOWHERE

By FORD TARPLEY

RENA had been standing on the porch when they passed with him. Her mother said it was very immodest of her and she remembered how others had looked surprised, but she did not care for when he saw her he had dropped his head and shut his eyes: no one could know how that had pleased her. She would have liked seeing him longer but they had led him straight away to the little jail and she had not dared to follow.

The jail was a little wooden shack behind some trees on the bank of the river nearly in front of where Rena lived. It was very old and seldom used except to confine for the night occasional tramps and drunks — prisoners of a more serious kind being cared for in Salem which was only ten miles distant. Rena wondered why they were not taking him there. She also wondered what his name was and where he was from — but all that she could find out in *The Eagle* which had been delivered in the afternoon and very soon she would go up to the house and read it. Now the house was full of people: they had been coming and going all day and she couldn't bear meeting them. She had tried staying in her room but even when she covered her head with cushions she could hear what they said and they all said the same things over and over.

Here in the orchard it was quiet. She sat in the long grass beneath a fruit laden apple tree, and a book of poems lay in her lap. She had been trying to read them all afternoon — trying to occupy her thoughts and free herself from the mad bewilderment into which the day had plunged her . . .

In front of the book was written: "To Rena from Bert Kern on her seventeenth birthday." How many times that had thrilled her. It was the first present from a boy that she had ever had. She remembered sleeping with it under her pillow and reading it the first thing every morning. That was several years ago and now she and Bert were engaged to be married.

She should have gone to Bert this morning and in some way expressed her appreciation for what he had done; for it was he who had caught the prisoner. But when he had entered the dining room at breakfast time she had evaded even his eyes; and it was then that she had gone to her room.

Bert thought he understood. He told her mother that he understood. And then he muttered: "Poor little girl — poor little girl."

And that is the first thing he said when he found her in the orchard — "Poor little girl — poor little girl." A faint smile came to her lips as she arose to meet him. He drew near her and laid his hands gently on her shoulders and looked curiously into her eyes.

"My little sweetheart, what Hell you have been through! And I can't tell you how I have suffered too."

"Listen Bert, please don't talk to me any more about it. Please — I ask you — please," she said, gently breaking away from him.

"But Rena dearest, there are a few questions I must ask

you — or rather, I want you to tell me things yourself. We are engaged you know Rena, and you ought to be able to talk to me without minding. We must give the police certain information. You have told us absolutely nothing and so far we only have Mr. Radcliffe's report."

"What was that? What did he say?"

"Only how he heard you screaming — and how half an hour later he found you on the bank of the creek crying and that you had been assaulted by a drunken youth who had made his escape. That's all."

"Isn't it enough?"

"Not for me anyway, Rena. I ought to know at least. Where did you meet him? How did he approach you?"

"I was walking in the woods just on the other side of the bridge and we met. He asked me the way to the road. I didn't know at first that he was drunk so I told him and he began talking about other things. Then he grabbed hold of me."

"What happened then?"

"I fainted."

"You remember no more?"

"Hardly."

There was a long silence and then she said: "What does he say, Bert? Have they talked to him?"

"He won't say anything about it at all. He gave a name but I suppose he just made it up."

"What was it?"

"Jack Biddle. And he says he is nineteen. But we can't find out where he comes from. But the officers are coming over from Salem to-morrow morning and they will make him talk. They couldn't get away to-day — a pretty state of affairs there. We sent over for help last night but could get none."

"Poor Herb, how tired you must be! Why aren't you home sleeping now?"

"Rena! As if I could sleep! To have a thing like that happen to the girl I love! Why nothing has ever come into my life so horrible."

"Yes Bert, it is terrible, but now why worry about it. You have done every thing there is to do and it is best to forget such things."

"We are not worrying, Rena! We are simply taking the necessary precautions. We have the fiend confined, and we have got to do our best to keep him there. You know how old the jail is — anything might happen. It must be guarded night and day."

"Well, it is being guarded."

"Al is going off at nine and I am taking it."

"Silly!"

"I can't trust it to anyone else, and anyway I couldn't sleep. You don't know how upset I am."

"But what has happened? Is my life ruined? Am I any different from what I was yesterday?"

He gazed at her some moments dismayed and then the great pleading eyes overcame him. A sad smile appeared on his face and he took her in his arms.

"My poor little sweetheart! Nothing could make you any different. You are as pure as the flowers in the fields and the words in the bible and you don't understand. And I love you more for I know that you need me to look after you."

He kissed her many times on the cheek; and then she raised her lips and kissed him.

"Oh Rena you do love me don't you?" he muttered. "You do, I know you do. You couldn't kiss me that way if you didn't. If it were not for your kisses sometimes I should hardly know whether you loved me or not."

The gold had almost ceased struggling with the shadows in the long grass and among the heavy green branches of the apple trees. It was after six o'clock. It was that hour between day and dusk of a glad summer's afternoon. Here in the peace and quiet it was hard to realize the sordid facts that had happened since the last setting of the sun, and in spite of them all, Herbert felt a thrill like a tremble pass through his soul. He loved. And here before him with wistful eyes staring into the distance was she whom he loved and she was his. Perhaps she was young and could not love as he, but the great confidence of his heart told him that he could expect no more and he felt that she was learning. Were not those kisses of flame still warm upon his lips? And could they be ought but real?

"Rena, sweetheart," he said after a long silence. "It is almost time for supper."

"I was wondering, Bert, if father had not died, and I had gone back east to study music, what would have happened to me."

"Tell me you are glad, little Rena, that you didn't go. It is comfortable here and pretty. Why should anyone want to break out into a strange world? It will be like heaven when we have a little home of our own. Tell me you are glad."

She had taken his arm and they were strolling up towards the house.

"I am glad," she answered.

It was nearly midnight. Rena and her mother sat before the fire in the living room. Her mother was sewing. She was a wrinkled little old lady. One would have taken her rather for Rena's grandmother. She had been many years an invalid.

Rena was reading. She had finished the greater part of a novel that evening. Finally she closed the book and put it on the table.

"Mother, now see the time. You know that you should have been in bed long ago. You must come immediately." She spoke gently but with authority.

"I shall wait up for you Rena. I don't see why you can't make Herbert his coffee now. And there is no need of him having coffee anyway. Those sandwiches and a glass of milk would be all that he will want.

"Yes, mother dear, I will make the coffee right away, but first I am going to take you up to bed."

"Rena, my poor little daughter!" said the mother with tears in her eyes as Rena was leading her upstairs.

An hour later, Rena sat with Bert on the ground beneath

a lantern about thirty feet from the little jail.

The supper was finished. He turned and took her in his arms.

"Why did you come out here, little Sweetheart! It is much too nice of you. But you shouldn't have. I ought to scold but I can't."

"I knew you would be lonely Bert. If you insisted upon going on guard you should have had some other man with you too so you could get a little sleep. This is the second night that you have been up."

"But you see how lucky I am after all. If anyone else had been here you wouldn't have come. Anyway Rena I rested several hours this afternoon."

"Has he been quiet?"

"Once he asked for a light and a magazine or a book," Bert laughed.

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him he wasn't stopping at a hotel."

"Is that all he has said?"

"Yes."

"How quiet it is. The stars are all out. It is going to be a nice day to-morrow."

"The moon ought to be up pretty soon."

"I like it best this way — just the black and stars. Let's go over by the river where we can see them in the water."

"We must stay here."

"He won't do anything, Herb. He's only a boy."

"You can't tell. Anyway I feel easier here . . . Rena, rest your head upon my shoulder."

"Then lean back upon the moss of this log. It's comfortable and you must be tired, poor dear."

"I could never be anything but happy with you so near."

"I will stay right here until you go to sleep and then I'll be watchman myself. Every few minutes I'll walk around and see that every thing is all right. And I'll call you if I hear the least little noise."

"No sweetheart I don't want to go to sleep."

She put her face against his and lay beside him. An owl hooted in the distance; there was the hushed, almost imperceptible sound of the flowing river, and at times a breeze whispered among the trees. All else was silent.

For half an hour or more Rena lay there and then quietly she arose.

"Herb," she whispered.

He did not move.

Hastily she glanced around her and then in a moment she was at the door of the jail. It was held by bolts and bars and one lock. The key which was too large to put in one's pocket was hanging tied to a stick by the lantern. It was not difficult to make an entrance but now that she had begun she didn't care whether Herbert awoke or not. She was determined and she would have her way.

"Boy!" she called softly when she had penetrated into the darkness. And then again: "Boy — Jack — are you asleep?"

There was no answer. She stood motionless and silent, waiting to hear him breathe. But there was no sound. What if he were dead! Or if he had escaped another way! She was afraid. But he must be there. She wanted him there. She had never wanted anything so badly in all her life.

She called him again — this time more loudly. But no response. She had matches in her waist pocket and nervously she lighted one. In the corner some planks had been raised and a hole dug underneath the wall. He was gone! Already gone! For some moments she remained there dazed and helpless; then slowly she turned and went out again.

She bolted the door again and locked it and put the key back where she had found it.

“Bert — Bert — wake up. He has escaped,” breathlessly she cried.

“What? . . . I have been asleep . . . Why did you let me Rena? . . . What did you say?”

“He has gone.”

“Who?”

“The boy.”

“What do you mean?”

“I found a hole in the back and it has been freshly dug, and it leads right in.”

“Rena.”

He ran to the spot she indicated behind some bushes and there he fell on his knees and examined for himself. Then he unlocked the door and with the lantern went inside.

“It was with the old hinge he did it. Rena! Rena, what have I done?” he exclaimed gazing at her helplessly.

“And we don’t even know where he came from, do we? He wouldn’t tell.”

“Oh, it is my fault. I was careless. What will everyone think?”

