EL PALENQUE

MAY

1932

SAN DIEGO STATE COLLEGE

An Aztec Publication

Palenque, the Athens of the ancient Mayans, encompassed the culture of a great race within its four walls. EL PALENQUE, *the magazine, endeavors to assemble within its two covers a representation of the literary and artistic attainments of San Diego State College.*

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As Seen From This Issue

EVERY scholastic year that **El Palenque** makes its quarterly appearance, the tradition of a literary publication of consequence on this campus becomes more firmly established. This year has been no exception.

In the past two semesters **El Palenque** has been the printed expression of student writing and student art work in the magazine media. Responsible criticism declares that in both these expressions **El Palenque** has succeeded in attaining standards of excellence that compare well with other college publications.

The literary quality of the quarterly is largely the result of Mary Fabyan Windeatt's work and discerning judgment in the past three issues which she edited, while the high plane set by the art department's illustrations may be attributed to Dorothy Shivley's ability. It was with an imperfect understanding of the difficulty of maintaining these superior standards that the present editor assumed his job.

Looking at this issue as objectively as an editor can, I must conclude that student writing in this college is directed mainly toward Romanticism. Whether this marked tendency is apparent on other campi, I do not know, but the fact, that this spirit exists at State is inescapable. It is deserving of remark, inasmuch as a bulk of the writing outside the college is devoted to a realistic presentation of life. This situation may be due to the remoteness of the collegiate scene from everyday reality, or to any number of minor causes. In the belief that realism offers the student a more authentic medium for expression, I hope that the forthcoming issues of **El Palenque** may show an increasing use of that viewpoint.

With the institution of a book review department under the editorship of Mary Osborn, the editor feels that the magazine will appeal to many intelligent readers who would not be satisfied with an entirely fictional content. I earnestly desire to continue this department, begun in the early issues of **Palenque** and since abandoned.

New contributors are: Amorita Treganza, whose **A Sequel** is really a sequel to her one-act drama, **Mansions**; Mary Osborn, review editor and whose **Bei Rossmarkt** delighted the editor for its professional touch; Harry Earl Jones, whose review of Franklin D. Walker's forthcoming biography has the unique sanction of the writer of the book; and Thomas Walt who, in his allegory, **The Pool**, shows a sensitive spirit rare in campus writing. New artists are: Mildred Liljegren, Charlotte Reynolds, Josie Otwell, Constance Jenkins, and Dorothy Shivley, who are responsible for the Pool End Piece, and initial letters, "R," "G," "O," and "H" respectively.

The editor closes this fifth year of **Palenque's** appearance with mingled feelings of appreciation for the support of loyal publication, business, and circulation staffs, and zestful anticipation of next semester's numbers. May he be permitted one, small whoop?

RICHARD HAYWARD LOUGH,
Editor.

The Fool

BY FRANCES FRAZIER BOYD

ONCE IN THE LONG AGO times there lived a king's fool named Arian. All day long he made merry, and his rollicking mirth gladdened the young king and all the court, but when the fool stole apart from the rest, his face grew grave, his tread heavy, and his heart was filled with sorrow. One day he sat with bowed head in the back court yard, and deep was his lament. Two big tears welled up in his roundish blue eyes and trickled down over his round, red cheeks. His small button nose wrinkled, and ever and anon he sighed, and every time he sighed the bells on his cap tinkled in a mocking little tune. So funny a picture he made that the scullery maid giggled and dropped her broom. Arian arose, glaring at the scullery maid, and strode into the castle hall where the young king sat.

"Master, I am weary of being a fool."

"Why, what would a fool be but a fool?" rejoined the king, laughingly. "Take heart, for this very day the three dukes of Glenn are coming here, and thou must perform for their entertainment. Nowhere in all the land are there such sleek, black pigs as mine, or such mellow fruit as in my orchards, or such a jolly fool as you." So saying, the young king smoothed his flowing, wavy hair and left the hall.

That afternoon Arian pleased his master. The whole town split its sides with roaring at his antics. The stone tower rocked on the church, and the king's decorous great-aunt near fainted from laughter. And the three dukes of Glenn declared that the fool's like had never been seen in all the lands that they had ever been in or heard of.

But this praise only saddened Arian, for now it would be nigh impossible to change, for he had once heard a wise man say that a fool could never live down his reputation. And this grieved him sorely, for he wanted to be as other lads, and, most of all, he longed for a fine, straight nose and black, waving hair like his master's. Musing thus, he wandered over the castle grounds, dragging his tinkling cap in the dust. Through the gardens he roamed, and through the orchard, and over the fields beyond the castle wall, till at length he came to a wood. The red sun was just slipping down beyond the hills and, as Arian was tired, he sat down at the edge of a little pool where twelve white birch trees grew in a ring. The twilight fairies crept through the wood, and the elves of shadow came close after. Arian sat and sat. The white moon peeped over the tree tops and slowly climbed the sky.

The twelve birches were silver against the night, and all at once they began to move their arms, and clasping hands, they danced about the pool in a ring, twelve of the loveliest dryads ever seen. Arian started up in holy fright, and would have run away, but the dryads closed about him, laughing delightedly, like little children. Then the twelfth dryad stepped forward, and taking Arian by the hand, bade him sit by the pool. Poor Arian's bewilderment increased, for she was the loveliest thing he had ever beheld. The night was not blacker than her hair, nor the moon more white than her body. She was as beautiful as seven princesses, and Arian had never been so near to one.

"Why dost thou weep, Arian?'

"Ah, because I am a fool."

At that the dryad laughed, and said, "What would'st thou wish?"

"To be a prince! or even a handsome lad, that people might not laugh at me from sun-up until sun-down. And to have a fine, straight nose and wavy hair like my master's. And to ride on a milk-white steed—and mayhap win and wed a princess."

"That last thou mayest do yet."

"What princess would marry a fool? Why, even the scullery maid makes faces at me."

The dryad sighed, and Arian, looking into her large, soft eyes, and hearing the musical lapping of the water, almost forgot he was a fool, but recovering himself, he blushed and looked down at his toes.

"Be of good cheer," said the dryad, "for tomorrow wonderful news wilt thou hear, and great adventure is in store for thee." The next moment twelve white birches stood in a ring as before, so Arian hurried back to the castle in great amazement, his round eyes rounder than ever, and his small nose tilting, as always, heavenward in hope.

Sure enough, on the morrow a blaring of golden trumpets sounded throughout the city streets and country by-paths. Heralds were traveling from a distant land, and this was their message: "There dwells in the kingdom of Montlar a princess, whose fate it is to be given to a dragon, and whoso shall free her shall have the princess to wed, and half her father's kingdom beside."

The young king's enthusiasm was great and so was that of the three visiting dukes, and they decided to set out to that land at once. They were seven days in making preparations, but at last the day came for their start. The horses pranced impatiently at the castle gates. The small boys cried "Bravo!" and all the eligible maidens of the city wept most pitifully, for they were certain so handsome a king would be bound to win the princess. Arian was eager to be away, too, but he felt rather glum as he waited for his master to mount and then mounted his own steed—

a present from the admiring court for his momentuous expedition, and a right sorry-looking nag it was—a lean and awkward donkey with great flopping ears and a scraggy tail. Fifty more bells had been sewed to Arian's suit, and his round face shone with bright ointment. He could hear the townsfolk crying after the royal train, and laughing at his own capers, too, long after the town lay behind him. Arian sighed and shook his head. "A princess —and if only I were a mighty prince!"

"What is that?" queried the donkey. So Arian told him his story.

"Ah! too bad, too bad," agreed the donkey. "Once I was in love with a maiden horse, and what a horse she was!" The donkey sighed, and his ears stirred with emotion. "Such slender ankles! and such sleek, black hair, and her throat was as graceful as a swan's."

"And did she return thy affection?"

"Not she. She would have none of me. She fancied a king's steed, a big, boastful fellow that I could never tolerate, but women have their peculiar ways, that they do!" The donkey sighed again and plodded along the road in melancholy thought.

On and on they journeyed for thrice twelve days and thrice twelve nights, till at last they came to the Castle Montlar. Great throngs of princes clustered about the walls and paths, and the glitter of golden carriages and bright armour outshone the sunlight. Cries of boasting fell from the lips of kings young and kings old, for each was determined to win and wed the princess. For it was rumored that she, the Princess Elaine, was the most beautiful maiden in all the world. Then the young king's company put away their horses, and entered the castle hall along with the rest to pay their respects to the King of Montlar. He arose from his throne, a tall man with white flowing hair, and a handsome face grown sad.

"I welcome all ye noble kings, princes, and men who do my daughter this honor. She was doomed by an evil witch when she was but a little child to wed this dragon on her eighteenth birthday. That is but three days hence, and each night we will have a great ball, for my daughter wishes it, and on the morning of the third day the dragon will come down from his lair in the mountains, but if one of ye kill him in combat, my daughter shall be freed. Half of my kingdom will I give to that one and my daughter to wed beside."

