

a popular book, too, and found its lesser public among the same "folks," as they would have called themselves or one another, and among those whom these "folks" would have recognized as the elect.

Hitherto those who had known Alden at all, had known him as the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, but these were few, and even his editorial identity had not penetrated to anything like a popular consciousness. To the wider public, where his books now made their strongest appeal, probably *Harper's Magazine* had always seemed to edit itself. But this strange thinker, this great seeker of the farther and deeper truth, went on editing *Harper's Magazine* in the wonted fashion for yet twenty-five and thirty

years. As before, he came daily to his office in Franklin Square overlooking the tracks of the Third Avenue Elevated, and worked on the old lines and daily consulted with the powers that were and then at last were not, and then again were, reconstituted in like sympathy but other personality. But Alden was growing old, and, though "age could not wither him" as soon as other minds, it must have its way with him. His spirit remained dauntless, but the flesh was weak and weaker, and he began to come every other day to Franklin Square, and at last his unworthy and inconstant comrade of the "Easy Chair" heard that Alden came only once or twice a week. After that he did not come, and now he will never come more.

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

EDITOR OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 1869-1919

THE book lies open—just where last he wrote—
A heritage that time and faith may keep;
The throbbing presses pause, for they, too, know
The master is asleep.

The book lies open—and another's hand
Shall guide again its virile truths to fame;
But we who loved shall read with aching hearts,
Because we miss his name.

So many feet have sought the little room—
The calm he made above the spiral stair.
To-day the tear-drops fall throughout the land
Because he is not there.

O knight of thought—who threaded words with light—
O ripened greatness of a master mind—
Leave just the modest mantle you have worn,
That he who comes may find!

The book lies open; turn the written page—
For love and time the hallowed records keep;
And memory guards with jealous care her own—
The master is asleep.

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

THE LION'S MOUTH

THREE PIGS

BY DON MARQUIS

I SAW three pigs under an oak-tree—a white pig, a black pig, and a black-and-white pig. They were talking as they ate acorns, and I hid on the other side of the tree to listen.

"I am not what I seem," said the white pig, curling his tail proudly and cocking his head to one side in a very conceited manner.

"Nor I," said the black pig. "I have seen better days."

And they both looked at the black-and-white pig as if expecting him to make some claim for himself. But he only grunted, his mouth full of acorns.

"I," said the white pig, "was a friend and companion of Ulysses. When we landed on Circe's island, after we burned Troy, the enchantress turned us into swine. But my spirit has never complied with my apparent condition.¹"

"I," said the black pig, "am perhaps the most splendidly wicked pig extant. I am a devil. I came from hell originally, and I was one of several devils that lived in the body of a man who dwelt beside the Gadarean lake, until a prophet came and drove us forth and made us inhabit a herd of hogs."

"Huh! huh!" said the black-and-white pig. "I'm a hog. A real hog. Just a common hog."

"I have seen things!" cried the white pig, looking with scorn upon the acorns, even as he continued to root for them. "I have been places!"

¹ We had assumed that Homer's account of this episode, concluding with the restoration of the entire company of Ulysses to human form, was the final word on the subject. Mr. Marquis evidently has reason to believe that one of the unfortunate crew did not answer the roll-call.—EDITOR.

"I was one of Satan's most trusted young fiends," said the Gadarean swine. "I was spoken of all over hell as a rising young devil . . . a devil of promise . . . a fiend with a future before him. And to come down to this!" And he, too, shuddered as if with distaste as he ate the acorns; nevertheless he continued to eat them.

"Come down to this? What's the matter with this?" asked the common hog. "Here is plenty of good food!"

Circe's hog and the Gadarean swine exchanged looks of intelligence. It was easy to see they had the most utter contempt for the ordinary pig.

"A low animal!" murmured Circe's pig.

"A hog, just a hog!" said the Gadarean swine.

"Hog, common hog," said Circe's pig, "you may well be contented. You have never heard the battle-cry of Achilles when the spears clashed and the shields were as a sea, nor have you seen the face of Helen shining above the dust of war."

"You have never been to hell, common hog," said the Gadarean swine, "and the person who has never been to hell has never been anywhere nor seen anything."

"Ugh!" said the ordinary pig, placidly. "Mighty fine, no doubt, all that. But I get along, I get along."

"Oh, for the rushing of the chariots!" said Circe's swine. "And, oh, the laughter of the ships along the sea!"

"When the powers and princes of evil came slanting in black flight to take their places in full conclave," said the Gadarean swine, "there was a fine sight against the red dome! And I have seen the brazen capitol of hell pulse and