6-1926

The Connecticut College Quarterly, Vol. 5 No. 3

Connecticut College

The Connecticut College Quarterly

June, 1926

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, CONN.

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Students, Professors, and Alumnae are urged to contribute. All articles should be addressed to the Editor of the Connecticut College Quarterly, Connecticut College, Box 59, New London, Connecticut. Terms $.40 a year; $.10 the copy.

THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERY

Published by Students of Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut

Volume V. **JUNE, 1926** **No. 3**

CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF JOAN OF ARC

WHO is that, astride a black palfrey, who rides across the pages of history, down through the ages, a living, magnetic figure? Who is that wearing a suit of white armour and carrying aloft a white banner embroidered with fleurs de lis? It is Joan of Arc, that slip of a girl of eighteen, rallying her followers to save France. In her free hand she brandishes an ancient sword. Woman that she is, however, she has never used that sword to bring physical hurt to anyone. Is she not gloriously beautiful as her spirit, shining through deep brown eyes, persuades men to deeds of bravery?

We see her again on the coronation-day of her King, Charles VII. How devoted and proud she is as she stands beside him holding high the same white banner symbolic of God's favor for France. In her pride, however, there is nothing of vanity. She neither sees nor hears the applause of her heroism. All that she has done has been wholeheartedly and unselfishly for the cause of Charles. She is proud only in him.

Perusing the pages of history, we get another vivid picture of Joan. It is on the days of her trial for sorcery. How different are her surroundings now! She is alone midst the inquisitors. Nonetheless she faces her judges boldly, answering their queries with wise, thoughtful replies. Hers is the self-confidence born of a spirit unconcerned over its own earthly welfare.

What power has been given this remarkable woman—perhaps the most heroic in history—to have enabled her to lead hundreds of rude, unskilled men to victory, accomplishing what had been considered impossible by men of experience and learning? In days of success and in days of desolation she presents a picture of admirable strength and spirit. To what elements either of inherent character or of divine guidance can we credit Joan's fame?

It is necessary that we go a little into the story of those troublous times in

order to get a background for an answer to these questions. France was in desperate need of a leader if she were not to surrender certain territory to the British. Defeat had disheartened and demoralized the army; a leader of magnetic, almost spiritual control, was needed. Moreover, this was the age of chivalry, an age in which women held an almost sacred position in the eyes of men. Consequently, a pure, brave girl, coming unspoiled from the hills of Domremy, with reports of heavenly visions, had exceptional opportunity to gain prestige among the simple, superstitious peasant-soldiers, if not among their envious, grudging, superior officers. The time was ripe for Joan, but, of course, we must seek a cause more than mere opportuneness for an answer to our question.

Joan of Arc had supreme self-confidence. Perhaps to this trait more than to any other was due her influence. No single incident could illustrate this characteristic; she displayed it throughout her life. Her confidence in herself was born of her belief that the angels of heaven guided her. No matter how plausible the source of her self-confidence, it is conceivable that without such a trait Joan would never have risen above her natural position of a simple shepherdess. To the eye of worldly wisdom her resolution was absurd: she had no military experience, no learning, no wealth, no friends. Nevertheless, there was something so strange, so persistent, so honest about her that the governor of Vancouleurs, after her second visit to him, reported her case to the King. So decided and imperative was she in her interview with the Dauphin that royal orders were given to obey her. Thus, Joan received command of the army.

Joan's determination was illustrated by an incident before she left her home in Domremy. Her family, hoping to turn her from her strange desire to "command the armies," attempted to marry her to a young villager. Upon her refusal of his offer, the young man proclaimed that in her childhood she had promised to marry him and proceeded to take the case to court, thinking that she would yield rather than be so unmaidenly as to go to court. To the surprise of the whole village, Joan went to court, denied the charge, and was dismissed.

Very pious was Joan. Hers was the simple, unquestioning faith of the time which accepted good and evil with the same resignation. In her little village, Joan was early recognized as an exceptionally devout child. Though she grew up and did as the other girls of her class, helping with household duties and later tending the sheep, she was known to be somehow different from them. A childhood companion, who was questioned at the trial of Joan, gives this evidence: "I have been at her father's house and slept with her often, in all love. She was a very good girl, simple and gentle. She was fond of going to church and to holy places. She spun and attended the house like other girls. She confessed frequently and in her spare time cared for the village sick. She blushed when she was told that she was too devout."

