

1931

Full Issue

University of New Mexico Press

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University of New Mexico Press. "Full Issue." *New Mexico Quarterly* 1, 4 (1931). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol1/iss4/1>

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Fall Issue

NOV 2 1931



The New Mexico Quarterly

NOVEMBER, 1931



THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

Published by the University of New Mexico in February, May, August, and November.
Entered as second-class matter February 6, 1931, at the post office at Albuquerque,
New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Is Hardy, the Poet, a Pessimist?

By GEORGE ST. CLAIR, PH.D.

STILL this question keeps coming up! Will it ever be settled, or does every reader find in Hardy's poetry just the philosophy which appeals to his peculiar turn of mind? Are the divergent opinions on this question due to the critics reading their own ideas into this poet's work? Mr. George McLean Harper, for instance, holds definitely that Hardy is not a pessimist.¹ On the other hand, in reviewing a new book on Hardy, the reviewer thus comments: "Mr. Brennecke is rather put to it when he comes to the question of optimism or pessimism." And again: "Mr. Brennecke hesitates in his pronouncement . . . but he fortifies himself with what comfort he can against the idea that Mr. Hardy is one (a pessimist) wholeheartedly."²

And then there is one's personal experience. Not long ago I was discussing with a group of friends this very question. No one seemed willing to venture a definite opinion as to the poet's pessimism, though there was almost unanimity as to the pessimistic tone of his novels. These varying views, together with my own interest in the subject, led me to make a study of Hardy's poetry entirely from this point of view. For me, at least, the question is settled for all time, and, though I dare not hope that my conclusions will be accepted or considered as in any way settling this vexing problem, they may be of interest to some lovers of the grand old poet.

Thomas Hardy's published volumes of poetry, including the *Dynasts*, but excluding a tragedy recently published, number eight in all. These are in order of their publication: *Wessex Poems and Other Verse* (1898); *Poems of the*

¹ Hardy, *Houseman, and Hudson*. Scribner's Magazine, August, 1925.

² *Thomas Hardy's Universe*, Ernest Brennecke. Reviewed in *Modern Language Notes*, May, 1925, pp. 310-313.

Past and Present (1902); *The Dynasts* (three parts, 1903-1909); *Times Laughing-stocks* (1909); *Satires of Circumstance* (1914); *Moments of Vision* (1917); *Late Lyrics and Earlier* (1922); *Human Shows, etc.* (1925).

In an attempt at finding some partly scientific basis for my study of this poetry, I divided all the poems in each volume into three classes: Poems of Sorrow and Sadness, Poems of Resignation, and Poems of Cheer; determining the type of each poem by its dominant mood, and making particular note of those which seemed to me to be either pessimistic or optimistic in tone. I have drawn what seemed to me just conclusions from the study of the eight volumes. But, though I approached this study with an open mind, I dare not assert that I was uninfluenced by previous conceptions or misconceptions. I can only say that I have tried to be honest, both with myself and with the poet. I realize that my conclusions are only indications, but I claim they are at least that much.

It is necessary, I think, before proceeding further, to arrive at a clear concept of what constitutes a pessimist. We find that there are two types; one, the philosophical, the other, the constitutional pessimist.

The philosophical pessimist holds that this is the worst possible of all possible worlds; that everything tends towards evil; and that the universe must ultimately reach the same non-existence from which it sprang. As Lascelles Abercrombie says in his stimulating study of Hardy, "Pessimism is not the denial of significance, but the assertion of evil significance."³ These are the doctrines of Schopenhauer, of Hartmann, and of other philosophers of this school.

The second type of pessimist is the man so unfortunately constituted that he perforce looks upon the dark side of everything. Exaggerating the undoubted evils of this life, he views it with a melancholy and jaundiced eye, determined to find a dark lining to the brightest of clouds.

³ *Thomas Hardy*, note, p. 186. Lascelles Abercrombie, Viking Press, 1927.

He is the eternal croaker, best represented by Shakespeare's melancholy Jaques.

This study endeavors to answer these questions: Is the poet Hardy one of these two? Is he either a philosophical or a constitutional pessimist?

Hardy's first volume of poems, *Wessex Poems and Other Verse*, was published in 1898, when the poet was fifty-eight years of age. But as most of the poems were written in his early twenties, they represent the opinions and ideas of his youth, a fact which must be taken into consideration in judging them. There are fifty-one poems in this volume. Twenty-two of these I have classified as sorrowful in mood, twenty-three as resigned, and five as cheerful. It must be admitted that the five cheerful poems are not in the least sense gay. On the other hand, it is to be noted that many of the poems in this volume are dramatic in spirit if not in form, and that a number of them are tales narrated by a third person, so that they do not necessarily represent the poet's own sentiments.

Those poems which contain what seem to me Hardy's own pronouncements upon life and its problems may be divided into two groups. *Hap, She to Him, A Meeting with Despair, Nature's Questionings, and The Heiress and the Architect*, are wholly gray in tone. In these the poet represents Hope as dead, man as the bond-servant of Chance, sunset ending only in night, and "gladdest Life" as neighboring Death. How futile to plan new houses, since we must die!

But we find a faint hope gleaming through the poems of the second group: *My Cicely, Thought of Ph-A.—at News of Her Death, In a Wood, and To a Lady*. Though we still see Nature always in ceaseless conflict, "life-loyalties" are still to be found among mankind; and in spite of Fate itself, "Truth will be truth alway."

From this first volume we must conclude that Hardy's attitude towards life is gloomy. For him man seems to be held fast in the clutches of Destiny and Environment. Yet,

nowhere does he say that life is all evil, or that it is not worth living. Still, he does not seem to find much beauty in life, nor does he, as Housman does, exhort us to make the best of a bad thing. This last attitude is with Hardy a later development. "We are here," he seems to say, "in a puzzling, and not particularly desirable world. I do not say it is all gloom. I do not see much fairness. I just jog along." So I read his first volume of poems.

One must say then, after examining this volume, that the youthful Hardy, while he rather glooms at life, is not a pessimist, no matter which of the accepted meanings we adopt.

The next volume, *Poems of the Past and Present* (1902), contains forty-four poems of sadness, forty-five of resignation, and ten of cheer—ninety-nine in all. The proportion of cheerful poems is about equal to that of the first volume, but the number of significant poems is greater. In fact, so great is their number, that I mention only a few of the most significant.

De Profundis and *To Life* sound the deepest notes of gloom and despair. In the first of these the poet appears as "One who, past doubtings all, waits in unhope"; but likewise as one who recognizes that others find delight in life, who thinks that there is a "Best," and that there may be a way to the "Better"; though he himself has not found these things. *To Life*, is pessimistic in tone, but it ends with a desire to hope. Then again, the almost obsession of Hardy that life is a succession of ironies, is illustrated by the poems, *The Dame of Athelwald*, and *Architectural Masks*. The Dame of Athelwald flees with her lover. Almost immediately, though, she returns, determined not to break up a home, only to overhear her husband congratulating himself on his freedom. In *Architectural Masks* we find that the great, beautiful, poetic-looking old manor-house encloses sordid souls, whereas in the gaudy villa dwelt people who lead a life of fine dreams. Yet, and here lies the irony

of it, people who pass by the two dwellings think that the old mansion enshrines poetic spirits, and that blatant, vulgar beings live in the gingerbread villa. It is poems like these that draw from careless readers the accusation of pessimist. But the fact remains that Hardy *does* recognize the existence of fine souls and of poetic dreams. Would a pessimist do this?

This second volume has also a number of hopeful, almost optimistic poems. Among these the finest and most typical are: *The Going of the Battery*, *The Colonel's Soliloquy*, *Shelley's Skylark*, *Ode at the Pyramid of Cestius*, *The Bullfinches*, *A Song of Hope*, *Winter in Durnover Field*, and *The Darkling Thrush*. Neither a philosophical nor a constitutional pessimist could possibly have written these poems, especially the splendid tributes to Shelley and Keats, the "two immortal shades." How could a man who regards life with a jaundiced eye have composed these lovely and inspiring lines from *A Song of Hope*:

Hope, for a gleaming,
Soon will be streaming,
Dimmed by no gray - -
No gray.

.. . . .
The night cloud is hieing;
Tomorrow shines soon - -
Shines soon!

In this collection we find also a doctrine which had not before found expression in Hardy's poetry. It is best summed up in *The Bullfinches*. Though these little singers realize that Nature does not try to comfort or shield her children, do they for that reason give up in despair? No, they chant

Come, then, brethren, let us sing
From the dawn to evening!
For we know not that we go not - -
When the day's pale pinions fold,
Unto those who sang of old.

What though the world be a cheerless place, one must sing!

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This volume, then, does not present Hardy as a complete pessimist. There is pessimism, it is true, but still there is hope, too.

We come now to that magnificent epic-drama, reckoned by almost unanimous consent Hardy's grandest achievement. "In *The Dynasts* I find all of Hardy," writes Henry S. Canby. If this estimate be true, and such it undoubtedly is, then an examination of this colossal work should reveal to us the real attitude of the poet towards this tangle called life. Especially in the comments of the Spirit Choruses, more particularly in those of the Pities, the quintessence of the Hardyan philosophy is enshrined.

In the Fore Scene to Part One, the chorus of the Pities would substitute for Napoleon and his kind "men of kinder build,"

Those, too, who love the true, the excellent,
And make their daily moves a melody.

Further on (Part Two, Act III, Scene I), the Spirit of the Pities, rebuking the Spirit of Irony for his mockery, says

Mock on, Shade, if thou wilt! But others find
Poesy ever lurks where pit-pats poor mankind.

Is such sympathy proper to a pessimist?

Part Three begins with Napoleon's disastrous expedition to Russia. In Act I, Scene X, the Spirits are discovered watching the terrible Battle of the Beresina. Among their most notable comments we find

"Then women are seen in the water-flow, limply bearing
their infants, between wizened white arms stretching above.

"Yea, Motherhood sheerly sublime in her last despairing,
and lighting her darkest declension with love."

Is this the voice of a constitutional pessimist?

Another of the many memorable scenes of this super-epic-drama is found in Scene XV, Act IV, Part Three. As the defeated emperor muses, alone, in bitterness of heart, deserted by his most trusted marshals, and even by his serv-

ants, the Spirits, hovering above the tragic scene, thus philosophize:

Spirit Ironie

A picture this for kings and subjects too!

Spirit of the Pities

Yet is it but Napoleon who has failed,

The pale, pathetic people plod on

Through hoodwinkings to light!

It is in their searing comments upon the blind, helpless "Will," which is supposed to manage what most of them regard as a senseless show, that the Spirits are most bitter. And it is in his conceptions of this driveling unintelligence, as he considers Him, that the poet is most the pessimist.

The final scene of the tremendous drama is placed in the Overworld. After gaunt, emaciated Europe has sunk prone to its blood-won rest, the Spirits thus sum up the drama:

Semi-Chorus I

Though times be when the mortal moan
Seems unascending to thy Throne,
Though seers do not as yet explain
My suffering sobs to Thee in vain;

Semi-Chorus II

We hold that Thy unscanted slope
Affords a foot for final Hope,
That, mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh
Life's loom to lull it by-and-by.

Semi-Chorus I of the Years

O Immanence that reasonest not
In putting forth all things begot,
Thou buildest Thy home in space—for what?

Semi-Chorus II

O loveless, hateless, past the sense
Of kindly-eyed benevolence,
To what tune danceth this Immense?

Spirit Ironie

For one I cannot answer, but I know
'Tis handsome of you Pities, so to sing

The praises of the dreaming, dark, dumb thing,
That turns the handle of this idle Shew!

Final Chorus

But a stirring fills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the Ages

Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered
from the darts that were,
Unconsciousness the Will informing, till
it fashions all things fair!

So on this wondrous note of hope, ends the vast drama!

But what of *The Dynasts*? Does it exhibit Hardy as a pessimist? I think not. A fatalist, yes, but not a pessimist! So often does the poet present men dying glorious deaths, that one feels he must have thought the life they had lived worth living; else he had never given them such splendid exits. Besides, in spite of Hardy's own disclaimer in his preface, we are justified in considering the sentiments of the Pities as his own, and these, as has been shown, end the play in a strain of high hope. Finally, the tender pity which breathes like a lyric strain throughout the entire work renders it impossible that a pessimist could have written it. The poet of *The Dynasts* is no pessimist!

In the same year (1909) in which Part Three of *The Dynasts* was published, appeared also *Time's Laughingstocks*, a volume containing ninety-four poems. Thirty-three of these may be called sorrowful poems, forty-three are resigned in tone, and eighteen are cheerful. The proportion of cheerful poems is much greater than in the preceding volumes, but the number of significant poems is less. It would seem, after all, that Hardy is at his best in his more sombre moods.

A note of despair is struck in two of these poems, *Before Life and After*, and *New Year's Eve*. The central idea in both of them is that it is better never to have known consciousness than to be forced to live in such a diseased world. But in *Her Father*, and *The Roman Road*, the poet

sings of the permanence of father love, and the beauty and strength of mother love. Surely not themes that a pessimist would choose.

Let Me Enjoy, is animated by that spirit of unquenchable hope which dwells in Hardy, almost in his own despite. In this poem, a singer, though realizing that the Creator has other aims than our delight, and that the lady whom he adores looks not on him, still determines to sing the raptures of love and life, just as if they were his own, and,

Perhaps some day, toward Paradise,
—And all its blest, if such should be—
I shall lift glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.

There is a poem in this same volume, *To Sincerity*, in which we find a doctrine that seems to have inspired Hardy in all of his writings; that we can make nothing out of life unless we face it fairly and squarely. Life may be sad and youth may know it, and yet they refuse to look facts in the face;

Yet, would men look at true things,
And unilluded view things,
And count to bear undue things,
The real might mend the seeming,
Facts better their foredeeming,
And Life its disesteeming.

Thus ends this volume too on a note of hope.

Several years passed before Hardy published his next volume of poems, *Satires of Circumstance* (1914). Included in this collection are *Lyrics and Reveries*, and *Miscellaneous Pieces*, there being 107 poems in the book. The proportion of cheerful poems is small. Thirty-eight are sad in mood, sixty are resigned, though of these sixty many are ironic in spirit, and nine may be called cheerful. Those poems properly denominated *Satires of Circumstance*, are all ironic, many of them bitterly so. In them gleams neither hope nor cheer.

We find in some of these poems, however, a sort of resigned hope, a profound pity, and a desire to make the best

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of things. In *a Complaint to Man*, God speaks. He recognizes that He is but what man has made Him, and that He is ever dwindling, dwindling; it is likewise clear to Him that man had needed to create a God, else he had never been able to "bear the irk no local hope beguiles." Now, since He is growing less, man must face the fact that some time He will be no more, and he must meet

The facts of life with dependence placed
On the human heart's resource alone,
In brotherhood bonded close and graced
With loving-kindness fully blown,
And visioned help, unsought, unknown.

A pessimist who believes in loving-kindness and brotherhood!

To me one of the most artistic and appealing of all Hardy's poems is *A Pair of Satin Shoes*. Here is the lovely picture of the heroine of this pathetic tale.

She was as fair as early day
Shining on meads unmown,
And her sweet syllables seemed to play
Like flute-notes softly blown.

It had been the dream of this maiden's life to walk to her wedding in satin shoes. But, when that happy day finally came, it was storming so fiercely that she was forced to put on thick, ugly boots. Her heart broke. From the moment of the wedding ceremony she sickened, until she finally went mad. Attendants came to take her to the mad-house. Fighting and struggling at first, she is at last pacified by their promise to allow her to wear her satin shoes. So she drives happily away.

Yet she was as fair as early day
Shining on meads unmown,
And her sweet syllables seemed to play
Like flute-notes softly blown.

The pity of it! Not pessimism but pitying clear-sightedness is here!

This same volume contains the poem, *Men Who March Away*. Although a dramatic lyric, it might be the poet's own chant of victory:

We will see what we are doing,
Though some may not see!
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust.
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Again the paean of hope and faith!

To 1917 belongs *Moments of Vision*. In this volume are 141 poems, fifty-two of which may be classified as sorrowful, eighty as resigned, and nine as cheerful. The number of cheerful poems is thus seen to be very small, but the tone of many of them is hopeful.

In a Museum, At Madame Tussaud's, In a Waiting-room, and For Life I Had Never Cared Greatly, are among the most significant of these hopeful poems. The poet *In a Museum* is reminded as he looks at an ancient bird, of a sweet contralto voice he had heard the previous evening. "Perhaps," he muses, "the song of this ancient bird has not perished, but is blent or will be blent."

Mid visionless wilds of space with the voice that I heard
In the full-fugued song of the Universe unending.

At Madame Tussaud's is a tribute to a fiddler who had played for forty years in the same orchestra. "May he find the Fair Haven! Gamuts that graced forty years flight were not a small thing." Achievement, however small, counts for something. How hope may "spread a glory through the gloom," is shown *In a Waiting-room*. This same undying hope sings through the last poem of the volume, *For Life I Had Never Cared Greatly*. Never had he cared greatly for life, not thinking its misadventures worth

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a man's while. But, after many years have passed, he sees, on a dull, gray day, a "star uncloaked, burning through the fog-damp, as bright as a brand."

And so, the rough journey forgetting,
I pace hill and dale,
Regarding the sky,
Regarding the vision on high,
And thus re-illumed, have no humour for letting
My pilgrimage fail.

One must inevitably conclude that the poet of *Moments of Vision* is not a pessimist.

Late Lyrics and Earlier is Hardy's last significant volume of poetry. As gallantly flame upward the fires of inspiration in the veteran of eighty-two as they did in the youth of twenty. This collection contains 151 poems. Twenty-six of these I find sorrowful in mood, eighty-eight resigned, and thirty-seven cheerful. One notes at once the greater proportion of cheerful poems. Does this mean that the poet is becoming dulled to life's tragedies? Does he see life less clearly? Or has the unquenchable spirit of hope, which shines through many of his earlier poems, often, it would seem, in spite of himself, finally risen triumphant? I firmly believe the latter to be true.

Of the many memorable poems in this notable volume, I have space for the briefest mention of only a few. *Curtains Drawn*, *Going and Staying*, *A Young Man's Exhortation*, *At Lulworth Cove*, *The City Shopwoman*, *The Collector Cleans His Picture*, *She Revisits Alone the Church of Her Marriage*, and *An Ancient to Ancients*. The first and last of these demand, however, somewhat further consideration.

He muses *In Curtains Drawn* of how she had used to sing to him, while the wind howled outside the tightly drawn curtains. And the song:

O the dream that thou art my Love, be it thine,
And the dream that I am thy Love, be it mine,
And death may come, but loving is divine.

And now, standing by her grave, soaked by the rain, and surrounded by grass-grown graves which preach "Life is vain!" he still hears the notes she once sang to him:

And death may come, but loving is divine.

An Ancient to Ancients is a splendid swan-song, a song of triumph, a hymn of victory. "Old age hath yet his honours and his toil," sang Ulysses. This same buoyant optimism pervades Hardy's poem. Even though, "We who met sunrise sanguine-souled Are wearing weary," there is still work which we can do. Many great souls of antiquity "Burnt brightlier towards their wedding day, Gentlemen,"

And ye, red-lipped and smooth browed, list,
Gentlemen:

Much is there waits you we have missed,
Much lore we leave you worth the knowing,
Much, much has lain outside our ken:

Nay, rush not: time serves: we are going,
Gentlemen.

Write me down an ass if the writer of this forward-looking verse is a pessimist!

Hardy's last volume of poems appeared in 1925, under the title, "Human Shows, Phantasies, Songs and Trifles." It contains ballads, dramatic dialogues, epigrams, and songs. To me there is a distinct decline of power visible in this collection. There is occasional beauty, it is true, flashes of insight, but there are few truly significant poems, and few lines that sing themselves. Everything seems toned down into a minor key.

There are 152 poems in this volume. I have classified them as follows: 55 sorrowful in tone; 73 resigned; and 24 cheerful.

Only the *Turnip-Hoer*, *Circus-Rider to Ringmaster*, *The Later Autumn*, *Four in the Morning*, *When Dead*, *Sine Prole*, *The Best She Could*, *The Graveyard of Dead Creeds*, *There Seemed a Strangeness*, *Zenophanes*, *The Monist of Colophon*, *The Weary Walker*, *The Absolute Explains*, *Epi-*

taph on a Pessimist, The Sundial on a Wet Day and *Why Do I?* seem to me to be very significant poems. Fifteen in all, and nine of these I classify as cheerful. Certainly a large percentage! In the entire volume, the resigned and cheerful poems together constitute over sixty per cent of the poems. Surely the poet who sings, in *The Absolute Explains*, of the "songs" and "laughters," the "fadeless flowers," the "wild love-making" of his "ever memorable glad days of pilgrimage" cannot be called a pessimist. Even though this is a "world of welterings and unease," as he says in the last poem of the volume, *Why Do I?*, still one some day will drop his "dusty wings to another sphere where no pain is." Here is a note of optimistic belief. No, the poet who wrote thus is not a pessimist.

What then may we conclude? To begin with a few figures and percentages. Excluding *The Dynasts*, we find 795 poems in the other volumes. Of these poems, about fourteen per cent are cheerful in tone, fifty-two per cent resigned, and thirty-four per cent sad or gloomy. Percentages, then, if they mean anything, are against the sorrowful poems, though they do not, it is true, favor the cheerful poetry.

Now, as to the poet's general attitude towards life. It is certain that Hardy, thinking as a philosopher, does not consider that the "world, the estate of man, and the powers from which they emanate," are evil. He finds much good and beauty in the world; ever a faint hope persists that man is rising "from gloom into light"; and though to him the Power which controls things may be dumb and helpless, even perhaps an imbecile, He is certainly not pictured as evil, and He does feel pity sometimes for tortured humanity.

Is the poet a constitutional pessimist? Does he persistently look upon only the darker side of life? I believe it has been already shown that he does not. This, it appears to me, is the situation. Gifted with an extraordinary faculty for seeing life clearly, and seeing it whole, too, and

dowered at the same time with an infinitely compassionate heart, Thomas Hardy has never been able to reconcile life's inconsistencies, but always he has had the desire to do so, always the light of hope has flickered in him and for him, dimly desecrated, no doubt, but still existent. No unprejudiced student of his poetry can come to any other conclusion. That this searching and subtle inquirer into life, this "poet of pity," should be misnamed a pessimist, is intolerably ridiculous and absurd. That he is so misnamed, however, is proved by the fact that Hardy himself thought it necessary to defend himself against this charge, in the preface to his 1922 volume of poems. In that preface he styles himself an evolutionary meliorist. It is my hope that this study will to some slight degree bear him out in this contention.

To Strength

By IRENE FISHER

Now God be thanked life is unkind to me
 And darkness overwhelms me like a pall;
 My self by *beauth* being held in thrall,
 Enslaved, blind, crawling, creeping, now is free
 To know once more I stand erect and see
 Down through the long, still years, and hear a call
 Of strength to strength, and feel my self grow tall
 With life eternal in the mystic me.

This is the power I have won through pain
 And through the pain your face seems strangely sweet.
 Freed from loved bonds I am alone again.
 No longer supine but upon my feet
 I stand, and hold that life which yet remains
 To me, a life which I may greatly greet.

Gnomes

By ALICE M. WILSON

Little old gnomes with faces grim
Labour and toil on the western rim
Of day.

The furnaces roar and the sledges bang,
The bellows are blown and the anvils clang
Away.

The tongues of fire leap higher and higher
They climb the hills in hot desire;
Licking the clouds a'hanging nigh,
Scorching and singing the flame-lit sky
Till it burns
And turns
Ash-gray!

The Tale of the Green Silk Purse

By F. M. DENTON

THE Elbe sparkled. Across were the red walls and blackened beams of the houses, that stood up to their thighs in the river. Above the medley of roofs was the green copper dome of Dresden's museum.

This picture, framed in the narrow doorway of the little Weinstube, was shut off suddenly by the tall shadow of a man.

The green light fell in patches after its struggle through the ancient blobbed glass panes of the room's only window. It fell upon the bright wax-polished top of an oaken table, across whose surface centuries of glasses had tinkled "prosit."

I was a London student on a vacation which Caesar threatened to spoil. For I was in arrears with a book or two of "De bello Gallico."

This little room by the river's edge was cool and secluded. It was an ante-room close to the main bar of the house and was seldom visited.

In a week of seclusion there, in which Morpheus had come in for more worship than Bacchus, and a few "zweier Rotwein" had spread themselves asymptotically through unending hours, I had come to think of this room as my own private sanctum.

And so my "guten Tag" had an unfriendly touch of disgust in it.

The intruder seemed inclined to go out again and, relenting, I called him back. His smile was friendly but half fearful.

In order, I thought, to cover shyness, he pretended familiarity, and taking up my book, read aloud a few of its Latin lines. He read fluently but with an accent which reminded me of a like vacation spent in Madrid. His accent

was Castilian. This and his handsome appearance told me my visitor was a Spaniard and I said, "Buenos dias."

It was as though I had struck him. He rose and walked to the door; stood a moment, then turned and said, in Spanish, "That dome is like green silk,—and the glint of the river is like silver and gold. The sun is a red rose, and my brain is on fire again,—and I must tell you."

The odor of beeswax and wine brings back to me the tale that he told:

"I am the son of a Castilian gentleman,—the only son. Ours is a proud family; all its sons enter the army or the priesthood. I was destined for the army. Earnest and ambitious I went gladly to the military school at Segovia. The rules of that school are strict,—punctilious in matters of honor and of honesty.

"All the cadets were rich, but the rules of the school restricted our allowances to a small sum paid weekly. I carried my money in a green silk purse,—a thing such as Shylock must have used,—a tassel at each end and two brass rings to close its slit-like opening.

"Debt was dishonor. Yet generosity is in the blood of every Romanos.

"Always I have loved the sparkle of rivers. We had a leisure hour each evening, but the rules called us back an hour after sunset.

"There were lovely sunsets in Segovia. I used to watch them from the river bank.

"But a red rose may seem lovelier than a sunset, and the sparkle of dark eyes beneath it lovelier still.

"Beautiful she was and the sunlight, as she eclipsed the sun, made around her hair a halo of red fire.

"For many nights the color of the rose in her black hair flooded my dreams. Then, growing more bold, I tried its perfume. And then I spoke to her. She smiled and was kind,—and that night my green silk purse felt very light.

"Was this love? If so why did the thought of debt and its disgrace worry me?

"Some excuse must be found. Simple enough to have lost one's purse or had it stolen. Better burn the green silk thing with its tassels."

"Thoughts so desultory, so mixed with dreams, became no fixed plan. I entered the common room again. It was autumn and a great fire burned on the stone hearth. The room was deserted. Quickly I threw my green silk purse into a sort of fiery halo that was there, as if made for it, in the midst of the fire. Then I went out through the inner door.

"Why was I pressing with my thumb the ring on my middle finger?"

"It was because I had forgotten the brass rings on that green silk purse. Brass rings do not burn. I must rake them out.

"Returning to the fire I found there the old sergeant, who cared so well for us all,—a good man with a record full of honor.

"There was a devil in the fire. He had a red halo round his head and held out two red-hot rings.

"‘Sergeant,’ said I, ‘Where is the purse I left here on the table?’

"‘I saw no purse.’

"‘You lie; you have taken the money and burned my purse, and there are its brass rings.’

"So saying I raked out those rings that used to caress my green silk purse. (Is there any difference between caressing and strangling?)

"As I held them out on the end of the poker I saw, behind the sergeant, two brother officers enter. The old man raised his hand to strike me. The officers seized him and he was taken away.

"The suddenness of events confused me. I had planned no evil. The voice that had accused the sergeant was not mine. Why should I awake from my rose dream?"

"The next day I asked mercy for the man who had robbed and tried to strike me. I was honored by my high-

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mindful kindness. And all the while I hated myself and longed to confess.

"But the picture haunted me, of the devil in a halo of sunset, holding two red-hot rings on the prongs of his trident; daring me to go through with the thing he had made me begin. And because I feared and hated the devil I went through with his plan.

"For many days conscience slept within my coma of obstinacy until it seemed dead. Blankly I went on with the thing I had begun.

"In our evening card games I had an unwonted gaiety and an unwonted luck. But gradually came the feeling that I was not in full control of my tongue. There was an urge,—it took the form of a red rose,—to tell the story of the green silk purse. I fought the urge, then I tried to follow it, and all the time the devil prodded my brain with his trident.

"At last, one evening, throwing down the cards, I began excitedly to tell my tale, knowing hardly whether I was obeying the devil or the rose.

"I was incoherent and could hold no one's attention. They said my nerves were shaken by the unwitting part I had taken in the sergeant's disgrace.

"I was sent away for a holiday; then transferred to a distant barracks.

"My recovery seemed complete; I worked hard, won everyone's esteem and obtained advancement.

"One day came the order to revisit Segovia.

"The place had grown smaller, (I expect you know the feeling). My old friends had gone away. Again I played cards. Gaiety came back, and luck, and there was no return of the dreaded urge.

"Suddenly my attention was called. The old sergeant's successor wished to speak with me. He brought the message that a man, lying in the hospital, wanted to see me.

"I went. The old sergeant lay there. He was thin and very weak. I leaned over him and he said, 'I forgive you.' Then he died.

"And over his head floated a red rose, and into my brain came the hot trident, and into my tongue the urge to tell the tale of the green purse.

"Again I scattered the cards, and this time began to tell the tale coherently. But no one knew my history, and no one remembered; the group broke up and I went out into the cool night air.

"I had come of age since the night of the green silk purse and was rich. The return of the urge unnerved me. I would go to a distant country to kill memory and conscience.

"I chose Geneva. For awhile the red rose floated above the white peaks of the Dent du Midi; then it faded and finally was gone in mist. Except that in the evening glow as the sun threw last kisses to the snows and made them blush,—in that glow was here and there a red petal. Then at last the red petals died also and I was free.

"But the devil was only dozing. For, one day, as I sat looking across the lake, there came a man beside me. He recognized a fellow countryman and greeted me in Spanish.

"His hair was black, and there, under the brim of his broad hat was a red rose. It may have been no rose at all but just the red light of the setting sun.

"I told him the tale of the green silk purse. He was bored, but, with the courtesy of Spain, he seemed to listen. Then, rising, he bade me adieu.

"Was I never to be able to conquer the urge of the green silk purse?

"I would go to Germany, the country in which the chance of meeting a Spaniard is small.

"And so I came to Dresden, and you, unhappy man, have revived the red rose. The devil is using my mother tongue as his trident. What shall I do? What do you think of me?"

I sat silent as the tale ended. The man's sin had been black. He was expiating it in pain. What could I say?

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I told him that only that man could sink to a deed so low, who was capable of rising to a great height. (Was this nonsense?) He was expiating his sin. Perhaps he had expiated it enough. He should now be strong and should believe the red rose dead.

Thanking me, he departed, and did not disturb me again in my sanctum.

Some weeks later, walking aimlessly in the rich suburbs of Dresden, I came face to face with Don Romanos. He was gay and welcomed me warmly. "You must come," said he, "to my wedding. It takes place tomorrow evening. Here is the announcement. Will you not come? I owe my happiness to you."

I promised and the next evening saw me entering the grounds of a rich house. Don Romanos was marrying into a distinguished German family. Blond locks and a white lily. Was it possible these had eclipsed black tresses and a red rose?

At a long table with a hundred guests, I sat almost opposite Don Romanos. Far at the end, on our left, was his fair bride. There was an air of solemnity.

Toasts were proposed and responded to. Some of the speakers talked of Spain and Don Romanos looked uneasy, turning nervously about as though expecting some blow.

In fluent German he presented to his bride a star set with pearls, accompanying the gift by the words: "Das Meer hat seine Perlen, der Himmel seine Sterne. Gross ist das Meer and der Himmel,—noch groesser ist meine Liebe."

Don Romanos was radiant in spite of his nervous pallor.

Then arose the bride blushing. She had, she said, no gift of jewels to offer to her husband, but something she believed he would value more highly; something which had cost her many hours of labour,—it had been a labour of love. She believed it to be a gift which would bring him closer to her, and then she began to recite: "En lenguaje castellano"

Before two words of Spanish had passed her lips, I saw Don Romanos put his hand to his head. Then he leaned forward, knocking over his glass of red wine. Then, as suddenly, he recovered, rose, and rushed to the door.

Less surprised than the others, I was quick to follow. Don Romanos ran. Out through the grounds and along the deserted street I pursued him. For half a mile I kept him in sight, but he had the advantage of the devil's trident, and I lost him.

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

Evening Lover

By JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA

If I could love you with the strength
Of fire: with the strength that warms
And the strength that hurts,
Then would I go to you on silver toes
To love you. . .

But being as I am, a lover of flowers,
Of weak white flowers liquid in the moonlight,
I love only with the moon's soft love
That dies with the dawn.
And weakly would I love you
For the lover of evening flowers—
Ah, he dies with the dawn.

Too Much Tradition

By E. H. SHAFFER

COLLEGE tradition is the sentimentality that encourages the student of today to continue the imbecilities of yesterday.

College tradition, perhaps the most sacred thing about an institution of higher learning, lends sanctity to the trivial, the non-essential.

I know of no college in the United States that grimly upholds the tradition that every student shall learn something.

I can recall holy collegiate injunctions that men do not have dates at football games, that they do not smoke on the campus, that they raise their hats to prexy and commit other absurdities.

There is the universal and pious doctrine that first-year students must be humiliated. It is ordained that second-year students, those who have just learned how to sneer at the professors, shall be in charge of mortifications.

Sophomores are equipped neither by age, experience, sophistication, nor wisdom to levy even amusing tribute from boys a year younger. Sophomores are at the robustly callow age of life. They have just learned to find their way about without knowing where they are going. They lack both intuition and judgment. Yet this crew of irresponsibles is permitted, year after year in every college in the land, to discourage young boys who might otherwise get a valid idea of the reason for colleges.

The freshman is the most important unit in college life. He is comparatively unspoiled. Left alone he might become a student. He might acquire information and culture. He might justify America's enormous annual expenditure for higher education.

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The freshman enters bewildered. He is sufficiently frightened to take stock of his surroundings. He is not offensively sophisticate. He can still be told things.

The professors, for the most part, shamefully abdicate their offices and permit the unbalanced sophomore to discourage, humiliate, and debase the young fellow who with proper encouragement might have become sincere.

The inane freshman cap becomes the most important feature of first-year college life. Many a sober young fellow, eager to know, when confronted with this undignified and silly tradition has said "Oh hell" and quietly chucked the whole childish business.

The freshman cap is neither presumptive nor humorous. It is simply silly. The freshman cap is a definitely juvenile manifestation, sadly significant of American college life.

Some day, somewhere, we hope to read about a freshman class with the initiative and courage to put an end to the freshman cap nuisance.

Such a class of geniuses will resolve about as follows:

"We, the freshman class of Podunk, recognize that in collegiate experience we are children. Nevertheless we must decline to submit to the ultra-childish horseplay of our immediate seniors by wearing an outlandish uniform.

"We have entered Podunk to acquire knowledge, to steep ourselves in the lore of the past, to fit ourselves for the emergencies of the future. We must decline to conform to the juvenile indignities that appeal to the sophomoric mind as the only method of distinguishing us from upper classmen."

On the day that a first-year class firmly takes this position, American colleges will have begun to develop culturally. We can then begin to expect something from college graduates. We can then start hoping that a college degree means knowledge and breadth of mind rather than 128 hours of credit.

Such a Homeric stand by any freshman class will be impossible so long as the college elders continue to countenance passively the immature horseplay that mocks their efforts to impose the standards of maturity on college life.

American colleges should commence inspecting and overhauling their traditions. Ninety-nine per cent of them are fit only for kindergarten intelligences. Most of them are neither sensible nor romantic. Not one out of fifteen can be observed without raising a snicker for the man or woman with ordinary gumption.

And the person with intelligence enough to grin at an amusing tradition will most likely be blanketed by a set of muscular fellows without brain tissue.

And that situation checks the problem back to the question of campus sense. It calls attention to the tragic lack of mental maturity. The American campus, concerned with its trivial traditions, is far from adult. The campus is too often a mental nursery. For a student to show interest in his studies, for him to reason and think maturely is quite likely to set him apart as a pariah. Such a one encounters the devastating contempt of empty but influential colleagues.

I do not know how much blame to assign to the administrations and faculties for this condition. I doubt if they are greatly at fault. I think probably the adults about a college are helpless in the sea of immaturity in which they are marooned. But so long as they do not help raise a challenge to the childish college traditions that have continued through the years, they can expect no improvement.

The earnest need of higher education in America is that it grow up. Until American colleges become reasonably adult in their efforts and their outlook they will not take their proper place in American life. And American colleges will not shed their diapers until they throw overboard many of the puerile customs called tradition.

Announcement of Symposium

Too *Much Tradition* is a severe criticism of a part of collegiate life which most of us have habitually taken for granted as something almost sacred.

It suggests the question of whether what is so often called "tradition" is worthy of the name. Just what is college tradition? Is it a sacred thing? Does it play a real part in higher education, or is permitted to exist through indifference, or because it is difficult to check?

There is food for thought in the article and its subject matter. The questions listed are just a start into the field of speculation which it opens.

In the belief that the matter can be viewed from many viewpoints, and that there are many valid opinions on it, the QUARTERLY will present a symposium on the subject. Persons who are qualified and who have given thought to the matter will be asked to write what they think. Anyone with ideas about college "traditions" is invited to take part in the symposium.

United States vs. University Professor

By FRANK D. REEVE

A QUESTION of interest has arisen in connection with attempts of the United States government to levy income tax on salaries of teachers in schools of higher education. The Federal Board of Tax Appeals has decided that the salary of a professor in the law school of the University of Maryland is not exempt from the income tax.¹ The Commissioner of Internal Revenue now is collecting data on salaries of teachers in the University of New Mexico for the purpose of instituting a test case.

The Revenue Act of 1926 provides in section 213 (a): "The term 'gross income' includes gains, profits, and income derived from salaries, wages, or compensation for personal service . . . of whatever kind and in whatever form paid . . .

"There was a provision which excluded from tax 'the compensation of all officers and employes of a state or any political subdivision thereof except when such compensation is paid by the United States Government.' But, beginning with the Revenue Act of 1918, this latter provision has been omitted from subsequent revenue acts (until 1926) . . . In connection with the omission of such a provision from the Revenue Act of 1918, the Senate Finance Committee report stated: 'The Committee amended section 213 (a) so as to require that any gains, profits and income derived from salaries, wages, or compensation for personal service, of whatever kind and in whatever form paid, and so on, be subject to income tax, leaving the constitutional question as to the authority of Congress to tax certain

1. Mary W. Niles, Executrix, Estate of Alfred S. Niles, Petitioner v. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Respondent. Board of Tax Appeals, Docket No. 33415, September 24, 1930. (Hereafter cited as *Niles v. Commissioner*).

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salaries to be settled by the courts in any case in which the question may be raised."²

Section 1211 of the Revenue Act of 1926 is as follows: "Any taxes imposed by the Revenue Act of 1924 or prior revenue acts upon any individual in respect of amounts received by him as compensation for personal services as an officer or employee of any state or political subdivision thereof (except to the extent that such compensation is paid by the United States Government directly or indirectly), shall, subject to the statutory period of limitations properly applicable thereto, be abated, credited, or refunded."

The decision was rendered in Income Tax 2357, that "For 1925 and subsequent years compensation received by an individual for services rendered to a State, or political subdivision thereof, is included in gross income unless the person received such compensation as an officer or employee of a state, or political subdivision thereof, and the services were rendered in connection with the exercise of an essential governmental function."³ This ruling was based on Regulations 69, Article 88, relating to the Revenue Act of 1926, as follows: "Compensation paid to its officers and employees by a state or political subdivision thereof for services rendered in connection with the exercise of an essential governmental function of the state or political subdivision . . . is not taxable." After a study of the laws of New Mexico relating to the University, the Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue has ruled that "the university is not an instrumentality of the state engaged in the discharge of an essential governmental function "and that the salaries of the teachers are subject to the Federal income tax." The government bases its case on the phrase "essential governmental function."

2. *Ibid.*

3. *Internal Revenue Bulletin*, Vol VI, No. 22, 3247.

4. J. C. Wilmer to Collector of Internal Revenue at Albuquerque; New Mexico, October 12, 1931.

With the Declaration of Independence and the subsequent winning of the War of the Revolution, the American people established their political doctrine that sovereignty rests with the people. This sovereign power of the people was first exercised through the medium of the state governments. With the union of thirteen states, a second government was established with the right to exercise certain powers granted to it by the thirteen sovereign states constituting the union. It was a government of *delegated* powers and the scope of those powers was circumscribed by a written document, the Constitution. The states were jealous of their sovereign powers; as a final limitation on the powers of the central government, as a safeguard against future misunderstanding, and to prevent encroachment on the rights of the states, the Tenth Amendment was adopted, which reads: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively or to the people." Education was neither granted to the Federal Government nor denied to the states; "*The power was consciously reserved by the states.*"⁵

"The right of the States to administer their own affairs through their legislative, executive, and judicial departments, in their own manner through their own agencies, is conceded by the uniform decisions of this court and by the practice of the Federal government from its organization. This carries with it an exemption of those agencies and instruments, from the taxing power of the Federal government."⁶ However, all agencies of state government are not exempt from Federal taxation. The line of demarcation is sometimes difficult to draw. "The true distinction is between the attempted taxation of those operations of the states essential to the execution of its governmental functions, and which the state can only do itself, and those activ-

5. For detailed historical discussion see: G. Ridgely Sappington, Petitioner v. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Respondent, Board of Tax Appeals, Docket No. 51944. (Hereafter cited Sappington v. Commissioner).

6. U. S. v. RR. Co., 17 Wall. 322.

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ities which are of a private character.⁷ If a state creates an agency for carrying on a business of a private nature for profit, the agency is not exempt from Federal taxation; "the thought has been that the exemption of state agencies and instrumentalities from national taxation is limited to those which are of a strictly governmental character, and does not extend to those which are used by the state in the carrying on of an ordinary private business. . . ."⁸

"Private corporations are those which are created wholly or in part, for purposes of private emolument. . . . Public corporations are those which are exclusively instruments of the public interest."⁹ The University of New Mexico comes under the second definition. The courts have generally treated state universities as public, rather than private corporations.¹⁰ In Missouri, Justice Currier has said, "The University is clearly a public institution, and not a private corporation. It was established by an act of the legislature, which act commits the government of the institution to a board of curators By establishing the university, the state created an agency of its own, through which it proposed to accomplish certain educational objects."¹¹ A case from Michigan is hereby cited: The University of Michigan is a part of the state, a department to which the education of literature, science, and the arts is confided It was created to subserve a great public end—the education of the people."¹² The University of New Mexico was confirmed in the enabling act¹³ and the state constitution as being under the absolute control of the state.¹⁴ It is governed by a corporate body created by the

7. *Flint v. Stone Tracy Co.*, 220 U. S. 107.

