

crowd of listeners seated under the trees. On the other side one finds the row of bronze statues of dancing nymphs and piping shepherds and other figures of a jolly rusticity, the fenced rose garden, and the veteran players of croquet whose crafty address demands some moments of respectful admiration. Not far off men swing their rackets in the vigorous strokes of the *jeu de paume*, while the solemn voice of the counter, as he manipulates his colored staff, chants the mysterious score. A few steps and you can watch while a skilled *guignol* draws into the dialogue of his stage the gleeful warnings and questions of his excited audience. Over beyond, past the apiary where the mysteries of the bee-keepers' art may be learned, is the best place to watch the tamed pigeons and sparrows as they take pellets of bread from the fingers of their friends. And, finally, in the remote corner, there are the pears of the senators.

I had my first view of these wonderful fruits when I was a schoolboy and somebody told me then that they were strictly reserved for the senators of France. In my imagination I saw those august beings solemnly eating those pears every day for luncheon. All my own hoarded pocket-money I would gladly have given for a single one of those supernal delicacies. There was something in the solemn austerity of the great grilles which defended the *espaliers*, so rigidly trained that all the flowing curves of the trees have turned into a wonderful angular conformity to a series of perpendicular and horizontal lines, where every leaf seems to be counted and every rare fruit to embody at least a year of patient tending in the past—that suggested a flavor at once nectareous and ambrosial; for I had just learned of the charms of classic mythology, and the *espaliers* convinced me at first sight that the gods of Olympus had no advantage in their feasts over the senators of France.

Never have I visited Paris since without going to inspect the pears of the senators, and for years I have resolutely turned my back on those destroyers of the ideals of youth who have tried to make me believe that those pears are no better than the pears that can be bought in the market and that they are not eaten by the senators of France.

During those years I have met senators of France, but never in such intimacy that

it seemed proper to ask: "Have you eaten the pears of the Luxembourg Garden?" But now at last my time has come. Since I left France two years ago a friend of mine has been elected to the senate. I long to see him for his many amiable qualities, but almost the first question I shall ask him is: Do you eat the pears of the senators?

Alas, I have seen him and he has never tasted them! So perishes a precious day-dream of youth.

"DAMNS have had their day!" cried Bob Acres a century and a half ago, but despite his optimistic efforts at reform, the "damns" are still with us as thick as Fords at a county fair. Let me say at the outset that although not addicted to profanity, at least of the open, vocal brand, I am not easily shocked. But my *Sprachgefühl* is deeply hurt by the endless repetition of commonplace expletives. I crave variety, a new method. "There is no meaning in the common oaths, . . . nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable."

Curses that  
Count

The ordinary oath is in the same class as common slang. Even a college professor of English does not object to slang. What annoys him is hackneyed, threadbare, overworked slang. "You are not the only pebble on the beach" may have been refreshing when Demosthenes contemptuously sputtered out the sharp-cornered pebble which cut his tongue and didn't fit into his elocutionary stunt, but to use the figure to-day is a sign of arrested development. A high-grade moron should know enough to substitute "You're not the only condenser in the radio," or "You're not the only Tut in a tomb." So, too, with curses. Your "damns" and "hells" indicate a barrenness of invention.

The scholar from whom Bob Acres acquired his notion had the right theory—"The oath should be an echo to the sense." But Bob, while improving upon the *S'deaths*, *Zounds*, and *Odd's* lives of his day, and producing oaths that were "an echo to the sense," fell into a fatal monotony. His "Odds triggers and flints! Odds bottles and glasses! Odds slanders and lies! Odds daggers and balls!" will not do.

For effective profanity has two uses: it relieves the tension and terrorizes the opposi-

tion. "Odds daggers and balls!" may relieve the tension, but it does not terrorize or quell the opposition. How much better is Caliban's

"A southwest blow on ye and blister ye all o'er!"

And this brings us to the heart of the problem. To whom shall we turn for proper and powerful expletives, if we lack courage or inventiveness? And the answer, of course, is—to Shakespeare! To be sure, the imprecatory psalms are a rich mine, but why turn to the Bible in a discussion not of sacred but profane literature?

The prime ingredient of effective malediction is mystery. Therein lies the fatal defect of your "damn." Everybody, including the dog, knows exactly what a "damn" means. But if some one calls you a "rumped runion!" or even a "three-suited, super-serviceable, finical rogue!" you stand dazed by the ample vagueness of the insult. This is one of the great merits of Shakespearian objurgation. He gives you not only force, but the murkiness of the unknown, for the objurgation usually contains a word or phrase whose meaning has puzzled the commentators for centuries.

One morning as I hurried through one of the slum neighborhoods of London, I accidentally brushed against a hoodlum, who resentfully let loose such a flood of blasphemous profanity that I was shocked into horrified haste. If only I had recalled my Shakespeare! I might have terrorized him into temporary decency had I paused and launched Caliban's curse on him:

"All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats on 'hoodlums' fall and make  
    'them'  
By inchmeal a disease!"

And then, if that had not sufficed, I might have added Kent's: "You base, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; you lily-livered, action-taking, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue!"

