

never been partial to the doctrine; the Confederate government was in such desperate straits for munitions that tonnage could not be afforded for other articles. Private individuals made no effort because the profits to be earned by running the blockade with munitions or cotton were so enormous that shipments of food-stuffs would hardly pay. No one among the low-salaried classes could afford to buy imported food with war freights added. These classes were, in a sense, forced to bid against the government for tonnage; the government always won the auction, with the result that the people suffered and ultimately gave up.

Hence it is not at all likely today that the blockade in the form fixed by the Civil War will be abandoned after having been twice shown as the most effective and least expensive method of bringing down an enemy nation. Any future conflicts are likely to be featured by a couple of violent naval battles for the hegemony of the seas, followed once more by the slow but deadly process of war by starvation. As for the freedom of the seas and the rights of neutrals, they will make good subjects for the League of Nations to debate, but like most matters discussed in that august body, they will be, at the outbreak of hostilities, quietly dropped out the window.



## PROBLEM GEOMETRIC

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

**D**EFT and serene the formal sun  
 Enormously proceeds through  
                   space,  
 And through infinity is spun  
 A pattern of consummate grace.  
 Planet and star devise for us  
 Angle, curve, and parallel line.  
 We find all things prodigious  
 Adhere precisely to design.

A narrow object is the heart,  
 Inconsequential and absurd:  
 The product of a dubious art,  
 Of pattern inexact and blurred.  
 Wherefore the heart may boldly dare  
 A route no compass has extended,  
 Abstractly carve an arc in air  
 Uncharted and uncomprehended.

# AURORA COMES HOME

## *A Story*

BY MARJORIE WORTHINGTON

THERE was no one left on the estate who could drive the 1924 Daimler, and that was why no one had come to the Rivertown station to meet Aurora Loomis. This was what she told herself as she waited for a taxi to drive over from the village and pick her up.

But how had they expected her to get to the house? There was no satisfaction to be had from the young man in the ticket-office who had kindly phoned for a taxi. He was a complete stranger. She resented this somehow. She had been half expecting old Mr. Collins to say, with just that shade of deference all the villagers used when they addressed one of the river people, "Well, well, nice to see you again, Mrs. Loomis." But there was no Mr. Collins. After all, the man had to die some time and five years was long enough.

She wished there was a buffet in the station, the way they had them in France, a place she could dive in and out of, restoring herself with a quick drink of cognac or rum . . . or anything. But that was over. She wasn't drinking any more . . . not drinking . . . anything. She lifted her round chin suddenly. It was a little gesture of Aurora's that had once been charming. Now it was less charming. Aurora's face had faded, her hair, once golden, was now straw-colored from long use of bleaches, her make-up, hastily applied and now literally peeling off, did not make her look less tired. Her lovely body, once so beau-

tiful on a horse, or in a pool, or on a dance floor, was now rather thick. The clothes she wore were a queer mixture of quality and tinsel. Her hat had come from the skilled fingers of the great Agnes herself; the coat from a serve-yourself rack in Klein's (a beige-colored fuzzy silk mixture that fitted badly); her handbag from a Bond Street shop, and her blunt-toed slippers with wide bows and short vamps from a shop in West Thirty-fourth Street.

The taxi arrived and Aurora handed over her small bag, deciding to send some one later with the trunk checks. She stepped into the car and said, with a manner, "Longacres."

"What's that?"

"The Loomis estate," Aurora said icily. The taxi started, down the back road that led to the river places. Aurora lighted a cigarette, took one or two quick puffs, and threw the thing away. No smoking, either. She folded her hands and looked out the window.

And there was the bronze plaque on the gray rock, telling everyone who passed that the Loomis estate was an historical spot, giving seven lines about General Abraham Loomis, who had fought in the Revolution and signed many famous documents, and was, incidentally, one of the founders of Rivertown. Aurora blinked as she passed the landmark. How she had once hated that old ancestor Loomis, hated his beaked nose in the por-