

# **ARCHER**

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NICHOLAS ROERICH

ROERICH MUSEUM, NEW YORK

WHITE AND HEAVENLY "HIS COUNTRY" SERIES

# ARCHER

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NICHOLAS ROERICH WITH THE BANNER OF THE ROERICH EXPEDITION IN ASIA

DIARY LEAVES

PART VIII

From Karakorum to Khotan

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

*October 1st—*

We reached the division of the road to Kokeyar or Sanju. Opposite Baksun Bulak is a wondrous white mountain,—so fine, so untouched and delicate in its profiles. The bright sun reminded me of the frozen Fjords of Norway or the blue fairy tale of Ladoga in winter. But here it is all more broad and more powerful. Before us, in the distance, are mountains etched with white outlines, as upon the old Chinese landscapes. Near the road were grazing two Tibetan antelopes—one raised its head and gazed long at the caravan. The Buddhists did not shoot them: "We have enough food with us." Someone else will betray the confidence of these lithe animals. Right at the road is lying a donkey with a fragrant load of cinnamon. Where is his owner? The people explain that this tired little donkey has been left to rest until the next caravan. There are no wild beasts here and no traveler will break this original ethic of the caravan. We also saw loads left by some people on Sasser. They remained untouched.

*October 2nd—*

In the frosty sun of the morning, before our resting place, was clearly outlined the snowy Mount Lenin. Thus the Mahatma Ak-Dorje passing here from Tibet, named this highest summit of the Ridge, (Patos phonetically, but according to the natives Ak-tag). Mount Lenin stands on the division of road to Karagalik-Yarkand and Karakash-Khotan. The path Karaglik-Yarkand is lower—the only two passes, not very high,

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but therefore having many rivers. The Karakash-Khotan path is higher and more mountainous. The passes are higher but, on the other hand, shorter.

Mount Lenin towers like a cone between the two wings of the white ridge. The lama, learning about it, whispers: "Lenin was not against true Buddhism. He said, "The true Buddhism is a good teaching. D. wrote about it to Tibet." It is remarkable. Lun-po has suddenly become a Russophile. He studies Russian from the lama. He screams: "Pora Obodat" (time to eat), "Noj" (knife)—"Chaska" (cup)—"Voda Goryachaya" (hot water).

The day started peacefully. We proceeded from seven o'clock on upon the gradual incline of Suget-davan. The ascent is almost unnoticeable and it is not frightening to see so many skeletons and bodies. The peacefulness of nature forces you to forget the altitude. Near the road lies a woolly little dog, absolutely as alive. By three o'clock, unnoticeable, we reached the Pass itself. It is good always to ask about the northern side of the Pass; this side is always severe. So it was here, too. The straight and easy way was suddenly carved out into a powerful, jagged ascent. In the distance were spread the white purple mountains covered with a sort of mournful design. A blizzard commenced; and into the bare spots of the snow-dust, pitilessly resounded the almost black bluish sky. The path was covered.

Four caravans had assembled up to 400 horses. The loaded, experienced mules were let go first; we followed them. The entire descent was covered with the black zig-zags of the silhouettes of horses. The air vibrated with the shouts of

"Hosh! Hosh!" And everything crept down, stumbling, gliding and shoving each other. It was dangerous. The people were astonished at the early snow. We reached the stopping point only at nine o'clock in the evening by moonlight. The Turks quarreled with the Buddhists. Nazar-bey wanted to lead us somewhere far off. The Chinaman rushed at him with a whip. The human quarrels affected the animals. The horses started to snort. The affair ended with a fight of the dogs—wild Tumbal hurt Amdong very much.

E. I. goes on horseback without descending, more than thirteen hours. It shows that the usual so-called fatigue is being conquered by something else, more powerful.

*October 3rd—*

Again the piles of stones; yellow and red bushes appear, very beautiful against the warm white haze of the sands. A meager willow appears beside the stream. Partridges and hares make their appearance. But as a whole, astonishingly few animals. We passed by some old walls transformed into piles of stones. The people are anxious to reach the Chinese post, Kurul, or Karaul-Suget. Gradually we descend. Already there are seen some kind of low walls. Somebody comes out from behind the gates—then hides with a bustle. Someone comes out to meet us.

Amidst the wide, hot plain, surrounded by snow mountains, is standing the clay square Kurul. In the distance, enticingly glimmers Kwen lun. In the fortress are twenty-five soldiers. Sardis and Khirgiz and one Chinese officer with a secretary and translator. We saw no arms. Only in the narrow room of the officer was hanging a big one-barrelled gun with a cock like a duck's head. With this one instrument one cannot shoot very much.

If Shin-lo, this Chinese frontier officer here, would only know how touched we

were by his hearty reception! Isolated in these far-off mountains; deprived of every means of communication, this officer by his help and kindness reminded us of those traits of the better China. It was so important for us—because we go to China with sincere friendship and an open heart! And we met and said farewell to Shin-lo most heartily. Out of friendship we even unfolded our tents on the dusty yard of the fort. The people wanted to remain here at least one more day because the desert was already ended.

The people rejoice. But we regret something unrepeatable; the Crystals of the summits. Will the lace of the desert sands replace you? Other caravans arrive—they talk around the campfire. Talks, smiles and pipes and rest. They whisper: "In Bhutan they await the near coming of Shamballa." "First was India, then China, afterwards Russia and now will be Shamballa . . ."

"In the Temple under the image of Buddha is an underground boiling lake. Once a year, they descend and throw into the lake, precious stones . . ."

Thus is being discussed a whole saga of beauty. These campfires! These glow-worms of the desert! You stand like banners of the people's decisions!

*October 4th—*

We had not passed a mile from Kurul when we reached the current of the River Karakash Daria, which means Black Nefrite. Along the streams of Karakash were found certain kinds of nefrite which gave to Khotan its past glory. One of the western gates of the Great Wall of China was even called the Nefrite Wall because through it used to be brought these beloved stones. Now in these places they do not even remember about procuring Nefrite. The color of Karakash Daria, alone reminds about the best kinds of nefrite, by its bluish green color. It is a quick

river, a joyous river, a noisy river. And it is the native site, not only of nefrite, but also of gold. For several days Karakash Daria becomes our guide. We pass several Mazars: These mean venerated Moslem graves. One would think that their semi-arched roofs and a little tower in the middle are nothing else than the forms of an ancient Buddhist Chorten. When we approached the tomb of a saint, the Khirgiz guide jumped down from his horse and with a beautiful gesture offered his worship. It was difficult to expect from this clumsy body so beautiful a movement.

Fort Shaki-dula is abandoned—it is the same lonely clay square. Besides, in these places, canons have altogether not yet appeared and did not threaten the clay walls.

It becomes hot. The altitude is not more than 12,000 feet and after 18,000 it affects the breathing. We receive word that the yaks are ready for the passage of Sanju davan. Towards evening sprang up the shamal—the northeastern whirlwind. For the first time we were in the midst of a real sand purga. The red mountains were hidden; the sky became grey. As high, thick pillars the sand rose and moved slowly in a spiral, penetrating everything which is encountered. The tents try to fly into midair. The horses slink down and turn their back to the winds. All colorings disappear and only Karakash hastens on—as emerald as before.

*October 5th—*

We proceeded through the entire day, along the way of the Karakash. It is difficult to remember how many times we forded the river. In some places, it reached up to the horse's belly, in other places it was lower than the knees. On one rocky edge the entire trail was washed away. We had to hurry and to cross along separate boulders in the roar of the cur-

rent. Again came a severe stony road. Two horses of Mazar-bey broke their legs. Everywhere, the shamal of yesterday left its traces. Mountains are covered with a grey haze. All day, a cloud of all-penetrating dust hangs in the air. The eyes are suffering. The whole coloring is changed. The sky has become purple. Only the joyous river is glimmering as before with its greenish sparks. The first little encampments of mountain Khirgiz appear—yurts covered with felt, or stony squares leaning against the rock. Small fields begin. Here are small Khirgiz women in high white head-dresses and red kaftans, some with coned little Khirgiz caps. If only the photographs would be successful! A picturesque group is set against the purple background of the sandy soft tones of the mountains. On a tiny grey donkey, a woman in a bright red kaftan and a high headdress. On her hands is a child in a light grey cover. Besides her is a man in a green kaftan with a red coned hat. Above them the dim purple sky. Who would wish to paint the Flight to Egypt? Very steep lie the trails above the turbulent river. The camping place is in a sandy valley, in the middle of which is a dusty caravan serai. We have not the energy to stop in this dusty court. On the neighboring slopes is also difficult to camp. There is either complete dense stone only, or soft shifting sand and neither of the two holds the nails of the tents. With difficulty we found a spot. Gradually we discover the breakages in the luggage. Here is a lock torn away; there a yachtan (pouch) has been wet when the horse fell into the river.

Again, the campfires. Again there gather some sort of unknown, woolly people. We must say, however, that none among these clumsy strangers did us wrong. The reported thievery of the Khirgiz did not touch us.

Again some of the whispers of the

campfire: "Burkhan Bullat (meaning the Sword of Buddha) appears at certain dates and then nothing will withstand it."—"Ulan Zerik (the red warriors) became terribly strong."—"Everything that the Pellings will not do will turn against themselves."—"More than a hundred years ago two learned Brahmins went to Shamballa and set out towards the north."—"The Blessed Buddha was in Khotan and from there decided to go northwards."—"In one of the best monasteries of China the doctor of metaphysics is a Russian Cossack."—"In the big monastery, the head abbot is a Russian."—"On the picture of Buddha the Conqueror the fire of justice sparks from the sword of the Blessed One."—"The Prophet said that Damascus would be destroyed before the new era." Thus the pilgrims are whispering on the way of Gaya, Sarnath or to Mecca. Long files of grey-bearded *Achuns* and veiled female figures, we meet on the road. They are hastening before the approaching winter. They are a quick mail.

The day ended with a shamal. Gigantic clouds of dust, like an invisible transmigration of the peoples. One must also know this threatening image of Asia. Where else is so remarkable, this change of heat and frost? Where else are so unbearable the winds, after mid-day? Where are the rivers so treacherous during the floods and the sands so pitiless? And where else is the gold not removed from the banks? Where else are so many skulls whitening under the sun? The broad hand of Asia!

October 6th—

Again we proceeded along the current of Karakash. We come to a great old Khirgiz cemetery, Mazars with the spherical arch-vaulted roofs, low tombs set with the staffs and the horsetails hung on their spikes. Without question these so-called

Mazars are very often old Buddhist chor-tents. Beyond the Mazar we left the stream of Karakash and began noticeably to ascend the summit against the current of a mountain stream. The gorge gradually narrows here. At the left we noticed caves in the yellow sandy mountain; we noticed caves several stories high; they are like the caves of Tuang-hang. The natives and caravaneers say that they are old Khirgiz houses, but of course, we recognize the remains of a vanished Buddhism. The approaches to many of these caves have been corroded away by the elements. High above, like eyries, remain the cut-off entrances. It is characteristic that these caves are hidden not far from Sanju Pass as if they protected themselves by these mountains, from the waves of Mohammedanism. The hostler, Gurban, a Moslem, knows of other like caves in this region but is apparently scornful of them. But the caves are very imposing.

An immeasurable antiquity emanates from these mountains. The sandy haze transports them seemingly into the skies. And the mountains, instead of signifying limits and obstacles, tempt us once again upwards. We reached the very bottom of Sanju. We had heard that there was no snow on the Pass but we had hardly succeeded in receiving this information when the Kashmirian dragon came flying and everything commenced to be covered with snow. It is a piercing storm. We are huddled together awaiting the belated tents. The caravan arrived in the dark. From the pass, a black avalanche of yaks is rushing on, and while running, almost destroyed the camp. There is a noise and rumble. There is snow and cold. But the camp, crouched in the gorge, looks unusually picturesque. Something, as of old Bosch or Peter Breughel. The flame shines on the bronze faces. Through the dark one sees the horns of the black, invisible yaks. The wings of the tents flutter like birds. On



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BUDDHA THE TESTER

the rocks is the gigantic shadow of Omar-Khan. Again there are whispers of the desert: "Near the holy mountain Sabur is seen an unknown, ancient city. There are many houses and chortents." Tomorrow we must arise with the stars. It is a long way—and at day time snow and wind will start up again to annoy us.

*October 7th—*

The dragon nevertheless overtook us during the night. Everything was covered with snow and deeply frozen. We try out with the yaks. We hurry on. The seventh pass is Sanju. It is the most steep one—18,300 feet. But it is not long. How clingingly the yaks proceed. We are again astonished by them. The saddle strap around the chest of my yak gives away with a snap. We must bind it with cords because on the steep descents one strap will not hold. Only the very summit of Sanju is dangerous. There the yak must skillfully jump across the crevice between two upper crags of a bare rock. There you must resign yourself to the surefootedness of the yak. Gegen falls down from his yak, but happily hurt only his leg. It might be worse. Of course on the northern side is a great amount of snow. We had to hasten, and slipping on the sharp zig-zags descend steeply. It is best not to take mountain sticks with sharp points—those with flat metallic points are better. In the silvery fog, the snow mountains completely merge. It is a pity to bid farewell to the heights, where although it is cold, it is crystally pure and summoning! There the name desert itself, sounds like a challenge to all cities already transformed into ruins, or not yet reduced to ruins.

And why does it seem so sad to depart further from Kwen lun? From the ancient ridge?

The encampments of Mountain Khirgiz started again. The women and children

are clean—one does not see the dreadful disfiguring skin diseases.

Down below in the sandy inclines are some dark hollows—caves. Out of these caves creep woolly yaks and transport you into prehistoric time. Then, too, at that time, happened the same thing. In the middle of the hillside, yellow corroded masses are accumulated. From them protrude stone blocks of most refined forms. Rhinoceroses, tigers, dogs, and some sort of skeletons on thrones—it is all the work of water which has long since flowed away. The hillside is fenced by the warm purple mountains. One does not see snow, in the direction of the desert. We stopped near an aul (village) composed of nine yurts. Within was clean. They bring out melons, watermelons, peaches, which they get from the Sanju Bazar or the Guma Bazar. The mountains are alive with ringing echoes; the barking, and neighing, reverberate endlessly in the gorges like mountain trumpets. The Khirgiz women show their embroideries but they will not sell; each works for herself.

*October 8th—*

It is a short and peaceful passage. We stopped ten miles from the oasis Sanju. Isolated yurts of Khirgiz are scattered about. Often there is one boy driving a whole caravan of camels.

Each day there come to us patients with stomach trouble or colds. Again we feel what mean the great sands of the desert, the all-penetrating, the drying, making difficult the breathing.

What a grief! The mountains noticeably commence to become lower. The altitude of the path is not more than 7,000 feet, while the southern part of the desert is not lower than 4,000 feet. It becomes warmer and warmer. A Series of Paintings, Maitreya, is conceived. Again there are camp fires. Again the caravan whis-

pers: "The English governor in China has commanded to whip the Chinamen. Oh, how bad it is! Now Chinese will whip the English."—"Rinpoche says that now the way is only through Shamballa—everybody knows that."—"Many prophecies are buried everywhere."—"Three campaigns of the Mongols."—"In the desert behind Keria went out above the ground an underground river."—"And when they dynamited the rock it was all out of precious stones."—"And there, where one cannot pass, one can go by underground passages."

Much is being spoken and the matters of every day are interwoven with something great and already predestined. Much is being spoken about underground passages. But it is natural. From many castles which are glued to the rocks, long underground passages were constructed to the water, and through these donkeys used to carry the water. Gradually before one, rises a new picture of momentous lives.

*October 9th—*

It is the Sanju oasis. We said farewell to the mountains. Of course, we shall come back to the mountains. Of course, other mountains are probably not worse than these—but it is sad to descend from these mountains. The desert cannot bestow on us what the mountains have whispered. As a farewell—the mountain made us a gift of something unusual. On the border of the oasis, just on the very last rock which we could still touch, appeared the same designs that we saw in Dardistan on the road to Ladak. In the books about Ladak, these designs are called Dard designs, although apparently they lead to neoliths. And here, in Chinese Turkestan, on the shiny brown masses of rock, are again, like light silhouettes, the same archers and bow, the same mountain sheep with huge twisted horns, the same ritual dances, rounds and processions of

people. These are verily messengers of the transmigrations of the people. And there is some special meaning to this, that these designs were left on the border to the mountain kingdom. Farewell mountains!

Groves of poplars and apricot trees appear and beyond them spreads the kingdom of the sands. It reminds us of Egypt along the Nile, or of Arabia. It is time for breakfast and we want to stop—but some riders are galloping towards us and beckon us to come further. There is already prepared a *dastarhan* from the Khirgiz Elders. On brightly designed felts, picturesquely are spread heaps of melons, watermelons, pears, eggs, roast chicken and in the center, half of a mutton baked. Here are round yellow cookies, dimply and with tiny holes, looking as if they might have been torn out of the painting of Peter Aertsen. It reminded us of dear Kluchino in Novgorod, of the excavations of the stone ages and of hospitable Ephim. And here are the same kaftans, and beards, and colored belts and small caps bordered with wolf fur or beaver. And it is difficult to persuade oneself that these people do not speak Russian. As a matter of fact, many of these bearded men know single words and are very proud if they possess some small Russian objects. They know almost nothing of America—English influence has erased all conception of America. It would be good to give to these people books about America in Turkic. This should be thought about because America and Asia were an indivisible continent some time ago.

For the first time we saw Chinese soldiers in uniforms of the imperial times with red inscriptions on the entire back and chest. Very ragged soldiers they were. The Khirgiz recruits were altogether minus uniforms. Can such an army act at all?

In one passage from Sanju there may

already be Buddhist antiquities.

One will ask, where then are the dangers? Where then are the alluring attacks? Because on the cemetery in Leh there are several monuments over the graves of the murdered travelers? True, but all these people were killed by the Kashmirians and Afghans. No one was killed by Ladakian-Buddhist. And then there is a special delight in the consciousness that in the most distant unpeopled place you are safer and sounder than in the streets of Western cities. A policeman of London at the entrance of Eastside inquires if you are armed and prepared for danger. A night walk in the suburbs of Montparnasse or Montmartre in Paris, or Hoboken, near New York, is full of far more dangers than paths of Himalaya and Karakorum. And the tornado of Texas or Arizona, is it not equal to a whirlwind on the heights? And besides, these dangers of nature are so joyous in substance, so awaken the vigor and purify the consciousness. There are compilers of caustic exclamations of danger but the most unsafe bamboo or rope bridge evokes in you a stubborn resourcefulness. What a pity out of the unpeopled place to descend to the human crowd.

