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ONCE on our travels we reached a half-ruined village. There was a glimmer of light in only two houses. In a small room, an old man sat cleaning a bowl. He became our host for the night. I asked him the reason for his isolation. He answered, “Everyone has departed. They have found more suitable sites for their dwellings. They were strong and enterprising. Something new attracted them. But I know that nothing new exists on earth. And I did not wish to change the place of my death.”

Thus the strongest ones depart. The decaying ones patiently await death. Is this not the story of all migrations, of all enterprises?

The great migrations constitute the most fascinating subject in the history of humanity. What spirit was it that thus impelled whole nations and innumerable tribes? What cataclysm drove the hordes from their familiar steppes? What new happiness and privileges did they anticipate in the blue mist of the immense desert?

On rocks in Dardistan we saw ancient drawings. We also saw the same type of drawings upon the rocks near the Brahmaputra, as well as on the rocks of Orkon in Mongolia, and in the tumuli of Minusinsk in Siberia. And finally we discerned the same creative psychology in the halftimbered houses of Sweden and of Norway. And later we stopped in admiration before the mighty signs of the early Romanesque which we discovered, based on the same creative aspirations of the great migrators.

In every city, in every encampment of Asia, I tried to unveil what memories were cherished in the folk-memory. Through these guarded and preserved tales you may recognize the reality of the past. In every spark of folklore there is a drop of the great Truth adorned or distorted. Not long ago we were too vain to appreciate these treasures of folklore. “What could these illiterate people know?” But afterward we learned that even the great Rig-Vedas were written down only in the comparatively recent past, and perhaps for many centuries had been transmitted by word of mouth. We thought that the flying carpet of fairy-tales interested the children only, but we soon recognized that although each fantasy in its own way, weaves its beautiful carpet ornamenting life, nevertheless this very carpet bears the footprints of great past reality.

Among the innumerable legends and fairy-tales of various countries may be found the tales of lost tribes or subterranean dwellers. In wide and diverse directions, people are speaking of the identical facts. But in correlating them you can readily see that these are but chapters from the one story. At first it seems impossible that there should exist any scientific connection between these fragmentary whispers heard in the glow of the desert bonfires but afterwards you begin to grasp the peculiar coincidence in these manifold legends related by peoples who are even ignorant of each other’s names.

You recognize the same relationship in the folklores of Tibet, Mongolia,
From Turfan there also comes the gratifying tale of how young people are sent for long trips as though on pilgrimages to acquire the best knowledge of other lands.

Each entrance to a cave suggests that someone has already penetrated there. Every creek—especially the subterranean creeks—draws one’s fantasy to the subterranean passages. In many places in Central Asia they speak of the Agharti, the subterranean people. In numerous beautiful legends they outline the same story of how the best people abandoned the treacherous earth and sought salvation in hidden countries where they acquired new forces and conquered powerful energies.

In the Altai mountains, in the beautiful upland valley of Oulimon, a hoary Old Believer (Starover) said to me: “I shall prove to you that the tales about the Tchud, the subterranean people, is not a fantasy! I shall lead you to the entrance of the subterranean kingdom.”

On the way with him through the valley surrounded by snowy mountains, my host told us many tales about the Tchud. It is remarkable that “Tchud” in Russian has the same origin as the word wonder. So, perhaps, we may consider the Tchud as a wonderful tribe. My bearded guide related how, “Once upon a time, in this fertile valley, the powerful tribe of Tchud lived and flourished. They knew how to prospect for minerals and how to reap the best harvest. Most peaceful and most industrious was this tribe. But then came a White Tzar with innumerable hordes of cruel warriors. The peaceful, industrious Tchud could not resist the assaults of the conquerors, and not wishing to lose their liberty, they remained as serfs of the White Tzar. Then, for the first time, a white birch began to grow in this region. And, according to the old prophecies, the Tchud knew that the time had come for their exodus. And the

China, Turkestan, Kashmir, Persia, Altai, Siberia, the Ural, Caucasus, the Russian steppes, Lithuania, Poland, Hungary, Germany, France; from the highest mountains to the deepest oceans. You will hear wonderfully elaborated tales in the Turfan district. They tell you how a holy tribe was persecuted by a tyrant and how the people, unwilling to submit to his cruelty, concealed themselves in the subterranean recesses. They even ask you if you want to see the entrance of the cave through which fled the persecuted saintly folk.

In Kuchar you hear of King Pochan, ruler of the Ouigurs, and how, when the enemy approached, he disappeared with all the treasures of his kingdom, leaving only sand, stones and ruins behind him.

In Kashmir they speak of the lost tribe of Israel; some learned Rabbi may explain to you that Israel is the name of those who are searching, and that it constitutes, not a nation, but the character of a people. In connection with these beliefs they show you in Srinagar, the tomb of Blessed Issa—Jesus. You may hear elaborately elaborated tales in the subterranean passages. In many places in Central Asia they speak of the Agharti, the subterranean people. In numerous beautiful legends they outline the same story of how the best people abandoned the treacherous earth and sought salvation in hidden countries where they acquired new forces and conquered powerful energies.

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afterwards, disliking the new customs, disappeared. In these legends, one may recognize the definite foundations of the ancient clans: The giants are brothers. Very often the sisters of the giants live on the other shores of the lakes or the other side of the mountains. Very often they do not like to move from the site, but some special event drives them from their patrimonial dwelling. Birds and animals are always near these giants; as witnesses they follow them and announce their departure.

Among the stories of submerged cities the story of Kergenetz in the Nijni Novgorod section possesses a superb poesy. This legend has such an influence on the people that even now, once yearly, numerous religious folk gather in holy procession around the lake, where the holy city was submerged. It is touching to see how vital are the legends, vital as the bonfires and torches with holy songs about the city. Afterward, in complete silence, around the bonfires these people await and listen for the festive bells of the invisible churches.

This procession recalls the sacred festival on the Manasarav lake in the Himalayas. The Russian legend of Kergenetz is attributed to the time of the Tartar yoke. It is related that when the victorious Mongol hordes approached, the ancient Russian city of Kergenetz was unable to defend itself. Then all the holy people of this city came to the temple and prayed for salvation. Before the very eyes of the merciless conquerors, the city slowly sank into the lake, which thenceforth was regarded as sacred. Although the legend speaks of the time of the Tartar yoke, you can distinguish that the essential bases of the legend is far more ancient and you can distinguish the traces of the typical effects of migration.

This legend not only gave rise to many variants but even inspired many modern composers and artists. Every one may remember the beautiful opera of Rimsky-Korsakov, "The City of Kitege." The endless Kurgans of the southern steppes retain around them numerous stories about the appearance of the unknown warrior, nobody knows whence. The Carpathian mountains in Hungary have many similar stories of unknown tribes, giant-warriors and mysterious cities. If, without prejudice, you patiently point out on your map all the legends and stories of this nature you will be astonished at the result. When you collect all the fairy tales of lost and subterranean tribes, will you not have before you a full map of the great migrations?

