

changed actors and actresses by way of variety.)

"Much Ado about Nothing": "Young Poe being less than usual under the dominion of that timid modesty which so depresses his powers, acted Don Pedro so respectably as to animate the hope we have entertained of his future progress."

"George Barnwell": "Young Poe begins to emerge from the abyss of embarrassment in which natural diffidence from his first appearance, until two or three of his last performances, had plunged him so deep as to deprive him

of all power of exertion. But he must have not only courage but patience; slow rises the Actor."

The later history of Elizabeth Arnold and David Poe has been written. In the revival of interest in America's great poet, much of the shadow that has fallen aslant their son's name has disappeared. Here, however, for the first time since original publication are brought forward some new facts about the dramatic appearances of both parents of Edgar Allan Poe and the interesting and quaint world in which they moved.

ADVICE BEFORE ROUGING

By Margery Swett Mansfield

WOMEN should look well at lips before they rouge them,
Rouge lays any story bare
That may be hiding there, quiet and proud
On pale lips. Rouge makes it cry aloud.

Oh I have seen such desolate despair
Cut through the dark and shock the still night air,
From carmined lips! No friendly shadows hide
Splotches of scarlet, drooping and wide.

Some mouths are bitter, twisted jealousies,
Some fairly drool
The syrup of their mental lecheries,
Starved lips there are, and lips that sucked distress,
And even young and cool
Soft lips have tales of selfish wilfulness.

Mouths are the records of the changing years,
They stand when frowns have been forbidden, and quick tears;
But give a pencil, give a pencil to a fool,
She'll underline with crimson what they tell.
Women should look well at lips before they rouge them,
Women should look well!

DIARY OF AN EASTERN JOURNEY

By Aldous Huxley

KUDAT, NORTH BORNEO. The steamers from Singapore call at all the principal ports of British North Borneo. But the tourist who supposes that he will be able, at these places, to study those romantic beings "the Wild Men of Borneo", is profoundly mistaken. At Kudat, it is true, we actually did see two small and dirty people from the interior, hurrying apprehensively along the relatively metropolitan street of that moribund little port as though in haste to be back in their forests. Poor specimens they were; but we had to be content with them. They were the nearest approach to Wild Men we had seen or were destined to see, the only genuine and aboriginal Borneans. For the rest, we saw only Chinese. Except for a few Englishmen they are the sole inhabitants of the ports. Labuan and Jesselton, Kudat and Sandakan, are merely Chinese colonies. And behind the ports, in the land that has been conquered from the forest — there too they are to be found. With the Javanese they work the big company owned plantations, they cultivate small holdings of their own. And everywhere the shopkeepers, the merchants, are Chinese. It is the same all over the archipelago and in the Malay peninsula. Not European capital so much as Chinese labor and perseverance is developing the East Indies. Abolish the Chinese, and European colonization would be impossible. Or at least it would be a merely nominal and honorary colonization. Flags might be planted without the assistance of the Chinese

— but not rubber. It is pleasant, no doubt, it is soul satisfying to look at the colored bunting flapping in the tropical breeze. But it is still pleasanter to draw dividends. For this keener pleasure Europeans must thank the Chinamen.

Sandakan. Sandakan, like Jesselton, Kudat, and, I suppose, all the other sea coast towns of North Borneo, is a Chinese colony governed by a few white men inhabiting the bungalows in the suburbs. It is a picturesque place, has a marvelous natural harbor with a great red rock, like a second Gibraltar, to guard its entrance, and is the port and capital of a little hinterland of cocoanut groves, rubber and tobacco plantations. A club house and a golf course proclaim it to be, if not a part of the British Empire, at least a protectorate. (Examined in detail and at close quarters, our far flung Empire is seen to consist of several scores of thousands of clubs and golf courses, dotted at intervals, more or less wide, over two fifths of the surface of the planet. Large blond men sit in the clubs, or swipe the white ball down clearings in the jungle; blackamoors of various shades bring the whisky and carry round the niblicks. The map is painted red. And to the casual observer, on the spot, that is the British Empire.) But to return to Sandakan. Besides a club and a golf course, it possesses four steam rollers and superbly metaled road, eleven miles long. At the eleventh milestone, the road collides with what seems an im-