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The Hindu Mystic

YOU of the Western World pass me by—
And sneer,
As I sit all day under the golden sky,
A seer.
You build smoke-cities; but know you
For what?
I heed them not and make my choice
A thought.
I find the greatest wealth hid in
My heart
Where you have finished, there
I start.
Pearl of the infinite, ruby of silent love
Are mine—
Wrapped in an ecstacy—reach the
Divine.
Blinding my eyes I see more than a world
Can hold—
Touching no earthly thing, all heaven
Enfold.

—Contributed.

Virtuosos of the Subway

SEVEN o'clock brings them out. The virtuosos of the subway are journeying into the City, to give their "numbers". Down from malodorous apartments in the suburbs they come, all those who have not yet arrived. Their public is at dinner, so they are borne to their halls, in nearly vacant cars. Quite often the halls are empty too. The City ignores them. They may be nameless. To themselves alone, are they important.

Harriet, the Concert-Singer.

Harriet will sing for them this evening. They will pay her ten dollars, and she will give them all the encores they want. Her first number will be something French, which they won't understand. Then "Mighty Lak A Rose" for an encore, after the dubious but dutiful applause. When she "has them", to use her professional jargon, "Danny Boy" will be rent with all the Irish heart-throbs plain-faced Harriet can muster. Toward the end of the program she will offer a slightly naughty little lyric about two lovers. The surprise element enters into it, when Harriet will enunciate with zealous clarity, intended to clear-away any personal suspicions the audience may have in regard to her character, that one lover was just a dear, old Jersey cow. All this for a frayed, weary audience in some Methodist Church bordering upon a neglected "end of the City".

Harriet is not beautiful; much too angular. Her shoulder-blades stand-out upon her evening gown, like crescents.

Furthermore she hates the gown she wears. Rain has fallen on the silk, and made it streaky. The festers of the tiny beads are commencing to rip out, and are dangling on threads. Yet she has a cluster of cloth-orchids pinned at her bodice which is an attempt to give a "dash" to an otherwise limpid costume. No one can expect Harriet to look like Maria Jeritza. Harriet works in an office during the day. Maria, as Harriet will tell you, lives in a swank apartment, is married to a Baron, and may spit or weep at her fellow-players, if she so wishes. Harriet plays an adding machine, and has never found herself in a position of sufficient economic security to enable her to spit freely. In fact, there is a sign in the office prohibiting it.

Yet Harriet has not rejected all her youthful visions of success. Next summer she will sing at a music-festival in Rhode Island. There is nothing paltry there. She will receive good notices. The Rhode Island papers think highly of her. She has sung there before. Upon one occasion she sang an anthem written especially for the occasion, by a native of the State. It was called "Rhode Island, the Land of Stalwart Men and True, May She Never Die." The composer was so impressed by Harriet's performance that he sent her, and continues to send, a can of maple syrup every Christmas. Oh, yes, Harriet is only starting her career.

Aubrey, the Old Rascal.

Aubrey is waning. That is Aubrey's art is waning. There is, no longer, a demand for it. Some years ago Aubrey was the brightest spot in glittering cabarets. He told awfully funny stories. He was noted for his riotous anecdote about the poor Mr. Rich, and the rich Mr. Poor. He

knew other little "knock-outs" about Chinese laundrymen, Irishmen, Dutchmen, and other popular nationalities. He was famous for his singing of Frances Wilson's success, particularly "The Dotlet Over the Eye." His facial contortions were sure to send any audience into a frenzy. He gave imitations of deaf parsons making their sabbath-announcements. Then too, he had been photographed once, at a "Professional Entertainers Banquet", in the act of offering Lillian Russell a bunch of celery. That was long ago when Charles Dana Gibson was largely responsible for the haughty demeanor of mutton-sleeved young ladies.

Even today Aubrey retains the old "flash" about him, that endeared him to the patrons of local eating-palaces. He wears a black fur-lined coat, with a florescent collar of brown fur. A bowler hat is cocked slightly over one ear. A diamond horse-shoe stick-pin sparkles upon a wide black cravat.

The good old days are gone. No one wants Aubrey's hilarious offerings. Occasionally the "Chamber of Commerce," or the "Business Men's Club" engage him to alleviate the dry spells between Mr. President's last speech, and Mr. President's next. Neither the response, nor the remuneration is large, but it suffices to keep Aubrey from the toils of some obscure business drudgery.

Miss Preston—Educator and Lecturer.

A high collar reaching to the chin, the bone supports sticking into her under-jaw, a lacy mesh running the full length of her bosom, a blue serge suit wrinkling across her shoulders, a flowery-hat perched carelessly atop her unkempt pompadour of yellow-grey hair, two sensible ground-gripper shoes which button up the sides—far up—and Miss Preston is accoutred to deliver her lecture titled, "Was Ruskin a Greater Master of English Prose, than Carlisle?" Miss Preston won't commit herself. She will close her lecture with a coy "I wonder."

The lecture will be given in a dingy little room in a dingy hotel, once famous for rolls and refinement, and now sinking into the oblivion of a traveling-man's hostelry. The audience will have crept forth in their old clothes, from their old houses. They are some of those, whom Burton Holmes escorts "Around the world", on Saturday afternoons.

Miss Preston is going to stimulate them. She has done it before. Twenty years ago her affect was so invigorating that this same audience sent her a lock of the Master's hair. The Master at the time was Browning. She prized it for she appreciated the difficulty of it's attainment. According to her "Perry Pictures", Browning was bald.

Aside from serving as a literary narcotic monthly, she attempts daily to arouse a class of phlegmatic young ladies to the heights of lyric ecstasy. She is not startlingly successful. In proof of this her Christmas gifts are never hirsute relics. They are very modern handkerchiefs, and smelling salts. The fault is with the girls. Miss Preston says that they are not alert.