8. *South Carolina v. United States*, 199 U. S. 437.

9. *Bouvier's Law Dictionary*, ed. W. E. Baldwin. Clark Boardman Co. Ltd., Distributors, New York, 1928.

10. *Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure*, ed. Wm. Mack and H. P. Nash, VII, 284. The American Law Book Co., New York, 1903. Eight state cases are cited in favor of this contention, and one in opposition.

11. *Head v. University of Mo.*, 47 Mo. 220.

12. *Auditor General v. Regents of the University*, 47 N. W. 440.

13. *New Mexico Statutes Annotated*, 1915, p. 47, Sec. 8.

14. Art. XII, Sec. 3, 11.

state under the name "The Regents of the University of New Mexico." It is supported by a biennial state appropriation and an income derived from lands, the legal title to which is invested in the state—not the University.¹⁵ Chief Justice Parker has said, "The University is the creature of the state and one of its instrumentalities to carry out its governmental functions"¹⁶ *"Control of and responsibility for continued operation by the state are the infallible earmarks of public character."*¹⁷

There is a doctrine in law which clothes public corporations with two kinds of powers, "one governmental and public . . . —the other private."¹⁸ The courts have had difficulty in applying this doctrine and no general rule covering all cases that may arise has been evolved. The attempt to apply it in cases of tort has not clarified the situation; but there are certain services of government, among them being education, in which the agencies have no public liability because they are functions of government. If an educational institution is not liable in cases of tort for such reason, why should it be classified as proprietary for the purpose of Federal taxation? The following general rule might well govern the above: "When a public body or corporation is engaged in an activity under a duty imposed upon it by the sovereign, from which neither that corporation nor the sovereign expects, or in fact receives, financial or material profit; which is mainly supported either by general taxation or by property or funds, from whatever source derived, that are the absolute property of the agency or of the sovereign; which, in the light of customary and current opinion, is believed to bring benefits, tangible or intangible, to all the people in their collective and individual capacities; and which, as a governmental activity, is sanctioned by time, the course and usage of the government, and

15. *New Mexico Statutes Annotated*, 1929, Sec. 130-904; *State v. Regents of University of New Mexico*, 32 N. M. 428.

16. *State v. Regents of University of New Mexico*, *Supra*.

17. *Sappington v. Commissioner*, p. 7.

18. *Lloyd v. City of New York*, 5 N. Y. 369.

the unbroken and universal acquiescence of the people; that corporation is engaged in an activity of a strictly governmental character and there is a reciprocal prohibition, equally binding on the sovereign state and the National Government, against the exercise of the power of taxation by one upon the property which the other uses in the performance of the function."¹⁹

The collection of tuition fees should not detract from the governmental character of the University. Many agencies of state government collect fees for service rendered, such as the courts and the sheriff, without being held liable to any control whatsoever except that of the state:

It is quite conceivable that the University of New Mexico is not an "essential governmental function," and that higher education in this state might be delegated to a profit-making private education corporation; but the phrase is beside the question! Granted a power of sovereignty to the state, there can be no limitation upon its exercise by the Federal government. New Mexico has seen fit to create the University as one of several agencies to exercise its power of control over education; it is a non-profit instrumentality of government functioning for the general welfare of the citizens of the state; and it is not subject to Federal control, either through taxation or any other power. "The former [Federal government] in its appropriate sphere is supreme but the states within the limits of their powers not granted, or, in the language of the Tenth Amendment, 'reserved,' are as independent of the general government as that government within its sphere is independent of the states."²⁰ A tax on the salary of a teacher in the University of New Mexico would be an infringement on the sovereignty of the state.

The use of the power of taxation has been carefully scrutinized by the courts because "the power to tax involves

19. Sappington v. Commissioner, pp. 16-17.

20. Collector v. Day, 11 Wall. 113. See also Flint v. Stone Tracy Co., Supra; Veazie Bank v. Fenno, 8 Wall. 553.

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the power to destroy.”²¹ As Justice Miller has said, “Of all the powers conferred upon government that of taxation is most liable to abuse. Given a purpose or object for which taxation may be lawfully used, and the extent of its exercise is in its very nature unlimited.”²² At the time of the formation of the Union there was “disclosed widespread fear that the national government might, under the pressure of a supposed general welfare, attempt to exercise powers which had not been granted. With equal determination, the framers intended that no such assumption should ever find justification in the organic act, and that if in the future further powers seemed necessary they should be granted by the people in the manner they had provided for amending that act.”²³ The application of a Federal income tax to the salaries of teachers in state universities should be attempted only through an amendment to the Constitution. “The good sought in unconstitutional legislation is an insidious feature because it leads citizens and legislators of good purpose to promote it without thought of the serious breach it will make in the ark of our covenant or the harm which will come from breaking down recognized standards.”²⁴

21. *McCulloch v. Maryland*, 4 Wheat, 316.

22. *Loan Association v. Topeka*, 20 Wall. 665.

23. *Kansas v. Colorado*, 206 U. S. 46.

24. *Bailey v. Drexel Furniture Co.*, 259 U. S. 20.

Mountains of New Mexico

By ATHENE MOORE

He stood on the mountainside
And gazed across the throbbing valley life,
Across the sandy plain of warmth beyond,
To blue-crested, crumpled mountains—facing him.

He stood there for an hour—and more;
He gazed long.
He had heard the wind whisper to the sand,
“You bite and I’ll whip!
You bite and I’ll whip!”
He’d seen them start—
And felt them finish.

He stood there on the mountainside—
That man of stone—
And gazed at blue, crumpled crests—
And white snow-feathers—across the valley.

He stared—all day and all night.
And they faced him.

He stood and gazed.
Did an eye blink?
He just stood there.

Andres Martinez

By HELEN E. MARSHALL

THE conquest of the plains is over. The Oklahoma prairies have given way to well-stocked farms, comfortable farm-houses, and busy cities with trim avenues, and church spires enshrouded in smoke from mills and factories. The Indian tepee, the cow-pony, the tom-tom, and the covered wagon are no more. Where the pow-wows and the green corn dances were held a generation ago, today one sees broad acres of cotton, corn and maize. Steel bridges span the muddy Washita and noisy turbines generate power for the many little towns that have sprung up along its banks. Even Anadarko, seat of the Indian agency, is changed. No longer do blanketed and moccasined Indians loll about the streets, idly waiting for their government allowance. Today they wear the white man's clothes, and they speak the white man's language. And the faces that I see are new strange faces, all save Andele.

The conquest of the plains is over. The Oklahoma Indian is fast losing his identity. He is being submerged in the white man's culture. He thinks as a white man thinks and he worships as a white man worships. And intimately bound up with it all, as part and parcel of this change is the story of Andrés Martínez, pastor of the Indian mission. He is now known as Andele the Apostle, but when he first came upon the Oklahoma scene, he was only an Indian captive and his captors, the wild Mescalero Apaches of the plains.

How he came to be the confidante and spiritual advisor of hundreds of Kiowa, Apache, and Comanche Indians is one of the most fascinating tales that I have ever

NOTE: To Mr. Andrés Martínez, Anadarko, Oklahoma, and to his biographer, Rev. J. J. Methvin, Anadarko, the writer is deeply indebted for permission to reproduce the details of this story.

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heard. I reveal that as a child, I heard some of the incidents from the lips of Andele himself. More I learned from his neighbors and from the little book entitled, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*, written by J. J. Methvin, then missionary to the Wild Tribes.¹

Memory quickens at the sight of Andele. I came to know him shortly after the Indian territory was opened for settlement. He was already "proving up" his allotment in the Washita bottoms. His integrity and his industry, together with his success as a farmer, early won for him the respect of the new settlers. The Indians who held the coveted valley lands were for the most part indolent and allowed the few acres that they planted to be overrun by weeds and cockle-burs, but the fields of Andele were clean and the rows straight. In the fall, his bins were full and his cattle sleek. And so Andele came to stand head and shoulders above his neighbors.

Andele is now seventy-six, straight as a poplar and lithe as a willow. His hair is silver, and his face the red brown of an autumn leaf. There are lines and scars which bear witness to a life once inured to privation, and pain, and struggle, but now overshadowed by the calm of triumph and peace. His voice is low and earnest, with a trace of Spanish warmth and softness, and his words fall as benedictions upon those who hear.

Andrés Martínez was born twelve miles west of Las Vegas, New Mexico, near the village of San Gerónimo about the year eighteen fifty-five. He was of pure Castilian descent.² His father first settled at Las Alemas, Nuevo, Mexico, but as he became more prosperous, and his family increased, he removed to the San Gerónimo country and began the development of a larger ranch.

1. Rev. J. J. Methvin, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. Andarko, Oklahoma. 1899.

2. The father of Juan Martínez migrated from one of the interior provinces to Nuevo, Mexico in 1773. Juan Martínez was born in 1807. In 1841 he married Paulita Padillo, who bore him four sons, Victorino, Dionicio, Regordio and Andrés, and three daughters, Francisca, Sabina, and Marcelina.

The country there was wild and unbroken; settlements were sparse, and ranches far apart, and at certain seasons of the year danger from the Indians was almost constant. The Mescalero Apaches were the most to be feared. This wild tribe from the plains was wont to descend upon the Mexican villages, pillage their granaries, carry off stock and scalp the inhabitants. During the Civil war, government protection had become somewhat lax and the Apaches had grown bolder and more daring.

In 1866, as early as September there had been reports of marauding bands but as nothing came of the rumors, the community of San Gerónimo grew careless, and went about its work as if there were no impending danger. October is threshing time in New Mexico, and under primitive conditions it was an arduous task. Every available worker was pressed into service. The grain had to be brought in clumsy ox-carts from the ricks where it had been curing in the summer sun since the harvest, to the improvised threshing floor where it was to be threshed. The threshing floor was little more than a shallow adobe-walled circular pit where the ground had been tramped hard, dampened with water, left to dry and then swept clean, moistened again, and finally left to dry in the heat of the October sunshine. Here the grain was ground under a huge rotary log drawn around the pit by a horse or team of oxen. When the heads were broken off and the hulls loosened from the precious grain, the straw was raked aside. It was later carried to the corrals where it was placed on top of *jacales*³ to be used as winter forage or to be mixed with adobe in the spring brick-making. The chaff that remained had to be carefully winnowed and sifted until only the shining berries were left. The grain was then carefully stored in *tinajas*⁴ or in

3. *Jacales*. Shelters for stock and a form of hay-mow common in Mexican villages. An arbor made of notched poles is covered with branches and huge piles of straw. An adobe wall on two or three sides is sometimes constructed to give protection in winter.

4. *Tinajas*. Large earthen jars used for storage purposes.

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canvas bags until it was ready to be ground into flour on the *metate*.⁵

October 6, 1866 was a bright beautiful morning. The sky was blue and clear, the air was warm and still, and Juan Martínez started his threshing operations early. There was a task for every member of the family, even the youngest. Regordio, who usually herded the cows was assigned work with the threshing, and Andrés, the youngest of Juan's sons was to take the cattle to the range that day. Little Pedro, Sabina's son, was denied permission to go along. He was only a little boy, and his grandfather knew that there were times when one boy alone was better than two. However, Andrés had not gone far, when Pedro slipped away, and overtook him at the edge of the clearing. Together the two boys drove the cattle into a vega, where they could be watched easily, and then amused themselves playing in the edge of the timber.

Before noon, the cattle grew restless as if they perceived some evil portent. It was not long before the boys heard voices and looking up, they beheld a band of Mes-calero Apaches in full war regalia. Their bodies were painted, and they carried shields, and spears and bows and arrows. The Indians were interested in a Mexican who was driving two burros laden with flour along the road at the edge of the valley, and they did not see the two boys who quickly crouched in the tall grass.

Andrés cautioned little Pedro to lie still, saying that as soon as the Indians passed on, they would slip out through the timber and run home. All might have gone well, but two Apache braves strayed from the others and came upon the children as they were making their way through the low underbrush to the tall trees beyond. To an Apache it is high honor to be the first to strike a captive and to scalp an Indian. It brings one an especial distinction among his fellows. The two braves singled out their respective captives and rushed upon the terrified children,

5. *Metate*. A stone mortar used in grinding grain into meal.

giving them a harsh blow with their spears. Three Mexican captives had been taken and a mighty shout rang out. In their wild enthusiasm, they ripped open the flour sacks of the Mexican, scattered the meal, and tore the clothes from his back. The captives were then hurried along at the points of spears, and amid the taunts of the victors.

After a mile and a half's march, the party halted on the brink of a little stream. After a consultation of the braves, it was decided to kill Holquin, the Mexican. Before the horrified children, a spear was thrust through his body and then withdrawn. In pain the Mexican plunged over the bank, and a volley of arrows penetrated the body before it could reach the cool waters below.

True to his promise, at noon Juan Martínez set out to take lunch to the young herders. The Apaches were well out of sight before he reached the vega, but Indian tracks, the tell-tale flour, and shreds of the Mexican's clothing were enough to explain what had happened. Terror-stricken, he hastened back to organize a searching party sufficiently large to pursue the Indians. It was late evening before enough men could be assembled, and it was decided not to risk an ambush attack.⁶

After the cruel murder of the Mexican, the Apaches hid in the rocks until nightfall. Then they stealthily hurried on to the neighborhood of Las Vegas. During the long hours of darkness, the little boys feared each hour would be their last. Pedro cried much and was threatened. A horse-stealing expedition during the night yielded new mounts, and at dawn the Indians were headed toward the open prairie. Pedro and Andrés were thrown on horseback behind their captors and their bodies tied fast to them with a raw-hide rope. The ropes were tight and painful, and they bit deep into the tender flesh. Little Pedro begged to be taken back to his mother. All day long they rode as fast as their horses would carry them. When the second night came the boys were quite exhausted. Their

6. J. J. Methvin, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*.

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bodies were torn and bleeding, and they were weak with hunger. Pedro fainted and when he revived, he could not stand alone. He sobbed piteously. The Indians realized something should be done about their young captive. Then almost as an act of mercy one of them grabbed a spear and plunged it through the quivering little body. Andrés quickly succeeded in freeing himself from his captor and caught the lifeless little Pedro as he fell to the ground.

But the Indian captor struck Andrés a blow on the forehead with his spear, and jerked him by the hair of the head, back on the horse. The Apaches were on their way again.

"Poor little Pedro's body," says Methvin, "was left alone on the broad prairie far away from home, to be eaten by the wolves at night, or dried into a mummy by the winds and sun by day."

For days Juan Martínez and his neighbors vainly sought traces of the two little boys and their captors. By the time Fort Sumner was reached, hope of finding them was given up by all of the men except Juan Martínez. The sorrowing neighbors returned to their homes, but for three years, the father kept up his quest, finally dying of a broken heart as the fruitlessness of his search engulfed him.

The Indians hurried across the prairie to the mesa. Only when they reached the hills and upland country was it safe to stop and refresh themselves. The Indians were hungry, and when they stopped, they quickly singled out one of the weakest of the ponies, and sent an arrow through its heart. In a few minutes they were searing pieces of the bloody flesh over a fire. Andrés was weak and faint from hunger, but he found this sight revolting. When he refused to eat, an Indian struck him a staggering blow, so he suffered himself to taste the strange food. In a moment he forgot his aversion to horse-flesh; he forgot his sore and bleeding body, and the possible fate that lay ahead, and he ate as he had never eaten before.

7. J. J. Methvin, *Andele or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. p. 27.

The Apaches moved on into the region of the Pecos, and Andrés gave up hope of ever returning home or seeing his parents again. For twenty days he had suffered all the agony and torture that seemed possible for an Indian captive to endure, his body was bruised and torn, and his heart ached, and he longed to die. So Andrés decided that he would make his captors so angry that they would murder him. Then perhaps he would know the peace of little Pedro back on the prairie. As he was planning how he should do this, his attention was arrested by the cry of women's voices. The Indian wives and sisters of the warring Mescaleros had come a day's march to meet their husbands and brothers. As soon as they saw Andrés, four squaws rushed forward to strike the captive and earn honor for themselves.

When the company made camp, Andrés was turned over to the wife of his captor. She was a little lame woman, and she seemed to have a bond of sympathy for the poor maltreated captive. He slept in her tepee, and in her presence he was safe from the taunts of his captors. It was Andrés duty to carry water from the spring. He helped his captor to make a hole in the ground, and then lined it with cowhide. It was filled with water and some crushed mesquite beans, and then carefully covered. In a few days Andrés and the Indians were drinking mesquite beer, a very intoxicating drink. When Andrés was drunk, he was traded, despite the protests of the little lame woman, to another Apache, and moved to another camp. This Indian soon traded him to another Apache, and his life was quite as miserable as before. Andrés was the burden-bearer and the butt of the torments of the half-grown Mescaleros. One day as he engaged in hand-to-hand combat with about half a dozen Apache boys, he was surprised to see them turn suddenly and run.

A couple of Kiowa braves had appeared at the edge of the bluff. Andrés wondered at these strange Indians re-

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splendent in war paint and feathers. Then one of them seeing that Andrés was not an Indian spoke to him in Spanish. It was Santiago, a Mexican who had been captured by the Indians many years before, and had become as one of the tribe. To him, Andrés told the story of his capture, the cruel death of little Pedro, and his own terrible suffering. Santiago's companion, Heap O' Bears was interested and the outcome of it all was that he arranged to get the boy away from the Apaches and take him home to his daughter who had recently lost her son.

For his fight with the Mescalero boys, Andrés was tortured and lashed, but he endured his punishment, thinking of the escape that lay ahead. That night when the Apaches were asleep, Andrés slipped out and made his way to the Kiowa camp. At the tepee of Heap O' Bears, his wife, Hon-zip-fa gave Andrés buffalo jerky to eat, and together through Santiago as interpreter, they laid plans for the morrow..

Heap O' Bears had seen the Mexican boy fight the Apaches and he resolved to buy him or fight for him. Under the cover of darkness, Andrés returned to the Apache camp, and the next day for a little black mule, two buffalo robes, and a red blanket, Santiago secured his release from the Mescalero Apaches. He now became "Andele," the Kiowa captive, adopted grandson of Heap O' Bears, the chief.

Hon-zip-fa dressed the wounds of Andele. With a butcher-knife, whetted on a stone, she cut away the matted bloody hair. With *yucca* or soap weed, she washed his tender scalp and cleansed it. Next she made him a suit of buckskin. In a short time, Andele was well and strong again. The Kiowas were kind to their captive, and he came to love them. Hon-zip-fa made him a saddle, and in a few days, the Kiowas started their return trip to the Oklahoma country. The journey lay across the desert between the Rio Grande and the Pecos rivers, a long, hard trip in the burning sun across the parched prairies where water was scarce.

When the Wichita mountains were reached, there was plenty of good grazing and water, and the Kiowas rested for some time before going to their homes on the Washita river. They encountered a snow storm which delayed their progress, and then a herd of buffalo. For days they traveled through the herd. Andele had never seen so many buffalo. Each night the Indians killed several. The liver and kidneys were eaten raw as were a part of the paunch and entrails. Other portions of the buffalo were cooked over the coals in a rude barbecue fashion, or dried into "jerky" and used in winter or on trips where game was scarce. The hides were carefully saved for tepee covers. Eight or twelve hides were used in making the family tepees. For communal purposes, wigwams were constructed of many skins. All of the preparation of the hides was done by women. It was a long and laborious process to scrape the skins, dry them and cure them properly, but in the end they were quite as soft as modern commercial leather and much more durable.

Andele found life with the Kiowas, as the adopted son of E-ton-bo,⁸ interesting, and so much happier than when he was with the Apaches, that in a few months he ceased to think of home and rescue. The Kiowas were considerate of their captive, and Andele determined to make a good Kiowa. Santiago and Heap O' Bears were pleased with the zest which the boy developed for the lore and habits of the Kiowas and they resolved that nothing should be kept from him.

One of the first tribal ceremonies which Andele witnessed was the great medicine dance. Rev. Methvin in his book, has described this ceremonial in detail.⁹ The medicine dance was held once a year. It was a sort of thanksgiving to the Indian gods who had watched over the tribe during the year, and to whom an appeal for further protection was made.

8. E-ton-bo was the daughter of Heap O'Bears. Methvin, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. p. 58.

9. Rev. J. J. Methvin, *Andele or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. Chapter VII.

Invitation to the dance is a ritual in itself. The medicine man painted his body white and wore no garment, save a buffalo robe. He took the sacred fetish from the little buckskin bag where it had been hanging inside his tepee since the last hunt, and solemnly hung it around his neck. He tied a similar symbol on his saddle, mounted his pony, and circled the tepees of all whom he wished to attend the dance. It is an evil omen to refuse to go or to be neglected in the invitations. The chief takes no food until he has visited all the tepees unless it requires more than four days to complete the task. At the end of the fourth day, the medicine man may take food and drink if first he builds a "sweat house" and observes certain rituals before eating.

After Heap O' Bears had circled all the tepees, the Indians broke camp and gathered in a central location. The four chief medicine men made an offering and selected a tall tree to be used as a center of the dance. After a smooth level location had been chosen, and the preliminaries were about to begin, the "dog-soldiers"¹⁰ as the Kiowa braves were known, painted their bodies for the festive occasion. There was much shouting and beating of tom-toms. The following day the Indians proceeded toward the consecrated spot. The procession was led by the chief medicine man. His wife followed, carrying the chief idol. Next came the captives and twelve favorite medicine men bearing sacred fetishes, and then the braves, and last of all the women and children. Four times the procession halted on the way. The last stop was made about a mile from the ceremonial grounds. At this time, one of the oldest men of the tribe announced that the great race was about to begin.

Upon the sacred spot a pole had been erected. To the person who first succeeds in reaching this pole and knocking it down will come great distinction and fortune, and even his dog-soldiers will be favored during the coming

10. Methvin, *Andale*. Chap. XX deals with the organization of the five orders of "Dog-soldiers."

year. At a signal, the rush for the pole began. After the first four men had reached the pole and won the coveted honors of first, second, third and fourth chief, the circle was formed. Within this circle, the dancers took their places. On the west side of the circle was located the tepee of the medicine chief. The sacred fetish was carried inside and with it the medicine chief remained during the four days of the dance.

The next morning, a captive woman and the dog-soldiers were sent out to cut down the sacred tree. Even this was done according to ritual. Four times the party stopped and worshipped before they approached the tree. The Mexican woman struck the tree a blow with an ax, and then she and the soldiers paused to repeat mystic incantations. Each stroke of the ax was followed by worship until the tree was felled. It was then dragged by the soldiers to the ceremonial grounds. As on the day before, they stopped four times before reaching the center of the circle. Meanwhile, the other Indians brought in poles and branches and the construction of an arbor was begun.

When the preparations were complete, the dancers stripped themselves except for a breech clout, painted their bodies white, and put on buffalo skins. Making the noise of a bull, the braves circled the medicine man's tepee four times, and next the arbor four times. The medicine man then led the dance. His body was painted yellow, and he took his position behind it. The musicians went through a similar performance, and then began their weird haunting music of tom-tom and the rattle-gourd. The medicine man then lead the dance. His body was painted yellow, and his feet black. He wore a buckskin breech clout, and a belt of panther skin. On his head was a jack rabbit bonnet. Bunches of prairie sage were tied to his wrists and ankles, and he carried a fan of eagle feathers and an eagle bone whistle.

He worshipped before the sacred image, and chewed a wild root which he presently began to spit upon the

dancers. Then he quickly ran around the circle four times blowing his eagle whistle. The common dancers next joined the circle, yelling and leaping and praying as they entered into the spirit of the dance. This, they continued until all were exhausted. They howled at the sun and at the idol in a wild manner declaring that their enemies were blind and harmless and that they could now scalp them and take their horses. At last the medicine man whirled himself around the circle, and the dancers fixed their eyes upon him until many fell prostrate, and dazed upon the ground, half-conscious, half hypnotized, they dreamed strange dreams.

Andele watched these wierd proceedings and he listened to the men as they told of the visions which came to them as they lay there prostrate in the sun. How different from the faith of the people at San Gerónimo, and the padre who came now and then to baptize and to read the mass. It was all so wild, so colorful, so serious. Andele was enthralled by its barbaric intensity. He was only a child, and he quickly absorbed the Indian tradition and the Indian superstition. Perhaps some day he would be a medicine man

E-ton-bo grew to love the little captive boy. And his adopted grandfather, Heap O' Bears, taught him the lore of the Kiowa brave, the secrets of the chase and the tricks of plunder. Perhaps some day Andele would become a member of the great Kiowa Quo-dle-quoit. This favoritism made Andele more unpopular with the Indian boys of his own age, but something happened one day that proved to the Kiowa youth for all time that Andele could hold his own. It was a hard fight, but on it Andele realized, depended his future peace.

It was on the occasion of a scalp dance.

A scalp dance with the Kiowas lasted about three weeks. It was a season of great rejoicing and thanksgiving; and it could only be held after a marauding expedition when scalps are taken and none of the Kiowa braves

were killed. All the women were privileged to join in the dance, but only the braves who were present when the scalps were taken could participate in the celebration.¹¹ After a successful undertaking, the returning Indians descend upon their homes with a mighty war-whoop. The wives and children join in the shout and preparations for the dance. The scalps taken are hung on a pole, the tom-toms beat, and the Indians dance around jeering at the scalps and praising the victors. When the dance is over, the scalps are offered to the sun or to their idols with a prayer that they may be successful in getting more scalps, and that they may have protection in future expeditions.¹²

Andele joined in the dance with the Indian boys. They dressed themselves in buffalo robes, and bellowed like mad bulls as they jumped over the fire. Suddenly Pakea and Andele collided with such force that both of them fell over dazed. When Pakea arose, he was angry, and he knocked Andele down again. In the fight that followed, Andele showed something of the spirit of *conquistadores*. Attentions shifted from the dance to the fight and Andele was determined to win. Pakea wailed with pain as Andele struck him blow upon blow, in too rapid succession for him to even try to return them. It was enough. The old Indians muttered approbation, and the young Indians took caution. Andele's troubles with the Kiowa boys were at an end.

In the spring of 1869, after the annual sun dance, Heap O' Bears started with his Kiowa braves and some friendly bands of Comanches, Arapahoes, and Cheyennes, to make war upon the Utes. The expedition, however, was not a success and Heap O' Bears was scalped by his enemies. Ten days later, word reached the Kiowa camp. The night was chill and the wind whistled through the cottonwoods, and Andele was no more than asleep when he was awakened by a peculiar wail. A moment later Hon-zip-fa was aroused. She recognized the sound, and gave out a piercing shriek.

11. *Quo-dle-puott*, a secret society among the Kiowa, an exclusive honor.

12. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 71.

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The braves were returning without their chief. By the light of the smouldering fire, she slashed her bare arms and breasts, and smeared the blood upon her face. Then she asked a neighbor to chop off one of her fingers. All night long, Hon-zip-fa and the Kiowas wailed, and screamed and mourned the passing of their chief. Andele, mystified, softly sobbed at the loss of his friend.

At dawn, the last honors to a brave were paid. All of the personal effects of Heap O' Bears were brought together and a great fire made. Several ponies were killed, so that the good chief would not be without sufficient mounts in the life beyond. Heap O' Bears had many friends and for a whole year his tribesmen mourned for him. Each morning and each evening they faced the sun and bewailed the loss of their chief.

Andele now went to live with Napawat, brother of Heap O' Bears, who succeeded to the title of chief. Napawat had two wives who quarreled constantly so that Andele's life was very unhappy. However, Napawat became a great chief, and avenged the death of Heap O' Bears.¹³ He endured the torture necessary to make him a great chief. He painted his body white, put on a buffalo robe with the hair side out, smoked a pipe of tobacco and medicinal herbs, prayed, and made a blood offering to the sun. For four days he sat, mutilating his body, praying and fasting. In a feverish, weakened condition, he fell asleep and dreamed of the successful chief that he should become.

In four years, Andele took on the life of the plains Indians. Their dress became his dress, their language his language, and their gods, his gods. "He caught," says Methvin,

"the spirit of their aspirations, and he hoped to be a great war-chief. He thought the Indian idol or 'medicine' would pity him and help him, and so he cried to it, and often at night he would get up,

13. After the Kiowa custom, Hon-zip-fa soon married Sunboy, the eldest brother of Heap O'Bears.

go to the medicine man, worship, and offer a blanket or a bit of property that he possessed."¹⁴

Andele prayed unceasingly to his idol, and he promised the greatest of sacrifices if he would help him to become a great medicine man. He built a "sweat house," in which to worship. In the tribal life of the Kiowas, the "sweat house" has a peculiar religious and medicinal significance. It was made by driving slender willow poles about two inches in diameter and six feet in height, into the ground in the form of a circle, about six feet across. At the top, the poles were drawn together and tied. This frame work was then made almost air-tight by covering the sides with hides and blankets. The floor was covered with a thick layer of prairie sage.¹⁵ In the center, a hole six inches deep, and a foot across was made. The medicine man brought into the tepee his sacred fetish, a fan of eagle feathers,¹⁶ and a rawhide bucket of water. Rocks were heated very hot and then carried to the hole in the center of the tepee. When the medicine man and his worshipers were seated inside, the robes carefully fastened down, and the preliminary ritual over, the water was poured on the rocks. As the worshipers inhaled the odor from the steaming sage and they perspired profusely, the incantations began.

No fans are used until after the medicine man has completed his part of the worship. For some time he calls upon his grandfather, "Kon-kea, Kon-kea, Kon-kea," his voice keeping the slow rhythm of the eagle tail fan. Later, the others join in the chant, fanning and singing and praying to their idols and ancestors. The worship ends only when the worshipers have ceased to perspire.

The use of the sweat house in time of sickness is somewhat simpler. The patient is placed in the tepee alone,

14. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 96.

15. Sage is widely used by the plains tribes in all their ceremonies. It is thought to have mysterious protective and curative powers.

16. Eagle feathers have a similar significance, and are used in religious and medicinal ceremonies. War bonnets are made of eagle feathers.

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water is thrown on the rocks, and when perspiration is at its height, the sick person is supposed to run from the sweat house and plunge into a cold stream.

Andele very carefully constructed his sweat house, and then sought the services of the chief medicine man. He circled to the left, after the Indian custom, until he came to the idol. This he untied, and retracing his steps, returned to the sweat house. He was followed by the medicine man, who prayed to the sun before entering the tepee. He then issued a call to worship. Outside the sweat house the worshipers disrobed. Entering, they circled to the left, the medicine man facing the east, and with the idol in front of him.

The long-stemmed pipe, well filled with a mixture of ground sumac leaves and tobacco, which according to custom, had been placed near the idol, was taken up by the medicine man preparatory to smoking while Andele stepped out upon the prairie for a piece of dried horse ordure which he lighted, and then took it in a split stick and held it to the bowl of the pipe, while the medicine man proceeded to smoke and mutter some petition to the sun, as he puffed the smoke upward.¹⁷

Outside the tepee a buffalo head was placed with its nose pointing toward the entrance. Beyond the buffalo head was the moon-shaped bed of coals, where the rocks were heated. Four times the medicine man smoked and prayed to the sun, the moon, and to his idol. He offered smoke to them, and motioned to the north, the south, the east and the west, praying to his grandfather to give him power over his enemies, to blind them so that he might kill them, to help him steal good horses and finally to grant him health and long life. The sacred pipe was then passed around the circle, each worshiper smoking in turn.¹⁸

17. Methvin, *Andele*. pp. 101-2.

18. In primitive times the old Kiowa Indians never smoked alone. Regardless of the size of the group only one pipe was ever smoked at a time. It was always passed to the left, and never to the right. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 103.

Andele, who built the sweat house, was then told by the medicine man to bring the rocks. The medicine man went through the four-fold ceremony in receiving them, and in throwing the water upon them, then the wierd incantations previously described were begun. After the worship, the sound of the voice of a woman or a child is a good omen, but the sight of a jack rabbit or a wild animal is very bad.

Andele longed to become a medicine man and a great chief. He tied a lock of buffalo hair to his head. He wore crow feathers and deer hoof charms, and he learned to mimic the buffalo and the wild bull. He had faith in the supernatural. He went on marauding expeditions, and he tortured himself that he might win the approbation of his idol and become a great medicine man.

In 1872, there was a general outbreak among the Indians. The Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches had all been on a terrible rampage. Plundering and scalping expeditions were made into Texas. Horses were stolen and captives were taken, and the white settlers along the border were terror-stricken. An outbreak led by Big Bow upon Anadarko, caused the military posts at Fort Reno, Fort Sill, and Fort Elliott to send out troops. As soon as word reached the Indians that United States soldiers were on their trail, most of the tribes headed for the Rocky Mountains. Napawat and his band of Kiowas were not successful in escaping, and were compelled to surrender. While in custody near Fort Sill, Capt. R. H. Pratt began to take a census of the Indians. Each Indian was called before the officer and questioned through an interpreter. When it came Andele's turn, it was discovered that the youth was not a Kiowa, but a Mexican.

Having heard many unfavorable stories from the Indians, Andele was suspicious of the soldiers and kept away from them. One day Agent Tatum sent for Andele.¹⁹ Napa-

19. In 1869, President Grant appointed Laurie Tatum, a Quaker, as U. S. Indian Agent for the Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches with headquarters at Ft. Sill, Indian Territory. Mr. Tatum took up his duties July 1, 1869.

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wat accompanied the captive to the agent's office. The agent smiled and shook hands with Andele, but he could not understand what the white man was saying. Napawat shook his head and grunted disapprovingly. He knew nothing of Andele except that the Kiowas had bought him from the Apaches several years before. Napawat did not encourage Andele to talk and so he told nothing of what he remembered about his home and his people.

Agent Tatum asked Napawat to let Andele go to school but Napawat refused. Mr. Tatum did not relax in his efforts until Napawat finally consented to put the matter up to Andele and let him decide for himself. However, Napawat carefully coached Andele how to answer the agent's questions, and when Agent Tatum presented his proposition, it was flatly refused. And so far as Agent Tatum was concerned, he could do no more. Andele returned to the Kiowa camp, still determined to become a chief and a great medicine man.

The years 1872-73 were filled with Indian attacks, outrages, and carnage. Andele grew sick of war, the talk of scalps, of murder, and captives, and he turned himself more to the mysteries of tribal medicine and tribal lore. However, this was to bring him no satisfaction or consolation. In the spring of 1873, Napawat fell ill, and in spite of the incantations and charms of the medicine men, he died. Onkoite, his brother, succeeded him and took up his idol or medicine. Soon Onkoite became very sick. Andele was deeply worried. He longed to make Onkoite well; he performed all the rituals that he knew, but he was afraid to rely upon his own knowledge of herb and spirit medicines. Far and wide, he sent for the best medicine men in the nation.

The first to come was To-no-kup, a "tall eagle-eyed old Indian." Gifts were always necessary to make the medicine effective and in this case To-no-kup asked for a pony

and a bunch of eagle feathers. These Andele and Onkoite's relatives readily promised. At the door of Onkoite's tepee, To-no-kup made certain signs and incantations. Seating himself before the patient, he smoked a pipe, puffing the smoke toward the sun. Then he applied suction to the throat and chest of the sick man and spat the "accumulations" gathered in his mouth. Presently he spat out a small fish. This, he said, was the cause of Okoite's suffering, and he would soon be well again. Gathering up the eagle feathers and the pony and such other gifts as the grateful family presented him, To-no-kup hurried away.

Okoite's condition became worse. Pho-do-dle, another medicine man, went through a similar procedure and spat out a small, but living snake. This he killed and buried in the tepee. Andele felt assured of Okoite's recovery now, and paid the fee. But Okoite did not improve. Zon-ko, a third medicine man came, and after his ritual spat out a little turtle, took his fee and departed. After the fourth medicine man spat out a small lizard, Okoite breathed his last. Andele said nothing, but his confidence in medicine men was gone. He no longer wanted to be a medicine chief.

Desiring a wife for himself, Andele offered an Indian by the name of Keabi, a pony and two buffalo robes for his daughter, Tonko. Keabi agreed and Tonko became Andele's squaw. The marriage was not a happy one and Tonko eloped with Ton-kea-mo-tle. Andele was rather glad to be rid of his unfaithful wife, but Indian honor forced him into combat with Ton-kea-mo-tle. Fortunately, neither was killed, but Andele and Ton-kea-mo-tle became friends again. It was customary to punish an unfaithful squaw by cutting off her nose, but this Andele refused to do.

Andele's next wife was much older than he, and he soon put her away. After a while, Andele met a young Indian girl whose name was Ti-i-ti or White Sage. He married her and they lived happily until her death.

During these years Anglo civilization moved westward and Andele came to see more and more of white men. There

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were others now besides the soldiers. They came in covered wagons and they staked claims, and built dug-outs and soddys where the Indian hunting grounds had been. The buffalo were fast disappearing, and Andele began to think much of the life of the white man. Once more, he thought of home, his mother, and the good padre of San Gerónimo.

One day, George Hunt, the new Indian agent at Andarko, spoke to the Indians through an interpreter. He told them of a way by which the young Indians might come in and learn a trade, how to make a living without hunting, and pillaging, and killing. Andele was interested and he decided to change his mode of living.

Andele became an apprentice to one of the government blacksmiths. He learned the trade rapidly, and he soon discarded the picturesque, but cumbersome regalia of a Kiowa brave for the simpler dress of the government blacksmiths. His contact with white people brought back to him many half-forgotten memories. The post office interested him, and one day he timidly inquired of Dr. Tobin, if perhaps through it, he might locate his people. In the mean time, he remembered that as a child, he was called "Andrés," not "Andele," and that his family name was Martínez, and that his older brother was Dionicio, and that they lived not far from Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Dr. Tobin thought perhaps some of the family could be located and dispatched the following note:

Kiowa and Comanche U. S. Agency
Andarko, Ind., Ter., Jan. 6, 1883.

Dionicio Martínez,
Las Vegas, N. M.

Dear Sir: Did you have a little brother stolen by the Indians many years ago, by the name of Andrés? The Indians call him Andele. If so, write me at once. He is here and we think can be identified fully.

Respectfully,
Hugh Tobin,
U. S. Physician.²⁰

²⁰ Methvin, *Andele*. p. 173.

For two years Dr. Tobin kept writing letters in an effort to locate Andele's relatives. One day an answer came, and a few weeks later Dionicio arrived to take Andele back to New Mexico. The Kiowas held solemn council and consented to Andele's departure only upon the promise that he would return. After a month's journey overland, Andele and his brother reached Las Vegas, March 19, 1885.

Twenty years had passed since that fateful October morning when Paulita Martínez had called, "Adios, mi muchachito, adios," as she saw her little son drive the cattle toward the vega. She was a feeble old woman now. Her hair was white, and her face bore the wrinkled marks of sorrow, and grief, and toil. But she had not forgotten her "muchachito," and even in the garb of a warrior of the plains, she recognized her little Andrés and loved him and welcomed him with passion and tenderness as though he had been stolen away only the day before.

For four years Andrés lived with his people, but in the summer of 1889 he returned to Anadarko and the Indians. White Sage had died in his absence, but Andele had grown to love the Kiowas and he longed to be near them again.

In 1887, while Andele was in New Mexico, the Indian Mission Conference meeting in Vinita, sent J. J. Methvin as missionary to the wild tribes. The Rev. Mr. Methvin's appointment came as a surprise. He had studied law, been admitted to the bar in Georgia, and given up a law practice to enter the ministry. He was at that time thirty-one years of age and had had no contact or experience with the Indians. It seemed an unwise choice, especially to the one who was chosen. However, he said nothing, and manfully resigned himself to the work that lay ahead. Bishop Galloway must have known something of the mettle of the little man from Georgia, his devotion to the church, and the strength and beauty of his character, for the task he assigned him was a most trying and difficult one.

Methvin convinced himself that his appointment was one to which he had been called by God. He located at Anadarko, and began to organize his work among the Indians. Several months later, as he stood on the bank of the Washita, near one of the government buildings, he saw Andele.

"Are you a stranger?" the missionary asked.

"No, I belong here, but I have been away on a visit," Andele explained in broken English.

"Well, I am a Methodist preacher, a missionary sent here by the church, and I want to know your people and help them when I can. What is your name?"

"My name is Andrés Martínez, but the Indians call me Andele."

"I have a little church right up beyond the post office and I will be glad to have you come."²¹

Andele came. He listened as Mr. Methvin told of the Christian God, who is good and merciful and kind. Andele came often to hear more of the white man's religion. Since the day of Okoite's death, his mind had been restive, and there had been no balm for his distressed spirit. This seemed to fill a need in his distraught religious experience. It brought him peace, and comfort, and order.

Not long after Andele had made his quiet confession at the altar of the little Indian mission, he started to school. He learned to read and write, and he progressed so rapidly that in a short time he was given the position of industrial teacher and interpreter in the Methvin Institute, near Anadarko. This school was operated by the Women's Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In 1893, the Board sent out Miss Emma McWhorter as matron.²² She was soon greatly loved by the Indians and by Andele. In the young convert, she saw much that was fine and cour-

21. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 179.

22. Emma McWhorter was the daughter of the Rev. P. T. McWhorter of the Indian Mission Conference, one of the prominent early Methodist ministers in Oklahoma.

ageous. Theirs was a common cause, and on the seventeenth of October, 1893, they were married by the Rev. Mr. Methvin.

After Methvin Institute was discontinued by the Board of Missions, Andele and his wife moved to their allotment of land in the Washita Valley near Cottonwood Grove. Although he was prosperous, Andele was not content to farm. After several years, he sold his land and moved to Anadarko. There, with his friend the Rev. Mr. Methvin, he took up his work as a pastor of one of the Indian missions.

Today, the Oklahoma Indian wears the white man's clothes, he speaks the white man's language, and he worships as the white man worships. But the story is not so simple as that. It has been a long hard journey, and the annals of the transition from nomadic to civilized life are fraught with tragedy and disappointment. An Indian may cast aside his quiver and his bow, his moccasins, and his tepee, but he is likely to continue to think as an Indian thinks. The Indian is being submerged in the white man's culture. No one knows better than Andele, the gift and the price of that culture. And so, when the Indians are troubled, or sick, or sad, they send for Andele. Andele understands.

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The Old Pine

By ALICE M. WILSON

The hermit pine is gaunt and old;
His gray locks make him sage.
He whispers to his friend, the wind,
In tones made hoarse by age.

His voice has always been as cracked,
The moss has always hung.
For well 'tis known to everyone—
The pine was never young!

O. Henry and Don Alfonso

Spanish in the Work of an American Writer

By F. M. KERCHEVILLE

IN EVERY fight he was the first man to mix it at close quarters with the Don Alfonsos"—says O. Henry, in one of his famous stories about that tragi-comic affair of 1898, in which Spain and the United States were the principal actors. Here the short story writer refers to the Spaniards in his half-serious, half-humorous way as "Don Alfonsos." Few readers of O. Henry's inimitable stories realize the extensive use that author makes of the Spanish language and things Spanish. This is one of the most interesting and characteristic aspects of his work, and one quite often overlooked.

