

EL PORTAL



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SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE

Rev. Bury

EL PORTAL

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1861

SENATOR JAMES D. PHELAN

1930

Senator James D. Phelan gave to the San Jose State Teachers College a bequest of \$10,000, the annual income of which was to be given in awards to students for excellence in poetry and for the Montalvo Contest as sponsored by him. The cash prizes made possible through the generosity of Senator Phelan have stimulated a keen interest in creative writing among the students of the college. In the judging of material the college was fortunate in securing the services of professional writers of distinction: Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. Sara Bard Field, Miss Edith Mirrielees, and Mr. Ransom Rideout. The English department wishes to thank these artists for their kind assistance in the contest. In this issue are found the contributions meriting awards and honorable mention. This issue of *El Portal*, containing the second annual literary awards, is dedicated to the memory of Senator James D. Phelan, sponsor of the contest.

SONNET

They tell me I should leave this place and go
Back to the old, serene, remembered spot;
Back to our valley, never quite forgot,
Wherein remain all things I love and know.
There is a strangeness here that deadens pain,
Dulls the bright steel of every passing day
Until the thrusting dagger comes away
From my dry heart, no longer leaving stain.

Should I depart and journey back once more
To find again your face in every scene:
The moving trees, the meadow flat and green,
The very flowers that grow beside our door?
Distance has drawn a firm and merciful veil,
Through which the fires of sorrow glimmer pale.

MYSTERY

Odd, that the sun's still shining,
Queer, that the birds still sing.
Clouds should gather and song should die
Before this awful thing.
Strange, that the children, laughing,
Should go about their play;
That men should work and women weave,
As any other day.
Now that you do not love me,
Odd, that there should be
No tempest in the market-place,
No storm upon the sea.

JEAN VERA SMITH

TRANSPPOSITION

GEORGIA REDMOND



Morning and evening
I have closed my eyes
To watch the shadows drift
Down the mountain.
I have seen the grey deer
Leaping in the forest
. . . Heard the call of the quail . . .
. . . A wave in the sun . . .

I have breathed the fog
And walked head on with wind.
I have lived with the sunset . . .
With the sound of fall.
Long, long ago
I lived these things.

Once . . .
The flight of the mourning dove
Was my life to me . . .

Now, I have found you.
I do not see the shadows fall . . .
Nor the grass, nor the wind.
I only see you
With your hands
Folded.

MARATHON



ROBERT J. WRIGHT

Thump, thump, thump—inhale—thump, thump—exhale—thump, thump, thump—inhale—thump. Pheidippides was breathing consciously now. He had paid no attention to his respiration while climbing to the narrow pass, and arriving at the top he had found himself exhausted. But he could not stop: Athens was waiting just beyond the horizon, and Pheidippides must be the first to tell her of Attica's miraculous triumph over the innumerable Persian host.

Thump, thump, thump—inhale—thump, thump—exhale. That was the way Euelpides, instructor at the gymnasium, had taught him when he was fourteen, and he had never forgotten. Breathe in while you take two steps and out while you take three; then you will never tire. He was feeling a little rested at that, now that he was watching his breathing. Why more time to exhale than to inhale? He didn't know. It seemed natural enough, though, and easy to do once you got the hang of it. It took ten steps to make a complete cycle; that was interesting. The perfect figure turned up even in this art of running. Running, then, must be the perfect exercise. At first he had thought the cycle was five steps, but he noticed that his inhalation started on the left foot one time and on the right foot the next, so that it took ten strides to get around to where you started. He wondered if Euelpides had ever noticed that. Probably he wouldn't have attached any significance to it if he had. But what if—oops, keep your head down, Pheidippides: that stone in the road nearly got you.

It would be tragic to be caught up now by a little pebble, when just a few hours before he had been shot at, slashed at, surrounded on all sides by merciless enemies, and had come through it all untouched. Ares had watched over him there, and now Hermes would keep him safe, at least till his mission should be fulfilled. The god of war had smiled on all the Greeks that morning. It was still a marvel to Pheidippides that he or any of them were still alive. Outnumbered a hundred to one, the Athenians had charged the Persians on the run, preferring to die fighting rather than retreat, and, wonder of wonders, the original host had melted away like snow before that desperate onslaught. Pheidippides had been in the right wing fighting beside Callimachus, the polemarch, and between them they had slain over a hundred of the black-bearded foreigners. When victory was assured, Callimachus had turned and shouted above the noise of the battle, "Pheidippides, there are thousands of women and old men waiting in Athens to know the outcome of our fighting here. Make haste and tell them the Greeks are still freemen!" Pheidippides had turned on his heel and sprinted off across the plain toward the ravine which led up to the cut in the top of the range. That had been an inspired move, that leaving without a word of

reply. He might have said something dramatic, like "Aye, Sire, Athens shall know by nightfall," or "Callimachus has but to say Pheidippides will do a thing, and it is done;" but he had held his tongue, and now he was pleased with himself. He chuckled as he thought of the effect it would have on the Athenians when Callimachus told them about it. No parley, no wasted breath, just an order given, and Pheidippides on his way to Athens;—good. And Polimone,—well, she could whistle for him now. He could have his pick of dozens better than Polimone, and if she had sought to make him jealous before, he would give her real cause—crash! Pheidippides, do watch where you're going. The road did get you that time, and you're lucky you didn't break an arm. Mustn't forget to sacrifice to Hermes at the earliest opportunity.

By Loxias' beard, it was hot! As he swung around a huge boulder jutting out from the side of the trail, he saw the gray-green plains stretched out before and below him, shimmering in the afternoon sun. His eyes were beginning to ache, and he put his hand to his forehead. It was hot and dry. He hadn't noticed the perspiration before, but now that he had ceased to perspire, he realized that the dry air had sucked all the water from his pores, and from now on it was going to be a race against the heat.

He could see the haze of smoke hanging over Athens, some forty furlongs away. He could get there before nightfall easily, if only he could hold out against the parching sun; but he must go on. To stop now would mean defeat; he would never be able to start again. He didn't care; he wasn't tired. It wasn't rest he wanted, but water. Wasn't it funny how you could run and run until it seemed to be the normal state of things? Until to stop and stand still would be an exertion? He remembered he had had the same feeling a week before, when he had run to Sparta to ask the Lacedaemonians for aid. He had been almost sorry when his run was over. But that had been at night, and cooler, with the moon for a lantern instead of the fiery sun. That moon! What did the Spartans find wrong with it? They read into its various phases and positions vague meanings entirely foreign to Pheidippides, and even refused to send the much-needed reinforcements to the Athenian troops because Luna was not in just the right mood. Then Pheidippides had been angry, and had told them he was favored of the gods; that he had met Pan himself in the hills above Tegea. Pan indeed! What did those fools take him for, a shepherd? But they had believed him, and when he was back in Athens, his own fellows had fallen for the same hoax. He smiled as he thought of their credulity. Mankind would accept anything as truth until it was proved false. He could tell the Athenians to fly for their lives, that the Persians were even now marching over the mountains and through their barley fields; and they would believe him. They would pack up their goods and burn the city behind them. He could control the fate of Athens with his tongue. But he would never do that; he owed himself, body and soul, to Athens. Still, it was fun to toy with the idea. And besides, did he really owe Athens anything? What was he running for? Honor! That was it; honor was the only reality, all else was shadow. Esteem in the minds of others lived on forever, all else changed. It was not any love of his native city, nor yet regard for his oath of al-

legiance that drove him forward, lungs bursting and eyes throbbing, through that parching sun. No, not patriotism, he admitted freely to himself, but a selfish desire for a high rating in the Athenians' minds. That was the only certain immortality, to live on in the minds of others. Who knew but that in some future incarnation he should come across the records of his deeds? Then he would know he had not been dead during the interim; but living, in thousands of minds . . .

At any rate, Athens must know; and the sooner the better. He wished Zeus would send rain. No, he didn't want rain, either: that would make the trail slippery. What he wanted was a stream. But there was no stream, and he knew he wouldn't drink until he reached Athens. Well, there was no use thinking of water if he couldn't have any. When they heard his message, they would give him the best wine available; but for the present, he must forget about his thirst.

He was running through the sparse olive orchards now, down the last long, gentle slope toward the city. Through the low trees he caught occasional glimpses of the silver Ilissus far off to the left, but he could not afford to turn from the path now that he had won so near his goal. The white temples on the Acropolis loomed up strangely against the pink evening sky. As he drew nearer, he could see the huge boulder by the great east gate, with someone standing on top of it, looking like an ant on a crumb of barley-cake. Even as he looked, the ant crawled down and scuttled away into the city. The curse of Zeus upon that ant! Pheidippides had intended to take Athens by surprise, but now they would be expecting him.

What should he say to them? "We have driven off the oppressor!" No, that would sound just a little too egotistical. "The Persians fly!" No, that wouldn't do either; not enough reflection on the glory of Athens. Perhaps something eloquent and presumptuous: "Callimachus sends his regards to the people of Athens and has advised me to inform them that the Athenian troops have, in the course of duty, driven off the—" No, too long, much too long. If his message was to be a catchword with the Athenians, it would have to be short and snappy. "Victory is ours!" That was it. Short, to the point, reflecting the glory of the city-state, and above all, easily remembered. "Victory is ours!"

There was the boulder. Pheidippides glared at it as he passed. The crowds thronging the gate silently gave way before him as he entered the city; silently they ran after him down the narrow, twisting street toward the market-place. He was vaguely conscious of the eager faces of the Athenians lining the roadway, waiting for his message. Not yet. Gentleman, shop-keeper, slave implored mutely but in vain. Pheidippides must save his breath for the grand gesture. The blank, gray fronts of the houses rolled past him in monotonous succession, relieved now and then by a gayly tinted shop, or, opposite the more pretentious dwellings, by a statue of Hermes, toward which he nodded deferentially as he passed. A sharp turn to the left, another to the right, and he was in sight of the market-place. In a moment all Athens would be at his service. The excited babel in the great rectangle ceased abruptly as he entered. With a hurried glance about him he sprang to the top of a newly-erected auction block and raised his right,

hand. Pause a moment, Pheidippides, till you get every ear and eye: these people must be impressed if you are to achieve immortality. How queer his legs felt! As if he were still running!

"Victory—," he shouted; then his voice cracked. His throat felt as if a knife had been drawn across it. His knees crumpled under him, and—Pheidippides was dead.



PILGRIMAGE

WILBUR E. BAILEY

He did not hear the siren's song
 (His face set to the distant goal)
Nor gather flowers the road along,
 Nor drink from life's sweet flowing bowl.

Through morning's pulsing harmony,
 Silent and stern life's way he trod.
Beside a shining silver sea
 He saw the citadels of God.

So toiling onward painfully
 He pressed into that promised land,
Where lo, the shining silver sea
 Was naught but burning desert sand.

And as he reached Gethsemane,
 The lonely end of life's long day,
 He tried at last but could not pray,
For none was there to hear his plea,
And none was there with sympathy.
For God was not by shining sea
 But by the way.

THE BOY WITH THE SUN IN HIS EYES

LEONA SPITZER



I played with a boy today,
A boy with sun in his eyes.
O that he were a few years older, that boy—
Or I a few years younger.
His hair was matted gold, and his eyes
A tawny yellow.
Such lashes! they gave an impish cast
To his face, that had, perhaps, been moulded
In too much perfection.
Brown, brown, brown were his tall clean limbs and his shoulders,
Brownish pale was his face
As the first drifting leaf of the autumn.
He was so very young—
He gamboled and played on the sands
As though never an hour so golden,
Ah, how I want him, that boy!
That young, very modern Apollo.
I, who have never been young,
Do you wonder I need a playfellow?
Someone to leap on the sands
And run from the water that's lapping,
Someone to gaze at the cliffs
So scarred and tired and sullen—
Topped with a splendor of gorse
And dwarfed cluster of plane-trees.
See, they have their glory,
And I, I have never had it.
O, I want youth, youth, youth,
I, who have never been young!
Mine are such weary dark eyes,
But my hair is misty with ringlets—
Why must I be so sedate, when I want
To play and run on the beach with my sun-god?
I, too, am a nymph,
But shrunk by a chill inner darkness—
Why, why, O why?

Stop, now I feel and I know it.
I, I have no emotion,
Only for sea-gull, for sail, and the weed that dries on the seashore.
He is human and warm,
And the light will be darkened by passion.
It isn't the boy I want,
But the glint of sun on the water,
The sweep of a sea-bird's wing,
The cry that re-echoes and echoes.
So is the will o' the wisp
Glim'ring and beckoning onward,
Dancing there in the shade—
But grasp it? O never, O never,
It can never be lost, that fragile sweet-bitter memory.
Grasp it and what have you?
A shower of ugly grey ashes.

I love the vague outline of sea
And a delicate white cloud up-floating;
I love the whisper of wind,
The sighing breath of the grasses.
Though there's a hurt in the passing,
Though there's a wanting, a longing,
I'm glad that I'll never see
Those impish eyes ugly and glowering.
I'm glad that I'll never see
Those tawny eyes darkened with passion,
I'm happy that I will remember
The boy with sun in his eyes.



AVE MARIA

ERMA FAXON

Holy Mary, virgin mother,
Maid on whom the angel smiled,
Give thy blessing unto women
Who may bear no child.

Unto them in double measure
Grant thy grace, for they must go
Wrapped in dreams of that fulfillment
They may never know.

CARNIVAL



FLORENCE WRIGHT

Carnival is legitimate paganism. It is an organized celebration directly preceding Lent, and is better known in this country under the French name, "Mardi Gras." With the exception of the famous New Orleans Mardi Gras, which lasts several days, the festivities here are usually limited to one evening. We are all familiar with this event; yet how many of us consider how ancient the Carnival is?

Carnival is the offspring of the Roman Saturnalia, which owed its origin to the Greek Xronia. These were festivals in honor of the gods recognized as the patrons of sowing. They were held any time from the middle of December to the end of January, coinciding with the winter planting. During the last three, and later the last seven, days of the celebration, schools were closed, business suspended, and most amazing of all, the slaves temporarily freed, and all the usual distinctions of the social hierarchy of Rome abolished for the time. When one remembers how completely the life of Rome was built on the well-defined class demarcations, one can realize the full purport of freeing the slaves, even for a few days. The triumph of Christianity in no way curtailed this custom; it merely relegated the gods to a fitting inferno and appropriated the festival which gradually became identified as the inevitable precursor of Lent. The earliest possible date for beginning the event was fixed as the night before Epiphany, January seventh, and the close was established as the night of Shrove Tuesday. Only various minor details were altered: one was no longer allowed to throw dirt at the passers-by, only sweets and flowers.

In Renaissance Rome, however, Carnival rose to its Golden Age. Precisely in this city, the home of the Pope, Christ's vicar on earth, the Carnival knew the greatest excess. Those men who, theoretically at least, were supposed to suppress all forms of paganism, were often the most enthusiastic patrons of the Carnival. They lavished fortunes on their festival processions, bringing exotic animals from far countries to enhance the gorgeous effects. The young cardinals rode in the processions with the same wild enthusiasm as they did to the hunt; their beasts were intrepid horses from Turkey, and their own costumes of fabulous richness. Leo X's elephant played a prominent role, and for his master there never could be too many carnivals. Races, Jew-baiting, all-night banquets and dances, colored balloons, Saracen pages with gaudy-plumed birds, human beings and animals meeting death for the amusement of a sated city—such were the components of Roman Carnival. Its spirit was vulgar, its colors blatant when one considers it in comparison with the Carnival of Florence.

Those extravagant poets of life, the Medici, arranged marvelous fetes. There were masques, jousts, rocket and torch-light processions. There

was music everywhere, lutes and lyres and gay songs, many composed by the magnificent Lorenzo. For he was one of the leading spirits of Carnival, and one has only to look at Gozzoli's frescoes in the Ricardi Palace for an idea of this superb Medici: his robes of gentlest satin, white like the gold-trapped horse he rode, and surrounded by pages sensuously beautiful. His songs were on the tongues of throngs winding through the city: peasants with field flowers caught in their hair, pages that might have stepped from a Greek frieze, nobles on horses from Barbary, scholars in their dark robes—a steadying note in a color-drunk scene. Balconies were banked with ilex or draped with luxurious brocades, and held their quota of women, gowned in magnificent jewel-like silks, embroidered with garlands of pearls after Ghirlandajo's design.

Milano, too, knew the Carnival and rejoiced in another excuse for satrapical display. Lodovico lured to his court the gifted of the country, and they lavished the efforts of their brains on his pageants. Leonardo, "the Florentine," as he loved to sign himself, planned masques, or paused from his work on the "Last Supper" to design a sleeve or bracelet for a duchess. His own picturesque figure in a rose-colored tunic, worn with individual grace, was no discordant note in the fantastic city. One might say that Rome's Carnival was barbaric, Florence's Hellenic, and Milan's Asiatic.

Among the cities of the modern world, Munich is the only one I know that still celebrates a prolonged Carnival, and there it is called Fasching. Last year, it seemed we were scarcely back from Christmas winter-sports, when we found the cafes, beer-halls, theatres, and restaurants gaily decorated. In the store windows were elaborate costumes for sale, and on the kiosks and billboards signs advertised the various balls and celebrations to take place in the weeks preceeding Lent. In short, the air was gay with chatter of Carnival, as it had been a few weeks previous with talk of Christmas and holiday sports. Only the inhabitants who had known previous Carnivals in the gala pre-War days shook their heads sadly. For them the whole spirit was ruined by the abolition of the processions through the streets—bidden because of that ever present danger, Communists. But to a group of exuberant young Americans, who could not remember much pre-War anything, the Carnival presented most memorable weeks.

During Fasching there are dozens of balls: the White Ball, Venetian, Biedermeier, Neapolitan, Old Munich, and many others. The various schools, ateliers, university corps, clubs, and families send out invitations, but for the majority of affairs one needs only the price of admission. It is never a question to *which* ball one will go, rather to *how many* one can go in a night. Just as in the old Roman Saturnalia, all social distinctions are abolished. One addresses everyone with the familiar form "du"; no one is a stranger; one does what he wants with whom, where, when, and how he wants; caution and propriety are temporarily ostracized, and needless to say, where there is so much freedom, there is license. Consequently, during the last week and a half, college class rooms are practically deserted, and masterpieces rest untouched in the numerous ateliers along Georgen Street.

But come along with us and see for yourself what a Fasching night is

like! We are going to the Venetian Ball in the German Theatre, and it promises to be the climax of the season. No need of a costume; evening dress is allowed, provided one buys a trophy there to pin on one's gown. We are dressed as peasants and the men of the party as gondoliers, as we are all too sunburned from ski-ing to attempt anything more elegant. Since it is only nine o'clock and too early to go to the ball, we drop into the Platzl. This beer-hall is across from the famous Hofbrauhaus, and is famous for its peasant theatre. As usual, the air is heavy with smoke from strong cigars and stronger pipes. No wonder the Germans knew so much during the War about poisonous gas: it is the by-product of their beer-halls. Everyone sits about tables bristling with beer-steins, and is entertained by Dachau peasant skits. Even if one is quite proud of his German, it is no assurance that one will understand what is said, because these people speak a knotty dialect. But as the plays are take-offs of peasant awkwardness and stupidity, they are amusing anyway, and between the skits, there is always native dancing. Husky young Bavarians, in native costumes—green and white wool socks, leaving the knees bare, leather shorts bound with green, and green plush hats with wicked feathers—hop about in the most captivating way, and accent the music by slapping their thighs and legs.

It is after eleven when we finally reach the ball. On the floor is a mass of dancing humanity, and there are hundreds of people at tables in all the boxes around the horseshoe, in the balcony and adjoining corridors, as well as in the cellar cafe underneath the theatre. Everyone is in the most hilarious mood, and anything is allowed.

No, of course, I won't dance with you," I tell a fat Venetian doge. "You're too ugly!"

"And you're the devil's grandmother," he retorts, as the crowd sweeps us apart.

Later, tired of dancing, I start off in search of my friends. Around the horseshoe I go, dodging waiters with heavy trays, confetti, popping corks, until I am caught for a moment by a group of students and toasted. Past the box of a university regent and his family, and next to it, that of the American School, with a solid phalanx of chaperones, and a few bored-looking men. Some day I shall write a lamento to those inmates, deported annually to the penal colonies in Europe—to the American girls with the American chaperones in the American schools abroad! But no time to think about it now! I go on upstairs, tripping over couples at every step. No fair looking in corners; Fasching knows no limits! Gott im Himmel! Can that really be sedate, proper Luisa? And in the arms of that man? But it is Carnival, and anything goes!

"We're made for each other," comes a voice behind me, and curiously enough, I do not object to dancing with this strange man, still masked, and dressed in red velvet like Satan himself.

The orchestra plays "Wien und der Wein," and we waltz dizzily 'round and 'round in true Austrian style, faster and faster. What means this madness? Is it the heat, the waltz, the champagne, or— In this moment I feel a hand on my arm, and I recognize a familiar voice.

"Sorry, Mephisto, old boy! You'll have to find another Marguerite. This one's mine!" The German is adequate but the accent sounds like Fifth Avenue! But I am relieved to follow one of my American friends, as he smashes through the crowd with the experienced ease of a football player.

After a short ride through the icy night, we are in a night-club, the most fashionable one that never opens until two. The great clock in the town hall has just struck three. We are starved and order sandwiches and champagne, because only by eating can one keep going. The place is filled with pensioned nobility. A rakish American joins us. His costume is outlandish: top-hat, swallow-tails, white tennis shorts, black and white sport shoes. We promptly christen him Pierrot. Suddenly a young girl whom we all know leaves her questionable looking companions and comes toward us. Her gait is unsteady, and likewise her voice as she addresses Pierrot.

So, it is true, what we all surmised. But, girl, girl, where are your senses? Never show your hurt; no, not even in Fasching, where anything goes! She walks away as unsteadily as she came.

"Go after her, you idiot! Good God, man, you can't let her go back to those rotters. It's a symbol, I tell you!"

Pierrot continues to stare idly, then mechanically lifts his glass, but it is empty.

"Waiter, a cognac!" he cries. The insidious voice of the violin wails "Love is an All-Exciting-Swindle!"

We move on to Dom Isal, renowned for its white sausage. All Munich drifts in and out. Arguments flare up like rockets, but are never concluded. A table is overturned, beer mugs leap through space; we escape.

We find ourselves on the cold pavement. It is nearly six; the street cars are awake. Let's have breakfast!

"To the depot!" someone calls to the driver.

We know from experience that the restaurant in the railroad station is the only place open, and what a motley crowd it serves! There are more costumed revellers like ourselves, some very sophisticated people in evening clothes, and travellers just off the express from Trieste or Vienna or Paris, for Munich is the turnstile of Europe. Workmen in grease-smearred clothes look on in frank amusement as we devour scrambled eggs with ham, stacks of toast, and chocolate. It is seven o'clock and broad daylight, when we finally reach home. But it is Fasching, and anything goes!

Authorities differ as to the meaning of the Latin words, *carnelevamen*, *carnelevarium* from which the word carnival is derived. Some translate it "solace of the flesh," a "farewell to flesh," and others consider it the putting aside of "flesh meat." But whether or not one understands it to mean a solace for the imminent denial of animal or human flesh or both, at least there is no doubt that the basic motive is fear. It may seem strange that these organized expressions of human gaiety should trace their origin to such a diametrically opposed emotion. Such was the case in Renaissance Italy. Lorenzo himself sang:

"Quant'e bella giovinezza
Che si fugge tuttavia!

Chi vuot essere lieto, sia:
Di doman' non c'e certezza."

The idea is expressed less beautifully in the familiar, "Let's eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die!" Surely there was every reason to doubt the morrow in that city of "red lilies and girdling hills," in Florence, where no one was safe from the assassin's dagger or the hangman's gibbet. Unconscious, perhaps, of this effect of fear, but none the less impelled by it, the Florentines lived to the utmost during Carnival.

This premise of fear is doubtless too far-fetched to apply to American Carnival, whose spirit is more civic and commercial. But it is justifiable in the case of a city like Munich, where revolution, inflations, and the resultant feeling of insecurity are still fresh in everyone's memory. These "people spend money because they are afraid to keep it," and during Carnival they squander emotions with pagan largesse.



VANGUARD

ERMA FAXON

Give me your hand now, and let us be going
And be going down to the edge of the moor,
For day is at breaking, and cocks are a-crowing,
And the vanguard of Erin flies over our door.

Put by your broom now, and cover the kettle
And be coming high to the top of the hill,
For the birds of the air are all in fine fettle,
Singing that Erin is king-worthy still.

Men will be mourning and men will be weeping
And then will put by all their grief and their shame,
But the birds of the air will forever be keeping
A watch for Cuchulain by meteor flame.

Oh, leave your loom now, and lay down your weaving
And be coming down to the far valley-floor,
And there you will see all the wild birds a-grieving,
Grieving for Erin whose kings are no more.

FUTILITY

Tonight
Like a bird
I am beating my wings against a window.
Inside there is a light,
Shining white out in the dark.
My wings are tired, are frail;
Sea winds push at my back,
And window panes are cold, unyielding.
My wings are weary, are sore;
I sink through heavy air
Into red water
Only slightly rippling
The surface of its pools.

COUNSEL TO AN ADOLESCENT

You love the way the wind blows from the sea
On salty mornings, stealing up the dunes
To revel in the sand grass, and the free
Sweep of curving coast beneath the moon's
Naked light. The plaintive cry of gulls
Sings with a poignant sweetness through the air
And strikes your heart with pain whose sharpness dulls
Your thought and leaves a lonely aching there.

All too swiftly knowledge sweeps your brain
Clean of fancy and these things you loved,
But the fragile sea webs cling and you retain
A memory. Out where the channel widens, grey-gloved
Death stands waiting eager to confine
And proffers you his cup of paling wine.

ANNE STILWELL

MONTEREY BAY

If there is still a God, I saw Him then
 In that wide sweep of churning, storm-lashed bay;
The breakers, green-white, heaved their awful heads,
 Descending violent in foam and spray.