The success of the maid of France was due, also, to the feeling the people had that she was sent from God. Joan herself believed that she was; the

peasant folk believed that she was; who are we to say that she was not? She certainly exemplified all the Christ-like virtues during her life. Strange was her power of intuition, if we insist upon calling it that. Certainly the simple peasants had less trouble convincing themselves of her divinity than we sophisticated moderns have. The sacred mystery about Joan compelled the people to do her bidding, whether to them it was reasonable or unreasonable.

A very interesting example of Joan's mysticism was her sword. It had been found upon her intimation behind the altar of St. Catherine-de-Fierbair. All her success she credited to her sword. Her fortune changed after she had broken her sword in striking some Comçon woman about the Camp. The pieces could not be welded together. Such stories bore great weight with her countrymen first in making them believe her God's agent and then, in causing them to abandon her as a witch.

Though Joan herself, in her modesty, proclaimed, "I am but an untaught lass who cannot ride and direct the wars," she, unlike the generals with whom she rode, divined the temper of the enemy and foresaw how they would behave. Throughout her generalship she displayed remarkable good sense. She seemed to have that inherent power and foresight of good generals to strike swiftly and strongly at the enemy's point of weakness. She spoke and acted like a captain.

In these days, so long after the time of Joan of Arc, we have no definite proof as to how authentic are the reports concerning her divinity. We must believe, if we will, or disbelieve, scoffing at stories so mysterious in these days of "enlightenment." To the French, however, Joan has become "Sainte Jeanne." Her canonization in the Roman Catholic Church took place in 1909. In the Great War soldiers of the Allies claimed to see her beckoning them on to glory. They did not ask for definite proofs of her divinity. In the realm of literature Joan has had a great influence. She has been the inspiration of such writings as Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans."

We need not regard Joan of Arc a saint if we do not wish to do so. All will agree, surely, that the story of her life is one of beauty and inspiration.

POEM

I have friends—
My friends have me.
But there is a me, my friends
Can't see.

It is the me that walks alone—
It is the me I have at home—
Or, if at home I sit with friends,
And politely try to make amends
For bluntness and stupidity—
It is just because the nicest me—
Has left me there alone, you see.

PATTERNS

WHAT myriad suggestions does the word "patterns" offer you? Squares, diagonals, stripes, figures? Then leave your prosy, work-a-day world and come for a day with me to a fanciful, whimsical one where you shall see dainty, more delicate patterns.

Dawn in a valley. A canopy of bluish grey tied at the four corners of the heavens. There on the eastern horizon, tinges of a glowing, light, fore-runner of the glorious burst of blazing splendor to come. . . . A gleaming, glistening, railroad track stretching into the distant emptiness. Cross-tie intruding upon cross-tie. Stripes,—dazzling, confusing, innumerable. . . . Tall telegraph poles reaching into the dizzy grey heights. Cross-arms—more stripes across the sky . . . . yawning squares between the bars . . . . little drops of green glass dripping from the outstretched arms . . . . Spikes, like tiny steps to heaven, protruding from the nuded tree trunks. Black wires, suggestive of a lurid world beyond, stretching and dipping from pole to pole, intruding upon the serenity of the cloudless sky. Peaceful, pleasing patterns, those.

High noon in the valley. A new canopy of bluest blue. Funny little white clouds madly chasing each other in squares and stripes and figures across the smiling vast blue spaces; red, white and yellow houses running unresistingly up the hillsides in crazy diagonals and stripes. Stripes of white road marked across the green of the hillside. Dark patches and figures resting here and there . . . . Crazy, vivid, colorful patterns, those . . . .

Twilight at the river's edge. Ominous, lowering grey overhead . . . . Long black fingered arms of ships' masts searching, probing the gloomy spaces overhead for unrevealed secrets . . . . Intricate weblike silhouette of a distant bridge yawning across the silvery ribbon of river . . . . Smoke stacks of dormant river craft lifting their smudgy stocky outlines above the sky line. Large chimneys from near-by foundries stretching defiantly, indignantly into the blasty air. Wireless antennae woven like spiders' webs rearing their alert questioning wires into the tingling, trembling air waves of an outer world . . . . Magnificent man-made patterns, those . . . .