Apathy is a condition Miss Preston hates most. Probably this is because she has always been so active. She used to go riding with Harvard professors, before the professors reached Harvard. She went canoeing, fell over once, nearly drowned, but remained alive simply because she willed it.

In Cresthaven, she lives, and always has lived. She remembers when Cresthaven was an apple orchard.—"And now look at it," as she herself

says. Out there her literary ability is held in high esteem. She may be relied upon for an intelligent criticism of all modern novels, and authors. She finds most of the work of the moderns "a poignant study, interesting in its way, poorly written, and very disagreeable—Stevenson you know did the same thing in a manner far more skillful."

She has never missed a day at her school, and still wonders why her pupils do not respond to her vibrations.

—Lewis Hammond, '27.

The Old English Metaphor

TWO particular qualities are certain to be noticed by the reader of the Old English literature. The first of these is its force; the second, its color. Although the Anglo-Saxon metaphor can be considered as an element of force, yet it is more particularly the one component more than any other that lends color. In it lies, incipient, the grandeur of the lines of Marlowe and the finely turned figures of Shakespeare. In fact, the beauty of the metaphors is one of the most outstanding characteristics of the early English writings.

In the first place, the poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, as well as all of their compositions, is close to nature. The poet of the period was confined by the walls of no town; he could observe most intimately the ceaseless play of the natural forces working around him in England, at that time one of the most geographically varied countries. The touch of the setting sun over the barren mere, the silent swoop of the "wet-winged" eagle over the rugged oaks, the tuneless drip of the misty drizzle from the sodden-grey clouds—all these found their way into the very soul of the singer. We have here the material that lends color to the literature of the time. But there is another side to life that finds expression in the "Battle of Maldon". The struggle for survival was more than keen. The Roman power was trembling to its mighty fall, and the provinces waited, tense, for the sight of the barbarian. Invasion after invasion swept over the tiny English isle until we find a conglomeration of races. Life was tense. A strong repression is imbedded in the first English verses, a repression that indicates the intensity of feeling behind it. This gives a ton to every syllable, and, for our purpose, to every metaphor.

We find, therefore, that a primary quality of the Old English metaphor is its vividness. In "Beowulf" we see one of the finest examples of this quality. "Unless perchance the fire's embrace should swallow it in smoke". Several pictures are conjured up. There is the imaginary picture of a fire that is mighty enough to roll up those huge volumes of smoke that shut out the face of the day. "Should swallow it in smoke"—we see the lurid glow of the flames smothered by the distended billowings turning over and over on themselves, and forming a ghastly maw that engulfs even the foundations of the building, the stony Heorot. From "embrace" we feel how the roaring fire demon crushes the edifice until it crumbles and falls. Although the figure is brief, there is in it a peculiar aptness of expression that brings the picture into startling relief.

Take another metaphor from the same epic. "Thence the surge riseth wan to the clouds, when the winds stir up foul weather till the air thicken and the heavens weep". This well illustrates the second characteristic of the figures of the Anglo-Saxons—*simplicity*. The poet does not say "the wind stirs up", but "the winds stir up". This is a simple change, nevertheless there is a great difference of vividness gained by it. "Winds", being plural, suggests the shifting cross-currents of air that, before the breaking of a storm, confound their own motion. "Wind", on the other hand, would have been more ordinary, and might or might not have the connotation of the complex atmospheric movement that can "stir up foul weather". Again, look at the phrasing "till the air thicken". Before the storm has crashed down in its fury we have all felt that breathless moment when animate nature seems to pause and to wait in reverence. The very burden of the atmosphere oppresses all motion and stills it into expectant quiet. "The heavens weep" is a clause that well portrays the desolation of the drear English landscape, drenched by rain, so sodden that it is sad. These expressions are not elaborate; most are taken from everyday life; but they are vivid.

Another predominant quality of the Old English metaphors is strength. One of the "Riddles" contains the line "and the waves that covered me beat harmony". Something delicate in this phrasing cannot cover the real repression and strength. The mere word "beat" suggests the rhythm of the natural order and the measured swell of mighty seas. There is a careful handling of the language so that, by the habitual Anglo-Saxon parsimony of expression, the bard says more in one word than he could in a whole verse. For another illustration of this same quality of strength, turn to the powerful nine-line hymn of Caedmon. "He hung the bright heaven". Although this word hung has been translated "framed", yet the connotation is approximately the same in both cases. It describes not only the action of the "Master of Heaven" but his nature as well: a being sufficiently stupendous to drape, as it were, the infinity of his dwelling with the twinkling of galaxies. The poet's mind is not devoid of delicate image, therefore he says "bright" heavens. Making no further attempt to portray the wonder and beauty of the sidereal canopy, Caedmon rests content with the simple word that bears so much weight of suggestion. The very brevity of this description lends to it a great degree of power. Its rugged strength is not "glozed o'er" with any superfluities.

The metaphors of the Anglo-Saxon singers well reveal the mysticism of their makers. Cynewulf must have felt in his impressionable mind the space of unseen distances, the mysteries of the silence of the universe. When he wrote the "Doomsday" passage in his "Christ", he used the following description of the sound of the "crashing" trumpets of the angels: "Glorious and steadfast they shall sound together over against the course of the stars, chanting in harmony, and making melody from north to south". It is probable that Cynewulf employed this literally. "Over against the course of the stars" echoes the poet's awe at the empty spaces out beyond the earth, where the soul of man wanders lost in the vastness of the God-created night. For a like expression of mysticism, there is in one of the "Riddles" the verse, "searching out the caverns of the deep". The comparison of the solid, tranquil weight of ocean depths to caverns shows that the writer was fascinated by the unexplored spaces beneath the tossing of the waves. For the cavern, from the birth of the race, has been the harbouring-place of mystery and witchery. Thus did the poet imagine those things of which he knew nothing. He had the feeling of his own smallness in the world of created things, and he bowed, and worshipped, and sang.