An old Catholic missionary casually tells us that the site of Lhasa was sometimes called Gotha. In the Trans-Himalayas, at heights of 15,000 and 16,000 feet, we found several groups of menhirs. Of these menhirs in Tibet, nobody knows. Once, after an entire day's trip through the barren hills and rocks of the Trans-Himalayas, we saw, at a distance, some black tents prepared for our camp. At the same time, we noticed, not far from the same direction, those long stones which are so meaningful for every archaeologist. Even from afar could be distinguished the peculiar design of their construction.

"What kind of stones are these on the slopes?" we asked our Tibetan guide.

"Oh," he replied, "they are Dorin—long stones; this is an ancient sacred place. It is very useful to put grease on the heads of the stones. Then the deities of this place will help the travelers."

"Who laid these stones together?"

"Nobody knows. But from ancient times this district has been called Doring—long stones. The people say that unknown people passed here long ago."

Across the relief of the Trans-Himalayas, we distinctly saw the long rows of vertical stones. These alleys finished with a circle in the center of which were three high stones. The direction of the entire figure was from West to East.

After encamping, we hurriedly proceeded to the site. And with the full evidence before us we realized that here was a typical menhir, such as gave its glory to the stone field of Karnak. On the surrounding slopes no objects were found. Not far from the menhir was a trace of a small river, temporarily dried. No excavation was permitted because of the stupid prejudice of the Tibetans who invented the story that Buddha forbade the touching of the soil. But in excavation was needed to recognize the typical Druidic construction so carefully transported from the shores of the ocean: "The strongest have passed this way and found the most advantageous sites."

During the next four days we found four other groups of menhirs. Some of them had the same rather long alleys of stone; others consisted only of several long stones encircled by smaller stones. When we approached the high passes before the Brahmaputra, these constructions ceased. In connection with these old sanctuaries we found several tombs, a square outlined by huge stones. Again, a complete repetition of those in the Altai and Caucasus was revealed. Before me, from the same spot, is a characteristic fibula—the two-headed eagle. The same design is known to us from the graves of the northern Caucasus. Before me are Tibetan swords, exactly like those in the Gothic tombs. The women of the same district wear the head-dress, like the head-dress of the Slavonic peoples, the so-called Kokochnik.

As you travel through the heights of Tibet with their unbearable cold and hurricaines; as you mark these savage Tibetans in decayed furs, devouring raw meat, you are deeply astonished when out of the fur hat peers apparently the face of a Spaniard, a Hungarian or a southern Frenchman. Admittedly, they are somewhat distorted of feature, but they have no relation with the Mongolian or Chinese type. You can relate them only to Europeans. One may also imagine that the best and most courageous people have departed somewhere and now you have before you only the poor degenerate remnants.

Looking on the merciless glaciers of the Trans-Himalayas, on this sterile soil, on barren rocks where animals are rare, where even eagles are seen only occasionally, you may conceive how people were impelled onward, and how, from the high mountains, they reached the expanses of the deserts. But their spirits were unsatisfied. They longed for the mountains. Thus the Altai mountains give them the temporary illusion of a longed-for happiness. But the glaciers of the Altai were too close to them—only now they are beginning to recede; for scientists have marked the recession of the glaciers to be about twenty-five feet during the last thirty years. Some next stopping point for the courageous travelers, more fertile, was to be found in the Northern Caucasus and in the Crimea. Once again, the mountains permitted them breathing space. But they no longer had to combat the glaciers. The long journey was rewarded. Why, then, not to try still further? The Carpathian mountains were also inviting; so, to the very shores of the ocean came the pilgrims. And they remembered all the sacred signs of their long journey. For this reason we appreciated so much the menhirs and...
Stone Henges of Bretagne and the British Isles. Of course we cannot give conclusions of finality regarding these migrations because each finality is a conclusion, and conclusions mean death. In broad decisions, in broad expectations and search, we are happy to add more pearls to the string of searching.

When I was asked: "Why do you so rejoice over these menhirs?", I answered, "because my map of fairy-tales was verified. When in one's hand you hold one stone, when you touch the string of searching, we are happy to add more pearls.

When we ask the people about their forefathers, they are still able to tell us, "But are you sure that the people about whom you are talking, are the so-called Goths?"

"It is immaterial to me, what they are called, whether they were forefathers of the Goths or their grandchildren. Were these deep links with Celts or Alans or Scythian tribes? These scrupulous calculations will have to be undertaken by someone else. But I rejoice at the fact that on the heights of the Trans-Himalayas I have seen the embodiment of Karnak. I do not insist upon nomenclatures, because before my very eyes the exterior nomenclatures changed so often, and often a so-called fact was juggled about for periods of approximately a thousand years. I shall not forget my amazement when, on excavating a kurgan which at the time had been definitely established as characteristic of a period not later than the tenth century, I found in the hands of the skeleton a coin of the fourteenth century. Such are the fluctuations!

The folk determine these problems much more simply: for them all which has disappeared, has departed underground. When we are asking our centenarian grandfather about the covered wagon of his youth, we shall certainly hear many things in a fantastic manner. But there will always be some truths revealed. When we ask the people about their forefathers, they are still able to tell us, they may still sing to us some song of a great truth.

Old Tibetan legends, since very ancient times, have drawn attention to the menhirs and dolmens of unknown origin. The memory of the Tibetan people thus records the tale of these Great Travelers: "From far-away India there departed two princes and they turned their path northwards. On the way one of the princes died and his brother honored his memory by erecting over him a resplendent abode of huge stones, and he himself continued his long way into unknown lands."

Thus the memory of the people knows.

Old Grandmother Anyssya knows some things about this place. She comes here to perform her invocations and conjurations. Do not be afraid! She is not a witch, she is not a Shaman sorceress. No one would speak ill of Grandmother Anyssya. But she knows many precious things. She knows the healing herbs; she knows conjurations which serve as prayers; she learned them from her grandmother. And a century ago the same stones and the same forest as now, stood here.

Grandmother Anyssya knows conjurations against all evils. No one besides herself knows the stone from the nest of a hoopoe, the best protection against treason. No one besides herself knows the best time to find this nest and how to obtain the stone.

She can tell you how are the present times and that you can be saved only by conjurations. At the present time three conjurations need be remembered:

The first of them is against enemies, against thieves and evil men.

The second—do not forget it! against mortal weapons.

The third—remember sharply! against lightning, against all thunder of heaven or earth.

The thunder of earth resounds and heavenly forces rise.

Remember the first one: "On the sea, on the ocean, on the Buyan Island, there is an iron chest and in this iron chest there are steel swords. Ho, steel swords! Approach our enemy! Cut his body in pieces! Pierce his heart! Until he renounces all evil; until he will surrender all, without concealing anything. Thou, enemy, adversary, be cursed by my powerful conjurations!"

"Be damned in the depths of hell! Beyond the Arrarat mountains, into the boiling tar! Into the burning ashes! Into the scum of swamps! Into the bottomless abyss!"

"Be you, enemy, pierced by the spike of an aspen tree!"
ARCHER

"And be dried even more than the hay!
And be frozen even more than the ice!
"Become cross-eyed, lame, mad, armless, impoverished, hungry, outcast and perish by another's hand!"

