

a Byron or a Chateaubriand. The scholars who followed them were, with rare exceptions, too technical and wrote in terms more appropriate to the description of a post mortem on the victim of some mysterious disease. Three of the most distinguished writers of our own day have founded a more humane tradition, and in the notes of Charles Maurras, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Maurice Hewlett there is much that must appeal to anyone, who follows in their footsteps, as both true and suggestive. But the difficulty will always remain of committing to the universality of any linguistic form impressions that are primarily sensuous. The view from 'Sunium's marbled

steep' over the Ægean to the islands; the Saronic Gulf and the mountains of the Peloponnese from the cliffs above Megara; the path of the full moon on the waters of the Bay at Phaleron; the first glimpse of the Parthenon and the sudden realization that its proportions were more perfect than those of any building one had ever seen; an hour at sunset in an English garden in Kephisia, looking over fields to the noble contours of Pentelikon and the ghostly scar on its face where the marble for the Acropolis was quarried — these are the moments that 'vibrate in the memory' and have the power to banish the turpitudes of politics and to bridge the gulf of centuries.

KING, QUEEN, AND JACK¹

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

[THE introductory note is by Julius Clausen, Librarian of the Royal Library of Copenhagen.]

IN the *Collected Works* of Hans Christian Andersen almost everything our world-famous poet has written is included — even the most insignificant topical verses. Great was the surprise, therefore, when a beautiful little story for children that had never been published was discovered among the Andersen manuscripts in the Collin Autograph Collection.

The name of this story is 'King, Queen, and Jack'; in other words, it is a fairy tale based on a pack of playing-cards. It was hidden away as a little

manuscript booklet of sixteen small pages, with a gray paper cover, evidently of Andersen's own manufacture. We know that he was handy with thread and needle, and he himself had evidently stitched the pages together.

This fairy tale was written during the summer of 1868, for with it was found a little personal memorandum called 'Traveling,' and, in parenthesis, 'In the Hotel.' The latter shows that the sensitive poet tried to turn an irritating experience into something poetic. He was then on his way home from Ems, where he had taken the cure, and stopped at Cologne for a few days in June 1868. The story was apparently written in the room of his hotel there, or at Altona.

We have an explanation of why this

¹From *Berlingske Tidende* (Copenhagen Conservative, daily), December 20

story was never published. On reaching home Andersen read it to the critical Hoedt, who jokingly exclaimed: 'But what do you mean, Andersen! Why, you have written a positively revolutionary fairy tale! Don't you see, all the kings are burned up!'

Andersen was so pained to think that such a misconstruction might be placed upon his innocent composition, and so fearful that his loyalty might be doubted, that he never allowed the tale to be printed, although he was careful to preserve it among his papers.

KING, QUEEN, AND JACK

How many nice things we can make from paper and paste together! There was William, for instance, who had a castle so big that it filled the whole table. And how finely it was painted! It looked as if it were built of real red bricks, and it had a roof that shone like genuine copper. And there was a tower, and a real drawbridge, and water in the moat. Why, the castle was reflected from the water just as if in a mirror; well, it *was* a mirror.

On the tower stood a watchman, at the very highest point, and he was made from wood. And he had a trumpet to blow, but he did not blow it. The little boy could himself raise and lower the drawbridge. And he could make his tin soldiers march across the bridge, and he could open the castle gate and look right into the great knights' hall, and there on the walls were hanging pictures cut out of a pack of cards — regular playing-cards, with hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades, the kings with crowns and sceptres, the queens with veils reaching their shoulders and flowers in their hands, the jacks thrusting out their halberds and wearing swaying feathers in their hats.

One evening the little boy was lying before his castle, looking through the open gate into the great hall where the playing-cards were hanging on the walls like real old pictures in a real knights' hall.

Then it seemed to him as if the kings sent him greetings with their sceptres, that the Queen of Spades moved the

golden tulip in her hand, and that the Queen of Hearts raised her fan. All four queens graciously let him know that they had seen him.

He moved still closer to see better, but struck his head against the castle so that it shook, and now all four jacks, clubs, spades, diamonds, and hearts thrust their halberds toward him to warn him against getting too close, for he was too big to enter.

Thereupon the little boy nodded; and he nodded once more, and then he said: 'Say something!' But the pictures said not a word. But when he nodded a third time toward the Jack of Hearts, the latter sprang right out of the picture, which remained hanging like a piece of white linen on the wall. Right in the centre of the floor stood the Jack of Hearts, the feather in his cap dancing merrily, while in his hand he held his great iron-studded lance.

'What's your name?' he asked the little boy. 'You have nice bright eyes and good thoughts, but you don't wash your hands often enough.'

Now, he did not say that any too kindly.

'My name is William,' replied the little boy, 'and this is my castle, and you are the Knight of my Heart.'

