

So the consuming flame
Brought out those country faces,
Set them like a magic lantern show
Against the black curtain of the night—
Man and woman of New England.

The hollow cheeks—
Toothless, or with projecting rims
Of cheap dental parlors—
Eyes blanked by the township line—
Shoulders pulled by a one horse plow.

The tag end of the tag end
Of the strong that went
East and West when the patient,
Long suffering New England hills
Began to spume poverty.

And I thought of my old portraits
Of Connecticut men and women,
Those who first fenced these meadows
And reared the timbers of that barn,
And built the Baptist Church. . . .

On the way home
The county attorney
Asked for a lift.
"Not a cent of insurance—
A shiftless lot";
He condemned with the
Straight arrow of Youth.

"They work so hard," I said
"Night and morning, they are at it,
Faithful to the last strength."

He said, "Their fields are old women
No man can breed with them."

I said, "We are no better,
We do not speak out—
We do not tell the truth
About New England;
We love it beyond stark eyes."

But he went back to the circle:
"A shiftless lot —
But I like them for jurymen—
Always choose them when
The case is one of j-u-s-t-i-c-e!
They'll give a man his due—
Lean over backward to do it—
They can get their teeth
Into a man's rights,
Just a plain statement of the facts—
No oratory of New York lawyers
Can fool them when somebody
Is trying to take something
Away from somebody that
He ought not to have."

I'm glad that I picked up
The attorney on the way home
From Turnbull's fire.

ALBERT FREDERICK WILSON.

The Honey Seller

Through a street that once I lived in
You used pass, a honey-seller;
And the town wherein that street was
Was the shabbiest of all places:
You were different from the others
Who went by to barter meanly:
Different from the man with colored
Windmills for the children's pennies;
Different from the drab purveyor
With her paper-screens to fill up
Chill and empty fireplaces.

You went by, a man upstanding,
On your head a wide dish, holding
Dark and golden lumps of honey;
You went slowly, like an old horse
That's not driven any longer,
But that likes to take an amble.

No one ever bought your honey,
No one ever paid a penny
For a single comb of sweetness;
Every house was grim unto you
With foregone desire of eating
Bread whose taste had sweet of honey.

Yet you went, a man contented
's though you had a King to call on,
Who would take you to his parlor
And buy all your stock of honey:
You went by, and in a sounding
Voice just like the bell of evening
Told us of the goods you carried,
Told us of the dark and golden
Treasure dripping on your wide dish.

You went by and no one named you!

PADRAIC COLUM.

Architecture

Make of your lips
a hard straight line;
parallel with them
your eyes;
make of your cheeks and chin
two strict right angles,
and of your ears and nose
two more;
have the part in your hair
diameter your head,
forehead, nose, lips and chin;
stick your arms
to your thorax and thighs;

Have your legs move,
since move they must,
in imperceptible perpendiculars,
like hidden two-four pendulums;

And some day,
so dignified a structure
will be hailed,
Burgomaster!

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

At the Capitol

How the Senate Hurries

SOMEbody hurt Mr. McCumber's feelings by mailing him and other members of Congress a postcard bearing the last public words of Joseph H. Choate, "For God's sake, hurry up!" A week ago Friday the Senator began the morning session with a speech to show that Congress had speedily done everything asked of it, that the only delay was in executive departments. At that time two highly important measures were pending: the Overman bill and the Swanson bill appropriating \$60,000,000 for housing at munitions plants and in Washington. At the present writing, ten days later, the Overman bill has only just been passed, and the Housing bill has not come to a vote. A good deal of discussion was reasonably to be expected on the Overman bill, but almost every one concedes the immediate necessity for the Housing appropriation. It would have been belated three months ago.

The Senate did not convene on the Saturday following Mr. McCumber's defense; but by agreement the Housing bill was to come up on Monday morning. During the opening routine, however, Mr. Poindexter secured the floor for a long speech on the Mooney case. This, with interruptions, followed by an irrelevant resolution from Mr. Brandegee, consumed the morning session. Then Mr. Overman properly insisted on taking up his own bill. "I made the motion for an adjournment on Friday so that the Senator from Virginia [Mr. Swanson] could bring up his bill in the morning hour today, but, of course, the morning hour was taken up with speeches."