The milky showers shooting to the sky,
 Then pour their dripping shawls across the rock;
The waterfalls run clear; the breakers crash;
 The promontory quivers in the shock.

If there is still a God, I heard His voice,
 A sound too sweet and terrible for men,
And I clung, crying, cringing, to the crag—
 If there is still a God, I knew Him then.

FERRYBOAT

The deep sonorous whistle o'er the bay,
The ferry slipping slow with churning wheel,
The crisp wind tugging at my hair—I feel
Again the pain of that sharp sunlit day,
I hid my anguish from the golden glare,
For ah, my heart was hard with untold things—
The while the sky grew soft with seagulls' wings,
Gray shadows slanting through the wild pure air.

White swell of breast and spreading gray-edged wing—
(Hush, heart, your cries will frighten him away—
Forget—forget—and watch the lovely thing.)
He's gone—a circling ship above the bay.
The jumbled blocks of city buildings bring
The anguish back to blot my golden day.

JEAN SEWELL PENN

THE BARATARIAN



GAREY SIMPSON

I well remember the day I met Dominique. It was on a warm summer day of the year following the battle of New Orleans. The day was like spring with golden sunlight following a fortnight of chill and rainy weather. In consequence, the streets of New Orleans were filled with people.

I had received my furlough from the army, but was still receiving compensation from the government on account of a shoulder wound that had not healed properly. The warm sunlight having revived my spirits, I went for a walk through the Palace d'Armes from church to levee.

Nearly all the populace of New Orleans was represented there that day. Before the church of St. Louis groups of richly dressed men and women conversed. Around the Square and before the Cabildo elegant gentlemen exchanged greetings and snuff. A large group of squealing children forced the passer-by into the cobblestone street, as they crowded around a puppet show. Now and then a negro woman passed carrying baskets of oranges, bananas, and pralines, that sweet pecan candy of New Orleans. Down the middle of the street a city guard passed, contemptuous of his surroundings. Nuns issuing from the church passed the staring people with demurely bowed heads.

Slowly I made my way through these groups to the river. There a fleet of oyster boats were at rest. They were low rakish boats with red sails, and were handled by the Baratarians, a rough but well-meaning people who lived among the many islands in the delta of the Mississippi River. Along the levee were fruit markets, tamale stands, coffee shops, and booths where oysters from the boats were served fresh on the half shell.

As I made my way through one of these French open-air markets, I heard above the din, a child shouting, a dog barking, and a man's melodious laughter. Turning, I saw a tan dog scampering through the crowd, and behind him a small boy sitting in the aisle buried in oranges and apples. Two men, evidently owners of the fruit stand, were gazing at the frightened lad; one of them was horrified, and the other was rolling in laughter.

"Dominique, Dominique," cried the smaller of the two merchants, "how can you be funny at a time like this? Here, help pick them up. They spoil." But Dominique was not thinking of the apples. Still laughing, he asked, "Did you ever see anything as scared as that dog, Pierre? And look at this little fellow! Ha, ha, ha! He is almost covered with fruit." Then with a twinkle in his eyes, Dominique made his voice solemn and asked the little fellow: "Would you care for any apples or oranges, Monsieur? We have lovely fruits, see?" With that he picked up the chagrined boy, placed

an apple in his hand, and pushed him in the direction that the frightened dog had taken, which likely was not homeward.

After Dominique and Pierre had regained their customary composure and had placed the fruit back in the stand, I approached them and bought a few apples from the smiling Dominique. As soon as he noticed my bandaged shoulder, his laughter ceased and a look of sympathy spread over his face. "Oh, an accident, Monsieur. Too bad!"

"Accident? Accident; well, I suppose it was, at that, because those British were certainly bad shots."

Dominique again exploded in mirth, wrinkling his nose and showing his strong white teeth. Then noticing my costume, he asked, "You are a Kentuckian, Monsieur? Ah, I knew. They all dress alike, don't they?" He pointed to my beaver cap, my buckskin leggings, and my homespun coat.

"And you?" I asked.

"Guess," he answered.

"Spanish?"

"No."

"French?"

"No." Then with a glance toward his partner, he spoke in a loud voice, "Don't call me French!" He said the word "French" with such a distasteful pronunciation that his partner looked around inquiringly, and when he saw Dominique wearing such a solemn countenance, he began arranging the fruit angrily.

Dominique leaned toward me and whispered, "Pardon me, Monsieur, but I like to make fun with Pierre. He is French." Then he threw back his head and laughed loudly, much to Pierre's dislike.

Then he said to me, half reminiscently, "So you were in the war, Monsieur? The Kentucky Dragoons? I was in the battle, too."

"You were? What company were you in?"

He seemed not to hear, but continued talking. "You had a good group of soldiers, Monsieur. Splendid shots."

I repeated my question, "What company were you in?" But Dominique was not listening to me. A schooner was moving down the river with its bell ringing in warning to other ships. This noise drew Dominique's attention. He looked through the spars of the oyster boats and read the name plate on the bow. It was "Victoria."

I knew right then that Dominique was a sailor. Haven't you ever seen a man look at a boat a certain way, at the masts, the rigging, and the lines of the hull, and afterwards pass an appraising eye over the clouds?

Dominique watched that boat until it sailed from view, then still gazing toward the river said, "The *Victoria*! Last time I saw that boat was off Lost Island on the way to—." He was a man transformed. With a start he turned toward me, and with an apologetic smile said, "Pardon me, but I haven't seen that boat in a number of years. I know it quite well, was on it once, in fact— Now let's see—we—we were talking about—oh, yes, the war."

"Yes," I said: "Were you in the war?"

With that question he seemed to straighten up, and he answered crisply: "Yes, sir, I was in the war. Served with La Fitte's Baratarians." This blunt remark and his attitude rather swept me off my feet, and I bade him good-day and departed.

After leaving Dominique, it struck me as rather odd that he should act so queerly about serving with La Fitte, the pirate, who took prizes on the Gulf, the Atlantic seaboard, and the West Indies, and who had walked the streets of New Orleans with a price on his head. LaFitte, who later played such an important part in the defeat of the British at the Battle of New Orleans. Puzzled was I at Dominique's attitude, because LaFitte was highly esteemed by the people in the vicinity. After the Battle of New Orleans, he turned from a renegade outlaw into a popular hero. No one in the battle held any animosity toward the Baratarians, as they had proved to be such excellent fighters. Still wondering, I planned to go over to Dominique's market again. However, my next visit was postponed longer than I had expected. I had taken a trip to Natchez, a small town up on the Mississippi River, and I had stayed there two weeks. Then I managed to get a ride on a packet that carried freight only, before the passenger boat came back from St. Louis.

When I was again established in the Creole City, I went down to the French Market to pay a visit to Dominique. As I passed through the Palace d'Armes, I noticed that the streets were deserted, and that there was no one in the Square except a small Creole boy driving a cart filled with bananas. It was raining. Suddenly the rain ceased, and the whole square was bathed in blinding sunlight, making the cobblestones shine like metal. New Orleans weather is like that—mocking, strange. One moment the calm sea breezes blow over the city, bringing with them the perfume of the orange blossoms; the next minute the breeze stops, a stillness settles over all—not a leaf stirs. The sun beats down on the streets in a stifling sultry heat. Presently, clouds appear in the south. A strong wind breaks with fury, bending the trees away from the river. Rain pours down, a torrential downpour.

When I reached the Market, I found but few customers. Pierre was sitting on an empty crate. After we had exchanged greetings, I inquired after Dominique's health, thinking that he might be ill, as he was not in the Market. "Dominique? Oh, he went away."

Not wishing to appear too inquisitive, I began talking about the weather. After a while, Pierre looked up with surprise, and said, "Oh, you the Kentuckian who Dominique make fun with about me. I didn't know you at first. Oh, but Dominique was just joking that day. He never hurt my feelings. He never hurt nobody, unless he was real mad. He was always so jolly."

"Where is he?" I asked.

Didn't you hear, Monsieur? He went to sea. He got a first mate's job on a Cuban boat. He sailed for Santo Domingo. I miss him. He lived with me a long time. He used to tell me everything, but he wouldn't talk to strangers. I remember one time. Just a minute, Monsieur; I have a customer. Yes—yes, Madam; shallots? Thank you. Matches for Lagnappe?

"Dominique was a Creole, Monsieur; lived on Grand Isle while a child. When still a boy, he joined LaFitte at Barataria. You know what the Baratarians did, ransacked Spanish ships, smuggled blacks, but they never bother American ships, Monsieur. Dominique told me they never scuttled one American boat. I cannot say for sure, but Dominique never told me a lie. He never liked people who tell lies. He lived a gay life up to the Battle of New Orleans. He never had a care in the world until the Baratarians offered their services to General Jackson. But don't misunderstand me, Monsieur. It wasn't the battle that worried Dominique. It was a girl. When he was made lieutenant by Jackson, he had command of the first platoon of the Baratarians. He was proud of his rank, and his soldiers would do anything for him. But it seemed that he could handle men better than women. The girl he was in love with was often seen with one of the men in Dominique's platoon. The fellow's name was John Livingston, Englishman, and had been with the Baratarians but a little while before the battle. Well, Dominique and Livingston went at it nip and tuck over Marie. That was her name—Marie Villars. She was as pretty as a picture, and would walk between the two boys on Sunday afternoons. The soldiers would all stop to look at them, but I don't think they paid much attention to the two men.

"During the week Dominique could see Marie more than John, because he was an officer. Things went that way up until the second Battle of New Orleans. Then one night Dominique was ordered to muster out his platoon because the general reported that the British were preparing to attack. Dominique ran through the roster of his men to find every one present but Private John Livingston. Dominique didn't believe that Livingston had deserted. He thought Livingston a brave fellow and patriotic, too. Dominique tell me that it was Livingston who reported the approach of British at the first Battle of New Orleans. Well, the next morning after Dominique read the roster, the second battle was fought. Was that when your shoulder was hurt, Monsieur? Yes, I thought so. After the battle Dominique sent a report of his men. He listed Livingston a deserter. They looked for him, but they did not find him. The news of peace finally arrived to the soldiers, and Dominique was very happy. He went to see Marie Villars, but she gave him no welcome. That worried him, and he thought it was because he was a Baratarian. Dominique was so in love with Marie that he would do anything for her. Creoles are like that. So he quit LaFitte's outfit, and set up this fruit stand with me.

"Well, everything went along fine after that. People buy fruit, and we move into another house up on St. Charles Street, but Dominique was never happy. He always want to go back to the sea. I think this was because Marie didn't seem to like him. He used to tell me that there was something mysterious about Marie. It all came out, finally, Monsieur. Just after you left. Marie come down here to the Market, one morning, and she and Dominique talk a long time. After she left Dominique asked me if I run the fruit stand alone that afternoon. This look queer; so I asked him what the trouble was. He laughed and said that Livingston had been caught, and that his trial was that afternoon. He tell me that Marie was in love with him

and that she was only sorry for Livingston because he was Dominique's friend. Dominique was smart. He said that he could tell a little story to the court, but that it could not set Livingston free. 'After all,' he said, 'Livingston and I are rivals.' His eyes caught fire when he said that, and I could see that he was going over the old feud again in his mind. Pardon me, Monsieur, a customer—Yes?—No, Monsieur,—sorry, we have no man-goes today.

"That afternoon I closed early and went down to the trial myself. It was a hot afternoon and the sun sort of blinded me, and when I entered that dark court room I could hardly see anything. I could hear Dominique's voice rising through the still hall. Pretty soon I see his tall, broad-shouldered shape before the judge. He talked on, and I caught these words: 'This man who served under me,' then he looked at Livingston sitting below with pretty Marie Villars, 'performed one of the most heroic deeds I have ever witnessed. Before the first Battle of New Orleans he was stationed as a lookout along the marsh. Seeing the British ships anchor off shore, and her soldiers going over the side of the ship into small boats, he rushed to headquarters with the news. He did all this despite the fact that he knew his brother was a captain among the British. With this valued information, General Jackson planned for the attack accordingly. It may be of interest to know that this man's brother, Captain David Livingston, was killed during the battle.

"John Livingston would have given his life for his brother, as every true brother would. Then he gave more than his own life was worth to his country at that battle. Would a man who had made such sacrifices later desert his country?"

"With that Dominique stop. That was all he knew about John Livingston. He had told me before how he had liked the man.

"Dominique had fulfilled Marie's request. He had told the only thing he knew that would make the judge like Livingston.

"But this was not enough to set Livingston free, and Dominique was smart enough to know it. It was not even about the desertion.

"Plans had run through Dominique's mind for nearly a year, I guess, for a way of hurting his rival. He told me that he had spent hours regretting that such a person as John Livingston was alive, and now he knew that Livingston would be taken out of his life, despite all that he tried to do to help him; it was almost too good to be true.

"The judge cleared his throat: 'Citations of bravery and patriotism previous to the crime of the defendant,' said the judge, 'have nothing to do with this case.'

"Dominique smiled.

"The judge spoke again: 'Are there any more pleas for the defendant?'

"Marie Villars stood. 'Your Honor,' she said, 'the defendant tried to return to camp, but couldn't. He visited me earlier in the evening and returned toward the camp. He could not enter on account of the sentries—' She stop, and look toward Dominique with such pleading in her voice. 'Oh, why do you all want to persecute him? He would have given his life for his

country. You know he is a victim of circumstances.'

"The court room buzz. The judge rap for order. 'The court is adjourned for fifteen minutes.'

"Sobbingly Marie turned to Livingston for help, but he could not help. There was something in her way and her talk that made you know she love John Livingston. Dominique must have seen it, because he walked over to her and said, 'You love him, don't you, Marie?' She nodded her head. Then she placed her hand on his arm, and said softly, 'I'm sorry, Dominique.' Dominique straightened his shoulders and said, 'Oh, that's all right.' But any one could see that he was hurt. His face was white. His eyelids seemed to quiver. He walk to the judge's stand with high head. Proud, that's it. Just like a barque going majestically 'round the Keys with all its sails set.

"Well, the minutes ticked by with Dominique standing stock-still—11, 12, 13, 14, 15— The judge took his seat. His solemn voice broke the stillness of the court room. 'The judge of this court finds no ground for acquittal; therefore under the laws of the United States courts, I now sentence—' The sentence was never finished, because Dominique's low vibrant voice interrupt.

" 'Your honor,' he says, 'the defendant is not guilty. The night he is accused with desertion, he was carrying out my orders. I violated the order of the general, that of not sending anyone beyond the picket lines. That is the reason for my delay in telling this. I know that I am subject to a dishonorable discharge. That night I sent John Livingston into town to get some flints for my platoon's rifles.'

"That was all he say.

"Before he go, he went over to Livingston and say, 'Take care of her, John; she's worth it.'

"You know, Monsieur," continued Pierre, "He never tell me about those flints. Oh, just a minute, Monsieur—a customer—"

As I passed under a dripping oleander, I heard Pierre say, "Bananas? —Ah, yes."

I recalled the battle and the supplies the army had. I was the supply sergeant then. There was an old Indian mound behind our lines, and every man had a pocket full of flints.



THE PASSION FLOWER

JEAN SEWELL PENN

The passion flower blooms by candlelight—
Its purple heart unfolds before the glow
Of waxen tapers. In the long ago
Our candles flamed and flickered in the night.
You clasped my hand and let the tallow drip
Upon our fingers till the hot blue seal
Had formed a bond we dared divinely feel
In hand to hand, by burning lip to lip.

But wax is weaker than the feeble flesh
It fused into one being that sweet night—
And passion's petals cannot linger fresh
Forever. Our frail flower faded white,
And yet its tendrils twine me in the mesh
We wove of young desire by candlelight.

REQUIESCAT

WILBUR E. BAILEY

Let us not stir, with rude impetuous hand,
The fading embers of a dying flame;
For love can never be again the same,
And we cannot life's alchemy command.
We, who have watched the sunset, understand
The sudden chill that with the twilight came.
Let us not, therefore, hold ourselves to blame
That inward fires grow cold to our demand.

Perhaps 'twere better thus, that love's brief day
Should pass, as fades the beauty of the rose.
For all things living flourish and decay
To feed new life: wherefore seek we repose,
For we have loved, and now love's hour is done
And passion fails, but life—and we—go on.

TO LOOK ON HOLINESS

A plum tree stood against the midnight sky,
A nun in snowy veils, the dim cool light
Of April's moon her halo. That grey night
She seemed a symbol of a world that I
Had left long since. For close behind me burned
The hot, unholy fires men make to blaze
Beside a gutter streaming unclean days.
One moment toward the moon-white nun I turned . . .

One moment . . . and her sweet arms pined. I thought
I glimpsed behind her gown a cloud-hung door.
But as I gazed, hard human laughter brought
Me back to fire and gutter mud. It bore
Me weak and will-less from the sacred spot . . .
Oh, world! To look on holiness no more!

I CANNOT HATE

I cannot hate. Where darkest hate is due
I cannot hate,—not even him who killed
My happy childhood, though its bright blood spilled
And left me dry and aged. All I knew
Of love is now like withered bridal wreaths
Or shadows sunken in a stagnant pool,
Where I may stare and mutter like a fool.
Hate? Love and hate belong to one who breathes!

I cannot hate. I tolerate the pool,
The wreaths, and laughter, or an empty kiss—
I own my guilt, my role of senseless tool
In that foul murder of my childish bliss.
What once was warm within my heart is cool.
I cannot hate. There is no hate like this.

JEAN SEWELL PENN

SCIENCE AND RELIGION



ADRIAN WILBUR

Today, the orthodox church is teaching religious beliefs that will not stand the test of known scientific facts. However, with the more than casual consideration of science which should follow the shattering of those beliefs, a new religious sense is born which satisfies the individual to as great an extent as any religion can.

From Sunday School age until my entrance into college, I attended regularly an orthodox Protestant church. My religion, my belief in God and a hereafter, took form under the careful guidance of the minister and his capable group of teachers. They taught me to believe in the Bible as sacrosanct, a never-failing, indisputable reference for any and all points of religious controversy; they taught me to lead a good life, to achieve such spiritual qualities as unselfishness, truthfulness, and a desire to help my fellow men, in order to qualify for a place in heaven; they painted a picture of God as a benevolent, all-powerful, loving Being who gave His only son to show the right way to live, the right way to believe. Needless to say, I gained the idea that this earth was created by God especially for man, with a heaven, a three-dimensional heaven, out beyond the sky. Here, in order to enter the bodies of angels and live in bliss for eternity, went the souls of those who had achieved the Christlike way of living. In the bowels of the earth, for the less fortunate, was my imaginative hell. My teachers did not state in so many words that God was like a man, but when they told me about His talking to this one or that one, and explained that Christ was God's son, I concluded that he was anthropomorphic. In my mind was the picture of God, a mighty Monarch sitting on a throne in heaven looking after the interests of his children. I accepted all this innocently upon faith, and I could always point for proof to the Bible, the indisputable document given to us by our King in heaven. With that idea of religion in my mind, I was prepared to meet the world. True, the qualities I had determined to achieve were sterling, but the belief was to cause me much unhappiness.

That is the sort of influence the majority of our churches have upon their students. Liberal religious thinkers like Harry Emerson Fosdick will not be found in the average American church. We find, rather, dogmatists who have the whole problem settled in the orthodox manner and who depend mainly on faith.

It is criminal for the church to allow the formation of such religious ideas as I gained in my church. Going to college or the intelligent reading of religious and scientific books will in practically all cases destroy the idealistic beliefs, will result in a period of miserable uncertainty, until a

new belief can be formulated which is compatible with the demonstrable facts in the case.

When I came to college, I found, to my surprise, that many thinking persons whom I deeply respected did not hold the same convictions as I. They seemed to have no respect for the things I had come to believe in so devoutly. They questioned my idea of man's creation as a man by God. They seemed to think that man was the last product of a long developing process called evolution. They told me that once there was nothing on the earth but slime, that the slime gave birth to one-celled animals, that they in turn developed into higher forms of animals, and that these animals gradually evolved into man. All this was entirely different from my idea of God's creating Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. These thinking persons told me further that the world was not created just for human beings; that man did not seem so important, when everything was considered, as I would have him; and that there was no heaven just out of sight. They told me more, but all of it pointed toward the same conclusion; my belief was not accepted by these thinking persons. I could call them atheists; I could outwardly disregard what they said, but inwardly my belief was shaken. Surely those who could use their intelligence so superbly in every other field could not be so far wrong on this one thing. When I thought more about my religion with a critical attitude rather than with an attitude of acceptance, I could see there was very little I could fall back on except the Bible, and I had heard the validity of that document questioned by various thinkers as merely a group of writings by men like ourselves, endowed with good imaginations, who based their writings upon stories which had been handed down from generation to generation. I had heard it said that the God in the Bible is one which fundamentalists have pressed flat, dry, and lifeless between Genesis and Revelation.

Like so many others who have gone through this same experience with their religions, I finally yielded to considering with an open mind the actualities discovered about nature. I wished to see upon what these doubters of my religion based their disbelief.

The answer is found in science. Biological, physical, chemical, and astronomical science all point toward the impossibility of such things as God's creating man as man, of a heaven just beyond our sky, of an anthropomorphic God in that heaven, of this world's being created just for man with man the important factor in the universe, and the sun and other planets created merely to serve him. Science has proven that man is a product of evolution and not of creation. This is shown by different formations in rocks from past ages showing the successive progression in types as time went on; by now useless parts of man's body which indicate different structure at one time in his history; by gill slits which show that he must have been at one time an aquatic animal; and by the likeness of the very young of some types of some animals to the young of man. Science points to the universe as something entirely too great for man adequately to comprehend. Modern astronomy tells us that "our sun is

but a rather insignificant star lost in a galactic system we call the Milky Way. Mankind dwells upon a tiny earth which we call our world, and is being whirled about the sun at a tremendous speed. The sun and its planets rush through space four hundred million miles a year across a universe so great that it takes light, travelling at one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second, one hundred thousand years to make the trip. Even more remote are other universes at distances so vast that their light takes a million years to come to earth. In such a universe our world is but the most infinitesimal particle, and if one considers man in relation to the whole, his importance decreases tremendously." Then there is no heaven such as I thought existed; there is no anthropomorphic God in the heaven; and the world and man do not seem to be the big factors in creation. Science shows that the whole universe is changing and that man is one of the forms of change.

Naturally, such proof as this made me join the ranks of those whose religion had fallen to pieces before their eyes on confronting facts. I wondered what there really was in life to live for outside of physical pleasure. My concept of man changed from one which saw him as "a being which had before him the greatest experience possible, and had the present physical life in which to prepare for it." I saw man as the most miserable of all living creatures because he had the power to conceive the physiological process he was going through. I saw nothing in store for him but complete return to the elements after death and then a return to living matter through his offspring. This process seemed to go on forever; everything seemed physiological and mechanical. It was an almost unbearable state of mind.

This mental condition was of short duration, for it was overcome by looking more deeply into science. I do not mean to say that I went into the technical side of science; I went a little further into what science had found, the results of the technical knowledge. It seems to be a natural tendency in man to believe in something, to have faith in something superior to himself. As Einstein says: "Fear of wild animals, hunger, or death make him forge a being upon whose will depends the experience which he fears. Longing for guidance and love makes man project a God who protects and punishes." The great scientist says one religion is that of fear, and the other is a social and moral religion. Whatever the terms used, the fact remains that men want some supreme being to look up to. When they see their beliefs shattered as a first look at science can shatter them, they should look, as I looked, to science to offer something to substitute for that which it destroyed. In doing this, in going more deeply into science, one receives a religious feeling which satisfies to as great a degree as any orthodox belief can. In addition, it is a religious sense which makes one welcome the discovery of new truths and not fear such discoveries because they might undermine an unsubstantiated faith.

Science, religion, and philosophy do not know the exact nature of God. Every explanation given is only an estimation. No person can,

with the facts at hand, be sure of the exact nature of God. If one believes he knows, he is only deceiving himself; for if one questions himself critically he finds that he comes to a point at which his explanations are only estimations.

Science, as I said, does not attempt to give the specifications of a God; it does not try to give descriptions from which to form a mental image. When one goes further into science, as I think many are doing today, he finds that he gradually loses the desire to get a mental picture of God, and becomes satisfied to believe in God without knowing the exact nature of what he believes in. With the facts that science offers us, we can be reasonably sure that there is something behind phenomena and something which seems friendly toward man. Conviction that there is a Supreme Being is, after all, the important thing. Speculation as to the exact nature is relatively unimportant when one lacks the conviction. Here is the big fault to be found with orthodox religion; its advocates have spent most of their time contemplating the nature of any God there might be without showing satisfactorily that there is a God. The resultant images serve well enough when life is good and everything is in harmony, but when one is down, when all the forces of nature seem to be working against him, his unfounded, projected, mental pictures do not suffice. He wants to be satisfied as to the existence of some higher power.

Science shows that this Higher Power does exist in all reasonable probability. Of course, it does not give absolute proof; for, after all, nothing can really be proved beyond doubt; but science does show to the satisfaction of any normal human being that there is some Supreme Being. Science has been able to do this only in comparatively recent times. It has changed since the turn of the century.

Nineteenth-century science seemed to point toward a physiological explanation for the existence of everything. The scientists of that period had reduced all things to the atom, a materialistic block from which all matter was constructed. They explained the development of man by evolution, showing how man was only the result of a great development in a quantity of primeval slime. All organic matter went through cycles. Man lived his life and died. He returned to dust. His substance served as the basis for growth of plants. His offspring grew and consumed the plants. His substance entered his offspring. The offspring then went through the same process. As the cycles went on, new characteristics came into being. Animals developed characteristics to enable them better to cope with their environment, and one of the results was the brain and the resultant power to think. It was unfortunate. The development of this organ brought with it the power to think about destiny besides meeting the environmental problems. Man, as far as nineteenth-century science went, was only a natural development in this vast universe. The universe was constantly changing, and man changed with it. Man was wholly physiological, merely a peculiar development on an insignificant planet who meant very little to the scheme of things.

This attitude, this explanation of nineteenth-century science was in

keeping with the facts known at the time. However, twentieth-century science has discovered more facts; the old science has been found inadequate; it did not go far enough.

