

life on the islands has become more miserable for our friends. One, Paolo Fabbri, whose term was soon to have expired, has been arrested on charges of complicity. He, like our other best and dearest friends on the island, was absolutely in the dark as to our plans. Absolute secrecy was most essential to our success. Rosselli's wife, an Englishwoman, was arrested while spending the summer in Pied-

mont, and was released only after a lively campaign in the British press against such a mediæval act of reprisal. Rosselli's brother, a student of history never in politics, was seized and exiled to Ustica, where he suffers all the hardships of a cruel régime.

Our joy in our regained liberty is marred by the thought of so many of our citizens still languishing in the prisons and on the islands.



## The Great God Gab

BY P. W. WILSON

*Seeking the great orators of today, a well-known public speaker finds none, and declares that oratory has been smothered in a welter of words*

IT IS with a certain engaging candor that an appreciative editor has asked of me, the perpetrator of a thousand speeches, the sensible yet searching question whether I do not think that, after all, the art of oratory is obsolete. Where, he inquires sadly, can we find the Demosthenes of the Twentieth Century — the Daniel Webster — the William Ewart Gladstone? Bryan has passed away, Coolidge is silent, Hoover reads from a document, and despite Lloyd George, despite Borah, despite Briand and other oratorical mediocrities, there is no longer a Cicero to be heard.

The question, thus raised, is certainly pertinent to the epoch through which we are passing. Of the flood-

tide of time which we call the Twentieth Century, three decades are all but complete, and mankind has been swept from the moorings. The whole world — barbaric and civilized, America as well as Africa, Europe as well as Asia — has been rent by a revolution, without precedent in its violence to accepted tradition.

NO LONGER do we dwell upon our planet. We travel, as it were, in an airplane, detached from the environing landscape, and our only sensation is rapid movement. In estimating the worth of our progress, we should take into account not only what we gain but what we lose; and oratory, like the pantomime or the pack-horse, should be included.

Not always do we realize the full force of the impact which is shaking the fabric of civilization. It is not only institutions, churches, temples, mosques and synagogues, to say nothing of armies and navies, that have crumbled and even collapsed. Faiths are shaken which were firmly held. Fashions are transformed, customs discontinued, restraints broken asunder, etiquette obliterated, marriage is modernized and crime, like war, is elevated to a science. It is thus not only to faith and tradition that the Twentieth Century has issued an ultimatum. The Modern is equally an attack on art, and the question, where are the orators? is only one element in a larger and more searching question.

It is here that we need to be exceedingly clear as to our definitions. Are we right in describing Oratory as an art, comparable with poetry and painting? The Greeks did not think so. Among the nine Muses, you will find Melpomene, with her tragic countenance, and Terpsichore, tripping on her toes. But you will not find Oratory. For some reason, the orator is denied a passport to Mount Helicon, and his disability is expressed in a somewhat brusque phrase. We are told that Oratory is not an art, but the harlot of the arts.

TO MAKE the point plain, let us contrast oratory with acting and the dance — over in a moment and surviving thereafter as no more than a fading memory. But between a number performed, let us say, by Ruth St. Denis, and a smart repartee by Lady Astor in the House of Commons, there is after all a certain dis-

similarity. Let us suppose that Lady Astor, like Ruth St. Denis, is radiant with admiration, hope and love. Even so, when she snubs Mr. Kirkwood of Glasgow, she has to limit these impulses to the end immediately to be served. Every orator's language and allusions are subordinate to the day's business, which is strictly to achieve a result — to enlighten, to persuade, to remind, to solemnize, to convert an audience usually less awake than himself and, in any case, preoccupied. A bad speech that "puts it over" is better than a good speech that fails to "put it over," and at Westminster an exordium, perhaps the most effective ever uttered, consisted of the words, "And so, my Lords."

BUT in the dance and in acting, Art, though fleeting in its vehicle, exists for the truth and beauty in itself which themselves are immortal. It may, like a butterfly, glow and glitter for a day alone, but the glow and glitter are glimpses of the beatific vision which is eternal. Never were there finer speeches than the speeches in which Sir Robert Peel denounced the Corn Laws. Never were speeches heard and read with a more intense enthusiasm. Yet who, today, would dream of chartering a theater in order to deliver those speeches? When, however, the maidens of the East strike an attitude that expresses an emotion, when a Kean or an Irving "creates a part" and impresses it upon his generation, we have that "thing of beauty" which is "a joy forever," and —

Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness.

Studying archaic papyri, a perpetual dynasty of interpreters will emulate that original legend of the sublime. Of Oratory as an art, it is thus the essence that it suits the occasion, and that, when the occasion is over, the spell is broken.

LET us extol, then, the orators of the past, but let us not forget that their exploits are, as a rule, no matter of record but only of a vague and unsubstantial tradition. It is said that, in the Eighteenth Century, the greatest speech delivered in the English language was Sheridan's denunciation of the treatment inflicted by Warren Hastings upon the Princesses of Oude. But not a sentence of it remains. Indeed, of all oratory, once so impressive, it may be said that nothing survives, except those few phrases and fragments which can stand a test, transcending immediate utility, the test of literature. Christ spoke as never man spake, but it is His gems of utterance alone that today echo in our ears. St. Paul's discourse at Athens, obviously a great argument, can be read, as it reaches us, in two minutes.

