

bits of this and that from here and there in the world, but mostly from Italy and Italy of the great art period. She might seek here and there for a bargain in soda biscuits to eat with cheese, and then pay an enormous sum for a beautiful plate to eat it from.

But to go back to the little girl in Fannie Hurst. She is extremely intelligent and nobody's fool in business. I have heard some editor or publisher call her up and try a little strong arm stuff. Try to sort of push and shove her around a bit. Just so much of that and The Fannie is all over him like gravy over rice. Then I have seen her annoyed by some petty* incident, drop everything and rush to the telephone to tell her husband all about it. And the way she says "Jack" it is the most helpless sound in the whole world. "Jack, they did this and thus to me. What must I do now, Jack? When are you coming home, Jack?" You can just hear him on the other end of the wire figuratively patting her curls and wiping her eyes, and she is all mollified again. She returns to her desk with the air of, "There now! I told Jack on you and I bet he'll fix you good. Goody, goody, goody!" It is like the cave woman who probably took a rock and beat a sabre-toothed tiger to death for sticking his head in her cave. Then when her big hairy husband came home from the hunt, he found her crying in fright over a mouse.

Once I saw her playing at the little girl who runs away from home. She said to me perfectly sober sounding, "Come on, Zora, with your car and let's you and I go on a trip." That was good because I love to go on trips. "Elizabeth Marbury" she went on, "is up at her summer home at Bellglade Lakes, Maine. She wrote me that she wants to see me at once and have a talk. It is something important and I really *must* go to her. Can we start tomorrow?"

So the next morning bright and soon I had the little Chevrolet all serviced and at the door. Miss Hurst came down with her mouth all set like a Christmas present and got in the car. And in no time at all I was going up the Boston Post Road washing my foot in the gas tank. Early that afternoon we were in Saratoga Springs. Miss Hurst told me to stop.

"We must stop here awhile. For one thing you have never tasted this spring water here and it just does wonders for people. I'd feel guilty if I didn't give you a chance to drink some of this water. Besides, Lummie needs to stretch his legs." (Lummox was Miss Hurst's two pound size pekinese.)

We stopped in front of the United States Hotel and gave Lummox a brisk walk of about five feet. Then I went over in the park where I saw water that didn't

look too private spouting up from a fountain and took a drink. By that time Miss Hurst had come back from the telephone and we all got back in the car. Miss Hurst had that look in her eyes that a child has when it is about to tell its mother that it has seen a fairy.

"Zora, your getting that drink of water reminds me to ask you if you have ever seen Niagara Falls?"

"No, I never have, Miss Hurst, but I have always meant to see it some day."

"Oh, well then, you might just as well see it now. Everybody ought to see Niagara Falls as soon as possible. Suppose we go there right now?"

"Fine, but what about Miss Marbury?"

"Oh, she can wait. I couldn't think of letting you go back to New York without seeing the Falls."

So we pointed the nose of the Chevrolet due West with my foot in the gas tank splitting the wind for Buffalo. And next afternoon we were there before sundown.

We parked the car and Miss Hurst stood over there by the car because she had seen the Falls many times. You know those falls is a great big thing, so I went right up to the rail to stand there and look. It is monstropolous. It looks like the Pacific Ocean rushing over the edge of the world. But before I could really conceive of the thing, Miss Hurst called me. Mouth all primped up again.

"Zora, you must see this thing from the Canadian side. Let's go over there and get the view. They light it up at night, you know."

In five minutes we had crossed the international bridge and I had to go into a little building right close there to register the car. When I came out, Miss Hurst was almost dancing up and down like a six-year old putting something over on its elders.

"Get in the car, quick, Zora. I think we can make Hamilton before dark!"

So we saw Hamilton, and Kitchener, and Gault, and many another town in Ontario. It took us two weeks, not a minute of which was dull. I cannot remember in which town it was, but in some town in that part of Canada we saw a big sign that said that Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the great Arctic explorer and lecturer was speaking on the Chataqua. So we hunted him up and he gave us free passes to the lectures and they were fine. All about mosquitoes practically eating up dogs beyond the Arctic circle, and how wolves don't go in packs.