*October 10th—*

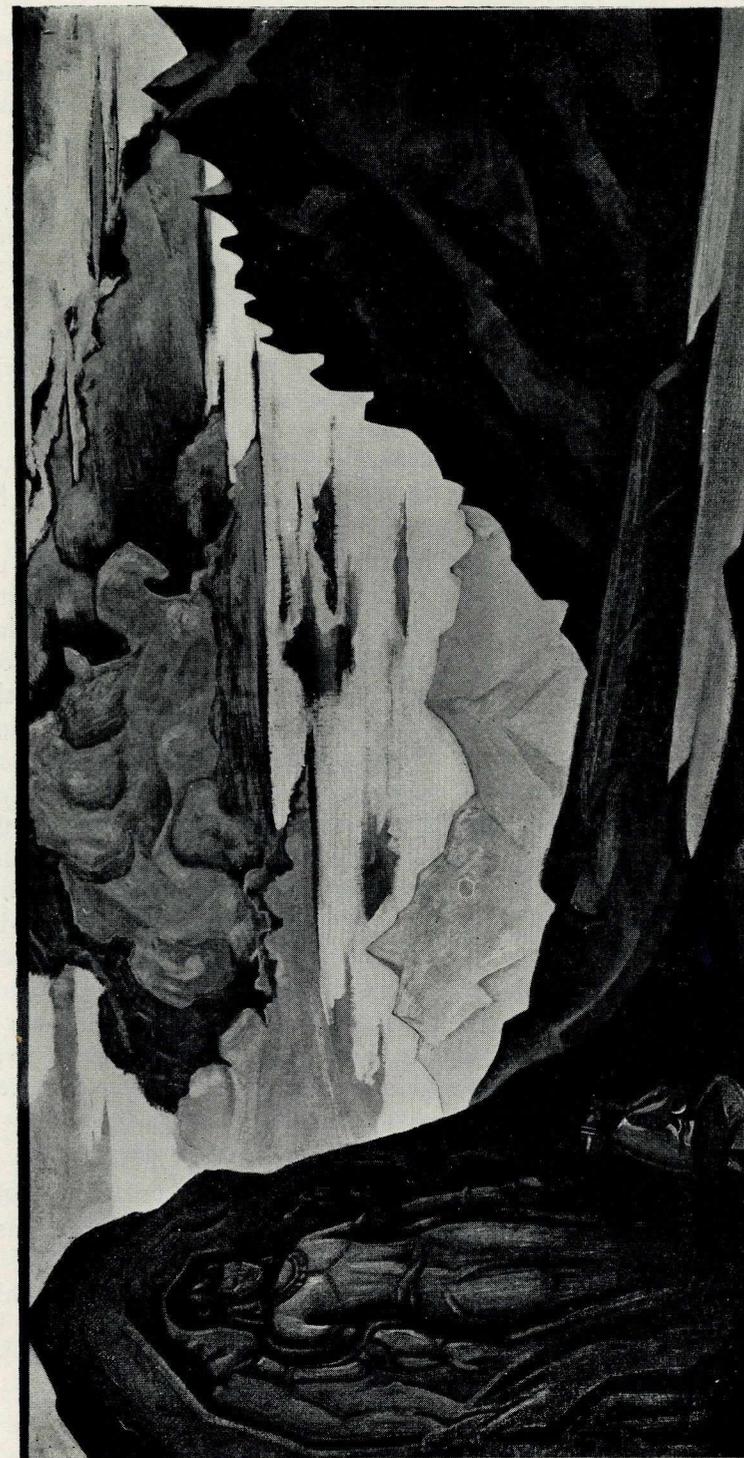
We emerged into a completely different country. No more is here Tibetan heroism. No more are there the ringlets of clear singing of the Ladakists. It is strange that only among the Tibetans and Ladakists did we find strong and agreeable voices. Nor more are there the castles on the waterless, courageous summits. No more the Suburgans or the Kurgans of fearlessness. The mountains have disappeared into a grey mist. How now to live and whither to direct the eye. Here are peaceful, agricultural, ignorant Sarts; a forgotten oasis. Here are peaceful, slow Turks who have forgotten com-

pletely that they took part in the marches of Chengiz and Tamerlaine. It is hot. In Sangu Bazar—it is sandy. From behind the clay walls and fruit trees, are glancing out a multitude of faces, fearful and hiding—a whole crowd. The colorings remind one of the Nijni-Novgorod fair. They are bringing out fruit and roasted mutton. Finally they bring us a gift of a Khirgiz dog. Bells ring out and into the Meidan comes riding a Chinese official—again a very kind and obliging one. He is astonished that we did not receive a letter about our way from Amban of Yarkand but he explains that the republic in China has ceased sending special notifications if there is a Chinese passport. And we possess a long passport under the name of Loluchi—which means Roerich. Are the Chinese officials of higher ranks as obliging? We hope that China will fulfill our expectations. When we received the passport they told of the help of all governors, of the meeting at the University of Peking. The Chinese official speaks about the passage of the Roosevelts, who turned towards Yarkand. He tells us of the ruins of the imperial palace twelve days from Khotan, which until the present days is still yielding antiquities. We understand it must be Aksu. Soon we start out on an old silky road. Here is the first place where can be found the antiquities, because these places, as well as Khotan are mentioned in the literature of three or four centuries before our present era. On the islands of the deserts in the oases were strengthened the last crowds before the transmigration into unknown lands.

Clouds stand erect on the horizon, but there are not the usual clouds—these are the layers of a whirling sand. Probably somewhere there is a strong buran.

*October 11th—*

Under the chirping of birds, amid the



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SIGN OF MAITREYA

bleating of the herds, besides the joyous gurgling of the stream, we left Sanju. Soon we turned away from the oasis and ascended along the sandy incline of a river bed and found ourselves in the real desert. The hills reclined in weak, uncertain silhouettes. The air vibrated on the horizon, as though interweaving some new formations. The full design of the sand spread around—this is the veritable *Unencompassable*, over which passed the great hordes. Chengis and Tamerlaine passed just here and as upon the waves of the seas there does not remain the trace of a boat, so on the sands remained no vestige of those movements.

Here rises the whole tenderness, the whole mercilessness of the desert. And the Khirgiz point to the hazy pink north-east—there is the great Takla Makan! There are buried cities. There is Kucha—the capital of the former Tohars. Their manuscripts are known to us—but does one know how to pronounce these signs? By analogy one can read the letters but the inscription plan of the sound has disappeared. Farther on, upon the inclines of the mountains, is Karashahr—an ancient place. There long before it was covered, according to the evidence of Chinese historians, the chalice of Buddha was brought to Karashahr from Peshawar. And still farther, are the foothills of the heavenly mountains and the semi-dependent Kalmuks who remember their history, their mountains and the pastures and sacred mountains. And still farther lies the great Altai, there where reached the Blessed Bearer of the Commune, Buddha.

The shield of the sand quivers. The eradicable signs have ebbed away. We inquire about antiquities. Much has already been carried away from the desert—but still more remains hidden beneath the sands. One can find them only gropingly. And now after the strong buran,

from these depths emerge new stupas, new temples and walls of unknown habitations. By the small signs, would you say where are buried the most important things? The inhabitants themselves, in words, are indifferent to the discoverers.

In the distance you see from afar, the herds of wild Kulans. Far away, silhouetted, a rider approaches. From far he looks at us, stops, descends from his horse and spreads out something white. We approach and see a white felt on which are laid two melons and two pomegranates. This is a *dastarhan* from an unknown traveler, encountered. An unknown friendly hand to a guest. This is a veritable enchanted tablecloth, blanching amidst the immeasurable sands. A greeting from the unknown—to the unknown.

We reached Sanju, an inhabited dusty site. There is a labyrinth of clay walls; already upon the children, one sees tetter, a thing which we did not see in the mountains. We could not find any antiquities. People tell us that two Chinese officials came and took with them everything of Buddhist antiquities which the inhabitants accumulated. If this is true—it means that imperial China unknowingly gave away its treasures and republican China begins to understand the significance of the study of the old monuments. One must know if this story is altogether true—or whether these officials did not take away these things simply for their own benefit.

*October 12th—*

From Sanju to Pialma we proceed along the same silky road. And “silky” not only because on it were passing the silk caravans, but the road itself is as silk and iridescent with all the combinations of sand; a milky desert with the finest designs of sandwaves. The wind bears the pearly dust and beneath your eyes is meshing new lace upon the surface of the ground. Old mile-post towers are standing erect—the greater number of them de-

stroyed. Behind us are ringing the little bells. On a big grey horse the son of the neighboring Amban is hastening after us. He is going on a leave of absence to Tuanhang—before him he has a journey of two months. He is curious—but very uncultured. He gives us some information about Khotan, speaks about the antiquities of Tuanhang. In Pialma there are also antiquities from Takla Makan. It is a great pass. We proceeded quickly from seven to half past four—but the people say that tomorrow's road will be still longer. We make our stop in a fruit orchard—it is infinitely better than on Sangu where the camels, donkeys, horses, roosters, and dogs thundered ceaselessly their choruses through the entire night.

*October 13th—*

From Pialma to Zuava is about thirty-eight miles. We left before dawn, under the sign of Orion. For the first time, during our journey, we saw the beloved constellation. Again the desert. Towards ten o'clock—it is hot, reddened and searing. The stirrup burns the foot through the shoe. What must it be like in summer? It is not for nothing that during the summer they travel by night marches.

At the right, one sees the blue inclines of Kwen lun—they remind us of Santa Fe. On the left, the pink sands of Takla Makan—I recall the desert of Arizona.

The son of the Amban is singing Chinese namtares—sayings about Chinese giants. Unexpectedly sharp with nasal breathings, with screams and the beating of some sort of strange rhythms and final cadenzas. It is difficult to associate this with the epos of giants.

Under the neck of the horses are ringing the threads of bells. Red tassels wave beneath the reins. So also the great hordes thundered here.

Three doves are flying above us for a long time. Where from did they come, in

this desert? They are messengers—they brought us to a remarkable place, an old worshiped mazar and mosque. There, in the midst of the desert, are living thousands of doves, protected by legend. Every traveler throws them a bit of corn. This benevolent spot is much worshiped. The sight of these countless flocks of doves breathes forth to you a strange surprise. It is an unexpected San Marco. These doves are wayside messengers—pointing out the way to the travelers of the desert. It is said, “One Chinaman killed and ate such a dove and died immediately.”

The day ended with the coming into the golden grassed steppe, with barkhans which resemble the Kurgans. This is the beginning of the Khotan oasis and reminds us of Southern Ukraine. In the evening, there is aggravation—Amdong perished. The Lhasa mountain dog could not withstand the desert heat. What a pity! Amdong reminded us so much of Finnish dogs—he was so woolly and quick. Now there remains only black Tumbal—a ferocious one, frightening the population. In order not to lose also this guardian we shall tomorrow carry him in a palanquin.

*October 14th—*

From Zuava, we go to Khotan. The entire path is alongside an oasis. An unbroken line of villages, small bazars and gardens. They are harvesting the corn and barley. Oxen, donkeys and horses are performing all kinds of domestic work. Again the women have covered faces. They have small boyard hats and white veils, as on the Byzantine miniatures. Gradually and unnoticeably, we are entering the bazars of Khotan itself. There remains little of the ancient city. Khotan was known for its nephrite, its rugs and its song. From all this, naught remains. The carpets are modernized; imitations of nephrite are common; the songs remain only as the simple Moslem songs, accompanied by a very long

two-stringed guitar! There now rest the industries of silk, cotton, maize and dry fruits. There remain the unattractive narrow bazar and dusty lanes between the clay buildings.

Ancient Khotan was ten miles away from here—there where is now the village of Yatkan. As too often happens, the most interesting sites are those covered with mosques and bazars. The flow of antiquity from Yatkan has almost ceased.

We stop temporarily in the dusty garden square in the middle of the city. We are trying to fight for a house in the suburbs. It is not easy to obtain—because apparently it conflicts with someone's interest not understood by us. In the beginning the Chinese officials are decent. The honorable sentinels of the guard consist of soldiers and boys. But they are inquiring if we will live here for a long time. Occur visits to Taotai, Amban, and military governor. Everywhere we have tea and little plates with simple sweets. Without delay come the return visits. The military governor has a green coach lined with purple. The Taotai has a two-horse coach, and every horse has a separate wooden arch above it. The bridles are all Russian. Then comes a luncheon at the Taotai—it lasts from two to six—and more than forty courses. The victrola jangles out Chinese legends and songs. Of course the rhythms are very complicated and the variety of instruments can be hardly produced by the noisy records. At the end of the luncheon, the old official, Yamen, got drunk and wailingly grumbled something, probably funny.

A native merchant suggests: "Instead of hiring help buy a dozen girls for their whole lives. The price of a good girl is thirty rupees." But we do not intend to buy girls, although we are listening to it seriously because we are accustomed not to be astonished at anything, although it

is permissible to be astonished at the sale of humans.

It began! The Kerim boy who was stationed on our post, happened to be a blackguard. The amban, stupidly smiling, says: "In the house you can paint but *outside* not." We are inquiring the reasons. He smiles again, still more stupidly and says the same thing. We are asking him to confirm this prohibition in writing. But he absolutely refuses. We are pointing out that it is just with this purpose of artistic work that the expedition has been sent, and that it is included in our passport. The amban smiles thrice stupidly and repeated his unaccountable *prohibition*.

As the most vivid spot of our entry into Khotan was the entry of Tumbal in the palanquin. The Ladakists brought in his woolly majesty in the bazar with loud songs. The black creature scowled and sat very important. The crowd came near to the palanquin, but immediately flew away from it with screams: "A Russian bear." All the officials coming to see us considered it their duty to inquire about the fearful beast and the military governor, wanting to look at our Tibetan animal, for safety's sake, took our son George by the hand. Wonderful guards are these Tibetan wolf-hounds!

We returned home in the evening from the Taotai. Raven horses "of the honorable escort" became frightened and frightened our horses. By moonlight silently stand the towers of the Confucian temple with their gongs. The gongs were silent all the time. The road lies northward—straight ahead, low over the horizon, brightly lies the Great Bear.

October 24, 1925.



NICHOLAS ROERICH

ROERICH MUSEUM, NEW YORK

THE COMMAND OF RIGDEN DJAPO

## AESTHETIC DUALISM IN ROERICH'S WORKS OF ART

By IVAN NARODNY

HAVING seen the paintings of Professor Roerich in America, which dated mostly from the time of the World War, I looked at him as an epic colorist—a Beethoven and Moussorgsky combined. But my trip to the Soviet Republics in the last summer revealed to me a totally new master—Roerich as a lyricist and classic romanticist.

While visiting Moscow I called on Alexis Victorovich Stchussev, the director of the Tretiakov Gallery and head of many other museums and art institutions, and he invited me to visit him at his office in order to show me personally the new arrangement of this towering aesthetic temple of a New Universe. I called at the appointed time at the Tretiakov Gallery, but Mr. Stchussev had not yet arrived. He had left a message with his curator that he let me see the rooms alone until his return from his unexpected official engagement.

It was late afternoon of a rather delightful summer day. I entered the famous institution with the feeling of a humble pilgrim. Its atmosphere was overwhelming and elevating. I found myself not in a conventional museum but in a solemn temple of the Russian genius.

Walking slowly through the silent halls hung with the best pictorial masters of Russia I beheld canvases by Surikov, Vrubel and their contemporaries, when suddenly I dashed into a room in which an entire wall was devoted to the paintings of Professor Roerich. The late afternoon sun was playing on them as on pieces of another world, and I stopped, looking at them with delight. It was all so sudden that I felt as though an old friend had

Ivan Narodny is renowned for his fine art criticism as well as his extensive writings in diverse fields.

unexpectedly loomed up from behind the corner and were reaching me his hand for greeting.

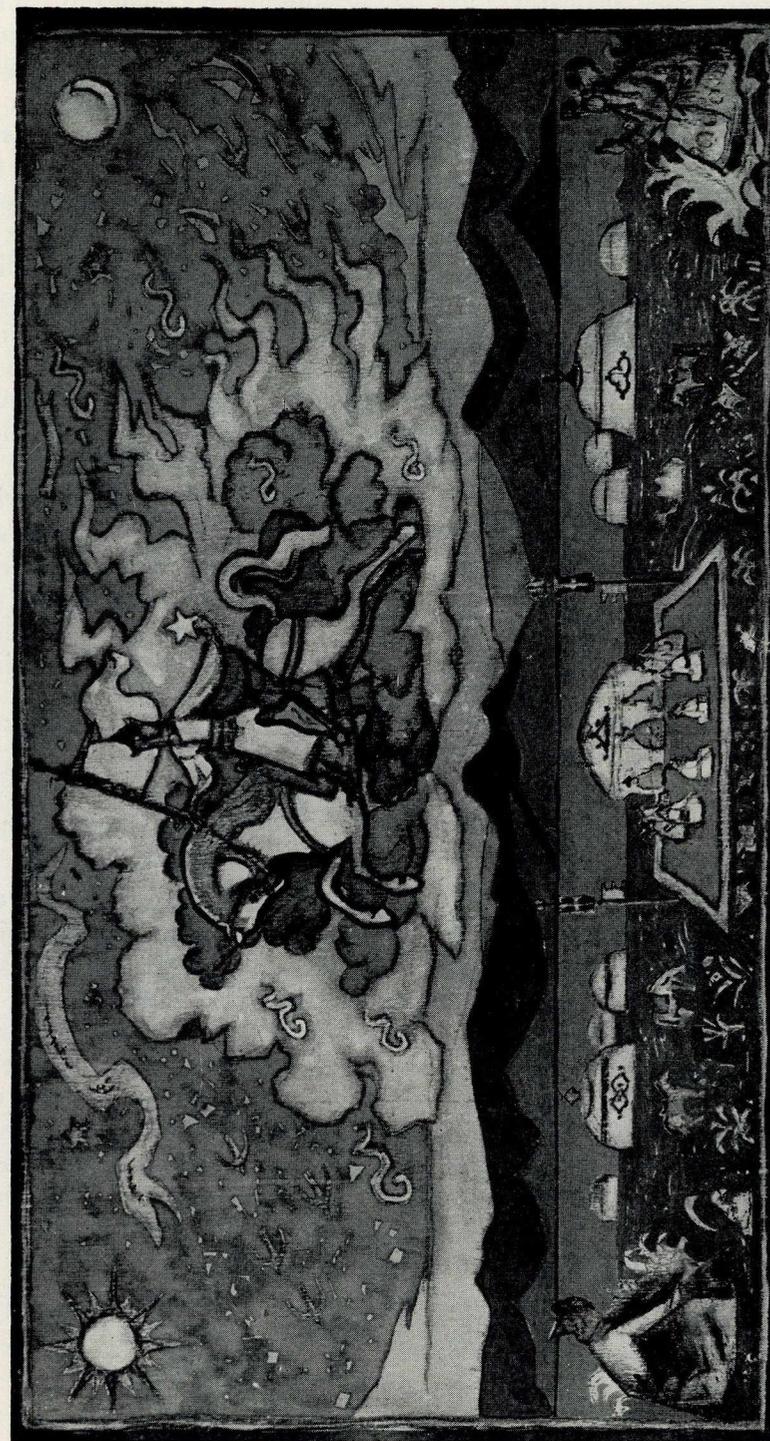
The pictures of Professor Roerich that I beheld in the Tretiakov Gallery were new to me. There was his "Messenger," "The Battle," "The Polovetsky Camp," and another one. As I continued looking at them I exclaimed unconsciously:

"Is it possible?"

In so far I had known Roerich as an epic artist; but here he was a romantic lyricist, with his mellow earthly greens and pinks, his naturalistic atmosphere and background. In these there were touches of poetic realism, or rather, of symbolic impressionism. I began to gaze at them as on some new elements of his creative genius and to imagine Roerich when he painted them. The museum was so solemnly silent and the atmosphere was so poetic that I stood like one transfixed.

While gazing thus contemplatively on the canvas of the "Polovetsky Camp" I began to hear soft tones of Borodin's *Polovetsky Dance*, from his opera of "Prince Igor," and while focusing my eyes on the "Messenger" I began to hear Schubert's "Erlkoenig," played by a marvelous aeolian orchestra somewhere in the distance. Thus the pictorial images of Roerich the lyricist had been transformed into auditory images of Roerich the romanticist.

I was standing for several minutes before Roerich's paintings and listening to a "music" which my mind had created. I stood like one in a trance and forgot that I was in a museum, as I imagined myself in a hall where pictures suddenly became records of new, unknown sounds. I became so oblivious of all my surroundings in this pose that I did not hear when the secretary of Mr. Stchussev entered, saying:



NICHOLAS ROERICH

ROERICH MUSEUM, NEW YORK

THE FUTURE (VARIANT)

"You are looking at Professor Roerich's early paintings—aren't they beautiful?"

"I am not *looking* at them. I am *listening* to them," I stammered, as one awakening from a dream.

"That was the view of Scriabine," continued the secretary, and he began to tell me of the new arrangement of the Gallery.

Although I had always felt that Roerich's art had definite phonetic features, it had never been impressed on my mind so clearly as now. I had looked upon Roerich's paintings of the Russian character as strange, transcendental "musical" scores, an impression which was intensified by seeing his Himalayan series. There was always something of a Beethoven or a Moussorgsky in his canvases. His abstract blues and reds, his luminous yellows and purples were always suggestive of "tones" and "harmonic" phrases. In their messages there was something transcendental that should not only be seen, but also heard.

But never had I felt the phonetic feature of Roerich's art so distinctly as I did in seeing his early works in the Tretyakov Gallery. I spoke of this later to Reinhold Glière, the distinguished Russian composer, and he admitted that he actually could see music visualized and that consequently in the same way painting could be heard.

My view of the phonetic nature of painting in the case of the works of Professor Roerich was fully confirmed by seeing his latest Mongolian series, now exhibited in the Roerich Museum in New York. But Roerich in his latest creations is no longer a lyrist as he is in his paintings in the

Tretyakov Gallery or in the Russian National Museum in Leningrad. The master has grown even more epic than he was a few years ago in his Himalayan series. His Mongolian series bespeak a far more intensified rhythm than his earlier ones.

Though I had no opportunity to look at Roerich's latest Mongolian series, in such quiet and meditation as I did at his early works, yet I felt that his "Guardian of the Entrance," "Great Rider," "Commands of the Teacher" and the "Command of Rigden Djapo" emanate tone-poems of purely Mongolian order. In these you find the sounds of exotic lamasery instruments and bells, drums and pipes, unknown in our occidental orchestras. Their glowing colors radiate sounds of an eastern scale: the languorous songs of the Gobi Desert sung in the secluded lama series. How epic is the song of "The Tibetan Woman" or "A Lama"! Almost you hear their strange, unintelligible words.

Roerich in his latest epics of the Gobi has revealed to us the music of a Fata Morgana of the Great Desert. The upward rising mountain tops in their glowing reds, blues, or whatever the chromatic motif may be, are suggestive of contrapuntal strokes, aeolian instruments and abstract tones. His phantom-beings are there not only to be *seen* but also to be *heard*. His subject matter and background, his detail and the work as a whole have not only a pictorial but just as well a phonetic meaning. Look at Roerich's paintings with the inner eye and compare the symbolic scale of his backgrounds with his figures, the sky-line with the tones of his earth, and you will begin to realize the miracle—the transformation of the ocular perceptions into the auditory ones!