Even where it is a case of *litera scripta manet*, we judge of our orators, not by their perorations but by their phrases. What do we recall of Pitt's famous rhetoric except that, in his final words at the Guildhall, he spoke of England saving herself by her endeavors and Europe by her example? Or of Canning's eloquence except that, impromptu, he boasted of summoning the New World to redress the balance of the Old? My own hero was Gladstone, and of his gorgeous declamations I doubt if I could quote three sentences. So

much depends on the personality, the voice, the applause. If the speeches of Mark Antony and Portia are immortal, it is because drama surrounds them with the setting. On the stage, we see their effect. But in the press today, a speech, if too important to be ignored, is only printed without those parentheses—cheers, laughter, interruptions—which suggest what the Greeks would call the chorus. We serve up our eloquence cold, and usually it is in print before a word of it has been spoken. The cold arises out of cold storage.

THE weakness of Oratory is thus that it can be imperishable only in so far as it is something greater than and different from its essential self. Take the Gettysburg Address. Every word of it was written before it was uttered, and utterance was merely an accident. As a proclamation, as an editorial, the Address would have been still supreme. So with Newman's sermons; they are of the same quality as Pascal. Indeed, the Philippic of Cicero, or an oration by Burke, do not differ as art from a chapter by Gibbon or an essay by Macaulay. If, moreover, we had actually to sit through one of those speeches by which Burke earned the reputation of being the dinnerbell of the House of Commons, we might sigh for an hour of Borah or Lloyd George. The very fact that this oratory suits us, means that it did not suit the victims on whom originally it was inflicted. It was that kind of oratory about which, as we endure it, we moan, "But it will read well."

They who suggest that oratory is obsolete, are the dupes, then, of a

fallacy. They are judging of the art, if art it be, not by its appeal to the contemporaries for whom alone the art is intended, but by its faint echoes at a later date. Whether Lloyd George, Briand and Borah are as great orators as Cicero and Demosthenes, we shall never have the means of knowing. There is no yardstick, as President Hoover would put it, with which to measure such parity. This, however, can be asserted. Neither Cicero nor Demosthenes, as an orator, achieved the actual results in policy and administration which are plainly attributable to the utterances of their successors. The orator of today raises armies and disbands them, builds ships and scraps them, borrows his billions, levies his taxes, insures the aged, dashes the goblet from the very lips of the thirsty, and settles the issues of peace and war. Test oratory by the only test that applies to it, namely, efficiency, and never has there been an era so ruled by oratory as our own. To democracy and even to dictatorship, the practice of persuasion has become an imperative necessity.

IT IS no wonder, then, that Oratory, so far from declining in the Twentieth Century, has never flourished at any time with so triumphant an exuberance. Any idea, any hope, that the speech which is merely silver may yield one day to the silence which is golden, must be dismissed. A hundred years ago, a speech was an event, and, in most countries, a crime against society. The particular objection to Protestantism, and especially Nonconformity, was that the preacher was substituted for the pre-

late and the priest, who were content with the service book. It was because Parliaments were "talking shops" that monarchs detested them.

BUT the Oratory which yesterday was an achievement, is today an atmosphere. Here and there, a benefactor of mankind like Mussolini, convinced that one person alone should talk at once, denounces "Parliamentarism," and reduces the most vocal of nations to the quietude of Rigoletto. Surveying the world as a whole, however, we find that Parliaments become, not only more numerous but more noisy: if Italy attains to Nirvana, it only means that India, with four times the population, reorganizes her mysticism as an auditorium. In the Parliament of Pitt, few save Pitt dared to speak. Orators today may not be as polished in their periods as their predecessors, but they find safety in numbers.

In the English Speaking Commonwealth, never have there been so many pulpits in so many churches, so many rostra in so many legislatures, so many professors in so many chairs in so many colleges and universities, so many lectures advertised with optimism in columns announcing amusements, so many courts of law where perspiring advocates prance to their own prating and induce juries to discern justice in gesticulation. Loquacity has lengthened our luncheons and our banquets are prolonged by what, too often, is post-prandial balderdash. Even in the home, there is usually some friend who, inadvertently tuning to the correct wave length, turns on a tap against which to be deaf is the only defense.

We are warned that the love of money is the root of all evil. If we have, perhaps, too much of this blessing called oratory, it may be because it is a blessing that falls on him who gives as well as those who receive. Even announcers, not content with declaring their own names, indulge in what the history of conversation celebrates as "a mouthful." It is the public that is to blame. In days when all of us are orators, you would suppose that audiences, being a minority, would suffer. Not at all. They like being lectured and pay the potentes of the platform at a higher rate than they pay doctors, dentists, or clergy. It is not the fault of the orator if sometimes he talks rubbish at ten dollars a minute. Demand creates the supply and even rhetoric must submit to economic law. The trouble with this kind of oratory is not that it has declined. On the contrary, it is in the ascendant. We are witnessing the avatar of the Great God Gab.

