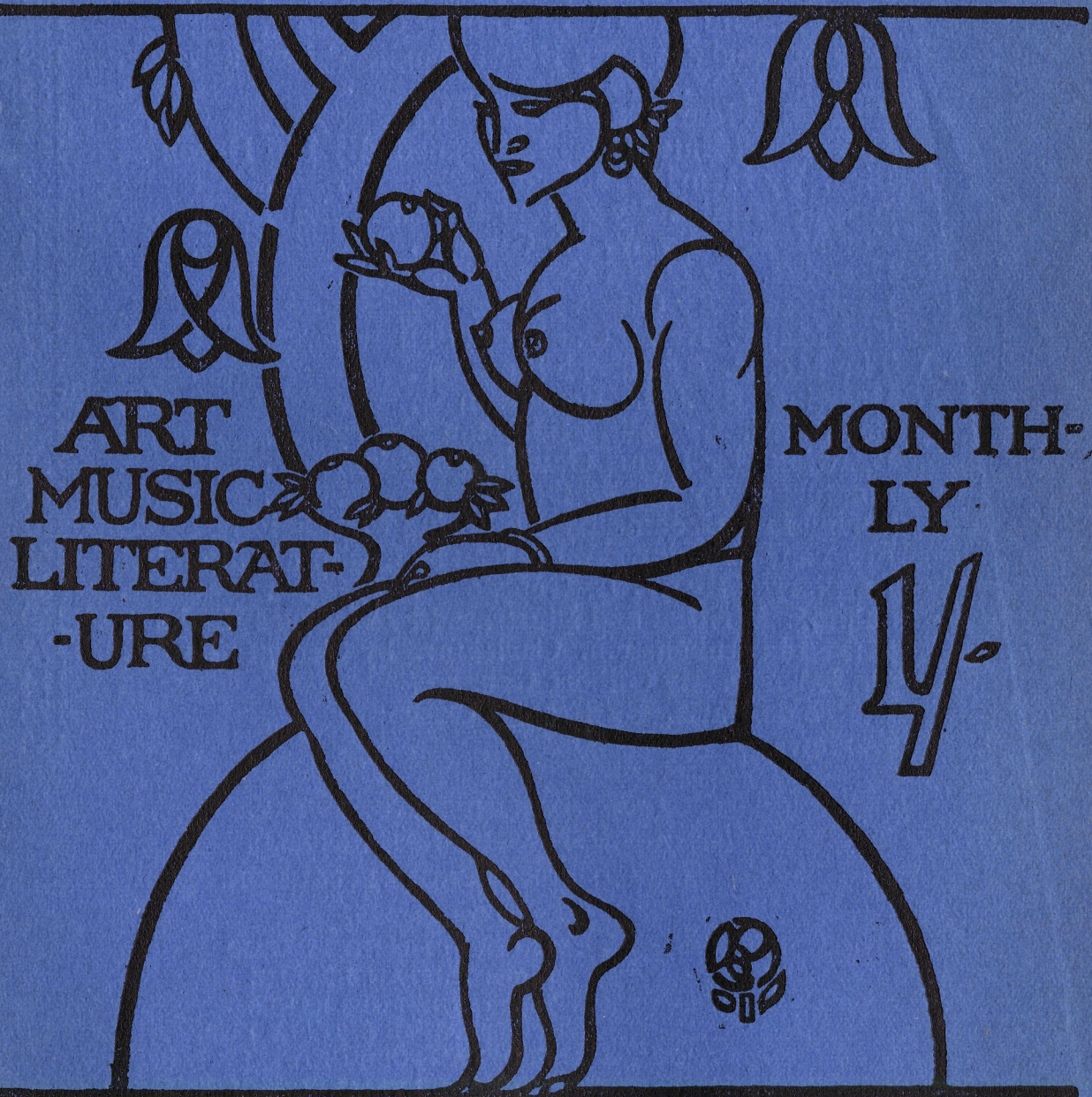


NO. VIII

SEPTEMBER, 1912

RHYTHM



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Assisted by KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

Art-Editor: JOHN DUNCAN FERGUSON.

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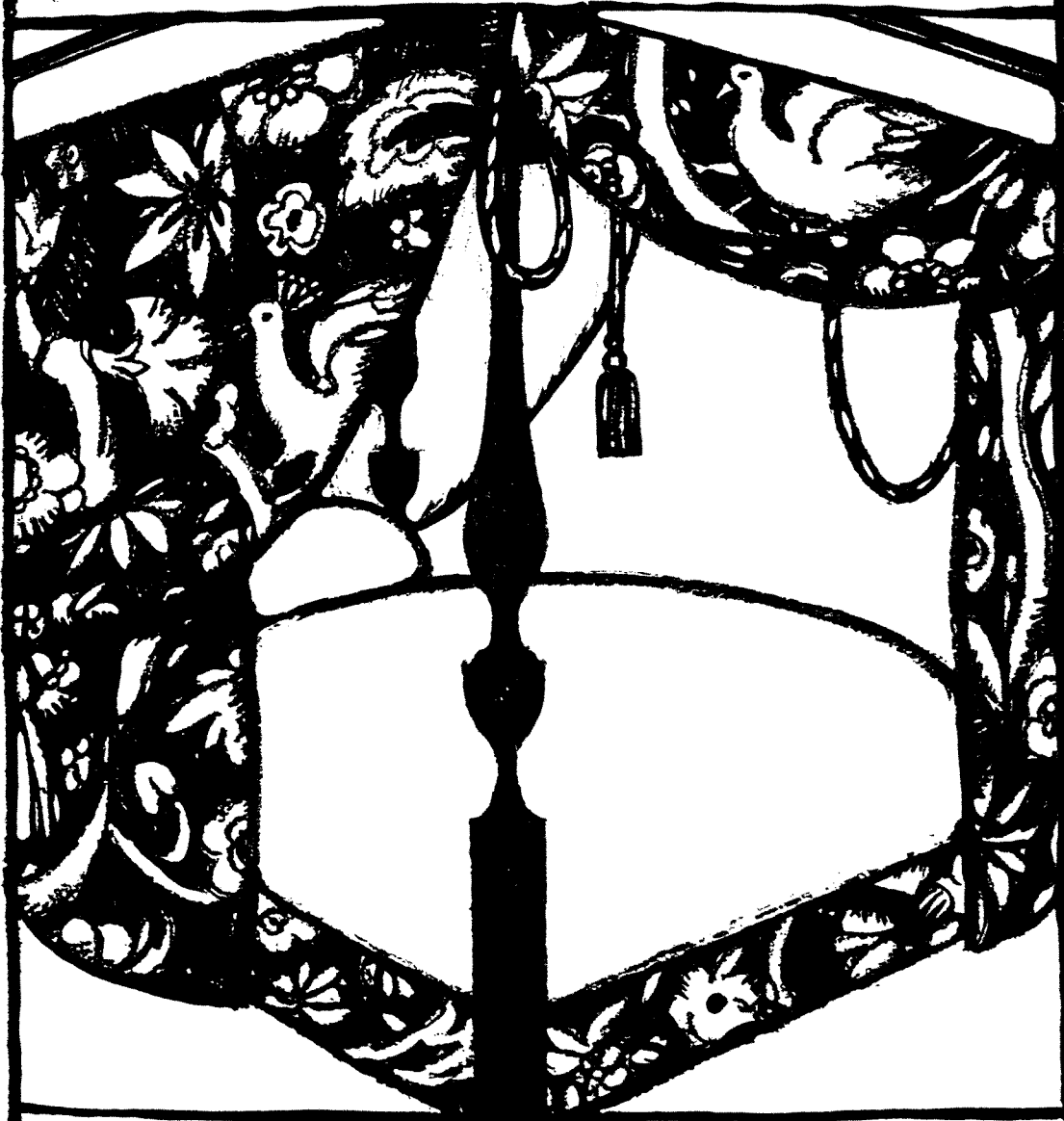
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THE EARTH-CHILD IN THE GRASS

In the very early morning
 Long before Dawn time
 I lay down in the paddock
 And listened to the cold song of the grass.
 Between my fingers the green blades,
 And the green blades pressed against my body.
 "Who is she leaning so heavily upon me?"
 Sang the grass.
 "Why does she weep on my bosom,
 Mingling her tears with the tears of my mystic lover?
 Foolish little earth child!
 It is not yet time.
 One day I shall open my bosom
 And you shall slip in—but not weeping.
 Then in the early morning
 Long before Dawn time
 Your lover will lie in the paddock.
 Between his fingers the green blades
 And the green blades pressed against his body . . .
 My song shall not sound cold to him
 In my deep wave he will find the wave of your hair
 In my strong sweet perfume, the perfume of your kisses.
 Long and long he will lie there . . .
 Laughing—not weeping."

BORIS PETROVSKY.

MILES DIXON

JOHN BAISBROWN
ELLEN BAISBROWN
MILES DIXON
JAN BAISBROWN
JANIE BAISBROWN

Act I. The Yard of Brimmerhead Farm at night.

Act II. The Kitchen of Brimmerhead Farm.

Twenty years elapse between the two Acts.

ACT II.

The scene is the kitchen of the farm, twenty years later. In the back wall is a window looking out on to

the yard and across at the little house. In the left wall is a huge fireplace over which hangs a stewpan in which is a mess of fruit. Ellen Baisbrown is stirring with a great wooden spoon. On the table in the centre of the room are piles of fruit, damsons and plums. In the right wall is a press built into the wall and carved.

It is midday.

Ellen has lost her looks. She is just a comely buxom farm-woman set on the business of the moment. Janie her daughter, a girl of twenty-three and as beautiful as her mother was, is picking over the fruit, setting aside that which is fit for preserving and dropping the bruised and the rotten into a basket at her feet.

Janie 'Tis a grand year for fruit.

Ellen And a bad year for us.

Janie I don't know what's come to our Jan sin' feyther died. . . 'E never was afraid o' feyther for all t' fights and quarrellin' they 'ad used to 'ave, an' feyther was a strong man.

(Ellen makes no reply)

'E was a strong man, feyther?

Ellen 'E was a *big* man, an' a *broad* man, an' there's no knowing what 'e was and what 'e was not, same as there's never any knowin' what any critter is and is not.

Janie I don't know what's coom to our Jan. 'E's like he saw new things



J. D. FERGUSON

and 'eard new things and smelled new things and 'is 'ead all filled wi' strangeness. . . Was there ever a man called Miles Dixon, moother?
(*Ellen drops her spoon and turns for a moment to Janie, then turns away again and goes on with her work*)

Ellen Who's been tellin' you them fairy-tales? An' what did they tell ye?

Janie Was there ever such a man, moother?

Ellen There was, but 'e's gone out into t' world long since and likely 'e's dead.

Janie It's Jan is full o' 'im and strange tales. . . Old Peter Foot o' Kirkstone's been a tellin' and that's where our Jan goes to in t' days when we never sees him fro' dawn to dusk; and 'e cooms to me in my bed and sits and tells o' t' wunnerful man that 'e was. . . 'E could run an 'undred miles in a day and there wasn't a river 'e couldn't leap, and 'e could wrestle wi' ten men all at once, and 'e could swim like a fish under water, an' 'e could talk wi' birds and beasts; an' 'e got weary o' t' fells for they werena' big enough for 'im and 'e went out into t' world, and when 'e went there was sick 'earts in t' women, and there was an 'undred and fifty went out into t' world to look for 'im, and it's such a man that our Jan would be. . . . Was there ever such a man?

Ellen There was such a man, and 'e was that bad there was never a 'ouse int' dale would let 'im bide in 't and 'e lived out ont' fells, wet and cold under a wall and wet and cold in a ditch. . . But I never 'eard tell of any woman that 'e 'ad.

Janie And is it long ago since 'e lived out on t' fells?

Ellen 'E was schooled wi' yer feyther and me. And 'tis true that 'e went out into t' world but I never 'eard tell o' a 'eart that was sick for 'im or o' women that went out into t' world to look for 'im.

Janie Jan says 'e was like a buzzard 'awk and Jan says that 'e 'll be such a man, and 'tis for that that our Jan's out and away and leavin' you and me to do all t' work.

(*Ellen empties pan and Janie brings a fresh lot of fruit for her to boil*)
There was a strange man coom last night moother.

Ellen A strange man?

Janie I was in my little room yonder and t' light set in t' window and there coom pebbles a' thraved 'oop.

Ellen What like o' man?

Janie A weary thin man. . . And a said: "Is it you?" And I said: "Yes. It's me." And 'e said: "And John Baisbrown?" . . And I said: "John Baisbrown's dead."

Ellen And . . ?

Janie What is it, moother?

Ellen And what did 'e say else?

Janie He stood like a gowk an' in a soft silly voice 'e said: "T' scent o' yer 'air and t' touch o' ye 'as been wi' me ower all t' world and there's never t' like o' you not east nor west nor north nor south."

Ellen What like o' man was 'e?

Janie Just a thin scarecrow wi' a bowed back and rags on 'im what 'ardly would 'old together. And 'e said: "For all t' brave sounds o' t' world there was ever t' sound o' yer voice ringin' in my ears."

Ellen An' you?

Janie I said: "Yer daft" and banged to t' window and then 'e coom an' 'e talked through t' door silly like, such soft talk fro' such an owd man, till I laughed out loud at 'im and 'e went away.

Ellen And ye was not afeared?

Janie What call 'ad I to be afeard, wi' t' door locked? 'E was just a tramp like they often cooms . . on'y not all on 'em is so daft. . . I just laughed for 'tis funny to 'ear such words comin' up in an owd weary voice. . . "You and t' scent o' yer 'air. . ." And yet there's never a lad in t' dale could 'av said such words, 'cept only it might be our Jan. . . And I couldn't 'elp thinkin' 'ow feyther would a gurned at such a man, same as he gurned at our Jan for bein' aye wi' t' lasses, though there's never a lad in all t' dale that our Jan couldn't thraw in t' wink o' an eye. . . But feyther 'e 'ad a great scorn o' women, 'im bein' such a strong man.

Ellen There's t' lads' dinners to be took down to croft.