“You know it was my fault, Bert. It was surely while I

talked to you and made you eat that he escaped. I am certain it was my fault.”

“No, no — but we mustn’t talk of that. He must be found. I’ll raise Al.”

“What’s the use? The boy isn’t drunk this time — we’ll never get him again — never.”

“Let me go Rena, we must try.”

“Stay here Bert and don’t make a fuss. There is not even a moon yet. You could never find him. Why raise the whole town again?”

“But, Rena . . .”

“Don’t be a fool, Bert . . . It’s strange isn’t it that he never told where he came from . . . Jack Biddle — I wonder what his real name is.”

“Oh, Rena, can you ever forgive me?”

“Don’t mind.” And she uttered a curious little laugh. “It is all so funny isn’t it?”

“What?”

“Oh, I don’t know . . . Bert, I don’t want to go to bed yet. Let’s take a boat and drift awhile on the river.”

“You are mad Rena.”

“Just for an hour. What’s the difference now? He’s gone. You can do nothing. We’ll be back before dawn and then you can wake the others. We must think of what to say. And I will kiss you like this — and this . . .”

“Rena — Rena — what makes you so warm? Your cheeks are like fire. Rena — again — like that again — kiss me again . . . I never knew there were lips like yours. No, let me go . . . We are mad, Rena — mad . . .”

THE GREAT MOTHER

By MASON JUNIOR

STILL azure-eyed and honey-pale
 She lies within the deep abyss;
 She looks beyond the farthest stars
 And time is but a serpent’s hiss;
 She does not laugh, she does not weep
 For things that will be, are, or were;
 The gods are but her little dreams;
 Her children all drift back to her.

BALANCE

By DAVID ROSENTHAL

THREE things there be
 To touch my life with stars and April rain: —
 Your red mouth —
 Your love’s hilarity.
 Three things there be
 To touch my life with scars and silent pain:
 Your white breasts —
 Your red mouth —
 Your love’s hilarity.

AFFECTIONS

By LINDLEY M. KEASBEY

FACE the facts heroically and follow your affections,
 Freely, frankly, fearlessly in whatsoever directions
 They may lead you, baffled by convention’s cunning scheme;
 You’ll arrive, Beloved, else it’s all a dream.

An’ even if it be such, dreams are, after all,
 Just about as congruous and not so apt to pall
 As those wide-awake relations the established world esteems;
 So what’s the odds, Beloved, if affections lead to dreams?

FIVE JAPANESE ESSAYS

By YONE NOGUCHI

INSULARITY

OUR thoughts and emotions are only the continuation of the thoughts and emotions of our ancestors, which were often left hidden, unexpressed, happily for us, but always in existence, like the touch of air; while our thoughts may appear so sudden, frighteningly new, they have somewhere a link, sure like the stars, if you have eyes to see, with those of our progenitors. We value what the ancestors expressed, because we can read at the same time what they left unexpressed. I have no hesitation to say that the poets who sing like Byron or that golden-tongued Tennyson are admirable; but the good modern poets, no particular names mentioned, are unique at least on account of their inability (ability perhaps) in singing. It takes much talent to describe the outward beauty, and, true to say, even some original gift to appreciate it; but your real courage will be proved in your entire loss of desire of outward things. One can be taught by another how to see and understand the outward beauty, but there's hardly any guidance in the invisible matter, and you are your own guide, alone in the world, in your change from the visible to the spiritual. It is easy to change your dress and hat according to the season and style; but the outside attire, even the best kind, is of no avail for your spiritual change. It is natural course to enter the invisible from the visible, as you step into night from day; but you must let it come after having enough satisfaction of the outward things. The mellow perfection of the night only comes after all the splendor of the sun.

As for me, I have no strong love with the outward things, and always take a deep delight in the little inward world — the largest world perhaps — of my creation, and rarely sing the visible beauty. Is it because I am philosophical? Perhaps I am, without knowing it at all. Is it because I am somewhat logical? Perhaps I am, although people (I included) do not notice it. One thing I can say with much faith is that it takes a great energy to gain an assertion, and a tireless persistence to be content with the invisible things. You must fully understand the beauty of life, if you want to see the beauty of death; and life will be more beautiful from the reason of contrast with death. And death, again from the contrast with life, will be more tender in pathos, more subtle in rhythm. My song is always with the falling leaves and the dying day.

I am not ready to say such is the poetry of modern Japanese poets; it is so at least with some of them. And it is a most striking contrast with the material civilization of present Japan, which was brought at once from the West; the West, strangely enough, sent us at the same time her spiritual literature under the arbitrary name of symbolism. Now, that symbolism is not a new thing at all; for us, it is a continuation, of course with much modification, of our old thoughts and emotions. It is interesting to note that it came here when we were much criticized as materialists without capacity of understanding any spiritual

beauty. As somebody says, the real modern civilization of Japan is nothing but the old civilization which has changed its form; and I say that the true new literature is, indeed, the old literature, baptized in a Western temple. We have led, for a thousand years, our insular lives; we have been materially poor (many thanks for that poverty), and then we found it quite easy to commune with our minds. As the reality was never so splendid, we were obliged to seek satisfaction in dream; as we could not sing so well, we learned the art how to sing in silence, the art how to leave unsung. Poetry was never a criticism of life in Japan, as it was for one time in the West; but it was the words of adoration or love of nature and life. It is only the modern note to make the most of literature and life; it is, I dare say, from the hidden desire to value the no-literature and death more than the literature and life themselves.

We must not lose our insularity, although it needs a strength of consciousness; what we want is intensiveness, the art of distillation of our thought, which only comes from the true pride and real economy of force. Universalism is often a weakness itself. We do not need, in our Japanese literature, any long epic and song, because they are touched more or less by pretension. Our song is a potted tree of a thousand years' growth; our song is a Japanese tea-house — four mats and a half in all — where we burn the rarest incense which rises to the sky; our song is an opal with six colors that shine within.

MY ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE FLOWERS

MY own attitude towards the flowers is the attitude of the so-called flower-master, or, to speak more exactly, that of the tea-master, because the former is now troubled by the theories which originally came to exist as a proof of adoration as if a dew from the burst of dawn. And the latter is the art of accident, though it may sound rather arbitrary, born from the proper setting. When I call the flower-arrangement of the tea-master the natural, I mean to emphasize the point of formalism in those of the flower-master for which the word "decorative" is merely an excuse. As you and I know well, the flowers are sufficiently decorative in nature without adding any emphasis; I think that "decorative" is one of those two or three words wrongly used in the West when applied to our Japanese art; and it is my own opinion that the true decorativeness will never be gained in any art of East or West through the point of emphasis. The real decorativeness of, for instance, Korin or Hoitsu lies, at least to our Japanese mind, in the place where he is least decorative or, let me say, most natural; the word natural for the Japanese art is verily old and new. Now to turn to my attitude in looking at the flowers. I aim it to be natural, because my mind ever so hates to modify the beauty of the flowers; I dare say it is a new art (if I can call it so), not only to the West, but also to the East, which I gained perhaps through my perfect forget-

ting of the old Japanese flower art. When I cannot see the way how to explain myself, I always say: "I see the real nature in flowers." If you say I admire the selection of the flowers, you are wrong, because I never select them as it might appear to you; my chief value as a flower adorer, or mystery, if I have any, is how, and more important, where, to leave the flowers to sing their own quiet songs in a little vase, bronze or China, upon the *tokonoma*.

My mind strays to the well-known story of Rikiu, the tea-master, of the sixteenth century, regarding the morning-glory, which Taiko, the great prince, entreated him to show him; it goes without saying that the morning-glory was yet the rarest plant at that time. It is said that Rikiu had put all the flowers, of course morning-glories, away from the garden for the fine pebbles and white sand on the appointed day, where Taiko, as you can imagine, walked most sulkily towards the tea-room, where the great tea-master prepared the morning tea for his lord. The lord at once questioned himself where the morning-glory Rikiu promised was planted; but lo! when he entered the room, just one single morning-glory most winsome and delicate like a forgotten moonbeam, welcomed him from the *tokonoma*. Indeed, it was a great sacrifice for Rikiu to cut off all the other morning-glories; but it was the heroic way to give the one flower its full distinction. I think that the other flowers did not die in vain. So it is with my attitude towards the flowers when I look at them; I do not see the mass of them, and what I see in them, whether they be a willow or a branch of plums or the petals of lotus or the crawl of morning-glory, is just a touch or hint of their beauty, and I object to seeing the rest of them. To call my own way suggestive often leads people to misunderstanding; if I have any artistic significance or merit in my attitude, it is my understanding of how to leave the space in the picture, nay, the *tokonoma* where the vase for the flowers stands, or to speak more poetically, how to cover up the space of that *tokonoma* with the most graceful nothing; therefore my *tokonoma* has no stupid vacancy. You might call it a Japanese art if you will; but I believe that the true art has no East or West as it is always born from nowhere.

THE EAST: THE WEST

I LOOKED aside through the window where the young-green willow branches, to use a Japanese phrase, almost smoked in uneasiness like the love-touched heart of a girl, when our talk (nothing better than an informal talk on art and poetry to fill an hour of an April afternoon already grown gold and slow) flagged; we three found a haven from the city's noise by a little table at the restaurant off Ginza, the Boulevard of Tokyo. My friend-composer finished his cup of tea, and took up again his talk where he had left off.

