

obtrusive bond. The variety of these scenic leading motives proves his inventiveness, their unerring fitness bears witness to his taste. *Much Ado About Nothing* depends for its connecting thread on a fixed architectural arrangement of variant panels, a hint of the artifice which is at the heart of the comedy. Border designs are the keynote of the costumes for *The Birthday of the Infanta*, an incisive reiteration of the Moorish heritage in Spanish art. The Tower of London looms behind every scene in *Richard III*, as it must have done in the minds of all who dreaded its power in the days of the Plantagenets.

Stylization with Jones thus assumes symbolic as well as mechanistic significance. In fact, a natural and unpretentious symbolism is entering into all of the artist's work. Whether it be fully intended or not, it often amounts to a philosophical interpretation of the scene and the play in hand. In the setting for *Henry V* before Harfleur, an interlude in *Caliban*, the spears of the advancing army are set at an angle which will bring them abruptly against the cliffs ahead if the angle is not changed. Before them on a ledge above, Henry with lifted sword sets the angle higher and thereby symbolizes the function of leadership. In no other sketch or model is this philosophical interpretation of the play or scene quite so patent and simple, but its presence can be detected in all of the artist's most recent work without stretching the imagination.

The leading question roused by Jones in his exhibit is whether his impulse toward greater freedom is yet fully conscious. Is he aware of the complete connotation of his reaching out to new conceptions which is so apparent in his later sketches? Does he understand just what it will mean to carry those sketches to realization in the theatre today? If he does not, then he will have to be satisfied to struggle still longer under other masters. If he does, he must be both thrilled and appalled at the prospect which opens up before him.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

Park Gnomes

The last leaves fall
In gusts of wind
And little old men,
Sere and thinned,
Little old men
Tattered and brown,
Rake the leaves
As they fall down,
Rake the leaves in Autumn fires,
Old, old leaves on their funeral pyres.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

The Passing of the West

TO the east rise the blue tips of the Rockies, to the west enormous orange-flecked tablelands. Between them, bands on bands of desert, dotted with gray sagebrush and chapparall, falling south-westward. Wallowing over its quicksands, ruddy brown, writhing in tumbled eddies, a straggling shallow river rushes down endlessly. A few clumps of sickly willows line either bank. Beyond, blank and empty, but for the interspersing of parched foliage, sun-blackened boulders, and prairie-dog holes, rolls the desert, mile beyond mile on either side, an endless wide space of silence spied upon by the jagged range of blue peaks from which the sun rose this morning, and the long line of great tablelands to which he will descend tonight. Now the sun moves neither to left nor right; he hangs dead overhead and fills all the air with the raging blaze of an August noon. The prairie dogs are asleep in their burrows; a rattle-snake lies motionless on a stone; even the coyote that loves to go slinking alone through the sagebrush, has hidden himself somewhere and sleeps. Up above there is only the unwearied wheeling of an eagle, from side to side turning and turning in endless wide circles around the sun. The desert below him seems burning: ashen-yellow, red-yellow, faint blue and rose brown. Not a cloud flake breaks with its shadow the great space of sky and of earth. Only the river glides on ever fretting with its shallow brown waters the dearth. Silence—the silence of noonday: not a whisper, not even a breath. The desert stands wide, free and open, and the sky is a blue ring of death.

To the south the great floor opens wider till it seems to crumble away under the blaze of day into fantastic island-masses, miraged peaks hanging in mid-air. To the north it closes up again, range on range of mountains staining with faint blue the horizon. Between these two the desert rests, without a break, without a path, without a track. Up the crannies of the westward canyons are tiny mud-baked houses, standing on cracked shelves of yellow stone. These are empty and deserted and their inhabitants are gone. Down to the south, the Spaniard came riding centuries ago, with his pikemen, mules, and musketeers, seeking Eldorado. Mission bells toll over the desert, lofty pueblos lift old chants for rain. Northward, French and British traders cease their fighting, exchange beads for furs again. Spaniards, Frenchmen, British, Indians, each have been seeking Eldorado in their own way. Yet to this day the desert lies empty, a spot as lonely as when it was created, roamed over only by the buffalo and antelope. Now and then a little troupe

of Paiute Indians, mounted on lean ponies, lope through it, and an arrow or two brings down some old bull after a hard chase. Yet the path to Eldorado lies through this very place.