Neither is the metaphor of the Old English without realism. We find in "Beowulf" the line "wolf-cliffs wild and windy headlands, ledges of mist". Here the poem fastens on the wierd spirit of the natural surroundings. The poet, because of his own austerity of spirit, is more likely to sense those influences that are drear and barren. But he has turned their barrenness into poetry.

It may easily be argued that the metaphors cited above are not, in the strict sense, literal translations from the Anglo-Saxon. Nevertheless, as it has been intimaetd, we must look for the poetic meaning of each

figure rather than the verbal expression, especially in the case of translations. It is the idea behind the word that lends to the Old English metaphor its vividness, simplicity, strength, mysticsm, or realistic elements. Then too, the qualities that are found in the metaphor will be found in the literature as a whole. It is the metaphor, however, that epitomizes the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon singer, and casts no uncertain ray backward to the obscure birth of the English bard.

—F. Wylie Sypher, '27.

Pensee

La pluie tombe, et les feuilles
Poussees par le vent qui souffle,
Mouillees par les gouttes de pluie,
Se jettent sur mes croisees.

Elles viennent comme des passagers
Qui cherchent l'asile dans l'orage;
Elles frappent imperieusement,
Puis passent dehors de ma vie.

Et moi? Je pense amerement
Aux hommes qui viennent comme les feuilles,
Portes par la force de la vie,
Et passent; qui sait par ou ils s'en vont?

—Le Grenat.

As It Should Have Been Written

ALTHOUGH he was a medieval knight, Geoffrey had a sense of humor. Therefore when he told Alice St. Juste he would perform any feat of daring if she would marry him, and she had promptly told him to slay the dragon of Screaming Mere, he had to admit that the joke was on himself. It occurred to him that he had received a tacit rejection.

"Godslife!" he reflected, "Why did the woman have to take me so seriously? If she didn't want me perhaps somebody else might." The whole incident, to his mind, showed just the least bit of callousness on the part of Lady Alice. Oh, he'd go thru with the geste alright—he'd given his word and besides he wasn't going to let his beloved or anyone else but himself know he was afraid.

The dragon of Screaming Mere was a beast that had appeared periodically for the last fifteen years in the neighboring duchy of Marovel. After having gorged on both men and cattle, it vanished again into the lecherous fen it inhabited. When it first made his appearance it was quite the thing to endeavor to kill it, but since not one of all who had essayed ever returned, enthusiasm for the project had waned. The last time it came forth, only one knight from Cheveraut set out on the quest; he had undertaken it while under the influence of liquor and had continued to imbibe freely up to the very hour he had met the brute.

The evening after his interview with Alice, the knight had gone to an inn with the idea of starting from there in the morning. If he let people know the exploit he had in view, his friends would come around to say good bye, the priests would absolve him, and everybody would start to speak of him in the past tense. They meant well, of course, but it was depressing.

Having finished an extremely early breakfast, he mounted his charger the while he continued to ruminate on the events of the last few hours. He was not in a cheerful frame of mind as he rode toward the low lying dashes of greyish-blue that marked the Cheveraut mountains. He may have been a bit touchy, but it seemed to him that every raven along the way eyed him with a morbid air of possession. But when the sun rose and he ceased shivering, his attitude toward the world became more sorrowful than angry. It suddenly came to him that he was doing a noble thing, and he felt so virtuous and superior whenever he met other men hurrying about their own petty business, that he waxed more cheerful.

Now the usual thing when approaching Marovel was to pass around the mountains, but when, at the end of the second day, Geoffrey arrived at the foothills, he determined to cross the range and get the matter over with as soon as possible. This thing of having a duel with a dragon on one's hands was rather hard on the nerves.

Accordingly he was directed to a road of sorts that led up past the tall, sombre hard-woods, broken here and there by the darker green and softer footing of a streak of evergreens, thru some deep-notched, nameless pass, and so until at sunset of the third day he arrived at an outlook whence he could see on the cliff-flanked arm of one of the mountains, a fortress which he took to be the stronghold of the d'Arabesques, lords of Marovel. Below this he noticed fragmentarily thru the trees, stretches of untimbered land.

On the next day Geoffrey rode down into the valley until he came to a fairly well-used road which he thought would take him to the castle. As he followed this he observed fields on either hand and occasionally he passed a house, but of those who inhabited these houses and worked these fields, he saw no sign. When he had traveled thus for perhaps three miles, he heard the swish of water in a hurry and topping a little rise he saw where his road dipped into a very convincing river. Ordinarily, he judged, here would have been quite a reasonable ford, but the stream had risen so much by virtue of recent rains, that he hesitated several minutes before he decided to try it. Taking a tight grip on the lead-rope of the horse that bore his accoutrements, he walked his mount slowly into the river. As he proceeded, the water crawled slowly up until he was wet to the knees and it took all his charger's strength to maintain a footing against the swift current. He was so intent on keeping his horse from stumbling that he did not see a mass of wreckage which the flood was driving toward him with a fatal velocity. When he finally did perceive it, he made a desperate attempt to avoid it and in so doing caused his horse to lose its balance. It rolled over sideways, and Geocrey, losing his seat, sprawled into the water.

By heart-breaking efforts he managed to swim gradually nearer the shore until, about a half mile below at another ford, he managed to check his progress and scramble ashore. His convulsive breathing stilled, he rose to his knees and thence sprang quickly to his feet, suddenly conscious of another's presence.