Evening on the river bank. Twinkling dots of light spotting the opposite banks like pieces of stars in the grey black velvet of the evening sky . . . . Lights on the river, shimmering, glimmering on a restless tide . . . . Reflections of black chimneys and ships' masts; calm, quiescent, subdued . . . . Moving lights on the river and the shore . . . . restless diagonals and diamonds . . . . yellow particles of brightness, ceaseless, unchanging . . . . Squares and blocks of stolid buildings about me . . . . Black trees raising fanlike brushes to the spotted velvet of the starry sky. Softly black, soothing patterns, those . . . .

Do you like a world where patterns are squares and stripes and dizzy diagonals, or would you like to live in my world of trees, and ships and skies and lovely things?. . . . It is a lovely world.

THOUGHTS TAKEN FROM A RAMBLE

Out in the fields where I walked to-day,
At first, I saw only the old, the gray,
The dried, the withered, the brown, and the sere
Of all Nature's beauty that lived last year.

As longer I looked on this woodland scene,
I found some new mosses, all tender and green,—
Some leaflets and buds that were young, and wild,
And filled with the life of a growing child.

And as I walked, I said: "It is bold
For Nature to mingle the young with the old,—
It is wrong for Nature to put them here,
The dead leaves with green leaves, the new moss with sere."

So I thought then, but now I know
That in man's life it is ever so;
The feeble and old are mingled with new,
Beginnings with endings, the false with the true.

METAMORPHOSIS

I once knew a world of simple beauty, of sunlight, stars, and birds; and in that world was life, and love, and kindness. Its people were a happy people. They wept sometimes to see a raincloud blot out the sun, but they smiled again as surely as that sun would shine. And all this world belonged to a beneficent, venerable Power who dwelt out there beyond the stars.

I lived in this world and I loved it well, but one day there came a strange restlessness upon me, like that upon the dragonfly that has not found his wings and creeps from his water home to a bending spear of grass, and finds that they are springing from within himself. How strong and beautiful he is, how far he may adventure forth! Ah! but the soft blue walls of pickerel-weed are no longer the boundaries of his world. The limpid pond, wearing water-lilies on its breast is itself but a jewel on the broad expanse of earth. He would fly to the warm glowing sun, but he wearies himself with trying and finds it shining just as far away.

So too I thought to search the farthest corners of reality, and to gather truths as one gathers shells along the margin of the sea. I traveled far and grew weary, but I found that ever the pathways grew wider and branched into a clueless labyrinth. I looked beyond the stars and found only a greater galaxy, not a kindly Power that set them spinning round.

It has gone, that pleasant world of loveliness, and in its place has come an endless stretch of burning beauty, formless shadows of a never quite discovered truth.

THE SPIRIT OF COMEDY

"Good Master Raymond Tully, you look wise.
Pray correct that error."

IF it were not for the ministrations of the chuckling race the literature of the world would be but a sad pasture: just as the world itself, were it not for its occasional merry hearts, would be dismal as Tophet and life "but an old song." These kindly folk that gad about chuckling when most are dour and glum cannot be too fondly praised. Mostly they are amiable and gentle fellows who tickle our frailties and prick us where the flesh is proud. But at their best they are dauntless and magnificent men-at-arms, knight-errants in the universe, who war with wit as stilletto and rapier, with humor as battle-ax, for the immaculate truth. To the world, smugly content and primly serious in its delusions, to the man of the world, as grave in his petty commonwealth of gold and glory as the trilobite in its primeval mud, comes the chuckler:

"The gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man a fool."

Humor, as has been said these thousand years, is sanity. The humorist stands for the sanity of the universe, he is the highest critic. Human life as an end in itself, is vain. We need not go to the sages to learn that; we can look out of the window at the stars and learn it well enough. "Broken hearts," exploded dreams, unremembered faces—all that is very petty against eternity. The greatest individual tragedies are microscopic, ultra-microscopic, against time that has been and will be—and nothing against that greater and timeless being within us which knows nothing of yesterday and to-morrow. Man's joys are as vain as his pains. The jelly-fish, too, like the louse and the bumble-bee, has its sorrows and delights.