The fundamental building block of the old school of scientists has been found to be made up in turn of different components. Positive and negative charges of electricity make up the atom, and electricity is not a material thing. We see that science points to the fact that nothing is material, that we only think of things as material because they bring certain impressions to our minds. Everything seems to be a different manifestation of a fundamental force. Modern science has further shown that everything can be reduced to mathematical formulae. The idea of force and that of the working of the force according to certain set laws and equations are compatible. There is design in this vast universe, and to have design, there must be a designer. To have mathematical formulae, there must be a mind to conceive such formulae. That seems to me reliable evidence that there is some higher power. As one scientist says: "If the universe were a chaos instead of a cosmos, it might be taken to mean that there is no God and everything is the result of chance. The very existence of order implies some other governance than chance." We must conclude that there is a God or Supreme Being in existence. Every person who goes into science to any extent will become assured of this.

Man has the ability to think in the same terms in which the universe is constructed, along pure mathematical lines. The substance of which man is made has been shown by science to be only the manifestation of a force; thus the mind is the important thing with man. That mind is able to think in the same terms as the Being which is back of the cosmos. Since material things are without any real meaning, the mind must be the thing to which we should look for a common ground between God and man. It is the mind which creates the personality, and personality is a real thing. "The spirit which brings a mob together to perform certain actions lives on after the mob has broken up. The personality which assembles the forces making up our apparently real selves continues to exist after the different components have separated, after they have, according to material senses, returned to dust which after all, is only another manifestation of force." Energy need not always be associated with matter; it may pass into the ether and indeed is constantly so doing. This is like the passing of our real selves to the physical universe.

Of course, the above paragraph is only a personal interpretation of what science offers; however, this projection is based upon the scientific facts. As I have said, science as science does not attempt to go beyond the actualities discovered, but it is the privilege of every one of us to interpret those facts as we desire. Science shows there is a Higher Power behind everything, and that Power is friendly toward personality, or personality would never have developed. We can begin at this point and go as far as we like, but our foundation of belief in God cannot be shaken. New knowledge is taken as a step toward a more complete understanding of the nature of the Supreme Being. Science is not hostile toward religion as the attempt

to show the nature of God, but science is rightly indignant when religion forges concepts of a Supreme Being without considering scientific facts. A well-known scientist, John Langdon Davies, says: "Science and religion could walk hand in hand if religion would begin where science ends. To what is known an enlightened man can add his over-belief, something which cannot be proved but which on the other hand cannot be disproved by the body of natural knowledge upon which it is built. This over-belief is a man's religion; any over-belief which can be disproved by what science can show is his superstition."

Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Hays Holmes, Havelock Ellis, and other liberal religious thinkers have based their beliefs upon known facts. Fosdick, for instance, stresses personality as the important thing. He does not put forth all the teachings that I was brought to have faith in when I was younger, for he realizes that to do so would be contrary to the facts.

When an individual sees his religious belief shattered by science, he should look further into science to see what is offered to take its place. He will find there sufficient facts to warrant his belief in a Supreme Power or God which is friendly toward man. He cannot be certain as to the exact nature of that God, but he has the assurance given by the knowledge that God exists. From that point he can speculate as he will, so long as he takes into consideration at all times the known facts.



MOUNTAIN DAWNING

Sleep rises from my eyes as on the hills
The fog of early morning lifts above
The dense and dark sequoias that I love.
The nearness of the mountain dawning fills
My soul with hopeful beauty, cold and grey.
A moment thus my body may forget
The aching weariness that binds it yet,
Unrested from the toil of yesterday.

I hear an etching of that chilly dawn,
A redwood forest shrouded deep in mist—
So sharply and so subtly is it drawn,
A master work my soul cannot resist,
I pause before it ever and anon,
As though I kept with God a morning tryst.

JEAN SEWELL PENN

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS UMBRELLA



JEAN VERA SMITH

Mr. Cardiff stood on the porch and looked at the sky. At that, it *might* rain. Martha might not think it was going to, but it was better to be on the safe side. He pushed one foot back and forth in its black rubber. Too big. That seemed to be a failing common to all his clothing. His hat sat too far down upon his ears, and the brim was too large. His overcoat enveloped him in a tentlike draping of cheap, flannelly tweed. He had a curiously cowering appearance. This was strange, too, because whenever he stood in front of the mirror in a clothing store surveying a new overcoat or suit, it always seemed to him that at last he really looked well-dressed, prosperous, a man's man. And while the clerk hovered, smoothing the shoulders, brushing off the collar, murmuring encouragements in his ear, Hector Cardiff looked at his reflection and thought that, after all, he really did look pretty nifty.

In life, as in the clothing store, he never suspected that someone might be holding in the slack behind his back. This humble trust in the invincible honesty and wisdom of mankind had often led Hector into paths which were rough to his unwary feet. There was a time in his youth when, led on by the generous and tender promptings of a slim man in a tight green suit and a derby, he had purchased two department stores and a large bridge, only to find out that they belonged to the city, which would not part with them. It was this same trust which compelled him to give dimes to men who wanted cups of coffee, and to sign his name to papers without first reading them. And now, because he trusted the weather report, he was preparing to off and board the 7:15, ready to be caught in a shower with his feet encased in clumsy rubbers and with a green silk umbrella under his arm.

Now Hector felt a little nervous about the umbrella. It was really not a very lovely and imposing umbrella, any way you wanted to look at it, but his wife thought a great deal of it. It had been a present to her from her only sister, Bessie, "the one who died of stomach trouble the year Sarah Flint's boy was born." It had a great deal of sentiment attached to it, and that was one reason why Martha had been afraid to let him take it. The other reason was that Hector had lost all their other umbrellas in one way or another; and what was to prevent him losing this one? Martha was going to do her best to trust in Providence, but if he lost it she would simply die of grief. Therefore Hector felt that Atlas had had a comparatively simple job merely packing the world around. He, Hector Cardiff, had to carry his wife's sister's umbrella. Merely because he had left all the other umbrellas that they had once owned, on trains and in other peculiar places.

He sighed, determining to remember this time if it killed him, and shifted the responsibility from one arm to the other.

He went down the steps, noticing, as he always did, that the third one sagged in the middle. Must be fixed. Upon his lips still lingered the impression of Mrs. Cardiff's wifely farewell, long since staled by custom. His tongue still tasted the fried egg and toast of his usual breakfast. The morning was starting just as every other, with no hint of change, and no desire on the part of Mr. Cardiff for any new sensation.

II

This morning, per schedule, the 7:15 was late. A small band of commuters stood outside the station, comparing watches. Hector approached the group and stopped a little to one side, self-conscious and not wanting to intrude although he was almost certain that his watch was correct. However, one of the men, Captain Gorham who worked in the same office with Hector, turned and spoke to him.

"Nice day."

"Yes, rather nice," agreed Hector, trying to hide his umbrella. "Paper says rain, though."

"Humph! No sign of rain. Absolutely none." Captain Gorham bit the end off a cigar viciously and turned his back.

Hector was beset by a strange feeling of belligerence. Old Gorham was darn self-satisfied. Might think he had the controlling voice in what the weather was going to be like. Wait until Old Bessemer retires, said Hector to himself, and we'll see who gets put up a notch. Man that can't add any better than you ought to be fired, even if he is a stockholder. Hector suddenly knew that he would never be truly happy until he could show Old Gorham a thing or two. What these things would be he had no idea. Something vague and daring like flying across large oceans alone, or capturing bandits single-handed.

At that moment the train came in, ran about a block too far, and stood panting impatiently while they got on. Hector was last, and was consequently forced to share a seat with someone else. It happened that this time fortune was with him. He was pushed into a seat beside Sally Adams. Sally was a stenographer in a bank. She lived in the same block as Hector and had often spoken to him, although he was rather shy of her. His wife said she was a very pretty girl, if you liked blondes. Hector, having always admired her from afar, was rather awed by the contemplation of the long ride to the city in her company, but he was surprised to find how easy she was to get along with, especially after he discovered that she shared his views on the subject of Old Gorham. Soon they were chatting together like cronies, and he told her all about the umbrella. Hector was for once sorry when the dusk of Central Station enveloped the train. Sally had an errand to do before she went uptown; so Hector bade her goodbye, a little confused by her affectionate smile, and left the train.

He had been at work for approximately three hours when he remembered the umbrella. With a leaden stomach and a sinking heart, he journeyed hopelessly to the cloak-room to see if his suspicions were justified.

They were. It was not there. He had lost it, and he knew that he could not possibly get off work till five, no matter how he labored. He telephoned the station vainly, for he was advised that no green silk umbrella had been turned in that day, and was invited to stop bothering them, after his fifth call. Just as he was hanging up the receiver after the last attempt, Old Gorham came into the office.

"When will you be through work tonight, Cardiff?" he rumbled.

"Not till five." Hector sensed trouble.

"I'm afraid, then, that I'll have to ask you to stay over tonight and go through these bills for me. It may take some time; so get your dinner and come back as soon as you can."

"But—" moaned Hector, "how about my umb—" Then he stopped. You couldn't possibly tell Old Gorham a tragedy about a lost umbrella and expect sympathy. He would, most likely, remind him gloatingly that it wasn't going to rain, anyway.

"What did you say?" Gorham relished opposition.

"Uh—nothing. Nothing at all." Hector had visions of his wife, dead of grief over her lost umbrella. Nothing, indeed! He picked up the telephone again, to let her know he couldn't be home for dinner. Which information would, of course, only add brands to the burning. Sadly Hector reflected upon the pranks of destiny. He did not realize that destiny was at that moment busily shaping some of his rough ends.

III

The two men who sat in the back room of Jeff's place knew nothing about Hector Cardiff and his predicament. They knew nothing about the green silk umbrella which was a memento of Bessie and her affliction. They did know, however, that they were (to use the mildest terms of the lesser of them) in a hell of a mess.

"This is sure a swell time for you to let me down, Hops," growled the man with the nasty scar on his chin. "Why the devil didn't you let me know sooner?"

"Ain't I told you?" whined the lesser of them. "I didn't know nothin' about this other job till just this mornin'. I can't let the old man down now; he'd rub me out. An' he wouldn't like the idea of you an' me runnin' opposition to him neither."

"Yeah? Well how about lettin' me down? I ain't had much practice recent, but I could polish up on you, just as good as on anybody else." He made trigger-pulling motions that would have frightened a less callous gentleman than Hops Comassi, who merely rubbed his nose with the back of his hand, nonchalantly.

"Well," said Hops finally. "I'll tell you what I can do. My cousin Al ain't busy now. I could send him over. He ain't been workin' steady, an' he's gettin' tired of sittin' around the house. He'd be glad to help a pal of mine."

"Will he keep his mouth shut?"

"Oh sure, sure. He's a good guy."

"O.K.; send him over. But I ain't gonna stand for this every night

an' Sunday, like I been doin'. I ain't mean, but I don't like to be let down. It ain't good fer th' perfession, either."

"Yeah, boss, I can see just how you feel. I wouldn't stand for it neither, if I was you. But you'll get your money's worth out of Al. He's a hard worker. An' he can pick a lock like nobody's business. Where'd you wanna meet him?"

"Oh, send him over to the place. Tell 'im to come in the back way an' knock three times, slow. I'll know who it is."

"O.K., boss. I'm sure sorry I can't be with you. It'll be a pretty job. But Al'll get a kick out of it."

"An' don't be late, because I don't wanna be caught in that house. They won't be back till late tonight, but it ain't safe to hang around alone, even if there ain't nobody home."

"O.K., boss, he'll be there." Hops got languidly to his feet, a gentle smile of camaraderie crumpling his weak chin. He pushed back his cap in the semblance of a farewell gesture and ambled through the curtained doorway. On the other side of the curtain, however, his countenance changed. His expression of complacency was replaced by one of hatred mingled with satisfaction. Yeah, he thought to himself, Al would sure get a kick out of the job.

The fact was that Hops was getting tired of his life of crime. He was growing thin on account of the late hours and small profits. He had decided to give up the calling and go to live in Nebraska with his brother, on a dairy farm. Therefore he had decided to even a very lopsided score with his erstwhile partner by leaving him in a deep lurch. He had no cousin Al. His only assets were a one-way ticket to Nebraska and a relieved feeling. Hops went home to pack.

IV

Hector didn't finish the bills until nearly eight o'clock. Then he decided that it was too late to do anything about the umbrella, even if he had known what to do about it. Anyway, it was probably gone for good by that time. He silently cursed Old Gorham, for he doubted strongly the excuse Gorham had offered which had made it necessary for Hector to stay late. Had to visit a sick friend! Well, all Hector had to say about that was that anybody'd be sick if Old Gorham came to sit with him. He locked up the office and made his way sadly to the railroad station in the forlorn hope of being able to catch the 8:10. But he was about five minutes too late. When he reached the station he found that it was almost empty, except for a weary-looking woman with three small children, the man who was always sweeping the floors, and a lounging figure standing beside the ticket window holding a large suitcase. Hector, realizing that he was in for a good hour's wait before the next train, decided to go over and strike up a conversation with the fellow. No doubt he, too, had been left waiting for a train. Hector liked nothing so much as a good exchange of sympathy. He approached the stranger, noting, as he drew nearer, that the man had a very weak chin and a mysterious air about him. Perhaps, decided Hector, the man would be able to advise him concerning the umbrella. He looked like a dyed-in-the-wool commuter, somehow.

"Good evening," Hector began cheerily. "Missed the train too?"

"Umph," said the stranger. It was, as you may have surmised, Hops, the convert.

"You know," went on Hector, unabashed by his cold reception, a type of greeting which was no novelty to him, "You know, I get awfully tired of waiting around for trains. They're a nuisance, more ways than one. Why, just this morning I left a lovely green silk umbrella on the train. My wife's going to be mad when she finds it out, too, and I don't in the least know how to go about getting it back."

"That's tough," muttered Hops. And suddenly he was struck by a strange and novel idea. He had thought of a way to get back at his partner which was not only funny, but which would put his old pal in a nice messy fix. Mentally he patted himself on the back for having been so unexpectedly clever. His shallow mentality, fatigued by the effort already exerted, declined to plumb the nicer points of the idea which it had proposed. It collapsed and lay supine. Hops continued.

"Look here," he said to Hector. "You sure you don't know how to get that umbrella back?"

"No, I don't, and it worries me. I don't like to go home without it, though."

"Well listen. You come with me, and I'll show you where you can get your umbrella back. I know where they take all that stuff they get off of trains." Hops hoped that the old guy was as dumb as he looked. It wouldn't hurt any to try.

"That's very kind of you," exclaimed Hector, overjoyed by the hope that he might not have to break the sad news to Martha, after all. He followed the man out of the station and walked along the dark street with him. Presently they arrived at a street corner, where the man hailed a taxi. They got in and rode in silence for several blocks. Hector longed to ask his companion more about how he was to retrieve the lost article, but the man sat in forbidding silence, although he chuckled to himself every once in a while. It delighted Hector to know that at last the railroad companies were taking good care of lost articles. Probably he would have to identify his umbrella, but that would be easy. He remembered that it had two bent ribs. Martha didn't know about them, and they didn't show much, but he was rather glad now that he had stepped on the umbrella that time. It would probably make things easier. Suddenly the taxi stopped before a large, imposing house, and the man motioned for Hector to get out, although he himself stayed in the cab.

"Here's the place," he said gruffly. "Now you go around in the back an' knock on the door, three times, slow. If a guy with a scar on his chin comes to the door, you tell him your name's Al."

"Al?" repeated Hector in some surprise.

"Yeah. It's a sort of password. Ya know, everybody don't know about this. It's sorta exclusive like, see. This guy I told you about, he's th'—he's th' butler. He'll tell you how to get your umbrella. Tell him Hops sent ya. Don't make too much noise, now."

Hector was somewhat bewildered. Evidently, getting back a lost umbrella was a complicated and stupendous affair. He nodded vaguely and

turned to survey the dark house. Then he decided that the man must know what he was talking about, or he would not have taken the trouble to bring him such a long way in a taxi.

A sudden roar behind him caused him to jump, and he turned just in time to see the tail light of the cab flicking around the corner. Funny! However,——.

Bolstering up his courage, which was never strong even in its best moments, he walked up the back path to the door. He knocked three times, —slowly. There was no immediate reaction, and then the door opened a crack. He looked into a menacing face.

"Al?" whispered the face hoarsely.

"Yes," Hector whispered back, feeling guilty. "I've come to see about my umbrella." He laughed feebly.

"Oh yeah?" the door opened a little farther. "One of those funny guys, huh?"

"Why, I don't think I understand," said Hector. He felt like fleeing.

"Say, did Hops send you?"

"Y-yes."

"O.K. then. But cut the humor. We ain't got no time for that. Come on in." The door swung open, and Hector tiptoed into the dark hallway. The man shut the door and followed him. Hector could feel him breathing down his neck. It was very annoying.

"Look here," he said, stopping suddenly. "I don't like to trouble you, but I have to catch that train at 9:10. If you don't mind, I wish you'd see if you have my umbrella, and then I'll go."

"Hey, listen, what's the matter with you? I said cut the humor, didn't I?"

"But I want my umbrella!" Hector felt wrath rising up within him. "If you don't do something about it at once, I'll be forced to report you to the railroad company."

"Well, I'll be damned. First Hops can't come, an' then he sends me a half-wit to help out. Listen, guy, you may be on the level, an' you may be Hops' cousin, but you've sure got a terrible sense of humor. Now come on, an' if I hear any more about umbrellas, I'm gonna let you have it over the nut; get me?"

"Yes, I think so," said Hector feebly. He was remembering, too late as usual, that it was not always good policy to trust in strangers. Something, he felt, was wrong here. He proceeded down the hall. When they came to the end of the passage, the man reached around and opened the door leading into a small room. The floor was covered with silverware, plates and knives and pitchers. It was positively dazzling. In one corner stood a safe, wide open. Before it lay a small black bag full of tools, and two large empty sacks.

"It's about time you got here, all right," grumbled the man, who was beginning to gather up the silver and put it into the sacks. "A lot of help you been. Well—don't just stand there. Gimme a hand!" He thrust the other sack into Hector's unresisting fingers and continued his col-

lecting. Realization was dawning within Hector. He was, he realized, in the presence of a burglar, who was, plainly, burgling. And all because he had lost Martha's umbrella. He was aiding and abetting a burglar. He was an accessory after the fact, or something. The sack shook in his hand, and something within him suggested, begged for, flight. The man gave him a very mean look.

"Well, come on! My God, do I have to pick it up for you?" And he handed Hector a large platter, sneeringly. Hector took it, and was about to thrust it into the sack, when the thing inside him crumpled and died. He lifted the platter in fingers that trembled a little, and brought it down upon the man's head. Not terribly hard, but hard for Hector. Hard enough for the man, too, for he slumped over and stared at Hector with shocked and unseeing eyes. The little room was very still. The silver shone, and Hector trembled. He looked at the man in unbelieving wonder for a long moment. Such a thing to have done! But he felt good. He found a long piece of rope in the black bag and tied the man's limp hands together. He tied the feet, and stood back to survey his handiwork. He could not he decided, have done it more neatly if it was an everyday habit with him. He picked up the bag and placed it on top of a book-case, so that it would be out of reach if the burglar awoke. There was a bowl full of roses on the desk; and struck by a sudden fancy, Hector took one of the flowers and placed it between the man's fingers. He liked the effect. Then he tiptoed softly from the room and closed the door behind him.

In the hall he stumbled over a hat-stand. Something swung back and forth, hitting him in the face. He felt of it, a little scared, and found that it was an umbrella. He had forgotten all about what he had come after, but a vague idea about umbrellas hovered in the lower depths of his consciousness. He unhooked the one on the hatstand and took it with him.

He took a cab to the station, and by the time he got there it was nine o'clock. It had taken more time than he had realized to accomplish the night's work. But it was curious how refreshed and cool he felt. He had a sudden desire to meet Old Gorham and, possibly, to come to blows with him. Hector would have backed himself ten to one to win.

When he walked into the waiting-room he was surprised to see that Sally Adams was sitting there. He walked over boldly and sat down beside her. And then he noticed a strange, a shocking thing. She was carrying his wife's green silk umbrella.

"Hello, Mr. Cardiff!" she trilled. "Do you know what I did? I carried off your umbrella this morning, thinking that it was mine. I really have a most awful habit of doing that sort of thing. And I didn't discover the mistake until I was ready to go home. Isn't it fortunate that we're both late tonight. Now you can take it home with you, and your wife will never know how close she came to losing it."

"Well, well, that is strange. But, you know, somehow I'm almost glad that I did forget it. Do you mind if I ride home with you?"

"Not at all, Mr. Cardiff," smiled Miss Adams, and taking out her compact, she began to powder her nose.

When they went out, Hector left the purloined umbrella, relic of a

great adventure, behind a refuse can. He felt as though he were concealing incriminating evidence.

V

The next morning at breakfast, his wife read the paper to him, as was her wont. Suddenly she gave a little titter.

"Oh, Henry, do listen to this: Last night upon returning from the theatre, George P. Drummond, president of the City Bank, found a strange parcel in his study. A man, evidently a housebreaker, was lying unconscious upon the floor with his hands and feet bound. He was holding a red rose in his fingers, and a small bag of tools was found on top of the bookcase. Although the safe had been opened and the silverware, usually kept in it, was scattered about the floor, nothing was missing from the house except an umbrella." Well, did you ever! What will these burglars think of next?"

"Hm," replied Hector, smiling into his coffee cup. "Probably not half true. You know, my dear, you shouldn't believe everything you read in the papers." He pushed back his chair and got up. "What does the weather report say?"

"It says: 'Overcast today, with possible showers and unsettled weather.' It's a good thing you managed to get home with the umbrella, Hector. You *will* need it today."

"Oh, I don't think I will," he said, hunching into his overcoat. He kicked his rubbers into the corner happily. "There's no sign of rain, absolutely none." He hurried out of the house and down the weary steps. If he hustled, he thought, he would be able to have a little talk with Old Gorham before train time.

CONNOISSEUR

The earth is full of beauty, yet I seize
And hold few pictures. Thousands vanish soon
As viewed, and leave me with a brown lagoon
Framed yellow green by budding, twisted trees,—
The rain at midnight on a storm-lashed sea,—
Fresh roses jeweled by the early snow,—
Smooth lilac hills when evening's sun is low,—
These hang forever in my gallery.

The world is full of men and women, too.
A thousand pass; a few I love and hold:
A nymph of velvet voice, a sprite untrue,
A dark-eyed faun, two angels growing old,
A cherub and a troll. These motley few
My heart's vast chambers warm, or blow them cold.

JEAN SEWELL PENN

DE GUSTIBUS ARTIS

(A criticism of criticism)



JEAN SEWELL PENN

The little critic hung his wet ulster on the painted cloak-tree with satisfaction. Paris had not yet lost her fascination for him—indeed, does she ever, especially for Americans? Americans are starved for romance, and Paris, with her art and her seekers after art, her Latin Quarter and her bourgeois cafes like this in which the little critic's ulster dripped so delightfully, is inexhaustibly romantic. Tonight the glamor of the seductive city was enhanced by veils of rain; the little critic had lifted his face in the downpour so as to miss nothing. People hurried past, stepping gingerly on the slippery sidewalks, shoulders bowed and hat brims on their noses. Their faces, so obscured, were most intriguing, for any number of them might belong to celebrities, and seeing only hatbrims, one could never know.

A further cause for the critic's satisfaction was that he had just paid his first visit to the Louvre, and his brain and notebook were full to the point of intoxication with titles, artists' names, and impressions. He would write a series of articles for American magazines, the first to go to the *Atlantic Monthly*, on the gift of the Renaissance to the graphic arts, with illustrations from do Cosimo and—

"Bon soir, monsieur. Que voulez-vous pour le diner?"

When the stolid young figure had departed with his garbled order, he took his notebook from his pocket and commenced the lapidarian labor of perfecting epigrams for the purposed articles. He was vaguely disturbed by steps, scraping of chairs, tapping of canes, and trickling of rain from wraps at the table behind him. It had been early when he entered the cafe; now diners were arriving noisily; the air was gradually suffused with smoke; china clattered. So absorbed was he that he did not look about, though it was his habit to stare in cafes.

In the Babel of Latin tongues two English voices were distinct. The tones were modulated, but the speakers were irritatingly voluble. One was saying with penetrating enunciation:

"... these critics, who can create nothing themselves, but believe they are competent to judge art. The real critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things."

The other voice was heavier and slightly burred. "You think artists alone are qualified to criticize?"

"Why not?" asked the first voice. "Appreciation is only re-creation of art, and a man incapable of creating must be likewise incapable of re-creating. How can a man who knows nothing of the piano criticize a performance on the piano?"

The other burred, "Of course the critic must understand the artistic medium,—the piano, or oils, or rhetoric,—but he need not be gifted in its application. He must know something of the technique, but as for genius judging its own creation, or creation of its own kind"—a staccato laugh—"you know, yourself, Wilde, that the world regards an artist as a sort of idiot savant under the thumb of inspiration—totally unconscious of the meaning he expresses. What was it George Eliot said of the works of genius? Something to the effect that an artist is never aware of the polygonal truth he utters."

"Hyperbole," damned the higher voice, while its owner scratched a match, then paused to suck a cigarette alight. "Critics who are not also artists are superfluous. Anyone can criticize according to his own tastes and prejudices; only an artist can be detached in his contemplation of art."

"Why?" his companion interrupted. "Everyone has tastes and prejudices, and I should suppose that the artist is more firm in his convictions and still more settled in his tastes than the ungifted. He has more to express, and he employs a style that implies particular tastes. Moreover, his sympathies, especially ethical, are implicit in his work."

"Sympathies? No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style." The speech was so peremptorily delivered as to seem authoritative. The little critic turned and focused his stare on the speaker.

He was a very tall man, as straight shouldered as a gendarme, and had the look of a Greek deity born on British soil. His face was long, strong and lean, of classic cut, its only weakness being the loose, continually-parted lips. The eyes held the observer's interest, light gray eyes deep under eyebrows like bird wings. These eyes had an uncanny mode of rolling backward, especially as their owner voiced an aphoristic phrase, until little but the long whites was visible.