(Jan comes up through the yard. He draws a live rabbit from his pocket)

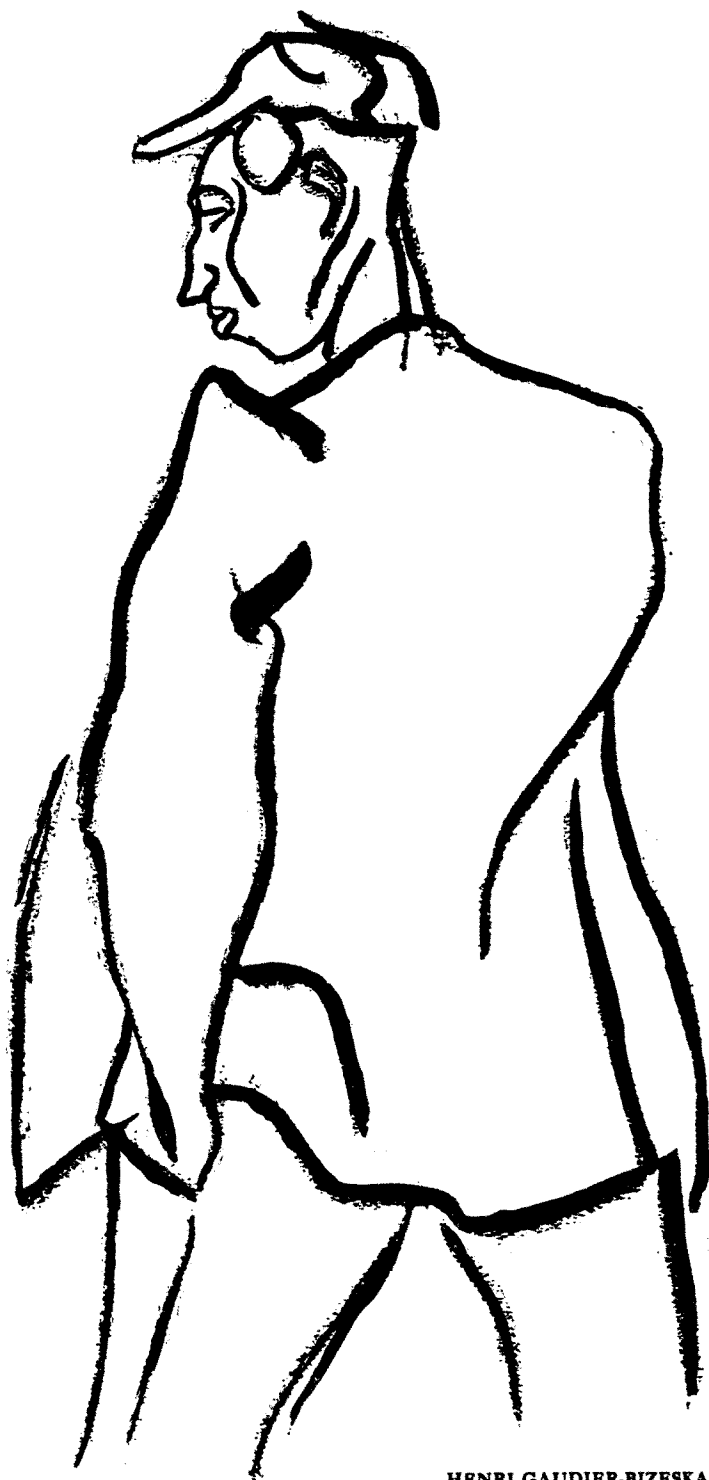
Are ye come fro' t' croft, Jan?

Jan Me? . . Naw. . . That's what I been a-doin' of. . . Caught 'im I did wi' my two 'ands an nowt else. Comin' down Wansfell out o' t' bracken e' runs and me after 'im; this way and that 'e turns until I took a great leap on to 'im like a buzzard 'awk. . . And you'd 'ave me stoopin' and crampin' wi' a scythe or a rake. . . Show me another can do that! . . You got my broothers slavin' like cattle, an' I say 'tis not good enough for t' likes o' me.

Ellen Will ye take an' kill it?

Jan Kill it? . . I'll let it free. . . 'Tis only to show what I can do, when my broothers be that slow they'd likely never set 'ands to a urchin. . . Take 'un wi' ye Janie and set 'un free.

(Janie takes the dinner cans on one arm, holds the rabbit by the ears and goes out)



HENRI GAUDIER-BIZESKA.

I'm *goin'* moother.

Ellen Where will ye go?

Jan I been up beck to where 'e cooms bubbling out o' t' ground, and I've been down beck to where 'e goes into t' lake and out o' t' lake and down past towns and cities to t' sea. And I be like beck, moother. I be like sprung out o' t' ground and I must go out and out growin' wider and wider, and I be grown so wide that there be no room for my body between Wansfell and Ill Bell. . . D'ye not see 'ow big I be grown? . . I feel that strong that if ye set me to t' ploughin' I'd 'ave t' old field turned and turned too deep wi' just t' touch o' my 'and, and if ye set me to t' reapin' I'd swing t' scythe so'd all t' corn 'd be scattered to t' winds and t' point o' t' scythe 'd stick into Ill Bell and coom through and out into Yorkshire. . . You got my broothers and my sister and what's for them is not for me, so gi' me your blessing an' a pocketful o' money and I'll go out into t' world an' make a fortin and a great name . . an' a fine lady mebbe for a wife. . .

Ellen A fortin' and a great name an' a fine lady mebbe for a wife! . . What's coom t' ye, Jan?

Jan I've a mind to be a man, moother, and not just a ox or a ass or any poor beast that works in t' fields, and not to be t' sort o' man that my feyther was, that 'ad no eye for t' sights o' t' world and no eye for its loveliness, but only for crops and crops, and 'ad no love for t' earth but only for t' money 'e could make out o' 'er. . . You got two sons t' like o' feyther and one that never will be.

Ellen (*facing him suddenly*) I got two sons dear to me as their feyther was, and one that's dearer to me than all t' world; two that's good sons to me and one that I love so dearly that t' greatest joy I 'ave in 'im is a pain, and I'm glad o' t' pain and the sorrow that 'e brings me, as I was glad o' t' pain and sorrow in t' beginning.

Jan That's strange.

Ellen And if you go 'twill be a lonesome life for me, for there's only you that my eyes love to see.

Jan But there's two sons that's as dear to you as my feyther was.

Ellen And that's nothin' at all. . . For it's true that 'e 'ad no eyes for t' sights o' t' world and no eye for its loveliness, and 'e never 'ad no eye for t' loveliness o' me, and 'e 'ated you that I loved most dearly. . .

Jan That's strange . . and 'tis true that 'e 'ated me, and true that I 'ated t' sight o' 'im. . . And those two that's like 'im 'ate me, and I 'ate

them, and it 'as always been you and me against t' rest o' 'em. . . And 'tis that 'as made me so strong. . . There three o' them against one o' me, and though I could take and crush t' three on 'em there is that strength in a man that makes 'im gentle and soft. And it's t' weak man wantin' t' strength they never can 'ave that is so 'arsh and cruel, and 'tis t' strength in women like you, moother, that makes 'em so gentle and soft. . .

Ellen And if ye'd bide . .

Jan If ye took beck and tried to make 'im live in a bucket ye'd not be tryin' a more foolish thing than to make me live 'ere on t' farm like any other one in t' dale. . . Give me your blessing, moother, and a pocketful of money, and let me go out into t' world for to see its wonders and it to see me for t' wunnerful man that I am.

(Ellen goes to the press, and after groping in a far corner of it produces an old Toby jug, from which she brings a stocking. She pours out the contents of it on the table.)

Jan I'll catch a fine lady like I caught lile rabbit, an' . . an' . . an' I'll not let 'er go free. . . And I'll give 'er all t' wonder o' t' world, and all t' lovely things ye can find for t' seekin' and cannot come by other ways. . . For I'm wise, and I'm strong, and I'm swift, and I'm sure.

Ellen There's a fourth o' t' savings that yer feyther made.

Jan There was a man like me in t' dale once, moother, and 'e went out into t' world, and there was never t' likes o' 'im again till me. . .

Ellen And 'im dead, likely. . . 'E never coom back. . . I never 'eard tell o' any glory that 'e coom by.

Jan And was 'e a man like me?

Ellen As much as a beech-tree is like an elder-bush. . . But a man . . like you.

Jan Then 'e was a man?

Ellen 'Appen. . . Ye'll 'ave yer money in yer bag? . . And what'll ye do when 'tis all gone?

Jan Likes o' me don't live by money. . . 'Tis like pretty things to play with. . . 'E never 'ad money, did 'e?

Ellen Never stick nor stock.

(Jan pours the money from one hand to the other)

Jan 'Tis pretty. . . Buttercups and daisies. . . And won't tha just go rollin' and rollin'. . . It'll be a grand man that cooms back to ye moother, for if all t' world is full o' such blind fools as is 'ere there's nowt t' likes o' me canna do.

Ellen Ye'll learn. . . Wise and strong and swift and sure ye may be, but . . ye'll learn. . . T' blind fools is many, and t' man wi' eyes to see is one in thousands. It's many against one.

Jan And if they get in my way. . . I'll set foot on 'em.
(A pedlar comes past the window. A ragged man with pack on back. He is weary and thin. He knocks at the door, and Ellen opens. The pedlar stands in the door and begins to take his pack from his back. Ellen knows him at once for Miles Dixon, but she gives no sign. He stares intently at her, but gives no sign. Jan is not particularly interested, but goes on counting out his money and playing with it across the table.)

Miles Good day to ye.

Ellen Good day to ye.

Miles Can I show ye what I 'ave?

Ellen Come in and show me.

(Miles comes in and lays his pack on the table)

Jan Sixteen pounds . . Are ye come from t' world?

Miles God knows where I be not come from, young master.

Jan An' I be just goin' out into it.

Miles Ye'd best bide 'ere.

Jan So moother's sayin': but she never 'ave seed what I see an' she never 'ave knowed what I know. . .

Miles And what like o' place d'ye think t' world to be, young master?

Jan Just a great wide place wi' a city 'ere and a city there and room for a man that's growed too wide to live between fell and fell. . .

Miles *(fiercely)* 'Ave ye ever 'ad th' 'unger in yer belly, young master?

Jan N-naw.

Miles It's that ye'll 'ave in t' world. . . 'Ave ye ever 'ad th' 'unger i' yer soul, young master?

Jan N-naw.

Miles It's that ye'll 'ave in t' world, young master, an' ye'll be no more than a drop o' water in t' wide sea . . and one man just like another. . . And ye'll be sick for a bed to lie on, and sick for a fire to warm ye, and there'll be never a day but ye'll curse t' day ye ever set foot on t' road and ye'll learn that ye can never turn back, and ye'll be brought to envy o' bird and beast and tree and 'ate o' men, for ye'll not find charity or kindness or any good in 'em once ye turn yer back on yer ain kin and kind . . and so I tell ye.

Jan Is it such a fearful place.

Miles 'Tis a place the like o' this, between fell and fell, and t' man that winna be shaped to it is broke. . . For there's no place in this world

where a man can be free, and freedom and t' great life and all t' things that come into a young man's thoughts wi' t' wind are not in t' world but in 'is 'eart. . . What will ye buy?

Ellen (*choosing*) This and this and this.

Jan 'Ave ye a pretty thing for me to give to my moother before I go . . I've a great lot o' money.

Miles Ye've a mind to go?

Jan Aye. . . What's been done to t' likes o' you will never be done to t' likes o' me.

Miles Are ye that strong?

Jan And swift . . I can catch a rabbit wi' my 'ands.

Miles Can ye run a 'undred miles in a day?

Jan N-naw.

Miles Can ye leap every stream in t' country?

Jan N-naw.

Miles Can ye wrastle wi' ten men all at once?

Jan N-naw.

Miles Can ye talk wi' birds and beasts?

Jan N-naw.

Miles Can ye pluck a star out o' 'eaven for to shine in a woman's 'air?

Jan N-naw.

Miles Nor me. . . But there was a day when I could do every one o' these things.

Jan An' you. . .

Miles And off I went out into t' world greedy for t' sights and scents and sounds of it, and look at me what I am, just a ragged broken man. . . And I said that when I was weary I would swim out to sea until I could swim no more. When I was weary I did swim out, but back I coom to my weariness and took my pack on my back and come by a long long road to see t' fells that wasna big enough for me and t' folk that was too small for me and too blind. . . And what pretty thing will ye buy?

Jan And you was a strong man and a wise man, an' a swift man, and a sure man?

Miles I was.

Jan And you was like a buzzard 'awk?

(*Ellen has turned to her stewpan.*)

Miles I was.

Jan And was you Miles Dixon?

Miles I was. (*Jan dives into his pocket and brings up his money.*)

Jan My feyther was a stronger man than you.

(He takes up his cap and goes, turning at the door)

Moother, I be goin' down to croft. *(He goes)*

Ellen Its a 'ard life you've 'ad of it. . .

Miles Aye.

Ellen 'Tis a 'ard life I've 'ad of it.

Miles 'E was a stronger man than me. . . Was 'e bad to ye?

Ellen Never. . . And never again was your name on his lips, but there was never a day but t' thought o' you coom to 'im, and I was just a woman livin' in 'is 'ouse, and 'e 'ated t' sight o' that lad. . . Ye come last night?

Miles Aye.

Ellen I'll 'ave this and this. *(She takes money from her purse and pays him)*

Miles And 'im dead. . .

Ellen And 'im dead, and me not lonelier than I was wi' 'im in t' 'ouse. . . And you?

Miles And me wi' no restin' place and a sick soul that will not let me bide; often 'unger i' my belly and always 'unger i' my soul for takin' you that never was mine. . . And if there was never a day but t' thought o' me come between 'im and you, there was never a day but t' thought o' you come between me and t' world. . . And if ye'd give me to eat. *(Ellen sets food and drink before him)*

Ellen It come to me that there was nothin' in t' world so dear to me as that lad, and 'im you've saved for me.

Miles T' scorn 'e 'ad of me!

Ellen Will ye be goin' now?

Miles I'll live t' way I've lived these long years.

(He shoulders his pack)

You're not t' woman that was so beautiful. . .

Ellen And you're not t' man that coom to me out o' t' night so fine and strong. . .

Miles We're queer cattle.

(He goes out and through the yard. Ellen returns to her work. Janie comes and stands at the door)

Janie Why moother, that's t' man that stood in t' dark last night and said they silly soft things. . .

Ellen See what I bought from 'im.

Janie Oh, t' pretty things.

(Ellen restores Jan's money to the Toby jug in the press)

CURTAIN

135
SMILES

I saw a black girl once,
As black as winter's night;
Till through her parted lips
There came a flood of light;
It was the milky way
Across her face so black :
Her two lips closed again,
And night came back.

I see a maiden now,
Fair as a summer's day;
Yet through her parted lips
I see the milky way;
It makes the broad daylight
In summer time look black :
Her two lips close again,
And night comes back.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.