**G**ENUINE oratory is designed to bring men to genuine decisions. It is art with an aim. But what of these lectures? Many are genuinely informative and valuable as clearing away prejudice. But others, particularly when classified as inspirational, are merely an attempt by oratory to be an art for art's sake. Here is talk, not for the purpose of proving a man to be a traitor, or saving his soul from hell, or winning a vote for some reform, but solely for the purpose of talking. People listen, moreover, not in order to learn, or to be convinced, or to repent, but for the sake of listening. Amid the ills of life, they look upon rhetoric as Tennyson regarded his rhymes. Perorations are

endured as "a dull narcotic numbing pain." They pass in at one ear, out at the other, and in passing, fondle, as it were, the wearied and worried brain, also soothing the outer edges of frayed nerves. An English bishop, so it is said, went on tour in the United States. His first address was coldly received. He cut out half his points and diluted the rest, and enthusiasm developed. When his points were reduced to twenty-five per cent, his success was fully achieved. So, at least, he says. But I have also heard what American audiences think of English bishops.

**T**HE vogue in eminent authors also is coming to a desirable termination. At home, their friends know that, being able to write, they can not talk. But a magnet draws them across the Atlantic, they are advertised, appear before the footlights, are seen, and everybody goes away entirely satisfied, including the distinguished author with his dollars. It is magnificent but it demonstrates that, if oratory is not always literature, neither is literature always oratory.

In the Twentieth Century, we are deluged, then, with a veritable avalanche of insistent verbiage. We talk about the mass production of goods. But what are a few thousands of automobiles a day, a million or two pairs of boots, even a billion cigarettes and safety pins, compared with the daily production of quadrillions and quintillions of words? Probably the greatest work of art in the world is the Venus of Milo. Yet not one word desecrates that loveliness; the lady and the genius who created her are alike anonymous. Why do we, in

our wisdom, fill our world with utterance? Walk along a street, and words flash from sky signs, glow on the pavement, and roar from uplifted foghorns. Buy a pound of tea, and fifty words explain its virtues where none would suffice. Drive along the Boston Post Road, and the scenery is reduced to a mere background for a vista of words — so many miles to this hotel, so many cents for this chicken dinner, and so many British defeated on this battlefield. The very sky is today obscured with words suitably suggested by literary airplanes, emitting smoke; and aviators, as they loop the loop, release a magnified elocution into the astonished empyrean.

IN EARLIER centuries, a word really cost something. If uttered, it could be heard by only a handful of people. If recorded, it had to be written by hand with a pen on parchment or linen paper; and no mechanical duplication was possible. A man thought before he spoke. He thought a thousand times before he produced a manuscript. Even a hundred years ago, a man was content to gossip with his friends at the village pub, and a woman discussed her neighbors at the well. But what about the village green today? It has been extended by electricity across the Atlantic and eavesdroppers listen not through keyholes but on party lines and wireless stations.

Inevitably, this mass production of words has led to mass loquacity. It is much more wonderful to talk platitudes across an ocean than it is to indulge in sound sense over a cup of tea. Our fathers were missionaries. They preached a gospel. We are

trans-missionaries. To us, it is the transmission, not the thing, that really matters. Doubtless it is a phase, but we have still to get over it. However amazing may be this mechanism, we have to recognize that mechanism is not our master but our servant. The gramophone, the radio, the loud speaker, the talking picture, increase the range of rhetoric, but so far from refining it, they tend to eliminate the nuances of the voice; they separate the orator from that communion with the crowd which is the very breath of his being. They are not helps but hindrances, and the man who is inspired to eloquence by a metal disc, muzzling his mouth, has yet to be discovered.

The output of uttered words is thus abundant. It is not over the quantity of eloquence that we need to be anxious, only the quality. If we insist on talking, let us talk well.

THE orator, like the aristocrat, used to be "born." But, for aristocracy and art alike, we have abolished the hereditary principle. Everybody nowadays is expected to be as fluent as a politician. Reading, writing and arithmetic used to be the three R's. Oratory is the fourth. It is what, in schools and colleges, our grammar allows us to call "a compulsory subject."

We are told by experts that hitherto we have used, at most, only one-tenth of our brains. It is in order to stimulate the latent preponderance of unemployed intellect that we attempt the task called education, and undoubtedly there are results. *The Manchester Guardian* has held a competition in which children of

fifteen years were asked to draw pictures of their fathers and mothers. The sequel was a veritable revelation of unsuspected ability to execute a passable likeness of a familiar face. As with the pencil, so with the tongue. The maxim that a child should be seen and not heard, is rejected. Years before a youngster can have anything to say, he is encouraged to say it, and such a habit, once acquired, is not likely to be lost in later life.

YOUTH, of course, knows its own business best, and in the manufacture of orators, as of athletes, there have been great improvements. When I was at Cambridge, I made it a rule to spend an hour in solitary preparation for every minute that I was to speak. I suppose that I was foolish but, at least, I was President of the Union in my second year. Once only did I speak against my convictions, and then for a wager, nor shall I ever forget the silent disapproval of my college debating society. But in these days intercollegiate debates are variants of football, and arguments are organized like "plays," each team appearing with its card index of points to be made and answered. As for convictions, they are dictated by the coach, and it is assumed that if everybody at Vassar has decided to believe in companionate marriage, everybody at Cornell must live happily ever after. The whole object of the education is to substitute the mentality of a group for the responsible and courageous initiative of the individual.