## SACRED SIGNS

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

Translated by Mary Siegrist

(From "Flowers of Morya")

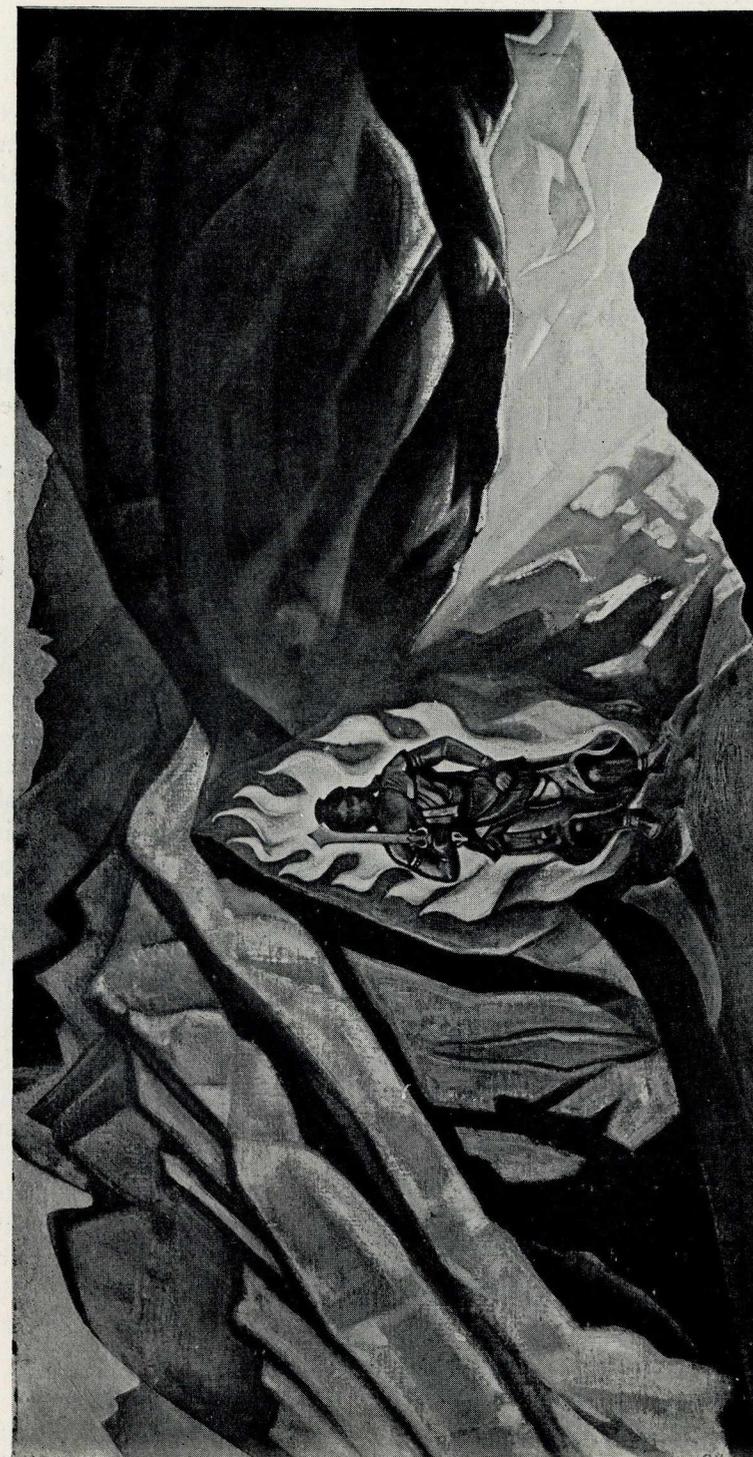
We do not know. But they know.  
The stones know. Even trees  
Know.  
And they remember.  
They remember who named the mountains  
And rivers,  
Who constructed the former  
Cities. Who gave the names  
To the immemorial countries,  
Words unknown to us.  
They are filled with significance.  
Everything is filled with achievements.  
Everywhere  
Heroes passed. "To know"—  
Is a sweet word. "To remember"—  
Is a terrible word. To know and  
To remember. To remember and to know.  
Means—to have faith.  
Airships were flying.  
Came pouring a liquid fire. Came flashing  
The spark of life and death.  
By the might of spirit stony masses  
Ascended.  
A wondrous blade was forged.  
Scriptures guarded wise secrets.  
And again all is revealed.  
All new.  
Fairy tale—legend—  
Have become life. And we live again.  
And again we shall change.  
And again  
We shall touch the earth.  
The great "Today" shall be dimmed  
Tomorrow.  
But sacred signs  
Will appear. Then  
When needed,  
They will be unperceived. Who knows?  
But they will create  
Life. And where are  
The sacred signs?

## AT THE LAST GATES

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

*Translated by Mary Siegrist**(From "Flowers of Morya")*

We were told "Forbidden!"  
 Yet we entered none the less.  
 We approached the gates.  
 Everywhere we heard the word "Forbidden!"  
 We wanted to see the signs.  
 We were told: "Forbidden!"  
 We wanted to kindle the light.  
 We were told "Forbidden!"  
 —"Gray, seeing, knowing guards,  
 You are erring guards,  
 The host has permitted to ascertain.  
 The host has permitted to see.  
 No doubt it is his wish  
 That we shall know, that we shall see.  
 Behind the gates a messenger stands.  
 He brings us something.  
 Let us in, guards!"  
 "Forbidden!" we were told.  
 And the gates were closed.  
 But none the less many were the gates  
 We passed. We broke our way through  
 And "Permitted" remained behind us.  
 The sentinels at the gates guarded us.  
 And begged. And threatened.  
 And warned: "Forbidden!"  
 We pervaded everywhere: "Forbidden!"  
 All forbidden? Forbidden all?  
 To all forbidden?  
 And only behind us "Permitted"?  
 But on the Last Gates  
 It will be traced "Permitted!"  
 And behind us "Forbidden."  
 So he commanded to trace upon the Last Gates.



NICHOLAS ROERICH

ROERICH MUSEUM, NEW YORK

GUARDIAN OF THE ENTRANCE

## THE MONGOLIAN PAINTINGS OF PROFESSOR ROERICH

By ELAINE LOWNSBERY

HE who drops the manifold complexities of life at the door of the Roerich Museum and mounts to the room of the new Mongolian paintings will never be quite the same again. For all time their mark will be found on his forehead.

The room is far too small to contain them. But fortunately walls vanish, and one is allowed to enter the fastness of high mountains and experience otherwise unattainable altitudes. One is overwhelmed at first by the magnitude and proportion of these mountains, and by the sacrifice of the man who would share with us glimpses of the beauty he has achieved at no cost to us of arduous climbing. But that is his way.

So we are lifted at once into blue fastnesses and come face to face with "The Unspilled Chalice." Joy-filled he walks, such joy that his very garments reflect it. It is as if he said to us:

"See, I will teach you how to hold the Chalice unspilled. Lightly does one journey, for all it is held so precious—lightly and with bliss."

Yes, that is evident. No further trace of the trail over which he comes is visible, yet it would not be in the least surprising to see him rise and float off across the peaks. Nor would a single drop of the treasure within his Chalice be spilled. Of that we may be certain! But he is no longer alone in his vast deep-blue world of peaks. No, because something of every one who looks upon him must remain with him. Would that their garments, too, might turn golden.

Reluctantly, we turn from this blithe figure only to be caught up into a very glory of sky and mountain. A figure is

Elaine Lowmsbery is an American writer, author of "The Boy Knight of Rheims."

bowed in dumb wonder and worship before a colossal figure carved on the face of a gigantic rock. Awed by the sudden consciousness of himself, Humanity, shrunk to a pigmy beside the grand proportions of his ancestors, he senses the majesty of the age of god-men who played with dinosaurs and mammoths. This is no mere canvas. This is primeval Asia, source-country of our race. How little remains: an egg buried in the sand, a colossus hewn in stone. And yet, even as Humanity bows in wonder, the sky flames and across it springs The Rider, a cumulus cloud for his steed. Ah, the gods still live then! His flame illumines the peaks and glows upon the god-man imprisoned in stone. To the living Humanity he shouts in color the old song of the Norns:

"Ye too—are as gods,  
Ye are free and the free create:  
Ye have part in the Imperishable—  
Ever as ye follow the Beautiful  
Shall the worm transform itself  
And the new-born god appears."

One glances away from this epic, Greek grandeur, and quite without warning finds himself in the depths of the sea. Our Lord Buddha is our guide: a tender young figure, clothed in white, his shining aureole seeming to fill the sea with a luminous diffused light. A "pure serene" is this painting, a study of green and pale gold, into whose depths we penetrate as easily as we have mounted to the mountain peaks. To this shining one there could be no darkness, since He would ever illumine it, until the very fish of the sea were turned to shining.

A small canvas seems to be calling. A gentle Oriental lady is making her way over a sea of cloud. Opaque is the cerulean blue of this sea. She wanders among jagged

purple peaks. One thinks of the teeming millions in the world far beneath her, busy with their myriad occupations. They may not see her walking there, but perhaps, if they were to pause in their work and think of some favorite angel or saint, this lady would graciously smile and nod to them and drift down through the cloud bank to bring them her blessing.

Although so small a sketch, "*The Great Rider*" dominates the room. He stands forever as the pledge of the gods to descend to man. No wonder there is worship in the hearts of the wise ones who catch the vision of the sign. One thinks of how the Master Jesus, escaping from the clinging hands of the multitude, withdrew with his chosen ones to an upper room, there to enlighten them with the mysteries. Surely this upper room might give to us rare illumination.

One remembers a sonnet of Keats:

"Oh ye who have your eye-balls  
vexed and tired,

Feast them upon the wideness of the  
sea—"

If only all whose nerves and hearts and minds are vexed and tired, might feast them on the wideness of Professor Roerich's paintings! In this clear light, one's old, murky values disappear. Useless details drop away. Out of a nation of faces, he chooses one, a cameo forever

fixed in one's mind. One is quieted and rested by the sense of great mass, while one's attention is challenged by some one detail, so perfect, so beautiful that the whole being is satisfied. What is his meaning? One is often baffled to find words for this new consciousness evoked by his color and form and illusive spirit. Each pair of eyes will find a different meaning. For always he peoples his great out-of-doors with figures bearing the light of other worlds.

"Wither shall I go from thy spirit?

Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:

If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there.

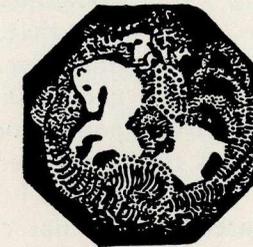
If I take the wings of the morning,  
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the  
sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me,  
And thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say surely, Surely the darkness  
hideth not from thee;

But the night shineth as the day:  
The darkness and the light are both  
alike to thee—"

Surely we may echo this singer, David, and may praise Professor Roerich, saying, "Marvelous are thy works."



ARCHER

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Publication of the  
 Society of Friends of Roerich Museum,  
 310 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.

THE SECOND SHAFT

WITH the present issue, the ARCHER concludes the first year of its activity. The reception of our spring number is at present a little hard to judge. Certainly, as with the arrow symbol of Longfellow's poem, we have often found the song of our message in the breast of a friend. But it is not to these who instinctively understand us that we need to make any explanation here. What we now seek is an open mind in those who would value our purpose—and excuse our failings in the expression of it—could they but take the time to give us a fair hearing. Internationality through art seems to them either a bit vague or a bit un-American. It is strange that "the land of the brave" should have so many phobias: English, German, Jewish, Japanese, and now, not least, Russian. To all indifferent or tentatively hostile critics we reply that our cards are on the table. Can any honest person believe we are attempting anything else than to express the unity of mankind through the love of beauty?

But it is hard to convince the shut-minded individual that his mind is not open. Only yesterday a man of intellectual training hailed us with, "Well, I've just been up to the Roerich Museum to see the paintings of Mongolia."

"You saw something?" we ventured.

"Yes, they are too crowded," was the only answer.

There was nothing to say; his remark

was quite true. Another friend, more favorably disposed, could find no unifying principle in our first issue. On the other hand, an utter stranger, an eminent civil engineer, whom we met by accident—or was it quite an accident?—spoke of his visit to the Roerich Museum as an unforgettable, a transfiguring experience in his life. He at once obtained the ARCHER and telephoned us of his delight in it. What can we do about such discrepancies? Merely, we think, to go on presenting our message as sincerely, as lucidly, as dynamically, as we can. Herewith our second shaft goes speeding out into the unknown. May it find its mark!

THE INTERNATIONAL STORY CONTEST

THE \$500 prize for the best story written in any language and submitted in any of the better-known languages of Europe, was awarded unanimously and by acclamation to Sigurd Hoel of Oslo for his story, "Christmas Eve." Hundreds of stories were received, in at least seven different languages. Besides the prize story, we present three others, all by Americans, in this issue. Our readers will recall that we printed two more in our first number: "Heaven Knows," by Ethel Cook Eliot; and "The Song of Milareba," from the Russian of George D. Grebenstchikoff. It will be apparent, we think, that all of these stories are simple and universal in appeal. As to their international quality, we may call attention to the fact that the three American stories of this issue all contribute to a sympathetic understanding of foreign elements in our population. One deals with a Pennsylvania German community, another has an Italian hero, the third a Portuguese. We did not choose the stories on account of their "hyphenated" character, but simply because they seemed to us the finest stories. Is it not true, however, we ask, that much

of the best creative literature in this country is devoted to giving us a better understanding of the, as yet, unassimilated portion of our immigrants? This would seem to have come about quite spontaneously from a simple sense of fairness mixed with a natural love of the romance offered by customs and temperaments differing from our own. The prominence of the negro in recent fiction and drama is very much a case in point. We do not wish to praise foreigners as foreigners, but simply to understand them as fellow-beings; in so doing we find our point of view enlarged and our experience enriched. Why stop, as we used to do, with noting the ridiculous traits of the Swede, the Irishman, the Frenchman, the Chinaman? Even so popular and—according to certain cities—so

banal a play as *Abie's Irish Rose* is evidence of a better attitude.

Why, when we have already put ourselves on record as opposed to crude realism, do we give our prize to a story so grim and sordid as "Christmas Eve"? We did not reason the matter out, but it was, apparently, because in addition to the truth and power of the style we felt a bracing, imaginative thrill in every line, the young man's joy of facing and responding to the facts of life. Conrad has a similar quality in *Youth*, in *Victory*; indeed, in all his books. It is perhaps the special contribution of the Northern idealism, and such idealism is as different from photographic reproductions as it is from sentimentality.

LATE DECEMBER

By BARBARA ACKERMAN

Whitecaps run and break on the river,  
 The whole round earth is naked and bare;  
 Gulls speed down from the bitter blue air,—  
 Do they see a clam,—is there anything there?  
 Winter, they say, is a very hard giver,  
 I say winter is a glorified thing!  
 Its great flint sun will kindle on a wing,  
 Or strike up light from the thick ice ring,—  
 Ignite me too, till I am keen to sing  
 In the wind, in the cold, to the white river.

Miss Ackerman, though a very young poet, has been twice represented by groups of poems in Chicago Poetry

## LOVE RIDES THE LION

*Translated from the Danish of Karl Gjellerup*

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

Dearest, though dark was our fate, yet with joy have I sung of it;  
 Thus far we two have prevailed by the truth we have wrung of it.  
 Fate still doth bear  
 Love along grudgingly, growlingly, who can teil where?  
 Safest rode Amor when first in the golden mane tumblingly  
 Spread on the neck of the lion his childish hand fumblingly  
 Ran, and like steel  
 Tightened; he leaped on its back then and spurred with his heel.  
 Safer was that than when Amor with doves softly cooing went,  
 As in a car made of roses in summer he wooing went.  
 Lightly the blast  
 Wrecks the frail car and disperses the dove-team at last.  
 Grieve not that Love chose the lion, therein is no dread for us;  
 Not as a pathway of roses our life will be spread for us.  
 On through the lone  
 Desert he strides; but to him the oasis is known.  
 Feared is our mount, yet in speed he is none of the tardiest,—  
 Faithful the steed few can tame and most gentle the hardest,—  
 Strong-thewed to leap  
 He, and to guard us in peril his claws can strike deep.  
 Dearest, though dark was my song, you rejoiced as I chanted it.  
 Ours is the vict'ry and love was the power that granted it.  
 Does fate anew  
 Growl, 'tis in pain only, soon 'twill be gentle as you.

Karl Gjellerup, who died recently, was a joint winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature before his death. His work is, we believe, unknown in English.

## INTERNATIONAL PRIZE STORY

## CHRISTMAS EVE

*Translated from the Norwegian by  
Charles Wharton Stork*

By SIGURD HOEL

SOMETIMES when we think back and call to mind forgotten days and years, we discover that it is often the hardest and bitterest experiences that stand out most richly in remembrance.

Is it not true also that the happiest, most festive days and hours may often remain in the memory as empty things, as vessels which have had contents at one time but now are empty, or there may even be about them an unpleasant odor, an odor of dissolution and betrayal, as they come forth and take their place in our recollection?

But other moments, which were accompanied with grief and disappointment and suffering, with humiliation even, moments which lashed the mind bloody or made us poor and broken, may return in memory from time to time richer, stronger, like a gift from the past, from a time when we thought we were poor because we did not know what riches were.

## II.

He was living in a town far from his home, a strange town where he had neither family nor friends nor anyone he knew. He had been there since early in the autumn, and now it was getting near to Christmas.

He was not to go home, he was to stay there for Christmas.

He had, however, no regrets on that account. He was twenty, and that was none too young for such an experience. To the more childish side of his nature it seemed almost to be a glory that he was

Mr. Hoel is a rising young writer, whose work has already won serious attention. He lives in Oslo.

now at last so far from home.

Still he realized—and the nearer it came, the more clearly he realized it—that Christmas Eve would be a remarkable day and that he would get a bit homesick. But he had no objection to being a bit homesick; on the contrary, he was old enough to have learned to feel the joy of privation, that deep wonderful joy over a happiness that one has had and may have again but at present has not.

Furthermore he was not to be alone.

On Christmas Eve he was to be with a young girl, a girl lonely and alien as was he.

In the long dark autumn, when he was alone as never before in his life, he had met her and fallen in love with her. That he should have done so was almost inevitable. He had been completely alone till he met her, had had no companions, no one to talk to.

Now and then it seemed to him that this was wholly good. It seemed so on the occasions when he had time and energy to get outside of the town for a little while. When he walked or drove along the fjord or up in the mountains, he could persuade himself that it was good to be alone, he did not wish to be otherwise. It might also happen evenings when he was in his room that he sank into repose and listened to the silence till he seemed to hear loneliness whisper softly and kindly at his ear as if it talked with him.

But more often he felt the torture of loneliness, he felt around him the void which everyone must feel at some time or other in his life; if not before, then in his

final hour. He then learned what he never after could quite forget, that all human beings are alone, utterly and completely alone, each with a being to himself, a life to himself, that no one else can come near to or understand. *He* and everything else, everything else and *he*.

But this he could not dwell on long at a time. For he was of course very young and had no wish to lock himself up in himself as if he were a precious treasure. It was to open himself that he wished, to open himself to the world, to life.

He was restless, he thought and dreamed; of the future, of love, sometimes of glory. But oftenest of love, of tenderness, of life together with the beloved, whom he did not know as yet either in look or name or mind, whom he could not so much as picture in his thoughts. There were so many things—he could hardly find room for them all in one image.

He felt within him a warmth that kept billowing, billowing out in the empty room. It chanced that he woke one night with a start, having dreamed that he was standing and shouting, standing before an abyss and shouting something or other, not a name, but something tender, a term of endearment. But no one answered. Around him was emptiness and silence and darkness.

Then he met her, a human being, lonely as himself, and a woman. His thoughts and dreams found a place whither they could go and seek shelter.

Was he really in love in full earnest or was it only imagination?

He did not ask himself this, and it would have been a useless question.

For what is falling in love when one takes away imagination? Imagination is the air, the life of the human mind. It is what we live and breathe in, it is what unites us with those about us, what gives us something in common so that at times

two mortals can feel as one. Without it what should we be? Lonely, more lonely than the beasts, going about by ourselves in the deathly silence of a vacuum, having no communication with anybody or anything, having none even with ourselves from moment to moment.

Was it *she* with whom he was in love, she and no other in heaven or on earth, or was it Woman that he loved under her name?

He did not ask himself the question, nor could he have answered it. He knew only that he was in love, deeply in love, and that he cherished a great yet helpless tenderness for her.

At times he wished that their relations could have been somewhat different. There were many things of which, as though they were taken for granted, he had not spoken with her.

Who was she? He often pondered this when he left her. He could never quite fathom her, he never felt sure in her company, for he could never divine how she took what he said and did.

She was so small and slight, and so weak. It seemed as if all the weakness and helplessness of woman was concentrated in her.

She could have such a low and happy voice. He grew happy in listening to it. But then too she could make him shy and dumb. This was when she would suddenly laugh at something or other. He didn't just understand—it was mostly her way of laughing, something in the mere sound, that made him silent. But when she noticed this, she could become soft and still again.

He was often troubled. He saw that she was little and young and bitterly lonesome. Yes, she was homeless and solitary; she had no friend,—no one to rely on but him.

He had no words with which to console

her, he could only stroke her hair and hold her close to him as if to shut out the world. She was so small, so huddled together and helpless in his embrace.