HENRI GAUDIER-BIZESKA



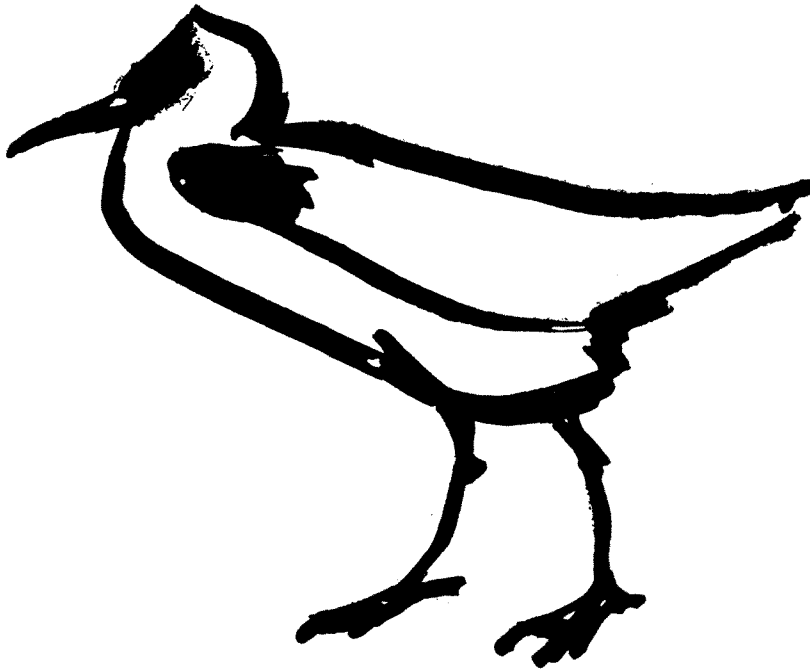
HOW PEARL BUTTON WAS KIDNAPPED

Pearl Button swung on the little gate in front of the House of Boxes. It was the early afternoon of a sunshiny day with little winds playing hide-and-seek in it. They blew Pearl Button's pinafore frill into her mouth and they blew the street dust all over the House of Boxes. Pearl watched it—like a cloud—like when mother peppered her fish and the top of the pepper-pot came off. She swung on the little gate, all alone, and she sang a small song. Two big women came walking down the street. One was dressed in red and the other was dressed in yellow and green. They had pink handkerchiefs over their heads, and both of them carried a big flax basket of ferns. They had no shoes and stockings on and they came walking along, slowly, because they were so fat, and talking to each other and always smiling. Pearl stopped swinging and when they saw her they stopped walking. They looked and looked at her and then they talked to each other waving their arms and clapping their hands together. Pearl began to laugh. The two women came up to her, keeping close to the hedge and looking in a frightened way towards the House of Boxes. "Hallo, little girl!" said one. Pearl said, "Hallo!" "You all alone by yourself?" Pearl nodded. "Where's your mother?" "In the kitching, ironing-because-its-Tuesday." The women smiled at her and Pearl smiled back. "Oh," she said, "haven't you got very white teeth indeed! Do it again." The dark women laughed and again they talked to each other with funny words and wavings of the hands. "What's your name?" they asked her. "Pearl Button." "You coming with us, Pearl Button. We got beautiful things to show you," whispered one of the women. So Pearl got down from the gate and she slipped out into the road. And she walked between the two dark women down the windy road, taking little running steps to keep up and wondering what they had in their House of Boxes.

They walked a long way. "You tired?" asked one of the women, bending down to Pearl. Pearl shook her head. They walked much further. "You not tired?" asked the other woman. And Pearl shook her head again, but tears shook from her eyes at the same time and her lips

trembled. One of the women gave over her flax basket of ferns and caught Pearl Button up in her arms and walked with Pearl Button's head against her shoulder and her dusty little legs dangling. She was softer than a bed and she had a nice smell—a smell that made you bury your head and breathe and breathe it. . . . They set Pearl Button down in a log room full of other people the same colour as they were—and all these people came close to her and looked at her, nodding and laughing and throwing up their eyes. The woman who had carried Pearl took off her hair ribbon and shook her curls loose. There was a cry from the other women and they crowded close and some of them ran a finger through Pearl's yellow curls, very gently, and one of them, a young one, lifted all Pearl's hair and kissed the back of her little white neck. Pearl felt shy but happy at the same time. There were some men on the floor, smoking, with rugs and feather mats round their shoulders. One of them made a funny face at her and he pulled a great big peach out of his pocket and set it on the floor, and flicked it with his finger as though it were a marble. It rolled right over to her. Pearl picked it up. "Please can I eat it?" she asked. At that they all laughed and clapped their hands and the man with the funny face made another at her and pulled a pear out of his pocket and sent it bobbling over the floor. Pearl laughed. The women sat on the floor and Pearl sat down too. The floor was very dusty. She carefully pulled up her pinafore and dress and sat on her petticoat as she had been taught to sit in dusty places, and she ate the fruit, the juice running all down her front. "Oh," she said, in a very frightened voice to one of the women, "I've spilt all the juice!" "That doesn't matter at all," said the woman, patting her cheek. A man came into the room with a long whip in his hand. He shouted something. They all got up, shouting, laughing, wrapping themselves up in rugs and blankets and feather mats. Pearl was carried again, this time into a great cart, and she sat on the lap of one of her women with the driver beside her. It was a green cart with a red pony and a black pony. It went very fast out of the town. The driver stood up and waved the whip round his head. Pearl peered over the shoulder of her woman. Other carts were behind like a procession. She waved at them. Then the country came. First fields of short grass with sheep on them and little bushes of white flowers and pink briar rose baskets—then big trees on both sides of the road—and nothing to be seen except big trees. Pearl tried to look through them but it was quite dark. Birds were singing. She nestled closer in the big lap. The woman was warm as a cat and she moved up and down when she breathed, just like purring. Pearl played with a green ornament round her neck and the

woman took the little hand and kissed each of her fingers and then turned it over and kissed the dimples. Pearl had never been happy like this before. On the top of a big hill they stopped. The driving man turned to Pearl and said "Look, look!" and pointed with his whip. And down at the bottom of the hill was something perfectly different—a great big piece of blue water was creeping over the land. She screamed and clutched at the big woman. "What is it, what is it?" "Why," said the woman, "it's the sea." "Will it hurt us—is it coming?" "Ai-e, no, it doesn't come to us. It's very beautiful. You look again." Pearl looked. "You're sure it can't come," she said. "Ai-e, no. It stays in its place," said the big woman. Waves with white tops came leaping over the blue. Pearl watched them break on a long piece of land covered with garden-path shells. They drove round a corner. There were some little houses down close to the sea, with wood fences round them and gardens inside. They comforted her. Pink and red and blue washing hung over the fences and as they came near more people came out and five yellow dogs with long thin tails. All the people were fat and laughing, with little naked babies holding on to them or rolling about in the gardens like puppies. Pearl was lifted down and taken into a tiny house with only one room and a veranda. There was a girl there with two pieces of black hair down to her feet. She was setting



HENRI GAUDIER-BIZESKA

the dinner on the floor. "It is a funny place," said Pearl, watching the pretty girl while the woman unbuttoned her little drawers for her. She was very hungry. She ate meat and vegetables and fruit and the woman gave her milk out of a green cup. And it was quite silent except for the sea outside and the laughs of the two women watching her. "Haven't you got any Houses in Boxes?" she said. "Don't you all live in a row? Don't the men go to offices? Aren't there any nasty things?"

They took off her shoes and stockings, her pinafore and dress. She walked about in her petticoat and then she walked outside with the grass pushing between her toes. The two women came out with different sorts of baskets. They took her hands. Over a little paddock, through a fence, and then on warm sand with brown grass in it they went down to the sea. Pearl held back when the sand grew wet, but the women coaxed. "Nothing to hurt, very beautiful. You come." They dug in the sand and found some shells which they threw into the baskets. The sand was wet as mud pies. Pearl forgot her fright and began digging too. She got hot and wet and suddenly over her feet broke a little line of foam. "Oo, oo!" she shrieked, dabbling with her feet, "Lovely, lovely!" She paddled in the shallow water. It was warm. She made a cup of her hands and caught some of it. But it stopped being blue in her hands. She was so excited that she rushed over to her woman and flung her little thin arms round the woman's neck, hugging her, kissing. . . . Suddenly the girl gave a frightful scream. The woman raised herself and Pearl slipped down on the sand and looked towards the land. Little men in blue coats—little blue men came running, running towards her with shouts and whistlings—a crowd of little blue men to carry her back to the House of Boxes.

LILI HERON.

ARCADES AMBO

We're thieves and brothers.
What of the others?
They dare not thieve,
But take what we leave.
We have the best
They have the rest.
They dare not fight
For what is their right.

If they were men
We'd not steal a hen.
But they snore a-bed
While over our head
The little stars bend
And whisper together
Nights without end
In the white weather.

ARTHUR CROSSTHWAITE.

THE MONEY

They found her cold upon the bed.
The cause of death, the doctor said,
Was nothing save the lack of bread.

Her clothes were but a sorry rag
That barely hid the nakedness
Of her poor body's piteous wreck :
Yet, when they stripped her of her dress,
They found she was not penniless ;
For, in a little silken bag,
Tied with red ribbon round her neck,
Was four-pound-seventeen-and-five.

“It seems a strange and shameful thing
That she should starve herself to death,
While she'd the means to keep alive.
Why, such a sum would keep the breath
Within her body till she'd found
A livelihood : and it would bring . . .
But, there is very little doubt
She'd set her heart upon a grand
And foolish funeral—for the pride
Of poor folk, who can understand !
And so, because she was too proud
To meet death penniless, she died.”

And talking, talking, they trooped out :
And, as they went, I turned about
To look upon her in her shroud ;
And saw again the quiet face
That filled with light the shameful place,
Touched with the tender, youthful grace
Death brings the broken and outworn
To comfort kind hearts left to mourn.

And, as I stood, the sum they'd found
Rang with a queer, familiar ring
Of some uncouth, uncanny sound—
Heard in dark ages underground ;

And "four-pound-seventeen-and-five"
Through all my body seemed to sing,
Without recalling anything
To help me, strive as I might strive.

But, as I stumbled down the stairs
Into the alley's gloom and stench—
A whiff of burning oil
That took me unawares—
And I knew all there was to tell.
And, though the rain in torrents fell,
I walked on, heedless through the drench . . .
And, all the while, I seemed to sit
Upon a tub in Lancel pit;
And in the candle-light to see
John Askerton, a deputy,
Who paused awhile to talk with me,
His kind face glistening black with toil.

"'Twas here I found him dead, beside
His engine. All the other men
Were up—for things were slack just then—
And I'd one foot upon the cage;
When, all at once, I caught the smell
Of burning. Even as I turned
To see what it could be that burned,
The drift behind was filled with stife.
And so I dropped on hands and knees,
And crawled along the gallery,
Beneath the smoke that I might see
What ailed; and as I crept, half-blind,
With smarting eyes, and breath awheeze,
I scarcely knew what I should find.
At times I thought I'd never know . . .
And 'twas already quite an age
Since I set out . . . I felt as though
I had been crawling all my life
Beneath the stifling cloud of smoke
That clung about me, fit to choke:
And when, at last, I'd struggled here,
'Twas long ere I could see things clear . . .

RHYTHM

That he was lying here . . . and he
Was dead . . . and burning like a tree . . .
A tree-trunk soaked in oil . . . No doubt,
The engine had caught fire, somehow;
And when he tried to put it out,
His greasy clothes had caught . . . and now !
As fine a lad as you could see . . .
And such a lad for singing . . . I
Had heard him, when I worked hard by:
And often quiet I would sit
To hear him, singing in the pit,
As though his heart knew naught of it,
And life was nothing but a song.

“He’d not been working with us long:
And little of his ways I knew:
But, when I’d got him up, at last;
And he was lying in the shed,
The sweet song silent in his breast;
And there was nothing more to do:
The notion came into my head
That he had always been well-dressed;
And seemed a neat and thrifty lad . . .
And lived in lodgings . . . so, maybe,
Would carry on him all he had.
So, back into the cage I stepped:
And, when it reached the bottom, crept
Along the gallery again;
And in the dust where he had lain,
I rummaged, until I found all
That from his burning pockets fell.
And when it seemed there was no more,
I thought how happy, and alive,
And recking naught what might befall,
He, too, for all that I could tell,
Just where I stood, had reckoned o’er
That four-pound-seventeen-and-five.

“Aye, like enough . . . for soon we heard
That in a week he’d looked to wed.



HENRI GAUDIER-BIZESKA

RHYTHM

He'd meant to give the girl that night
The money to buy furniture.
She came and watched till morning-light
Beside the body in the shed:
Then rose: and took, without a word,
The money he had left for her. "

.

Then, as I wandered through the rain,
I seemed to stand in awe again
Beside that lonely garret-bed.
And it was good to think the dead
Had known the wealth she would not spend
To keep a little while alive—
His four-pound-seventeen-and-five—
Would buy her houseroom in the end.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



J. D. FERGUSON



LANDSCAPE

OTHON FRIESZ



DISMORR

I

It was a large and airy room, furnished within the absolute limits of necessity. In a corner, by a door, stood the child's little white bed; but it required more imagination than was given to the ordinary to call up the image of a small girl of twelve that stood every night listening at that other door to hear whether her father's breathing were heavy enough for sleep, to call up the vision of the slight figure that nightly opened that same door with stealthy care to make sure of the candle being out and all danger of fire set far from the reach of awkward drunken hands; it demanded a keener ear than the ordinary to hear the last sigh of the child as she slipped back and crept into her own little bed in the small hours of the night, and lay down to take her long-delayed rest in that sleep that should have sealed her eyes (and had already held the rest of the world) for a half of the night.

The dainty little figure that now stood before the mirror, giving to her hat just that touch which makes or mars the adornment of women, showed no peevish rebellion against, nor carping discontent with, the sordid burden of life that had been thrust upon her far too young and sadly thin little shoulders. She might indeed have gone, as she stood, to Court, and withal taught the ladies of fashion there assembled more than something of the queenly attitude.

The picture of a man in uniform hung over the mantel—the picture of handsome Cornelius Mauduit Modeyne as he had been when he married the mild beauty with the tragic eyes that dreamed out of the picture hanging pendant to his, and to whom the child bore more than a little likeness. Had the pictures been inspired to utter the history of these lives, one would have revealed the early death of the brooding beauty in the birth of the small child whose hands were now the only hands that tended these two miniatures with the caressing touch of affection—the man's picture would have continued the confidence and told of handsome Corney Modeyne's

seeking relief from loneliness in the mad lees of the bottle—it would have whispered, too, of the meeting of his old comrades in his room to tell him he must slip quietly out of his old regiment—of his retirement with a step of rank—of the two years of his living upon his relations until they grew first weary, then exasperated, then hostile towards him and the always rather silent child that flushed at all their harsh thrusts at her easy-going father—and of his final collapse as that mysterious personage, the half-pay officer. It would have revealed what was hidden even from the buzzing gossips of the Street with the Good Address—that Major Cornelius Mauduit Modeyne when he sallied out at the breakfast hour with a swaggering air, in well-groomed attire, polished boots, and shining hat (as soon as he could be got out of bed by the silent child who guarded all his secrets that could be hid), owed his good care to those self-same small hands. As it would also have revealed that, in spite of all shame, the dainty hands that did these things, and had these cares, touched everything that had to do with this foolish sinning man with a fierce affection.

Indeed there is more in noble tradition than in blood. The battle-cry of the ancient Modeynes had been Loyalty.