There is thus no fear whatever that the citizen of the future will be

unequal to the task of proposing a vote of thanks or presiding over those Lions, Tigers and Elks who today accelerate evolution and humanize zoölogy. For convivialities, there is, after all, a reason. They draw citizens of diverse groups into the one commonwealth, and the great ceremonial known as "getting together," including vocal tributes to *Sweet Adeline*, whoever Sweet Adeline may have been, is not without a justification. But there are two ways of conducting these functions, and it is worth while to put the best that we have, not merely the loudest, into them.

PENDING the arrival of trained reserves of rhetoric from Harvard and Princeton — if I may be permitted, without bloodshed, to mention these universities in the same paragraph — some of us old fogies have, as it were, to carry on to the best of our effete ability. I think that, on the whole, we might devote more time than we do to the study of our rhetorical outbursts. Many an opportunity of contributing to the mind of the community is thrown away by men of influence who do not even pretend to offer their best. No woman makes this mistake. When a woman appears on the programme, she devotes as much attention to her adverbs and adjectives as she gives to her dress and her hair. She respects the audience and no audience, so respected, fails to return the compliment. Let a man listen to any responsible woman in public life and he will learn what Oratory, even at the average, deserves of her exponents.

# The Smile of Buddha

BY H. M. K. SMITH

## *A Chinese Fantasy*

THE nightingales, in the pear trees by the wall, were still. The darkness of a night heavy with the perfume of *ylang-ylang* and oleanders lifted itself slowly from the tops of the pine trees which climbed away over the hills, like a procession of stooped and shadowy ghosts. The light of the last stars grew fainter, and far out upon the yellow seas of China, the waves began to take on the faint glimmering of dawn.

A little wind was born of the morning. It rose first to the extremities of the green *ting* flowers and then came hesitating like one of the new dancers in the Emperor's palace beneath the cypress and pines. It wandered among the willows and the hibiscus and lingered over the fretting face of the sacred lake. Between the frail stems of young and graceful bamboos the myrtle vines and the sweet-briers began to whisper to each other, and the crimson plumes of the Passion of Buddha bowed in stately greeting to the snowy blossoms of the pomegranates.

The gray stone fretwork of the temple took form in twisting dragons damp with the night mists, and the lions of Buddha cast in white porcelain glittered like wet silver in the

increasing light. The lotus buds shook the dew drops from their tinted eyelids and turned their faces slowly toward the east. From within the temple, booming and quivering through the whispering garden, came the call of a great bronze bell, and following close upon it the chiming of myriad other bells of silver and of bronze.

The sacred storks stretched their wings and came down to poke among the lily pads for gold fish, and from beyond the walls of the garden, tiled with glazed china, drifted the first sounds of the wakening city below. The cries of the vendors of oranges, the calls of the bearers of sedan chairs and of 'rickshaw coolies, mingled with the songs of the boatmen faintly high and the shrill, happy laughter of the early bathers. Pale coral tinted mists began to rise upon the tawny face of the river, and in the distance slow moving junks tugged at their moorings.

FROM the rear of the temple, in the white robes of a novice, came a tall slender youth with a grave and thoughtful face. As he walked he read from tablets of ivory, knitting his brow as though he could not

understand that which was written or as though he searched for something which he could not find.

"Tao," he read, "is the source of everything; of heaven and earth; of the trees, the flowers and the birds, of the sea, the desert and the rocks; of heat and cold, of day and night, of summer and winter, and of the life of man; man rises out of darkness, laughs in the glimmering light, weeps in shadows and disappears. But in all these changes, the *One* is manifested. 'Tao' is all Life: all Life is 'Tao.' To know this harmony is to know the eternal. To increase life is to know blessedness. To be conscious of the inner fecundity of 'Tao' in the life of man is strength. It is but 'Tao' in the innermost soul which gives life to the children of men, nurses them, protects, matures and completes them."

SO READ the boy with troubled eyes. Then with an impatient gesture he flung the tablets aside and hurried onward to the lake, unfastening his garments as he went so that he stood quite naked among the undulating rushes at the water's edge. He threw back his head and smiled as he mounted a flat rock and stood for an instant with joined finger tips. He dove with a flashing of ivory limbs into the water, causing a sudden panic among the gold fish. Then rising, he shook the water from his eyes and hair, swam slowly around the lake back to where his white garments lay like a bit of drifted snow against the green.

For a long time he lay upon the flat rock with his arms outstretched, his long pale fingers touching the water on either side. Close to his

head a white lotus flower swayed with the rhythm of the water and, turning suddenly, he drew it close and pressed his mouth deep into its golden cup. As he lay there, his lips seeking the heart of the lily, he trembled and his face and neck flushed to the faint pink of nautilus shells. He rose hastily and began to pick up his garments from the grass. Half clothed, he stopped and a curious look came into his slanted black eyes as two great yellow butterflies began to circle around each other before him. Vaguely fearful, they brushed sulphur tinted wings, yet vibrated with desire to creep into the heart of the datura buds to that marriage and death that to them must be one. The troubled look deepened as he looked upward to where the storks, high on the holy gate, caressed each other by their still unfinished nest, nor did it leave him as he picked up the ivory tablets and hurried into the temple.

