

fiction—dignity and living faith. For it is a real faith that has been the one great need since our younger novelists became the enthusiastic followers of the fetishes of the hour, of psycho-analysis and the libido, and as heathen voodooes of strange rites have danced with unclothed minds before their rapt followers. They have scorned old faiths and the well worn roads of literature, and have blazed new trails through strange jungles and called them celestial highways. Some of us who are confessedly old fogies have tried to be resigned, though with much the same sort of resignation, perhaps,

that elderly people turn wearily in bed on Hallowe'en, hearing in village streets the mischievous prowling of wide-awake youngsters busily lifting the gates from their hinges. Well, thank God! it is only for one night in the year! Yet the night had been long, and the youngsters have not yet gone to bed, and some who are old enough to know better have joined them. If "Country People" is really a faint light to betoken that dawn has at last come, we can at least rejoice in its sanity and restraint, and snatch a few last moments of needed sleep before the new day appears.

(The end of the twelfth part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

A Deserted Farm

BY GEORGE STERLING

One April, when the harrowed fields were dark,

Beside the home one set this apple-tree,

And both grew old together: men could see

The lichens gathering on roof or bark.

Other grew old as well, and all could mark

The gray hairs where the yellow used to be.

The wind arose, the loosened leaf went free,

And two there were that heard no more the lark.

Voices were glad by dawn or noon, year long,

Around the place—hers or the robin's song.

Things furred or feathered, creatures wild or tame,

Cried often, and the wild ones still are heard—

Squirrel and crow and hawk and little bird.

Theirs and the night-wind's voice are still the same.

America's City Civilization

The Natural Divisions of the United States

BY SHAW DESMOND

AMERICA is making an experiment which is the greatest experiment in the world, only she does not know it. This experiment is of more import to the human race than the breaking of a Bolshevik world-wave or a new world war. It is an experiment which was first begun by the Almighty Hand when history was making, scrapped, and after the Hand had spun the world three and a half millions of times in space and flung it circling the sun for ten thousand; it is an experiment which the Hand has once more begun, but in a new form.

That is the experiment of the city civilization.

It is the oldest story of all—the story of the “ascending spiral,” which is the story of evolution. Man, the homing pigeon, always returns to his old experiments, but on another level.

In the ancient world we have seen the rise and fall of the city civilizations of Babylon and Carthage and of the wondrous Indian cities of legend. Man saw the city civilization that was Rome expand into the empire which destroyed it. We saw the medieval city rise from the melting-pot of evolution in the glowing colors of the guilds, only for it, also, to be flung back into the pot, out of which once more the city civilizations of North

America are lifting themselves starward.

Here is an experiment being made by one hundred million people who are as aware of what they are doing as a man thrown into a marine engine is of the way the engine works; for as imagination is the driving force, so is unconsciousness the stuff of evolution. But there is the engine, and there are the wheels.

Look at them. On the East, haughty, disdainful of one another, Boston and New York and Philadelphia. The queens of the Pacific, nuclei of the coast civilizations and rivals, San Diego and Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle. Little fly-wheels, like Washington, District of Columbia, vainly imagining, believing itself the balancing-wheel. Great independent wheels, like Salt Lake City, spinning in lonely majesty amidst the desert snows; or, like Chicago, roaring as they fight with their boundaries. Unheavenly twins, turning against each other and grinding as they turn, like St. Paul and Minneapolis. And all those others: Memphis and St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Baltimore, Detroit and Indianapolis.

Look at them a little more closely. Proud, dirty New York, hard and