

side evangelist; unconsciously tempts him again; stabs him; flees with the returned Clare but wakes from sleep amid the storied pillars of Stonehenge to find an officer of the law behind the nearest pillar—an extraordinary plot surely! Melodramatic! Perhaps, but quivering with human interest.

Whatever else is said of Tess, it must stand as the finest instance of that appeal which its author seems never to weary making—an appeal for compassion and tenderness toward women. Though it is true that the leading person in his greatest novel is a man, Hardy's distinction in character portrayal rests most strongly on his women. His pity for their physical frailties especially when they must, as in the case of Marty South, encounter hardship; his understanding of their need for love; his conviction that nature did not intend them for struggle; in short, his boundless chivalry for them makes him unique in a modern world where Shaw, Bennett, Wells, Ervine and the rest have pulled woman from her pedestal of poetic idealism (almost by the hair of her head) and find her meet only for comradeship.

The Return differs from Tess even more vitally than in its wider distribution of dramatic interest. Its whole conception partakes slightly of the supernatural. Wildeva and Eustacia, Thomasin and the Yeobrights—mother and son—are, individually regarded, human enough. But something indefinable in the way they are grouped and treated places them in our memories as creatures of an elemental world. The arrangement into sub-books gives an epochal quality. How finely dramatic are the titles to these books: Three Women, The Arrival, The Fascination, The Closed Door, The Discovery, Aftercourses. Indeed, Hardy is so often dramatic to the degree of intensity that one wonders why a single play only—The Dynasts—has appeared from his pen. But had he turned playwright we should have lost those pictures of nature that are one of his strongest claims to survival.

Hardy has not merely an eye for the beauties of the natural world—that possession is fairly common; he has an ear for all of the sounds of the forest, is, like his own Giles and Marty, “possessed of its finer mysteries as of commonplace knowledge . . . collected those remoter signs and symbols which, seen in few, were of runic obscurity, but altogether made an alphabet . . . from the quality of the wind's murmur through a bough could name its sort afar off.” The wizard waves his wand on the page of this book to the intent that we may be constantly conscious of the rustle of leaves. One might say that its pages are fairly umbrageous, both with forest and fruit trees. Giles “looked and smelt like Autumn's very brother, his face being

sun-burnt to wheat color, his eyes blue as cornflowers, his boots and leggings dyed with fruit-stains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pips, and everywhere about him that atmosphere of cider which at its first return each season has such an indescribable fascination for those who have been born and bred among the orchards.” It is not easy to stop quoting such English as that!

If The Return has the majesty of Lear, A Pair of Blue Eyes is an Arthurian idyl, with Elfrida as the lily-maid. Her girlish blunder in running away to London with Stephen is a dramatic quantity of like value to the fatal glance into the mirror that marred the happiness of The Lady of Shalott, and the progress from London to Endelstow of Elfrida's rich funeral car, the display in the smithy of her coronet and the suggestion of stately burial remind us of Elaine's barge floating down to Camelot, and her “gorgeous obsequies

“And mass, and rolling music, like a queen.”

Hardy's humor is of that rarest type, the Shakespearean. With finished artistry it is made to offset the somberness of the major scenes. Those misconceive Hardy, I believe, who find him depressing. Report does not show him in his personality as at all depressed. He is genial, and is greatly loved by his Wessex neighbors. His feeling for nature is pagan, almost pantheistic, but the beauty of the Nazarene—witness Clem Yeobright's preaching and Jude—is not lost to him. As to his complaints on the hardship of the common lot, I am inclined, affectionately, to smile. Envious Thomas Hardy! It has been given to few to view the handiwork of God as he has viewed it.

GRACE ALEXANDER.

## The Wingless Victory

Nike of Samothrace,  
Thy godlike wings  
Cleft windy space  
Above the ships of kings;  
Fain of thy lips,  
By hope made glorious,  
Time kissed thy grand, Greek face  
Away from us.

Our Nike has no wings;  
She has not known  
Clean heights, and from her lips  
Comes starved moan.  
Mints lie that coin her grace,  
And Time will hate her face,  
For it has turned the world's hope  
Into stone.

HERVEY ALLEN.

## The Bandwagon

## WHEN YOU ARE BEATEN.

PARIS, July 29.—The suggestion that Germany's time limit for the payment of indemnity should be extended to a century, so that future German generations would feel the punishment of war, was made today by Jean Ray, noted French financial expert and economic writer. . . .