Then, forgetting her anguish, she would become happy and laugh again.

He pondered but he could never be sure about her.

It was with her he was to be on Christmas Eve.

It had been a mild and damp autumn. Every morning was the same—get up in the dark when the bell rang, and look out the window at always the same sight; a narrow, dark and dirty back-street, wet and slimy from weeks of fog and rain. The mud in the gutters never dried, the facades of the houses were wet and ugly with the moisture, like a face after long weeping. The street looked as if a river had overflowed and then gone back, leaving everything soaked and permeated with water. A few sleepy gas lights stood along the curb and sent their greenish-yellow rays out in the woolen-gray dawn. And down between the houses hung every morning the same autumnal mist, sometimes dripping wet as a floating rain, sometimes lighter like a woolen veil, but always thick, morose and strangely paralyzing, oppressive, disheartening, as if all the despondence, all the hopelessness, all the weakness and inertness and impurity in the world had risen out of the earth, had sunk down from heaven, had oozed out of the house walls and had filled the air, had *become* the air in this long dark autumn.

But with the morning before Christmas Eve came frosty and almost clear weather. The street was hard to the tread, the autumn's filth and wet had frozen into a stiff iron-gray mass with wheeltracks and footprints set solid for the winter. Along toward noon the sun showed itself a

while, low in the south, a firm red disc without rays. But it soon disappeared, the sky clouded over, and the dusk fell before its time. The trees in the park began to shine with hoar-frost, and there was a raw sharp scent of coming snow. Perhaps, oh perhaps, there would be a white Christmas after all.

He walked about in the town a bit, making his small purchases. He was free for the day and felt himself from morning on in uncommonly high spirits. Christmas Eve! Ah well, he didn't impute any mystic power or glory to the day, but as far as was reasonable he was in a holiday mood, and he joyously, yes joyously, anticipated the evening.

Throughout the day he tried his best to make everything cosy and festal in his garret. It was there they were to meet; it was larger than hers and also more comfortable, with a stove into which one could put birch logs, and when the stove door was open, the light could be put out, and that was really cosy, almost like a cabin in the woods.

He had bought a little Christmas tree. It could stand on the dining-table, for indeed it was so small that it would not be visible anywhere else. He could hardly find room for five candles on it. Still it lighted up quite a little with these and smelled of burnt pine-needles; that was the main thing.

The table he had set himself. Yes, cloth and glasses and a number of other things he had borrowed from his landlady—who was not especially pleased, to be sure—but he had set the table himself and on the whole he thought he had been fairly clever.

And yet he had done something at which he was secretly a little ashamed. It was just a notion, but he had carried it out before he had time to reflect, and he could not decide to take it back either.

On the old low bureau which stood in front of the battered mirror in the gold frame he had set two candles in candlesticks. And between them he had laid an ancient Bible. The whole thing had come about because there was a little antiquary book shop in the basement, and in the window he had seen an old Bible. It had been handsome once with brown leather binding and brass clasps. But it had fared ill, had lain in water, and a fistfull of leaves was torn out from Genesis and from one of the other Mosaic books. Therefore it was cheap. Cheap too were the old brass candlesticks, battered and green with corrosion as they were. And yet together they had cost more than he could afford, and he wondered why he had done it. A sentimental notion! He felt a bit ashamed of it.

Nevertheless the effect was quite nice, the green book between the two lighted candles. He discovered now that he must have had something like an altar in his mind when he did it. Ah, yes. An altar for what?

For her and me, for us, he thought, but felt embarrassed over his own sentimentality and involuntarily looked about him in the apartment in case someone should have surprised him in such a thought.

It had become dark, and now the church bells began to swing and chime. It sounded so strange, this vibration and song of metal, dark tone and bright tone, near and far away, that rose and sank with the current of the air; it was as if the sound wavered and wandered, subsided and raised itself on high again, like a bonfire when it flickers and burns, sinks and flames up once more. The sound rose and fell, rose and fell; it was as if the earth itself sang forth a song to heaven in the dusk.

The song resounded more loudly against him as he opened the street door. And look! there fell a few downy snowflakes; they came flying in the wind unevenly, now

here, now there, as if they were dubious as to where they should go. But in the end they all found their way down to the earth. Yes, perhaps after all there would be a white Christmas this year.

The breeze came and went, it puffed him in the face a little harder every time he passed a street corner. The clang of the bells rose and sank, but it seemed to become gradually a little more subdued. A good many snowflakes were falling now. Christmas weather.

He strode along, feeling himself wondrously at home in the wind and the snow. He was glad.

People hurried by. He came into a street that was full of small shops. He continually heard shop doors being opened and heavily closed again.

At last he was there, going up the steps, an old worn flight. Furthermore on each step was nailed an iron rim, which seemed to be raised because the woodwork below was not worn down. He stood in front of the entry door and rang. As usual the electric bell was out of order, and he pulled on the old rope that dangled beside the door. It gave a tinkling sound inside like the bell over the door of a milk booth where anyone might come in. He heard shuffling steps, and the landlady stood at the door, fat and ponderous, disheveled in hair and dress, red and hot with the warmth of the kitchen.

He told his errand and was about to enter at once.

But the landlady made a motion that stopped him. She was looking at him strangely. With that she opened the door wide and said, "Ah well, come in with you."

But as he was about to cross the long narrow corridor to the innermost room, she stopped him again.

"You'd better come in here to me, you had. I've something to talk over with

you."

She opened a door directly opposite the entrance door—it led into the parlor—and pushed him in.

He muttered something about having to tell the lodger inside so that she shouldn't become uneasy—

"Oh, no hurry for that," said the landlady. She pushed a chair under him and he sat down, uncertainly.

"No, no hurry for that," she repeated; "for she's gone clean away. But it was to meet someone else from you. It's a good while since she left—she didn't want to risk meeting you on the stairs, I'll be thinking.—Oh gracious, now it's boiling over!"

She got up, went out of the door and across the corridor to the kitchen, where sure enough one could hear the hiss and sputter from the stove.

He remained sitting quite still while she was away. And as he sat there waiting and hearing her clatter with china and copper out in the kitchen, the details of the room impressed themselves on his consciousness with painful force and clearness.

It was a room teeming full of furniture, rugs, pictures and nicknacks. The landlady, a widow, was in comfortable circumstances. Red plush chairs with tassels stood in a ring around the table, and beyond them again stood a piano, a plush sofa, a rocking-chair, and three cabinets with photographs, picture postal-cards, glass vases and porcelain angels. A little space had been made before a console mirror, and there stood the Christmas tree. From the ceiling hung a monster of a lamp with three ornamental candelabra round its dome and clinking glass prisms below. There was a soft jingling from some of the prisms; someone or other was walking on the floor above or the house was settling a little this evening.

All these things he noted as sharply as if it was a matter of life and death with him not to miss the slightest detail. Years later he recalled every particular: the glint of a prism, a plush chair that lacked a tassel; the penitent Magdalena on the wall, luxuriant with flowing hair above the holy book and the death's head; the face and leaning figure of one of the pharisees who brought the piece of silver to Jesus.

But he had no thoughts. Oh yes, though, off on one of the cabinets sat a little china dog. It sat with its head on one side, looking at him, and he found himself wondering vaguely what the dog might be thinking.

The landlady came in again, hot and energetic from her kitchen work. She lamented over the porridge, over the cream that wouldn't separate—and what was porridge without cream?

Oh, but it was about *her*—she nodded over her shoulder in the direction of the room—yes, she had gone off to meet another. *The other*, one should say. *The rich beau*, as she called him. Oh, that was not the first time. He had been here often in the last weeks. And it was apt to be pretty late—

The landlady looked at him with her small good-natured eyes.

"I've been thinking this good while I ought to speak out. For I thought it was too bad that a young man like you should go and throw himself away like that. But nothing came of it, it's so odd about such things.

"Once she had him in her room when you came. That wasn't easy for her, for he wasn't supposed to know about you any more than you knew about him. But she managed to send you away and arranged to meet you an hour later. Yes, that was once when I nearly spoke out, but I thought to myself that one shouldn't mix in with such-like things, one could

never know what would come of it."

She stood in front of him as she spoke. One hand was propped on the table, with the other she rubbed herself abstractedly on the left side of the abdomen, up from the hip across the abdomen and back again.

She had taken the girl once and talked to her and told her to be careful because that sort of thing might turn out ill. But the girl had brushed it aside and said that people could only be young once.

He heard the landlady's voice as a distant murmur. But clearly, with painful clearness, he saw her heavy hanging bosom and the prominent abdomen under her kitchen apron, the fleshy red arm that was propped on the table, and her left hand which rubbed unconsciously along her side, round in a circle, always round in a circle. Outside of these things he noticed nothing. The landlady's face he did not see, her voice came to him from far off. But the hand that unconsciously rubbed over her side, in a circle, back along her hip and forward again, eternally, over and over again—that he saw the whole time, glaringly, with unspeakable distinctness, he could not get his eyes off it. And he got the desperate notion—which he knew came from his thoughts' being divided and going each its own way—that all this, exactly this, he had experienced before and would experience again, over and over, eternally the same. He wanted to cry out, get up, flee—but he remained sitting still and heard her voice as a distant murmur.

"But today finally she found she was in a little too deep, for she came to the kitchen before she went. That might be an hour ago, and I was standing there cooking flead-cakes. And the poor thing had to talk to someone, so she stood there and ate while she talked—to be sure she didn't have any too much to eat most of

the time, maybe."

The landlady's face, which had been stern and grim, now became cheerful and good-natured for a moment. Then it grew stern and judicial again as she proceeded.

"But all the time she had hardly ever been so finely got up, with her two bracelets and her blouse and new shoes. And all that she had got from the new man as a Christmas present."

He heard the words. And suddenly he noticed that he became glowing red. He had stumbled on the thought of his own Christmas present for her, bought with what money he had left.

The landlady looked at him uncomfortably a while before she went on.

"Well, with that she came to think that she was promised to you too for this evening, but she had had enough of walks and coffee and bread-and-butter now, she said, and it was Christmas Eve only once a year, and one wanted then to get something warm in one's body, she said, but still she thought it was a pity that you shouldn't have some sort of notice, so she told me to say when you came that she was engaged—yes, to say that she had gone out with a real man. That's what she said."

He sat on and thought about his Christmas present. "Victoria" by Knut Hamsun, in a cheap edition at a crown and a half—Victoria, that meant victory to be sure.

Again he heard the landlady's voice:

"—So I thought you should be glad to be quit of such. There could never be anything but misfortune from it—for you at least.

"But it's hard to get such news on the very day of Christmas Eve, it is—though it's just as bad whatever time it comes—I don't know for myself—

"Well, I don't know any other way but

to tell it—

"Won't you have a cup of coffee before you go?—No?"

"Well, merry Christmas!"

She remained standing at the door looking after him. Only when he was down at the front door did he hear the entry door slam.

The bells were still chiming, but more subduedly, more dully, as if wool was packed around the tones. The snow came thicker now, but it was only in hard grains, it had not become a real Christmas snow. A white veil lay over the street. With every step one trod a hole in it, it was no thicker than that.

The sidewalk was trodden bare; there was a swarm of people. It was close to six o'clock now. Everybody was bound for home. There were men with their coat collars turned up and now and then a man in working clothes, but all with parcels under their arms; there were women with shawls or capes, but all with baskets in their hands, or mugs or cans.

In the shops people were still standing along the counters, and the doors opened and shut.

Now the bells grew silent. First one, then many, until there was only one. Now it too was still, and the last clang of metal went through space, a last vibrant sound; one could hear how the clang left the bell and wandered softly humming out, out into the darkness of space.

For a moment the silence lay like an oppression over all, as if the earth held its breath and was waiting for something. With that all the little everyday sounds began to make themselves perceptible again: steps on the street, voices, a door slammed somewhere. Far down at the end of the street the gong of a tram sounded, and its glowing colored light shone a moment and vanished. That

would be the last for today.

He walked slowly on down the street. The wind blew against him, piping and swirling a little at every corner. He pushed up his collar.

A little later he stood down at the end of the street, where it opened into a larger street with electric lights, trams and large shops.

He remained standing there a while. He thought of nothing. Yes, for a moment he thought whether he shouldn't go home, but then he stood still again and thought of nothing.

He strolled leisurely across the street and began to go up it again on the other side. Why, he didn't rightly know. But he had nothing to do at home either. It was better to go up again where she lived. It wasn't that he thought of going up again and ringing. Neither did he have any real idea of meeting her.

That was over, he realized. The landlady might have misunderstood this or that, since there was so much more she didn't know, but as to the main facts she had told the truth, he had realized that at once. He had *seen*, suddenly, that it was true, that that was how things were. A hundred small details which he had not noticed at the time, or which he had pushed aside and forgotten, popped up again all at once, and he saw the whole thing.

He pressed on. How fast things had changed! A little while ago the street was full of happy bustling folk, and now it was already empty; he could see only a couple of dark hurrying shadows in the distance.

Yes, only a little while ago—

A little while ago it wasn't six yet, he thought rapidly, and all the shops were open. Now everything was closed. The holiday had been rung in.

He had come to the upper part of the street, where it opened on a little square.

A little way off could be seen the palings of a churchyard and some small sparse trees that stood with bristling boughs against the dark-gray snow-laden sky.

He turned and went slowly down again.

There was now no one to be seen anywhere in the street. The shops were already dark. Everybody was home. The windows were gleaming. Only here and there a couple of windows were dark; someone was off on a visit to family or friends.

It was snowing a little all the time. Not much; the eye could still follow each single flake that came hovering, swirled about a little by the wind, sought an outlet to get away, but ended by falling softly, softly to the earth. There it disappeared without a trace as part of the white infinity. But though it vanished, it played its part in erasing all the marks of turmoil, of humanity, of whatever had happened before. Soon there was no trace. All vanished, all vanished.

When he had gone up and down the street several times, self-absorbed, as though apart from all that surrounded him, in deep meditation, yet without any clear thought which came out and showed its face, he remained standing at the lower end of the street, a little dazed.

Why didn't he go home?

But no. He turned and went up again. Slowly, there was no hurry. But it was as if he had waked up a little now.

He thought a little of her. It was like thinking of something far, far away. He thought it was quite natural that she had done as she had done. Quite natural. It was not to be expected that she should be satisfied with him.

Then his thoughts wandered over to other things.

His mind was calm. He noticed this himself and was rather surprised. All his thoughts, all his impressions were so

remarkably cool, so winterly clear. Now and again he would actually run a little, for there was something in him that did not let him keep to a walk. Now and again he had to take himself in hand so as not to sit down. Once he leaned his head against a wall, because the wall was good and cold. The next time he passed, he struck his hand against the wall with all his might.

But otherwise he felt himself calm and peaceful as he passed slowly up and down. Now and then he stood still a while, preferably by some gate or street-door. There he might find a name, often several, in painted letters. Sometimes there was a sign nailed up. He read everything very carefully. Many artisans lived in this street: painters, joiners, tailors. A coffin-maker had a place in the left of an area. In a couple of places there were dress-makers at the back.

On the street-doors there were usually plates of a better class. "Mrs. Andrea Johansen, midwife. After ten o'clock ring the night bell." Inside another door lived "Dr. Holm, skin diseases and general practice, 1-3, 6-7, Sundays 1-2."

Every time he passed one of these names or plates, he was tempted to try to remember it. He tried also to imagine how these people looked, how they talked, how they lived and what they did in their leisure. Concerning a painter, Emanuelsen, he got the assured conviction that he had a wooden leg.

Later, when he had mastered all the names and knew where they stood, they bothered him for a while. But then little by little he gave up thinking of them.

So the time passed.

He had been walking here a long while now.

Once a long time back he had sat for a bit on a step in front of a door; he had brushed away the snow with his hand be-

fore he sat there. But the traces were gone now, new snow had come in place of the old.

In another place he had stood a long while looking at the sparrows that fluttered and feasted at a Christmas sheaf by a window in the first story. There was a rain of chaff from it. Now all the grain was eaten, the sparrows were gone, and the debris on the sidewalk was covered with snow.

What was he walking there for?

He asked himself that sometimes, or the question came to him weakly, indefinitely, as if the wind had blown it to him or a snowflake had brought the message.

What was he walking there for? What was he waiting for?

Did he hope for anything?

No.

He walked there. He could give himself no other answer. If he had ever had any definite intention, he had forgotten it by now. He had come and now he went. Forward and back, forward and back. In his own footsteps.

When he came under the glow of a street-lamp he could see a little fine snow in his footprints since he was there before. There was a cold delicate glitter on the tiny crystals. Then his foot came and crunched them. He took care to set his foot exactly in the old place every time. In this way he had, as it were, something to do.

Some trees were standing behind an old garden fence at the very bottom of the street. A couple of these trees stretched their boughs over across the fence, across the sidewalk.

Here stood a gas-light which sent out its glow in the silent deserted street. The wind swayed the boughs a little, but very softly; only on the outermost twigs could the snow fail to find a resting place, further on it lay like a fine white crest on every

branch. And in the glow of the lamp, which was broken by shadows from the boughs and twigs, he could see the snowflakes come hovering; there was a glimmer on them as they came in from the dark, and they sparkled keenly with diamond brightness when they turned in the air before a wind gust. It was fine and cold. He often stayed standing a while to look at it before he went on up, up, in his own tracks.

Up at the top the street was quite steep. When he came walking up there he saw before him the white snow-covered slope, which seemed to lead out into free space, into the atmosphere, emptiness, the dark winter heavens. And he thought, his mind dulled and soothed as if behind a curtain, or as if in a dream where his real self was not present, that this was the goal of his wandering: up, up, in his own footsteps, up toward emptiness, toward nothing.

Long he had been going here by now. How long? He didn't remember any more. Always. And he thought, wakefully, indefinitely, as though swaying half in a dream, that it was this he had come here to learn: that long, long, for always he had walked so—for all his days—and that still for long, for always he would continue; there was nothing else, had never been anything else, would never be anything else than this; over and over again, forward and back, always and forever—with tired steps—up—in his own tracks—toward emptiness—toward nothing—

Then something happened.

Two people came walking. He heard voices, gave a start and stood still. They had come in from a side street and had not seen him.

It was she, with a man.

They disappeared through a doorway. He remained standing where he was.

There was a pause, he didn't know how long. Then the man came out again and went down the street.

An older man.

He stood still a moment longer. Then he went a bit further up.

There was a light in her window. He saw her shadow, with that it was gone and she pulled the curtains down.

Then he was free and could go home again.

"The candles have burned down to the sockets by now," he thought as he swung around the corner at the lower end of the street. And as he went slowly on, it was as if the cold and the stiffness in his limbs, the long, long time, the snow and the clear wintry air, all of this united in his mind as a cool and quiet weariness. He felt he

had become an old man.

### III.

Then the remarkable thing happened. Afterwards, with a long interval between, something or other would chance to remind him of that Christmas Eve of long ago. It might be something important or something quite insignificant. Many years after, this might be. Something or other would cause him suffering for a moment, and with that would come the recollection—he felt the wonderfully fresh raw tang of falling snow, he saw before him the empty silent street, the glimmer of the snowflakes, the ascent leading up toward a dark overclouded winter sky.

Years, age, passed from him; for a blessed moment he was young, as then.



## MILL DUST

By REBECCA HEDEN CHRISTIE

IT was midnight when I set out for the steel mills to cover the assignment the "chief" had given me that day. "Get me a story," he had said, "something about how to make steel, or pig iron—or anything you can get hold of." Eddie Matson, who rooms next to me in the "Y," and who has a bossing job at the Openhearth furnaces, had promised to show me his section and "a pretty sight or two in the way of a blast furnace."

The mills were just beginning their nightly fireworks. I thrilled to the beauty of the valley. Up and down the river the huge black shapes, the tall, stiff smokestacks, stood out in relief against clouds of red and yellow smoke. A volume of sparks issued from the direction of the Bessemer converters. Here and there long slivers of flame shot out between dark masses. And high on the top of the hillside, silhouetted against the unnatural light, two slim poplars gently swayed.

It was five minutes of one when I showed a pass to the gateman and walked down the stairs into the millyard. Matson was waiting for me in the engine room where we had agreed to meet—that room where enormous big engines keep up a thrumming roar, and one has to read a fellow's lips to understand what he is talking about. Matson says if you work long enough there you'll get hard of hearing.

We didn't stop for long. "Gotta get back to the Openhearth in a little while," said Matson. "Soon be time to test No. 6, and the Serb, my helper, don't test just exactly right. Better go take a look at the blast furnaces or we mebbe won't get another chance tonight."

We passed over an intricate maze of

tracks, dodged a train of cars carrying ingot moulds in seven foot buckets, each a colossal mass of fire. "From Openhearth No. 3," said Matson. "They just tapped. On the way to the blooming mill."

"Here's the beginnings of the making of steel," he shouted above a deafening blare, as we neared the massive blast furnaces stretching some hundred feet into the air. We climbed to the top of Number 7, which was just being loaded up. On the "skip," as Matson called it, moving boxes of iron were being carried to the top of the furnace; the iron was replaced by limestone, and next came coke. The boxes tilted and the "hopper" swallowed the mixture into the furnace. We were chased down by the faint odor of gas coming from the top of each furnace . . . "Stay up there too long and you'll be a dead one," commented Matson.