From Modeyne the child had inherited remarkable charm of manner as well as much of her dainty delicacy. . . .

II

It was the hour of social calls.

The suburban world was a-rustle in its best clothes, sallying forth in carriage and on foot to play at being in the whirl of fashion; Major Modeyne stood in drunken dignity on the white-washed steps of the house, his coat turned outside in, flouted by street boys. And the whole stucco front blushed with shame.

Even the titter in the areas, where kitchen-maids peeped through the railings at the rare comedy, was not without some sense of adverse criticism.

His “friends” in the City had thought the joke a killingly funny one; indeed when, at the door of *The Cock and Bull* in Fleet Street, at the beginning of the fantastic journey, the major had thanked them for the honour of their friendship, and, with a rending hiccup, had started amidst street urchins on his solemn homeward procession in this guise, early in the afternoon, they had clung to each other weeping with laughter, hysteric at the splendour of their humour. Nay, it provoked a mighty thirst and much recounting of whimsical details in drinking-shops for a long day. The story grew But now that he was arrived in his own street, the pestering swarm of street-urchins that buzzed at the major’s straying heels

feared the joke was cracked—and they were loath to give up the tattered shreds of it whilst there was a guffaw left to them. The point of honour during the journey had been to get in under the play of the major's cane, and pluck at his coat-tails ; it had been a running fight as long as he tramped the streets, the victory now with the boys, now with the major's lunge of cane ; but the gallant officer stood at last before his stronghold, and his back was to it. A bloody nose or so amongst the boys showed that the old soldier had not wholly lost the cunning of a heavy hand.

Yet he was vaguely troubled where he stood. He questioned his ability to mount the steps unaided—and mount them he must before he could achieve the ringing of the bell ; he feared also that it would involve the turning of his back upon the enemy. With masterly coolness of judgment, he decided to wait until somebody came to the house, and then to conduct his retreat under cover of their entry to the citadel.

A crowd collected.

It was at this dramatic pause that the landlady and her daughter, returning from envious viewing of the quality rolling by in the park, came upon the scene.

The major, with wonted gallantry, and a somewhat wide miss or two of his hand at the object, swept off his hat ; but the effort lost him his legs and he suddenly sat upon the steps—the hat flinging out into the road, where it was rushed off with a wild whoop by triumphant urchins and became the football of a fierce game, in which many goals were kicked over neighbouring lamp-posts.

The two women, brushing their skirts aside, passed by the fallen major haughtily. He made a vigorous effort to go up the steps on all fours after the ladies ; he reached the topmost step as they slammed the door in his face.

He sat on the doorstep and shook his head sadly . . .

There was the rustle of a girl's dress ; light feet ran up the steps and his little girl, ringing the bell, stooped down, gave her father her arm, and, as he struggled to his feet, led him into the yawning doorway.

The door shut upon their exit.

She helped to get her father up the stairs and into his room. Arrived thereat and entering, she led the poor dazed soul to an armchair, settled him there comfortably, with mother hands, then went to the windows and flung them open. When she turned, it was to find two angry women in the room—the landlady and her daughter had entered without leave or asking, and instantly began a torrent of upbraiding.

The child went to them.

"He cannot understand now—better come to-morrow morning," she said gently; and they, opening the door and conquering a stubborn desire to stay, slowly went out.

The firm mouth was set; but there was no sign of complaint nor of anger upon the child's face.

The poor drunken man began to upbraid himself.

"Hush, father," said the girl—

He hiccuped.

"I am very drunk," he said. "Why deny it?"

"Ah, father! You have come out into the day at last . . . I have feared this for years." This child and the years!

He tearfully protested that he made a point of never tasting any drink stronger than coffee before the sun set—and this came of breaking his principles.

The girl laughed sadly and went to the window.

She was acquiring knowledge of the world early, this child—and at first hand.

III

The next morning, Major Modeyne read a letter at breakfast, and having read it, watching the child furtively out of the corner of his eyes, he stealthily took advantage of her attention being fixed upon the tea-making to put the letter into his pocket.

It was a discomfiting, abusive, cruel letter; he and his daughter received notice to vacate their rooms that day week—there would be a cab waiting for them and their baggage as soon as it was dark, and they must go even if the law were employed to eject them.

It stated what it had to say harshly, vulgarly, blatantly. It was not the kind of letter that raises a man's self-respect.

IV

The week passed.

The major had never been gayer, more debonnair. He glittered. He was a very sun. When he returned at night few knew. But the mornings saw him blithe and tuneful.

The landlady and her daughter began to feel qualms. Still, they hardened their hearts, and it was not until the morning of the last day of the grace given him that the major alluded to the unpleasant affair.

He sent the little maid-of-all-work to say that he wished to see the ladies if they could spare him five minutes—it would only take three. He

was ushered into their little sitting-room with all the formalities he himself observed with so rigid an etiquette.

"Well, major!" The landlady broke an embarrassed silence.

"Ladies," said he, "I received a letter a week ago for which I have expected a formal apology. It has not been tendered."

The ladies stiffened, ruffled.

The elder said, "Major Modeyne, we hope you do not intend to make us use pressure to you."

"No lady's pressure has ever met rebuff from me," said the major gallantly. "I would meet the lady half way."

The daughter sniffed.

"Major, you are pulling ma's leg," she said.

"Then, madam," said the major, "this is no place for her daughter."

"You are trying to be funny, major," said the young woman huffily.

"Madam, most serious. For were I to show indignation in my denial I should cast aspersion on a handsome limb; were I to fail in denying the soft impeachment I should entangle the limb in the moralities. You place me in the unhappy position known as the quandary. I can only escape from that position by saying that I have every confidence in your mother, and that it is my habit to keep her comely figure out of the gossip."

"Lor, major, I don't know what you are getting at!"

"That I have pulled nothing," said the major solemnly.

"What do you want?"

"Ah, yes," said the major, "I came for the apology."

"Then you don't get it," said the young woman tartly.

The major bowed.

"That, madam, is a matter of taste."

The young woman tossed her head.

"We don't need to go to a school of manners, Major Modeyne."

The major bowed again.

"The letter," said he, "is illegal."

The women looked at each other uncomfortably.

"Wha'?" said the daughter.

"Do not be alarmed, ladies, I did not say libellous. God forgive me, it is not that. But it contains instructions about my daughter that cannot hold in the law. My daughter has done nothing deserving of censure, and it is utterly out of your power to eject her from her room. The notice to quit rests with my daughter, and it is my intention that it shall always so rest."

The younger woman sniffed.



JOSEPH SIMPSON

"Major," said she, "no one wants to give the child a shade of trouble, but *you* must leave at dark to-night—"

"Madam, if I go, I go alone."

She nodded.

"I'm sorry, major; but if you don't go, the drawing-room floor says she will leave—and others in the house are getting restless—and we cannot afford the loss."

The major pondered upon the problem long:

"Yes," he said, "the drawing-room floor is serious—she is a woman of weight."

The landlady tittered.

But the daughter frowned her to order, and said, somewhat to the point:

"She pays her way handsomely."

The major bowed and withdrew.

He sang *Sigh no more, ladies*, as he sallied up the stairs; and to the profound astonishment of the two puzzled women he did not stir from the house that day.

V

When it was dark, a servant was sent upstairs to the major to tell him that the cab stood at the door.

"All right!" bawled the major from within.

An hour passed.

The maid was again sent upstairs to tell the major that the cab was waiting.

"Let it wait," cried the major.

Another hour passed.

The cabman became unpleasant, and uttered obscene prose.

The two ladies of the house, in support of each other, now went up the stairs and knocked.

"Come in," cried the major gaily.

They went in.

He was in bed.

The two women hurriedly left the room.

They went to the drawing-room, knocked and entered, sat down on chairs and wept bitterly.

The stout lady of that realm went and held their hands; soothed them; and heard their story out.

"Wha—what are we to do, madam?" said they.

The stout lady laughed until the tears came.

They began to weep again.

The old lady grew impatient.

"Leave the man alone," said she.

And she added, blowing her nose:

"I could have loved that creature."

Indeed Major Modeyne was always the gentleman—even at bay with the Inevitable.

VI

In the dining-room of *The Cock and Bull* was laughter, and the clink of glasses, and some hiccup—for the dinner was long since at an end, and the guests held much wine—not wholly without giddiness and the confusion of tongues. There was more than a hint of Babel.

It was the feast of Saint Valentine's Day, and the commercial gentlemen, foregathered there, made the sentiment at *The Cock and Bull* this night sacred to the Ladies.

Major Modeyne, being in the chair, sat at the head of the table; and a-down it, to either hand, were City men; and, at the end of all, the poetic, sallow, and vague-eyed landlord of the tavern, who, so repute wagged a whispering tongue, had not been above taking his Double First at Oxford—a vague prize to your ordinary mortal that savours of the mysteries of Eleusis, and a full hand of trumps at the gaming table of life, though 'tis said to be useless enough, being of the nature of fireworks in the grey fastnesses of the skull. There's something of the awesome in big names. However that may be, our landlord was a gloomy fellow in his cups, and ran to latinities, so that the wit came mostly from the head, where was the Authority of the Chair—indeed Modeyne had repartee so long as he could keep an eyelid up, though fragments of it had served the world of badinage before.

The debauch being dedicated to the Ladies, then, our gloomy landlord raised the glass to the respectable sentiment of *Sweethearts and Wives*.

And, the toast being drunk, as indeed was the company, the Chair, as an excuse to empty the glasses again, gave the toast of retort, *Other Fellow's Sweethearts and Wives*—the hiccup which was the full-stop to the major's waggery being drowned in a shout of laughter, and the noisy drinking of the toast. Indeed they stood up to it, one foot on chair and one on table, giving it with musical honours, though, as the draper, a fellow of polygamous sentiments from his own showing, said:

"This standing on chairs displayed a child-like confidence in the design of creation, and in man's destiny under all conditions to maintain the up-

right position on but two legs, that would have done credit to a school mistress."

He himself, reeling at his own dazzling elevation, grasped the great lustre chandelier that depended from the ceiling, which, flaring magnificently, gave way with him, so that he fell with it amongst the wine glasses; and whilst they plucked splinters of broken glass from him, he whimsically owned his contrition at having tempted Providence by not sitting anchor'd to the good seat that had been assigned to him.

The draper was now called upon, as a man of taste in the matter, to make the speech of the evening: The Ladies—Lovely Woman.

He arose and spoke.

"Gentlemen," said he, and he thrust his thumb into the armholes of his waistcoat, raising a drowsy eyebrow, "Woman was once content to *be*.—Hiccup.—To trip through the banquet of existence appealing to man as the beautiful; and, being beautiful, to be loved, to kiss him kisses. She is no longer content. Woman has become a danger, a menace—hiccup—a pronounced menace. (Damn this hiccup!) Woman, I say, has become a menace to the state. Woman is no longer content to be beautiful—she has come out into the noisy thoroughfare of life and demands liberty to win her own career, and to clean up that thoroughfare. I call it unwomanly. Yet the men, like the asses they are—hiccup—are marrying them. But, you know, I'm against blue stockings—"

"Order!" cried the major, "the ladies' underclothes are out of order."

The draper licked his lips, and blinked.

"I withdraw the stockings," said he. "Fancy, you and me, gentlemen, mating with a female who knows as much as we do—fancy the want of 'armony there must be in the house where the lady is our equal in intelligence and in the—all the other things that go to make up a man's natural superiority—hiccup . . . I'm against this Pallas Athene business myself—the woman putting on the blooming helmet and coming out and criticizing conduct. It's indelicate. It takes the bloom off the peach of her modesty. Not, mind you, that I'm one as plumps too solid for modesty. Not at all. I don't go nap on modesty. For my part, I like a woman who can take her buss like a live thing—as women were meant by God's design so to do. A woman who draws the line at honest kissing is no woman at all, and is of the nature of a public nuisance. A woman who is cold-blooded enough to write sonnets to her love when she might be loving her love, is committing an offence against her original intention, which is a sin against nature. I ask you then, gentlemen, to fill your glasses and drown modesty . . ."

The winter dawdled late in the City.

Saint Valentine went out into the darkness of the night, with silent feet muffled in a heavy fall of snow.

And Major Modeyne went with him.

They brought him home in the early morning, dead and icy cold, and laid him upon his bed ; and when they were gone his child sat by the still figure and stroked the chill hand that had done intentional ill to none. In such strange manner she tasted for the first time the bitterness of death—in such sorry fashion the poor tattered remains of her childhood fell from her, sitting there, listening for the deep mystic significance of the eternal slaying that is a part of the eternal life . . .

The child, as by pronounced habit, was to suffer for it.

A jury had to sit upon the tragedy ; and the coroner, embarrassedly enough, had to rake up the details that were called the life of the poor broken man that lay silent in death, unheeding and unprotesting and unashamed. Modeyne's hand had always fallen heaviest upon the small child. His death, that should have closed the book of the record of the child's struggles against the public washing of the linen of his sordid details of life, was instead a new whip wherewith she was scourged—the manner of it was the very event that compelled the uncovering of all those little tragedies which the proud child had so courageously hushed under the dignity of her silence.

It was made clear by the sworn evidence, that the major had wandered to the great flight of steps on which he was found, that he had taken off his boots to prevent the waking of his landlady, that he had climbed a few of the steps in the darkness, and lain down, under the delusion that he was in bed, and had slept into death, the white snow weaving his winding-sheet.

Then it came out that he had sat late at a festive orgy in the rooms of *The Cock and Bull* tavern in Fleet Street, and had left the place, like most of the others, somewhat vague as to his destination.

It also came out that he was some sort of agent for the tavern, which had wine-merchandise in its connexion ; but this seems to have become, in the major's case, but a sleeping partnership—his chief office having been an ornate one—to attract the City loungers to the place by the exercise of his genial and ready fancy and his pleasant friendship, which was wholly untainted with the ignoble thing called snobbery. The very waiters felt in him a personal loss. Yet he had not had the means to be prodigal of anything but his whimsical tongue.

It was also hinted that the dead man was highly connected—but the magnificent in their high places kept a frigid silence that showed a dogged decision to bear their loss unflinchingly.

Indeed, on the evening of the day on which the dead man was put to his rest for the last time by the silent girl, it was, truth to say, a somewhat vulgar little knot of City men that sat round the table of *The Cock and Bull* tavern, and passed a silk hat round about to collect the little sum that one of them was deputed to take to the girl herself with a vote of their respect and affection for a dead friend and as true a gentleman as any into whom the good God had put good wine.

HALDANE MACFALL.



J. D. FERGUSSON

BACKWARD

But now this power goes from me, and I seem
Broken, and all these bitter wondrous days
Are rent in twain like curtains of a dream.
And then my feet turn backward to the ways
I left long since.