O. Henry appears to have had a good knowledge of Spanish, and evidently took quite a genuine pleasure in its use. This is all the more remarkable when one considers the anemic efforts at French and Spanish on the part of others of even our so-called best writers. Modern American literature is often profusely sprinkled with such French phrases as "tete a tete," "hors d'Oeuvre," "tout de suite," and other such Gallic tidbits. In the case of Spanish there often appear, especially in young Western writers, such smatterings and common stock words as "lasso," "adiós," "burro," "pronto," "savvy" (garbled and quite Americanized form of the Spanish "sabe") and many another rather feeble attempt to impregnate their stories with the atmosphere of the Spanish Southwest.

After reading such constant efforts as the above to bring into the American short story (not to say literature) somewhat of the Spanish atmosphere and flavor, one turns with genuine delight to O. Henry's use of the language of Don Quijote and Sancho Panza. Strictly speaking, however, O. Henry does not use the language of the idealistic

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"caballero de la triste figura" (Knight of the sorrowful countenance). He appears to have known only Spanish-American, and O. Henry always preferred to write from his own knowledge and observation. Some so-called critics have attempted to show that his characters are not drawn from real life. No writer was ever truer to life in its main essentials, though there is often seen in his works the necessary exaggeration for humor's sake. Thus O. Henry chose to use always what might be called Latin-American Spanish—but Spanish none the less. There is a popular notion among Americans that the Spanish of Castilla is so vastly different from that of Spanish America that a Spaniard from Madrid cannot even so much as understand a Mexican or South American. This conception, like so many popular ones, is not only false, but absolutely absurd. O. Henry was well aware of this fact.

While spending his time "doing his turn" at journalism in various towns near the Rio Grande in Texas, O. Henry early came in contact with the numerous Spanish-Americans, especially the poorer classes in that region. He was quick to catch the beauty of the language and the originality of these characters. The American short-story writer evidently did not know, nor did he often attempt to portray the upper educated classes of Spanish America. O. Henry was quick to sense the literary possibilities in the ancient traditions and customs in that peculiar mixture of the blood of the Dons and the Indians, represented by the poorer classes of his acquaintance. Later the young short-story writer traveled rather extensively in Mexico and Central America, thoroughly enjoying himself in the lands to the South, and incidentally imbibing along with his "vasos de buen vino" something of the romantic and languishing spirit of the semi-tropics. This spirit he weaves into some of his best short stories, such as: "The Cactus" and "Red Roses of Tonia," from his volume, *Waifs and Strays*; "A Chaparral Christmas Gift," from *Whirligigs*; "Hearts and Crosses,"

"Pimienta Pancakes," "Hygea at the Solito," "An Afternoon Miracle," and "The Caballero's Way," all from that fascinating volume, *Heart of the West*. One of his most distinctly Spanish stories is the justly famous "Phoebe" in *Roads of Destiny*, as well as the hilariously funny "Fourth in Salvador," in the same volume. Besides all these, there remain such others as "Tamales," in *Rolling Stones*, others in *The Gentle Gaffer* and *Options*, while practically the whole of *Cabbages and Kings* is filled with tales of "caballeros" and dark-eyed "señoritas," including those two tales, veritable gems of humor, "Shoes," and "Ships."

In one of his stories, "One Dollar's Worth," in *Whirligigs*, O. Henry compliments a "señorita" and the Spanish language at the same time in the following words: "A beautiful dark-eyed girl with a skin tinged with the faintest lemon colour walked into the room. A black shawl was thrown over her head and wound once around her neck. She began to talk in Spanish, a voluble, mournful stream of melancholy music." The last line is quite significant, for it shows O. Henry's admiration for the haunting beauty of the Spanish tongue. He found a beauty, a romantic flavor and a touch of the mysterious in the Spanish language, for example, which he did not find in the daughter of ancient Anglo-Saxon. The name of the above-described girl is a case in point, for it happens to be "Joya Treviños," Treviños being a musical sounding Spanish name, and Joya a beautiful name meaning "gem" or "jewel."

O. Henry's use of Spanish is perhaps most noticed in the names he chooses for the settings of the stories. Most of these happen to be places in the Southwest, as would be expected from a writer choosing Spanish-American backgrounds. In his selection of names, O. Henry passes hurriedly over such prosaic sounding ones as Ft. Worth, Dallas, and Roswell, while he dwells long and delightfully upon such names as Los Angeles (the Angels), San Antonio (St. Anthony), and Coralia. In *Cabbages and Kings* alone there

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are at least six Spanish names, including Anchuria (that "volatile" republic of Central America); Corallo, a town already mentioned; San Mateo, the capital city of Anchuria (Spanish for St. Matthew); and Solitas and Alazan, two imaginary seaports on the coast of the above mentioned republic. Then there is the famous "Casa Morena," in which the president of the republic wine, dined, and tried in vain to stave off assassinations and revolutions, though in this case the president's "White House" has changed color, and must be translated into the unpoetic English "Brown House" thereby losing most of its charm. There in that country also rise the magnificent "Cordilleras," where the Indians leisurely wash gold dust from "auriferous" streams. In "Roads of Destiny," O. Henry treats the interested reader to other Spanish settings. We walk through the lazy little town of Aguas Frias ("Cold Water"—note how the English translation really throws cold water on the name of the village), we anxiously watch a revolution budding out on the coast of Esperando, appropriately named, meaning "hope," a good omen for the valiant rebels. We are led by an old sea dog to the languorous port of "Buenas Tierras." Next we skip up to Texas, on the Rio Grande, and take a look at the little town of "Espina" ("thorn"—probably named for the cactus there) just north of Laredo. In another story we step off a west-bound train into the quiet little city of San Rosario. Later, we celebrate a hilarious Fourth of July in San Salvador, where American tourists get drunk and paint the town red. This, of course, happened in a "heathen" country long before prohibition, and Tia Juana. The wizard of the short story then brings us back to San Antonio to the convent of Santa Mercedes. In *Rolling Stones*, O. Henry localizes one story in the sweet-scented province of "Durasnos," the Spanish equivalent for our own delicious "Peaches," another in "Aguas Frescas," which the author describes as the land of "Always Afternoon." Next he comes leisurely back to "Saltillo," a little town in Col6rado. A story in *Whirligigs* has for its setting

the lobby of a quaint little "Hotel Orilla del Mar" (Hotel by the Side of the Sea). In a later story in the same book, he grants hasty glimpses of the beauty of Concepción, Valparaíso (Valley of Paradise) and Lima. Later he passes by Punta Reina before setting sail for the Golden Gate and San Francisco. In addition to those towns already named there are: Ratona, Macuto (on the coast of Venezuela), Caracas, the mountain villages of Zamora, Los Andes, and Miranda; Punta Redonda, Los Pinos, Espinosa City, Matamoros (signifying the ancient, honorable and delicious pastime of "Killing the Moors"), Concho City, Cadiz (a Spanish-American namesake for the Spanish city of the same name, taken from the ancient Roman "Gades"), the village of Mojada (in American slang meaning "all wet"), Chihuahua, Esperanza, Rincón (just a little "corner" one hundred miles from San Antonio, Texas), San Gabriel (named for the musical saint who will trumpet the dead into eternity), and Santa Rosa.

In creating a Spanish atmosphere for his stories, O. Henry does not content himself with Spanish-American settings; his knowledge is not limited to the naming of several towns. He continues the process by a generous sprinkling of names for rivers, mountain ranges, ranches, and ships, all of which point to the genius with an eye for the essentials of true art. There are two often mentioned rivers, the Nueces and the Frio, both in south Texas. The author of this article, when a boy, lived in "the loneliest part of country between the Nueces and the Frio," perhaps quite near the imaginary sheep ranch of Sam Webber, mentioned by O. Henry in "Round the Circle," a story in *Waifs and Strays*. The "Cibalo" ranch is a peculiar name with a distinct Spanish flavor, and so is the "Largo Verde," both of which are mentioned in the above named volume. In that excellent little story in *Cabbages and Kings*, entitled "The Admiral," O. Henry introduces the reader to that gallant little sloop, "Estrella de la Noche" (Star of the Night) car-

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rying her precious cargo of "drygoods, patent medicines, granulated sugar, and Three Star brandy." Later the vessel's name was changed to the less poetic "El Nacional," probably out of a sense of "patented" patriotism. Later a rebel general seeks to escape his fate by fleeing in the good ship "Salvador," but the "Savior" failed the poor devil on this trip. Then there is the "Conchita" (Little Shell) quite an appropriate name for a light craft bound for New Orleans with a load of red bananas. Rivers with Spanish names seem to hold a special attraction for O. Henry, such as the "Rio Escondido" (Hidden River), the sanctuary of a little band of buccaneers in "Phoebe," the "Rio Bravo," whose wild banks served as a hide-out for bold Bud King, a dare-devil outlaw "spurred, sombreroed, booted, garnished with revolvers, abundantly drunk, and very much unafraid." There is also "Piédra" creek (Stony Creek) and "Chiquito" River. To the names of ranches could be added "El Rancho de las Sombras," "El Mucho Calor," the ranch of "Los Animos," a five-league survey—"a grant made by King Philip of Spain," the "Nopalito" ranch, where Old Man McAllister ruled as cattle king of west Texas, the "Rancho Seco," down in Hidalgo County, and the celebrated "Rancho de las Olmas," where the cowboys had some lively times on the biggest pear flats and chaparral thickets in the Southwest, where roamed "the wolf, the tiger cat, and the Mexican lion." Among the ships are also found the fruit steamer, "El Carrero," the "Pájaro" (the bird), and another fruit steamer, the "Andador," while among the mountains there rise dimly against the horizon the celebrated "Cordilleras" and the "San Gabriel." Probably the most intriguing thing about the "Don Alfensos" to O. Henry, and certainly one of the most interesting to his readers is the somewhat whimsical peculiarity of Spanish names given to his characters. The Spaniards are still old-fashioned enough to believe that there is something in a name. They know that there is far more in a name than the world has yet dreamed of, and although he may run short of many

attachments, the Spaniard will never run short of titles. Some of his names sound like pages from hotel registers, all rolled into one, others like declamatory orations, while others are veritable poems. The Nordic has always wondered at the Spaniard's insistence on a long name, and in his own business-like way has succeeded in shortening most of his own to such eminently efficient soubriquets as John Smith, Peter Olson, and Ole Bull. The Spaniard, on the other hand, is still willing to take a little time to speak or write the name of a friend, and so he still insists on the old Spanish custom of giving his progeny, not only his family name, but also that of his mother, with even other attachments and accessories. Thus, the son of Don Juan Fernández y Monteleón and Doña Marià Concepción Rodríguez de Fernández y Monteleón may end up by wearing through life the following family title "Don Felipe Gregorio Rodríguez de Fernández y Monteleón."

An English professor once remarked that he had certain Spanish students in his classes and that when he called the roll, singing out those Spanish names he seemed to be quoting lines of poetry from Virgil or Dante. O. Henry, though by no means a professor of English, was quick to sense this same beauty and strangeness of the names of his "Don Alfonsos." He saw in them also a keen element of humor with which to tickle the vanity of his Nordic brothers. At times, in adding a humorous touch he exaggerates the length of the names of his Spanish-American characters. He is not always content with the mere use of "señor" (Mr.) before his elongated titles, but he even adds "Don" ("Sir"—pronounced with a long "o" somewhat like in stone) and so we have Señor Don So and So, of So and So and So and So. This is not altogether an exaggeration, however, since Spaniards often even today make use of both these famous titles in one name. Neither can it be said that O. Henry greatly exaggerates in the length of his Spanish proper names for the history of Spain is replete

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with the cognomens of such eminent "Caballeros" as, for example, Señor Don Josè Chacòn Medina Salazar y Villaseñor, Marquès de Penaloso, Vice-roy of New Mexico from 1708 to 1712, to name only one among many.

In the matter of Spanish names, O. Henry is at the height of his glory in the pages of his volume entitled *Cabbages and Kings*. The reader is first introduced to the inscription on the wooden memorial dedicated to the memory of Don Ramón Àngel de Las Cruces y Miraflores, pompous and ill-fated president of that explosive little Republic of Anchuria. In this case O. Henry first introduces the expectant reader to a very dead Spaniard with a very long name, but the genius of the writer has quickened to immortality both the man and his title. Genius has a way of working miracles. Next there struts across the pages the wife of a provincial governor, one Doña Monteleón y Dolorosa de los Santos y Méndez, a "señora" with olive-hued and ring-laden hands. O. Henry takes a special delight in presenting another character, Doña Mariá Castillas y Buenventura de las Casas, "clad in a skirt of flowered yellow satin, a chemise of ruffled linen, and a purple 'mantilla' from the looms of Spain—her lemon-tinted feet, alas! were bare." This honorable lady makes a good companion character for the exceedingly important Don Señor Ildefonso Federico Valdazar, Juez de la Paz. One catches a glimpse of this worthy as he "attempts to convey his bulk (he weighs twenty stone) to the 'pulpería' (Spanish-American for 'saloon') in order to assuage his matutinal thirst." Then there is the swash-buckling colonel and "commandante" Don Señor el Coronel Encarnación Rios, who anxiously awaited the start of a revolution, also the inimitable Madam Timotea Ortiz, proprietress of the "pulperia" on the corner. There is also the famous Don Sabas Placido (the placid one) an important gentleman and newly confirmed minister of war.

Among the many characters in "Roads of Destiny," there stands Señor Benavides, the Liberator. Spanish-

Americans are fond of liberators, and have produced some great ones, among them, Simon Bolívar, the Washington of South America. There is also the dark-eyed angel of Oratama, "as lovely as—as hell!", and Old Don Santos Urique, a fine old Castilian gentleman who owns "half the gold mines in the country." There also flashes by the handsome Mexican Don Ramon Torres, a direct descendant of the old Spanish "Dons," proud, but extremely courteous—dressed up like a "matador" (bull-fighter) with his "purple velvet, almost hidden by jeweled embroidery."

In *Rolling Stones*, O. Henry is happy to present Doña Isabel Antonia Inez Lolita Carreras y Buencaminos y Monte León, a beautiful widow who throws red roses to encourage her revolutionary friends. There is also Señor Espadas (the man with the sword), "new Minister of Finance," who may decide to abscond with the country's coin and cut his way to freedom, and Doña Isabel Antonia Concha Regalia, another rose-throwing "señorita." This matter of rose-throwing, O. Henry overdoes like most Americans who believe that Spanish girls spend their dull hours tossing beautiful blossoms to their beaux. O. Henry knows better, for roses are scarce in the Southwest, but he undoubtedly used his literary license for the sake of art and romance.

But O. Henry does not neglect the common names to be found anywhere in the Southwest, and in presenting these, he shows a deeper knowledge of things Spanish. His pages are dotted with the names of Mexican cowboys, ranchmen, and shepherds—among them the following are taken at random. the old Indian Galvez, Senor Zavalla, Old Simon Cruz, Esteban Delgado, Carlos Quintana, Justo Valdo, Mateo, the half-breed, Luis, the mule-driver, Rafael Ortiz, Leandro Garcia, a Mexican girl, Pancha Salas, and numerous others, such as that other Mexican girl, Antonia Perez, who was "half Carmen, half Madonna, and the rest—humming bird."

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Not content with this O. Henry even gives some of his horses Spanish names. "Old Bolivar" is an excellent cow pony, named in honor of the great South American liberator, possibly on account of the old brute's uncanny ability at gaining his freedom from his masters by the "broncho" route. Another equine bears the noble title of "Paisano" (Fellow Countryman), an excellent name for a lonely cowboy's one and only companion—a fine fellow at home in any country or climate. There is also old "Vámonos," a tough old cow-horse—that the Mexicans call "Gruyo." He is "a mouse-colored, slate-colored, flea-bitten roan dun" and there was no limit to the distance he could travel over in a day. Strictly speaking, horses are not characters and possibly should not be mentioned in this connection. Of that, however, one could never convince a "Vaquero" (cowboy), who would immediately advance the peculiar idea that his horse has more brains and more genuine character than most men with whom he has dealt. And he might not be far wrong. But the very climax of O. Henry's use of Spanish names is reserved for a weazened and disgruntled Mexican, who swore vengeance on all "Americanos" and sought retribution by selling his customers terrifically hot Mexican "tamales." This tamale vendor is none other than the hero of one of O. Henry's hilariously funny poems, and his cognomen is Don José Calderón Santos Esperito Vicente Camillo Quintana de Rios de Rosa y Ribera.

But O. Henry's knowledge and use of Spanish are not limited to the names of places and characters, although he shows his firsthand acquaintance with that language in the use of such names. There are certain terms known to linguists as "idiomatic" expressions peculiar to a language, and only with great difficulty translated into another tongue. To use such terms frequently and correctly, one must possess more than a superficial knowledge of the foreign language. O. Henry's works, such as the stories in

Cabbages and Kings and *Heart of the West*, are filled with these idiomatic expressions. For instance, in speaking of a certain Paula Brannigan, O. Henry calls her a "mestiza." This word is peculiarly Spanish, meaning, "of mixed blood." The girl's mother "had been a 'mestizo' lady, and the Spanish blood had brought to Paula a certain shyness that was an adornment to the other half of her demonstrative nature." On another occasion, there is the crafty Smith, who escapes from the seaport, after having smoked in a very nervous manner, countless Cuban cigars underneath a palm. The next morning, the natives reported that "the man of pictured clothing went himself away—and with the 'siesta' the incident passed yawning into history." In these lines O. Henry shows clearly that he understands the Spanish expression "se fué," which translated, literally means "took or went himself away," while the "siesta" signifies that afternoon nap which Spanish people so much enjoy, to the consternation and disgust of all restless northerners who happen to be in their midst. Just think of sleeping a couple of hours when one could be doing something worthwhile and making money! But the Spaniards can't see it that way. Then there is the case of poor Mrs. Goodwin who could not come to the banquet in the cool "patio" (inner courtyard) because she was suffering from the evil effects of a "calentura" (fever or high temperature). Some of these expressions O. Henry uses entirely in the original Spanish, which adds a genuine flavor to the story. A case in point is that of one Mr. Blythe who shouts for his brandy "Hi—Muchacho! El aguardiente por acá" (Hey Waiter! Bring on the whiskey—here!) "Aguardiente" is a peculiarly interesting Spanish word coined from the combination of two words "agua" (water) and "ardiente" (burning) thus producing "burning water" in essence the same as the Indian's "fire-water." In passing, it might be interesting to note that the Spanish language has no word for the American "prohibition."

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One of O. Henry's characters, who is more than a little lazy, excuses himself with a slow shrug of the shoulders and an expressive "poco tiempo" (pretty soon). What a world of meaning is packed into these frequently used words, and how much of the philosophy of the tropics lazily resides therein. "What's the hurry—pretty soon all will come out well"—all of this in two little words, "poco tiempo"! But sometimes the native gets in a genuine hurry and O. Henry treats the reader to a rushing scene on ship board and the Spanish expression "caballeros—a prisa" which freely translated would mean "gentlemen—get a move on." An insight of what the natives think of "superior" drunken Americans is found in the expression of their ire as they eye the strangers and label them "Americanos diablos" (American devils). Thus O. Henry knew that citizens of these United States are not always referred to as "brothers and saviors of democracy." Neither are they always called "diablos." By the use of one Spanish word, O. Henry often adds just the right touch in some of his most beautiful passages, as when he says: "looking down the dimly lighted ways, one seemed to see a threading maze of brunette ghosts tangled with a procession of insane fireflies. In some houses the thrumming of lugubrious guitars added to the depression of the "triste" (sad or gloomy) night. The Spanish word here is infinitely more expressive than its English equivalent, and no one knew this better than O. Henry. In the gloriously funny story entitled "Shoes," O. Henry makes excellent use of a favorite Spanish expression when the poor little shopkeepers sit wondering why their customers do not arrive (alas! the poor customers are held up by a generous sprinkling of cockle burs). One of the miniature merchants asks anxiously, "Que hay? Que hay?" Translated literally this little expression means "what is there"; translated freely it is pregnant with meaning and alive with anxiety, signifying something like "what on earth can be the

matter?" Later when the native populace issues forth on its morning errands barefoot and happy and those bare feet run carelessly on to "hidden mines" of cockle burs, the poor people fall to the ground "like crumpled cathedrals" shrieking loudly "Que picadores diablos!" (What devilish stickers!)

Other idiomatic expressions are used by O. Henry throughout the stories in *Roads of Destiny*, *Rolling Stones*, *Whirligigs*, and *Heart of the West*. They are far too numerous to mention, but among them some of the more picturesque and expressive are: "viva la reina" (long live the queen), an excellent "viva" since kings are rapidly going out of style and out of office while "queens" will undoubtedly reign on forever. "Quien sabe?" (Who knows?); "Que mal muchacho" (what a bad boy); "Muy caballero" (a gentlemanly fellow); "seguramente" (surely); "Válgame Diós" (may God help me); "Que dice señor?" (What is it, sir?); "hijo mío" (my dear son); "camino real" (highway); "tierra templada" (temperate lands); and "tierra caliente" (hot country).

Most of the time O. Henry uses the straight out and out Spanish when it comes handy to do so, but at times he takes a whimsical notion to do some translating for the reader. In this, the author usually is quite happy, much to the delight of his reader. O. Henry is not always absolutely correct, but he is always colorful and that is what he was after—and that peculiar Spanish flavor is always there "muy picante" as the Mexicans or Central Americans would say, meaning "plenty good" (slang "plenty hot"). "Mi mujer está enferma en casa," O. Henry has a native say in one of his stories, and then the author adds: "thus the poor man was endeavoring to convey the news, in the only language open to him, that his wife lay ill in her palm-thatched hut." At times the author allows the character himself to do his own interpreting and then the reader is treated to an excellent bit of humor, as in the case of one

Esteban Delgado, a barber, who has just had the honor of shaving a run-away president of the Republic. Delgado shouts: "What think you, Don Frank, I have this night shaved 'la barba'—what you call the 'weeskers' of the 'Presidente' himself, of this countree!" Madama Timotea Ortiz, owner of the "pulpería" (to whom we have referred before) thus translates a bit of one of her own colorful speeches: "To my house they came, one señor, not quite old, and one señorita of sufficient handsomeness. They desired not to eat or to drink—not even of my own 'aguardiente,' which is the best. To their rooms they ascended—*número nueve* and *número diez*. Later came Señor Goodwin, who ascended to speak with them. Then I heard a great noise like that of a 'cañon,' and they said that the 'pobre presidente' had shot himself! 'Está bueno,' I saw nothing of monee or the thing you call 'veliz' that you say he carry it in."

In one of his short stories, "The Admiral," O. Henry draws a wonderful character sketch of a poor little half-wit boy by the name of Felipe Carrera who wanted to be chief naval officer. The southern races are far more sympathetic toward their physical and mental unfortunates than we of the north (according to O. Henry, and he is correct) so they looked upon the poor little fellow with pity and kindness, calling him "El Pobrecito Loco"—which O. Henry translates "the poor little crazed one"—saying naively that God had sent but half of him to earth, retaining the other half. A flag was handed to poor Felipe with a few flowery words (to satisfy the poor boy's ambition) in Spanish which O. Henry translates for the benefit of the non-linguistically inclined readers (thus taking in most Americans), "Brave sailor, this flag is of your country (de su país). Be true, and defend it with your life. Go you with God (Váyase Vd. con Diós). In one of his later stories O. Henry introduces a young native girl, Pasa Ortiz, whom the young gallants glorify with the nickname "La

Santita Naranjadita." Now, for a brief moment, this name seems to stump the author. Indeed, it is exceedingly hard to convey the proper shade of meaning of the words when their essence is squeezed over into rather unpoetic English. "Naranjadita," says O. Henry, "is a Spanish word for a certain color that you must go to more trouble to describe in English. By saying 'The little saint, tinted the most beautiful-delicately-slightly-orange-golden,' you will approximate the description of Madama Ortiz's daughter." And be it said here to the credit of O. Henry that no so-called linguist could possibly make a better translation in this case; indeed most of them would not do half as well. It is these little matters that show O. Henry's penetration into the language of the "Don Alfonsos."

In that justly famous story "A Double-Dyed Deceiver," O. Henry puts much gentle humor and plenty of pathos. An old Spanish mother asks of her long-lost boy, "Are you within, dear son?" in a rippling Castilian (which the author translates as the above). The son, young Don Francisco Urique, answers, "Madre mía, yo vengo," (Mother, I come) and this second translation is also O. Henry's. In another story, "The Enchanted Kiss," an old Mexican hilariously explains how that his own peculiar brand of chile will make men live forever, and he bursts forth with a terrible mixture of Spanish and English as he translates his own bursting sentiments, "Eet ees not the air, Meester. I am to relate to you a secret of verree fine value—Listen me—at age of twenty-three, I arrive in Mexico from Spain. When? In the year of fifteen hundred nineteen, with the "soldados" of Hernan Cortéz. I come to thees country seventeen hundred fifteen. I saw your Alamo reduced. It was like yesterday to me. Three hundred ninety-six year ago I learn the secret how always to leeve. Look at these 'diamantes' I wear. Do you theenk I buy them weeth the moneys I make selling 'chile-con-carne'?" There is an incident in the story "One Dollar's Worth,"

from the volume *Whirligigs*, in which a deputy sheriff tries to explain to a district attorney the warning of a poor girl whose "novio" (sweetheart) has been prosecuted. The officer translates: "She says 'if the life of the one'—let's see how it went—'Si la vida de ella a quien tu amas'—if the life of the girl you love is ever in danger, remember Rafael Ortiz'." O. Henry appears even to know certain Spanish botanical terms for in one story he speaks of a flower which the Mexicans call "Ventomarme" and he quickly translates the word into English, "Come and take me"—a meaningful flower for a señorita and lover to send to her "hombre" just when he was hesitating as to the course he should pursue. O. Henry assures us the "Caballero" took the hint.

Sometimes for the sake of humor O. Henry will purposely twist and distort the Spanish language to make his point. In this he is not always so happy, but usually the effect is quite surprising (as is often the case in O. Henry) and usually such language is true to character. American cowboys, engineers, sailors, often do some mighty juggling with the tongue of their adopted home, and O. Henry was quick to sense the humor in this garbled language, a humor that is found in that which lies somewhere between the ambiguous and the absurd with a generous sprinkling of the ridiculous, ending up in the miracle of actually being intelligible to the foreigner. For the Spanish "figúrese Vd" (just imagine) O. Henry comes forth with the humorous translation "figure-it-to-yourself." The author often adds a touch of what might be called American Spanish "lingo" or slang as when he has one character make an offer to a native in the following terms: "I'll give you five dollars—sinker pacers—" reducing the offer to the language and denomination of the tropic dialect. In this case O. Henry's "sinker pacers" is none other than an Americanized version of the Spanish "cinco pesos." On another occasion the short-story writer introduces his readers to a certain

Captain "Patricio Maloné" and in this case the order is reversed and we have the Hispanized edition of a good old Irish cognomen "Patrick Maloney." Then there is the famous fictitious "General Mary Esperanza Dingo," a combination of English and Spanish, resulting in a curious cross-breed expression—practically meaningless, but effective. Along with this General comes another, a certain "General Josey Alfonso Sapalio Jew-Ann Rompiro," a glamorous concoction of Spanish, English, Italian and Hebrew, which in good Spanish would be "José Juan Rompiro"—O. Henry's Josey being the Spanish "Jose," and "Jew-Ann," the Spanish "Juan" (pronounced 'who an'). There is also a General "Roadrickeys," a humorous adaptation of the Spanish "Rodríguez."

In almost all cases, O. Henry's humor appears to be the genuine spontaneous sort, though like all true art, it was undoubtedly carefully planned and executed. Seldom indeed, is there a sign of a striving for effect so common in the works of certain humorous writers. O. Henry is not entirely free from this defect, however, and once in a long while it crops out, as when one character in *Rolling Stones* insists that people call him "El Library Door," which he quite wrongfully says is the Spanish manner of saying "The Liberator" (in Spanish "El Libertador"). This same character continues his boisterous humor by saying he has "already begun to feel like an 'Hidalgo de Oficio de Grafto de South America'." In this instance, however, the author is probably laughing and secretly making fun of one of his own creatures. There is evidence of an over-doing in the case of the famous José Calderón (the already mentioned tamale vendor) who swears a terrible vengeance on all "gringos," especially Texans, in these terms, "Válgame Dios! que ladrones, diablos, matadores, mentidores, caracos, y perros, voy a matarles, con solo mis manos, toditos sin falta"—a terrible oath for anyone to take. There is also the case of a certain "John Sallies," by which the

author means to designate a Mexican shepherd whose real name is probably "Juan Salas." Probably the prize distortion of Spanish for comic effect is O. Henry's "Star wayno" for the true Spanish "estar bueno," although some American cowboys come perilously near to pronouncing the Spanish phrase so as to approach O. Henry's astronomical equivalent.

Not only does O. Henry know the language of the "Don Alfonsos"; he is not ignorant of many of their customs, and favorite practices. He never neglects any of the senses, and to that of sight, he adds observations from smell and taste for he takes a genuine pleasure in dwelling leisurely over the savory dishes highly flavored with pimento and spices, concoctions of varied sorts, veritable gustatory wonders. Along with his insight into customs and foods, O. Henry dips into the peculiar traits of psychology so characteristic of the southern races. He renders much of their romance and charm in those vignettes of Mexican and Central American life. He is fascinated by the fever of revolutions and intrigues which he believes those of Spanish blood have made almost one of the fine arts. In his fascination for revolutions, O. Henry shows a great likeness to Don Benito Pérez Galdós, one of Spain's greatest novelists who died in 1920. Thus in every way possible O. Henry adds to the effectiveness produced by the Spanish-American atmosphere that permeates his pages. Many of his characters are unperturbed in danger and answer an anxious inquiry with "the Latin shrug of the shoulder." "Señoritas" scurry through his pages, timorous, with "fire-flies tangles in their jetty braids," while they glance with shy, flattering eyes. Mexican cowboys out on the lonely range at dead of night sing that saddest of love songs, "La Golondrina"—which O. Henry believes to be one of the finest ever written. Lazy natives spend the major part of the afternoons "durmiendo la siesta" (an old Spanish custom). In the little town of Agua Frias there was seldom any excitement—"the people

went leisurely at all times; the market was thronged with bare-headed women buying fruit and 'carne' (meat); while the twang and tinkle of string-bands are heard in the 'patios' of the 'cantinas.' " Later other natives would ride into town on horseback using a rope as "an ingenious nose-bridle, after the style of the Mexican 'borsal'." On the night of an impending revolution between drinks in the saloon someone would shout, "Viva la libertad." Few were the foreigners who dropped out of the world into this "triste" town, but O. Henry must have wandered aimlessly and quite contentedly there. But all is not so peaceful and romantic in that strange life. At times one must wind his way wearily through thickets of chaparral, prickly pear, cactus, and mesquite—"afraid of snakes, of panthers, and—even of sheep." Such was the life of the hunted "soldado" whose "revolution" had failed, and whose general had been betrayed. Before the poor devil's eyes forever danced the grim picture of a white-washed wall, a squad of soldiers and an open grave. Well did O. Henry realize that there was more to life in the tropics than moonlight nights, roses and dark-eyed señoritas. He knew that many times there was sorrow and deepest misery in those "jacales" (huts) often ravaged by famine and disease, and where many times at night the wails of mourners are heard in the place of the thrumming of guitars.

O. Henry, in real life, must certainly have been fond of Spanish, or rather of Mexican food, for he never tires of mentioning the countless concoctions that tempt the palate of the "Mejicano." Spanish blood seems especially to crave coffee, and the Mexican or Central American's fondness for that drink is proverbial. According to O. Henry, they will neither work nor play until they have had their "taza de café." O. Henry has an amusing incident in "Phoebe," in which a revolution is all but lost on account of lack of coffee; "Mala suerte" (bad luck) the soldiers muttered and shook their heads, and O. Henry adds, "when

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you take away from an Esperandan his coffee, you abstract his patriotism and fifty per cent of his value as a soldier." Besides coffee, there is "that delectable" chili-con-carne (chili pepper with meat), a dish evolved by the genius of Mexico, composed of delicate meats minced with aromatic herbs and the poignant "chili colorado"—a compound full of singular flavor and a fiery zest, delightful to the palate—what a wonderful description of a plate of Mexican chili! Besides coffee and chili-con-carne, there are many, many other dishes mentioned by O. Henry including "tortillas" (a sort of round, flat, very thin bread, made of ground corn), "cassava," "carne de chivo" (Spanish for goat-meat), "arroz con polo" (chicken rice), "aguacates," "tapates," "yucca," and "huevos fritos" (Spanish for the universal fried eggs). Add to the above list some freshly killed beef (which the natives cut in small pieces and allow to dry out on a line before cooking), fish, crabs, native fruits, "dulces" (sweets) and once more "high tottering stacks of native tortillas as large around as the 'sombrero' of a Spanish grandee." These last few lines are used by O. Henry to describe the wares for sale at one of the native "mercados" (markets). Many a morning the young writer must have spent walking in and out among the "vendedores" (sellers) and the "compradores" at the little native markets watching them haggle over the price of tortillas or the weight of a fish. Many times in his travels in the country south of the Rio Grande, O. Henry must have stopped at some "rancho" for a meal of these same frijoles, tortillas, and enchiladas. When a man eats at the same table long enough with men of another race, he learns to know them and gains their confidence. Full many an absorbing tale of the old Southwest must have first suggested itself to O. Henry as he sat with a few "amigos" leisurely imbibing a cup of strong black "café."

Leacock in an essay entitled "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry" says: "O. Henry rolled away from the shores

of Texas and the restlessness that was characteristic of him wafted him down the great Gulf to the enchanted land of Central America. Here he 'knocked around' as he himself puts it, 'mostly among refugees and consuls' and here too was laid the foundation of much of his most characteristic work—his *Cabbages and Kings*, and such stories as 'Phoebe' and 'The Fourth in Salvador.' Latin America fascinated O. Henry. The languor of the tropics—the sunlit seas—the quaint Spanish towns in their noon-day sleep—beautiful señoritas—the tinkling of mule bells on mountain tracks—and at night, the soft strumming of the guitar." The humorist is right as far as he goes—all of the above delighted O. Henry, but there is that other side of the picture, especially of the Spanish southwest—the picture of thirst, gambling, death and murder in a desert land of cactus and mesquite—a land of blistering sun and blind passions, where nothing was luke warm; where men were either staunch friends or the bitterest of enemies.

All of this is the stuff out of which O. Henry wove his stories which throb with the very blood beat of life. There is something more than passing strange in this fascination of O. Henry's for things Spanish. Perhaps it is not to be explained, vivisected and labeled by the critics—perhaps it is all a part of a truly "amazing genius" which does not yield to such a process. Even Taine's famous formula "la race, le milieu, et le moment" seems inadequate to the solution. The name, William Sidney Porter certainly bespeaks for his race no particular interest in Spanish. There may be something in "le milieu et le moment" but not enough to explain all. Perhaps it is to be explained in the reverse process. There is something deeper than the effect of environment and the opportune moment in O. Henry's love of Spanish. The fundamental qualities of the Spanish genius, sheer daring, an independent spirit, a curious and harmonious blending of the romantic and the realistic, all these must have made an indelible impression upon

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the mind of the Northerner. Perhaps something of the romance, the fire, the enthusiasm, the wander lust, the fiery courage of the Spanish American found a place in O. Henry's heart. Perhaps that restless spirit, a willingness to risk all on a turn of pitch and toss—mixed with a generous sprinkling of fatalism—perhaps all these found kindred elements in the author's own make-up. When this happens genuine literature is likely to be produced entirely independent of formulas and creeds.

As for O. Henry's knowledge of the Spanish language itself, he gives us a strong hint in "The Phonograph and the Graft," from *Cabbages and Kings*, when he has a character describe an evening's entertainment with certain Central Americans: "Their color was a diversity running from a three-days smoked meerschaum to a patent leather polish. They were as polite as wax, being devastated with enjoyments to give Señor Mellinger the good evenings. I understood their Spanish talk—I ran a pumping engine two years in a Mexican silver mine, and had it pat—but I never let on." Applied to O. Henry himself, however, the little verb "ran" should be replaced by the more leisurely, more expressive, and undoubtedly more accurate "knocked about," which so fittingly describes the restless spirit of the inimitable author of *Cabbages and Kings*.

Youth

By VAN DEUSEN CLARK

Youth—a blinding flame
 Forgetting when
 Withered fingers shall come
 Seeking again
 For some spark of warmth;
 Holding night
 Beyond the circle of
 Fading light.

Gainsborough

His Discourse on "The Blue Boy" and Art

By GEORGE ST. CLAIR

THE scene is Gainsborough's studio in London. It is a hot summer morning in the late eighteenth century.

His friend, a parish clerk from Suffolk, drops in to pay him a visit. The artist is working at the picture known today as "The Blue Boy."

Come in, old friend. Sit down, and while I work
We'll talk. You find me toiling here, sweltering
In London's dust and heat and stench; while you,
Fresh from our Suffolk fields, bring scents of meadows,
And odors from our hedgerows and our lanes.
Sometimes, cooped up within these deadly walls,
And tired with painting what my soul detests,
I smell the south wind blowing over roses—
But then I wake to this! Still, one must dream,
Else he could never suffer such a life.
What do I paint? Something I'm not so proud of:
Just a stunt! I show Sir Joshua that he's wrong
In his fine colour theories. You see
The famous Mister Gainsborough tickling
The fancies of his wealthy patrons, giving
Them what they think they want. A portrait, forsooth!
This a portrait! This soulless elegance,
For which I'll get a hundred guineas! For,
Look you! A portrait should reveal the sitter's soul,
By means of colour, light and shade, and line.
With these the painter shows us things that we
Ourselves had never known were there. But I!
Do I do this? No! I paint the surface only.
Would Rubens, think you, paint this kind of portrait?
What would he, no compromiser, say to this?
You say the colour scheme is quite unusual!
You're kind. It's worse than that. It's unnatural!
And yet it serves its purpose, for 'twill do
To prove Sir Joshua isn't always right:
And since, to live, I must paint portraits, why,

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I get some satisfaction out of doing that.
Besides, since Mister Gainsborough signs it,
Many will hail it as a masterpiece.
All blue! Sir Joshua says it can't be done,
And I'm not saying but he may be right;
Though that I'd never publicly admit,
Because Sir Joshua is my chief competitor
As portrait painter of these gilded fops,
On whom I waste my talent. See, old friend!
That's what this frightful city is doing to me!
Fustian, not Art! A stunt! Landscape's my job.
What do they care, these powdered ladies, or
These scented beaux, for Art? Paint a coquette,
And let her smirk in conscious innocence,
And they are well content. They call that Art!
That's what they want. But why do they come to me?
Romney's their man. His simpering Emmas serve
Their purpose. Yes, I know they say there is
A certain elegance about my portraits:
Some even call it charm. Perhaps they're right!
But I've a master there—Van Dyck. In fact,
I'm sure that he is master of us all,
Even Sir Joshua, though he thinks he catches
The might of Angelo, with his "grand style"!
But there Sir Joshua fails. His forte is children:
Cherubs with tender hands and faces raised
To heaven. This boy in blue I'm painting now!
How stiff! No real boy would stand like that!
But I can't better it. Women, now! Yes,
I do catch something of their souls or lack
Of souls. Some superficial grace that pleases
Them. Dash, you think? You've seen my Linley Sisters!
I challenge Romney there! Beat him perhaps!
But I'm no portrait painter. See that damned arm!
All morning I have worked at it, and still
It's wrong. To get it right is beyond my powers,
For I'm a landscape painter. Yet, they come
To me for portraits, which I paint for money.
All of us sin alike in that! Sir Joshua,
Painting his pretty fashion plates; Romney,
And Hoppner, with their simpering ladies; and I,
Who know I'm not a figure painter, yet
Paint on, because I must have money. One

Must live, and I can't sell my landscapes, though
 My soul's in them. What do we mean by Art?
 How be an artist if condemned to paint
 Forever these fine ladies and their lords?
 How shall I save my soul? This devil's work
 And devil's city will damn me yet! I can't
 Escape damnation! What shall I say to Rubens,
 When above we two shall meet? He used his Art,
 To express his deepest soul. I can't do that,
 Because my soul is down in Suffolk's clean,
 Green lanes, among its kindly country folk.
 Suffolk's my place. That's what I'd like to paint.
 Here I'm a lonely soul, lost amid the fashions
 And the empty splendours of this London. No!
 I can't endure it always, drudging here,
 Painting pot-boilers like this boy in blue.
 Some day I'll wash this city's grime from off
 My hands, and go down there to Suffolk. There's
 My home, and there I'll save my soul by painting
 The things I like and know. I see them now:
 Picturesque, leafy glades, with trees in clumps,
 And soft light sifting through their tender leaves.
 That's what I know. And single trees, also;
 For Nature is my mistress. In her gentle
 Moods, you know, and in her quiet corners.
 I can do them! That canvas in the corner!
 Turn it round! It saves me from despair. For, often,
 When my whole soul is sick with painting stunts,
 Or portraits which I know I cannot do,
 I take that landscape out. Then Nature's voice,
 A mother soothing her poor, tired child,
 Smooths out my cramped-up spirit, and I rest.
 That's what our Art is for: it catches for men,
 And imprisons on the canvas, bits of beauty,
 Which they had otherwise forgot. No doubt,
 There's beauty, too, in men and women, but I
 Catch only glimpses of its fleeting form,
 Because I'm not a figure painter. There's
 Sir Joshua now! Sometimes he seizes it;
 You've seen his portrait of our sturdy Doctor!
 He struck the right note there, painted the man,
 With all his ugliness, but likewise strength.
 I can't do that. Charm, yes! but little strength!

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But some day! I'll not be always Fashion's pet!
Some day I'll turn my back on London's money,
And with my viol under my arm, I'll go
To some sweet vale in Suffolk, where I'll paint
The kindly face of Nature: the dew and pearls
Of morn; the hot, lush noon; the deep and tender
Twilight—all things I love and know by heart.
Then I shall feel no shame when Rubens greets
Me in that world where we shall only paint
The things we love. But that's another dream!
Meanwhile, I must be slaving at this task,
Because I need the money. Pray for me,
Old friend! You have to go? Goodbye. I'm glad
You came. Could I but go with you to Suffolk!

The California Hills

By OTTO H. REUTINGER

The greying fog sifts in from off the sea,
Shading the hills in softened hazy clouds
Until the rolling uplands seem to be
A troop of climbing ghosts in misty shrouds.
Sun on the hills, and in the canyon's gloom
Where fog and trees and brush now interlace,
Mist-streamers drift out of their nightly tomb
And disappear into the boundless space.
A quail calls from a thicket of scrub-oak—
The greasewood summits glisten with the dew—
A vulture, shaking off night's earthly yoke,
Soars up and up into the clearing blue.
From sea to the Sierra's peaks they lie
Green and brown beneath the azure sky.