It was when we came down that I first noticed the man drinking heavily from a bucket of water, great dipperfuls, gulped down one after the other.

"Hey, Tony! Not so much water, man" yelled Matson, jovially. "What the hell don't you leave some for us? Hey, goddam you, get us some more!"

Tony didn't say a word, but picked up the bucket and walked off to get more water. "Honest," confided Matson, "you gotta swear at these bohunks and wops to make 'em happy. They think it's part of the language."

The man's peculiar walk struck me immediately. He was stooped, but so are most of the men who work in the mills . . . Forfeiting a straight body is one of the tolls they pay. No, just hard work wouldn't have stooped him in that way, bent over as if he were trying to dodge something; nor made him walk with a side-

Mrs. Christie writes from Chicago.

wise shuffle, like sidling off in another direction. When he returned, I caught one look into his eyes, as he raised them for Matson's approval. They were frightened eyes, hunted, longing eyes that didn't want to believe something that had happened, eyes behind which the eagerness of life had not been quite wiped out, so that the certainty of some calamity super-imposed upon the old light, made me feel that I was looking into two souls.

Matson drank deeply from the dipper in the pail, and let it drop back with a splash that sent some of the water into Tony's face. His expression scarcely changed, nor did it change when Matson thumped him on the shoulder encouragingly with a "S all right, Tony, goddam you. You're a good one." Only he looked at me again, and this time I thought I caught something more in his eyes . . . both renunciation and resignation.

We passed on to the Openhearth, and nothing would have been said about Tony, I presume, if I had not mentioned him. Matson, indeed, seemed to have forgotten him, for when I asked with a backward jerk of my hand, "What's the matter with him?" he had to collect himself before he could reply.

"Who? Oh, Tony? Sorta queer, he is, you know. Used to be clean-up man in the pit, when I started in there ten years ago. Never got no farther than third-helper in the Openhearth. Smart man, he was, but it's sorta hard for these wops to get much advancement. Transferred to the blast furnaces 'bout three years ago. Had a lotta trouble, and the gang, goddam fools, guyed him about it . . . so he moved on . . . couldn't stand it, you know. That's what makes him walk the way he does. Wants to keep away from people . . . Poor devil!"

The Serb was just about to test on Number 6, when we reached the Openhearth furnaces, and Matson took the job

out of his hands. It's the first helper's job, I learned, to watch the pot and do the testing, and decide when it's "tap-time." Matson scooped up some of the molten steel, poured it into a little mould and let it cool. Then he broke it with a sledge, decided it had too much carbon, as he later told me, and bellowed to the third-helper, "Fifteen thou' for Number 6. Quick!"

The helper sped away and soon a car came down the tracks with a huge ladle—fifteen thousand pounds of molten metal, which the cranesman dumped into the furnace.

After that Matson came over and sat down beside me on the board where I was watching operations. "Nothing to do just now. Have to let her cook some more, and then test again, and then mebbe tap."

I couldn't get the look of Tony's eyes out of my mind—nor his queer walk. "That fellow, Tony," I asked, "you said he's had a lot of trouble?"

"Ya. I suppose you'd find a story behind most of these wops and bohunks what comes to America to make lots of money—land of opportunity—you know the blah—and finds it ain't such a damn good place after all—'specially for foreigners.

"And kids, too," Matson continued as he settled himself. "I reckon they ain't so much fun after they gets a lot of new ideas what don't fit in with the ones you learned in the old country. Now, I ain't married yet, but I aims to be some day, and say, if my kids don't treat me right, I'll lambast the hell out of 'em. But then I guess I wouldn't be the kind of a man to expect much out of 'em.

"Now this Tony. He was workin' in the pit when I first started here, I told you. I was eighteen then, the youngest they'd allow them in the mills—and that was ten years ago. He'd been workin' here I reckon something like five years, and, though he couldn't 've been more than thirty-five or six at the time, it was

beginning to tell on him. Cleaning-up in the pit's no fun. You get your feet all blistered and burned from the hot steel on the floor. It's the clean-up's job, you know, to dig and shovel up all the steel that the ladle and the moulds 've slobbered over. And it ain't so safe, either. Sometimes it seems like melted steel just won't stop spillin' over, and sparks and tongues of fire rain down and spread and spread. Tony told me that not so long before I came six men got trapped in the pit and couldn't get away before the ladle had slobbered gobs of steel on them. Nothing left of 'em, he said."

Matson looked about him, spied the second-helper and yelled, "Hey, there, Sam! Open up the 'peepers' there and take a look at the brew!"

"Well, sir, that's what Tony was doing when I come. We didn't either of us stay long in the pit after that. I'm a pretty strong man—can stand a lot of heat, and I got my amount of brains, so I asked to be put on the floor. Tony and me had got to be pretty good friends, cleaning-up together down there, and I told him he should get transferred, too. It's hot work up here on the floor, but you get a few cents more an hour to begin with, and then you ain't runnin' no chances of getting buried in a liquid steel jacket.

"Tony talked to me lots more after we got up here on the floor. We used to make back-wall together, and front-wall, and shovel the manganese into the ladle, just before it's ready to be poured into the moulds.

"He couldn't talk much English, though he'd been here now almost six years. Said when he first come he tried to go to night school, but he was so tired he had to flop into bed the minute he'd eaten his supper. 'Sright, too. A fellow don't feel like picking up a book and trotting off to learn his A. B. C.'s in English after he's cleaned-up all day. And then of course every other

week he worked the fourteen hour night shift, so that put him out.

"He had a big family—these wops most generally do, if you'll notice. One girl, Rosa, he called her, worked in the Five and Ten Cent Store then. A pretty girl, from what he said, about fifteen or sixteen years old. Then there was six or seven other kids running all ages down to a little baby.

"He'd left Italy, he told me, because he'd heard, like so many of them did, that America was a wonderful place to live in, and to earn lots of money in. In America a fellow didn't have to wear homespun clothes, and go without shoes, or eat black bread. Who sells them the idea of America being such a land of gold, I'd like to know.

"Well, anyways, they'd come over—Tony and his wife and the children. Rosa was about ten then. They'd had a hard time making a go of it in New York. You see, in Italy Tony 'd been a farmer—not much of a patch of land, I guess—not hardly enough to make a decent living on. But it was his own—had belonged to his father before him, and his father before that. He'd sold it, and spent most of the money coming over. And there was nothing else he knew how to do. He tried running a fruit stand in New York City, but there was plenty of other wops what knew much more about it. It fizzled out. Then he heard of this town, and a man he knew from Italy who was making 'bigga da mon' workin' in da steel mill.' So the family come here, and settled down.

"There was one kid, a boy, that Tony used to talk about all the time, back in those days. Nick, his name was. I guess the other kids old enough to be of any interest was all girls. Anyways, Nick was along in the eighth grade at the time we started work on the floor. A bright boy—'Da bes' in da class, teacher, she say,' Tony would tell me over and over again.

'Be big man, some day, maybe President—some day.'

"You know, when he talked about that boy he wasn't the same kind of a man. His eyes—well, they would light up, and damn me if it didn't look like he didn't notice the hard work, nor how hot it was shoveling dolomite into that big belly over there, when he talked about his Nick. One day he showed me the picture of a house the kid had drawn—pretty good one, too. He'd drawn the plans for it, too. You bet Tony was proud. 'No havta work in da mill, Nick,' he said. 'Be big man, some day. Work hard, me, in da mill—getta da mon'—me boy go to da school— Big man!'

"But the strain of the work, the hours, and the heat, you know, began to tell on him. Not a very strong man, you see. Little and sorta wiry, but not so big. Making back-wall ain't so easy. If you look down there at Number 5, you'll see how it's done. You gotta get your shovel of dolomite, you see, walk up to that open furnace door, and fling the shovelful against the back wall. There's a trick of holding up your arm in front of your face for a second that sorta cuts the heats and gives you a chance to look. But Tony would forget to do it sometimes. When I'd yell, 'Hey!' at him, sharp-like, he'd sorta jump, and then look at me dreamy, like he didn't just know what it was all about. Thinking about that kid of his, he was, I guess. Or about Italy."

Matson spat on the dirty floor. Then, putting on his smoked glasses, he walked over to Number 6, opened up the peepers and looked at the "brew." "Hey, Sam, and you Pete!—you goddam fools, get the manganese up on the platform there. This brew'll be ready to tap in a jiff, and if the manganese 'ain't there, you'll get hell." The helpers scurried to carry the bags of manganese and dump them in piles on the platform beside the furnace. "Fine fel-

lows, them," he indicated, as his broad shoulders shook with laughter, "but you gotta swear to make them do anything. They take it good-natured though—part of the language, you know."

He sat down beside me again. "Especially the twenty-four hour shift got Tony. He'd be all wore out, come Sunday morning, after working all day Saturday and Saturday night. If you're not such a big husky brute to begin with, the twenty-four hour shift just about lays you out. You work until five o'clock, and then you begin working for midnight. A couple hundred hours go by, and you look at the clock and it's about half past nine. Then you do a lot more work and it's only ten. You have a chance to sleep a while, and you think you've slept two hours mebbe, though you know you'd probably be hollered at before that time. But it's only twenty minutes past ten. You make front-wall, and back-wall on one furnace, and then you help tap at one of the furnaces—and you get wheelbarrows of mud, and put up the bags of manganese for still another furnace. You begin to think you won't be able to move any more, and you hope you won't have to tap again before you go home—and you think of the twenty-four hours you'll have off. And of course you talk a lot when there isn't anything particular to be done.

"Tony got so he'd talk a lot about Italy, 'specially on the twenty-four hour shift. Seems like getting so plain tired out made him think more of home. One Saturday night—a hell of a night it was, too—the boss got hurt that night—piece of steel flew in his eye when we were pounding a test. Why on this night I remember Tony got to talking about Italy most of all. Seemed like he forgot the kid for a while.

"'No make bigga da mon' in Italy, Eddie,' he said once, 'but no havta work da life away. Goddam, Eddie, in Italy now, I be digging up my lil' farm, an' my

feets runnin' in back da plow in da groun'—sof' an' cool. Here dey burn up wid steel. Eddie, I tink I go back Italy. Goddam, I betcha I don' be here for nudder long turn.'

"The poor devil talked on and on. He had it bad—homesickness or whatever it was. And then he got to thinking about all the accidents had happened since he come to the mills. I guess the boss getting hurt that night started him. He talked about the time the six men got caught in the pit; about the time a boiler busted and two was scalded—and half a dozen other accidents or so. And then he got to looking at all the old men who wasn't good for nothing no more—Johnny, our old water carrier—he'd carried pigs so long his hands were crooked around to fit them—couldn't open 'em wide, mind you. He's pensioned off, now. And Mike who'd gotten his back hurt—a falling beam—so bad he couldn't be fixed up right again.

"'Bigga da mon,' but no can live dis place. Tell ya, Eddie,' he said the next time we was making front wall, near quitting time in the morning. 'I quit nex' week.'

"Not the same man, next week—he wasn't. All he could think about was Italy, and how the sky would look, and how the farm would be. Said he was gonna buy the farm back. Sorta seemed to have forgotten about the kid.

"'Gonna go?' I asked him one day.

"'Goddam right,' he whooped. Shouted it to everyone. Would go up to one of the men, take hold of him by the shoulder and say, 'I go back Italy nex' week—No more work da long turn— Go back Italy— Goo'-bye.'

"The kids, he confided to me, didn't like the idea. Rosa and Nick and the other older ones could remember Italy and they liked it better here. Guess Rosa had a beau here, too. More freedom to run as they pleased, is about the size of it, I

reckon. But his wife thought anything he did was right—funny, a woman, that way—'specially the wop ones. They always thinks their man is right. Well, maybe he was. Anyways, they was all going back.

"On Friday night we said 'Good-bye, good-luck,' to him. He was happier than a kid at getting out of the whole mess. Don't blame him much. Gets pretty tough, sometimes. Well, the boss, back again by that time with his eyes all bandaged up, shook hands with him. 'Tony,' he said, 'if you happen not to go, come back to work again. Always a job for you here.' Tony, he just smiled and said, 'Bigga da mon, but no can live.'

"They'd fixed up all the doo-dads for sailing—gotten the tickets and everything. And we thought for sure Tony would be gone. But when I come out Sunday morning—cussin' a bit because it was a long shift for me, and wishin' I was those guys just going off for their twenty-four hour spree—the first thing I saw in the Open-hearth was Tony helping make back-wall. And the poor devil was letting himself get burned like hell—never once putting up his arm to cut the heat.

"When he was done, he runs to souse his arms and face under the fountain—must've burned like the devil—but he didn't seem like he minded it much.

"'Hey! you goddam fool,' I hollered after him. 'What's a matter you. Ain't you goin'?'"

"He turned 'round on me—and god, if he wasn't sorta crazy-looking—like these here poets whats supposed to live up in the clouds somewheres. Say, mebbe you know about 'em— I ain't no poet myself. Tell me, here, what does poet fellows see that makes 'em go moonin' about?"

I grinned at him—the big Swede—and said I supposed that like reporters they were always thinking about something new to write.

"Ya. I guess they gotta do somethin'.

Well, anyways, Tony, he didn't look natural. And when I got a chance, I asked him what was the big idea. He was so excited he had a hard time telling—not being able to talk English so good anyways. But this is what I pieced together.

"It seems when he got home Friday night, his kid, Nick, wanted him to go over to Wood Street School to a Social Center—or whatever you call it—doings. Tony didn't know what they called it, but I reckon that's what it was. Anyways, over there they was showing off a lot of things the kids did—and they had movies and eats, and everything. And Tony talked to the kid's teacher. She was awful proud of him. Said he would be a big architect some day, if he could have the right kinda schoolin'. Tony said the kids'd made maps of Europe—outa dough, and pasted 'em on pieces of glass. And there was Italy on one of 'em, with a blue streak for some river or other—the Po, I guess, it was. And he was happy thinking he'd soon be back there.

"He told the teacher about how they was going back to Italy. But she kept talkin' to him about Nick. She musta said something about the other kids, too—that they wouldn't have the same chance in Italy. Then she showed him things Nick had done—drawings of plans of houses—big houses, he said—and there was one drawing of the Court House. And she told him that the kid oughta have his chance to be great—he oughta have his chance to go to a architecture school.

"Tony said he had a goddam time deciding what to do. He musta wanted to go back awful bad—when he told me about it, the tears come to his eyes. He said he thought of the long shift, and making back-wall, and front-wall, and workin' in the pit—and he said he couldn't hardly do it. But when the kid put his hand in his when they was walkin' home, and asked him did he like his drawings—why

he said he just give up—wasn't no use—the kid mattered a lot more than he did.

"So he come back to work, so fool crazy thinking about his kid that he'd let himself scorch up against that white hot belly, and never try to cut the heat.

. . . "It's about eighteen hours since the other shift started that brew—Gotta test again. Oughta be ready to tap."

This time the "brew" was evidently ready to tap, for Matson yelled something I couldn't hear, and I saw a fellow up on the platform begin to pick at the stopper of the furnace. It must have been fiercely hot up there, for he walked away twice and came back to pick again, before the steel spurted out of the spout into the ladle. Matson yelled again, and the two helpers shoveled in the manganese. Sparks alighted on them. They slapped at their legs and arms, but went on shoveling furiously. Then the train carrying the ingot moulds puffed smoothly in. The cranesman tilted the ladle and poured the molten lead into the moulds. Great masses of sparks shot up, and dribbles of fire hung over the edges, and dropped to the pit. Soon the cars were filled, on their way to the blooming mill, and the ladle back in place. Then came back-wall and front-wall. Matson came over to explain that the furnace had to be relined with dolomite after every tapping or the molten steel would eat the lining out of her. He called for metal—"forty thou," and a great scoop of it came and was dumped into the furnace.

The sun was just beginning to shine feebly in through the wide mill doors. It didn't make much of a ray of light in that hot place, lighted by electric lights that looked as powerful as little suns themselves. The men were all resting after front-wall. Some of them were beginning to wash up, "expecting," said Matson, "there wouldn't be nothing more to do before the next shift comes on."

"Well," I asked, "did Tony's kid make good?"

"Well, sir," said Matson, leaning on his knee with his head propped by a powerful arm—"well, sir, that kid got along just fine. Tony'd be telling us about how good he did in school. He sent him to high school, and the kid kept right on drawing. Tony'd bring some of 'em down, and they kept getting better right along. I don't know much about architecture, myself, but they looked fine to me. Tony, the goddam fool, near worked his head off earning money to send that kid to school. He'd put in all the overtime he could.

"And then he sent the kid to college—some architecture school in New York, I guess it was. The kid got along just fine. He'd write letters home telling what the teachers said about him—and always askin' for a lot of money. Tony always sent it—'cost much go da school,' he said. The kid got to be about twenty or twenty-one years old—that was three years ago, you know. And Tony just kept right on working like the devil—getting 'bigga da mon'—and never letting on he ever thought about Italy any more. His kid was going to be a 'great man—mak' us all rich, an' me won' havta work in steel mill more—buy big farm United States,' he would say. God, but the fellow was happy—grinning at everyone, and talking about his boy and how great he would be. Honest, some of the fellows got sick hearin' about him. But me, well—I always thought a lot of Tony.

"Well, things went on like that until one day—that was three years ago—he come down, looking something like he does now, only his hair hadn't got so gray, of course. I thought maybe he was sick—he didn't say nothing all morning. Once when he was making back-wall, I caught him just standin' there, huggin' close up to the furnace—staring down into it, and scorchin'

himself like hell. He'd been looking to see did he place the dolomite right—and he just kept looking.

"'Tony! You goddam old fool,' I shouted at him, and ran up and gave him a shove. 'What the hell d'ya wanta burn right up into a cinder standin' there empty-headed like?'

"He didn't say a thing—just looked at me. God, his eyes was enough to give anybody the creeps—so sorta frightened-like, and yet they looked dead-like, too. And then he shivered and crunched down kinda low—acted like he was afraid I'd do something to him. I slapped him on the back to sorta show him I was a comrade, and left him.

"But the next day he was the same, and the next. And we begun to notice he didn't talk no more about his kid. Then the fellows begun to guy him about the kid—asked him what was the matter—wasn't he gonna be a great man no more? And they laughed—you know how fellows can do, sometimes. Didn't mean no harm, but they didn't understand. And Tony got so he tried to keep away from the gang. If anybody started to come up to him, he'd make off in another direction—sideways.

"Then one day he wasn't out to work—and later on we found he'd transferred to the blast furnace. I guess he figgered the fellows over there didn't know him so well, and mebbe they wouldn't bother him none. But he didn't mix over in the blast furnace gang. He kept away as much as he could. And he never talked about his kid to anyone—never talked about Italy, either—just come to work everyday, and kept to himself. One of the men over there told me that once when they was cleaning out the furnace, Tony went down and stayed for five minutes—nobody can hardly stay for more than three minutes, you know. Somebody went down and got him, and they said he was just standing down there poking sorta slow like, and

looking. He was laid up for a couple days after that—burned sorta—and couldn't get his breath good.

"It was kind of a long time before I got to know what was the matter. I didn't have occasion to go over to the blast furnace much, and when I did I hardly ever saw him. But one day I was over there doing something, and not in much of a hurry, and I come upon him sitting on a board sorta far away from the rest. He'd talked to me a lot when he was in the Openhearth, you know, and I guess he just hadda get it off of his chest.

"The poor devil couldn't even cry when he told me about it—but, God, his eyes! It seems like as if his kid had been getting in bad company in New York—asking for more and more money—and spending it all on a gay time. Smart boy, he was—probably wouldha' made a great man—but sorta soft and quick-like—and nuts about women. So many wops are, you know. Well, he'd gotten crazy about a good-for-nothing woman—one who'd been living with a man she wasn't married to. Man simply crazy about her, too, though. When she run away with Nick, he got mad with jealousy, and up and shot the boy and the girl and himself. The kid died before they even knew anything about it all here. The news was waiting for Tony one night when he got home late.

"Ever since then he's not been the same guy. Mebbe you noticed—sorta queer

like, you know. Walks funny—has a funny look in his eyes—you know.

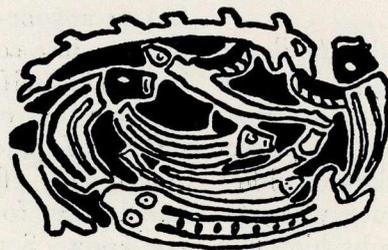
"I tried talking to him for a while. Told him to buck up—he had other kids that had turned out all right. Rosa'd married and had a family of her own—and another girl was workin' in an office somewheres—getting pretty good pay. Once I told him maybe he'd oughta go back to Italy.

"But he didn't seem to think it was any use. The other kids didn't interest him much now. Maybe he figgered they'd turn out bad, too. His heart had been set on Nick, you know. And he said he was too old to go back to Italy.

"So there he is—you saw him. Keeps on coming to work, and don't like to talk to nobody.

"Well," Matson yawned as he heaved himself up, 'guess I gotta clean up now. 'Bout time for the whistles to blow. Wait a jiff, and I'll walk over to the 'Y' with you."