You see, what strong powers Grandmother Anyssya possesses! Who can withstand such conjurations!

And not only does she speak in a piercing voice, but also she holds in her hand a tiny stick, and as she speaks of the death of an enemy, she breaks this stick, just as the life of her evil adversary shall be broken. And never shall he know from what hill, from what mountain, came this unconquerable power.

The second conjuration is against weapons.

Each warrior must know this conjuration.

Hear and remember!

"Beyond the far-off mountains is the sea of iron. In the sea stands a pillar of bronze. And on that bronze pillar there stands a shepherd of cast iron. And this pillar rises from earth into heaven. From East to the West.

"And the shepherd commands his children; he commands the iron, the steel, the red and blue, the copper, the lead, the silver, and the gold. He speaks to guns and to arrows. He gives to the fighters and warriors the great command:

"Thou, iron, copper, lead, go back to your mother-earth, away from the warrior: return, tree, to the far-off shore, and you, arrow-feathers, return to the birds! And you, birds, disappear in the sky!"

"And he commands swords, axes, boar-spears, knives, arquebuses, arrows and all warriors—to be calm and peaceful!

"And he orders every warrior not to shoot at me from a gun!

But he orders the arbalest and string-bows to bend and cast all arrows deep down into the earth!

"Let my body be stronger than stone. Firmer than steel. Let my armor be stronger than helmets and ring-armors.

"I seal my words with all locks. I cast the keys under the White Flaming Stone, Alatyr!

"And as locks are strong, so strong are my words!"

No one would care to be in the position of this conjured adversary. What weapons could avail against this powerful incantation! The White Flaming Stone itself, Great Alatyr, bears witness to this immutable might! And again, not only words are projected into the space, but Grandmother Anyssya has four stones in her hands and she throws them to the four ends of the earth.

But the third conjuration is the most threatening one. This one is against lightning, against the thunders of heaven and earth:

"Holy! Holy! Holy! Thou, who dwellst in the thunder! Thou who subduest the lightning! Thou who floodest the earth with rain! Thou, mightiest Ruler! Thou alone adjudge the cursed Satan with all the devils! But save us, sinners!

"Thy wisdom is incomparable, all-powerful! All honor from God! From him comes liberation to the motherland! Be it so now, eternally and forever! Thou, Lord of Terror! Thou, Lord of all miracles! Thou, who dwell on the most high! Thou, who movest in the thunder! Mastering fire! Lord of all miracles! Thyself destroy the enemy, the Satan! Be it so now, eternally and forever. Amen!"

This is most powerful. The highest, heavenly power is summoned from the mountain stream. Grandmother Anyssya takes a handful of clear water and dashes it into space. And glistening drops, as heavenly lightnings, surround the conjuration.

The conjurations are ended. And the power departs from Grandmother. And she becomes small and bent. And the small, old woman walks away beyond the hill. From "Jalnik—site of compassion" to the lake at the foot of the mountain, through fields of spring wheat, into a distant village she goes. Not for her own ends did Grandmother come from afar to invoke the high forces. Grandmother sends out conjurations for all people, for distant warriors, for a new life.

But she also prayed for the unknown silent ones, who are buried under the stones and roots of the pine trees. She brought holy oil for the saints. Because on the highest pine tree, in the bark, an old icon is carved out and it is said that the icon appeared by itself.

On the summits of Altai, on the ranges of Ural, far off up to the very hills of Novgorod, fir and cedar groves tower high. From the far, far distance one may behold their dark caps. Under the roots of firs, many stones are gathered together with great labor. Beautiful sites! Ancient sites! How did they come to be here? Was it the unknown pilgrims who built them? Was it the Mongols? Was it the Tzar, the Terrible? Or are they from times of unrest? Or from wars and foreign invasions? All these at one time were here.

And the silent ones lie buried here. Lie in rest, unknown to all grandfathers. And thus one prays for them.

For the known and unknown, for the sung and unsung, for the storied and un-storied. . . .

"Jalniks—the Sites of Compassion," so are called these beautiful sites of silence. They are also called "divinets," site of wonder. Divinets, site of wonder, resounds with an exultation. But "Jalnik"—site of compassion is still nearer to the hearts. In this expression lies so much of love and gentle pity, so much of rest and words of eternity.

The giant fir trees guard this place with their mighty branches. Only the tops rustle. Below is silence and the shade of a grey juniper. Only two or three dry blades of grass. Everywhere blackberries and dried evergreen needles. High on the fir tree sits an old raven. He is so old that he has claws, not only on his feet but even on his wings. We regarded this raven with awe, as a prehistoric relic, when he fell down dead.

The stones are set in rows and in circles. All of them must remember the moraines of the glacier period. White, greyish, violet, bluish and almost black. From the East to the West these stones may be observed, adorned by a white moss. Everywhere, too, is grey moss. Everywhere there is ancient greyness.

In greyness, sleep the "calm ones."

In white garments, repose the "resting ones."

Oh, through what sufferings they passed! Many things they witnessed! Wise and without doubts is their wisdom!

As in heaven, so upon earth. As above, so below. That which was, shall come again!"
CHARLES WHARTON STORK—POET AND PRACTICAL MYSTIC

An Appreciation
By Margaret C. Christie

NOW what in the world is a practical Mystic? Inevitable question. To the
majority a mystic is a dreamer and have not the dreamers always been hopelessly impractical?

Outside my windows there is a grind and clang of rivetters on one side and the
shriek and scrunch of rock crushers and drills on the other. Fifty-two stories of
steel silhouette against the sky and fifty feet down in solid rock strike the foundations
for other tens of stories; on all sides arise monuments of steel and stone, brick and
to meters, concrete evidence that a
dreamer has had a vision.

“IT is a machine age.” “IT is a mate­rialistic age.” The comments are captious in
tone as though a wrong were being done and they powerless against it.

And there are vast heaps of rocks and stone pictured in the Roerich paintings.
In formative mass. Pregnant. Vibrant. And in the midst of very practical
consciousness from the inertia of custom.

It is a penetrating attention that is turned upon us—”that these great buildings—
the emergence of form from clutter, the
mood,” said Charles Wharton Stork in an
editorial written for the first issue of
Archer. “To make ready the way of the
Lord” is the older Biblical expression of
the same thought. It becomes increas­ingly evident that a quickening of the spirit
is upon us—that these great buildings—
the emergence of form from clutter, the
demand for unfettered space, for simple
line, for room to expand—is in itself sym­bol of a great growing, a freeing of the
consciousness from the inertia of custom.

At the Oxford dictionary, among a num­ber of definitions, this clear statement of
the word mystic occurs—one who believes
in spiritual apprehension of truths beyond
the understanding—surely the very format of practical dreaming.

And in the midst of very practical
achievement the matter of genesis cannot
be ignored. Long before his emergence
as president of the Friends of Roerich Museum, Charles Wharton Stork became
acquainted of some fraction of the possibil­ities of interpretation, of appreciation
through that open door through which perception leads understanding and dili­gence brings reward of comprehension.

What and out of what experiences did
Wharton Stork arrive at that beginning of
experience which is leadership? The an­swer lies in the work of the man—his own
writing upon the rocks.