"Once I made the late Mr. K., the well-recognized Japanese musician connected with the Kabukiza Theatre, listen to the tune of Payne's 'Home, Sweet Home.' What did he say, do you suppose, when it was over? You are mistaken to think his musical mind rightly responded when he appeared fallen in meditation; he said to my amaze-

ment: 'That was very grand.' And he said further that he would like to play it, for instance, at the scene first or last, where many *samurais* in formal dress, sitting in perfect order, were ready to speak their greeting of New Year's Day to their lord just stepped out from within; indeed, that was what I never expected to hear. However, I was amused to think it was another instance to prove how differently in music the Japanese mind, at least, the old Japanese mind, is pleased to work from the West; you can imagine how mystified he looked when I told him about the nature of tune I had played him."

This delightful talker looked upon me as if he wanted my word of endorsement; my mind grew at once alive, being given an interesting subject even for serious consideration; and I said:

"I had my own experiences not only once when I found myself in exactly the same situation as that Mr. K.; it was in the earlier days of my American life, when my exotic Japanese mind was still far from being acclimatized in the West. Once in New York, my American friend took me one evening to a certain Webber and Field to see the so-called artists in the 'cake-walk' — whether they were negroes or whites I hardly remember now — that fantastic way of step on the stage most popular in those days. I knew that I could not help laughing when I saw the players with stove-pipe hat red or blue, with ribboned huge cane in hand, leaping across the stage like vagarious spirits who had dethroned themselves of their own free will; but once when I closed my eyes to give my sense of hearing full play, what do you suppose? I confess that my tears strangely fell without being called. My friend said sarcastically: 'Is it a Japanese way to cry when you are jolly?' When he meant that we Japanese often act in the reverse, and generally speaking, that we are paradoxical people by nature, I think that somehow he hit the right mark; but I dismissed the whole thing without answering him, because it was a question too complicated to explain in one breath. And I am sure that he would have asked me why, even if I had told him simply that the music merry to him sounded to me sadly."

"Dr. C., you know, the German professor at the Musical College," my friend-composer interrupted me, as, doubtless, he wished to say something before he forgot it, "most savagely denies even to-day after twenty years' residence here our having any harmony in music; but the fact is that our Japanese mind is most deliciously, tenderly, sadly moved where the Western mind finds it most unsatisfactory. Listen to a *samisen* music (which is said in the West to be nothing more than a noise wild or primitive at the best) in a little lyrical tune, for instance, with the song which you (Yone Noguchi) translated:

His *haori*
 She hid,
 His sleeves
 She held.
 'Must you go, my lord,'
 Says she.
 From the lattice window
 She slid

The *shoji* slight,
And she cries:
'Don't you see the snow?'

"Our Japanese mind, I believe, through the hereditary sense of hearing which is suddenly awakened by the shrill of a ghost in tune of this *samisen*, the three-stringed instrument, not wild to us, but suggestive, not primitive but quite complex, will soon become impassioned into imagination; I dare say that we shall feel even a physical pain from love that the tune inspires, the love intensified into a feeling of sensuality. It is at such a moment when we forget the world and life, and pray to enshrine ourselves in love; why is it the *samisen* does make us feel so, while having no power at all to command the foreign mind?"

"Not only in our sense of hearing" — I again resumed the chance to speak — "the other senses, whether they be five or ten, also work quite differently from those of the Westerners; and I cannot forget one instance to make me think that the American sense of seeing is a thing of a different order; that was the case of Sada Yacco and her company when they presented to the San Francisco audience, well, long ago, the sad scene of the farewell of Kusuoki and his little son. We thought it most strange when the saddest part to us Japanese made almost no impression on the American mind; of course, their ignorance of the Japanese language counted a great deal; but when the sad facial expression of the Japanese players was taken as that of violence or anger, we thought that the matter was altogether hopeless."

"Does not such misunderstanding of the East with the West or the West with the East," ventured my other friend at the table, "exist also in literature and poetry?"

"I myself experienced as a writer in English that my own meaning or imagination was often wrongly taken; I can say at least that I found frequently that they were not fully understood; although it might be true, as a certain English critic commented on me the other day with his learned authority that I relied too much upon the words, that is to say, that I attempted to make them express too many colors and meanings. I dare say (is it my Oriental pride?) that the Western minds are not yet wide open to accept our Japanese imagination and thoughts as they are. It is a short cut, I have often thought, to look in a book of English translations from the Japanese, when we want to know the exact weakness of the English language and literary mind. Last night, before I went to bed, I opened the pages of English translation of our *hokkus*, wherein the following piece was declared to be the most delicate:

Thought I, the fallen flowers
Are returning to their branch;
But lo! they are butterflies.

"While I do not say that that is particularly poor, I never thought before, like many another Japanese I am sure, it was so good as a Japanese poem; if it means anything, it is the writer's ingenuity perhaps in finding a simile; but I wonder where is its poetical charm when it is expressed thus definitely. Definiteness is one of the English traits, I believe; and again, it is the strength of the English lan-

guage and letters, but it is strange enough that it turns at once to weakness when applied to our Japanese thoughts and fancies of indefiniteness. To call the Japanese language ungrammatical, the Japanese mind vague, does no justice to them; their beauty is in their soaring out of the state of definiteness. Sadness in English is quite another word from joy or beauty; it is very seldom that it expresses the other; but more often in our Japanese poetry they are the same thing; but with a different shade. 'Sadness in beauty or joy' is a phrase created comparatively recently in the West; even when sadness is used with the other in one breath, it is not from our Japanese understanding; for us Japanese, the words never exist apart from our color and meaning. Not only in language but also in real life's action, is it so; it was the art of poetry of Monzaemon Chikamatsu, the great Japanese dramatist, that he made the cases of double tragedy of two unfortunate lovers (this most favorite subject) most beautiful and joyous; for them it was a joy and beauty to go to death through love. We have a phrase: 'We cry with our eyes, and smile in heart.' As we have no right expression, let us admit for a little while the phrase 'the paradoxical Japanese'; such a main trait of the Japanese makes it difficult for the Western mind to understand us; and again it is why our poetry is a sealed book in the West."

THE MOODS

WE are revellers at the banquet of the moods under the moon or forest; ask us not whether we are right or wrong, happy or sad, sane or mad. I only know that my life grows with the growing moods, and my literature with the growing life; that's quite enough. Let us sing, dance, and sing again; we may, in course of time, fight or theorize or assert or deny, as if a sad creature, only to make afterward our song and dance doubly fresh and free. Thought is great, doubtless; but the moods are greater. Thought, when it comes into existence with no touch of the moods, can be, at its best, a still-born child; it may look quite perfect, but, alas! it is dead. It was the life of the moods that created, in olden days, the gods and goddesses, and peopled the forest and stream; and it is the life of our modern moods as artists to make a forest or stream turn to a mass of green and light on the canvas. The moods are everything; for the sake of the high soar of my moods, I ask the women, wine, music, flowers, and birds to make their own sacrifices. It is from the moods that the clouds fly, and the rains fall. We need not attempt to restrain our moods, but should let them take their own natural course; when they are bad and worthless, they are bound to die, without waiting for your force to be used. And there is always hope and passion when they grow and live; the things that grow and live are ever divine.

FAITH

THE followers of Buddhism in the imperishable raiment of silence sit before the inextinguishable lamp of Faith, by whose light (indeed, the light older than life and the world) they seek the road of emancipation. The

house east of the forests and west of the hills is dark without, and luminous within, with the symbols of all beauty of ghosts and heavens. It is the most wonderful place where the imagination, at least the religious imagination, has for a thousand years never been changed; I like here, because it is the only place where criticism vainly attempts to enter for arguing and denying. The silence is whole and perfect, and makes your wizard life powerless; your true friendship with the ghosts sad and beautiful will soon be established. You have to abandon yourself to imagination only to create the absolute beauty and grandeur that make this our human world look so trifling, hardly worth troubling with; it is the magical house of Faith where the real echo of the oldest song

still vibrates with the newest wonder, and even a simple little thought, once under the touch of imagination, grows more splendid than art, more beautiful than life. It is never a question of the size of your song and thought, but the question of Faith. We shall be at once brought back, if we are once admitted into that wonderful house, to the age of emotion and true love, where we speak only one language, that is, that of adoration. As it is, the world of imagination, the life poetical and important, will be in our sure reach; let us be thankful that the reality of the external world has ceased to be a standard, and we will happily be our own god, and Buddha. We will be a revelation, therefore a great art itself, of hope and passion, which will never fail.



ALASTAIR

WE value a writer, an artist, a singer, for the emotions he arouses in us. Whether he strikes a high C, delineates a Vampire, or paints a Madonna — it does not matter, as long as a favorite nerve centre be stimulated, plunging us into strange moods. The eccentricity of Alastair's delicate art, his sensuous charm, tuned in harmony with many modern's caprice, have won this very cosmopolitan young man — he is of Russo-French parentage and lives in Germany — the friendship and admiration of many art lovers all over Europe.

As one looks at the leaves of his work, the mere papers he uses, their lovely textures, their rare tone qualities, are an artistic enjoyment in itself. Most of his drawings are delicate symphonies in gray, white, and black, with here and there a startling flash of color, like a scream interrupting a love-song. His women, artificial, raffinées, plaintively perverse, seem aflame with the desire of drinking their sensations to the bitter dregs, the only motive of their existence seemingly being the inexorable "soif de l'infini." Occasionally one finds a drawing in which he attempts more individual characterization, as in the portrait of Duse. The pose of neck and shoulders, the languid

hand, the little foot, the heavy-lidded eyes, the luxurious curves of the pillow, everything unites to individualize this drawing, single it out from all others, make one feel at once: here is a real, a living personality.

H. Slonimsky, in "Dekorative Kunst," says of Alastair: "Modern art expresses itself in two diametrically opposed fashions: impressionistic painting on one hand, conventionalized design on the other — Manet and Beardsley — the realm of three dimensions vs. that of two. Alastair represents this latter principle most clearly among living artists. He does not only continue Beardsley's work, he intensifies it, and has a right upon the attention of every art-lover.