THE bells rang again, and the great carved and gilded doors swung open. The bitter sweet odor of incense so dear to the shadowy guardians of the temple floated out to mingle with the odors of the garden, and the morning wind stirred the curtains and streamers of silk embroidered in gold with the sutras of Buddah. The sun burst in through the opened doors and shone full upon the life-sized golden god, silent, inscrutable, majestic. About the august lips there hovered the shadow of a smile, a smile affable, ironical, majestic, yet at the same time strangely and wistfully sweet. In vestments heavy with gold and with dazzling jewels upon his brow, he sat upon a

lotus leaf of bronze supported by four elephants' tusks, minutely and wonderfully carved. So he had sat for a thousand years, and through those thousand years it had never changed, that smile so terrifying in its mystery and yet so sadly and ineffably sweet.

THROUGH curtains of scarlet, the white clothed novice appeared, supporting the aged priest of the temple. The ancient one wore a robe of yellow silk upon which fantastic symbols were embroidered in black, and a cap of black velvet which threw his pale expressionless face into the grotesque relief of an old and hideous ivory mask. Leaning heavily upon the boy's arm, the aged priest advanced to the shrine and with great difficulty prostrated himself and touched his forehead to the floor. With much hissing and intaking of breath he mumbled the morning devotions to Buddha in a voice as dull and expressionless as his face. With even greater difficulty he rose again and as he left the shrine he fumbled in his bosom, drawing from it a tiny pipe of brass to which he muttered as though it were a living thing. The boy turned his face away as from an odor that sickens.

Returning, the novice began to place fresh incense in the burners of brass and copper, brushing from their bases the ashes of incense already burned. He trimmed the wicks of the ruby lamps, and then from a recess he brought forth a box of gold lacquer and brushes and began to regild the massive screens which stood to the right and to the left of the shrine. But always as he worked, his lips moved as though he pronounced a

name, stopping with poised brush to look over his shoulder toward the bridge of blue and white porcelain which led from the garden of the Governor's palace beyond.

This was the last day of her coming. For twenty-nine successive days she had come to the temple, that fairest of all the flowers of heaven and earth, the young and childless wife of the Governor, the great Chi-Tai of the Province of Hunan. For twenty-nine successive days she had prayed with many gifts and sacrifices, that she might bear her lord a son. The Governor, who was old, looked upon her with growing coldness and disfavor in this second year of their marriage, for he had no son to bear his name nor to pray for him when he should be called to his ancestors. So it was that she had come for a full moon, a daily suppliant to the temple of the smiling god.

Pity at first had filled his boyish heart as she prayed for the great gift which had been denied her, this slender child wife, younger even than he. Then from day to day as he had looked upon the fair modesty of her beauty from the scarlet curtained recess which hid him from her eyes, that pity had grown into a deep and yearning tenderness which he did not, could not, know was love.

Now that it had come, the thirtieth day and the last, strange thoughts troubled him: questions confronted him demanding answers which he could not find, and life now seemed a deeper, sadder mystery than he had ever dreamed. What was the secret of life? What was it that brought one so lovely, one who deserved all the gifts that the gods

might bestow, a daily suppliant to the temple? Why should the gift of life be denied her, that gift so freely given to all the world, to all nature, to all living things? He had searched the holy books, but had found no answer, and to his questioning the old priest, his master, had replied as he chuckled over the richness of her gifts, "The gods are wont to smile upon those who give so freely and all will yet be well, all will yet be well."

WHAT above all was this strange unrest, this burning in his heart, that would not let him sleep? It was like a sea, like the broad heavens, like death. It hurt. It was a great flame searing out of his soul toward her. It was fearful, but so lovely and so infinitely great. Again the troubled look that the golden butterflies and the nesting storks had brought to his eyes flooded their dark depths, and again the pink of nautilus shells stained his skin to rose.

Sudden hate flamed in his heart against the Governor, so old and harsh with years, and then a terrible fear as he thought of the penalty for childlessness which is written in the law. A hundred evils could be heaped upon her, she must humble herself even to her servants, she might be cast out of her husband's house or sold into slavery, if it so pleased her lord.

The last day, and she would come no more. The benediction of her beauty would no longer rest upon his lonely secret life, nor the plaintive sound of her voice echo longer through the dim temple, more beautiful than the music of the wind harps. No longer could he gaze in secret upon a face more lovely than the

stars, or feel that presence far gentler than the moon-flooded night of summer. Tears dimmed his eyes, and from the depth of his boy's soul there rose a great cry for compassion upon her, for the fulfillment of her hope, for an answer to her prayer.

His tears were bitter upon his lips as he prayed, but he did not know it. "All Life is in Thee, Creator of the World, Thou art all Life." Unheeded, the box of gold lacquer fell at his feet, and, overturning, covered them with shining gilt. He held out imploring hands toward the shrine, whispering: "Buddha the merciful, give me a sign, give me a sign." But Buddha sat as he had been sitting for a thousand years, calm, inscrutable, majestic; sat as before upon his lotus leaf of bronze, and smiled. There was no answer, and the young novice bowed his head in resignation to the will of his gods, and as he bowed his head still lower, his eyes fell dully to his gilded feet.