Then one night Miss Hurst began to make notes and look very studious, and the next morning we were headed for New York state and the city on the Sound. The little girl who had run off to the horizon to hide from her complicated existence was grown up again. The artist



Ruth Colby
FANNIE HURST, 1914
—date of her first book.

was about to birth a book. She had had the fun of running away (who among us has not planned to do that same thing ever since we took off our diapers!) and she had had the fun of fooling me off to go along with her.

Fannie Hurst is a blend of woman and author. You can't separate the two things in her case. Nature must have meant it to be that way. Most career women are different. Their profession is like oil on water. You can see where one stops and the other begins. And then again some women writers are writers and some of them are women. Anytime, day or night, you run across Fannie Hurst you can see and feel her womanhood. And if you read her, you are going to find out that she is an author.

Zora Neale Hurston, for many years Fannie Hurst's amanuensis, has written several books about her own people, including "Jonah's Gourd Vine" and "Their Eyes Were Watching God."

Novels in Outline

WE ARE TEN. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ISABEL WILDER

EACH of the ten short stories in this volume—it is from the number of tales in the collection that the book takes its title—would make a complete novel. That is not to say each one is merely a synopsis of a fully developed plot. Miss Hurst is too expert both as novelist and short story writer to err in this respect. But each has within the limits of its few thousand words the stuff out of which long fiction is made.

Once again Miss Hurst is shown as one whose eye is quick to catch every gesture, whose ear is ready to receive and record the idiomatic speech of the day. Her curiosity about life and her zest for it are almost overwhelming, and very contagious.

There is nothing pretty in this volume: prettiness and charm are apt to turn to lushness. Tenderness and gentility emerge here and there in a characterization. Beauty in its different phases is dreamed of and sought after, sometimes knowingly, more often blindly. Happiness, like beauty, is allowed to some, but only to be quickly taken away again. Weakness is pitted against strength; goodness against evil.

One could argue that this is the cloth of melodrama, not true drama. Yet the retort need not even be made in words for with a gesture one could point to the latest copy of the morning newspaper with its crop of fresh murders and suicides and desperate accidents. What Miss Hurst has done is to give with her storyteller's skill and insight a three dimensional quality to merely reported front page news.

Isabel Wilder's second novel, "Let Winter Go," was among the publications of the summer.

The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XII. Pull Up The Puff

IT is the close of Uncle Pan's dinner party. The guests, by Trojan custom, sit down one side of a long table; except the two of highest honor, King Priam and Queen Hecuba, who have their places at the ends. Queen Hecuba, at the foot of the board, has Pandarus round the corner at her right. From Pandarus upward they sit in order thus: Helen, Aeneas, Antigone, Deiphobus, Andromache, Paris, Creusa, Hector, and Cressida. And so Cressida is next to King Priam, on his left.

Evidently the host has been making a speech of courtesy, and in formal meter as demanded by ceremony. There is polite clapping by the guests. Dares, the butler, has been passing along the line filling glasses. Pandarus concludes:—

... But soft, I grow verbose. In goblets flush

I crave your kind attention. Here is health

To crown and doublecrown our little feast:

So, friends, the King and Queen!

(More polite applause)

PRIAM—My lord, and fellow guests, the Queen and I

Are copious of your gracious plenitude
And fed with wit as well as provender.
Now let us doff the formal; let our talk
Be casual, and in unconsidered prose.

... It was delightful of you to have us all here, and especially for so pleasant a purpose. My dear (to Cressida) you're not going to shut yourself up any longer. We want to see something of you.

(As the talk becomes general, we can't help overhearing scraps of conversation along the table)

HECTOR—(to Creusa)—There wouldn't have been any war if we'd had a proper army. The only way to avoid war is to be prepared for it.

ANDROMACHE (to Paris)—Helen looks so perfectly lovely. How does she manage to keep her skin so dazzling. . . . (She checks herself from saying "after all these years") She has the most beautiful neck.

PARIS—She takes after her father. You must remember, he was The Swan.

DEIPHOBUS (to Antigone) — Epsilon 2112. I never forget a number. What are you doing Saturday?

AENEAS (to Helen) — If I ever get a chance, it's certainly going to be one of those Mediterranean cruises.

PANDARUS (to Hecuba)—I wouldn't be surprised, that property out towards Ida's going to be valuable. I could cut the King in on some lots at a bottom figure.