"The fundament of Alastair's art lies in its characteristic flatness, which at once removes the shackles of an all too truthful realism, an all too evident corporeality, and allows us to drift into that fantastic world of two dimensions, in which alone these sultry and yet so weary creatures could have come to life. And as we revel in this new world, we are charmed by Alastair's linear melody, revealing pathos and lyricism and irony, and mirroring — in the very abnormalities of his art — the foibles and sins of all humanity. . . ."

ARCOTT.



ELENORA DUSE
after
ALASTAIR

ILLUMINATION

By DOROTHY WILLIS

IT was about ten o'clock in the morning when a knock sounded on the door of the little yellow house with clean white curtains.

When the occupant answered the summons she found on her porch a young man in uniform and a very pretty girl, her rather timid air emphasizing the brave attitude of the man who carried a new-looking suitcase and a small, well-used handbag.

"We were told that you might have a room you would rent?" said the soldier, "the man in the store at the corner said he wouldn't be surprised if you had."

"I do not rent rooms, I am sorry," said the woman at the door, and she caught the fleeting glance of appeal on the face of the girl. "Have you tried the hotels?" she added.

"Madam," said the soldier firmly, "we have tried every hotel and every apartment house and every rooming house we could see. We have been walking about this town since seven-thirty this morning. There does not seem to be an unoccupied room in the whole district and I don't know what we shall do."

The woman looked at the girl.

"But what did you do last night?" she asked.

Black eyes flashed beneath thick lashes tipped with gold, and a little smile broke around the girl's red mouth.

"He was in camp last night," she said, "and I only arrived on the boat this morning. You see —" She was about to make some explanation and hesitated, looking at the man quickly. Then they both looked up at the woman a step above them, and the expression in her eyes drew them on.

"The fact is," said the soldier earnestly, "this young lady and I are to be married to-day at two o'clock and to-morrow at noon my company leaves camp, we're on our way, perhaps to France — we never know."

"Yes," chimed in the girl, "and I got a wire from him down home yesterday and I just had to come. I live with my father and he gave me the money to come along and say 'Good-bye' to Bob; he's known him since he was a baby, he said I'd be all right. And then I made up my mind we'd get married while I was here. I think it's easier to wait when you 'belong,' don't you?"

The woman on the doorstep smiled.

"I don't know," she said, "I never belonged."

"But it looks as if she'd have to go back home this afternoon," said the man. "I suppose you don't know of anyone about here who would rent us a room under the circumstances?"

In the back of the woman's mind hasty thoughts were flitting back and forth. She had an extra room and it contained a cot. Her own room held a large bed and was a convenient room with a pretty arrangement of furniture and leading to a nicely-fitted bathroom. But she was not prepared to rent rooms and she had long before determined that such marriages as the couple before her contemplated were unwise and inevitably unsuccessful. Moreover, she lived alone and was considered by her relatives very selfish and there was no reason on earth for putting herself to the inconvenience of

housing a couple of total strangers, even for one night. The thought of breakfast in the morning loomed up too, and she wondered suddenly if the boy liked eggs.

And with all the reasons why she should not give in uppermost in her mind, she said:

"I will make it possible for you to stay here to-night; I can do it with a little fixing. You'd better bring your things right in." And she held the door wide open, while he carried in the suitcase and the bag.

"It's very kind of you Ma'am, I'm sure we appreciate your trouble," he said a little stiffly.

"Bob, it's just darling of her!" cried the girl, "I surely never will forget it," and as the woman looked at her she held out her little mesh wrist bag, "I feel like saying 'Help yourself,' for Dad gave me twenty dollars when I left and yet I couldn't buy a room anywhere!"

The soldier flushed to the roots of his hair.

"You forget Ethel," he said, "it's my affair now, paying for a room!"

"Oh, my!" said Ethel, "is it really, though!"

The woman of the house smiled a little grimly to herself. Their levity scarcely became a pair, she thought, bent so soon upon the great adventure. But she saw the boy's protecting glance and she caught the girl's half sigh when the word "to-morrow" sounded, and she thought perhaps it was better they should be gay a little while before they parted.

So she set about removing her belongings from the large room to the small and bade the strangers return as early as they wished. They were going at once to seek their license and a friend from the camp who would be witness to their wedding.

The incident disturbed her strangely. She was thirty-five years old and cynical as to a personal love affair. She lived serenely alone, fostering vague hopes of fame into an obsession whenever one of her morbid stories was accepted by a radical or careless editor. She allowed herself to watch for the mailman with undue eagerness and she drank chocolate and ate cheese for her luncheon because she refused to admit the subsequent indigestion. She had her own ideas on selfishness and her own beliefs in humanity, and because she was unneighborly and preferred reading to gossip they were seldom interfered with by contact with persons.

The arrival, therefore, of two young, human animals bent upon the fulfilment of Nature's laws under emergency, and seeking aid from her as if she were an ordinary and rightful assistant in the course of everyday affairs, filled her mind with surprise, conjecture, and perplexity.

The habit of several years, the conduct of mind becoming a maiden lady of thirty-five, she found bouleversé by the imminence of an experiment — one being tried, she knew, at all times on all sides of her, in all corners of the earth, but one, none the less, so remote and foreign to her consciousness that she felt as might a chrysalis within a pricked cocoon.

While she remade the large bed in her room with fresh sheets and pillow-slips she found herself peculiarly annoyed.

The feeling was so sharp and definite that she began to analyze it, and found as she dwelt upon it that the real annoyance came from her inability to regard the bed without more interest than she felt as she made it every day for herself.

She wanted merely to make the bed and get to the next small change she contemplated for her lodgers' comfort. Instead, she found her attention focused upon the pillows and her thoughts upon the way she had tucked in the sheet. The girl Ethel, just as she left the house, had opened her suitcase to get out a clean handkerchief, and from the edge peeped a stretch of soft white nainsook threaded with a pale blue ribbon.

The woman of the house saw it and looked at it and thought about it. She felt inclined to exercise her prerogative as hostess by taking the nightgown out and folding it across the pillow. But she would not do so, for her desire annoyed her and she thought it must be repressed.

There was no curiosity in her reflections and there was no morbidity. Thoughts danced in her mind a pleasing little whirl and fancies made intricate little patterns that wore lashes tipped with gold and were caressed by a man's strong hand. But the fact that thoughts and fancies of so alien a type had place at all in her she found disturbing.

Because she had determined long before to be immune from love!

When she came to the dresser, a broad affair boasting a splendid piece of glass, she found herself choosing instinctively a fresh, spring-like scarf to replace the plain white mat she herself had used. The material was dotted with purple violets and she sought a broad mauve ribbon to loop the curtains at the window. And the room looked prettier than she had ever made it look before. But her thoughts ran riot all the afternoon. She discovered that sensation follows upon suggestion, a fact she had forgotten if she ever knew it in the past. In spite of solid common-sense and practical analysis of her own previous condition of security, the lure of the past drew her into dreamy contemplation, and she saw in herself the potential bride.

The suggestion, made to her immunity, broke it down and she not only saw but felt the potential rosy warmth of love as it might have been allowed to surround her womanhood.

Fame, the will o' the wisp, for which she had relinquished what she thought a mild and foolish temptation to matrimony, seemed something inexcusably futile and flickering compared with the protection of a man's curved fingers, and in response to the extraordinary expansion of her sympathies she began to wonder if she could not arrange for the young couple to have the house to themselves if they came in early.

This marked the ultimate in her self-sacrifice, for she always went to bed at nine o'clock and hated to be awake later.

As it happened, however, there was no need for her unselfishness. It was eight o'clock when the boy and girl arrived and she saw at once the broad new band of gold successfully triumphant on the girl's left hand.

They saw merely an accommodating woman who had rented them a room at an uncertain rate, and with the callousness of youth and happiness they said:

"Thank you so much for fixing things so nicely; there is nothing more we want at all. Oh, and we have arranged to

have breakfast with the friend who was our witness!"

Then the woman, who all day had been reluctantly dwelling on their case, whose very foundations of peace and serenity had been undermined by their need and appeal, whose vitals, as it were, had been disturbed astonishingly because of them, retired to her small room with its uncomfortable cot and said to herself, "I shall have to have my hot bath in the morning when they have gone!" Wherein lay the profoundest tragedy of her rather tragic life.

After a night of sleeplessness caused partly by the unfamiliar bed and partly by thoughts so unfamiliar as to be exciting, she came in the dawn to a determination, influenced most strongly by a peculiar feeling that for the results she wished she had no time to lose. A definite change had taken place in her immobile mind. As clearly as she had previously seen it her duty and wisdom to follow the line of most resistance she now saw it an essential matter to submit pliantly and yield herself to the obvious designs of Life.

In the tremendous elation of her discovery she forgot the interest the boy and girl had for her and bade them good-bye with slight attention. When she went to the room she was rather startled to find two dollar pieces lying on the dresser. In the obsession of her self-interest she had not thought of mentioning the fact that they were welcome to the room as a woman's wedding gift! And because her lips were set and her eyes unsmiling the pair had taken her to be quite ordinary in the matter of payment and had left what they thought adequate.

She changed the sheets and took the bow of mauve ribbon from the curtain. She swept out the small room since she noticed it was dusty and generally cleaned up the house a little more than usual. Then the gas heater was lighted and she prepared for that morning bath she promised herself overnight.

And all the while her mind was furiously active and intent upon the letter she proposed to write.

Before she went to the bathroom she carefully locked the back door. It was a long time since she had taken a daylight bath and there seemed to her mind something a little strange, a little immodest about the proceeding.

