

life might come to run in ruts, because it is so specialized. People find it an effort to talk about or to be interested in the things which do not personally concern them. They have the news of the world brought to them every morning and every evening, and yet many turn aside from it with indifference because there is nothing in it of direct personal concern, affecting their business or their pleasures. The art of journalism is the art of interesting people in the things in which they would feel no interest otherwise. It is the art of taking them out of themselves and their own special absorptions and giving them something foreign to themselves to think about. It puts ideas as well as happenings into the daily chronicle and stimulates curiosity on a thousand broadening

matters which else would never be heard of. So far as this work is well done it cannot but be of service in retarding the set toward specialism. But well done it cannot be while all sense of proportion is lost in the unwieldy expansion of the modern newspaper.

The function, then, of the provincial editor is to tell the world's story and the local story in a space still somewhat limited compared with that of the metropolitan daily. His art is the art of entertaining condensation. His own interest is the interest of achieving the seemingly impossible. His outlook is that of the man who preserves the true sense of proportion. He finds his reward or disappointment as he approaches his own ideal or falls far short of it.

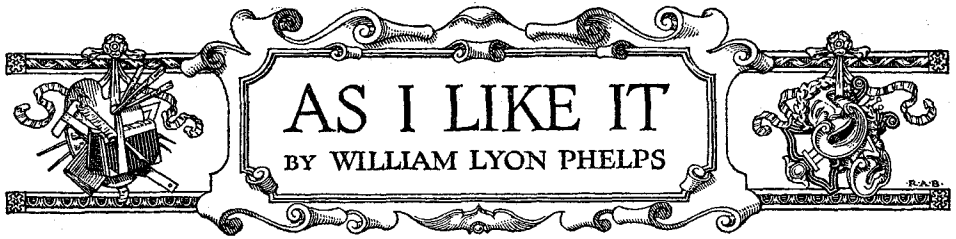
On a Woman with a Letter

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

HER lover is a thousand miles away,
 But as she sits her color comes and goes.
 No nearer presence could so bring the rose
 As those thin lines traced on the paper white,
 Breathing a love that may be cold to-day,
 While I sit watching her, a heart of fire,
 Not daring in my fancy to aspire
 Beyond this distance in the candle-light.

She hardly knows I see her, hardly feels
 The place, the hour, so is her spirit lost,
 Eager and tense, as of a bird wind-tossed
 In April when the air breathes warm with spring.
 Why should she care that all my being reels,
 Seeing the passion of the parted lips
 And the poised head, as when a falcon slips
 Out of its hood on heaven-mounting wing?

And yet the mystery of it all is this:
 Only a sheet of paper for her eyes,
 No blood to warm, no voice to pour its sighs
 Out in a rush that will not be denied,
 No lips to press on hers the burning kiss;
 But on her face a glow that takes her far,
 As if we dwelt each in a separate star,
 Although I wait here patient at her side.



IN meditating the other day on one of the most familiar lines in Tennyson:

"An infant crying in the night,"

I decided that insufficient attention had been given to it by physiologists, phonologists, music-teachers, elocutionists, singers, and public speakers. Even those men and women who are fortunate enough to possess, like Marion Crawford's Roman singer, a throat of iron, do not dare to shout and shriek continuously for the space of two hours; whilst the average adult, if he roared for fifteen minutes, would probably be hoarse for two days, and might seriously, perhaps permanently, injure his vocal cords. Yet a tender infant, with a throat as soft as water, can yell all night fortissimo, and not only do himself no injury, but in the morning be fresh as a fox-hound, and not only be able, but quite willing, even eager, to continue. What is the secret of the baby's voice production? It seems to be a matter worth serious investigation. In emission of tone the infant unconsciously has a system that makes the Italian method appear crude. If singing masters could discover what it is, and teach it, all present methods of vocal study would be revolutionized.

In addition to my other enterprises, such as the founding of the Fano Club, Faerie Queene Club, and the Ignoble Prize, I now undertake the organization of the Asolo Club. Individuals will qualify by visiting Asolo and sending me a picture post-card from that delectable mountain. Very few Americans go to Asolo, yet no town is more easily reached, provided one first reaches Italy. Every one who sees Italy visits Venice. Now the tourist may breakfast in Venice, spend the day in Asolo, and dine in Venice at the conventional evening hour. In the year 1838, a twenty-six-year-old English pedestrian, named Robert Browning, climbed the

little mountain and gazed with rapture on the tiny town of Asolo. Enchanted with the place, it haunted his memory, and there he laid the scenes of "Pippa Passes."

At the age of seventy-seven, in the year 1889, he spent the summer there, bought a house, in which he intended to live in subsequent summer seasons; but in the following December he died in Venice. His last volume of poems, published on the day of his death, was called punningly "Asolando," and was dedicated to Katharine Bronson, the charming American woman who lived in Asolo. On May 7, 1912, the centenary of Browning's birth was elaborately celebrated in the town immortalized by Pippa; and the street on which Browning lived in 1889 had its name formally changed to *Via Roberto Browning*. His son, incurably ill, was the chief personage at the centenary exercises, and died two months later in the house bought by his father. One of his most pious deeds was to purchase the old silk-mill, where Pippa worked, and found there a charity lace school, in honor of the poet.

We visited Asolo in 1904, and looking on the names registered in the queer old book at the inn, I found only one American—and that was Maud Watrous, who lived directly across the street from us in New Haven! She is now the wife of a gallant English officer, Colonel Grazebrook, but if by any chance she should see these lines, she will discover that she is a charter member of the Asolo Club, and entitled to all its rights and privileges. For membership is retroactive.

I owe the founding of this club to Sarah Redington, of Santa Barbara, who had previously qualified for Fano membership. On October 24, she, accompanied by Frances Taylor of San Francisco, entered the sacred precincts of Asolo, where with appropriately solemn ceremonies they established this flourishing institution, which already contains a half dozen mem-