His adversary during the last speech had lighted a pipe; now, holding the bowl close to the tidy tablecloth, he said with less force than the light voice allowed itself:

"Somehow I have always thought that art had a meaning, an ethical one, a lesson, if you will." This was a pleasant looking fellow, neither large nor small. His features were nondescript in the dim light of the cafe, save for large white teeth and boyish full lips.

The little critic could no longer restrain the brazenness that Europeans call an American characteristic and that Americans call a European characteristic. He jerked at his collar, jutted out his jaw, coughed slightly, and said,

"Gentlemen, pardon me. I could not help hearing your interesting conversation—and—uh—your evaluation of critics." He laughed, blushed. "I am a critic. May I continue to listen? I feel most superfluous."

The two addressed exchanged glances, smiling, then pressed the American to join them over sauterne, which he did elatedly, saying,

"My name is Scrolls. Please don't stop talking."

"How do you do, Mr. Scrolls," grinned the man with the pipe. "This gentleman," indicating the British god, "is Mr. Wilde, an obscure literary man."

The little critic's blush deepened, and the scintillant epigrams he had selected to contribute to the conversation fled.

"Not—not Oscar Wilde!" Then, realizing that he was gaping, he murmured something about a great honor and shook the long beautiful hand extended across the table.

"A pleasure, Mr. Scrolls," said the clear voice. The perfect hand waved toward the pipe, "Mr. Arthur, a sculptor."

The latter bowed, and Scrolls murmured again and sank exhausted but exultant into a chair. A gulp of sauterne nerved him and he said eagerly,

"You were making a profound statement when I intruded, Mr. Wilde. Something about ethics in art. I have thought, like Mr. Arthur, that art should hold a moral meaning. Not that it should sermonize, but—"

"There is no such thing as a moral or immoral book," answered Wilde. "Books are well written or badly written. That is all."

"Of course I am only a critic," Scrolls said, after mentally jotting the artist's comment, "but I might be less superfluous if you could tell me the aim of art."

"Polemics are our pastime," burred the sculptor, "but ambiguity our method."

The birdlike eyebrows met in a scowl, but their owner offered Scrolls a cigarette with the irrelevant remark,

"A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can one want?" Then, as the critic took the proffered pleasure, Wilde rolled his eyes upward and complied with the request.

"The aim of the artist is to reveal art, and to conceal the artist. He is the creator of beautiful things."

"You agree then with the tenet of the old French Pleiade—*l'art pour l'art*?" queried Scrolls, as Wilde paused, addressing the sculptor.

"I would say," said the full lips of the latter, "that art is measured by its relation to reality. Not that it must actually be realistic, but that it must possess proximity to life, whether through naturalism or through symbolism. Art must mean something to me to be appreciable. Of course I work in a medium that is probably more literal than Wilde's."

Wilde crushed the coal of his cigarette. "Symbol, Arthur. That's it—symbol! All art is at once surface and symbol."

"Symbol of what?" asked Scrolls, bewildered. "If there is no meaning . . . ?"

"There is meaning. Beauty is meaning and objective enough. Would you have art useful? Art is quite useless. We can forgive a man for making a useful thing so long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely. You do not agree there, Arthur?"

"You are quite right," accorded the sculptor. "A useful thing, to be useful, must be complete. The answer to itself is in itself. It has no appeal to the imagination, no dignity, for human needs are so commonplace as to be considered undignified. This bottle," pouring a greenish stream into his glass, "is not a work of art to me, because I know it so thoroughly. I accept it without thought. It leaves no room for recreation."

"I remember," ventured Scrolls, "Mr. Wilde's saying some time ago that the appreciation of art is its re-creation. He said, too," the American blushed again—"that only an artist is capable of re-creating."

Arthur interceded for Wilde. "One who can re-create approaches genius, Mr. Scrolls. He has at least talent, if not genius. The competent critic must have some spark but not necessarily the fire of the creator."

The American was warmed by this, and by the wine. "I understand," he said, growing braver. "In the Louvre, today, I noticed the Philistines as they wandered, gossiping, past *chef-d'oeuvres*. Their imaginations are too weak to answer the call of art. They like their stories anticlimactic; their pictures photographic, so that they can easily associate them with magazine covers; their music of the sort whose every note predicts the next one, whose harmony is simple enough and at wide enough intervals to be heard and understood thoroughly without calling upon the imagination."

It was good sauterne; the little critic was eloquent, and his long speech found attentive ears.

"Gentlemen," said the sculptor emphatically, "we have arrived at a point of agreement. Art must appeal to the imagination; thus, must not be completely realistic. Do we all assent?"

They drank to their discovery.

"Further, we have declared it useless. Is this the truth?"

They touched glasses again and drank to the inutility of art.

"And art is beautiful—"

Wilde rose with his glass held high. "Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault." The gray eyes rolled up. "Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

"They are the elect—the elect, gentlemen, to whom beautiful things mean only beauty."

The three gentlemen drank.

"There are surely ugly things in art," insisted the critic, vowing to drink no more. "Consider Villon." With boldness not born of sobriety he quoted the "Ballade of Slandrous Tongues" (which must be spared the reader). "Is that art?"

"No," said the English poet. "Of course, vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art, and vice is ugly. But the total effect must be one of beauty."

"That is right," the other Englishman confirmed. "The classic statue of Laocoon and his sons is prevented from being great art by the expression of horror on the chief figure's face. Sculpture is too static a medium

to allow for any quality except beauty. The note of horror lingers, while in literature or music it is dispelled by its beautiful sequence. The continuous arts, writing or music, require an occasional dissonance for the sake of contrast. Sculpture is too unchanging to be allowed a realistic disfigurement. It must remain wholly beautiful in order to be an escape."

"An escape," echoed the critic sadly. "A beautiful misrepresentation of life. But is art only beauty?" Scrolls asked. "You say it is in terms of symbols. Do the elect who see only beauty in the beautiful never read the symbols?"

"Art mirrors the spectator rather than life," replied Wilde. "Those who go beneath the surface do so at their own peril. Those who read the symbol do so at their own peril." The eyebrows winged ominously.

"Then as a critic I am entirely superfluous?" Scrolls was a pathetic figure with his empty glass. "Surely I am more authoritative than the humblest museum spectator. I have a wider experience with art, for comparison."

"Your criticism, dear sir," condoned Arthur, "means simply that your concept is at variance or is in accord with that of the artist."

"Diversity of opinion about a work of art only proves that it is new, complex, and vital," Wilde added. "When critics disagree the artist is in accord with himself."

Scrolls was perplexed. "And yet you say that it is the artist's aim to conceal himself?"

The eyebrows indicated that it is impossible to explain anything to an American—an American superfluity, at that.

"My friend," said Oscar Wilde, "you are inebriated."

"And you," said Arthur, assisting the poet to rise, "are in the same dilemma. We have enjoyed equivocating with you, Mr. Scrolls, and our estimation of critics is highly ameliorated."

After they had gone, a little unsteadily, the critic pulled out his notebook, shook his head, then returned the book to his pocket.

Americans have a habit, at least it is an Americanism according to the gospels of Henry James, G. B. Shaw, and Charles Dickens, of looking for profit in everything. It is worse than looking a gift horse in the mouth; it is like capitalizing on sunsets. Scrolls had met a great artist. How the *Atlantic Monthly* would snap that up!

With the bridle of the gift horse firmly in his hand, the little superfluity paid the bill for his erstwhile companions as well as for himself, donned his ulster, and took an indirect route into the Parisian rain.

ISEULT'S ETERNITY

A potion we drank and found death and deep sighing,
For Tristan is slain, and forthwith I'll be dying,
And soon you shall follow at new lamb's first crying.

You'll lay me far down in the island's lush grasses
And build a cairn o'er me among the morasses,
Leaving me there till the hoar-season passes.

I'll sleep through the winter beneath a moss cover,
But I shall awake when the swallows low hover,
For April and I come in search of a lover.

I'll not be the same as I was when you knew me;
The warmth of the loam will have gone through and through me,
And the mist on the moors will have settled into me.

So I'll be arising as light as a feather,
And out I'll be drifting above the sweet heather,
And I'll be as soft as the soil in March weather.

I'll come in cool morning before folk are staring.
My grave shift and girdle of rope I'll be wearing,
And I'll only be glancing to learn how you're faring.

My voice you'll be hearing above the fierce thunder;
My face you will see in the lightning-flash yonder,
And you'll close your own eyes, and listen and wonder.

I'll not be expecting God's glory to follow—
I left you for Tristan, for I, like the swallow,
Knew more than to rest on a reed that was hollow.

I was queen of Tintagel, but now late or soon
Our minstrels shall mourn us when earth is at noon,
And we three shall dance on the curve of the moon.

ERMA FAXON

FUGITIVE

Love passed this way once, long ago,
But I was blind and did not see
The small white hand that beckoned me
So long ago.

Love passed this way, and then was gone,
And only as her footsteps died
Upon the wind, she turned and cried
And then was gone.

If Love should pass this way again
I shall be watching eagerly,
And I shall catch her small white hand
And try to make her understand
That I was blind, but now I see—
If Love should pass this way again.

WILBUR E. BAILEY

TO SEE THEE

To see thee, darling, daring not to say
"I love thee," to suppress the eager glow
That wells behind my eyes and begs to show
Its light to thee, to meet thee every day
With empty, careless greetings, and to know
That thy response is adequate to thee,
That thou hast nothing more to say to me
(It was not thus, my dear, a while ago)

This is the constant torture that I bear.
And thou, light hearted, dost thou quite forget
My lips so loved by thee, my throat, my hair?
Thy kisses linger faintly on them yet.
But since no more than writing thus I dare
Recall our love, I write with lashes wet.

JEAN SEWELL PENN

PANTS AND ROMANCE



JUNE SHAPP BENEDICT

One plain white plate that had recently held two thin slices of Swedish health bread, unbuttered. One plain white, practical, cup-shaped cup that had contained an insipid mixture of milk and warm water—no sugar. One small, unpretentious plain white cream pitcher. And a silver spoon.

Miss Lucy painstakingly rinsed these few dishes from her solitary old maid's breakfast, and, wiping them carefully on a plain white tea-towel, placed them just as carefully on the plain white shelves of her cupboard in precisely the same places she had been placing them for exactly eleven years. It had been eleven years since she came to live by herself in the little white house on the corner.

Then she brushed up the gray-and-white checked linoleum, fed the cat, removed her blue gingham apron and hung it on a nail. And her morning ritual was over.

All she had to do now was to step into her small bedroom with its austere muslin window curtains and its virginal white bed, and to don her sombre brown coat and hat. She didn't stop to glance at herself in the mirror. She didn't need to, for she knew exactly how she looked. And while she was not proud of her appearance, neither was she consciously dissatisfied with it. She had reached the age of acceptance.

She was Miss Lucy; tall and thin—not willowy, for you see she ate, slept, and lived by a health chart. And health charts leave little or no margin for graceful lines; they go in for Spartan simplicity. So many calories, so many hours of sleep, so many hours of outdoor exercise. This last requisite Miss Lucy got by digging in her little garden and by squashing worms that dug in her little garden. She could almost have told you the exact number of grass blades that grew in her tiny stretch of lawn, so familiar did she become with it in her daily exercise stint.

Yes, Miss Lucy knew everything about her garden . . . and about herself. Or at least Miss Lucy thought she did. She would have told you that her eyes were just eyes . . . twin parts of her anatomy which aided her in the grading of stacks of mathematical atrocities. She would have described her hair as just hair . . . something that grew on her cranium and kept off the hot summer sun and the cold winter winds.

But Miss Lucy waged no conflicts, mental or physical, against what she had long since come to accept as her fate. Things were as they were. She had health, a good position, her little white cottage on the corner—and her cat. If her existence lacked spontaneity or novelty she was unaware of the fact, not missing that which she had never had.

So, as Miss Lucy walked sedately along the leafless elm-bordered ave-

nue on her way to work, she was at peace with the world and with herself. She would have raised her capable hands in horror had she known that the traffic cop of the universe was about to signal a U turn in her life—a turn which was to be instrumental in changing her from a colorless old maid, into a . . . But wait. You will want to hear the whole story.

She was crossing the quiet street with her head tilted back to see if the elm buds were beginning to show in hard little bumps along the overhanging limbs. But she didn't find out, at least not that morning. For just then her sensible brown groundgrippers got themselves all tangled up with some object lying in the middle of the pavement. Miss Lucy suffered an ignominious defeat in a forced conflict with the laws of gravity. She made her complete U turn and came down very suddenly and very violently on her hind parts.

The next move in the drama had been enacted countless times in every country in the world where people fall down and go boom. Miss Lucy struggled to her feet and after looking sheepishly around to make sure she was unobserved, gingerly massaged the injured member.

Then she turned her indignant gaze upon the innocent cause of the upheaval, which happened to be a long grey pasteboard box. She had a very un-Miss-Lucy-ish desire to kick the thing. However, instead of satisfying her primitive urge, she grudgingly picked the box up and carried it along with her. What could be in it? she wondered. She believed she'd stop right there on the street and open it up and find out. But two of her pupils joined her just then; so she decided she might as well wait until she reached the school house, and open it there.

But upon arriving at her destination she was again thwarted of her purpose, as the other faculty members were gathered in the principal's room for the purpose of discussing the annual flower festival. She would open the box later.

Every time she decided the propitious moment was at hand, some unforeseen obstacle presented itself. As the morning wore on, the usually serene Miss Lucy found herself becoming decidedly peevish. She even went so far as to imagine that some perverse force was conspiring to prevent her from opening that box. Oh, well, it was probably empty anyway, she told herself. But it didn't feel empty. Perhaps it was stuffed with papers . . . or something. Yes . . . something. But what?

She would hurry home with it at noon, and open it up even before she had her canned soup, her lettuce sandwich, and her cup of hot tea. But when noon came, one of her fellow teachers complained of a headache and hinted quite strongly that a cup of Miss Lucy's steaming brew was the only cure for her ill. So Miss Lucy felt forced to ask the woman home with her. The other teacher's presence need not, of course, make any difference in her plan. She would open up the box and both of them have the fun of examining its contents. But strangely enough, Miss Lucy felt a childish reluctance to share her Pandora box with this woman. Or with any other woman, for that matter.

And so she hoarded it, for all the world, she reminded herself, as a

greedy child hoards some unaccustomed sweet. And then, in the evening, when she was alone at last in the fastness of her austere little bedroom, she placed the box on the white virginity of her bed and clipped the binding cord. With fluttery hands she removed the lid and pushed aside several sheets of white tissue paper. And there, all folded and neatly creased, lay a pair of men's trousers with a braces of gaudy blue-and-red suspenders attached.

Trousers! sniffed Miss Lucy. But the sniff was a sort of half-hearted one,—not a snooty sniff at all. For after all, what had she, old maid though she was, against trousers? Nothing. Nothing for, or against. Funny things, trousers. Ugly things. But, well, that pin stripe was really rather attractive. Miss Lucy reached forth a hand with the intention of taking the garment out of the box for the purpose of closer examination. Then she jerked her hand back. A crimson rush of color scorched her cheeks and shocked her into a realization of just how prim and prudish she had become.

"Why, you silly old fool," she chided herself. "Are you afraid of a pair of trousers just because you happen to be an old maid?" With a gesture of bravado, she snatched the things up and held them out in front of her. Yes, they were pretty good looking trousers, as trousers went.

The whirr of the door-bell disturbed her cogitations on masculine wearing apparel. Tossing the suspenders over the foot of her bed, Miss Lucy hastened to the door to find her next door neighbor, Mrs. Scales, who had come, so she explained, to borrow a little adhesive plaster; Joe, her little boy, had another boil on his neck. She had either to tie a bandage entirely around his neck, or to run away down to the drug store for adhesive. Unless, of course, Miss Lucy would lend her some.

Miss Lucy would. And when she stepped into her bedroom to get it out of her top dresser drawer, Mrs. Scales, being the kind of person to whom no part of a neighbor's domain is private and untresspassable, was right at her heels. She was regaling Miss Lucy with a vivid description of Joe's boil and comparing it with other boils the family had had.

Now Miss Lucy was not particularly interested in boils, and especially in ancient, dead-and-gone, rehashed and warmed-over boils. But when a highly colored black-and-blue characterization of a horribly malignant one that Mrs. Scale's Uncle Benjamin had once had on his nose—or was it his chin?—broke off and hung suspended in midair, Miss Lucy wondered what had caused the interruption. Her back was toward the room as she stood before the dresser, but almost the whole of the room was reflected in the large mirror. Miss Lucy was surprised to see her visitor standing as though rooted to the floor, staring with bulging eyes and wide open mouth, at the foot of the bed where hung the trousers.

If looks could really speak, then Mrs. Scales' expression said a mouthful as expansive as Joe E. Brown's. And Miss Lucy understood exactly what it said. Opening her lips, she started to explain, but closed them together with a sharp click as a sudden, unreasoning anger churned her common sense to unwise defiance.

She wouldn't bother to explain. If the horrid, murky-minded woman

could think such things of her as that expression indicated, then let her think them. Mrs. Scales had known her ever since she was born. If the sight of a pair of nice pin-striped trousers on the foot of Miss Lucy's bed could set the woman into such exquisite throes of scandal-scavenging, then let her enjoy herself.

Mrs. Scales almost snatched the adhesive, and hurried out. Watching from the shelter of her severely curtained living room window, Miss Lucy saw her waylay old Mrs. Bock, the leader of the town's gossip squad. And Miss Lucy was perfectly sure, as she noted her vulturish gestures, that the creature was being entertained with the story of the trousers. She wished, desperately, that she fastened her neighbor's mouth shut with that adhesive plaster. But in the very next moment, she realized that it would have taken something more drastic than adhesive plaster to stem the filthy tide that was beginning to flow over the town. For the two muckrakers were crossing the street to where Laura Bingham was sweeping, with little effect, the sidewalk in front of her house. One of Laura's tabbyish eyes was fixed negligently upon her work, while, out of the corner of the other one, she watched with a curious avidity the approach of the two neighbor women. She was in for it, sure enough, Miss Lucy saw.

With a shrug she turned away from the window. "Kismet," she said, and gravitated back into the bedroom. As though drawn by invisible strings, she stood and gazed in fascination at the innocent cause of the trouble. And right then and there, in that austere little room, a miracle took place; a miracle wherein a prim, dried-up old maid sloughed her spinsterish shell as a snake sheds its skin. She stepped forth, a hell-bent female with a devilish purpose.

She'd give the "holier-than-thou" citizens of the town a run for their money. If a real, honest-to-goodness scandal was what it took to make them happy, then she, Miss Lucy, was the little Pollyanna who could furnish it. Let 'em watch her smoke!

Grabbing the gaudy suspenders and holding them out in front of her with the trouser legs dangling limply downward, she tangoed—although she hadn't known she could—out of the virginal bedroom. She danced round and round the staid living room, out through the prim little breakfast room and into the small, unimaginative kitchen. She had an impish desire to carry her march triumphal,—or was it defiant?—on out into the back yard, and around the house. But she realized the futility of attempting to paint the lily; so she went back into the bedroom and proceeded to fold up the trousers and put them into their box. But somehow her hands went about the task with lagging movements.

"Now what," she asked herself, "is the matter with me? Can it be possible that I, the town's confirmed spinster, have become so attached to the things that I hate to let them out of my sight? Well, what if I have?" She glanced in the mirror, expecting to meet horrified embarrassment in her own eyes after such a brazen question. But she found, to her shocked surprise, that she was not embarrassed at all. Her head was held high and she met her gaze unflinchingly.

"What if I have?" she challenged; and arched one shoulder as though it might be balancing a chip which she dared that proud, unspinstereyed reflection to knock off. The reflection, however, had no such intention. It gazed straight back at Miss Lucy and flagrantly lowered one eyelid. And Miss Lucy winked back, a full-fledged, unladylike, un-schoolteacherish wink. Then they both burst into unrestrained giggles. Giggles which rose in joyous abandon, completely filling the virginal little bedroom, and overflowing through the prudish muslin curtains.

"I don't believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you before," Miss Lucy said when she was finally able to control her voice. She bowed very low to the mirror lady, who returned the bow with an equally elaborate one.

"And I shouldn't be surprised," Miss Lucy added, "if I have become rather fond of you. But"—and here she ventured in where angels fear to tread—"I really think you could be vastly improved. Take your hair for instance. Now if you should make an appointment at the beauty parlor I am almost sure the operator would be able to turn that wispy growth into a mass of crinkly, dark ripples." Leaning forward, she studied her new friend more closely,—and made a brand new discovery. "I don't believe in flattery," she confided, "but I've just found out that you have rather a nice skin; and I can think of no good reason for not telling you so." Miss Lucy gently touched the mirror-lady's cheeks. "With just a little rouge—here—and here—just a little, you understand—now don't be medieval—you would look quite charming. And your eyes aren't bad either, even if they are sort of orange-ish, like cat eyes. Oh, I mean it," she hastened to assure the slightly derisive-looking mirror-lady. "They're pretty good-looking eyes. And it just occurs to me that what you need to set them off is one of those bright orange knitted outfits with a perky little tam to match.

"Oh, shut up," she rudely commanded, as the lady in the looking glass opened her lips to protest against the daring suggestion. "It's time you threw away all those old Noah's Ark costumes you've been wearing. And from now on I would suggest that you smile a lot and show those perfectly good teeth of yours."

The mirror lady, being a very obliging person, smiled immediately. "Attagirl," approved Miss Lucy, and, realizing at once the seriousness of her grammatical misdemeanor, looked stricken. But only for a moment. Her new-found independence asserted itself at once. She would say "attagirl" if she wanted to, she guessed. She'd certainly like to see anyone try to stop her. From now on, she was going to do exactly as she pleased, regardless of what anyone thought. The mirror lady merely stared at her in a manner which said plainly enough, "I don't believe you."

"Just wait," warned Miss Lucy. "You have a lot to learn about me." And to prove that her prophecy was not unfounded, she turned briskly away from the dresser and flung the trousers back over the foot of her bed post.

"There is your future home," she told them.

But something was wrong with the picture; the masculine garment

looked rather out of place in such close proximity to so much virginal whiteness.

"This room," Miss Lucy told the bed-spread, "won't hold you both; so one of you will have to go—and it won't be the pa—" She caught herself up with a horrified gasp, and then remembered that she had turned over a new leaf. She would call them "pants" if she wanted to. Miss Lucy was getting rough.

"What we need here is a rose-colored taffeta bed-spread," she said. And a lot of those silly, frilly silk cushions. And," looking meditatively about the room—"some new rose draperies for the windows."

"Come on," she invited the mirror lady; "you and I are going to go places and buy things. We've got to live up to those pants."

Miss Lucy marveled at the smoothness with which the latest slang phrases seemed to flow from her lips. How terrible she had always considered these deviations from the pure English. But in her new role she found them astonishingly satisfactory.

She'd go to the Methodist ladies' rummage sale and make them a donation of all the relics of her pure, white past, Miss Lucy decided, as she went out onto the back doorstep to feed the cat. Of course she'd have to feed him before she left the house. It seemed to her that she was always having to feed the cat before she could do anything, or go anywhere. A bright thought entered her head: she would give him away along with the other undesirables.

As she stooped to pour the cream into the cat's plain white saucer, she suffered a revulsion against all plain white possessions. She'd give away the dishes too. She'd get rid of every single thing that suggested the old maid, for she wasn't one any longer. She was a—well, according to Mrs. Scales, she was a fallen woman. And she might as well have the game as the name. But she hastened to amend that sentiment. What she had meant to say was that even though she was only an impostor on the primrose path, she might at least sniff a little of the perfume along the way.

Miss Lucy bought the rose bed-spread and the rose draperies. She bought the knitted orange outfit and the silly, frilly silk pillows and a set of gay morning-glory-sprayed dishes. She bought a pair of dizzy futuristic pajamas, and a pair of high-heeled sports shoes. She bought the rouge and had her hair marcelled. And she bought something else, too. Something which is never, under any circumstances, mentioned in a health diet: a dozen doggy little sausages and some dill pickles! And, as a final gesture of defiance, she bought a gossamer nightie of palest rose.

Miss Lucy's nighties had always been made of fine muslin—fine, but not transparent. Goodness gracious, no! Not transparent.

The next day was Saturday, and in a spirit of utter abandon, she carried the nightie and the pants outdoors and hung them side by side on the clothes-line, where they coquetted at each other in the playful April breeze.

Mrs. Scales spied the brazen display and hastened out to round up the town tattlers to prove the truth of her assertion. Things began to happen at once. Everyone in the village except those that were blind, bedridden,

or in jail, contrived to pass Miss Lucy's house that day. Many of them came during the noon hour, thereby missing their lunch. But all and sundry felt highly compensated.

A stranger passing casually through the town would have had good reason to suppose that the citizens were reviving the walking fad; for sight-seers were a-foot, automobiles not being allowed in the sidewalks; and how could anyone identify a pair of pants unless he could get close enough to make out the exact weave and pattern?

The town was, for the first time in its history, united by a single interest. Everyone had become clothes-conscious; or, to be more specific, pants-conscious. Men stopped smirking over the length of ladies' skirts and openly eyed each other's breeches. Women forgot to notice and envy each other's frocks and became over-zealous in their efforts to catalogue every two-legged garment in town.

Some of this Miss Lucy saw from behind her new rose-colored curtains. The rest she guessed. And she grinned like a nine-year-old. What it would all lead to, she did not know. Nor did she care. For the first time in her thirty-seven years of spinsterish inhibitions she did not give three whoops what these lifelong friends thought of her. Friends! What did they amount to after all? They were merely people who accepted your contributions to bazaars and rummage sales. They were people who sold you tickets to music recitals where snub-nosed little Tommys and stringy-looking little Bettys bored you by mis-performing on the piano. They were people who borrowed your adhesive plaster. They were people who, when they saw a pair of pants hanging on your bed-post, came immediately to the conclusion that where there was smoke, there was bound to be fire. Or, to put it more precisely: where there were pants, there must be a man.

