

PLACES

By Sara Teasdale

I

TWILIGHT

Tucson

ALOOOF as aged kings,
Wearing like them the purple,
The mountains ring the mesa
Crowned with a dusky light;
Many a time I watched
That coming on of darkness
Till stars burned through the heavens
Intolerably bright.

It was not long I lived there,
But I became a woman
Under those vehement stars,
For it was there I heard
For the first time my spirit
Forging an iron rule for me,
As though with slow cold hammers
Beating out word by word:

"Take love when love is given,
But never think to find it
A sure escape from sorrow
Or a complete repose;
Only yourself can heal you,
Only yourself can lead you
Up the hard road to heaven
That ends where no one knows."

II
FULL MOON

Santa Barbara

I LISTENED, there was not a sound to hear
In the great rain of moonlight pouring down,
The eucalyptus trees were carved in silver,
And a light mist of silver lulled the town.

I saw far off the grey Pacific bearing
A broad white disk of flame,
And on the garden-walk a snail beside me
Tracing in crystal the slow way he came.

III
WINTER SUN

Lenox

THERE was a bush with scarlet berries,
And there were hemlocks heaped with snow,
With a sound like surf on long sea-beaches
They took the wind and let it go.

The hills were shining in their samite,
Fold after fold they flowed away;
"Let come what may," your eyes were saying,
"At least we two have had today."

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

III: OWEN JOHNSON

With a Sketch by William Gropper

IT is Owen Johnson's triumph that every boy who has gone to college since he wrote his young-lad books, looks upon him as the dean of the authors of that type of fiction. It is his tragedy that, after a round dozen or more of years wherein he has compressed much literary work, he is still referred to as "the author of the Lawrenceville stories". All his later books are passed over, with the exception of "The Salamander", and one goes inevitably back to that first thrilling success, that time when he depicted the boy mind, the boy heart, as few writers since Mark Twain have done it. "The Tennessee Shad" and "Stover at Yale" are also always spoken of, in any summing up of his achievement, as well as that fine little golf story in one of his earlier collections—I think it's called "Par 3". Yet since those days of glory, those days of vigorous production—he was hailed as a boy wonder when he brought out "Arrows of the Almighty"—he has written "The Woman Gives", "Making Money", and now "The Wasted Generation".

He is but forty-two years of age—at that period of his life when he should be on the forward march. One thinks of his "Stover at Yale", with its truth and humor, and sighs over the stuff that followed it—with the exception of one. It is true that many of the most astute reviewers have found much to praise in his latest volume; and it is significant that they are of the older school, who first ac-

claimed him loudly. They speak of it as a fine interpretation of certain phases of the World War.

One remembers Johnson's golden opportunities. No young man ever started out so propitiously. A good fairy must have watched over his cradle. His father was a distinguished literary figure of what might be called the mid-Victorian era of American letters, and has since become our Ambassador to Italy. His mother is a splendid, cultured woman. Young Johnson had chances hurled at his door, and with the common sense of the astute youth he was, as well as with no small equipment of talent, he seized them as they came his way—made the most, for a time, of his growing popularity, certainly coined money, married and reared a family, was a good fellow at The Players and other clubs—in short, became highly considered in the tumult and passion of New York life.

During the war he produced little. One slender volume about France came from his hitherto prolific pen—that was about all. Hearst had gobbled him up, had seen the great possibilities in him; and it was rumored that he had signed a five years' contract for all his literary output, at a fabulous salary. He was to be free and untrammelled; there were to be no demands whatever made upon him for "sex stuff"; he would simply sit comfortably at home, a pad upon his knee, and let the words flow, or not, as it suited his whim.

But Johnson is, when all is said and