The Legacy of Robert Bridges

A Review of "The Testament of Beauty"

By T. M. PEARCE

A LONG poem devoted to a philosophy of beauty comes with something of a surprise out of an age like the present one. When the workers in society have become so largely enslaved to the machine, when furniture, wall paper, clothing have been suitor only to the loveliness which manufactured skill can bestow upon them, when even education has been at the turn of the purely vocational, a serious bid for the claims of beauty in the world is remarkable enough to command attention. Perhaps the answer rests in the fact that Mr. Bridges is a Victorian; he was born in 1844, and lived at least a number of the literary decades of his life in the calmer days (as we think of them) of the great English queen. His poet laureatship, however, dates from 1913, and his very long life did not end until 1930. He was, then, of three so-called literary periods, the Victorian, fin de siècle—the 1890's, and the definitely modern. Of the three, the Victorian and the modern have left the greatest imprint on his poetry. The strong faith and intelligent optimism we associate with the Victorian era are in him, and so is the scientific clear-headedness of modernity. Sentimentality, vague abstraction worship, moodiness are not.

"The Testament of Beauty" was published on Robert Bridges' eighty-sixth birthday, and just a few months before his death. It has been said that this, his last poem, is both his greatest and youngest poem. The poem is almost topical in the freshness of its references to invention and discovery; modern stadiums and sport, man's roaring airplanes, the newest findings of archaeology in Mesopotamia, the transformation of agriculture by machines are data to become a part of the synthesis of this gospel of beauty. And so are the age-old data of the earth, of day and sunlight,

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the dance of young trees, the steady colonnade of forest choirs. Old tabus of sex and the new freedom in sex thinking are not evaded by the proponents of this creed. The century-old quest for certainty, launched by Hebrew and Greek, will find fulfillment in the search for beauty rightly understood. The title of the poem would not recommend it to the man of practical affairs. A gospel of beauty seems a remote thing from a routine of breadwinning and everyday life. Yet whatever Mr. Bridges' poem may be, it is not a superficial outburst on the purely aesthetic elements in life. He does not speak of beauty in the sense of the surface prettiness of life in nature and mankind. His poem is a searching analysis of the impulses which move men and women as individuals to order their lives. In the course of the poet's thought, the entire range of man's ideas and experiences is probed, and the primal intuitions and functions of his mind and body traced to explain his behavior. To find the ingredients of Mr. Bridges' philosophy, we should go to his *Testament*, for by his own words,

the secret of a poem
lieth in this intimate echo of the poet's life.

Man, in the terms of Mr. Bridges' poem, is a creature of infinite appetites or energies, which must be nurtured by both physical and non-physical foods. Music, art, mathematics, friends, loved beings—human and devine—these are the wholesome diet for man. Class hate, war, which the poet calls a plague bred by "mankind's crowded uncleanness of soul," greed, the foods of man's self-destructive passions, these are the unwholesome diet which the best life of man tastes and casts forth. The energies in a man feed on the nourishment within the walls of his body and mind, and they reach out to the life outside the walls. Bridges terms these energies "organities," and the reality which he gives to them is a blending of medieval logic and modern biology. "Tastes" might be a word to fit the "organities" Mr. Bridges talks about, for he believes they may

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be acquired "with reasoned purpose," as when a learner on violin or lute trains his hand to finger stops or strings, or "may be innate, as the spontaneous flight of birds," or "antennatal and altogether unconscious" as the food organs. The stimulants to which these organities respond may vary from mere material contacts to untraceable thought. Just as the digestive tract is stirred by food, the ear by sound, the mind by thought, so every taste or organitie has its own idea to which it reacts spontaneously. To work these tastes into a harmony is the life mission of every man. Two forces, that of Self, self love, which Mr. Bridges calls Selfhood, and that of race, the love of children and of others, which Mr. Bridges calls Breed, struggle for mastery in every man. Reason, that is, Order, tries to discipline him, and is, next to Beauty, most compelling. But Beauty goes so deeply into a man that it is re-creative, an imitation of himself, and begets Poetry, Music, and Religion. Animal, mental, spiritual, are graduations of life merged together in growth, the animal pleasure running throughout all grades and heartening all energies, the essential elements of each grade feeding on like-natured food; the highest essences, those of spirit, fall in blind surrender before beautiful eternal presences, the greatest of which is the Idea of Christ.

For not the Muse herself can tell of Goddes love;
 which cometh to the child from the mother's embrace,
 an Idea, spacious as the starry firmament's
 inescapable infinity of radiant gaze,
 that fadeth only as it outpasseth mortal sight
 Thus unto all who have found their High ideal in Christ,
 Christ is to them the essence discern'd or undiscern'd
 of all their human friendships; and each lover of him
 and of his beauty must be as a bud on the vine
 and have participation in him; for Goddes love
 is unescapable as nature's environment,
 which, if a man ignore or think to thrust it off,
 he is the ill-natured fool that runneth blindly on death.

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For the sources of Mr. Bridges' thought, the critic should go to a library of the world's greatest literature, for his mind is the distillation of cultured thought in European civilization, to which America, of course, has made recognizable contributions. Toward his English fore-runners in the field of poetry, Mr. Bridges' gaze has chiefly turned, to the community of thought in the minds of Englishmen in the fourteenth, sixteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The philosophy of beauty as an idea and ideal is found in the Christian Platonism of Edmund Spenser. In the sixteenth century "Hymne in Honour of Beautie," Spenser sings of beauty in the world which ravishes the senses of men and purifies their natures.

That wondrous paterne, wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see. . . .
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore. . . .
Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne,
Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame which therein is empyght.

And Spenser, too, finds the ideal Beauty incarnate in the figure of Christ,

From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortal eyes below
Of that immortal Beautie, there with Thee. . . .
That with the glorie of so goodly sight,
The hearts of men. . . .
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learn to love with zealous humble dewty
Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly Beauty.

Chaucer, Spenser, Wordsworth, never ventured poetic insight into the nature of man and of God with sweeter

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solemnity or greater earnestness than this modern. With Spenser and Wordsworth, Bridges has more in common than with Chaucer. It is not chance, however, that unites two passages from Chaucer in the opening lines of *The Testament of Beauty*:

Mortal Prudence, handmaid of divine Providence,
hath inscrutable reckoning with Fate and Fortune:
We sail a changeful sea through halcyon days and storm,
and when the ship laboureth, our stedfast purpose
trembles like as the compass in a binnacle.
Our stability is but balance, and conduct lies
in masterful administration of the unforeseen.

In Chaucer's doctrine there is less of mastery or control of the future, but in two of Chaucer's passages from *Troilus and Criseyde*, the first from the fifth book and the one following from the second, the thought of Bridges has definite anticipation.

Prudence, alas! oon of thyn eyen three
Me lakked alwey, er that I cam here;
On tyme y-passed, wel remembered me;
And present tyme eek coude I wel y-see,
But futur tyme, er I was in the snare,
Coude I not seen; that causeth now my care. . . .
Out of these blake wawes for to sayle,
O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere;
For in this see the boat hath swich travayle,
Of my conning that unnethe I it stere.

That Chaucer fed the essences of Mr. Bridges' soul is further testified by two verses quoted in full from the fourteenth century master, one from the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*, the other from *The Nun's Priest's Tale*:

So pricketh hem Nature in hir corages
And here I wol nat han to do of swich matere.

There is at least one passage notably like Wordsworth in thought, that in which the apprenticeship of childhood is traced from "the beauteous attitude of infantine wonder" in which the child "is apt to absorb ideas in primal purity,"

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to later life when the images grow more and more corrupt and the glory in measure falls from him. The nearness of man to nature and the all pervasive will of God in nature place the poem beside the poetry of Wordsworth. In reflective spirit and in inquiry into many matters, *The Testament* is more like *The Prelude* of Wordsworth than like any other English poem. These lines from the exordium have the tone and habit of saying things which is characteristic of the searching yet tranquil mien of the Lake philosopher.

'Twas late in my long journey, which I had clomb to where
the path was narrowing and the company few,
a glow of childlike wonder enthral'd me, as if my sense
had come to a new birth purified, my mind enrapt
re-awakening to a fresh initiation of life;
with like surprise of joy as any man may know
who rambling wide hath turn'd, resting on some hill-top
to view the plain he has left, and see'th it now out-spread
mapp'd at his feet, a landscape so by beauty estranged
he scarce wil ken familiar haunts, nor his own home,
maybe, where far it lieth, small as a faded thought.

One other English poet has made a conspicuous contribution to *The Testament of Beauty*, a poet whose spiritual testament should be the first approach to the disputed interpretations of his life: Christopher Marlowe. Not only is Tamburlaine's line

What is Beauty saith my sufferings then?

quoted by *The Testament*, but the passage is further paraphrased, Robert Bridges writing

for every man whom Beauty hath laid beneath her spell
and Christopher Marlowe

Save onely that in Beauties just applause,
With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht,
And every warrior that is rapt with love,
Of fame, of valour, and of victory
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceites.

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Bridges' central thought, that man is constituted of elements or organisms which, whether innate or acquired, respond to the feeding of the outer world, appears to be indebted to Marlowe, whose doctrine of "vertues" is perhaps the scholastic counterpart of Spenser's Platonism. Marlowe expresses his thought most fully in *Tamburlaine*. The Scythian shepherd proclaims that he

Shall give the world to note for all my birth
That Vertue solely is the sum of glorie
And fashions men with true nobility.

The "Vertues," in medieval theology, were one of the nine orders of angels, which surrounded the throne of the Lamb in Paradise, and from their position near the throne of grace were efficacious to convey grace to men. In *Tamburlaine's* death-sickness, one of his soldiers implores the heavens to continue to lavish their "sacred vertues pour'd upon his throne." *Tamburlaine* boastingly names destiny as the source of his personal energy; he calls upon the reigning stars and the God whose scourge he is. But these are merely names for the controlling influences which feed his being. The physician diagnosing the sickness of *Tamburlaine* reports to him

that the soule
Wanting those Organnons by which it mooves
Cannot indure by argument of art.

And speaking through the Mohammedan Orcanes, Marlowe writes of Christ "Whose shape is figure of the highest God" as one who

sits on high and never sleeps.
Nor in one place is circumscribable,
But everywhere fils every Continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor. . . .

If the reader's memory still retains Mr. Bridges' phrases of God's love as an "inescapable infinity of radiant gaze" and Christ's love as being "unescapable as nature's

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environment," he will recognize in the soul's "Organnons" of *Tamburlaine* and the "perfected unify'd organities" in *The Testament of Beauty* the same idealistic and mystical entities. Among the last lines of *The Testament* are verses which are an epitome of the dramatic themes of Marlowe's great plays:

Our happiest earthly comradeships hold a foretaste
of the feast of salvation and by thatt virtue in them
provoke desire beyond them to out-reach and surmount
their humanity in some superhumanity
and ultimat perfection: which, howe'er 'tis found
or strangely imagin'd, answereth to the need of each
and pulleth him instinctivly as to a final cause.

Although the philosophy of the poem leads the reader into lofty chambers where the outline of ideas is dim to his untrained eyesight, the poet applies his thought in comments about society which are easily grasped. He is no whole-hearted disciple of democracy. The majority of the people are "admiring common things or ugly" and are "happier in whatever likings they can indulge."

Altho' they know it not, this is
the humanitarianism of democracy;
and since ther is in the mass little good to look for
but what instruction, authority and example impose,
Ethick and Politick alike hav trouble in store.

A high degree of efficiency in organization of the state is not sufficient for a happy community. Nor is a state so organized that the individual is simply a part of the whole, a unit in a great machine, a desirable end. The levelling of all men to the status of workers in a state workshop, the ideal of the soviet, is a delusion.

Not knowing the high goal of our great endeavour
is spiritual attainment, individual worth,
at all cost to be sought and at all cost pursued,
to be won at all cost and at all cost assured;
not such material ease as might be attain'd for all
by cheap production and distribution of common needs,
wer all life level'd down to where the lowest can reach. . .

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No poem of recent years has drawn so heavily from the lore of the natural sciences for its truth. The poet holds the mirror of science up to nature. He is willing to accept the measurements and the formulae of the laboratory. Yet the limitations of scientific truth are definite.

tho' science measure true
 every wave-length of ether or air that reacheth sense,
 there the hunt checketh, and her keen hounds are at fault;
 for when the waves hav pass'd the gates of ear and eye
 all scent is lost; suddenly escapes the visibles
 are changed to invisible; the fine-measured motions
 to immeasurable emotion; the cypher'd fractions
 to a living joy that man feeleth to shrive his soul.
 How should science find beauty:

Though science is disqualified to give the final answer, how much of the *Testament* is built on its data? Of biology?

like as small plague-microbes generate their own toxin
 in antidote of their own mischief (so 'tis said)

Of botany?

Consider a plant—its life—how a seed fain to ground
 sucketh in moisture for its germinating cells,
 and as it sucketh swelleth, til it burst its case
 and thrusting its roots downward and spreading them wide
 taketh tenure of the soil. . . .

Of chemistry?

so that whether it be starch, oil, sugar, or alcohol
 'tis ever our old customers, carbon and hydrogen,
 pirouetting with oxygen in their morris antics;
 the chemist booketh all of them as CHO,
 and his art is as mine, when I but figureate
 the twin persistent semitones of my Grand Chant.

Absorbed in the practical truth of science, its serviceable works to man, its closeness to the heart of nature, Mr. Bridges' philosophy is, nevertheless, deep centered in the intuitive nature of man. It seems to echo the protests now being expressed against that psychology and that science

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which has looked at man coldly, measuring his movements as it measures the movements of a beetle, and writing man's case history from such objective evidence. The well-springs of man's life lie deeper than impulse or reason; underlying these are the finely modulated energies which engrafted in man or acquired by him may make of his life a harmonious structure. They grow strong as they are fed by wholesomeness and cleanness, that is, the holiness of beauty, within and without a man's life. Yet before the undisciplined forces of Selfhood and Breed in the world, the disciplined individual, the harmonious one, the philosopher, is caught like a spectator at a football game,

one that came to enjoy the sight
knowingly, and yet looketh little on the contest: to him
the crowd is the spectacle; its wrestle and agony
is more than the actors; and its contagion so thick
and irresistible, that ere he feel surprise
he too may find himself, yea philosophy and all,
carried away—as when a strong swimmer in the sea
who would regain the shore, is by the headlong surf
toss'd out of action, and like a drifted log roll'd up
breathless and unresisting on the roaring beach.

The prosody of the poem is a little difficult, because Mr. Bridges has written his lines upon a theory which stresses the quantities of syllables, weighting them by the length of time required to pronounce the long vowels or the short vowels followed by double consonants. However, the average, even the learned reader, will read Mr. Bridges' "loose Alexandrines" quite as easily as he reads Mr. Browning's blank verse, and will be as little troubled by the metrical system of one as of the other.

Delightful bits of humor occur in the verse, such as where the poet calls the queen bee "an egg-casting machine"; where he speaks of the Epicure who "indulgeth richly his time untill the sad day come when he retireth with stomach Emeritus, to ruminate the best devour'd moments of life"; where he traces the change from austerity

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to tenderness in art when "the Christian painters throng'd their heav'n with cherubims," and the "little amorini. . . with rebel innocence dispossess'd the tall angels; and Mary's young babe cast off his swaddling bands, and stood up on her lap in grace of naked childhood for the image of God"; where he speaks of women being given to man "launch'd by Reason on his sea of troubles" as "his paregoric and comforting cure"; and where, referring to the travel of Europeans to the East, he adds "now wil the Orientals make hither in return outlandish pilgrimage; their wisacres hav seen the electric light i' the West, and come to worship; tasting romance in our unsightly novelties and scientific tricks."

There are moments of the purest poetry within the book, moments when the questioning spirit is at rest from perplexities of metaphysics and of social disjointedness. I did not place the sheer beauty of the poem foremost in the reader's attention, because I am sure that Bridges means the beauty of *The Testament* to serve the ends of his thought. No greater misfortune could befall the poem than for it to be read, as so often, Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is read, merely for the pageantry and procession of lovely pictures. For the thought of a great man to become subordinated to musings on his literary style is simply to ignore the person whom one has just met while being absorbed in the cut of his clothes. If modern poetry has suffered from any one thing more than another, it is from the self consciousness of the poets about the intellectual content of verse, the beating of a hasty retreat from any sort of preachment or pleading a cause. Imagism, polyphonic prose, the patter of verses called free, are safely within the domain of belles lettres. It is noteworthy, however, that the great pleaders, those who defiled the medium of their art to preach their faith and condemnation, have usually possessed abundant gifts of creating beauty as well as doctrine. In these gifts, Robert Bridges is endowed only less

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richly than the very greatest of his predecessors. Poetry of the richest vein runs everywhere through this precious quarry.

Lov'st thou in the blithe hour
of April dawns—nay marvelest thou not—to hear
the ravishing music that the small birdes make
in garden or woodland, rapturously heralding
the break of day; when the first lark on high hath warn'd
the vigilant robin already of the sun's approach,
and he on slender pipe calleth the nesting tribes
to awake and fill and thrill their myriad-warbling throats
praising life's God, untill the blisful revel grow
in wild profusion unfeign'd to such a hymn as man
hath never in temple or grove pour'd to the Lord of heav'n?

Or what man feeleth not a new poetry of toil,
whenas on frosty evenings 'neath its clouding smoke
the engine hath huddled-up its clumsy threshing coach
against the ricks, wherefrom laborers standing aloft
toss the sheaves on its tongue; while the grain runneth out,
and in the whirr of its multitudinous hurry
it hummeth like the bee, a warm industrious boom
that comforteth the farm, and spreadeth afar afield
with throbbing power; as when in a cathedral awhile
the great diapason speaketh, and the painted saints
feel their glass canopies flutter in the heav'nward prayer.

The Exiled King

By ALICE M. WILSON

Play on! Play on!

But change that merry tune to a dirge, my friend.

The melancholy airs best suit my mood—

The mocking, haunting notes that gloom and brood.

Play on! Play on!

But play an elegy for the dreams that end.

An Appreciation of Belgium and the Belgians

By JOHN D. CLARK

I have a very vivid recollection of my first evening in Belgium. I landed from a trans-Atlantic steamer at Antwerp late one afternoon, and in company with a Belgian, put up at a very old tavern, which my companion said, "Tourists have never heard of." It was an Antwerp holiday. The streets were decorated, and the folk were seated at café tables on the sidewalks, talking, singing, or just sitting beside their partly empty glasses.

The host and hostess at the Tavern were brother and sister, young people who had been refugees in England during the World War. Their English was excellent. Their guests were their especial care. As I needed the services of a barber, the host pointed out a neighboring shop, and for half an hour the barber plied his shears, as he told his customer of the neighborhood and its inhabitants. Then came dinner time. No, the tavern did not serve meals, but if the guest would only make known what he would like, it would be a pleasure to have him dine with the host and hostess.

As evening fell, dancing started in the streets, and the neighbors, a few at a time, came to the hostelry for refreshment. Each was presented to the guest. If they spoke French, conversation was not difficult, and if only Flemish, well, there was the host to interpret. Several of the evening visitors had been to America, and were eager for news from here. For that matter, all wanted to know more of the United States. I had a busy evening talking, smoking Belgian cigars, and drinking mineral water. (It was only too obvious that I could not accept the oft-repeated invitations to partake of the Belgian beer). Finally, as the hour grew late, I said good night to my companions of the evening and mounted the stairs to a rather general,

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"Bon soir, Monsieur l'Américain," and fell asleep as the music and dancing continued.

Next morning there was an early train to catch. Not a soul awake in the tavern, aside from a woman who spoke only Flemish. Breakfast seemed out of the question, but a passing postman directed me to a café where rolls and coffee came forward at once. The proprietor, learning of the early train, telephoned for a taxi, which was waiting as breakfast was finished. A hasty return to the tavern for the baggage, and then a ride through the city to the most distant station. The chauffeur suggested that if his passenger would sit in front with him, that he (the driver) could point out places of interest.

At the station, a porter led me to the train for Germany. Then came the tip for the service. Belgian money was new to me and I gave too little. (If you have ever done this elsewhere you may know the full significance of this *faux pas*.) What a surprise! The porter lifted his cap and said, "Sir, you are a stranger here and do not know, but we have a regular charge for this service and quite by chance you lack having paid it." A handful of change was then extended, and the porter selected the exact sum, which a few minutes later I read in the Belgian time table to be the standard fee.

There were other things which went to make the visitor appreciate Belgium. The customs inspectors were very courteous. No stooping over to open baggage on the dock (as in New York), but comfortable inspection on tables placed for convenience near the end of the gang-plank. A taxi was at the end of the table; not hundreds of yards distant.

Necessity made my first visit to Belgium one of less than eighteen hours, and likewise necessity shortened my second, but when opportunity came for a third, this opportunity was embraced with pleasant anticipation.

It was raining when I arrived in Antwerp. From a guide book I had selected a hotel near the center of the

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city and was driven there. The hotel was only partially modern and I was disappointed as I saw my room. The host, who seemed to have read my mind, said that he would be pleased to telephone to another hotel and ask if I could secure better accommodations. He did so, and reported that he had made reservations for me. He showed no disappointment at seeing me go, and indeed tried to make me understand that he was better pleased if he had helped me to secure what, at the time, he did not have unoccupied. He did have an excellent dining room and later I dined with him often, and if he were about, he never failed to come to my table to greet me.

The foregoing is a very fair example of Belgian hospitality and desire to please the visitor. It was repeated and repeated. There comes to mind the dock policeman, who left his beat to take me to the end of the pier, there to direct my attention to the points of interest on the waterfront. Then there was the host in a Scheldt River hotel, who conversed with me during lunch, and who later, in seeing me in a large up-town café, left his seat and came to sit with me, there to make suggestions concerning interesting trips I might have overlooked making.

The Belgians understand the ways of the Anglo-Saxon. Daily service of two large ferries to and from England, permitting trips across the Channel without passport, encourage intermingling of the two peoples. The Belgians spend vacations in England, and the English in Belgium. Six large liners make regular trips from Antwerp to New York, not to mention the many smaller boats which ply between the Scheldt and the United States. For that matter, the Belgian has contact with much of the entire world. It is rare that the shipping news does not list at least a hundred and fifty vessels on their way to Antwerp from nearly every part of the globe.

I have visited six of the nine Belgian provinces. A sandy seacoast at the north and west gives way to fertile plains as one goes east and south, until at the eastern boun-

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dary one is in the beautiful Ardennes, with their deep, narrow valleys and forested hills. On the Flanders plains, are the glorious old Flemish cities. Bruges was to me possibly the most interesting city of all Europe. The Belfry was magnificent. The ancient system of canals, their boats, their bridges, and the quaint old houses and gardens, which lined the banks of these canals, held my attention hour after hour. Brussels is called a little Paris and it seemed it. Ghent was more like Bruges. Antwerp had the ancient and the modern. The thousand-year-old Steen castle (now a museum), seat of the Inquisition, the cathedral, and the ancient houses are the best of the old. The skyscraper (note that the word is singular), the transportation system, the warehouses, and the docks and quays, and the modern boulevards, are the new. Louvain has its far-famed university. For industry, there remain Charleroi, Liège, Namur, and Mons. Ostende is a world-known watering resort. Blankenberghe follows in popularity, and La Panne is a model of quiet, seaside simplicity. As an inland watering place, Spa, the oldest of all health resorts, devoted to the drinking of mineral waters, ranks well toward the top. It has palatial hotels, a casino, baths, promenades and concert halls, and facilities for short excursions in some of the loveliest scenery in Europe.

If a visitor to Belgium is at all observing, he notices that the Belgians are speaking the two languages, which are always upon the public signs, French and Flemish. The people of Belgium are about half Flemish and half Walloon. Those qualified to judge, tell us that the Walloons have imagination and initiative, while the Flemings have the steady quality of seeing a thing through. The Walloon is darker, more volatile, and a more ready talker. The Fleming is more reserved in manner and more cautious of thought and speech with the stranger.

After many contacts with both, I am hazarding a "snap judgment" that each has contributed much to the other toward making both most worth-while, charming people.

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I have found three great pleasures in travel: Reading about places to which I hoped to journey, the actual visit, and again reading, this latter time with the understanding which comes from having seen places and objects which are described in the books.

Running this gamut of reading, visiting, and reading, there has come to me an appreciation of Belgian contribution to America. It was a pleasure to read of Flemish art, a greater pleasure to see it and to realize its significance in the lives of the Belgians. Its reflection in England and America is more slowly realized.

That over one-half of the first settlers of New York state came from the southern of Belgic Netherlands, that more Belgians than Hollanders were among the first settlers of New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, that the first name of the settlement at New York was Novum Belgicum, and that the first governor of the New Netherlands, but officially "New Belgic Land," was a Walloon—Pierre Minuit, or Peter Minnewit, the same who purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians, is not commonly known, though we know well that the Pilgrims were located in the Netherlands some years before coming to America—exiles in Leyden and Amsterdam. We also know too little of the Walloon, (the word comes from wal, stranger, alien, and oon, one), and their flight from southern Belgium in 1567, to England, Ireland, Germany, and the Dutch Republic, from which so many liberty-loving Americans later came.

If one found himself in New York with about \$300 in his pocket, and a month of leisure at his command, he could see Belgium, dip into Holland, cross the Rhine in Germany; go to Paris, and return to the United States and still be within the limit of his time, and also have some change in his pocket. On August 17th, trans-Atlantic fares were cut drastically. Two 16,000 ton boats of the Red Star Line offer round trip passage, the best on the ship, for about \$200. Three boats of the Compagnie Maritime Belge, of

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about half the above tonnage, offer round trips, cabin class, at about \$180. A passport costs \$6.00. No visa is required to Belgium.

A fifteen-day ticket on the Belgian railroads, travel where you will, as much as you wish, costs \$9.85; second class, or \$6.44 third. Students would do well to use third class. Excellent rooms in good hotels can be had for a dollar, or even much less. Breakfast costs from fifteen to thirty-five cents. Some of the large modern department stores serve marvelous meals for 14.5 francs (1 franc is 2.8 cents). In three visits to Belgium I was never overcharged a cent. Tips are always 10 per cent of the bill. Admissions to museums and galleries are seldom in excess of five francs. An automobile with driver can be rented for about seven cents a mile. One would need to be a spendthrift to use over \$150 in Belgium on a trip of one month from America.

Not all of us met the king and queen of Belgium when they visited New Mexico a few years ago, but most of us have heard praises of them since then. They are typical of their people. Their country cannot come to us. To appreciate it, we should visit Belgium.

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A Section of Poetry

NOTES FOR A DIARY

By CATHERINE STUART MACLEOD

One

Sweetgum branches
Are laces
Shifting green
The blue of sky.
Dogwood blossoms in white robes
Fracilly slip
To virginal couches
Where pansy violets lie
Deep
In olive moss. . .

Two

Like opening night
Blooming cereus;
You present obstacles.
I dream of you. . .
There will be scent of jessamine
And sepia crisp on white
Magnolias,
Parting

Three

Let there be no word spoken
When you come to me.
Only the dark wind rushing
Through tall pines
And laughter of moonbeams
Bare on pebbles
In the deep of the stream. . .

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FRAGMENT

Translated and Adapted by CATHERINE STUART MACLEOD

Life

It nothing but a journey.
When you have begun to live
You have begun to die.
All of your time
Goes to death, and he will
Nevermore
Yield it back again.
All of your splendors and blisses
Go into sorrow
And your boasting into weeping;
Your garlands and your carols fail you.

Life is but a journey
In truth a very short one.
It is gone more quickly
Than a shadow cast from a winged bird
Or a bolt discharged from a crossbow.

[In 1340 A. D., an Augustine monk of Canterbury finished a religious treatise in prose, entitled "The Ayenbite of Inwit or Remorse of Conscience." It treated the ten commandments, the twelve articles of faith, the seven deadly sins, etc., with occasional illustrative tales, anecdotes, or lines of Santos. The language was that of the Southern dialect of Middle English. The author, Dan Michel, of Northgate (Kent), used around 2,335 words in the selection from which this is taken, namely, "How to Learn to Die."]—C. S. M.

THE DAYS PASS BY

By VAN DEUSEN CLARK

The days pass by
Like arrows flung into the sun,
As each returns
The same—another is begun.

The days, the sun
And all, what do they mean to me?
I shot my arrows
And they fell into the sea.

A SECTION OF POETRY

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SONNET

By IRENE FISHER

Across the sky, there falls a golden star
 And all the earth is still in glad amaze.
 The myriad little sounds of nights and days
 Are quiet, waiting news from very far.
 A sudden silence enters where we are
 For held within your clear and steady gaze
 Are thoughts more deep than any word conveys
 And spirit talks to spirit without bar.

A deep and secret gladness is to those
 Who know the radiance of that mystic talk.
 They listen always to an inner song
 And in their eyes a golden wonder shows
 Their holy peace. When these together walk
 What wonder that their hearts are ever strong?

ESSENTIAL MELODY

By NORMAN MACLEOD

Suspecting quietude attendant on the years
 that flash like autumn trees
 against the subtle waters moving
 in symphony of silver
 adulterated and sustained with thought
 which fades no quicker than the memory
 of fancied disasters
 when time was young and the hard emotion
 (no more than ripple on the tide of tendencies),
 brain battens the possibility of acquittal
 with the steadfast gaze
 on nothing,
 on an image remembered, retained
 for no good purpose
 other than survival, a self protective gesture
 and the quiet rests like thought relinquished,
 no hope, no resignation.

TO A DEAD LOVE

By IRENE FISHER

I think of you as one both dear and dead.
The very colors of the earth have changed
Since we together through thought's forest ranged;
With sorrow dull and grey I make my bed.
The zestful, brackish tang of life is gone,
And gentler secrets shared by friends. We two
Who gaily tasted wine or drank the rue
Are now forever each from each withdrawn.
And I—I ever wonder can you know
How once I loved you fair and well indeed?
But that is gone and never can I plead
For your returning. Neither friend nor foe,
Daily we meet, so separate, so near;
As one long dead, I hold you very dear.

INTERLUDE

By IRENE FISHER

This is the end. Let us not strive to hold
 Each other to our vows no longer meant
 As when above me you in darkness bent
 And murmured words so new yet ever old.
 The trailing tendrils of a love grown cold
 Can catch and mar with no malign intent
 This perfect interlude of joy now spent
 Before the future's fears around us fold.
 Then let us cease before the beauty goes.
 Only from endings do beginnings come—
 The earth, its life, its summers and its snows
 Spring from a thousand, thousand deaths and some
 In form and feeling, like a jewel rare
 As this, the banner of perfection wear.

THREE WHITE DOVES

By JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA

I whisper at the temple of your love,
 O my sweet, soft one,
 I send three white doves
 Out of the sky of my soul
 To carry my fire to you. . .
 Three white doves—
 Love, Song, and Rest.

In the coolness of your breasts
 My three white doves
 Will find a nest.

THE PRICE

By ALICE M. WILSON

"I will find fame," the fair lad said,
And started out
 one
 day.
He found his dream (an empty one)
But left youth on
 the
 way!

THE LOST DREAM

By ALICE M. WILSON

In dreams I ride a fairy boat
Across the sea to you.
Around your isle gold lilies float
Upon a pond of blue.
You greet me there upon the shore
Before the break of day:
But then—alas!—I wake once more
To find you gone away!

Letters from Quarterly Readers

Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

October 4, 1931.

Mr. Paul Walter, Jr.,
Director, University Publications,
University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque, New Mexico

My Dear Mr. Walter:

I am at work on the sketch of Andres Martinez and shall do my very best to get it to you by October twentieth. I hope that you will like it and that it will hold something of interest for New Mexico readers as "Andele" is quite as much a product of that state as his adopted Oklahoma.

I have received the August number of the QUARTERLY and read it with interest, critical interest if I may be so frank. I found Mrs. Austin's criticisms quite challenging, a bit severe in spots, but I must confess, on the whole, quite sound. A year of publication has nearly elapsed, and after due experience, meditation, and evaluation on the part of the board of editors, a definite editorial policy should be formulated. The magazine should have a purpose and an aim that justifies its publication, and stamps its contents. What can the West produce? Of what is it expressive? Dr. Pearce, in the August issue, raised the question of a distinct Southwest culture. I am inclined to believe such a thing exists but that its future is somewhat imperiled. To me, it is a thing worth preserving, and with enough of the good and beautiful in it to warrant further development. Santa Fe has done much for the architecture of the Southwest. The opportunity of the University of New Mexico lies in the field of letters.

Reducing the price may popularize the QUARTERLY but danger lies in wait. The literary tone must be elevated, not compromised, regardless of the popular demand for a popular magazine.

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I found promise in the poems written by the students of Dr. St. Clair's class. Nevertheless, I was somewhat annoyed at the announcement on the first page that "All the poems contained in this issue were written by students in the University, the best products of the Class in Creative Writing, under the direction of Dr. St. Clair." It struck me with the force of an advertisement, and I do not think that at any cost, the QUARTERLY should be the hand-maiden of the publicity bureau of the University. It seems to me that such a note, very proper and commendable in itself, would have been much more becoming to the page devoted to contributors. I appreciate not only the brilliance and scholarship of Dr. St. Clair, but also his modesty, and I think that he is the last person in the world who would want to have his classroom productions flaunted before the public as advertisements of either the University, or of his enviable record as a teacher.

One thing which I should like to see on the front cover is the volume and number of the issue. For library convenience, the name of the quarterly, date, volume and issue, on the strip between the front and back covers, after the manner of the Yale and other reviews, would be an improvement. Would it not be possible to secure a more typical border for the cover than the oak leaves? What would you think of something more symbolic of the Southwest, and the substitution of red ink for the green on the tan stock? That is only a suggestion for exterior make-up. The inside seems to me to be very well done.

I thank you for your offer of extra copies of the August issue. I think that I can place three or four rather advantageously. I would also like to have two additional copies of the May issue containing my "Story of the Dial," if available.

With very best wishes for the success of the QUARTERLY.

Sincerely yours,

HELEN E. MARSHALL.

Book Reviews

THAT FINAL SACRIFICE

Shadows on the Rock—Willa Cather—Knopf. 1931.

When, in 1927, Willa Cather, hailed by some critics as the greatest of living novelists, published *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, New Mexico laid claim to her as one of her own. The novel had its setting in New Mexico and dealt with episodes taken from the history of the state. It won world recognition. Now, when Miss Cather writes a novel, it is with an especial interest that it is read by New Mexicans.

There are other elements which make *Shadows on the Rock* of unusual interest to New Mexico. Although its setting is a great distance from this state, in Quebec, it might have been written of New Mexico. Its background of the isolated colonial settlement, where homeloving colonials looked longingly back across the sea toward their sunny fields in France; its ecclesiastical flavor, with martyrs blazing a glorious trail for the church, these things recall our own history of the same period, the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

The rock of Miss Cather's new novel, is the great rock on the edge of the St. Lawrence upon which Quebec was founded. The shadows are the people who strangely have picked this spot for the founding of a town, to which ships each summer make their way across the treacherous Atlantic to bring dispatches and supplies. The story is that of an apothecary, who came to Canada with Count Frontenac as his personal physician, and spent nine years of virtual exile with the aging governor-general, living for the time when he would return with the Count to Paris. But the time never came. The expected summons from the king was never received by the Count, who finally released the apothecary to return with his daughter

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to France, and offered gold to pay his passage. The apothecary, born and nurtured in old feudal France, at that time makes the "final sacrifice," places his life's dream of returning to France behind him and decides that, like the Count, he will remain and die in the colony.

The plot is not strong; it is a mere thread running through the episodes and shifting seasons of the book. It was the last year of Frontenac's life. The last ships returned to France, and through the long, hard winter, the colony lived on its memories and hopes, till the first ships came from France in June.

Miss Cather does not need strong or swift action to make her novels grip and hold attention. She has a subtler and a finer art. She can conjure up before the reader, scenes more vivid and real than any his eyes have seen. She can make her characters live and breathe and walk, rejoice and suffer. Her's is a finished art. Each line, each sentence, each paragraph in itself is a thing of beauty to be enjoyed. As in each of her novels, *Shadows on the Rock* has many passages which cling to the memory, passages filled with beauty and meaning, words which, like the characters of the book, are alive. Thus:

'Inferretque deos Latio. When an adventurer carries his gods with him into a remote and savage country, the colony he founds will, from the beginning, have graces, tradition, riches of the mind and spirit. Its history will shine with bright incidents, slight, perhaps, but precious, as in life itself, where the great matters are often as worthless as astronomical distances, and the trifles dear as the heart's blood."

And again:

"Listen, my friend. No man can give himself, heart and soul, to one thing while in the back of his mind he cherishes a desire, a secret hope, for something very different. You, as a student, must know that in worldly affairs nothing worthwhile is accomplished except by that last sac-

rifice, the giving of oneself altogether and finally. Since I made that final sacrifice, I have been twice the man I was before.' "

THE FLAVOR OF NEW MEXICO

Caballeros: The Romance of Santa Fe and the Southwest—Ruth Laughlin Barker—D. Appleton and Co. 1931. \$3.00.

Dancing Gods—Erna Ferguson. Knopf. 1931.

There are certain things which set New Mexico off from all other states and from every other region of the earth. Chief among them is the racial background, interesting from many standpoints. It has given to the state a distinction easily recognized in the arts, in architecture, in linguistics, in literary background, in cultural development.

The study of these racial factors in the history and the present make-up of the state is a never-ending pursuit. Each research leads to others more enticing. The field is immensely rich.

Two native New Mexicans, both raised in the very midst of the unique melting pot which is the drainage of the Rio Grande, have written with authority of what they know of the picturesque in the state and its people, taking their material very largely from their own observations and descriptions. Both books are well organized, well written, and each is having a great success. Either book can serve as a guide book to New Mexico for those who would leave the beaten path and see what there is away from the highways and modern towns. Each, also, furnishes sociological and historical material.

Mrs. Barker has written of the Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico, their origins, their development as colonials cut off from their mother country, the growth of their unique civilization in an inhospitable land where they learned to subject themselves to their environment, save what they could of the old, and adapt themselves to new conditions. It is a book that takes us into the homes and

hearts of the Spanish-speaking people, with a keen appreciation for their fine qualities. After telling of their colonial period, it shows that much the same life, with a few alterations is being lived by them today in the places where civilization has been less ruthless in its contacts.

Miss Ferguson, writing with the viewpoint of a journalist, describes the Indian dances, Indian pueblos and Indian customs of the state. Her exposition is simple and direct. It carries within itself the stamp of authority. With the modern myths built about the customs of the Pueblos she has little patience, and yet displays a deep knowledge of the Indian himself, his own psychology and his own point of view. That even the Indians have lost much of the meaning of their elaborate rituals is her contention.

Through Miss Ferguson's book runs the rhythm of the Indian dance, and starkness of the Pueblo land, the feel of vast expanses in land and in time.

ART OF THE MIMBRES

Cameron Creek Village—Wesley Bradfield. University of New Mexico Press. 1931. \$5.00.

Far too technical and detailed in its text for anyone but the archaeologist working in the Southwestern field, Wesley Bradfield* has given to his fellow scientists and all who love the Southwest a valuable and beautiful book.

A Santa Fe man, Mr. Bradfield was affiliated for most of his active life with the School of American Research. He did field work on many important sites in New Mexico and in Central America. He became one of the leading archaeological field men of the day, and won a reputation for his high development of the technique of excavating ruins and recording finds. Not the least of his accomplishments was that of fine photography, including his own invention for photographing the interior designs in bowls.

*Mr. Bradfield died in 1929, before he had completed his work on the book.

It is this excellence of photography which makes his book of real value and absorbing interest outside its own limited field. The book contains 108 pages of photographic illustrations, most of them of the designs of ancient Mimbres pottery. With the growing interest in the revival of the Indian crafts and arts, such a series of illustrations is invaluable. The material for them was well-selected, and nowhere is there quite such a complete photographic collection of fine pottery designs.

For those interested in Southwestern art, in the Indian and his civilization, the book comes as a real addition to a library.

PRIZE NOVEL

Brothers in the West, by Robert Raynolds. Harper Bros. \$2.50.

Several reasons present themselves for an interest on the part of New Mexicans in *Brothers in the West*. The young author was born in Santa Fe, and in the room of the old Governor's Palace in which Governor Lew Wallace is reputed to have written much of *Ben Hur*. Again, *Brothers in the West*, while making no pretense at being an historical novel, nevertheless faithfully reproduces the atmosphere and spirit of the pioneer days of the West, following the Civil War. Then, the fact that it has been chosen as the Harper prize novel for the two-year period, in itself is enough to stir interest.

The story Mr. Raynolds has written is, at first glance, that of two brothers, possessed of the restless urge to wander, which never leaves them. In reality, it is the story of a girl who comes into their lives. The brothers become a part of the strange environment in which she lives the days of her youth and maturity. Other characters who enter the chronicle influence her life and thoughts, and in turn are influenced by her as she emerges from a half-wild,

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carefree girl of the prairies into a kindly, sane, capable pioneer woman who gives her all for her men folk, and to whom all of those with whom she lives are children needing her mothering and her care.

The book is remarkable mainly for the sense of the immense sweep of time and space which it leaves with the reader. In that particular, it is epochal. The story itself is good, at places stirring, always maintaining interest, and working into highly dramatic climaxes as human forces come to grips with the infinite.

It deals with the elemental things of life, and deals with them with a frankness that at times is shocking, after the manner of modern stories. There are few memorable passages and the philosophy propounded is not profound. It is not a book that calls for more than one reading.

Contributors to This Issue

Already well known to *QUARTERLY* readers are George St. Clair, Ph.D., head of the English Department of the University of New Mexico; T. M. Pearce, Ph.D., associate professor of English, and John D. Clark, Ph.D., head of the Chemistry Department.

E. H. SHAFFER is editor of the *New Mexico State Tribune* and an advisory editor of the *QUARTERLY*.

FRANK D. REEVE, M.A., assistant professor of History and Political Science at the University of New Mexico, has just returned from a year spent in study at Leland Stanford University.

F. M. KERCHEVILLE, Ph.D., came to the University of New Mexico this fall from the University of South Dakota, to assume the position of head of the Modern Language Department.

HELEN E. MARSHALL, M.A., a previous contributor to the *QUARTERLY*, is studying this year at Duke University, Durham, N. C.

F. M. DENTON, F.C.G.I., also a previous contributor to the *QUARTERLY*, is head of the Electrical Engineering Department of the University of New Mexico.

Among the contributors of verse, O. W. Reutinger, Van Deusen Clark, Alice M. Wilson, and Athene Moore are undergraduate students at the University of New Mexico; Jose Garcia Villa, also an undergraduate student at the University, publishes his own magazine, *Clay*, one issue of which has appeared, and recently has had a story accepted by Scribners. Catherine Macleod is a former graduate student of the University; Norman Macleod, also a former graduate student, edits the magazine *Front*. Irene Fisher is engaged in newspaper work in Albuquerque.