At that moment the curtain parted and the queen and the Princess Elaine stepped out on the dias. Never had Arian seen anyone so beautiful. For she was dainty of form and fair and no one could see her jewelled crown, her bright hair outshone it

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A Sequel

By Amorita Treganza

HATHA JANE McGOWAN STOOD PRIMLY in the exact center of her rose and gray rug which in turn was exactly in the center of her rose and gray room. Hatha Jane was looking toward one of the tall arched windows which stood on each side of the tall arched fireplace. These windows, rising almost to the ceiling, gave to the room a feeling of great importance, making one conscious that perhaps they might have a duty to perform. Indeed, they did have a duty, for on the mantel of the fireplace, which stood exactly between the windows, was the portrait of Great-grandfather McGowan, and now that there were no more men left in the family, no one, in fact, but Hatha Jane and Hatha Jane's aunt, something or someone must be responsible for the guardianship of this great and noble ancestor.

Hatha Jane was not looking at the portrait. She could stand any day and look at that, but only on Sunday evenings at 4:20 could she stand very still and watch the organist of the little church around the corner go by. He stood so erect and held his head so nicely that he reminded Hatha Jane of the windows on either side of the fireplace. Perhaps he was guarding something, too. Usually the organist looked directly ahead as he walked until he was in front of Hatha Jane's living-room; then he would turn and glance hastily through the gateway in the great hedge. The gateway was tall and narrow, permitting only the slightest of glances; nevertheless, Hatha Jane stood in the middle of the room for fear that the organist might see her if she were too close to the window. When his head again appeared further on down the street where the hedge ended abruptly, he was looking straight in front of him; and so he remained until lost to view.

Hatha Jane had never seen him a bit closer than when he passed by the windows, for from the McGowan pew in the little church his face was hidden from view by one end of the organ and by a potted palm. Sometimes she felt that he was staring at her through its fronds, when the sermon was being preached, but she could never be quite sure. The queerest of thrills and the tiniest of tremblings in Hatha Jane's breast heralded his approach down the avenue. An overpowering calm pervaded the silence of the great gray mansion as he was passing; but the moment that he was lost to view, Hatha Jane's emotions, surging up within her, pleaded that she go to the locked piano, fling it open as she had done once before, and pour out upon the keys all her rebellion, her hate, her sorrow; to mold into one great melody all her longings, her desires, her lost hopes. Always the thought

of that previous rebellion quelled her. Eighteen years now, and the piano had been locked. Only once, three years ago, when her brother had died in that very room, she had forced the key from her aunt and played all that afternoon and far into the night. She had played until her hands dropped exhausted on the keyboard and her head had fallen in utter grief upon the music rack. But Joe was safe now; he was in Heaven, his Heaven, where he could design the houses that Aunty had refused to let him have anything to do with on earth. Oh, well, why should she insist on doing something that only brought the wrath of her aunt upon her head? Why couldn't she be let alone? Why couldn't she play the piano after she had studied her Bible, hemmed her linen, learned her psalms? Was there a God who made all things equal who would finally justify her longings? Surely there must be, or why had she been created to live in misery all her life? Perhaps her work had been finished the day Joe died, the day she had played the piano so that his soul could go out into the unknown in harmony. Maybe that was why she had been created.

A mellow, crisp dusk had settled over the city when Hatha Jane found herself, without coat or hat, running down the gravel

(Continued on page 38)

Soul Forms

BY RACHEL HARRIS CAMPBELL

The twisted silver sycamores
Whine in the wind.
I am doubtful of their speech
And the form of their mind.

This-way-that, in the bright air,
Their tortured branches go.
I am happier in the way
Eucalypti grow.

They have a plain and simple air,
Ragged they seem, and free . . .
But the twisted look of the sycamores
Will not let me be.

Bei Rossmarkt

By Mary Osborn

UTEN TAG!"

My first impression was that she was simple-minded; she gaped at me so vacuously from the doorway. Apparently she had not heard my question. I repeated it: "Is this Rossmarkt's house?"

She nodded and continued to stare at me as if hypnotized by what she saw. I began to sense a smudge on my face. I was embarrassed and took cover in words.

I explained that I had rooms on the court at Muller's *pension*, but that they were dank and dark, and that I was gradually being asphyxiated by the odor of cabbage which rose from the kitchens opposite. I had come to Hohenschwangau for warmth and light and the odor of mountain balsam; so I sought other lodgings. At the Tourists' Bureau they had said, "Rooms like that, you will perhaps find *bei Rossmarkt*. He is over-gardener for the castle. He sometimes takes summer-boarders." And they had directed me up the hill to the garden-cottage. Had she then such rooms as I desired?

No, she had only one room to rent, and it was very small.

"Might I see it?"

She flapped up the stairs, and I followed.

At the top we turned down a narrow, straw-matted gangway. It was then I noticed that she limped. She paused at the door next the kitchen and unlocked it.

"Here is the room, but it is very small."

The afternoon sun was coming in strongly at the casement. I now had a better opportunity to observe the woman than in the semi-obscurity of the entryway. Her features held something sweetly virginal, something quite at variance with the impression of muscular strength created by the body.

I looked about the room. "I'll take it," I said. "I shall want hot water at nine every evening, and breakfast at ten o'clock, with two rolls, butter, marmalade, and chocolate. How much will it be?"

"Why, for room and breakfast we ask customarily two marks."

"Good," I said, "I shall move in tonight." I was paying six marks at Muller's.

"But the room is not now clean enough for Fraulein. She must not come until to-morrow when I have cleaned the room."

It seemed to me that any further cleaning could only result in rubbing the nickel off the door-knob or polishing the frosting

off the drinking glass. But I couldn't think of a German word for *unnecessary*, so I let it go at that.

"And you will have butter on hand to-morrow?"I asked at parting.

"Butter? Fraulein wishes butter with breakfast? I don't know. We don't have butter. But if Fraulein wishes it, perhaps..."

I sniffed a financial diffiiculty. "Whatever the cost of the butter, I shall be glad to pay it."

She looked uncomprehending. "I don't know . . . I must ask my man. He keeps the accounts. Michael!"

Michael came. He had blue eyes and a square head. His trousers were muddy at the knee from weeding among the flower-beds. He thought it would be possible to buy butter from Frau Fischhausen who kept cows below in the valley.

"Bibia, you could go every morning, couldn't you, and fetch butter from the Fischhausen?"

"Yes," said Bibia, "I could go."

He smiled, and I suddenly felt sorry for the woman.

Bibia accompanied me to the door. "Fraulein is from the city?"

"Yes, from Munich."

"Ah, Munich. That is far from here."

"Yes, thirty miles," I said.

II.

When Bibia knocked I was lying on the long chair in after-dinner content, a copy of *Crewe Train*, Tauchnitz edition, on my knees and a little nimbus of cigarette smoke about my head.

"I have brought Fraulein's hot water."

"Sit down," I requested. I was resolved to practice my German. "Do you think it will rain to-morrow?" This was one of the things I could say without effort.

"Very likely, Fraulein. The barometer is still down."

"We've had much rain this summer," I ventured brilliantly.

She became voluble. "Aye, Fraulein is right. The rain has come excessively of late. Too much rain is no better than too much drought. It is hard. There is great need among the farmers. My Hugo's bees have been able to make only a little honey; we have had so few days of sun. He had counted on selling enough honey to buy victuals for the winter. Now there will be none to sell, and it makes me afraid for Hugo. Already he is hungry."

"Who is Hugo?"

"Hugo is my brother. Such a good man, Fraulein. He is fifty-three, three years younger than I, but always we were like twins. I never held by my other brothers as I hold by Hugo. The

others left the farm when our parents died. They said the soil was too stubborn. But Hugo swore he would rather die than give up the old home or the fields that our parents had worked to clear, rolling away the rocks. And I stayed with Hugo. Fourteen years we lived on the farm together. Ah, Fraulein, there I was happy. All day I would sing at work among my pots and my cows, with Hugo coming home for midday dinner and evening bread. Then came 1914. The hired hand and I were left to tend the farm alone, while Hugo went to the war. It was then, working in the fields in all weathers, that my hip began to give pain. It grew each year worse, but each year I thought the war would end and I could give it a rest. Fraulein,"—she was leaning forward now and talking in a whisper—"Fraulein, God forgive me, I did not care whether it was victory or defeat if the war would end."

"When Hugo came home after the armistice, I thought, 'Now I shall be happy as once.' But it was no longer the same with us. There was a girl in Waltenhofen set her cap for Hugo. Soon they were engaged. At that time Michael was walking out with me. I knew that after Hugo and Marie were married I should have no place more in our house; so I consented to Michael. We decided to make it a double wedding, for I wanted to stay with my brother until the last. At this time Marie would be running out to the farm all hours of the day to see Hugo. She could not do enough for him. But after the first night of marriage she hated him—she told him so. She would not even get his breakfast. They went on living together for more than a year. The beds would go unmade, and the dirty dishes would pile up on the sink, while Marie spent her days in sulking. Then their child came. It was a cretin. Marie cursed my brother. Soon she packed her things and left him. He placed the child in the asylum at Fussen. Now he lives alone on the farm. Last week the hired man quit. Hugo could not pay his wages. He has not even enough money to buy food for himself. And such a good man, Fraulein. —Then yesterday the mare went lame, and Hugo had to shoot her. All night I could not sleep for thinking of the mare. Now, when the harvest time comes, Hugo will have only one horse to draw the load. It is hard. And he such a good man. Wait till I fetch his picture; Fraulein shall see for herself."