Daylight poured in at all the windows. She felt queer, undressing in her room with the blinds up, lest anyone should be able to see through the thick curtains. In the bathroom a fog of steam rose and made her privacy a little more certain, but she locked the door and her actions were distinctly furtive.

"Suppose someone comes to the door!" she said to herself. But no one ever came except the postman or a stray peddler, and it was past the postman's hour. Only when she slid beneath the bright translucent water she felt really at ease.

"If anyone comes now they'll have to go away!" she thought, and her mind began to play with her intention once again. The brilliantly white bath-tub mirrored her limbs. Lying idly at ease in the warmth she saw the beautiful curves of her body and the creamy tint of her flesh. She saw the magnified effect of blue veins under the water on her breast and the hollow of her elbow she filled with diamond drops that stood, jewel-like, on her skin.

Subconsciously she was thinking of a bride, permitting the virginal thoughts of love and the ignorant suppositions of

passion, place in her maturely innocent mind.

Consciously she was thinking, "I am not too old, I am not a 'dried-up' old maid; he said he would give me three years to find out my mistake; I have found it out in one, and it is not too late."

On her elbows she lifted herself above the water and sat with her chin on her rosy knees, watching the sheen of her arms and the tapering line of her ankle.

And suddenly, violently, someone knocked upon the front door of the house.

She started and listened. Again the knocking came without pause enough to permit anyone within to reach the door. She leaped up in the water and stood erect. Again the knocking, and almost at once footsteps departing down the pavement — a man's steps she was sure.

She subsided again into the water. "Only an agent for tea or feather brushes!" she said to herself; "what a nuisance they are!"

She was glad the boy and girl had come to her for help. She was quite satisfied that her new decision was right and would bring happiness and satisfaction. She felt she had given Fame a fair trial and found it wanting in certainty, while love now seemed to her the foundation of the world. In her innocence she smiled at what she knew was the beauty of her body, and then quite swiftly she smothered her big sponge with frothy soap and rubbed her skin until it tingled.

When she had finished she dressed and put on a newly washed house-dress of lavender linen and brushed her curling hair back from her forehead.

Then she ate some lunch and sat down to write the letter she had planned.

It took her quite a long time. The man who loved her lived a long way off and she wanted the words she wrote to be both adequate and ardent. She did not want him to think they were written on impulse or that she was doubtful of her own feelings. She was not. She knew what she wanted at last. She was ready to give him what he asked and to settle down

and be at peace. If her mind had been influenced by the boy and girl it was only because she was ready for such influence and ripe for the sensations that had followed. She tried to put something of her certainty on paper but she found it hard and ended by entreating him to come to her that she might make things plain.

It was nearly five o'clock when she stamped the letter and opened her door to go and mail it.

From the ledge of the screen a little yellow paper fluttered to her feet. Reading it she found the cold, brief statement that effort had been made at noon to deliver a telegram to her, and that it would be kept at the office until called for.

With vague surmises she put on her things and got on the street car to go and claim the message. In her hand she carried her letter, smiling faintly as she thought of the pleasure its receipt would give.

When she produced the yellow slip a dark-haired girl took it and went away, returning in a moment with the message in an envelope. She looked at the woman a trifle curiously, but said nothing.

Beside the wall a long wooden seat was placed for people who awaited answers to their wires, and there the woman sat while she opened her envelope.

Ten minutes later the dark-haired girl noticed she was still sitting there, with a strange, dull look upon her face and the telegram lying face up on her knee.

The girl remembered the name, and when she went over to the files again she looked to refresh her mind with the import of the message, and she read:

"Am offered a commission on the strength of Philippine experience. Passing through Lyndon on my way to accept, Wednesday at 3 o'clock. If you can reconsider your decision be at the depot and I will leave the train and discuss with you acceptance or refusal according to your wish. Train waits two hours. If you are not there, good-bye. Roger."

Then the girl with the dark hair put on her hat, for it was half-past five o'clock, and her day's work was done.

FOREIGNERS

I.

RODA-RODA

RODA-RODA is one of the younger Austrian writers. His witty and whimsical books of anecdotes, "Der Pascha Lacht," "Von Bienen, Drohnen, und Baronem," "Der Schnaps, der Rauchtobak, und die verfluchte Liebe," etc., have opened up an entirely new region to international literature: the half oriental borderlands of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Turks and Slavs, Austrian aristocrats, and Jewish pedlars, peasants, soldiers, Croatians, Dalmatians, and Bulgars, usurers, popes and gypsies move through his pages in picturesque procession. His keen wit and quick perception at once seize the essentials of each individuality, and with a few vivid lines he portrays these strangely primitive and child-like

peoples of the Near East.

Roda-Roda is himself a son of the Slav Balkans and knows every language and dialect of that region. He was born April 13, 1872, on Pussta Zdenci, a large Slavonic estate. As a young man he studied law in Vienna and later served as officer in a regiment of Croatian artillery. About fifteen years ago he left the army to devote himself entirely to literature. He made his home in Munich, where he soon became a favorite contributor to *Simplicissimus* and *Jugend*.

Besides his many witty volumes of Balkan anecdotes, he has written several comedies and translated, from the Serbian, a one-act play by Branislav Nuschitsch.

SNAP-SHOTS FROM THE BALKANS

I.

TWO gypsies stood on the marketplace of Serajewo and sold baskets.

"Baskets, baskets for sale," called one of them, "beautiful reed baskets — thirty para the piece!"

"Beautiful reed baskets — fifteen para the piece!" called the other.

Later, they both were spending their earnings on drink, they exchanged confidences.

"How is it possible, O Rom," asked the first gypsy, "that you can sell your baskets so cheaply? I steal the reeds for mine, and yet I have to ask thirty para the piece."

"O Rom," answered the other, "I steal the finished baskets."

II.

A peasant met a pope and asked him: "Do you still maintain what you preached in church last Sunday, that if anyone strike your right cheek, you should offer him your left cheek also?"

"I cannot take back these words," said the pope, "they are written in the gospels."

The peasant was delighted, for he had long cherished a grudge against the pope — and with much gusto he boxed his cheeks, first the right and then the left.

After the pope had somewhat recovered, he said: "That is all right, O brother in Christ, but don't you know that it is also written that with whatever measure you measure, with that shall you yourself be measured?" And with much gusto, he boxed the peasant's cheeks, first the right and then the left.

The Turkish lord of the manor just then happened to pass, and asked one of the onlookers what was the matter with the pope and the peasant.

"O, nothing, sire," answered the man, "they are just explaining the gospel. . . ."

III.

A rich peasant had but lately given his daughter in marriage.

"You have done a foolish thing," said one of his neighbors, "in selecting Toscha Meistrowitsch for your son-in-law. He has been a great spendthrift and will have to use your daughter's whole dowry to pay his debts."

"Man!" cried the peasant, "why did you not tell me this sooner?"

"Well, you see," hesitated his neighbor, "he owed me a lot of money too. . . ."

IV.

The imperial forester sat before his house, smoking his pipe and sunning his long white beard.

With humble mien a miserable Giaour approached him and said: "Effendi, deign to hear my request. Winter is at hand, and I have not a splinter of wood in the house. Graciously permit that I cut some in the imperial forests. And may God preserve thee many hundred years."

The imperial forester meditated a long while. Finally he said: "Dost not see, Giaour, that I am busy?"

Sadly the petitioner went home.

That night he complained to a neighbor who was an experienced and traveled man.

The neighbor laughed.

"How canst laugh at my distress?" cried the Giaour indignantly.

"How can I help laughing," retorted the neighbor, "when you were foolish enough to appear before the imperial forester with-

out a backshish!"

The Giaour took these words to heart and talked them over with his wife. The next morning she selected a beautiful lamb as offering to the forester.

But her husband thought the backshish much too costly.

She then suggested a pot of lard.

But again her husband thought the backshish much too costly.

Finally he had an inspiration.

He filled a pot three-quarters full of clay, then neatly covered the top with lard. This done, he once more proceeded on his errand.

With many reverences he approached the dignitary, and, humbly depositing his gift on the floor, he asked for a permit to cut wood in the imperial forests.

And this time his request was granted.

The imperial forester winked an eye.

The scribe wrote the permit.

And, overjoyed, the Giaour departed.

He had scarcely gone, when the venerable forester decided to taste of the gift — and detected the fraud.

"Bring that Giaour back!" he roared.

The scribe flew out, shouting: "Hey — you! Giaour! My lord wants you! There is something wrong with your permit!"

But the Giaour did not stop running.

"Never mind," he called over his shoulder, "there is something wrong with my present too."

And he disappeared among the trees.

V.

Lieutenant Nikola Derwodelia had ordered a new cap from Vienna. When the notice from the postal authorities, announcing the cap's arrival, reached him, he was much perplexed — for his knowledge of legal German was decidedly limited, and he did not know what to do with the yellow paper.

"Brother," he appealed to an elder officer whom he considered a man of the world, "supposing you had ordered this cap?"

"Supposing nothing!" interrupted the other suspiciously. "I have not ordered it. Am I the imperial double eagle that I should need two caps?"

VI.

It was market day.

A peasant stood on the square and offered two horses for sale: a young one which he valued at six ducats, and an older one at three.

A gypsy came up to him and, after much bargaining, bought the old mare for three ducats.

The next day, however, he appeared at the peasant's gate.

"Friend," he said, "I have changed my mind. Here is your old horse back. I'll take the young one instead; the one you priced at six ducats."

The peasant was pleased, took the mare from the gypsy, and brought the young horse from the stable.

Lightly the gypsy mounted it.

"All right, friend," he said, "it's a bargain. Yesterday I gave you three ducats. Now I return the mare which is worth three ducats. So you have your six ducats." And he galloped off at full speed.