The stranger was a young lady in full armor except for the helmet, who stood at her horse's bridle and regarded him dispassionately. The knight met her gaze and was all at once immensely aware of a pair of eyes that seemed to question his right to clutter up the world, set in a lean, tanned face. They were fine eyes, with dark circles under them, and in them there was a humorous bitterness.

"What are you doing here?" she asked. Her voice was low and pleasant but there was a certain definiteness about it that Geoffrey had not expected but of which he was quite sure he approved.

As he started to respond he thought of his bedraggled condition and his innocence of weapons and the irony of the situation caused him to laugh aloud in genuine mirth.

"I've—I've come to kill the dragon of Screaming Mere," he answered.

Immediately the satire went out of her eyes and they were lit instead with a friendly interest as she smiled in sympathy.

"I'm glad you came," she said.

And for the first time the knight was glad too.

There were a couple of minutes of silence while Geoffrey removed his boots and ran the water out of them; then she spoke again. "If you will come to the castle with me, I imagine you can find satisfactory arms and armor," and then a little grimly, "there will be none to dispute their possession with you."

He puzzled on this for a moment, and then gave it up.

"What was the force of that last remark?" he questioned.

"The knights of Marovel have all either left the country or met the dragon," the girl answered, as she mounted her horse and commenced to walk it down the road. Geoffrey made no comment; he was too intensely thoughtful.

They proceeded for about an hour in silence, then the knight: "How did you happen to be there to greet me?"

"I'd just led out a party, to scout the beast's movements. It doesn't do us much good, but we have a horrid curiosity about the thing. Let's go up and see if we can find it from here," she continued, turning her horse into a lane that ran up a fairly noticeable hill.

When they were almost at the top a page dressed in what Geoffrey recognized as the livery of the d'Arabesques, caught up with them. "We found no signs of him by the lake, my lady," he said. The knight widened his eyes in surprise for he realized that his capable companion was the Lady Jocelyn Marie, since her brother's death, ruler of Marovel. To his satisfaction and the page's evident displeasure, the lady made the boy dismount and surrender his horse to her guest; then they continued toward the summit. While on the ascent they had felt no breath of air, but as they topped the hill, a brisk, cool breeze struck them, and born on it was a raucous screaming that had something so ineffably coarse about it that Geoffrey wrinkled his nostrils in disgust. They wheeled their steeds around an obtruding clump of brush, and looked down. The dragon of Screaming Mere, he was forced to confess, was everything for which it was credited. In fact he was inclined to the view that the case had been understated. Just now the animal was sitting on its haunches methodically bashing in the front of a substantial looking stone house. An occasional spear thrust out as it showed that here a portion of the scouting party had taken refuge.

The princess gave a dry sob, glanced at him, and then looked away. Geoffrey drew a deep breath—this was his cue to move. He tried to speak but failed, then he got a grip on himself and tried it again. This time he succeeded. "If you'll give me your sword, lady, I'll see what I can do about it," he said, in a rather tired voice. After that neither said a word.

She drew her sword and offered him the hilt; then passed him the shield which hung at her saddle. He took them and galloped down the hill, vaguely wondering what he would do.

He was still about a furlong distant when the dragon, having finished his repast, turned away and started in his direction. This was too much for the horse, it came around on its hind legs and bolted. It was no time for dainty measures. The knight severed the charger's spinal cord and dropped free.

In the meanwhile the beast had spied them and was making more haste than Geoffrey thought warranted in his direction. He licked his lips and examined his sword; it was too light and slender. Oh well, it didn't make much difference, the result would doubtless have been the same no matter how well armed he was. His thoughts went back to the Lady Alice: it was all her fault that he was in this predicament. By St. Simon, if he ever got out of this affair alive, he knew one damsel he'd avoid. The brute was almost upon him. He crouched, waiting.

Suddenly he was scorched by a wave of foul breath, huge teeth crunched on his upthrown shield, and he found himself looking into the dragon's great, red-rimmed left eye. He snatched back his arm, not without receiving some lacerations, and stepped aside. Then as the animal spewed out his shield, he jumped upward and forward in a desperate full arm lunge, a thing impossible in armor and with his own heavy broadsword, straight into the swimming pupil until his forearm was all gooseflesh from contact with its clammy walls, and he felt his blade sink to the hilt in the soft tissue behind. A mighty claw swept him away, torn and

bruised, and threw him some thirty feet. When he had finished rolling, he made no further movements.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The dragon's eyes which Geoffrey had beheld for the last ten days were suddenly metamorphosed into those of a round faced little doctor bending anxiously over him, and the knight, who had set himself to deal the death blow for the thousandth time, relaxed and looked around him. He was in some habitation or other, and judging from the way he was bandaged, in a considerable state of disrepair. Judging too from the fact that he was there at all, he must have killed the dragon. He idly wondered if they had extracted the sword from the thing's eye.

The doctor, as soon as he perceived the sane light in his patient's eyes, had turned with a delighted smile and said something to a waiting page.

In a few minutes the princess burst into the room, with the boy at her heels, and hastened to his bedside. In answer to his questioning look she nodded smilingly. "Yes, you killed it," she said.

He gave a sigh of satisfaction and then turned to the youth. "Will you do something for me?" he asked in a weak voice.

The youngster eagerly assented. Geoffrey continued: "See that the dragon's head is delivered to the Lady Alice St. Juste, who lives near the capital of Cheveraut." Here the princess looked somewhat taken back. "And tell her," the knight went on, "that if she ever sees me again, she has my knightly word that I'll eat it for breakfast!"

—John M. Myers, '28.