One sometimes wonders whether the Great War or the rapid spread of golf is the cause of the recent epidemic of profanity. The question is purely academic. The war may have been responsible for past pro-

fanity, but the war is over, and the golf germ or "bug," though already having fastened itself upon two million enthusiasts, is likely to infect half of the population of the United States in another decade. We know, therefore, where to place the responsibility for future profanity.

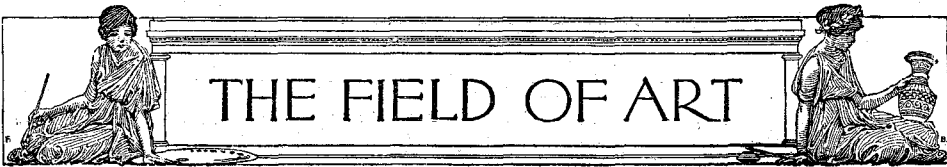
Hence the pressing need of a profanity that is respectable. If any one needs help it is the golfing "duffer." The long winter of his discontent has passed, the spring has come, the day's at the morn, the fairway's dew-pearled, as he stands on the tee of No. 1, gazing over the links in faith and hope. He has taken indoor lessons during the winter, he has played the course in par as he sat by his fireside, and he now is about to enter upon one of the supremely happy moments of his life. And then! his drive hooks out of bounds into Hell's Half Acre! There are spectators on the club-house veranda. If Shakespeare did not come to his aid, he might express his thoughts rudely and blatantly, but instead he recites poetically:

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!"

And that is what the earth does, forsooth. And then after composedly teeing up for the second trial, with the hazardous but natural desire of driving twice as far as he ever drove before, to recoup the loss of that last stroke, he swings at the ball with a vigor that Hercules would have envied, only to see the pale white sphere trickle gently down the side of the tee. And now he needs the choicest stick of dynamite found in "Macbeth." He knows the occasion calls for nothing less than

"The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!"

That malediction has the threefold virtue of vigor, mystery, and literary distinction. It should satisfy the conservative who clings to the old-fashioned "devils" and "damns," and as it mounts with its crescendo to the "cream-fac'd loon!" the radical reformer feels the subtle charm of the unknown. Besides, it is Shakespeare; and though the other golfers have concluded that that duffer does not know golf, they are now convinced that he does know Shakespeare. There's something in that to minister to a mind diseased.



## Form in Garden Art

BY ADELINE ADAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE

BY a gracious thought of wise minds in council, the National Sculpture Society was lately enabled to make in New York, in that section smilingly called the Acropolis, an extensive, extended, and free showing of the art its members practise. A group of learned societies had given our sculptors the hospitality of the galleries, terraces, and garden-space belonging to their several estates. Beautiful though these various backgrounds are, and well adapted for exhibiting sculpture, they were further enhanced by a judicious and imaginative garden art. That art wreathed stone stairways with roses and ivy. It transplanted great trees of flowering dogwood to make an ethereal setting for lofty gilded equestrian statues. It put laurel around Mr. French's "Memory," and a wall of evergreens behind Mr. McCartan's poetic monument to Eugene Field. It placed informal stepping-stones as byways through a walled garden peopled with storied images, and it arranged formal paths and vistas in a flowery plaisance where at one end the "Spirit of the Sea" made music near a lofty pine, and at the other end Venus and Adonis walked discreetly among

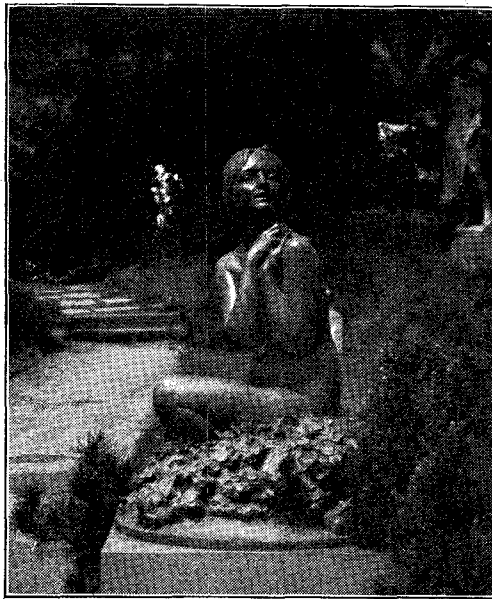
all the dryads, virtues, and satyrs known to sculpture. In short, and indeed at short notice, garden art had provided our sculptors with a living, delightful outdoor setting

for their works. Thronging thousands visited this show. In general, the spirit of order and urbanity that had created its environment animated the public also.

Many notable plastic works were exhibited within the buildings, either in the stately tapestried hall of the Academy, or in the courts of the Numismatic, or else in the galleries of the Hispanic, where the vivid genius of Sorolla stayed hidden behind the arras, while sculpture

rather than painting had its innings. But though masterpieces abounded within doors, the public preferred on the whole to take its sculpture in the open, under clear skies, and in the midst of trees, shrubs, flowers. In charm and interest, the garden was mightier than the gallery. No new happening, surely!

Except in the lives of cliff-dwellers and of nomads born, the garden has from very early times in the process of civilization occupied man's thoughts as a pleasant half-way place between fireside and forest. It



Woodwind, by Edward Berge.