Man should remember this, yet he does not. The poet—the representative man—reproduces for him his world and his emotions. He intensifies, sublimates experience. He makes the broken heart more broken and the blithe heart blither. It is all very serious, all very important. The weakness of the poet is that, like Pompey the Great, he cannot take a joke. And man, with his poets to sing him to sleep, goes about the world, if he be disappointed, solemn as an owl; if he be pleased, merry as a grasshopper, vain and loud of mouth. His sorrows crush him and his joys make him drunken.

He becomes, then, engrossed in self. He considers the universe from the axle of his individuality like the fly in the fable which perched upon the axle of the chariot and made such a fluster. The eternal ideals of the God that made the world, of the Mind that underlies the world, he forgets. And in their place he sets up his own petty gods of convenience, his own personal ideals of avarice, of ambition, of pleasure and vain-glory. He presides in this world of his own making, grave and solemn as the King of Babylon. He calls it all very good, he grows proud. And he reigns in the palaces of dreams with great pomp and importance until after a time when the joke is old, the monstrous humorist, Death, brushes him into oblivion like an insect.

Thus is man in the world. But, by some divine and never-too-much-to-be-praised dispensation, the Spirit of Comedy comes periodically chuckling through creation to make him hesitate and consider himself. The Spirit of Comedy comes whispering into his ear that his shams are after all but shams, and that his glory is after all but vain-glory. It comes telling him that his petty gods of convenience are merely so many mud idols, and laughable ones, at that. Next to the saints and the prophets who point out to man the right path to salvation, are those who show him he is upon the wrong. And these men, in whom the Spirit of Comedy is manifest incarnate, must needs catch his ear with laughter, or he would not note them at all—no more than he does the saints.

To the King of Babylon comes the harlequin who hints that the Kingdom of Babylon is but a house of cards, and even the death of the King of Babylon is somewhat of a jest.

This Spirit of Comedy becomes incarnate periodically, as comets come, and the succession of the seasons. It is an unfortunate generation indeed which does not have its great ironist, or satirist, or humorist. The world has been graced from the beginning by a magnificent hierarchy of laughter which stands shoulder to shoulder with the philosophers and the poets and the saints, a little below the angels—a splendid cohort of warriors, clad in that invincible mail of irony or laughter, who have warred eternally upon human vanity and human delusion and human hypocrisy, showing man, if not what a god he may be, at least what an ass he is.

Democritus, Aristippus, Menander, Aristophanes, Lucian, Juvenal, Plautus, Terence, Martial, Montaigne, Cervantes, Molière, Fielding, Smollett, Addison, Steele, Swift, Sterne, Voltaire, Lamb, Thackeray, Dickens, Hume, Meredith, Marebeau, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Anatole France! One can imagine their "very dust a-laughing for thinking of the humorous thing called life."

The bastions of human vanity stand most often firm against the onslaught of righteousness; to the dour Puritan and the howling dervish they offer a breast of steel. But they crumble at the onslaught of laughter, and their defendants scurry away.

POEM

The day is done, and the evening
Steals like a hooded ghost,
Folding the earth in her silence.
Deep as the ancient oak;
Deep as the whispering wind sounds
That murmur and rise and fall;
Deep as the surge of the ocean—
All powerful—conquering all.

TIMBER

ON every side were trees, stately sentinels that wove their lofty heads into filigreed arches high above him. Their massive bulks, the product of centuries, gave him a feeling of security and rest and filled him with mental peace. These ever destroyed by fire? How impossible! He was drawing his pay check from the government as a forest ranger not to play guardian to these trees, but to ride amongst them and let his soul expand in their beauty.

Thus ran the ranger's thoughts as he rode slowly down the massive aisle. His horse's hoofs made no sound as they sunk at each step into the trail of pine needles. A great quiet—the deep, eternal quiet of a cathedral—hung over him. Not even the soft voices of the long green pines whispered in the still air. He bowed his head in half-conscious prayer to the silent reverence of the forest.

The sun rose to its morning level, and shone on the rest of the world in its noon intensity. But in the forest it was dim and cool. The trees were as mighty bulwarks against the sun as against time. Only to the ravages of fire do they bow their pride. But here and there a tiny beam filtered through the branches and made square patches of warmth on the ground, causing the wood flowers in its light to expand in loveliness.