Friendship! Bah! Loyalty! Bah! Pure, simple, wholesome small-town life! Bah! A whole mess of Bahs! And a hunk or two of baloney thrown in for good measure! Miss Lucy was indeed getting rough.

But there were other towns. And other positions to be had in them. She would leave this nest of forked-tongued vipers and go somewhere else. Maybe to the slums of some big city where the air was not contaminated by the breath of scandal-mongering rural minds.

There went the Judas procession with its neck craned to get a clearer view. It reminded Miss Lucy of a flock of buzzards soaring over some carrion. Ah! There was one of her high school pupils. And here came the superintendent of the Sunday school. Miss Lucy wondered if the man would ever be able to get his bugging eyes back into place again. And there was a prominent member of the Read Good Literature Club. Oh! And Sam Harvey. But surely not. Not Sam Harvey!

Miss Lucy suddenly sat down very hard on a straight-backed chair which stood conveniently near. All the wind gone out of her pirate sails. But after all, why should she expect him to be any different from the others?

Sam Harvey was the bachelor brother of Miss Lucy's across-the-alley neighbor. He was a bridge building contractor, whose existence, as compared to that of Miss Lucy, seemed one of almost Arabian Nights' enchant-

ment. His work took him to all parts of the country, from the rugged Maine coast to the California desert. For eleven years he had been, in the intervals between contracts, a regular back-fence leaner. That is, he had the habit of leaning on Miss Lucy's back fence while she sprayed aphids and set out pansy plants and squashed slugs.

Sam knew the exact location of Miss Lucy's dahlia bed, even though the pale shoots hadn't as yet begun to show themselves. He even remembered what year it was that the brown spider destroyed her Dorothy Perkins rose. Occasionally he would lay down his old brier pipe on the cross-piece of the alley fence and navigate the lawn-mower back and forth over her green velvet lawn. Sam always performed this service with an air of casual masculine superiority which Miss Lucy found highly amusing, and at the same time, rather satisfactory.

And now he was out there looking at those pants! He was just like the rest of the town tabbies, only worse. For he wasn't content just to walk past and crane his neck. No! He had to stop and put one foot up on the bottom fence railing, and lean both his thin elbows on the top one—and gape. Yes, gape! The irate watcher wondered if he was trying to count and memorize the number of pin-stripes in those pants. And what was the nitwit laughing at? He'd taken his old brier pipe out of his mouth and was standing there with his long, lean head thrown back; and he was indulging in a completely rigorous and riotous attack of ha-ha's. She hoped he'd strangle, or something. Miss Lucy was getting very rough.

But Sam didn't strangle. He appeared, as usual, at the back fence when Miss Lucy came out in her boisterous pajamas for her daily half-hour of slug squashing. All day long she'd been having violent thoughts about the obnoxious fence leaner. As a matter of fact she'd spent more thoughts on him that day than she had during all the eleven years of their back fence acquaintance. And now, every time she squashed a fat slug, she would murmur poisonously, "This is you, Sam Harvey."

The instant she glanced up and saw him in his habitual dilatory, leaning posture, she sensed a change in him. There was a twinkling something about his grey eyes that had not been there before. She knew perfectly well what caused it, too. It was the pants, of course. And that nightie. And maybe the pajamas had something to do with it. And the rouge she'd smeared on her face. Oh, he was making fun of her, all right. That was plain enough.

"Do you really enjoy annihilating those creatures as much as your expression would indicate?" Sam drily inquired.

"You'd be surprised," answered Miss Lucy, who was catching up with the times by leaps and bounds. Nothing more was said for quite a while.

"As you don't appear to be very socially inclined," Sam finally said; "I guess I might as well go in and open up a can of pork and beans and eat my supper. Sis went to visit her mother-in-law this morning," he explained. "So I'm chief cook and bottle washer."

Ah! Now she could make him suffer, thought the hard-hearted Miss Lucy. If the surest way to a man's heart was through his stomach, then the theory ought to work the other way around: she would flaunt her own

lovely supper in his face. She'd wave it under his nose and let him sniff the delicious aroma. Then he could go on in and eat his old canned beans—and suffer.

Miss Lucy had been looking forward to that supper, for the reason that it was going to be so different from her usual one of lamb chops, spinach or stewed carrots, oil-less salad, and rice pudding or fresh fruit.

"I'm going to have nice little sausages for my supper," she told Sam, in the manner of a small street urchin who callously licks a lollipop in the presence of other lollipop-less street urchins.

Sam sighed.

"And dill pickles," she bragged. "And," as a sudden reckless impulse took possession of her, "fried potatoes."

Sam looked wistful.

Miss Lucy gloated. Her diabolic plan was working out fine. In a few moments she would have him slaver at the mouth. She searched her mind desperately for redder, more maddening flags to wave in front of the hungry brute.

"And hot biscuits," she ended triumphantly. Of course she wasn't going to have indigestible hot biscuits, or fried potatoes, either. If she survived the sausages she'd be doing fine. But she could make him think she was going to have them.

"That settles it," Sam told her. "I'm coming over for supper."

His words so startled Miss Lucy that she desisted from squashing her twenty-sixth Sam Harvey.

"Ha ha!" The chuckle came from deep down inside of her. Now she could put the screws on him, give him the works. Laugh, would he, at her and her pants—she could say "pants" now and never bat an eyelash. Miss Lucy was getting so rough she grated.

But about those pants. They weren't hers, really. But maybe they were, after all; for she was perfectly sure their rightful owner would never dare claim them, now that the whole town knew them by heart. Yes, she guessed they were her pants, all right.

But there was Sam, standing expectantly by the gate, all unknowing that he had put himself on the spot and was going to be taken for a ride. She'd say, "I'm sorry, but I have only sausages enough for one, and I mean to eat them all myself." This wasn't true, of course, for she couldn't possibly eat all twelve of the cute little things.

"I'm so sorry," she began, and when she saw Sam's face fall, she found herself utterly incapable of finishing her piggy ultimatum the way she had planned, "that I didn't think to invite you before," was the way she put it.

How she hated herself for her chicken-heartedness. But the die was cast. And now she would have to cook all those things she'd told him she was going to cook. She'd make him sorry he had accepted his own invitation, though. She'd snub him.

But if Miss Lucy snubbed Sam he did not appear to notice it. He seemed light-hearted, as if he might be having the time of his life. It suddenly occurred to her to wonder why he had never invited himself to sponge upon her hospitality before. But she knew the answer. It was the pants

again. And she would never in the world have supposed that Sam was that kind of a man. She had a strong right arm, though, and if he got gay with her, he would certainly get his face slapped.

* * * * *

Two gay morning-glory-sprayed plates that had recently held generous helpings of sizzling brown sausages, crisp French-fried potatoes, hot buttered biscuits and dill pickles. Two cunningly shaped morning-glory-sprayed cups that had contained steaming black coffee with plenty of sugar and good rich cream. One pretentious morning-glory-sprayed cream pitcher, and a sugar bowl which was exactly as pretentious and as gaily sprayed with morning glories. A varied assortment of gay morning-glory-sprayed vegetable dishes, platters and dessert dishes. Two silver knives, two silver forks, and numerous spoons—teaspoons, tablespoons, and dessert spoons.

Miss Lucy painstakingly rinsed these dishes from the most satisfactory and the chummiest meal she had ever eaten; and Sam just as painstakingly wiped them on a gay pink-bordered tea towel. Then he opened the cupboard doors and gazing in admiration at the gaily colored shelf papers, asked, "Where shall I put the things, Miss Lucy?"

Here Miss Lucy did the strangest thing she'd done since she started in doing strange things. She said, "Just arrange them to suit yourself, Sam."

"Let's do this often," Sam suggested, when he said good night, around ten-thirty. "I'll bring the grub, and you cook it."

Now was the time to squelch him, to tell him that she didn't care to repeat the experience. But Miss Lucy knew she did care to repeat it, and that she would snatch at the chance. She likened herself to a moth that is unable to resist the flame, even though it knows its wings will be singed. But what if Sam did have an ulterior motive? As long as he didn't come right out into the open with it, she might as well enjoy herself and his company. For she had enjoyed herself, more than she ever remembered enjoying herself in all her thirty-seven years. So she told him to come back next evening and bring liver and onions and a quart of ice cream for the apple pie she was going to make.

A week went by. A week in which there were seven chummy two-some suppers and seven lovely, soul-satisfying evenings with Sam, who, as yet, showed no signs of getting gay. A week filled chock full of conflicting emotions for Miss Lucy in her new role. She was perfectly sure that it was only a matter of time before Sam showed his true colors. He just couldn't be as nice as he seemed. It was humanly impossible.

She wished she'd never seen those pants. But if she hadn't, she told herself, Sam would never have noticed her, except through the bars of the back fence. So she took turns at being glad and sorry. Picking mental petals off defunct daisies, was the way she described the wishy-washiness of her emotional state. She was glad she'd found the pants. She wished she'd never seen the things. She was glad she'd found the pants. She wished

Sunday came, and with it the picnic dinner with Sam on a green hill far from the contaminated air of the town. All day long, Miss Lucy had

been very quiet. She was so happy she was miserable, for she knew her happiness couldn't last. And she fairly cringed against the inevitable.

"Lucy," said Sam, as they sat side by side, gazing off over the checkered valley spread out below them, "this has been a wonderful week, but—" he hesitated and laid a warm hand over her cold one that rested on the new green of the slope. Now it was coming. The thing she dreaded.

"But there is more to it than just this," he said earnestly. "We can't stop here."

"Says you," remarked Miss Lucy, in a cold, even tone that fairly chilled the warm spring sunshine.

"Yes, says me," said Sam in a more emphatic voice than Miss Lucy had ever heard him employ. "You and I are going to get married tomorrow. Now don't say a word," he warned, "till I get through. I've been leaning on your back fence for eleven years, trying to get up enough courage to ask you to marry me. But you were always so prim and straight-laced that you had me scared plumb stiff. I never could seem to get near you till this last week. You've changed, somehow. Sort of melted, you might say . . . Why, what makes you look at me like that?" he broke off.

Miss Lucy was indeed staring at him with a very odd expression on her face. "Do you mean you actually want to marry me?" she questioned, unbelieving. And she began to tremble as from an attack of the ague.

"Sure, who else?" answered Sam, and administered first aid in a manner befitting the occasion, and springtime, and—well, everything.

When Miss Lucy finally managed to get her wits together, she asked a question. "But what about my reputation?" she wanted to know. "You are aware, of course, that the whole town is talking about me." Suddenly she stopped trembling and stiffened, as she recalled the vision of Sam leaning on her fence and ha-ha-ing those pants. She pushed his arm away. "You saw the pants yourself," she said, and her tone was accusing.

Sam's eyes were twinkling dangerously. He looked exactly as if he was about to break out with another attack of ha-ha's.

"What's wrong with that?" he wanted to know. "Isn't it all right for a man to look at his own pants?"

COMPASSION

Roses are beauty, but I never see
Those blood drops from the burning heart of June
Glowing like thought upon the living tree
Without pity that they die so soon,
Die into petals, like those roses old,
Those women, who were summer in men's hearts
Before the smile upon the Sphinx was cold
Or sand had hid the Syrian and his arts.

GLADYS LAWRY

THE MINORITY TO THE LEFT



KATE WATANABE

"Now that we are a socialist nation," says the man on the street, "I wonder what the radicals have left to complain about."

"The nation has undergone another great revolution," the platform speaker employed by Party X pronounces solemnly.

Yet have we gone so completely socialistic? If we have, the United States has done a miraculous thing. It has undergone a revolution that was not a revolution. But we have not; no, not in any sense of the word. We have only hypnotized ourselves, or we, the great nation of intelligent self-rulers—have let ourselves be hypnotized!

No one but the Russian Communists (*not* the Marxian socialists) contends that a revolution, that is, a complete tearing down of the old orders and a rebuilding of a new system (incidentally one patterned after Soviet Russia) is necessary and inevitable. Many persons have, however, without turning communist, arrived at the truth that a nation so thoroughly permeated with the philosophy of individualism as the United States is, can hardly turn collective over night. The reason for this is that as methods of achieving social well-being, individualism and collectivism are incompatible. The first thinks, "God helps those who help themselves;" the second knows that the good of individuals depends unconditionally on the good of the whole. To be perfectly honest, we sensible Americans care little about the good of the whole if it does not mean the certain insuring of the welfare of each one of us. We cannot help being this way. Nature and society have made us so, and it seems a bit foolish to quarrel with either at this point. If the theory of collectivism is true (and it is yet largely a theory, for it has never been given a thorough trial), why have we not embraced it generations ago?

The pitfalls confronting persons who try to see the truth in social situations have always been hopelessly numerous. In the first place, our vision is colored by our environmental influences. We were born into a society in which everyone was pursuing his own good first and foremost. Human nature tends to accept the familiar, the already established situations as fact unalterable. Born into a family system rigidly patriarchal, the old Chinese believed freedom of women and children utterly wrong, defiance of the state of nature. We in this country, while laughing at the Chinese, not only accept a system wherein a small fraction of the population controls the distribution of wealth while the large remainder toils and obeys in order to get the means for subsistence, but we support it in the name of loyal citizenship. This economic situation has always existed so far as we know; it is, of course, the natural one and the best.

Then there is the hypnotic power of traditional ideals. Crowds have been swept into unmediated action, or held to the support of the *status quo* by skillful appeals to the old ideals of liberty, democracy, and even Christian brotherhood. The Reign of Terror of the French Revolution was carried on in the name of liberty, equality, fraternity. The Great War was fought to ensure freedom for democracy, and for the same reason Germany was ruthlessly stripped not only of her possessions but of any remnant of dignity. Today criticisms of the existing order by conscientious minorities who see the ultimate destruction of society following in the wake of present economic and governmental policies are immediately labelled "red propagandists," "communists," and "anarchists."

Although facts discovered in the natural sciences, inventions, technological developments are relayed to the ends of the world, yet nothing is said or done about the great discovered facts of social science. It is true that the study of society has not achieved the state of objectivity in measurement the physical sciences are said to have reached; neither can the elements of human activities be measured quantitatively as can grams of a chemical substance, nor can a cross-section of society be placed under a microscope and a drawing made of it in the same way the biologist records his observations of the structure of plant cells. But in spite of its youth as a field of research, the social sciences have discovered and presented facts in the light of which society can act to benefit. One of these is this, that any attempt to preserve the *status quo* is the height of human folly; for a society must adapt itself constantly to new situations which arise, or else it will die. Second, social change is always initiated by minorities who see beyond the immediate, who violate the mores which are inadequate to meet the new situations arising; yet we disdain to hearken to the minorities today. Third, in order to survive, society must put the well-being of the whole above that of individuals, for in the long run the good of each comes only through the good of the total group. Even so we pursue our own private gain. Such is human nature, we say. Yet if human nature were unalterable, the species would not have survived to date.

The fundamental reason for this refusal to utilize the fruits of social research in the areas of greatest need lies in the presence of vested interests—personal, individual interests with which each one of us is imbued. When we put the blame entirely upon the munition interests that disseminate preparedness propaganda, and upon capitalist organizations which cry out that laborers go on strikes, jeopardizing their jobs and personal freedom, because it is a pleasant recreational activity for them—when we accuse others, we are blind to the beam in our own eyes. Because each one of us has what has been called "a vested interest in the truth," we today have fallen prey to the pseudo-scientific practice of refusing to draw any conclusions "until all the facts are in." Of course we know that *all* the facts will never be in during our lifetime, and thus we are freed from the obligation of acting in the light of reason and existing truth. Negligence on the part of individuals in seeking to discover what there is to be found which would throw light upon the social desirability of their acts is the germ of

destruction in a civilization. The damage is done not only when the individual himself maintains this attitude of indecision, but when he, as a teacher or an older adviser, tells youth it is unscientific to come to any conclusions in regard to social situations. There are far too many persons who honestly believe that in view of the limits in human capacities to assemble data, it is highly dangerous, indeed very unwise, to commit one's self to anything. After having endured years of dogmatism and doctrination, youth tends too strongly to snatch greedily without thought at any advice smacking of the sophisticated and the *blase*. As a result our younger generation is characterized as thoughtless, willful, destitute of sensitivity to social values and a stabilizing sense of direction. If the gods still laugh at the folly of men, they are no doubt convulsed over the pseudo-scientist who has a phobia of forming judgments, who believes only in the wisdom of observation and inactivity!

The invention of writing marked a great turning point in the history of civilization, and yet it too has not proved to be an unmixed blessing. Without it man had been unable to transmit thoughts accurately. Today we are the victims of a culture that has been transmitted too accurately, rather, too much in detail. We no longer experiment. This, we say, is the era of science, and yet we do not dare experiment in the area of social relations, of economic relations. Here, for some reason, we prefer to cling to the traditional ways of doing things.

How slowly the thinking of a group changes, how slowly we see new truths, is clearly demonstrated by the inadequacy of our present-day beliefs. There is no denying that the social situation is no longer the same one in which our ancestors lived. Only within the last hundred years the population of the United States has increased manifold. We live in an industrialized, urbanized society; our grandparents were pioneer farmers. The nineteenth-century American dealt with the virgin soil for his existence; we of the twentieth century deal with the *entrepreneur* for ours. Clearly we cannot expect a social philosophy which was appropriate a century ago to be effective today. The errors of the individualistic approach were not so manifest on the wilderness frontier. Now they confront us on all sides. No longer is it "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost;" it is "every man for himself—the devil take us all!"

We have accustomed ourselves to change, we say. Yes, we do not hesitate for a moment to drive an automobile at a speed our parents shudder to think of. But true collectivism—that is another thing. As a social theory it is interesting; to practice it—let it wait another generation. We have found we can talk about the evils of capitalism over the teacups without losing our jobs, but we find ourselves yet unable to accept the falsity of the profit myth.

The basic aim of socialism is production for consumption; of capitalism, production for profits. This distinction must be understood clearly. Because of the incompatibility of these two purposes, economic collectivism cannot be realized in a capitalistic nation without an uprooting of the latter. Those who seriously contend that capitalism can unconsciously slide

into socialism do not realize the deep-rootedness of social institutions long geared to a philosophy of individualistic attainment, every fibre of them rapidly undergoing ossification, becoming increasingly resistant to change. If the basic industries of the United States were taken over by the government but without a thoroughgoing transformation of business and industrial motives, we should have state capitalism, not a socialistic nation. Others also who declare that the social psychology of the masses must first be transformed before any great change can be made in the economic structure, overlook the Russian experiment which is a living manifestation that the attitudes of the masses adjust themselves very quickly to the prevailing methods of securing sustenance. A change in the socio-economic order will not be achieved without many years of intensely bitter struggle capped finally by a revolution which will very likely be accompanied by bloodshed, rioting, and destruction of property. Then the people will adjust themselves quickly to the new situation and in time build up a social philosophy justifying it. The group which will indeed refuse to change is the propertied class, those who control profits, the beneficiaries of the present regime who are very few in spite of our great American tradition of free opportunity. Not only will this class fight desperately to maintain the *status quo*, but it will not give up the struggle even long after the control has passed into other hands.

If, then, revolution is imminent, where can we go for safety? Where can we intellectuals hide until it has passed? There will be no "safe" hiding-place. Unless we join the society of the Australian aborigines or of the African pygmies, we shall find ourselves swept into the thick of the conflict. We shall be forced to take sides. We may join the conservatives in a last desperate fight to keep down the rebels for another decade, or we may join the revolutionaries, running the risks that members of such groups always face in a period of rapid change. We shall suffer violence, and we shall inflict it.

Will this revolution result in the rise of a better society? Only a blind optimist believes that the good always arises from the ruins. The result of the overturning of the old order can be good only in so far as the good elements of the old rise up at this point and dominate the scene.

If this revolution is to be creative, one thing is necessary. There must be a sufficient minority of individuals who have lost their egocentricity, are free from biases, personal desires, from wishes to gain specific ends, and whose all-demanding goal is the discovery of the truth, and the truth alone. This group will have studied society to find all that can be learned of the tendencies of human behavior, indifferent to the possible effects of their discoveries upon their own prejudices, ideas, and theories. It will not be afraid to formulate conclusions if the facts warrant conclusions; it will not insist upon being undecided; it will not remain inactive if the situation demands action. This group will not act for action's sake, but neither will it stop at violence if it sees that violence exerted in an area is good. Only individuals who have undergone a complete revolution within themselves,

who live only to see the truth and do the good can be trusted to participate in a social revolution that will in its entirety be creative rather than destructive.

If we were to think that membership in this group will bring honor and social approval, we should be greatly disappointed. Society is no respecter of radical minorities. Its senses are singularly dulled in this area. Membership in the left-wing minority demands the greatest price men have ever known. Those who have claimed it have paid the price of social ostracism, mental loneliness, and often physical suffering. "No man can serve two masters." Complete obedience to one demands at least partial disobedience to the other. The man totally committed to the perpetuation of the highest values in a social order cannot, obviously, be concerned with the maintenance of the whole order which includes both good and bad. Nothing is proving more false in life today than the belief that the right always wins. To expect the truth to be self-manifesting is to lay one's self bare to endless disappointment. Men care nothing for the good unless the good assures the fulfillment of their desires, desires for food, for beautiful clothing, for houses, for comfortable jobs, for honor and popularity in the community. The struggle for a socialized order will be long and discouraging. It is said that at the actual outbreak of open conflict the middle class of America, the liberals and the intellectuals will fly in terror into the camp of the conservatives. How much easier it would be to be a middle-of-the-road liberal, bowing to everything and loyal to nothing, than to endure the relentless discipline in the life of a super-moral radical!

I am an alarmist, you say. True, the revolution will not come next week; it will not come next year. It *may* not occur within our generation. But the time to choose between chaos and rebirth is now. The necessary minority will not suddenly appear at the crisis like the magician out of the bottle. It must be prepared, disciplined beforehand. Worthwhile things cannot be bought cheaply. The complexity of contemporary civilization demands the greatest skill and delicate adjustment on the part of members of society. No longer can men live blindly, trusting to chance. The achievement of maximum satisfaction for individuals as well as for society lies not in haphazard methods. It is again human egocentricity that makes us blind to this fact, makes us think we can bargain for Life and buy it at less than the price demanded—the renunciation of self.

We Americans yet boast of our tradition of democracy, of freedom, of equality of opportunity. Is it hopelessly beyond our ability to make these ideals live in our social and economic policies? Never has been the need so great as it is today. Perhaps it is also blind optimism to hope that those of us who now control the avenues of wealth, those of us who have hoped to control them in the future—yes, still hope for private profits, will come to desire the ideal of a society based on collectivism. Yet in this possibility alone lies our hope for the future of America.

SYRINGA

Syringa—and the dusky, warm old rose
Of hawthorne trees in bloom,—the cool green tint
Of silver birches, whose sheer spangles glint
A-shiver with the slightest breeze that blows,—
Catalpa color—and the month of May
Once more. This was the scene a year ago:
The hawthorne thus, the silver birches so,
A Spring no sweeter scented than today—

But oh, the difference within my soul!
The year has ravaged there a lovely loot.
Rare vines and taller trees cannot console,
Nor my whole garden gladden me, nor fruit
Enrich me, since the shameful, sad year stole
Syringa that I loved—and crushed its root.

SEASONABLE

Love there was like orchard scent,
White plum blossoms in the rain;—
With the spring the passion went,
And my heart bore fruit of pain.
Summer gave my sighing vent;
So I sighed and loved again.

Love there was like flame at night,
Like a scarlet poppy bed,
Soporific, hot, and bright—
Summer ended; love was dead.
Then my sorrows took their flight,
In the fall flew overhead.

Love is now a potent wine,
Warm to help the chill nights pass—
Lovely liquor! See it shine
Purple in its crystal glass,—
Many lips may sip from mine,
Many mouths drink deep and pass.

JEAN SEWELL PENN

THE GOOD HOST



J. L. BILWILLER

At last Grassel had gone too. Always the last to leave, Grassel. He had lingered on the threshold hoping that Pumpke would invite him back for another drink. Well, Pumpke thought, he had had enough already. He looked at the room, at the table littered with cards and empty glasses, at the floor, covered with cigarette stubs. Suddenly he felt disgusted with all of them; with Grassel, and Stern, and Rudolphi, and Stickerz. And Pumpke, too. Ah, they were a lot of drunken fools sitting around a table, chuckling at their own banal wit.

He felt slightly sick; little waves of nausea caught him, twisting his throat muscles. He walked to the window and opened it and looked out at the silent, impartial city. Somewhere a clock struck three, faintly, timidly; another, nearer, followed; then came all the clocks of Berlin with their various voices; the silvery chimes from the little church in Zurichstrasse, the solemn music of the great cathedral clock high above Wilhelmstrasse, the old cracked bell in the city tower, and all the others, sweet and harsh, all striking three. After all the others were quiet again, the little clock on the mantel clock behind him chimed three, very quietly.

He turned from the window and walked over to the clock, to set it ahead. It was a cheap little clock and had never kept very good time. Nyla had said once that it kept time for lovers—always slow. He remembered how she had laughed when she said it, low and sweet, like the chime of the clock itself.

The room seemed brighter after looking out at the dark, glaringly bright. The nausea was almost gone now, but his ears sang a little, and the lights were bright, all too bright. All the colors were brighter, too. The blue cards on the red oil cloth seemed to flash angrily. He knew what the matter was, of course: he was just a little drunk. Drunk enough to be sensitive to everything, but not drunk enough to feel good. He went into the kitchen and hunted for the coffee pot.

Nyla had given him the clock. It had been a Christmas present, four years ago. What had he given her that year? He couldn't remember; that book of Shakespeare's sonnets, perhaps. With the purple leather covers. No, that was the next year, the year before . . .

