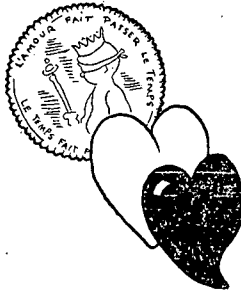


have guessed that I treasure the memory of what those letters represent, and he just wants to hurt me. Ah, *quel sale type!* You must not fail, you cannot fail! Teach that man reverence, Basil Spain — *révérence* for the decencies which, maugre the writers and readers of low memoirs, maugre the corrupt geniality of our time, and with the help of men like you, shall be as undying as youth. Go, Basil, and I will bless you always."

(To be concluded in February.)



RAIN

By Therese Lindsey

THE rain has washed my soul white and tasteless.
 I sit limp and draggled fancying the wetness
 Trickling behind my ears.
 Rain, rain, measured, monotonous.
 The garden things cringe wearily,
 And cup their leaves rusty with grit.
 The birds are silent and so am I.
 How can I sing or forget death
 While I hear the rattle in the throat of the gutter,
 While the sky sets me her gloomy example
 Holding her grim apron between me and the sun?

CHICAGO—OUR LITERARY CRATER

By Llewellyn Jones

A CERTAIN critic once remarked that Chicago was the literary centre of the United States. Chicago took the compliment very seriously, never thinking that it might have been intended to run only during the time the eminent critic was in the city—a matter of a week or so. But at that time—I think it was four years ago—Chicago could make quite a boast of itself as a centre of literary activity. Miss Monroe's "Poetry" had done fine pioneer work in giving the new men a hearing: Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, and Vachel Lindsay—though he was in Springfield, a few miles away—had attained international recognition. There was a large group of younger poets, rapidly gaining attention: Maxwell Bodenheim, Mark Turbyfill, Eunice Tietjens, Margery Swett (now business manager of "Poetry"). Mr. Masters had already begun to publish novels. Henry Blake Fuller had recently issued his two latest works of fiction—and some time before that he had very unexpectedly given us a volume of free verse, "Long Lines and Short". Ben Hecht's first novel had appeared, to be followed by three others and by a play. Howard Vincent O'Brien was shortly to become, for a time, a best seller with "Gold". Over in Evanston Henry Kitchell Webster was writing both serious novels and best sellers. Bookstores were springing up at every corner in Chicago, and the waiters at Schlogl's were becoming dizzy from circling the large round

table at which the local literati gathered Saturday noons.

What has happened since then? Well, if it is not quite correct to say that All, all, are gone, the old familiar faces it is at least true to say that they are going. One scans the ranks and murmurs:

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wand'ring in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have ye left the ancient love
The bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

That of course is an exaggeration: the whole Nine have not left. But within the last two or three years there have been the following desertions from the literary ranks:

Sherwood Anderson has left us for New Orleans, which port he reached via Reno and California.

Edgar Lee Masters has left us, apparently for good, and is living in New York (the state, not the city), although he still writes about Spoon River.

Ben Hecht has left us for at least a year. He is now press agent for Horace Liveright's production of Edwin J. Mayer's play, "The Firebrand". A New York lady who heard that remarked, "Oh, then he'll be here a couple of weeks, won't he?" Mean, wasn't it? But he's still there!

And Maxwell Bodenheim, after a sojourn in Chicago in which he helped