

each other "Ideation," "Epiphenomenalism," "Panpsychism," "Psycho-physical Monism," "Inhibited," "Gestalt," until the air was shattered.

"Impenetrability! That's what I say!"

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Now you talk like a reasonable

child," said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. "I meant by 'impenetrability' that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life."

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said, in a thoughtful tone.

## In Time Of Drought

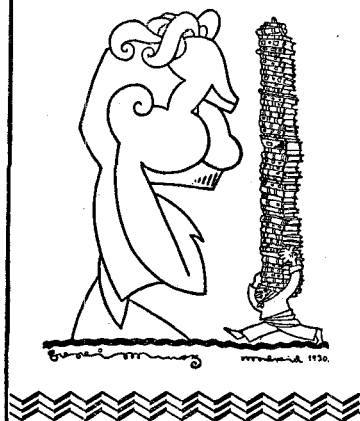
BY MAY WILLIAMS WARD

DROUGHT is not only the lack of rain,  
 Not only. . . .  
 In drought man thinks that he prays in vain.  
 Ah, lonely,  
 Forsaken, resentful, he shrivels inside.  
 Apart  
 From the bone-bare field and the choking herd  
 There is drought of heart.

# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



THE last time I wrote a Landscape under the pear tree where I am now sitting, it was early summer and the brook that roars at my back, disgorging itself of the autumn floods was just as busy then with the downpours of June. The march of the seasons has made the expected

alterations in the color of the country, but in spite of these superficial changes, there is the feeling of permanence that is always to be found in nature, and a very comfortable feeling it is, too, in a world so torn as ours.

The brook sings in the same key, and has the same trick of making its human neighbors dream that it is raining, and half-awake, to realize that nothing need be done about the windows; in fact, that nothing at all need be done except to stretch, snuggle under the covers, and sink again into sleep, without the sound of a single squealing brake or thumping manhole cover to break the profound peace.

How much quieter the country is in autumn than in spring, when things are beginning! The phoebe-bird that was busy with her family during the other visit is gone; the lovely barn-swallows, whose mother lured them out into the open after giving them flying lessons in the barn for a week, and taught them

all the tricks, have vanished. Last night the katydids argued for a while in the rain; otherwise, there were no sounds, and this morning, neither sound nor motion, except for the brook, and the chipmunk, still pudgy from peanuts and chocolate candy, but not entirely spoiled, for he was

busy very early with a large apple, which he added to his winter store only after a hard struggle.

Many things have happened in the world since that other Landscape, and few, one grieves to say, from which much comfort can be extracted, except that there was no European war in the late summer. Next year, say the prophets; about June or maybe as late as July. . . . No one can fail to see that all the ingredients are present for an explosion which might make the other World War look like a Sunday School picnic, but poverty may save the day, or at least postpone the disaster. For modern warfare is a very expensive pastime, and recent revelations concerning our friends the munitions makers make it seem unlikely that they would be interested in financing a war if there were any uncertainty about the bills being paid.

## *They Are Business Men*

They are, as Shaw pointed out some