

Villa Pliniana

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to it, soaking up its spray in the dusk.

At first the cool dampness was such a relief that he couldn't sleep nights. He went to bed religiously at nine every night, but it did no good. He would lie awake hours listening to the flowing water, breathing deeply of the moist air, always conscious of its misty quality. He would study in his mind's eye that rushing wall, imagining every mossy stone in its proper place, the frothy spot here, and the green glass-smooth place at the right. Then to make sure that he had pictured it right, he would get up in the moonlight, go out on the damp flagstones, and spend the rest of the night, his feet propped on a mossy boulder, envisaging the ever-changing, splashing wall.

The novelty of relief soon wore off and he slept soundly through the night, except for rare awakenings to enjoy his happiness in the flowing water and misty air.

Every week he crossed the hot surface of the lake to get provisions, but he never lingered among the heated people of the sunny side. He came straight back to his cool paradise, always more sure he was the most fortunate man in the world.

With this soothing conviction he soon settled down to a more quiet, less eager enjoyment of his paradise. He tramped the whole villa till he knew its every detail. He began to read some and to think some. He considered writing a personal account to add popular fame to the scientific honor he confidently expected.

Life was becoming normal again. . . . He galloped his camel across the sand, swaying heavily on the towering saddle. He looked behind at the long train of camels, heavily laden, prodded and beaten forward by sweating, toiling Arabs. The Arabs were beaten forward by the roaring profanity of Black Bill. It was hot. The sun beat blazingly on his head. The sun rose blindingly from the glittering, shifting sands. He licked his lips. He reached for his canteen and then let it fall. It was better saved. They had found no water holes for three days. He drove onward. The damned sun was getting lower in the brazen sky. They drove onward. It was like crossing Death Valley in a dime novel. His tongue and lips would get black and crack. His tongue would swell. He would die in slow agony. . . . The sky was getting black in the west. The air was filled with a dry, slithering sound. Sand storm. It was perfect. He would wrap his face with layers of cloth, but the sand would sift through. It would bite his flesh. They would slowly suffocate. It would be so. They stopped the camels, got them down on their sides. They wrapped their faces and hid under the camels' bellies. It got black. The air was filled with flying sand. His ears were filled with the roaring, rushing roaring. Roaring. Roaring. . . .

He shuddered and opened his eyes. He became conscious of the delicious coolness of the misty air. He recognized the roaring flow of his beautiful, beloved cool water. He smiled relievedly.

He had dreamed quite often lately. He would have to start work on the report instead of lolling around. Work would make him sleep.

He turned over and went to sleep. The next morning he took his notes out into the loggia where the water gushed forth beneath his feet, trailing in foam onto the lake. He started writing his report. He wrote very

successfully until noon, and in the afternoon went swimming.

He continued this program for a couple of weeks. He slept better. The report was well started.

One morning he caught himself mooning. He had just been picturing the desert—its glaring sun, its sweating, stinking Arabs, its sand storms. He discovered that the last page of his report was too much tinted with strong, personal masculine feelings for a scientific report. A lot of damns and a lot of guff about the roaring of the sand storm. He came to the conclusion that the rushing water was too much like rushing sand. He couldn't distinguish them. The roaring distracted him. He couldn't concentrate.

The next morning he set up in the most removed corner of the villa. He tried to compose clearly and coldly. A scientific report must be clear and cold. He couldn't concentrate. The air was full of thundering water. He confused it with sand storms. They were all muddled. After that he merely rested. It was what he really needed. Still he steeped himself in water and absorbed himself in dampness.

He listened to the roaring, to the ever-present roaring. He listened to the gushing. He listened to the rushing of the ever-present roaring, to the ever-present roaring of the down falling water. Never ceasing. Never ceasing. Never hushing. Never hushing. To the rushing and the gushing, to the roaring, roaring, roaring of the water 'neath the flooring, of the torrent 'neath the flooring. Never ceasing. Never ceasing. He listened to the brawling of the water on wall, to the ever roaring fall of the water on the wall of the great main hall. He listened to the thunder in the air that split asunder as before the awful wonder of the roaring there down under, of the torrent loud as thunder. He listened to the roaring of the water 'neath the flooring, of the torrent that was pouring underneath the flagstone flooring; to the roaring, to the roaring, never ceasing, never ceasing, to the never ceasing roaring, roaring, roaring, roaring. Roaring. . . .

God!

He'd stop the damned noise. He jumped out of bed and rushed out of the gray block house. He rushed at the steep cliff. He scrambled up. He fell. He got up. He got bruised. Branches slashed him in the eyes. He cursed. He went on. The roaring got louder as he reached the falls, and then softer as he passed them. He didn't know. The blood roared in his ears even louder. He didn't pay any attention. He was concentrating. He was concentrating on reaching the place where the stream was deflected to the villa. He panted on, blood streaming from cuts into which the sweat streamed stingingly. He didn't notice it.