The picture showed a thick man in soldier's uniform. His heavy mustaches were ludicrous, I thought; but I did not laugh.

"Why doesn't he divorce his wife and remarry?" I inquired.

"Here in Bavaria we are Catholics, Fraulein. Our marriages cannot be dissolved. Even if he could divorce, he would not remarry. He is done with women.

"I do what I can for him but that is very little. Each day I hurry through my housework and fly to help him in the fields.

Every week-day I ride my wheel to the market at Fussen, and on the way back I take the path through Waltenhofen—it is only a little longer so—and stop at our farm to see him. He is always glad of my coming. When I can save enough from the market-money, I buy a pound of ox-meat or a *Schoppen* of *helles Bier* to take to him.—Don't tell this to Michael, though. He would be angry.—But I've been boring Fraulein with affairs that cannot possibly interest her. Forgive! So seldom I find anyone to talk to; when I do, I give a long spiel, like the old woman that I am.—How does Fraulein like the room?"

"I find myself very comfortable. Especially I like the drawers. They're the only ones I've met in Germany that don't stick or jam."

She beamed. "They are the work of our son who is in Holland—that is, Michael's son by his first wife, who died. He is a cabinet-maker by profession. In Holland the want is less great than in *Deutschland.* There he has a better success than would be possible here. When he has laid some money by, we hope he will return among us and marry a girl of our country.—But I must leave off interrupting Fraulein. *Gute Nacht, Gnadiges. Schlafen Sie recht wohl!*"

I wished her an "*Ebenfalls!*" and returned to *Crewe Train;* but the story seemed flat.

III.

That day was marked by the tinkling of many bells. They were driving the heifers down from summer pasture in the high reaches of the Sauling. Rounding the last elbow of the road that descends the Tagelberg, the animals broke into a trot, and their bells made a wild jangle. The herdsmen goaded them with oaths and long staves. They were impatient because little grey clouds kept climbing over the high peaks, delivering intermittent bursts of rain upon their heads.

The kitchen was a good place to be those September afternoons. The stove hissed defiance at the weather out-of-doors, and the burnished copper utensils hanging on the wall made a perpetual sun.

I sat with my elbows on the kitchen table, watching out the window for Bibia to come home.

That morning, after Michael had gone to the greenhouse, she had approached me very grave. "Will Fraulein give me her advice? This is the day of the Saturday open-air market at Fussen.

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The Pool

By Thomas Walt

RAYS OF THE GREAT WHITE MOON only half illumined the rippling black waters of the pool. Fragrant water lilies nudged the sleeping lily pads, who in turn rubbed against the whispering reeds that grew near the water's edge. A slumberous quietude seemed to have settled in the heavy mist. The atmosphre was filled with the tenseness of waiting, waiting for something to break the stillness. A sudden warmness in the breeze caused the flowers to exude an excess of aroma that welled up to saturate the air with a choking, nauseating loveliness.

The low-hanging branches of the shadowing trees swayed in the breeze, causing ghost-like figures to play upon the waters. Their soft moaning sound was like an echo of the agonies of suffering souls. Abruptly the wind swept back a giant branch and the moonlight flooded the bank of the pool. Something was sitting there.

It was a man. He seemed to be waiting for something. Once he arose to his feet and gesticulated wildly with his arms and babbled strange words. Another time he arose and uttered piercing cries. But still the soft breeze whispered through the branches of the trees. And the azure-gray moonlight fell upon the pool. And the water lilies gave off their warm fragrance. The man resumed his place and continued to wait.

Then there arose from the pool a misty figure. Gradually it resolved itself into a radiant, half-definite shape. It was a woman. Her body was of a marble whiteness. Around her shoulders there hung a mass of silver hair. About her there seemed a nimbus of scintillating beauty. Then the branch of the shadowing tree swayed forward and she perceived the man sitting on the bank. For a moment she stood in silence before him. Then he arose to his feet.

"She glided toward him and questioned in a ghostly whisper, "Who are you?"

"I am Man," came the reply, in a low, tremulous voice.

"Man," she breathed.

"And who are you?"

"Men call me Desire-for-Knowledge," she answered, "and these are the waters of Life." With a sweeping gesture toward the pool.

"Desire-for-Knowledge!" cried Man. "Then come no nearer. It is you who have ruined the lives of my fellow-men. You made them desire for things that would do them no good." He turned

as if to run; but Desire-for-Knowledge, sweeping softly over the ground, placed herself before him. She twined her white, beautiful arms about his neck; and with her soft, voluptuous lips, kissed him on the mouth. Man found himself helpless, powerless to make his body do as he wished. Then there came over him a feeling of relief, of near-happiness. Slowly she led him toward the pool. As he looked at the black waters he shuddered, but her presence reassured him.

Reaching the pool, they stepped into the water. Man shivered, but Desire-for-Knowledge laughed softly and said:

"You see, it is quite warm."

When the water rose to his shoulders, Man stopped, and cried:

"Before I take another step, promise me one thing. Promise you will never leave me."

"I will never leave you," said Desire-for-Knowledge. And turning her head aside, she smiled and added:

"Even unto the depths of Life, I shall never leave you."

Then they took another step, and the black waters of Life closed over their heads.

And as the black ripples ran across the pool, the soft breeze whispered through the branches of the trees; and the gauzy moonlight shone down on the fragrant water-lilies as they nudged the lily-pads.

Proletarian Love Song

By Ruth McGuire

My Woman!
I love you with a strange and mighty passion,
My life and soul to yours forever tied,
Your great, strong heart is wholly steel and iron,
Your ribs are heavy oak—my wondrous bride!
A thousand years—a million nights I've waited . . .
For your great strength Humanity has cried,
And now you stand here striving and triumphant,—
My blood runs hot for you—O Comrade's bride!

My Woman!
I know your every part—your moods—your motions;
You swell my heart with ever-growing pride,
You are the life, the hope of our great nation;
I'd die a hundred deaths for you,—my bride!
Though nailed and bolted, still you stand there trembling . . .
And I, in love, do pant here by your side;
You scream and roar and vomit smoke and thunder . . .
But do my bidding gladly—Muzhik's Bride!

My Woman!
Together we can build a mighty Union,
A Brotherhood for Man—so long denied.
Our work will be our one and only passion,
You tireless, pond'rous, driving Marxian Bride!
Our life will be full days of sweat and labor;
The ancient Day of Capital has died.
We two can turn out shining joy eternal—
My bolt machine—my Proletarian Bride!

"I Laugh As I Pass In Thunder"

BY FRANCES FRAZIER BOYD

(Continued from February Issue)

"Professor Waters?"

"Yes, Miss Miller?"

"I—I've written a poem."

"Good!"

"It's—it's about rain. I adore rain, don't you?"

"I do."

"And I thought that—you know most poets write about trees and flowers, and sunshine, and things. And I—I think that if you can write about rain and make it sound bright and—I mean —well, you remember what you said one day in class, that poetry is making beauty out of sordid things? Well, I thought" (here Evelyn paused for breath,)—"Well, rain is wet, you know, so most people don't like it—so I thought—well, dont you think the —the subject of rain is—is—quite literary?"

"Indeed I do. Could you read your poem to me?"

Evelyn's face shone. She reached into her purse and produced a much labored over sheet of paper. She drew a deep breath and hastily began:

"Rain is beautiful.
It falls from the black clouds of the sky.
But it is silver.
It falls on my face
Like the dew on a flower.
I love the rain,
I love the song it sings."

"Why, that is lovely! I couldn't do so well myself," exclaimed the professor, coughing slightly.

"Couldn't you, really?"

The glow that deepened in Evelyn's cheeks and eyes lasted for a whole week afterward. She would often pause in the hallway and catch her breath in sudden little thrill of ecstasy. And the dreams that hovered over her dormitory pillow during the long nights would have done credit to the fairest of the Muses, for Professor Waters smiled at her now in the halls, and once in that enormous class he had called her Evelyn. His voice had sounded queer and confused, as though, thought Evelyn, he had been thinking her name to himself, and it just popped out.

* * * * *

Evelyn stared at the neat white envelope she had taken from her mail box. Then, tearing it open, she drew out a sheet bearing Lord Byron's "She Walks in Beauty."

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

No name was signed, but at the bottom of the page was written:

"This made me think of you."

Evelyn clasped the sheet to her heart.

"Oh, he does like me, he does!" she thought ecstatically. "Oh, Professor, do you really think I'm like that?"

