

vasive with him. Until we come to "Beyond the Horizon", "The Emperor Jones", "Gold", and "Diff'rent", however, the note of irony is superhuman and exterior to the dynamic will of the characters. There is a touch of cold fatalism about it. In "The Emperor Jones", in "Beyond the Horizon", and in "Diff'rent", on the other hand, it is made human, it is particularized and given, so to say, a local temperamental bearing. Thus in his later plays the tragic conflict is real and worthwhile; the exercise of human will may produce grief, but at least it has an even chance with events. If O'Neill follows this line of development, it may safe-

ly be predicted that, as in "The Emperor Jones", the purely theatrical element in his plays will be wisely merged with the complex beauty and sublimity of human character.

EUGENE G. O'NEILL BIBLIOGRAPHY

Thirst and Other One Act Plays (Thirst, The Web, Warnings, Fog, Recklessness). Richard G. Badger: 1914.

Bound East for Cardiff. Frank Shay: 1916.

Before Breakfast. Frank Shay: 1916.

The Moon of the Caribbees (Bound East for Cardiff, The Long Voyage Home, In the Zone, He, The Rope, Where the Cross is Made). Boni and Liveright: 1919.

Beyond the Horizon. Boni and Liveright: 1920.

The Emperor Jones, Diff'rent, The Straw. Boni and Liveright: 1920.

The Emperor Jones. Stewart and Kidd Modern Plays: 1921.

Gold. Boni and Liveright: 1921.

The Ole Davil, Chris. Boni and Liveright: to be published later.

CARELESS

By George Sterling

BEYOND the purple bay
The drowsy winds awaken to delay.
Spring, a world-spirit, dips
In pure turquoise her lips,
And blows the bubble of a cloudless day.

Poppy and rose declare
Our kinship in the league of earth and air.
The petals pushed apart
Are somehow in my heart,
And the far bird sings passionately there.

Now for awhile I blend
With all that sea and skies and land may lend,
Accepting at its worth
The dear mirage of earth—
Too wise to question here its aim or end.

MR. DEMPSEY'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF

By Heywood Broun

IT is hardly fair to expect Jack Dempsey to take literature very seriously. How, for instance, can he afford to pay much attention to George Bernard Shaw who declared just before the fight that Carpentier could not lose and ought to be quoted at odds of fifty to one? From the point of view of Dempsey, then, creative evolution, the superman and all the rest, are the merest moonshine. He might well take the position that since Mr. Shaw was so palpably wrong about the outcome of the fight two days before it happened, it scarcely behooves anybody to pay much attention to his predictions as to the fate of the world and mankind two thousand years hence.

Whatever the reason, Jack Dempsey does not read George Bernard Shaw much. But he has heard of him. When some reporter came to Dempsey a day or so before the fight and told him that Shaw had fixed fifty to one as the proper odds on Carpentier, the champion made no comment. The newspaper gossipier, disappointed of his sensation, asked if Dempsey had ever heard of Shaw and the fighter stoutly maintained that he had. The examination went no further but it is fair to assume that Dempsey did know the great British sporting writer. It was not remarkable that he paid no attention to his prediction. Dempsey would not even be moved much by a prediction from Hughie Fullerton.

In other words literature and life

are things divorced in Dempsey's mind. He does read. The first time we ever saw Dempsey he discussed books with not a little interest. He was not at his training quarters when we arrived but his press agent showed us about—a singularly reverential man this press agent. "This", he said, and he seemed to lower his voice, "is the bed where Jack Dempsey sleeps." All the Louises knew better beds and so did Lafayette even when a stranger in a strange land. Washington himself fared better in the midst of war. Nor can it be said that there was anything very compelling about the room in which Dempsey slept. It had air but not much distinction. There were just two pictures on the wall. One represented a heavy surf upon an indeterminate but rather rockbound coast and the other showed a lady asleep with cupids hovering about her bed. Although the thought is erotic the artist had removed all that in the execution.

Much more striking was the fact that upon a chair beside the bed of Dempsey lay a couple of books and a magazine. It was not THE BOOKMAN but "Photo Play". The books were "The Czar's Spy" by William Le Queux, "The Spoilers" by Rex Beach, and at least one other western novel which we have unfortunately forgotten. It was, as we remember it, the Luck of the Lazy Something or Other. The press agent said that Jack read quite a little and pointed to the read-