The narrow aisle undulated softly through the flat floor of the forest valley, and then rose suddenly up the very face of the mountain. The majesty of the cathedral pines gave way to sprawling scrubs, cowering close to the earth. The sun's rays, released from the iron bondage of the forest below, struck the ranger in all their force. They lighted every shadow on his face and emphasized the bronze of his skin. The horse stumbled beneath him on a loose stone and sent it clattering against the rocks around it. The softness of the valley gave place to a harsh grandeur that all western mountains have—and only western men love. Huge glaring boulders cropped out of the earth around him, and were bridged together with bushes of hardy mesquite and an occasional juniper. Now and again the trail itself would disappear into a solid, glassy stretch of granite, sloping dangerously downward, and falling suddenly into a cliff which ended a thousand feet below. Here, at least, there could be no fire.

The trail went steadily upward. The horse, wiry and hard, kept up his slow pace, but his flanks and neck began to show their tell-tale glitter. Clouds of dust rose from his hoofs enveloping the lean, gray-green coated figure astride him—and settling upon the bushes on either side of the trail. A rattlesnake hissed its warning from the heat of a flat rock, and then forgot them.

The sun grew hotter and the earth fairly crackled in the dryness. The slightest spark from a half-extinguished cigarette, or from some natural cause, would set this whole mountain ablaze. It is to watch and guard against such carelessness and danger that this man rides his horse through the forest and up the mountain.

The ranger shoved his Stetson to the back of his head with a characteris-

tic gesture, and slouched down against the cantle of the saddle. The reins hung loosely in his gauntletted hand, and rubbed a lather of dust and sweat on the horse's neck. His right hand lay on the pommel, and his seemingly boneless body rocked to the heavy shamble of the horse. His whole attitude was one of the most utter indifference. Yet his eyes vigilantly swept the miles of timber country below him, and the one underlying thought in his mind was "Fire."

The trail ceased its winding climb and fell into the flat plateau that was the top of the mountain, and ran its dusty way around the entire rim. The horse followed it for a few minutes, then stopped, his head hanging over the immense precipice. Contentedly he eyed its bottom. But the ranger, in contrast to the laxness of the horse, straightened himself to his splendid height, and swept his eyes, alert, yet seemingly dreamy, as are the eyes of all men who are used to looking at huge spaces, over the thousands of miles of country below. Broad, calm valleys rolled up into mountains and then down again into steep chasms through which coursed deep rivers, and over all was the dull green, indefinite haze of timber.

The silence of infinite space spread over the ranger, as he sat, motionless—the vigilante committee of the forests, the ceaseless watcher for fire.

SHE

THE general laughter of the guests may have been caused by her ebony fragility, or by the red impertinence of her dancing dress; as to which fact, I am uncertain. At any rate, there she stood, her diminutive figure glaring beneath the bright lights of one of the night clubs of the city. As the first moans of the saxophone wailed out into the cloud of cigarette smoke, the small entertainer, with all the assurance of her probable four years, stepped into the middle of the floor. It was her assurance, perhaps, which caught my attention, and, twisting my body around in my chair, I turned to face the dance floor and its occupant.

With the first pointing of her red-slippered foot, uncontrollable laughter again burst forth from the guests sitting at the crowded tables. I did not laugh; I suppose it was because she looked so small beside the broad shoulders of the men, small, even, beside the closest draped women. But, so far as she cared, my laughter might have been added to that of the rest; with infant imperturbability she progressed with her dance. She might as well, for all of us, have been dancing before her own ramshackle "shanty." With seductive hitchings of her tiny, shapeless body, she tripped through the symbolized emotions of her desperately tragic race. I can still see her as her red slippers patted the floor, and as her small black arms moved with the rhythmic swinging of her hips. When I realized the tragedy of it all, I think that then, unless, indeed, my memory is at fault, I laughed a little.

The dance was over with a final blast of the saxophone. She, however, was not through with her activities. With mad abandon the red dress

appeared to skim over the floor as its wearer sought, fairly pounced on, the coins cast insolently from the tables. I caught the flare of her costume here, there, wherever the rattle of the falling silver attracted her ear. At last, on the step formed by the platform of the orchestra, she sat down, clutching with unnatural realization the glittering earnings won by her entertainment. The startling black features of the little creature, in their pinched appreciation of the monetary results of the night, brought forth more laughter; she was a true child of Dark Town. For some inexplicable reason I did not laugh. I was, perhaps, silent because she looked so small. Then, too, when I recall the matter, I remember that she was thin.

SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare, great god, from out whose mind there sprung,
Like Pallas from the head of Jove, full orbed,
A world that cannot die while man is man.
Far-seeing eye that found a beauty, where
No lesser sight could trace it. Searched and found
The clue that solved the mazy labyrinth
Of human hearts. Sweet singer that far scattered
Your poppy seeds of dreams. Majestic thought
Was yours who shaped this world we know,
And thus ennobled man.

POEM

Do you ask, do you ask,
Where the sunbeams have slept
Till the night and the winter are gone?

Have you heard, have you heard,
That mysterious call
Of the spring as she welcomes the dawn?

Did you see, did you see,
Where a crocus had burst
From the ground in a bubble of gold?

Have you dreamed, have you dreamed,
From a whisper of spring
Of a secret that need not be told?

Then I say, then I say,
That she holds you today
With a charm that is old as the world.

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE

THERE is a rhythm in life like the ebbing and flowing of tides. Nature obeys it in the seasons. Spring marks the turning of the outgoing to the incoming tide with a wave of bloom and verdure. It swells to maturity in summer, reaches high water in the full fruition of the harvest, and sinks to low tide in the sleep time of winter.

It is so with Nature's child—man. Childhood is the budding spring-time. The tide of life rises to maturity, culminates in the harvest-time of labor, and then ebbs slowly out to the winter-time of age.

The tidal rhythm is evident in all we do. In manual work the muscles "warm up" to their task, reach the climax of their efficiency, and are slowly retarded by fatigue. Creative work of all kinds has its ebb and flow. Every artist has his moment of genius; every artist has a time of mediocrity. Tennyson observed the low tide of his creative effort with silence. If more were to follow his example, the world would be annoyed by fewer indifferent works, and, perhaps, be blessed with more masterpieces.

In every-day experiences, too, the rise and fall is noticeable. In fact, it is a matter of common knowledge expressed in numerous aphorisms. Someone at the peak of good fortune, or at a moment of supreme happiness, will say, "It's too perfect; it can't last; the tide will turn." Again, if a mortal feels that he has utterly failed, and that he has reached the lowest possible depths, someone will exclaim, "The darkest hour comes before the dawn!"

Not only in material affairs, but in less tangible matters, the rhythm is apparent. Our very life is governed by the rhythm of the heart-beat. In itself purely and simply a muscular motion, it makes possible every other process of our mental and physical existence, every response of heart and mind.

Interest and attention come in waves, as anyone who habitually appeals to an audience knows. There is always a high point at which we are most deeply touched. This point is not the same for everyone; but it is there somewhere. We bring away proof of it in a vivid memory, a remembered snatch of melody.

Love, too, in its larger sense, is periodic. There may be persons in whom love of their work never subsides; they are rare indeed. There are few in whom the love of home and kindred has never struggled with the love of romance and adventure. And the course of love between man and woman must always be an up-hill and down-dale one because of the ever-varying elements of the personal equation.

When we have learned to recognize the tidal rhythm in life we no longer struggle upstream. We reserve our energies for the time when the tide is in our favor.

MY SONG

I made a song one morning—
Sang it to myself

Lest I forget it.
I made a song,
Wove it with pictures
Of things I knew.
I made a song one morning,
And gave it to one
Who loves these pictures, too.

I sang of the great blue lake,
Of shining sands
Where children play.
I sang of the banks
Of shale and clay
Where we have climbed.
I sang of the fields
Of tall milkweed,
Whose green pods
Hide the fluffy, silver seeds—
"Our fish" we called them.
Of how we wrote our names
On slabs of clay,
Baked them in the sun
And hid them in our ovens
Far away
Under the cast-up drift wood.
I told of all those joyous, sunny days
When we were young,
And raced together
Over wave-smoothed sands,
Turned our sunburnt faces
To the winds,
And let our light hair fly.
I sang of distant freighters,
Of wave-tossed lake
And stormy sky.

I made a song one morning,
Sang it to myself
Lest I forget it.
I made a song,
Wove it with pictures
Of things I knew.
I made a song one morning,
And gave it to one
Who loves these pictures, too.