A tiny red-brick house
Tucked in a suburb of an endless town
Slashed by long crimson tramcars, that would rouse
Me in the gray of morning, clattering down
The broad black high road to the dingy river
In front a withered grass plot with a dusty hedge
That stank with privet blossom, where for ever
I watched my father from the window-ledge
Tending a draggled rose-bush, or with pain
Stretching white cotton-snares for birds perverse
Who always ate his grass-plot bare again.

And then my father, very quick to curse,
Red-faced, choleric, infinitely kind,
Uncouth in kindness, with a wondrous skill
In wood and paint and carpentry. His mind
Muddled and child-like. Weekly he would fill
His bag with oranges, and yet pretend
They were not for me—scrape to buy me books,
Beat, worship me, forbid my mother send
Me on her errands. All his angry looks
Were but the fortress of a kindly heart.
A sloven in undress. During the day
Meticulously neat. Then he would dart
Upstairs and put the city-suit away
And reappear in slippers down at heel
Without a collar, puffing a foul briar,
A blowsy waistcoat, bought once in a deal
From Lord Mount-Stilton's man. (He was a liar,
But the name was in the pocket). Then he bent
Over his draggled rose-bush, and with pain
Stretched more white cotton-snares, but when he went
The birds ate all his grass-plot bare again.



HENRI GAUDIER-BIZESKA.

My mother was all kindness. All her care
 Was to make peace when some chance angry word
 Spurred me against my father. Unaware
 Her arms would steal about me. "It's absurd
 To quarrel, darling. He's as good as gold,
 You know he means it well. Sometimes he's quick
 And hasty; but when all the worst is told,
 You'll never find a better father, Dick,
 Nor I a better husband. You don't know
 How he's wrapped up in you. No sleep at night
 For thinking of the time when you must go
 To college. He must pay. It isn't right
 To quarrel with him, darling. Kiss me, Dick,
 And tell him that you're sorry for it all."
 God, now to think about it makes me sick.
 How she would murmur "Dick, you are so tall,"
 And pull my lips to hers, and I would see
 The glitter of the water in her eyes,

RHYTHM

The tears within her eyes that reached to me.
 And I would bend towards her, she would rise,
 And every sharp line in her careworn face
 Grew soft and gentle, as I promised her
 To ask the old man's pardon, and a grace
 Rich and far off and rare was part of her.

Such are the loves that haunt me. Loves that shine
 Remote, when suddenly the gossamers
 Are torn away. And now this love of mine
 Scars to my soul within me. Ah, but hers
 Was healing, salved the little wounds, and clung
 About me like some long-forgotten scent,
 That wakes and sweetens memory; and her tongue
 Was healing.

Now my mind within is rent
 Asunder, for your love is like to hate,
 And I in loving hate you, and my soul
 Quivers in torment. How I loathe my fate
 That makes me fawn before you for a dole
 Of kisses.

I but wait, and wait
 For your good pleasure, and the joy that fills
 Me when you leave your lovers

. Ah, too late,
 I'll have no more of you. Yes, I am strong
 To tear myself from every subtle band
 You fasten round me. I have borne you long,
 But now the past calls to me, like a land
 Of many running waters. Turning, I
 Shall seek and find my long-awaited rest—
 The tiny red-brick caravanserai—
 A carelined face that rests against my breast—
 Eyes that are dim with weeping—arms that bend
 My head down to be kissed for evermore—
 My father bending fearfully to tend
 The draggled rose-bush, and close by the door
 Yards upon yards of white entanglement—
 And then my mother, "I'm so glad; you know,
 Dick, I've been waiting. But you never meant
 To leave me, darling?"

Dreaming, years ago.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

NOCTURNE

Four of us sitting together :
Autumn, I, you, and the night ;
Dead leaves under our feet—
Over our heads, dead years.

We looked out over the city—
Gables and chimneys and steeples
Vanishing into the greyness,
And the great river slowly
Far away winding among them.

A light shone out on the river,
Then, in the tremulous distance—
“One,” you counted—“two—three—four—”
You stopped : too many for counting.
Gold dust lay over the city . . .
A west wind rustled the tree tops :
We two were sitting alone now.

Street-lamps gleamed on the roadway—
Twinkled steadily nearer . . .
Your eyes sought mine in the darkness.
We sat quite still for a moment—
Rose, and went away homewards.

W. A. ORTON.

SPRING IN A DREAM.

I sat at the table writing letters. In a corner of the room, beside the stove, Konrad and the Little Father were playing “sixty-six.” It was very warm in the room. On a long bench, before the side windows, there were pink and brown chrysanthemums growing in a china trough. They seemed to be expanding before my eyes in the autumn sunshine that streamed over everything—their patterned leaves painted a grotesque shadow on the floor—a shadow that seemed too delicate and fine for the heavy room, the massive furniture and our health and laughter. It quivered as though longing to go back and hide among the petals of the plants.

Curious fancy, this, the terror of captive shadow. For a moment I wanted to write about it to F. Instead, I told him that Gertrud had

baked a "zwetschgentorte" to await his arrival, that twice the Little Father had been caught in the act of stealing a piece; it was beautiful, and covered with the thick sort of sugar that he loved!

Michael's couch was drawn up before the front windows. He alone was silent. He lay back, his knees covered with a little quilted rug, reading the newspaper, and frowning at the pages. I caught the other two watching him, we three glanced at one another, smiled and nodded superciliously. We knew that any moment we might be the victims of an outburst—a tirade against Russia—denunciation of Germany—that it would end in a storm of tears and maudlin sentiment until I got up and dried his eyes and said: "But Michael dear, truly it is not so bad as you think—wait a little." Then, exhausted, he would leave us in peace. "Michael is much weaker," I wrote to F., "and so difficult to manage. You could not believe it to be the same boy who climbed over the roof with us and threw stones down the Police Prefect's chimney—then was so adorable to the Police Prefect, do you remember, that he asked us all to supper. How long ago that is! The Little Mother is the only one of us who does not lose patience with him. After all, he ought to realize that we have so short a holiday at home and no time to be eternally sympathetic. Konrad and I let off steam by long walks only to come back and find the Little Father in tears because he was not allowed to lose his temper and Michael had been so idiotic."

I paused and nibbled the penholder.

"Blood of a dog," cried the Little Father. "How many devils have you got among the cards—you wretched fellow."

"Youth against age," laughed Konrad. He beckoned to me. "Come over and look at these cards."

I went. Standing beside him I put my arms round his neck, rested my chin on his shoulder and watched the play. He had the most amazing luck, kept rubbing his head against my cheek and chuckling.

"Tak-Tak," the Little Father spitting out the word.

The newspaper rustled to the floor. We glanced carelessly at Michael—outburst presumably postponed. He was lying back on the couch, his eyes closed.

The door opened and the Little Mother came in, her apron gathered up in one hand, her round face red with excitement.

"After the gale last night," she said, "the orchard is full of fruit, one cannot walk a step. And such a fine crop, see children!"

She spread out her apron and showed us the great apples and pears. She tumbled them on to the table; started polishing them one by one.

"You must spend the whole afternoon gathering them. Dimitri can't



FLORYAN SOBIENIOWSKI

BY CASIMIR WILKOMIRSKI

stoop because of his back, but it will do you young things good to stretch yourselves a little."

"Mother," said Michael. He sat up. "Give them to me, I'll polish them. I've got a clean handkerchief. Put them on the quilt here."

She suddenly bit her lip, the tears started to her eyes. I saw that she felt she had been unkind in speaking so before the invalid. With trembling hands she carried the fruit to him and then, not trusting herself to speak, hurried from the room.

Michael's persistent frown deepened. We all felt uncomfortable, and the Little Father, throwing down his cards asked Konrad to go with him, and help poultice the horse. I gathered up my writing things, but felt a decent interval must elapse before I left Michael alone.

He picked up an apple and held it in the palm of his hand.

"I know what tree you grew on," he said. "You're one of the 'pink all through' sort. Father thrashed me once for cutting my name on the bark of that tree."

I sat staring in front of me. I noticed that the sun had moved round the corner of the house.

Michael's voice: "And these pears, there's the bench round that pear tree where we used to have tea after school in the summer. I carried the samovar for Gertrud. Once I carried the cups, and dropped them all. We used to have to fish out the little pieces of leaf and petal before we drank. . . . I helped Dimitri cut the orchard grass one year—I smelt of it for days. I remember, at night, the trees in the moonlight looked as though they were standing in pools, sometimes like immense white birds; there was that cherry tree we always called the stork. . . ."

He gathered all the fruit up and sat with his hands spread over it. He began to cry, very slowly, the tears dripping down his face—

And now the sun, shining through the front windows painted on the bare floor the shadow of Michael with his lap full of fruit.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

LA PIERRE

Il y a à Paris un pharmacien, maître d'une belle boutique. Derrière la haute glace il y a trois boccas, l'un bleu, l'autre vert, le troisième orangé. Près du monceau d'eucalyptus un sage serpent se tord dans son flacon d'alcool. Un jour le pharmacien, plein de férocité paisible, lisait dans son journal le récit des derniers exploits de Monseigneur le Prince de Vannes, camelot du Roy, grand décerveleur de francsmaçons, lorsqu'il aperçut, devant sa boutique, un homme du peuple qui l'examinait à travers le bocal



HENRI GAUDIER-BIZESKA

orangé. Le pharmacien, fort de son expérience, se dit qu'un homme aussi mal vêtu ne pouvait être malade ; cet être au pantalon de velours usé, à la veste sale, au menton bleui d'une barbe ambitieuse, ne pouvait en tout cas être bon que pour l'hôpital.

Le pharmacien ressaisit donc dans son journal le fil des aventures de Monseigneur, mais un sursaut l'arracha de sa caisse lorsqu'une lourde pierre, pénétrant à travers la devanture fracassée, roula jusqu'à ses pieds. Le pharmacien, inquiet et écarlate, se précipita vers l'homme du peuple qui, fort tranquille en apparence, lui dit :

—C'est moi, M'sieu l'pharmacien, qui vous ai fichu cette pierre. J'veus ai pas fait mal, au moins?—

Le pharmacien, dont la face ahurie et furieuse tremblait entre ses favoris, n'eut que la force de crier : Au voleur ; la police. Un agent s'entremet, et l'homme du peuple fut mené devant le commissaire, suivi d'une foule querelleuse et grandissante, de composition démocratique et agrémentée de nombreux chiens. La porte une fois fermée, le commissaire de police recueillit la deposition du pharmacien, dont la teinte avait recouvré son degré normal ; puis, se renversant dans son fauteuil, il examina l'homme du peuple.

Le commissaire de police était fort jeune, mais bien pensant, et songeait à devenir préfet. Il déposa avec un soupir le savoureux havane dont il taillait la pointe lors de l'intempestive arrestation, et prit la parole en ces termes :

—Je vais vous demander, mon ami, de m'expliquer la cause de votre acte funeste et antisocial. Les tendances subversives du siècle ne me sont que trop bien connues, et je déplore les égarements quotidiens de la jeunesse française dont je suis le censeur involontaire. Je devine en vous une âme ardente, un rêveur, un rêveur exalté . . .—

—C'est pas ça du tout, M'sieu l'Commissaire . . .—

—Ne m'interrompez pas,—dit le Commissaire d'une voix abondante,—vous aurez le droit de vous défendre lorsque vous aurez été accusé. La République, mon ami, est honnête et généreuse. Elle vous considère comme un malade ; philanthropique, elle ne vous punira que pour vous amender. Il ressort des dépositions que vous avez projeté, et cela d'une main vigoureuse, une pierre à travers la devanture du sieur Fagot, pharmacien. Vous pouvez présenter une défense qui me permette de vous faire mettre en liberté, s'il y a lieu, ou me révéler les causes de cette singulière violence. Parlez sans crainte : la Justice vous protège et ne songe qu'à votre bonheur.—

Le Commissaire flaira son havane d'une narine experte. L'homme du peuple lui répondit :

—J'veis vous expliquer, M'sieu l'Commissaire. C'est comme ça : j'ai faim, j'suis sans travail. Fallait faire queq' chose. Alors j'me suis dit : François, faut faire queq' chose pour t'faire mettre à l'ombre ; faut tuer un bourgeois, ou faut voler, ou crier : à bas les flics. Mais tuer un bourgeois, ça m'disait rien ; un bourgeois, c'est un bourgeois, mais ça a une femme, des enfants, tout ça ; enfin, c'est presqu' un homme ; et puis j'aurais pu m'faire guillotiner, c'est pas comme un crime passionnel. Et crier : à bas les flics ; ça irait, ça, mais i m'ont rien fait, les flics, et si j'avais crié : à bas les flics ; j'aurais été passé à tabac. Et voler, j'sais pas, mais j'ai eu d' l'éducation, M'sieu l'Commissaire : Voyez-vous, j'dois avoir des préjugés. Alors j'me suis dit : François, y a rien à faire que d'taper sur la propriété : ça fera du bien à la société. Alors j'ai fichu la pierre dans la devanture de Monsieur.—

Le Commissaire, qui flairait avec amour son savoureux havane, répondit :

—Soyez certain que les jurés, vos semblables et vos égaux devant la loi, vous rendront pleine et humaine justice.—

—Puis, se tournant vers les agents, il ajouta :—Fourrez-moi c't homme-là au violon.—

Un mois plus tard, derrière les trois boccas, le pharmacien lisait dans

son journal, avec sa férocité paisible et coutumière, le récit des nouveaux exploits de Monseigneur le Prince de Vannes. Ayant levé les yeux, il vit sur le pavé, devant le bocal orangé, un homme du peuple. Il ne le reconnut pas, mais la présentation se fit de façon brutale : une lourde pierre, pénétrant par la devanture fracassée, roula jusqu'à ses pieds.

Le pharmacien se précipita vers la porte, prêt à faire au fuyard une chasse ardente. Mais le fuyard ne fuyait pas. Les mains dans les poches, l'air indifférent plutôt que résigné, il semblait attendre.

—Quoi . . . qu'est-ce-que . . . ?—balbutia le pharmacien, dont le visage avait revêtu la couleur écarlate. Puis, ayant subitement reconnu une figure familière, il se trouva muet.

—Bonjour, M'sieu l'pharmacien,—dit poliment l'homme du peuple. Je vois que vous m'remettez. Vous savez, on revient toujours à ses premières amours.—

—Mais . . . mais . . . nom d'un chien . . .—fit le pharmacien, auquel il faut savoir gré d'avoir juré de façon aussi modeste,—. . . mais enfin, qu'est-ce-que ça signifie ? Vous allez pas venir casser ma glace tous les huit jours ?—

—Non, M'sieu l'pharmacien, pas tous les huit jours, et pour cause. J viens de tirer un mois, et si on peut pas s'arranger j'écoperai de trois . . .—

—S'arranger ;—hurла le pharmacien.—Ça n'est pas difficile si vous m'payez mes cents francs de glace et une indemnité.—

L'homme du peuple secoua doucement la tête. On aurait dit un animal inoffensif et docile.