What was the speech for the sake of which Mr. Poindexter assumed the responsibility of delaying war preparations? It was an inadequate and prejudiced account of the Mooney case. It attacked organized labor. It censured the President for his letter to the governor of California. It opposed a new trial, careless of the fact that large numbers of people at home and abroad are not satisfied, in view of new evidence, that justice has been done. It was full of time-filling sentences like the following: "H. Rider Haggard says that an ancient civilization once flourished in the heart of Africa and left vast monuments as proof of its power and science, but that it has disappeared so completely that no man knows whence it came and whither it went; and he remarks that our civilization, so far from being permanent, hangs upon such delicate balances that their dislocation might easily destroy it and utterly blot it from the face of the earth." It ended with a petition to the government "to strike dead as though with the thunderbolts of Jove every traitor who seeks to cut off supplies from our armies in the field." Who in the United States was at that moment doing the most to hinder the movement of supplies to our armies in the field? Perhaps Mr. Poindexter was fortunate that the thunderbolts of Jove are not yet in the armory of the White House.

The longest speech of the week, occupying the better part of two days, was that of Senator Sherman in opposition to the Overman bill. The first day's instalment set forth a number of undesirable imaginary actions which the President might take under the power conferred by the bill, and it sandwiched between these bogies a little poetry and a statement that the President already has the power which the bill is intended to convey. The second day

brought a Philippic against the administration, and an argument against giving it any more power on the ground that the President is too susceptible to radicalism. Mr. Sherman in his own vague way strung on the same thread, Mooney, the I. W. W., Trotzky, Secretary Baker, Secretary Wilson, Secretary Burleson, Louis Post of the Department of Labor, the Public, Frederic C. Howe, John H. Walker of the President's Mediation Commission and of the Illinois Federation of Labor; Frank P. Walsh, Carl Vrooman of the Department of Agriculture, Roger W. Babson, Townley of the Nonpartisan League, George Creel, former Congressman William Kent of California and others: all of them traitors, all socialists, and all advisers of the President, each with his own degree of infamy, which Mr. Sherman was at pains to specify in detail. "What I want him to do is to scatter this bunch of economic fakirs and howling dervishes that he has around him now—firebrands and pestilential fiends of sedition themselves." For two men Mr. Sherman had a good word—Samuel Gompers and Billy Sunday. Gompers he praised because of his hostile attitude towards the British Labor party; Mr. Gompers's speech denouncing the Russian radicals was, according to the Senator, "in refreshing contrast" to the President's message of sympathy to the soviets. "Sunday," said Mr. Sherman, "is the greatest ally of good government in the United States." "If there is anything needed in this country now it is a return in the pulpit to preaching to the people the consequences that attend misbehavior in this world and 100 per cent sulphuric hell fire." All this may seem a long cry from the war business before the Senate, but undoubtedly it interested the President to know that the presence of Billy Sunday in the Cabinet might have secured Mr. Sherman's vote for the Overman bill.

No one has yet accused the President of radicalism, however, in the appointments of Mr. Schwab and Mr. Ryan. Mr. Schwab may turn out to be suspect on account of his recent remarks about labor, but all the Shermans, Gallingers and McCumbers are happy about the choice of Mr. Ryan, and many of them have said so. Mr. Wadsworth, immediately after Mr. Ryan's appointment, introduced an amendment to the Overman bill authorizing the President to turn over to the aircraft executive complete control over contracts and appropriations, and it was passed without contest. It is to be hoped that if the President avails himself of this opportunity to unify control over airplane production, Mr. Ryan will do nothing to upset the labor policy of the War Department which has quieted the troubles in the northwestern woods. Some of Mr. Ryan's companies have been stubbornly opposed to organized labor, and the legislators who greet him enthusiastically are the ones who are most intolerant towards any concessions to the workers. Yet Colonel Disque's success in Oregon is due to the fact that he organized the dissatisfied lumbermen, met them, and granted the hours and conditions of work for which they had been striking, and which the employers had for the most part refused. Mr. Ryan is undoubtedly an able executive, but if his selection causes uneasiness and suspicion among the workmen in the woods and the mines, and if that suspicion is stirred to action by provocative measures on his part, his ability will count for little. In that unhappy event, the reactionary critics of the administration would have an opportunity to compare the sort of efficiency for which they have been pleading with the efficiency which includes a little social vision.

G. S.