He found the coffee pot, finally, under some clean shirts and put the coffee and water into it and put it on the stove. He went back into the other room and stared stupidly at the disorder. He started picking up the cigarette stubs one at a time, bending over awkwardly from the waist. There were Rudolphi's with the gold tips, and Stern's that had been jammed into a holder, and Stickerz' American cigarettes. Stickerz had been to

New York last year, and insisted on smoking American cigarettes to remind everyone of it. He put the stubs into one of the glasses and watched the tobacco and paper soaking up the liquid.

Nyla had had very white hands with long fingers. Everyone had noticed it. He remembered her hands lying quietly in her lap when she talked, the fingernails curving in ever so little over the finger tips; he saw them placing the blue and white plates on the high shelf; he saw them gingerly touching the hedgehog he had found in the woods.

She had had golden hair, too, that she let hang about her shoulders sometimes. He had given her a little gilt comb, one with a card that read "From the Boatman." And she had blushed slowly and looked at him and started to say something and had stopped, and wouldn't tell him what she had been about to say.

He gathered the cards together and put them back in the box. How had he come out? He counted his money, still lying on the table; he was six marks ahead. That was good; it wasn't well for the host to win too much. He carried the bottles out to the kitchen and came back for the glasses. He put the glasses in the sink, and wondered whether he should wash them then or in the morning. He decided to wait, and went back to the other room and sat down in the big chair.

She had said once that she loved the brook because it never talked about anybody but itself. She had looked back at him over her shoulder when she said it; her eyes had been brown and gold, with long lashes. She wore a brown dress sometimes, on days when they walked in the woods. Sometimes they would run, shouting, along the paths, startling the grave squirrels and rabbits. Once, chanting from *Die Rauber*, they flashed past a grey-bearded hunter. He fell over a tree root, staring after them.

He saw a glass he had overlooked on the bookcase. Who had left it there? Oh, yes, Rudolphi had stood there, one hand on the bookcase, the other gesturing gracefully with the glass, posing handsomely, consciously, while he told them about the two girls he had met in Paris, the ones who lived together in the single room. How they all had chuckled and envied him and wondered how much was true.

He went out into the kitchen and took the coffee pot off the stove and poured some of the coffee into a cup and drank it, a little at a time because it was so hot. Then he turned off all the lights and lay down on the bed with his clothes on.

He remembered the last time they had gone to the woods together. They had sat together on a rock and sung. Nyla had had a beautiful, low voice that hurt you when she sang. She had turned her head back so that it lay on his arm. *Du, du, liegst mir im Herzen; Du, du, liegst mir im Sinn . . .*

He heard the voices of his friends again: "Good night, Pumpke." "Good night, Willy." "Coming with me, Rudolphi?" "Good night, Pumpke."

. . . Weissst nicht wie gut ich dir bin. Ja, ja; ja, ja; weissst nicht wie gut ich dir bin.

"So long, Willy." . . . *machst mir viel Schmerzen* . . . "Next Friday? All right, Pumpke." . . . *weisst nicht wie gut* . . . "Well, good night." . . . *ich dir bin. Ja, ja,* . . . "Yes, good night, Pumpke." "Good night, Willy." "Good night, good night." . . . *Ja, ja* . . . "Good night." . . . *weisst nicht wie gut ich dir bin* . . .

He lay quite still. His stomach hurt dully. Suddenly he began to cry; quietly, stiflingly, as it is not good for a man to cry.



SORROW

Sorrow is a lovely thing,
Long-held sweep of slender bow
On a shrill, sweet silver string—
Piercing, poignant tremolo.

Sorrow is a sharp-edged thing,
Cleaving skull and brain apart,
Shimmering and shuddering
Deep into the naked heart.

Sorrow is a frightened thing,
Foundling fallen from its nest,
Beating with a broken wing
Blindly in the captive breast.

Sorrow is a spirit thing
Wringing long white hands in pain,
Lovely as the early spring,
Cruel as the winter rain.

JEAN SEWELL PENN

RIDE - MISTER?



CHARLES LEONG

It is a modern Appian Way—nineteen-thirty-four style—a broad span of smooth grey concrete, flanked by gravel shoulders and orchard trees on both sides. Trees with buds blushing like a virgin, and waving in the exhilarating California sunshine. Vehicles, jolting along in a motley fashion as gregariously as in the imperial Roman days, flow by in a steady stream. Enormously hideous gargantuans, bearing produce; sleek, swift greyhounds of the highways; ancient rattle-traps reminiscent of pre-war days, scuttling afloat the steady flow—all a part of the parade of the Motor Era.

An alert, clean-cut young man stands at the edge of the road, near a gently curving bank on the road. He smiles hopefully as a Mrs. Babbitt purrs toward him in a big sedan. The sedan is empty as the lady's head. The young man gestures with his arm—clenched fist and extended thumb. The elegant lady passes him with hauteur. Another chance for a ride slips by. The young man, laughing, mockingly makes a sweeping bow—and hopefully waits for another car. Yes, he is a hitch-hiker.

He, gentlemen, is another contribution *Americana* to modern civilization; he is goose-stepping with the march of progress—along with Hollywood, repeal, and Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse. The hitch-hiker, or the art of hitch-hiking, is a comparatively recent *stratum addendum* to contemporary American society. Perhaps it is better to restrict the term to "hitch-hiker," for all hitch-hikers, as in other arts and sciences, do not pursue their practice with art and finesse.

In fact, the practice of hitch-hiking was stumbled upon purely by accident, and like every other revolutionary movement, was fostered by college students. Years ago, in an eastern university, two young collegians were walking along a road-side, intently speculating upon nature's wonders. A horseless carriage pulled by; the driver asked if they wanted a lift, and the young men casually accepted. The next week, the same two young men wanted to go to the next town, but were short of cash, as students usually are. The two mental behemoths seized a sudden inspiration, and decided to try the procedure of the previous week. To attract attention, they waved their arms. This was the humble beginning of the art of thumbing.

All the good things of life, they say, are free. Hitch-hiking certainly makes no demands on the pocket-book; but, like all good things, the necessary evils invariably rear their heads. Riding upon the highways gratis is, of course, an imposition upon the good-will of the car-owners and is more or less parasitic in nature. Hitch-hiking certainly would be an honorable

art and sport but for the vile reputation cast upon it by flagrant parasitic violators of the hikers' ethical code. There is, then, a distinct cleavage between the two major classes of hitch-hikers, one of which is a rabble composed of vicious vagrants who violate all the fine intentions of hitch-hiking. The life and property of the respectable citizenry are threatened under the guise of asking for a ride; an accommodation is used as an instrument of crime. Justly, then, state and municipal laws prohibiting hitch-hiking are the natural outgrowth of such violent practices.

However, the glorious honor of hitch-hiking is being upheld by a group of young men—the cream of young manhood, one might say—the very intelligentsia of the land. And why should college men and high school lads be the leading exponents of hitch-hiking? The spirit of adventure beckons, perhaps—youth is always filled with excessive *joie de vivre*, the challenge of what one can do with nothing but native equipment. The hereditary bare-handed defiance of our forefathers still persists. The egocentric impulse of youth to ensnare favors by sheer personality is another incentive. And last, but not least, the typical college student's real or imaginary conception of being "broke" is a forceful argument. (He probably is saving the hard cash for a date at his destination.)

The veteran hitch-hiker, like a scientist, follows certain formulae to arrive at certain results. First, the seasoned thumb-gesturer seeks to escape the hodge-podge of city traffic, and goes to the outskirts before attempting to put on his performance. Neat, clean clothes are prime requisites, for who doesn't instinctively favor cleanliness? A white shirt helps to attract the vision of the motorist. And smart collegians invariably carry a book or two under the arm. Scholarly attainment is ever revered. Various techniques of hailing the motorists are advocated by the more ardent veterans; different procedures are practised, but the time-honored thumb-gesture and "Ride—Mister?" are universally recognized and always successful. People are quick to recognize the simple and elemental. Cheerfulness and a nice smile (not necessarily of dental-ad brightness) are helpful aids. Group-thumb-ing, wherein a group of inexperienced youngsters thumb with military precision, are always turned down with the same precise finality. Two hikers have only a fair chance of getting rides; people still fear accomplices in crime. The ideal method is for one person to strike out alone and seek a location near curves, railroad stops, or service stations. Any place where motorists must momentarily slacken speed is a vulnerable point of approach. The solitary hitch-hiker has infinitely better chances of getting a free ride. "He travels fastest who travels alone."

California, with the best highways in the nation, and a high percentage of motor cars per capita, is the Utopia of all hitch-hikers, veterans or amateurs. Imagine, in a hitch-hiker's automotive dreams, a broad highway, with shade trees bordering the road, fountains, and benches upon which to rest the weary body. Fat, sleek, comfortable motor cars roll by, and bewitchingly charming feminine chauffeurs stop and implore the hitch-hiker to ride. Fantastic? Perhaps, but relative to the other parts of the nation,

California's inherent hospitality and graciousness certainly give the hitch-hiker a break—a colossal break. Our own section of California is especially fortunate for the collegiate hitch-hiker. There are six major colleges and universities, and innumerable junior colleges, all within a radius of fifty miles. Within this radius good roads are numerous as sands on the seashore—and all interlacing every city, town, and hamlet. A rich field, indeed, in which the collegiate thumb-jerker may ply his trade.

The modern hitch-hiker is the remnant, the last stand, the afterglow of the once entertaining, story-telling Weary Willies, the ancient bards and *jongleurs* of medieval times. Would it be too much to ask the hitch-hiker, the modern counterpart, to retain, to preserve this last vestige, this fast-fading shadow of romanticism? Conscientious hitch-hikers, with timely *savoir gre*, are acknowledging the generous kindness of motorists by comporting themselves like gentlemen and entertaining the driver with a smooth and nifty line. Besides the reciprocation to motorists, the seasoned hitch-hiker does gain varied and interesting insights and perceptions of human nature. Motorists usually pick up a hiker out of sheer loneliness; they want to talk and hear the comforting assurance of a human voice. The expert hiker, in an hour's ride with a lonely motorist, will probably know the whole family tree of the driver.

The hitch-hiker who expects results, by the very force of compulsory and environmental mutation, becomes a judge of human nature. He becomes a pseudo-psychologist. The expert won't thumb company trucks; he knows the company rules against pick-ups. Sometimes a wildcat truck is good pickings. He is disdainful of chauffeured limousines. The true thumber has the spirit of Villon—the proletariat's contempt of the bourgeois. Rides from fair, fat, and forty Mrs. Babbitts are rare as brick buildings after an earthquake. Young women driving alone? It all depends upon the lady and the lady's mood. A delicate situation, for even the most seasoned thumbers. The sons of the soil, the backbone of the nation, are also the backbone of any hitch-hiker's hopes. The farmers are almost a sure-shot for a ride. And no noble hiker is too conceited to ride with a farmer in a truck or car of ancient vintage loaded with squawking fowls and produce. Traveling salesmen and men going upon long trips comprise the rest of the best bets. Men possessing the earmarks of urbanity seem to give more of a sporting chance to a thumber's appeal than the small-town business man.

Inasmuch as the hitch-hikers appeal to the good-will of the motorist for a ride, sometimes the situation takes on a Frankensteinic aspect. The classic example was the young man hitch-hiking in the rain. A motorist stopped and picked him up. After a short distance, the driver fumbled for his watch to tell the time. It was gone. He searched again, and found his pen gone too. The motorist stopped the car, and coldly ordered the young man out in the torrent. Before you go," he demanded icily, "hand back my watch and pen." The young man denied passively, but it was of no avail. He handed over a watch and pen, and got out. The motorist arriving at home, was greeted at the door by his wife who said, "Henry, darling, here is the watch and pen which you left on the bureau."

The art of hitch-hiking, in spite of all the condemnation it has received, is here to stay as long as automobiles and highways continue to exist. It is a part of America's jargonic *savoir faire* and civilization. It, too, is as definitely collegiate as any campus or lecture forum. Perhaps some day the college curriculum will have a course in "hitch-hiking." Whither does hitch-hiking lead us? The next town, "Ride—Mister?"



MORNING SONG

This is the waking sweet surprise
That shines like morning in your eyes.
You wonder, having me at last
Your own,—and yet in ages past
I know the morning sun broke before
On some rose-tinted tropic shore
You looked on me with this same light
That lingers from the burning night.

Our passion is not new nor old;
This deep warm breast, these arms that hold
So gently, I have known for long.
Do you forget the pagan song
I sang while sunrise flamed the sea?
Your body firmly pressed to me?
Our mouths that filled with passion's food,
Desire, delight, and lassitude?

And though tomorrow's morning be
A dawn of drab satiety,
Though then your eyes that smile in mine
May lose their blue refulgent shine,
Your breast may harden cool as wax,
Your lips may turn, your arms grow lax,—
Still, there are mornings manifold—
Love is not dead, but only old.

And I shall wake again to see
The sunlight of your eyes on me.
An hundred or a thousand years
May planets shift; love never veers.
This morning has been long away,
Yet it was here but yesterday;
Love has no time, is never late;
Forever is not long to wait.

JEAN SEWELL PENN

LOVE AFFAIR



JEAN VERA SMITH

I

"Waste not, want not," murmured Miss Belle Breeden to herself, as she tucked a few light-brown combings into the lavender-silk bag hanging at the corner of her mirror. She gently eased the stays of her corset which were poking uncomfortably into her breast-bone, and readjusted her back comb. She touched the lobes of her ears with the stopper of a cut-glass scent bottle filled with lavender water, and finally, after dozens of twistings and frownings and turnings, Miss Belle smiled one last time into the most truthful mirror, and found herself unwanting. She placed her small hat carefully on her head, pulled on her gloves, and picked up her handbag. The stiff black silk of her skirt whispered and murmured around her thin ankles as she moved toward the door, head high and cheeks faintly pink in the expectation of bliss which hovered breathless about her. Miss Belle was going to the butcher shop to buy two lamb chops.

II

The beauty of the autumn day smote her as she walked along the narrow and crumbling sidewalk. The dark-brown walnut leaves about her feet were pungent with such a bitter, spicy odor that it seemed to stand out about them in waves. Every house had its mass of red and orange berry bushes, brilliant in the velvet sunshine, and in some of the yards housecats lay sprawled in pagan abandon, or sat upright, washing their ears and faces with languorous, graceful motions. Miss Breeden felt that she had never been so happy. It was not only the loveliness of the day, the peace and contentment, which were causing her such joy. It was the vague sensation which she had felt for at least a week, that everything was changing for her; that all she knew and was accustomed to was growing better and better. And she knew why. It was Henry Dorsdorf. As she walked, slowly and carefully stepping over the bumps in the cement, assiduously avoiding all cracks, she reviewed in her mind the last choir-practice. Then, at seven-thirty, she had known Henry Dorsdorf for three Sundays and had admired him silently; at ten o'clock, after practice was over, she felt that she had known him through eternity, perhaps even longer. Fully aware of the accusation which dwelt in the eyes of her sister, Stella Adquist, she had consented to his suggestion that he see her home. She had felt the shocked and amazed expressions of the choir members boring into her back as the two of them left the church together. Imagine Belle Breeden actually walking home with a man! Imagine her walking home with the new butcher, about whom nobody knew anything!

As she passed Stella's conservative house, Miss Breeden looked in anticipation at the white-curtained windows. She was quite sure that the curtains fell together awfully as she approached, and she smiled a little to her-

self as her sister came out onto the porch with a broom and began sweeping industriously.

"Good morning, Stella," she said. Stella's head came up abruptly, her mouth firm in the victory of not having spoken first.

"Hello, Belle. Where are you going?"

"To the butcher shop."

"You know what I mean. What about Henry Dorsdorf? You aren't going to see him, I suppose? You don't know what people are saying, either, do you? He's been to see you two times this week, hasn't he?"

Miss Belle looked far down the street, down to where the line of trees ended at the corner. A little smile brushed across her lips. "Only once. He brought me a sausage that I ordered, Tuesday."

"Of course. I'm going to the meat shop to get two lamb chops for my lunch."

"Belle!" Stella dropped her broom and ran down the front walk. She clutched her sister's arm and shook it angrily. Belle Breeden, do you know what you are doing?"

"Oh! You make me furious! I don't know what's got into you. At your age!"

"He's very kind, and he doesn't know many people here yet."

"I don't wonder. A Dutchman!"

"No, Stella, he's a German. At least he is in his parentage."

"Belle, have you no pride? Think of George's standing in the community. Think of his position in the bank."

Belle was surprised to see that her sister had tears in her eyes, so very anguished and annoyed was she.

"I've given up worrying about what George thinks. I gave it up long ago when I found that he preferred you to me. Well, goodbye, Stella. If I don't hurry, all the nice chops will be sold."

"Oh!" gasped Stella, and Miss Belle was almost certain that she stamped her foot.

III

The butcher shop was a horrible place. Unhappy ghosts of countless herds of slain sheep and kine seemed to hover restlessly in the corners, doomed to an eternity on earth by the angry gods while their bodies were devoured by gluttons. Decapitated calves hung, neck downward, their hind legs secured by cruel steel prongs, while little pools of dark red blood coagulated in the pungent sawdust under them. Pitiful fowl hung in the windows, their pale, white bodies dangling naked before the careless eyes of passersby, their thin necks stretched painfully by the cords which secured them to the rack. But the showcase. Ah, that was the worst of all! There were displayed the very secret portions of all the helpless beasts whose bodies were even then dangling like a ghoulish tapestry upon the spotted walls. The huge, dark hearts, stilled forever; the shapeless chunks of liver, the strips of stomach like long, limp sponges, the brains . . . oh, the brains! Miss Belle entered the butcher shop with dread and awe, her thin nose hidden in the folds of a lacy handkerchief. All her strength and courage had gone into the assault upon her sister's pride. Now she was

again feebly a helpless woman. She averted her eyes so that they would not have the pain of looking at the slaughter all about them. In other days her eyes would have rested upon the less offending aspect of the tray of dill pickles, dark-green and warty, which sat upon the counter under the noses of all customers. While she gave her order, usually for something quite unsuggestive, she stared at the pickles and tried to forget that a pink and hairless pig, smirking coyly as it hung suspended by the legs, was looking right at her. Now, however, all was changed. Instead of shuddering in horror as the first hot wave of odor closed about her, Miss Belle immediately sought the figure of Henry Dorsdorf, kinglike behind the clean scraped surface of the chopping-block, and her heart, racing in an agony of hope and affection, forgot to faint as usual. The sheltering handkerchief fell from her nose and her eyes looked into his, dark-brown and beautiful behind their thick lenses. Thankfully she noticed, in a subconscious fluttering, that they were alone; no other customer was by to mar the placid surface of her happiness. She approached the counter in a little skipping walk, and even went so far as to lean upon it gracefully. Mr. Dorsdorf smiled at her as he wiped his hands upon his apron, and when he spoke his eyes seemed to enlarge a little with pleasure.

"And what can I get for you today, Miss Breeden?"

"I'll take two small lamb chops, please," she begged. How gallantly he offered to do her bidding! How nobly he smiled and nodded, unhooking the chops from the prong and carrying them to the block. As his huge hands sliced and pulled and chopped at the meat, as he deftly swung and twirled the gleaming knives, Miss Belle shuddered at his strength, his invincibility. Her fond eyes rested upon his hands, red from constant wiping, and a queer sensation overcame her as she noticed how broad and firm they were, how crisply the dark hairs curled upon every knuckle. She sighed.

Mr. Dorsdorf deftly weighed and wrapped and tied the lamb chops, smiling and talking all the time. He handed the package to her with a little gesture, as though they were not lamb chops at all, but holler food. As he leaned toward her and the edge of the case dented in his middle, Miss Breeden thought how wonderful it would be if his own heart were beating as agitatedly, somewhere under that broad expanse of ruddy apron, as was her own.

Then something happened. Their hands touched! Just for an instant, as he proffered the chops and she accepted them, she felt the pressure of his fingers upon hers. All her maidenly reserve fled in that one brief moment. She gazed into his eyes, and he gazed back.

Suddenly she gasped, and clutched the cool package to her breast.

"Miss Belle!" cried Henry Dorsdorf, and she knew then that he, too, cared. Their hands met again.

Then someone came into the shop and they parted, but not before Miss Breeden had whispered the invitation which had been lingering upon her reluctant tongue for three weeks.

"Come to dinner, Sunday night," she said, and he nodded, beaming. Feeling reckless and bold Miss Belle turned to go, looking directly into the

accusing eyes of the dead and dripping pig, and caring not at all, while behind his caseful of interiors, Henry Dorsdorf chopped madly at a brilliant side of beef.

IV

It wasn't, reflected Miss Belle, as she laid forks and knives carefully at the places, it wasn't as though they were doing anything wrong, at least not in the sight of God. Her sister and her sister's husband might talk, but she was sure that God would have very little, if anything, to say about the matter. The acquitting fact which seemed to her to purify the whole incident was that both she and Henry Dorsdorf had sung together in the choir of the Methodist Episcopal church for three Sundays. Surely a relationship fostered and cultivated in such musty sanctity could bear no stain. Perhaps if they had only met in the butcher shop, unchaperoned save by lifeless beasts, Stella's accusations and George's veiled hints might have struck more deeply. But Miss Breeden felt that no man who had sung bass to her contralto in the rendition of "Old Hundred," and "Work, for the Night is Coming" could harbor intentions other than honorable in her regard. She felt perfectly safe. Of course, there was the fact that he was a German. Not that the War was still going on, but George had been shockingly vituperative about the Kaiser during its course, and even now he would allow nothing German to be brought within the doors of his home. How awful if she had lived with George and Stella, as they had asked her to do, and Henry had been turned away, hungry, on this day of days.

She plucked a dead, withered leaf from the centerpiece of purple asters, and hummed a snatch of song as she reflected upon all this, happily conscious that she was looking her best. After dinner they would walk in the garden, and then they might sit in the arbor for a while, and perhaps . . . perhaps . . . But Miss Breeden could not bring herself to utter, even silently, the thought which was fluttering like an imprisoned bird about her mind. Nothing like that could happen. Her relationship with Mr. Dorsdorf was one of friendship, nothing more. And even as she told herself, even as she rebuked the faint wanderings of her rebellious imagination, she found herself hoping that it would be more.

She reviewed the menu and wondered what George would say if he knew that she was serving such dishes as sauerbraten, pig's knuckles (ugly things!) and wienerwurst, and on Sunday at that! No doubt he would be terribly angry and say things most insulting, but nothing could surpass what George would say, George the banker with his pale blue eyes, and his thin, long nose, if he could but know that she had two bottles of dark, foamy beer hidden in the ice-box. The beer was one of the most daring things Miss Breeden had ever bought, and she had gone clear to Greenfield after it, because to have purchased beer in her own town would have meant the immediate blackening of her reputation. Miss Belle giggled as she thought of what George might say. And then she heard steps upon the porch, and visioned a flat, stubby thumb upon the doorbell. All her strength dissolved and formed a choking lump at the base of her throat. As she went to answer the summons, her feet moving forward independently, propelled by no volition of her own, she knew definitely that it *must* be more than friendship; that it was going to be more.

Her hand lingered upon the doorknob for only an instant; then she threw open the door. Stella stood on the porch. Stella, impatiently tapping a foot, regal in her genuine fur coat. Belle stepped back in amazement, mentally unable for a moment to coordinate the plump figure of her sister and the expected form of Henry Dorsdorf which she had visualized. Stella frowned, sniffing sharply as was her habit when annoyed.

"Well, must I stand here all day? Whatever is the matter?"

Miss Belle opened the screen door and Stella walked in, pulling off her gloves briskly.

"I came over to have dinner with you tonight," she said, biting her words off crisply. "George had to go to Greenfield on business. I said to him, 'Of all things, on Sunday. Why couldn't it wait till tomorrow?' but he said it was quite important, something he simply had to see to; so I just thought you wouldn't mind if I came over to spend the evening with you. Well!" She stopped in the doorway, looking at the garnished table. "You don't mean to tell me you have flowers on the table for just yourself?"

"No, Stella." Miss Belle armed herself and plunged into the fray. "Henry Dorsdorf is coming for dinner."

For a few breathless moments Stella said nothing. She stood with her back to Belle, who gazed at a large rubbed spot which proclaimed the age and use of her sister's coat. It was as though time were being checked so that Stella could think of something to say. Suddenly she whirled about, and her round little cheeks were pink.

"Belle Breeden, are you mad?"

"No," sighed Miss Belle. "He'll be here any minute now, and we're going to have German food." Seeing that her sister was speechless, she went on, all the while feeling entirely unlike herself as though she were wrapped about in a cloak which shut out everything but her own happiness and the delicious pleasure of Henry's nearness. "We're going to have beer, too."

"Beer! Oh!" Stella's mouth fell open. In anger she was never magnificent, only ridiculous and red-looking.

Then, "You are not going to have dinner with Henry Dorsdorf, Belle Breeden, or with any other debauched foreigner. I'll call up George. I'll get him to come clear back from Greenfield to bring you to your senses, if you've got any. He'd rather see his bank closed than have you entangled in an affair with a German . . . a Dutchman. Get your hat and coat!"

Miss Belle, standing calm and silent in her black silk dress, looked at her sister, fat and warm, fussing breathily like a Rhode Island Red hen. Miss Belle smiled a little and folded her hands across her narrow breast.

"No, Stella, I won't get my hat and coat, and you needn't call George. He could come all the way from Greenfield and bring his whole bank force with him, but I wouldn't budge. The trouble with you, Stella, is that you see I'm happy, and you can't stand it. Especially since Henry is a real man and so unlike George in every way." She looked past Stella at the gay asters, thoughtfully. "Do you remember when George first came here, how crazy all the girls were about him? But he didn't like any of them as much as he liked me, not even you. I was prettier than you then, too. Don't inter-

rupt me. I wouldn't be surprised if I still am. But you couldn't stand it when he asked me to the May-day picnic in spite of all you could do. So you set out to get him away from me. And you got him because you did all the things that I didn't have the spunk to do, things that appealed to George's pride and his egotism. You thought I didn't know it, but I did. And George was the sort of man to be taken in. Ever since you've lorded it over me and flaunted George like a banner. At first I was terribly hurt. That's what kept me a silly old maid, dried-up and foolish. But the minute I looked at Henry Dorsdorf—so kind and good and strong, I knew that George isn't worth his little finger. And I'm thankful to you, Stella, because you took George away from me. I love Henry, and I'll marry him if he asks me to."