That evening Evelyn sat before her mirror brushing her pale blonde hair until it shone like fine silk. If her tresses were not raven, they could at least be more golden. She smiled to her reflection and her lips moved to silent words:

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

"Evelyn," who's going to the dance with you?" It was Dorothy, her room-mate, speaking.

"What dance?"

"Why, *the* dance—the one we're all throwing."

"Oh, of course! I'd forgotten."

"How could you forget it?" cried Betty. "A swell Christmas formal! And after we've rented the Country Club, too!"

"Better not forget the seven dollars assessment, either," chimed in Grace.

"The bids are perfect. Have you seen them?" asked another.

"And, oh, say, Evelyn, we made

Song

BY MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

All the winds are calling now
Come—let us be going—
Winds in ruffled lavender
And silver ribbons blowing.

In the tossing arms of trees
You can hear them calling,
Winds that whisper soft and low,
Ever rising, falling.

All the night they've sung their song—
Come—let us be going—
Who could bear to stay indoors
Now the winds are blowing?

out the faculty guest list last night, and you're to tell that Professor—what's his name?—you know him, that young Apollo who teaches poetry . . . "

"Oh, am I?"

"Miss Evelyn Miller," Dorothy bowed in mock ceremony, "may I ask you, have you got a case on our darling professor?"

"Of course not!"

"Oh, yes you have! Can't fool an old woman of the world like me!"

"Well, I hope she hasn't," declared Grace flatly. "I think he's an awful prude."

"He is not!" said Dorothy, quickly.

"Have you ever talked to him? Well, I have, and he has the most antiquated ideas. He's just the type that would expect his sister to get in at eleven o'clock, and wear long underwear in the winter time."

"Well, just the same, all the girls are chasing him. Don't mind Grace, Evelyn; she tried to land him once herself. And here's luck to you! He's been here two years, and he's never so much as given any girl the least hint of a tumble."

Evelyn glowed. She brushed her hair an extra hundred strokes that night, and creamed her firm young face with the dexterity and patience of a wrinkled matron. Afterward, when she had hopped into bed, she repeated "She Walks in Beauty" thrice over before she fell into a professor-troubled slumber.

Late the following afternoon Evelyn stood outside the office door which bore the important letters, "Professor Shelley J. Waters." She rested first on one foot and then on the other. She hastily powdered her nose again, and sighed profoundly, for a panicky little feeling was hovering near her ribs. Suddenly the doorknob turned, and a thin, aesthetic-looking student emerged from a conference. In another breathless, glorious, terrible moment Evelyn was standing before the professor's desk.

"Good afternoon, Miss Miller." His smile was warmly engaging. "Anything I can do for you?"

Evelyn held a small envelope toward him. She wished the envelope wouldn't wiggle so, and if only her voice would stay down where it belonged.

"We—I mean the girls of Wesley Hall—are giving a dance," she said. "We would be delighted if you would attend."

There, it was out! Not at all what she had intended to say, but it was over; and, besides, thought Evelyn, with a happy little quiver, when a girl "walks in beauty" she can't help being nervous.

"How lovely!" He smiled, fingering the bid. "You'll be there?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I'd like to come. Thank you." His dark eyes were bent seriously on her face. Evelyn suddenly became all shyness.

"I—I'm so glad you will!"

The late afternoon sun slanted in through the windows, touching the objects on the desk with gold. It glinted on Evelyn's carefully brushed hair. She could feel its warmth on her

cheek and forehead. Somewhere a radio began to sing softly. "How wonderful!" thought Evelyn; "just like in a story."

He was looking at her in that same delightful manner.

"It doesn't mention whom I am to take."

"Oh, anyone you wish."

"May I—take you?"

"Me?" Evelyn stared at him in momentary amazement. She tried to swallow down the overwhelming sense of joy that welled up within her. She wanted to shout out loud, to swing her arms about wildly, to dance, to sing!

But all she did was to say "Yes" in a meek little voice.

Professor Waters reached for his hat.

"Are you starting home now? Perhaps we could walk along together."

On a very important evening several weeks later, Evelyn stood before her mirror in rapture. The rest of the girls exclaimed admiringly, "You look like a princess!" "You surely do look ritzy! But, then, nothing is too good for the professor, is it, Evelyn?" Seventy-five dollars in pale green taffeta was caught about Evelyn's slender waist and hips and fell in cascading ripples to the floor. A huge Parisienne bustle effect graced the back of the dress, and a perky little flounce rested low on her shoulders. Her pale hair shone as never before, and her eyes were lighted by an inner serenity, and a deft, outward touch of marscara.

"You are charming, tonight," Professor Waters murmured, as he closed the door of his car. You look just like a poem!"

"Oh! Do you ever write poetry, Professor Waters?"

"Oh, sometimes, but I wish you'd call me Shelley. Professor sounds so very formal."

"Shelley!" Evelyn breathed it softly. "That's a very pretty name."

"I thought we'd go the old way," explained Professor Waters, as he turned off into a narrow dirt road. "It is much more beautiful, and it affords a glimpse of the river. I know that you would enjoy that."

"Oh, look at the clouds, and the moon! Isn't the moon just too gorgeous with all those filmy, dark clouds around her?" Evelyn was surprised at her own poetic turn of speech. "I don't think there's anything more beautiful than the night, do you, Pro—do you, Shelley?" and she laughed lightly, "the night with all its cloudless climes and skies."

"I have never met a girl with such a genuine appreciation of poetry as you possess."

"Oh, I have always adored poetry. Don't you think it comes natural to some people?"

"Indeed it does."

"For I always think the lovliest things about everything I see, but I never can write them down, just like I think them, can you? Oh, look, Pro—Shelley, it's beginning to rain!"

"Why it is, at that!" exclaimed the professor as he in-

(Continued on page 39)

Dust Covers New

MALAISIE. *By Henri Fauconnier.* Macmillan. 1931. $2.00

Henri Fauconnier, a young and previously unknown French author, flashed meteorically into fame when his first novel *Malaisie,* or in the English equivalent *Malaysia,* won the Goncourt prize for 1930.

The plan if this work was conceived in a remote valley of Tunis, where the author now lives. Before going to Africa M. Fauconnier spent fifteen years in Malay as a rubber planter, and it is upon this period of his life that he has drawn for *Malaisie.* Indeed, one has the impression that much of the character and incident in the novel stem from personal experience. *Malaisie* deals with the life of two Frenchmen among English rubber planters on the Malay Archipelago.

M. Fauconnier has painted a satirical picture of the British Empire-Builder as he appears within the tropics, throwing his John Bull vulgarity into relief against a background of French fastidiousness. The satire is for the most part gentle, however. Nothing libelous has been said. Yet the writer deemed it necessary to preface the English edition of his novel with an apology in which he is at some pains to make clear that the Englishmen "who appear incidentally through the book had to be chosen amongst the crowd of ordinary, typical colonists," whereas his two Frenchmen, since they were to be the main characters in the narrative as well as the writer's spokesmen, could not be other than sophisticated men of exceptional qualities. Apparently M. Fauconnier believes that the English add to their other faults that of hypersensitiveness. We are sorry for this apology. It takes the edge off the delight we would otherwise feel at seeing ourselves expertly ridiculed.

This is a novel without a heroine. In fact, aside from a few paragraphs alloted to the narrator's *amourette* with a Hindu girl, it is a novel of "men without women." The character development centres in the nascent friendship of Fauconnier's two French planters: Rolain, a philosopher of sorts and a solitary, a man of "mysterious withdrawals;" Lescale, the narrator of the story, some years younger than his friend, a more restless spirit who cannot achieve Rolain's detachment, nor rest entirely satisfied with his mystic philosophy, because, as he says of himself, "I am of a race that wants to understand." The first meeting of these two men in a shell-hole in Picardy "on the evening of a day of slaughter" is decribed in somewhat highly colored terms as one of "those fugitive war-time contacts that suddenly revealed the abysses of a man's soul." They see no more of each other until one day in a Malay town Lescale once again encounters "the man (he) had been looking for and never hoped to meet again;" for he says, "the light that was in his eyes had laid a spell on me."

From the moment of this chance meeting in Malay the writer traces, with that relentless probing into human feeling and motivation that are characteristic of the contemporary French novel, every shifting angle of this friendship until it ends with Rolain's words, "But it does not matter, don't you see? To part is nothing when we do not really lose each other. You must not try to find me . . . "

The author has consumed some two-hundred pages in preparing his *mise-en-scene* and posing his characters. In spite of a careful piling of thunder-heads on the horizon, we begin to wonder a little, as only a slender sheaf of leaves remains between us and the end of the book, whether this promise of a story to come was not mere trumpery. But near the two-hundredth page the actors, as if prompted by a long awaited signal from the wings, break their statuesque poses and plunge into frantic gyration. Let the reader who finds the book "slow" persist. He will be handsomely rewarded at the end by a cataleptic fit, a mysterious disappearance, three murders, and a mad flight from justice—all breathlessly concentrated in the last sixty pages.