The Fault, the Star, and the Underlings

MENTION Shakespeare's name and you may be fairly certain that you will have a deadening affect upon your listener. Your listener undoubtedly has studied Shakespeare in school. It is not unreasonable then, that he should be bored. He has met "Will" through the dry channels of academic routine.

The academic channel is limited. Not every subject is suited to its narrow path. The subjects most inclined to it are those which are highly technical; mathematics, and various sciences. The chief factor for the understanding of them is "study". The facts are plain, and unyielding. There may not enter into the student's study of them a personal element. Whatever appeal they may have is distinctly intellectual. Their emotional content is nil. However, the main feature is that these lines of work are not intended for popular enjoyment. Primarily they serve as a means to some end. Essentially they are as practical as the table of weights and measures. Often they are of as great importance. To this form of learning the academic system is not only satisfactory, it is perhaps the most practicable.

In opposition to this technical branch of the educational shrub there is another branch composed of what is blightingly called, "the cultural studies". (The phrase is contradictory to the accepted significance of the word "culture", when used in this regard. In spite of the scholars, culture never meant study i. e. learning. The two words are often confused yet they suggest widely different conditions.) The true "cultural studies" are forms of some creative expression intended to give enjoyment in the sense of an emotional satisfaction not necessarily entailing the surface-emotion, pleasure. Consequently when they fall under the rigid academic regime their purpose is destroyed almost entirely. They are not enjoyed. They are studied.

After this long digression, one may consider the case of the unfortunate Shakespeare, the victim of the erudite dilettanti, Shakespeare perhaps more than any other, has suffered most from the academicians. His plays are subjected to the unrelenting interpretation of an "authority". Each minute detail which appears obscure, is dealt with in much the same manner in which quadratic equations are solved. Included among all the Shakespearean texts designed for school use, are vast notes, and many essays intended to clarify for the pupil, the author's characters. Shakespeare's own line, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" is particularly true in this instance. One may quote from as representative an edition as that of Prof. Rolfe's to observe the wealth of dryed asphodels thrown upon a genius' head through the medium of his characters. Rolfe has taken the opinions of various authorities. Here are a few from his edition of Hamlet:

"Who ever knew a Hamlet in real life? Yet who, ideal as the character is, feels not its reality? This is the wonder. We love him not, we think of him not, because he was witty, because he was melancholy, because he was filial; but we love him because he existed, and was himself. This is the sum total of the impression."

"Ophelia—poor Ophelia. Oh, far too soft, too good, too fair to be cast among the briers of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon

THE SEA LEECH:—Yes, indeed. I can already gloat at its complete success! It has always been my ambition to sail a ship around the world at everyone's, or anyone's expense but my own. You've done road bumming—you know what it is. My idea is somewhat the same, excepting that it is practiced on the high seas rather than upon the state roads. To repeat, I have always wanted to steam my ship into and out of the harbors of the world on the fuel and water of other vessels.

THE MATE:—And how easily it was done! We came up from astern, as you ordered, and slowly adjusted the decks of the Elsinore until they were even and true with the corresponding decks of the American Legion. Then we made them fast. Hauling up the sides and putting them in place was only the work of a moment. We put out our bows, rigged up the stack, and here we were.

THE LEECH:—And here we still are. What is the novel situation? Our ship, the Elsinore, is superimposed deck for deck, line for line, upon another vessel, and made to occupy its identical area, much as one geometrical cube is merged into another and similar cube. Unknown to anyone on the American Legion, then, we are driving on toward our destination with her speed, her gear, and with her night watches. My men do no work, my mate does no navigating. Even my passenger lives in one of their cabins. A perfect arrangement! If only I could superimpose in like manner upon their payroll! And the principle by which all this is done is so simple that it is laughable.

THE MATE:—Check! When you once see it!

THE LEECH:—Precisely. Everybody knows now how to stand an egg on its head, after Columbus discovered the principle. See those two masts? (pointing to the fore and main masts of the American Legion) See the cable stretched taut between them? Did it ever occur to you that the rest of this ship is kept from sinking by being hung from that cable, much like the pants of a man are kept off the ground by his suspenders?

THE MATE:—Why no. I always thought the water held up—

THE LEECH:—Of course you did. That's the obvious, but not the correct conclusion. Yet even if such a thought had occurred to you, would it have suggested what was instantly suggested to me?

THE MATE:—About the——?

THE LEECH:—About the possibility of hanging a second ship to the same cable, thus—er—well, thus doing what we are doing?

(No reply)

Of course, the scheme has its drawbacks. Here I must pretend to shine brass on the American Legion and you must pretend to swab decks, and these duties we must not neglect. In any circumstance, let neither of us betray by mouth or eye that you are the mate and I am the captain of a second ship which we have cleverly attached to this one by means of our bewildering but nevertheless workable scheme.

THE MATE:—Right! Check! O. K.

* * * * * *

SCENE 2: The promenade deck of both vessels. It is night. The SEA LEECH polishing the after coathangers. The decks of his own

ship, the Elsinore, are not quite flush with those of the American Legion, and this discrepancy worries the Leech. He looks about anxiously for his Chief Mate, and while thus engaged, overhears seven A. B.'s of the American Legion plotting a mutiny against Captain Rose of that ship. Becoming aware of this interesting development, a look of chagrin and disappointment covers his face. He puts his fingers to his mouth and gives vent to a piercing whistle. A few moments later, the CHIEF MATE of the Elsinore appears. The Leech looks at him with plain dissatisfaction.

THE LEECH:—The decks aren't flush.

THE MATE:—(Aside)

Do my ears deceive?
Or must I believe
That my skipper censures me?
Has the day, alas,
Now come to pass
When his anger falls on me?
Poor me?
Little me?
His Mate?
Oh Fate,
Why are you so fickle?