"Thou art all life, all life is in Thee."

Outside there was no sound save as the myrtles and the sweetbriars still whispered to each other, but the scarlet plumes of the Passion of Buddha bent still lower toward the unfolding and snowy blossoms of the pomegranates.

SLOWLY, slowly through the mist of tears those golden feet came into conscious vision. How like the feet of that One who sat upon the throne before him, that god who represented the great Mystery in which was all creation, all life. What did they mean, those feet of gold? He looked to that unchanging face and downward again to his feet.

Then there came into his eyes the terror of an overwhelming question, and after that the flashing light of wonder and of truth — "Thou art all Life, all Life is in Thee."

High and clear now his voice rang through the temple, echoing back from the bells of silver and of bronze. His life, her life, all life was but one. That was the secret, the solution. Even as his golden feet were as the feet of Buddha, so was he in and of that thing which Buddha was, of Tao, of life itself, the great cause, the one source of creation. In his being lay the answer to her prayer. He, himself, was god. Higher and still higher rang that vibrant exultant cry, "Thou art all Life, all Life is in Thee."

THE wind stirred the curtains and streamers of silk so that the gold and silver dragons seemed to writhe and twist with life. The smoke of incense rose in circles of palest blue and amethyst to the face of Buddha, hiding for a little all that was terrifying and implacable and leaving only the sweet sadness of his eternal smile. At the foot of the shrine in a posture of supreme adoration knelt the figure of a boy in the white garments of a novice, a boy with strangely shining feet of gold.

The sun was high and the warm light of midday filled the garden, diffusing in its warmth the perfumes of jasmine, of Tonkinese aloes and sweet smelling lavender heliotrope. The lotus flowers lifted their crowns of ivory and gold from the waters of the sleeping lake and exposed their golden hearts to the sun. The storks perched with closed eyes high on the holy gate, and the gold fish dared to

come forth again to play among the lily pads. In the cool green shadows of a shelter of bamboos, the old priest of the temple slept as only those sleep who are slaves of the poppy, and in his hand he still clutched the tiny pipe of brass.

From the Governor's palace came a procession headed by men at arms, wearing curious round helmets of varnished straw and with shoulder shields of linked brass laced with scarlet. Some carried fork shaped spears, lacquered in crimson and black, and others bore crossbows with quivers of arrows which were headed with sharks' teeth, polished and sharpened.

Servants followed wearing robes of blue, and then the great Chi-Tai himself, supported by two eunuchs and leaning upon a staff of ebony bound with silver straps and with a head of jasper. In spite of the warmth of the sun, he was wrapped in a cloak of the heavy brown silk of Canton trimmed with the fur of sables, and though the way was short, he stopped many times to rest.

AT THE foot of the temple bridge they waited for a sedan chair of carved and gilded teakwood, enclosed in a canopy of green silk upon which were painted brightly colored birds and flowers of every hue. Four eunuchs in robes of blue and apricot, and with their queues bound round their heads and held in place by pins of carved ivory and turquoise, bore the sedan chair upon their shoulders. Beside it walked six female slaves with black tunics over their pantaloons of white silk, turbans of lilac crêpe upon their heads, and carrying baskets of painted bam-

boo. They prostrated themselves upon the ground as the sedan chair was lowered and a slender, veiled figure stepped from beneath its canopy of green.

The aged Governor raised a shaking hand to his sun-blinded eyes and said something in a high and threatening tone, which brought moans of anguish from the female slaves and caused the veiled woman to shudder as though she stood in a winter wind. Then turning away, the old man was helped into the sedan chair and, in a moment, the woman was alone save for her female slaves, her amahs, who still lay weeping upon the ground.

**S**LOWLY she moved across the bridge with its arches of blue and white porcelain, her tiny feet encased in satin shoes of blue and silver, the heels placed in the center of the foot. Her pantaloons and the long narrow coat were of sapphire blue satin, embossed with silver lilies and seed pearls. Her long delicate fingers were tipped with shields of gold set with turquoise and coral and heavy laden with rings set with pearls and rubies, opals and sea green jade. In her hands she carried long rosaries of amber and crystal beads, and under her heart glowed a great emerald, a magic charm for those who are childless. Covering her hair and surmounted by a wreath of jeweled flowers of every color, and falling almost to her feet, she wore a veil of silver tissue with a fringe of silver beads, as though she came as a bride to the temple of Buddha.

Behind her came the amahs, carrying the offerings in baskets of painted bamboo. Sticks of incense, musk, civet, ambergris and sandalwood tied

into bundles with colored threads; little garments made of silk as though for a child; tiny caps made of gold and silver paper; prayers written on crimson tissue, bunches of marigolds and tuberoses, rice cakes, lichee nuts and sweets, a pair of white doves in a cage of rushes, and many strings of coin.