It reflects credit on the open-mindedness of the Goncourt Academy that its members should have seen fit to honor a work in some vital respects so un-French as *Malaisie*, the work of a voluntary expatriate from a land of people who have considered the most cruel punishment to be exile. Fauconnier's mysticism, his power of imagination, his philosophy of solitude are not cast in the Gallic mold. He finds modern France hideous and does not hesitate to say so. He enjoys watching Tamils work because they do not spit on their hands as workmen do in Europe. He hates the French mania of confusing love and lechery. "The melancholy of Europe," he makes his philosopher Rolain say, "is not seen by those who have never left it . . . It is inhabited, not by human beings but by marionettes. Utterly devoid of charm. (The landscape), indeed, can be as moving as the jungle . . .; but at the sight of a human being one must fly. . . When you get back to Europe, you will see none but harassed people, all mistrustful, always on their guard, thinking only of defending their right to get the best place first. How can they possibly be happy? . . . And with it all, drilled like performing dogs."

Fauconnier is a past-master in the style of implication, in that manner of writing which is eloquent of what it omits. Thus all the white planter's spiritual isolation among oriental peoples, his loneliness for the society of his own race, his struggle toward acclimatization, his recurrent nostalgia, is conveyed by suggestion—and strongly—without once being referred to by name.

If there is one particular literary quality with which M. Fauconnier is endowed to a more marked degree than with any other, it is his aptitude for metaphor and simile. Witness, for example, the following: "The ridges were covered with a rich

fur jungle, patched here and there by small flecks of mange where men had scratched the surface." "And later I heard the awakening of the jungle when the light of the rising moon began to filter through the foliage. It stirred with myriad rustlings that rose and fell like waves on sand." "Words rattled in his throat like pebbles down a torrent-bed." Sense impressions emanate almost tangibly from these words. Here are no tricks of style, no labored striving for effect. The prose is terse and incisive, lifting itself now and then by sheer intensity of feeling to the level of poetry.

Much more might be said in praise of M. Fauconnier's excellent use of color, of his subtle portrayel of mood and emotion, of his sustained restraint. But where a jury composed of such competent critics as Leon Gautier and Georges Courteline have chosen an author to figure on their roll of honor in company with the names of Benjamin, Barbusse, Duhamel, and Proust, his prestige will scarcely be enhanced by any eulogy of reviewers.

—*M. E. O.*

FRANK NORRIS. *By Franklin D. Walker*

To be published soon by Doubleday, Doran, and Co. 1932.

In these days when most of Frank Norris' contemporaries have a faintly musty, fin-de-siecle flavor, it is a relief to re-read books like *McTeague, The Octopus*, and *Vandover and the Brute*, books with viscera. Dr. Walker's critical and biographical study on a writer who has stood the acid test of years is, therefore, a very timely one.

In the midst of the hysterical and arty biographies of today, the reader will rejoice to find that this one is not cluttered up with lietmotifs, symbols, and what-not. Dr. Walker has written a sober and well-balanced account of a life sufficiently interesting in itself to dispense with biographical parsley. The backgrounds of the book—the studios of Paris, literary San Francisco, South Africa, and war-torn Cuba—change with cinematographic rapidity but they always remain backgrounds; they are never permitted to come between the reader and the subject of the book.

This book is important critically bcause it is the first to place Frank Norris in the field of American letters, and his place is a high one. Norris found his technique in the naturalism of Zola and, adapting it to his own needs, he introduced it in America. Unfortunately, just as he had developed the resources and mastered the limitations of his method, he died. He was only thirty-two and the bulk of his work was immature, but the three novels mentioned above and a handful of his short stories have really stood the test of thirty years. The moral break-up of Vandover, the greed and atavism of *McTeague*, and the epic struggle of *The Octopus* are still unsurpassed in American literature. All readers of these books will be interested to know how they come to be written, how the first grew out of a medieval tale written in Nor-

ris' student days in Paris, and how he juggled geography, politics, and personalities to make *The Octopus* a good story.

An interesting incident, which Dr. Walker does not elaborate, is Norris' discovery of Theodore Dreiser and his enthusiasm over the manuscript of *Sister Carrie*. Surely if anyone has carried on the Norris tradition in American letters, it is Theodore Dreiser. One finds in both the same fine disregard for style, the same passionate striving for truth, the same tinge of romantic sentimentality, the same melancholic determinism. The catastrophe of individual weakness in *Vandover* and the broad sweep of *The Octopus* are wedded in *An American Tragedy*.

Combining as it does an exciting story with sound critical material, Dr. Walker's *Frank Norris* will command a triple audience: first, those who are interested in a life more thrilling than any fiction, second, those who admire Norris and want to know about him, and last those who are interested in the history of American literature and the beginnings of American naturalism.

—*Harry Earl Jones.*

FLESH IS HEIR. *By Lincoln Kirstein*
Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1932. $2.50.

A few weeks ago there appeared a first novel which will not create a furor in literary circles, but which astute critics have pointed out, nevertheless, as a signpost in American letters. It is Lincoln Kirstein's *Flesh Is Heir*. Mr. Kirstein is a Jew, a Harvard graduate of the class of '30, a painter, and, as his book proves, a writer of no mean ability.

Flesh Is Heir is the autobiography of a sensitive boy related, without attempt at continuity, in a series of seven separate incidents, each representative of one of "the thousand natural shocks." These incidents are: "*Flesh is fear, Flesh is work, Flesh is jail, Flesh can not, Flesh was fair, Flesh is wrath, Flesh is Heir.* In them we follow Roger Baum, the hero (who stands for Mr. Kirstein), from prep-school through a job, college, two seasons abroad, a visit to his sister, and a wedding party. Although Roger Baum is the central figure, his role in the book is passive. In most of the chapters the attention both of reader and writer focuses rather on one of the other characters. Baum, or Kirstein, "was never sure what people expected of him, usually felt inadequate, and expressed it by being too grateful." Thus he is scarcely cut to the pattern of a hero of fiction. He does, however, have a peculiar submissiveness, an inability to feel resentment, and a susceptibility to influence which lead him into friendship with a number of hectic young men whose bearing of gay detachment cloaks somewhat sinister intentions. Notable among them is Alexander Coronado, a "Radiant Youth" who might be first cousin to Dorian Gray. In Roger's friendship with Coronado, as well as in his relation to Andy Stone, a schoolmate, it is

the element of the occult which is stressed. Women play a minor part in the life of Roger Baum and appear, except for the hunchback, Kythe von Krazen, shadowy. Feminine character has not sufficient force to interest the author. Shallowness, selfishness, hopeless innocence, or treachery characterize most of the women who enter here. Of one, his sister, he is disgusted to note that she is ready to "play up to anyone in trousers;" of another he says that "she seemed to carry the labels of her dressmakers, floating on her chiffons behind her."

Flesh Is Heir is an obvious *roman-a-clef* and as such might more considerately have been published in 1960 or 1970 than in the present year. Releasing it now, however, Mr. Kirstein of course profits by the tendency of scandal to run to many editions.

Mr. Kirstein's book is designated by him *An Historical Romance* and is heralded by the critics as marking a new *romantic* trend in American fiction. The term is misleading. Those who expect a romanticism *a la* Warwick Deeping or A. Hamilton Gibbs will be disappointed. Mr. Kirstein scorns polite evasions and is not squeamish about naming things by their names. Nor does he hesitate to people his novel with psychopaths and inverts. The seven episodes of the book, moreover, represent as many acute disillusionments. *Flesh Is Heir* then is romantic rather in treatment than in content. Character is deliberately heightened; the hero is swayed by "loose, vague powers," "overwhelming spiritual emanations" that "bind his soul" and "sap every ounce of his spirit." The episode of the wedding on the island, with its pervading sense of unreality, is strongly reminiscent of the *Fete Etrange* in Alian-Fournier's *Grand Meaulnes;* while Roger's ride with Alexander Coronado under the oaks and beeches of Dagotan reads like a page from *The Black Arrow.*

Mr. Kirstein's thought is borne along on the rhythm of a fine, poetic prose that gradually gains sweep as he submerges in his subject. The style is facile, although a few laxities and some confusing ambiguity or pronouns indicate either that the work was done in haste or that the author esteems spontaniety above polish. His painter's eye for line and color has stood him in good stead in the descriptive passages. Incidentally he has developed an interesting new technique in the drunken stream-of-consciousness.

We cannot assign to Mr. Kirstein any definite literary models. It is not the least among the merits of his novel that the type of material and method of handling are peculiarly his own. Particularly interesting for the originality of its subject matter is the chapter dealing with Roger's job in an American stained glass factory.

Comment on the physical make-up of the book, while perhaps irrelevant, is difficult to restrain. We have seldom seen a modern novel so perfect in the artistry of its binding, printing, and

arrangement.

Flesh Is Heir will not make a popular appeal, nor is it intended to do so. It will be thoroughly appreciated, however, by all admirers of sound literary merit. As editor of *Hare and Hounds* Lincoln Kirstein already exerts a considerable influence on the rising generation in American letters; and those who are interested to discover what tack the American novel will take in the next decade should not miss *Flesh Is Heir*.