(To the Leech, vaguely) The decks not flush?

THE LEECH:—(Peevishly) No, and what's more, I didn't think when I employed you that I would have serious cause for complaint. I scarcely believed you would fall short of being a perfect mate—

THE MATE:—Me? Not a perfect mate? Haven't I kept the ship in good condition?

THE LEECH:—Yes, of course.

THE MATE:—Haven't I always held you in the highest esteem, given you the respect due to your position?

THE LEECH:—Yes, and that's just the trouble. You have been too loyal, too faithful. You tend to bore.

THE MATE:—You don't mean that you want me to be—well, for example to be otherwise?

THE LEECH:—You might try to be, for a change. For instance, become argumentative, for a starter. Then work up to a disagreement, and after that you might—well, you might show a little spirit and start a mutiny.

THE MATE:—(Aghast) What!

THE LEECH:—A mutiny. Captain Rose is going to have one. Why can't I?

THE MATE:—But is it proper? Is it the thing?

THE LEECH:—Not usual enough to be trite, but still—

THE MATE:—Quite right. Now that you mention it—

THE LEECH:—Of course. Well, let's have it. Put some life into the affair. Make it a good one—something to which I can refer with pride.

THE MATE:—But the crew, sir! They trust you. How can I incite them to mutiny?

THE LEECH:—Tell them anything to anger them. Say I have refused to

grant their request for silverware and silk sheets. Lie about me. Do anything!

THE MATE:—Ah me! Was ever a mate more beset by the whims and desires of his skipper? But even in this perversity I'll be faithful, if only I can play my discontent actively before the crew. But by the way, Captain, what day to today?

THE LEECH:—Tuesday.

THE MATE:—And the date?

THE LEECH:—The 13th of September. Why?

THE MATE:—I dread the coming of the 15th.

THE LEECH:—The fifteenth? Why dread the coming of the fifteenth?

THE MATE:—My hay fever day. I've had my initial attack of hay fever on September 15th annually for the past twenty years. It's a tradition!

THE LEECH:—(astonished) Hay fever at sea? Nonsense! What meadow grass grows on the ocean to bring you, or any other man, hay fever?

THE MATE:—(despondently) Sea weed. Doctors say I'm the only man in the world to be so affected. The attack comes so suddenly and so violently that unless I get instant relief by an application of golden rod pollen, working the land weed against the sea weed, I sneeze myself into violent aberrations.

THE LEECH:—And this application of which you speak?

THE MATE:—It is in the Elsinore's medicine chest, on the wall of your cabin.

THE LEECH:—Then luckily you are provided.

THE MATE:—Right! Check! O. K.

ACT TWO

SCENE I. On the after hatch. The MATE, surrounded by the SAILORS of the Elsinore.

THE MATE:—And so we are to break away, silently, and leave him here. Every man to his station, then, to wait for the word. I'll give it during the confusion of the revolt against Captain Rose. Cast free the lanyards, and as the Elsinore begins to draw away, part by part, from the American Legion, cling to whatever you can.

(Shouts and cries of "Mutiny! Mutiny" from without)

There it begins. Our time is full. Head Light, you go in the crows-nest, while you, King Post, take the wheel. Once upon the seas, and under our own power, with myself on the bridge as Captain, your demands will be fairly met. Quickly now, and without a sound.

(The sailors, all but Jack Staff, disperse rapidly.)

Has ever this been done before,
On other ship than the Elsinore?
Where a mate has been able
By the slack of a cable
To steal the ship from his master?
In the simplest of ways
To loosen the stays,
And drop down the decks from his master?

And, upon second thought, without precipitating said master into the water? I think not; but if I must lead a mutiny, then it shall at least be significant by its sheer originality.

(Goes out).

JACK STAFF:—I'm an old sailor, says I, and can find my way to the nearest pub in any port, East or West. If there's mutiny abroad, I'm to have a hand in it, says I, more a dishonest hand than an honest one, if I knows the ropes.

No, no, says I, not done before,
And not yet done to the Elsinore.

(Goes out.)

* * * * * *

SCENE TWO: The saloon deck. The Leech moodily shining brass hose nozzles.

THE LEECH:—(disconsolately). Perhaps it was asking more than the honest mariner could bear, after all. Perhaps I had no right to demand a mutiny before my men had been trained in the art. But they might have tried. The Mate might have led them in some sort of a rebellion, however slight it may have been. At its worst, it could not have been as wretched as the mutiny brought against Captain Rose. That failed entirely. A little noise, a rush, a few blows, and it was all over.—The men were beaten back, the mate thrown into chains, the Captain cheered as the victor, and so proud of his crew that I can scarcely remain on his ship for shame. Of course, it failed, but it was at least a try. If my men had only—

(Enter the PASSENGER)

PASSENGER:—(Excitedly). Have you seen my cabin?

THE LEECH:—(Stepping back to admire his artistry on a hose nozzle) Why no. Have you lost it?

PASSENGER:—It is not on board. I've looked everywhere.

THE LEECH:—(Still preoccupied; daubing more polish on a dull spot). It couldn't go far. Cabins, as a rule, don't—(pauses, opens his mouth in astonishment, stares incredulously at the passenger). Did you say your cabin was gone? (His fingers relax, the can of polish drops to the deck). By Tridon!

PASSENGER:—Not only has my cabin disappeared, but also a whole row of port-holes with it. What are these sudden changes made? You are a seafaring man. Tell me.