**E**NTERING the temple she made obeisance first before the family altars, where on ebony bases stood the tablets of white and scarlet nephrite bearing in letters of gold the spirit names of her husband's ancestors. Then advancing to the shrine, she prostrated herself, clapping her hands three times and touching her forehead to the floor. Behind her the amahs did likewise, and then, placing the offerings before her, they withdrew to the outer court of the temple where they squatted sleepily in the sunshine.

The slender sapphire figure moved forward to the shrine. In a brazier she burned the tiny caps of gold and silver paper and the prayers written on crimson tissue. On the steps of the altar she set the baskets of oranges and sweets, the doves in their cage of rushes and the tiny garments of silk. Through a slot in the floor she dropped the strings of coin and lighted the incense of musk and sandalwood. Then, casting into the sacred enclosure the little bunches of marigolds and tuberoses, she prostrated herself again and began in a plaintive monotone to recite the prayer of those who are childless:

Buddha, Tien, Eternal One,  
Creator of the Universe, hear my prayer.  
Weeping I kneel, in tears I come.  
My heart is barren.

I have no child.  
 What face shall I bear  
 When I come at last  
 To my holy ancestors?  
 Oh Buddha, Buddha look upon my agony,  
 Behold my tears.  
 Out of thy heart, give, oh give me, lord,  
 a child.

She sank sobbing to the floor, her fingers entwined in her rosaries of crystal and amber, the magic emerald beating with her heart. Shadows crept toward the shrine and the light grew pale and dim. She rose to her knees and in an agony of appeal she extended imploring hands toward the golden figure, the silent immutable god to whom she had prayed for a full moon in the bitterness of her disappointment and her despair.

WAS it the wavering breath of incense, was it the trick of tears? Was it a miracle? She fell upon her face in terror for the god of gold had stretched out a hand toward her, the right hand which held the sacred lotus. Then in utter fear, she heard a voice, a voice throbbing with tenderness and with sadness, too. Yet as she listened fear left her heart and there came into it a strange exalting calm. As though from some far off celestial world, the words came drifting through the scented shadows.

Rise, daughter of Heaven,  
 Rise child of the stars,  
 Your prayer is heard.  
 Buddha himself, Creator of all Life,  
 Hears your prayer.  
 Out of Tao, the heart of Life  
 Shall your child be conceived  
 Favored of Heaven.

Step by step that majestic figure of gold descended from the shrine until it stood at last by the prostrate body in the marriage veil of silver

tissue. Then half swooning she felt herself lifted to her feet by hands of living, throbbing gold and opened her eyes to look into those as pure as hers, eyes that held in their dark depths the secret of life and the answer to her prayers.

She saw through a light, not dazzling but calming and holy, the figure of her god by some miracle alive. He stood before her, tall and straight as a palm tree, his countenance as peaceful as a calm evening in the hush of trees and the still moonlight. He raised his hand with a gesture like the movement of a flower and held it out to her.

She placed her hand in his and her dream body soared aloft through space with a whirling of wings and of jade bells tinkling. She forgot the world. She was but the earthly form of formless Tao caught up by the rhythm of a movement through which the world came from, and must go back into, Life. She was in absolute reunion with Tao with whom she once was one. She was in union with her god.

THEN slowly on clouds of perfume she drifted back to earth. She came as one who has but wakened from a dream of exquisite loveliness and with shining eyes. Slowly she walked with her eyes cast down, her lips moved as though in prayer as the amber and crystal beads slid through her fingers. The amahs looked with wonder upon the beauty of exaltation which shone like a light from her face, and whispered one to another — “See — see how the emerald glows upon her heart! Surely our beloved has seen a vision! Surely now our prayers shall be heard.”

Within the temple all was still, and the golden figure sat as before upon his throne, calm, inscrutable, majestic. At his feet lay withering bunches of marigolds and tuberoses, and from them rose acrid and bitter incense. Face downward among the faded flowers as though spent from ecstasy, lay a figure clothed also in vestments of gold, a figure like that of the young novice of the temple, and yet unlike, for hands and face and feet alike were lacquered heavily with gold. The light of the setting sun streamed into the temple from its western gate. It fell upon the head of him who lay before the shrine and upon the face of Buddha. Upon the lotus leaf of bronze he sat and smiled, and from the lips of the boy with the gilded face came an echo — "Thou art all Life, all Life is in Thee!" . . .

THE last of the snowflakes had fluttered to the brown earth and spring had wakened the garden again from its long sleep. The bamboos were already putting forth their tender green shoots and the plum trees and the white camelias were in flower, on the evening of the Day of Souls when the dead come back to earth.

The young priest of the temple walked slowly down the little path between the copper colored trunks of the pine trees which lead to the burial places. He carried in his hand a bamboo wand from which was suspended a white lantern and upon it in letters of black he had written the name of the old priest, his master, who slept now forever under a cover of pine needles. Very carefully he hung the lantern over the grave, so

that the spirit might find its way, and then he ran quickly to the pear trees by the wall.

He climbed into the very top of the tallest of them from where for many nights now he had watched over the garden of the Governor's palace beyond.

He peered out from a cloud of pink and white blossoms toward a pavilion covered with jasmine which sent out a perfume that reached him even there in the swinging pink branches of the pear tree.

