

fancy I am guilty of any peculiar sensitiveness to criticism but rather because I am not sensitive enough. I delight in praise (I have never known an author who does not) and I am irritated for the moment at least by hostile criticism; I like a book to sell well, I enjoy the knowledge that many people are reading it if I have that good fortune; but all these things are of a low order of experience in comparison with the excitement and happiness that come while the novel is still my own and while the characters in it have the inevitability and intimacy that come

from private acquaintance with them.

Only six months ago my hero, his friends, and his enemies were mine, I did not doubt their authenticity nor question their close relationship with myself; they were there for me whenever I wished to find them, I alone was privileged to listen to the accidents of their careers and to watch the antics of their behavior. Now they are anybody's game, they have withdrawn themselves from my friendship, and they will appear in the published book as only wraiths and faint images of the things that once they were.

BRIEFLY LAD SHE MOURNS THEE

By Charlotte Hungerford Perry

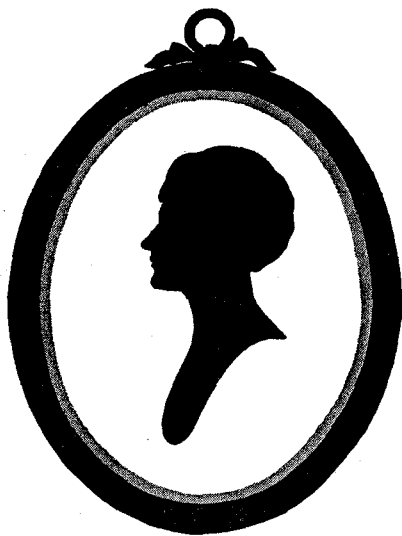
BRIEFLY, lad, she mourns thee,
Briefly, aye, but well:
Seated by the cypresses
With folded pimpernel

Purple on her bosom,
And dusted in her hair,
(Just enough for prettiness)
The ash of her despair.

So with lagging lashes,
And tender, brimming eyes,
She beholds a comforter
With delicate surprise . . .

When thou comest, eager,
On the wind's cool wing
Seeking her wet cheek, lad,
For all her suffering,

Here is moss, soft-matted —
A handkerchief, a dash
Of fallen purple pimpernel,
A flake or two of ash!



Silhouette by Julie Brown

ELLEN GLASGOW: CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

NO one has ever suggested that a rapier was not as deadly a weapon as a blunderbuss. "A scratch," says Mercutio, "marry, 'tis enough." The main thing is to let blood. In skilful hands the rapier does it most successfully. The rapier of Ellen Glasgow's satire has pricked with neatness and dispatch every part of the old romantic, sentimental, gallant-gentleman-and-lovely-lady tradition of the south. More than that, it has pricked the entire bubble of men's and women's relationship. Ellen Glasgow lives in Richmond but she is a citizen of the world. That she has done it in a gentlemanly manner does not detract from the accuracy of her thrust. There is

much of Mercutio about Miss Glasgow herself. She is gallant and she is a philosopher. She is brave, for even in her sheltered southern girlhood she insisted upon challenging the conventions which bound in varying degrees all women of the day. There is moreover a gaiety, a wit, a joy of living, along with the relentlessness of the iron hand in the velvet glove. A person to be reckoned with from the first! A valiant opponent of all humbug! She possesses a passionate and pervasive love of life but she shears away with that sharp rapier of her irony the false traditions, amiable humbugs, even the smaller tricks of behavior and opinion which obscure what is fine and vigorous.