The peasant never saw him again.

Translated by TOM RANSFORD.

THE CHARACTERISTIC GESTURE

By ALEXANDER HARVEY

SHE would lift that head of hers, that overwhelming head, slowly, very slowly. She would then lift those eyelids more slowly still. Finally she lifted her arm, the right arm, until the hand played with an ear.

How vague, how almost inconsequential seemed to Pickthorpe Douglas the characteristic gesture of Aglaia Zabriskie when I strove to convey to him in mere words an adequate impression of its effect upon a beholder.

"You have never seen her do it," I reminded him. "Certain experiences have to be lived through, like the ingratitude of a child or the responsibility of public office, before they can be understood. The characteristic gesture of Aglaia Zabriskie —"

"Do not misunderstand me," interrupted my dear Pickthorpe Douglas, tossing red roses here and there about the library in his aesthetic way, "I don't mean that her characteristic gesture is nothing in itself. I mean no more than that you are peculiarly susceptible to it."

"Pickthorpe," I declared with a profound conviction of the truth of my remark, "if Napoleon at the crisis of the battle of Marengo had seen Aglaia Zabriskie lift that head and then those eyelids and then that arm he must have abandoned the conquest of the world to offer her his love!"

He had too much confidence in my judgement to persist in his incredulity. Pickthorpe Douglas threw the remaining roses into the aquarium and filled his carved pipe with the Shen-So tea leaves he was so fond of smoking.

"I have always believed," he told me, when he had discharged the fumes from his mouth into a large hollow glass sphere, "that Mark Antony fled from the naval battle to Cleopatra's galley because of some spell she cast upon him then. Perhaps she, too, lifted her head slowly and then her eyelids and then an arm."

I sat stunned. Might it not be that in the characteristic gesture of Aglaia Zabriskie or rather in its effect upon me there was afforded some clue to an unsuspected principle at work throughout the long course of human history?

"You make me think, Pickthorpe," I told him. "You make everybody think."

"Let us clear up a point or two," he suggested. "Aglaia never indulges in this gesture unless she happens to be alone with you."

It did, indeed, seem so. Pickthorpe Douglas himself had known Aglaia and all her family intimately ever since they were children. He had never seen this gesture. Neither had Crackanthornton Littleton, who loved Aglaia so madly and so vainly.

"I am sure she never does it except for me," I reiterated for the thousandth time. "Of course, I can institute no systematic inquiry lest I render Aglaia and myself alike ridiculous."

"True." Pickthorpe Douglas knocked his pipe out until the embers of the tea leaves had all fallen into a jar of bay rum. "The psychological problem here would be unintelligible to the multitude."

"How," I asked, "would you state the problem?"

"That all depends," he told me, "upon whether Aglaia is aware of her characteristic gesture."

"You don't mean," I retorted, "that she doesn't know she does

it?"

"That's the very thing you must find out."

"I can't ask her."

Pickthorpe Douglas drew a goldfish out of the aquarium with a silk net kept by him for the purpose.

"I understand," he said, restoring the fish after a minute inspection of its fins, "a question put to her on the subject would reveal in you a lack of delicacy, of insight —"

He had divined. Yet there was much more than that in the dilemma. Aglaia Zabriskie tolerated no approach to the recesses of her nature, no inquiry into the sanctities of her being. I ought to know by the sheer subtlety of my comprehension of her soul why she lifted that head, why she raised the eyelids only after she had raised the head, why the arm was not elevated until the head and the eyelids had, in a manner of speaking, gone first. Nevertheless, it had never once until this moment even occurred to me that the characteristic gesture of Aglaia Zabriskie was unconscious. To ask her why she did it all only to be told that she did not know she ever did it — this meant that I did not understand her. I boasted that I understood her. The imbecility of the boast was now revealed in the point raised by Pickthorpe Douglas.

"Let me see," he observed next. "You have an appointment for to-day with Aglaia."

"I am to see her within a half hour."

"You must contrive to find out this very day what is at the bottom of all this. I start for Siam in the morning."

He was to be gone three years. For three years I would have no key to the characteristic gesture of Aglaia Zabriskie unless I told Pickthorpe Douglas that evening whether or not it was unconscious. And I dare not question the girl directly!

"Pickthorpe," I pleaded, "give me a suggestion."

"Is there a mirror in Zabriskie's drawing room?"

"A huge glass as high as the ceiling."

"Has she gone through her performance in front of it?"

"Never."

"Get her in front of it this time."

The thing seemed so easy and so elucidating that I seized my hat.

"If she sees herself do it and she is unaware of it, she will start with surprise or halt or modify the procedure."

"Pickthorpe," I cried, wringing his hand, "you are the Aristotle of New York."

I lost no time in repairing to the home of Aglaia Zabriskie on Fifth Avenue. The moment I had entered the Pompeian drawing room, startling with its huge wall paintings, I received just such a shock as petrified Macbeth when the wood began to move.

That immense mirror, rising from the waxed floor to the full height of the colored ceiling, was obliterated with soap.

A strong sense of impending disaster chilled me to the bone as I paced the length of the immense apartment, halting only when the mirror itself made all further progress impossible. Instead of retracing my steps, I paused and peered into the face of the mirror. No reflection of myself afforded me the slightest hope. From top to bottom the glass was so efficiently soaped

that the sheer opacity of the effect made it look like a sheet of lead — not lead shining and new but lead that is old and faded. The perversity of my fate just then seemed too tragic for sound or movement and I might have stood for the next half minute as a model of grief in front of a class in sculpture.

“How very good of you to come so promptly, Mr. Updegraff.”

It was the perfect Aglaia Zabriskie! Never before did the radiance in her eyes more hopelessly extinguish the cut glass on the mantelpiece.

“I observe,” said I, awaking from my trance and betraying my obsession before I had spoken the conventional form of greeting, “I observe that the mirror has been soaped.”

She allowed her gaze to be guided in accordance with the motion of my trembling hand. How terrific these moments seem at the time!

“Soaped!” The concern in her voice answered to the panic in mine. She had realized a something momentous in the circumstance to me. “Mamma is having the house cleaned.”

She turned in the direction of the front windows and had paced half across the floor before I found courage.

“I am very anxious to see myself in the glass.”

Aglaia Zabriskie was struck by the gravity of my tone, the element, I may say, of the poignant in my manner. She turned to gaze into my eyes before speaking.

“I will tell the butler to have the soap removed.”

She did, in effect, raise her voice in the well of the staircase outside the drawing room. No answer. We might have been the only living mortals amid all that luxury of marble and mahogany and shining brass. I walked myself to the threshold and considered the feasibility of adding my own power of lung to the silver of her accents when I saw something at the head of the stairs.

“A mop,” I said, indicating it with a wave of the hand. “I will wipe the glass myself.”

“Nonsense!” she objected. “The butler will be here soon, no doubt.”

I thought of the departure of Pickthorpe Douglas for Siam and of the precious time I might lose forever. Ignoring her polite remonstrance, I fairly leaped up the steps to the top of the stair. I rushed upon the mop I found there as if it were a well in a desert and I a famished camel. The next moment I had trod upon a piece of soap — the very soap employed by the footmen in the obliteration of that fatal mirror, as I learned long, long afterwards. In turning upon the soap as it mashed beneath my weight I fell against a bucket. Down the stairs all fell, the bucket, the cake of soap, the suds with which the receptacle was filled, the mop, and I.

For a moment I lay at the foot of the stairs, fearing that like Lucifer I was never to rise again. My blacked and roving eyes encountered those of Aglaia Zabriskie. There she stood upon the threshold of the drawing room, looking down at me while the suds flowed about my shoulders.

“Mr. Updegraff!”

My name had barely escaped her lips when she lifted that head of hers, that overwhelming head, slowly, very slowly. She then lifted those eyelids, more slowly still. Finally she lifted her arm, the right arm, until the hand played with an ear. What need had I now to be told that the characteristic gesture of the woman I loved was unconscious? It was her reaction to a suppressed merriment that half suffocated Aglaia Zabriskie. My mind reverted, even while she assisted me to a sitting posture beside the bucket, to the fact that I alone evoked the characteristic gesture of the well-bred girl. How often, oh, how often, had I not been almost the death of Aglaia Zabriskie! I could interpret correctly at last the quizzical look in the countenance of Crackanthornton Littleton when he laughed and told me that I alone had the privilege of witnessing the characteristic gesture. While the butler scraped the soap from the soles of my shoes, I comforted myself with the assurance that it would be a work of supererogation to hunt up Pickthorpe Douglas before he went off to Siam.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

SONNET

From Sir Rabindranath Tagore

I falter near and take her hands in mine,
 And closely fold within my living chain.
 I long to drink with joy her grace divine,
 And keep her close in sight her wealth to gain.
 I'll kiss her lips her smiles to snatch away;
 The light within her eyes will colour mine;
 Her lotus-touch will form my sweet array,
 And clothe my every limb in honeyed shine.
 Alas, no use; 'tis fruitless quest for aye:
 I long in vain to seize the blue on high.
 As I go near her beauty flees away,
 I grasp her form — my wearied heart doth sigh.
 At dawn I go back home with heavy mind:
 The wealth of heart is not in form confined.

Translated by FLORA AMY MORGAN.

INTELLECTUAL DRAMA

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

The drama in America is the lowest of the arts. She is the handmaid of the mimic propensity inherited by us from our simian sires. Theatricalism has chained the Muse to the wheel of its motor. Plays are written to order. The author's name hardly appears on the program.

