

of the village, I had a sudden desire for a pipe. I felt for my match-box. Then I remembered that I had given it to one of my carriers to start our morning blaze. I now looked for some sign of a fire, and finally in the very last hut discerned the glow of a heap of embers. Huddled over it were two figures—a man and a woman. I walked into the hut and made the sign of peace and asked in Mabunga for a light. The man started and sprang to his feet. He looked at me in amazement, but returned my greeting and touched his forehead in acquiescence. The woman made no gesture. I leaned over to pick up a coal, but, needing to steady myself, involuntarily laid my hand on the woman's shoulder. It was cold and it was as hard as wood. I looked at her closer. She was a dried mummy. Then the man said: 'She was my woman. I loved her. I could not bury her.'

There is something about the Ward collection of sculptures which mirrors not only African primitive life, but hints of the primitive life of all men, and at a long-ago, elemental universal brotherhood. It carries out the principle I heard from Ward, "Great art is along universal lines. It expresses the human heart, no matter what the period or the nationality."

No wonder that these bronzes have

received all the honors France can give to a foreigner.

Herbert Ward was more than a mere explorer and sculptor. He had another life-work—to bring about international friendship. No one labored more tellingly than he to engender understanding and sympathy and friendly feeling between England and France, England and America, France and America. "As to France," I heard him say once, "in my opinion, it comes nearer being a real democracy than England or America. There is no such caste in France as in England and there is no such aristocracy of wealth as in America. In France you have the aristocracy of intellect."

How pervasive Ward's influence was may be gathered from the "Armchair at the Inn." "Monsieur Herbert," namely Herbert Ward, is the principal character. The Inn is the Guillaume le Conquérant at Dives, Normandy, near the English Channel, and not far from Houlgate and Trouville and Cabourg. The Chair is an old Florentine affair with carved heads on the top. "Nothing like a chair," affirmed Lemois, the landlord, and the prince of major-domos, "for stirring up old memories and traditions." He continued:

And do you see the carved heads on the top? I assure you they are alive! I have caught them smiling

or frowning too often at the talk around my table not to know. . . . You don't believe it? You laugh. Ah, that is just like you modern writers; you do not believe anything, you have no imagination. You must measure things with a rule. You must have them drawn on the black-board! It is because you do not see them as they are. You shut your eyes and ears to the real things of life. It is because you cannot understand that it is the *soul* of the chair that laughs and weeps. Monsieur Herbert will not think it funny. He understands these queer heads—and, let me tell you, they understand him. I have often caught them nodding and winking at each other when he says something that pleases them. He has himself seen things much more remarkable. . . . Since he was fourteen years of age he has been roaming around the world doing everything a man could to make his bread—and he a gentleman born, with his father's house to go home to if he pleased. Yet he has been farm-hand, acrobat, hostler, sailor before the mast, newspaper reporter, four years in Africa among the natives, and now one of the great sculptors of France with his works in the Luxembourg and the ribbon of the Legion in his buttonhole! And one thing more; not for one moment has he ever lost the good heart and the fine manner of the gentleman.

FISHIN'

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

DE 'Postles dey went seekin' fer to ketch a mess o' men,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.
 Dey thoo deir nets out patient, en dey drug 'em in again,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.
 De waters dey wuz seekin' wuz de waters ob de worl',
 En dey ketch a heap o' nuffin' fo' dey eber seen a pearl,
 But dey nevah git discourage' en deir nets dey allers hurl,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.

'Postles, 'Postles,
Fishin' in de sea.
 Yore nets am fuller sinners
 En yo' done kotch me.

One night a mighty storm come up w'en dey wuz in a boat,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.
 En Thomas he wuz quakin' en 'is faith he couldn' tote,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.
 Den glory halleluyer! may I nevah own mah grave
 Ef'n blessed Massa Jesus didn' walk out on a wave,
 En ca'm dose ragin' waters, en dose skeery 'Postles save,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.

'Postles, 'Postles,
Fishin' in de sea.
 Yore nets am fuller sinners
 En yo' done kotch me.

James he kotch a sinner man, en Petah kotch a t'ief,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.
 But Judas wuz a yaller man en founder on a reef,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.
 De 'Postles' nets git boolgy wid a monst'ous hefty weight,
 Fer dey fish w'en it wuz sunup en dey fish w'en it wuz late,
 En dey lan' dis pore ole sinner lak a minner, sho' ez fate,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.

'Postles, 'Postles,
Fishin' in de sea.
 Yore nets am fuller sinners
 En yo' done kotch me.

THE BOOK TABLE

ONE LYRE: LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

POETS are generally solemn creatures. Even their ecstasy springs out of gravity and disports itself not unconscious of a cloud of sidereal witnesses. Poets with a sense of humor—not the comic fellows who fill the joke papers, but those shapers of airy verse who combine imagination with their gayety—are rarer than roses in January. Don Marquis is one of them, Arthur Guiterman at his best is another; and fifteen years or more ago at Harvard there was one who belongs in their company.