—*M. E. O.*

The Fool

(Continued from Page 9)

so. The great hall echoed with whispered words of surprise and praise. "They say she is bewitched," said a youth at Arian's side, "for she steals away to the woodlands when the moon is high, and walks beside the pools, and talks to the fairy folk there. Sometimes her court maids lose her, and cannot find her anywhere. Then she will come tumbling into their midst on a moonbeam, laughing hilariously. She loves to laugh, but for all that, she is fairer far than any princess I have ever set eyes on." But Arian scarcely heard. There was no one in the room for him but the lovely princess who stood by the throne.

Each of the kings, princes, and handsome lads went up and knelt at her feet. At every one she looked long and eagerly and each one received but a sad little smile. Finally it came the young king's turn and he bowed with a grand flourish. Arian followed, and when he came quite close to the princess, his clown's face blossomed into smiles like a flower bud opening to the sun. The princess, lifting her eyes, saw the fool and she clapped her tiny hands and laughed. The old king looked up in surprise. The queen looked. The kings, princes and the handsome lads all turned and looked at the blushing fool. Poor Arian knew not whether to be joyous or sad. To have a princess look at one in pleasure that was the most wonderful thing in the world,—but to have a princess look at one and laugh because of a turned-up nose and apple cheeks, was truly distressing. Nevertheless, Arian felt a glow of happiness in his breast, and he swore to himself, "I must win thee, Princess Elaine." Although Arian's bowed head could not know it, the princess smiled down on him kindly, and her dark eyes were warm with happiness.

All in the castle were making ready for the ball, and the fool, in rapturous excitement, asked his master if he might go.

"No," said the young king. "A castle ball is not for fools, but only for men, and noble men at that."

So the fool went apart from the rest and wandered about the castle grounds quite sor-

rowfully, thinking of the beautiful princess and the approaching ball. He roamed through the gardens and grove and over the meadows beyond the castle wall until at length he came to a little wood, and being tired, he sat down at the brink of a pool. The wind stirred the reeds about the water and the birds began to sing most sweetly. Just as the round moon peeped its white face over the tree-tops the reeds began to sway, and all in the twinkling of an eye, twelve little people were dancing about the pool in a ring. Arian was so frightened that he would have run away, but the wee people tugged at his clothes and would not let him go.

"Do not be afraid," said a small voice in his ear, "for we are the fairy folk and maybe we can help thee." Looking around, Arian saw the prettiest little fairy in all the world perched on his coat sleeve. He caught his breath in amazement, for the moon was not whiter than her tiny arms, nor the moonbeams as palely silver as her hair. "What dost thou wish?" she asked.

"I—I love the princess," stammered Arian, "and I wish to go to the ball, but—but a fool cannot go to a king's ball."

"Nay, but a king can!" the fairy cried, laughing, and her laughter was the tinkling of elfin music. "Go stand on your head, dear Arian."

So Arian went and stood on his head, quite neatly, for that was a favorite trick of his. but lo, when he stood aright he felt a strangeness coming over him. He glanced at his coat, and it was a suit of richest velvet and a ruff of lace was at his throat. He looked at his feet, and they were shod in buckled dancing shoes. A sudden realization seized him and he put his hands to his face in mingled hope and fear. His round cheeks were lean and strong. He grabbed his nose. It was straight; a fine, straight nose! He rubbed it blissfully. His hair, it felt so, so wavy. He pulled a lock forward to see and it was a rippling lock of black, black hair. Arian leaped for joy, then he rushed to the pool and peered down. On the mirroring surface he saw the face of the handsomest king in all the world! And what was that on his head? A crown? And what was that lying on the bank? A robe! A king's robe of purple and ermine. And a sword! "Why, the little people, where are they?" thought Adrian. But search as he might, all that he could find about the pool was the swaying reeds. To these he bowed most humbly. Then he dashed away to where his donkey was waiting for him, and, lo, his donkey was a milk-white steed with trappings of gold.

"Look at me! Look at me, master! I shall win that maiden horse yet!"

Arian mounted and they rode across the meadows away from the castle to where the high road was lonely. Then

they turned about and clattered down to the castle gates, over the drawbridge, and up to the portals. The doorman and lackeys stared in open-mouthed wonder. They could scarcely find wits and hands to lead the king's horse away, and to usher Arian into the castle hall. The ball was in full swing. Never had the ladies of the court looked so lovely, or the visiting princes so gallant. They all stopped dancing and stood quite still when the noble king entered. Those of lesser rank bowed quite low and all the ladies courtesied. The King of Montler stepped forward to welcome the wondrous guest and to present the princess to him. "What noble king art thou?" he asked, smiling for the first time that day.

Arian felt as though the marble floor were falling away beneath him, for in truth, he did not know. But the princess said quickly, "Art thou not King Ariano of whom I have heard so much?"

"Aye," answered Arian, kneeling before her. "And may I have the first dance with thee?" Then he felt embarrassed and knew not what to say, for the evening was long past the first dance, but that was what he had read once in a royal etiquette book. But the princess merely smiled, and she danced with him not only that dance, but the next, and the next after that, and every other dance through the last one.

The merriment lasted until morning, and just as the last stray moonbeams paled away before the dawn, Arian felt a strangeness coming over him, and fearing for his new nose and fine apparel, he hastened from the hall and filed up the road on his milk-white steed. The crowd ran after him, but when they dashed around the bend to where the road was lonely, they found only the fool on a ridiculous donkey.

All the following day there was much talk about the strange king. The old king and the queen became quite happy, for now they felt that the dragon's conqueror was at hand. Princess Elaine was in such high spirits that she made Arian, the fool, perform for her all that day, and very happy he was to do that, indeed, and followed her all about the castle with his heart in his round, longing eyes.

That night Arian went again to the pool, and stood on his head to elfin laughter and moonlight, and once more he became a king. All passed as before, and on the next night the same thing happened. The fool's heart near bursted with happiness, and every one there said 'twas plain that the princess adored the strange king.

The dawn had scarcely brightened into the morning of the third day when a great rumbling was heard from the distant mountains. The earth shook and the heavens trembled at the sound. The lovely princess came forth in her moon-white bridal gown, her hair gleaming brighter than

the morning and her dark eyes flashing with courage. The valiant kings and princes mounted their strong steeds and gathered about the royal family. "Fear not," each one cried, "I shall save thee, my Fairest!"

With twelve leaps of twelve miles each, the dragon bounded down the mountain. Trees crashed before him and the foothills crumbled beneath his feet. On he came, a mighty monster, snorting fire and smoke and growling louder than seven thunder-storms. The bravest kings quaked and the weaker ones fled in terror. The old father and mother clung to the princess and fell to sobbing quite pitifully, and Elaine alone remained calm. One king after another rushed out, sword uplifted, to challenge the monster, but the dragon merely lowered his powerful head and blew at his assailant, and that unfortunate one was blown into the middle of the next country. Or the dragon pushed him playfully aside with his huge paw, and that one was flattened out like a gingerbread man.

"Oh, that I were a king again," moaned Arian and he beat himself upon the breast. "What can a poor fool do to save a princess!" Never had mortal man longed for wee folk and moonlight more. He began jumping about excitedly, calling upon all the lovely magic workers ever heard of. And surely the people could not tell whether he was on his feet most or on his head, and he muttered so about dryads and wee folk that the good people thought him mad.

"He shows his anguish in a strange way," quoth one.

"'Tis but his fool's wit," answered another.

Now by this time few contestants were left. The dragon sat back on his great haunches and laughed uproariously. "Who dares to challenge me?" he sneered. "Come, my princess, my fair one! Ho! Ho! And if thou should'st prove an unloving wife, I shall eat thee! Ho!"

"I challenge thee!" shouted Arian. He mounted his donkey and rushed at the dragon with naught save his tinkling bells, and his clenched, bare hands.

"Come back! Come back!" the people cried, for they had grown to love the fool. "A fool cannot slay a dragon."

But Arian rode on. His bells began to ring, loudly, boldly, and his round face grew stern. The dragon took one look at him and then threw back his monstrous head and laughed. He had never seen a fool before and the sight tickled him immensely. He roared and chuckled for twelve whole minutes. Then he chuckled and roared for twelve minutes more. Tears of mirth ran down his ugly face and his breath came in loud, awful gasps.

"Come back!" they called again, "lest ye be killed. A fool cannot slay a king's foe!"

"Nay, but a king can!" Arian cried. The people rubbed their eyes and stared. Then they pinched themselves and looked again, for in place of the fool was the mysterious king of the three nights past on his milk-white steed. He drew his sword and advanced upon the dragon. "Who art thou, miserable brute, to laugh at a fool's bravery?" thought Arian, his courage mounting with anger. "Who art thou to laugh at me, for I am not a fool, but a king!' cried Arian as the slowly gained upon the dragon. The dragon laughed blindly on, unaware that a king stood before him. He laughed till he was quite out of breath. Then he laughed until he choked.