THE LEECH:—Your cabin and the portholes gone! (groans) Parts of the American Legion, parts of the American Legion. If they are gone, the entire ship—By Marc St. Hilaire the Navigator! Can it be possible that my Mate has—? (Runs to side of the vessel and looks up at the bridge name plate. He mutters the name "Elsinore". He rushes aft to the coat hangers, American Legion property. They are not to be found.) By Tridon, son of Neptune, that Mate of mine has done it! He's put across a mutiny that will live in fame forever! But the blundering idiot—the inexcusable blundering lunatic has made off with the wrong ship!

ACT THREE

SCENE 1: The navigating bridge of the stolen vessel. King Post at the wheel, the engine room telegraph at "Full Ahead," the compass at N. W., the Mate at the chart table, and Jack Staff at his elbow.

JACK STAFF:—I knows my way to the nearest port, and to the nearest pub in it, and so I repeats, make for it and we'll divy up on the plunder and let the Sea Leech go hang.

THE MATE:—But the Sea Leech is my Captain.

JACK STAFF:—But I says the Sea Leech ain't the loser. What does the cook say when I goes down to him for a snatch to eat after my first watch? Him that should have stayed on the ship as we left, but that got away by mistake? 'Get the hell out of 'ere!' he roars. 'The crew gets its nosebag filled up for'ard!' 'The crew,' repeats I, knowing his mistake, 'The crew, yes. But,' adds I, 'I'm the mate of this ship.' 'If you're the mate of this ship,' he comes back, 'then I'll speak in parables,' and he says, 'You're on the American Legion, bozo!' 'And who's denying it?' asks I. And I tells him about the mutiny, and about the wrong ship dropping away, accident-like, you understands, and he cries 'You've mutinied against two Captains with a single stroke,' he says, 'the one deprived of his crew, and the other of his ship, not to mention me, his cook, who must have had hold of a pot when it was separating itself and so came with it. And what are you going to do?' he demands. 'Go back,' says I. 'We've made a mistake, and my skipper don't feel right.' 'You're crazy,' he says. 'One ship's as good as another when it comes to divying.' And that's what I say, being an old seaman and all!

THE MATE:—It must be true that power begets power, or else why this desire and lust for possession which has been surging within me since I walked the bridge of this vessel as Captain. If only I had the courage not to return.

JACK STAFF:—Why not, sir? With you as captain, says I, and I as mate, we could be as free as any of 'em.

THE MATE:—I could be captain—if I didn't go back.

JACK STAFF:—And then too, with the cook on board as he is, you can't go back. 'What!' says he, 'Go back? If you give up this ship after once taking hold of it as you have,' he says, 'I'll report you to both skippers for both crimes, and between what you'll get in the way of sock from one and the other, you'll be in chains for the rest of the voyage.' 'That's what I says,' says I. Come, change her course and head for the nearest pub—I mean, port.

THE MATE:—Check, right, O. K. Hard aport, helmsman. (Hard aport, sir!) If I must be a pirate, then I'll at least have my piracy significant by its sheer audacity!

(Head Light runs up the ladderway.)

HEAD LIGHT:—(reporting). Great masses of seaweed ahead, sir!

THE MATE:—Seaweed?

HEAD LIGHT:—Brown gulf seaweed, sir.

THE MATE:—(helplessly). Ye gods!

SCENE 2. On the Elsinore, the fifteenth day of September.

THE LEECH:—

Was e'er a master more bereft
Of vessel, mate or crew?
And by his own most grievous fault
Involved in such a stew
As I am now?

What master has ever sailed the seas who has not claimed the right to command his own ship? Yet am I master here, and owner too, but I dare not say so. What am I to do? Say nothing, do nothing, and so by my own inaction allow my scheme of ocean bumming to be ruthlessly discovered? For discovered it will be, when explanations are due to Captain Rose for the base theft of his vessel. Or shall I this minute mount the ladder to the bridge, announce my lawful right, and let the consequences take care of themselves?—If only the mate would return! Two days now, and no sign nor sound of him.

(Enter the Passenger).

PASSENGER:—It is said that Captain Rose, since the mutiny, has gone mad, thinking himself in another world entirely. He has asked five times for the way to his cabin, and has three times beaten his steward for alleged removal of valued articles.

THE LEECH:—He is mad in being sane. But his indisposition serves me well, if because of it he overlooks the true cause of his discomfort. If it is only for another day, until I can formulate some plan, it will indeed help.

THE PASSENGER:—The entire ship's company is mad. You yourself, while not exhibiting the malady to the same degree as the others, fail to perform your duties in the same cheerful and thorough way as before.

THE LEECH:—To what do you refer?

PASSENGER:—To the brass.

THE LEECH:—What about it?

PASSENGER:—It is not shined.

THE LEECH:—Where, for instance?

PASSENGER:—The after coathangers, for example.

THE LEECH:—The coat hangers?

PASSENGER:—Of course.

THE LEECH:—(entreatingly). When were they not shined? When? Two days ago?

PASSENGER:—No. Two days ago they were polished to perfection. I mean now. I was just back there to get my hat—

THE LEECH:—By the straps of my own sea boots, I know by this that the American Legion is near at hand. Run quickly, to your cabin and—No, no. Here, take these marlinspikes instead, go to the after deck, and spike all the lashings you see. Insert the spikes in roundly so that by no chance can the line be cast away. (Passenger goes out). Never was a fine mutiny but there was a finer subjection.

* * * * * *

SCENE 3. In the Leech's cabin on the Elsinore. At night. The cabin is dark excepting for a faint glow of moonlight which enters by way of the single porthole, and by the illumination of which a figure is discovered rummaging in a medicine chest which is fastened to the rear bulkhead of the cabin. Noise from without, the door opens, and the Sea Leech enters and switches on the light. The figure starts, and turns quickly . It is the Mate. He has a tin box in his hand.

THE LEECH:—Ah ha!

THE MATE:—(Mocking). Ah ha!

