

"And I'm retiring from the public line for Matthew," she said.

"I'm a parsil of longings," said Porky. "Four wives buried and my daughter married be a savorless life."

"A cat can be only a morsel of comfort," said Mrs. Oliver demurely, "and no stand by in sickness or death."

Porky suddenly crossed the room and slapped Tame Tiger on the shoulder.

"Neighbors," he shouted, "we'll have Sir Roger now, though it's more seemly for Christmas than harvest time. There's been a bit of blood shed to-night, but that's done no hurt except to the spirit of a man who tried to steal what couldn't be his for the asking. The sight of the fight warmed me like a bit of sunshine on a winter's day. A widower's life ain't worthy of a citizen. Butchering 'ave given me the dyspepsy, the doctor says, and there's but one remedy. Me and Mrs. Oliver will lead the dance and after it there'll be free drinks all round."

DELIRIUM

MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

THE beaten brain, within whose precincts brew
 Potions of unknown excellence, is led
 Where only odd imaginings are bred,
 And only alien stateliness will do,—
 For that fantastic faces, strange, are true,
 And answerless as anguish in old eyes,—
 And peering past the puzzle of the skies,
 Can see through blue aloofness into blue,
 Bridging the still abysm with a dream,
 Dearer for that 'tis builded on a guess
 At what star-window stands Forgetfulness,
 Beside what jewelled dim lagoon, where seem
 All sundered sunsets touched with sunrise-fire,
 Special as death, diviner than desire!

OUR PRUDISH CENSORSHIP

THEODORE SCHROEDER

I DENY your right and the State's right, even under the pretence of "obscenity," to censor the literature, art or theatres available for my enlightenment or amusement. I deny that the suppression of so-called "obscene" literature has contributed anything to ethical advance. I go farther and deny that "obscenity" is ever a quality of a book, picture, or exhibition and on the contrary affirm that all "obscenity" all the time is exclusively a contribution of the viewing and reading mind. You are a little impatient with me for asserting such "monstrous" propositions? Very well! Just for once suppress your wrath instead of my thought and try to keep an open mind while I briefly suggest the reasoning which convinced me. I admit that now I consider myself wiser than when I thought as perhaps you think at present, and I regret that space limits and the censorship which I attack will not permit a complete statement of my reasons for the change. However, I can suggest a few things which may stimulate you to further inquiry.

Let me discuss the last question first. I affirm that "obscenity," like witches, will cease to exist for you, when you cease to believe in it. Think it over a little. One proof lies in the fact that no man or court ever has been able to make a generally acceptable or generally applicable definition of "obscenity" *in terms of book-qualities*, and many persons, at least as decent as our moralists for revenue, are unable to see "obscenity" where the latter are quite overwhelmed by it. If it had any existence outside the mere mind and feelings of the obscenity-seeing humans, then the standard of "obscenity" would be uniform. But it is not.

Elsewhere I have undertaken to prove all this, but in a manner too technical for a popular periodical. However, I believe I can make my meaning plain by a single illustration. Mr. Comstock says that in doing his work of suppression he has stood "at the mouth of a sewer" for forty years. Mr. Comstock admits that his mind is still "pure," which proves that mental