

already familiar, the rapid intake and response indispensable to their success as coefficients of a democratic culture. But the Women's News Service aims only at establishing this rapport about what women are doing. What is needed is a realization that in the indigenous literature of America, there already exists a competent news service about life as it is living. The true approach to it from women is neither as women nor as critics, but as participators in the collective experience, of which the particular mode of poetry or fiction is the individual expression. Such an approach is neither instinctive in women, nor part of their

social inheritance. It cannot, however, be assumed that men sitting together as an organized body to hear any available author read from or talk about his work, will produce any sort of result which will be found competent to support a creditable national literature. Critical response must be learned, and to be of constructive value in the great age of American literature, must begin to be operative shortly. Otherwise it might be suspected that the rôle to which men assigned women, of sitting still and saying nothing except what is pleasant, is the one to which they are intrinsically best adapted.

TWO POEMS

By Carl Sandburg

THIS—FOR THE MOON—YES?

THIS is a good book? Yes?
 Throw it at the moon.
 Stand on the ball of your right foot
 And come to the lunge of a centre fielder
 Straddling in a throw for the home plate,
 Let her go—spang—this book for the moon—yes?
 And then—other books, good books, even the best
 books—shoot 'em with a long twist at the moon
 —yes?

PRIMER LESSON

LOOK out how you use proud words.
 When you let proud words go, it is
 not easy to call them back.
 They wear long boots, hard boots; they
 walk off proud; they can't hear you
 calling—
 Look out how you use proud words.



THE QUICKENING SPIRIT

By Elizabeth Bibesco

With Sketches by Frances Delehanty

WHEN we were children our grandmother always appeared to us as a romantic, almost a legendary figure. To have married a Frenchman was in itself such an exciting thing to have done, and then to be called "Madame la Marquise"—what pictures did it not evoke, of powder and patches, gavottes and bowling greens, masks and fans and the fine lost arts of coquetry. And to live in Paris! How wicked, how elegant, how alluring. Grandmama, too, fitted so marvelously into the picture. Her long, tapering fingers covered with rings somehow contrived to make other people's hands look clumsy and naked. There was harmony between the dignity of her carriage and the light grace of her movements, her every gesture crisp and finished and perfect, a little touch of emphasis added by an artist. Her clothes were

quite unlike other people's clothes; they seemed, somehow, to have been created on her, to be a part of her essential exquisiteness. They carried with them a flavor of the eternal, of the absolute, belonging, as her tiny feet and her tiny waist belonged, to the age when to be a woman was a vocation, when femininity was an art, when each eyelash had a purpose and usefulness was unknown.

"Que voulez-vous, ma chère?" she would say, with a little shrug. "I was taught to want to please and I was taught how to please. It is a lesson that cannot be unlearned", and she would smile at my mother who had had one husband and a large number of children, whereas she had had one child, two husbands and, legend said, a legion of lovers.

As I grew older I longed to hear more of her adventures. They were