THE LEECH:—Back?

THE MATE:—Back.

THE LEECH:—Squelched?

THE MATE:—(with strange new courage for him). No, not squelched; and what is more, I don't intend to be. Now that I have this (displaying the tin box) I intend to break away again, this time never to return!

THE LEECH:—Great! I wish you would.

THE MATE:—(suspiciously). Why?

THE LEECH:—You will give me a chance to make good as a Captain against whom a mutiny has been directed. As a mutinous mate, you will of course, force your way out of this cabin?

THE MATE:—(advancing). I'll knock the man down who hinders me!

THE LEACH:—(stepping aside). You won't knock anyone down. I'll begin right here to circumvent your every move.—You intend, of course, to drop away as before?

THE MATE:—At once.

THE LEECH:—Mark my words, you will never do it.—And once away, of course, you will not return?

THE MATE:—Never! Never! (He storms out, waving the tin box).

THE LEECH:—You'll be back shortly, mark my words.—If only the passenger has done what I told him to do. I myself have spiked the forward lines, and if the ropes on the after deck have been served in the same way, there is no Mate in the service who can separate the two vessels. Let him try. I'll stay here and await developments.

(Cries of "Man Overboard! Man overboard!" from the deck. The Leech listens, while a commotion of hurried footsteps pass over the roof of his cabin. He grabs up his cap and hurries out. A few moments later, he returns with Jack Staff, supporting the wet body of the Mate between them.)

JACK STAFF:—And when he sees which way the land lays, he up and makes for the rail. 'Avast there!' cries I, but too late. Over he goes. So I marks the spot on the rail, me being an old sailor that knows the straight way to the nearest pub, and raises a shout. We turns about, and when we comes to the mark in the rail again, I looks over, and picks him up.

THE MATE:—(energetically, in spite of his misadventure; mimicing) 'An I says, Jack Staff, that you're an old sailor and an old fool, and I wish you'd find your way to the nearest pub and drink yourself to death!

JACK STAFF:—Now that's gratitude, I say!

THE MATE:—It's been your fault, all along.

JACK STAFF:—Blame it on me, go ahead. Did I say to come back? No, I says, once away let's stay away. But it's the fifteenth, says you. and the meadow dust is in the chest on the Elsy. Just to get the dust, begs you. And so I agrees, and that's why we're here.

THE LEECH:—Speaking of meadow dust—

(The Mate, at the mention of meadow dust, sneezes, and looks distressed. He sneezes again and again, and if possible, looks more distressed. The Sea Leech goes to a settee, lifts up the leather cushion, and brings to light a tin box, similar to the one taken from the chest by the Mate. He hands it to the Mate, who takes it from him in astonishment.)

THE LEECH:—Golden rod.

THE MATE:—More?

THE LEECH:—The same.

THE MATE:—But I threw that overboard before I jumped.

THE LEECH:—No, no, not this. You see, this was to be the final instance of my cleverness and ingenuity, calculated to bring you back even a third time should you successfully get away the second time. The box you threw away, Mate, was purposely baited for you, and was filled with—

THE MATE:—Seaweed?

THE LEECH:—Worse. Snuff.

JACK STAFF:—Now I approves of a skipper like that! Here's a man I can be proud of—here's my hand, Captain, the hand that's formed many a splice, both in rope and in wire, me being an old seaman—

(But the Leech and the Mate have already grasped each other's hands, and looks of mutual confidence and admiration are already passing between them.)

THE LEECH:—Ah ha!

THE MATE:—Ah ha!

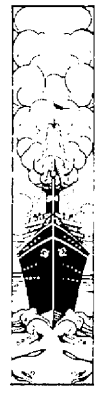
THE LEECH:—Back?

THE MATE:—Back.

THE LEECH:—Squelched?

THE MATE:—Why, er—er—of course. Check. Right. O. K.

—THE END—



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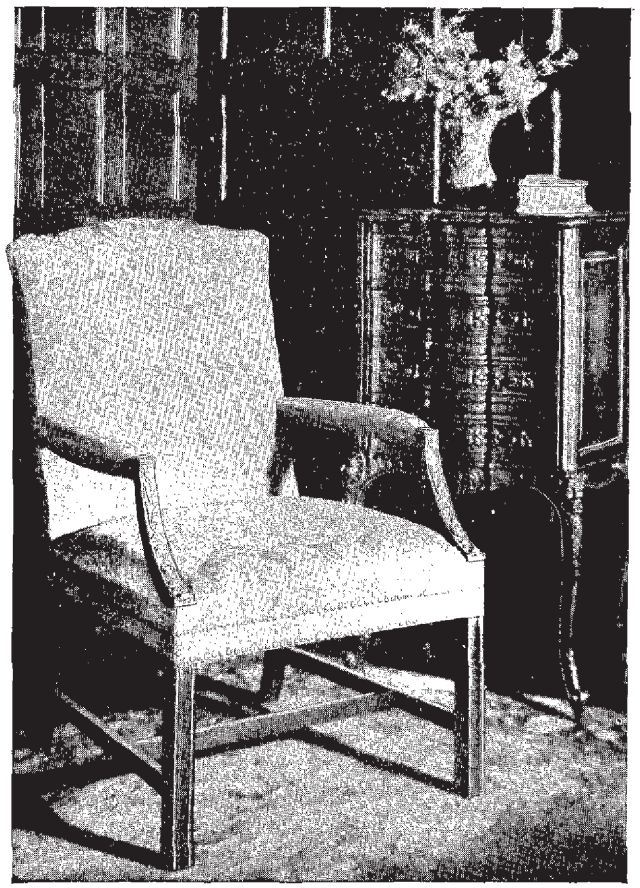

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