—Y a pas moyen, M'sieu l'pharmacien. J'ai pas l'sou. On pourra pas s'arranger comme ça. Mais vous m'avez pas l'air méchant ; j'vais vous dire c'qui faudra faire : envoyez chercher une glace neuve et du ciment, et j'vais vous la remettre, vot' glace ; vous m'paiez ma journée, quatre francs, et tout sera dit. Ça va ?—

Le pharmacien le considéra d'un oeil glauque mais éloquent.

—Comprenez-moi,—dit l'homme du peuple,—j'ai pas l'sou. Faut bien que j'trouve à travailler. Du travail, i m'en faut. C'est bien embêtant, ces histoires-là, mais i m'faut du travail, voilà.—

—Eh bien,—fit le pharmacien, avec un petit rire qui manquait d'amabilité,—c'est un joli moyen de trouver du travail que de défoncer ma devanture.—

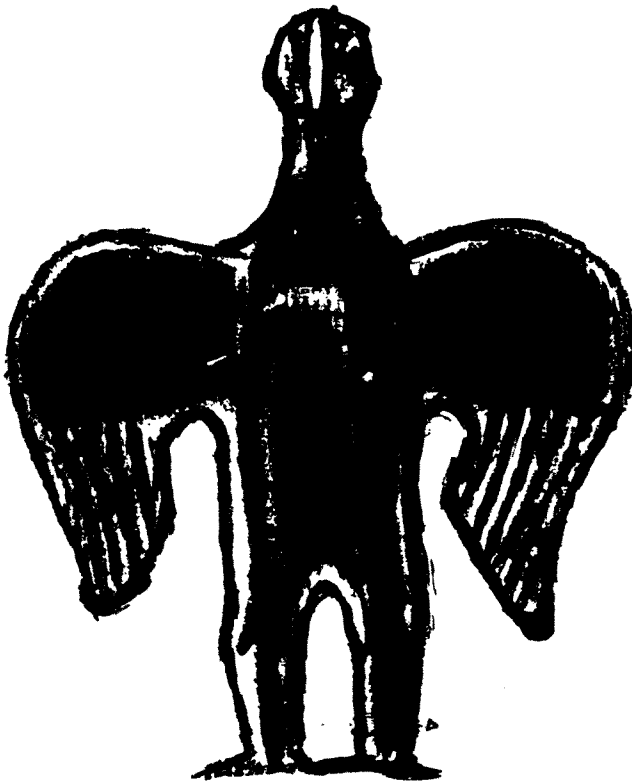
L'homme du peuple lui jeta un long regard, tortilla ses mains dans ses poches, puis reprit, de plus en plus semblable à une bête inoffensive et docile :

—C'est bien embêtant, mais qu' est-ce-que vous vous voulez, M'sieu l'pharmacien ? Moi j'suis vitrier.

W. L. GEORGE.

SALOMÉ

(produced at the Châtelet
Theatre, Paris.)



Bakst has produced at Châtelet a setting for *Salomé* which has no intelligent grasp of Oscar Wilde's play.—He has over-produced himself of late and has shown that his art finds best expression in the decorative movements of *Shéhérezade* and *Thamar*.

The designing of a setting for *Salomé* demands brains and comprehension. It is a vision of alabaster statuettes decorated with beautiful colours passing before a darkened mirror. Bakst has entirely missed

this; and as the outer curtain rises we see an inner one possibly used for *Hélène de Sparte* the week before and equally appropriate; it is in texture like ochre suède leather, becoming orange and finally white at the foot, with what looked, suspended three-quarters of the way up, like a row of gigantic pewter tea-spoons, with padded silver discs attached still higher. The ochre ground is decorated with coloured lines and vague symbolic patterns of green. It is very gorgeous and very wonderful, and one at once imagines an inner scene of great simplicity, unrelated to Bakst's former efforts, but as the curtain divides we are shown more heavy patterned drapery hung above a *courtyard*, (not the terrace of the text) of very large black and white stripes painted navy-blue and yellow-grey in places, suggesting a false atmosphere, not in the simple dense colours upon which the limelight man could throw moonlight and mystery. The stage is surrounded by ramparts painted after the manner of Sidaner and his orchard-wall, speckled green and yellow.

On the left is a covered-in stairway of grey-red brick with a purple canopy as an awning, swinging out in belching stripes and caught up by curious purple tassels suggesting nine-pins. Beneath this on the last step



GEORGES BANKS

or dais stand the group, discussing the moon and the noise in the banquet-hall, into which they are supposed to be looking although they look up the tunnel staircase.

The well is immediately opposite on the right, with the disk-lid supported by a pole. It is difficult to tell from which speaker the voice comes on account of the tangled mass of costume and decoration—Johanaan's cries had no suggestion of detachment, for the cistern lay in the same plane and the voice did not differ from that of the soldiers.

Wilde's idea of Salomé was that of "the shadow of a white rose in a mirror of silver," an alabaster figure catching sight of life for the first time in a darkened mirror. Mme Rubenstein does not suggest this, she suggests a *sadic* character; she becomes an irate and peevish harlot; she is like the moon referred to; "she is like a mad woman seeking for lovers," not a figure awakening to life, but one seeking past recollections with the new appearance of another type. Mme Rubenstein has been called the great "tragedienne de silence" and it is perhaps not without reason she became known first as a mime, for her voice is hideous and high-pitched, destroying (together with her bad French accent) all the beauty of her words; but she is an extraordinary figure, a personality, as she advances, her emaciated white limbs appearing between flaps of heavy black and green drapery, giving a wonderful line to her movements. Her feet seem curiously frog-like and a yellow veil continues the line of the brow across the top of the head and floats behind.

A brawny Johanaan appears and walks to the front of the stage and destroys Wilde's idea of the "column of ivory in a silver socket; like the moon as she lies on the breast of the sea." Salomé hisses her words at him to such a pitch that the audience hissed back; it was inartistic and disgusting.

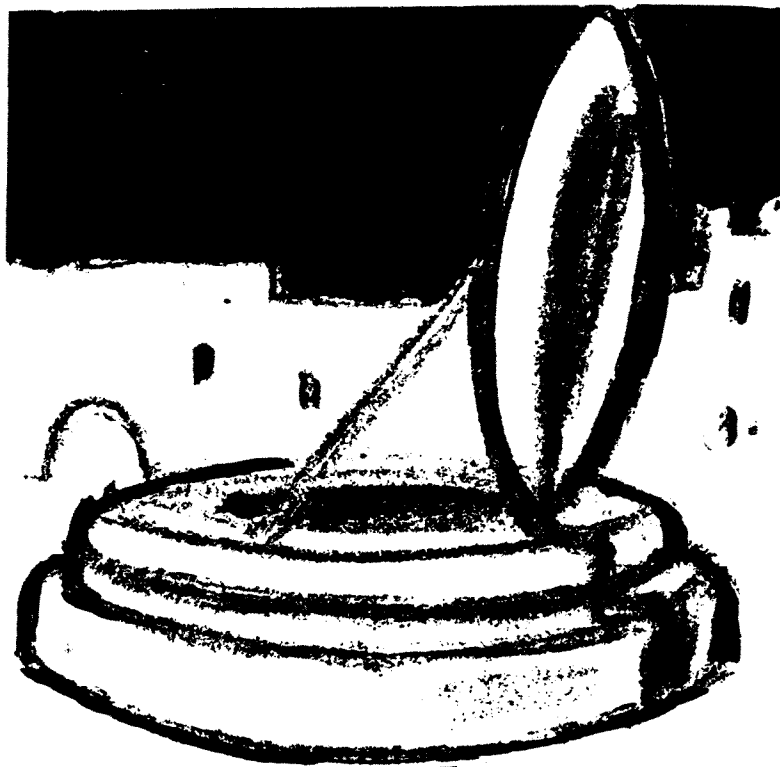
De Max as the Tetrarch is Assyrian in form and the one figure of artistic distinction; he is slightly given to over-emphasis too, trying to suggest the full sense of coming tragedy, in the beating of the giant wings. Herodias adds nothing to the scene in colour decoration. All those who have tried to arrange it, know that the dance of the seven veils presents a great visual problem. Mme Rubenstein enters tied up in different coloured Turkish scarves and is unwound by slaves; as an individual performance it is arresting but it fails completely to belong to the great design.

The end is also inartistic; she lies at the front of the stage and buries her head with her arms and a mass of hair. The Tetrarch, in red, mounts

the red stairway and from this indistinct mass he roars the last command. The soldiers rattle across the stage dressed in dark tones, there is no moonlight shining on shields which look like an Assyrian silver flower—the emblem of Judea. Mme Rubenstein herself produced the piece and defrayed the enormous expenditure; it is the egotistical performance of uncontrolled emotions—it lacks a sense of the whole. *Salomé* should be a thing *voulu*, as *voulu* as *Pétrouchka*, Nijinski's greatest achievement. We may some day see a great artistic realization and it may come from a curious experiment, for Wilde himself in "The Portrait of Mr W. H." calls from the past the wonderful boy actor who was in turn the original Cleopatra, Rosalind, and Juliet, for whom Shakespeare wrote the plays and to whom he dedicated his sonnets. The range of personal physical emotion is limited. The range of suggestion is infinite. Great artists achieve their finest artistic expression in things opposite often to their natural selves but of which their conscious understanding is absolute.

Mr W. H. may yet play *Salomé* and the part of the Tetrarch may some day be a triumph for some unborn actress.

GEORGES BANKS.





BY GEORGES BANKS

CARICATURE OF MME IDA RUBENSTEIN

OBSERVATIONS AND OPINIONS

II.—LIBERTY

*True love in this differs from gold and clay
That to divide is not to take away.
True love is like understanding that grows bright
Gazing on many truths. 'Tis like thy light
Imagination!—P. B. Shelley.*

I find that, when I talk of liberty, as I have rather a habit of doing, almost invariably, where I am thinking of a world of free men, my interlocutors are thinking of a world of satyrs. They seem to fancy that directly all restraint is removed men will become as rutting stags, will cease to work, to earn their bread from day to day, to have any but the most odious thoughts, to indulge in any but the most selfish and abominable actions. My visionary world of free men is to them very much like the actual world as it appears to me. In the actual world men do, if they possibly can, cease to work, do indulge in the most selfish and abominable actions, do suffer under the tyranny of the most odious thoughts. As Blake said :

“Both read the Bible day and night
But they read black where I read white.”

They do not believe in human nature. I do, because I believe in children and simple people and lovers. They regard human nature as something vile to be scourged and purged out of themselves. To me human nature is the finest vessel of life in this universe of worlds and stars. They suffer under an impossible ideal of chastity. I suffer, so they say, under an incomprehensible ideal of liberty. Their ideal, if it were practised, would lead to the extinction of the human race. My ideal, if it were practised, might conceivably lead to the production of more people than the world could feed. Of the two the second is the pleasanter disaster to contemplate, and that alone is sufficient to make me cling to the ideal of liberty rather than to the ideal of chastity, which, indeed, has no bearing upon any human life that ever I knew and is only used by pious and well-meaning people in their judgment of the actions of others, always impertinently.

I believe that human life is in its essence as simple as the life of a



FERGUSSON.

cloud or a bird or a tree, and that it is complicated by nothing but human egoism, which arises from dullness and stupidity and ignorance, and most of all from fear, for human beings are afraid of everything that their imagination cannot compass. Children whose imagination is keen are fobbed off with lies, their parents lie to them, their teachers lie to them, and so they come to the difficult years of adolescence maimed, crippled, and unarmed for the fight, the issue of which shall decide whether their lives shall be fruitful and spiritually healthy or a pitiful groping from self-indulgence to self-indulgence. That is the crux of the matter, the choice that lies before every one of us.

When I talk about liberty, then, I mean a condition of life in which its responsibilities are faced and wrestled with, successfully or unsuccessfully. It is the greatness of men that they can fight against disease, physical and spiritual. . . On a common near my house is a middle-aged sow. She is filthy and crusted and bent on nothing but eating. At intervals she bears a litter of beautiful little piglings, pink and clean and full of fun and the joy of beginning life in so glorious a place. In due course they will become like their mother. One or two of them may die of swine-fever. The rest will be filthy and crusted and bent on nothing but eating until the day comes when they are eaten.

Not different in kind, but in degree, are the lives of thousands of men and women. They begin their lives in joy, but soon they are even as the sow and the best that can happen to them is to rush down the hill of Gadara, as civilized humanity seems to have been doing ever since Christ appeared in their midst and gave them the dramatic parable. That this has been so is a reflection not on Christ, but on humanity. What is it in men that they have so little understanding as in thousands of years to have been unable to organize their affairs so that no man or woman shall be left unfed? No man can enjoy liberty, or even see the possibility of it, if he be hungry or driven by the near proximity of hunger to sell himself and his services to the first man who is mean enough to buy them at the lowest possible rate. No man can be free until all are free, but that consummation can only be brought about by the striving of individual men, who will hold aloof from the swindling over-reaching world. There have been just enough of them to keep human affairs from utter bankruptcy by periodical revolutions. There will always be just enough of them to stave off an utter collapse. In time their accumulated efforts will have brought about a revolution in men's minds and then slowly greed, and vanity, and egoism, and lust, all the spiritual diseases which used to be called the deadly sins, will disappear, even as many physical diseases have disap-

peared since the discovery of the circulation of the blood revolutionized the science of medicine. When a man realizes that there is in himself an essence, a spirit, if you will, of which his self is only the servant, then he is on the road to freedom and is no longer to be scared by the bogies of the priests and morality-mongers. He sees the possibility of Heaven on this earth, when all men shall have liberty and all men shall be worthy of it, and, instead of worrying his head about reforming the world, he sets about reforming himself. Any other course of action must lead to hypocrisy and a very web of compromise, and further and further away from liberty. If a man does not believe in his own soul, he cannot believe in anything, and if a man has no belief then there is no fun in living. To that must be added that what a man believes is what he does. Faith is action.

GILBERT CANNAN.

LETTRE DE PARIS



Si la génération littéraire qui précède la notre témoigne de véritables écrivains, nous n'avons à lui opposer (mis à part les critiques, et ils sont légion) que quelques noms encore peu connus du public.



Claudien, que les revues de quartier ignorent complètement, achève en silence un livre qui lui donnera peut-être parmi nous la première place. Claudien n'a jamais écrit un vers : chose assez rare. Son art, qu'il veut plastique et musical, extrêmement nuancé, atteint à une surprenante puissance de pénétration :

Cabaret.