He reached the split in the stream. With the strength of giants he tore limbs from the ilex trees and the cypress trees. He hurled them into the channel. The current carried them off, uninterestedly, impersonally. He wrenched boulders from the ground and hurled them in too.

His first mad strength passed. He threw in small branches and rocks as big as his fist. He threw in twigs and leaves and grass. He worked on. The water gurgled cheerfully on toward the villa between his ineffectual sticks and stones. The moon laughed at naked, bleeding Arnold and his futile dam.

The moon laughed. The moon laughs.

MODERN GALAXY

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female detective. The surprise ending is used to great effect, and the average detective story will be put to shame by this work in matters of plot and character treatment. "A Song of Sixpence" is the mystery story, humorously told by John Buchan. His leaning toward grotesque situation brings to this work the adventures of a London lawyer, who unwittingly becomes involved in the affairs of a South American president.

"Lambert Orme", by Harold Nicolson, a young British author, is singularized by character and picture drawing of most delicate fineness. Mr. Nicolson devotes an entire page to the description of his hero's walk, and his effort is so successful that he distinguishes himself as a caricaturist of the better school.

Mary Austin, poet, novelist, and dramatist, contributes "Papago Wedding." An absurd story with no attempt to immortalize, it is genuinely human and entertainingly humorous. Miss Austin tells her story from the point of view of her heroine, an uneducated, child-like, Papago woman, and so creates a delightful atmosphere of realism.

"Wanted on the Voyage," by Denis Machal threatens to be another "modern Cinderella" story, but is saved by its simplicity and approach of character. "Blood-Money," by Sabatini, brings again that unscrupulous gentleman-pirate, Captain Blood. "The River God," by Roland Pertwee, "Bailey's Beach," by Esther Forbs, and "Double Birthday," by Willa Cather, may all be classified as character studies in a rather tragic mood.

Margaret Ayer Barnes contributes "Perpetual Care," a work of a soliloquizing nature. "North Is Black," by Oliver La Farge, is the tragic story of an Indian who mourns the coming of American civilization to his people. "The World Upside Down," by Elsie Singmaster, "The Bat," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, and "Blue Clay," by Phyllis Bottome, complete the collection.

For the reader who likes his literature in small parcels, "The Modern Galaxy" is heartily recommended. Here is a book which offers representative types of the modern short stories, written as a modern novelist writes them, and in so many fields that the whole will appeal even to the most severe critic.

—A. S. E.

CHURCH AND STATE

ROME AND THE PAPACY—by Gilbert Bagnani. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$3.00.

"How can a religion, universal and unlimited in character and moral authority, co-operate with forces that are strictly temporal, limited by national, geographical, and political frontiers, yet possess within these frontiers a material and immediate authority?"

This is the problem which the author of "Rome and the Papacy" sets forth in his preface, and the book is a lucid and entertaining attempt to define the problem in all the phases of its historical development. Although the author is a Catholic, and is careful to state his personal position with regard to the theological controversies discussed, he is more interested in the effect of these controversies on the relations of the Church and the State, and the growth of the authority of the Roman See. The explanations given of various events tend therefore to deal with the human and political side rather than with the philosophical and theological.

The book is a complete sketch of the relations between the Church and the State from the very founding of the Church to the recent Lateran treaty. He gives first the relations of the Church with the Roman Empire in the earliest days, together with a description of the rise of the Church Government and the gradual assumption of authority by the Bishop of Rome.

Then follows the story of the attempts to preserve unity in the Western Church while Italy was raided and sacked by barbarians from all points of the compass, and the gradual formation of the great modern nations of France, Italy, and Germany. The exile of the Popes in Avignon, the triumph and fall of the mediaeval Papacy, the great Council of Constance, the Crusades, and the beginnings of the Reformation are described. The author shows how the Popes, from 800 to 1870, worked with the one purpose of preventing the formation of a strong central power in Italy, because such a power would have jeopardized their personal freedom, as well as the spiritual unity of the Catholic Church. That the event finally did happen in 1870, and the way in which the Church has risen to new greatness as a result of it, is explained by the author. The author hails the recent Lateran treaty as a triumph of diplomacy and a final

Conversation

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read and better known than his master's own works; whereas Macaulay says Johnson spoke far better than he wrote. Again we find that two of the best-known names that can be found in history have lived entirely on the strength of their spoken words. Neither Christ nor Socrates ever wrote a single word.

Silent and uncommunicative men not only make disagreeable companions, but are unenlightening and not beneficial to mankind in general. A man like Calvin Coolidge might possibly be a highly intellectual person, but if he is such, the rest of the world can derive no great help from his thoughts. Personally, I am inclined to believe that silent persons are so because they seldom think of anything to say. It has been said in their favor that they speak little though wisely. This may be true enough if they have tact, diplomacy, and a knowledge of their limitations: but they are neither entertaining nor instructive—so blessed is he who speaks often and wisely.

