

assembling of discriminating decisions. I think Great Britain will float on ice-rafts in the Gulf Stream for a long time yet. And I cannot help adding that I think so partly because I think that some day there will be a Lord Milner for Ireland as well as for Egypt. And I cannot help adding further that one of the reasons why I think there will be a Lord Milner for Ireland is because I think Ireland will insist on it. I think, however, that in any case it is Great Britain within itself that is complicated and ingenious and amazing beyond any conceivable settlement of Ireland. While I was diligently sojourning in Great

Britain there were two young men who were most especially getting on and growing as national figures. One was Mr. Hodges; the other was the Prince of Wales. Proletarian influence was growing. Royal popularity was growing. I left for America with no better final thought than the one that I suppose occurs to every departing American traveler; namely, that if a social fabric is strong that uses as many as possible of all known human instincts and impulses and developments, then perhaps Great Britain is still weaving a social fabric that is strong with a most exceptionally accumulated and accumulating strength.



The Travel Bureau

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

All day she sits behind a bright brass rail
 Planning proud journeyings in terms that bring
 Far places near; high-colored words that sing,
 "The Taj Mahal at Agra," "Kashmir's Vale,"
 Spanning wide spaces with her clear detail,
 "Sevilla or Fiesole in spring,
 Through the fiords in June." Her words take wing;
 She is the minstrel of the great out-trail.

At half past five she puts her maps away,
 Pins on a gray, meek hat, and braves the sleet,
 A timid eye on traffic. Dully gray
 The house that harbors her in a gray street,
 The close, sequestered, colorless retreat
 Where she was born, where she will always stay.



Jack London's Last Days

From "THE BOOK OF JACK LONDON"

By CHARMIAN LONDON



ON the Thursday before Jack's death, when Ernest Hopkins and two camera men had been photographing him both for movies and "stills," I had suddenly, in one or two of the poses, noticed something in Jack's face, an accession of something more than dimly felt of late, that struck fear into me. It can only be described as a deadness or an absence of life; something that no face, upon an erect figure, should have.

Sometimes when I gallop along the blossoming ways of Jack's mountain meadows, missing my strong traveler, it takes little effort still to hear his blithe, companionable "*Toot! Toot!*" I should feel no startling did he emerge, reining the Outlaw from the shadows of the trees, laughing from under the cow-boy hat.

He had been radiant in his hope that had no horizon. "I want to live a hundred years!" was his lusty slogan, repeated within a fortnight of his death. "See the dozens of boxes of notes filed away? Why, writers I know are looking about for plots, and I've enough here to keep me busy with twice a hundred novels."

It was the expression of just such exuberance that Jack felt in this stanza, which was a favorite with him:

Let me live out my years in heat of
blood!

Let me lie drunken with the dreamer's
wine!

Let me not see this soul-house built of
mud

Go toppling to the dust a vacant
shrine!

When he was gone, I smiled with appreciation of an enthusiastic, but uninformed, reviewer who, despite Jack's fifty-odd books written within seventeen years, credited him with more than double that number, "to say nothing of other forms of literature."

And there was also a letter that pleased me, written on November 20, and never read by Jack.

I have just seen your picture, driving two huge draft-horses to a manure-spreader. This is the picture of a man with a wagon-load of fertilizer. He is going to spread it over an acre of ground and make it fertile. In reality the man has an inexhaustible supply of mental pabulum which he spreads over the whole world, the dark spots are made lighter, the sloughs of despond are drained and made to blossom, . . . the weary and heavy laden are lifted up. . . . In reality you are subsoil-plowing the world, preparing it for the seeds of Universal Brotherhood, the while you dream dreams.

It would not be hard to imagine him a happy ghost revisiting his beloved lands or the running tides of