"Nothing would serve better to teach the present generation of Germans that the policy of imperialism which they upheld with such enthusiasm does not pay—when you are beaten."—*International News Service.*

## WANTED—TEACHERS.

Must be good ones. Hustlers. Do not want old. Ugly ones. Or cranky and grouchy ones. Describe self personally and professionally. Send photo J. F. Gillis, Grove Hill, Ala. Co. Supt. of Clark County.—*Advertisement in the Mobile Daily Register, July 23th.*

## MR. VOLSTEAD EXONERATED.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 13.—Attempts to show that Representative Andrew J. Volstead of Granite Falls was an atheist and attended church for political reasons featured today's court hearing of the contest against the nomination of Rev. O. J. Kvale as Representative from the 7th District at Benson, Minn. . . . Court opened with examination by James Manahan, counsel for Kvale.

"Can you recite the Ten Commandments," challenged Manahan. Amid repeated objections from his own counsel, Volstead said he had forgotten them.

"Do you believe Christ made wine out of water?" asked Manahan.

"Yes."

"Do you think it was right for him to make wine out of water?"

Volstead was excused from answering.

—*New York World.*

PAGE MR. KOLCHAK, MR. DENIKIN, MR. YUDENITCH, MR. KORNILOFF AND MR. KALÉDIN.

"General Wrangel's South Russian Government constitutes tomorrow's Russia regenerated on a democratic basis."—Professor Struve, Paris representative of the "Government of South Russia."

## WOMEN IN POLITICS.

"How seriously will politics take women? . . . If we were asked to draw an analogy we'd say that if we had a fractious horse, and after we'd fed him well, pampered him, coddled him, treated him with every kindness and attempted to talk reason at him, he still stood up on his hind legs and pawed at the air, we'd get a rawhide quirt and hire the best horseman we knew and then scientifically and firmly lick the hell right out of him."—*The Monitor*, organ of Mark A. Daly, of the Associated Manufacturers and Merchants.

## HOME, JAMES.

"The Pennsylvania miner, making from forty to seventy-five dollars a day, buys an automobile—not necessarily a Ford—which waits for him at the entrance to the mine."—*Modes and Morals* (Scribner's), by Katherine Fullerton Gerould.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## Elusive Facts

SIR: Last February or early in March I wrote to the War Department inquiring whether *all* the murders of ex-service men which took place at Centralia last autumn were to be prosecuted for, or only those murders of which the victims were not members of the I. W. W. I further inquired what court was to try them.

I also asked for information about an ex-service man named Le May, of whom I had been told that he was a member of the I. W. W. and had seven medals or other decorations for bravery, including the Croix de Guerre and British Distinguished Service medal; and who, I had heard, was an intimate friend of Wesley Everest, the Centralia mob's victim, but who was lying with a broken back, from the fall of a tree, while lumbering, after his return to this country.

The War Department replied that it could give me no information about any of these matters. I think it said that the answers to them were not known to the Department. It advised me to inquire of the Department of Justice.

I then sent the following letter:

"March 18th, 1920.

To the Department of Justice.

Gentlemen: I am informed by the War Department that they cannot tell me what court is trying, or has been trying, the Centralia cases—the cases of the four, or the five, ex-soldiers killed in (I believe) an attack on the I. W. W. headquarters on Armistice Day. But the letter from the War Department advised me that perhaps the Department of Justice could inform me, both as to this point, and also whether prosecutions are being, or have been, made for all *five* of the ex-soldiers killed on that day, or only for the *four* who were killed by members of the I. W. W.; and not for the ex-soldier who was killed by the mob—Wesley Everest, I believe, his name was—who was a member of the I. W. W.

Any information in this matter which the Department can give me, or can put me in the way of obtaining, will be much appreciated. If prosecutions are being brought in all five cases, it seems to me the newspapers should be requested to state that fact; and if in only four, I am anxious to know why so.

Hoping the Department can assist me, I am,

Very truly yours,

Sarah M. Cleghorn,

859 Walnut Street, Macon, Georgia."

To this no reply ever came.

Late in April I addressed the headquarters of the American Legion asking the same questions, including that about Mr. La May. In reply I received a polite note, promising to try to obtain the information desired. No further word coming, early in July I wrote again to the Legion; and this time I received the following reply:

"The American Legion

National Headquarters

Meridian Life Building

Indianapolis

July 16th, 1920.

My dear Miss Cleghorn: Your letter of July 4th is at hand. Pursuant to your letter of April 23rd, we wrote under date of May 5th, to Mr. Russell C. Mack, c. o. Aberdeen World, Aberdeen, Washington, who, we were