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New Mexico Quarterly, Vol. 1, No. 1

NOV 2 1931



The New Mexico Quarterly

NOVEMBER, 1931



THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

Published by the University of New Mexico in February, May, August, and November.
Entered as second-class matter February 6, 1931, at the post office at Albuquerque,
New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Is Hardy, the Poet, a Pessimist?

By GEORGE ST. CLAIR, PH.D.

STILL this question keeps coming up! Will it ever be settled, or does every reader find in Hardy's poetry just the philosophy which appeals to his peculiar turn of mind? Are the divergent opinions on this question due to the critics reading their own ideas into this poet's work? Mr. George McLean Harper, for instance, holds definitely that Hardy is not a pessimist.¹ On the other hand, in reviewing a new book on Hardy, the reviewer thus comments: "Mr. Brennecke is rather put to it when he comes to the question of optimism or pessimism." And again: "Mr. Brennecke hesitates in his pronouncement . . . but he fortifies himself with what comfort he can against the idea that Mr. Hardy is one (a pessimist) wholeheartedly."²

And then there is one's personal experience. Not long ago I was discussing with a group of friends this very question. No one seemed willing to venture a definite opinion as to the poet's pessimism, though there was almost unanimity as to the pessimistic tone of his novels. These varying views, together with my own interest in the subject, led me to make a study of Hardy's poetry entirely from this point of view. For me, at least, the question is settled for all time, and, though I dare not hope that my conclusions will be accepted or considered as in any way settling this vexing problem, they may be of interest to some lovers of the grand old poet.

Thomas Hardy's published volumes of poetry, including the *Dynasts*, but excluding a tragedy recently published, number eight in all. These are in order of their publication: *Wessex Poems and Other Verse* (1898); *Poems of the*

¹ Hardy, *Houseman, and Hudson*. Scribner's Magazine, August, 1925.

² *Thomas Hardy's Universe*, Ernest Brennecke. Reviewed in *Modern Language Notes*, May, 1925, pp. 310-313.

Past and Present (1902); *The Dynasts* (three parts, 1903-1909); *Times Laughing-stocks* (1909); *Satires of Circumstance* (1914); *Moments of Vision* (1917); *Late Lyrics and Earlier* (1922); *Human Shows, etc.* (1925).

In an attempt at finding some partly scientific basis for my study of this poetry, I divided all the poems in each volume into three classes: Poems of Sorrow and Sadness, Poems of Resignation, and Poems of Cheer; determining the type of each poem by its dominant mood, and making particular note of those which seemed to me to be either pessimistic or optimistic in tone. I have drawn what seemed to me just conclusions from the study of the eight volumes. But, though I approached this study with an open mind, I dare not assert that I was uninfluenced by previous conceptions or misconceptions. I can only say that I have tried to be honest, both with myself and with the poet. I realize that my conclusions are only indications, but I claim they are at least that much.

It is necessary, I think, before proceeding further, to arrive at a clear concept of what constitutes a pessimist. We find that there are two types; one, the philosophical, the other, the constitutional pessimist.

The philosophical pessimist holds that this is the worst possible of all possible worlds; that everything tends towards evil; and that the universe must ultimately reach the same non-existence from which it sprang. As Lascelles Abercrombie says in his stimulating study of Hardy, "Pessimism is not the denial of significance, but the assertion of evil significance."³ These are the doctrines of Schopenhauer, of Hartmann, and of other philosophers of this school.

The second type of pessimist is the man so unfortunately constituted that he perforce looks upon the dark side of everything. Exaggerating the undoubted evils of this life, he views it with a melancholy and jaundiced eye, determined to find a dark lining to the brightest of clouds.

³ *Thomas Hardy*, note, p. 186. Lascelles Abercrombie, Viking Press, 1927.

He is the eternal croaker, best represented by Shakespeare's melancholy Jaques.

This study endeavors to answer these questions: Is the poet Hardy one of these two? Is he either a philosophical or a constitutional pessimist?

Hardy's first volume of poems, *Wessex Poems and Other Verse*, was published in 1898, when the poet was fifty-eight years of age. But as most of the poems were written in his early twenties, they represent the opinions and ideas of his youth, a fact which must be taken into consideration in judging them. There are fifty-one poems in this volume. Twenty-two of these I have classified as sorrowful in mood, twenty-three as resigned, and five as cheerful. It must be admitted that the five cheerful poems are not in the least sense gay. On the other hand, it is to be noted that many of the poems in this volume are dramatic in spirit if not in form, and that a number of them are tales narrated by a third person, so that they do not necessarily represent the poet's own sentiments.

Those poems which contain what seem to me Hardy's own pronouncements upon life and its problems may be divided into two groups. *Hap, She to Him, A Meeting with Despair, Nature's Questionings, and The Heiress and the Architect*, are wholly gray in tone. In these the poet represents Hope as dead, man as the bond-servant of Chance, sunset ending only in night, and "gladdest Life" as neighboring Death. How futile to plan new houses, since we must die!

But we find a faint hope gleaming through the poems of the second group: *My Cicely, Thought of Ph-A.—at News of Her Death, In a Wood, and To a Lady*. Though we still see Nature always in ceaseless conflict, "life-loyalties" are still to be found among mankind; and in spite of Fate itself, "Truth will be truth alway."

From this first volume we must conclude that Hardy's attitude towards life is gloomy. For him man seems to be held fast in the clutches of Destiny and Environment. Yet,

nowhere does he say that life is all evil, or that it is not worth living. Still, he does not seem to find much beauty in life, nor does he, as Housman does, exhort us to make the best of a bad thing. This last attitude is with Hardy a later development. "We are here," he seems to say, "in a puzzling, and not particularly desirable world. I do not say it is all gloom. I do not see much fairness. I just jog along." So I read his first volume of poems.

One must say then, after examining this volume, that the youthful Hardy, while he rather glooms at life, is not a pessimist, no matter which of the accepted meanings we adopt.

The next volume, *Poems of the Past and Present* (1902), contains forty-four poems of sadness, forty-five of resignation, and ten of cheer—ninety-nine in all. The proportion of cheerful poems is about equal to that of the first volume, but the number of significant poems is greater. In fact, so great is their number, that I mention only a few of the most significant.

De Profundis and *To Life* sound the deepest notes of gloom and despair. In the first of these the poet appears as "One who, past doubtings all, waits in unhope"; but likewise as one who recognizes that others find delight in life, who thinks that there is a "Best," and that there may be a way to the "Better"; though he himself has not found these things. *To Life*, is pessimistic in tone, but it ends with a desire to hope. Then again, the almost obsession of Hardy that life is a succession of ironies, is illustrated by the poems, *The Dame of Athelwald*, and *Architectural Masks*. The Dame of Athelwald flees with her lover. Almost immediately, though, she returns, determined not to break up a home, only to overhear her husband congratulating himself on his freedom. In *Architectural Masks* we find that the great, beautiful, poetic-looking old manor-house encloses sordid souls, whereas in the gaudy villa dwelt people who lead a life of fine dreams. Yet, and here lies the irony

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of it, people who pass by the two dwellings think that the old mansion enshrines poetic spirits, and that blatant, vulgar beings live in the gingerbread villa. It is poems like these that draw from careless readers the accusation of pessimist. But the fact remains that Hardy *does* recognize the existence of fine souls and of poetic dreams. Would a pessimist do this?

This second volume has also a number of hopeful, almost optimistic poems. Among these the finest and most typical are: *The Going of the Battery*, *The Colonel's Soliloquy*, *Shelley's Skylark*, *Ode at the Pyramid of Cestius*, *The Bullfinches*, *A Song of Hope*, *Winter in Durnover Field*, and *The Darkling Thrush*. Neither a philosophical nor a constitutional pessimist could possibly have written these poems, especially the splendid tributes to Shelley and Keats, the "two immortal shades." How could a man who regards life with a jaundiced eye have composed these lovely and inspiring lines from *A Song of Hope*:

Hope, for a gleaming,
Soon will be streaming,
Dimmed by no gray - -
No gray.

.. . . .
The night cloud is hieing;
Tomorrow shines soon - -
Shines soon!

In this collection we find also a doctrine which had not before found expression in Hardy's poetry. It is best summed up in *The Bullfinches*. Though these little singers realize that Nature does not try to comfort or shield her children, do they for that reason give up in despair? No, they chant

Come, then, brethren, let us sing
From the dawn to evening!
For we know not that we go not - -
When the day's pale pinions fold,
Unto those who sang of old.

What though the world be a cheerless place, one must sing!

This volume, then, does not present Hardy as a complete pessimist. There is pessimism, it is true, but still there is hope, too.

We come now to that magnificent epic-drama, reckoned by almost unanimous consent Hardy's grandest achievement. "In *The Dynasts* I find all of Hardy," writes Henry S. Canby. If this estimate be true, and such it undoubtedly is, then an examination of this colossal work should reveal to us the real attitude of the poet towards this tangle called life. Especially in the comments of the Spirit Choruses, more particularly in those of the Pities, the quintessence of the Hardyan philosophy is enshrined.

In the Fore Scene to Part One, the chorus of the Pities would substitute for Napoleon and his kind "men of kindlier build,"

Those, too, who love the true, the excellent,
And make their daily moves a melody.

Further on (Part Two, Act III, Scene I), the Spirit of the Pities, rebuking the Spirit of Irony for his mockery, says

Mock on, Shade, if thou wilt! But others find
Poesy ever lurks where pit-pats poor mankind.

Is such sympathy proper to a pessimist?

Part Three begins with Napoleon's disastrous expedition to Russia. In Act I, Scene X, the Spirits are discovered watching the terrible Battle of the Beresina. Among their most notable comments we find

"Then women are seen in the water-flow, limply bearing
their infants, between wizened white arms stretching above.

"Yea, Motherhood sheerly sublime in her last despairing,
and lighting her darkest declension with love."

Is this the voice of a constitutional pessimist?

Another of the many memorable scenes of this super-epic-drama is found in Scene XV, Act IV, Part Three. As the defeated emperor muses, alone, in bitterness of heart, deserted by his most trusted marshals, and even by his serv-

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ants, the Spirits, hovering above the tragic scene, thus philosophize:

Spirit Ironie

A picture this for kings and subjects too!

Spirit of the Pities

Yet is it but Napoleon who has failed,

The pale, pathetic people plod on

Through hoodwinkings to light!

It is in their searing comments upon the blind, helpless "Will," which is supposed to manage what most of them regard as a senseless show, that the Spirits are most bitter. And it is in his conceptions of this driveling unintelligence, as he considers Him, that the poet is most the pessimist.

The final scene of the tremendous drama is placed in the Overworld. After gaunt, emaciated Europe has sunk prone to its blood-won rest, the Spirits thus sum up the drama:

Semi-Chorus I

Though times be when the mortal moan
Seems unascending to thy Throne,
Though seers do not as yet explain
My suffering sobs to Thee in vain;

Semi-Chorus II

We hold that Thy unscanted slope
Affords a foot for final Hope,
That, mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh
Life's loom to lull it by-and-by.

Semi-Chorus I of the Years

O Immanence that reasonest not
In putting forth all things begot,
Thou buildest Thy home in space—for what?

Semi-Chorus II

O loveless, hateless, past the sense
Of kindly-eyed benevolence,
To what tune danceth this Immense?

Spirit Ironie

For one I cannot answer, but I know
'Tis handsome of you Pities, so to sing

The praises of the dreaming, dark, dumb thing,
That turns the handle of this idle Shew!

Final Chorus

But a stirring fills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the Ages

Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered
from the darts that were,
Unconsciousness the Will informing, till
it fashions all things fair!

So on this wondrous note of hope, ends the vast drama!

But what of *The Dynasts*? Does it exhibit Hardy as a pessimist? I think not. A fatalist, yes, but not a pessimist! So often does the poet present men dying glorious deaths, that one feels he must have thought the life they had lived worth living; else he had never given them such splendid exits. Besides, in spite of Hardy's own disclaimer in his preface, we are justified in considering the sentiments of the Pities as his own, and these, as has been shown, end the play in a strain of high hope. Finally, the tender pity which breathes like a lyric strain throughout the entire work renders it impossible that a pessimist could have written it. The poet of *The Dynasts* is no pessimist!

In the same year (1909) in which Part Three of *The Dynasts* was published, appeared also *Time's Laughingstocks*, a volume containing ninety-four poems. Thirty-three of these may be called sorrowful poems, forty-three are resigned in tone, and eighteen are cheerful. The proportion of cheerful poems is much greater than in the preceding volumes, but the number of significant poems is less. It would seem, after all, that Hardy is at his best in his more sombre moods.

A note of despair is struck in two of these poems, *Before Life and After*, and *New Year's Eve*. The central idea in both of them is that it is better never to have known consciousness than to be forced to live in such a diseased world. But in *Her Father*, and *The Roman Road*, the poet

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sings of the permanence of father love, and the beauty and strength of mother love. Surely not themes that a pessimist would choose.

Let Me Enjoy, is animated by that spirit of unquenchable hope which dwells in Hardy, almost in his own despite. In this poem, a singer, though realizing that the Creator has other aims than our delight, and that the lady whom he adores looks not on him, still determines to sing the raptures of love and life, just as if they were his own, and,

Perhaps some day, toward Paradise,
—And all its blest, if such should be—
I shall lift glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.

There is a poem in this same volume, *To Sincerity*, in which we find a doctrine that seems to have inspired Hardy in all of his writings; that we can make nothing out of life unless we face it fairly and squarely. Life may be sad and youth may know it, and yet they refuse to look facts in the face;

Yet, would men look at true things,
And unilluded view things,
And count to bear undue things,
The real might mend the seeming,
Facts better their foredeeming,
And Life its disesteeming.

Thus ends this volume too on a note of hope.

Several years passed before Hardy published his next volume of poems, *Satires of Circumstance* (1914). Included in this collection are *Lyrics and Reveries*, and *Miscellaneous Pieces*, there being 107 poems in the book. The proportion of cheerful poems is small. Thirty-eight are sad in mood, sixty are resigned, though of these sixty many are ironic in spirit, and nine may be called cheerful. Those poems properly denominated *Satires of Circumstance*, are all ironic, many of them bitterly so. In them gleams neither hope nor cheer.

We find in some of these poems, however, a sort of resigned hope, a profound pity, and a desire to make the best

of things. In *a Complaint to Man*, God speaks. He recognizes that He is but what man has made Him, and that He is ever dwindling, dwindling; it is likewise clear to Him that man had needed to create a God, else he had never been able to "bear the irk no local hope beguiles." Now, since He is growing less, man must face the fact that some time He will be no more, and he must meet

The facts of life with dependence placed
On the human heart's resource alone,
In brotherhood bonded close and graced
With loving-kindness fully blown,
And visioned help, unsought, unknown.

A pessimist who believes in loving-kindness and brotherhood!

To me one of the most artistic and appealing of all Hardy's poems is *A Pair of Satin Shoes*. Here is the lovely picture of the heroine of this pathetic tale.

She was as fair as early day
Shining on meads unmown,
And her sweet syllables seemed to play
Like flute-notes softly blown.

It had been the dream of this maiden's life to walk to her wedding in satin shoes. But, when that happy day finally came, it was storming so fiercely that she was forced to put on thick, ugly boots. Her heart broke. From the moment of the wedding ceremony she sickened, until she finally went mad. Attendants came to take her to the mad-house. Fighting and struggling at first, she is at last pacified by their promise to allow her to wear her satin shoes. So she drives happily away.

Yet she was as fair as early day
Shining on meads unmown,
And her sweet syllables seemed to play
Like flute-notes softly blown.

The pity of it! Not pessimism but pitying clear-sightedness is here!

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This same volume contains the poem, *Men Who March Away*. Although a dramatic lyric, it might be the poet's own chant of victory:

We will see what we are doing,
 Though some may not see!
 In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just,
 And that braggarts must
 Surely bite the dust.
 Press we to the field ungrieving,
 In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just.

Again the paean of hope and faith!

To 1917 belongs *Moments of Vision*. In this volume are 141 poems, fifty-two of which may be classified as sorrowful, eighty as resigned, and nine as cheerful. The number of cheerful poems is thus seen to be very small, but the tone of many of them is hopeful.

In a Museum, At Madame Tussaud's, In a Waiting-room, and For Life I Had Never Cared Greatly, are among the most significant of these hopeful poems. The poet *In a Museum* is reminded as he looks at an ancient bird, of a sweet contralto voice he had heard the previous evening. "Perhaps," he muses, "the song of this ancient bird has not perished, but is blent or will be blent."

Mid visionless wilds of space with the voice that I heard
 In the full-fugued song of the Universe unending.

At Madame Tussaud's is a tribute to a fiddler who had played for forty years in the same orchestra. "May he find the Fair Haven! Gamuts that graced forty years flight were not a small thing." Achievement, however small, counts for something. How hope may "spread a glory through the gloom," is shown *In a Waiting-room*. This same undying hope sings through the last poem of the volume, *For Life I Had Never Cared Greatly*. Never had he cared greatly for life, not thinking its misadventures worth

a man's while. But, after many years have passed, he sees, on a dull, gray day, a "star uncloaked, burning through the fog-damp, as bright as a brand."

And so, the rough journey forgetting,
I pace hill and dale,
Regarding the sky,
Regarding the vision on high,
And thus re-illumed, have no humour for letting
My pilgrimage fail.

One must inevitably conclude that the poet of *Moments of Vision* is not a pessimist.

Late Lyrics and Earlier is Hardy's last significant volume of poetry. As gallantly flame upward the fires of inspiration in the veteran of eighty-two as they did in the youth of twenty. This collection contains 151 poems. Twenty-six of these I find sorrowful in mood, eighty-eight resigned, and thirty-seven cheerful. One notes at once the greater proportion of cheerful poems. Does this mean that the poet is becoming dulled to life's tragedies? Does he see life less clearly? Or has the unquenchable spirit of hope, which shines through many of his earlier poems, often, it would seem, in spite of himself, finally risen triumphant? I firmly believe the latter to be true.

Of the many memorable poems in this notable volume, I have space for the briefest mention of only a few. *Curtains Drawn*, *Going and Staying*, *A Young Man's Exhortation*, *At Lulworth Cove*, *The City Shopwoman*, *The Collector Cleans His Picture*, *She Revisits Alone the Church of Her Marriage*, and *An Ancient to Ancients*. The first and last of these demand, however, somewhat further consideration.

He muses *In Curtains Drawn* of how she had used to sing to him, while the wind howled outside the tightly drawn curtains. And the song:

O the dream that thou art my Love, be it thine,
And the dream that I am thy Love, be it mine,
And death may come, but loving is divine.

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And now, standing by her grave, soaked by the rain, and surrounded by grass-grown graves which preach "Life is vain!" he still hears the notes she once sang to him:

And death may come, but loving is divine.

An Ancient to Ancients is a splendid swan-song, a song of triumph, a hymn of victory. "Old age hath yet his honours and his toil," sang Ulysses. This same buoyant optimism pervades Hardy's poem. Even though, "We who met sunrise sanguine-souled Are wearing weary," there is still work which we can do. Many great souls of antiquity "Burnt brightlier towards their wedding day, Gentlemen,"

And ye, red-lipped and smooth browed, list,
Gentlemen:

Much is there waits you we have missed,
Much lore we leave you worth the knowing,
Much, much has lain outside our ken:

Nay, rush not: time serves: we are going,
Gentlemen.

Write me down an ass if the writer of this forward-looking verse is a pessimist!

Hardy's last volume of poems appeared in 1925, under the title, "Human Shows, Phantasies, Songs and Trifles." It contains ballads, dramatic dialogues, epigrams, and songs. To me there is a distinct decline of power visible in this collection. There is occasional beauty, it is true, flashes of insight, but there are few truly significant poems, and few lines that sing themselves. Everything seems toned down into a minor key.

There are 152 poems in this volume. I have classified them as follows: 55 sorrowful in tone; 73 resigned; and 24 cheerful.

Only the *Turnip-Hoer*, *Circus-Rider to Ringmaster*, *The Later Autumn*, *Four in the Morning*, *When Dead*, *Sine Prole*, *The Best She Could*, *The Graveyard of Dead Creeds*, *There Seemed a Strangeness*, *Zenophanes*, *The Monist of Colophon*, *The Weary Walker*, *The Absolute Explains*, *Epi-*

taph on a Pessimist, The Sundial on a Wet Day and *Why Do I?* seem to me to be very significant poems. Fifteen in all, and nine of these I classify as cheerful. Certainly a large percentage! In the entire volume, the resigned and cheerful poems together constitute over sixty per cent of the poems. Surely the poet who sings, in *The Absolute Explains*, of the "songs" and "laughters," the "fadeless flowers," the "wild love-making" of his "ever memorable glad days of pilgrimage" cannot be called a pessimist. Even though this is a "world of welterings and unease," as he says in the last poem of the volume, *Why Do I?*, still one some day will drop his "dusty wings to another sphere where no pain is." Here is a note of optimistic belief. No, the poet who wrote thus is not a pessimist.

What then may we conclude? To begin with a few figures and percentages. Excluding *The Dynasts*, we find 795 poems in the other volumes. Of these poems, about fourteen per cent are cheerful in tone, fifty-two per cent resigned, and thirty-four per cent sad or gloomy. Percentages, then, if they mean anything, are against the sorrowful poems, though they do not, it is true, favor the cheerful poetry.

Now, as to the poet's general attitude towards life. It is certain that Hardy, thinking as a philosopher, does not consider that the "world, the estate of man, and the powers from which they emanate," are evil. He finds much good and beauty in the world; ever a faint hope persists that man is rising "from gloom into light"; and though to him the Power which controls things may be dumb and helpless, even perhaps an imbecile, He is certainly not pictured as evil, and He does feel pity sometimes for tortured humanity.

Is the poet a constitutional pessimist? Does he persistently look upon only the darker side of life? I believe it has been already shown that he does not. This, it appears to me, is the situation. Gifted with an extraordinary faculty for seeing life clearly, and seeing it whole, too, and

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dowered at the same time with an infinitely compassionate heart, Thomas Hardy has never been able to reconcile life's inconsistencies, but always he has had the desire to do so, always the light of hope has flickered in him and for him, dimly desecrated, no doubt, but still existent. No unprejudiced student of his poetry can come to any other conclusion. That this searching and subtle inquirer into life, this "poet of pity," should be misnamed a pessimist, is intolerably ridiculous and absurd. That he is so misnamed, however, is proved by the fact that Hardy himself thought it necessary to defend himself against this charge, in the preface to his 1922 volume of poems. In that preface he styles himself an evolutionary meliorist. It is my hope that this study will to some slight degree bear him out in this contention.

To Strength

By IRENE FISHER

Now God be thanked life is unkind to me
And darkness overwhelms me like a pall;
My self by *beauth* being held in thrall,
Enslaved, blind, crawling, creeping, now is free
To know once more I stand erect and see
Down through the long, still years, and hear a call
Of strength to strength, and feel my self grow tall
With life eternal in the mystic me.

This is the power I have won through pain
And through the pain your face seems strangely sweet.
Freed from loved bonds I am alone again.
No longer supine but upon my feet
I stand, and hold that life which yet remains
To me, a life which I may greatly greet.

Gnomes

By ALICE M. WILSON

Little old gnomes with faces grim
Labour and toil on the western rim
Of day.

The furnaces roar and the sledges bang,
The bellows are blown and the anvils clang
Away.

The tongues of fire leap higher and higher
They climb the hills in hot desire;
Licking the clouds a'hanging nigh,
Scorching and singing the flame-lit sky
Till it burns
And turns
Ash-gray!

The Tale of the Green Silk Purse

By F. M. DENTON

THE Elbe sparkled. Across were the red walls and blackened beams of the houses, that stood up to their thighs in the river. Above the medley of roofs was the green copper dome of Dresden's museum.

This picture, framed in the narrow doorway of the little Weinstube, was shut off suddenly by the tall shadow of a man.

The green light fell in patches after its struggle through the ancient blobbed glass panes of the room's only window. It fell upon the bright wax-polished top of an oaken table, across whose surface centuries of glasses had tinkled "prosit."

I was a London student on a vacation which Caesar threatened to spoil. For I was in arrears with a book or two of "De bello Gallico."

This little room by the river's edge was cool and secluded. It was an ante-room close to the main bar of the house and was seldom visited.

In a week of seclusion there, in which Morpheus had come in for more worship than Bacchus, and a few "zweier Rotwein" had spread themselves asymptotically through unending hours, I had come to think of this room as my own private sanctum.

And so my "guten Tag" had an unfriendly touch of disgust in it.

The intruder seemed inclined to go out again and, relenting, I called him back. His smile was friendly but half fearful.

In order, I thought, to cover shyness, he pretended familiarity, and taking up my book, read aloud a few of its Latin lines. He read fluently but with an accent which reminded me of a like vacation spent in Madrid. His accent

was Castilian. This and his handsome appearance told me my visitor was a Spaniard and I said, "Buenos dias."

It was as though I had struck him. He rose and walked to the door; stood a moment, then turned and said, in Spanish, "That dome is like green silk,—and the glint of the river is like silver and gold. The sun is a red rose, and my brain is on fire again,—and I must tell you."

The odor of beeswax and wine brings back to me the tale that he told:

"I am the son of a Castilian gentleman,—the only son. Ours is a proud family; all its sons enter the army or the priesthood. I was destined for the army. Earnest and ambitious I went gladly to the military school at Segovia. The rules of that school are strict,—punctilious in matters of honor and of honesty.

"All the cadets were rich, but the rules of the school restricted our allowances to a small sum paid weekly. I carried my money in a green silk purse,—a thing such as Shylock must have used,—a tassel at each end and two brass rings to close its slit-like opening.

"Debt was dishonor. Yet generosity is in the blood of every Romanos.

"Always I have loved the sparkle of rivers. We had a leisure hour each evening, but the rules called us back an hour after sunset.

"There were lovely sunsets in Segovia. I used to watch them from the river bank.

"But a red rose may seem lovelier than a sunset, and the sparkle of dark eyes beneath it lovelier still.

"Beautiful she was and the sunlight, as she eclipsed the sun, made around her hair a halo of red fire.

"For many nights the color of the rose in her black hair flooded my dreams. Then, growing more bold, I tried its perfume. And then I spoke to her. She smiled and was kind,—and that night my green silk purse felt very light.

"Was this love? If so why did the thought of debt and its disgrace worry me?"

"Some excuse must be found. Simple enough to have lost one's purse or had it stolen. Better burn the green silk thing with its tassels.

"Thoughts so desultory, so mixed with dreams, became no fixed plan. I entered the common room again. It was autumn and a great fire burned on the stone hearth. The room was deserted. Quickly I threw my green silk purse into a sort of fiery halo that was there, as if made for it, in the midst of the fire. Then I went out through the inner door.

"Why was I pressing with my thumb the ring on my middle finger?

"It was because I had forgotten the brass rings on that green silk purse. Brass rings do not burn. I must rake them out.

"Returning to the fire I found there the old sergeant, who cared so well for us all,—a good man with a record full of honor.

"There was a devil in the fire. He had a red halo round his head and held out two red-hot rings.

" 'Sergeant,' said I, 'Where is the purse I left here on the table?'

" 'I saw no purse.'

" 'You lie; you have taken the money and burned my purse, and there are its brass rings.'

"So saying I raked out those rings that used to caress my green silk purse. (Is there any difference between caressing and strangling?)

"As I held them out on the end of the poker I saw, behind the sergeant, two brother officers enter. The old man raised his hand to strike me. The officers seized him and he was taken away.

"The suddenness of events confused me. I had planned no evil. The voice that had accused the sergeant was not mine. Why should I awake from my rose dream?

"The next day I asked mercy for the man who had robbed and tried to strike me. I was honored by my high-

mindful kindness. And all the while I hated myself and longed to confess.

"But the picture haunted me, of the devil in a halo of sunset, holding two red-hot rings on the prongs of his trident; daring me to go through with the thing he had made me begin. And because I feared and hated the devil I went through with his plan.

"For many days conscience slept within my coma of obstinacy until it seemed dead. Blankly I went on with the thing I had begun.

"In our evening card games I had an unwonted gaiety and an unwonted luck. But gradually came the feeling that I was not in full control of my tongue. There was an urge,—it took the form of a red rose,—to tell the story of the green silk purse. I fought the urge, then I tried to follow it, and all the time the devil prodded my brain with his trident.

"At last, one evening, throwing down the cards, I began excitedly to tell my tale, knowing hardly whether I was obeying the devil or the rose.

"I was incoherent and could hold no one's attention. They said my nerves were shaken by the unwitting part I had taken in the sergeant's disgrace.

"I was sent away for a holiday; then transferred to a distant barracks.

"My recovery seemed complete; I worked hard, won everyone's esteem and obtained advancement.

"One day came the order to revisit Segovia.

"The place had grown smaller, (I expect you know the feeling). My old friends had gone away. Again I played cards. Gaiety came back, and luck, and there was no return of the dreaded urge.

"Suddenly my attention was called. The old sergeant's successor wished to speak with me. He brought the message that a man, lying in the hospital, wanted to see me.

"I went. The old sergeant lay there. He was thin and very weak. I leaned over him and he said, 'I forgive you.' Then he died.

"And over his head floated a red rose, and into my brain came the hot trident, and into my tongue the urge to tell the tale of the green purse.

"Again I scattered the cards, and this time began to tell the tale coherently. But no one knew my history, and no one remembered; the group broke up and I went out into the cool night air.

"I had come of age since the night of the green silk purse and was rich. The return of the urge unnerved me. I would go to a distant country to kill memory and conscience.

"I chose Geneva. For awhile the red rose floated above the white peaks of the Dent du Midi; then it faded and finally was gone in mist. Except that in the evening glow as the sun threw last kisses to the snows and made them blush,—in that glow was here and there a red petal. Then at last the red petals died also and I was free.

"But the devil was only dozing. For, one day, as I sat looking across the lake, there came a man beside me. He recognized a fellow countryman and greeted me in Spanish.

"His hair was black, and there, under the brim of his broad hat was a red rose. It may have been no rose at all but just the red light of the setting sun.

"I told him the tale of the green silk purse. He was bored, but, with the courtesy of Spain, he seemed to listen. Then, rising, he bade me adieu.

"Was I never to be able to conquer the urge of the green silk purse?

"I would go to Germany, the country in which the chance of meeting a Spaniard is small.

"And so I came to Dresden, and you, unhappy man, have revived the red rose. The devil is using my mother tongue as his trident. What shall I do? What do you think of me?"

I sat silent as the tale ended. The man's sin had been black. He was expiating it in pain. What could I say?

I told him that only that man could sink to a deed so low, who was capable of rising to a great height. (Was this nonsense?) He was expiating his sin. Perhaps he had expiated it enough. He should now be strong and should believe the red rose dead.

Thanking me, he departed, and did not disturb me again in my sanctum.

Some weeks later, walking aimlessly in the rich suburbs of Dresden, I came face to face with Don Romanos. He was gay and welcomed me warmly. "You must come," said he, "to my wedding. It takes place tomorrow evening. Here is the announcement. Will you not come? I owe my happiness to you."

I promised and the next evening saw me entering the grounds of a rich house. Don Romanos was marrying into a distinguished German family. Blond locks and a white lily. Was it possible these had eclipsed black tresses and a red rose?

At a long table with a hundred guests, I sat almost opposite Don Romanos. Far at the end, on our left, was his fair bride. There was an air of solemnity.

Toasts were proposed and responded to. Some of the speakers talked of Spain and Don Romanos looked uneasy, turning nervously about as though expecting some blow.

In fluent German he presented to his bride a star set with pearls, accompanying the gift by the words: "Das Meer hat seine Perlen, der Himmel seine Sterne. Gross ist das Meer and der Himmel,—noch groesser ist meine Liebe."

Don Romanos was radiant in spite of his nervous pallor.

Then arose the bride blushing. She had, she said, no gift of jewels to offer to her husband, but something she believed he would value more highly; something which had cost her many hours of labour,—it had been a labour of love. She believed it to be a gift which would bring him closer to her, and then she began to recite: "En lenguaje castellano"

THE GREEN SILK PURSE

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Before two words of Spanish had passed her lips, I saw Don Romanos put his hand to his head. Then he leaned forward, knocking over his glass of red wine. Then, as suddenly, he recovered, rose, and rushed to the door.

Less surprised than the others, I was quick to follow. Don Romanos ran. Out through the grounds and along the deserted street I pursued him. For half a mile I kept him in sight, but he had the advantage of the devil's trident, and I lost him.

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

Evening Lover

By JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA

If I could love you with the strength
Of fire: with the strength that warms
And the strength that hurts,
Then would I go to you on silver toes
To love you. . .

But being as I am, a lover of flowers,
Of weak white flowers liquid in the moonlight,
I love only with the moon's soft love
That dies with the dawn.
And weakly would I love you
For the lover of evening flowers—
Ah, he dies with the dawn.

Too Much Tradition

By E. H. SHAFFER

COLLEGE tradition is the sentimentality that encourages the student of today to continue the imbecilities of yesterday.

College tradition, perhaps the most sacred thing about an institution of higher learning, lends sanctity to the trivial, the non-essential.

I know of no college in the United States that grimly upholds the tradition that every student shall learn something.

I can recall holy collegiate injunctions that men do not have dates at football games, that they do not smoke on the campus, that they raise their hats to prexy and commit other absurdities.

There is the universal and pious doctrine that first-year students must be humiliated. It is ordained that second-year students, those who have just learned how to sneer at the professors, shall be in charge of mortifications.

Sophomores are equipped neither by age, experience, sophistication, nor wisdom to levy even amusing tribute from boys a year younger. Sophomores are at the robustly callow age of life. They have just learned to find their way about without knowing where they are going. They lack both intuition and judgment. Yet this crew of irresponsibles is permitted, year after year in every college in the land, to discourage young boys who might otherwise get a valid idea of the reason for colleges.

The freshman is the most important unit in college life. He is comparatively unspoiled. Left alone he might become a student. He might acquire information and culture. He might justify America's enormous annual expenditure for higher education.

The freshman enters bewildered. He is sufficiently frightened to take stock of his surroundings. He is not offensively sophisticate. He can still be told things.

The professors, for the most part, shamefully abdicate their offices and permit the unbalanced sophomore to discourage, humiliate, and debase the young fellow who with proper encouragement might have become sincere.

The inane freshman cap becomes the most important feature of first-year college life. Many a sober young fellow, eager to know, when confronted with this undignified and silly tradition has said "Oh hell" and quietly chucked the whole childish business.

The freshman cap is neither presumptive nor humorous. It is simply silly. The freshman cap is a definitely juvenile manifestation, sadly significant of American college life.

Some day, somewhere, we hope to read about a freshman class with the initiative and courage to put an end to the freshman cap nuisance.

Such a class of geniuses will resolve about as follows:

"We, the freshman class of Podunk, recognize that in collegiate experience we are children. Nevertheless we must decline to submit to the ultra-childish horseplay of our immediate seniors by wearing an outlandish uniform.

"We have entered Podunk to acquire knowledge, to steep ourselves in the lore of the past, to fit ourselves for the emergencies of the future. We must decline to conform to the juvenile indignities that appeal to the sophomoric mind as the only method of distinguishing us from upper classmen."

On the day that a first-year class firmly takes this position, American colleges will have begun to develop culturally. We can then begin to expect something from college graduates. We can then start hoping that a college degree means knowledge and breadth of mind rather than 128 hours of credit.

Such a Homeric stand by any freshman class will be impossible so long as the college elders continue to countenance passively the immature horseplay that mocks their efforts to impose the standards of maturity on college life.

American colleges should commence inspecting and overhauling their traditions. Ninety-nine per cent of them are fit only for kindergarten intelligences. Most of them are neither sensible nor romantic. Not one out of fifteen can be observed without raising a snicker for the man or woman with ordinary gumption.

And the person with intelligence enough to grin at an amusing tradition will most likely be blanketed by a set of muscular fellows without brain tissue.

And that situation checks the problem back to the question of campus sense. It calls attention to the tragic lack of mental maturity. The American campus, concerned with its trivial traditions, is far from adult. The campus is too often a mental nursery. For a student to show interest in his studies, for him to reason and think maturely is quite likely to set him apart as a pariah. Such a one encounters the devastating contempt of empty but influential colleagues.

I do not know how much blame to assign to the administrations and faculties for this condition. I doubt if they are greatly at fault. I think probably the adults about a college are helpless in the sea of immaturity in which they are marooned. But so long as they do not help raise a challenge to the childish college traditions that have continued through the years, they can expect no improvement.

The earnest need of higher education in America is that it grow up. Until American colleges become reasonably adult in their efforts and their outlook they will not take their proper place in American life. And American colleges will not shed their diapers until they throw overboard many of the puerile customs called tradition.

Announcement of Symposium

Too *Much Tradition* is a severe criticism of a part of collegiate life which most of us have habitually taken for granted as something almost sacred.

It suggests the question of whether what is so often called "tradition" is worthy of the name. Just what is college tradition? Is it a sacred thing? Does it play a real part in higher education, or is permitted to exist through indifference, or because it is difficult to check?

There is food for thought in the article and its subject matter. The questions listed are just a start into the field of speculation which it opens.

In the belief that the matter can be viewed from many viewpoints, and that there are many valid opinions on it, the QUARTERLY will present a symposium on the subject. Persons who are qualified and who have given thought to the matter will be asked to write what they think. Anyone with ideas about college "traditions" is invited to take part in the symposium.

United States vs. University Professor

By FRANK D. REEVE

A QUESTION of interest has arisen in connection with attempts of the United States government to levy income tax on salaries of teachers in schools of higher education. The Federal Board of Tax Appeals has decided that the salary of a professor in the law school of the University of Maryland is not exempt from the income tax.¹ The Commissioner of Internal Revenue now is collecting data on salaries of teachers in the University of New Mexico for the purpose of instituting a test case.

The Revenue Act of 1926 provides in section 213 (a): "The term 'gross income' includes gains, profits, and income derived from salaries, wages, or compensation for personal service . . . of whatever kind and in whatever form paid . . .

"There was a provision which excluded from tax 'the compensation of all officers and employes of a state or any political subdivision thereof except when such compensation is paid by the United States Government.' But, beginning with the Revenue Act of 1918, this latter provision has been omitted from subsequent revenue acts (until 1926) . . . In connection with the omission of such a provision from the Revenue Act of 1918, the Senate Finance Committee report stated: 'The Committee amended section 213 (a) so as to require that any gains, profits and income derived from salaries, wages, or compensation for personal service, of whatever kind and in whatever form paid, and so on, be subject to income tax, leaving the constitutional question as to the authority of Congress to tax certain

1. *Mary W. Niles, Executrix, Estate of Alfred S. Niles, Petitioner v. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Respondent. Board of Tax Appeals, Docket No. 33415, September 24, 1930. (Hereafter cited as Niles v. Commissioner).*

salaries to be settled by the courts in any case in which the question may be raised."²

Section 1211 of the Revenue Act of 1926 is as follows: "Any taxes imposed by the Revenue Act of 1924 or prior revenue acts upon any individual in respect of amounts received by him as compensation for personal services as an officer or employee of any state or political subdivision thereof (except to the extent that such compensation is paid by the United States Government directly or indirectly), shall, subject to the statutory period of limitations properly applicable thereto, be abated, credited, or refunded."

The decision was rendered in Income Tax 2357, that "For 1925 and subsequent years compensation received by an individual for services rendered to a State, or political subdivision thereof, is included in gross income unless the person received such compensation as an officer or employee of a state, or political subdivision thereof, and the services were rendered in connection with the exercise of an essential governmental function."³ This ruling was based on Regulations 69, Article 88, relating to the Revenue Act of 1926, as follows: "Compensation paid to its officers and employees by a state or political subdivision thereof for services rendered in connection with the exercise of an essential governmental function of the state or political subdivision . . . is not taxable." After a study of the laws of New Mexico relating to the University, the Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue has ruled that "the university is not an instrumentality of the state engaged in the discharge of an essential governmental function" and that the salaries of the teachers are subject to the Federal income tax.⁴ The government bases its case on the phrase "essential governmental function."

2. *Ibid.*

3. *Internal Revenue Bulletin*, Vol VI, No. 22, 3247.

4. J. C. Wilmer to Collector of Internal Revenue at Albuquerque; New Mexico, October 12, 1931.

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With the Declaration of Independence and the subsequent winning of the War of the Revolution, the American people established their political doctrine that sovereignty rests with the people. This sovereign power of the people was first exercised through the medium of the state governments. With the union of thirteen states, a second government was established with the right to exercise certain powers granted to it by the thirteen sovereign states constituting the union. It was a government of *delegated* powers and the scope of those powers was circumscribed by a written document, the Constitution. The states were jealous of their sovereign powers; as a final limitation on the powers of the central government, as a safeguard against future misunderstanding, and to prevent encroachment on the rights of the states, the Tenth Amendment was adopted, which reads: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively or to the people." Education was neither granted to the Federal Government nor denied to the states; *"The power was consciously reserved by the states."*⁵

"The right of the States to administer their own affairs through their legislative, executive, and judicial departments, in their own manner through their own agencies, is conceded by the uniform decisions of this court and by the practice of the Federal government from its organization. This carries with it an exemption of those agencies and instruments, from the taxing power of the Federal government."⁶ However, all agencies of state government are not exempt from Federal taxation. The line of demarcation is sometimes difficult to draw. "The true distinction is between the attempted taxation of those operations of the states essential to the execution of its governmental functions, and which the state can only do itself, and those activ-

5. For detailed historical discussion see: G. Ridgely Sappington, Petitioner v. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Respondent, Board of Tax Appeals, Docket No. 51944. (Hereafter cited Sappington v. Commissioner).

6. U. S. v. RR. Co., 17 Wall. 322.

ities which are of a private character.⁷ If a state creates an agency for carrying on a business of a private nature for profit, the agency is not exempt from Federal taxation; "the thought has been that the exemption of state agencies and instrumentalities from national taxation is limited to those which are of a strictly governmental character, and does not extend to those which are used by the state in the carrying on of an ordinary private business. . . ."⁸

"Private corporations are those which are created wholly or in part, for purposes of private emolument. . . . Public corporations are those which are exclusively instruments of the public interest."⁹ The University of New Mexico comes under the second definition. The courts have generally treated state universities as public, rather than private corporations.¹⁰ In Missouri, Justice Currier has said, "The University is clearly a public institution, and not a private corporation. It was established by an act of the legislature, which act commits the government of the institution to a board of curators By establishing the university, the state created an agency of its own, through which it proposed to accomplish certain educational objects."¹¹ A case from Michigan is hereby cited: The University of Michigan is a part of the state, a department to which the education of literature, science, and the arts is confided It was created to subserve a great public end—the education of the people."¹² The University of New Mexico was confirmed in the enabling act¹³ and the state constitution as being under the absolute control of the state.¹⁴ It is governed by a corporate body created by the

7. *Flint v. Stone Tracy Co.*, 220 U. S. 107.