TWELVE STONES IN A ROW, AND ME

ONCE I walked until I came to Twelve Stones in a Row, and I sat down on the Sixth Stone, which was a very ordinary looking stone, and wrote a verse. I have never showed the verse to anybody, because it made me very sad indeed. It was so basely modern, so crassly optimistic, so blatently shallow that I cried a tear for each of the eleven stones that I wasn't sitting on. And right then, between the fifth tear and the sixth, I realized that if I didn't look out very carefully I would develop into a normal human being. Because I didn't want to be normal and know all about vacuum cleaners, and alarm clocks, and galoshes.

After I thought about it several times more, I made eleven more tears, because the stones, except the one I was on, were all very understanding, as stones are apt to be, if people will only allow them to forget themselves. So we started to talk about all my universal problems, that all people have, only never talk about or think about, or attempt to solve, but keep like dead seeds. And each one of the eleven stones agreed with me solemnly that every Normal Person was very un-understanding. Once a thoughtless Normal Person had walked along and kicked each of the Stones in a Row, so they knew exactly the sort of activity to which I was referring.

But the really horrid part about people who are normal and proficient, is that they are apt to accept the Universe, which is the King Sin of all the Sin-Sins. "When people accept the Universe," the Seventh Stone said, "they don't generally bother to do much more about it."

I agreed that an acceptable state of mind sort of cramped their desire to do anything, or create anything but embroidery already stenciled in patterns. The Fifth Stone sighed and said that all the Persons he had ever observed accepting the Universe always were complacent about it.

We all agreed. The Eighth Stone told us that once a Person had sat on him, who had said that very possibly ninety-three per cent. of all the people who thought that on the whole Life was about as well as could be expected, were Persons who had never thought much about Life, until they were in a permanent Niche, which is much the same as a Rut, and couldn't see over the top. Then, of course, they took for granted that Everything was all right. Sometimes, of course, the price of Eggs was exhorbitant, but Eggs are always good ingredients for conversations.

I personally decided that the Eighth Stone was indeed wise. But the Twelfth Stone was even wiser. He subtracted the Ninety-Three Per Cent. of Persons from the One Hundred Per Cent., which is Everybody, and asked what happened to the other Seven Per Cent. And he called the Ninety-Three Per Cents. the Salts of the Earth, because he disliked Salt. After that the Twelve Stones in a Row all talked at exactly the same time, so I didn't. I was really glad afterwards, because they knew a great deal more than I did. One after another they said that the Seven Per Cents. were Philosophers, who tried to Understand, and who Thought instead of Making Noise.

I decided that it must be very worthwhile to be a Thoughtful, Noiseless Philosopher, but I didn't have any more time to think, because all the Stones kept right on talking. They said that Philosophers and Children were a great deal alike, only Philosophers love and understand Life, and Children only love it; and that it was practically impossible to really love Life until a very definite attempt had been made to understand. The Ninth Stone, who was a very quiet type of stone, said that it seemed to him that Philosophers were Children who had grown up correctly, and that the Salts were Children who had mental bow-legs. And then they told me that I should never under any condition accept the Universe, until I had attempted to Understand it for a long Period of Time. So I am never going to be a Normal Person after all. A great many Normal Persons who were interested in my personality will be disappointed and disagreeable, but I don't care because I'm not a Normal Person any more.

All the Stones in a Row and I were silent for several minutes; then I made eleven kissing motions to the eleven Stones I hadn't sat on, and comforted the one I had sat on, and went back to where I had come from. And I was very happy, because I knew Twelve Stones in a Row who didn't want me to be a Salt.

INDIAN PORTAGE

The slender spruce shafts lie
In a huddled heap on the moss-grown sod,
There by the crooked, well-worn way
Where many a weary foot has trod
In slow procession by.

It was but yesterday
When tiny moccasins left their mark
There on the narrow, beaten track—
Early morning 'til evening's dark,
Seeking their weary way.

Each one must carry his pack.
Father, Mother and Sister—all
Bravely shoulder their tedious loads—
They've heard and heeded the forest's call,
And there'll be no turning back!

Too young to carry a load?
See, he has lifted a heavy bag
High on his shoulders—he'll meet the test!
What if his tired feet do lag
Behind on the endless road?

Ah, for a moment's rest!
But no—the others have crossed the hill;
He sees them vanish; without a cry
He drops to the ground—and all is still—
A man can but do his best.

The slender spruce shafts lie
In a huddled heap on the mossy ground,
There by the crooked, well-worn way—
They cover a narrow, moss-grown mound,
Lonely beneath the sky.