Born of, it would be more interesting and possibly more truthful to say, electing
to be born into an old Philadelphia fam­ily, Charles Wharton Stork early began
career of intensive study and applica­tion of principle which at considerably
less than fifty years of age have made him
one of the foremost translators from the
Norse languages and one of the recognized
poets of the day.

It were idle to recount degrees save
that they indicate the breadth of training
for a task, show the bent of the man as the
tools of his craft become familiar to
his hand. A.B. from Haverford College in nineteen hundred and two, A.M. of
Harvard two years later and Ph.D. of
the University of Pennsylvania; in nineteen
hundred and five, Charles Wharton
Stork went to Oxford where he began
an intensive research into the history, arts
and letters of the Nordic countries, a mat­ter which he pursued also at the University
of Munich for some time. Dr. Stork
served as Assistant in English, instructor
and Assistant Professor at the University
of Pennsylvania, resigning in nineteen six­
ten to engage in original literary work.

Tall, fair of skin, clear and direct of
eye, dynamic and forceful, so much a
casual glance tells. Listen to Wharton
Stork talk for a few minutes and it is very
evident that here is no waster of words.
It is a penetrating attention that is turned
upon the subject in hand: a quality of pen­etration that confines the matter to a state­ment of principles, a line of activity or an
outline for procedure. And withal there
is the sympathy of the interpreter. And
is not the interpreter the real teacher? It
is only possible, after all, to open the door
to knowledge, to indicate that in this direc­tion certain results are to be expected.

Poetry is inevitably the interpretation of
a man's vision. And as he visions so
is he very apt to be. For which reason
perhaps his apostrophe of Saint Francis
of Assisi published in the Commonweal
in nineteen hundred twenty-six is per­tinent matter to this appreciation.

Poverello
Seven hundred years ago it was you ended
Your mission, Poverello, having shown
What utter waste there is in wealth ex­
pended.

On things which minister to self alone.
You found anew the Christ-like joy of
living
For what no moth corrupts, no thief can
steal.

Hungry, half naked, you were always
giving
What the mind knows not but the heart
can feel.

You hailed alike a sister or a brother
In criminal, virgin, wolf, bird, moon and
sun;
What God had wrought, to you could not
be other,
And your love worshipped Him in every­
one.

How vain is now our pride in what we
do!
Ah, Little Brother, let us learn of you!
Charles Wharton Stork.

Possibly among the best known of
Wharton Stork's poems are "Day Dreams
of Greece," which was done in nineteen
eight, "The Queen of Orpulede," nineteen
ten, and the narrative poem, "Sea and
Bay," which was done in nineteen sixteen.
Not content with writing epic poems, Mr.
Stork has also translated much from the
Swedish: "Selected Poems of Gustaf
Froding," nineteen sixteen: "Sweden's
Laureate," (poems of Verner von Heiden­
sram) nineteen nineteen: "Modern Swed­dish Masterpieces," (short stories) nine­
ten twenty-three: "The Motherless of
Bengt Berg," nineteen twenty-four.

Not all of Wharton Stork's translations,
however, have been from the Swedish. He
has made important translations from
other Scandinavian tongues and from the German. Many books, plays and much folklore have been made available to the peoples of the English speaking countries through his efforts, "The Dragon and the Foreign Devils" from the Swedish of Johan Gunnar Andersson being his latest work in this field. He has also contributed translated matter to German and Swedish magazines. Two volumes of Contemporary Verse anthologies stand to his credit and a translation of "A Swedish Anthology of Verse." The list is long. These items serve to show the breadth and scope of the literary work undertaken.

There is a rapier-like quality in the address of this man to his work, a cleaving through to the very essence of the subject that defies analysis save as an expression of that spiritual consciousness which relates a tale in the language and purpose of its inception. This matter of re-expressing exactly the colors, the quality and the purpose of foreign writers in the English tongue is not only a matter of artistic achievement and pride to Wharton Stork but is in no small part an expression of his own conviction that only through a varied background of interest and achievement can the soul of the man see opportunity for furtherance of the world's work.

The point of departure matters little. The opening of new avenues of thought and expression. An amplification of knowledge. The expansion of the horizon of mind. An appreciation of the evidence at hand. What more practical hypothesis could be found from which to proceed?

So, out of the materials at hand—the opportunities which come at home—in Europe—the world over, with voice and pen and a most charming personality, Charles Wharton Stork substantiates his creed—to create a mood for the building—vision far, and—working, to proceed.


Art in its simplicity of appeal is the common denominator.


There are many who declare that painting is heard, that music is seen and that the poet but expresses in further vibration the rhythm and the form of color and sound. Certain it is that every poet is a musician of words, and frequently, as in the case of Wharton Stork, a lover of music and no mean musician.

I have never heard Mr. Stork make any claim to prowess with brush and canvas, but he has a very valuable collection of Sorolla's and another of rare Japanese prints upon his walls. Truly a man of Catholic taste. And it is from this most varied background of interest and achievement that the soul of the man sees opportunity for furtherance of the world's work.

The opening of new avenues of thought and expression. An amplification of knowledge. The expansion of the horizon of mind. An appreciation of the evidence at hand. What more practical hypothesis could be found from which to proceed?

So, out of the materials at hand—the opportunities which come at home—in Europe—the world over, with voice and pen and a most charming personality, Charles Wharton Stork substantiates his creed—to create a mood for the building—vision far, and—working, to proceed.


PROFESSOR NICHOLAS ROERICH'S RETURN TO AMERICA

As the Archer goes to press, word has been received that Professor Nicholas Roerich will return to the United States in the early summer after an absence of nearly five years, most of which were spent in exploring the desert and mountain wildernesses of Central Asia. This will be Professor Roerich's first trip to America since he left with the Roerich American expedition to Central Asia in 1923. Professor Roerich will be accompanied on his return trip by his son, Dr. George Roerich, orientalist and an authority on eastern languages.

The scientific and artistic world is awaiting with keen anticipation Professor Roerich's return to America to hear from him directly a report of his remarkable range and course of exploration. At one time no word was heard from the expedition for nearly a year and it was feared lost. From preliminary reports and from Professor Roerich's new book, "Altai-Himalaya," it is apparent that the expedition encountered great hardships and had to battle with adverse forces of both man and nature.

Despite these difficulties, Professor Roerich, during his absence from the United States, has collected a wealth of artistic and scientific material and has painted a panorama of 350 paintings which have been sent to the Roerich Museum in New York City. These paintings will be hung, with the other works which the Museum owns, in the new home of the Roerich Museum in the Master Building at 103rd Street and Riverside Drive, New York.

While in America, Professor Roerich will paint a huge fresco which will be placed in the entrance to the grand staircase of the new Roerich Museum. He will also go on a tour through the principal American cities which have invited him to talk about his journeys in Central Asia and on his art and philosophy.