8. *South Carolina v. United States*, 199 U. S. 437.

9. *Bouvier's Law Dictionary*, ed. W. E. Baldwin. Clark Boardman Co. Ltd., Distributors, New York, 1928.

10. *Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure*, ed. Wm. Mack and H. P. Nash, VII, 284. The American Law Book Co., New York, 1903. Eight state cases are cited in favor of this contention, and one in opposition.

11. *Head v. University of Mo.*, 47 Mo. 220.

12. *Auditor General v. Regents of the University*, 47 N. W. 440.

13. *New Mexico Statutes Annotated*, 1915, p. 47, Sec. 8.

14. Art. XII, Sec. 3, 11.

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state under the name "The Regents of the University of New Mexico." It is supported by a biennial state appropriation and an income derived from lands, the legal title to which is invested in the state—not the University.¹⁵ Chief Justice Parker has said, "The University is the creature of the state and one of its instrumentalities to carry out its governmental functions"¹⁶ *"Control of and responsibility for continued operation by the state are the infallible earmarks of public character."*¹⁷

There is a doctrine in law which clothes public corporations with two kinds of powers, "one governmental and public . . . —the other private."¹⁸ The courts have had difficulty in applying this doctrine and no general rule covering all cases that may arise has been evolved. The attempt to apply it in cases of tort has not clarified the situation; but there are certain services of government, among them being education, in which the agencies have no public liability because they are functions of government. If an educational institution is not liable in cases of tort for such reason, why should it be classified as proprietary for the purpose of Federal taxation? The following general rule might well govern the above: "When a public body or corporation is engaged in an activity under a duty imposed upon it by the sovereign, from which neither that corporation nor the sovereign expects, or in fact receives, financial or material profit; which is mainly supported either by general taxation or by property or funds, from whatever source derived, that are the absolute property of the agency or of the sovereign; which, in the light of customary and current opinion, is believed to bring benefits, tangible or intangible, to all the people in their collective and individual capacities; and which, as a governmental activity, is sanctioned by time, the course and usage of the government, and

15. *New Mexico Statutes Annotated*, 1929, Sec. 130-904; *State v. Regents of University of New Mexico*, 32 N. M. 428.

16. *State v. Regents of University of New Mexico*, *Supra*.

17. *Sappington v. Commissioner*, p. 7.

18. *Lloyd v. City of New York*, 5 N. Y. 369.

the unbroken and universal acquiescence of the people; that corporation is engaged in an activity of a strictly governmental character and there is a reciprocal prohibition, equally binding on the sovereign state and the National Government, against the exercise of the power of taxation by one upon the property which the other uses in the performance of the function."¹⁹

The collection of tuition fees should not detract from the governmental character of the University. Many agencies of state government collect fees for service rendered, such as the courts and the sheriff, without being held liable to any control whatsoever except that of the state:

It is quite conceivable that the University of New Mexico is not an "essential governmental function," and that higher education in this state might be delegated to a profit-making private education corporation; but the phrase is beside the question! Granted a power of sovereignty to the state, there can be no limitation upon its exercise by the Federal government. New Mexico has seen fit to create the University as one of several agencies to exercise its power of control over education; it is a non-profit instrumentality of government functioning for the general welfare of the citizens of the state; and it is not subject to Federal control, either through taxation or any other power. "The former [Federal government] in its appropriate sphere is supreme but the states within the limits of their powers not granted, or, in the language of the Tenth Amendment, 'reserved,' are as independent of the general government as that government within its sphere is independent of the states."²⁰ A tax on the salary of a teacher in the University of New Mexico would be an infringement on the sovereignty of the state.

The use of the power of taxation has been carefully scrutinized by the courts because "the power to tax involves

19. Sappington v. Commissioner, pp. 16-17.

20. Collector v. Day, 11 Wall. 113. See also Flint v. Stone Tracy Co., Supra; Veazie Bank v. Fenno, 8 Wall. 553.

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the power to destroy.”²¹ As Justice Miller has said, “Of all the powers conferred upon government that of taxation is most liable to abuse. Given a purpose or object for which taxation may be lawfully used, and the extent of its exercise is in its very nature unlimited.”²² At the time of the formation of the Union there was “disclosed widespread fear that the national government might, under the pressure of a supposed general welfare, attempt to exercise powers which had not been granted. With equal determination, the framers intended that no such assumption should ever find justification in the organic act, and that if in the future further powers seemed necessary they should be granted by the people in the manner they had provided for amending that act.”²³ The application of a Federal income tax to the salaries of teachers in state universities should be attempted only through an amendment to the Constitution. “The good sought in unconstitutional legislation is an insidious feature because it leads citizens and legislators of good purpose to promote it without thought of the serious breach it will make in the ark of our covenant or the harm which will come from breaking down recognized standards.”²⁴

21. *McCulloch v. Maryland*, 4 Wheat, 316.

22. *Loan Association v. Topeka*, 20 Wall. 665.

23. *Kansas v. Colorado*, 206 U. S. 46.

24. *Bailey v. Drexel Furniture Co.*, 259 U. S. 20.

Mountains of New Mexico

By ATHENE MOORE

He stood on the mountainside
And gazed across the throbbing valley life,
Across the sandy plain of warmth beyond,
To blue-crested, crumpled mountains—facing him.

He stood there for an hour—and more;
He gazed long.
He had heard the wind whisper to the sand,
“You bite and I’ll whip!
You bite and I’ll whip!”
He’d seen them start—
And felt them finish.

He stood there on the mountainside—
That man of stone—
And gazed at blue, crumpled crests—
And white snow-feathers—across the valley.

He stared—all day and all night.
And they faced him.

He stood and gazed.
Did an eye blink?
He just stood there.

Andres Martinez

By HELEN E. MARSHALL

THE conquest of the plains is over. The Oklahoma prairies have given way to well-stocked farms, comfortable farm-houses, and busy cities with trim avenues, and church spires enshrouded in smoke from mills and factories. The Indian tepee, the cow-pony, the tom-tom, and the covered wagon are no more. Where the pow-wows and the green corn dances were held a generation ago, today one sees broad acres of cotton, corn and maize. Steel bridges span the muddy Washita and noisy turbines generate power for the many little towns that have sprung up along its banks. Even Anadarko, seat of the Indian agency, is changed. No longer do blanketed and moccasined Indians loll about the streets, idly waiting for their government allowance. Today they wear the white man's clothes, and they speak the white man's language. And the faces that I see are new strange faces, all save Andele.

The conquest of the plains is over. The Oklahoma Indian is fast losing his identity. He is being submerged in the white man's culture. He thinks as a white man thinks and he worships as a white man worships. And intimately bound up with it all, as part and parcel of this change is the story of Andrés Martínez, pastor of the Indian mission. He is now known as Andele the Apostle, but when he first came upon the Oklahoma scene, he was only an Indian captive and his captors, the wild Mescalero Apaches of the plains.

How he came to be the confidante and spiritual advisor of hundreds of Kiowa, Apache, and Comanche Indians is one of the most fascinating tales that I have ever

NOTE: To Mr. Andrés Martínez, Anadarko, Oklahoma, and to his biographer, Rev. J. J. Methvin, Anadarko, the writer is deeply indebted for permission to reproduce the details of this story.

heard. I reveal that as a child, I heard some of the incidents from the lips of Andele himself. More I learned from his neighbors and from the little book entitled, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*, written by J. J. Methvin, then missionary to the Wild Tribes.¹

Memory quickens at the sight of Andele. I came to know him shortly after the Indian territory was opened for settlement. He was already "proving up" his allotment in the Washita bottoms. His integrity and his industry, together with his success as a farmer, early won for him the respect of the new settlers. The Indians who held the coveted valley lands were for the most part indolent and allowed the few acres that they planted to be overrun by weeds and cockle-burs, but the fields of Andele were clean and the rows straight. In the fall, his bins were full and his cattle sleek. And so Andele came to stand head and shoulders above his neighbors.

Andele is now seventy-six, straight as a poplar and lithe as a willow. His hair is silver, and his face the red brown of an autumn leaf. There are lines and scars which bear witness to a life once inured to privation, and pain, and struggle, but now overshadowed by the calm of triumph and peace. His voice is low and earnest, with a trace of Spanish warmth and softness, and his words fall as benedictions upon those who hear.

Andrés Martínez was born twelve miles west of Las Vegas, New Mexico, near the village of San Gerónimo about the year eighteen fifty-five. He was of pure Castilian descent.² His father first settled at Las Alemas, Nuevo, Mexico, but as he became more prosperous, and his family increased, he removed to the San Gerónimo country and began the development of a larger ranch.

1. Rev. J. J. Methvin, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. Andarko, Oklahoma. 1899.

2. The father of Juan Martínez migrated from one of the interior provinces to Nuevo, Mexico in 1773. Juan Martínez was born in 1807. In 1841 he married Paulita Padillo, who bore him four sons, Victorino, Dionicio, Regordio and Andrés, and three daughters, Francisca, Sabina, and Marcelina.

The country there was wild and unbroken; settlements were sparse, and ranches far apart, and at certain seasons of the year danger from the Indians was almost constant. The Mescalero Apaches were the most to be feared. This wild tribe from the plains was wont to descend upon the Mexican villages, pillage their granaries, carry off stock and scalp the inhabitants. During the Civil war, government protection had become somewhat lax and the Apaches had grown bolder and more daring.

In 1866, as early as September there had been reports of marauding bands but as nothing came of the rumors, the community of San Gerónimo grew careless, and went about its work as if there were no impending danger. October is threshing time in New Mexico, and under primitive conditions it was an arduous task. Every available worker was pressed into service. The grain had to be brought in clumsy ox-carts from the ricks where it had been curing in the summer sun since the harvest, to the improvised threshing floor where it was to be threshed. The threshing floor was little more than a shallow adobe-walled circular pit where the ground had been tramped hard, dampened with water, left to dry and then swept clean, moistened again, and finally left to dry in the heat of the October sunshine. Here the grain was ground under a huge rotary log drawn around the pit by a horse or team of oxen. When the heads were broken off and the hulls loosened from the precious grain, the straw was raked aside. It was later carried to the corrals where it was placed on top of *jacales*³ to be used as winter forage or to be mixed with adobe in the spring brick-making. The chaff that remained had to be carefully winnowed and sifted until only the shining berries were left. The grain was then carefully stored in *tinajas*⁴ or in

3. *Jacales*. Shelters for stock and a form of hay-mow common in Mexican villages. An arbor made of notched poles is covered with branches and huge piles of straw. An adobe wall on two or three sides is sometimes constructed to give protection in winter.

4. *Tinajas*. Large earthen jars used for storage purposes.

canvas bags until it was ready to be ground into flour on the *metate*.⁵

October 6, 1866 was a bright beautiful morning. The sky was blue and clear, the air was warm and still, and Juan Martínez started his threshing operations early. There was a task for every member of the family, even the youngest. Regordio, who usually herded the cows was assigned work with the threshing, and Andrés, the youngest of Juan's sons was to take the cattle to the range that day. Little Pedro, Sabina's son, was denied permission to go along. He was only a little boy, and his grandfather knew that there were times when one boy alone was better than two. However, Andrés had not gone far, when Pedro slipped away, and overtook him at the edge of the clearing. Together the two boys drove the cattle into a vega, where they could be watched easily, and then amused themselves playing in the edge of the timber.

Before noon, the cattle grew restless as if they perceived some evil portent. It was not long before the boys heard voices and looking up, they beheld a band of Mes-calero Apaches in full war regalia. Their bodies were painted, and they carried shields, and spears and bows and arrows. The Indians were interested in a Mexican who was driving two burros laden with flour along the road at the edge of the valley, and they did not see the two boys who quickly crouched in the tall grass.

Andrés cautioned little Pedro to lie still, saying that as soon as the Indians passed on, they would slip out through the timber and run home. All might have gone well, but two Apache braves strayed from the others and came upon the children as they were making their way through the low underbrush to the tall trees beyond. To an Apache it is high honor to be the first to strike a captive and to scalp an Indian. It brings one an especial distinction among his fellows. The two braves singled out their respective captives and rushed upon the terrified children,

5. *Metate*. A stone mortar used in grinding grain into meal.

giving them a harsh blow with their spears. Three Mexican captives had been taken and a mighty shout rang out. In their wild enthusiasm, they ripped open the flour sacks of the Mexican, scattered the meal, and tore the clothes from his back. The captives were then hurried along at the points of spears, and amid the taunts of the victors.

After a mile and a half's march, the party halted on the brink of a little stream. After a consultation of the braves, it was decided to kill Holquin, the Mexican. Before the horrified children, a spear was thrust through his body and then withdrawn. In pain the Mexican plunged over the bank, and a volley of arrows penetrated the body before it could reach the cool waters below.

True to his promise, at noon Juan Martínez set out to take lunch to the young herders. The Apaches were well out of sight before he reached the vega, but Indian tracks, the tell-tale flour, and shreds of the Mexican's clothing were enough to explain what had happened. Terror-stricken, he hastened back to organize a searching party sufficiently large to pursue the Indians. It was late evening before enough men could be assembled, and it was decided not to risk an ambush attack.⁶

After the cruel murder of the Mexican, the Apaches hid in the rocks until nightfall. Then they stealthily hurried on to the neighborhood of Las Vegas. During the long hours of darkness, the little boys feared each hour would be their last. Pedro cried much and was threatened. A horse-stealing expedition during the night yielded new mounts, and at dawn the Indians were headed toward the open prairie. Pedro and Andrés were thrown on horseback behind their captors and their bodies tied fast to them with a raw-hide rope. The ropes were tight and painful, and they bit deep into the tender flesh. Little Pedro begged to be taken back to his mother. All day long they rode as fast as their horses would carry them. When the second night came the boys were quite exhausted. Their

6. J. J. Methvin, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*.

bodies were torn and bleeding, and they were weak with hunger. Pedro fainted and when he revived, he could not stand alone. He sobbed piteously. The Indians realized something should be done about their young captive. Then almost as an act of mercy one of them grabbed a spear and plunged it through the quivering little body. Andrés quickly succeeded in freeing himself from his captor and caught the lifeless little Pedro as he fell to the ground.

But the Indian captor struck Andrés a blow on the forehead with his spear, and jerked him by the hair of the head, back on the horse. The Apaches were on their way again.

"Poor little Pedro's body," says Methvin, "was left alone on the broad prairie far away from home, to be eaten by the wolves at night, or dried into a mummy by the winds and sun by day."

For days Juan Martínez and his neighbors vainly sought traces of the two little boys and their captors. By the time Fort Sumner was reached, hope of finding them was given up by all of the men except Juan Martínez. The sorrowing neighbors returned to their homes, but for three years, the father kept up his quest, finally dying of a broken heart as the fruitlessness of his search engulfed him.

The Indians hurried across the prairie to the mesa. Only when they reached the hills and upland country was it safe to stop and refresh themselves. The Indians were hungry, and when they stopped, they quickly singled out one of the weakest of the ponies, and sent an arrow through its heart. In a few minutes they were searing pieces of the bloody flesh over a fire. Andrés was weak and faint from hunger, but he found this sight revolting. When he refused to eat, an Indian struck him a staggering blow, so he suffered himself to taste the strange food. In a moment he forgot his aversion to horse-flesh; he forgot his sore and bleeding body, and the possible fate that lay ahead, and he ate as he had never eaten before.

7. J. J. Methvin, *Andele or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. p. 27.

The Apaches moved on into the region of the Pecos, and Andrés gave up hope of ever returning home or seeing his parents again. For twenty days he had suffered all the agony and torture that seemed possible for an Indian captive to endure, his body was bruised and torn, and his heart ached, and he longed to die. So Andrés decided that he would make his captors so angry that they would murder him. Then perhaps he would know the peace of little Pedro back on the prairie. As he was planning how he should do this, his attention was arrested by the cry of women's voices. The Indian wives and sisters of the warring Mescaleros had come a day's march to meet their husbands and brothers. As soon as they saw Andrés, four squaws rushed forward to strike the captive and earn honor for themselves.

When the company made camp, Andrés was turned over to the wife of his captor. She was a little lame woman, and she seemed to have a bond of sympathy for the poor maltreated captive. He slept in her tepee, and in her presence he was safe from the taunts of his captors. It was Andrés duty to carry water from the spring. He helped his captor to make a hole in the ground, and then lined it with cowhide. It was filled with water and some crushed mesquite beans, and then carefully covered. In a few days Andrés and the Indians were drinking mesquite beer, a very intoxicating drink. When Andrés was drunk, he was traded, despite the protests of the little lame woman, to another Apache, and moved to another camp. This Indian soon traded him to another Apache, and his life was quite as miserable as before. Andrés was the burden-bearer and the butt of the torments of the half-grown Mescaleros. One day as he engaged in hand-to-hand combat with about half a dozen Apache boys, he was surprised to see them turn suddenly and run.

A couple of Kiowa braves had appeared at the edge of the bluff. Andrés wondered at these strange Indians re-

splendent in war paint and feathers. Then one of them seeing that Andrés was not an Indian spoke to him in Spanish. It was Santiago, a Mexican who had been captured by the Indians many years before, and had become as one of the tribe. To him, Andrés told the story of his capture, the cruel death of little Pedro, and his own terrible suffering. Santiago's companion, Heap O' Bears was interested and the outcome of it all was that he arranged to get the boy away from the Apaches and take him home to his daughter who had recently lost her son.

For his fight with the Mescalero boys, Andrés was tortured and lashed, but he endured his punishment, thinking of the escape that lay ahead. That night when the Apaches were asleep, Andrés slipped out and made his way to the Kiowa camp. At the tepee of Heap O' Bears, his wife, Hon-zip-fa gave Andrés buffalo jerky to eat, and together through Santiago as interpreter, they laid plans for the morrow..

Heap O' Bears had seen the Mexican boy fight the Apaches and he resolved to buy him or fight for him. Under the cover of darkness, Andrés returned to the Apache camp, and the next day for a little black mule, two buffalo robes, and a red blanket, Santiago secured his release from the Mescalero Apaches. He now became "Andele," the Kiowa captive, adopted grandson of Heap O' Bears, the chief.

Hon-zip-fa dressed the wounds of Andele. With a butcher-knife, whetted on a stone, she cut away the matted bloody hair. With *yucca* or soap weed, she washed his tender scalp and cleansed it. Next she made him a suit of buckskin. In a short time, Andele was well and strong again. The Kiowas were kind to their captive, and he came to love them. Hon-zip-fa made him a saddle, and in a few days, the Kiowas started their return trip to the Oklahoma country. The journey lay across the desert between the Rio Grande and the Pecos rivers, a long, hard trip in the burning sun across the parched prairies where water was scarce.

When the Wichita mountains were reached, there was plenty of good grazing and water, and the Kiowas rested for some time before going to their homes on the Washita river. They encountered a snow storm which delayed their progress, and then a herd of buffalo. For days they traveled through the herd. Andele had never seen so many buffalo. Each night the Indians killed several. The liver and kidneys were eaten raw as were a part of the paunch and entrails. Other portions of the buffalo were cooked over the coals in a rude barbecue fashion, or dried into "jerky" and used in winter or on trips where game was scarce. The hides were carefully saved for tepee covers. Eight or twelve hides were used in making the family tepees. For communal purposes, wigwams were constructed of many skins. All of the preparation of the hides was done by women. It was a long and laborious process to scrape the skins, dry them and cure them properly, but in the end they were quite as soft as modern commercial leather and much more durable.

Andele found life with the Kiowas, as the adopted son of E-ton-bo,⁸ interesting, and so much happier than when he was with the Apaches, that in a few months he ceased to think of home and rescue. The Kiowas were considerate of their captive, and Andele determined to make a good Kiowa. Santiago and Heap O' Bears were pleased with the zest which the boy developed for the lore and habits of the Kiowas and they resolved that nothing should be kept from him.

One of the first tribal ceremonies which Andele witnessed was the great medicine dance. Rev. Methvin in his book, has described this ceremonial in detail.⁹ The medicine dance was held once a year. It was a sort of thanksgiving to the Indian gods who had watched over the tribe during the year, and to whom an appeal for further protection was made.

8. E-ton-bo was the daughter of Heap O'Bears. Methvin, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. p. 58.

9. Rev. J. J. Methvin, *Andele or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. Chapter VII.

Invitation to the dance is a ritual in itself. The medicine man painted his body white and wore no garment, save a buffalo robe. He took the sacred fetish from the little buckskin bag where it had been hanging inside his tepee since the last hunt, and solemnly hung it around his neck. He tied a similar symbol on his saddle, mounted his pony, and circled the tepees of all whom he wished to attend the dance. It is an evil omen to refuse to go or to be neglected in the invitations. The chief takes no food until he has visited all the tepees unless it requires more than four days to complete the task. At the end of the fourth day, the medicine man may take food and drink if first he builds a "sweat house" and observes certain rituals before eating.

After Heap O' Bears had circled all the tepees, the Indians broke camp and gathered in a central location. The four chief medicine men made an offering and selected a tall tree to be used as a center of the dance. After a smooth level location had been chosen, and the preliminaries were about to begin, the "dog-soldiers"¹⁰ as the Kiowa braves were known, painted their bodies for the festive occasion. There was much shouting and beating of tom-toms. The following day the Indians proceeded toward the consecrated spot. The procession was led by the chief medicine man. His wife followed, carrying the chief idol. Next came the captives and twelve favorite medicine men bearing sacred fetishes, and then the braves, and last of all the women and children. Four times the procession halted on the way. The last stop was made about a mile from the ceremonial grounds. At this time, one of the oldest men of the tribe announced that the great race was about to begin.

Upon the sacred spot a pole had been erected. To the person who first succeeds in reaching this pole and knocking it down will come great distinction and fortune, and even his dog-soldiers will be favored during the coming

10. Methvin, *Andale*. Chap. XX deals with the organization of the five orders of "Dog-soldiers."

year. At a signal, the rush for the pole began. After the first four men had reached the pole and won the coveted honors of first, second, third and fourth chief, the circle was formed. Within this circle, the dancers took their places. On the west side of the circle was located the tepee of the medicine chief. The sacred fetish was carried inside and with it the medicine chief remained during the four days of the dance.

The next morning, a captive woman and the dog-soldiers were sent out to cut down the sacred tree. Even this was done according to ritual. Four times the party stopped and worshipped before they approached the tree. The Mexican woman struck the tree a blow with an ax, and then she and the soldiers paused to repeat mystic incantations. Each stroke of the ax was followed by worship until the tree was felled. It was then dragged by the soldiers to the ceremonial grounds. As on the day before, they stopped four times before reaching the center of the circle. Meanwhile, the other Indians brought in poles and branches and the construction of an arbor was begun.

When the preparations were complete, the dancers stripped themselves except for a breech clout, painted their bodies white, and put on buffalo skins. Making the noise of a bull, the braves circled the medicine man's tepee four times, and next the arbor four times. The medicine man then led the dance. His body was painted yellow, and he took his position behind it. The musicians went through a similar performance, and then began their weird haunting music of tom-tom and the rattle-gourd. The medicine man then lead the dance. His body was painted yellow, and his feet black. He wore a buckskin breech clout, and a belt of panther skin. On his head was a jack rabbit bonnet. Bunches of prairie sage were tied to his wrists and ankles, and he carried a fan of eagle feathers and an eagle bone whistle.

He worshipped before the sacred image, and chewed a wild root which he presently began to spit upon the

dancers. Then he quickly ran around the circle four times blowing his eagle whistle. The common dancers next joined the circle, yelling and leaping and praying as they entered into the spirit of the dance. This, they continued until all were exhausted. They howled at the sun and at the idol in a wild manner declaring that their enemies were blind and harmless and that they could now scalp them and take their horses. At last the medicine man whirled himself around the circle, and the dancers fixed their eyes upon him until many fell prostrate, and dazed upon the ground, half-conscious, half hypnotized, they dreamed strange dreams.

Andele watched these wierd proceedings and he listened to the men as they told of the visions which came to them as they lay there prostrate in the sun. How different from the faith of the people at San Gerónimo, and the padre who came now and then to baptize and to read the mass. It was all so wild, so colorful, so serious. Andele was enthralled by its barbaric intensity. He was only a child, and he quickly absorbed the Indian tradition and the Indian superstition. Perhaps some day he would be a medicine man

E-ton-bo grew to love the little captive boy. And his adopted grandfather, Heap O' Bears, taught him the lore of the Kiowa brave, the secrets of the chase and the tricks of plunder. Perhaps some day Andele would become a member of the great Kiowa Quo-dle-quoit. This favoritism made Andele more unpopular with the Indian boys of his own age, but something happened one day that proved to the Kiowa youth for all time that Andele could hold his own. It was a hard fight, but on it Andele realized, depended his future peace.

It was on the occasion of a scalp dance.

A scalp dance with the Kiowas lasted about three weeks. It was a season of great rejoicing and thanksgiving; and it could only be held after a marauding expedition when scalps are taken and none of the Kiowa braves

were killed. All the women were privileged to join in the dance, but only the braves who were present when the scalps were taken could participate in the celebration.¹¹ After a successful undertaking, the returning Indians descend upon their homes with a mighty war-whoop. The wives and children join in the shout and preparations for the dance. The scalps taken are hung on a pole, the tom-toms beat, and the Indians dance around jeering at the scalps and praising the victors. When the dance is over, the scalps are offered to the sun or to their idols with a prayer that they may be successful in getting more scalps, and that they may have protection in future expeditions.¹²

Andele joined in the dance with the Indian boys. They dressed themselves in buffalo robes, and bellowed like mad bulls as they jumped over the fire. Suddenly Pakea and Andele collided with such force that both of them fell over dazed. When Pakea arose, he was angry, and he knocked Andele down again. In the fight that followed, Andele showed something of the spirit of *conquistadores*. Attentions shifted from the dance to the fight and Andele was determined to win. Pakea wailed with pain as Andele struck him blow upon blow, in too rapid succession for him to even try to return them. It was enough. The old Indians muttered approbation, and the young Indians took caution. Andele's troubles with the Kiowa boys were at an end.

In the spring of 1869, after the annual sun dance, Heap O' Bears started with his Kiowa braves and some friendly bands of Comanches, Arapahoes, and Cheyennes, to make war upon the Utes. The expedition, however, was not a success and Heap O' Bears was scalped by his enemies. Ten days later, word reached the Kiowa camp. The night was chill and the wind whistled through the cottonwoods, and Andele was no more than asleep when he was awakened by a peculiar wail. A moment later Hon-zip-fa was aroused. She recognized the sound, and gave out a piercing shriek.

11. *Quo-dle-puott*, a secret society among the Kiowa, an exclusive honor.

12. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 71.

The braves were returning without their chief. By the light of the smouldering fire, she slashed her bare arms and breasts, and smeared the blood upon her face. Then she asked a neighbor to chop off one of her fingers. All night long, Hon-zip-fa and the Kiowas wailed, and screamed and mourned the passing of their chief. Andele, mystified, softly sobbed at the loss of his friend.

At dawn, the last honors to a brave were paid. All of the personal effects of Heap O' Bears were brought together and a great fire made. Several ponies were killed, so that the good chief would not be without sufficient mounts in the life beyond. Heap O' Bears had many friends and for a whole year his tribesmen mourned for him. Each morning and each evening they faced the sun and bewailed the loss of their chief.

Andele now went to live with Napawat, brother of Heap O' Bears, who succeeded to the title of chief. Napawat had two wives who quarreled constantly so that Andele's life was very unhappy. However, Napawat became a great chief, and avenged the death of Heap O' Bears.¹³ He endured the torture necessary to make him a great chief. He painted his body white, put on a buffalo robe with the hair side out, smoked a pipe of tobacco and medicinal herbs, prayed, and made a blood offering to the sun. For four days he sat, mutilating his body, praying and fasting. In a feverish, weakened condition, he fell asleep and dreamed of the successful chief that he should become.

In four years, Andele took on the life of the plains Indians. Their dress became his dress, their language his language, and their gods, his gods. "He caught," says Methvin,

"the spirit of their aspirations, and he hoped to be a great war-chief. He thought the Indian idol or 'medicine' would pity him and help him, and so he cried to it, and often at night he would get up,

13. After the Kiowa custom, Hon-zip-fa soon married Sunboy, the eldest brother of Heap O'Bears.

go to the medicine man, worship, and offer a blanket or a bit of property that he possessed."¹⁴

Andele prayed unceasingly to his idol, and he promised the greatest of sacrifices if he would help him to become a great medicine man. He built a "sweat house," in which to worship. In the tribal life of the Kiowas, the "sweat house" has a peculiar religious and medicinal significance. It was made by driving slender willow poles about two inches in diameter and six feet in height, into the ground in the form of a circle, about six feet across. At the top, the poles were drawn together and tied. This frame work was then made almost air-tight by covering the sides with hides and blankets. The floor was covered with a thick layer of prairie sage.¹⁵ In the center, a hole six inches deep, and a foot across was made. The medicine man brought into the tepee his sacred fetish, a fan of eagle feathers,¹⁶ and a rawhide bucket of water. Rocks were heated very hot and then carried to the hole in the center of the tepee. When the medicine man and his worshipers were seated inside, the robes carefully fastened down, and the preliminary ritual over, the water was poured on the rocks. As the worshipers inhaled the odor from the steaming sage and they perspired profusely, the incantations began.

No fans are used until after the medicine man has completed his part of the worship. For some time he calls upon his grandfather, "Kon-kea, Kon-kea, Kon-kea," his voice keeping the slow rhythm of the eagle tail fan. Later, the others join in the chant, fanning and singing and praying to their idols and ancestors. The worship ends only when the worshipers have ceased to perspire.

The use of the sweat house in time of sickness is somewhat simpler. The patient is placed in the tepee alone,

14. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 96.

15. Sage is widely used by the plains tribes in all their ceremonies. It is thought to have mysterious protective and curative powers.

16. Eagle feathers have a similar significance, and are used in religious and medicinal ceremonies. War bonnets are made of eagle feathers.

water is thrown on the rocks, and when perspiration is at its height, the sick person is supposed to run from the sweat house and plunge into a cold stream.

Andele very carefully constructed his sweat house, and then sought the services of the chief medicine man. He circled to the left, after the Indian custom, until he came to the idol. This he untied, and retracing his steps, returned to the sweat house. He was followed by the medicine man, who prayed to the sun before entering the tepee. He then issued a call to worship. Outside the sweat house the worshipers disrobed. Entering, they circled to the left, the medicine man facing the east, and with the idol in front of him.

The long-stemmed pipe, well filled with a mixture of ground sumac leaves and tobacco, which according to custom, had been placed near the idol, was taken up by the medicine man preparatory to smoking while Andele stepped out upon the prairie for a piece of dried horse ordure which he lighted, and then took it in a split stick and held it to the bowl of the pipe, while the medicine man proceeded to smoke and mutter some petition to the sun, as he puffed the smoke upward.¹⁷

Outside the tepee a buffalo head was placed with its nose pointing toward the entrance. Beyond the buffalo head was the moon-shaped bed of coals, where the rocks were heated. Four times the medicine man smoked and prayed to the sun, the moon, and to his idol. He offered smoke to them, and motioned to the north, the south, the east and the west, praying to his grandfather to give him power over his enemies, to blind them so that he might kill them, to help him steal good horses and finally to grant him health and long life. The sacred pipe was then passed around the circle, each worshiper smoking in turn.¹⁸

17. Methvin, *Andele*. pp. 101-2.

18. In primitive times the old Kiowa Indians never smoked alone. Regardless of the size of the group only one pipe was ever smoked at a time. It was always passed to the left, and never to the right. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 103.

Andele, who built the sweat house, was then told by the medicine man to bring the rocks. The medicine man went through the four-fold ceremony in receiving them, and in throwing the water upon them, then the wierd incantations previously described were begun. After the worship, the sound of the voice of a woman or a child is a good omen, but the sight of a jack rabbit or a wild animal is very bad.

Andele longed to become a medicine man and a great chief. He tied a lock of buffalo hair to his head. He wore crow feathers and deer hoof charms, and he learned to mimic the buffalo and the wild bull. He had faith in the supernatural. He went on marauding expeditions, and he tortured himself that he might win the approbation of his idol and become a great medicine man.

In 1872, there was a general outbreak among the Indians. The Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches had all been on a terrible rampage. Plundering and scalping expeditions were made into Texas. Horses were stolen and captives were taken, and the white settlers along the border were terror-stricken. An outbreak led by Big Bow upon Anadarko, caused the military posts at Fort Reno, Fort Sill, and Fort Elliott to send out troops. As soon as word reached the Indians that United States soldiers were on their trail, most of the tribes headed for the Rocky Mountains. Napawat and his band of Kiowas were not successful in escaping, and were compelled to surrender. While in custody near Fort Sill, Capt. R. H. Pratt began to take a census of the Indians. Each Indian was called before the officer and questioned through an interpreter. When it came Andele's turn, it was discovered that the youth was not a Kiowa, but a Mexican.

Having heard many unfavorable stories from the Indians, Andele was suspicious of the soldiers and kept away from them. One day Agent Tatum sent for Andele.¹⁹ Napa-

19. In 1869, President Grant appointed Laurie Tatum, a Quaker, as U. S. Indian Agent for the Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches with headquarters at Ft. Sill, Indian Territory. Mr. Tatum took up his duties July 1, 1869.

wat accompanied the captive to the agent's office. The agent smiled and shook hands with Andele, but he could not understand what the white man was saying. Napawat shook his head and grunted disapprovingly. He knew nothing of Andele except that the Kiowas had bought him from the Apaches several years before. Napawat did not encourage Andele to talk and so he told nothing of what he remembered about his home and his people.

Agent Tatum asked Napawat to let Andele go to school but Napawat refused. Mr. Tatum did not relax in his efforts until Napawat finally consented to put the matter up to Andele and let him decide for himself. However, Napawat carefully coached Andele how to answer the agent's questions, and when Agent Tatum presented his proposition, it was flatly refused. And so far as Agent Tatum was concerned, he could do no more. Andele returned to the Kiowa camp, still determined to become a chief and a great medicine man.

The years 1872-73 were filled with Indian attacks, outrages, and carnage. Andele grew sick of war, the talk of scalps, of murder, and captives, and he turned himself more to the mysteries of tribal medicine and tribal lore. However, this was to bring him no satisfaction or consolation. In the spring of 1873, Napawat fell ill, and in spite of the incantations and charms of the medicine men, he died. Onkoite, his brother, succeeded him and took up his idol or medicine. Soon Onkoite became very sick. Andele was deeply worried. He longed to make Onkoite well; he performed all the rituals that he knew, but he was afraid to rely upon his own knowledge of herb and spirit medicines. Far and wide, he sent for the best medicine men in the nation.

The first to come was To-no-kup, a "tall eagle-eyed old Indian." Gifts were always necessary to make the medicine effective and in this case To-no-kup asked for a pony

and a bunch of eagle feathers. These Andele and Onkoite's relatives readily promised. At the door of Onkoite's tepee, To-no-kup made certain signs and incantations. Seating himself before the patient, he smoked a pipe, puffing the smoke toward the sun. Then he applied suction to the throat and chest of the sick man and spat the "accumulations" gathered in his mouth. Presently he spat out a small fish. This, he said, was the cause of Okoite's suffering, and he would soon be well again. Gathering up the eagle feathers and the pony and such other gifts as the grateful family presented him, To-no-kup hurried away.

Okoite's condition became worse. Pho-do-dle, another medicine man, went through a similar procedure and spat out a small, but living snake. This he killed and buried in the tepee. Andele felt assured of Okoite's recovery now, and paid the fee. But Okoite did not improve. Zon-ko, a third medicine man came, and after his ritual spat out a little turtle, took his fee and departed. After the fourth medicine man spat out a small lizard, Okoite breathed his last. Andele said nothing, but his confidence in medicine men was gone. He no longer wanted to be a medicine chief.

Desiring a wife for himself, Andele offered an Indian by the name of Keabi, a pony and two buffalo robes for his daughter, Tonko. Keabi agreed and Tonko became Andele's squaw. The marriage was not a happy one and Tonko eloped with Ton-kea-mo-tle. Andele was rather glad to be rid of his unfaithful wife, but Indian honor forced him into combat with Ton-kea-mo-tle. Fortunately, neither was killed, but Andele and Ton-kea-mo-tle became friends again. It was customary to punish an unfaithful squaw by cutting off her nose, but this Andele refused to do.

Andele's next wife was much older than he, and he soon put her away. After a while, Andele met a young Indian girl whose name was Ti-i-ti or White Sage. He married her and they lived happily until her death.

During these years Anglo civilization moved westward and Andele came to see more and more of white men. There

were others now besides the soldiers. They came in covered wagons and they staked claims, and built dug-outs and soddys where the Indian hunting grounds had been. The buffalo were fast disappearing, and Andele began to think much of the life of the white man. Once more, he thought of home, his mother, and the good padre of San Gerónimo.

One day, George Hunt, the new Indian agent at Andarko, spoke to the Indians through an interpreter. He told them of a way by which the young Indians might come in and learn a trade, how to make a living without hunting, and pillaging, and killing. Andele was interested and he decided to change his mode of living.

Andele became an apprentice to one of the government blacksmiths. He learned the trade rapidly, and he soon discarded the picturesque, but cumbersome regalia of a Kiowa brave for the simpler dress of the government blacksmiths. His contact with white people brought back to him many half-forgotten memories. The post office interested him, and one day he timidly inquired of Dr. Tobin, if perhaps through it, he might locate his people. In the mean time, he remembered that as a child, he was called "Andrés," not "Andele," and that his family name was Martínez, and that his older brother was Dionicio, and that they lived not far from Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Dr. Tobin thought perhaps some of the family could be located and dispatched the following note:

Kiowa and Comanche U. S. Agency
Andarko, Ind., Ter., Jan. 6, 1883.

Dionicio Martínez,
Las Vegas, N. M.

Dear Sir: Did you have a little brother stolen by the Indians many years ago, by the name of Andrés? The Indians call him Andele. If so, write me at once. He is here and we think can be identified fully.

Respectfully,
Hugh Tobin,
U. S. Physician.²⁰

20. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 173.

For two years Dr. Tobin kept writing letters in an effort to locate Andele's relatives. One day an answer came, and a few weeks later Dionicio arrived to take Andele back to New Mexico. The Kiowas held solemn council and consented to Andele's departure only upon the promise that he would return. After a month's journey overland, Andele and his brother reached Las Vegas, March 19, 1885.

Twenty years had passed since that fateful October morning when Paulita Martínez had called, "Adios, mi muchachito, adios," as she saw her little son drive the cattle toward the vega. She was a feeble old woman now. Her hair was white, and her face bore the wrinkled marks of sorrow, and grief, and toil. But she had not forgotten her "muchachito," and even in the garb of a warrior of the plains, she recognized her little Andrés and loved him and welcomed him with passion and tenderness as though he had been stolen away only the day before.

For four years Andrés lived with his people, but in the summer of 1889 he returned to Anadarko and the Indians. White Sage had died in his absence, but Andele had grown to love the Kiowas and he longed to be near them again.

In 1887, while Andele was in New Mexico, the Indian Mission Conference meeting in Vinita, sent J. J. Methvin as missionary to the wild tribes. The Rev. Mr. Methvin's appointment came as a surprise. He had studied law, been admitted to the bar in Georgia, and given up a law practice to enter the ministry. He was at that time thirty-one years of age and had had no contact or experience with the Indians. It seemed an unwise choice, especially to the one who was chosen. However, he said nothing, and manfully resigned himself to the work that lay ahead. Bishop Galloway must have known something of the mettle of the little man from Georgia, his devotion to the church, and the strength and beauty of his character, for the task he assigned him was a most trying and difficult one.

Methvin convinced himself that his appointment was one to which he had been called by God. He located at Anadarko, and began to organize his work among the Indians. Several months later, as he stood on the bank of the Washita, near one of the government buildings, he saw Andele.

"Are you a stranger?" the missionary asked.

"No, I belong here, but I have been away on a visit," Andele explained in broken English.

"Well, I am a Methodist preacher, a missionary sent here by the church, and I want to know your people and help them when I can. What is your name?"

"My name is Andrés Martínez, but the Indians call me Andele."

"I have a little church right up beyond the post office and I will be glad to have you come."²¹

Andele came. He listened as Mr. Methvin told of the Christian God, who is good and merciful and kind. Andele came often to hear more of the white man's religion. Since the day of Okoite's death, his mind had been restive, and there had been no balm for his distressed spirit. This seemed to fill a need in his distraught religious experience. It brought him peace, and comfort, and order.

Not long after Andele had made his quiet confession at the altar of the little Indian mission, he started to school. He learned to read and write, and he progressed so rapidly that in a short time he was given the position of industrial teacher and interpreter in the Methvin Institute, near Anadarko. This school was operated by the Women's Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In 1893, the Board sent out Miss Emma McWhorter as matron.²² She was soon greatly loved by the Indians and by Andele. In the young convert, she saw much that was fine and cour-

21. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 179.

22. Emma McWhorter was the daughter of the Rev. P. T. McWhorter of the Indian Mission Conference, one of the prominent early Methodist ministers in Oklahoma.

ageous. Theirs was a common cause, and on the seventeenth of October, 1893, they were married by the Rev. Mr. Methvin.

After Methvin Institute was discontinued by the Board of Missions, Andele and his wife moved to their allotment of land in the Washita Valley near Cottonwood Grove. Although he was prosperous, Andele was not content to farm. After several years, he sold his land and moved to Anadarko. There, with his friend the Rev. Mr. Methvin, he took up his work as a pastor of one of the Indian missions.

Today, the Oklahoma Indian wears the white man's clothes, he speaks the white man's language, and he worships as the white man worships. But the story is not so simple as that. It has been a long hard journey, and the annals of the transition from nomadic to civilized life are fraught with tragedy and disappointment. An Indian may cast aside his quiver and his bow, his moccasins, and his tepee, but he is likely to continue to think as an Indian thinks. The Indian is being submerged in the white man's culture. No one knows better than Andele, the gift and the price of that culture. And so, when the Indians are troubled, or sick, or sad, they send for Andele. Andele understands.

The Old Pine

By ALICE M. WILSON

The hermit pine is gaunt and old;
His gray locks make him sage.
He whispers to his friend, the wind,
In tones made hoarse by age.

His voice has always been as cracked,
The moss has always hung.
For well 'tis known to everyone—
The pine was never young!

O. Henry and Don Alfonso

Spanish in the Work of an American Writer

By F. M. KERCHEVILLE

IN EVERY fight he was the first man to mix it at close quarters with the Don Alfonsos"—says O. Henry, in one of his famous stories about that tragi-comic affair of 1898, in which Spain and the United States were the principal actors. Here the short story writer refers to the Spaniards in his half-serious, half-humorous way as "Don Alfonsos." Few readers of O. Henry's inimitable stories realize the extensive use that author makes of the Spanish language and things Spanish. This is one of the most interesting and characteristic aspects of his work, and one quite often overlooked.