WHILE he sat watching the men at arms who guarded the pavilion as though it held the Governor's most priceless treasure, he made a little song —

Ah, jasmine with your starry crest,  
Ne'er may they cut thee, ne'er molest,  
For under thee, my love finds rest.

As he sat singing he could see servants and slaves hurrying to and from the pavilion with bronze lanterns and torches, and he climbed still higher into the pear tree, even as the moon was climbing higher into the star spangled sky. The silvery light flooded the garden, and his own body stood out in black relief against the face of the moon.

Now the astrologers in black robes and high pointed caps came forth from the pavilion to read the portent of the stars on this auspicious night, and the men-at-arms drew near to hear what the wise men should find written in the heavens. As the soothsayers lifted their dimmed eyes to the moon, behold a strange shadow seemed to cloud it and there was a murmuring among the wise ones as they bent again over their parchments to search out what evil omen

that shadow might portend. But the captain of the guard, whose eyes were young and keen, lifted his cross-bow and the shrill song of an arrow wakened the little nightingales as they slept in the nest in the pear tree. When the astrologers raised their eyes again, behold, the shadow was gone from the face of the moon and they rejoiced: it was a good omen and they hurried into the pavilion to show the Governor and the learned physicians the wonders of the horoscope which they had cast.

FOR a long time, the slender body lay where it had fallen, and then slowly, painfully the dark young head was raised until it rested against the kindly brown roots of the pear tree. Slowly the hands wandered over the breast until they found the shaft of the arrow and when they had found it, there came upon the paling face a smile of wonderful sweetness and resignation. As he lay there he did not think of himself, nor that this was the end. He remembered rather that it was the Day of Souls, and that he had not as yet said the prayers which are written for the souls that might on this one night return to earth. He began the intonation, but each time he found himself whispering instead those prayers which are written for souls newly come to earth, the souls of little children newly born, those who in the holy books are called the smiles of Buddha. And because he was growing very tired he did not try to remember the other prayers, but said over and over again: "Smile, Oh, Lord of life upon this soul of thy creation." Softly the words came from his lips as though

he were falling asleep. — "Smile, Oh, Lord of Life upon this soul of thy Creation."

Then suddenly through the stillness of that fair spring night there came a shouting from the Governor's palace with the beating of tomtoms and the deep song of drums. Silver trumpets sounded, there was the clang of cymbals; servants ran through the garden crying aloud for joy, waving colored lanterns, setting off long strings of fire crackers and clapping their hands with shrill words of happiness and congratulation.

At the foot of the pear tree, the boy still lay, and now a look of exquisite joy mingled with the agony of his suffering. He raised his head at the sounds of rejoicing, but after a little all was still again save only for the whisper of the pear blossoms as they fell upon the ever whitening hands still interlaced about the shaft of the arrow.

Then piercing the stillness, like the soft wailing of a three-toned flute, there came the faint crying of a new-born child.

AGAIN the pear trees bowed their flowery crowns with a shower of perfumed petals, and at their feet like ghost lilies two pale white hands arose bearing an arrow headed with a shark's tooth polished and sharpened and stained with red. A crimson stain spread over the white garment of him who lay so still, and from lips wreathed in a smile of utter tenderness and love there came so softly whispered that only the pear trees heard: "Smile, Oh, Lord of Life, upon this soul of thy creation!" "Smile, Oh, Lord," and then a long soft sigh.

# Sentimental Juries

BY IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

*A woman, untrammelled by preconceived notions about jury service, opens her eyes in wonder when initiated*

THE jury system is on trial. Extolled for centuries as the sure defense of the weak against the strong, the poor against the rich, it now stands before the bar of public opinion charged with serious offences against the society it has been supposed to protect. The prosecution accuses it of ignorance and incompetence and hints of proofs of venality. The defense claims that the evidence of the prosecution is incidental and circumstantial and that to accept it would be to destroy the strongest bulwark of democracy, and it cites specifically as dangerous to individual liberty the suggested plan of the Wickersham Commission to dispense with jury trials in certain Prohibition cases. Now, we women, new to jury service and unhampered by legal traditions, may judge the system with a naïve vision for the facts and realities. Hence, fresh from jury service, I feel justified in writing of my adventure and the opinions it has led me to form.

The selection of jurors for the county courts in my State is little more than a game of chance, as I discovered to my amazement when I answered a summons to serve on

the jury in the Court of Quarter Sessions. Their names are chosen haphazard from the assessors' lists; many of the chosen find small difficulty in being excused; and no attempt is made or required to ascertain the mental and moral qualifications of such as remain to render the verdicts of the courts.

IT IS true that, shortly after being subpoenaed, I did receive, as presumably did all the other talesmen, an official paper on which I was requested to state my political and religious creeds and my habits of drink. Granting that private habits of drink have become matters of public concern, a citizen's political and religious beliefs are supposed under the law to be his own individual affairs. I sought the opportunity of asking the prosecuting attorney on what authority he sent me that paper. "On no authority at all," he answered. "We merely hoped that you and the other talesmen would not refuse the information, for it is really necessary to know the political and religious prejudices of the jurors. We have learned by sad experience that the average juror is reluctant to