Stella was no longer red. Her face was pale, and the powder on it was streaked in furrows down her cheeks. Without a word she glared at Miss Belle, her mouth opening and shutting mechanically. Then she turned and moved in majesty to the door, pulled it open with a grand gesture, and bumped into Henry Dorsdorf, who was about to press the bell. He bulged in a blue-green serge suit, and when Stella plunged into him, he snatched from his head a cowering plaid fedora with three feathers under the band. To Miss Belle, however, he seemed garbed in light, and shining like a knight in golden mail. Of a sudden she went weak all over, her knees bent and she lost the courage of battle with which she had arrayed herself against Stella. It was necessary that she cling to Henry for support and that Stella pick up her own bag, which Henry had been about to reach for. Thus they stood in the doorway, together, looking each into the other's eyes, while Stella stamped down the front walk.

V

They had a lovely time at dinner, and sat for a long time afterwards, while Henry told Miss Belle about the cities in Germany, which he had long ago visited. Miss Belle had been relieved to find that Henry was really almost as good an American as herself, having been born in Iowa. Not that she really cared. He told her about the Rhine river, and about the beautiful trees and parks, and the beer gardens. He seemed to enjoy the beer very much, and Miss Belle managed to drink a little, but not a great deal. She wondered if it would make her giddy, and almost hoped that it would. Then they walked in the garden, and it was Miss Belle's turn to tell him about her roses and her hollyhocks, and what a time she had with bugs and beetles. It was delightful. Not once did they mention Stella.

Then they sat in the arbor. The sun was just going down, and the whole place was crimson with it. The grape-leaves were dark green and cool, and hidden insects buzzed and hummed in the heavy, warm air. Miss Belle sat down carefully, smoothing her black silk, but not before Henry had wiped off the bench with a massive handkerchief.

"Isn't it nice out here now?" she asked gently, smiling up at him.

"It is beautiful, beautiful," he replied, and Miss Belle could not help seeing that he was looking directly at her, and not at the grape-leaves, not at the glory of the sunset. She felt her cheeks grow pink, and her heart fluttered delightfully. When he sat down beside her, his nearness was almost more than she could stand, and when he suddenly took her hand into his she became faint with a delicious faintness.

"Henry!" she exclaimed, "Do you realize that you are holding my hand?"

He looked at it, turning it over and rubbing the skin gently with his thumb. Miss Belle was glad that never for a single night had she neglected to rub her hands with lemon.

"But it is such a lovely hand to hold. Such a lovely hand to kiss, even." And he kissed it! Miss Belle breathed softly, and then was very silent. And while she felt the sweetness of it, and the bliss, she was conscious all the time of how damp his lips were, and how the hairs of his short, dark moustache pricked into her skin. And she noticed, without being aware of it, that his shirt collar was frayed along the back. Then it was over.

Mr. Dorsdorf looked at her, and his face was very red, almost purple, from bending over her hand. But his eyes had such an expression in them! It was very sweet. Miss Belle could not bear to look at him. She made a bold joke.

"The next time I come into your shop, I will buy a heart," she whispered, rather amazed at her own daring.

"Dear Miss Belle," rumbled Mr. Dorsdorf gruffly. "Dear Belle. That will not be necessary. I will gif you mine for nothing." He held out both hands as though offering the gift upon them. Miss Belle sighed, and saw the arbor and Henry's face through a mist. It seemed awfully hurried, and not at all as she thought it would be, but it was right she knew.

"Thank you, Henry. You are very kind." She laid her head upon his shoulder. Mentally, she clothed herself in her blue-silk wrapper, and wondered what Henry would think when he saw her hair in braids, without any padding or switches. They were silent for a time, watching the sun burn out and colors getting darker and darker. Finally Henry spoke.

"We shall go to Niagara Falls for a trip."

"Yes?" murmured Miss Belle. "That will be nice."

QUEEN BESS'S YULE

In winter when the woods are still,
And birds are gone and grasses dead,
And sky is ash-gray overhead,
Naught lives more friendly than a hill
That rears its whitened head to fill
The void in sky's far-reaching bed.

When days are short and nights are long,
The sons of men seek hearth-fires wide
And rest content to stay inside,
And raise the rafters up with song,
And fill their mugs with drink so strong
That spiced fumes up the chimney ride.

Red holly glows against the snow
In festive pattern drawn by God
To hide the path where fays have trod.
Old women sit upstairs and sew;
Their men eat cheeses down below
And wait for Spring with drowsy nod.

ERMA FAXON

HUMANITY'S FORMS OF SALVATION



LUCIANO GARBIN

In the beginning Nature was so desolate and dreadful that human life was brutish and miserable. Frightful mysteries infested the world, and the primitive man's prevailing sentiment was fear. Suspicious, conceiving fear saw gods, ghosts, and demons behind visible forms. These invisible enemies dominated and pervaded man's environment. And man was helpless in knowing just how to challenge such fearful spirits. Fight! But how? His physical strength was analogous to a ripened leaf which with the slightest breeze falls, while the spirits were omnipotent and unseen powers. Mentally? Ah! but that was just his very weakness then. If it was not, of what need was fear? Fear is ignorance. What he thought spirits were merely lightning, thunder, storm, flood, earthquake, disease; they were natural forces or vicissitudes of Nature. The only conceivable alternative was to placate those spirits by prayer and sacrifice. Delusive submission to such jealous and wrathful gods expressed the early man's conjuration. He was only an aboriginal man with a primitive mind; naturally, he resorted to primeval means of self-preservation, and supplicated in primordial manners of salvation. He worshipped many gods because his mind could not yet conceive; it merely perceived. Polytheism then is the first form of man's salvation.

The world with the march of centuries had changed. It was so wonderful and mystical that the human mind was enraptured in mysticism. In its primitive state the mind could only perceive dread, but now it had awakened, and awakening, either by virtue of its sole nature or of fear or of "divine inspiration," it commenced to conceive. And conceiving then it brought about what is as yet sanctioned as the greatest, the most appealing and glorifying traditional cosmogony the world has ever known—the Hebraic Bible. Were it not for the defying discoveries of geology, astronomy, and psychology, the origin of the earth, the creation on it, and especially the nature of man's soul would be yet believed true as professed in that Bible. Whether the Bible is an "infallible Word of God" or not is not our concern here. It was only natural that perhaps man's fear had to be sublimated. Undoubtedly he could not live in a paralyzing consternation all the time. His God must be of his own image, for an ass god would be a ridiculous stupidity. Therefore, some sort of explanation had to be sought to relieve his anxiety and fear. So, "In the beginning God created the heaven and earth." Why not? Who else could have created them? Thus originated the conception of one personal or superhuman God. It was a belief in whom man at first articulated as "Yhwh"—then later "Yahowah"—and finally

"Jehovah!" It was a Messianic vision of an anthropomorphic monotheism decidedly for men's implicit salvation for their sins. It could not have been otherwise.

Centuries again elapsed, and things were so strange that it seemed this was not yet the real world. Possibly man and the whole of creation were mere copies or "patterns" of their real essences which existed not in this phenomenal but in the noumenal world. Where really was this kingdom of ultimate realities? Ah! but that was now the indication that man's mind had advanced during a short stretch of time since Jehovah was conceived. Plato, whose skull contained then the spark of genius which emitted the assumption, pronounced profoundly that these realities themselves really belonged to the realm of ideas. And Kant who was yet profounder expounded that the world of things-in-themselves was transcendental—an intelligible world beyond comprehension, for the finite could not transcend the finite. But if this is the realm of the unknown which human knowledge cannot reach, wherefore linger in this infinity of benumbing abstraction? Leave alone these studious thoughts abstruse. Come down to man—man, the proper study of man. The chief thing to know, however, Plato insisted, is the nature and end of man.

Accordingly, down Plato came to earth where he found man in a deplorable predicament. At one time man was groping in the dark and bewildered by the moving shadows upon the wall of the cave wherein he dragged his life wearily. At another moment on his chariot he was bitterly perturbed by the doings of his two stubborn horses who were divided in their motives and tastes. The one unruly struggled wildly in his desires to wallow in the mire of vanity and sensuality; the other, called "Pegasus," yearned to soar aloft in the pure, beautiful abode of the Muses. In both situations man groaned in affliction. At first Plato deemed it proper to relieve man with just the hope of other-worldliness, such as his conviction of the realm of ideas where the reality of phenomena really existed; but at the second thought, he minimized that idea as too traditional and unbecoming of him as a philosopher. If he would be a philosopher at all he must pronounce the words of wisdom or truth. He felt for the poor soul, most unhappy man. He reflected that the only good for man is happiness: Man therefore should be happy. But to be happy he must be virtuous, and to be virtuous is to be wise. To have knowledge the spirit must control the lustful flesh. Reason and will must govern wild passions. Ignorance is the cause of man's misfortunes. Knowledge will empower him to evade that dire distress. Thus Plato wrote counseling man to acquire knowledge for his own salvation. But the acquisition of knowledge was, and still is, a painful process. And man, lazy by nature, preferred the least resistant ways of life.

Miraculously enough, six centuries later the world of men revived in glory "by the grace of God." The Paradise lost by the father of men was at length the Paradise regained. The Son of God was born. Hail "Divine Similitude!" Savior of men! At last God's mercy had come down

to earth in the flesh of His Son to forgive men of their sins occasioned by their father's "disobedience"—His name Jesus. "He shall save his people from their sins." And so "the people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region of the shadow of death life is sprung up." For Jesus taught men the way to heavenly salvation: Devotion to Him our Lord God, and unremitting love for all fellow-men. So men, glorified, knelt in prayer: "O, Lord Jesus, we thank thee for . . ." My memory fails me; continue if you please. Thus men were "born again." They loved one another and sang together in praise of the Lord. Even today throughout the world Christianity holds a place in the lives of most peoples.

Then the time came for men to have a feeling mingled of awe and curiosity in regard to what was beyond the boundless waters. That restless anxiety for knowledge of the remote impelled them to sail in quest of the object of their wonder. So "Sail on, sail on, sail on and . . ." "Eureka!" They knew it! It was a round, wondrous, luxurious world they found. That gave them an impetus to explore the high seas with greater enthusiasm. Distant lands were discovered and charted, and dominions claimed. Kings and emperors usurped thrones; petty wars and revolutions were waged, and republics arose.

Ptolemaic astronomy became Copernican; the sun instead of the earth was the center about which all other bodies revolved. And chemistry replaced the quack science of alchemy. Commerce and industry were fostered, and prospered; capitalism, foreign trade, banking, and guilds originated and expanded. Pearls, diamonds, gold, silk, wine and victuals could be had in abundance. And men, "Whoopee! whoopee!" cried they. Oblivious now of their spiritual life, they wore, they drank, they ate, danced, and kissed. And they called it life, love, and happiness.

The natural forces or secrets of nature were discovered and harnessed for men's convenient utilities; years and months of navigation, transportation, and communication were reduced to days, hours, minutes; aeroplanes and warships equipped with missiles of massive ruin were devised, for now men's salvation depended upon the weight and efficiency of their destructive weapons. "Prepare!" was their spontaneous prayer. And the deity of their invocation was no other than Mars, the ravenous harbinger of death.

Complication and tension characterized the world features which called for political, social, and economic adjustments. International relations and claims were considered and confirmed; compromise resolved and for a while ratified, for the world complexity and tensivity gradually heightened in all their manifestations.

Psychologically approached, the rhythm of life flourished frantically into dissipation and confusion because the equilibrium of the intellect and the soul ever since the world was circumnavigated and certified round, had been disrupted. The intellect stimulated by its discoveries and experiments indifferently soared aloft from its illusive mate, the soul. The intellect predominated and founded a civilization expressive of its virtue,

which innovation brought about two disagreeable results: the one was the emergence of astounding scientific inventions and purely intellectual philosophies, illustrious of which was Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, a highly transcendental masterpiece; the other was moral looseness. The soul, or whatever it is that humanizes and prompts man to yearn for the finer melodies or higher values of life, lost its identity. Consequently, unrestrained gratification of men's cheap, brutish impulses and desires prevailed. Their virtues were sacrificed to vices, and thus they lived as human ignobles.

"All now turned to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or adultery, where passing
Allure them; thence from cups to civil broils."

Eventually the good Will collapsed. The ominous tension of international discord over thrones and dominions gave way. Archduke Francis Ferdinand, an heir to the Hapsburg throne, and his wife were murdered. That eventual explosion of the volcanic Balkan inhibitions rocked and ignited the world into a hellish fury. Ultimatum after ultimatum was issued; doctrines of neutrality annulled; imperial claims re-enforced; assuming resolutions confirmed; aggressive spirits of all concerned arraigned. And the world mobilized Satanic or Daemonian legions to war to waste. And how!!

What were believed life, love, peace, prosperity, power, enlightenment were revealed to be only degeneration, weakness, adversity, hatred, horror, death! What was conceived an infallible salvation evinced only an infernal destruction of humanity! Was it then the dawn of civilization or only the beginning of scientific savagery?

And now let us read the pages of our beloved era. Promptly the question arises: Whither mankind? To approach that problem it seems proper that we first take bird's-eye view of the main events that have been in progress ever since "Peace" was inaugurated on June 28, 1919, which date should be the designation of the birth of our era.

Immediately after the World Conflict almost all phases of adjustments and reconstruction ensued, such as individual, family, state, national, and international adjustments; and domestic public works, social, economic, and political reconstructions. What has especially featured our time is the assertive emergence of new political institutions: Communism in Russia seized the reign of government; fascism in Italy assumed ministerial supremacy with Mussolini; nazism under Hitler rules Germany; Gandhism is worshipped by the multitudes of India; Ireland and the Philippines have been demanding their independences. Other equally alarming events are the Nicaraguan, Cuban, Mexican, Spanish, Parisian or French revolutions; Sino-Japanese wars; Russo-Japanese brewing animosity; and the irresolute, impotent so-called "League of Nations." At this very moment the

papers are replete with threatening international misunderstanding. To what end will all this lead? Whither mankind?

It seems mankind is bound for its annihilation. If not soon, latter. Another World conflict will destroy humanity into a shapeless phenomenon. This writer intimated elsewhere above that the recent World War was "the beginning of scientific savagery." The next World War, he again reflects, will be the height of scientific wholesale murder, unless . . .

Is there not a way to evade the inevitable atrocity to come? "There is the Noble Truth of the Destruction of All Suffering," pronounced Buddha two thousand years ago. "If there is a will, there is a way" is still true. What then must humanity profess now as its efficient form of salvation? A formulation of an immediate political solution to the present international discord belongs to a philosopher statesman. As the ultimate solution to war this student writer proffers an educational conception. Polytheism, anthropomorphic Monotheism, Platonism, Christianity, and Science or Materialism as have been briefly discussed above failed to save their respective civilizations because they fell short in satisfying and integrating man who is essentially a dual being. They were representative of mankind's forms of salvation that were too idealistic, too realistic, too one-sided and allegorical or mythical, while man demanded for adequate satisfaction of all the manifold interests of his physical and spiritual selves. Fortunately, amidst such forms of salvation emerged a comparatively new institution called Education.

Education as an organized state institution had its beginning in ancient Greece. The geographical, social, and political conditions of Sparta and Athens, the two prominent states then in rivalry, compelled the need for efficient warriors and patriotic citizens whose required training led to the establishment of educational systems. Upon the strength, courage, and obedience of the youths the safety of the states depended. That was the sole aim of ancient Greek education.

However, with the evolution of man's better self and the vicissitudes of history education gradually crystallized its broader significance. Christianity prevailed and accordingly Education was Christianized. It remained religious, rationalistic, dogmatic throughout the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance. In the Renaissance proper Education assimilated broader but rather extremely realistic interests. Spencer and Rousseau, for instance, championed its naturalistic method and import. "Man by nature is good," assumed the latter. Probably. But man by nature is brutish sounds certain. Raw child, raw training, raw manhood; "unhealthy, free, and buoyant individual" is all true, but that is a swinish state of existence is yet truer. However, from the thrallidoms of methodological tradition and brutish naturalism, Education in the later part of the nineteenth century was at length liberated. Discerning Pestalozzi, a German-Swiss, and his disciples Herbart and Froebel humanized, psychologized, and socialized its processes and purports. Since then up to the present day Education has been sensibly enlightened in all its scope as we shall later see, here. That, tersely, is the history of Education.

What is education? For a moment let us distinguishingly and succinctly consider the universe, the world, nature, man, and some other institutions in order that we can clearly comprehend the significance of our problem.

As a whole the universe is an enigmatical phenomenon—an appalling mystery; it is ingrained in infinity and abstraction. It consists of obscure gaseous nebulae, numberless worlds, and innumerable universes among which is our tiny universe or solar system which is composed of a sun or star and nine planets with their numerous satellites. The most ineffable feature of these unaccountable heavenly bodies is their tremendous speed, rotating and revolving within their respective courses and at the same time moving all together through a vast limitless space. Whither bound no human being has the slightest idea. Among the planets of our solar system is our world, this tiny speck of mud we call Earth in which we, like worms, swarm. It is marvelously encased like a light-globe with protective layers of air without which life on it is inconceivable, for the burning rays of the sun alone would set even rocks aglow. Our world is really wonderful and tolerably habitable. In it is an evolving life whose expression consists in multitudinous forms, all of which and the laws that operate on their existence and development constitute nature. Nature is a law to herself. She performs her activities according to her definite processes. If her laws are thwarted it means disintegration of all that are involved. She is simple yet complex; she is smooth but rough; she is kind and again cruel and indifferent; she has no thought of what happens to particulars or individuals, like a girl playing, pushing her toy wheel and running after it stepping on ant hills all unmindful, crushing the poor innocent busy dwellers of them; she has the same attitude toward man. Man, proud man who thinks himself all important and superior to his fellow creatures because he is endowed with a spirit or mind and feels thus an image of his maker and fancies that he really is so, is a mere puppet of Nature's entirely incomprehensible operation. Ever since he came into existence he has been a helpless victim of Nature's caprice. Only lately has he discovered and controlled natural forces and secrets for his relief. How he has been able to do this we shall soon understand.

Religion is a relation between man and his maker. When man became conscious of his situation he found himself alone, helpless, ignorant. Who he was, wherefore he was in this world, whence he came, whither he was to go hereafter, were all beyond his knowledge. By nature man is inquisitive and sentimental. It is his inherent loneliness, helplessness and dullness that make him yearn for his unseen Father and His abode. His emotional inference that his Creator is somewhere beyond where he hopes to see Him yet explains his faith. This devoted trust is his religion or relation to his God. Plainly, religion is an aesthetic sublimation of man's fears or ignorance of the Inevitable and the Great Unknown. But man destitute of that humble reverence for his Creator, who is he?

Science experimentally deals with the region of Nature and the realm

of the stars. Man has been the victim of consuming anxiety over not only the incomprehensibility of the Great Universe but also over the irregularities and unconcern of Nature. Science is man's means of approaching and understanding the underlying principles of all visible forms. While religion sentimentally looks upon Nature as a poet looks upon his beloved object or a priest upon his object of veneration, Science curiously regards phenomena like a doctor using his lancet on his patient. To know the compositions, processes or laws that are manipulating on the existence, growth, and changes of physical forms constitutes the aims of scientific endeavor. But dissection must be the process with which it sees those secrets of Nature. What it discovers it classifies, describes and explains their orders and behaviors. The forces of Nature Science controls for man's convenient utilities and protection. But here lies the limitations and weaknesses of Science: It does not attempt to weigh the values of its discoveries in reference to man's spiritual interests; its findings are solid facts and must be considered as solid facts. While it promotes man's physical needs and interests, it impoverishes his moral life. Science represents intellect or reason; it does not mean to feel but to see life. Should man live that way?

Philosophy delves into the realm of profound reflection in quest of the truths. What truths? Truths of its problems. What are its problems? First, the problem of knowledge and existence: What is the origin, the real nature, the purpose or meaning of the universe or existence? Philosophy seeks to know the whence, wherefore, and whither of phenomena. What is knowledge? How do we know? Is this world real or a man's mere nightmare? Is knowledge subjective or objective? The second problem concerns the theories of truth and error. What is truth? Error? Why are they as such? The third is the body-mind problem: Is man essentially one or a dual entity? If dual, what is matter? Soul? If one, then what is that one? The last is the question of value or evil: Does value exist in reality? So with evil? Or their status exist only in reference to man's subjective nature? Those demonstrate the problems of philosophy. Its noblest character is the designing of the aesthetic patterns of human life. Philosophy moulds the principles or laws of such patterns or philosophies of life with elements expressive of its cardinal virtues. By those sterling virtues human life in all its manifestations would be then imbued with intrinsic values.

Now the question resumes: What is Education? Education is universal assimilation, unfoldment, selection, direction, integration, realization, participation, and universal orchestration.

To relieve any anxiety over what that definition means, the exposition of each of those terms follows: The school is the formal agent through which Education attains its goal. Individual, social, political, intellectual, moral, cultural endowments of all peoples of all ages the school possesses. They constitute the social heritage—the product of cumulative experience of successive generations. All the religious, prophetic visions or doctrines, scientific formulas and discoveries, and philosophical theories and wisdom include the curricula of Education. This broad inclusiveness of social heri-

tage for Education and the general convention of the children of the land in school to learn those things defines the first term of Education—Universal Assimilation.

Learning is a cycle of *unfoldment*. The school unveils and offers its knowledge as curricula, and the school children assimilate it. By virtue of the elements of what they learn, the school children are nourished or enlightened, and in turn they express themselves accordingly. Elucidation: This college offers an English program which consists of some courses in literature, modern languages, social science, natural science, et cetera. This student, for instance, learns them. Now if his learnings mean anything at all, he unfolds or expresses or applies them in his daily life. He becomes a living example of his erudition. Others susceptible of his manners, as this student is to his professors' and fellow-students', will again learn from him. So the process goes ad infinitum. That is what is meant by Education, an unfoldment.

Unfoldment, though, is precarious. What school offers must be judiciously picked out. Animals act on their impulses, and children are not any better—not knowing whether what they absorb is instructive or destructive. The courses of study must conform to the children's needs, interests, and native capacities. The expression of the individual of his learnings, his social attitude and motives is equally dangerous. Therefore wise elimination or *selection* of the subjects and of the learners and of the aims is an imperative office of Education. Such a careful consideration for preference calls for a broad insight in psychology. In truth, not only Education is selection, but selection itself is an education.

Education also denotes *direction*. For selection is not an end itself. What is selected is yet to be directed to the achievement of a preconceived end. Youth is a selfish being and an incorporation of wild dispersive impulses or conflicting unbridled emotions. To safeguard himself and society his desires and energies must be controlled and guided. To harness the destructive forces of nature is the concern of Science, while Education deals with man's powers and idiosyncrasies. Education means to guide man by governing his inner self or nobler part. Direction is the most significant responsibility of Education. Educating then is proper directing.

Direction implies a goal—an *integration*. Man's supreme desire is to attain the *summum bonum*—the greatest good. What that highest good is depends upon the individual's inclination. An example of it, however, should be: wholesome and full expressions of the creative and dynamic human faculties. But such an end is attainable only by the application of the integrating principle. Soundness and harmoniousness of the physical and spiritual states must be fully realized. Ascetic regard for the union of the intellect and the soul is of transcendental importance, for the dominance of the one will mean the deterioration of the other. Only in such manner of consonance or the integration of human personality are we able to think of Education.

Here, in this state of the supreme good, life appears no longer a

dream, nor a delirium, nor a tedium but a profound glory; the universe seems never more a chance nor a chaos or confusion, but a purposive cosmos. Man in his integrated personality becomes a master of his destiny. Instead of being a puppet of circumstances, he makes and controls them so that his soul may dance the rhythm of *realization* occasioned by the music of the spheres without and within him; so that he may experience genuine Platonic love, and breathe in ecstasy the atmosphere of freedom and wisdom; so that with Buddha or Aristotle or Spinoza he may feel the pure philosophic joy of contemplating the union existing between the mind and the whole of nature; so that, further, he may transcend with Kant the Noumenal world—the realm of things-in-themselves; so that, still further, he may take wing with Milton's heavenly Muse and sing his "adventurous song, that with no middle flight intends to soar above the Aeonian Mount, while it pursues things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." In this zenith of human life brought about by Education the sensualities of luxury are no longer confused with the delights of the heart, nor elegance of manners with delicacy of sentiment. Goodness, worth, beauty, truth become the prevailing sentiment of man. Those exemplify the enduring ideals of Education—clear realization of the intrinsic values or potentialities of life.

Having gained the stage of a highly desirable state of life, an individual is moved by a sense of duty to participate with his fellow-men in activities incentive to the full advancement of all. The augmentation of the meaning of his life has been made possible by his natural or physical, and psychical or social environment. For it is only in such surroundings that man's full development can be realized. His education teaches him that *participation* is the dynamo of progress. Great and small achievements are the results of participation or cooperation. Non-sharing in common with others means indifference, meanness, ignorance; it is stagnation, deterioration, death. Participation is association, brotherhood, understanding; it is evolution, enlightenment, life. Education imbues the students with the spirit of participation; in truth, their school activities are the wholesome expressions of such unselfish, free attitudes. Education inculcates in the student international-mindedness; in fact, their manifest sincere good will toward their fellow-students and all others from foreign lands indicates their international minds. Education stands for virtuous spirit of participation.

But an educational institution founded upon selfish exclusive philosophy is contrary to the common good. In truth, it is that very aristocratic principle that has for centuries been disintegrating and submerging human possibilities. Fortunately, Education assumes universality. That universality is democracy—the integrant philosophy of Education of today, if not in other countries at least in America. Only with a democratic philosophy can Education strive to realize social justice, social efficiency, and social harmony. The magnetic radiations and enchantments of the melodies inherent in the *summa bona* attained by individuals will bring about the unification of the human race. It is the same law of integration of an individual personality fulfilled by Education that will operate on the spiritual

unity of humanity. That cosmos of humanity is the supreme purpose and goal of Education. The whole process of regeneration and harmonization by Education of the entire human race is the meaning of *universal orchestration*.