FIGHT

By MARIE APPEL

I want to sit down and rest.
To gaze on the beauty of leaf and tree.
To ponder over the hidden worlds revealed among the tree-roots,
The tiny forests growing in the hot sand,
And the green moss, staining arabesques on a pinky-white stone;
They say that little flowering shrub over there
Will kill cows if they eat it,
But look how beautiful it is!
With little waxy flowers like green-white bells!
I want to dream over the hills and sea,
And I cannot.
Because there is One who stands by my side,
And says "Fight!"
I do not want to fight;
I am tired, very tired of fighting, I say.
And I want to sit down and rest,
And let the warm sand trickle slowly through my fingers,
Then I want to lie on my back, and gaze up into the blue sky

Until the earth drops away, and I am suspended
In a great blue bowl.
He takes no notice of what I say.
He does not even look at me.
But gazes afar, with strange blind eyes,
And says "Fight!"
I want to sit down and rest,
I whimper and plead,
And then I am angry.
But He forces me to rise, stumbling, with bleeding, tired feet,
Eyes burning with resentful tears.
And He still gazes afar...
But as I rise I see His face, glowing like a white flame,
His smile pierces my heart with joy like a sharp sword,
He turns and looks at me,
With strange eyes, no longer blind,
And says "Fight!"
INTERNATIONAL PRIZE STORY

HOW FATHER GOD WAS SNOWBOUND

By Rosa Fittinghoff

(Translated from the Swedish by Charles Wharton Stirk)

SOMETHING wonderful was going to happen! Little Vaino, the daughter of Notti the Lapp, was to go along out into the world as far as Huvelaby. She had been whirling all around in the snow, she had run races with Tyelni, Voymo, Surri and the rest of the dogs. She had told them that she was to drive in a sledge, drive with reindeer down to Huvelaby, which was beyond Rip Mountain on the other side of the lake, at least forty miles from the three tents where they lived. Up to now these three tents had been the only place on earth which little Vaino knew.

She would soon come back again, she said to the dogs, so that they shouldn't get discouraged and let their tails hang between their legs; but old grandmother had to go to the Lord's Supper. Of course they didn't know what that was. Little Vaino herself didn't exactly know what it was, but she thought that Father God came down and gave part of His body to one and all who came to the supper. When one had taken of God's body, it was as if one were lifted and carried right up to Father God as He sat on His throne up in heaven, little Vaino went on to tell the dogs. "And Father God had a crown on His head that shines like the sun, and His beard makes waves like the torrent in summer. And there in the clouds play little Lapp children that have become God's angels, and reindeer calves and goats run about. But the dogs He has for His footstool, because they guard His heaven from wicked trolls with humps of snow on their backs; but some­times they sped so fast over the crust. His feet told such merry stories, stories about ful things she should see and hear and ful things she should see and hear and

she couldn't see Father God coming, so little Vaino wanted to help her and tell her what He looked like and everything. She felt very big and busy, did little Vaino, for this was just the way people went on the regular caravans when the wandering Lapps migrated. Home was for them a fixed place in the three tents, it was only the men who sometimes went off; but still little Vaino had heard tell of the wandering life, of mountains where the reindeer moss grew, of Norway pas­turnage in the summer. And now she was big, she was old like grandmother, might sit in a sledge and go along with the procession. Little Vaino almost began to weep in pure sympathy for herself, for if she was that old she ought to be blind.

She crept down with her head under the reindeer skin. Everything was black, just as it was with grandmother all the time. Little Vaino stared out of the darkness under the cover. Then she stuck out her head and squinted through her few peep-hole in the clear frosty sky. Perhaps she couldn't see Father God coming, so she had to sit and talk to Him for long, long whiles when she was alone in the tent. Little Vaino knew that quite well, for she had many times stolen in to sit and listen to grandmother's talk, but she had never heard Father God's answer, though grandmother heard it. "Perhaps people hear better when they are blind," little Vaino thought with a slight sensa­tion of wonder.

There was a jerk. Little Vaino grew quite dizzy, her head came back to its right place so suddenly. She squinted in­quisitively out of her peep-hole as long as she could. They were up on the mountain top. There were wide white expanses in every direction she looked, and far, terribly far off were dark woods, which in the extreme distance held up heaven. Now Father God could see them, for so near heaven as this little Vaino had never been before. Could Father God understand Swedish? Grandmother couldn't more than a few words, but father and mother could, and little Vaino herself, for in the summer a traveling Lapp school teacher had taught them to read and talk Swedish.

Little Vaino was sure she could never sleep any more because of all the delight­ful things she should see and hear and have to think about. She began to listen to the crunch of the reindeer's hoofs as they sped so fast over the crust. His feet told such merry stories, stories about
ARCHER

the talk turned to the troll current and Lapland vengeance. The birches no longer crept out from under the snow, they began to stand up. Sometimes little Vaino laughed to herself, for she thought they were trying to look like Lappish chiefs, crook-legged but stout and solid, who could hold themselves up above the snow while they carried a load of it on their two arms and head.

Then a humming began in little Vaino's head, and she drowsed off.

* * *

The heavens flamed red with the Northern Lights when little Vaino was waked by the arrival at Huvelaby. She looked about her in a daze. Think if Father God had come already without her having seen Him step down from heaven!

But there was so much to be seen in Huvelaby that little Vaino almost forgot they had come there on account of Father God. Think of it! Six great log cabins, where moss grew on the walls, and the roofs were thatched with birch bark, and the poor creatures lived in the barn, saw the inquisitive look in her leg so that it was a wonder her Lapp trousers didn't rip, and she practiced crouching and saying "krrr." She turned up the white of her eye and finally considered that she could perfectly well play the roles of both hen and cock. Her crowing could fool anyone, even the cock himself, who was now worried for fear another cock had come to the village.

In the barn where the chickens were there was also a room where a couple of old people lived. The poor creatures were Well off there, for it was warm, though they had never seen anything so jolly as how they scratched in the straw, how they put their heads on one side, turned up their eyes and said "krrr," and how the cock crowed. Little Vaino scratched with her leg so that it was a wonder her Lapp trousers didn't rip, and she practiced crowing and saying "krrr." She turned up the white of her eye and finally considered that she could perfectly well play the roles of both hen and cock. Her crowing could fool anyone, even the cock himself, who was now worried for fear another cock had come to the village.

People were in a great hurry here in Tunessdal! It was only twenty miles from here to where the minister lived, but it was thirty-five miles to the church, so the village folk could never get to Church's house, though they were sick with longing to hear the proclamation of the word, Lapp Pietar said.

Little Vaino kept wondering what the body was and how it tasted, but she did not dare to ask. Little Vaino has never anything so jolly as how they scoured the floor, because in the tent at home there was no floor. First they splashed hot water on it, then the water trickled into the kitchen just as if the roof was weeping. In one of the cabins there was something giddily new to see. It was something called an iron stove. Someone stuck pieces of wood into a lit­tle wall, and then the stove got warm. It gave off a marvelous smell, little Vaino thought, and it looked like summer with green grass. The win­dows were very small, just as it was where the cows were.

On the wooden table lay a book that was as thick as an iron pot without any legs. "Bible" was written on it, and beside it was another book nearly as thick. One word on it was gone, but with an effort little Vaino could spell out the other as e, r, m, o, n, s—sermons. A lamp with a blackened and broken chimney stood near, and in the middle of the table stood a package. What could be in it? Coffee perhaps? Or cakes? Or goodies? Caramels? Old Sarah, the woman who lived in the barn, saw the inquisitive look and wondered if little Vaino wanted to see what was in the package. Indeed she did!

