

a different note at the end. He walked in time with the music.

As he neared the house, he could not help thinking of the tea Aunt Mil would have ready for him, and the luscious piece of orange cake—or muffins.

And as he walked up the steps of his house slowly and deliberately, conscious of his pallor and the awful tragedy in his home, feeling old and experienced, he sang the last line of his school song in the key of G.



## The Cloud-Racer

BY KATHARINE DAY LITTLE

“OH, years and years ago, I used to race  
The clouds,” he pondered, paused, and I could see  
Again, how, lifting ardent eyes, he’d run  
Across the meadow, till his chosen cloud,  
His own, most special cloudlet, suddenly  
Was fringed with white intolerable light,  
So blinding that he halted, panting, there  
Where through long grasses wanders slowly on  
Our thread of brook, too small to mirror clouds.  
“And you can see now if you look,” he says,  
And lifts me up a most important knee,  
All sweetly rounded still, all bare and brown,  
“Here’s where I fell once, racing with my cloud.  
But that, of course, was long ago,” he said,  
Eyes heavy with the passing wraiths of years—  
The five eternities that intervene  
Between those madcap hours, and soberer days  
More suited to the stately age of ten.  
“Oh, years and years ago, I raced the clouds!”





# As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



I WAS particularly interested in the choice of the pall-bearers; not merely because of the fact that six men of such literary distinction could not possibly be found among Americans, but because not a single one of the six is known exclusively as a novelist. Ever since the year 1898 Thomas Hardy had wished to be known as a poet or dramatist, rather than novelist; he firmly believed that his poems were better than his novels, that they more accurately expressed his personality, and that after his death he would be among the English poets. His career as a novelist lasted twenty-five years, and as a poet thirty years. He published seven volumes of lyrics, and it is believed and hoped that another volume will appear; he published two poetical tragedies: "The Dynasts" and "The Queen of Cornwall." He felt strongly that American critics had not, as a rule, sufficiently emphasized the importance of his poems; he felt that Americans still regarded him as the author of "Tess" and of "The Return of the Native."

It is interesting to remember that an exact parallel can be found in the case of his friend and contemporary, the late George Meredith. He always insisted that fiction was his kitchen wench, whereas poetry was his muse.

Therefore, at the funeral of Hardy in Westminster Abbey, the choice of pall-bearers emphasized the poet and dramatist, rather than the novelist—Sir James Barrie, Bernard Shaw, Rud-

yard Kipling, Alfred E. Housman, John Galsworthy, Sir Edmund Gosse. Every one of these men, except Mr. Housman, has published novels; but Barrie and Shaw are known almost exclusively as dramatists, Galsworthy is as well known as a playwright as he is as a novelist, Kipling is more distinguished for his poetry than his prose, Gosse is a poet and critic, and Housman a lyrical poet. Had it been Hardy the novelist who was buried in the Abbey, the pall-bearers might have included H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole.

From the king to the humblest peasant, there was sincere mourning for the death of Hardy; his eminence in four fields of art—architecture, prose-fiction, drama, and lyrical poetry—would have made him a world figure, but the beauty of his character, his sympathy, kindliness, modesty, gentleness, made an equally deep impression on all sorts and conditions of men.

With all my heart I hope that Mrs. Hardy will write the life of her great husband; she knew him better than any one else, she is herself a professional author, and she has the requisite taste and intelligence.

In the New York *Herald Tribune* for January 22 there is an article by Ford Madox Ford on Thomas Hardy which among many interesting remarks contains the astounding statement that Ford heard Hardy say he was a practising member of the Anglican