As we walked up the stairs and past the gateman, I looked back at the mills, shining like black beetles in the morning light. A man edged up the stairs along the railing. Matson yelled to him, "Hey, Tony!" The man looked up. There it was—the look in his eyes—fright and fear, renunciation and resignation, superimposed upon an eagerness that in spite of the years had not altogether died.



## GREEN LEAVES

By EDNA ALBERT

"DAVID, no."  
"Apollonia."

"David, no."

Maria Apollonia picked up her milk buckets and left him standing there at the horse stable door, watching her, as she picked her way along under the "overshoot" to the cow-stable. There was pain in his steady gray eyes and his lips were white, but he turned to his work at once, and presently the plow horses were headed for the run at the foot of the slope on which the big barn stood, and David followed on his own saddle horse, riding at ease, carelessly, to the watering place. The scarlet leaves of the mountain maple sailed away on the hurrying stream or caught in the quiet eddy behind a big rock, and the hills beyond the meadow were flaming in the sunset. "Frosty to-night," he thought as he rode up the steep lane again to the stable.

Back in the cow-stable, where the cows tore at the rustling fodder, the milk jetted into the bucket under Apollonia's firm fingers, and, as she worked, she sang softly an old German choral:

"Nun danket alle Gott

Mit herzen, mund und handen."

Not all her regret at the pain she sensed in David's heart, could keep the leaping joy out of her voice:

"Nun danket alle——"

"Whoa!" A four horse team had pulled up at the shed. She could hear the jingling of chains as horses were unhitched from the huge Conestoga wagon; and as she passed out of the stable a few minutes later, carrying two of the heavy milk buckets, she met him as he rode up from the watering place, Black Jim Gardner, the wagoner. "Nun danket alle Gott," as

Miss Albert writes from Gardners, Pa.

the heart turns over in her breast, and his blue eyes blaze into hers, "he has come."

"Why don't you speak to a real man when you seen one, Abolone? Cat take your tongue? Why don't you say you're glad to see me? You know you are."

Speechless, rosy, she stood until he made way for her, by riding into the middle stable, bantering eyes upon her till he ducked his head at the door.

To David, coming upon them on his way to bed down the wagoner's horses, she was terrible as an army with banners—Apollonia, flushing under Black Jim Gardner's eyes.

Apollonia moved on toward the spring-house with her buckets of foaming milk. David would bring the others when he had finished bedding Jim's horses. "Nun danket alle Gott." . . . She busied herself with straining the milk into crocks, setting them in the spring drain, cut in the rough living rock of the spring-house floor. Old Isaiah Braeme and David had built a little house above the spring-house in the summer. In the green of the meadow it stood clean and shining and empty. Dear empty rooms over her head. If she would, she might live there with the run to sing her to sleep at night. "No, David, no, no!" He is coming now, hobnails striking on the flinty path behind the little house. He is at the door. "Danke, Da—O, Jim." "Abolone."

Nobody called her Apollonia, at least nobody but David, who had studied a year at the Academy at Big Spring, beyond the mountain, before his brother Alfred had married a girl from Heidelberg Township, and had moved upon a farm down in York County. Clumsy Pennsylvania German tongues, that fumbled a bit with p's and d's and v's, turned its clean-cut Hellenic grace into a blurred Abolone.

And the Maria was for the big brass-clasped German Bible, with Dr. Martin Luther's picture for frontispiece, which lay in the bottom of her chest in the attic room, and held the record of four generations of Hermans, a great-aunt Maria Apollonia among them.

"Abolone!" Forgotten the Hermanns, dead and turned to dust; forgotten a dreadful long-ago night, when father and mother, stricken with small-pox, died in a lonely cabin in the mountains with none to help, and left her to be bound out to strangers; forgotten kindnesses of those who once were strangers. Black Jim Gardner's hands that leap to hers! Black Jim Gardner's arms that hold her fast, his lips seeking hers! No, David, no. Ah!

But the milk must be strained and buckets must be washed, and supper will be ready. Dusk and a light from the nearest farm house, half a mile up the lower road. And a star. And a young moon riding high in the sky.

"Abolone, come out with me for just a little while, after supper. Say 'Yes.'"

"You must spin? Condemnation!"

But she went. After the supper dishes had been washed and the ashes brushed up from the hearth with the turkey wing, and the wheel set ready by the chimney corner for her evening's spinning. For just a minute.

Hot blood of youth, and a singing in the heart, smell of fox-grapes on the heady October air, bark of a fox on the hill, a young moon that shortly flared down in the west behind Sampson's woods, a man careless how he satisfied his hungers, ruthless, even. Black Jim Gardner's kisses that go to one's head. One cannot think. That flame in one's heart. Oh, to give the heart out of one's breast! The minute was long, long.

Before daylight next morning, the wagoner rolled out of the blankets he had spread on the bar-room table, to wash at

the pump before the door. Old Malinda Braeme bustled about the kitchen, keeping an eye on the iron pot swung over the fire, where chunks of golden mush bobbed round in the steaming milk. It must not boil over. Sausages were sizzling in the long-handled iron pan sitting on the coals. There was the fragrance of sassafras tea. The milking done, the milk strained, the old milk skimmed for churning and cheese making, Apollonia came up from the spring-house. She drooped a bit but the frosty air brought color to her cheeks.

"What is there to do, Mother Braeme?"

"Nothing, meine kinde, breakfast is ready."

She lifted the conch shell from its place beside the salt box on the broad window sill and, stepping to the door, blew a resounding blast. The men came from the barn stamping over the frosty ground. They ate by candle light, and the grotesque shadows of the five at the table filled the whitewashed walls with pictures.

Then the wise horses are hitched to the great covered wagon. Lib Lerew's butter, brought in at the last minute from the neighboring farm, is stowed away, the lash of the raw-hide flicks the leaders lightly, and Black Jim Gardner is off to Baltimore. Three nights more on the road, a night there and a day. Three nights on the road back. What will he bring? He promised. Ah! Already I wish . . . Was it wrong? But . . .

Never were days so long before. Never a week so nearly endless. He is back. She blooms again. He is gone across the mountain and she droops. He is here again and gone again to Baltimore. He is so big and handsome. His laugh is so jolly. Is there another girl who watches? But no. In a week he is here again. And again. Always he brings a gift, . . . a ribbon, a glass sugar bowl, a plate, cup and saucer, blue-bordered . . . with an

eagle in the middle . . . an eagle in the bottom of the cup. How funny!

Then winter shuts down, and at every moment of leisure from the unvarying household tasks, the spinning wheels hum; sometimes, the big one for woolen yarn that must be knitted into warm stockings or mittens, or woven into thick and heavy homespun, or sent away to the weaver who makes gay coverlets; sometimes, the small wheels for linen, for towels and table-clothes and sheets, or for linsey-woolsey, for dresses that never wear out. One would like a new winter dress once. Mother Braeme knits all the long winter evenings.

"Now is our chance, Abolone," she says, "to work long at our knitting and spinning, that there may be warm things a-plenty against next winter's snows. There's no chance when the spring work comes on, and haying and harvest. Besides, David comes to the marrying time. There must be plenty sheets and towels and blankets in his chest. And, I 'most forget, in yours, too, come June and your indenture ended. You will, maybe, marry, Abolone?" she suggests with loving craft. "Well, David, he is a good son. Don't think too much on sugar bowls, and ribbons, and blue plates."

"O, Mother Braeme, David, he is mein bruder," slipping into the quaint speech of her childhood.

"So," echoed Mother Braeme, and relapsed into a pondering silence.

In the parlor with its one picture of the Battle of Cerro Gordo—in a black frame, the quilting frame is set up. Apollonia and Malinda Braeme set one tiny stitch after another in lovely intricate patterns.

"Take care, Father Braeme. Do not drop snuff on this quilt. This goes into the bottom of David's chest. Maggie Lerew would be much put out," impishly warns Apollonia.

David, who has followed his father and

stands now leaning in the doorway of the little parlor, has to laugh, albeit there is a world of pain hid in his heart.

"More'n likely it's six words you speak for Abolone, and one for Margaret," chuckles old Isaiah Braeme, as the men go into the kitchen.

"No, no," says Apollonia and shakes her head vigorously.

"David," said Isaiah as they tramped out through the snow to the barn, yon laughing minx'd make a fine little wife."

"Not for me, Father. I'm to be a brother to her, she says. Me! Her heart's set, I mistrust, on Black Jim Gardner. And her so little and trusting. But I've naught to go on, and must needs sit helpless."

Snow is deep in the roads. One must wear many linsey-woolsey petticoats; when one walks to church with old Lib Lerew's daughters, one looks like a fat old woman. If only one knew how folks did beyond the mountains. When will the wagoners come down again through the gap to go to Baltimore? Perhaps they will never go again. How can one learn to bear pain, a little gnawing pain? A worry that hurts a little?

January passes. When the roads are icy and David must go to the mill, he puts the rough shoes on the wagon wheels—fastens them with chains, in order that the wagon may keep the road, going over Rock Hill and Fickle's Hill. Sometimes one goes to singing at night at Sadler's school house, with David in the bob sled. There are buffalo robes. One sits with the trebles. David sings bass. His voice rumbles but is very kind. There is always a hurt look deep in his eyes. And there is a hurt in one's heart that grows.

February comes. The days begin to lengthen, but it is bitter cold. One must churn in the kitchen now or the butter will not come. Father Braeme and David bring in great hickory logs for the fire. Some nights snow sifts in between the shingles

on to one's blue and white wool coverlet that was woven in Mt. Joy. One snuggles under a feather bed now, too.

And on a day when she found three snowdrops under the dead-looking forsythia in the garden, Apollonia said to herself, trembling, "I am afraid. I do not know what to do. Will he never come?"

At dusk of a day in early March, Black Jim Gardner came again, driving through Doubling Gap, where snow still lay under the ledges. "Nun danket alle Gott." She trusted him. In the yard, daffodils were pushing up. There were some up in the orchard, too, and on a little sheltered sunny slope, one bloomed.

In the evening Apollonia threw her plaid shawl over her head and ran out to worship this first daffodil. "Nun danket alle Gott!" she must needs whisper over and over, "I am no more afraid." Black Jim Gardner found her there on her knees. He kissed her while she wept tears of terror and relief and love. She told him of her fear. "Take me away, Jim, take me away."

"Time enough." His eyes shift. Can it be that he will fail her?

"But, no. I must go now, to-morrow."

There is an unsuspected strength in her that beats down his bluster. She has cousins in the next valley. Mother Braeme permits a yearly visit. In the night he must carry down her chest and the feather bed that would be hers in June on her birthday, according to the terms of her indenture. "But I must have a bed. It cannot be stealing."

"But where do you go, Abolone?"

"With you."

He swore under his breath.

But he did as she bade him. 'Ware a creaking stair.

They ate at noon of the next day in Carlisle. There Jim overheard a bit of gossip concerning a family beyond the mountains. Big Bill Jacob's wife was dead

and he was looking for a housekeeper to tend the house and look after his old mother, dull of hearing, dim of eye, and a bit palsied. Jim's mind was made up. The horses plodded their slow way out from Carlisle, up an down hill to Mt. Holly. It was a long pull over Trans Hill. Jim walked on the up grade, but climbed into the wagon again as they crested the rise.

"Abolone," he said, "you'd best stop off somewhere along here. A man can't be carrying a woman along in a business like this." He looked at her sidelong.

"But Jim, you—I— Don't you know what I told you?"

"Aw, you're crazy, Abolone."

"But no, Jim. I thought—" her voice trailed off piteously.

"You'll be safe enough here. There's nobody'll know where you are."

But he could not bear to meet her eyes. He looked across the greening slopes, softly rounded, quick with beauty yet unborn, but near its hour. There was the house on that hill to the south. There was a field to cross, a steep and narrow lane to climb between overgrown fencerows, thrilled with bird songs, palely green with spring buds not yet open, and then the house on its little knoll above a tiny run that laced the meadow like a silver ribbon. He had been there once. He stopped the team.

"Abolone, I cannot take you farther on this trip." He told her of Big Bill and the palsied old woman, of the field to cross and the lane to climb, but not of the birds, nor the buds, nor the silver ribbon. Do hearts turn to ice?

"I will come for you soon." Of a sudden she was steady, of a sudden she knew, but she went. He called after her to send Big Bill to the cross roads for her chest and the feather bed, to tell Big Bill that Black Jim Gardner had sent her. She crossed the field. She climbed the lane.

One had to wear so many petticoats when it was chilly. One looked like a fat old woman. There was bloodroot. So early. But it stained one's fingers.

William Jacobs asked no questions. Undoubtedly this was an angel come to relieve a little his misery, a pale young angel, but a very firm one, with a hard grip like a man's, for all she was small, but a soft touch on the old mother's wrinkled cheek. He went at once for the chest and bed, which Black Jim had dropped behind an alder bush, growing at the crossroads, its feet set in the damp soil near a winter spring. No one saw him come nor go. The moon came up, big as a cart wheel, as he drove into the home yard again. He carried chest and bed to the attic room. Apollonia, moving swiftly and surely in the strange kitchen, prepared the evening meal, while Granny Jacobs crouched on her low ladder-back chair in the chimney corner. They ate after Big Bill had put the milk away. To-morrow, Apollonia would do the milking. Later she helped Granny into her bed in the back room. Then, taking an iron candle stick from the mantle, she climbed to the third story, where one small room was boarded off from the attic. A little four-pane window each side of the chimney; board partitions brown and smooth with age, with hooks for gowns and petticoats, wide oak plank flooring, with a gay braided rag rug by the little low bed, hung with brown calico valance, fat with a feather bed under the gay woven wool coverlet, green, blue, red, and white; bolster in homespun case; one low splint-bottomed ladder-back chair; and her own chest with her feather bed in an enormous bulging bundle on top,—this was her room. The coarse, white curtains blew in and out in the fresh spring wind, when she had blown out her candle and opened the windows. She crept in under homespun blanket and thick comfort. The moonlight lay in two silver patches on the

floor. So peaceful the little room, so troubled and frightened her heart, so heavy the burden she carried under her heart! "I have been a wicked girl. I cannot pray." Black Jim Gardner's hands that leaped to hers to make her mad; that thrust her away to turn her to stone!

But, next morning, she woke when the morning star was still bright. The air was crisp and sweet with promise as she went to her milking. The days came and went. The house was cleaned from top to bottom, brass knobs and pewter were scoured until they twinkled. The heavy chest of drawers with glass knobs and two little secret drawers with wooden spring locks, that stood in granny's room was polished until it shown like brown satin. There was much kindness in the new home for the girl who had come from over the mountain. Big Bill Jacobs came to look upon her as a young daughter in the house, that, to his sorrow and that of his dead wife, had not known the running of little feet since his own baby days. His old mother was tended with unwearying care by the flaxen-haired girl who kept the house so well, and Granny came to love her dearly.

April came and the garden must be dug and planted. The daffodils passed, narcissus bloomed in the long grass under the lilacs, crown imperial pushed up under the forsythia. Always was Apollonia driven, never could she rest. The spinning wheel stood by the chimney corner, and in the evenings she spun endless lengths of yarn for the weaving. Endless seemed the sorrows life was weaving for her, so young and so afraid as the days passed by.

One day in May, when the crabapple tree by the spring-house was flushed with ecstatic bloom and the wistaria that covered the end of the house showed a purple bud here and there, Big Bill Jacobs, going to the blacksmith shop and store in Petersburg, brought home with other purchases,

a length of calico, a dress for Granny, wrapped in old newspapers. Apollonia spread out the papers and refolded them for later use. Big Bill always read such stray papers as came to the house. But as she turned to lay them on the window sill, her own name leaped at her from a paragraph near the bottom of the first column of the first page of one of them:

"ONE DOLLAR REWARD.

"Ran away from the subscriber living in Dickinson Township, Cumberland County, an indented servant girl, named Maria Apollonia Hermann, about 17 years of age: She had on and took with her three linsey petticoats, three bed-gowns, several aprons, and a black bonnet. Also a feather bed. Whoever takes up said girl and brings her home shall have the above reward, but no charges.

"March 14th, 1848      Isaiah Braeme."

Frantically she tore a piece from the sheet, and swiftly slipped the offending bit of paper in among the coals on the hearth. Fear gripped her. Father Braeme hunting for her. No, David, no. The paper was dated April 12th. That night she was sick. Some of the neighbors might have seen the paragraph, somebody might know. She had gone to church with William once or twice. Wave on wave of terror swept over her, leaving her shaken and spent.

Yet the work of the morrow covered her like armor, she drew strength from the soil she worked in, solace from the brooding sky. But she left the place no more, only worked more incessantly than ever, if this were possible.

The wistaria bloomed, a riot of purple from the sod to the gable; lilacs bloomed; the great hundred-leaf rose bush in the garden was in bud; the orchard grass was blue with violets and June danced over the mountains, down into the valleys. Apollonia's hour was near. If she sang at all, now, it was not, "Nun danket alle Gott,"

but a sad little Kreutz Lied:

"Du wiest mein schmertz, Erkenst mein herz."

Her mother had sung it long ago. Could her mother know her woe? "Mother, mother, I am afraid."

Suddenly on a Saturday night pain leaped upon her, overbore her, engulfed her, swept her to the very gate of death; receded, swept back, hour on hour. At the turn of the night, when the light of the full moon flooded her little room, her son was born, and madness possessed her.

Perhaps, an hour later, she was in the kitchen a little bundle in her arms. Lion, the big shepherd pup, asleep on the door stone, roused as the latch clicked. He must not bark. She felt about the cupboard for a bit of cold meat left from supper, before she opened the door. She groped for a spade in the little tool house beside the Dutch oven. She began to dig under the rose bush in the garden. Lion, the meat swallowed, came bounding in through the unlatched gate, to nose at the strange bundle. Frantically she drove him out, shut the gate. "Lie down, Lion!" The little grave was very shallow. She covered the tiny bundle softly. "O God! It is the only way."

When at last she lay again on her bed, there were still three hours to dawn.

Big Bill Jacobs going down the stone walk to the barn early in the morning, saw Lion digging joyously with both forepaws under the hundred-leaf rose bush in the garden. He whistled to the pup, and crossed the grass to close the gate securely, when Lion should come bounding out. But Lion did not come bounding out. He had uncovered something white and was yelping in delight as it emerged. Big Bill strode down the path to investigate.

Apollonia was half way down the walk to the spring-house, by the big lilac bush, with the heavy iron-bound wooden bucket, when Big Bill reached the garden gate,

the tiny bundle in his arms. She had not seen the undoing of her piteous work. Lion dashed from Big Bill to her and back. She turned, swayed a moment in her tracks and sank down. William Jacobs strode into the house, into the best room, and laid the little bundle tenderly on the table, beside his grandfather's Bible. Then he dashed out to the girl lying so still and pale by the lilac bush, its purple plumes swaying above her. She stirred, opened heavy eyes, shuddered, tried to rise.

Big Bill lifted her easily, without a word, and carried her in and up the stairs to her own little room, and stooping laid her on the bed, covering her softly with the gay coverlet that was folded across the foot of the bed. "Rest here, little Apollonia. I go for help." That was all. In a half hour, he came again steadying old Granny up the stairs, across the room, to the splint-bottom chair beside the bed. A sweet-faced old woman was Eva Anna Jacobs with wisps of snowy hair to halo her smile, but now the wise old eyes were pitiful; she had seen the troubled little face within the snow folds of linen, down in the room, purple marks on the soft little throat, crumpled rose leaf hands and feet. Yet Apollonia was so tender of all small things, new hatched chicks, the tiny down goslings, the calves she taught to drink, old Nancy's little awkward colt, born a month ago, but still uncertain what his legs were for.

The girl slept, moaning. Down stairs in the quiet dusky room the baby lay, still folded in his linen wrappings, but a great bunch of lilacs in a narrow mouthed stone crock Granny had used to fill with preserves stood near. Silent William Jacobs left the flowers to watch, while he rode off on a strange errand through the sweet June morning.

First, he found Dr. Brandon. He told him what he knew, and what he suspected. "The thing to do is to get Preacher

John Arendt and maybe four others." He ticked them off on his fingers as Bill Jacobs or he himself thought of one that seemed fit. "I will go up at once to tend the girl. In the afternoon, these others can come, and we will decide what is best to do. These are all good men, strict each one in his own conduct. Most have girls of their own. They will be just and kind."

William Jacobs rode to church at Petersburg. "A word with you after meeting, Preacher."

"So? Well and good."

And a little later, "A word with you, Michael Learson, after meeting." Five men, in all, he summoned, sober steady men, not given to tattle, men of mark with plow and axe and sledge hammer, since he had need of the hope of the sower, the keen judgment of the hewer, the patience of the worker in iron. Preacher John Arendt had gone up and down the countryside for years, and had seen sorrow and even bitter shame among his own flesh and blood, a stern old man but kindly.

So it came about that in four homes that day, after the brave dinner that followed the meeting, according to the customs of good Pennsylvania German housewives, a man rose and casually remarked, "I am riding over to Big Bill Jacobs' the day. There's somewhat I wish to talk over with him. "No," to a boy clamoring to go too, "this day not."