I have never been one of those who place the drama on the uppermost rung of the ladder of art. A poem, a statue, a picture, is wonderful each in itself. It needs no interpreters. It summons no other art or artifice to its aid. The drama depends for its support on various scaffoldings, although the great dramas of Shakespeare and Æschylus are no less effective in the library than on the stage. The little dramas of contemporary American playwrights, like fairy-gold when the charm is withdrawn, are tatters and rags if divorced from the footlights. The great dramatists have written to express themselves. We write to express others, usually actors of inferior mental caliber. Shakespeare garbed the body of the Muse with new splendor. We, with rare exceptions, manufacture dramatic tinsel to cover up the mental and physical deficiencies of some over-advertised female.

In Shakespeare's days the mimes were called "shadows." The substance, the play, remained after their exit. In America to-day the play is the shadow. We have no brains for abstractions either in politics or æsthetics. We are swayed solely by the personality of the actor. Ellen Terry was more real to us than Shakespeare himself. We place the shadow above the substance. In America the playwright is successful if he adapts himself to the actor. Abroad the actor is successful if he adapts himself to the playwright. Abroad they have great dramas and great actors. We have no dramas. And we develop not actors, but virtuosi.

The actors of Reinhardt, for instance, are men and women endowed with brains. They have a serious interest in art. Acting to them is more than "business." They are all individualities with the stamp of genius, who willingly submerge their egos in the harmonious whole. Wherever Reinhardt rules, intellectual values are at a premium. Style determines destinies. Bernard Shaw thrives in his care. His Chamber-Play House is the citadel of the bizarre. It is a hot-house for exotic genius, a mansion of many moods. Within its confine poets may safely play with intellectual lightning, the psychologist may with impunity empty his vials of pestilential bacilli. Its public is immune against every mental disease. Unlike the naive audiences of our American play-houses, we find here grown men who have passed safely through the ailments of intellectual immaturity. Schnitzler's orgasmic "Reigen" leaves him unstartled. The hysterical Greeks of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, that brilliant young Viennese, arouse a responsive chord in their breasts. Shaw's Cæsar is the Superman conscious of his part in the world's evolution. He attains through cerebration what Peter Pan knows by instinct. Salome is the gorgeous encasement of morbid beauty and misdirected desire. The theme of Wedekind's *Frühling's Erwachen* is universally human. The dramatist

unfolds before our eyes puberty with its pure and ecstatic affections and its curious sensual nightmares. Wilde, with the unflinching veracity of the great poet, has doomed Salome in his play, as she is doomed in the process of evolution. Normal humanity, of which Wedekind's youthful hero, Melchior, is a typical incarnation, overcomes the perils besetting its path. Wedekind's hero dallies with death, but in the end life is triumphant. This is not the sort of thing to which the Tired Business Man — that atrocious bogey raised whenever Art lifts her head in the American theater — would repair for a tonic.

The intellectual stamp dooms a play to failure in America. The absence of it dooms it to failure abroad. Of course, *The Merry Widow* was an importation from Europe. And even abroad, I admit, the Merry Widow waltz was more popular than the dance of *Salome*. But a distinction is made between *entertainment* and *art*. We cater only to *entertainment*. And if we have an idea, we attempt to disguise the intellectual germ in a thick layer of saccharine sentiment and theatrical clap-trap.

Mme. Dumont, of Düsseldorf, has attempted to purge the drama with its eternal problems from purely local associations. She has abolished decoration, and everything merely temporal or limiting the message of art. There are no properties, no scenery at all. Her background consists merely of an immense sheet of linen, sometimes with chromatic borders, and illuminated from behind with simple, dominant colors defining the basic mood of the scene. There are no footlights, nothing to distract the attention from the words of the poet. Mme. Dumont's method should be tremendously effective in staging the mystic plays of Maeterlinck and of Yeats, where the characters, vague and elusive, pass shadowlike before our vision. Her stage, with its glimpses of infinity and vague suggestions, represents aptly the unique mentality of the author of *The Death of Tintagiles*.

Satiated with all things, the ancient civilizations are ever ready to hail something new. Out of the mental unrest of modern times was born the tenth of the Muses: the new Art of Nudity. Many things that once were natural are to-day arts. There was a time when men's motions were naturally graceful, when dance was instinctive. But in the course of time mankind forgot; and what was once a function of every human being is resurrected to-day in the polished art of Isadora Duncan, of Ruth St. Denis, of Helen Moeller.

Song, we are told, is older than speech. The conversation of men in olden days was rhythmic. Poetry to-day is an art confined to the few. In the golden ages of the Greeks and in the Paradise of the Hebrew, men were splendid and nude. Then came sin, and we swathed our bodies in hideous clothes. And so long have we hidden and marred them that at last nudeness, like singing and dancing, has become an accomplishment.

The new art of nudity has so far been primarily defended from the point of view of the sculptor. When the renaiss-

sance of the Hellenic spirit in the twentieth century is complete, it will need no defense beyond its beauty. The Muse of Nudity is not the youngest, but the oldest of all the muses. In her domain, the extremes of civilization, the sophisticated and primitive nature, are blended.

On Nov. 6, 1909, at the formal opening of the "New Theatre" Governor Hughes declared: "This theatre shall be devoted to art. But it shall never become a museum of abnormalities." Yet what is all art but a museum of abnormalities? Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, the tortured creatures

of Isben, Hauptmann, Brieux, are not conventional normal types. In biology the exception proves the rule. Art through the abnormal depicts the normal. Perfectly normal people are perfectly dull. The dramatic struggle calls for the contention between conventional and eccentric social forces.

The province of art is to provide caviar for the general. If the general refuse this fare, then, indeed, are we in a difficult plight. Instead of intelligence endowed with millions, — let us have millions endowed with intelligence!

APOTHEGMS

"The sole excuse a man can have for writing is to write down himself — to unveil to others what is mirrored in his soul."

— REMY DE GOURMONT.

Whatever you be — be perfectly.
 Whatever you possess — enjoy perfectly.
 Whatever you regret — forget perfectly.

It is good if people have the courage to speak when they have something to say — it is still better if they have the courage to be silent when they have absolutely nothing to say.

Tolerate even the intolerant.

THE BATH

By DAVID ROSENTHAL

O WHITE little woman,
 Woman of foam,
 Why must you bathe?

White little pebbles
 In a crystal pond —
 So are your teeth;

Why must you bathe,
 Who are woven of foam,
 O white little woman?

White little swallows
 On a syringa bush —
 So are your breasts;

White little birches
 On a daisy hill —
 So are your thighs;

TRUE INTERNATIONALISM

"Why speak of Athenians and Spartans, of Thebans and Corinthians? To me the Greeks are divided in two classes only: brainy, brilliant, broad people — and narrow, self-satisfied, tedious people. You will find both kinds in every nation."

— ASPASIA.

AN INTERVIEW WITH AUER

By LEILA BATHURST



SEATED in my dressing-room in Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre one afternoon and feeling very bored with waiting for the next performance, I proceeded to read my evening paper — when suddenly my eyes lighted on the magic headline: "Leopold Auer arrives." I read the paragraph with feverish haste. It announced that the famous Professor, accompanied by his niece and three pupils, had quietly stolen into New York on the previous day and would remain in New York to give lessons for the period of the war.

It was many a long day since I had experienced such a thrill; for I hoped that my great ambition was about to be realized, an ambition of some years' standing, to study with the famous Leopold Auer! I had cherished this wish not merely because of his fame, but because I had heard so many of his marvellous pupils and made up my mind definitely and completely that the Auer method was the method for me. The exquisite singing tone, the brilliant and absolutely-perfected technique, so colorful, so tremendously alive, so rounded, like pearls — and always, always singing. Yes, always I had said to myself: the Auer pupils possess an indefinable something which appeals tremendously to me.

Having sobered down a little I wrote a note to the veteran Professor, asking if I might call and talk with him, as I wished to take lessons. By return of post I received a most cordial reply, saying: "I will see you on Thursday at five o'clock in the afternoon."

It was with my heart in my mouth that I entered Auer's suite in the Hotel Netherland. I sat down, feeling more excited than words can express. After a few moments a very dignified, but active, gray-haired man crossed the room to greet me — and I was at last talking with the

master of masters.

He put me at my ease immediately by saying: "Take off your furs, my dear child, it is too warm in here. Now then," he continued, "what can I do for you? You wish to take lessons? Now tell me, how long did you study before you played in concert?"

"Four years and a half," I answered.

"Ah, but this is very good. And with whom have you studied? Let me see your hand; ah, I wish I had such a hand; with such a hand you should be able to do anything."

I told him that I had injured the position of my left hand a little through doing a Russian dance with my violin.

"My dear child, this must have been immensely difficult and you must have worked so hard to accomplish it."

He was interested to hear that I had studied the dance in Moscow with an artist of the Imperial Ballet, whom he knew. Then he realized that time was flying and many people coming to see him, so asked if I would wish to have an interview (which meant, to play to him) in a week's





time. "My fee," he continued, "is twenty-five rubles." "Oh yes," I replied, feeling very much pleased . . . when he made a tragic correction: "I mean twenty-five dollars."

"Make the arrangement with my niece," he added. "Good bye, my dear child" . . .

I left the Netherland and climbed on top of a bus, feeling as I imagine one feels after one's first aerial flight. The next morning found me practising my Guar-narius at top speed. He

had said "bring a slow melody for the tone, and an étude for the technique." I worked for three or four days before deciding what I would play at the interview.

At last the eventful day arrived, and as I set out for the Netherland I think I felt more nervous than I had ever been in my life, for I knew that by one word or gesture this veteran master could hurt and humiliate me more than I dared think.

