

thought must be dark, were shining with a mist of tears.

Going down the hill he repeated the two names: Maisie Danker! Hildred Ansley! They called up concepts so different that it was hard to think them of a common flesh. Though Maisie Danker was a woman and Hildred Ansley but a child, there were points at

which you could compare them. In the comparison the advantages lay so richly with the girl in Louisburg Square that he fell back on the fact, stressing it with emphasis, that Maisie was the prettier. "After all," he reflected, with comfort in the judgment, "that's all that matters—to a man."

*(To be continued)*

## To A Foreigner

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

*[Children, leprechauns, women beautifulle and yonge, these be forrainers alle.*

—Sir Eustace Peachtree]

AYE, for I knew you foreign! Plain to me  
The anxiety that trembled in your gaze—  
Your brave but heavy-burning secrecy  
Compelled by our more coarse and clumsy ways.

O lovely, lovely! Terror in the eyes,  
Poor eagerness to do what men expect:  
Willing to stifle your own gay surprise  
And pass unquestionable, trim, correct—

Shall you, who have untellable things to say,  
Who hear inaudibles, guess the unknown,  
"Assimilate," bewildered *émigré*,  
In our suspicious and mechanic zone?

Be ever foreign, beautiful and strange!  
Nor naturalize (wild word!) that rebel blood:  
Docility and use must never change  
Your sweet enchanting reckless alienhood.

How did I know you foreign? Your most droll  
Blithe candor, so unlike our timid style;  
Courteous to our queer modes, yet you console  
Your humor with a small comparative smile.

How did I know you stranger, troubled, lonely,  
Thrilled and yet puzzled in a foreign land,  
Dear excommunicate?—Ah perhaps only  
Since I am outlandish too. You understand.

# THE LION'S MOUTH

“HIC LABOR . . .”

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THERE is a young married woman in our village who is generally regarded as a thoroughly immoral person, in fact, as the reprehensible influence of the town. It is not that she smokes or drinks cocktails. Even in rural New England we have long ago got used to that. Her depravity consists in the fact that several older women have dropped in to see her at eleven o'clock in the morning and found her seated in an arm-chair in the garden, reading the daily paper. The inference is obvious—that she must be neglecting her duties as a housewife and mother.

To bear out this inference there is certainly no evidence in her house itself. It is one of the most charming and one of the neatest in town. To be candid, I think that this fact in itself is what really makes the older housewives so angry. If Loretta (shall we call her?) were a sloven in person and if her house were a hodgepodge, her critics could take the sweet, sad position of pitying her without seeming to blame. But the fact is that Loretta beats her critics at their own game and does it with none of that fla-fla so dear to the pseudo-professional heart. What the real “worker” loves is a woman who can dress a baby with all the effect of saving the republic and sweep a room with all the appearance of stemming the Belgian retreat. What one “heroic soul” demands of another is scars of battle. Without scars it is hard for the commonplace mind to believe that there has been a fight.

On one or two occasions I have actually caught Loretta at work, seen her

cooking a roast or sweeping a room, and I have never seen any other living thing, except a Bengal tiger, move with such silent, effortless speed. But few persons ever have caught Loretta in action. When usually seen, she is doing nothing at all, and this is her great strategic mistake. She does not pretend that she likes housework. Like any unpleasant duty, she gets it over as soon as possible and then refuses to say any more about it. In the poker phrase, no “post mortems” about the breakfast dishes are allowed at her table, which, of course, is heresy in itself. Your “genuine worker” must not only make a given task as exhausting as possible, but sit around afterward and tell how exhausting it *was*.

The truth is that the American mind does not so much admire work as the appearance of work. It is not energy which it demands but bustle. I always think, in this connection, of my friend Matthews, who is not only one of the best of the younger American painters, but one of the most successful.

As I had known Matthews in the city, he was just what his profession would have implied—a dreamy, meditative, impractical chap who worked furiously when he had a canvas in hand and then loafed indolently for weeks until he began another. The summer months, however, Matthews used to spend with his father and mother at their old home in the country, and the first time I visited him there I was utterly astonished to see what appeared to be a strange reversion to type. All day long, when Matthews was not actually painting, I would find him pottering around the garden, straightening up an old, sagging door,