

"Wanted?" interrupted Mr. Stanton.

"A year ago."

There was another pause. Sylvia turned the ring round on her finger and studied the stone critically; she was conscious of a sudden, aching, absurdly impossible suspicion. Mr. Stanton stopped the car.

Far away, and so faintly it was almost inaudible, a train was whistling. A murmur of voices came up delicately in the quiet, sun-steeped air with a softly sharp scent of wet earth and burning leaves. And rather delicately suspicion became a certainty; and, slowly drawing off the ring, she looked at Mr. Stanton.

"I think we'd better go home now," she said. "It's getting late."

She buried the ring in the cool, white plush of its case and snapped the cover shut.

"It must be very late," she amended.

"You don't love me as you used to," said Mr. Stanton, gloomily.

"You shouldn't have gone away—it's all so different now."

Mr. Triggers coughed ostentatiously.

"You should have come back to me," Sylvia went on, candidly. "I wanted you then . . . but now . . ."

"Oh, darling . . ."

There was another prolonged silence.

"Now it's all different."

It was indeed very different, for at the end of that preoccupied drive back it was obvious that Sylvia no longer adored Mr. Stanton; even Mr. Triggers privately entertained no doubt on the subject, although he preserved an aspect of neutral nonchalance outwardly; and at the gate of No. 27 Swan Walk the formal and unusual ceremony of shaking hands was undergone by all three.

"If you'd only come back before. . . ."

She let her clear, discerning gaze rest again on Mr. Stanton's godlike features. It was, of course, extraordinary, but he seemed suddenly to be of a sedate and serious age.

"You see," she went on, nervously, "I've become used to being without you. It *is* different now. . . ."

She watched Mr. Stanton climb dejectedly into the car, and the car disappear at the end of the curve that was Swan Walk. Street lights were already beginning to glimmer mistily in the gathering haze of twilight; overhead, the sky was a pale primrose yellow, and there was a slight chill in the air. Sylvia shivered delicately, and hurried up the path past the old sun dial to the house with a gay but rather guilty feeling.

Because, of course, Egbert must have been waiting there for almost half an hour. . . .

THEIR SECRET

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS

WHAT have we lost that those old masters knew,
Whose "science" was so beggarly by ours?

We smile at rondel of "rose-scented bowers":

Yet exquisite the blush-face peeping through!

Divine, the girl-Madonnas that they drew—

Unreal, and yet as natural as flowers!

We may not paint such, we who vaunt our powers—
Craftsmen, not artists, who have lost the clue.

For we are driven madly in the wind

Of frenzied living. We who from our birth

Are speeded over desecrated ground,

Past unseen treasures of the leisured mind,

Till we are shoveled hastily in earth—

How may we seek it, or, how seeking, find?

ANGLOMANIA

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I REMEMBER a talk in Dublin with an Irish writer whose English prose has adorned our period. It was 1918, and the eve of forced conscription, and his indignation with English policy was intense. "I will give up their language," he said, "all except Shakespeare. I will write only Gaelic." Unfortunately, he could read Gaelic much better than he could write it. In his heart, indeed, he knew how mad he would have been to give up the only literary tradition which, thanks to language, could be his own; and in a calmer mood since he has enriched that tradition with admirable translations from the Irish. He was suffering from a mild case of Anglomania.

Who is the real Anglomaniac in America? Not the now sufficiently discredited individual with a monocle and a pseudo-Oxford accent, who tries to be more English than the English. Not the more subtly dangerous American who refers his tastes, his enthusiasms, his culture, and the prestige of his compatriots to an English test before he dare assert them. The real Anglomaniac is the American who tries to be less English than his own American tradition. He is the man who is obsessed with the fear of "Anglo-Saxon domination."

How many Anglomaniacs by this definition are at large in America each reader may judge for himself. Personally, I find them extraordinarily numerous, and of so many varieties, from the mere borrower of opinions to the deeply convinced zealot, that it seems wiser to analyze Anglomania than to discuss the various types that possess it. And in this analysis let us exclude from the beginning such very

real, but temporary, grievances against the English as spring from Irish oppressions, trade rivalries, or the provocations which always arise between allies in war. All such causes of anti-English and anti-"Anglo-Saxon" sentiment belong in a different category from the underlying motives which I propose to discuss.

These Anglomaniacs, with their talk of Anglo-Saxon domination, cannot mean English domination. That would be absurd, although even absurdities are current coin in restless years like these. At least one Irishman of my acquaintance *knows* that King George cabled Wilson to bring America into the war, and that until that cable came Wilson dared not act. I can conceive of an English influence upon literature that is worth attacking, and also worth defending. I can conceive of a far less important English influence upon our social customs. But in neither case, domination. That England dominates our finance, our industry, our politics, is just now, especially, the suspicion of a paranoiac, or the idea of an *ignoramus*.

"Anglo-Saxon domination," even in an anti-British meeting, cannot and does not mean English domination; it can mean only control of America by the so-called Anglo-Saxon element in our population. The quarrel is local, not international. The "Anglo-Saxon" three thousand miles away who cannot hit back is a scapegoat, a whipping boy for the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" American at home.

What is an "Anglo-Saxon" American? Presumably he is the person familiar in "want" advertisements: "American family wants boarders for the summer.