As I entered his room he left the pupil he was teaching and asked me would I please wait, as he was behind time. This proved fortunate, for during my half hour's listening to the pupil I regained my calm sang froid. I became very

interested in his simple manner. He wouldn't shout at the pupil; calmly and patiently he would rise from the piano and take the boy's violin, saying: "No, music is like flowers, it must bloom." Then Auer would play a few bars and let the boy try again. "That's better," he said, "courage, you will get it by next lesson. Now good bye"; and turning quickly to me: "Please take your violin." In order that I should have as little as possible to worry me, I had decided to play Wilhelmj's arrangement of Schumann's "Abendlied" and handed the accompaniment to the Professor. We began, but after two bars he stopped and said: "Not quite in tune, my dear child; again, yes? Can you not hear that it is not quite right?" "Yes," I replied, "but I cannot imagine what is wrong." "Alright, dear child, once more. Ah," he laughed goodheartedly, "I am playing in the wrong key; I am playing it in the original key! Now we begin again."

This unexpected little episode put me in a very good humor and all my nervousness disappeared, for if Auer could make a mistake, he surely must forgive me! After this we played without a stop. He then took my violin and explained how it should be played. We played it a third time, and then the étude.

"You have two faults to correct," he said, "but the story of your Russian dance tells me you have much patience, so you should correct them in three weeks. You will work with my assistant, Miss May Bang, and come back to me in a month."

"May she bang my faults out of me," said I to myself.

"Good bye," he said, and called quickly to his next pupil.

And so ended my interview with the famous Leopold Auer.

CHANSON NAÏVE

BY LIBUSSA DUMBA

Last night I had a dream of you,

It was a dream of love, Dear.

The earth was bathed in silvery light,

The moon stood still above, Dear.

As in old days, you came to me,

And were again my own, Dear.

When I woke up, no moon did shine —

I was alone, alone, Dear.

A MASQUE

BY LIBUSSA DUMBA

"Good morning" — "Awful weather" —

"The Kent's ball was a bore" —

"Your husband?" — "He is better" —

"Caruso'll sing no more" —

A nod, a smile, a greeting . . .

And over is the meeting.

No flash of eye, no tremors

Of voice or lip betray

That in his dreams all night long

Within her arms he lay —

That in her dreams she yielded . . .

And winter turned to May.

SOME OF THE LATEST AND BEST BOOKS

UTOPIA OF USURERS, by G. K. Chesterton.

BONI AND LIVERIGHT.

In his *Utopia of Usurers* G. K. Chesterton writes up to his title, and with such a title this is something to say. Utopias suggest idealists, whereas usurers are supposed to be practical men. Can it be that they too, the capitalists, indulge in utopias? A typical Chesterton paradox! But paradoxes of their very nature turn out to be true. So on further examination we find capitalism also is a utopia — a utopia of usurers.

"I hate this rage to destroy," Jean-Jacques Rousseau remarked, and proceeded straightway to write his *Contrat Social*. I wonder if G. K. Chesterton will ever arrive at such a constructive stage? The poor old capitalistic system has so little to recommend it anyway, it seems a shame to attack it so viciously. And after all, what has Chesterton to offer as an alternation? It's different with Shaw.

But it is well for the ordinary man to know how the extraordinary man is going to arrange things in the world. — To be sure the difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary man is in this instance not a matter of mind but a matter of millions. This is exactly what Chesterton shows: how the men of millions are going to arrange things satisfactorily, "what they are going to do with art, science, religion, and other human institutions."

"A fascinating subject," as another reviewer remarks, "treated in a way to startle the most callous out of their indifference." With Chesterton on one side and the Bolsheviks on the other all but the absolutely calloused are already startled out of their indifference, or their "conventional complacency" as we choose to say.

MEN IN WAR, by Andreas Latzko.

BONI AND LIVERIGHT.

On Saturday, January 12, an article in the New York *Evening Post* called attention to *Menschen im Krieg*, a war book, which had appeared anonymously in Switzerland, with the imprint of Rascher & Co., of Zurich. The author, evidently an officer in the Austrian army, had to hide his identity on account of his book's bitter assaults on militarism. The *Evening Post* article compared "Menschen im Krieg" with Barbusse's "Le Feu," adding that, while the latter was realism, the Austrian book was artistic realism, and regretting that it was available only in German, "since its vitality exceeds that of our present best sellers, and it ought to be given a chance."

The following week six different publishers sent cablegrams to Rascher in Zurich, asking for the American rights to "Menschen im Krieg." The firm that had cabled first was Boni and Liveright, who accordingly secured the rights, and now their excellent translation of this intense and vital book is being offered the public under the title "Men in War."

"Men in War" consists of several stories, each giving a different view of war, but each showing its naked repulsiveness, devoid of all romantic and sentimental trappings, and each singling out for attack one of the factors that helped and always will help bring about war: the poisoning influence of the press — woman's hysterical worship of "heroes" — the machinations of ambitious politicians, rapacious capitalists and a ruthless military caste — and finally the ignorance of the ever-easily-hypnotized masses. In a last chapter the bestializing effect of warfare is vividly portrayed by a few pages of gripping, bloody tragedy. And throughout the whole book the gulf which divides the public's bloodthirstiness from the average soldier's disgust of slaughter and brutality is glaringly illumined.

THE SANITY OF ART, by Bernard Shaw.

BONI AND LIVERIGHT.

A book or play by Mr. Shaw is always certain to find an appreciative audience. This writer's charm lies in his being brilliant without being deep. If he went to the depths, he no longer could amuse us, for there the ridicu-

lous is apt to turn into the tragic. But as he lightly and wittily skims over the surface of things, showing off others' foibles to us, he fills us with that cozy and grateful "better than thou" feeling, that glad sensation of enjoying — in company of an Elect — a laugh at our neighbor's absurdities.

"The Sanity of Art" has Dr. Max Nordau and his book "Degeneration" as victims. I do not know "Degeneration," so must accept Mr. Shaw's view of it — a view which he is careful to justify by quotations; but, quotations are like statistics, you can prove anything with them. At any rate, I am not interested in Dr. Nordau's book. I don't suppose that you are. But Mr. Shaw's remarks *à propos* of it are well worth reading, for they deal with the eternal struggle of the revolutionary Young against the academic Old. Written twenty years ago, they are as vital to-day as they were in the nineties — to-day, which sees the insurgents of that yesterday as well-established conventionalists, fighting in their turn the hopeless, tragic fight of the used-up man who thinks that the world, which no longer believes as he does, is doomed to go to the dogs.

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN, by Claude Tillier, translated by Adele Szold Seltzer.

BONI AND LIVERIGHT.

This is a gaily rambling old-world tale, full of pithy philosophy, agreeable pessimism, and real fun. It is truly a pleasure to become acquainted with the vivid personalities of Benjamin, his drastic little sister Madame Machecourt, old Dr. Minxit, M. Page, M. Rapin, the Midwife, and all the rest of them, so wittily portrayed in word and silhouette. It is a charming rococo book, and the translation is excellently done.

MARIE GRUBBE, by Jens Peter Jacobsen, translated by Hanna Astrup Larsen.

BONI AND LIVERIGHT.

This Danish masterpiece is a gorgeous historical drama — not acted by the familiar, caparisoned manikins, but by full blooded, sensual, impulsive Renaissance men and women. It is the life story of the beautiful and intense woman, who, unhappily married to a king's son, finally found peace and happiness as the wife of a peasant ferryman, who beat and loved her.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, by Alexander Harvey.

B. W. HUEBSCH.

A book of literary criticism that reads like a breathless romance. Beginning with glitter and praise and joy, it subtly conveys the feeling of impending tragedy. Towards the middle of the book the first distant rumblings of thunder are heard. And in the last chapters the storm finally breaks forth with overwhelming force.

Literature, love, women, and a great many other fascinating topics are treated brilliantly and lustily, illumining life in general and, incidentally, the independent, striking personality of the author.

TWILIGHT IN ITALY, by D. H. Lawrence.

B. W. HUEBSCH.

A dreamer, intense and sensitive, full of compassion, of kindly humor, and yet fanatic to a degree, has written these colorful sketches of present-day Italy. His pictures of people and places are wonderfully graphic, harmonious, subtle, and his earnest, searching philosophy tries to probe the depths of both men and nature. It is a fascinating and enchanting book. His criticism of Ibsen and Hamlet, however, provokes a half-regretful "Honi soit . . ."

Songs of America

By SIMON N. PATTEN



Set to Old Familiar Tunes

Who guards America to-day?
 What sacrifice do ye display?
 Are ye true, ever true to duty?

* * * *

We hail our country's noble choice
 In liberty or death rejoice,
 All are true, ever true to duty.

— From *All Are True*.

All are True	Dan Emmet	My Country	
Atlantic	Stephen C. Foster	My Fatherland	
Beauty Land	Stephen C. Foster	Our God	Guillaume Franc
Come ye when	Franz Abt	Our Mission	
First of All	George F. le Jeune	Reconciliation	Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
God and Nation	George James Webb	Social America	Henry Carey
God save the People	Josiah Booth	Social Faith	R. Schumann
Hail America	Alexis T. Lwoff	Sun and Shadow	Friedrich Silcher
Hail! Woman Triumphant	Anon	The Blight of Rum	Stephen C. Foster
Help us, God, to Move Along	R. Schumann	The Call of Service	J. Haydn
In Contrite Mood	M. Costa	The Forward Look	Old Scottish Air
Lead On	Lady John Scott	The Voice of Progress	George F. le Jeune
Make America Thy Home	G. F. Händel	The Volunteer	W. H. Hendrickson
Mighty America	Matthias Keller	To-Morrow	Saml. S. Wesley
Morning Light	John B. Dykes	What is America to Be?	Gustave Reichardt

To receive a copy post paid send fifty cents to

THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY, Inc.

1123 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY