

THE INTERNATIONAL

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

VOL. XI. NO. 6.

JUNE, 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS.

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Published Monthly by the International Montbly, Inc.

1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut 9771. Cable address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, K. Bomhard; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger; Business Manager, R. S. Toth.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.80 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.

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CURIOSITIES OF OPINION
IN FRANCE

OUR DELIGHTFUL
DEPARTMENT OF STATE

WE take the liberty of suggesting very respectfully to President Wilson that he recall the gentleman now serving in the capital of France as American Ambassador. That gentleman, whose name we understand to be Sharp and of whom we confess we never heard until lately, must be quite incompetent to impress French opinion with the Washington point of view. How was it possible for official French opinion to be so completely misled regarding our attitude to this war if Ambassador Sharp knew what he was about? The French conception of the American relation to the war seems to be that we are the tactical tail to the strategical kite. We are the vermiform appendix. We are to be used not for the attainment of what we deem the objects of the war, but as a sort of side show to the great circus. Now, the American people are just as anxious to win the war as anybody. They are willing to die for the principles involved in this struggle. But the American people do not propose to perish in the dark with no intelligent conception of the best way to die for their ideals. These things ought to be impressed by somebody upon the French Government. We have always supposed the United States Government to be as great, as important and as dignified as any other government under heaven. We are very much afraid that the American Ambassador in Paris allows it to be assumed in the Ministry of War and at the Quai d'Orsay that the United States Government is a sub-station of the Elysée. We, therefore, respectfully renew our suggestion that President Wilson find for the post of ambassador at the French capital someone who can occasionally remind the estimable Premier Ribot that the United States is one of the great powers.

POOR Bob Lansing! He has been floored again. This time it is the censorship of the press.

What Bob wants is simply stated. He can not distinguish between the Department of State and his private law office. In the management of his private practice he has formulated principles which he thinks excellent for the management of an executive department of the government. Bob is the dearest fellow in the world. He has little psychological insight, no imagination, not a trace of fancy and only occasionally an idea, which he borrows from somebody else. Nevertheless, we think he is badly used. He is very loyal to the President and for that we honor him. We do not blame Bob for that little indiscretion about our being on the edge of war. The President summoned Bob to the White House on account of it and Bob ate his words. What the real history of the episode may have been we know not. Our private suspicion is that Bob has shouldered the blame that ought to have gone elsewhere. It may be that the whole ridiculous suggestion to censor the press and set up an autocracy in Washington did not originate with Bob at all. In his heart of hearts he may be aghast at two-thirds of the preposterous propositions that are fathered upon him. Bob's nose is handy every time the grindstone of public opinion whirrs. Bob has never been elected to a public post by the people. He has never come into direct contact with our robust democracy. He cuts as absurd a figure in an age of revolt, rebellion and red Russia as if he were a painted figure on a Watteau fan. The President uses him as a kind of clerk and amanuensis because Bob knows how to write a provocative note. Provocativeness is Bob's specialty. Nevertheless, we do not propose to stand for any injustice to Bob and we shall come to his aid whenever we see him unfairly attacked

—and he is the object of much petty attack just now.

PECULIARITIES OF THE
SECRETARY OF WAR

A VERY precarious month has been passed by Secretary of War Baker under the thumb of the general staff. Mr. Baker is no Stanton and we have an impression that if he were he would never have been chosen for his post. We think, none the less, that Mr. Baker ought to have a different conception of his duties than that of acting as an echo of every general over fifty. The trouble with Mr. Baker is that he does not realize the nature of war, he does not understand that there is little essential difference between the administration of war and the administration of peace. Indeed, life runs along in war pretty much as it did in peace, except that it is far more comfortable for many of us. Even the mortality list is not appreciably larger from the actuarial standpoint, although it is true that the casualties come wholesale instead of in driblets. Unfortunately for Mr. Baker, he has been impregnated with the expert theory of war. He thinks war is strategy and tactics. He will learn in due time that strategy and tactics are but branches of a much larger subject known as war. War, said a famous French soldier, is too large a subject for mere soldiers. We would not be understood to mean that the general staff to which Mr. Baker defers is not entitled to his respect. The general staff seems to be the only branch of the government that possesses any plain common sense in making our dispositions for the gigantic struggle upon which we have entered. At the same time, we think it a pity that Mr. Baker does not stand out of the crowd of generals. We have expressed our regret that he does not read the life of Carnot. We now indicate our sorrow that he never heard the name of Cardwell. We hope he will look the name up in a reference book.

MEANING OF THE EVENTS
IN RUSSIA

IN the fact that the new Russian Minister of War, Alexander Kerensky, is a trifle over thirty years of age, we have the key to the mysteries of what is going on in Petrograd. Youth! That is the force that fights for the revolution. Youth! That is the thing that Premier Ribot has not got, that Lloyd George has not got, that Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg hasn't got, that President Wilson hasn't got. In revolutionary Russia, youth, bold, high spirited, noble and intrepid youth leaps to the front in a crisis of the world's history brought about by old men—the Balfours, the Asquiths, the Clemenceaus and the whole legion of gray heads and gray beards. These ancient worthies are unable to see

what the new age is bringing with it. Russia will go far in her red cap because she has a great statesman to lead her in his early thirties. She has a general who is twenty-nine. She is controlled by a council of soldiers and workers whose average age, according to a statement in the Duma, is thirty-one. To a democracy like that we send Elihu Root—aged seventy, we understand. Well, you can't teach an old dog new tricks. But what a lot of tricks an old dog knows! We assume this to be the explanation of the Root appointment.

THE FAILURE OF THE IRISH
PLAN OF SETTLEMENT

THE story of the Irish crisis as Lloyd George proposes to settle it proves what we all knew before. The Irish question is a religious question. There is among Orangemen an impression that if the Catholic gains the ascendancy, the Protestant will have no chance. There is among Catholic Irishmen an impression that if Home Rule be granted, the boggy of Rome rule will disappear. Years ago, Mr. John Dillon wrote that if Ireland got Home Rule, the influence of the Catholic Church would diminish in Dublin in the political sense of the expression. The difficulty of this branch of the great Irish subject is that most of the politicians are afraid to discuss it. They fear to make enemies of this clique and of that. Now, we would urge our Irish friends to bring the religious issue to the fore. If Catholic Irishmen will deny freedom of conscience to their Protestant countrymen, let us be told so. If the Orangemen will deny freedom of conscience to the Catholic Irishman, that fact ought to be made plain. In the meanwhile, it is pertinent to observe that when Protestant Ireland got up a great rebellion under Protestant Carson, there was no execution of anybody. When Catholic Ireland revolted, there were many executions.

THAT DEFIANT MAYOR OF
CHICAGO AGAIN

THE unconventional views of the Mayor of Chicago on the subject of the war need not startle our patriots. Mayor Thompson wants to know, we believe, why we are in the war and what we expect to get out of it. It is not treasonable to ask such questions and they are very easy to answer. We went into the war because it had reached such a stage that vital American interests were imperilled. We could not afford to remain longer unarmed and defenseless with the rest of the family of nations armed to the teeth. One consequence of the fray was a plot to invade this country by way of Mexico. Another consequence was the loss of command of the sea and its transfer to a power that persisted in

sinking our ships. Another consequence was the stopping of our mails, the obstruction of our commerce and the loss of our trade. We had to go into the war or sink to the level of a vassal state. Our expectation of gain from the war arises from the fact that the settlement of the conflict in a way satisfactory to us, apart from the vindication of the principle of democracy, will do away with the vast armaments that mankind has had to struggle and groan under. The war is really a war against militarism. It must be brought home to great powers that when they arm to the teeth and mobilize in order to assert their policies, they invite their own overthrow. Finally, the Mayor of Chicago should be taught that unarmed we constituted the richest prize in the world for the victor in this gigantic contest. Armed, we can hold our own and face any outcome with equanimity. We should be sorry to see the Chicago Solon prosecuted for asking his questions. The more those questions are discussed the more clearly the wisdom of our course in getting into the struggle will be vindicated. War is terrible—and when one party to it is unarmed and defenseless the war is more terrible as a result.

THE "MISTAKES" OF
THE WASHINGTON
GOVERNMENT

NEVER was a government subjected to such ill informed, inadequate and incompetent criticism as that of which the Wilson administration is sometimes the object. The multifarious activities to which the United States Government must address itself at once causes some things to be bungled. That is inevitable. There will be an incompetent subordinate here, a hasty procedure there. We must make allowance for these things. Above all else, we must avoid the mistake of criticising in a purely destructive spirit. Those who have suggestions to make are entitled to set forth their remedies for the blunders in process of commission. The practice of finding fault when one has no alternative suggestion to make accomplishes nothing. On the whole, President Wilson has shown the highest order of constructive genius in putting us on a war basis. He has acted with expedition and with foresight. All our resources must be thrown into the war. The national, common life must be related to war as until recently it was related to peace. The only blunders of moment were the attempt to suppress freedom of the press and the determination of the Department of Justice to stretch the definition of treason until it became a weapon in the hands of the oppressor. The amateurs in the Department of Justice have had occasion to look into the history of the definition of treason in the Constitution. That definition grew out of the fact that prosecutions for treason were long the means of tyranny. No state

in which the crime of treason is not clearly defined and in which prosecutions based upon it are not carefully prescribed can be said to enjoy liberty. No nation without a free press is a constitutional State. These things suggest the two blunders of the administration and they were committed because the bureaucracies at Washington are now staffed by men who have had very little experience in the work of government on a great scale. They have had touch with the affairs of little cities and they have served on little committees. They are wiser now.

THE CRAZE FOR MAKING
RED PROPHECIES

THE war seems to have gone to the heads of some of our sensational journalists. They are free with their prophecies of revolution everywhere—in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Great Britain. The spectre of revolution is very familiar to all European governments. They are experienced hands in dealing with conspiracies and with treason. The revolution in Russia was the result of sheer inefficiency in the rulers. They staked everything upon autocracy and autocracy went by the board. In the other governments of Europe the idea of autocracy finds no favor. Everybody is proclaiming a touching devotion to democracy. Before there can be a revolution one must have a set of incompetents in power faced by a set of men of genius out of power. That condition prevailed at Petrograd. Hence the fall of the Romanoffs. In the other countries of Europe this lesson has been well learned. We are of opinion that there will be no such series of revolutions as our sensational journalists look for. The occurrence of a revolution in Germany, for instance, will not add a pound of meat to the table of anybody. A strike is not a revolution. The situation in Italy looks worse than it is owing to the censorship. If the censorships could be abolished until they related only to the military operations, the talk of more revolution would be seen to be silly. It is possible that the Socialists and the anarchists have captured the censorships and are trying to bring on revolt all over Europe. That does not mean that revolution will come. It signifies only that the censorships are stupid.

THE QUESTION OF SENDING OUR TROOPS
TO EUROPE.

STATED in terms of military science, our object in this war is to secure the destruction of the armed forces of the Imperial German Government. That is the object of war in its immediate and practical aspect as a matter of strategy and tactics.

In war, however, one does not necessarily go

straight to one's object, directly towards its attainment. There is, for instance, the detail of getting to the armed forces of the German Government.

These forces are of two kinds, in the main. There are the land forces and the sea forces. We can strike the land forces of the Imperial German Government only by striking first at the sea forces. Until we have dealt such a blow at the sea forces of the Imperial German Government as will destroy them, we do not enjoy command of the sea. Until we enjoy absolute and practical command of the sea, we can not risk a troopship on the deep. In terms of every-day language, as long as the German submarine cruises the deep we cannot think of dispatching transports loaded with soldiers to the old world—even assuming that the procedure achieved a strategical object of ours.

The first business before us, then, in our task of destroying the armed forces of the Imperial German Government is to sink all the submarines. We must render the seas unsafe for a submarine. Then, when the Atlantic is converted into a lake controlled by our fleet alone, we can use that lake as a means of getting troops to the firing lines in Europe.

Now, do we want to send armies of a million men at a time to the front in Europe? Here another important question arises. The fleet is our first line of defense. The army is the second line. Once our fleet is destroyed, we should have to depend upon the army to repel an invader. And we are at war. The Imperial German Government is presumably as eager to destroy our armed forces as we are to destroy its armed forces. It will seek every opportunity to invade these shores. It can best achieve that object by organizing an expedition by way of Mexico. We would warn our people to expect action against us by way of Mexico. To repel such invasion, to forestall it, would mean an army of men within our boundaries ready to strike at the first signal. Wisdom, thus, suggests that we keep in training at home all the time an army of a million strong to act wherever in this hemisphere we are open to attack.

There is a third consideration. The powers fighting the Imperial German Government in Western Europe have not distinguished themselves as yet by any great successes. It is by no means certain that the Hindenberg retreats imply the accomplishment of a strategical object against the Imperial German Government. On the contrary, the powers in Western Europe may find themselves confronting an army they cannot drive back or defeat. In brief, the French republic and the British monarchy have spent nearly three years in defeating Germany or in trying to defeat her, and their measure of success is not sufficiently great to justify them in giving lessons to ourselves. We are glad to learn, of

course. But those who set up as teachers of the art of destroying the armed forces of the Imperial German Government should be able to point to some measure of success before their precepts can carry weight.

The cry for help that comes from France will find an echo in every patriotic American heart. France helped us to throw off the tyrannical yoke of Great Britain. We love France for that. Never shall we forget our obligation. It will, however, benefit France not a jot to risk our transports upon seas we do not command. Our prestige would be lost if we shipped our men by thousands to be drowned. Even if we landed a dribble now and then and put weapons in their hands, we should gain no prestige by having them lost in the huge forces at the disposal of the entente. Hence the talk about our prestige should induce us to act with efficiency rather than with haste. The suggestion that American youths should be shipped to France and incorporated into a European army is one which, we feel sure, our French friends will see to be ill-advised.

The immediate task, then, is to secure command of the seas. The next business is to train a million men for home defense, for immediate action on this continent when the designs of the German Government unfold themselves. The Imperial German Government would be only too delighted to see our general staff follow the suggestion that our forces be entrusted to a treacherous sea and lost in an alien organization.

Then there is the question of our line of communication. Who is to protect that? The British line overseas, the Dover patrol, is protected every foot of the way. That line is a net of mines, wires, torpedo boat destroyers, submarines, battleships, scout cruisers and every imaginable unit. It is in constant movement, but it patrols the line like a great police force. We must maintain the equivalent of the Dover patrol along a stretch of water three thousand miles long.

Summing up, we would advise our readers to keep these few precepts in mind.

The strategy of war is totally different from the tactics of battle. Yet the relation between them must never be severed.

Command of the sea is essential to movements of troops wherever land forces co-operate with sea forces.

Our war upon the Imperial German Government is in its present phase primarily a naval war.

The object of the Imperial German Government in this war will be first and foremost to destroy our line of communications.

These considerations have a direct bearing upon the problem of destroying the armed forces of the Imperial German Government so far as we have anything to do with that object of this contest.

R E V E R Y

By GEORGE MOORE.

THE best part of story-writing is the seeking for the subject. Now there is a sound of church bells in the still air, beautiful sounds of peace and long tradition, and he likes to listen, thinking of the hymns and the homely sermons of the good minister. Shall he get up and go? Perhaps the service would soothe his despondency; but there is not courage enough in his heart. He can do no more than strike a match; the fire lights up. It is one of those autumn afternoons with just that touch of frost in the air which makes a fire welcome, and as he crouches in his arm-chair the warmth soothes the spirit and flesh, and in the doze of the flesh the spirit awakes. What—is the story coming now? Yes, it is forming independently of his will, and he says, "Let it take shape." And the scene that rises up in his mind is a ball-room; he sees women all arow, delicate necks and arms of young girls, and young men in black collected about the doorways. Some couples are moving to the rhythm of a languorous waltz, a French imitation of Strauss, a waltz never played now, forgotten perhaps by everybody but him—a waltz he heard twenty long years ago. That waltz has lain ever since forgotten in his brain, but now he hears it all; never before was he able to remember that coda, and it comes with a scent of violets in it—the perfume of a little blond woman who dreams as she dances with the young man blond as herself. Let it be that the choice was made by her rather than by him, and let her wear crepe de chine, with perhaps a touch of white somewhere, and a white frill about her neck. Let her be a widow whose husband died six months after marriage, six months ago. Let her have come from some distant part of the world, from America—Baltimore will do as well as any other, perhaps better, for the dreamer by the fire has no faintest notion whether Baltimore lies in the middle of a plain or surrounded by mountains, whether it be built of marble or brick or stone. Let her come from Baltimore, from some prettily named street—Cathedral street—there must be a Cathedral street in Baltimore. The sound of the church bells in the air no doubt led the dreamer to choose Cathedral street for her to live in. . . . The dance would have to be an informal one, some little dance that she might come to, though her husband was dead only six months. Coming from America, she would be dancing the sliding Boston step, and the two together would pass between the different groups sliding forward and back, avoiding the dancer here, and reappearing from behind a group of French men and women bumping up and down, hammering the floor, the men holding the women as if they were guitars. An American widow dances, her hand upon her partner's shoulder, fitting herself into him, finding a nook between his arm and side, and her head is leaned upon his shoulder. She follows his every step; when he reverses there is never a hitch or jolt; they are always going to the same rhythm. How delicious are these moments of sex and rhythm, and how intense if the woman should take a little handkerchief edged with black and thrust it into her dancer's cuff with some little murmur implying that she wishes him to keep it. To whomsoever these things happen life becomes a song. A little event of this kind lifts one out of the humdrum of material existence. I suppose the cause of our extraordinary happiness is that one is again, as it were, marching in step; one has dropped into the Great Procession and is actively doing the great Work. There is no denying it, that in these moments of sex one does feel more conscious than at any

other time of rhythm, and, after all, rhythm is joy. It is rhythm that makes music, that makes poetry, that makes pictures; what we are all after is rhythm, and the whole of the young man's life is going to a tune as he walks home, to the same tune as the stars are going over his head.

ALL things are singing together. And he sings as he passes the concierge's lodge, pitying the poor couple asleep—what do they know of love? Humble beasts unable to experience the joy of rhythm. Exalted he goes upstairs; he is on rhythm bent, words follow ideas, rhymes follow words, and he sits down at his writing table and drawing forth a sheet of paper he writes. A song moves within him, a fragrant song of blond hair and perfume—the handkerchief inspires him, and he must get the rondel perfect: a rondel, or something like a rondel, which he will read to her tomorrow, for she has appointed to meet him—where? No better place for lovers than the garden of L'Eglise de la Trinité. His night passes in shallow sleep, but his wakings are delicious, for at every awakening he perceives a faint odor of violets. He dreams of blond hair and how carefully he will dress himself in the morning! Would she like him better in his yellow or his grey trousers? Or should he wear a violet or a grey necktie? These are the questions that are important; and what more important questions are there for a young man of twenty-five going to meet a delicious little Dresden figure with blond hair and forget-me-not eyes in the garden of L'Eglise de la Trinité? He knows she will come, only he hopes not to be kept too long waiting, and at 10 o'clock he is there for sure, walking up and down watching the nursemaids and the perambulators drawn up in the shade. On another occasion he might have looked at the nursemaids, but this day the prettiest is plain-featured; they are but the ordinary bread of existence; today he is going to partake of more extraordinary fare. He hopes so, at least, and the twenty years that have gone by have done nothing to obliterate the moment when he saw her walk across the graveled space, a dainty little woman with blond hair, dressed in black, coming to her appointment. The dreamer sees her and her lover going together out of the garden. He follows them down the street, hearing them talking, trying to decide where they shall go to breakfast. To take her to a Parisian restaurant would be common pleasure. He is bent on taking her to the country. Both want to sit on the warm grass and kiss each other per adventure. All souls dream of the country when they are in love, and she would hear him tell her that he loves her under the shade of trees. She is Chloe, and he is whomsoever was Chloe's lover. Whither are they going? Are they going to Bougeval? Many things may be said in its favor, but he has been there; and he has been to Meudon; he would go with her to some place where he has never been before, and where perchance he will never be again. Vincennes? The name is a pretty one, and it lures him. And they go there, arriving about eleven o'clock, a little early for breakfast.

The sun is shining, the sky is blue, white clouds are unfolding—like gay pennants they seem to him. He is glad the sun is shining—all is omen, all is oracle, the clouds are the love pennants of the sky. What a chatter of thoughts and images are going on in his brain, perchance in hers, too! Moreover, there is her poem in his pocket—he must read it to her, and that she may hear it they sit upon the grass. Twenty years

ago there was some rough grass facing the villas, and some trees and bushes, with here and there a bench for lovers to sit upon—for all kinds of people to sit upon, but lovers think that this world is made only for lovers. Only love is of serious account, and the object of all music and poetry, of pictures and sculpture, is to incite love, to praise love, to make love seem the only serious occupation. Vincennes, its trees and its white clouds lifting themselves in the blue sky, were regarded that day by these lovers as a very suitable setting for their gallantries. The dear little woman sits—the dreamer can see her on the warm grass—hidden as well as she can hide herself behind some bushes, the black crepe dress hiding her feet or pretending to hide them. White stockings were the fashion; she wears white stockings, and how pretty and charming they look in the little black shoes! The younger generation now only knows black stockings; the charms of white are only known to the middle-aged. But the young man must read her his poem. He wants her to hear it because the poem pleases him, and because he feels that his poem will aid him to her affections. And when she asks him if he has thought of her during the night, he has to answer that her violet-scented handkerchief awoke him many times, that the wakings were delicious. What time did he go to bed? Very late; he had sat up writing a poem to her telling of the beauty of her blond hair.

"Lady, unwrath thy hair,
That is so long and fair.
May flowers are not more sweet
Than the shower of loosened hair
That will fall around my feet.
Lady, unwrath thy hair,
That is so long and fair.

"The golden curls they paint
Round the forehead of a saint,
Ne'er glittered half so bright
As thy enchanted hair,
Full of shadow, full of light.
Lady, unwrath thy hair,
That is so long and fair.

"Lady, unwrath thy hair,
That is so long and fair.
And weave a web of gold
Of thy enchanted hair,
Till all be in its hold.
Lady, unwrath thy hair,
That is so long and fair."

"DO let me see your poem. . . . It is charming. But what do you mean by 'enchanted hair'? Is it that my hair has enchanted you? 'And weave a web of gold'. . . . 'Unwrath'—do you mean unloose my hair?"

"Dames, tressez vos cheveux blonds
Qui sont si lourds et si longs.

How well it goes with French!"

"I don't understand French, but I like your poem in English. Do you know, I like it very much!"

It is easy to obtain appreciation for poetry in such circumstances. Horace's best ode would not please a young woman as much as the mediocre verses of the young man she is in love with. It is well that it should be so, and this is the dreamer's criticism of life as he sits lost in shadow, lit up here and there by the blaze. He remembers the warmth of the grass and the scanty bushes; there was hardly sufficient cover that spring day for lovers in Vincennes, and he tries to re-

member if he put his hand on her white ankle while she was reading the poem. So far as he can remember he did, and she checked him and was rather cross, declaring just like the puss-cat that he must not do such things, that she would not have come out with him had she thought he was going to misbehave himself in that way. But she is not really angry with him. How can she be? Was it not he who wrote that her hair was enchanted? And what concern is it of hers that the phrase was borrowed from another poet? Her concern is that he should think her hair enchanted, and her hands go up to it. The young man prays to unloose it, to let it fall about her shoulders. He must be paid for his poem, and the only payment he will accept is to see her hair unwreathed.

"But I cannot undo my hair on the common. Is there no other payment?" and she leans a little forward, her eyes fixed upon him. The dreamer can see her eyes, clear young eyes, but he cannot remember her mouth, how full the lips were or how thin; ah, but he remembers kissing her! On such a day a young man kisses his young woman, and it may be doubted if the young woman would ever go out with him again if he refrained, the circumstances being as I describe. But the lovers of Vincennes have to be careful. The lady with the enchanted hair has just spied a middle-aged gentleman with his two sons sitting on a bench at a little distance.

"Do be quiet, I beg of you. I assure you, he saw us."

"If he did it would matter little; he would remember his young days, before his children were born. Moreover, he looks kindly disposed."

Later on the lovers address themselves to him, for time wears away even with lovers, and the desire of breakfast has come upon them both. The kindly disposed gentleman tells them the way to the restaurant. He insists even on walking part of the way with them, and they learn from him that the restaurant has only just been opened for the season; the season is not yet fairly begun, but no doubt they will be able to get something to eat, an omelette and a cutlet.

Now the accomplished story-teller would look forward to this restaurant; already his thoughts would fix themselves on a *cabinet particulier*, and his fancy, if he were a naturalistic writer, would rejoice in recording the fact that the mirror was scrawled over with names of lovers, and he would select the ugliest names. But, dear reader, if you are expecting a *cabinet particulier* in this story, and an amorous encounter to take place therein, turn the page at once—you will be disappointed if you do not; this story contains nothing that will shock your—shall I say your "prudish susceptibilities"? When the auburn-haired poet and the corn-colored American lunched at Vincennes they chose a table by the window in the great long *salle* lined with tables, and they were attended by an army of waiters weary of their leisure.

THERE was a lake at Vincennes then, I am sure, with an island upon it and tall saplings, through which the morning sun was shining. The eyes of the lovers admired the scene, and they admired, too, the pretty reflections, and the swans moving about the island. The accomplished story-teller cries, "But if there is to be no scene in the restaurant, how is the story to finish?" Why should stories finish? And would a sensual dénouement be a better end than, let us say, that the lovers are caught in a shower as they leave the restaurant? Such an accident might have happened: nothing is more likely than a shower at the end of April or the beginning of May, and I can imagine the lovers of Vincennes rushing into one of the concierge's lodges at the gates of the villas.

"For a few minutes," they say; "the rain will be over soon."

But they are not long there when a servant appears car-

rying three umbrellas; she gives one to Marie, one to me; she keeps one for herself.

"But who is she? You told me you knew no one at Vincennes."

"No more I do."

"But you must know the people who live here; the servant says that Monsieur (meaning her master) knows Monsieur (meaning you)."

"I swear to you I don't know anybody here; but let's go—it will be rather fun."

"But what shall we say in explanation? Shall we say we're cousins?"

"Nobody believes in cousins; shall we say we're husband and wife?"

The dreamer sees two figures; memory reflects them like a convex mirror, reducing them to a tenth their original size. But he sees them clearly, and he follows them through the rain up the steps of the villa to the perron—an explicit word that the English language lacks. The young man continues to protest that he never was at Vincennes before, that he knows no one living there, and they are both a little excited by the adventure. Who can be the owner of the house? A man of ordinary tastes, it would seem, and while waiting for their host the lovers examine the Turkey carpet, the richly upholstered sofas and chairs.

A pretty little situation from which an accomplished story-teller could evolve some playful imaginings. The accomplished story-teller would see at once that *le bon bourgeois et sa dame* and the children are learning English, and here is an occasion of practice for the whole family. The accomplished story-teller would see at once that the family must take a fancy to the young couple, and in his story the rain must continue to fall in torrents; these would prevent the lovers from returning to Paris. Why should they not stay to dinner? After dinner the accomplished story-teller would bring in a number of neighbors, and set them dancing and singing. What easier to suppose than that it was a *la bourgeoisie's* evening at home? The young couple would sit in a distant corner oblivious to all but their own sweet selves. *Le bourgeois et sa dame* would tell them that their room was quite ready, that there was no possibility of returning to Paris that night. A pretty little situation that might with advantage be placed on the stage—on the French stage. A pretty, although a painful, dilemma for a young woman to find herself in particularly when she is passionately in love with the young man.

"BITTERLY," the accomplished story-teller would say, "did the young widow regret the sacrifice to propriety she had made in allowing her young man to pass her off as his wife!" The accomplished story-teller would then assure his reader that the pretty American had acted precisely as a lady should act under the circumstances. But not being myself an accomplished story-teller, I will not attempt to say how a lady should act in such a situation, and it would be a fatuous thing for me

to suggest that the lady was passionately in love. The situation that my fancy creates is ingenious, and I regret it did not happen. Nature spins her romances differently, and I feel sure that the lovers returned from Vincennes merely a little fluttered by their adventure. The reader would like to know if any appointment was made to meet again; if one was made it must have been for the next day or the next, for have we not imagined the young widow's passage already taken? Did she not tell that she was going back to America at the end of the week? He had said: "In a few days the Atlantic will be between us," and this fact had made them feel very sad, for the Atlantic is a big thing and cannot be ignored, particularly in love affairs. It would have been better for the poet if he had accepted the bourgeois' invitation to dinner; friends, as I suggested, might have come in, an impromptu dance might have been arranged, or the rain might have begun again; something would certainly have happened to make them miss the train, and they would have been asked to stay the night. The widow did not speak French; the young man did; he might have arranged it all with the bourgeois *et sa dame*, and the dear little widow might never have known her fate—O, happy fate!—until the time came for them to go to their room. But he, foolish fellow, missed the chance the rain gave him, and all that came of this outing was a promise to come back next year, and to dance the Boston with him again; meanwhile he must wear her garter upon his arm. Did the suggestion that she should give him her garter come from her or from him? Was the garter given in the cab when they returned from Vincennes, or was it given the next time they met in Paris? To answer these questions would not help the story; suffice it to say that she said that the elastic would last a year, and when she took his arm and found it upon it she would know that he had been faithful to her. There was the little handkerchief which she had given him, and this he must keep in a drawer. Perhaps some of the scent would survive this long year of separation. I am sure that she charged him to write a letter to the steamer she had taken her passage in, and, careless fellow! instead of doing so he wrote verses, and the end of all this love affair, which began so well, was an angry letter bidding him good-bye forever, saying he was not worthy because he had missed the post. All this happened twenty years ago; perhaps the earth is over her charming little personality, and it will be over me before long. Nothing endures; life is but change. What we call death is only change. Death and life always overlapping, mixed inextricably, and no meaning in anything, merely a stream of change in which things happen. Sometimes the happenings are pleasant, sometimes unpleasant, and in neither the pleasant nor the unpleasant can we detect any purpose. Twenty long years ago, and there is no hope, not a particle.

* * *

I HAVE come to the end of my mood; an ache in my heart brings me to my feet, and looking round I cry out: "How dark is the room! Why is there no light? Bring in the lamp!"

ART AND NATIONALITY

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.

Author of "The Creative Will," "Modern Painting," etc.

WHEN trying to sound the reason why one nation creates one kind of art and brings it to its highest perfection, why another excels in a different art and brings forth only mediocre or imitative works of the first kind, and why yet another nation reaches its highest level in a third kind of art, we must go deep into their organisms and influences. Superficial characteristics will never reveal the true source of aesthetic variation. Taine has brought together the salient characteristics of nationality, and by stating their sources has explained their relation to art production. From these can be deduced the specific kinds of art which each nation has given birth to and the reasons which underlie them.

In ancient times the Greeks seemed to combine all the art impulses of the various modern temperaments: they produced philosophy, music, poetry, prose, sculpture, dancing and painting. This versatility was a result of their wonderfully balanced mental and physical forces. The separate traits of these inclusively intelligent people are to be found, exaggerated, developed or weakened, in all the Germanic and Latin races and their derivatives today. Their philosophic attributes have passed, somewhat systematized, to the modern Germans. Their subtleties, undergoing a similar metamorphosis, have lodged in the French temperament. And their nobility and pride of race to be found, converted into a sentimental fetish, in the Spaniard. It is in these traits, disintegrated among many peoples and given an acuteness or complexity in answer to the needs of modern life, that form the matrices out of which modern plastic art has issued.

The genius of the ancient Greek was eminently pictorial; his imagination encompassed all life by way of images. This is explainable by the fact that he understood man and studied him more deeply than he did nature. His conclusions were dictated by the functioning of the human body to which he turned because in it he found something tangible, absolute, concrete. By keeping himself before his own eyes as an important entity he conceived a precise, formal idea of life. This attitude led to generalizing and to an utter indifference toward useless details.

WITH the Italians of the Renaissance we have the Greek conditions over again. Between these two nations there existed temperamental similarities despite the feudalism and asceticism of the Middle Ages. Like the Greeks, the Italians preferred symmetry and proportion to comfort, the joy of the senses to celestial pleasures after death. In the religion of the Italians was that toleration which is necessary to art production; and there were courts where intellectual attainments were placed above all else. The greatest difference between the Greeks and the Italians was that whereas the Greek mind and body, exquisitely balanced and wholly harmonious, constituted a unified and conjoined whole, the Italian mind and body were separate developments. The Greeks cultivated sound, rhythm, poetry and movement simultaneously in their theatres and dances. The Italians laid stress on these various impulses at different periods, and, instead of welding them into one impulse, cultivated and intensified them individually. Just as sculpture was the leading art of the Greeks, so it was the leading art of the Renaissance, for the Italian painting was primarily sculptural, inspired by form and

line, not by tone and gradation as was the painting of the Netherlands. The color that the Italian painters used was purely decorative, never realistic: it was an ornament superimposed on perfect sculptural forms, just as the figures and designs of the Gothic cathedrals were superimpositions on an unstable and tortured science.

IN Germany to the north we find other conditions at work, and, as a result, other types of mental and creative endeavor. The temperamental difference between the Germans, and the Greeks and Italians is due in large measure to climate. In the greater part of Greece and Italy the light is so luminous that the color is sucked from nature, and all that remains is line and hard-cut, precise silhouette. Therefore the Greeks and Italians' perception is formally sculptural, for it is silhouette which inspires to sculpture. With such a vision ever before their eyes it follows that their thought—the life of their minds—should be general and, though specific, conventionalized. The Germanic races are the offspring of an opposite environment. Their climate is damper and more overcast. Cold and mist are far more general than to the southward. Hence we see no sculpture among the Germans, and since their environment is the opposite of clear-cut and incisive, they deal in metaphysical terms, naked symbols devoid of images, precise ideas and abstract systems of life. As a result the German is patient, researchful metaphysical, whereas the Italian is mercurial, seeing the metaphysical, only in terms of the pictorial. The Germans have had to clothe themselves, and thus have not lived with, as it were, and glorified the human body. In their paintings the idea is the highest consideration.

The German is methodical, and the consequent slowness of his mental processes protects him against quick and distracting reactions, and permits him a greater capacity for sequential thinking. But with all his abstract philosophical reasoning he is a realist, for he never conceives idealized forms, as did Renaissance Italians. He penetrates to the foundations even when those foundations are ugly, his ideal being internal, rather than external, truth. The German rests all his thoughts on a definite basis of science and observation, and all his thinking must lead to an absolute result. Here we have an explanation for his music. In it he expresses the abstract conceptions of life; and his ability to create it rests on his infinite patience in deciphering the enormous mass of requisite technical knowledge necessary to its successful birth.

THE Dutch and the Belgians—both stemming from Germanic stock—represent once more the influences which climate and religion and methods of life have on aesthetic creation. The Dutch chose Protestantism, a form of religion from which external and sensuous beauty had been eliminated. They adopted the settled contentment of mere animal comforts, and, as a result, grew torpid and flaccid through good living and the gratification of heavy appetites. The ease of their existence brought about a tolerance which created an art appreciation, and appreciation is the soil in which art production always flourishes. The result was an art which was an added comfort to the home—an art with a sensuality of vision which reflected the sensuality of life. The Dutch, comfortable and disliking effort, lived in a land which was all

color and devoid of hard-cut lines. Man was pictured as he appeared, neither idealized nor degraded, with little parti prit, as great masses of substance, with misty outlines, emerging from a tenebrous climatic environment.

The Belgians, on the other hand, were Catholics. They were more sensuous, more joyous than the Dutch. They saw images through the eyes of Catholicism. Their lives were filled with pomp and show and parade: even their form of worship was external and decorative. Consequently their art, while realistic, was more exalted and sensuous (as in Delacroix); but the permanent contributions came in the form of Flemish realism with its delicacy of tonal subtleties. The seventeenth and eighteenth century Dutchmen were echoed in the Barbizon school; and this salutary reaction to nature from Græco-Roman academism gave an added impetus to realism. The mercurial quality of the French mind, now classically philosophical, now naturalistic, now stiffly moral, taking on all the colors of all influences, demands strong emotions. Two centuries of inventions and complex life, added to the adopted culture of the Dutch and the Italians, created an art which was novel, colorful and at times even sensational.

France received all its permanent impetus to plastic creation from the north. There was a short period when the art was a political mélange of classic ideas, and another period when the Venetian admiration resuscitated composition (as in Delacroix); but the permanent contributions came in the form of Flemish realism with its delicacy of tonal subtleties. The seventeenth and eighteenth century Dutchmen were echoed in the Barbizon school; and this salutary reaction to nature from Græco-Roman academism gave an added impetus to realism. The mercurial quality of the French mind, now classically philosophical, now naturalistic, now stiffly moral, taking on all the colors of all influences, demands strong emotions. Two centuries of inventions and complex life, added to the adopted culture of the Dutch and the Italians, created an art which was novel, colorful and at times even sensational.

The individualism of the Renaissance found a new home in the French intellect. That love of life and the reversion to a more joyous existence (which came after the Revolution) cast the church out and drove the intellectuals back to the worship of nature. The French then had time to enjoy the complexities of composition; and the elegance of their cultivation resurrected an insistence upon style. They wrote no philosophies; they were not interested in detailed research; but they lived febrilely, and the records of their lives, subordinated to general philosophic plans which were created by style, produced great literature. Like children they received the half-completed flowers of the Renaissance and the partial realism of their forebears, and these bequests were a source of wonder and delight to them. They continued both quickly on a wave of reaction by expressing the one by means of the other. They combined the Germanic and the Latin impulses, and from this perfectly poised combination issued the excellence of their painting and literature. Their work in the other arts was merely an aside, as was poetry in Flanders, and painting in Germany. They lacked the German meticulousness and preoccupation with abstractions which are necessary to the highest musical composition, and their plasticity of mind made possible intenser images in painting than in poetry.

IN England few outside influences have taken hold. Its geographical isolation has resulted in a self-contented provincialism. The British mind, like the American mind, is, and

always has been, unsympathetic to art. Art is regarded as a curiosity, an appendage of the higher education. Intelligence, as such, is not believed in. With the English all thought must be bent toward a utilitarian end, just as Latin thought is turned toward form and German thought toward philosophy. In the stress of affairs Englishmen have little time for so exotic a flower as art. Their minds are rigid and immobile, largely because of their form of religion. They are aggressively Protestant. In their religion there are absolute punishments and rewards untempered by circumstances or individual cases. There are fixed emotional values and absolute foci of the mind; and, as a consequence, the race is without plastic expression. Their minds, groping after beyond-world comforts, have become static and out of touch with the actualities of existence. They harbor Utopian schemes, and consider life as they deem it should be lived, not in accord with nature's intention. Even in their rare painters of landscape, like Turner and Constable, the spirit of the subject is hunted above form, and when this is not the case, their pictures are, in essence, moral and anecdotal.

Because the English are primarily busy, constantly occupied with practical, commercial accomplishments, they have no leisure for an art which is a compounding of subtleties, like the painting of the Dutch and the music of the Germans. Their tastes naturally resolve themselves into a desire for a simple image—that is, for an art entirely free from the complex intricacies of organization. Their pleasures must be of a quick variety so that the appreciation may be instantaneous. And since their lives are neither physical nor mental but merely material, like the Americans', it is natural that they should react to trivial transcendentalism and sentimentality. They produce no art which is either philosophical or plastically formal. But in the art of poetry they lead the world. Poetry presents an image quickly, and it has a sensual side in its rhythm as well as a vague and transcendental side in its content. Poetry is the lyricism of the spirit, even as sculpture is the lyricism of form. Both are arts which represent quick reactions, the one sentimental and spiritualized, the other tangible and absolute. Even English style is more a matter of diction than of underlying rhythm.

The conditions, religion, temperament and pursuits of America are similar to those of England, and American art is patterned largely on that of its mother country. Poetry is the chief, as well as the most highly developed, aesthetic occupation of Americans.

Everywhere today, however, national conditions have less influence than formerly. The cosmopolitanism of individuals is fast breaking down national boundaries. The modern complex mind, encrusted by 2,000 years of diverse forms of culture, is becoming more a result of what has gone before than a result of that which lies about it. We of today easily assimilate influences from all sides, and while some of the arts are still the property of temperamentally kindred nations, the admixture of nationalities and the changes of regime are constantly reversing the old abilities.



A FRIEND OF LAFCADIO HEARN

By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

WHEN I had written my name in the Bellevue-Stratford guest book and had duly admired the fine brand of courtesy native to the Philadelphia night clerk—neither too breezy, like Chicago, nor too brusque, like New York, nor too obsequious, like Washington—I strolled about the lobby at my ease looking for my man.

Being a little ahead of the appointed time, I gave myself up to the pleasure of anticipating the long planned-for meeting. It did not occur to me that I should fail to recognize him by any chance, though I had never seen him in the flesh. The fact was I had often studied an excellent portrait of him in a favorite book of mine, the "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn." Also I had given some attention to the moral likeness of him afforded by the same interesting work, which had given me a strong desire to know the man.

And so I went about the Bellevue lobbies and corridors, looking for a broad-shouldered, brown-haired, bright-eyed man in his middle thirties, wearing the uniform of an American naval officer. With such a picture of him in my mind's eye, and seeing, moreover, that he likewise would be looking for me, it seemed a reasonable certainty that I could not miss him.

But I did, however, having forgotten to allow for a little matter of twenty years or so; and he hailed me first. The broad shoulders were the same, but wearing a civilian dress-coat; the brown hair was mixed with gray; the full mustache was nearly white; and the eyes were still bright, only they now twinkled behind glasses. I thought, with a whimsical momentary disappointment, of the dashing young officer whom Lafcadio Hearn had loved and trusted beyond any of the few whom he took into the inner circle of his friendship—and then I felt the eloquent grip of Mitchell McDonald. After this first impression the Captain grew younger every minute, and ere the evening ended (somewhat toward the morning) I had fully rediscovered the man of the portrait. . . .

A FRIEND of Lafcadio Hearn! Not so long ago the bitter memories of journalists gave these words an ironical meaning. But the journalists have had their say and are silent: a wiser and kinder judgment begins to prevail.

Yet it may freely be granted that if ever there lived a man with whom it was difficult to maintain an equable friendship, that man was Lafcadio Hearn. His hair-trigger susceptibility to offense, his appalling frankness toward friend and foe alike, his tarantula-like readiness to strike, his exacting though just conception of what was due himself, his touchy independence, his hatred of merely conventional amenities and, above all, a morbid distrust confirmed by many years of experience only too bitter, conspired to render his friendship a perilous, if inestimable, gift. In nothing was he more *difficile* than in his terrible candor—the exercise of this quality cost him some friends who stood silent when they should have defended his grave.

But that Hearn, with all his varied "impossibility," was capable of both feeling and inspiring a genuine and worthy friendship, his relations with Captain McDonald abundantly prove. The page is one of the most cheerful in a life that was never over-bright and that had known too few such pages; the letters which it called forth from Hearn are among the best and wholesomest and most humanly inter-

esting that he has left us. This is saying much, for better letters than those of Lafcadio Hearn have not been written since Charles Lamb died, leaving the very best letters in the world.

I HAVE elsewhere written rather fully about Hearn's letters:—my purpose now is merely to offer a few extracts from his correspondence with Mitchell McDonald, showing him to advantage in a character in which he has been shamefully libeled—to wit, that of the friend!

In January, 1898, Hearn writes from Tokio to Captain McDonald in Yokohama, where the latter was attached as paymaster to the U. S. Naval Hospital:

I believe those days of mine in Yokohama were the most pleasurable in a pilgrimage of forty-seven years. Such experience will not do for me except at vast intervals. It sends me back to work with much too good an opinion of myself—and that is bad for literary self-judgment. The beneficial result is an offsetting of that morbid condition—that utter want of self-confidence. . . . I not only feel that I ought to do something good, but I am going to do it,—with the permission of the gods.

The characteristic shyness of the man, which made him shun anything of the nature of "social functions," appears in this extract:

How to answer your kind suggestions about pulling me out of my shell I don't well know. I like to be out of the shell—but much of that kind of thing could only result in the blue devils. After seeing men like you and the other Guardsman,—the dear Doctor,—one is beset with a foolish wish to get back into the world which produced you both.

Again the note of self-distrust—Hearn seems never to have foreseen the sudden fullness of fame and literary appreciation that followed close upon his death:—

It would do me a great deal of harm if I could believe your appreciations and predictions, but I am quite sure you are mistaken about both. . . . You are making me talk too much about my own affairs and you would really spoil me if you could. . . . About the truth of life seems to be this: You can get what you wish only when you have stopped wishing for it and do not care about keeping it.

The next selection has reference to an investment proposition which Captain McDonald (a good man of business) had brought to his notice. Hearn's dread of business was comic in its intensity. This excerpt reveals the humorist of whom we have too little in Hearn's formal work:—

I read the prospectus with great interest . . . and I am proud of my friend. "Canst thou play with Leviathan like a bird? Or canst thou bind him for thy handmaidens?" No, I can't, and I am not going to try, but I have a friend in Yokohama—an officer in the U. S. Navy—he plays with Leviathan and makes him "talk soft, soft words"—indeed he even "presses down his

tongue with a cord." . . . But as for *me*—the greatest favor you can ever do me is to take off my hands even the business I have,—contracts and the like,—so that I need never again remember them. Besides, if I were dead, you are the one I should want to be profiting by my labors. Then every time you set your jaw square and made them "fork over," my ghost would squeak and chipper for delight, and you would look around to see where the bat came from!

The shortest letter in the entire collection, but one that throws a strong light on both Hearn and his friend, is this, dated March, 1898:

I do not feel pleased at your returning to me the money and giving me your own copy of the book. I feel mean over it. But what can one do with a man who deliberately takes off his own coat to cover his friend during a nine-minutes' drive? I shall remember the *feeling* of that coat until I die.

The sensitiveness and worldly wisdom of Hearn—for he had the artist's wisdom and sagacity of observation, if not inaction—are sharply evident in this extract:—

My Boston friend is lost to me, certainly. I got a letter yesterday from him—showing the serious effect upon friendship of taking to one's self a wife,—a fashionable wife. It was meant to be exactly like the old letters;—but it wasn't. Paymaster M. M. must also some day take a wife, and . . . oh! I know what you are going to say,—they all say *that*! They all assure you that they *both* love you, and that their house will always be open to you, etc., etc., and then they forget all about you—purposely or otherwise. Still, one ought to be grateful,—the dropping is so gentle, and softly done!

The following is remarkable for its literary interest, disclosing the eternal expectation of the artist, as well as the confidence which Hearn thus early (1898) manifests in the man who was destined to become his literary executor:—

In case that during this year, or any year, there should come to me a good idea for such a story as I have been long hoping to write . . . then I shall abandon everything else for the time being and write it. If I can ever write *that*, there will be money in it, long after I have been planted in one of these Buddhist cemeteries . . . What divine luck such an inspiration would be! But the chances are that a more powerful mind than mine will catch the inspiration first,—as the highest peak most quickly takes the sun. Whatever comes, I'll just hand or send the MS. to you, and say, "Now just do whatever you please—only see that I get the proofs. The book is yours."

And here is a rare view of the devoted literary artist, who, his work being in question, scorned to mince ceremony even with his dearest friend:—

I am going to ask you simply *not* to come and see your friend, and *not* to ask him to come and see you, *for at least three months more*. I know this seems horrid—but such are the conditions upon which literary work alone is possible, when combined with the duties of a professor of literature. I don't want to see or hear or feel any-

thing outside of my work until the book is done,—and I therefore have the impudent assurance to ask you to help me stand by my wheel.

Capable of friendship and kindness surely the man was who wrote this to his friend:—

Do you know that we talked uninterruptedly the other day for ten hours,—for the period that people are wont to qualify when speaking of the enormity of time as "ten mortal hours"? What a pity they could not be made immortal! They always will be with me.

Or this, with which I must conclude the delightful but too seductive task of making these extracts—conclude with regret, for I have scarcely uncovered the riches of the vein:—

I suppose you have heard of the famous old drama which has for its title, "The Woman Killed with Kindness." Presently, if you do not take care, you will be furnishing the material for a much more modern tragedy, to be called "The Small Man Killed with Kindness." . . . That whisky! Those cigars! That wonderful beefsteak! Those imperially and sinfully splendid dinners! Those wonderful chats until ghost-time and beyond it! And all those things—however pleasing in themselves—made like a happy dream by multitudes of little acts and words and thoughts that created about me an atmosphere not belonging at all to this world of Iron Facts and Granite Necessities.

IT IS good to know that Hearn's confidence in his friend has been more than justified. When Dr. Gould, the immortal patentee of the Ocular Theory of Literary Aberrations (by an ironic coincidence, he is also a resident of Philadelphia) published his crude and vindictive disparagement of Hearn, he found in Captain McDonald a champion who was neither to be poohpoohed into silence nor cajoled into complaisance. In a word, the misguided Gould discovered that he had a fighter on his hands who seemed to like the game the better, the harder it was made for him (McDonald is Pennsylvania Irish, a rather wicked fighting strain). Together with Ellwood Hendrick, another staunch friend of Hearn, he soon forced Gould to battle for his life. The latter's lies, sown broadcast at first, were presently spit back into his face by every wind. His book, or rather libel, upon Hearn—perhaps the coldest-blooded and most deliberate attempt ever made to degrade a man of genius—fell dead on the market after having been repudiated and condemned by all honest critics both at home and abroad.

The real nature of Gould's pretended philanthropy toward Hearn was effectively exposed—it was of the sort that endeared Pecksniff to the simple Tom Pinch. It was shown that Gould had for years retained—to all intents, unjustly and unlawfully retained—a valuable collection of Lafcadio Hearn's books, in pretended satisfaction of a paltry loan. The whole of this library he has been forced to restore to Hearn's estate through the efforts of Mitchell McDonald, executor of the same.

Finally, the estate, literary and other, has been so wisely managed that it is now adequate to support the writer's family (living in Japan) in considerable comfort. McDonald has obtained prices for Hearn's work that truly would make the latter "squeak and chipper"; and, by the way, the "square jaw" is still at work. The fame of Hearn is both rising and spreading; the best of his books are being translated into the principal European languages; he seems thus soon to be ranked among the world's classics.

MENTION should be made of the latest, perhaps the most important, service that Captain McDonald has rendered to the literary fame of Lafcadio Hearn. I allude to the recent publication of Hearn's Lectures to his Japanese students—a work of unique importance and a substantial addition to his literary testament. Strange to say, Hearn seems not to have *written* a single line of these wonderful essay-lectures, as they may be called:—they were all taken down from the living voice of the Master. Years afterward, through the zealous care of Captain McDonald, they were recovered from the note-books of the Japanese students and published in a form worthy of their great value.

In all that has now been written there was nothing to qualify my pleasure at meeting Captain McDonald, and certainly nothing to prevent our having a good dinner, with the Captain as host—a part for which he was born, not made.

That our talk ran almost wholly upon Hearn goes without saying. One thing only I may set down as showing the loyalty and loveliness of the friendship between these men, so dissimilar in most external respects. Reference having been made to certain caricatures of Hearn's physical appearance put forth in ignorance or hatred or envy, the Captain said simply: "He seemed always beautiful to me!" . . .

AH, Koizumi! if perchance your honorable spirit hovered about us in the Bellevue that night,—in the city where once you tarried poor, unknown and with but scant hope until Destiny called you to the Far East and the making of a deathless name,—sure am I that you saw and heard only what deepened your love for your friend.

POEMS

To the Rose Upon the Rood of Time.

By W. B. YEATS.

RED Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days!
Come near me, while I sing the ancient ways:
Cuhoollin battling with the bitter tide;
The Druid, gray, wood-nurtured, quiet-eyed,
Who cast round Fergus dreams, and ruin untold;
And thine own sadness, whereof stars, grown old
In dancing silver sandalled on the sea,
Sing in their high and lonely melody.
Come near, that no more blinded by man's fate,
I find under the boughs of love and hate,
In all poor foolish things that live a day,
Eternal beauty wandering on her way.

Come near, come near, come near—Ah, leave me still
A little space for the rose-breath to fill!
Lest I no more hear common things that crave;
The weak worm hiding down in its small cave,
The field mouse running by me in the grass,
And heavy mortal hopes that toil and pass;
But seek alone to hear the strange things said
By God to the bright hearts of those long dead,
And learn to chaunt a tongue men do not know.
Come near; I would, before my time to go,
Sing of old Eire and the ancient ways:
Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days.

On the Sale of the Love-Letters of a Dead Poet.

By GEORGE STERLING.

THE fond and foolish lines writ for the one—
On these the gaping many have their will.
About the grave contending voices shrill,
In profanation of a trust undone:
The dead man sleeps, and protest has he none
On those that soil his passion's memory till.
Where geese may crane before the sullied sill,
The heart's poor shrine lies open to the sun.

There is no grace of shadow for this flow'r—
No balms of silence for this outraged love,
Laid bare to leering peasants for a doom.
The ghouls are out before the midnight hour:
The buzzards gather in the skies above;
The stained hyena snuffles in the tomb.

Lost Love.

By ANDREW LANG.

WHO wins his Love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain,
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain;
And Memory pursues her
With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her grey,
The flesh that yet enchains her
Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not
The Love some seem to gain:
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The Love that ne'er can wane.

In dreams she grows not older
The lands of Dream among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung,
In dreams doth he behold her
Still fair and kind and young.

The Heart of Praise.

By WITTER BYNNER.

HOW shall I catch the open skies—
Or praise your blue, approaching eyes?

How should I know the heart of praise,
If there were none but golden days

When clouds upon the sun are ranged,
Is it high heaven that has changed?

How shall I urge the hidden skies—
Or blame your blue, averted eyes?

HOW THE UNITED STATES IS BEING DECEIVED

By FREDERICK F. SCHRADER.

EDMUND BURKE said: "England's ink is made to blacken those whom its bullets are intended to destroy." It is to be regretted that other nations have never realized the full significance of this aphorism.

Printer's ink has been England's best ally, either to destroy or to vitiate her enemy's power—and all nations at one time or other become her enemies. There has been a fixed purpose in her design, and if we know of what it consists it is safe to discount whatever verdict her writers and speakers may pass upon the political or intellectual character of another nation. If that verdict is favorable the conclusion is sound that it is to serve her; if unfavorable it is to be destroyed.

You can read England's policies in her literature, for she prostitutes her literature to her propaganda. It is administered as an opiate or an emetic, according to circumstances.

There is something appalling in the revelations which Willard Huntington Wright makes in regard to the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but it will startle those only who have enough common sense out of the bankruptcy of their intellectual independence to be susceptible to proofs, proofs attesting beyond cavil the insidious design of that work to inject the poison of disloyalty into the arteries of our people—disloyalty to their own achievements and ideals. This work which has gone into the homes of thousands of American families might be compared to the malignant germs of phthisis introduced into a household upon some plausible pretext if we construe rightly Mr. Wright's "Misinforming a Nation."

This remarkable little book by a recognized American critic and independent thinker lays bare the monstrous deceptions of what thousands regard as a work of unassailable authority, and shows that in each department treated in the *Britannica* English achievements have been magnified out of all proportion to their importance and value, while those of other nations—particularly of America—have been minimized and dwarfed into utter insignificance.

The eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* tells us in effect that all the great things in science, literature, art, etc., have been the work of Englishmen; we have been told to adopt it as a text book, and have obeyed. We are systematically being educated in English thoughts and English viewpoints, and are accepting everything at the appraisal of English encyclopædists. In short, the *Britannica* has become an English work of national propaganda.

We have always had our Anglophiles, but it did not escape some Americans before Mr. Wright that we were made the victims of a shrewd campaign to undermine faith in American achievements and to make us surrender our intellectual independence to Great Britain. It was Lowell in his "Study Windows" who said: "She (England) has a conviction that whatever good there is in us is wholly English, when the truth is that we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism."

Those who think as Lowell thought will find a treat in reading Mr. Wright's opening chapter, "Colonizing America." In the subsequent chapters he enters into material facts in proof of his charge that "England has shown the same ruthlessness and unscrupulousness in her intellectual colonization of America as in her territorial colonizations, and she has also exhibited the same persistent shrewdness."

In the course of the twelve chapters he formulates a terrible

arraignment of the editors and publishers of the *Britannica*, taking each subject by itself: The Novel, the Drama, Poetry, Painting, Music, Science, Inventions, Philosophy, Religion. To do this successfully presupposes an encyclopædic mind. But the great task of exposing the deliberate shortcomings of the *Britannica* by citations of names, dates and facts in countless instances of omission or distortion has been successfully performed by the able American critic and essayist. That patriotic American who can hereafter repose his faith in the information supplied by the *Britannica* will have the advantage of the sultan who vowed he would never again taste water after having had revealed to him the microcosm of a drop of water through the microscope.

"The *Encyclopædia Britannica*," writes Mr. Wright, "if accepted unquestionably throughout this country as an authoritative source of knowledge, would retard our intellectual development fully twenty years."

This edition appears to have been specially designed for us—not to flatter us, but to deepen our supposed ignorance, to belittle our progress and achievements and to fill their place in our hearts and minds with English standards. Disregarding Lowell, too many of us embrace the false ideals of this foreign country; or, as Mr. Wright well puts it: "The regrettable part of England's intellectual intrigues in the United States is the subservient and docile acquiescence of Americans themselves," and: "The evidences of the American's enforced belief in English superiority are almost numberless."

Mr. Wright shows that 200 names of famous authors, painters, composers, scientists and philosophers are omitted. Included in these are Owen Wister, Gertrude Atherton, William Vaughan Moody, Edith Wharton, Bronson Howard, David Graham Phillips, Ambrose Bierce, Bliss Carman, Winston Churchill, Margaret Deland, Theodore Dreiser, Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Hermann Bahr, Andreiv, Henri Bernstein, Gustav Frennsen, Giacosa, Lady Gregory, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Romain Rolland, Schnitzler, Tchekhoff, Wedekind, Clara Viebig, Wolzogen, Cezanne, Ludwig Knaus, Hodler, Jean Paul Laurens, Twachtman, d'Albert, Marschner, Charpentier, Edgar Stillman Kelly, Kreisler, Leschetitzky, Mahler, Nevin, Horatio Parker, Max Reger, the Scharwenkas, Wolf-Ferrari, Luther Burbank, Rudolf Diesel, Prof. Ehrlich, Simon Flexner, Jacques Loeb, Percival Lowell, Metchnikoff, Marion Sims, Orville and Wilbur Wright, Bergson, Josiah Royce, Alois Riehl, Edelman, G. Stanley Hall, etc.

"Misinforming a Nation" is in itself a liberal education, as Mr. Wright goes beyond his critical métier to supply the missing information in the almost countless instances he cites among the omissions. However, it is his stalwart Americanism, his heroic assumption of the role of a present-day Siegfried, in attacking the *Wurm*, that he earns for himself the gratitude of all those of his countrymen who have not been spoiled by snobbery to the extent of doing their thinking in a British nightcap. It makes one rejoice to find an American writer bold and able to attack the torism of our Ambassador to London for lending himself to booming this storehouse of misinformation at a public banquet. His book is a standing indictment of the *Britannica*.

"MISINFORMING A NATION." A critical examination of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in relation to its effect on the development of American culture. A declaration of intellectual independence for those who aspire to an American culture. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York, 222 pp. Price \$1.25 postpaid.

THE DEAD EYES

By HANNS HEINZ EWERS.

PERSONS:

ARCESIUS: *Outwardly very ugly, lame, one limb being too short, one shoulder a little too high, plain, ugly of countenance, black-haired. In character he is good, noble, full of warmest love for Myrtocle, very cultured, a deeply passionate temperament.*

MYRTOCLE: *A Greek from Corinth, brown hair, delicate, very beautiful. She is blind, affectionate, gentle, but also capable of tragic grandeur.*

AURELIUS GALBA: *Centurion, like Arcesius, an aristocrat. Young, well-built, radiant. He suffers from his secret love for Myrtocle.*

ARSINOE: *A Greek from the Archipelago. Pretty, lively. In her relations to Myrtocle she is as much friend as handmaiden.*

MARY MAGDALEN: *The great repentant sinner. In a blue garment, golden blond locks, as in the picture of Rubens. She comes of good family, was rich, etc.; contrasts in every way with the Jewish people. Her love for Jesus is most warm and glowing.*

KTESIPHAR: *Quack physician, Egyptian type, black pointed beard, shaven head; a scurrile figure, half comical, half fear-inspiring.*

THE JEWISH WOMEN.

REBEKKA: *Young married woman, well built, pretty; light and superficial, sceptical.*

RUTH: *Very old, kind; is conscious of her authority.*

SARAH: *Young girl, filled with religious faith.*

ESTHER: *Middle-aged woman, pious.*

SCENE I.

(On a hill, outside of Jerusalem. To the right a Roman village with a fine Peristyle. Toward the rear a garden with palm trees. On the left a well with a bucket. In the background against several hills Bethphage can be seen.)

(Time: Palm Sunday, 33 A. D. The action begins at sunrise and ends at sunset.)

SARAH: This is the day—

REBEKKA: What day?

SARAH: The long desired!

REBEKKA *(laughing)*: Nonsense! Like any other will it be.

SARAH: Dost thou not know what was foretold us?

ESTHER: This day the Prophet doth enter his city.

SARAH: Palms will we strew before him.

REBEKKA: And all will be as heretofore.

SARAH: No! No! He comes to redeem us!

ESTHER: Redeem! The Saviour!

SARAH: For him the people wait. Many miracles worked he.

REBEKKA: Miracles? Who has witnessed them?

ESTHER: Everyone throughout the land!

REBEKKA *(mockingly)*: Bah! People from Galilee!

SARAH: He is promised us. Believ'st thou not, Rebekka, the Prophet's word?

REBEKKA: Believe? Isaschar, my husband, laughs thereat. When helped us ever a Prophet out of our misery?

ESTHER: The Man from Nazareth does so! The dead awakens he to life.

REBEKKA *(laughing)*: The dead?

(Ruth approaches the well.)

SARAH *(walking toward her)*: O Ruth, thou art old and knowest much! Tell the unbelievers that Jesus has brought the dead to life again.

RUTH: It is true! Lazarus was the man's name! Jesus of Nazareth touched his forehead, then rose he up from his death-bed.

REBEKKA: Was Lazarus rich, happy, glad?

RUTH: No, he was afflicted and poor, ill and cast down.

REBEKKA: If this was so—why awaken him to life's woe?

RUTH: Blaspheme not, Rebekka! God's will it was that let strength unto the Prophet.

SCENE II.

(Arsinoe issues from the Roman villa, an amphora on her shoulders. The Jewish women draw back a little, only old Ruth remains close to the well.)

SARAH: The Greek woman's slave—

ESTHER: Arsinoe.

ARSINOE *(goes over to old Ruth in a friendly way, and helps her to draw up the bucket)*: Good morning, old Ruth, I will help thee.

RUTH: Thanks unto thee, Greek. How goes it with thy fair mistress?

ARSINOE: Fair is Myrtocle, mighty and rich, and beloved by the best of lords. And still she languishes in eternal blindness!

SARAH: Oh, how many women would change lots with the fair Greek!

ARSINOE: What availeth all beauty, when no mirror reflecteth it? What availeth it, to be beloved, when one cannot read it in the loved one's eyes?

| | | |
|---|---|--|
| Among them- selves, aside. | { | REBEKKA <i>(laughing)</i> : A handsome lover the |
| | | Greek woman's mate! |
| | | SARAH: With crooked shoulder. |
| | | ESTHER: Limping and misshapen. |
| <i>(Exeunt slowly with their pitchers.)</i> | | |

ARSINOE *(to Ruth, continuing)*: How oft prays my mistress to her gods, but they leave her in eternal darkness.

RUTH *(her hand on Arsinoe's shoulder, mysteriously)*: To your gods! But I say to thee, child: This day one will enter Jerusalem, who maketh the lame to walk and the blind to see!

ARSINOE (*with sudden interest*): Gives sight to the blind?

RUTH: And makes the lame to walk! This day the people await him in this city. Hosannah will they cry unto the Son of David.

ARSINOE: What is he called?

RUTH: Jesus of Nazareth.

ARSINOE: Jesus—what manner of a man is he? Is he a leech?

RUTH (*turning to leave*): He is a man that hath compassion upon other men.

ARSINOE (*lifts her full amphora up onto her shoulder*): Jesus of Nazareth—who hath compassion—who giveth the blind their sight—I will tell this to my mistress. (*Returns to the house.*)

SCENE III.

(*Meanwhile the sun has risen higher, dawn has fled. On the peristyle appear, while Arsinoe is leaving, Arcesius and Myrtocle between the pillars. Arcesius leads the blind woman to the stair with tender care.*)

MYRTOCLE: The sun hath risen. Rosy beams glow upon my dead eyes.

ARCESIUS: Myrtocle, Myrtocle, beloved wife.

MYRTOCLE: The sound of thy voice enfolds me as a warm shower in May.

ARCESIUS: Myrtocle, Myrtocle, beloved wife!

(*Draws her to him.*)

MYRTOCLE: Thy finger's touch enfolds me as a soft mantle at the bath.

ARCESIUS: Do I not hold what is most precious to me in the world? So fair is the earth, so fair is the young day, so fair the heavens in the light of the sun. But fairer than all, Myrtocle, art thou!

MYRTOCLE: Fair is the earth, fair are the sky and the young day! Ah, if only my eyes could once view all that beauty.

ARCESIUS: Seest thou them not through mine eyes, beloved?

MYRTOCLE (*lovingly*): Oh, yes, I see them! Thou hast taught it me. I hear all beauty from thy lips, I feel it with thy dear hands, and only one thing, one thing would I see—

ARCESIUS: What is that?

MYRTOCLE: Thou, O beloved, thou. O once only, only one single moment.

ARCESIUS (*conceals his dismay*): Thou sweet wife!

MYRTOCLE: Remembrest thou, my lord, how thou didst find me by the seashore? In Corinth under the olive trees? A poor, ignorant, blind maiden. Thou didst tell me a fable.

ARCESIUS: What fable?

MYRTOCLE: The fable of Cupid and Psyche. Never shall I forget it.

(*She sings the song of Cupid and Psyche.*)

ARCESIUS: O Myrtocle, thou art fairer still than Psyche!

MYRTOCLE: Thou, O my beloved lord, art fairer than Cupid, the god! When I dream in silent hours, then see I myself kneeling before thy couch, my little lamp in my hand,

and my eyes glow and drink the glorious beauty of thy slumber! In thy hair's gold thy noble head reposes, thy scented locks fall over thy cheeks, over thy white neck and scatter such a radiance that the light of the lamp pales before it. White, shining, fairer than all is thy glorious form.

ARCESIUS (*who has been listening in tortured silence*): O Myrtocle, no mortal is as fair as the God of Love!

MYRTOCLE (*with passion*): Yea, yea, yea! Thou art as fair, art fairer still! Goodness and beauty are one; no one in the world is as good as thou—so must thou be the fairest among all thy fellow-men!

ARCESIUS (*in torment*): O thou—

(*She puts her arm about his neck and kisses him lovingly.*)

SCENE IV.

(*Aurelius Galba, the Roman Centurion, enters.*)

AUR. GALBA: Greetings to thee, Arcesius, and to thee, fairest Myrtocle, greetings, thou wife of my friend.

ARCESIUS: Aurelius Galba! What brings thee hither so early?

GALBA: Pontius, the Governor, summons thee to the council.

ARCESIUS: To the council? At this hour?

GALBA: The high-priest of the Jews prefers a pressing complaint. A stranger this day enters Jerusalem—Jesus of Nazareth; the people believe that he is the foretold prophet, the priests call him a dangerous demagogue. We must judge.

MYRTOCLE: Go thou before, noble Galba. Leave me my husband for one short moment, only to say farewell.

ARCESIUS (*to Galba, who turns to leave*): Dost thou not know, my friend, how it pains to part from the beloved one—even for a few short hours?

GALBA (*half aside, with a passionate glance at Myrtocle*): Do I not know it? Oh, I know well how it pains to love the unattainable! (*To Arcesius.*) Take thy leave, my friend, thou thrice happy man. I await thee at the council.

(*Exit Galba.*)

SCENE V.

MYRTOCLE (*to Arcesius*): Come, beloved, lend me thine arm! How unwelcome unto me is thy friend, who steals thee from me!

ARCESIUS: O chide him not! Methinks he suffers much—

MYRTOCLE: He suffers? Galba suffers?

ARCESIUS: He loves thee, Myrtocle.

MYRTOCLE: Galba—me?

ARCESIUS: Feelest thou it not? Believest thou I am the only one to see thy beauty?

MYRTOCLE: Surely the only one for whom it blooms—for thee only.

ARCESIUS (*embraces her lovingly*): For me—for me—yea, thrice happy am I! Since that sunny day, when I found thee. In thee dwells all my bliss!

MYRTOCLE: And thus, Arcesius, all my bliss rests in thee! And more still, more, far more! For nothing diverts my dead eyes, and all which rests in thy arms, that softly quivers at thy kiss—lives but for thee!

ARCESIUS: O Myrtocle, thy fair body is the altar on which I bring my sacrifices to the eternal gods!

MYRTOCLE: So let thy sacrifice burn through the air that they may hear thee!

ARCESIUS: The priest am I that guards the sanctuary of the highest beauty.

MYRTOCLE: How warm is thy passionate song!

ARCESIUS: How sweet is the sound of thy love.

MYRTOCLE: How the mantle of thy longing enfolds me!

ARCESIUS: How thy soul's sweet song enchants me!

MYRTOCLE: Thou radiant dream of my sightless night.

ARCESIUS: Thou goddess who beams upon my life!

MYRTOCLE: My sweetest lord—

ARCESIUS: I love thee! (*A passionate embrace. Kisses. He disengages himself gently from her arms.*) Beloved, farewell!

MYRTOCLE—So soon wilt thou go?

ARCESIUS: Soon shall I return to thee!

(*Another kiss, then exit.*)

MYRTOCLE: Soon—soon. Now his steps descend the hill. Alone am I—alone— When com'st thou? Soon—soon—my sweetest lord—could I but see thee once!

SCENE VI.

(*Arsinoe comes from the garden, in her arms a large basket filled to overflowing with many-colored flowers. She approaches Myrtocle.*)

ARSINOE: Mistress—

MYRTOCLE: Is it thou, Arsinoe? Many flowers bring'st thou from the garden. How sweet their scent!

(*She opens her arms as if to catch the scent.*)

ARSINOE: Here, dearest mistress—

(*She goes to Myrtocle; both seat themselves on the stair, Myrtocle one step higher.*)

MYRTOCLE (*takes a few flowers, feels them*): These are roses. What color have they?

ARSINOE: White! As thy cheeks, fairest Myrtocle.

MYRTOCLE: And these here?

ARSINOE: They are red, as thy lips are.

MYRTOCLE (*putting her hand again in the basket*): These are carnations—spicy and fresh. And hyacinths, many hyacinths. Their perfume is like that of fair women.

ARSINOE: Hibiscus, Mistress, reddest hibiscus.

MYRTOCLE: These bring to my bed-chamber. Place them at the head of the couch—there may they witness the dreams of my love.

ARSINOE: O happy blossoms—

MYRTOCLE: Yea, happy flowers—(*dreaming*). Arsinoe, where, where can I find the tiny lamp to light the night of my dreams?

SCENE VII.

(*Ktesiphar, an Egyptian magic physicker, enters, approaches the two women with many bows.*)

ARSINOE (*sees him, rises*): Mistress, here comes Ktesiphar, the magic leech.

MYRTOCLE: What wilt thou, evil leech?

KTESIPHAR: Lady, a potion bring I thee—

MYRTOCLE: Away, go! Thy art is evil!

KTESIPHAR: This potion here—

MYRTOCLE: Silence! Send him off, Arsinoe!

KTESIPHAR: Deign but to hear—

ARSINOE: No! Thou hast deceived us! First gav'st thou pills, then a costly ointment! But naught cured. Blind is she as ever.

KTESIPHAR: This potion cures!

ARSINOE: Now 'tis to be a potion!

KTESIPHAR: This cures! She will see!

ARSINOE: Away with thee!

KTESIPHAR: So deign but to hear me! In Thebes found they in the grave of Phto the fairest daughter of

King Rampsinit who, though born blind, later saw again, Papyrus rolls, tightly bound with gold.

ARSINOE: Thou liest!

KTESIPHAR: Nay! Nay! A priest of Isis sent me here this leaf. I distilled it, I, Ktesiphar, the leech! Three drops of gall from an old civet-cat, three toad's eggs, a mole's ting tongue, three ounces Theriak, five ounce blood of a hippopotamus, therewith a heart of Basilik. In a mortar did I crush it, and mix't therewith the eye of a hoopoe.

ARSINOE: Fie! Fie!

KTESIPHAR (*continuing*): Lady, deign but to try it! Take it at the full moon. Steep thine eyelids, drink the other half. And seeing, shall thou view the day!

MYRTOCLE (*rises, and taking a few steps towards the physician, loudly*): Hark, Ktesiphar! I'll take the potion and pay thee more than thrice the highest price—if it doth cure! Mark, though, mark thou me well. Till then thou'rt closely guarded! If it cure not—call I my slaves hither and have them—blind thee! Then may'st thou see how thy potion cures thee!

KTESIPHAR (*stammering*): Mighty lady—

MYRTOCLE: Well? Is it a bargain now?

KTESIPHAR: Lady, mayhap—mayhap—

MYRTOCLE (*urgently*): Well?

KTESIPHAR (*drawing back*): Perhaps—try I it first on a—blind dog—

MYRTOCLE (*laughs shrilly*): Yea, yea, try it on a dog!

SCENE VIII.

(*Myrtocle sits down again on the stair, takes up the flowers once more. Arsinoe crouches down beside her.*)

MYRTOCLE: He cannot help me. No one can help me. Never will my longing be stilled, my longing for the light!

ARSINOE (*embraces her knees*): O mistress—

MYRTOCLE: What?

ARSINOE: May I speak?

MYRTOCLE: Speak, my child!

ARSINOE: There may be a man who can help thee!

MYRTOCLE: Me? Nay, none!

ARSINOE (*earnestly*): At the well today met I old Ruth and she said: This day a man enters into Jerusalem, who maketh the lame to walk and the blind to see!

MYRTOCLE (*sceptically*): The blind to see?

ARSINOE: Yea, giveth sight to the blind.

MYRTOCLE: Who is he?

ARSINOE: Jesus of Nazareth—

MYRTOCLE (*thoughtfully*): Jesus? Galba spoke the name.

..*(At about this point the noise and the movement of the people behind the scenes begin gradually; Myrtocle and Arsinoe rise, listen.)*

ARSINOE: Hear'st thou, mistress, hear'st thou? There nears the crowd.

MYRTOCLE (*thoughtfully, half doubtfully*): Jesus of Nazareth—what manner of man is he? A Hebrew—a quack doctor? A fraud and a deceiver—as all the others.

ARSINOE (*animatedly*): Lady, Ruth says: He is the man that hath pity upon other men—

(*The noise increases, people enter, the stage fills. Myrtocle and Arsinoe further ascend the stairs.*)

SCENE IX.

(*The stage fills more and more, Jewish women, men and children appear among them, including the sick and crippled; not all at once, but in the course of the scene. From Arce-sius' house issue slaves and maids filled with curiosity. Old Ruth, and also Rebekka, Sarah and Esther are seen. Dom-*

inating the crowd is the figure of Mary Magdalen in a blue mantle with long golden locks. Much noise; the crowd surges to and fro; many bear palm-branches. It is intended that the cortege of Jesus is moving toward Jerusalem and comes over the hill.)

A JEW: Here is he to pass!

SARAH: They departed from Bethphage.

A JEW: The Messiah comes—

ESTHER: They descend the Mount of Olives.

ANOTHER JEW: The Prophet from Nazareth.

A SICK WOMAN (*she is carried in by her relatives; she lies on a primitive litter*): Bring me near to him! If I could but touch the hem of his garment!

SARAH: He will help thee!

AN OLD JEW (*who walks on crutches*): When he lifts up his hand—throw I my crutches away!

RUTH: The lame walk!

A JEW: Bring palms hither, hasten to the gardens!

REBEKKA: They are the Roman's gardens.

ANOTHER JEW: What of that? The son of David comes.

THE OLD JEW: Bring him palms!

(*Some hasten to the gardens of Arcesius to pluck palms, others come laden with them.*)

RUTH: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!

ESTHER: He hath fed his people!

SARAH: He delivereth us from all woe!

A JEW: He raised Jairus' dead daughter!

ANOTHER JEW: In Jericho made he two blind men to see!

ARSINOE: Hear'st thou, hear'st thou, mistress?

MYRTOCLE (*excitedly*): A beam of light falls into my dark night.

A JEW (*standing quite in the background and looking toward the Mount of Olives*): They come, they come!

ANOTHER JEW: Hither leads their way.

(*The people press toward the background.*)

SARAH: They stream out toward him from Jerusalem.

(*Two men are seen silently leading a white ass across the stage.*)

REBEKKA: There they bring an ass.

A JEW: For the entrance of the Lord!

RUTH: As it is writ: Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek and sitting upon an ass.

A JEW: Look, people, look!

ESTHER: Upon an ass he enters.

AN OLD JEW: Only for the poor—only for the sick comes he.

(*During these words Mary of Magdala has entered.*)

MARY OF MAGDALA: For all men came the Lord, for all, who sorrows bear—I know it well.

REBEKKA: Who is the woman?

ANOTHER JEW: Mary it is, the woman from Magdala.

REBEKKA: One of the rich!

SARAH: The sinner—

MARY OF M.: Yea—the sinner, that repented. With lard anointed I the Lord's weary feet and dried them with my hair. Before him knelt I, then forgave he me all my sins.

REBEKKA: Doth he always forgive sin?

MARY OF M.: Who in him believeth, goes from him at peace.

A JEW (*in the rear*): They are in the valley.

ANOTHER JEW: They ascend.

MYRTOCLE (*to Arsinoe*): Lead me down. (*Both descend the steps slowly.*)

ARSINOE: Mistress, where to?

MYRTOCLE: I go to Jesus—

ARSINOE (*to the people*): Make room for Myrtocle, Arcesius' wife! Make room!

(*Murmuring discontentedly, the people make way. As the two stand before Mary of Magdala, she asks Arsinoe*):

MARY OF M.: Where leadest thou the fair blind woman?

MYRTOCLE: I go to Jesus of Nazareth.

MARY OF M.: What wilt thou with him?

MYRTOCLE: I want my sight!

A JEW: The Greek woman goes to the Prophet!

ANOTHER JEW: The son of David came not for the Gentiles!

SARAH: Not for the Romans!

THE OLD JEW: Not for the rich!

ESTHER: Only for the poor Jews came he.

MARY OF M. (*with deep feeling*):

O how little know ye Jesus,

Ye people of Jerusalem—

For all men came he, for

All that labor and are heavy-laden!

MYRTOCLE: For me also?

MARY OF M.: For thee, too, fair Greck. Tell me, why would'st thou fain see?

MYRTOCLE: From the Isthmus am I, from Corinth—that is the fairest town in the world. Only I alone saw naught of all the beauty. There lay I oft on the white shore and dreamed of the light. I inhaled the flowers' sweet scent, I felt the gentle zephyrs softest breath—but alas, I saw naught. Fair is my husband, and all may look upon him only I may not, who love him more than ever woman loved. And therefore would I see!

MARY OF M.: Fair Greek, not on sight alone hangs thy life's bliss.

MYRTOCLE: Lead me to him who miracles doth! And if he heal me clouds of incense shall rise alike to Zeus and Phoebus, and to your Jehovah.

A JEW: She blasphemes—hear!

ANOTHER JEW: A like sacrifice to our God and Zeus!

A JEW: Let her not pass!

ESTHER: The stranger!

SARAH: The unbeliever!

A JEW: Force her back!

AN OLD JEW: She must not pass—

(*The people become menacing.*)

MARY OF M.: Who among you may dare to place themselves between this woman and Jesus of Nazareth?

A JEW: Only for us is his word!

ESTHER: Only for us is Jesus!

SARAH: We are the chosen people.

ANOTHER JEW: Only to us is the Saviour promised.

MARY OF M.: The Son of Man cares not for land, for kin, for birth, nor standing. Hear, ye people of Jerusalem, what he says: I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that one which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing, and when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them: Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

A JEW (*far in the rear*): Now they are quite near.

ANOTHER JEW: They pass by below.

A THIRD JEW: They come not up here.

SARAH: Let us go toward him.

ESTHER: Wave ye palms!

RUTH: Hosannah to the Lord! To the Son of David!

(*Grasps a palm, exit.*)

THE MULTITUDE: Hosannah! Hosannah to the Lord!

To the Son of David! Hosanna! (*Behind the scenes also cries of Hosanna and Hallelujah.*) Hosanna in the Highest!

(*The multitude presses toward the back down the hill; in the rear remain a few men and women watchers who look toward the valley. In the foreground only Myrtocle and Arsinoe, with them Mary of Magdala.*)

MYRTOCLE: I would see!

MARY OF M.: I will lead thee to him. But remember the words: "Renouncement is the virtue of the suffering."

MYRTOCLE: Renouncement was my life. I fain would see!

MARY OF M.: Thou must renounce thy own happiness to save thy neighbor's happiness, they neighbor whom thou lov'st.

MYRTOCLE: Because I so love my husband, I fain would see!

MARY OF M.: So will I lead thee unto him, dearest sister. He is come into the world, a light that who believeth in him, remaineth not in darkness. Believ'st thou in him?

MYRTOCLE: Yea! If longing and hoping be believing.

(*Mary Magdalen leads Myrtocle, who is supported by Arsinoe on the other side. All three go slowly toward the rear, following the multitude. Some of the slaves and maids follow Myrtocle, others thrust themselves among the few Jews who have remained behind, standing in the background and looking down from there.*)

SCENE X.

(*From without are heard the Hosannas and Hallelujahs of the crowd. The Jews that have remained behind watched the train of the Messiah.*)

A JEW: He cometh!

ANOTHER JEW: Yea, he cometh! Riding upon the ass!

A THIRD JEW: Around him are his disciples—

REBEKKA: Twelve of them!

A JEW: See the people—

A JEWESS: They strew palms before him—

A SECOND JEW: And green branches—

REBEKKA: They draw off their garments.

A JEWESS: Lay them before him in the way.

A JEW: They rejoice and shout!

REBEKKA: See, there comes the Greek!

SECOND JEW: Let me see!

A JEWESS: What doth he?

THIRD JEW: He speaks to her—

REBEKKA: Now he lifts his hand—

FIRST JEW: He touches her—

A JEWESS: Touches her eyes—

REBEKKA: Merciful God! She sees, she sees!

ALL TOGETHER: She sees, she sees! A miracle! A miracle!

(*From without a mighty cry of the multitude: "She sees! A miracle!" All rush out. The stage is entirely empty.*)

SCENE XI.

(*Sudden deep silence, and through the deep silence is clearly heard a voice.*)

A VOICE: O woman, verily I say unto thee: Before the sun hath set wilt thou curse me!

SCENE XIII.

(*The sun is high in the heavens, it is midday. Back of the scenes begin again, but always further away, the cries of the*

people: Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hallelujah! Hosanna in the Highest! Slowly the noise dies away.)

MYRTOCLE (*who now sees, rushes breathless onto the stage. She is followed by Arsinoe*): A mirror! A mirror!

ARSINOE: Yea, mistress! (*She rushes up the steps to the house.*)

MYRTOCLE (*alone on the stage. Her eyes drink in the light. Then she begins.*) (*By-play*): Light! Light! Everywhere light! How fair is the earth, how fair are the heavens, how fair is the day in the sun's bright light! Bliss! Bliss! Radiant bliss! All about me laughs the glorious world!

ARSINOE (*hurries down the stair and gives Myrtocle the mirror*): The mirror, mistress!

MYRTOCLE (*takes it hastily, after a moment*): Fair am I, Arsinoe, fair.

ARSINOE: Very fair, dearest mistress.

MYRTOCLE: Red, red are my lips—

ARSINOE: As the crimson roses so red.

MYRTOCLE: White, white are my cheeks—

ARSINOE: As the candid lilies so white.

MYRTOCLE: Brown are my locks.

ARSINOE: As the locks of Echo, the sweetest nymph.

MYRTOCLE (*lays the mirror on the margin of the well, looks down into the water*): Look, look! Down in the water—a nymph!

ARSINOE (*goes to the well*): Where, mistress, where?

MYRTOCLE: There, there! I greet thee, fairest nymph, Myrtocle greets thee.

VOICE FROM THE WELL: Myr-to-*cle*—

MYRTOCLE: It is Echo, the nymph Echo!

VOICE FROM THE WELL: E—*cho*!

ARSINOE: O Mistress, it is thine image that the water reflects as doth the mirror! And thy sweet voice's sound doth Echo return!

MYRTOCLE (*leaving the well, hears the cicada's song*): O, the cicadas! My dreams' playmates! Now know I why they sing, the children of the light! (*She embraces Arsinoe.*) All doth live—water and trees and my dead eyes do live—

ARSINOE: Fairest mistress, also in thy husband's eyes wilt thou thine image see—

MYRTOCLE: In his eyes? Where is he? When comes he? I will adorn myself for him—fair will I be for my beloved, when this night Eros the torches kindles—

ARSINOE: Fair as Psyche shalt thou be.

MYRTOCLE: Come, help me to dress, Arsinoe. The tiny lamp burns—happy is Psyche!

ARSINOE (*from long custom, approaches to lead her*): Yea, mistress—

MYRTOCLE (*frees herself, jubilantly*): Myrtocle needs no more thy faithful hand—Myrtocle sees!

(*The two women ascend the stairs and enter the house with joyful steps.*)

SCENE XIII.

(*For a moment the stage is empty, then enter slowly, earnestly conversing, Arcesius and Aurelius Galba.*)

GALBA: Now art thou home with thy bliss. Farewell, Arcesius—

ARCESIUS: Till tomorrow, Galba.

GALBA: No, friend. Tomorrow not, and not for many days. I spoke with Pontius—he doth consent. Today ride I off to Damascus.

ARCESIUS: To Damascus?

GALBA: Ne'er again doth this town see me.

ARCESIUS: What means this?

GALBA: Thou know'st it friend— (*He takes his arm, with a glance toward the house.*) 'Tis better I go—here I die—

ARCESIUS: Why?

GALBA: Of unfulfilled wishes—of unstilled longing—

ARCESIUS: Poor friend—wilt thou not take leave of Myrtocle?

GALBA (*quickly*): No! No! Bring thou her Galba's greetings! And delight thou in her—friend, thou happy man!

SCENE XIV.

ARSINOE (*comes out of the house; she goes swiftly to the well on whose edge Myrtocle has left the mirror. She lifts it, turns, then for the first time notices the two men*): Arcesius—Lord!

ARCESIUS (*laughing*): Arsinoe, thou vain girl! A mirror!

ARSINOE: Not for me—for my mistress.

ARCESIUS: For Myrtocle?

GALBA: For Myrtocle?

ARSINOE: Yea, lord! For Myrtocle! She sees!

ARCESIUS: What sayest thou? Sees?

ARSINOE: The Jewish Prophet—she went to him—he lifted up his hand—her eyes did see!

GALBA: A miracle!

ARCESIUS: Thou lie'st!

ARSINOE: Myrtocle sees.

GALBA (*with joy*): Myrtocle sees!

ARCESIUS (*breathing heavily*): Myrtocle sees! (*With expression of deepest suffering.*)

MYRTOCLE (*calls from within*): Arsinoe! Arsinoe!

ARCESIUS (*takes her by the arm, wildly*): If thy life is dear to thee, tell her naught.

ARCESIUS (*frightened*): No, Lord.

(*She goes away frightened.*)

SCENE XV.

ARCESIUS: Galba! Galba!

GALBA (*deep in thought*): Yes—

ARCESIUS: Understand'st thou it not? Myrtocle sees!

GALBA: Rejoice thou! For perfect is she now!

ARCESIUS (*more and more bitterly and despairingly*): I rejoice? I? Shattered is my bliss!

GALBA: Because she the light doth see—she, whom thou lovest?

ARCESIUS: Short-sighted man! What doth she see? Me will she see, me, me! The man who she so fair has deemed, as only Apollo was, to whom her blind love divine form did give. And the man— I—will her eye now see. Deformed, limping, ugly and repulsive!

GALBA: Friend—

ARCESIUS: Ah, ended is the beautiful dream—I am undone. . . . I am lost for aye! (*He sinks down on the margin of the well, sobs; Galba is by him.*)

MYRTOCLE (*within the house, sings Bilitis' song*): A little Astarte protects Mnasiidika, a little Astarte of clay. In Camiros a skillful potter shaped her—she is only thumb-high and of yellow clay.

ARCESIUS (*hears her voice, listens*): She sings—the song of Bilitis! Now she is happy, for her eyes have seen the sunlight. But soon the sun sinks—then will she weep over her dear dead dream.

MYRTOCLE (*sings on*): Her locks hang down, cover her slender shoulders, almond-shaped are her eyes, and her mouth is tiny. For she is the most fair one!

ARCESIUS (*gently*): Here, Galba, here bade I her farewell this morning. There dreamed her fair dead eyes the

sweetest dream that I gave unto them! O fairest dead eyes—you were the sweet secret of our bliss, the only ground on which our tender love grew. So left I her. (*More vehemently.*) And then came one, a miserable stranger—he lifts his hand! With one small gesture destroy'd he my bliss, shatter'd all our sweetest dreams—

MYRTOCLE (*sings on*): O little Astarte of clay—send me my beloved! My couch doth wait for his fairest beauty—every rose's scent is for him—send him, send him, goddess of Love!

ARCESIUS: Ah, ended is the song! And ended our bliss!

GALBA: She loves but thee!

ARCESIUS (*more and more vehemently*): Loves me? Ah, a dream loves she—not me! What can I do? She will see me! And disgust will seize her! All crumbles—undone am I—am destroyed!

SCENE XVI.

(*Myrtocle, adorned in a white peplon, steps out of the house between the columns of the peristyle. The afternoon sun shines on her. Arcesius sees her, and hides, like a wounded animal, behind the well. Galba remains standing in the center. Stares at her, motionless. Myrtocle looks at Galba in silence. A moment's silence.*)

MYRTOCLE: Beloved—longed-for one!

GALBA (*remains silent.*)

MYRTOCLE: Art silent—thou speak'st no word. How art thou right! (*Descends the stair toward him.*) Speak not! How oft drank I thy voice's sound in my dark, dead night! Now, that my lids open are unto the light—now will I have thee only for mine eyes. . . .

GALBA (*involuntarily draws back a step.*)

MYRTOCLE (*smiling*): Art thou then so dismay'd? Know'st thou me not? Am I so changed since I see? (*Approaching him.*) But thou, beloved lord, thou art so as I had always dreamed thee! As Achilles stand'st thou there; bathed about with light, as Apollo! My lord, thou fairest hero, thou, my god!

GALBA (*makes a negative gesture, his lips move.*)

MYRTOCLE (*seizes his hands*): The tiny lamp now burns, Psyche can see! She adorn's herself for Cupid, for her god! (*More and more warmly and earnestly.*) Lord, beloved friend, into thine arms presses my young form, for thy kisses longs hotly my mouth. (*She throws herself into his arms.*)

GALBA (*bites his lips, tries to push her away gently, still in silence.*)

MYRTOCLE: How? Cruel one! Most silent master, thrustest thou me away? Lovedst thou me only when I, a poor blind child, did feebly grope? (*Close by him, with deepest feeling.*) I am a woman now, open are my eyes! (*She takes his head in her hands.*) My image reflects itself in thy dear eyes and in thine eyes read I also all, that thy mouth doth not speak. I read—thy desire—thy wish—and thy passionate love. Dearest come! (*She embraces him passionately, kisses him.*)

GALBA (*can resist no longer. With a sharp cry he strains her to him, and passionately returns her kiss.*)

ARCESIUS (*springs forward with a cry of frantic rage and despair. He rushes at Galba, seizes his throat with both hands, drags him down and strangles him.*)

MYRTOCLE (*shrinks back, horrified, unable to make a movement or utter a sound. Stares at the fearful sight, while Arcesius completes his deed.*)

ARCESIUS (*at last takes his hands off the dead man's throat, half straightens himself, stares at Myrtocle. Silence.*)

MYRTOCLE (*hoarsely, half whispering*): Murderer—Beast—

ARCESIUS (*rises entirely. Draws back a few steps, always with his eyes fixed on Myrtocle. On the top of the stair Arsinoe appears.*)

MYRTOCLE (*as above*): Murderer—beast—

ARCESIUS (*drawing back more and more, always staring at Myrtocle, as if spell-bound. Exit.*)

SCENE XVII.

(*Only after Arcesius has disappeared from sight does Myrtocle awake from her spell; then only does she have the strength to cry out.*)

MYRTOCLE (*cries*): Murder! Help! Murder!

ARSINOE (*runs down the stair*): Mistress! Mistress! (*from the garden and from the house men and women slaves come running, from the other side come a few Jews and Jewesses.*)

MYRTOCLE (*takes hold of Arsinoe*): Murder! A beast strangled him, a vile brute! My husband has been murdered—my beloved is dead! (*She throws herself sobbing on Galba's body.*)

ARSINOE: Mistress, dearest mistress! Hear me! (*She tries to comfort Myrtocle.*)

MYRTOCLE: Arcesius is dead, my love is dead!

ARSINOE: Harken, Myrtocle, hear, dearest mistress! That is not thy husband—it is not him! Galba it is, Captain Galba!

MYRTOCLE (*springs up*): It's not Arcesius, it's not my husband? (*Rising entirely.*) He—whom I kissed, was not Arcesius?

ARSINOE: No! No! Galba it was.

MYRTOCLE: Dream I? Sleep I? Am I awake? What saw then mine eyes? What sang my blood?

ARSINOE (*puts her arm about her*): Come, mistress, come within.

MYRTOCLE (*lets herself be led without resistance for several steps. Stops suddenly, tears herself loose from Arsinoe, turns back*): What happened then? (*She sees the corpse again.*) Bear the dead away! Where is Arcesius? Where tarries my lord? (*To the slaves.*) Go into the town, seek him, seek him everywhere! I must see him! Fetch him! Bring him hither! (*Several slaves take up Galba's body and bear it away. The others, also the women and the Jews and Jewesses, leave to seek Arcesius. The stage empties, Myrtocle and Arsinoe remain alone on the scene.*)

SCENE XVIII.

MYRTOCLE (*stares before her, Arsinoe is beside her. A moment's silence*): What did I then? The gods did punish me that I did take the stranger for my husband! Death brought they—O Terror—Horror! Where tarries Arcesius! Why leaves he me here—alone?

ARSINOE (*timidly, imploringly*): Mistress—

MYRTOCLE: Where tarries my lord? Cometh he not?

ARSINOE: O Myrtocle—

MYRTOCLE: What wilt thou?

ARSINOE: I would tell thee—

MYRTOCLE: Speak freely!

ARSINOE: I fear—I do not dare—

MYRTOCLE: Speak! Speak!

ARSINOE: Galba—J—

MYRTOCLE: Name not that name unto me! Justice was done him when the beast did strangle him! He betrayed his friend! And then, then felt I his kisses glow—Ah! Still burn my lips hotly with shame and disgust—

ARSINOE: Mistress, Myrtocle—

MYRTOCLE: What wiltst thou, girl?

ARSINOE: Galba came not alone—

MYRTOCLE: I saw but him—

ARSINOE: And him who murdered him—

MYRTOCLE: Yes, a loathsome beast.

ARSINOE: O mistress, mistress, hush! It was Arcesius, was thy lord!

MYRTOCLE (*laughs aloud*): Foolish girl! This monster come hither from Hades itself, this noisome beast, limping, deformed—that were Arcesius? Distaught art thou!

ARSINOE: It was he, mistress, 'twas Arcesius.

(*Pause. Silence.*)

MYRTOCLE: Have mercy on us yet great gods!

ARSINOE: Myrtocle—

MYRTOCLE: Hush! No more! Cupid and Psyche, O dear lost dream! So did the fable lie; not Cupid was't that Psyche's tiny lamp found—a monster it was! And all around were lies, in an ocean of lies grope I blindly!

ARSINOE: Mistress, Myrtocle—

MYRTOCLE: Be silent! Why didst thou not tell me that my bliss was but a lie?

ARSINOE: It was thy happiness, was all Arcesius' bliss.

MYRTOCLE: And if 'twas so—why lettest thou me go to the man who gave me light—that my bliss did kill?

ARSINOE: Thou beggedst so!

MYRTOCLE: And this same man did lift his hand—that saw I—and in atoms lay my happiness! Be he accurs'd! Accurs'd!

ARSINOE: Think not on him! Think of Arcesius!

MYRTOCLE: No! No!

ARSINOE (*gently*): Ah, do! Is it his fault that thou now see'st?

MYRTOCLE: Leave me be!

ARSINOE (*to her*): He loved thee so well.

MYRTOCLE (*softly*): Arcesius—

ARSINOE: Shattered is his bliss still more than thine. What he did, did he only for thee!

MYRTOCLE (*remembering*): O how lov'd I him when but my ears drank in his voice's sound!

ARSINOE: Still is it not too late—

MYRTOCLE (*dreamily*): Not too late? (*Resolutely.*) Leave me alone, Arsinoe—I would be alone!

ARSINOE: I leave thee, mistress. (*She kisses Myrtocle's garment, goes into the house.*)

MYRTOCLE (*remains motionless for a while*): O were I still the ignorant blind child, on the Isthmus' shore—under the olive trees. How was it now? "Man must renounce his own happiness in order to save that of others!" Yea—so was it! Patience is the virtue of the suffering—to sacrifice our bliss—to sacrifice ourselves—for our neighbors—that is the man's teaching, of him who gave me light. Is not Arcesius my neighbor? Happy was he, happy was I, when I was blind—and all our sorrow the light did bring. (*She turns away toward the sinking sun. Loudly*): So let the sun burn out once more the light of mine eyes! (*She goes up the stairs, stands before the columns. On her falls the full light of the glowing sun; she stares into the sun.*) Stand wide open, my dear eyes, weep not, my poor eyes! May Phoebus' arrows pierce you, may they bury your pride in eternal night! (*By-play, during which she stares into the sun; she masters her terrible pain, her expression is one of devoted love. Then solemnly*): O, my beloved dead eyes.

SCENE XX.

(*During the last words Arcesius has come in from the rear; he walks bent over, brokenly toward the center of the stage. Sees Myrtocle standing above before the pillars, stares at her.*)

ARCESIUS (*half whispering, moaning*): Myrtocle, Myrtocle—

MYRTOCLE: At last—at last! I hear thy dear voice—where art thou—I see thee not—

ARCESIUS (*startled*): Thou see'st me not—thou see'st me not?

MYRTOCLE (*descends a few steps of the stair with the groping gestures of the blind; Arcesius approaches a few steps toward her*): I see thee not—but I hear thy voice. And so keen is my ear that the rhythm of thy steps softly trembleth in my heart—

ARCESIUS: Thou see'st no longer?

MYRTOCLE: No, I know not how it happened—at the sun look'd I—and my light was quench'd! And thankful am I that I am once more blind!

ARCESIUS: Thou see'st me not?

MYRTOCLE: No—no! Ne'er saw I thee!

ARCESIUS: Ne'er? Ne'er? Who saw'st thou then?

MYRTOCLE: I saw Arsinoe, saw Jesus—

ARCESIUS: Saw'st thou too—Galba?

MYRTOCLE: Yea, I saw him—

ARCESIUS: And saw'st thou him who did him murder?

MYRTOCLE: Yea, I saw him well. I know not who it was.

ARCESIUS: And me, me saw'st thou not?

MYRTOCLE: No! (*With tenderest feeling*): O why dost thou torture me, beloved lord, thou iris of my poor dead

eyes, thou? So much saw I, so much—thou alone saw I not. And ne'er shall I thee see. Still will I live on in the world of my dreams for thee, beloved husband, for thee alone!

ARCESIUS (*with fearful hope*): Myrtocle—Myrtocle—beloved wife—

MYRTOCLE: The sound of thy voice enfolds me as a warm shower in May.

ARCESIUS (*goes to her, grasps her arm*): Myrtocle, Myrtocle, beloved wife—

MYRTOCLE (*trembling*): Thy fingers' touch enfolds me as a soft mantle at the bath.

ARCESIUS: Myrtocle—

(*The two go slowly into the house.*)

SCENE XXI.

(*The sun is very low and sinks entirely during the last scene. Dusk spreads. For a while the stage is empty, then a shepherd crosses the stage, a black cloak around him, holding his shepherd's staff. He bears a white lamb on his shoulder and crosses the stage very slowly. The music sounds the motif of the parable of the "Lost Sheep" in the story told by Mary Magdalen, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost," etc.*)

(*The Curtain falls slowly.*)

THE CREDO OF LOVE

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

TO BE the wife of a poet! That had been the dream of her life. But ruthless fate, instead of the romantic and fevered existence she sighed for, had doomed her to a peaceful, humdrum happiness, and married her to a rich man at Auteuil, gentle and amiable, perhaps indeed a trifle old for her, possessed of but one passion—perfectly inoffensive and unexciting—that of horticulture. This excellent man spent his days pruning, scissors in hand, tending and trimming a magnificent collection of rose trees, heating a greenhouse, watering flower beds; and really it must be admitted that, for a poor little heart hungering after an ideal, this was hardly sufficient food. Nevertheless, for ten years her life remained straightforward and uniform, like the smooth sanded paths in her husband's garden, and she pursued it with measured steps, listening with resigned weariness to the dry and irritating sound of the ever-moving scissors, or to the monotonous and endless showers that fell from the watering pots on to the leafy shrubs. The rabid horticulturist bestowed on his wife the same scrupulous attention he gave to his flowers. He carefully regulated the temperature of the drawing-room, overcrowded with nosegays, fearing for her the April frosts or March sun; and like the plants in pots that are put out and taken in at stated times, he made her live methodically, ever watchful of a change of barometer or phase of the moon.

She remained like this for a long time, closed in by the four walls of the conjugal garden, innocent as a clematis, full, however, of wild aspirations toward other gardens, less staid, less humdrum, where the rose trees would fling out their branches untrained, and the wild growth of weed and briar be taller than trees, and blossom with unknown and fantastic flowers, luxuriantly colored by a warmer sun. Such gardens are rarely found save in the books of poets, and so she read many verses, all unknown to the nurseryman, who knew no other poetry than a few almanac distichs such as:

When it rains on Saint Medard's day,
It rains on for forty more days.

At haphazard, the unfortunate creature ravenously devoured the paltriest rhymes, satisfied if she found in them lines ending in "love" and "passion": then closing the book she would spend hours dreaming and sighing: "That would have been the husband for me!"

It is probable that all this would have remained in a state of vague aspiration if at the terrible age of thirty, which seems to be the decisive critical moment for woman's virtue, as twelve o'clock is for the day's beauty, the irresistible Amaury had not chanced to cross her path. Amaury was a drawing-room poet, one of those fanatics in dress coat and gray kid gloves, who between ten o'clock and midnight, go and recite to the world their ecstasies of love, their raptures, their despair, leaning mournfully against the mantelpiece, in the blaze of the lights, while seated around him women, in full evening dress, listen entranced behind their fans.

THIS one might pose as the very ideal of his kind; with his vulgar but irresistible countenance, sunken eye, pallid complexion, hair cut short and mustaches stiffly plastered with cosmetic. A desperate man such as women love, hopeless of life, but irreproachably dressed, a lyric enthusiast, chilled and disheartened, in whom the madness of inspiration can be divined only in the loose and neglected tie of his cravat. But also what success awaits him when he delivers in a strident voice a tirade from his poem, the Credo of Love, more especially the one ending in this extraordinary line:

I believe in love as I believe in God.

Mark you, I strongly suspect the rascal cares as little for God as for the rest; but women do not look so closely. They are easily caught by a birdlime of words, and every time Amaury recites his Credo of Love you are certain to see all round the drawing-room rows upon rows of little rosy mouths, eagerly opening, ready to swallow the taking bait of mawkish sentimentality. Just fancy! A poet who has such beautiful mustaches and who believes in love as he believes in God.

For the nurseryman's wife this proved indeed irresistible. In three sittings she was conquered. Only, as at the bottom of this elegiac nature there was some honesty and pride, she would not stoop to any paltry fault. Moreover, the poet himself declared in his Credo that he only understood one way of erring: that which was openly declared and ready to defy both law and society. Taking, therefore, the Credo of Love for her guide, the young woman one fine day escaped from the garden at Auteuil and went off to throw herself into her poet's arms. "I can no longer live with that man! Take me away!" In such cases the husband is always that man, even when he is a horticulturist.

For a moment Amaury was staggered. How on earth could he have imagined that an ordinary little housewife of thirty would have taken in earnest a love poem, and followed it out literally? However, he put the best face he could on his over-good fortune, and as the lady had, thanks to her little Auteuil garden, remained fresh and pretty, he carried her off without a murmur. The first days all was delightful. They feared lest the husband track them. They thought it advisable to hide under fictitious names, change hotels, inhabit the most remote quarters of the town, the suburbs of Paris, the outlying districts. In the evening they stealthily sallied forth and took sentimental walks along the fortifications. Oh, the wonderful power of romance! The more she was alarmed, the more precautions, window blinds and lowered veils, were necessary, the greater did her poet seem. At night they opened the little window of their room and gazing at the stars rising on high above the signal lights of the neighboring railway, she made him repeat again and again his wonderful verses:

*Moi, je crois à l'amour
Comme je crois en Dieu.*

And it was delightful!

UNFORTUNATELY it did not last. The husband left them too much undisturbed. The fact is, that man was a philosopher. His wife gone, he had closed the green door of his oasis and quietly set about trimming his roses again, happy in the thought that these at least, attached to the soil by long roots, would not be able to run away from him. Our reassured lovers returned to Paris and then suddenly the young woman felt that some change had come over her poet. Their flight, fear of detection, and constant alarms, all these things which had fed her passion existing no longer, she began to understand and see the situation clearly. Moreover, at every moment, in the settling of their little household, in the thousand paltry details of every-day life, the man she was living with showed himself more thoroughly.

The few and scarce generous, heroic or delicate feelings he possessed were spun out in his verses, and he kept none for his personal use. He was mean, selfish, above all very niggardly, a fault love seldom forgives. Then he had cut off his mustaches, and was disfigured by the loss. How different from that fine gloomy fellow with his carefully curled locks, as he appeared one evening declaiming his Credo, in the blaze of two chandeliers! Now, in the enforced retreat he was undergoing on her account, he gave way to all his crotchets, the greatest of which was fancying himself always ill. Indeed, from constantly playing at consumption, one ends by believing in it. The poet Amaury was fond of decoctions, wrapped himself up in plasters, and covered his chimney piece with phials and powders. For some time the little woman took up quite seriously her part of a nursing sister. Her devotion seemed to excuse her fault and give an object to her life. But she soon tired of it. In spite of herself, in the stuffy room where the poet sat wrapped in flannel, she could not help thinking of her little garden so sweetly scented, and the kind nurseryman seen from afar in the midst of his shrubs and flowerbeds, appeared to her as simple, touching and disinterested, as this other one was exacting and egotistical.

At the end of a month she loved her husband, really loved him, not with the affection induced by habit, but with a real and true love. One day she wrote him a long letter full of passion and repentance. He did not vouchsafe a reply. Perhaps he thought she was not yet sufficiently punished. Then she dispatched letter after letter, humbled herself, begged him to allow her to return, saying she would die rather than continue to live with that man. It was now the lover's turn to be called "that man." Strange to say, she hid herself from him to write; for she believed him still in love, and while imploring her husband's forgiveness, she feared the exaltation of her lover.

"He will never allow me to leave," she said to herself. Accordingly, when by dint of supplications she obtained forgiveness and the nurseryman—I have already mentioned that he was a philosopher—consented to take her back, the return to her own home bore all the mysterious and dramatic aspect of flight. She literally gloped with her husband. It was her last culpable pleasure. One evening as the poet, tired of their dual existence, and proud of his regrown mustaches, had gone to an evening party to recite his Credo of Love, she jumped into a cab that was awaiting her at the end of the street and returned with her old husband to the little garden at Auteuil, forever cured of her ambition to be the wife of a poet. It is true that this fellow was not much of a poet!

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

By CHARLES SHANNON.

NO words can fix the mystery that flows
From mystic realms of undine and of elf
And nymph and sylph, till in one radiant self
Serene and glorious all its radiance glows.

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
Posidon's daughter most divinely fair,
Terpsichore-born, with sylph-like motion rare,
Whose art holds human hearts in easy thrall.

We gaze entranced upon a lovely form,
As splendid as earth's eye has ever held,
Lithe melody of motion—days of eld
And Beauty's morrow greet their living norm.

All other senses yield their powers to sight
Until the tingling eye can hear and feel
Of Nature, in the play thy limbs reveal,
The rhythm and the music and the might.

And when pure music of thy presence laughed
In harmony, sweet, dignified, and strong
Like fainting echoes of a distant song
Failed magic moods from other artist-craft.

Then first we knew a unity in art
Unglimpsed before save in the depths of dream,
Where blending in a gracious, glorious gleam
Lives art's chaste product and the artist's heart.

RED SEFCHEN

By HEINRICH HEINE.

BUT, indeed, it was not witchcraft that took me to the house of the Woman of Goch. I continued my acquaintance with her, and I was about sixteen years old when I took to going more frequently than before to her house, attracted by a spell more potent than all her bombastic Latin *philtraria*. She had a niece who was barely sixteen, but having suddenly shot up and grown very tall, seemed to be much older, and because of her sudden growth she was very thin. She had that slimness of figure which is to be found in the quadroons of the West Indies, and as she wore no corsets and very few under-garments, her close-fitting gown was like the wet cloth of a statue. No marble statue could vie with her in beauty, for she revealed life itself, and every movement showed forth the rhythm of her body, and, I fain would say, the music of her soul. Not one of the daughters of Niobe had a face more nobly moulded; its color, like that of all her skin, was of a changing white. Her great, deep, dark eyes looked as though they had asked a riddle and were waiting tranquilly for the answer to it; while her mouth, with its thin, arching lips and chalk-white teeth, rather long, seemed to say: "You are stupid and will guess in vain."

Her hair was red, red as blood, and hung in long tresses below her shoulders, so that she could bind them together under her chin. When she did that she looked as if her throat had been cut and the red blood were bubbling forth in red streams.

Josepha's voice—the pretty niece of the Woman of Goch was called Red Sefchen—was not particularly sweet of sound, and sometimes her organs of speech were so muffled as to make her voice almost toneless; but suddenly, when passion came into it, there would break forth the most ringing sound, which particularly enraptured me, because Josepha's voice so much resembled my own.

When she spoke I was sometimes afraid, and thought that I heard myself speaking, and when she sang I was reminded of dreams in which I had heard myself sing after the same fashion.

She knew many old folk-songs and perhaps she called into being my taste for such songs, as she certainly had the greatest influence on the poet waking in me, so that my first poems of the "Dream Pictures," written soon after this time, have a grim and gloomy tinge like the relationship which at that time cast its bloody shadow on my young mind and life.

AMONG the songs which Josepha sang was a folk-song which she had learned from Zippel, who had often sung it to me in my childhood: so that I recollect two verses which I am all the more ready to set down, as I have not found the poem in any existing collection of folk-songs. This is how they run—first, wicked Trajig speaks:

Ottilia mine, Ottilia dear,
You will not be the last I fear—
Say will you hang from yon high tree?
Or will you swim the ocean blue?
Or will you kiss the naked sword
That is given by the Lord?

Whereupon Ottilia answers:

I will not hang from yon high tree,
I will not swim the ocean blue,
But I will kiss the naked sword
That is given by the Lord.

Once, when Red Sefchen was singing the song and came to the end of this verse, and I saw the emotion that was in her, I was so moved that I suddenly burst into tears, and we fell into each other's arms sobbing, while the tears ran from our eyes, and we saw each other through a veil of tears.

I asked her to write the verses down for me, and she did so, but she did not write them in ink, but in her blood. I lost the red autograph, but the verses remained indelibly imprinted on my memory.

THE husband of the Woman of Goch was the brother of Sefchen's father, and was also an executioner, and as he died young the Woman of Goch adopted the child. But when her husband died soon afterward she gave the child to her grandfather, who was also an executioner and lived in Westphalia.

Here in the Free House, as they used to call the executioner's house, Sefchen stayed until she was fourteen, and then her grandfather died, and the Woman of Goch once more gave a home to the orphan. From the dishonor of her birth Sefchen had to lead a lonely life from childhood until she became a girl, and in her grandfather's house she was cut off from all company. Hence came her shyness, her sensitive drawing away from contact with strangers, her mysterious day-dreams, together with the most obstinate truculence, the most insolent stubbornness and wildness.

Strange, that even in her dreams, as she once confessed to me, she lived not with human beings, but always dreamed of animals.

In the loneliness of the executioner's house she could only find occupation in her grandfather's old books. He taught her to read and write, but he was extremely poor of words.

Often he would be away for several days with his assistants, and the child remained alone then in the house, which was in a very solitary situation near the gallows of a forest country. There remained only three old women with gray heads, palsied, who whirled their spinning wheels, coughed, shivered and shook, and drank a great deal of brandy.

It was grim for poor Sefchen in the lonely house, particularly on winter nights, when the wind outside shook the old oaks and howled violently in the wide flaring chimney, for then she feared the coming of thieves, not the living but the dead, those who had been hanged and had wrenched free of the gallows and came knocking at the window panes of the house asking admittance to warm themselves a little. They made such pitiful grimaces. But you can frighten them away by fetching a sword from the iron room and threatening them with it, and then they whisk away like a whirlwind.

Only on the days when her grandfather was preparing for a great execution did his colleagues come to see him, and then they brewed and baked meats and feasted and drank, spoke little and sang not at all. They drank out of silver cups, while on ordinary occasions only a tankard with a wooden lid was fetched for the despised executioner or his assistants from the inns which they frequented, and the other guests were given to drink out of tankards with pewter lids.

WHEN Sefchen was eight years old, she told me, an extraordinary number of visitors came over to her grandfather's house, although there was no execution or customary unpleasant official duty to be set in train. There were more than a dozen of them, almost all of them very old men with iron-gray or bald heads, and they wore their swords

under their long red cloaks, and their clothes cut in old French fashion. They came, as they said, to hold council, and the best of kitchen and cellar was laid before them for their mid-day meal.

They were the oldest executioners from the most distant regions, and they had not seen each other for a long time, and they kept on shaking hands. They spoke very little and often cracked jokes in a secret code of speech, and they *moulaient tristement*, as Froissart said of the English who gave a banquet after the battle of Poitiers. At nightfall the master of the house sent his assistants away, bade the old housekeeper bring from the cellar three dozen of his best Rhine wine and put it on the stone table in front of the great oaks that stood in a semi-circle by the house: he bade her also hang up the lanterns for the pine-oil lamps, and finally he made some excuse to send the old woman together with the two other old crones out of the house. He even stopped up with a horse-cloth an opening in the planks of the watch-dog's kennel: the dog was carefully chained up.

Sefchen's grandfather let her stay in the house, but told her to rinse out the great silver goblet earven with the sea-gods and their dolphins and conches, and to place that also on the stone table—but when that was done he gave her strict orders to go to her little room and to bed.

Sefchen rinsed out the Neptune goblet obediently, and put it on the table with the bottles of wine, but she did not go to bed, and, impelled by curiosity, she hid behind a bush near the oaks, from which she could hear little, but could see everything that happened.

The strange men came solemnly two by two with her grandfather at their head, and sat in a semi-circle round the table on high blocks of wood, and the lights were lit and showed in grisly fashion their grim faces, hard as stone.

They sat for long in silence, or, rather, each muttering to himself, perhaps praying. Then her grandfather filled the goblet with wine, and each drank from it and passed it, refilled at each turn, to his neighbor, and as each man drank they shook hands solemnly.

Finally her grandfather made a speech of which she could hear little, and understood nothing at all, but apparently some very melancholy business was toward, for large tears dropped from the old man's eyes, and the other old men began to weep bitterly, and this was a dreadful sight, for these men looked as hard and withered as the stone figures on the porch of a church, and now tears oozed from their blank stony eyes, and they sobbed like children.

AND the moon peeped so sadly from her veil of clouds in the starless sky that the heart of the eavesdropper was like to break for pity. Especially was she touched by the sorrow of one little man who wept more convulsively than the rest, and cried out so loudly that she could hear every word that he said. He kept on saying, "O God! O God! misery endureth so, that it is more than human heart can bear. O God, thou art unjust, unjust." His companions seemed to be able to soothe him only with great difficulty.

Finally the meeting rose, the old men threw off their red cloaks, and each holding his sword under his arm they marched two and two behind a tree where there stood ready an iron spade, and with this in a few moments one of them dug a deep trench. Sefchen's grandfather stepped forward—he had not like the others thrown off his red cloak—and produced from under it a white parcel, which was very narrow,

but about a Flemish ell in length, and wrapped round with a sheet; he laid it carefully in the open trench, which he quickly filled up again.

Poor Sefchen in her hiding place could endure it no longer; at the sight of the secret burial her hair stood on end, and in her anguish the poor child hurried away to her room, hid herself under the bedclothes, and went to sleep.

Next morning it all seemed a dream to Sefchen, but when she saw the freshly turned-up soil behind the tree she knew that it must all be true. She puzzled long over what might be buried there: a child? a beast? a treasure?—but she never told any one of the doings of that night, and with the passing of the years it slipped further and further back in her memory.

It was not until five years later, when her grandfather died, and the Woman of Goch came to fetch the girl to Düsseldorf, that she dared reveal the secret to her aunt, who, however, was neither shocked nor amazed by the strange story, but was hugely delighted by it. She said that neither child, nor cat, nor treasure was buried in the trench, but it must be her grandfather's executioner's sword with which he had struck off the heads of a hundred poor sinners. She said that it was the usage and custom among executioners not to keep or use any more a sword which has been used a hundred times in the exercise of their penal office; such a sword is not like other swords, for in the course of time it has come by an inner consciousness, and in the end has need of the peace of the grave like a human being.

AND the Woman of Goch declared that the most wondrous feats of magic can be performed with such a sword, with its hundredfold slaughter, and the very same night she made haste to disinter the buried sword, and she kept it ever after among her other charms in her den.

Once when she was not at home I asked Sefchen to show me this curiosity. I had not long to ask, and she went to the room and came back with a monstrous sword, which she swung mightily in spite of the weakness of her arms, whilst she sang, half in menace and half in roguery:

Wilt thou kiss the naked sword
That is given by the Lord?

And in the same tone of voice I replied: "I will not kiss the bright, bright sword; I will kiss the red Sefchen!" and as she could not withstand me from fear of hurting me with the fatal steel, she had to let me kiss her, and very warmly I laid hands on her slender hips and kissed her defiant lips. Yes, in spite of the executioner's sword with which a hundred poor rascals had been beheaded, and in spite of the infamy which comes upon those who come in contact with any of the condemned race, I kissed the lovely daughter of the executioner.

I kissed her not only because of my own tender feeling for her, but in scorn of society and all its dark prejudices, and in that moment there flared up in me one of the first flames of those two passions to which my later life has been devoted: the love of fair women, and the love of the French Revolution, the *furor francese*, with which I also was seized in the struggle with the feudal landlords.

I do not intend to pursue more closely my love for Josepha. But this much I will confess, that it was the prelude to the great tragedies of my riper period. So is Romeo in calfish love for Rosalind before he sees his Juliet.

A PRO-GERMAN

By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

THE Excellency scratched his short, greasy nose, passed his disturbing fingers through his beard, and swore one of those Russian oaths that would be an insult elsewhere.

"Read this report from Anton Pavlovich, idiot," he panted, and sank back exhausted in his armchair.

The secretary smiled a secretarial smile which is, or should be, a cross between the smile of a valet and that of a poet. He clicked his heels and saluted, then began in a secretarial voice, something between that of an auctioneer and that of a Bishop of the Latin Church:

"A report to His Excellency the General-Governor of the Province of Kherson from Anton Pavlovich, lieutenant governor and Chief of the Police in the town and district of Durakselo.

"I have the honor to report to your Excellency that Nicholas Orestovich Dumovich, a peasant of the little town of Durakselo, in your province, has murdered his wife and her reported lover and has apparently become insane. He came to me and handed over to me a sum of 188 roubles, 20 kopecks, 'to help kill more "Niemtzi,"' he stated, using the popular appellation for the nations of Teutonic race.

"A report of the case is appended. I propose, with the assent of your Excellency, to refuse the stolen money, to seek its lawful owners and to send the man to Siberia as a government settler without further expense to the empire."

The Governor started and nearly jumped out of his seat.

"What the hell?" he swore, his face purple and swollen of a sudden, "what the . . . does this . . . think I am? Let him chase his own . . . self to an . . . asylum. Discouraging patriotism, eh! The . . .! Read the report."

When he had relapsed into a calmer state, the secretary read the report:

"Nicholas Orestovich Dumovich killed his wife under the following circumstances, partly related by himself and partly reconstructed by your Excellency's humble servant, Anton Pavlovich.

"Last Monday the man came home drunk, as usual. He is a small market gardener; his wife has a spare room and takes boarders when she can get them. Dumovich is reputed quarrelsome, spiteful and greedy.

"He brought along with him another man, no less drunk, who, however, was the excuse for Dumovich getting his wife to give him money for another bottle of vodka. The visitor drank some of it and went away. Then Dumovich began at once. He suggested to his wife that she should help him kill their paying guest for his money. That guest's name is, according to his passport, Stephan Barelsky. I take the liberty to quote here from the dialogue between the pair, as Dumovich never varies in his account thereof."

"His account thereof," sneered the Excellency. "Damn all these literary gents! Style indeed! What do I care what he said or what she answered."

The secretary smiled and resumed.

"Nicholas Orestovich states that he took the bottle from the table, drank a glass, and said to his wife: 'What a head of wood you have! You are only a fool after all. Since he must die what does it matter when? say I. Everyone must die. It is really more agreeable that he should die now. Come, Anissia, my little dove, tell me that you understand.'

"Nikita, you are a butcher! What are you talking about? You want to murder him?"

"And who speaks to you of murdering, imbecile? I only said killing."

"Oh, you deserve to be tried like a criminal for the wicked things that enter your head along with the vodka. It is Siberia and hard labor you deserve. Death alone would be too light."

"Wooden head, will you make an end of screaming! I will show you whether death is a light thing. I will kill you with my own hands."

"You would not dare, Nikita."

"Fool and idiot! Now you are howling, eh! My hand shall soon make you howl."

"Oh, beat me if you will, Nikita. But do not forget that you are a man. And the stranger, he also is a man. Why, but this morning I was burning a taper before the image of St. Pantelei, the healer, that he may give our guest back his health."

"Hell take your Pantelei!"

"Nikita, my pigeon, do not swear! Repent of your sins! Repent of your sins! I will die at your feet. You may kill me if you wish, but do not harm Ossip."

"I swear to God, if you continue to cry, I will kill you. May you have devils in your throat! You have sinned with him, may be!"

"Nikita, how can you? Oh, how, how?"

"I submit to your Excellency at this point that the suspicion of adultery followed the hint given by the man. The wording of an idea before its actual conception is a well known psychological phenomenon with half-educated people."

"What do you think of that, if you can think today?" the Governor asked of his secretary, who was glad of the minute's respite.

"It seems to me, your Excellency, that Anton Pavlovich . . ."

"Precisely. Now, go on. *Anton Pavlovich est un crétin*," he added in French.

"The peasant had an idea in his head now, and clever is he who can make a Russian peasant forget an idea once it has entered his head and gotten hold of a cell to which to adhere. From a word let fall unthinkingly Nikita had come to his idea. He was now persuaded that his wife had been faithless to him with Ossip Ivanich. Will your Excellency note . . ."

"Pass his senseless remarks. *Anton Pavlovich est un crétin*," the Excellency repeated through his beard. The secretary licked his thin lips and went on:

"His wife, Anissia, all trembling, with linked hands, dragged herself on her knees before him. He took the terror with which he inspired his wife for an avowal of her fault and grasped the bottle again.

"There, hussy—I quote again from his own version—'and you have done that! Get up and come here. Listen to me! You are going to his room, to that son of a she-mule, and . . .'"

"The rest he whispered in her ear. It consisted of an appeal to help him rob and kill their paying guest. She cried and made negative signs with her head. A slap under the nose brought her upright.

"Never, never," she cried, 'never! Ossip Ivanich may be rich, but he shall die when God wishes him to die—Oh, what a criminal you are, Nikita!'

"Very well; then it shall be when God wishes also for you—that is now—take that, slut!"

"Nicholas Orestovich felled his wife with a blow of the fist and finished her off on the floor with his boot. Then he drank again, *feeling cold in his bones*, he states. Slowly he went towards the door on the right, stepping over the body of his wife. He opened it, crossed the narrow passage and entered the room of the rich man.

"There, Ossip, you are better, eh?" he inquired.

"The rich man in the bed did not answer him.

"So, like that, you found my Anissia pretty, eh. She that looks like a pumpkin to me. Yes, you play the rich man and say nothing. But I have come to settle your account . . . wait a bit. You know, my soul hurts me. It seems to me that it is hung up on a great hooked nail and that some one comes and pulls it from below. Then it bleeds, you understand, and the blood flows, and at the same time I seem always to see my eyes dancing in the air in front of me. My wife also danced before me. I have killed the she-carriou. Exactly, it is your turn now. Give me your money."

"Your Excellency will remark that the insanity of the murderer is proved by the fact that he admits all these words and does not deny that he had no evidence of faithlessness. One look at the corpse of his wife showed me that no man could so far . . ."

"Pass that over, hurry. Your Anton Pavlovich makes me positively sick. He is a disgusting satyr. But I want you to read this rubbish to the end. Then I'll give you my instructions."

"The sick man did not reply. Apparently we can surmise that all he had heard and seen during the weeks of his stay with that couple seemed to him strange, weird and so altogether different from what he had dreamed that his ideas were no longer very clear in his head. The strangest thing that might happen to him could no more surprise him. He was prepared for everything and anything. He only turned his eyes on Nikita and looked at him, much, I suppose, as an intelligent dog might for the first time look at a stranger from Mars. Then he turned away with a pout of disgust.

"Yes, wait," said Nicholas Orestovich, pursuing his fixed idea. "You will not speak, rich good-for-nothing. I am going to send you to the witches and devils. Since my soul hurts me I must accomplish my mission. You may turn your head away, fellow, but I know you have money. In such times when the Little Father needs it all, you hoard gold. Aha, your gold shall help kill some godless Germans, anyhow. Here, pig, take this, and that, and die, die and die!"

"He states that he kept striking the rich man with his fists until the eyes were turned inwards. Then he left the bed and searched the cupboard, then a little drawer, then the man's trunk. As he found nothing he swore and came back to the bed. He pushed the body to the bottom of it and raised the mattress.

"Ah, the pretty pieces of gold I found there, your Nobility," he told me in his statement.

"I began counting them . . . one hundred and eighty roubles in gold, your Nobility, to kill Germans with."

"Nicholas Orestovich came to me and sought audience. I received him and he addressed me as follows:

"There so, Anton Pavlovich, I saw your house and I thought that perhaps you would not mind forwarding my little alms. It is small, but our beloved Little Father will be able to kill some Germans with it."

"Your Excellency, I thanked him. I had no cause to arrest the man, but his attitude made me suspicious and I had him followed.

"He returned home, took the dead body of his wife on his shoulder and carried it to the bed, next to this other victim.

"There," he said, "Anton Pavlovich said I was a very good subject, exactly. And now, you two, sleep, like that, heart to heart. My mission is accomplished and my soul is cured. It does not bleed any more. Everything is clear before me now. I am going to drink again, and then . . ."

"Good night, good day,
My little brother, my pigeon,
Good night, good day,
With all my heart.

"Oh, it's terrible. My dear little bottle, come here, and I will embrace you once more. The Little Father will be happy . . . and I killed the pig, oh, oh!"

"*'Boje Tzaria Krani'*, he cried again, and tumbled dead drunk at the foot of the bed.

"He was, of course, arrested, and later on brought before me. He is very proud of his action and seems altogether insane. No word of mine seems to impress him. He does not realize the enormity of his deed. His last words to me were:

"Would your Nobility believe that she spoke very well, the she-carriou? "It will be when God wishes," she says, then God wished at once, exactly."

The General-Governor had fallen asleep. The silence awoke him. He echoed, opening his eyes.

"Exactly. Well, my friend Anton Pavlovich, you are a disgusting creature, a crétin and a poet. There is no God or good in you. Write, young man, if you please, in the margin of this fantastic report:

"The General-Governor commanding the Government of Kherson transmits the report of Anton Pavlovich and proposes:

"1. That the said peasant, Nicholas Orestovich Dumovich, in connection with His Imperial Majesty's land project, be given a suitable post in this government; that his gift of 188 roubles 20 kopecks be extolled among the peasants.

"2. That the Lieutenant-Governor, Anton Pavlovich, be sent to the Eastern front, for I must suspect him of being a pro-German. He seems to be bent upon discouraging patriotism.

"3. That mention be made to the foreign journalists of the fact that our peasants are giving their last kopeck and sacrifice h'm . . . their . . . what shall I say, ah, yes . . . their . . . even . . . even their prospect of comfort in order to help in the fight against our enemies, the Japanese . . . now what am I talking about—the English, I mean Oh, Hell! you know what I mean . . ."

And the Excellency rose to his full height, carressed his beard with a sigh, and left the room.

What a secretary and what the superior authorities thought of the report and of the comments thereon is hardly fit for publication.



MY FIRST NOVEL

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

BY heaven!" I said, "I will write a novel!"

And I sat down to my oaken bureau with the air of a man who has resolved to commit a stupendous crime. Perhaps, indeed, it was a crime, this my first serious challenge to a neglectful and careless world. At any rate it was meant to be the beginning of the end, the end being two-fold—fame and a thousand a year. You must bear well in mind that I was by no means the ordinary person, and my novel was by no means to be the ordinary novel. In these cases the very essence of the situation is always that one is not ordinary. I had just discovered that I could write—and when I use the term "write" here, I use it in a special sense, to be appreciated only by those elect who can themselves "write," and difficult of comprehension by all others. I had had a *conte*—exquisitely Gallic as to spirit and form—in the "Yellow Book," and that *conte* had been lauded in the "South Audley Street Gazette" or some organ of destructive criticism. My friends believed in Art, themselves, and me. I believed in myself, Art and them. Could any factor be lacking to render the scene sublime and historic?

So I sat down to write my first novel, under the sweet influences of the de Goncourts, Turgenev, Flaubert and de Maupassant. It was to be entirely unlike all English novels except those of one author whose name I shall not mention now, for the reason that I have aforetime made my admiration of that author very public. I clearly remember that the purpose uppermost in my mind was to imitate what I may call the physical characteristic of French novels. There were to be no poetical quotations in my novel, no titles to the chapters; the narrative was to be divided irregularly into sections by Roman numerals only; and it was indispensable that a certain proportion of these sections should begin or end abruptly. As thus, for a beginning: "Gerald suddenly changed the conversation, and taking the final match from his match-box at last agreed to light a cigar." And for an ending: "Her tremulous eyes sought his; breathing a sigh she murmured . . . 'O succession of dots, charged with significance but tremendous, there were to be hundreds of you in my novel, because you play so important a part in the literature of the country of Victor Hugo and M. Loubet."

So much for the physical characteristics. To come nearer to the soul of it, my novel was to be a mosaic consisting exclusively of Flaubert's *mots justes*—it was to be *mots justes* composed into the famous *écriture artiste* of the de Goncourts.

THE sentences were to perform the trick of "the rise and fall." The adjectives were to have color, the verbs were to have color, and perhaps it was a *sine qua non* that even the pronouns should be prismatic—I forget. And all these effects were to be obtained without the most trifling sacrifice of truth. There was to be no bowing in the house of the Rimmon of sentimentality. Life being gray, sinister and melancholy, my novel must be gray, sinister and melancholy. As a matter of strict fact, life deserved none of these epithets; I was having a very good time; but at twenty-seven one is captious and liable to err in judgment—a liability which fortunately disappears at thirty-five or so. No startling events were to occur in my novel, nor anything out of the way that might bring the blush of shame to the modesty of

nature; no ingenious combination, no dramatic surprises, and, above all, no coincidences. It was to be the Usual miraculously transformed by Art into the Sublime.

The sole liberty that I might permit myself in handling the Usual was to give it a rhythmic contour—a precious distinction in those Yellerbocky days.

All these cardinal points being settled, I passed to the business of choosing a subject. Need I say that I chose myself? But in obedience to my philosophy I made myself a failure. I regarded my hero with an air of "There, but for the grace of God, goes me!" I decided that he should go through most of my own experiences, but that instead of fame and a thousand a year he should arrive ultimately at disillusion and a desolating suburban domesticity. I said I would call my novel "In the Shadow," a title suggested to me by the motto of Balzac's "Country Doctor"—"For a wounded heart, shadow and silence." It was to be all very dolorous, this Odyssey of a London clerk who—But I must not disclose any detail of the plot.

So I sat down, and wrote on a fair quarto sheet, "In the Shadow," and under that "I." It was a religious rite, an august and imposing ceremonial; and I was the officiating priest. In the few fleeting instants between the tracing of the "I" and the tracing of the first word of the narrative, I felt happy and proud; but immediately the fundamental brain-work began, I lost nearly all my confidence. With every stroke the illusion grew thinner, more remote. I perceived that I could not become Flaubert by taking thought, and this rather obvious truth rushed over me as a surprise. I knew what I wanted to do, and I could not do it. I felt, but I could not express. My sentences would persist in being damnably Mudiesque. The *mots justes* hid themselves exasperatingly behind a cloud. The succession of dots looked merely fatuous. The charm, the poetry, the distinction, the inevitableness, the originality, the force and the invaluable rhythmic contour—these were anywhere save on my page. All writers are familiar with the dreadful despair that ensues when a composition, on perusal, obstinately presents itself as a series of little systems of words joined by conjunctions and so forth, something like this—subject, predicate, object. Pronoun, *however* predicate, negative, infinite verb. *Nevertheless* participle, accusative, subject, predicate, etc., etc., etc., for evermore. I suffered that despair. The proper remedy is to go to the nearest bar and have a drink, or to read a bit of "Comus" or "Urn-Burial," but at that time I had no skill in weathering anti-cyclones, and I drove forward like a sinking steamer in a heavy sea.

AND this was what it was, in serious earnest, to be an author! For I reckon that in writing the first chapter of my naturalistic novel, I formally became an author; I had undergone a certain apprenticeship.

I didn't feel like an author, no more than I had felt like a journalist on a similar occasion. Indeed, far less; I felt like a fool, an incompetent ass. I seemed to have an idea that there was no such thing as literature, that literature was a mirage, or an effect of hypnotism, or a concerted fraud. After all, I thought, what in the name of common sense is the use of telling this silly ordinary story of everyday life? Where is the point? What is art, anyway, and all this chatter about truth to life, and all this rigmarole of canons?

I finished the chapter that night, hurriedly, perfunctorily, and only because I had sworn to finish it. Then, in obedience to an instinct which all Grub Street has felt, I picked out the correct "Yellow Book" from a shelf and read my beautiful story again. That enheartened me a little, restored my faith in the existence of art, and suggested the comfortable belief that things were not perhaps as bad as they seemed.

In six months I had written only about thirty thousand words, and I felt the sort of elation that probably succeeds six months on a treadmill. But one evening, in the midst of a chapter a sudden and mysterious satisfaction began to warm my inmost being. I knew that that chapter was good and going to be good. I experienced happiness in the very act of work. Emotion and technique were reconciled. It was as if I had surprisingly come upon the chart with the blood-red cross showing where the Spanish treasure was buried. I dropped my pen, and went out for a walk, and decided to give the book an entirely fresh start. I carefully read through all that I had written. It was bad, but viewed in the mass it produced on me a sort of culminating effect which I had not anticipated. Conceive the poor Usual at the bottom of a flight of stairs, and the region of the Sublime at the top: it seemed to me that I had dragged the haggard thing halfway up, and that it lay there, inert but safe, awaiting my second effort. The next night I braced myself to this second effort, and I thought that I succeeded.

"WE'RE doing the trick, Charlie," Edmund Kean whispered into the ear of his son during a poignant scene of "Brutus." And in the very crisis of my emotional chapters, while my hero was rushing fatally to the nether grayness of the suburbs and all the world was at its most sinister and most melancholy, I said to myself with glee: "We're doing the trick." My moods have always been a series of violent contrasts, and I was now just as uplifted as I had before been depressed. There were interludes of doubt and

difficulty, but on the whole I was charmed with my novel. It would be a despicable affectation to disguise the fact that I deemed it a truly distinguished piece of literature, idiosyncratic, finely imaginative, and of rhythmic contour. As I approached the end my self-esteem developed in a *crescendo*. I finished the tale, having sentenced my hero to a marriage infallibly disastrous at three o'clock one morning. I had labored for twelve hours without intermission. It was great, this spell; it was histrionic. It was Dumas over again and the roaring French forties.

Nevertheless, to myself I did not dare to call myself an artist. I lacked the courage to believe that I had the sacred fire, the inborn and not-to-be-acquired vision. It seemed impossible that this should be so. I have ridiculed the whole artist tribe, and, in the pursuit of my vocation, I shall doubtless ridicule them again; but never seriously. Nothing is more deeply rooted in me than my reverence for the artistic faculty. And whenever I say, "The man's an artist," I say it with an instinctive solemnity that, so far as I am concerned, ends all discussion.

When my novel had been typewritten and I read it in cold blood, I was absolutely unable to decide whether it was very good, good, medium, bad, or very bad. I could not criticise it. All I knew was that certain sentences, in the vein of the *écriture artiste*, persisted beautifully in my mind, like fine lines from a favorite poet. I loosed the brave poor thing into the world over a postoffice counter. "What chance has it in the fray?" I exclaimed. My novel had become nothing but a parcel. Thus it went in search of its fate. . . .

My profits from this book with the exceptional style and the exceptional knowledge of human nature, exceeded the cost of having it typewritten by the sum of one sovereign. Nor was I, nor am I, disposed to grumble at this. Many a first book has cost its author a hundred pounds. I got a new hat out of mine.

[From "The Truth About an Author," Doran, New York.]

AN APOLOGY FOR APOLOGISTS

By B. RUSSELL HERTS.

PRIDE goeth before a fall, but if the fall is followed by an apology, no harm has been done, and much good accomplished. For in this case, the "fall" can only refer to the humbling of the proud, and this inevitable humility is merely the alternative of pride in the first place. It is as if we should say as a threat to the wicked, "Your badness will surely be turned into goodness—a goodness which you cannot escape, so you might as well take to it in the beginning." The difficulty would be that the wicked one expects to have a lot of fun before he turns good, and your threat is for him simply a promise of salvation. So we announce humility as the lot of man.

Now if this is the case, let me exhort the proud never to avoid the humble exercise of apologizing. It is one of the most useful and delightful of all the arts of conversation.

To the poet it must appeal for its stimulus to the imagination, for although the master apologist need never advance reasons for the act which calls forth the apology, the novice often has to think up some, and it is truly astonishing what a variety he comes to develop after a while.

The development of the apologetic function is also a great

time saver. For example, one can always be late to appointments if one can absolutely rely upon his apology, and surely there is nothing that saves one's own time so admirably as making other people wait for one.

Most important of all, from the ethical standpoint, is the indulgence in sincerity which the use of apologies affords. Those unskillful in the art, or unwilling to exercise it, are forced continually to be tactful, politic and other disagreeable and dishonest things. But the master apologist can always tell the truth, no matter how unpleasant it may sound, and then turn it off with a charming aftermath.

And this leads directly to another quality, inherent in apologies, a social grace of the first rank, and more important perhaps than wealth or beauty; that is, charm. In developing apologetics one inevitably achieves charm, for without it the functioning is imperfect and unsatisfactory. And certainly this is an attribute of unquestioned power.

Therefore, and for a hundred reasons of service and efficiency, let us welcome apologies. We must not slight the education of our children in this noble if neglected art.

SUMMER CAMPS — WHY THEY ARE BECOMING A PERMANENT AMERICAN INSTITUTION

By WALTER A. KEYES, Pd. D.

Editor's Note: Dr. Keyes, the author of this article, is a Principal in Trinity School, New York city, and has been for the past eighteen years one of the most active and successful exponents of the Summer Camp movement in this country. His wide experience in the conducting of camp life makes this article doubly significant. We earnestly advise all parents to read it.



"After a drawing by
Leo Mielziner."

The very large increase in summer camps during the last few years has caused many people to speculate as to the reasons which have led to it. As a member of the Camp Owners' Association of America, and the director of one of the older camps of New England, I feel that I am in a position to answer that question.

The reasons are two-fold: First, there is a great need of homes for children, so situated that they can lead a free, out-of-door life, where they can throw off the city environment and draw near to nature; and, secondly, the camp directors are alive to the great opportunity that is open to them to administer to the moral, mental, and physical needs of city children in an atmosphere best adapted to their growth. As a result they are conducting camps on a very high scale of efficiency, and by mutual co-operation are raising their ideals and usefulness year by year.

GROWTH.

In the camp directors' organization alone there are about sixty camps represented, which had an enrollment of over 3,500 children last year. This constitutes only a small percentage of all the existing camps. And new camps are springing up daily all over the United States. The New England States, with their lofty mountains, wooded hillsides, extensive lakes and rivers, immeasurable bays and harbors, contain more camps than are to be found in any other one locality. A few of them are as old as thirty years, while quite a number have passed the twenty-year mark.

DEVELOPMENT.

The beginnings of a summer camp are likely to be on a rather small scale. If the enterprise is run on a good business basis it will prosper and grow. Many a camp, begun with less than one hundred dollars of capital, has grown into a plant worth more than \$10,000 in less than ten years' time.

The equipment of the progressive camp includes dining halls, general living quarters, tents, cabins, saddle horses, touring cars, golf, tennis and baseball fields, launches, sailboats, canoes, etc., to say nothing of the outfit for gymnasium work.

In addition to these provisions for the children's enjoyment and development, most camps specialize along one or more lines of handicraft, such as cabinet work, basketry, jewelry making, working in leather, drawing, and painting. In charge of these departments the directors place men and women chosen on account of special adaptability to the particular subject upon which their time and energies are to be spent. They must love both their work and the children who come to them for instruction. All shop work is voluntary, but each member must choose one from the group of

subjects offered at camp, and devote a certain number of hours per week at his chosen occupation.

Most camps also offer regular instruction in elementary and college preparatory work for ambitious boys, as well as those who are compelled to make up back work. In this department able teachers are employed, preferably those who have had experience in coaching for special examinations. The time given in camps for regular school work varies from one to three hours a day, with more or less time in the evenings spent in study.

CITY LIFE.

City life, as it is lived by the vast majority of children, *very seriously hinders the growth of their minds and the development of their characters.* They are deprived of most of the activities which are open to country children. They cannot try out their ideas, be they ever so good, for want of space. The constructive impulse is deadened. What city boy ever has a chance to build any of those articles which his childish fancy prompts him to construct, such as a chicken coop, a dog house, a kite, a canoe, or a model flying machine? Lack of room and the complexity of metropolitan life will not permit it. Never having tried to make any of these articles, his constructive powers soon become dwarfed. At an early age city children become dependent upon others for their entertainment. The theatres get most of them. Many city children attend some sort of an entertainment house as often as ten times a week. I am acquainted with several high school lads who boast that they see every play of any consequence that comes to New York. They do it from sheer desperation. There is nothing else to do. Fathers and mothers either go out, or entertain grown friends at bridge. The apartment is limited in space, and the children are hustled off to the movies to get rid of them and give their parents a chance. In the afternoons the children must have some air, but what can they do? Very little, except to get into trouble.

All the effort is spent on *repressing the child's energy instead of in seeking some outlet by means of which his natural gifts may be encouraged, and his imagination quickened and made to serve him.* When parents make companions of their children, taking them for walks and trips in the country, amusing or instructing them at home in some profitable way, much of the harm of city life is *avoided.* Unfortunately, few parents do this, and their children grow to maturity lacking in all of that vast field of knowledge which comes from personal contact with things of daily life. For a boy to know how to use a saw, hammer, paint brush, broom, axe, scythe, thread and needle, how to light a kerosene lamp, to tighten a nut, to sharpen a knife, and do a hundred other things common to the daily life of a country boy, is to give him an insight into practical values that will help him over many a more serious problem in later years.

COUNTRY LIFE.

As our city population becomes larger and larger, there is a constantly increasing number of people who pass their entire childhood in ignorance of the joys of the flowers and fields,

the mysteries of the woods and streams, and the grandeur of the mountains and waterfalls. Tens of thousands of our citizens do not love the country because they do not know it. They cannot become interested in it because they never spent any of their childhood in it. And childhood's days are the days when we learn to love the things which are ever afterwards the dearest to us. A tree does not particularly interest the city-bred man, because he does not know its name, its nature, or its use. It is just a tree to him, and one tree is as good as another. The rocks and stones tell him no stories because to him all rocks are merely obstructions in one's pathway. The stars above him are of scarcely more interest, for what city man ever has a sufficiently wide range of vision to take in a whole constellation at a single glance! As he gazes upward between two lofty rows of skyscrapers his sole purpose in searching for a glimpse of a star is to determine the probable state of the weather for the next couple of hours. From his vantage point he can see nothing of the beauty of the heavenly lamps. The great dome of heaven, so all-pervading, so changeable, and so soul-stirring, is not his to enjoy. He passes it over without regret, because it was not a part of his childhood experience. In his youthful days he never walked home from a neighbor's house, a distance of a couple of miles, along an open country road, alone, on a still summer night, and if he had to do it now, it would be a far from pleasant task. The sound of the katydid would strike a chill to his bones, the croaking of a frog would raise every hair of his head on end, and the barking of a dog in the distance would fill his soul with terror, and he would start for home at a breakneck pace. Darkness and the consciousness of being alone with nature are really terrifying to a large number of city-bred men.

Camps offer to children an opportunity to get next to nature in such a way as to make them love it. In the fields and on the farms they learn the various products of the land and observe how they are raised. They observe the habits of cattle, horses, sheep and poultry, and learn something of their care and the process of reproduction. It is most interesting to watch a boy who has discovered a flower, insect, bird or other animal which was entirely new to him. The discovery is an incentive to other and still more interesting revelations.

Nothing can ever take the place of childhood recollections of country life. They are the most precious of all memories. A city friend is merely an acquaintance—here today and gone tomorrow. But friendships that are made in the country during a summer filled with various strenuous activities, will last forever. The canoe trip down the river, the hike across the mountains without a guide, the cruise that was all but a shipwreck, the thunder storm with its accompanying drenching, the hunting trip with no game to show for it, and the fishing trip without a catch, are all incidents in a boy's life that are stored away in his mind, never to be forgotten. They are a part of his very being. Among these incidents there exist the memories of acts of courage and self-denial, the endurance of pain, hunger, thirst, and anxiety. Then there came the joy of deliverance, the square meal, the dry clothes, the night's sweet rest, and in the morning, the pleasure of the completed picture, framed, hung, and never to be forgotten.

CHARACTER.

The most important training that a child can obtain is that which tends toward character building. I know of no place where this can be done better than in summer camps as they are now being conducted.

In the first place, the child is away from home and all par-

ental indulgencies, and directly under the care of the director. He is one of a group of children. He can claim only what the others have. He must be obedient to his chief and the councilors, and he must live in harmony with his boy companions. His time is all laid out in periods, prescribed beforehand; so much study, physical work, play, and rest.

The director knows how to approach his boys in order to bring out the best that there is in them. He encourages the weak, he restrains the over-zealous, and directs the strong and ambitious. Those who are lazy, or disobedient, or in any one way or another untrustworthy, must be dealt with, individually, in such a manner as to show them the necessity of getting into line with their comrades and playing the game squarely.

It will be seen then that summer camps are supplying the need which is so greatly felt in the American homes of today. Briefly, they are the best means of developing character, because *they place the child at once in an atmosphere where obedience is a necessity, self-direction a privilege, and honor the rule of practice. They furnish an opportunity for a boy to form healthy and lasting friendships. They awaken his ambition and inspire within him respect for labor. They do more than anything else can possibly do to lay the foundation for future health and all-round development. They encourage regular habits.*

When one adds to these reasons all that the boys and girls learn to do, the fun they have, and the energy that they store up for the coming years, one can see at a glance why camps are flourishing, and why it is the duty of every parent to give his children these advantages, if it is within his power to do so.

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