It is afternoon and a small herd of buffaloes have come down to the shallows to drink. The bulls stop about the brink to wallow in the mud, the cows nose among the stones for grass, the young calves are suckling from their mothers. Suddenly the eldest bull stops and looks up arrested by a strange sight. Over the desert, heading straight westward in a line like an arrow-flight, something is rolling slowly like an enormous snake, clouds of gray alkali dust rising and trailing in its wake. It dips and rises, dips and rises again, following the hummocks and hollows of the enormous plain. The old bulls stupidly pause to look at it, the cows are still browsing, nearer and nearer it comes with the sound of groaning axles, wheels rattling, a fiddle scraping "Good bye Pike County," pans rattling and whips cracking—till a human eye could descry what it is: a caravan of ox-drawn prairie schooners covered with pale yellow canvas, going towards the setting sun. Suddenly a group of agile riders detach themselves from the mass. They have sighted the buffalo. Before the herd can pass the stream, or the grazing cows be brought together, the leather-jacketed hunters are among them; shooting so close to the plunging brutes, that the blaze of the powder scorches the hide and burns the hair. Half an hour later, the oxen toil up and the wagons are drawn together in a great circle near to the banks of the stream. Fires of greasewood are lighted, the coffee pot sizzles, the fresh meat splutters, raw-boned loose-jointed men discuss the events of the day, gingham-aproned sun-bonneted women are running about, children play under the canopy. . . . Slowly the sun sinks westward over the desert, spilling his glory as he goes, touching the eastward peaks to vermillion, sapphire, violet and rose. Stars hang in the sky like blinding faceted diamonds, night falls on the encampment, there is rough merrymaking. Over the face of the desert slither the coyotes, attracted by the smell of fresh meat, and they gather together before morning, saluting the wagons with yappings endlessly repeated from all sides of the horizon. The stars pale and fade: the camp fires burn bright in the dawning, men with matted hair walk about yawning. Horses are caught and saddled, tethered cattle assemble, wagons roll off with a jolt and an oath across the ford, they rumble away going westward again and are swallowed up in silence. From aloft drop a troop of wheeling gray vultures scenting the carrion. Over the slopes of the Rockies pours the blue dawn.

To the east rise the blue tips of the Rockies; to the west, fantastic orange-flecked tablelands. Between them, in bands on bands, mile after mile, go the pioneers, seeking their fortunes or a grave. As yet the trail they follow is only a narrow track in the dust, down which goes bumping and thundering in a heavy coach drawn by six bay horses, the government mail. For now there is another state yonder, far behind those great tablelands and the white peaks to which they rise, a state set on the shores of another ocean where the east faces the west, where the worst mingles with the best, where men spend sackfuls of gold dust for a letter, and fight each other with knives over a handful of flour. The dream of Eldorado has come true, at last, and the Spaniard's hope, the Englishman's achievement sink into the past. Yet this news does not run very far here in the desert. The antelopes still browse where they choose, the buffalo still disputes the right of way with every stage driver. The Paiutes and Navahoes that pass on their ponies have a few more rifles, that is all. Here and there, beside the trail, there are the bones of dead horses and cattle, the skeleton framework of overturned wagons, or a pile of stones six by three to mark that human burial is as cheap as fortune and fame. For the rest the face of the desert is precisely the same.

Then one day come the cattle, driven out from their ranges in Texas to seek the fresh grass of Wyoming pastures. They roll out of the south in strings of a thousand, deep red or smoky black beasts, broadhorned steers tossing their muzzles and pawing, cows lowing, calves bawling; bronze-faced horsemen in chaparejos, riding around them, whooping and calling and whirling their lariats. At the ford, there is tumult and commotion, many get sucked into the quicksands impelled by others, and there are oaths and yells. Finally the scene is quieted. The cattle have gone, and the desert, a little trampled on, quickly resumes its old aspect. Here and there a buzzard or a watchful Indian is feeding: that is all.

So fall and winter pass and in the spring a surveying party carefully go over the road. Long bands of shining steel begin to be laid out from east to west, till at last they meet on the desert's breast. The smoky trains thunder from Manhattan to Wagon Wheel Gap, from the crossings of the Platte to the Great Divide, from the Sierras to the Golden Gate. One force alone remains to challenge fate, that iron monster that sweeps across a continent devouring time in his stride. The great buffalo herd, worried upon its flanks moves southward in autumn in serried ranks across the desert. In the very eye of the arrested trains they pass,