Preacher John came with Michael Learson, with whom he had broken bread. Dr. Brandon's comings and goings were never matters of comment at home. His wife was used to sudden decisions to go here or there.

Big Bill put the horses in the roomy stable. Why should any chance passer-by wonder and question, seeing six mounts tied to hitching posts and rails?

They sat in the room and heard William Jacobs' grave pitiful voice. They saw the

tiny babe that had struggled for breath, beating with little aimless fists.

"Like a stone image, she lies," said Big Bill Jacobs. "She is crazed with shame and horror. Not so, Doctor?"

Dr. Brandon nodded.

And, "Fetch her, brother," said Preacher John.

"I'll go with you, William," said Dr. Brandon.

First Big Bill brought old Eva Anna Jacobs, who had looked upon much sorrow and lived. When he went back, Apollonia stood by her bed, her dress composed, her hair smooth. The old doctor, tender as a woman, had aided her.

"Help me, a little," she said. They steadied her down the stairs, which led directly into the room where the others sat.

"These are friends, Apollonia. They come to help." William Jacobs led her to the low chair beside his mother.

It was Preacher John Arendt who questioned her. Out of an immeasurable weariness, a stony waste of woe, she answered.

"Your father?"

"George Hermann."

"Mother?"

"Catherina Hermann, born Knauer."

"Home?"

"Allen Township."

"Still living?"

"No, no. Small pox." She shivered remembering one long ago bitter night.

"And you?"

"I am bound out to Isaiah Braeme, of Dickinson Township."

They nodded, knowing the little tavern on the Baltimore road and the hearty old man who kept it. Michael Learson spoke.

"You ran away in March. I remember now I saw the Pennsylvania Herald of April 12th." Big Bill stirred, remembering a corner torn from a paper wrapped

about Granny's dress goods.

"You saw it, Abolone?" he asked gently.

She nodded, very pale.

"There is a son at home at Isaiah Braeme's," said Preacher John. He glanced at the tiny white bundle between the Bible and the lilacs. Her eyes followed his, met his. "Was it he?" In her heart, "No, no, David, no." Aloud, "O, no, David is good."

Little hands like Black Jim Gardner's hands, that leaped to hers, clutched them, made her mad with desire. Soft silky mop of black hair, hair like Black Jim Gardner's hair. Blue eyes like his.

"Will you tell us, daughter?"

"O, I cannot." But William Jacobs who had a way of saying little, although he saw much, was thinking furiously of a sudden, remembering how she had come, remembering how she had winced and paled once at the mention of Black Jim Gardner's name weeks ago, remembering also the silky black hair of the tiny head, not conclusive evidence, but—

"I settle with Black Jim Gardner," said he in his heart. And he did.

"Let be," he said aloud. "It is better so."

The old preacher turned back to the girl. "Why, daughter?" And looked again at the still little form in its linen shroud.

She tried to speak. Failed. Tried again. "So like—his father. Make—other girl—shame. No other—way. God will keep him clean." Quietly she slipped to the floor. The doctor eased her down and watched her. Michael Learson brought a dipper of water, but she opened her eyes before it could be dashed in her face. Big Bill lifted her again and carried her into Granny's room, led Granny in to sit in her rocking chair beside the bed, and came out closing the door behind him. The old doctor came out, too, pres-

ently.

They sat there in silence, seven good men and true, and the fragrance of the lilacs filled the room like a presence.

"Let us pray," said Preacher John Arendt. He led their hearts into the high places of love and pain and forgiveness. He asked for wisdom, asking in faith, nothing wavering. They rose up strengthened.

"What is your pleasure?" said Preacher John.

It was Isaac Trump who spoke first, a quiet middle aged man with a daughter, Celesta, eighteen and jolly, at home on the next farm.

"The poor child was not herself. She is not wicked. Let be, I say. Keep mouth shut, and bury the babe out of sight. He is in the hands of God, and she."

"There is a place at the foot of the scarlet oak, beyond the meadow yonder, hid by a clump of hazel bushes," said Big Bill. "I keep the girl here for the present. She was tender of all living things—save one. She was not herself. And if we had known in time we might have spared her this."

"For the burying, there is time between sundown and moonrise tonight. No need to dig a deep grave," said Michael Learson.

"Lay on it a big flat stone from the run. It will then be safe," said Thomas Godfrey.

"Ay," said Dr. Brandon, "and I can watch over this girl without talk or suspicion of aught out of the way."

"Go you men home," said Archie Gorrell, "There is night work to be done. My boys do not expect me when I come to talk with Big Bill. I can dig the little grave very easily. If Preacher will stay, I will dig, while Bill does his night work." They went out to their horses.

Archie crossed the meadow and entered

the woods. Only once was the Sabbath quiet broken, when young Watson Brandt rode lickety-split down the road on his way to Petersburg, a-courting. He had no eyes for any chance "doddering gray-beard," digging a hole in the woods of a Sabbath evening.

When Archie came down to the barnyard, Big Bill had supper on the table, but Archie took his horse and called his farewell as he rode out into the lane in the gold of the sunset.

The simple meal over and the kitchen once more tidy, Granny back in her chair beside the pale girl, William Jacobs lifted the little bundle and stepped to the door with Preacher John. Dr. Brandon had ridden out to a patient a mile or two beyond. He intended to stop again on his way home.

Then came David Braeme, striding up the stone walk from the yard gate where he had tied his horse.

"I am David Braeme. I come seeking Maria Apollonia Hermann. Is she here?"

"She is here." A heaviness seemed to wrap them all. David's voice came uncertainly.

"What have you in your arms?"

"Her little strangled babe. We go to bury him. There is need of haste."

Steady gray eyes full of pain stabbed deep into steady blue eyes. Big Bill understood.

"You are not the one," he said.

"I am not the one, but I have loved her from a child. I will carry her little son. Had she not left us, we would have cared for her gently. Poor, trustful one."

"And we, had we but known. She kept all hidden in her hot, shamed heart," said William Jacobs.

The moon rose as the three men came down again from the bit of woodland above the meadow, carrying spade and mattock.

"Better you marry her and take her home," said Preacher John to David.

"She is welcome to stay here," said William Jacobs. "I care for her like a daughter."

"I will marry her, if she will," said David. And to Jacobs, "You have been a good friend to my girl this day, I shall not forget."

A little later, in Granny's room:

"If you will Apollonia."

"No, David, no, no."

"Lonia, I need you so."

"O, David, how can I?" The tears came. She was shaken with sobs. The ice about her heart melted. "O, David, David, it is a terrible thing I did. I did not know till now. I am not fit to live."

"Lonia, I need you. I love you."

"No, David."

But in the end she yielded to his sweetness, to his sanity, to his patience.

"But Father Braeme—he thinks me a thief! I read what he said in the Herald."

"No, little one. He said, 'I must hurt to heal.' He loves you well. And the mother wearies for you."

He took her to the little house above the spring, shining and empty in the green of the meadow,—but not that night. They tarried that night at Wolf's, a mile or two back in the mountains. "Best start at once but do not go too far, and take things gently," said Dr. Brandon, who had come back while David plead his cause with the sorrowful girl. So David rode away in the moonlight on his strong young horse, with Apollonia, pale, but steady now, on the pillion behind him.

To William Jacobs he said, "James MacFarlane takes his wheat to Baltimore next week. He will fetch her chest and bed—Father's bed," grinning a bit. "I will send Rebecca Sweigart, my cousin, to help you. She is a good worker, kind and

gay, and wild to see the world. This house is a safe place for her." He smiled again.

The strangest wedding, the strangest wedding journey! She reached home on Monday at noon. And the run sang to her that night tossing in a troubled sleep. But love and work caught her back into the old sweet rhythms of living, and there came a time when she sang again:

"Du wiest mein schmerz, Erkenst mein herz."

And somewhat there was in the same quaint old Kreutz Leid of warm sunshine after rain, and on that her heart dwelt.

There came a day when Old Malinda Braeme beaming, laid Apollonia's newborn daughter on her arm, a tiny thing with crumpled rose leaf hands—like David's hands, and she called her Naomi, in hope.

Perhaps John Cox, the school master who had boarded with them for two weeks in the winter, could have explained. He had been reading his classics with Marshall at Dickinson College in Carlisle, with a little dash of Hebrew for good measure. Apollonia had been reading the Book of Ruth of a Sabbath afternoon. She loved it. "That ye may find rest each of you in the home of her husband." O the sweetness of David to harbor her! But Naomi had said, "Call me not Naomi. Call me Marah, for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me." She said to John Cox:

"They say names have meanings. What does Naomi mean?"

Remembering his commentary, he told her, "Happy. You have been reading Ruth. And Marah, which is the same as our Mary, or the Italian Maria, means bitter. Paula means small, Theodora, the gift of God. Apollonia means pertaining to Apollo."

"Oh," said Apollonia.

"That is why you sing," he teased a bit. "Apollo was the God of Music."

But Apollonia pondered these things in her heart. Out of the bitterness of her life was growing the sweetness of another little life which she prayed might be very happy. I will give her this name she thought, for always it seemed to her this little unborn child of hers would be a daughter. And now as Mother Braeme leans over to kiss her, "I will call her Naomi," said Apollonia.

She was a happy little mite and filled the small shining house with a new laughter, and again her mother sang about her work, "Nun danket alle Gott."

And when a second small daughter was born, she was named Serena. There was a scar but the wound was healed and David's house was full of merriment of two small girls in cunning little dresses cut just like mothers' and grandmother's. Two tiny spinning wheels by and by hummed in time with mother's. Sweet little treble voices sang mother's tunes in the shining little house at the spring; and in the big house, too, where grandpa made whistles and whittled out peach stone bas-

kets, and grandma kept gingerbread in the cupboard, and where there were lovely stairs to play on, and a bannister for adventurous monkeys to slide down, if they weren't caught too soon.

Later when both little girls had started to school, trudging across the fields to Brandon's, David's son was born. And she called him Theodore,—the gift of God. And his mother became a new creature.

"What is that the little girls are singing, David?"

"They call it 'When the Green Leaves,'" said David, the prisoner, his finger fast in his small son's fist.

A door opened, the sweet little voices carolled away:

"Sure as earth lives under winter's snow,

Sure as love lives under pain,

It is good to sing with everything,

When the green leaves come again."

"David, lean over. I want to whisper."

"David."

"Yes, Lonia?"

"I love you well."



## THE DEPARTURE

*Translated from the Danish of Carl Bagger*

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

Never shall I forget the wondrous night  
 When to my tent she came, so shy and tearful,  
 And in the doorway stood in the half light,  
 Looking about her, tremulous and fearful,

Till at last these pretty words she said:  
 "Tell me, may I come into the tent here,  
 May I come within and never dread  
 Violence or evil could be meant here?"

"Will you speak but kindest words to me,  
 Like a comrade every fear dispelling?  
 Are you as a child in purity,  
 Good as angels on far planets dwelling?"

Then I answered, "Enter, lovely child,  
 Welcome hither, let no doubt encumber!  
 Never innocence was here beguiled,  
 Nor within this breast could serpent slumber.

"We will talk here like twin children small,  
 Like two stars that speak with one another,  
 Like two flowers that know not sin at all.  
 Brow and hands I'll kiss as might a brother.

"Here together in this quiet nook  
 We'll imagine, that we may be surest,  
 Many folk are by to hear and look.  
 Mild be every wish, our thoughts the purest."

Then, her doubt at rest, she drew more near,  
 And I saw her features pale and moody,  
 And I saw too as the lamp shone clear  
 That her shapely foot was torn and bloody.

And I saw that tears had stained her face,  
 And that still her soul with grief was harried,  
 Saw she drooped with cold and weariness,  
 And besides that she no sandals carried.

Well I marked how young and fair was she,  
 And I even heard her heart soft beating,  
 And I knew her sighs were all for me,—  
 Yet no ill thought came to mar our meeting.

---

Carl Bagger belongs to the middle of the last century. He is typical of the tenderness and charm of Danish lyricism.

"You would travel," softly then she said,  
 "Therefore 'tis that in your tent you've found me.  
 All at home were sleeping when I fled,  
 Wrapping my long veil and girdle round me.

"Never must my gentle mother know,  
 So I loosed my golden anklet, thinking,  
 'Else it will betray me as I go  
 And awake her with untimely clinking.'

"But the cruel stones upon the road  
 Cut my foot—my sandals I discarded—;  
 And 'tis therefore that your true-love's blood  
 Stains her path, yet I was not retarded.

"Not a star shone in the firmament,  
 For the clouds were like a dripping curtain,  
 And no lightning glimmered as I went,  
 So my way was anxious and uncertain.

"You would travel! Are you wroth with me  
 That you look upon the shore with yearning?  
 Are you weary of me then, maybe?  
 For another's love your heart is burning?"

"In the ocean wicked reptiles creep,  
 All that storms have drowned the salt waves carry.  
 Wherefore sail across yon grave so deep  
 When in your own land you safe may tarry?"

"India's sun—how mighty is his glance!  
 View your home—how fair is all around you!  
 All is ours here, while in other lands  
 Will be much to trouble and confound you.

"Birds flit ever back and forth in space,  
 Homeless the gazelle must range the mountain,  
 But for men is fixed the holy place  
 Where their mother-speech flows like a fountain.

"Can to look on trees in some far zone  
 Make your spirit rich in fuller measure?  
 Look well on the land that is your own.  
 What has Europe more, the mind to pleasure?"

"Would you learn another country's speech?  
 Oft you said that language was the fairest  
 When we showed our glad hearts each to each,  
 For the joy it painted was the rarest.

"Thus, when home at last your course you bend  
 With these languages of foreign fashion,

You will speak more coldly, O my friend,  
Having lost your own tongue's dearer passion.

Nor alone the speech forgot, but she  
Too that spoke it—there's the cruel danger—  
You will be transformed so utterly  
That we all must feel you as a stranger."

And she threw herself down at my feet,  
Prayed as if at Brahma's throne imploring.  
All in doubt I stood—but then the sweet  
Flush of dawn into the tent came pouring.

In alarm she shunned the daylight's flame,  
Sought a palm grove as her place to flee in,  
While to fetch me for the journey came  
To my tent the blond-haired European.

With the shudder of a sacred awe  
To the grove where she would hide he pointed,  
And exclaimed, "'Tis true from what I saw,  
As of old your India still is haunted.

"Legends tell each plant here has a soul,  
That the gods appear to mortal vision.  
And a holy light o'erspreads the whole,  
As no other land, with grace elysian.

"See that form behind the leafage green  
As her veil blows backward in the breeze there!  
Lovelier she than any earth-born queen;  
'Tis the spring's bright goddess mid the trees there!

"Aye, 'tis she, descended in the dawn,  
Scattering now her gifts with loving duty  
Plenteously o'er village, grove and lawn.  
Well may Europe envy you such beauty!

"And with every step the goddess takes  
In her footprints, look! a rose is springing.  
Now she's gone. Our ship her canvas shakes,  
Some good luck this portent will be bringing."

But I saw far more, alas! than he:  
Every rose her blood was, vainly squandered;  
For the midday found me far at sea;  
And to her home, alone, my true-love wandered.

## PORTUGUESE PINK

By MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

IT always seemed to me that the life on our street was two-fold. There was the respectable, important, grown-up New England life of the neighborhood, which insisted that you go to Sunday School and learn your lessons and do your practicing and never inquire into things which it was not nice for a little girl to know. It was a life which admitted nothing about any other lives, or possible lives, but the decorous New England one they were living. But to us children there was another one, not decorous, glimpsed and felt only occasionally, in which strange real passions moved darkly under every-day surfaces, and opened vistas into other and very different lives beyond.

Flaunting in strange scarlets and banners, the very symbol and manifestation of this other existence, were the Sunday afternoon processions from the little Portuguese Catholic church of Our Lady of Lisbon, which, although it never dared with its brass band and white clad altar boys, invade the protestant and undemonstrative precincts of our street, yet surged by the end of it, going somewhere on a festival. You could catch the gleam of white satin and butter-yellow banners, the thump of drum and exultant brass of cornets, from our veranda. And always the Sunday afternoon seemed quieter and dustier and more stupid after it had passed.

It must have been about the time that the little Portuguese church had been established around the corner in what had been the old Grey mansion, much to the scandal of the best families, that I first met Pedro. He came by first in middle summer, that is always marked by the coming of huckleberry and blueberry

Marjory Stoneman Douglas writes from Miami, Florida.

pickers, calling "Two quarts for a quarter," in accents growing more and more foreign as the summers followed. Pedro did not call his from a cart, however. He walked from one veranda to another, across the squares of dazzling green front lawns, under the shade of the huge horse chestnuts and elm that made the street a high green tunnel. He came silently to our railing, holding out a great basket of blue-black huckleberries. And because his brown face, with the piercing black eyes, the red bandanna around his waist and the whole lithe swing of his lean body was so obviously foreign my grandfather looked up from his paper to ask him where he came from.

"Fifteen cents," Pedro answered him, smiling genially.

But when my grandfather had asked him the same question two or three times, very loud, as people do who think that all foreigners really understand English, but are a little deaf about it, he smiled even more brilliantly, tossed a long finger over his head and backward with a quick, strong grace and said, "Azores."

"Oh yes," my grandfather said. "The Canaries. Portugee, aren't you?" and forgot him, after buying three boxes of his best.

After that, all the rest of the blueberry season, in the hot afternoons when the cicadas zee'd in the elm tops, after the sprinkling cart had gone by leaving the street brown and shining with wet, I used to watch for the coming of Pedro. It was amazing how his English improved. But he never lost for me that atmosphere of fascinating foreignness, that sense of a rich, vivid, passionate existence, so remote from our street. Once when the Portuguese church procession went by on Sunday, and

I ran down to see it pass, I saw Pedro carrying the staff of the largest banner, a great bleeding heart on a background of gold and white, and all my feelings in regard to him were heightened and intensified by this witness of his importance.

In the fall, when the Pedros usually gave place to the old clothes men and the book agents, Mrs. Burt, who lived across the street from our house, made a great innovation. She acquired a Portuguese woman as "hired girl," a dark, flashing-eyed, full-bosomed Luisa, in place of the usual Irish and Scotch Annies and Maggies and Katies, who seemed suddenly so impossible to get. Mrs. Burt complained of the difficulties of teaching Luisa English, but beyond the fact that on her Sundays and holidays Luisa sailed down the street in violent colored muslins and a huge cheap hat of that salmon color gradually being known to our street as "Portuguese pink," the neighborhood did not seem to notice the difference.

That fall, however, my grandfather hired Pedro to clean up the yard, cut down the corn stalks and burn all the summer rubbish in great bonfires in the bare garden, bonfires that thrilled me inexpressibly. At such times as I was allowed to help Pedro rake the blown leaves into the fiery heart of the blazing heap, he and I grew very well acquainted indeed.

When the fire was only a heap of cherry colored ashes and the crisp dark had come, then Pedro would tell me stories of his islands, hurrying, toward the end, for fear I should be called in and miss the climax. That was how he happened to tell me the story of the two brothers; that, and the feeling I had that it was something he wanted to talk about.

As he told me it, in his halting, liquid accent, I had somehow a picture of a straggling white town under a brilliant summer sky, with barefooted shawled girls going singing down to meet the fish-

ing boats and a breed of brown-throated, eager-eyed men drinking mightily in the little taverns, a picture of velvet nights filled with the songs and laughter of a carefree, passionate people, loving and hating like children, but spontaneously, unafraid. There were two brothers, Pedro told me, one older, very shrewd, careful of the pesos, a keen bargainer, a hard taskmaster. The other, who would have preferred to strum a guitar in the taverns in the evening to toiling over his books, was intended by the elder to be a priest. But it was not until the elder took to himself a wife, a glorious, velvet-eyed, exotic woman, that the younger brother began really to hate the thing which his brother planned for him. The woman came from Lisbon streets and brought all the glamour of the city ways to the island town. After she had lived with the elder brother for a few months the younger brother loved her, and she loved him. And why should she not, since her husband never let her stroll in the moonlight and scolded her for a sloven?

I remember then how Pedro's dark face, lit by the dying glow of the fire, grew intense and thoughtful and his eyes narrowed with a fire of their own.

"What happened then?" I asked breathlessly.

Painfully, Pedro went on.

One day the elder brother found the younger kissing the hand of his wife. Pedro swore by our lady it had gone no farther than that. But the elder was wild with rage and they fought with knives, after the custom of the men of the Azores. And at the end when the elder brother had the younger pinned to the ground, with his knife pricking the very skin of his throat, the woman came up behind him suddenly. Her knife flashed down into the place between the shoulder bones where Pedro said it is the safest to strike, and the elder brother was dead. So they had left hur-

riedly for America, and after they had done penance and acquired money perhaps there would be a farm somewhere in the country.

I don't know that I connected this story at all with Pedro himself or Luisa until the day when Mrs. Burt told my grandmother that the worst of getting these foreigners to work for you was that after you had taught them everything and they began to be of some use to you, they got married and left you. That day Luisa had gone down the street in the hat of Portuguese pink and Pedro had gone with her.