Dr. Cabot, in his book, "What Men Live By," has some interesting ideas on the matter of conversation. I believe he refers to it as one of the minor arts, that of give-and-take. He, in his sanguine manner, shows the real joy of personal contact as well as its beauty, by comparing it, in grace and interest, to a game of tennis, in which the players are always on the alert to send a ball in such a position that the opponent cannot return it. A clever return evokes admiration, and not anger; the agility of each and the respect for each other's ability are increased when the players are fairly good. Thus a conversation develops one's mentality. The game of give-and-take is more clever than tennis, having as its dubs the gossips and the insipid speakers.

When I was of an age to read "Frank Merriwell" and other books of that type, someone told me I could judge a good book by the large amount of conversation it contained. I believed the idea to be excellent and I found it to work very well, because those books that I picked out on that basis were at the time exactly suited to my mental attainments and understanding. As I grew older I disregarded the idea and now have returned to it, but this time for an entirely different reason which I shall explain. I reason that worthwhile conversation is that type which brings

one into intimate contact with the speaker, and conversely, that story which brings one in contact with the author is worth reading. We are not so entirely taken up with the succession of incidents that we lose sight of the fact that the author was thinking of something else besides the forward movement of his plot. As in a chess game we move our men for the purpose of outwitting the opponent by finding flaws in his play, and not simply to castle a king, so the author places his characters in position and moves them about for the purpose of defeating some current notion of philosophy. That, to me, is conversation, for we are in contact with the author, and we listen to his philosophy, which he speaks in parables just as Christ did during His life. Olive Schreiner, in her book, "The Story of an African Farm," has given herself two characters—Waldo, representing her masculine tendencies, and Lyndall, her feminine ones, and she displays her own innermost characteristics by the use of them. Is that not conversation, and is it not worthwhile? Samuel Butler had some fault to find with an overdose of religion, so he tells us about it in his "Way of All Flesh." In "The Rubaiyat," Omar Khayyam tells his whole philosophy in poetry. In all of his plays Ibsen has some purpose for writing, and we imagine his personality, his presence, and his ideas, almost every minute that we are reading, nearly to the extent of being with him and talking to him. This is the conversation that I now look for when I am picking out a book, but I still feel that a real contact with these men would be more valuable than the synthetic, spiritual one to be had by reading.

Then, on the other hand, Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" tells us nothing and is not much better than the average novel. They may be pretty, or they may amuse, but they give us none of the benefits of a heart-to-heart talk. They give the reader's mentality no exercise and no appreciation of the human author. The best we can get is an interest in some fictitious person who only too often could not possibly exist; we cannot sense the mind of the author working in the background.

And last, but not least, to any young man the task of picking out a life-mate is one of interest, and this same consideration plays, or should play, a very important part in making the choice. A woman may lose beauty, position, wealth and many other things, but if she has an inherent ability to speak intelligently, she is very unlikely to lose that. Nor will her husband be likely to lose his appreciation of it. A young man should consider that he will be married a long time and that the game of give-and-take may be played with enjoyment long after the relish for the more youthful games has passed away.

A FAMOUS FAMILY

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ered in a dusty attic, recounting significant events of bygone days. It will cause many a chuckle, and an occasional jolt that will set the reader thinking when a moral is unobtrusively shot home.

—R. J. D.

PI LINES AND PRINTER'S INK

"THE EDITORIAL PAGE"—by Robert W. Jones. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2.00.

The subject of editorial writing has, strangely enough, long remained untreated in a logical and a pedagogical manner. Except for an admirable book by Leon N. Flint, "The Editorial", there is almost nothing which can be used for general information or as a text.

Mr. Jones is connected with the practical side of Journalism as well as the theoretical. He was for years employed as a journalist by the Associated Press, and at present is an Associate Professor of Journalism at the University of Washington. He begins with the question of policy of the editorial writer, holding forth the general concepts which have obtained since the beginning of newspaperdom. He shows the development of fairness and impartiality which characterizes the present-day reputable newspaper, and stresses the difference between

impartiality and complete neutrality.

The second section deals with the actual writing of the editorial, giving notable examples from current newspapers, and from famous editors of other days. The content is more valuable as interesting reading matter than as actual instruction in the technique of writing. Other sections treat the use of references, style, words, and the make-up of the editorial page for the maximum effectiveness.

The book, although it is accompanied by questions and problems after the manner of a text-book, is nevertheless good reading for the layman who is merely interested in Journalism as a potent molding force in present-day society. It is elementary enough to be understood by the average man, yet it presents a definite social problem and gives the reader a better understanding of the forces behind some of the most powerful pens in the nation.

—E. B. H.

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