

## A PAGE OF VERSE

### DUST

BY STELLA MORRIS

[*The Poetry Review*]

ALL ways are gay with dust this sum-  
mertide,  
The dust lies thick about the country-  
side.  
How shall I go through dust to be his  
bride?

All ways are gray with dust, gray dust  
of sighs,  
And sobbing memories — for dead,  
loved eyes  
Would see me go to greet him lover-  
wise.

### SONG

BY ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

[*The Saturday Review*]

JACK-in-the-hedge,  
Bryony, foxglove,  
Robin-run-up-the-hedge —  
Sing to my little love.

Speedwell and firmament,  
Duckweed and bonfire,  
Zephyr, rook-parliament —  
Breathe her my heart's desire.

And all ye jolly birds,  
Join in our roundelay;  
Sing, cockioly birds,  
This is my wedding-day!

### EPITAPH

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*The Observer*]

HUMBLY I lived, but very proudly died.  
Death's chosen! Can you wonder at  
my pride?  
Philosophers and Heroes, Saints and  
Kings  
He left, but folded *me* beneath his wings.

### THE WEAVER

BY KATHARINE I. MONRO

[*The Bookman*]

ALL the day long, and every day,  
In fog or in sunlight, in gold or in gray,  
I weave for my living, down South-  
wark way:  
But at night I weave my dreams.

Cloth for the merchant, and cloth for  
the maid,  
Broadcloth and taffeta, silk and brocade;  
Many have labored ere one is arrayed:  
But alone I weave my dreams.

Starlight and firelight, laughter and  
tears,  
Gleaming desires and shadowy fears;  
Words half remembered, from far-away  
years:  
Of such I weave my dreams.

Now, when the darkness is kindly and  
deep,  
Now, when the moon is atop Heaven's  
steep,  
Some go to slumber, and some go to  
weep:  
But I go home to my dreams.

### THE KING OF CHINA'S DAUGHTER

BY JOAN CAMPBELL

[*The Poetry Review*]

THIS is the song of the King of China's  
daughter.  
Very far away she lives, beyond the  
tumbling water;  
Three-and-thirty eunuchs stand to  
wait on her behest,  
Three-and-thirty lute-players to lull  
her heart to rest.  
But the King of China's daughter shall  
rest no more at all  
Because in dreams I went to her, and  
hold her heart in thrall.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### 'LE CADUCÉE,' ANOTHER PLAY ABOUT DOCTORS

DOCTORS appear to be fair game for the modern dramatist, who either attacks them as pretentious charlatans or else holds them up to admiration as benefactors of the race. Bernard Shaw, in *The Doctor's Dilemma* offers an excellent example of the first practice. The only one of the six physicians in the play for whom he appears to have any respect is Sir Patrick Cullen, who persists that all medical progress is leading 'right back to my poor dear old father's ideas and discoveries. He's been dead over forty years now.'

M. Brioux in *Les Avariés*, on the other hand, has shown the doctor in a strong but entirely favorable light, as the friend and helper of foolish humanity.

Much more faithful to the probable facts of the case is 'André Pascal' — otherwise Baron Henri de Rothschild, himself a physician — who in his new play, *Le Caducée*, gives us a thorough-going rascal of a doctor for a hero and as counterfoil to him another doctor — this time a hard-working, disinterested, serious man of science. Dr. Revard is a skillful but unscrupulous surgeon, who has become indifferent to the risks his patients run, and reckons the cost of the gifts he makes to his mistress, Fernande, not in money but in terms of the operations he has undertaken. One of the most telling bits of dialogue in the play occurs in the first act. Dr. Revard has just given Fernande a costly set of silver-fox furs: —

*Fernande.* Oh! A silver fox! Ah! chic!

*Dr. Durieux.* How much did it cost?

*Dr. Revard.* Two appendicitis cases.

Dr. Revard becomes more and more

indifferent to the interests of his patients until at length — in his eagerness for money — he persuades a young and wealthy American society woman to undergo an operation which is not only useless but dangerous. She dies from its effects; and Dr. Revard's infamy is discovered and denounced by his assistant. Rather than face certain ruin professionally, as well as the legal consequences of his crime, Dr. Revard commits suicide. But he tries, in his death, to atone in some measure for his past crimes, by the mode of suicide he chooses. He injects a poison into his arm and quietly sits down to record every symptom caused by the toxin as he draws nearer and nearer to death. In the meantime, he has sent for his friend, Dr. Durieux, the honest physician, to whom, as he dies, he communicates the last symptoms, which he is no longer strong enough to record with his own hands.

Although the play is at times disfigured by deliberate excursions into the sentimental for its own sake, and episodes that do not grow necessarily out of the action, its inherent strength is such that it retains its genuine dramatic qualities. Three scenes are unforgettable: the first, that in which the American woman, Mrs. Watson has her first consultation with the doctor, and is so strongly affected by his personality and his personal charm that the way is opened for her final submission to his will and her consent to the needless operation which costs her life; the second, the scene between the doctor and a professor of medicine who comes to tell him of the accusation soon to be laid against him; and the