

a touch of lightness in deportment which admirably suggests a Latin personality. Mr. Norman Trevor, as the husband, is on the whole convincing and always earnest, but his conception is a bit four-square and rigid; he simplifies, he "Galsworthies" Géraldy; he does not, like Mr. Warwick, follow all the fluctuations of the stream. He never seems to realize that a Frenchman, no matter how dignified, prides himself on possessing a pliable vivacity of manner as a necessary stop on his social organ, a really compulsory grace.

But these are minor faults in a performance which is, on the whole, both smooth and highly charged, a credit to the American stage, as is also the choice for presentation of a play as acute and uncompromising and untheatrical as M. Géraldy's.



## MARY, THE ODALISQUE

*By* EVELYN SCOTT

With the odor of perfumes and metals burning,  
The flames rise in a hiss of silence.  
Cymbals clash.  
Repellantly beautiful,  
The body unseen  
Already sickens with its voluptuousness.

When the smoke clears,  
The dancer,  
The child—  
Shameless eyes,  
Trembling mouth,  
Body of fourteen—  
Offers,  
With the habitual gesture of sensuality,  
Her singed spray of eglantine.

## THE FLOWER OF ISLAM

By CLARENCE K. STREIT

“**A**LREADY the Turkish poets have begun to celebrate Mustapha Kemal Pasha as the ‘Flower of Islam.’”

Through the words of the newspaper report of Smyrna’s reception to Mustapha Kemal Pasha, I see the little Turkish town of Tchorum in the heart of Anatolia. It was there, in the days when the Pasha was leading what seemed a forlorn hope, that I first became acquainted with these poets.

Troubadours, I would call them. For Tchorum they were even more. They were, they are the story-tellers, the newspapers, the movies of the ancient East.

I had gone that night through the silent town to the old coffee house on the market square. Mine was the only head not covered by a fez, a kalpak or a turban. Cross-legged on the narrow platform which ran around the large room sat grave patriarchs. Officers, soldiers, young men sat on little chairs at the tables in the center. A boy bearing a cup of thick aromatic coffee and a glass of water threaded his way to me. Through the air wan with the smoke of cigarettes and *narghiles*, the water pipes whose gurgling rose and fell mournfully, curious eyes gazed at me, then turned to the far end of the room.

There on the platform sat a swarthy one-eyed man who had just struck the wires of the queer mandolin on his knees. Beside him a fair-faced lad jingled a tambourine. The instruments became silent and in the falsetto voice of the Turkish singer, the troubadour began the inevitable invocation in praise of Allah, “the Compassionate, the Merciful,” and of his Prophet. Another interlude of music and he launched into his story, the tale which we read in the Bible