“ Le verre de vin qu'on me servit était pâle, avec un imperceptible goût de forêt. Une boule violette, au plafond, refléta les becs de gaz qui, d'une eau verte, mouillaient aussi les feuilles en étoffe des plantes artificielles. Des appareils à jetons occupaient les coins; au fond, l'orgue mécanique continuait une valse. Des voyous en casquette s'approchèrent du comptoir. L'éclat des flammes saisit les objets et les visages, eut des hauts et des bas rapides, ondula. Mais, devant moi, le vin restait étranger à ces lumières, enfermait des jours et des soirs de campagne, se muait de la fumée des crépuscules. Je regardai stupidement l'intérieur du clair liquide, n'y vis rien, chassai l'hallucinante rêverie. Au fond du bar, à présent,

une femme ravagée chantait, enveloppée dans une robe et un corsage noirs, les cheveux oxygénés, sans chapeau. Puis les voyous la huèrent, elle cessa, fit la quête, ne ramassa rien,—et elle sortit sans regarder personne.—Moi, j'achevai le verre de vin pâle, et me tus avec volupté sur les souvenirs de l'automne précédent, où, mon chien dans les jambes, mon fusil sur l'épaule, j'avais chassé, jusqu'à la nuit, dans les terres grasses. Je revis le porche par où je rentrais chez moi, les cuivres et les flambées, l'antique demeure, et me fortifiai en silence de la vie de trois siècles, avant de retomber dans le quartier noir."

Il faut attendre beaucoup de lui.

Le roman *Idylle* de Emile Zavie manque un peu de composition. Aussi peut-on le considérer comme une série d'impressions juxtaposées dont le lien, souvent flottant, n'est pas dépourvu de finesse. Le sujet de ce livre est fort simple. Deux jeunes gens du quartier latin (vaguement peintres) séduisent deux ouvrières et ce serait l'histoire d'une liaison banale sans un certain esprit alerte et mordant et les traits d'une ironie cruelle. Telle est la nature d'Emile Zavie. Il l'exerce sur de petits sujets dont il modifie la physionomie par une façon qu'il a de rompre avec le sentiment et de s'acharner.

Ses personnages pourtant ne manquent pas de naturel.

"Elle lui avait demandé des vers; il lui avait acheté un bouquet un jour à une marchande qui insistait. Delaine disait souvent: 'Il faudra que nous leur apportions des fleurs quelquefois, en passant. Ça fait bien. Pas le dimanche: tu as remarqué, elle sont plus chères qu'en semaine.'

"Ils oubliaient régulièrement. . . ."

Et, plus loin:

"Il se sentait sur de lui et lorsque Valentine l'aborda avec un 'bonjour' rapide, il remarqua sévèrement la trop grande finesse de ses lèvres et les taches de rousseur de sa peau de blonde.

"Il pensa simultanément: 'Un automne jonché. . . .' 'Cette gosse là ment facilement' et l'embrassa avec cette conclusion:—Ce que je m'en fous!

"Tout de suite la conversation prit un ton désagréable. Etienne sentait dans l'air un de ces orages qui doivent éclater; il avait pris le parti d'écourter toutes les explications sur ses absences, ses rendez-vous renvoyés; mais elle ne lui demanda rien et, après quelques phrases sans portée, elle dit d'un ton résolu:

—"C'est la dernière fois que nous nous voyons.

"Il la regarda. La chose lui paraissait tellement impossible, venant d'elle, qu'il ne trouva que ses mots:

—“Alors, tu ni'Oublieras?”

De cette intrigue médiocre, l'auteur a tiré l'essentiel: une amère douceur, peu de lyrisme, trop de détails et, cependant, dans l'ensemble, un tour et un accent si justes qu'on en demeure parfois surpris.



C'est ainsi qu'une génération se renouvelle. Le choix du sujet importe peu. Le mode de sentir est la grande affaire. Or, devant la vie, ne pas chercher à truquer, à tout expliquer, à avoir sans cesse raison, mais éprouver la vie et s'inspirer de l'émotion profonde qu'elle inspire, me semble véritablement excellent.

“Il ne faut pas confondre d'ailleurs, la vie avec le document a répondu M. Charles-Henry Hirsch à une enquête récente. Ce fut la grande erreur des Goncourt; la chose vivante, transportée telle quelle dans le livre n'est plus vivante; une recreation est nécessaire.”

Il ajoutait:

“Si vous parlez du roman dit psychologique, je pense que ceux-là seuls en font, qui sont foncièrement stériles et incapables d'inventer une histoire. Or, il faut une histoire pour distraire, et la grande, la seule mission du romancier comme de l'écrivain, c'est de distraire.

“Le roman, comportera toujours davantage de passion, de réalité, d'idéal, et il constituera aussi un document d'histoire contemporaine.”

L'œuvre toute entière de M. Charles-Henry Hirsch peut être envisagée de ce point de vue. Elle ne se dérobe point. Elle constitue un “document d'histoire contemporaine,” si précieux et si troublant que nous ne nous en lasserons jamais. Rappelez vous *Nini Godache*, *Poupée Fragile*, *La Demoiselle de Comedie*, *Le Tigre et Coquelicot*. Héroïnes étranges d'une époque avilie, petites poupées sensibles et séduites par l'Amour, mortes légères, farouches et incomprises! Près d'elles le Tigre avance son masque dur et blême, sa nuque épaisse et ses épaules: Coquelicot, fleur de sang, l'observe. Que dans ces simples attitudes je trouve d'éloquence! Elles nous parlent, elles nous disent sobrement leur mystère, leur inquiétude et leur tourment. Et de tant de misères ne croyez pas qu'il n'écloze que tristesse. Mais une ferveur épanouie, une vigoureuse et large émotion s'en dégagent et nous grisent: “On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime” affirmait Renan. M. Charles-Henry Hirsch m'a souvent répété ces paroles et je ne cherche pas ailleurs qu'en lui un exemple.

Son dernier roman *Dame Fortune* vient d'obtenir un beau succès. Comme tous les romans de ce robuste et fécond écrivain, il est admirablement composé dans l'ensemble et dans les détails. Rien n'y est superflu ou trop bref. Les fragments eux mêmes les plus secondaires sont rattachés

avec force à l'intrigue par un tour si audacieux et si ferme, un sens si aigu de l'ordre et de l'enchaînement que je ne vois rien de comparable chez aucun autre.

Dans une ville d'eau, au Cercle du Casino, Dame Fortune sourit avec une constance insolente au vieux baron Gotthur qui lève la banque avec un gain fabuleux. Or vingt minutes plus tard, on l'assassine dans le rue. . . . On le pille. . . . Ici commence l'action.

"Pierret allait franchir la porte, lorsque Dozouchesco y apparut, défait, nu-tête, mimant qu'il ne pouvait parler. Son petit mouchoir bleu passait d'une de ses mains dans l'autre. Les reins au chambranle, ployé en deux, il allongea le cou et son chef roulait, la face pitoyable de terreur.—Qu'y a-t-il, monsieur? demanda Pierret. . . .

"Le Bulgare but une grande gorgée au verre d'eau que lui présenta le garçon Alfred, sur un rapide avis de Mme Louise, le gérante.

"Pour s'y appuyer et se soutenir jusque vers un fauteuil, Dozouchesco préféra l'épaule de Pierret, à l'aide que lui offraient d'Effrolles et Baigue. Littéralement il s'écroula dans le siège, en homme dont le corps a épuisé toute sa force. On le pressait de s'expliquer. Il soufflait et son regard éploré quémandait merci. . . .

"Enfin, il prononça :

—"Effroyablé! . . . Déhors. . . Gotthur. . . . toué. . . ."

—"Nom de Dieu! qu'est ce qu'il dit? . . . Il n'est pas saoul!"

—"Povré Baigué! . . . toué zé vous dis! z'ai vou!"

"Il demanda un alcool pour se fortifier. Mme Louise lui versa et lui tendit un verre de whisky écossais.

"Chacun ayant détalé, ils étaient seuls :

—"Mon pauvre chéri! murmura la femme."

—"Tu n'es pas follé! . . . Tiens-toi!"

—"Alors ça y est!"

—"Oui."

—"C'est effrayant."

—"Cours les rejoindre! . . . Une femme c'est curieux!"

Claire Delens, une "petite volaille du bon Dieu," a surpris de sa chambre, à l'hôtel, certaine conversation singulière. Patinel, policier intelligent, est mis sur la voie par les confidences de cette aimable fille et tandis que s'engage la plaisante idylle de Claire Delens et du gros Baigue, bon vivant et noceur, le policier opère. Il est vraiment adroit. Sans rien laisser prévoir trop vite, il file avec astuce et patience les assassins probables du baron. Un jeune snob de vingt-trois ans, trop faible et gaspilleur, se laisse prendre. Le prince exotique Dozouchesco se "brûle" fâcheusement. On

arrête aussi Mme Louise, la gérante du Casino. Seuls de plus obscurs complices arrivent à se faufiler dans l'ombre en abattant un pisteur habile.

Mais, à côté de cette succession de faits, ce contrôle minutieux, le gros Baigue, riche et lassé, enlève Claire Delens dont il tombe amoureux. Les débats de Patinel avec les magistrats sont du plus énergique accent. L'âpreté de l'observation en est tout à fait remarquable. Cela n'empêche pas d'Effrolles et Pierret de vivre en flaneurs dans cette atmosphère énervée de paresse des villes de saison. J'en garde encore l'impression de calme apparent. C'est le Casino, ses concerts, c'est le cercle, c'est la mer . . . lointaine, le silence et la campagne déserte. Quelle langueur de province, quel faux décor de repos illusoire! Cela est très sensible à travers tout le roman. . . .

Il est écrit dans un style alerte, précis et d'un esprit vraiment français. M. Charles-Henry Hirsch est ici dans la plus ferme tradition: il aime sa langue. Et cela donne à son œuvre une grâce qu'on n'analyse pas. Certains de ses personnages ont aussi cette philosophie expressive qui les rattache aux héros débonnaires et malicieux des fabliaux et en fait les petits cousins d'un Neveu de Rameau ou d'un Jacques le Fataliste, si différents encore qu'ils soient entre eux. Voyez pourtant le Gros Baigue: voyez Chèpet, ce mélange de mouchard et de viveur: voyez Patinel. . . . Ils ont un fonds de race qui ne trompe pas.

FRANCIS CARCO.

REVIEWS

HINDLE WAKES. By Stanley Houghton. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.
1s. 6d. (cloth, 2s.)

The first scene of this play is a magnificently effective piece of dramatic writing. It is pure action, interesting, even arresting, by itself. The father and mother waiting for the girl, of whom they suspect at the least folly, at the worst lightness, are any father and any mother. They are caught up in a situation which strips them of their individuality and leaves them at the mercy of their stormy emotions. The thunderstorm outside is quite unnecessary, though it is a legitimately clever piece of theatricalism. The girl returns. She is put through a fierce cross-examination and led to self-betrayal. The storm passes. It is left only to tell of the wreckage and to set about the work of repair. The dramatist must begin the work of constructive creation, pursue the consequences of the sudden flashing together of Fanny Hawthorn and Alan Jeffcote, to themselves and those with whom their lives are bound up. Was it passion? Then the dramatist, if he is an artist and therefore on the side of humanity against the "code of modern morals" must defend it. If it was not passion then it is indefensible, and the less said about it the better. Unfortunately Mr Houghton asks us to accept it indulgently as a "lark." We would do so if we were witnessing a farce, but this play is in intention, sincere intention too, a serious piece of drama. Its handling is serious, some of its characters are serious, but not, unhappily, the characters most immediately concerned. The young man, Alan Jeffcote, is engaged and loves his fiancée. His lapse is a thing which he regrets, but expects to see condoned, as no doubt it is condoned every day in thousands of cases. But everything that happens is *not*, because it happens, fit subject for drama. The accidental and the trivial have to be pared away, cracked as one cracks a nut to get at the kernel. *Hindle Wakes* is a nut that has no kernel. It has all the appearance of a healthy nut, it is fashioned with very great skill and extreme deftness, and the most scrupulous imitation of external detail, but it has no kernel, no passion. The young man flounders in his endeavours to

palliate his offence. His fiancée drags in her religious scruples. His father adheres pig-headedly to his notion of what is right—marriage at whatever cost of degradation and disappointment. And yet there is no drama in all this. So that when at last sanity is reached in Fanny Hawthorn's blunt refusal to marry Alan it has not grown naturally out of the action of the play, but seems to come arbitrarily at the whim of the dramatist. She too has been out for a "lark." There are many reasons why she should not so indulge herself, but if she does and gets herself into a mess, there is really nothing to be done except to treat it as they treated the work which the learned Lipsius composed on the day that he was born—"wipe it up and say no more about it."

All this is in no ungrateful, but rather in the friendliest, spirit. Mr Houghton has it in his power to become an extraordinarily efficient playwright, if he is not that already. We have only too many playwrights. The theatre has been suffering under their hands for generations. We want dramatists, men to whom "the drama is serious . . . by the degree in which it gives the nourishment on which our imagination lives." With a little deeper thought, with profounder and more searching feeling, that nourishment could have been found in the subject of *Hindle Wakes*. It is not enough to set London talking. London is always talking. It is the dramatist's business to set London thinking and feeling. It is not an easy task. If it were, the attempt would hardly be worth while. Mr Houghton should be one of the men to make it. G.C.

FROM THE THEATRE TO THE MUSIC HALL. By W. R. Titterton. Stephen Swift. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr Titterton's book is entertaining. He has an extraordinary faculty for making the truth even seem absurd, partly because he tells it so cursorily and partly because he invariably sets it in the most ridiculous context, generally in a breathless passage of descriptive newspaper writing, hectic, superficial and vulgar. When a writer produces destructive criticism—(Mr Titterton very rightly dismisses our playwrights as *fantastics*)—one dives down beneath his words to fetch up from his mind the pearl of his constructive idea. Is it his own or is he merely hanging on to some other more creative person's coat tails or skirt? In this book we are told that the theatre is dead, that its function is to be fulfilled in the future by the music hall, while beyond the theatre is to be—Isadora Duncan, a temple of dancing. That is very possible, but out of the dancing, as of old, will grow drama. Away from the theatre, back to the theatre. Every prophecy puts a girdle about the earth. But Mr Titterton is no Ariel; he is just a journalist propounding solemn absurdities, and playing marbles with precious stones, knowing nothing of their worth. Even his best and most penetrating remarks, such as *The public does not get what it wants, but what it will put up with*, are left undeveloped. If the public suffers, so do the men who give it what it will put up with. They are not allowed to go on doing it for long. That observation, though Mr Titterton does not seem to be aware of it, is an awful warning to all manufacturers of shoddy, from a Bishop down to a dramatic critic, or Herr Reinhardt, the tragical history of whose *Miracle* demonstrates exactly the profundity of Mr Titterton's diagnosis of the public plight and the awful consequences that attend upon an unenlightened and disproportionate boom. The unhappy victim of it is invariably discredited. . . . One is not seeking to discredit Mr Titterton; one takes the grain of truth he has to offer thankfully enough; one discards his blunders and ascribes them to misadventure; and one eats his confectionery with considerable pleasure. G.C.

CONFESSION OF A FOOL. By August Strindberg. Stephen Swift and Co. 6s. net.