O. Henry appears to have had a good knowledge of Spanish, and evidently took quite a genuine pleasure in its use. This is all the more remarkable when one considers the anemic efforts at French and Spanish on the part of others of even our so-called best writers. Modern American literature is often profusely sprinkled with such French phrases as "tete a tete," "hors d'Oeuvre," "tout de suite," and other such Gallic tidbits. In the case of Spanish there often appear, especially in young Western writers, such smatterings and common stock words as "lasso," "adiós," "burro," "pronto," "savvy" (garbled and quite Americanized form of the Spanish "sabe") and many another rather feeble attempt to impregnate their stories with the atmosphere of the Spanish Southwest.

After reading such constant efforts as the above to bring into the American short story (not to say literature) somewhat of the Spanish atmosphere and flavor, one turns with genuine delight to O. Henry's use of the language of Don Quijote and Sancho Panza. Strictly speaking, however, O. Henry does not use the language of the idealistic

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"caballero de la triste figura" (Knight of the sorrowful countenance). He appears to have known only Spanish-American, and O. Henry always preferred to write from his own knowledge and observation. Some so-called critics have attempted to show that his characters are not drawn from real life. No writer was ever truer to life in its main essentials, though there is often seen in his works the necessary exaggeration for humor's sake. Thus O. Henry chose to use always what might be called Latin-American Spanish—but Spanish none the less. There is a popular notion among Americans that the Spanish of Castilla is so vastly different from that of Spanish America that a Spaniard from Madrid cannot even so much as understand a Mexican or South American. This conception, like so many popular ones, is not only false, but absolutely absurd. O. Henry was well aware of this fact.

While spending his time "doing his turn" at journalism in various towns near the Rio Grande in Texas, O. Henry early came in contact with the numerous Spanish-Americans, especially the poorer classes in that region. He was quick to catch the beauty of the language and the originality of these characters. The American short-story writer evidently did not know, nor did he often attempt to portray the upper educated classes of Spanish America. O. Henry was quick to sense the literary possibilities in the ancient traditions and customs in that peculiar mixture of the blood of the Dons and the Indians, represented by the poorer classes of his acquaintance. Later the young short-story writer traveled rather extensively in Mexico and Central America, thoroughly enjoying himself in the lands to the South, and incidentally imbibing along with his "vasos de buen vino" something of the romantic and languishing spirit of the semi-tropics. This spirit he weaves into some of his best short stories, such as: "The Cactus" and "Red Roses of Tonia," from his volume, *Waifs and Strays*; "A Chaparral Christmas Gift," from *Whirligigs*; "Hearts and Crosses,"

"Pimienta Pancakes," "Hygea at the Solito," "An Afternoon Miracle," and "The Caballero's Way," all from that fascinating volume, *Heart of the West*. One of his most distinctly Spanish stories is the justly famous "Phoebe" in *Roads of Destiny*, as well as the hilariously funny "Fourth in Salvador," in the same volume. Besides all these, there remain such others as "Tamales," in *Rolling Stones*, others in *The Gentle Gaffer* and *Options*, while practically the whole of *Cabbages and Kings* is filled with tales of "caballeros" and dark-eyed "señoritas," including those two tales, veritable gems of humor, "Shoes," and "Ships."

In one of his stories, "One Dollar's Worth," in *Whirligigs*, O. Henry compliments a "señorita" and the Spanish language at the same time in the following words: "A beautiful dark-eyed girl with a skin tinged with the faintest lemon colour walked into the room. A black shawl was thrown over her head and wound once around her neck. She began to talk in Spanish, a voluble, mournful stream of melancholy music." The last line is quite significant, for it shows O. Henry's admiration for the haunting beauty of the Spanish tongue. He found a beauty, a romantic flavor and a touch of the mysterious in the Spanish language, for example, which he did not find in the daughter of ancient Anglo-Saxon. The name of the above-described girl is a case in point, for it happens to be "Joya Treviños," Treviños being a musical sounding Spanish name, and Joya a beautiful name meaning "gem" or "jewel."

O. Henry's use of Spanish is perhaps most noticed in the names he chooses for the settings of the stories. Most of these happen to be places in the Southwest, as would be expected from a writer choosing Spanish-American backgrounds. In his selection of names, O. Henry passes hurriedly over such prosaic sounding ones as Ft. Worth, Dallas, and Roswell, while he dwells long and delightfully upon such names as Los Angeles (the Angels), San Antonio (St. Anthony), and Coralia. In *Cabbages and Kings* alone there

are at least six Spanish names, including Anchuria (that "volatile" republic of Central America); Corallo, a town already mentioned; San Mateo, the capital city of Anchuria (Spanish for St. Matthew); and Solitas and Alazan, two imaginary seaports on the coast of the above mentioned republic. Then there is the famous "Casa Morena," in which the president of the republic wine, dined, and tried in vain to stave off assassinations and revolutions, though in this case the president's "White House" has changed color, and must be translated into the unpoetic English "Brown House" thereby losing most of its charm. There in that country also rise the magnificent "Cordilleras," where the Indians leisurely wash gold dust from "auriferous" streams. In "Roads of Destiny," O. Henry treats the interested reader to other Spanish settings. We walk through the lazy little town of Aguas Frias ("Cold Water"—note how the English translation really throws cold water on the name of the village), we anxiously watch a revolution budding out on the coast of Esperando, appropriately named, meaning "hope," a good omen for the valiant rebels. We are led by an old sea dog to the languorous port of "Buenas Tierras." Next we skip up to Texas, on the Rio Grande, and take a look at the little town of "Espina" ("thorn"—probably named for the cactus there) just north of Laredo. In another story we step off a west-bound train into the quiet little city of San Rosario. Later, we celebrate a hilarious Fourth of July in San Salvador, where American tourists get drunk and paint the town red. This, of course, happened in a "heathen" country long before prohibition, and Tia Juana. The wizard of the short story then brings us back to San Antonio to the convent of Santa Mercedes. In *Rolling Stones*, O. Henry localizes one story in the sweet-scented province of "Durasnos," the Spanish equivalent for our own delicious "Peaches," another in "Aguas Frescas," which the author describes as the land of "Always Afternoon." Next he comes leisurely back to "Saltillo," a little town in Col6rado. A story in *Whirligigs* has for its setting

the lobby of a quaint little "Hotel Orilla del Mar" (Hotel by the Side of the Sea). In a later story in the same book, he grants hasty glimpses of the beauty of Concepción, Valparaíso (Valley of Paradise) and Lima. Later he passes by Punta Reina before setting sail for the Golden Gate and San Francisco. In addition to those towns already named there are: Ratona, Macuto (on the coast of Venezuela), Caracas, the mountain villages of Zamora, Los Andes, and Miranda; Punta Redonda, Los Pinos, Espinosa City, Matamoros (signifying the ancient, honorable and delicious pastime of "Killing the Moors"), Concho City, Cadiz (a Spanish-American namesake for the Spanish city of the same name, taken from the ancient Roman "Gades"), the village of Mojada (in American slang meaning "all wet"), Chihuahua, Esperanza, Rincón (just a little "corner" one hundred miles from San Antonio, Texas), San Gabriel (named for the musical saint who will trumpet the dead into eternity), and Santa Rosa.

In creating a Spanish atmosphere for his stories, O. Henry does not content himself with Spanish-American settings; his knowledge is not limited to the naming of several towns. He continues the process by a generous sprinkling of names for rivers, mountain ranges, ranches, and ships, all of which point to the genius with an eye for the essentials of true art. There are two often mentioned rivers, the Nueces and the Frio, both in south Texas. The author of this article, when a boy, lived in "the loneliest part of country between the Nueces and the Frio," perhaps quite near the imaginary sheep ranch of Sam Webber, mentioned by O. Henry in "Round the Circle," a story in *Waifs and Strays*. The "Cibalo" ranch is a peculiar name with a distinct Spanish flavor, and so is the "Largo Verde," both of which are mentioned in the above named volume. In that excellent little story in *Cabbages and Kings*, entitled "The Admiral," O. Henry introduces the reader to that gallant little sloop, "Estrella de la Noche" (Star of the Night) car-

rying her precious cargo of "drygoods, patent medicines, granulated sugar, and Three Star brandy." Later the vessel's name was changed to the less poetic "El Nacional," probably out of a sense of "patented" patriotism. Later a rebel general seeks to escape his fate by fleeing in the good ship "Salvador," but the "Savior" failed the poor devil on this trip. Then there is the "Conchita" (Little Shell) quite an appropriate name for a light craft bound for New Orleans with a load of red bananas. Rivers with Spanish names seem to hold a special attraction for O. Henry, such as the "Rio Escondido" (Hidden River), the sanctuary of a little band of buccaneers in "Phoebe," the "Rio Bravo," whose wild banks served as a hide-out for bold Bud King, a dare-devil outlaw "spurred, sombreroed, booted, garnished with revolvers, abundantly drunk, and very much unafraid." There is also "Piédra" creek (Stony Creek) and "Chiquito" River. To the names of ranches could be added "El Rancho de las Sombras," "El Mucho Calor," the ranch of "Los Animos," a five-league survey—"a grant made by King Philip of Spain," the "Nopalito" ranch, where Old Man McAllister ruled as cattle king of west Texas, the "Rancho Seco," down in Hidalgo County, and the celebrated "Rancho de las Olmas," where the cowboys had some lively times on the biggest pear flats and chaparral thickets in the Southwest, where roamed "the wolf, the tiger cat, and the Mexican lion." Among the ships are also found the fruit steamer, "El Carrero," the "Pájaro" (the bird), and another fruit steamer, the "Andador," while among the mountains there rise dimly against the horizon the celebrated "Cordilleras" and the "San Gabriel." Probably the most intriguing thing about the "Don Alfensos" to O. Henry, and certainly one of the most interesting to his readers is the somewhat whimsical peculiarity of Spanish names given to his characters. The Spaniards are still old-fashioned enough to believe that there is something in a name. They know that there is far more in a name than the world has yet dreamed of, and although he may run short of many

attachments, the Spaniard will never run short of titles. Some of his names sound like pages from hotel registers, all rolled into one, others like declamatory orations, while others are veritable poems. The Nordic has always wondered at the Spaniard's insistence on a long name, and in his own business-like way has succeeded in shortening most of his own to such eminently efficient soubriquets as John Smith, Peter Olson, and Ole Bull. The Spaniard, on the other hand, is still willing to take a little time to speak or write the name of a friend, and so he still insists on the old Spanish custom of giving his progeny, not only his family name, but also that of his mother, with even other attachments and accessories. Thus, the son of Don Juan Fernández y Monteleón and Doña Marià Concepción Rodríguez de Fernández y Monteleón may end up by wearing through life the following family title "Don Felipe Gregorio Rodríguez de Fernández y Monteleón."

An English professor once remarked that he had certain Spanish students in his classes and that when he called the roll, singing out those Spanish names he seemed to be quoting lines of poetry from Virgil or Dante. O. Henry, though by no means a professor of English, was quick to sense this same beauty and strangeness of the names of his "Don Alfonsos." He saw in them also a keen element of humor with which to tickle the vanity of his Nordic brothers. At times, in adding a humorous touch he exaggerates the length of the names of his Spanish-American characters. He is not always content with the mere use of "señor" (Mr.) before his elongated titles, but he even adds "Don" ("Sir"—pronounced with a long "o" somewhat like in stone) and so we have Señor Don So and So, of So and So and So and So. This is not altogether an exaggeration, however, since Spaniards often even today make use of both these famous titles in one name. Neither can it be said that O. Henry greatly exaggerates in the length of his Spanish proper names for the history of Spain is replete

with the cognomens of such eminent "Caballeros" as, for example, Señor Don José Chacón Medina Salazar y Villaseñor, Marqués de Penaloso, Vice-roy of New Mexico from 1708 to 1712, to name only one among many.

In the matter of Spanish names, O. Henry is at the height of his glory in the pages of his volume entitled *Cabbages and Kings*. The reader is first introduced to the inscription on the wooden memorial dedicated to the memory of Don Ramón Ángel de Las Cruces y Miraflores, pompous and ill-fated president of that explosive little Republic of Anchuria. In this case O. Henry first introduces the expectant reader to a very dead Spaniard with a very long name, but the genius of the writer has quickened to immortality both the man and his title. Genius has a way of working miracles. Next there struts across the pages the wife of a provincial governor, one Doña Monteleón y Dolorosa de los Santos y Méndez, a "señora" with olive-hued and ring-laden hands. O. Henry takes a special delight in presenting another character, Doña Mariá Castillas y Buenventura de las Casas, "clad in a skirt of flowered yellow satin, a chemise of ruffled linen, and a purple 'mantilla' from the looms of Spain—her lemon-tinted feet, alas! were bare." This honorable lady makes a good companion character for the exceedingly important Don Señor Ildefonso Federico Valdazar, Juez de la Paz. One catches a glimpse of this worthy as he "attempts to convey his bulk (he weighs twenty stone) to the 'pulpería' (Spanish-American for 'saloon') in order to assuage his matutinal thirst." Then there is the swash-buckling colonel and "commandante" Don Señor el Coronel Encarnación Rios, who anxiously awaited the start of a revolution, also the inimitable Madam Timotea Ortiz, proprietress of the "pulperia" on the corner. There is also the famous Don Sabas Placido (the placid one) an important gentleman and newly confirmed minister of war.

Among the many characters in "Roads of Destiny," there stands Señor Benavides, the Liberator. Spanish-

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Americans are fond of liberators, and have produced some great ones, among them, Simon Bolívar, the Washington of South America. There is also the dark-eyed angel of Oratama, "as lovely as—as hell!", and Old Don Santos Urique, a fine old Castilian gentleman who owns "half the gold mines in the country." There also flashes by the handsome Mexican Don Ramon Torres, a direct descendant of the old Spanish "Dons," proud, but extremely courteous—dressed up like a "matador" (bull-fighter) with his "purple velvet, almost hidden by jeweled embroidery."

In *Rolling Stones*, O. Henry is happy to present Doña Isabel Antonia Inez Lolita Carreras y Buencaminos y Monte León, a beautiful widow who throws red roses to encourage her revolutionary friends. There is also Señor Espadas (the man with the sword), "new Minister of Finance," who may decide to abscond with the country's coin and cut his way to freedom, and Doña Isabel Antonia Concha Regalia, another rose-throwing "señorita." This matter of rose-throwing, O. Henry overdoes like most Americans who believe that Spanish girls spend their dull hours tossing beautiful blossoms to their beaux. O. Henry knows better, for roses are scarce in the Southwest, but he undoubtedly used his literary license for the sake of art and romance.

But O. Henry does not neglect the common names to be found anywhere in the Southwest, and in presenting these, he shows a deeper knowledge of things Spanish. His pages are dotted with the names of Mexican cowboys, ranchmen, and shepherds—among them the following are taken at random. the old Indian Galvez, Senor Zavalla, Old Simon Cruz, Esteban Delgado, Carlos Quintana, Justo Valdo, Mateo, the half-breed, Luis, the mule-driver, Rafael Ortiz, Leandro Garcia, a Mexican girl, Pancha Salas, and numerous others, such as that other Mexican girl, Antonia Perez, who was "half Carmen, half Madonna, and the rest—humming bird."

Not content with this O. Henry even gives some of his horses Spanish names. "Old Bolivar" is an excellent cow pony, named in honor of the great South American liberator, possibly on account of the old brute's uncanny ability at gaining his freedom from his masters by the "broncho" route. Another equine bears the noble title of "Paisano" (Fellow Countryman), an excellent name for a lonely cowboy's one and only companion—a fine fellow at home in any country or climate. There is also old "Vámonos," a tough old cow-horse—that the Mexicans call "Gruyo." He is "a mouse-colored, slate-colored, flea-bitten roan dun" and there was no limit to the distance he could travel over in a day. Strictly speaking, horses are not characters and possibly should not be mentioned in this connection. Of that, however, one could never convince a "Vaquero" (cowboy), who would immediately advance the peculiar idea that his horse has more brains and more genuine character than most men with whom he has dealt. And he might not be far wrong. But the very climax of O. Henry's use of Spanish names is reserved for a weazened and disgruntled Mexican, who swore vengeance on all "Americanos" and sought retribution by selling his customers terrifically hot Mexican "tamales." This tamale vendor is none other than the hero of one of O. Henry's hilariously funny poems, and his cognomen is Don José Calderón Santos Esperiton Vicente Camillo Quintana de Rios de Rosa y Ribera.

But O. Henry's knowledge and use of Spanish are not limited to the names of places and characters, although he shows his firsthand acquaintance with that language in the use of such names. There are certain terms known to linguists as "idiomatic" expressions peculiar to a language, and only with great difficulty translated into another tongue. To use such terms frequently and correctly, one must possess more than a superficial knowledge of the foreign language. O. Henry's works, such as the stories in

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Cabbages and Kings and *Heart of the West*, are filled with these idiomatic expressions. For instance, in speaking of a certain Paula Brannigan, O. Henry calls her a "mestiza." This word is peculiarly Spanish, meaning, "of mixed blood." The girl's mother "had been a 'mestizo' lady, and the Spanish blood had brought to Paula a certain shyness that was an adornment to the other half of her demonstrative nature." On another occasion, there is the crafty Smith, who escapes from the seaport, after having smoked in a very nervous manner, countless Cuban cigars underneath a palm. The next morning, the natives reported that "the man of pictured clothing went himself away—and with the 'siesta' the incident passed yawning into history." In these lines O. Henry shows clearly that he understands the Spanish expression "se fué," which translated, literally means "took or went himself away," while the "siesta" signifies that afternoon nap which Spanish people so much enjoy, to the consternation and disgust of all restless northerners who happen to be in their midst. Just think of sleeping a couple of hours when one could be doing something worthwhile and making money! But the Spaniards can't see it that way. Then there is the case of poor Mrs. Goodwin who could not come to the banquet in the cool "patio" (inner courtyard) because she was suffering from the evil effects of a "calentura" (fever or high temperature). Some of these expressions O. Henry uses entirely in the original Spanish, which adds a genuine flavor to the story. A case in point is that of one Mr. Blythe who shouts for his brandy "Hi—Muchacho! El aguardiente por acá" (Hey Waiter! Bring on the whiskey—here!) "Aguardiente" is a peculiarly interesting Spanish word coined from the combination of two words "agua" (water) and "ardiente" (burning) thus producing "burning water" in essence the same as the Indian's "fire-water." In passing, it might be interesting to note that the Spanish language has no word for the American "prohibition."

One of O. Henry's characters, who is more than a little lazy, excuses himself with a slow shrug of the shoulders and an expressive "poco tiempo" (pretty soon). What a world of meaning is packed into these frequently used words, and how much of the philosophy of the tropics lazily resides therein. "What's the hurry—pretty soon all will come out well"—all of this in two little words, "poco tiempo"! But sometimes the native gets in a genuine hurry and O. Henry treats the reader to a rushing scene on ship board and the Spanish expression "caballeros—a prisa" which freely translated would mean "gentlemen—get a move on." An insight of what the natives think of "superior" drunken Americans is found in the expression of their ire as they eye the strangers and label them "Americanos diablos" (American devils). Thus O. Henry knew that citizens of these United States are not always referred to as "brothers and saviors of democracy." Neither are they always called "diablos." By the use of one Spanish word, O. Henry often adds just the right touch in some of his most beautiful passages, as when he says: "looking down the dimly lighted ways, one seemed to see a threading maze of brunette ghosts tangled with a procession of insane fireflies. In some houses the thrumming of lugubrious guitars added to the depression of the "triste" (sad or gloomy) night. The Spanish word here is infinitely more expressive than its English equivalent, and no one knew this better than O. Henry. In the gloriously funny story entitled "Shoes," O. Henry makes excellent use of a favorite Spanish expression when the poor little shopkeepers sit wondering why their customers do not arrive (alas! the poor customers are held up by a generous sprinkling of cockle burs). One of the miniature merchants asks anxiously, "Que hay? Que hay?" Translated literally this little expression means "what is there"; translated freely it is pregnant with meaning and alive with anxiety, signifying something like "what on earth can be the

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matter?" Later when the native populace issues forth on its morning errands barefoot and happy and those bare feet run carelessly on to "hidden mines" of cockle burs, the poor people fall to the ground "like crumpled cathedrals" shrieking loudly "Que picadores diablos!" (What devilish stickers!)

Other idiomatic expressions are used by O. Henry throughout the stories in *Roads of Destiny*, *Rolling Stones*, *Whirligigs*, and *Heart of the West*. They are far too numerous to mention, but among them some of the more picturesque and expressive are: "viva la reina" (long live the queen), an excellent "viva" since kings are rapidly going out of style and out of office while "queens" will undoubtedly reign on forever. "Quien sabe?" (Who knows?); "Que mal muchacho" (what a bad boy); "Muy caballero" (a gentlemanly fellow); "seguramente" (surely); "Válgame Diós" (may God help me); "Que dice señor?" (What is it, sir?); "hijo mío" (my dear son); "camino real" (highway); "tierra templada" (temperate lands); and "tierra caliente" (hot country).

Most of the time O. Henry uses the straight out and out Spanish when it comes handy to do so, but at times he takes a whimsical notion to do some translating for the reader. In this, the author usually is quite happy, much to the delight of his reader. O. Henry is not always absolutely correct, but he is always colorful and that is what he was after—and that peculiar Spanish flavor is always there "muy picante" as the Mexicans or Central Americans would say, meaning "plenty good" (slang "plenty hot"). "Mi mujer está enferma en casa," O. Henry has a native say in one of his stories, and then the author adds: "thus the poor man was endeavoring to convey the news, in the only language open to him, that his wife lay ill in her palm-thatched hut." At times the author allows the character himself to do his own interpreting and then the reader is treated to an excellent bit of humor, as in the case of one

Esteban Delgado, a barber, who has just had the honor of shaving a run-away president of the Republic. Delgado shouts: "What think you, Don Frank, I have this night shaved 'la barba'—what you call the 'weeskers' of the 'Presidente' himself, of this countree!" Madama Timotea Ortiz, owner of the "pulpería" (to whom we have referred before) thus translates a bit of one of her own colorful speeches: "To my house they came, one señor, not quite old, and one señorita of sufficient handsomeness. They desired not to eat or to drink—not even of my own 'aguardiente,' which is the best. To their rooms they ascended—*número nueve* and *número diez*. Later came Señor Goodwin, who ascended to speak with them. Then I heard a great noise like that of a 'cañon,' and they said that the 'pobre presidente' had shot himself! 'Está bueno,' I saw nothing of monee or the thing you call 'veliz' that you say he carry it in."

In one of his short stories, "The Admiral," O. Henry draws a wonderful character sketch of a poor little half-wit boy by the name of Felipe Carrera who wanted to be chief naval officer. The southern races are far more sympathetic toward their physical and mental unfortunates than we of the north (according to O. Henry, and he is correct) so they looked upon the poor little fellow with pity and kindness, calling him "El Pobrecito Loco"—which O. Henry translates "the poor little crazed one"—saying naively that God had sent but half of him to earth, retaining the other half. A flag was handed to poor Felipe with a few flowery words (to satisfy the poor boy's ambition) in Spanish which O. Henry translates for the benefit of the non-linguistically inclined readers (thus taking in most Americans), "Brave sailor, this flag is of your country (de su país). Be true, and defend it with your life. Go you with God (Váyase Vd. con Diós). In one of his later stories O. Henry introduces a young native girl, Pasa Ortiz, whom the young gallants glorify with the nickname "La

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Santita Naranjadita." Now, for a brief moment, this name seems to stump the author. Indeed, it is exceedingly hard to convey the proper shade of meaning of the words when their essence is squeezed over into rather unpoetic English. "Naranjadita," says O. Henry, "is a Spanish word for a certain color that you must go to more trouble to describe in English. By saying 'The little saint, tinted the most beautiful-delicately-slightly-orange-golden,' you will approximate the description of Madama Ortiz's daughter." And be it said here to the credit of O. Henry that no so-called linguist could possibly make a better translation in this case; indeed most of them would not do half as well. It is these little matters that show O. Henry's penetration into the language of the "Don Alfonsos."

In that justly famous story "A Double-Dyed Deceiver," O. Henry puts much gentle humor and plenty of pathos. An old Spanish mother asks of her long-lost boy, "Are you within, dear son?" in a rippling Castilian (which the author translates as the above). The son, young Don Francisco Urique, answers, "Madre mía, yo vengo," (Mother, I come) and this second translation is also O. Henry's. In another story, "The Enchanted Kiss," an old Mexican hilariously explains how that his own peculiar brand of chile will make men live forever, and he bursts forth with a terrible mixture of Spanish and English as he translates his own bursting sentiments, "Eet ees not the air, Meester. I am to relate to you a secret of verree fine value—Listen me—at age of twenty-three, I arrive in Mexico from Spain. When? In the year of fifteen hundred nineteen, with the "soldados" of Hernan Cortéz. I come to thees country seventeen hundred fifteen. I saw your Alamo reduced. It was like yesterday to me. Three hundred ninety-six year ago I learn the secret how always to leeve. Look at these 'diamantes' I wear. Do you theenk I buy them weeth the moneys I make selling 'chile-con-carne'?" There is an incident in the story "One Dollar's Worth,"

from the volume *Whirligigs*, in which a deputy sheriff tries to explain to a district attorney the warning of a poor girl whose "novio" (sweetheart) has been prosecuted. The officer translates: "She says 'if the life of the one'—let's see how it went—'Si la vida de ella a quien tu amas'—if the life of the girl you love is ever in danger, remember Rafael Ortiz'." O. Henry appears even to know certain Spanish botanical terms for in one story he speaks of a flower which the Mexicans call "Ventomarme" and he quickly translates the word into English, "Come and take me"—a meaningful flower for a señorita and lover to send to her "hombre" just when he was hesitating as to the course he should pursue. O. Henry assures us the "Caballero" took the hint.

Sometimes for the sake of humor O. Henry will purposely twist and distort the Spanish language to make his point. In this he is not always so happy, but usually the effect is quite surprising (as is often the case in O. Henry) and usually such language is true to character. American cowboys, engineers, sailors, often do some mighty juggling with the tongue of their adopted home, and O. Henry was quick to sense the humor in this garbled language, a humor that is found in that which lies somewhere between the ambiguous and the absurd with a generous sprinkling of the ridiculous, ending up in the miracle of actually being intelligible to the foreigner. For the Spanish "figúrese Vd" (just imagine) O. Henry comes forth with the humorous translation "figure-it-to-yourself." The author often adds a touch of what might be called American Spanish "lingo" or slang as when he has one character make an offer to a native in the following terms: "I'll give you five dollars—sinker pacers—" reducing the offer to the language and denomination of the tropic dialect. In this case O. Henry's "sinker pacers" is none other than an Americanized version of the Spanish "cinco pesos." On another occasion the short-story writer introduces his readers to a certain

Captain "Patricio Maloné" and in this case the order is reversed and we have the Hispanized edition of a good old Irish cognomen "Patrick Maloney." Then there is the famous fictitious "General Mary Esperanza Dingo," a combination of English and Spanish, resulting in a curious cross-breed expression—practically meaningless, but effective. Along with this General comes another, a certain "General Josey Alfonso Sapalio Jew-Ann Rompiro," a glamorous concoction of Spanish, English, Italian and Hebrew, which in good Spanish would be "José Juan Rompiro"—O. Henry's Josey being the Spanish "Jose," and "Jew-Ann," the Spanish "Juan" (pronounced 'who an'). There is also a General "Roadrickeys," a humorous adaptation of the Spanish "Rodríguez."

In almost all cases, O. Henry's humor appears to be the genuine spontaneous sort, though like all true art, it was undoubtedly carefully planned and executed. Seldom indeed, is there a sign of a striving for effect so common in the works of certain humorous writers. O. Henry is not entirely free from this defect, however, and once in a long while it crops out, as when one character in *Rolling Stones* insists that people call him "El Library Door," which he quite wrongfully says is the Spanish manner of saying "The Liberator" (in Spanish "El Libertador"). This same character continues his boisterous humor by saying he has "already begun to feel like an 'Hidalgo de Oficio de Grafto de South America'." In this instance, however, the author is probably laughing and secretly making fun of one of his own creatures. There is evidence of an over-doing in the case of the famous José Calderón (the already mentioned tamale vendor) who swears a terrible vengeance on all "gringos," especially Texans, in these terms, "Válgame Dios! que ladrones, diablos, matadores, mentidores, caracos, y perros, voy a matarles, con solo mis manos, toditos sin falta"—a terrible oath for anyone to take. There is also the case of a certain "John Sallies," by which the

author means to designate a Mexican shepherd whose real name is probably "Juan Salas." Probably the prize distortion of Spanish for comic effect is O. Henry's "Star wayno" for the true Spanish "estar bueno," although some American cowboys come perilously near to pronouncing the Spanish phrase so as to approach O. Henry's astronomical equivalent.

Not only does O. Henry know the language of the "Don Alfonsos"; he is not ignorant of many of their customs, and favorite practices. He never neglects any of the senses, and to that of sight, he adds observations from smell and taste for he takes a genuine pleasure in dwelling leisurely over the savory dishes highly flavored with pimento and spices, concoctions of varied sorts, veritable gustatory wonders. Along with his insight into customs and foods, O. Henry dips into the peculiar traits of psychology so characteristic of the southern races. He renders much of their romance and charm in those vignettes of Mexican and Central American life. He is fascinated by the fever of revolutions and intrigues which he believes those of Spanish blood have made almost one of the fine arts. In his fascination for revolutions, O. Henry shows a great likeness to Don Benito Pérez Galdós, one of Spain's greatest novelists who died in 1920. Thus in every way possible O. Henry adds to the effectiveness produced by the Spanish-American atmosphere that permeates his pages. Many of his characters are unperturbed in danger and answer an anxious inquiry with "the Latin shrug of the shoulder." "Señoritas" scurry through his pages, timorous, with "fire-flies tangles in their jetty braids," while they glance with shy, flattering eyes. Mexican cowboys out on the lonely range at dead of night sing that saddest of love songs, "La Golondrina"—which O. Henry believes to be one of the finest ever written. Lazy natives spend the major part of the afternoons "durmiendo la siesta" (an old Spanish custom). In the little town of Agua Frias there was seldom any excitement—"the people

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went leisurely at all times; the market was thronged with bare-headed women buying fruit and 'carne' (meat); while the twang and tinkle of string-bands are heard in the 'patios' of the 'cantinas.' " Later other natives would ride into town on horseback using a rope as "an ingenious nose-bridle, after the style of the Mexican 'borsal'." On the night of an impending revolution between drinks in the saloon someone would shout, "Viva la libertad." Few were the foreigners who dropped out of the world into this "triste" town, but O. Henry must have wandered aimlessly and quite contentedly there. But all is not so peaceful and romantic in that strange life. At times one must wind his way wearily through thickets of chaparral, prickly pear, cactus, and mesquite—"afraid of snakes, of panthers, and—even of sheep." Such was the life of the hunted "soldado" whose "revolution" had failed, and whose general had been betrayed. Before the poor devil's eyes forever danced the grim picture of a white-washed wall, a squad of soldiers and an open grave. Well did O. Henry realize that there was more to life in the tropics than moonlight nights, roses and dark-eyed señoritas. He knew that many times there was sorrow and deepest misery in those "jacales" (huts) often ravaged by famine and disease, and where many times at night the wails of mourners are heard in the place of the thrumming of guitars.

O. Henry, in real life, must certainly have been fond of Spanish, or rather of Mexican food, for he never tires of mentioning the countless concoctions that tempt the palate of the "Mejicano." Spanish blood seems especially to crave coffee, and the Mexican or Central American's fondness for that drink is proverbial. According to O. Henry, they will neither work nor play until they have had their "taza de café." O. Henry has an amusing incident in "Phoebe," in which a revolution is all but lost on account of lack of coffee; "Mala suerte" (bad luck) the soldiers muttered and shook their heads, and O. Henry adds, "when

you take away from an Esperandan his coffee, you abstract his patriotism and fifty per cent of his value as a soldier." Besides coffee, there is "that delectable" chili-con-carne (chili pepper with meat), a dish evolved by the genius of Mexico, composed of delicate meats minced with aromatic herbs and the poignant "chili colorado"—a compound full of singular flavor and a fiery zest, delightful to the palate—what a wonderful description of a plate of Mexican chili! Besides coffee and chili-con-carne, there are many, many other dishes mentioned by O. Henry including "tortillas" (a sort of round, flat, very thin bread, made of ground corn), "cassava," "carne de chivo" (Spanish for goat-meat), "arroz con polo" (chicken rice), "aguacates," "tapates," "yucca," and "huevos fritos" (Spanish for the universal fried eggs). Add to the above list some freshly killed beef (which the natives cut in small pieces and allow to dry out on a line before cooking), fish, crabs, native fruits, "dulces" (sweets) and once more "high tottering stacks of native tortillas as large around as the 'sombrero' of a Spanish grandee." These last few lines are used by O. Henry to describe the wares for sale at one of the native "mercados" (markets). Many a morning the young writer must have spent walking in and out among the "vendedores" (sellers) and the "compradores" at the little native markets watching them haggle over the price of tortillas or the weight of a fish. Many times in his travels in the country south of the Rio Grande, O. Henry must have stopped at some "rancho" for a meal of these same frijoles, tortillas, and enchiladas. When a man eats at the same table long enough with men of another race, he learns to know them and gains their confidence. Full many an absorbing tale of the old Southwest must have first suggested itself to O. Henry as he sat with a few "amigos" leisurely imbibing a cup of strong black "café."

Leacock in an essay entitled "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry" says: "O. Henry rolled away from the shores

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of Texas and the restlessness that was characteristic of him wafted him down the great Gulf to the enchanted land of Central America. Here he 'knocked around' as he himself puts it, 'mostly among refugees and consuls' and here too was laid the foundation of much of his most characteristic work—his *Cabbages and Kings*, and such stories as 'Phoebe' and 'The Fourth in Salvador.' Latin America fascinated O. Henry. The languor of the tropics—the sunlit seas—the quaint Spanish towns in their noon-day sleep—beautiful señoritas—the tinkling of mule bells on mountain tracks—and at night, the soft strumming of the guitar." The humorist is right as far as he goes—all of the above delighted O. Henry, but there is that other side of the picture, especially of the Spanish southwest—the picture of thirst, gambling, death and murder in a desert land of cactus and mesquite—a land of blistering sun and blind passions, where nothing was luke warm; where men were either staunch friends or the bitterest of enemies.

All of this is the stuff out of which O. Henry wove his stories which throb with the very blood beat of life. There is something more than passing strange in this fascination of O. Henry's for things Spanish. Perhaps it is not to be explained, vivisected and labeled by the critics—perhaps it is all a part of a truly "amazing genius" which does not yield to such a process. Even Taine's famous formula "la race, le milieu, et le moment" seems inadequate to the solution. The name, William Sidney Porter certainly bespeaks for his race no particular interest in Spanish. There may be something in "le milieu et le moment" but not enough to explain all. Perhaps it is to be explained in the reverse process. There is something deeper than the effect of environment and the opportune moment in O. Henry's love of Spanish. The fundamental qualities of the Spanish genius, sheer daring, an independent spirit, a curious and harmonious blending of the romantic and the realistic, all these must have made an indelible impression upon

the mind of the Northerner. Perhaps something of the romance, the fire, the enthusiasm, the wander lust, the fiery courage of the Spanish American found a place in O. Henry's heart. Perhaps that restless spirit, a willingness to risk all on a turn of pitch and toss—mixed with a generous sprinkling of fatalism—perhaps all these found kindred elements in the author's own make-up. When this happens genuine literature is likely to be produced entirely independent of formulas and creeds.

As for O. Henry's knowledge of the Spanish language itself, he gives us a strong hint in "The Phonograph and the Graft," from *Cabbages and Kings*, when he has a character describe an evening's entertainment with certain Central Americans: "Their color was a diversity running from a three-days smoked meerschaum to a patent leather polish. They were as polite as wax, being devastated with enjoyments to give Señor Mellinger the good evenings. I understood their Spanish talk—I ran a pumping engine two years in a Mexican silver mine, and had it pat—but I never let on." Applied to O. Henry himself, however, the little verb "ran" should be replaced by the more leisurely, more expressive, and undoubtedly more accurate "knocked about," which so fittingly describes the restless spirit of the inimitable author of *Cabbages and Kings*.

Youth

By VAN DEUSEN CLARK

Youth—a blinding flame
 Forgetting when
 Withered fingers shall come
 Seeking again
 For some spark of warmth;
 Holding night
 Beyond the circle of
 Fading light.

Gainsborough

His Discourse on "The Blue Boy" and Art

By GEORGE ST. CLAIR

THE scene is Gainsborough's studio in London. It is a hot summer morning in the late eighteenth century.

His friend, a parish clerk from Suffolk, drops in to pay him a visit. The artist is working at the picture known today as "The Blue Boy."

Come in, old friend. Sit down, and while I work
We'll talk. You find me toiling here, sweltering
In London's dust and heat and stench; while you,
Fresh from our Suffolk fields, bring scents of meadows,
And odors from our hedgerows and our lanes.
Sometimes, cooped up within these deadly walls,
And tired with painting what my soul detests,
I smell the south wind blowing over roses—
But then I wake to this! Still, one must dream,
Else he could never suffer such a life.
What do I paint? Something I'm not so proud of:
Just a stunt! I show Sir Joshua that he's wrong
In his fine colour theories. You see
The famous Mister Gainsborough tickling
The fancies of his wealthy patrons, giving
Them what they think they want. A portrait, forsooth!
This a portrait! This soulless elegance,
For which I'll get a hundred guineas! For,
Look you! A portrait should reveal the sitter's soul,
By means of colour, light and shade, and line.
With these the painter shows us things that we
Ourselves had never known were there. But I!
Do I do this? No! I paint the surface only.
Would Rubens, think you, paint this kind of portrait?
What would he, no compromiser, say to this?
You say the colour scheme is quite unusual!
You're kind. It's worse than that. It's unnatural!
And yet it serves its purpose, for 'twill do
To prove Sir Joshua isn't always right:
And since, to live, I must paint portraits, why,

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I get some satisfaction out of doing that.
 Besides, since Mister Gainsborough signs it,
 Many will hail it as a masterpiece.
 All blue! Sir Joshua says it can't be done,
 And I'm not saying but he may be right;
 Though that I'd never publicly admit,
 Because Sir Joshua is my chief competitor
 As portrait painter of these gilded fops,
 On whom I waste my talent. See, old friend!
 That's what this frightful city is doing to me!
 Fustian, not Art! A stunt! Landscape's my job.
 What do they care, these powdered ladies, or
 These scented beaux, for Art? Paint a coquette,
 And let her smirk in conscious innocence,
 And they are well content. They call that Art!
 That's what they want. But why do they come to me?
 Romney's their man. His simpering Emmas serve
 Their purpose. Yes, I know they say there is
 A certain elegance about my portraits:
 Some even call it charm. Perhaps they're right!
 But I've a master there—Van Dyck. In fact,
 I'm sure that he is master of us all,
 Even Sir Joshua, though he thinks he catches
 The might of Angelo, with his "grand style"!
 But there Sir Joshua fails. His forte is children:
 Cherubs with tender hands and faces raised
 To heaven. This boy in blue I'm painting now!
 How stiff! No real boy would stand like that!
 But I can't better it. Women, now! Yes,
 I do catch something of their souls or lack
 Of souls. Some superficial grace that pleases
 Them. Dash, you think? You've seen my Linley Sisters!
 I challenge Romney there! Beat him perhaps!
 But I'm no portrait painter. See that damned arm!
 All morning I have worked at it, and still
 It's wrong. To get it right is beyond my powers,
 For I'm a landscape painter. Yet, they come
 To me for portraits, which I paint for money.
 All of us sin alike in that! Sir Joshua,
 Painting his pretty fashion plates; Romney,
 And Hoppner, with their simpering ladies; and I,
 Who know I'm not a figure painter, yet
 Paint on, because I must have money. One

Must live, and I can't sell my landscapes, though
My soul's in them. What do we mean by Art?
How be an artist if condemned to paint
Forever these fine ladies and their lords?
How shall I save my soul? This devil's work
And devil's city will damn me yet! I can't
Escape damnation! What shall I say to Rubens,
When above we two shall meet? He used his Art,
To express his deepest soul. I can't do that,
Because my soul is down in Suffolk's clean,
Green lanes, among its kindly country folk.
Suffolk's my place. That's what I'd like to paint.
Here I'm a lonely soul, lost amid the fashions
And the empty splendours of this London. No!
I can't endure it always, drudging here,
Painting pot-boilers like this boy in blue.
Some day I'll wash this city's grime from off
My hands, and go down there to Suffolk. There's
My home, and there I'll save my soul by painting
The things I like and know. I see them now:
Picturesque, leafy glades, with trees in clumps,
And soft light sifting through their tender leaves.
That's what I know. And single trees, also;
For Nature is my mistress. In her gentle
Moods, you know, and in her quiet corners.
I can do them! That canvas in the corner!
Turn it round! It saves me from despair. For, often,
When my whole soul is sick with painting stunts,
Or portraits which I know I cannot do,
I take that landscape out. Then Nature's voice,
A mother soothing her poor, tired child,
Smooths out my cramped-up spirit, and I rest.
That's what our Art is for: it catches for men,
And imprisons on the canvas, bits of beauty,
Which they had otherwise forgot. No doubt,
There's beauty, too, in men and women, but I
Catch only glimpses of its fleeting form,
Because I'm not a figure painter. There's
Sir Joshua now! Sometimes he seizes it;
You've seen his portrait of our sturdy Doctor!
He struck the right note there, painted the man,
With all his ugliness, but likewise strength.
I can't do that. Charm, yes! but little strength!

But some day! I'll not be always Fashion's pet!
Some day I'll turn my back on London's money,
And with my viol under my arm, I'll go
To some sweet vale in Suffolk, where I'll paint
The kindly face of Nature: the dews and pearls
Of morn; the hot, lush noon; the deep and tender
Twilight—all things I love and know by heart.
Then I shall feel no shame when Rubens greets
Me in that world where we shall only paint
The things we love. But that's another dream!
Meanwhile, I must be slaving at this task,
Because I need the money. Pray for me,
Old friend! You have to go? Goodbye. I'm glad
You came. Could I but go with you to Suffolk!

The California Hills

By OTTO H. REUTINGER

The greying fog sifts in from off the sea,
Shading the hills in softened hazy clouds
Until the rolling uplands seem to be
A troop of climbing ghosts in misty shrouds.
Sun on the hills, and in the canyon's gloom
Where fog and trees and brush now interlace,
Mist-streamers drift out of their nightly tomb
And disappear into the boundless space.
A quail calls from a thicket of scrub-oak—
The greasewood summits glisten with the dew—
A vulture, shaking off night's earthly yoke,
Soars up and up into the clearing blue.
From sea to the Sierra's peaks they lie
Green and brown beneath the azure sky.