Intelligibly, Education is a guide to a wholesome, peaceful, enjoyable life. Education stands for knowledge—knowledge of how to live sweetly and expressively or participatingly. Ignorance of that is the source of all evil. Man is so constituted that all his manner of existence is decidedly brutish. Why the Creator made him that way is beyond comprehension. It is not justice to look upon God as an ignoramus or chaos. We become soured on our situation because we do not understand it. But that is no reason why we should create our follies and blame the Maker. Perhaps it is all for our own good. Evil presumably is indispensable to the realization of good, and that probably justifies our carelessness. Maybe we are wrong again. If Milton, or the Hebraic Bible, is clear in that God had given our traditional father all the will he needed but corrupted it, then we, the veritable descendants of the poor old man, should know that it is foolish for us to charge the Great Principle with our misfortunes.

Anyway, Education is helping to alleviate our adversities and miseries. By virtue of its precepts, which are the varied experiences of our adventurous fellow-men, we are enlightened, and enlightened we become great in our thoughts and attitudes to our brethren and to the Creator. By Education we become strong, wise, magnanimous; and magnanimous we merge into a harmonious whole—a true civilized human race. And Mars will be the "Theban monster that prospered her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured, that once found out and solved, for grief and spite cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep."

The public school represents the universal instrument of Education. It touches the lives of the children of the masses. The public school affords the poor the priceless opportunity of imbibing the social heritage of the world to enrich their spiritual endowments. The poor, who are frequently the victims of injuries, injustices, and greed, constitute the bulk of humanity. It is especially for the upliftment of that number that the public school exists. Their education means the moral force of humanity, the formative element of true civilization. If the public school is preserved, Education will eventually become the real salvation of humanity. And Mars, the God of War, will then be the one forgotten man.

EPHEMERA



WALTER SCOTT

I saw Phyllis only twice. When she was introduced to me in my studio, I wasn't at all impressed. It was one of those evenings when the spell of the city seems to creep into people's souls and wash them free of all petty meannesses and cautions, leaving a great desire for life, adventure, and romance.

Jim and I were holding open house—I forget the reason—and everyone on the hill had turned out, even the Hilliards, who were slightly stiff and really belonged more to Nob Hill than Telegraph. I suppose that the moonlight and the soft sea breeze through the eucalyptus trees had something to do with the prevailing atmosphere; anyway, it was different . . . There was an expectancy of something very nice to happen . . . something strange, but quite beautiful.

Connie Reynolds brought Phyllis along with her. She was almost apologetic about her rather angular friend, and I must confess that I wasn't particularly attracted to Phyl; but Connie had a reputation for discovering people . . .

We had a sort of unwritten code whereby newcomers were never introduced to anyone except the host; so as soon as Connie had performed the necessary sociabilities with me and Jim, she left Phyllis to her own devices.

I forgot all about her for a long time. When I remembered and looked around she had disappeared. Finally I located her sitting in a quiet corner watching the others eagerly. There was something pathetic about her. The look on her face was reminiscent of the old organ-grinder who comes up our alley and who wanted to be a grand opera singer. Something beaten, yet hopeful. Her hair, a sort of ash color, was caught up into a ragged bun at the back of her head and little wisps straggled out around her ears.

As I watched her following the movements of the others so eagerly with her eyes, I felt a twinge of conscience for neglecting her. I had the same feeling as if I had unthinkingly hurt a kitten, as I started toward her corner. But just when I was within a few feet of her, Warren Helvstead came up and began to tell me all about his ideas of modern art. Anyone who knows Warren knows that he is no less voluble on the subject than he is rabid. When he finally stopped talking for a cocktail, Phyllis had disappeared again.

I decided then that I really wasn't responsible for her anyway; Connie shouldn't have brought her at all. Having rationalized to this extent, I couldn't get her out of my mind. What there was about her to attract my

attention I couldn't tell, but there was a certain air that was indefinable and yet which held my thoughts constantly.

By this time the crowd was resolved itself into small groups of twos and threes. The air was filled with cigarette smoke and the smell of raw gin and lemon peel. The room buzzed with conversations that were lightened occasionally by a high-pitched laugh. My duties of host were at a standstill for the present. With a sudden nostalgia for fresh air and solitude, I edged my way towards the door and the moonlight outside.

As I closed the doors behind me, I saw a solitary figure leaning against the balustrade at one corner of the balcony. The moonlight shining through her hair turned it into a pale gold, and the shadows lent her tall, thin figure a kind of flowing grace and beauty.

I felt myself an intruder; so I stepped behind a potted cypress tree and gazed out over the shining panorama of the city. But I couldn't keep my mind off Phyllis. I peered at her around the corner of my hiding place. She was standing quietly and I could see the rapt expression on her face and knew the exultation in her soul over the beauty of the dreaming city.

Suddenly she began singing in a low clear voice filled with a strange quality of melancholic beauty. I felt actually guilty in my role of peeping Tom; so I decided that I must make my presence known. I stepped out from behind the little tree and coughed discreetly. Phyllis stopped singing and turned a quick glance toward me. I felt some explanation necessary.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I wasn't going to tell you, but I've been standing behind this little tree. I didn't want you to stop, I only wanted you to know I was here."

"Oh," She seemed apologetic.

"Won't you go on singing? I wish you would!"

She turned to look out over the moonlit hills. She seemed to hesitate. Then with a slow, calm voice she said simply, "I should like to sing for you, if you find any pleasure in it."

I assured her that I would be only too pleased if she would; and then she sang in her clear throbbing voice a little song from the North. She called it "Synnove's Song." It told quite simply and quickly the heartache of a woman whose childhood sweetheart forsakes her after they grow up. I wondered if it could also be Phyllis's song. I wanted to ask her, but when she stopped singing we began to talk commonplace, trite conversation. Gradually I managed to turn the talk to herself, and she told me something of her life.

Hesitatingly at first, more I think because she wasn't sure that I was interested, than from shyness, she spoke of her early childhood. Conventional home, creed-bound mother whose golden-rule was self-effacement. The old theory that if one has virtues or talents, they will be discovered and should never be shown or cultivated.

She told, more by tone of voice than by words, of the loneliness and longings of adolescence. I choked over the frail, too-tall girl of sixteen who was graduated from high school in an out-moded white frock and sensible

shoes, when the others had evening gowns and dancing slippers.

She spoke simply, in her low, calm voice, "I thought that after high school I might be able to do some of the things I had always wanted to do. Most of all I wanted to sing, but my mother said that only terribly unconventional and not very nice people worked in the atmosphere of the arts."

"But," I interrupted, "you don't mean that you think we aren't nice?"

"Oh, no." She raised her voice slightly. "I said my mother didn't think so and that's why I went on to normal school and became a thoroughly respectable English teacher whose greatest enthusiasms were verb and punctuation marks."

I suppose I must have made some gesture of sympathy then, for she went on quickly: "Oh, I didn't mind, really. You see I was so used to being drab and proper that I wasn't really unhappy. Only sometimes I still had some rather bad moments of wanting to be spontaneous. But after eight years of teaching I began to lose that. Even after mother died I wasn't very lonesome. I still had books and an occasional day-dream."

"But how did you ever manage to come here?" I queried. "Surely you weren't teaching right here in San Francisco?"

"No, I suppose if I had been, things might have been different. I only came here after I had to stop teaching. You see, I was never very well, and finally I began to cough so much that I just couldn't go on. The doctors said 'consumption' and advised Arizona. But I wanted to do at least one thing the way I saw it; so I decided to come to San Francisco to die."

"To die!" I was startled. Death is a strong word, and to hear it from her lips was almost an incongruity.

"Yes, to die. What was the use of going away to a place I didn't like in order to prolong my life, which I don't enjoy? No, I mean to make up for all my indecisions and weaknesses in life by my death."

"But how can you speak so calmly about it? You don't know what may be before you. You may have years of happiness ahead of you."

"You're just trying to be kind now." She spoke once more in the queer, flat voice with which she had first greeted me, earlier in the evening. "I have nothing to look forward to except a sordid, fearful clutching at existence. And when I get too tired to fight any longer, I'll simply die a mean and unavoidable death."

She looked up at me in the moonlight. There was a peculiar strength in her eyes, or it may have been only a reflection from the moon.

I felt at loss for words. I didn't know what to do, but I had a feeling that I should try to talk her out of it. "What of your friends—your relatives—your sweetheart . . . can they do nothing?"

"Nothing. No one can do anything; besides, I haven't any friends, relatives, or sweethearts." She spoke slowly but not sadly.

"Don't you think that you might find someone to love you?" I threw this out in a vain hope that it would prove effective where argument might fail.

"Do you think I could?"

"Why not? You are attractive and you have a beautiful voice. Surely it shouldn't be hard for you to make friends."

"I'm afraid you're not being honest with me." She said it with a wry smile. "Could you learn to love me? . . . or any of your friends?"

I felt that we were on firmer ground now; and I answered more lightly. "I don't think it would be too difficult to love you."

She looked at me for a moment with her head slightly to one side. Then she moved closer so that her breath stirred the air around my face. Instinctively I stepped back. She smiled again. "You see, you were lying. No, there is no possibility of that happiness for me."

"I'm sorry." I had the feeling of betraying a blind beggar.

"Be honest with me for just a moment, please." Even in the deceptive moonlight I could see that she was terribly in earnest.

"Admit that there is absolutely no hope of anything approaching happiness for me. Even if there were it wouldn't be for very long. I would only bring more misery into the world for having grabbed at the moon."

I had to answer her truthfully. I hated doing it . . . It seemed too great a responsibility. But I knew she was right, and she saw with a strange insight into my thoughts.

" . . . But I hate to think of your going out in such a way. All alone. Isn't there another way?" I thought of the long-choked rattle of death . . . a hemorrhage in the night . . .

She turned away from me and walked to the balustrade. I thought she was looking out over the city, but when I came up to her I saw that she was staring down into the spring darkness. "How far down is it?" she asked.

I shuddered. "It must be at least a hundred feet—maybe more."

She was quiet for a long while. Finally she said in a near whisper, "There is a bed of violets down there. I saw them as we came. Beautiful purple violets . . . I can smell them way up here."

"Yes, they go all around this side of the house except where they have excavated for a building next door."

I don't think she had heard me at all. "If I were to fall just right, my face would be crushed amongst them," she went on. Her voice sounded far away as though she were talking from another incarnation.

"But this is absurd!" I protested. "Insane. You really can't do this sort of thing."

"Please!" She threw back her head wearily. Please don't. It's useless to talk when your words are so meaningless."

I touched her arm. "I know," I said huskily. "I understand. But why not wait until tomorrow, until the sun comes up—then everything will seem different . . . everything will have a meaning, a purpose."

The vein in her throat throbbed rhythmically as she spoke. "But I see it all so clearly now. Daylight wouldn't change anything; it would only lend confusion to my thoughts. I would have one more indecision in my life. Please don't try to dissuade me now. You wouldn't want to rob me of

the one moment of courage and strength that I have ever had." She moved her hands pleadingly.

We stood there for a long time. She with her dream of tragic beauty, and I with a sense of utter loss of feeling. Gradually I became conscious that the party inside was becoming more boisterous. I could hear the radio and the soft swish of feet on the floor. Phyllis raised her head. She looked straight into my eyes and when she spoke her voice held a note of exultation.

"I must do it now and you must help me."

I started to protest, but she silenced me with a wave of her hand.

"You must help me. I'm not afraid . . . I'm glad . . . I'm going to do it proudly . . . only I think that I may scream . . . That's where you must help. I don't want Connie to know."

"How can we do it so they won't hear?" She beat her hand against the railing. A quick thought tortured my brain and I strove to quiet it. But her will was too strong. She looked at me again. "You know. You have the answer . . . You must tell me!"

"The piano," I spoke slowly, almost afraid to hear the words. "Would it be loud enough?"

I didn't hear her answer. I only know that she assented " . . . and I'll be singing. When I begin the second verse, you begin playing. Something wild and beautiful. It needn't be very long. I won't have to wait for courage."

She walked with me to the long French doors through which I had come out onto the balcony. She put her hand in mine for just a moment. Somehow her cool touch made the whole situation seem credible . . . We smiled at each other, steadily and with a certain pride . . . Then she turned away and walked back towards the railing.

I opened the door slowly and stepped into a strangely artificial world. Out there on the balcony was truth; and here . . . smoke-drenched air, acquaintances changed by the unreality into lovers, dim corners, low laughter . . .

I went quietly towards the piano and sat down. Faintly through the closely curtained window I heard Phyllis begin to sing. I thought of her now, seeing her with her head thrown back and the vein at the side of her throat throbbing a rhythm to the music. I wanted to keep that vision.

I began to play a Sibelius Prelude . . . "something wild and beautiful" . . .

Billy White strolled up. He stood for a moment with his hands on my

"How can we do it so they won't hear." She beat her hand against the laughed into my ear.

"Wassa matter, kid—had too much to drink?"

DAFFODILS FOR DINNER



PATRICIA HEALY

The daffodils in the jade green bowl looked festive. Anna closed the door and leaned against it to look at them. She felt justified for having bought them; more than that, she was *glad* that she'd bought them. She'd use the table-cloth with the yellow border and get along with as few serving things as possible—let the daffodils and jade have full sway over the feast.

She felt suddenly pleased with the apartment. She hadn't really appreciated how splendid it looked after the house-cleaning this morning; too tired to notice. But now, coming in from the third shopping trip of the day, she was delighted. The lightness and gaiety were just right. Some time, when they had some money and a real house, she'd like to go in for unusual effects and impressive arrangements. But for now, this was right. Even the smallness and inexpensiveness of it all amused her. Sunlight flooding in, light woodwork, bright prints; and yellow daffodils in a jade green bowl, all ready to be the centerpiece at a great occasion—the great occasion of the year.

"Oh, it's going to be fun. It's going to be lovely. A first anniversary! A very exclusive celebration will be enjoyed by Ray and Anna Norbert." The exclusiveness, of course, was necessary for financial reasons; but no, that wasn't entirely it. It would be wonderful to be alone. A first anniversary was *something*; it was worth being extravagant for. Well, she had been: porterhouse steak and daffodils.

She shook herself away from her abstractions. With a funny little grin at herself and the world in general, she strode across the bed-living-dining room and opened the French door to the kitchen with two fingers. Just as this feat was accomplished, one of the packages she'd been balancing so neatly tumbled to the floor. "Oh—oh gosh! The book." She rushed in and deposited her other things on the draining board. When she knelt to pick up the package, her eyes were wide open, frightened. But the little blue book hadn't been hurt at all.

She sat back on the floor and looked at it. "Well, John Edgar Ramsay, you worried me more than I'd ever have thought you capable of doing." Oh, Ray would be thrilled. Ramsay was his adored one, his hero. He'd known him for a while in college, and he'd watched him ever since—from a distance. This latest volume had come out only last week, and she knew Ray was longing for it. Well, he should have it; she was glad.

"After
a wave breaks,

the white bubbly water
eddlies around
the rocks.
Then
it surges back in layers,
like pastry cream
beginning to thicken
in a bowl."

She shuddered slightly. Personally, she didn't like it; she'd rather not domesticate her ocean. But it didn't matter. Ray would be thrilled.

Still, these festivities were going to be somewhat expensive. Maybe it was silly; he mightn't like it, after all. But oh, it would be fun. He'd be so surprised; they hadn't said a word about the date—none of those wifely hints, not for hers. "But I wonder if—he'll remember." Then she jumped up from the floor, carried the book over to the end-table, and looked at herself in the mirror above it. "Anna, old girl, stop being so damned sentimental; you're becoming odiously feminine. He probably won't remember. How could you expect him to? Old Ray! He wouldn't be Ray if he remembered, would he?" That didn't matter. It would be fun to surprise him with the gift and the feast. She leaned her cheek against the mirror. "Just the same, it would be nice if— Oh, don't be silly."

* * * * *

With two hours to go, she was getting all the combined thrills of director, stage manager, electrician, costume mistress, and leading lady. The table was drawn out into the middle of the room, all ready to be set. The salad was almost fixed; and it was going to be good. Anna stood in the little aisle between the sink and the stove and pushed her hair out of her eyes with the back of her hand. "Phew! Woman, woman, why don't you get a little bit of system into your activities? Everything's half done. Oh, gee!"

She went into the main room, pushed the cushions off her hope chest in the corner, and fished out the table-cloth. Aunt Susan! A week after the wedding she had come to see the bride and brought this cloth. Anna could still see her spreading it out—a tiny, wrinkled little lady with piercing, flashing eyes and beautiful hands covered with rings. Just at that point Anna froze there, staring at the table. She could hear the little merry voice saying, "Some day, my dear, you'll be setting a table for *your* benefit. You'll want to make the most of the gold in your hair. Well, well, yellow's a good color for that; you can use this cloth. And a light from above is good, too. Some day you'll want 'em." Anna clutched the cloth. Surely not that! But of course not. It had never occurred to her—she'd been thinking of the daffodils.

Several minutes passed before Anna spread the cloth on the table. She smoothed it out—a beauty. It looked perfectly even on the table except for one little bunch of tight wrinkles at the very middle. She bit her lip—hard. Then she got the bowl of daffodils and set it deliberately, firmly, on

top of the wrinkled place. The mark of that frantic clutch would never show now; the daffodils were gay and bright.

It didn't take long to lay the table, and then the salad claimed the attention of the mistress of the house. She had to admit that it was delicious; well, perhaps a little more salt. She put the two salads into the cooler and went to stand in the doorway. The table was a delight; everything built up to the flowers, just as she had planned. It was beginning to get dark now; better pull the drapes and have some lights.

She stood at the window for a minute and looked down at the street. The window lights in the little shops were on. A street car full of people went by; the first load of shop people coming home. Yes, of course, it was a quarter past five now; about an hour more. What a surprise for Ray when he came in. She wanted him to be surprised—but maybe he would remember. That would be nice, too. She pressed her lips tightly against the window-pane and closed her eyes; then she jerked herself up and wiped away the two whitish blurs left by her lips. The drapes were drawn together rather abruptly.

Now about lights. Maybe just the lamp on the end-table—but no, that wouldn't be fair to the flowers. "A light from above is good, too." Her nails dug into her palm. Really, all this was too stupid, too utterly stupid. The ceiling light was directly above the center of the table, and it *would* be just the thing—for the bouquet. She walked over to switch on the light; her steps were long and swinging. There, it was splendid; all bright and golden. She grinned. And if it did bring out the gold glints in her hair? What about it? Nothing against that, really.

It was going to be grand, a real celebration. "We may have to eat crusts for the rest of the week, but a feast we shall have tonight." They must—married a year, and everything. Married a whole year to Ray; funny! Not funny; magnificent. First anniversaries were supposed to be terrible. Well, this one wouldn't be. She loved Ray, and he loved her—didn't he? Of course! And it would be perfect.

A long yellow gown with a high collar and flowing sleeves would have been wonderful. And jade earrings. "But how could you manage that, Anna, old girl, when you have to cook and serve the dinner? Steaks at that, cooked at the last second, while Ray finishes his salad. Besides, you haven't a long yellow gown and jade earrings; so please snap out of it."

She could change these solid-looking oxfords for pumps, though, and put on that yellow linen dress. Yellow? "I'll wear a *green* one; so there." She snapped her fingers defiantly toward the table and the flowers and the single light.

A quick wash, a fresh make-up, black pumps, and the green sport dress made her feel thrilled, all over again. The boy came with the cream just as she was rolling her lips together to get the line for rouge on the lower lip. She finished the mouth and rushed to the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Norbert. Say, did you order table cream *and* pastry cream?"

"Hello! Yes, both."

"Well, I'll have to run down again for it. I'm sorry, but you hardly ever order both; I wasn't sure. Back in a second."

"I know. That's all right. But this is special tonight, see?"

She was still smiling when he came back with the two quarter-pint bottles. She took them and tangoed back to the kitchen. How awfully extravagant! But she was so glad—so, so glad; about the feast and the gift and the evening. It was almost time now. She'd better get going. She began whipping the cream with much gusto; maybe that thing about the ocean wasn't so bad. There was something—; oh, she didn't care, not at all. It didn't matter a bit. This dinner was going to be a great success. She put the cream in the cooler beside the salad and the anchovies and the jello. Then she put the vegetables on the stove. For once everything was going to be just ready on the dot. A festival! Everything proper, everything lovely! She even washed all the dishes she'd used so far. The kitchen should be all neat, too.

The table was better every time she looked. All the rest of the room seemed to fade off, forming a shadowy background for the brightness and goldiness of the table. She filled the little black cigarette box and put the new book beside it. She patted the blue cover affectionately, even while she thought of the mark this one purchase had made on the week's grocery allowance.

Everything was practically ready now; she wished he'd come. She did so want the timing to be exactly right. She brought the two salads in and placed them on the table, with three olives and two pickles on each plate. Maybe it would be a good idea to serve some more in a little dish; but no, too many things on the table would spoil the effect of the yellow flowers in the green bowl. When the water glasses were filled and the chairs drawn up, she began to wish—Gee, it was their anniversary; he might have managed. But how silly! Of course he wouldn't remember; she couldn't expect him to. Anyway, he wasn't really late yet. "Don't be such a fussy old woman; relax, relax."

* * * * *

Before she answered the telephone, she drained the vegetables and covered them again; they were certainly done. Everything was set now except the seasoning, and then the steak afterward. The phone had rung three times before she dived for it. "Hello. Oh, Ray—hello!" Oh, I—I'm awfully sorry, but of course if you can't help it. —Oh, sure, dear, I know. Well—a—I'll hold it up for a while then, huh? What? I don't get it. You mean—quite late? Oh Oh Oh Yes. Yes Yes, surely. Goodbye."

Anna stood there, quite still, for a long time, holding the phone in her hands. Then with a bound she snatched the little blue book from the end-table; slammed it to the floor. Her teeth were clenched, and her eyes were full of tears. She was shaking, shaking like a daffodil in a strong wind.

She knelt down quietly then and picked it up. Its pages were smoothed,

and it was laid gently on the table. The trembling and the tears had passed.

* * * * *

The knife, especially sharpened for this task, divided the steak nicely. She put the half with the choice little section just next to the bone on a plate and started to the cooler with it. Then, with lips curled a little, she carried that piece over to the stove, where the frying pan was heating. She put the other half, the half which had no special little section, into the cooler. But back at the stove, with the fork holding the meat poised above the hot pan, she couldn't quite make it. One little sob, a muffled "Oh, God," and she once more took the better piece over to the cooler. Then quickly, deftly, she placed the second-best half in the sizzling fat.

Her salad was half-eaten when she had the idea. She laid down her fork and gazed at the daffodils; then stared into the light of the globe above her. Her hand trembled again, just a little, as she lifted the jade green bowl aside. The tight creases were still there. She replaced the bowl and rose from the table.

It was hard to drag the big armchair over to where that heavy mirror John had given them was hanging. The mirror itself was frightfully heavy as she lifted it down and set it on the floor. She pushed the chair back into place and, with a gasp, picked up the mirror again. She tottered with it to the chair opposite her own at the table. It looked ridiculous, propped up on its side in the chair, reflecting the table and the daffodils.

When the steak was on the table and she sat down again, her eyes refused for a minute to take part in this weird scheme of hers; but she forced herself to look. Set jaw, grim lips, aching eyes; they were all reflected. Anna laughed—a dry, harsh laugh. Then she looked again. The daffodils were the most important thing in the picture—and—the yellow did bring out the glints in her hair. Really very charming. She cut a piece of steak and chewed it firmly, watching herself all the time. The meat was rather difficult to swallow, somehow. She drank some water. When she looked into the mirror again, the gold glints were scintillating oddly, and the daffodils were blurred. She pushed her plate away.

Those were the last things she saw as her head dropped forward—daffodils and gold lights in her hair.

BOSSU AT THE ORGAN

My hands upon the keys—a first sweet strain,
And I forget my weary body's pain—
Forget the pain, and while my fingers run,
The torment and the rhapsody are one.
And I forget—forget that I am less
Than all the world of men in manliness.
And I forget—forget—and suddenly
The organ whinnies and Bossu is free!

Stallion of song! My tense heels press
My twisted knees in wild distress
Against thy heaving soaring side
The winds and sheer strewn clouds I ride!
Thy hot hooves thunder along the ground
And shatter the pygmies by their sound—
The men who crawl though their limbs are straight
I pity them! pity them! I could hate
Their lifted lips, their curious leers,
But they weep at my music—I'll pity their tears.
Their hearts are hurtled, but mine is hurled
Through singing space to a real world
Where saints exult and demons gloat
At the strange wild song in my organ's throat.
The angels with their souls athirst
For music from the song stream burst
From out their vapid clay confines,
Too full for want of wings and spines,
Too full of ecstasy to know
More than the sweet symphonic flow.
And God who listens hath forgot
The sinners that He damned to rot
In brimstone fire. The music swells
It reaches to the utter hells!
And eyes of agony roll back
In sockets that are scorched and black
To glimpse the wondrous waterfall
Of sound And God, the God of all,
Rapt spellbound in its sweetness, sleeps
And through the hell-gate swift it sweeps!

Then midst the harmony a hiss
Of flame expiring slithers This
Is breath returning to the burned!
The tide of tolerance hath turned
The scarlet coals to steaming soot,
Unloosed the eld Yggdrasill's root,
And cooled the seething sons of wrong,
And purged them in the pools of song.
The spheres swing myriad and far
On every note there streams a star
The universe unfurled is mine,
Bossu's—the dwarf of twisted spine!

Ho, God! Behold my grinning face
That scorns thy reptile human race!
I, pity? Yea, God, join my shriek!
Sardonic shall the organ speak
The scrawny shape of men
Oh, Pain!

And I am humped Bossu again.
The last chord quivers and subsides;
My stallion blows, for no one rides
And reins him. Wait Thou steed of mine
Thy master and his twisted spine.

JEAN SEWELL PENN