"It's a treasure, you may believe. We've been a long while getting it together. And we're so happy over it, for there's a great deal that's gone into it, you may believe."

Little Vaino began to get impatient when old Sarah was so awkward with her fingers and took so long to untie the knots, for it went slowly, and when one wrapping was taken off, there was still another—no, two or maybe three more still. Little Vaino's eyes sparkled in their slant setting. What was she about to see? If it might only be goodies so that she would get a caramel to suck!

At last all the knots were undone and the coverings off. Little Vaino advanced all the way up to old Sarah's knees. There she saw something shine.

"Look!" said the old woman, caressing the silver piece on her knee, "do you see the big, big coin that we shall have the honor of giving to the minister when he comes, so he can have it for the church they are going to build down there in Tunessdal? Perhaps we shall never get there, never get to hear God's word proclaimed in the temple, the holy temple of God that we have given our gift for. Do you think two crowns will be enough for a little stone of it?"

Old Sarah looked uneasily at little Vaino, who met her gaze wonderingly.

"Two crowns! Such a big, shining, splendid coin—surely it must be enough to buy a little stone, to buy many, many stones, big stones, perhaps the whole church?"

Little Vaino was so positive in her faith that she imparted some of it to the old woman. Sarah clasped her hands over the coin in a fervent prayer of thanks. It was something so marvelous, something so great, to possess a coin that was to build a temple where the folk of the
wilderness might feel the nearness of God.

She looked down at the coin in her shivered goaty hand. She saw the temple standing higher than any of the cabins around, she saw the candles of the Christmas morning service shine, she saw the congregation slowly advancing with reverent solemnity. She would have been so happy to have seen herself and the old man among the congregation... but they weren't there, they were lying out under the snow. But the singing went out to their grave-mound and at the Last Day the Lord would take them up into His kingdom.

The old woman had forgotten little Vaino, who was silently gazing at her, because these thoughts had become so bright and joyous that they had carried her away from earth with its hunger and cold and misery up to a world of visions never seen before. But little Vaino could not go along with old Sarah's thoughts; she found it tiresome to keep on standing there, so she tripped softly out to seek new discoveries in the new world which seemed to her so strangely big.

* * *

At last the day arrived when the minister was to come. All night the north wind had screamed around the corners of the houses, and the snow lay high above the window-sills. As soon as the road was cleared it was drifted up again. Little Vaino heard people saying that perhaps the minister would not dare to go out in such hard weather. He couldn't come by sleigh. Down in the settlement the vehicles were pulled by horses, there was no sledge, and furthermore the road was so warped that little Vaino could put a finger between the pales. The window-pane was broken and mended with a sack which tempted little Vaino incredibly to pull it out. That there were no curtains seemed very natural to her, for she was as little used to such things as to windows; in the tent at home there was as little sign of one as of the other.

Nobody but little Vaino noticed the creaking door and the sack in the window for the others had more sacred things to think of. Off on the wall-bed lay the lame woman. There was no chair in the cabin, so the minister sat on the edge of the bed. The room about him was filled with pious listeners. Everybody wanted to hear the words, everyone wanted to see the minister when he spoke.

It was a disappointment to little Vaino that the minister moved about just like an ordinary human being; in fact Lapp Pietar with his stiff, motionless head and solemn aspect was more imposing than the minister himself.

The door could not be closed on account of the many people who thronged about it as far as to the snowdrifts. As if in a howling rage, the storm crashed into the room, bearing with it thick clouds of snow. The broken window-pane cluttered, and there was a whistling where the blast rushed down the chimney and puffed clouds of smoke and ashes over the room.

But the people were hushed in reverent awe. Mother Katarina answered all the minister's questions clearly and distinctly. It seemed as if she knew more of God's word than the minister himself, though she sat there with long ministerial gown and collar. She looked so humble that he seemed to think himself unworthy of Father God's words.
to examine the old woman who lay sick, and yet his glance was radiantly happy. Little Vaino thought he looked as if he had received a rare present which he had long yearned for.

Father God would come soon now, wouldn't he? Perhaps it was he who was buffeting His way in over by the door, forcing Himself ahead through all the people and paying no attention to anyone.

Little Vaino peeped under the arms of those in front of her. Her heart almost stopped beating; it wasn't Father God who was pushing forward but—grandmother! Grandmother, too, wanted to have the Holy Supper, and as she could see nothing, she went by the sound of the voices.

But now Father God must come. Grandmother was such a good friend of Father God and she had journeyed here just to be able to taste His body!

The minister now began to question grandmother. There were so many strange words that old Vaino didn't know just what to say, so that her answers had no meaning. The minister began to look uncomfortable. Perhaps he, too, was waiting for Father God to come. He glanced about uncertainly at all the people, who stood listening in unbroken silence. Perhaps the minister wanted to realize that grandmother knew Father God better than all the other people did.

But the minister grew more and more troubled; little Vaino could see that quite plainly. There was complete silence in the room for a long while. Little Vaino heard her own heart beating all the way up in her ears.

Then grandmother's voice came out in the great silence: "I don't know how it is, for I feel that you, minister, don't understand me. Home in the tent I can talk with God as long as I will, and I know and feel that He understands all I say. You see, minister, He knows Lappish, but you don't know Lappish. You can't understand me because you don't know Lappish!"

Two big tears rolled slowly over her wrinkled cheeks.

Little Vaino, who was afraid the minister would be angry at what grandmother had said, saw to her astonishment that a shimmer of happiness seemed, as it were, to drive away the sad doubt which had come over his face. And his voice had a jubilant ring when he said, "If God can understand you when you speak Lappish with Him, then I, who am only one of the humblest of His servants, can certainly give you the Holy Supper with a clear conscience."

At this moment all the people tried to come in. Everybody wanted to share in what was going on, and little Vaino didn't know how she had managed to get out of the crowded cabin where they were now all down on their knees singing a hymn. She knew that Father God had still not come, but was sure if she kept standing outside she would see Him when He came. There were lots of other Lapps and Swedes there who couldn't find room inside. Perhaps they, too, were waiting for Father God.

Little Vaino didn't dare ask, she stood quite silent and gazed blankly up into space with her small slanting brown eyes, but time and again she had to stoop, because the snow swept around her in a whirling witch-dance. Little Vaino couldn't see as far as the next cabin, not even to the corner of the one by which she stood.

Suddenly she began to weep, convulsively but inaudibly so that no one noticed.

Little Vaino realized plainly and clearly that she wouldn't get to see Father God, because Father God couldn't possibly find them. The snow prevented Him from seeing the road from heaven, and no one had thought of going to meet Him. Of course no one could know from what direction He would come, and perhaps He had no horse that knew the road as the minister's did.

Little Vaino's heart was near to breaking with grief and bitter disappointment. She had been so near to seeing Father God—and then He couldn't come!