His name was Charles Tripp Ryder. He was an undergraduate, of the class of 1906; a long, thin, sallow individual with an overlong neck, a sharp nose, and large inquisitive eyes set wide apart behind spectacles. He roomed with Henry Bellows, who has since won distinction as Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, as poet, as editor of the "Northwestern Miller," and as head of the Minnesota National Guard, but at that time was famous mainly for his airy and somewhat supercilious brilliancy and the question he asked President Eliot on a historic occasion. It was at the Signet Club, and all of Harvard's literati had gathered to pay their respects to the aged head of the University. "Don't you think, President Eliot," asked Bellows in a pause of the general conversation, "that the elective system has been a complete failure?"

The reply of the system's sponsor has not come down to posterity, but that doesn't matter.

Ryder and Bellows were a gay and irreverent pair; and both of them wrote verse. Bellows's verse was excellent as undergraduate verse went; but Ryder's glowed, and he tossed it off with the ease and the fecundity of genius. In the spring of 1905 "The Immigrant" was given as the subject for the Lloyd McKim Garrison Prize in poetry. The night before the competition closed Ryder made up his mind that he could use that hundred-dollar prize, dashed off three sonnets, and absurdly outdistanced his rivals, of whom the writer of these words humbly records himself to have been one; and, oh, what hash his own laborious effort was! Ryder's poem has echoes in it of other songs, but, after all, in its pity, its rich imagination, its self-control, its impassioned clarity, has any other American poet ever done better with the theme?

THE IMMIGRANT

I

How heavy a fate has overtaken us!
Faith is a crust, allegiance is a lie,
For she that bore and has forsaken us

Wears the king's purple while her children die;

And all our excellent and precious things,
The youth that fades, the glory that endures,
The love that keeps men's hearts alive, she flings
For tokens to her idle paramours.
We cannot see to heaven from this dark land,
Ever our dull eyes rest on bog and fen—
Yet even now, would she but understand,
And give us leave to live and be as men,
How would we serve her, cherish her, adore!
She never will be worthy—hope no more.

II

Even as one who, hand to hand with death,
Has stood at bay before him all the night,
And, lying with gripped hands and grating breath,
Suddenly feels the sweet first touch of light,
Searching and soothing every wounded part,
And all the infinite courage of the day
Flows like a tide into his withered heart,
And death and fear of death are driven away;
So we, down-creeping toward a shameful grave,
Breathed of the air that blew before the sun,
Fresh, clean, invigorating, strong to save;
Then we rose up to win what could be won,
Sought out the life that morning land could give,
And heard her blessed, "Enter in and live."

III

Land where our dead lie buried, when the day
Ebbs down our western meadows, and on high
The stars, beginning faint and far away,
Float to the surface of the deeper sky,
Oh land that bore us, in that chastened hour
We look to thee with new and purer eyes,
That see the crouching dread behind the power,
And all the woe beneath the purple guise.
Then do our pitying hearts go out to thee,
Unmindful of thine errors manifold
And the bad past with all its misery—
For thou indeed hast suffered, and art old.
Our hearts go out at eventide—and yet
We bear thy stripes, and cannot quite forget.

But "The Immigrant," after all, was solemn, and Ryder was not often solemn; not at least when he took his pen

in hand. A year later the Garrison Prize Committee (which was invariably solemn) chose "The Stadium" (a new addition to the solemnity of Harvard at that time) as one of the subjects for the competition. Ryder snorted and set to work, but the poem which he wrote did not this time win the prize. The judges loved it, but their sense of responsibility bestowed the prize on a solemn ode to Serge Witte which does not make exciting reading to-day.

This was Ryder's poem, and the only annotation it requires is a word to explain that Mr. Keezer was Harvard's most famous old-clothes man:

THE STADIUM

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That the Stadium is crass,
For I've witnessed in my slumbers
Strange mutations come to pass.

Now, I know, it's an abhorrence,
No more classical than Cork—
But the pickle-jars of Florence
Are the vases of New York.

Time—devoutly let us thank it
Who affect antiquity—
Gently draws a purple blanket
Over every crudity;

Consequently I am certain
Some one in the year three thousand
will draw aside the curtain
Of the golden days of now.

He will tell of triumph marches,
Sing of glory, sweat and blood,
Praise the beauty of the arches—
(Made of artificial mud).

Like a second Walter Prater
He will make his readers hear
"Ave Keezer Imperator!"
Thundering from tier to tier.

He will gabble countless verses—
Claiming speechlessness the while—
On how infinitely worse is
Every custom then in style.

Thus will he attain Parnassus,
Just as you and I would do,
Should we see a ruined gas-house
That we took a fancy to.

For, from Merrimac to Humber,
All old truck, however crass,
Is the literary lumber
Of the literary ass.

Ryder was always gunning for cant and humbug and shams of all descriptions, and when a highly respected citizen of Cambridge announced that he had found the place on the shore of the Charles where Lief Erickson had landed in the year 1000 A.D., and went so far as to build a fence about the place, Ryder burst forth into "The Saga of Lief Erickson:"

Beside the silent river, beyond the city dump,
The passing wanderer beholds a little grassy hump,
Hoop-skirted with iron piping, and beset with weeds and things,
And round that bit of masonry an old, sad legend clings.

The appeal of the legend is local, but the speech which Lief delivers to his