" 'Tis thou who are silly!" cried Arian, "and thou shalt die for thy mirth!" So, raising his sword, King Arian smote the dragon across his scaly throat, whereupon the dragon stopped laughing at once and forever and rolled over groaning, to die. Then all the blown kings flew back again, and all the flattened princes arose, and everyone crowded about the triumphant king. "All my lands will I give thee!" shouted the grateful father. But Arian, mind you, was kneeling at the princess's feet, and blushing like a lad, while the princess was smiling most sweetly.

There was great rejoicing throughout the land and a feast was held at the castle that day. Just as the red sun sank low, Arian and the princess stole away from the crowd, and roamed together through the gardens and the grove and over the meadows beyond the castle wall, till at length they came to the little wood.

" 'Twas by such a silver pool that first I dreamed of thee," said Arian softly. The full moon rose over the treetops, and eleven dryads came and danced about the pair.

"Where is she who first hinted of thee?" queried Arian. The moon smiled and so did the princess.

"And 'twas by this pool that I first became a king," said Arian, and eleven wee folk danced about the pool in a ring. "Where is she who made me king?" asked Arian of the moon. Elaine suddenly laughed and her laughter was the tinkling of elfin music. Arian sighed and looked at her long, as though he could never get used to her, for she was as beautiful as seven princesses. The moon was not whiter than her body, nor the night so soft as her hair.

"Thou wast always my king," she said, and she laughed again, merrily, like a little child.

"Come now," pleaded Arian. "Do not mock me. Kings and princesses should be serious."

"Nay, not so." She gave his nose a playful upward twirk, and then kissed him full upon the mouth, and they went back to the castle to become king and queen and to reign happily forever after.

BEI ROSSMARKT

(Continued from Page 15)

They sell their fruit and vegetables there—sometimes five pennies cheaper than any other day. But, you see, it's raining, and my hip grows painful in the dampness. Besides I have work at home. The soap is not yet made for this month, and our supply is running low. What ought I to do? What does Fraulein advise?"

I had advised her not to go.

"Yes, Fraulein decides wisely. Still—Hugo had only hazel nuts to eat yesterday. They are ripe now on the hillsides; they cost no more than the trouble to hunt them out. Unless I go to him, he will have only hazel nuts to-day. But even if I should be able to save some pennies at the market, what can pennies buy to nourish a grown man, Fraulein?" Her eyes were glistening.

She had gone to the bedroom, presently to reappear excited and looking bulky.

"Fraulein,"—she was speaking in a hushed voice; her hands trembled on the clasp of her pocketbook — "Never tell Michael! I have taken the week's savings from the sock behind the dresser—five marks there are. I shall buy Hugo a Wurst, some white cheese, and perhaps a mess of kidneys. Oh, I shall regale him!"

"But what of Michael?" I protested.

"He will never know, Fraulein. Only at the end of the month, when the books must be balanced, he takes the money from the sock to count it. By that time I shall have replaced all. I have learned to make many little economies. — And can Fraulein ever guess what I have done against the dampness?" She was childishly elated now. "I have put on my winter petticoat over the other one. So I can go without harm!"

I expressed skepticism which she chose to ignore.

She had hung the empty market-bag on the handlebars of her wheel and had coasted off down the hill with a "*Viel Vergnugen!*" over her shoulder to me.

It was nearly five-thirty when something crunched on the gravel outside. I turned again to the window. Bibia was panting up the road, shoving the wheel along beside her. Presently she stood in the kitchen. Her hair was bright with raindrops.

"Such a weather, Fraulein! I acted foolishly to go, perhaps, and it was wrong, maybe, to take the money from the sock, but I am not sorry. Wait till I tell you.—I bought for Hugo a fine *Bratwurst*, two loaves of bread, some lentils, and three pounds of *Ochenfleisch*, enough to keep him for a week with the bird's appetite he has. I found him sitting on the bed. He said to me, 'It's good that you have come today, otherwise . . . ' Fraulein, I went from his house straight to Schwangau. I did not stop

till I had reached the church. I bought a candle from the sacristan—the largest one he had—it was two marks, five and seventy—and I burnt it to Our Lady of Mercy.—Now Fraulein will no longer hold I ought not to have gone."

She limped across the room and crumpled down on the settle. Her eyes begged for my approval.

"But what about your hip?" I said. "It will never be better ter if you're so reckless of it."

"Ah, Fraulein, it will never be better in any case. I have seen the doctors here and in Fussen. I ask them what it is I have. All say, 'You have an inflammation of the joint.' Then I ask them, 'What shall I do for it?' and all shake their heads. One spring when I was right bad with it, Michael took me to Augsburg, to a great specialist there. He said, 'I have a sanatorium where these troubles are treated.' For 3000 marks, Fraulein! In thirteen years Michael and I have been able to save only 2000, and that we have put away against our old age. You see, Fraulein, the lameness will never be better, so why should I not . . . "

She broke off to listen. It was Michael's step in the corridor. He came into the kitchen smiling. In his hand he had a letter with a foreign stamp.

"It is from our son in Holland," he explained. "He writes that he is betrothed to a German girl whom he has met there."

Bibia clapped her hands. "That makes my heart's joy!" she cried. "We were so hoping it would be one of our own people, who are many there, rather than a girl of the Netherlands."

"I have thought," said Michael," that we should send a small congratulation, something he could spend, perhaps, to buy some lace or such like for the girl."

"Yes, yes," Bibia exulted. "Of course he shall have a gift from us!"

Michael went on: "We have already this month some money in the sock—about five marks, I think. At any rate, it will make him a tidy sum. Let's see exactly how much is there." He started for the dresser.

While Michael talked I watched Bibia go white. Now she jumped up and got between him and the dresser.

"No, no, Michael. That you must not do!"

"And why not, for the love of heaven?"

"Because I say so. Because perhaps this is not the right girl, Michael. He is still so young . . . How can he know his mind? He is only infatuated. When he has had time to consider, he will see. . . . He will not want to marry her any longer. Then you will have sent him money in vain."

For a moment he stared at her as if he had never seen her before. Then his blue eyes contracted. He snorted and pushed her out of the way. She fell against a chair and stood

with her hand on the back of it, watching him move out the dresser to get at the sock.

I slipped out of the kitchen. They didn't see me go. In my room I started banging on the typewriter. But their voices came through the wall too plainly. At first there was only Mochael's, low and tense. Then Bibia's, talking very rapidly — explaining. After that a silence. Suddenly Michael snapped a command. Bibia whimpered like a whipped cur. Then her words came through: "Don't hurt me, Michael! I have already such pain. Don't hurt, me, Michael! Don't hurt me!"

I grabbed my coat and went out.

IV.

Bibia said there were vinegar-berries on the hilltop back of the house, and we went up with lard pail to gather some for preserves. She began humming as she dropped the berries into her pail. I guessed there was something afoot and questioned her.

"This afternoon, Fraulein, I go to help at the castle. The housekeeper came last evening to tell me I shall be needed there. You know, their Highnesses had planned to stay at the castle until October first, then go back to their winter home in the *Residenz Palast* at Munich. Yesterday came news that the early snows in the mountains have driven a great number of stags down onto the plateau near Garmisch. There is such hunting as has not been seen for many seasons. Their Highnesses are desired to lead the hunt. They will motor to Garmisch in the Daimler. The housekeeper and her man are packing now for them with great haste. This afternoon I shall be needed to help load the car.

When Bibia got back she began calling to me from the bottom of the stairs. She burst into my room, forgetting to knock, and waved an oblong piece of watermarked paper in my face.

'Fraulein, Fraulein, surely the Holy Mother of Jesus will bless him and restore him some day to the power that is his right! I kissed his hand, Fraulein, when he gave it to me. I could not speak for weeping. Was it not shameful? I could not thank him properly for weeping!—But look at it, Fraulein! It is his cheque for 3000 marks."

"Sit down," I said. "Begin at the beginning and tell me what you mean."

"I shall do as Fraulein wishes.—It happened: I was going to and fro from the servants' quarters, carrying the luggage to the Daimler. He came out of the main portal and gave directions while we loaded the car. You know how had my hip has been since . . . that night, Fraulein. I was limping so I could carry only one bag at a time. There was a hamper—rather heavy. Perhaps I should not have tried to manage it alone. I got it into the car all right. Then

a blackness came in front of my eyes. I held to the door to steady myself until it should pass. He came up to me, Fraulein. He said, 'You have great difficulty in getting about, have you not? Tell me what is the matter?' Then I told him of my lameness—how the doctors here did not know what to do, how Michael had taken me to the specialist at Augsburg, but he had asked 3000 marks. It lacked respect, I know, to fill his ears with all that jabber; but his voice was so kind when he spoke to me. He did not answer. He walked away with his hands behind his back and entered the *Schloss*. When we had all in readiness, he came out again with his lady and sons and got into the car. The chauffeur started the motor. We all stood about to wave them good-bye. Then he beckoned me to come close beside him. He put this in my hand and said, 'The House of Wittelsbach has always stood for kindness to those who serve it. My people have forgotten this, but the day will come when they will remember.' I could not thank him, Fraulein. I could only sob. I know he will think me ungrateful because I did not thank him."