The Legacy of Robert Bridges

A Review of "The Testament of Beauty"

By T. M. PEARCE

A LONG poem devoted to a philosophy of beauty comes with something of a surprise out of an age like the present one. When the workers in society have become so largely enslaved to the machine, when furniture, wall paper, clothing have been suitor only to the loveliness which manufactured skill can bestow upon them, when even education has been at the turn of the purely vocational, a serious bid for the claims of beauty in the world is remarkable enough to command attention. Perhaps the answer rests in the fact that Mr. Bridges is a Victorian; he was born in 1844, and lived at least a number of the literary decades of his life in the calmer days (as we think of them) of the great English queen. His poet laureatship, however, dates from 1913, and his very long life did not end until 1930. He was, then, of three so-called literary periods, the Victorian, fin de siècle—the 1890's, and the definitely modern. Of the three, the Victorian and the modern have left the greatest imprint on his poetry. The strong faith and intelligent optimism we associate with the Victorian era are in him, and so is the scientific clear-headedness of modernity. Sentimentality, vague abstraction worship, moodiness are not.

"The Testament of Beauty" was published on Robert Bridges' eighty-sixth birthday, and just a few months before his death. It has been said that this, his last poem, is both his greatest and youngest poem. The poem is almost topical in the freshness of its references to invention and discovery; modern stadiums and sport, man's roaring airplanes, the newest findings of archaeology in Mesopotamia, the transformation of agriculture by machines are data to become a part of the synthesis of this gospel of beauty. And so are the age-old data of the earth, of day and sunlight,

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the dance of young trees, the steady colonnade of forest choirs. Old tabus of sex and the new freedom in sex thinking are not evaded by the proponents of this creed. The century-old quest for certainty, launched by Hebrew and Greek, will find fulfillment in the search for beauty rightly understood. The title of the poem would not recommend it to the man of practical affairs. A gospel of beauty seems a remote thing from a routine of breadwinning and everyday life. Yet whatever Mr. Bridges' poem may be, it is not a superficial outburst on the purely aesthetic elements in life. He does not speak of beauty in the sense of the surface prettiness of life in nature and mankind. His poem is a searching analysis of the impulses which move men and women as individuals to order their lives. In the course of the poet's thought, the entire range of man's ideas and experiences is probed, and the primal intuitions and functions of his mind and body traced to explain his behavior. To find the ingredients of Mr. Bridges' philosophy, we should go to his *Testament*, for by his own words,

the secret of a poem
lieth in this intimate echo of the poet's life.

Man, in the terms of Mr. Bridges' poem, is a creature of infinite appetites or energies, which must be nurtured by both physical and non-physical foods. Music, art, mathematics, friends, loved beings—human and devine—these are the wholesome diet for man. Class hate, war, which the poet calls a plague bred by "mankind's crowded uncleanness of soul," greed, the foods of man's self-destructive passions, these are the unwholesome diet which the best life of man tastes and casts forth. The energies in a man feed on the nourishment within the walls of his body and mind, and they reach out to the life outside the walls. Bridges terms these energies "organities," and the reality which he gives to them is a blending of medieval logic and modern biology. "Tastes" might be a word to fit the "organities" Mr. Bridges talks about, for he believes they may

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be acquired "with reasoned purpose," as when a learner on violin or lute trains his hand to finger stops or strings; or "may be innate, as the spontaneous flight of birds," or "antennatal and altogether inconscient" as the food organs. The stimulants to which these organities respond may vary from mere material contacts to untraceable thought. Just as the digestive tract is stirred by food, the ear by sound, the mind by thought, so every taste or organitie has its own idea to which it reacts spontaneously. To work these tastes into a harmony is the life mission of every man. Two forces, that of Self, self love, which Mr. Bridges calls Selfhood, and that of race, the love of children and of others, which Mr. Bridges calls Breed, struggle for mastery in every man. Reason, that is, Order, tries to discipline him, and is, next to Beauty, most compelling. But Beauty goes so deeply into a man that it is re-creative, an imitation of himself, and begets Poetry, Music, and Religion. Animal, mental, spiritual, are graduations of life merged together in growth, the animal pleasure running throughout all grades and heartening all energies, the essential elements of each grade feeding on like-natured food; the highest essences, those of spirit, fall in blind surrender before beautiful eternal presences, the greatest of which is the Idea of Christ.

For not the Muse herself can tell of Goddes love;
 which cometh to the child from the mother's embrace,
 an Idea, spacious as the starry firmament's
 inescapable infinity of radiant gaze,
 that fadeth only as it outpasseth mortal sight
 Thus unto all who have found their High ideal in Christ,
 Christ is to them the essence discern'd or undiscern'd
 of all their human friendships; and each lover of him
 and of his beauty must be as a bud on the vine
 and have participation in him; for Goddes love
 is unescapable as nature's environment,
 which, if a man ignore or think to thrust it off,
 he is the ill-natured fool that runneth blindly on death.

For the sources of Mr. Bridges' thought, the critic should go to a library of the world's greatest literature, for his mind is the distillation of cultured thought in European civilization, to which America, of course, has made recognizable contributions. Toward his English fore-runners in the field of poetry, Mr. Bridges' gaze has chiefly turned, to the community of thought in the minds of Englishmen in the fourteenth, sixteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The philosophy of beauty as an idea and ideal is found in the Christian Platonism of Edmund Spenser. In the sixteenth century "Hymne in Honour of Beautie," Spenser sings of beauty in the world which ravishes the senses of men and purifies their natures.

That wondrous paterne, wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see. . . .
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore. . . .
Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne,
Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame which therein is empyght.

And Spenser, too, finds the ideal Beauty incarnate in the figure of Christ,

From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortal eyes below
Of that immortal Beautie, there with Thee. . . .
That with the glorie of so goodly sight,
The hearts of men. . . .
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learn to love with zealous humble dewty
Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly Beauty.

Chaucer, Spenser, Wordsworth, never ventured poetic insight into the nature of man and of God with sweeter

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solemnity or greater earnestness than this modern. With Spenser and Wordsworth, Bridges has more in common than with Chaucer. It is not chance, however, that unites two passages from Chaucer in the opening lines of *The Testament of Beauty*:

Mortal Prudence, handmaid of divine Providence,
hath inscrutable reckoning with Fate and Fortune:
We sail a changeful sea through halcyon days and storm,
and when the ship laboureth, our stedfast purpose
trembles like as the compass in a binnacle.
Our stability is but balance, and conduct lies
in masterful administration of the unforeseen.

In Chaucer's doctrine there is less of mastery or control of the future, but in two of Chaucer's passages from *Troilus and Criseyde*, the first from the fifth book and the one following from the second, the thought of Bridges has definite anticipation.

Prudence, alas! oon of thyn eyen three
Me lakked alwey, er that I cam here;
On tyme y-passed, wel remembered me;
And present tyme eek coude I wel y-see,
But futur tyme, er I was in the snare,
Coude I not seen; that causeth now my care. . . .
Out of these blake wawes for to sayle,
O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere;
For in this see the boat hath swich travayle,
Of my conning that unnethe I it stere.

That Chaucer fed the essences of Mr. Bridges' soul is further testified by two verses quoted in full from the fourteenth century master, one from the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*, the other from *The Nun's Priest's Tale*:

So pricketh hem Nature in hir corages
And here I wol nat han to do of swich matere.

There is at least one passage notably like Wordsworth in thought, that in which the apprenticeship of childhood is traced from "the beauteous attitude of infantine wonder" in which the child "is apt to absorb ideas in primal purity,"

to later life when the images grow more and more corrupt and the glory in measure falls from him. The nearness of man to nature and the all pervasive will of God in nature place the poem beside the poetry of Wordsworth. In reflective spirit and in inquiry into many matters, *The Testament* is more like *The Prelude* of Wordsworth than like any other English poem. These lines from the exordium have the tone and habit of saying things which is characteristic of the searching yet tranquil mien of the Lake philosopher.

'Twas late in my long journey, which I had clomb to where
the path was narrowing and the company few,
a glow of childlike wonder enthral'd me, as if my sense
had come to a new birth purified, my mind enrapt
re-awakening to a fresh initiation of life;
with like surprise of joy as any man may know
who rambling wide hath turn'd, resting on some hill-top
to view the plain he has left, and see'th it now out-spread
mapp'd at his feet, a landscape so by beauty estranged
he scarce wil ken familiar haunts, nor his own home,
maybe, where far it lieth, small as a faded thought.

One other English poet has made a conspicuous contribution to *The Testament of Beauty*, a poet whose spiritual testament should be the first approach to the disputed interpretations of his life: Christopher Marlowe. Not only is Tamburlaine's line

What is Beauty saith my sufferings then?

quoted by *The Testament*, but the passage is further paraphrased, Robert Bridges writing

for every man whom Beauty hath laid beneath her spell
and Christopher Marlowe

Save onely that in Beauties just applause,
With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht,
And every warrior that is rapt with love,
Of fame, of valour, and of victory
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceites.

THE LEGACY OF ROBERT BRIDGES [399

Bridges' central thought, that man is constituted of elements or organisms which, whether innate or acquired, respond to the feeding of the outer world, appears to be indebted to Marlowe, whose doctrine of "vertues" is perhaps the scholastic counterpart of Spenser's Platonism. Marlowe expresses his thought most fully in *Tamburlaine*. The Scythian shepherd proclaims that he

Shall give the world to note for all my birth
That Vertue solely is the sum of glorie
And fashions men with true nobility.

The "Vertues," in medieval theology, were one of the nine orders of angels, which surrounded the throne of the Lamb in Paradise, and from their position near the throne of grace were efficacious to convey grace to men. In *Tamburlaine's* death-sickness, one of his soldiers implores the heavens to continue to lavish their "sacred vertues pour'd upon his throne." *Tamburlaine* boastingly names destiny as the source of his personal energy; he calls upon the reigning stars and the God whose scourge he is. But these are merely names for the controlling influences which feed his being. The physician diagnosing the sickness of *Tamburlaine* reports to him

that the soule
Wanting those Organnons by which it mooves
Cannot indure by argument of art.

And speaking through the Mohammedan Orcanes, Marlowe writes of Christ "Whose shape is figure of the highest God" as one who

sits on high and never sleeps.
Nor in one place is circumscribable,
But everywhere fils every Continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor. . . .

If the reader's memory still retains Mr. Bridges' phrases of God's love as an "inescapable infinity of radiant gaze" and Christ's love as being "unescapable as nature's

environment," he will recognize in the soul's "Organnons" of *Tamburlaine* and the "perfected unify'd organities" in *The Testament of Beauty* the same idealistic and mystical entities. Among the last lines of *The Testament* are verses which are an epitome of the dramatic themes of Marlowe's great plays:

Our happiest earthly comradeships hold a foretaste
of the feast of salvation and by thatt virtue in them
provoke desire beyond them to out-reach and surmount
their humanity in some superhumanity
and ultimat perfection: which, howe'er 'tis found
or strangely imagin'd, answereth to the need of each
and pulleth him instinctivly as to a final cause.

Although the philosophy of the poem leads the reader into lofty chambers where the outline of ideas is dim to his untrained eyesight, the poet applies his thought in comments about society which are easily grasped. He is no whole-hearted disciple of democracy. The majority of the people are "admiring common things or ugly" and are "happier in whatever likings they can indulge."

Altho' they know it not, this is
the humanitarianism of democracy;
and since ther is in the mass little good to look for
but what instruction, authority and example impose,
Ethick and Politick alike hav trouble in store.

A high degree of efficiency in organization of the state is not sufficient for a happy community. Nor is a state so organized that the individual is simply a part of the whole, a unit in a great machine, a desirable end. The levelling of all men to the status of workers in a state workshop, the ideal of the soviet, is a delusion.

Not knowing the high goal of our great endeavour
is spiritual attainment, individual worth,
at all cost to be sought and at all cost pursued,
to be won at all cost and at all cost assured;
not such material ease as might be attain'd for all
by cheap production and distribution of common needs,
wer all life level'd down to where the lowest can reach. . .

THE LEGACY OF ROBERT BRIDGES [401

No poem of recent years has drawn so heavily from the lore of the natural sciences for its truth. The poet holds the mirror of science up to nature. He is willing to accept the measurements and the formulae of the laboratory. Yet the limitations of scientific truth are definite.

tho' science measure true
every wave-length of ether or air that reacheth sense,
there the hunt checketh, and her keen hounds are at fault;
for when the waves hav pass'd the gates of ear and eye
all scent is lost; suddenly escapes the visibles
are changed to invisible; the fine-measured motions
to immeasurable emotion; the cypher'd fractions
to a living joy that man feeleth to shrive his soul.
How should science find beauty:

Though science is disqualified to give the final answer, how much of the *Testament* is built on its data? Of biology?

like as small plague-microbes generate their own toxin
in antidote of their own mischief (so 'tis said)

Of botany?

Consider a plant—its life—how a seed fain to ground
sucketh in moisture for its germinating cells,
and as it sucketh swelleth, til it burst its case
and thrusting its roots downward and spreading them wide,
taketh tenure of the soil. . . .

Of chemistry?

so that whether it be starch, oil, sugar, or alcohol
'tis ever our old customers, carbon and hydrogen,
pirouetting with oxygen in their morris antics;
the chemist booketh all of them as CHO,
and his art is as mine, when I but figureate
the twin persistent semitones of my Grand Chant.

Absorbed in the practical truth of science, its serviceable works to man, its closeness to the heart of nature, Mr. Bridges' philosophy is, nevertheless, deep centered in the intuitive nature of man. It seems to echo the protests now being expressed against that psychology and that science

which has looked at man coldly, measuring his movements as it measures the movements of a beetle, and writing man's case history from such objective evidence. The well-springs of man's life lie deeper than impulse or reason; underlying these are the finely modulated energies which engrafted in man or acquired by him may make of his life a harmonious structure. They grow strong as they are fed by wholesomeness and cleanness, that is, the holiness of beauty, within and without a man's life. Yet before the undisciplined forces of Selfhood and Breed in the world, the disciplined individual, the harmonious one, the philosopher, is caught like a spectator at a football game,

one that came to enjoy the sight
knowingly, and yet looketh little on the contest: to him
the crowd is the spectacle; its wrestle and agony
is more than the actors; and its contagion so thick
and irresistible, that ere he feel surprise
he too may find himself, yea philosophy and all,
carried away—as when a strong swimmer in the sea
who would regain the shore, is by the headlong surf
toss'd out of action, and like a drifted log roll'd up
breathless and unresisting on the roaring beach.

The prosody of the poem is a little difficult, because Mr. Bridges has written his lines upon a theory which stresses the quantities of syllables, weighting them by the length of time required to pronounce the long vowels or the short vowels followed by double consonants. However, the average, even the learned reader, will read Mr. Bridges' "loose Alexandrines" quite as easily as he reads Mr. Browning's blank verse, and will be as little troubled by the metrical system of one as of the other.

Delightful bits of humor occur in the verse, such as where the poet calls the queen bee "an egg-casting machine"; where he speaks of the Epicure who "indulgeth richly his time untill the sad day come when he retireth with stomach Emeritus, to ruminate the best devour'd moments of life"; where he traces the change from austerity

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to tenderness in art when "the Christian painters throng'd their heav'n with cherubims," and the "little amorini. . . with rebel innocence dispossess'd the tall angels; and Mary's young babe cast off his swaddling bands, and stood up on her lap in grace of naked childhood for the image of God"; where he speaks of women being given to man "launch'd by Reason on his sea of troubles" as "his paregoric and comforting cure"; and where, referring to the travel of Europeans to the East, he adds "now wil the Orientals make hither in return outlandish pilgrimage; their wisacres hav seen the electric light i' the West, and come to worship; tasting romance in our unsightly novelties and scientific tricks."

There are moments of the purest poetry within the book, moments when the questioning spirit is at rest from perplexities of metaphysics and of social disjointedness. I did not place the sheer beauty of the poem foremost in the reader's attention, because I am sure that Bridges means the beauty of *The Testament* to serve the ends of his thought. No greater misfortune could befall the poem than for it to be read, as so often, Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is read, merely for the pageantry and procession of lovely pictures. For the thought of a great man to become subordinated to musings on his literary style is simply to ignore the person whom one has just met while being absorbed in the cut of his clothes. If modern poetry has suffered from any one thing more than another, it is from the self consciousness of the poets about the intellectual content of verse, the beating of a hasty retreat from any sort of preachment or pleading a cause. Imagism, polyphonic prose, the patter of verses called free, are safely within the domain of belles lettres. It is noteworthy, however, that the great pleaders, those who defiled the medium of their art to preach their faith and condemnation, have usually possessed abundant gifts of creating beauty as well as doctrine. In these gifts, Robert Bridges is endowed only less

richly than the very greatest of his predecessors. Poetry of the richest vein runs everywhere through this precious quarry.

Lov'st thou in the blithe hour
of April dawns—nay marvelest thou not—to hear
the ravishing music that the small birdes make
in garden or woodland, rapturously heralding
the break of day; when the first lark on high hath warn'd
the vigilant robin already of the sun's approach,
and he on slender pipe calleth the nesting tribes
to awake and fill and thrill their myriad-warbling throats
praising life's God, untill the blisful revel grow
in wild profusion unfeign'd to such a hymn as man
hath never in temple or grove pour'd to the Lord of heav'n?

Or what man feeleth not a new poetry of toil,
whenas on frosty evenings 'neath its clouding smoke
the engine hath huddled-up its clumsy threshing coach
against the ricks, wherefrom laborers standing aloft
toss the sheaves on its tongue; while the grain runneth out,
and in the whirr of its multitudinous hurry
it hummeth like the bee, a warm industrious boom
that comforteth the farm, and spreadeth afar afield
with throbbing power; as when in a cathedral awhile
the great diapason speaketh, and the painted saints
feel their glass canopies flutter in the heav'nward prayer.

The Exiled King

By ALICE M. WILSON

Play on! Play on!

But change that merry tune to a dirge, my friend.

The melancholy airs best suit my mood—

The mocking, haunting notes that gloom and brood.

Play on! Play on!

But play an elegy for the dreams that end.

An Appreciation of Belgium and the Belgians

By JOHN D. CLARK

I have a very vivid recollection of my first evening in Belgium. I landed from a trans-Atlantic steamer at Antwerp late one afternoon, and in company with a Belgian, put up at a very old tavern, which my companion said, "Tourists have never heard of." It was an Antwerp holiday. The streets were decorated, and the folk were seated at café tables on the sidewalks, talking, singing, or just sitting beside their partly empty glasses.

The host and hostess at the Tavern were brother and sister, young people who had been refugees in England during the World War. Their English was excellent. Their guests were their especial care. As I needed the services of a barber, the host pointed out a neighboring shop, and for half an hour the barber plied his shears, as he told his customer of the neighborhood and its inhabitants. Then came dinner time. No, the tavern did not serve meals, but if the guest would only make known what he would like, it would be a pleasure to have him dine with the host and hostess.

As evening fell, dancing started in the streets, and the neighbors, a few at a time, came to the hostelry for refreshment. Each was presented to the guest. If they spoke French, conversation was not difficult, and if only Flemish, well, there was the host to interpret. Several of the evening visitors had been to America, and were eager for news from here. For that matter, all wanted to know more of the United States. I had a busy evening talking, smoking Belgian cigars, and drinking mineral water. (It was only too obvious that I could not accept the oft-repeated invitations to partake of the Belgian beer). Finally, as the hour grew late, I said good night to my companions of the evening and mounted the stairs to a rather general,

"Bon soir, Monsieur l'Américain," and fell asleep as the music and dancing continued.

Next morning there was an early train to catch. Not a soul awake in the tavern, aside from a woman who spoke only Flemish. Breakfast seemed out of the question, but a passing postman directed me to a café where rolls and coffee came forward at once. The proprietor, learning of the early train, telephoned for a taxi, which was waiting as breakfast was finished. A hasty return to the tavern for the baggage, and then a ride through the city to the most distant station. The chauffeur suggested that if his passenger would sit in front with him, that he (the driver) could point out places of interest.

At the station, a porter led me to the train for Germany. Then came the tip for the service. Belgian money was new to me and I gave too little. (If you have ever done this elsewhere you may know the full significance of this *faux pas*.) What a surprise! The porter lifted his cap and said, "Sir, you are a stranger here and do not know, but we have a regular charge for this service and quite by chance you lack having paid it." A handful of change was then extended, and the porter selected the exact sum, which a few minutes later I read in the Belgian time table to be the standard fee.

There were other things which went to make the visitor appreciate Belgium. The customs inspectors were very courteous. No stooping over to open baggage on the dock (as in New York), but comfortable inspection on tables placed for convenience near the end of the gang-plank. A taxi was at the end of the table; not hundreds of yards distant.

Necessity made my first visit to Belgium one of less than eighteen hours, and likewise necessity shortened my second, but when opportunity came for a third, this opportunity was embraced with pleasant anticipation.

It was raining when I arrived in Antwerp. From a guide book I had selected a hotel near the center of the

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city and was driven there. The hotel was only partially modern and I was disappointed as I saw my room. The host, who seemed to have read my mind, said that he would be pleased to telephone to another hotel and ask if I could secure better accommodations. He did so, and reported that he had made reservations for me. He showed no disappointment at seeing me go, and indeed tried to make me understand that he was better pleased if he had helped me to secure what, at the time, he did not have unoccupied. He did have an excellent dining room and later I dined with him often, and if he were about, he never failed to come to my table to greet me.

The foregoing is a very fair example of Belgian hospitality and desire to please the visitor. It was repeated and repeated. There comes to mind the dock policeman, who left his beat to take me to the end of the pier, there to direct my attention to the points of interest on the waterfront. Then there was the host in a Scheldt River hotel, who conversed with me during lunch, and who later, in seeing me in a large up-town café, left his seat and came to sit with me, there to make suggestions concerning interesting trips I might have overlooked making.

The Belgians understand the ways of the Anglo-Saxon. Daily service of two large ferries to and from England, permitting trips across the Channel without passport, encourage intermingling of the two peoples. The Belgians spend vacations in England, and the English in Belgium. Six large liners make regular trips from Antwerp to New York, not to mention the many smaller boats which ply between the Scheldt and the United States. For that matter, the Belgian has contact with much of the entire world. It is rare that the shipping news does not list at least a hundred and fifty vessels on their way to Antwerp from nearly every part of the globe.

I have visited six of the nine Belgian provinces. A sandy seacoast at the north and west gives way to fertile plains as one goes east and south, until at the eastern boun-

dary one is in the beautiful Ardennes, with their deep, narrow valleys and forested hills. On the Flanders plains, are the glorious old Flemish cities. Bruges was to me possibly the most interesting city of all Europe. The Belfry was magnificent. The ancient system of canals, their boats, their bridges, and the quaint old houses and gardens, which lined the banks of these canals, held my attention hour after hour. Brussels is called a little Paris and it seemed it. Ghent was more like Bruges. Antwerp had the ancient and the modern. The thousand-year-old Steen castle (now a museum), seat of the Inquisition, the cathedral, and the ancient houses are the best of the old. The skyscraper (note that the word is singular), the transportation system, the warehouses, and the docks and quays, and the modern boulevards, are the new. Louvain has its far-famed university. For industry, there remain Charleroi, Liège, Namur, and Mons. Ostende is a world-known watering resort. Blankenberghe follows in popularity, and La Panne is a model of quiet, seaside simplicity. As an inland watering place, Spa, the oldest of all health resorts, devoted to the drinking of mineral waters, ranks well toward the top. It has palatial hotels, a casino, baths, promenades and concert halls, and facilities for short excursions in some of the loveliest scenery in Europe.

If a visitor to Belgium is at all observing, he notices that the Belgians are speaking the two languages, which are always upon the public signs, French and Flemish. The people of Belgium are about half Flemish and half Walloon. Those qualified to judge, tell us that the Walloons have imagination and initiative, while the Flemings have the steady quality of seeing a thing through. The Walloon is darker, more volatile, and a more ready talker. The Fleming is more reserved in manner and more cautious of thought and speech with the stranger.

After many contacts with both, I am hazarding a "snap judgment" that each has contributed much to the other toward making both most worth-while, charming people.

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I have found three great pleasures in travel: Reading about places to which I hoped to journey, the actual visit, and again reading, this latter time with the understanding which comes from having seen places and objects which are described in the books.

Running this gamut of reading, visiting, and reading, there has come to me an appreciation of Belgian contribution to America. It was a pleasure to read of Flemish art, a greater pleasure to see it and to realize its significance in the lives of the Belgians. Its reflection in England and America is more slowly realized.

That over one-half of the first settlers of New York state came from the southern of Belgic Netherlands, that more Belgians than Hollanders were among the first settlers of New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, that the first name of the settlement at New York was Novum Belgicum, and that the first governor of the New Netherlands, but officially "New Belgic Land," was a Walloon—Pierre Minuit, or Peter Minnewit, the same who purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians, is not commonly known, though we know well that the Pilgrims were located in the Netherlands some years before coming to America—exiles in Leyden and Amsterdam. We also know too little of the Walloon, (the word comes from wal, stranger, alien, and oon, one), and their flight from southern Belgium in 1567, to England, Ireland, Germany, and the Dutch Republic, from which so many liberty-loving Americans later came.

If one found himself in New York with about \$300 in his pocket, and a month of leisure at his command, he could see Belgium, dip into Holland, cross the Rhine in Germany; go to Paris, and return to the United States and still be within the limit of his time, and also have some change in his pocket. On August 17th, trans-Atlantic fares were cut drastically. Two 16,000 ton boats of the Red Star Line offer round trip passage, the best on the ship, for about \$200. Three boats of the Compagnie Maritime Belge, of

about half the above tonnage, offer round trips, cabin class, at about \$180. A passport costs \$6.00. No visa is required to Belgium.

A fifteen-day ticket on the Belgian railroads, travel where you will, as much as you wish, costs \$9.85; second class, or \$6.44 third. Students would do well to use third class. Excellent rooms in good hotels can be had for a dollar, or even much less. Breakfast costs from fifteen to thirty-five cents. Some of the large modern department stores serve marvelous meals for 14.5 francs (1 franc is 2.8 cents). In three visits to Belgium I was never overcharged a cent. Tips are always 10 per cent of the bill. Admissions to museums and galleries are seldom in excess of five francs. An automobile with driver can be rented for about seven cents a mile. One would need to be a spendthrift to use over \$150 in Belgium on a trip of one month from America.

Not all of us met the king and queen of Belgium when they visited New Mexico a few years ago, but most of us have heard praises of them since then. They are typical of their people. Their country cannot come to us. To appreciate it, we should visit Belgium.

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A Section of Poetry

NOTES FOR A DIARY

By CATHERINE STUART MACLEOD

One

Sweetgum branches
Are laces
Shifting green
The blue of sky.
Dogwood blossoms in white robes
Frailly slip
To virginal couches
Where pansy violets lie
Deep
In olive moss. . .

Two

Like opening night
Blooming cereus;
You present obstacles.
I dream of you. . .
There will be scent of jessamine
And sepia crisp on white
Magnolias,
Parting

Three

Let there be no word spoken
When you come to me.
Only the dark wind rushing
Through tall pines
And laughter of moonbeams
Bare on pebbles
In the deep of the stream. . .

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412] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

FRAGMENT

Translated and Adapted by CATHERINE STUART MACLEOD

Life

It nothing but a journey.
When you have begun to live
You have begun to die.
All of your time
Goes to death, and he will
Nevermore
Yield it back again.
All of your splendors and blisses
Go into sorrow
And your boasting into weeping;
Your garlands and your carols fail you.

Life is but a journey
In truth a very short one.
It is gone more quickly
Than a shadow cast from a winged bird
Or a bolt discharged from a crossbow.

[In 1340 A. D., an Augustine monk of Canterbury finished a religious treatise in prose, entitled "The Ayenbite of Inwit or Remorse of Conscience." It treated the ten commandments, the twelve articles of faith, the seven deadly sins, etc., with occasional illustrative tales, anecdotes, or lines of Santos. The language was that of the Southern dialect of Middle English. The author, Dan Michel, of Northgate (Kent), used around 2,335 words in the selection from which this is taken, namely, "How to Learn to Die."—C. S. M.]

THE DAYS PASS BY

By VAN DEUSEN CLARK

The days pass by
Like arrows flung into the sun,
As each returns
The same—another is begun.

The days, the sun
And all, what do they mean to me?
I shot my arrows
And they fell into the sea.

A SECTION OF POETRY

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SONNET

By IRENE FISHER

Across the sky, there falls a golden star
And all the earth is still in glad amaze.
The myriad little sounds of nights and days
Are quiet, waiting news from very far.
A sudden silence enters where we are
For held within your clear and steady gaze
Are thoughts more deep than any word conveys
And spirit talks to spirit without bar.

A deep and secret gladness is to those
Who know the radiance of that mystic talk.
They listen always to an inner song
And in their eyes a golden wonder shows
Their holy peace. When these together walk
What wonder that their hearts are ever strong?

ESSENTIAL MELODY

By NORMAN MACLEOD

Suspecting quietude attendant on the years
that flash like autumn trees
against the subtle waters moving
in symphony of silver
adulterated and sustained with thought
which fades no quicker than the memory
of fancied disasters
when time was young and the hard emotion
(no more than ripple on the tide of tendencies),
brain battens the possibility of acquittal
with the steadfast gaze
on nothing,
on an image remembered, retained
for no good purpose
other than survival, a self protective gesture
and the quiet rests like thought relinquished,
no hope, no resignation.

TO A DEAD LOVE

By IRENE FISHER

I think of you as one both dear and dead.
The very colors of the earth have changed
Since we together through thought's forest ranged;
With sorrow dull and grey I make my bed.
The zestful, brackish tang of life is gone,
And gentler secrets shared by friends. We two
Who gaily tasted wine or drank the rue
Are now forever each from each withdrawn.
And I—I ever wonder can you know
How once I loved you fair and well indeed?
But that is gone and never can I plead
For your returning. Neither friend nor foe,
Daily we meet, so separate, so near;
As one long dead, I hold you very dear.

A SECTION OF POETRY

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INTERLUDE

By IRENE FISHER

This is the end. Let us not strive to hold
Each other to our vows no longer meant
As when above me you in darkness bent
And murmured words so new yet ever old.
The trailing tendrils of a love grown cold
Can catch and mar with no malign intent
This perfect interlude of joy now spent
Before the future's fears around us fold.
Then let us cease before the beauty goes.
Only from endings do beginnings come—
The earth, its life, its summers and its snows
Spring from a thousand, thousand deaths and some
In form and feeling, like a jewel rare
As this, the banner of perfection wear.

THREE WHITE DOVES

By JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA

I whisper at the temple of your love,
O my sweet, soft one,
I send three white doves
Out of the sky of my soul
To carry my fire to you. . .
Three white doves—
Love, Song, and Rest.

In the coolness of your breasts
My three white doves
Will find a nest.

THE PRICE

By ALICE M. WILSON

"I will find fame," the fair lad said,
And started out
 one
 day.
He found his dream (an empty one)
But left youth on
 the
 way!

THE LOST DREAM

By ALICE M. WILSON

In dreams I ride a fairy boat
Across the sea to you.
Around your isle gold lilies float
Upon a pond of blue.
You greet me there upon the shore
Before the break of day:
But then—alas!—I wake once more
To find you gone away!

Letters from Quarterly Readers

Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

October 4, 1931.

Mr. Paul Walter, Jr.,
Director, University Publications,
University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque, New Mexico

My Dear Mr. Walter:

I am at work on the sketch of Andres Martinez and shall do my very best to get it to you by October twentieth. I hope that you will like it and that it will hold something of interest for New Mexico readers as "Andele" is quite as much a product of that state as his adopted Oklahoma.

I have received the August number of the QUARTERLY and read it with interest, critical interest if I may be so frank. I found Mrs. Austin's criticisms quite challenging, a bit severe in spots, but I must confess, on the whole, quite sound. A year of publication has nearly elapsed, and after due experience, meditation, and evaluation on the part of the board of editors, a definite editorial policy should be formulated. The magazine should have a purpose and an aim that justifies its publication, and stamps its contents. What can the West produce? Of what is it expressive? Dr. Pearce, in the August issue, raised the question of a distinct Southwest culture. I am inclined to believe such a thing exists but that its future is somewhat imperiled. To me, it is a thing worth preserving, and with enough of the good and beautiful in it to warrant further development. Santa Fe has done much for the architecture of the Southwest. The opportunity of the University of New Mexico lies in the field of letters.

Reducing the price may popularize the QUARTERLY but danger lies in wait. The literary tone must be elevated, not compromised, regardless of the popular demand for a popular magazine.

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I found promise in the poems written by the students of Dr. St. Clair's class. Nevertheless, I was somewhat annoyed at the announcement on the first page that "All the poems contained in this issue were written by students in the University, the best products of the Class in Creative Writing, under the direction of Dr. St. Clair." It struck me with the force of an advertisement, and I do not think that at any cost, the QUARTERLY should be the hand-maiden of the publicity bureau of the University. It seems to me that such a note, very proper and commendable in itself, would have been much more becoming to the page devoted to contributors. I appreciate not only the brilliance and scholarship of Dr. St. Clair, but also his modesty, and I think that he is the last person in the world who would want to have his classroom productions flaunted before the public as advertisements of either the University, or of his enviable record as a teacher.

One thing which I should like to see on the front cover is the volume and number of the issue. For library convenience, the name of the quarterly, date, volume and issue, on the strip between the front and back covers, after the manner of the Yale and other reviews, would be an improvement. Would it not be possible to secure a more typical border for the cover than the oak leaves? What would you think of something more symbolic of the Southwest, and the substitution of red ink for the green on the tan stock? That is only a suggestion for exterior make-up. The inside seems to me to be very well done.

I thank you for your offer of extra copies of the August issue. I think that I can place three or four rather advantageously. I would also like to have two additional copies of the May issue containing my "Story of the Dial," if available.

With very best wishes for the success of the QUARTERLY.

Sincerely yours,

HELEN E. MARSHALL.

Book Reviews

THAT FINAL SACRIFICE

Shadows on the Rock—Willa Cather—Knopf. 1931.

When, in 1927, Willa Cather, hailed by some critics as the greatest of living novelists, published *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, New Mexico laid claim to her as one of her own. The novel had its setting in New Mexico and dealt with episodes taken from the history of the state. It won world recognition. Now, when Miss Cather writes a novel, it is with an especial interest that it is read by New Mexicans.

There are other elements which make *Shadows on the Rock* of unusual interest to New Mexico. Although its setting is a great distance from this state, in Quebec, it might have been written of New Mexico. Its background of the isolated colonial settlement, where homeloving colonials looked longingly back across the sea toward their sunny fields in France; its ecclesiastical flavor, with martyrs blazing a glorious trail for the church, these things recall our own history of the same period, the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

The rock of Miss Cather's new novel, is the great rock on the edge of the St. Lawrence upon which Quebec was founded. The shadows are the people who strangely have picked this spot for the founding of a town, to which ships each summer make their way across the treacherous Atlantic to bring dispatches and supplies. The story is that of an apothecary, who came to Canada with Count Frontenac as his personal physician, and spent nine years of virtual exile with the aging governor-general, living for the time when he would return with the Count to Paris. But the time never came. The expected summons from the king was never received by the Count, who finally released the apothecary to return with his daughter

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to France, and offered gold to pay his passage. The apothecary, born and nurtured in old feudal France, at that time makes the "final sacrifice," places his life's dream of returning to France behind him and decides that, like the Count, he will remain and die in the colony.

The plot is not strong; it is a mere thread running through the episodes and shifting seasons of the book. It was the last year of Frontenac's life. The last ships returned to France, and through the long, hard winter, the colony lived on its memories and hopes, till the first ships came from France in June.

Miss Cather does not need strong or swift action to make her novels grip and hold attention. She has a subtler and a finer art. She can conjure up before the reader, scenes more vivid and real than any his eyes have seen. She can make her characters live and breathe and walk, rejoice and suffer. Her's is a finished art. Each line, each sentence, each paragraph in itself is a thing of beauty to be enjoyed. As in each of her novels, *Shadows on the Rock* has many passages which cling to the memory, passages filled with beauty and meaning, words which, like the characters of the book, are alive. Thus:

'Inferretque deos Latio. When an adventurer carries his gods with him into a remote and savage country, the colony he founds will, from the beginning, have graces, tradition, riches of the mind and spirit. Its history will shine with bright incidents, slight, perhaps, but precious, as in life itself, where the great matters are often as worthless as astronomical distances, and the trifles dear as the heart's blood."

And again:

"Listen, my friend. No man can give himself, heart and soul, to one thing while in the back of his mind he cherishes a desire, a secret hope, for something very different. You, as a student, must know that in worldly affairs nothing worthwhile is accomplished except by that last sac-

rifice, the giving of oneself altogether and finally. Since I made that final sacrifice, I have been twice the man I was before.' "

THE FLAVOR OF NEW MEXICO

Caballeros: The Romance of Santa Fe and the Southwest—Ruth Laughlin Barker—D. Appleton and Co. 1931. \$3.00.

Dancing Gods—Erna Ferguson. Knopf. 1931.

There are certain things which set New Mexico off from all other states and from every other region of the earth. Chief among them is the racial background, interesting from many standpoints. It has given to the state a distinction easily recognized in the arts, in architecture, in linguistics, in literary background, in cultural development.

The study of these racial factors in the history and the present make-up of the state is a never-ending pursuit. Each research leads to others more enticing. The field is immensely rich.

Two native New Mexicans, both raised in the very midst of the unique melting pot which is the drainage of the Rio Grande, have written with authority of what they know of the picturesque in the state and its people, taking their material very largely from their own observations and descriptions. Both books are well organized, well written, and each is having a great success. Either book can serve as a guide book to New Mexico for those who would leave the beaten path and see what there is away from the highways and modern towns. Each, also, furnishes sociological and historical material.

Mrs. Barker has written of the Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico, their origins, their development as colonials cut off from their mother country, the growth of their unique civilization in an inhospitable land where they learned to subject themselves to their environment, save what they could of the old, and adapt themselves to new conditions. It is a book that takes us into the homes and

hearts of the Spanish-speaking people, with a keen appreciation for their fine qualities. After telling of their colonial period, it shows that much the same life, with a few alterations is being lived by them today in the places where civilization has been less ruthless in its contacts.

Miss Ferguson, writing with the viewpoint of a journalist, describes the Indian dances, Indian pueblos and Indian customs of the state. Her exposition is simple and direct. It carries within itself the stamp of authority. With the modern myths built about the customs of the Pueblos she has little patience, and yet displays a deep knowledge of the Indian himself, his own psychology and his own point of view. That even the Indians have lost much of the meaning of their elaborate rituals is her contention.

Through Miss Ferguson's book runs the rhythm of the Indian dance, and starkness of the Pueblo land, the feel of vast expanses in land and in time.

ART OF THE MIMBRES

Cameron Creek Village—Wesley Bradfield. University of New Mexico Press. 1931. \$5.00.

Far too technical and detailed in its text for anyone but the archaeologist working in the Southwestern field, Wesley Bradfield* has given to his fellow scientists and all who love the Southwest a valuable and beautiful book.

A Santa Fe man, Mr. Bradfield was affiliated for most of his active life with the School of American Research. He did field work on many important sites in New Mexico and in Central America. He became one of the leading archaeological field men of the day, and won a reputation for his high development of the technique of excavating ruins and recording finds. Not the least of his accomplishments was that of fine photography, including his own invention for photographing the interior designs in bowls.

*Mr. Bradfield died in 1929, before he had completed his work on the book.

It is this excellence of photography which makes his book of real value and absorbing interest outside its own limited field. The book contains 108 pages of photographic illustrations, most of them of the designs of ancient Mimbres pottery. With the growing interest in the revival of the Indian crafts and arts, such a series of illustrations is invaluable. The material for them was well-selected, and nowhere is there quite such a complete photographic collection of fine pottery designs.

For those interested in Southwestern art, in the Indian and his civilization, the book comes as a real addition to a library.

PRIZE NOVEL

Brothers in the West, by Robert Raynolds. Harper Bros. \$2.50.

Several reasons present themselves for an interest on the part of New Mexicans in *Brothers in the West*. The young author was born in Santa Fe, and in the room of the old Governor's Palace in which Governor Lew Wallace is reputed to have written much of *Ben Hur*. Again, *Brothers in the West*, while making no pretense at being an historical novel, nevertheless faithfully reproduces the atmosphere and spirit of the pioneer days of the West, following the Civil War. Then, the fact that it has been chosen as the Harper prize novel for the two-year period, in itself is enough to stir interest.

The story Mr. Raynolds has written is, at first glance, that of two brothers, possessed of the restless urge to wander, which never leaves them. In reality, it is the story of a girl who comes into their lives. The brothers become a part of the strange environment in which she lives the days of her youth and maturity. Other characters who enter the chronicle influence her life and thoughts, and in turn are influenced by her as she emerges from a half-wild,

carefree girl of the prairies into a kindly, sane, capable pioneer woman who gives her all for her men folk, and to whom all of those with whom she lives are children needing her mothering and her care.

The book is remarkable mainly for the sense of the immense sweep of time and space which it leaves with the reader. In that particular, it is epochal. The story itself is good, at places stirring, always maintaining interest, and working into highly dramatic climaxes as human forces come to grips with the infinite.

It deals with the elemental things of life, and deals with them with a frankness that at times is shocking, after the manner of modern stories. There are few memorable passages and the philosophy propounded is not profound. It is not a book that calls for more than one reading.

Contributors to This Issue

Already well known to **QUARTERLY** readers are George St. Clair, Ph.D., head of the English Department of the University of New Mexico; T. M. Pearce, Ph.D., associate professor of English, and John D. Clark, Ph.D., head of the Chemistry Department.

E. H. SHAFFER is editor of the *New Mexico State Tribune* and an advisory editor of the **QUARTERLY**.

FRANK D. REEVE, M.A., assistant professor of History and Political Science at the University of New Mexico, has just returned from a year spent in study at Leland Stanford University.

F. M. KERCHEVILLE, Ph.D., came to the University of New Mexico this fall from the University of South Dakota, to assume the position of head of the Modern Language Department.

HELEN E. MARSHALL, M.A., a previous contributor to the **QUARTERLY**, is studying this year at Duke University, Durham, N. C.

F. M. DENTON, F.C.G.I., also a previous contributor to the **QUARTERLY**, is head of the Electrical Engineering Department of the University of New Mexico.

Among the contributors of verse, O. W. Reutinger, Van Deusen Clark, Alice M. Wilson, and Athene Moore are undergraduate students at the University of New Mexico; Jose Garcia Villa, also an undergraduate student at the University, publishes his own magazine, *Clay*, one issue of which has appeared, and recently has had a story accepted by Scribners. Catherine Macleod is a former graduate student of the University; Norman Macleod, also a former graduate student, edits the magazine *Front*. Irene Fisher is engaged in newspaper work in Albuquerque.

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