But I never was sure it was their story until years later. One evening I was waiting for a street car, after a hike in the country beyond the town. It was a grey, warm evening, especially grey, even for New England. But suddenly, from a particularly untidy farmhouse down the road burst a procession of people, all singing,

marching and dancing and after a brown fellow strumming a guitar. Their rich laughter rang out in the sober greys and browns of the New England landscape. I loved the sound of it, so mellow and joyous, so instinct with an old, inarticulate wisdom about living. But suddenly I saw that the burly man singing the loudest was Pedro. And Luisa walked beside him, with a baby in elaborate white ruffings, on her arm.

He saw me and stopped, grinning broadly, his fine teeth a white flash in his dark face. I smiled, too. "The christening of my second son," he called to me, and under a sudden impulse I cried, "Shall you make him a priest, Pedro?"

And he and Luisa both laughed out loud and shook their heads. So that, as the guitar sounded again and they marched off down the dusty road, still singing, I knew that I had guessed right.

## REPORT OF ROERICH MUSEUM

November 17, 1927

**I**N the record of art the Roerich Museum, which celebrated the fourth anniversary of its foundation on November 17th, 1927, holds an unparalleled and historic position, as a monument to a master's creations, founded during his lifetime.

At this time it is essential to affirm again the cause and spirit which inspired the foundation of the institution. The dedication of such a center to one living creator has its justification in the word and message of Roerich, which meet the needs and spiritual concepts of all peoples. As such, Roerich's art has an unequivocal position and mission.

At the inception of the Roerich Museum on November 17th, 1923, the founders envisaged it in a manifold aspect—they saw it as the creative expression of one of the greatest masters of history; they saw it also as a tribute to that message of the mission of beauty and labor, which he has expounded; and finally, they realized it as a symbol of striving for international unity which Roerich's art as well as his life represent.

The cosmogony of Roerich's art was once compared to Wagner's in covering all phases of evolution from the chaos of Genesis to the attainments of Parsifal. It

is significant that this pronunciation of evolution by Roerich is comprehensible to all peoples; and, like all great creation, translates itself into the spiritual idiom of the spectator. It possesses a timeless and boundless appeal.

In its symbolization of Roerich's life, the Roerich Museum also crystalizes the universal aspect of art. For thirty-six years Roerich has been an indefatigable messenger of beauty, and a tireless translator of its spirit into a living and incarnate part of daily life. In all these years, this star has guided his way. It has been a superhuman task which he has set himself, yet in its service he has traveled all the ways and lands of earth. His has been a historic pilgrimage—which now reaches unprecedented inspiration in his travels in the East, where, through his creative ardor he is re-weaving old bonds so alike in substance and yet so unrivaled through the flow of time.

One may perhaps again ask today—why is the Roerich Museum in America? Now, after these four years, in the light of renewed conviction, we can again answer that the Roerich Museum has been destined for this country as its most fitting and logical place.

Let us again remember that some twenty-six years ago Roerich daunted the views of European opinion regarding American art by his affirmation of confidence in this country—when he organized the first exhibition of American art in Russia. Let us again recall that in America, Roerich founded several institutions which were to assume a true mission in the ascendancy of America's life, and that, defying again the concepts of America as materialistic, he said: "My interest has been in the blue and violet rays of your country; and I found them plenty, and they thrilled me. The country is great and young; great and young are its aspirations."

And as a final affirmation of the necessity of the foundation of the Roerich Museum here—let us reflect on the mission which Roerich has undertaken as America's true envoy of brotherhood to the East. Often Asia and Europe have referred to Roerich as the "Friend of America"—at no time has this epithet more justly applied to him than now. In Asia, Roerich has awakened a true love for America's life. There, where knowledge of America has been almost completely effaced, his word of the distant republic, his interpretation of the virile hope and inspiration which are sprung from this country, have been planted along the entire way of his journey. And it may be said that no one has carried to the East a more impelling message of the heart of America, nor has won more love for America in Asia, than has Roerich, with his faith in the future.

No evidence of this undiminished enthusiasm for America is more potent than in his most recent cable from the heart of Asia:

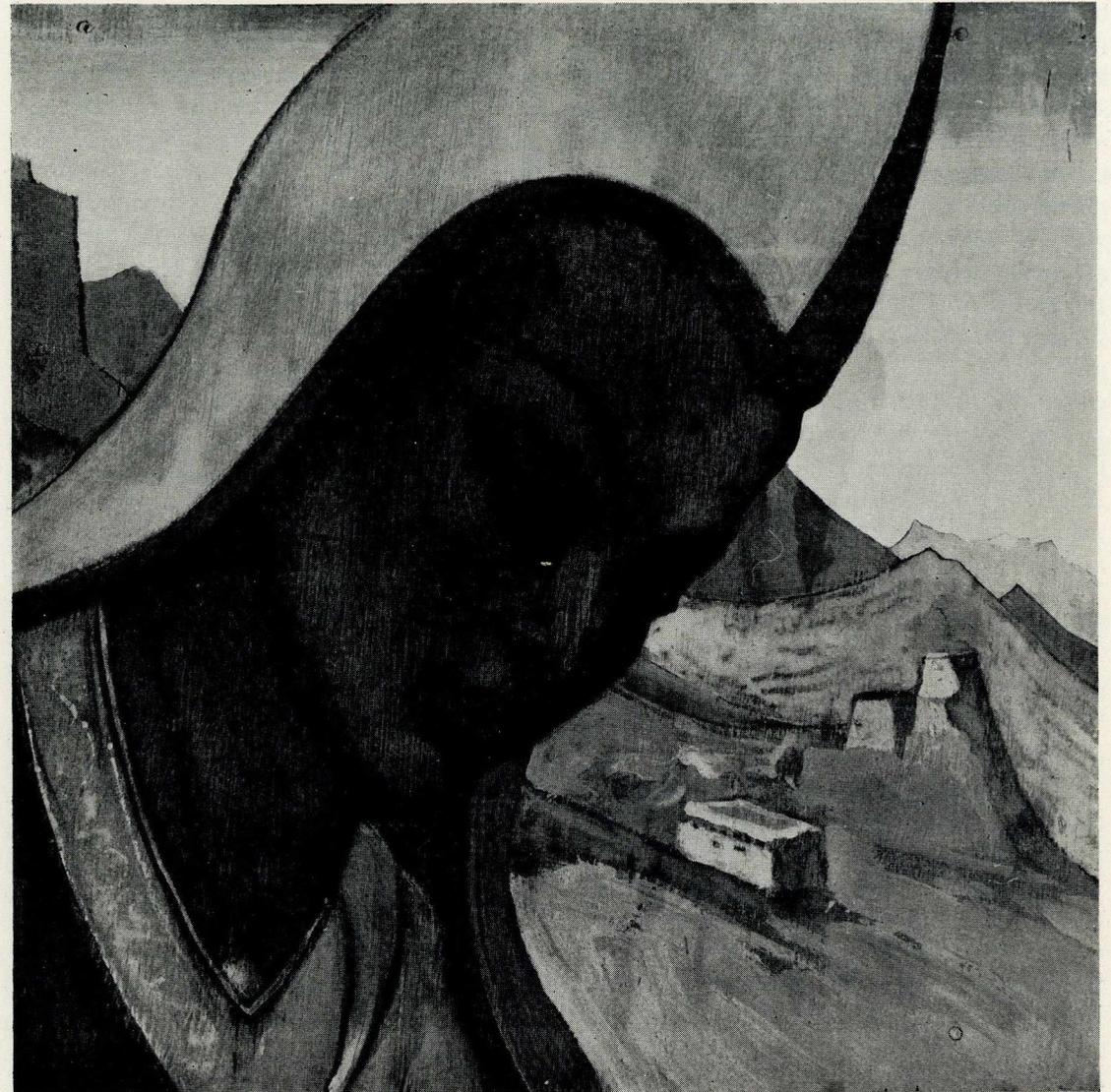
"From Central Gobi we send hearty greetings to great America. The Star-Spangled Banner is waving here. Members of the Expedition are well."

Vindicated by the ever-growing significance and message of this master's art, let us confirm the Roerich Museum in its service to a new humanity, where the communal well-being will be the true end of life, and to the art of Roerich which expresses this concept of life in an immemorable and surpassing creation.

#### NEW ACQUISITIONS

In its presentation of the past year's efforts, the Directors are gratified in seeing the work assuming broader proportions and reaching an ever-widening public.

In reviewing the last year, major attention must be given to the various acquisitions in the Museum. The permanent col-



TIBETAN LAMA

NICHOLAS ROERICH

ROERICH MUSEUM, NEW YORK

lections were augmented during this period by the twenty Finnish paintings, which remained on loan exhibitions and which were made permanent by the generosity of a donor. Similarly were acquired the four paintings received in May from Germany and including earlier periods of the master. These comprised: "Subterranean Fires," "Village of Berendey," "The Hunter," and

"White City."

At the present moment unqualified interest centers in the important arrival from Mongolia of more than 107 paintings completed by Professor Roerich there; these have been placed in the Roerich Museum. The significance of the arrival of these paintings merits a special message of appreciation. Since his departure on Decem-

ber 17th, 1923, on his memorable Expedition to Asia, Professor Roerich's paintings have attained themes of a cosmic key. Last season in the series of Himalayan subjects, which the Roerich Museum has already been fortunate enough to obtain for its permanent collections, Roerich's artistic way led him to depict the masterhood of all ages—Christ, Buddha, Mahomet, Confucius, Moses. In the new paintings of Mongolia, Professor Roerich resounds this motif anew. His paintings of Mongolia cover the natural beauties of Asia as well as some of its most sacred legends, and in these, one feels the throbbing hopes of the East for the fulfillment of a new era of greater achievement. Among them, one may mention the sketch to the "Great Rider," which has been presented to the Mongolian Government.

Of these paintings three have been presented to the Museum. These include "Buddha the Tester," "Command of Rigden Djapo," and "Lamayura Monastery."

The Mongolian paintings once again attest to the vast results of the Roerich Expedition under Professor Roerich, which still continues its way in Asia. Unabated in their enthusiasm, the members of the expedition, amidst utmost difficulties, are pursuing their work, which promises to add such wealth to the treasures of American life.

In addition to the acquisition of paintings, the Roerich Museum during the last year was fortunate in considerably enlarging its biographical and bibliographical material. Through the efforts of its Directors were procured numerous books, sketches and other data which are of inestimable value in gathering around the paintings the materials touching on the life and inspiration of the artists.

During the last year the Roerich Mu-

seum has had the opportunity of enlarging its space in the alteration of two new rooms. These rooms are now utilized to exhibit the Finnish paintings as well as a part of the Himalayan paintings. The recent arrival of the Mongolian paintings, which have been hung in a special room, are making pressing demands upon all available space and are taxing to the limits the capacities of the Museum.

#### SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF ROERICH MUSEUM

With deep gratification, the Directors of the Roerich Museum can point to the evidence of growing appreciation, expressed in the organization last year of the Society of Friends of Roerich Museum, founded by friends and admirers of the Roerich Museum. The officers of the Society of Friends of Roerich Museum include Dr. Charles Wharton Stork of Philadelphia, President; Dr. Forest Grant, Mr. Theophile Schneider and Mary Siegrist, Vice-Presidents; Mr. Sidney Newberger, Secretary-Treasurer. Through its publication, "Archer," the organ of the society, the new organization has already lent its moral support to the Museum.

During the last year the list of Honorary Advisors of the Museum has been augmented by the name of Leopold Stokowski, Director of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

#### LECTURES

In addition to its mission as a center of art, the Roerich Museum has had the opportunity during the past year of extending its scope as an educational center. The past season saw the increase of its series of lectures, presented for the public, and covering broad phases of culture. For adults, the Roerich Museum included in its program numerous lectures and concerts

and the constant advantage taken by the public of these events indicates the need of them. A widening circle of listeners to these activities has been drawn from all classes. During the last year those presented included the following: Olin Downes, Alfred C. Bossom, Edgar L. Hewett, Adolfe Best-Maugard, Claude Bragdon, Dr. Charles W. Stork, Mary Siegrist, George W. Eggers, Deems Taylor, Frances R. Grant, and others.

Supplementing the lectures for adults, the Directors of the Museum have increased the series of Lectures for Juniors, thus extending the possibilities of art appreciation for serious young listeners. In addition to the Arts, the lectures have included talks on nature, so that all phases of appreciation could be made familiar to the young. The schedule of lecturers of these events included: S. H. Chubb, Dr. Clyde Fisher, Mary Siegrist, Mlle. Juliet Gauthier, and others.

Apart from the programmed lectures, important demands have been made on the Museum again this year for lectures on the paintings, to visiting groups. The eagerness for these has been sustained each year, and the wide demand has been felt in the great variety which characterized the requests. During the last season such organizations have taken advantage of the opportunity as the Workers Group of the Novy Mir, the World Youth Movement, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the Art Club of the Community Church, the Reconciliation Club, the Monday Club of New Jersey, the groups of students from the New Jersey High School, as well as the public schools, and others. All showed a keen appreciation of the opportunity afforded them.

In addition to the lectures at the Roerich Museum itself, the Directors have assisted, with material, extension lectures given in other centers. Lectures on Roe-

rich's art were given by Dr. McCarter of the Pennsylvania Academy; at the Summer School of the Master Institute of United Arts in Moriah, N. Y.; in Paris, under Dr. George Chklaver; at the Leningrad Academy, by Michael Babenstchikoff; before the Berkeley Art Society, and other centers.

The possibility which enabled the Museum to open its door daily to the public since last season, has been vindicated by the constancy of the attendance at the Museum. The attendance has been maintained throughout the year, and it is gratifying that the visitors are drawn from artists, workers, students, and all classes of society.

#### LITERATURE ON ROERICH

It is natural that if Roerich's mission has inspired thousands, it also has inevitably set to wondering those who cannot yet understand the significance of his trail.

One may, for instance, mention the article of Mr. Gollerbach, who in writing about the resplendent art of the master, says that like Chaliapin, "the master has left his homeland depriving it of his further care," and further he says, "does he not appear as an eternal wanderer?" The author of the article evidently does not understand the significance of the searchings of the master. A certain Mr. Alexander Phillipoff of Paris, in using the material of Mr. Gollerbach, gives a series of false informations in an article which grossly exaggerates the luxurious surroundings of the caravan of the Expedition. A. Benois, in an interview, informs about the Pope's anathema of Roerich and about the personal friendship of Roerich with the Dalai Lama. H. I. Brock, in the New York "Times," calling Roerich a prophetic artist, at the same time proclaims that "the master wishes to set afire the whole East with ideas of communism."

There is a significance in the efforts of

these men to equivocate the steady-forward march of the master in a cause of beauty and in his search for new summits to conquer.

Above these mystified voices, searching for causes in hidden alleys, rises a powerful literature of praise from poets, writers, artists—all attesting to what has been termed the victorious way of Roerich's art, the bounty of his great gift of beauty.

The interest in the work of Professor Roerich and the Museum has stimulated a constant literature, and this year has seen articles of significance and understanding in "Architectural Record," "Art and Archaeology," which devoted its leading article to Roerich's work, "Art in America," "American Art Student," and others. Numerous important articles also appeared in the Esperanto press, in the London "Graphic," and "Oriental Magazine."

The inaugural issue of the "Archer" also devoted itself to appreciations of Roerich, and among the articles are to be cited those of Dr. Charles Wharton Stork, Michael Babentschikoff, and others.

From these writings let us end with a few words from those who have felt the great aim which Roerich has set before him and which endlessly urges him on in its fulfillment: Alfred C. Bossom, writing in "American Magazine of Arts," says: "In the thirty-five years of his career he has grown as few men. . . . Though a man of most mature judgment, knowledge and artistic ability, and producing masterpieces with a most remarkable frequency, those of us who love Nicholas Roerich feel that he still has a tremendous, untold message to give, in spite of the fact that last December celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of his career, and the third anniversary of the Roerich Museum has been observed. This is another stepping stone of history that he is making in the art life of this country, which has caused Europe

to watch with intense interest what is being done here to respect him, and to daily give more credit to the culture that grows from the men who have made the United States of America their own."

Diana Rice, also writing in the New York "Times," tells of Roerich's indefatigable pathway: "It is three years since Professor Roerich started on his Himalayan pilgrimage. He has journeyed to remote fastnesses and broken strange trails. . . . All countries have contributed tableaux to his panoramic group. . . . He has ever gone to the world's outposts for his material."

Michael Babentschikoff, the Russian writer, says: "Already for how many years the thought of Roerich remains free! Nothing can possess it. His mind, bent on large generalizations, the mind of a sage, never ceases to seek the mysterious bonds which bind our daily existence to the world of external truth."

From the article of Claude Bragdon, one may quote: "One has the feeling that in everything that he (Roerich) does, he is seeking the hidden truth, the unrevealed beauty, the Lost Word in point of fact. Like some mighty, indefatigable hunger, armed not with a gun, but with his brushes and paints, he stalks his quarry across oceans, rivers, mountains, though knowing all the while that the thing he is seeking is in himself. He permits us to participate in this adventure and thus draw nearer to that truth which is beauty, and that beauty which is truth."

And finally, we will conclude with the words of Ivan Narodny, who writes: "Universe is his temple, soul his subject matter. His 'holy pictures' embrace allegorical images of god-men of every evolutionary epoch—the Confucian, the Mosaic, the Buddhist, the Christian, the Mohammedan religions. His ideal is the world soul—the onward leading spirit of cosmic evolution."

## SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF ROERICH MUSEUM

## PURPOSES

The Society of Friends of Roerich Museum aims to spread the ideals of the Museum through the extension of the collections of the Roerich Museum; through the issuing of publications pertaining to the creative art of Roerich and the work of the Museum.

## PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERSHIP

Members of the Society of Friends of Roerich Museum shall have the privilege of attending the Roerich Museum on weekly membership days when the reception rooms shall be open for the use of members and their friends as a place of gathering.

All lectures and recitals given by the Roerich Museum will be open to members of the Society and their guests. Seats will be reserved for members. The Series of Junior Lectures will be open to the children of members who on application may receive additional cards of admission. Programs of lectures and recitals will be mailed to members upon request.

Members will be entitled to receive the magazine of the Society of Friends of Roerich Museum. Each non-resident member of the Society will receive two copies of the magazine.

## CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP

HONORARY MEMBERS: These and Corresponding Members to be elected by the Society and granted all privileges of members.

PATRONS: \$5,000.00.

LIFE MEMBERS: \$300.00.

SUSTAINING MEMBERS: Annually \$25.00.

ANNUAL MEMBERS: Annually \$10.00.

ACTIVE FELLOWS: Elected by the Society on grounds of merit for active participation in the work: Annually \$5.00.

JUNIOR MEMBER (Under 25 years of age): Annually \$5.00.

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS (Those living outside of Greater New York): Annually \$5.00.

For further information regarding the Society of Friends of Roerich Museum, address the Secretary, 310 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.

ROERICH MUSEUM  
PROGRAM OF EVENTS

1927-1928

## LIGHT OF ASIA

LECTURE BY CLAUDE BRAGDON

Tuesday, October 25, 1927, at 8:30 P. M.

## A STUDENT RECITAL

Pupils of the Master Institute of United Arts

Tuesday, November 1, 1927, at 8:30 P. M.

## THE EVENING SKY

BY DR. CLYDE FISHER

Lecture for Juniors, Saturday, November 12, at 2:30 P. M.

## TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

LECTURE BY HARVEY WILEY CORBETT

Thursday, November 17, at 8:30 P. M.

## STUDENT RECITAL

Pupils of the Master Institute of United Arts

Saturday, December 3, at 2:30 P. M.

## CITIES OF THE SAND

LECTURE BY DR. EDGAR L. HEWETT

Tuesday, December 20, at 8:30 P. M.

## SPANISH ART AND ARCHITECTURE

LECTURE BY DR. ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

Monday, January 9, 1928, at 8:30 P. M.

## RECITAL, HANS LANGE QUARTET

SCHUBERT MEMORIAL PROGRAM

HANS LANGE, *First Violin*; ARTHUR SCHUK-LER, *Second Violin*; ZOLTAN KURTHY, *Viola*; PERCY SUCH, *Cello*.

Under the auspices of the Master Institute of United Arts

Tuesday, January 24, at 8:30 P. M.

## STUDENT RECITAL

Pupils of the Master Institute of United Arts

Tuesday, January 30, at 8:30 P. M.

## RECITAL, HANS LANGE QUARTET

Under the auspices of the Master Institute of United Arts

Tuesday, February 25, at 8:30 P. M.

## LECTURE BY DR. CHARLES WHARTON STORK

Tuesday, March 13, at 8:30 P. M.

(Subject to be announced)

## SEA BIRD CITIES

BY S. H. CHUBB

Lecture for Juniors, Saturday, March 17, at 2:30 P. M.

## ART OF NICHOLAS ROERICH

LECTURE BY FRANCES R. GRANT

Saturday, March 24, at 8:30 P. M.

## ENSEMBLE CONCERT

Pupils of the Master Institute of United Arts,

Tuesday, April 3, at 8:30 P. M.

ARCHER



ROERICH  
MUSEUM

Founded November 17, 1923

New York

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