

walking, but although he was to be seen upon the road, the winged horse did not go down to take him up on his back. It took the goatherd at last to the place where the honest men were honestly enjoying themselves, each man doing the work that his heart was set upon doing. And there, with the rest of the honest men, the goatherd sat, and ate what there was there to be eaten and drank what there was there to be drunken, and set to and did what the rest of them were doing—the work that his heart was set upon.

He took the leather and cut it and shaped it; he took the awl and made holes for the needle to go through; he took the needle and the waxed thread and stitched the sides into the boot. He pared away the leather and he rubbed it with the cobbler's ball, making it all fine. And when the

work was done, the winged horse came before him again, and took him down to the cave where the two hundred goats were. Then the white horse galloped away. The goatherd drove the goats to the edge of the forest, and there was still time for them to graze to their heart's content.

And in the morning when he wakened up, the goatherd looked to the shelf, and there before his eyes were the two high boots that were his very own. They were the finest sight the goatherd had ever looked on. He rose up and he put them on his two feet, and every minute in the day he looked down on them, saying to himself:

"I have as much style and comfort now as any man in the king's dominions. Praise to God and St. Martin for it!"

The Transfusion

(New York City, 1925)

BY GEORGE STERLING

Anxious, they waited in the anteroom.

The hospital's familiar sounds and smells

Renewed the memory of by-gone hells,

Awoke imaginings of future doom.

They waited, and a keen-eyed intern came,

Chose one of them, and vanished with his prize.

Back to the street they slouched, their envious eyes

Red with despair's inexorable flame.

And one: "Jim Murray allus had the luck!"

Another: "He 'd find orchids in the mud!"

A third: "Yeh; Easter lilies in the muck.

Gee! fifteen dollars fer a pint o' blood!"

Document and Work of Art

The Next Step for the Younger Generation

BY CARL VAN DOREN

THE new, if not the newest, movement in American literature has now been under way for something like a dozen years. It was in 1913 that Randolph Bourne with his first book proposed the league of youth which alone, as he saw it, could rouse the age from its inertia and untangle the snarl in which the Roosevelt generation had caught its own strenuous, undirected feet. Edna St. Vincent Millay had already sounded a vivid note which too few then heard. Eugene O'Neill was within a few months to give himself entirely to the theater. "Spoon River Anthology" and "Jürgen" and "Main Street" were not discouragingly far in the exciting future. H. L. Mencken had nearly mastered the art of his horrendous bludgeon. That dozen years has seen the ground cleared for literature in the United States as no previous dozen years has ever cleared it. A poet is at present free to write in whatever measure or rhythm he elects, without fatal abuse, if not always with general comprehension. A dramatist may count on a reasonable audience even when he ventures into surprising experiment. A novelist need no longer confine himself to any set of standard themes or characters, or strum forever upon any set of tradi-

tional sympathies. A critic has the whole world of ideas before him if he has the courage to travel through it. As always, it is more profitable to agree than to disagree with the majority; but the men of letters of the country have achieved victories for freedom which would put the men of theology and the men of politics to shame if those odd creatures were capable of any such respectable emotion. The question naturally arises: What is to be done with the freedom thus achieved?

§ 2

Two rival treatments of the same material which have just appeared offer an occasion for specific comment. Both concern themselves with Paul Bunyan, that mythical hero of the lumber camps who burst with a shout into literature so lately that his voice still reverberates across the continent. Precisely where he came from, no one has decided. There are hints of a Scandinavian, of a Canadian origin. Maine claims him, and Michigan. Yet while the learned have hesitated, Paul has made his mark. For at least half a century his reputation has been carried from camp to camp. Where lumberjacks have been gathered together, particularly when there