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Margaret C. Christie, author of the article on Dr. Charles Wharton Stork, is a writer of British extraction who has lived in New York for a number of years, and is an occasional contributor to American magazines. In addition to her writing activities, Miss Christie has for some years past served as critic and agent to a group of distinguished young writers.

Miss Christie's "How Father God Was Snowbound" won the prize in the International Prize Story Contest, is a Swedish writer.

Harvey Wiley Corbett and Henry M. Sugarman, who have both contributed articles in this issue of the Archers on the new Master Building, which is to house the Roerich Museum, are eminent architects of New York City and are also architects of the Master Building. Mr. Corbett was a former President of the Architectural League.

Dr. Charles Wharton Stork, who is President of the Society of Friends of the Roerich Museum, and Editor in Chief of the Archers, is the author of the distinctive group of poems appearing in this issue, and was formerly President of the Poetry Society of America.

Mrs. Maud Dale, artist, author and one of the great American collectors and connoisseurs, possesses one of the finest collections of modern French art in the world.

The author of "An Honest Man"—Monteiro Lobato, is a prominent Brazilian writer.

Mrs. Maud Dale, artist, author and one of the great American collectors and connoisseurs, possesses one of the finest collections of modern French art in the world.

Mary Siegrist takes high rank among contemporary poets, and is also a skillful writer of prose as made evident by her article in this number, "With Kahlil Gibran."

"The Curse of Genius," by May Roberts Clark, represents the subject of much research and devotion to her subject, and is regarded by the editors as authentic in every way.

Margaret Cooper McGiffert is a well known American writer.
ARCHITECTURE OF THE MASTER BUILDING

By Harvey Wiley Corbett, Architect

MANY new forms have appeared in the architectural world in the last ten years since the Zoning Regulations of the City of New York have gone into effect. Architects have found themselves confronted with new problems in mass design for which no precedent exists in history. The result has been a broadening out of the viewpoint of the designer and a search for new forms more definitely expressive of our present-day social and commercial life, of modern methods of steel construction and our modern uses of building materials.

The Master Building, at 103rd Street and Riverside Drive, containing the Roerich Museum with its wonderful collection of pictures by Prof. Nicholas Roerich, Master Institute of United Arts, Corona Mundi International Art Center and many other centers of art activity, is an outstanding example of this new and ever-growing trend toward a more perfect expression in building of the spirit and life of this very modern age.

The mere thought of combining in one unified building a museum and art school with a modern, very up-to-date apartment hotel, is unusual and indicative of the real unity which should exist between art and living. In former years art has been confined to private collections, not readily accessible to the public; the museums, rather separated from general public interest because of their location and awe-inspiring and monumental character; and art schools have had an air about them of something separate and apart from life itself, as though the production of art were a thing above the interest of the ordinary man. That time is past. The ordinary man is becoming increasingly interested in all phases of art. He expects to find it an inherent part of his daily life and the Master Building is the most potent expression of that idea yet to occur in this country.

The building itself will provide quarters not only for the very effective display of the world-renowned Roerich paintings, but will have adequate space for both executive and practical branches of the school work of Master Institute of United Arts, painting and sculpture studios, as well as music rooms. The main entrance will be on Riverside Drive at the grade level, giving access to a fine imposing stairway, the walls of the stair being well decorated by Professor Roerich with murals symbolizing the great spiritual association which must exist between art and the individual. At the center of the building on 103rd Street will be the entrance to the hotel, where is provided a spacious lobby, reception room, hotel office and restaurant, this last room extending the full length of the north side of the building and giving an extended view over Riverside Drive and the adjacent park. With the exception of this hotel entrance feature and the restaurant, the remainder of the ground floor and the three floors above will be occupied by the museum school and above this point rises an apartment hotel which is planned in every detail from the point of view of providing the modern city dweller with accommodations fitting in convenience and comfort to the inhabitant of the greatest metropolis of the world.

The building stands free of adjacent property on all sides. Every room is an
outside room, their being no interior courts or wells. The corners of the building are provided with windows which extend both sides to the corner itself so that occupants of these rooms may enjoy the view from two directions. In the upper half of the building, where the Zoning Regulations require set-backs, the building becomes a symmetrical terraced tower, each terrace being accessible from its adjacent apartment and providing veranda space, which makes an attractive outdoor feature unusual to the city dweller.

The architecture of the building is essentially modern in its design because only in this way could the designers express the modern problem which the building carries out. The exterior is of brick, treated in an unusual way starting with a very dark tone of purple and gradually grading from this up to a light gray at the top, so that the building has not only form, mass and silhouette, but color.

The Master Building will stand as the symbol of a modern idea of world-wide significance—expressed in a form pioneering the architecture of the immediate future—and will carry the message of world unity in Art.

ROERICH NOMINATED FOR PEACE AWARD

Reprint from The New York Times,
Sunday, March 3, 1929.

According to a cablegram received from Paris by the Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive, the names submitted to the Nobel Commission for the Peace Prize, which comprises members of the Norwegian Parliament at Oslo, include those of Secretary Kellogg of the United States, Senator Jouvenel of France, Professor Nicholas Roerich, former Premier Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain and former Premier Herriot of France.

Professor Roerich's name was presented officially through the Department of International Law of the University of Paris, and the committee of presentation comprised officials and members of the universities of various countries. As far as is known, this is the first time that an artist and scientist has been nominated as a candidate for the peace award, on the basis that efforts for international peace through art and culture have brought about better understanding of international relations.

In presenting the name of Professor Roerich, the committee of presentation states, among other things:

"Since 1890, Nicholas Roerich, through his writings, through his lectures, researches, paintings and through the many fields into which his broad personality has led him, has forcefully expended the teaching of international brotherhood. His propaganda for peace has penetrated into more than twenty-one countries and the recognition of its influence has been testified by the widely different activities which have invited his assistance.

"As an artist, one of the greatest that history has produced, his paintings have illustrated the great volume of beauty and spiritual light symbolized by his teaching. The significance of their universal appeal is seen in the foundation in New York of the Roerich Museum that the people might have permanent residence in a symbol of a modern idea of world-wide influence. These past expressions of the Roerich Museum's field of activity may be. He is essentially a product of all the experiences, thoughts, forms and schools of expression which have preceded him and which surround him both in form and in thought. Upon the proper assimilation and classification of all this past and present knowledge; upon the experiences, gathered lucid thinking and graduated and clearer expression, will depend the success or failure of the work of the architect, as well as its place in the sun of accepted good taste and its permanent influence on art and architecture.

Architecture should be considered as a dynamic force in art. It is alive, always changing, always pulsating, always expressive. Looking backwards, we must regard the works of a particular period as a true expression of the life of that period, of its locale, of its materials, its thoughts, religion and activity. To accomplish such a synthesis of creation, it is not necessary to disregard our wonderful past heritage. These past expressions and styles become the base, the alphabet of the architect's intentions. Only with experience in the application of this alphabet, plus the mental clarity gained by intimate knowledge of current life and thought, can the architect, almost unknowingly, originate (if there be such a thing) new style. After all, so far as style itself is considered, rather than the result as a whole, there is no such thing as pure originality. Forms which are fundamental to one style may be used; slight modifications in form are made because of material, juxtaposition of other materials, colors, costs, quality of craftsmanship. These forms are elaborated and improved by others and as time goes on we find that we are conscious of a new style. Let us take Louis XVI. One may follow it through all its ramifications, through the different workshops of various masters or artisans, in novel as well as in palace, in the plastic arts as well as in the constructive; in costume, in music and in literature. Each element contributed its share in developing all other elements, and, taken together, really constituted the Louis XVI Period.