HECUBA — I wish you would. It's so hard, with such a big family, to make ends meet. I kept warning Priam we ought not to have so many, but he's terribly persevering. Of course, as a bachelor, you wouldn't understand.

PANDARUS (to Helen) — Who started the legend that bachelors never understand? (to the table at large) I've got a little surprise for you all. I asked Princess Cassandra to come to dinner, but she pointed out that would mean thirteen at table—

PRIAM—I shouldn't think a little more bad luck would bother her. She's prophesied all there is already.

HELEN—It makes me feel rather uncomfortable. She always implies that it's all my fault. I can't help it if I'm—I mean, if I was made the way I am.

HECUBA — Poor Cassie: she's always been our problem child. It was such a mistake for her to major in, what does she call it, eschatology. I always say, there's enough trouble in the world as it is without looking into the future. Besides, all that business with entrails and sacrifices, it doesn't seem quite nice.

PRIAM—You're right. When I was young I went on a campaign against the Amazons and that cured me of professional women. Women's place is in the home.

HELEN—Yes, but in whose home?

PANDARUS—I started to say, Cassandra promised to come in after dinner, with Troilus.

HECUBA—(She has taken out her knitting) That's nice. I didn't know the boy was back in town.

PANDARUS—He's coming specially for our party. He phoned me, his arm's all right again.

HECUBA — Well, I'm glad to know. I never see him any more since he left the palace. He took lodgings somewhere to be on his own. The younger generation is so independent. I don't suppose he gets his clothes mended, or regular meals, or proper sleep; and he was always delicate. HECTOR—He doesn't look delicate out on the field, mother; you ought to see him.

HECUBA—Of all the children, those two are the hardest to understand. Priam, I don't know what we can have been thinking of. Maybe they got mixed somehow, born together like that. Here's Cassandra, uses such terrible language, really I don't believe the broadcasting station understands it or they'd cut her off; and Troilus was always such a gentle little thing. Do you remember, Father, how he used to play with dolls?

DEIPHOBUS—He don't seem to care for 'em grown up.

HECUBA—I tried so hard to give them

all the right training and eat their cereal; of course I know Cassie's affliction is embarrassing, that mind-reading habit; she knows exactly what everyone thinks and naturally it upsets her; and now here's Troilus gotten so unsocial and conscientious, I don't think it's good for a young man to be so thoughtful and it don't seem natural in this family. All the rest of you were so normal, he really ought to—

PRIAM—Excuse me, Mother, I think Pandarus was trying to say something.

PANDARUS—No hurry, no hurry. Well, if you insist, I was thinking you might enjoy a little music. I asked Cressida to bring her harp, and Antigone is going to sing for us.

HECUBA—That's very kind of you, my dears, it really is. Cressida, your uncle tells me you compose.

CRESSIDA—Only a little, your Majesty; for my own pleasure, when I find something I like very much.

ANTIGONE—She's done this lovely setting for a new song, Lord Pandarus wrote it himself.

HECUBA—You mustn't be offended if I drowse; music after meals always puts me to sleep.

(Dares brings the harp forward; they are about to begin when Cassandra and Troilus enter. There are no special symptoms of "eschatology" about Cassandra except shell spectacles.)

PANDARUS—Oh, good; here they are, just in time.

CASSANDRA—Surely. We wanted to get here before the storm.

PRIAM — Storm? This bright evening? Nonsense, child.

(Cassandra shrugs with a take-it-or-leave-it air. She is accustomed to disbelief. She and Troilus dutifully salute their parents.)

HECUBA—You make me think of my old mother. She was always saying to us children, "Pull up the puff, a storm's coming." A puff was what country folks used to call a quilt or counterpane.

CASSANDRA—Pull it up then, darling; all the way to your chin.

PANDARUS—You know everybody, of course; except my niece, Cressida, and her friend Antigone. My dear, this is Princess Cassandra; and Captain Troilus.

HECUBA—Glad to see you, boy. Sit down by your old matriarch. Everything all right?

TROILUS—Just fine, mother.

HECUBA—You've still got your arm in a sling.

TROILUS—That's mostly swank. It's all right.

Pandarus signals to Antigone to go ahead. Please don't be too critical, she

(Continued on page 34)