'I am the knight of my King and of my Queen, and not your knight,' said the Jack of Hearts. 'I can step out of the picture, right out of the castle, and my lord and my lady can do still more. We can go out into the wide

world, but we don't care to do so any longer. It is much more comfortable and pleasant to sit in a card picture and be yourself.'

'And were you all real people before?' asked the little boy.

'People?' exclaimed the Jack of Hearts. 'Yes, but not as good as we should have been. Light a little wax taper before me, best of all a red one, for that is the color of my master and mistress. Then I will tell you our story, for you say you are the owner of the castle. But don't interrupt me. If I am to talk, I must talk in my own way.'

And this is what he said:—

'Once upon a time there were four brothers, all kings, but the King of Hearts was the oldest. He was born with a golden crown and a golden apple. He reigned at once. His queen was born with a golden rose; you see for yourself that she has it still. Oh, what good times they had! They did n't have to go to school; they could play the livelong day, build castles and tear them down again, break their tin soldiers in pieces, and play with dolls. If they asked for sandwiches, there would be butter on both pieces, and powdered sugar besides. Those were happy days, but one can get enough even of those. Finally they grew tired of their pleasant times. And then came the King of Diamonds!'

'And what happened then?' the little boy asked. But the Jack of Hearts uttered not another word. There he stood stiff and dignified and simply stared at the lighted red wax taper.

Well, nothing more could be done about it, so the little boy nodded to the Jack of Diamonds, and after a third nod he sprang out of the card, took his position, and said just one word: 'Wax taper!' The little boy at once lighted a tiny red candle and placed it in front of the Jack, who presented arms with

his lance and continued the story. These were his exact words:—

'Then followed the King of Diamonds. He was a king with a glass window in his breast. One could also look right through the Queen, and see that they were made just like other people. This was so interesting that a monument was erected in their honor. It stood for twenty years; but then it was built for all eternity.'

At this point the Jack of Diamonds again presented arms and stared in silence at his red wax taper.

Now, without William's making the slightest nod, gravely as only the stork walks when it strides across a field, the Jack of Clubs, the black clover-leaf, left his card. He flitted down like a bird whose wings spread wider and wider, and after circling around the little boy he flew back to his white card on the wall, to the right. Then the Jack of Clubs spoke, without first asking for a wax taper like the others:—

'Not everybody gets butter on both sides of his bread. Neither my King nor my Queen got it, and they deserved it first of all. They had to go to school and learn what the former kings had not learned. They also went about with windows in their bosoms, but none looked inside except to see if there was something the matter with the clock-work. I know it, for I have served them for many years; I serve and obey them still. That is why I present arms.' And, as he said this, he did so.

William also lighted a wax taper for him, a shining white one.

Thereupon, all at once, Jack of Spades stood before him, rushing up without further greeting.

'Everybody has got a candle,' he said. 'I know I shall also get one! But if we Jacks are getting one, our sovereigns should each have at least three. I have come last, and am not popular

for that reason. They have even given me a mocking name. They call me Black Peter, and no one wants me in the game. At one time I was the first gentleman to the King of Spades. Now I am last.

'I shan't tell you the story of my master and mistress. You may make one up about them for yourself. But things are going badly, and won't get better until we all ride high up in the sky on the red horse, higher even than the clouds.'

So little William lighted three candles before each of the kings and before each of the queens, and it became as bright in the knights' hall as in the richest emperor's castle, and the high-born sovereigns smiled their most gracious and kindly greetings, and the Queen of Hearts fanned herself with her golden fan, and the Queen of

Spades held out her golden tulip — it shone like burning fire, like a blazing flame. The great ones sprang down into the middle of the big hall and began to dance.

All at once there was a most brilliant glow — the whole castle was afire.

William jumped up in fright, crying out: 'Father! Mother! The castle is burning.' But within the blaze flared up and sparkled: 'Now we are riding aloft on the red horse, higher than the skies, to the very top of the universe. That is the way kings and queens should do; and their knights follow them!'

Yes, that was the end of William's castle, and of the playing-cards. But William still lives, and he washes his hands.

It was not his fault that the castle burned.

PHILOSOPHY AT THE WHEEL¹

BY C. C. MARTINDALE

'You are a proper Roman, you,' I said as he hurled our car through a street where one would have hesitated to wheel so much as a perambulator.

He uttered his cry of amused contempt.

'Roman, I?' said he. 'Roman nothing. I am from the Abruzzi.'

'What a beautiful country.'

'Assuredly! There how many *contadini* have each his plot of land and his cottage! But money lacks for living.'

'Will you go back?'

¹ From *The Month* (English Roman-Catholic review), December

'Some day I hope to, with my wife and my *bambina*. . . .'

And, like all these excellent lads, he embarked on the panegyric of his baby girl, — each chauffeur seemed to have one, — and even, to my extreme terror, took both hands off the wheel to find the wallet that contained her photograph.

'She has fifteen months, and is great — immense [he spread both arms wide] — a proper miracle. And she laughs, without tiring herself, as water runs.'

'Is life very difficult?'