"You did," I said. But she was not listening.

"I go now down to the greenhouse to show Michael, and we shall plan for the trip to Augsburg."

The next morning she appeared at my door in coat and overshoes. She had sobered.

"Will the dear God ever forgive me, Fraulein? I have knelt long before the crucifix asking His pardon. That I who have money now should think of spending it to cure a slight thing like lameness, while my brother starves to death! What can God have thought of me? What can Fraulein have thought? I hurry now to Hugo. How he will seize me in his arms and dance me about as in the old days! It will make a new man of him. Now he can hire another hand and get him another horse—a fresh, young horse—and perhaps buy some machinery, so that next summer the farm will pay for itself. I fly to him, Fraulein. I canont wait to see his face!"

V.

I sat all afternoon on the shore of the Alpsee and watched the dead leaves trail in slow procession across the surface of the lake.

It was dark when I got back to the garden cottage that evening. I went up to the kitchen to hear from Bibia what Hugo had said. Michael was there alone. He was standing in the middle of the floor.

"Have you seen Bibia?" he asked.

"No," I said. "She went to her brother's."

"I know," he replied. "She took him the cheque. She is generally home before now—even when she goes to Hugo's."

We glanced simultaneously at the clock. It showed a

quarter past six. We waited half an hour. Then Michael started getting his own supper. He asked me to have some, but I wasn't hungry.

At five minutes to seven we heard her bicycle. Michael got up from the table and wiped his mouth. We went out into the corridor to meet her. She was stumbling on the stairs. She came face to face with us in the hallway. Her eyes were dilated. Her mouth twitched. The words hissed from between her teeth.

"*Er hat sich erschossen.*" She looked at us intently, turning her eyes from one to the other. "*Er hat sich erschossen.*" We stood motionless. She turned on Michael. She was screaming now: "Michael, do you hear me? *Er hat sich erschossen.*"

Then abruptly her voice fell. She went on talking, but not to us. "He was lying across the bed. His head hung down over the side. I found his service revolver on the floor. There were black stains all over the blankets, but I could not make them come out . . . could not make the black stains come out of the blankets . . . "

Michael led her to a chair in the kitchen. She went rigidly, like a sleep-walker. From the chair she looked straight ahead. She began twisting a piece of watermarked paper in her hands and speaking again through her teeth: "*Er hat sich erschossen. Er hat sich erschassen.*"

I left Michael standing silent beside his wife and went to my room.

The next morning they were still there. Michael had shifted his position. He had lain down on the settle and dozed off. But Bibia had not shifted hers. Not even her eyes had moved. They still stared straight ahead, and their look was glazed. Only her lips moved. They made no sound, but they kept framing the same words over and over again.

* * * * *

Bibia's cheque did not serve to cure her hip. It was paid as a partial contribution to her maintenance at the *Bayerisches Institute for Mental Disease.*

I shall never go back to Hohenschwangau.

A Sequel

(Continued from page 11)

pathway, out through the great, tall hedge, and down the Avenue toward the Church. Everything was still when she arrived there. The last faint glow of the sunset rouged the window and cast faint shadows on the floor. The door creaked when it shut, and far off across the city the chimes of St. Mary's were borne upon the twilight air. At the far end of the aisle, raised behind the palm, Hatha Jane could see the faint outline of the organ. Slowly she went toward it. A sudden surge of disappointment swept over her as her hands touched the turned-down lid. But it was not locked after all. Merely turned down to keep the dust out.

Hatha Jane's fingers, aching from stored-up energy and emotion, could no longer be controlled. The keys were to her hands as warmth to the frozen, as light to the blind, as a strong arm reaching out to the drowning. Three years of pent emotion came pouring out upon the keys, and eons and eons of music burst from the organ.

It was not until the church was entirely dark, and when Hatha Jane could no longer see the keys, that she became conscious of a figure standing beside her in the gloom. She gasped and tried to start from the door; but the figure put out a detaining arm, stepped to the wall and turned on the organ lamp. Hatha Jane was paralyzed with fear; she could no longer move. The figure turned from the wall and advanced toward her. It was the organist. Hatha Jane's fear seemed suddenly to fade away and in her heart was that queer little trembling again. The organist stopped directly in front of her. Then he reached silently for her hand and looked deeply into her eyes, with a look of hope renewed and salvation found.

"I understand how you feel," he seemed to say. Hatha Jane had found the key that unlocked a piano three years ago so her brother's soul could go to his Heaven in harmony and peace. Now this young organist had found the key that unlocked her soul and would bring it to a Heaven of peace and contentment for years to come. He understood. She knew he would always understand.

"I LAUGH AS I PASS IN THUNDER"

(Continued from page 22)

dustriously rolled up the windows. "This reminds me of the poem you . . . " A deafening peal of thunder crashed through the skies. "Why, by Jove! this is going to be a rain!" Streaks of yellow lightning darted above the heavy clouds, and the rain dashed in menacing fury against the glass. The car began to labor through the deep ruts which were quickly becoming too soft. The engine roared, sputtered, and then died away into an awful stillness.

"It would stop!" cried Evelyn.

The professor shifted gears nervously and stepped harder on the gas, but the wheels only made a sickening, whirring sound in the mud. He backed up, swung around, and then shot forward. "Ah," he breathed. But the car's loud cries ceased again. He pulled frantically at the choke, and stepped on the starter with all his scholastic might. He tried again and again, but quite failed.

"Could you fix it?"

The professor shook his head. "I'm afraid not. I don't know much about machines."

"But sometimes if you just lift the hood and tinker around, it'll start again."

"No, I'm afraid we'll just have to walk back to the college."

"Walk back? In all this rain? Why can't we just sit here until someone comes along?"

"No one else would be fool enough to take this road."

"But if we sat here long enough, they'd send somebody after us."

"That might be all night, child, and we have our reputations, to consider."

"Oh, reputations!" Evelyn looked down at her dress in dismay. "But . . . "

The professor had opened the door and stepped out. "Come on, little Evelyn, it's the only thing to do."

"But maybe the rain will stop after a while."

"No chance!" He opened her door and pulled her out into the rain. "There, you look as gorgeous in the rain as you do in the sun. It's making your hair all silvery."

But Evelyn jerked away and plodded along the road with him in silence. The mud was oozing up over her frail silver slippers, and she could feel her dress swish, swish, swishing behind her in the water. She pulled her scant velvet wrap closer about her shoulders, poor, sopping thing that it had become. "Eddie would have fixed it. Eddie would at least have tried," she muttered to her inner self.

"Ah, Evelyn—a ka-choo!" sneezed the professor. "Pardon me. As I was saying, ah, a ka-choo! Dear me, I must be catching a cold. But, as I

was saying Evelyn, don't take misfortune this way. You're not being a true poet. Don't you remember the lines:

" 'And then again I dissolve it in rain'—a ka-choo! Sorry. 'And I laugh as I pass in thunder'?"

"I laugh as I pass in thunder," he repeated. "Come, Evelyn, let us laugh with the clouds as we pass in thunder."

"In mud! No, I don't see anything at all funny about it!"

The professor was subdued. He traipsed gingerly along in the mud, his overcoat drawn tightly around him, but flopping grotesquely about his legs. His white shirt front gleamed briskly for a moment, then shrank back crumped and wet. His black hair streamed about his ears, and his feet made a sqush, sqush, squshy sound in the soft mud. Evelyn tried vainly to hold her voluminous skirts high, but the wet folds clung to her and eluded her grasp. A deep black border had already formed on the bottom ruffle. Her bustle sank into a heavy, formless thing that threatened her balance. Silent tears that would not stay back joined the rain in producing a streaked effect down over her cheeks. So they hurried along the road, rainbeaten and heartsore, their manicured hands clutching their clothes in mad defense against the flirting wind, their white faces scanning the road for muddy pitfalls, and their tightened lips adding nothing to the laughter of the rain.

The lights of the college gleamed suddenly through the mist as they turned their last muddy corner. Evelyn ran furiously, awkwardly, all but tripping over her sagging skirts, to the entrance. "Wait! Wait!" the professor cried. "Let me escort you home!" But Evelyn ran on through the thick, black rain and the blinding scourge of tears, down the wet gravelled paths toward Wesley Hall. A dejected looking man was strolling aimlessly down the library walk when Evelyn crashed into him with a thud."

"Evelyn!"

"Eddie!"

Strong arms pulled her to the shelter of the porch, and a warm, dry overcoat enveloped her tiny, bedraggled person. "Why, gosh! Evelyn, this is a shame," Eddie comforted, as he listened to the broken, sobbing story and watched the retreating figure of Professor Shelley J. Waters.

"I'm—I'm through with poetry forever! I'll never read another poem as long as I live!"

"Oh, yes you will," Eddie laughed as he tightened his hold about her. "Because I've found another one that makes me think of you."

"What?"

"Didn't you get 'She Walks in Beauty'? Well, I know another one that I made up myself, and its exactly three words long."

"Say it, Eddie!"

And Eddie said it.

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