

plexities or a sense of the powers of evil, or what? What is it that you will try to create with this play as the material and with your theatre as the medium? You must know. With this clear to you, you can set about finding a body for your idea; and, in so far as you can use your medium, you will achieve a unity, something that is alive, however satisfactory or not it may be to others, or significant in itself.

EVERY POET KNOWS

By Dorothy Dow

EVERY eager Poet knows
 Passions perish with the rose:
 Joys depart and love goes free. . . .
 Yet you sadly stare at me,
 Call me faithless and unfair,
 Wondering why I ceased to care:
 Seeking deftly what I lack
 For a spell to bring me back.
 O, Fond Silly one, no chain
 Vulcan forged can bind again
 My unchastened heart that took
 Freedom for its sacred book.

Many a woman, far too kind,
 Never dares the truth "You bore". . . .
 Only in her secret mind
 Shuts the gate and locks the door.
 I, with airy gesture bade
 You adieu, and turned to find
 Fresh enchantment . . . and you swore
 Hussy . . . hussy . . .

Here's a truth

Men but rarely hear, forsooth. —
 Every woman, in her breast,
 Bears an infinite unrest. . . .
 Every woman, did she dare
 Leave the spinning, leave the fire,
 As myself, would onward fare
 Loitering with her heart's desire. . . .
 Deep in every woman's heart
 Don Juan finds his counterpart!

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART: A STUDY IN CAREER

By Grant Overton

A PITTSBURGH girl of good family who had chosen to train as a hospital nurse became, when nearly twenty, the wife of a physician. Three sons were born to them in the next ten years and the mother's health was poor. Toward the end of this period of invalidism, when she was in her twenty seventh year, she began to write little articles, verse for children and even short stories. One day, having sold a poem or two, she went to New York and made a discouraging round of publishers. With one thing and another, in the first year of sustained effort at writing, she made \$1,200; a certain amount of tolerance in the family changed toward encouragement and she continued to write, sometimes on a card table, then with two fingers on a typewriter. It had mostly to be managed when the children were out for a walk, asleep, or playing. After three years her first book was published. It was a popular success and has since become a landmark in mystery-detective fiction.

At forty one the woman who had been an invalid spent forty days in the saddle through unknown mountains in Montana and Washington, as unwearied as her sons. Earning an annual income of \$50,000 or more from her writing was no trick at all. She was shortly to refuse the editorship of a great woman's magazine, double and treble her income, take her place as one of the distinguished hostesses in

the society of the national capital, and write her best book to date.

In the worn phrase of the book reviewer, but in all seriousness, I say that with the publication of her new novel, "Lost Ecstasy", Mary Roberts Rinehart stands on the threshold of a great career.

She who has had a half dozen careers is about to have the one she has always wanted. The fact that any one of her careers would have been a triumph for most women and many men is neither here nor there.

And what has she wanted? She said, a few years ago — forgetting or else underestimating "K." — that she was a "story teller. Some day I may be a novelist." I think she has always wanted to feel that she was a novelist in the sense of having power to make her story a commentary on life. Well, it is one of those achievements of which one can be most frequently unaware. It is an achievement of which one may remain wholly skeptical. A pronounced skepticism of this sort, a constant and humorous self depreciation, is Mrs. Rinehart's outstanding trait. I have no doubt that she thinks "Lost Ecstasy" merely the work of a story teller.

There is a story, sure enough, in this new novel. But as a matter of fact the book is the most fundamental expression of Mrs. Rinehart's creed I have encountered. I dare not say that it offers all her personal wisdom