

trial with Maggie. We felt with her, saw with her; and the grim tenement atmosphere was illuminated at moments with the brooding beautiful mystery of motherhood. The last line in the play, "Heinie, maybe they is roses in Wyoming!" would have wrung salt tears from a stage doorkeeper; for Maggie, the confessed thief, was thinking about flowers!

Now Mr. Hornblow's task in expanding this story into a three hundred and seventy-page book has been beyond him. Very likely it was an impossible task. Expanded, the beautiful little play becomes a crude melodrama, alive with burglars, detectives, saloon basements, and in general with the unpleasant literal

details of slum life (or what the author imagines to be slum life) with the instinct for humanity left out. Here and there among the pages are embedded solid chunks of dialogue from the play which, of course, lose much of their interest and virtually all their power in such surroundings. We no longer feel and think with Maggie in her pitiful gropings through the technically wrong toward the eternally right. We merely see her, here and there, as an over-elaborated character in a depressing story, hastily built up out of material designed for another sort of structure. *Kindling* was a good deal of a play. But it hardly seems to the present reviewer to be much of a book. *Samuel Merwin.*

THE FOREST OF DREAMS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Squaw-berry, bramble, Solomon's-seal,
And rattlesnake-weed wild the place—
You seem to feel that a Faun will steal,
Or leap, before your face.
Is that the reel of a Satyr's heel,
Or the brook in its headlong race?

Yellow-puccoon and the blue-eyed grass,
And briars a riot of bloom—
And now from the mass of that sassafras
What is it that shakes perfume?
A nymph? who has for her looking-glass
That pool in the mossy gloom?

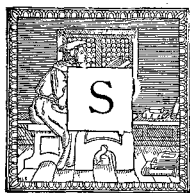
Mile on mile of the trees and vines,
And rock and fern and root—
What is it pines where the wild-grape twines?
A dove? or Pan's own flute?
And there!—what shines into rosy lines?
A flower?—or a Dryad's foot?

White plantain, bluet, and, golden clear,
The crowfoot's earth-bound star—
Now what draws near to the spirit ear?
A god? or a sunbeam-bar?
And what do we hear with a sense of fear?
Diana? or winds afar?

If we but thought as the old Greeks thought,
And knew what the ancients knew—
Then beauty sought of the soul were caught
And breathed into being too—
And out of naught were the real wrought,
And the dream of the world made true.

THE SCARLET ORCHID

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



CENE, a periodical publisher's office in New Zealand. It may be the office of a daily paper, or of a weekly chronicle, or of a monthly magazine. On the wall is a rottenly bad drawing, once used as an illustration in the periodical, framed, and a photograph of the President of New Zealand, signed. Desks, chairs, shears, blue pencils and other signs of sedentary occupation.

The characters are The Retiring Critic, who has just got a better job driving a horse-car on the Wellington Rapid Transit Railway; The Incoming Critic, not called Incoming because of any grossness of Income; The Advertising Solicitor, who has lines of joyful grin around the mouth and lines of carking care around the eyes, and Gladys, the stenographer. In the highly literary atmosphere of the office Gladys represents the World (not the *New York World*, but table d'hôte dinners with wine, forty cents), the Flesh (the shirt waist cost \$2.40, holes and all), and the Devil (at least that is the expression used by the Retiring Critic when looking over her typewritten transcriptions of his carefully dictated criticisms. And I don't blame him. How would you like to dictate "Miss Swan's bevy of six songs," and have it typed "Miss Seven's bury of sick sons"? The Incoming Critic is discovered seated at a roll top desk, the edge of which is burned brown. The Retiring Critic is seated beside him in a chair, smoking a cigarette.

RETIRING CRITIC (Scornfully)—Rats on your college education! What you want to know in this critic business is where to eat cheap. Bing's Dairy Lunch is good. Pie, five cents; six graham crackers and a bowl of milk, five cents; coffee, five cents. If you cut out the pie, you save thirty cents a week, and if you wear plain bosom shirts instead of plaited bosom you save ten cents a week more. That's forty cents, and you

can take Gladys to Caffetti's for dinner Saturday night. A literary man has to have some excitement, and Gladys will expect it. I'll bequeath Gladys to you. She's Bohemia.

INCOMING CRITIC (*Anxiously*)—But the—the serious criticism—the—the—

RETIRING CRITIC—Say, boy, this isn't a morgue. This is a live periodical. All you want to remember is what I told you. Every book that comes in is one of two kinds. It is either a coming Best Seller, or a Lemon. It gets a boost or a knock. In that left hand pigeonhole is the boost list, and in the right hand hole is the knock stuff. We have to be literary as the deuce in this critic game. It don't do to go on saying, "This book is a Lemon" and "This other book is a Lemon" and "This book is a Lemon." That ain't literary. You've got to vary. (*He takes paper from right hand pigeonhole*) Listen. All you need to do is to apply these to the books that need knocking. The boss stands for all of these. "Unfortunately this book lacks the necessary appeal—" "Much as it distresses us to do so, we can only predict failure for this effort—" And so on, And here—(*He takes paper from the other pigeonhole*) "Sparkling and vivid, this novel is sure to be one of the season's leading—" "Written in a masterly style, around a thrilling plot, this novel will find instant approval—" So on.

INCOMING CRITIC—But my studies in criticism? My ideals?

RETIRING CRITIC—Put 'em away in moth balls, son.

INCOMING CRITIC—But—but what is the use reading the books that come for review if I am to use only the stock phrases.

RETIRING CRITIC—Read the books! Listen to this, Gladys—he thinks he has to read the books! Why, son, do you think any man could stand the strain of reading books for the wages you'll get?

GLADYS (*Chewing gum vigorously*) Huh!

INCOMING CRITIC (*With suspicion*)—