His vision is the vision of a world in the power of a storm. If one were to believe that the conditions preceding a storm were normal conditions, that the storm itself, of gloom and thunder and sudden lightning flashing upon and making over clear and over intense all sorts of unsuspected places, that uneasy, restless winds were to continue eternally, then the "Confession of a Fool," by August Strindberg would be true and sane and utterly appalling.

But the storm is not over the world: it is in Strindberg himself. Under the stress of it he writes with his nerves, he lives in them, agitated and fearful, with neither love nor faith in his heart—not even for himself. He seems to go through life with the prayer on his lips: "I do not believe; help thou my unbelief." His book is a record of his meeting and "friendship" and marriage with a woman, Marie, a creature of exceeding beauty and grace, who inspires in him a tremendous passion. And although he finds her out as spiteful and vicious and the victim of a disgusting form of sex mania she holds him as her lover and her betrayer. He realizes his ignominious captivity without having the power to escape, and so in common with all weak-willed and captive creatures who are conscious of the reason for their captivity, he vents this suppressed strength and insolence upon the woman Marie. It seems to me that the whole secret of Strindberg's power lies in this acute consciousness of his own weakness.

Time and again he would have us believe that his woman is typical—appeals to all men as his “brothers,” entreats them to treat “her sisters” in like manner as he treated her—but the appeal is very vain. It is an ugly fashion nowadays for little leering people to suspect every love and friendship and enthusiasm as being the symbol of some abnormality or perversion, but their suspicions are ignored—the world is not full of “Maries.” Strindberg is not the “average man.” Truly, as he says, this is a “terrible book”—most truly a confession. But where are the confessions of those artists for whom the world is full of laughter and delight and tenderness—whose days are adventures sought after in the gay company of comrades. Who is going to write to-morrow “The Confessions of a Wise Man?”

K.M.

PAN'S GARDEN. By Algernon Blackwood. Macmillan. 6s.

Mr Blackwood is obviously too sincere an artist to be passed lightly by. The last word is not said when we have recorded an opinion that the stories in his latest volume leave behind them a feeling at once of satiety and dissatisfaction. It is at least due to an artist of his endeavour to probe further into this vague feeling and elucidate the reason why this volume fails of its effect. Mr Blackwood himself would be the last to deny a certain sameness of idea and treatment throughout the book, and although it is probable that these stories were written without the definite intention of making them parts of one book, the effect at which he aims is certainly cumulative. Moreover the treatment though often unequal is generally adequate and good; so that if the book fails of its intended aim, it is the idea which must be challenged—and it is the idea which, on being challenged, fails.

In the first story, “The Man whom the Trees loved,” David Bittacy, C.B., reads one night to his wife a paragraph from *The Times* which states Mr Blackwood's fundamental conception as a scientific thesis, “It is consistent with the doctrine of continuity . . . that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves.” With this thesis we have no quarrel. Transmuted into Mr Blackwood's language it becomes a very definite pantheism. Again we have no quarrel. The call of the wild, of the sea, of woods and mountains, corresponds to some truly deep desire in persons of finely sensitive nature. It is something so profound that it cannot be put into so many definite words. Its power is so great and unexplored that it can only be suggested, and only suggested in a term of a man's psychology. It is seldom or never consciously vocal or self-explanatory. Some new tone in a man's ordinary actions and words may suggest to others that he is surrounded by unseen powers; but to himself it is always as though his self were becoming real, as though some storm of long suppressed desires broke loose and made him free. The present force of these elemental desires can only be given by suggestion. Personify them, make them definite, give them the limitations of the soul which they are to liberate, and their power is gone.

Herein, it seems, lies Mr Blackwood's artistic error. He does not suggest. A professed writer of imaginative fiction, he leaves nothing to the imagination. Yet the powers he invokes are in some sense the very creation of the reader's imagination, if they are to be powers at all. His forests do in very fact rush forward to claim their own. They entwine him in their branches. They roar secret words to him. The glamour of the Snow is a woman, white and adorable and lovely, with a genius for figure-skating. The power of the Sea comes in a tentacular mist that draws its lover to its bosom. Every elemental power is incarnated. The superhuman forces put on humanity. Surely Mr Blackwood can see that these powers whom he glorifies are made weak by their garment of flesh. We do not even believe in them. Mr Blackwood, their arch-hierophant, has made mock of the deities in whose service he is. As a writer he has chosen the broad and narrow path.

He could do far better than this. He has no need surely of the cheap device—“*his own fires were rising too*”—“the cat *was* being stroked.” Italics in an imaginative writer! the incongruity is ultimate. At times in his almost purely descriptive sketches he achieves real beauty, for he is one of those rare people who do feel an emotion in the presence of Nature. But he has chosen the easier way—instead of suggesting struggle and influence, he has given us pages of unconvincing psychological analysis, snow ladies in whom we have no faith, strange artists in whom we cannot believe. The truth of his idea is distorted into half-truth. Mr Blackwood has been his own greatest enemy.

J.M.M.

ALL MANNER OF FOLK: Interpretations and Studies. By Holbrook Jackson. London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.

Both the title and sub-title of this collection of nineteen studies, averaging about ten pages each in length, indicate fairly how it differs from Mr Jackson's earlier “Romance and Reality.” The latter, described as

"ESSAYS and Studies," dealt in part with the objective, even, as in "Hedgerows," with the inanimate. The terms of the sub-titles are well chosen: for in his essays a man measures himself against his environment, in his interpretations he endeavours to grow into it; and Mr Jackson has moved in the direction of a deeper pre-occupation with personality. The philosopher is growing up into a psychologist. Being, however, by nature or by accident a journalist (in the best sense), and knowing himself for such, Mr Jackson does not claim to make any serious original contributions to our general body of thought or emotion. He is correct in writing himself an interpreter. Further, being a sensitive and versatile journalist, he is an interpreter of that dynamic outlook on life platitudinously called modernism. What this modernism is cannot be easily expressed. But I have heard a facetious enemy describe it as "a shoe-horn head—a head so big that you have to use a shoe-horn to get a hat on to it." Now it is significant that Mr Jackson in his study "Of the self-sufficient" puts swelled-head (with a touch of irony) among the recognizable assets of many moderns. In fact, modernism is essentially an energizing application of a pure science of the ego, written from within; it is a working held on the mechanism of what Edward Carpenter names "exfoliation." But this mechanism happens not to be mechanical. Being life, it is itself incalculable. Accordingly its controlling engineers are not repetitive mechanics, but (to quote titles from Mr Jackson's book) "Lords of Whim," sometimes even "Masters of Nonsense." The key in which he writes is shown further by his selection of illustrative personalities, e.g., Whitman, Thoreau, Nietzsche, Carpenter, Morris, Synge, Hyndman, Max Beerbohm, Whistler—all men memorable rather for a certain effective violence of caprice than for merely marmoreal achievement. In fact, Mr Jackson has real feeling for sheer genius; and, even though himself not highly creative, he is always temperamental, often ecstatic and Dionysian, in his literary manner. Accordingly, fascinated by the indivisible particular, by the ultimate ions of human force, he has been able to write a more than serviceable tract for the times; let Rhythmists be reasonably grateful. For though they themselves may have already reached beyond the point to which Mr Jackson attempts to lead his readers, yet this book of his possesses a testing quality which may be of genuine value in the lower stages of initiation.

F.G.

ENGLISH LITERATURE (1880-1905). By J. M. Kennedy. Stephen Swift. 7s. 6d. net.

Whether in political or literary history, there is no more attractive period than the meeting-place of the past and the present. Between the movements in which we are actually living and those of which we have no personal knowledge, lie others, now definitely over, but remembered as immediate realities. To such a subject Mr Kennedy has addressed himself; and we turn to him eagerly with a multitude of confused but intimate and vital impressions awaiting arrangement and elucidation. But, in spite of his declared passion for intellectual clarity, we fail to get what we want. His main theme, the opposition of classicism and romanticism, is carelessly worked out. Mr Kennedy, claiming to hold with the classics, admits that a romantic period is an essential stage in the evolution of even a classical genius. But he seems to fail fully to realize that the same rhythm is found in the life of art as well as in that of the artist; so that romanticism and classicism should not be regarded as merely antithetical; the former feeds the latter, which without such continual enrichment would deteriorate (as at times it actually has done) into pure formalism. Accordingly Mr Kennedy's tirades against romanticism are not truly classical in spirit. The genuinely Olympian attitude is the recognition of romanticism as the natural immaturity of classicism, and as such not to be condemned. Who would condemn a child for not being a man? And if the child pretended to be grown up, it would be a matter for indulgent laughter rather than for bitterness. But Mr Kennedy not only hates, but admires hatred in others, as e.g., in Gissing (p. 226). In fact, he holds his classicism sentimentally and vindictively. This makes the book dull, except that every now and then the whole argument seems to strike one as a portentous joke, a piece of elaborate buffoonery. Some instances of Mr Kennedy's curious conclusions may amuse. For example, to quote George Gissing's predilection for old quarto classical texts as evidence of his possession of the true instincts of the classical scholar is to confuse the classical letter with the classical spirit, or to prefer the former to the latter. Sentimental musings on the relative atmospheric values of the old pedants and the new would not affect your true classic, who, being eminently practical and externalized, would naturally use the more convenient and comprehensive modern texts. In so far as Gissing let this sensitiveness control him, he remained moody, immature—everything that Mr Kennedy exclaims against. Nor was it a classical virtue in Gissing to remain abjectly poor for the greater part of his life. Exclusive concentration on problems of nutrition is banalistic, but to neglect them when they press is merely idiotic. Mr Kennedy swears by Aristotle, who made *τὴν ἐκτὸς χορηγίαν* an essential part of the good life. The corollary is that, if a man is too poor, the classical ideal bids him insist on getting enough to live on decently: or rather, if he is by nature a genuine classic, he will insist of his own accord, without reference to

ideals. Failure to appreciate this side of his own doctrine, coupled with an intermittent tendency to lay emphasis on the importance of "artistic descent," by which apparently is meant physical descent from a line of artists, prevents Mr Kennedy from understanding the value of Bernard Shaw's interest in economics. Genius appears as a sport; Shaw has a scheme for securing the liberation of his activities. To believe in artistic descent is to make the artistic hierarchy as unreal as the alleged aristocracy of the House of Lords. Nor can the artistic hierarchy ever become the clear-cut thing which Mr Kennedy sometimes seem to imagine it. It is not a case of artists and others; it is a case of degrees of initiation. Again, in the index appears an item "Sex, its unimportance," a delightful entry, fit to rank with some of the best in "Biography for Beginners" or "Caliban's Guide to Letters." The reference is to p. 224, in the middle of the chapter on H. G. Wells. Yet, in dealing with Walter Pater (pp.52-53) and George Gissing (p. 261), he speaks of the importance of sex. If sex has become, as Mr Kennedy seems to maintain, a clotted obsession with H. G. Wells, that in itself is enough to prove its potential importance. Lastly, what in the name of fortune is W. L. Courtney doing among the leaders of the "dynamic movement"?

There is something engagingly headlong about Mr Kennedy. He careers blindly through his three hundred and odd pages, without pausing anywhere for deliberation. Of course not. To deliberate would be to doubt; to doubt would be to lapse from classical lucidity. For Mr Kennedy's real aim is never lucidity, but only the sensation of lucidity. When he contradicts himself it is clear that he gets the illusion of lucidity in making both statements. In fact, Mr Kennedy is no classic or classicist, but merely a critic who has put classicism before himself as a romantic ideal. Hence the confusion, spottiness and discontinuity of his work. F.G.

REVUE DES REVUES.

Le souci qu'ont les revues d'aborder de front la vérité les entraîne souvent à un jugement irrespectueux. Pourtant M. Maurice de Noisay a raison. Il écrit dans *les Guêpes*. "Un gaillard comme Francis Jammes, comme Paul Adam, a une ou deux douzaines de livres derrière soi; que l'on ouvre sans prévention le dernier paru: c'est l'œuvre d'un enfant. Non par la nullité; mais l'inexpérience, l'ignorance du métier, l'inaptitude à choisir, à composer, voire à penser, font que ces écrivains qui ont des dons, en sont encore à nous donner des promesses et à faire applaudir des intentions, comme à vingt ans. Ces deux-là ne sont pas les seuls de leur espèce; et les défauts que j'ai nommés sont ceux qui courent aujourd'hui. On les prise même assez sous les noms d'inspiration, d'originalité, de tempérament." *Les Marges*, dirigées par Eugène Montfort, donneront certainement le ton à notre génération qu'elles forment avec mesure et un très grand esprit critique. *L'Île Sonnante* a toutes les sympathies. Son dernier sommaire réunit les noms d'Émile Cottinet, de Tristan Derème, dont les *Trois Petits Poèmes* sont une merveille colorée et vive, de Claudien et de Marius Martin qui vient de mourir. *Le Divan* publie des vers élégants de Léon Vérane. *Le Feu* contient le commencement d'un roman saisissant de Joachim Gasquet. *Tu ne tueras point*. . . L'allure en est tout à fait remarquable.

Les Marches de l'Est ont la mission, sous l'influence de Maurice Barrès, d'intéresser Paris aux provinces de l'Est. Ce sont encore les *Marches de Provence*, dont le dernier n° est consacré à la gloire d'Orange et de son théâtre antique. Les *Cahiers du Centre* publient un très intéressant fascicule, *Contributions au Folklore de Bourbonnais* que les lettrés garderont dans leur bibliothèque avec soin et qu'ils consulteront souvent car la saveur en est très émouvante. Les *Cahiers Bourguignons* ajoutent à l'œuvre de décentralisation.

L'Art Décoratif est en pleine vitalité. Les articles, sa documentation, sa présentation en font notre meilleure revue d'art ou y a vraiment le souci de la beauté, et les études sur *Puvis de Chavannes et la peinture d'aujourd'hui*; *la Ferronnerie espagnole*; *Poussin et la peinture contemporaine*; *l'art décoratif au théâtre des Arts* (Maxime Dethomas, Dréa, Delaw, d'Espagnat) sont de premier ordre. Elles tirent de leur objet un jugement profond et sain. Des pages sur des isolés comme Rodolphe Bresdin et Georges Seurat, que j'admire beaucoup, sont particulièrement précieuses car si des maîtres comme Monticelli et Cézanne nous prennent entièrement Bresdin et Seurat ont autant de magie et seraient aussi généralement goûtés si leurs œuvres ne se trouvaient depuis longtemps dans des collections particulières. Il faut remercier M. Fernand Roches d'avoir illustré ces pages de nombreuses reproductions. Pourtant je n'aime guère, dans le n° de Juillet, l'article de M. Jean-Louis Vandoyer sur Mme Léone Georges-Reboux dont les dessins et les enluminures dénotent un maniérisme fragile et minutieux, souvent gracieux et agréable certes, mais qui me choque par son perpétuel manque de franchise.

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