Personally, I believe that architecture, especially in this country, is on the road to a higher peak of achievement than it has ever attained before, because we have gone through the processes of experimenting with Renaissance style, Neo-Grecque, Italian, French and Spanish, Baroque, English periods, the Louis periods and all the other styles which were fitting in their time and place but which often become eyesores here. These fundamentals have by now been digested in literature as well as our art, in our politics as well as in our finance, and we are now surely and speedily stretching ourselves, feeling our strength and have started to create our own heritage—our house, our ideas, our clothes. But woe to that architect who thinks it his solemn duty to originate, just to do things differently, to revolutionize! Woe to him, if he discards the heritage of his fathers solely because it is a heritage. Good taste, good judgment, experience, the fundamentals, are still existing and will not be ignored. If a new alphabet is invented it may be
ingenious, but it must first be put in the
library. You cannot at once use it, as all
people will not use it. They will not
understand it and unless it is absorbed and
improved and changed, through all its
evolutions, it is dead and meaningless.

Architecture is and must be a conser-
ervative art, a building can only be a good
work of architecture if it be a true solu-
tion of the utilitarian problem for which
it was designed and constructed. Full
account must be taken of its relative posi-
tion and the materials used. Architecture
is a dynamic art and its advancement here
and today is attributable to those selfsame
current tendencies which are alleged by
some to be disastrous to the finer things
of life. Yet the claim that the machine
age, the machine mind in architecture, re-
ligion, art and in thought which have
severed the heart and soul out of our
lives, seems to me a delusion; as we rea-
alyze that our art, particularly, and above
all, our architecture, is commencing to be
expressive of ourselves. Our cities, after
all, express no other cities than our own.
They are full of character. They do ex-
press the force and vitality of our people.
And our buildings, in the outer and inner
dress, are expressing our methods of liv-
ing, working and playing. They do ex-
press our pulsating force, our thought and
our continual striving for better things.
We do show that we are emerging from
our swaddling clothes. Our forms, our
dress, or mannerisms, are commencing to
reflect a synthesis of the experience of
what has gone before, and the expression
of what we are and how today and
what we believe the future demands in our
expression. Coincident with this is the
general feeling of this country to study,
contact and understand the rest of the
world of politics, art and finance, and at
the same time be creatively independent.
Architecture, more than any other art,
WE SHALL SEE
By NICHOLAS ROERICH
Translated by MARY SIEGRIST

I shall ascend
Once more shall my voice resound.
Whither did you go from me?
Your voices deafened
On the rocks. No more can I distinguish
Your voice from a falling branch, from the flight
Of a migrating bird. My calls
To you were also drowned.
I do not know whether you will go
But I still long
To reach the height. The stones
Already stand bare. The moss becomes
Fainter, and the juniper
Withers and stands weakly.
Your rope would be useful
To me too; but also alone
I shall ascend.

THE SUMMONING ONE

Thou, coming One, in the night-silence,
They say Thou art unseen
But this is not true.
I know hundreds of people
And each has seen Thee.
See Thee at least once.
A few poor and ignorant ones
Did not succeed in seeing Thine image.
Thou changing, many-guised!
Thou dost not want to terrify us.
Life. Thou dost not want to terrify us.
And Thou passest by in silence and in stillness.
Thine eyes can sparkle.
Thy voice can thunder.
And the hand can be heavy
Even for black stone.
But Thou dost not sparkle,
Thou dost not thunder,
Thou dost not bring forth destruction.
Thou knowest
That destruction is less than rest.
Thou knowest that stillness
Is louder than thunder. Thou knowest
In the stillness, coming and
Summoning One.

DROPS

The precious fluid. The tiny sprays,
Upon whom will they fall? I shall not have
The needed not earlier than tomorrow.
But today's day is still long.
When will it come—the tomorrow?

1920.
NEVER in history has there been such a country as America for work and for the results of work, which are money and power. But work in itself is not an adequate ideal for life, neither are money and power. With our material needs so fully taken care of, the question is: What shall we do with this money and power? In many cases the answer seems to be: Get more money and power. That is, of course, only a sort of grown-up childishness. A more intelligent answer is: Use money and power for leisure and relaxation. How are we using our leisure in America today: for mere diversion, for sensuous excitement, or for mental and spiritual development? By the answer to this we may judge whether or not this country is or is not likely to become a cultivated nation.

We have probably no better criterion of the matter than the state of the theatre in New York City. With unparalleled resources of money, talent and equipment, what are the results? First, a limitless feast of what is often well called ear and eye entertainment, provided partly by the movies, partly by the musical comedies. Is there, then, no creative intelligence to be found in the New York theatre today, nothing similar to the drama. Among the few productions worth notice may be mentioned repertoire revivals of Ibsen, Tchekhov, etc., by Miss Blanche Yurka and Miss Eva Le Gallienne. Mr. Philip Barry's "Holiday" gives one at least an evening with pleasant people, though the idea faintly adumbrated as a theme is soon lost in a fog of talk. The work of Eugene O'Neill is being received with increasing dissatisfaction, his genuine gift for primitive emotion is lost in a strain for dramatic novelty and intellectual omniscience. His psychology is hardly more responsible than that of a musical comedy and it is not so funny. In Mr. Jed Harris we find another talented playwright who is auto-hypnotized by his own success. In "Front Page" he gives us nothing but profanity and banality. Fortunately even journalistic life is not as bad as that.

Out of the welter emerges at present just one play by an American, "Street Scene" by Elmer Rice. Here is a man who looks honestly at the life about him and presents a sincere interpretation touched with the light of vision, and by that very touch it becomes more real and also more humorous than any photography. Its comedy and its beauty are brought out by the only method that has ever succeeded, i.e., sincerity and sympathy. Skilful construction and good acting help because in this case they are not employed on claptrap.

What do we need in the theatre then? More plays like "Street Scene," to be sure, and also more plays of other types. We need plays of all kinds about real and interesting people. We need heroic plays that are not, like "The Road to Rome," jazzed down to a lower level. We need more comedies like Mr. George Kelly's "Show-Off," where the peculiarieties of characters are seen in a medium of common sense and kindness. We need tragedies that, like Mr. Sidney Howard's "Silver Chord," penetrate the dark places of human depravity and passion. We need revivals, like that of Ben Jonson's "Volpone," which are both spirited and vital. Most of all, perhaps, we need plays of imagination, like those of Shaw and Barrie, which are not disquisitions or vague fancies but sustained and consistent works of art. There are plenty of glimpses of the right sort of plays, and their popular success proves that whatever is wrong it is not primarily the public. At present the trend of the drama hardly seems to be in the direction of sweetness and light, to use Arnold's Victorian phrase, and yet, properly understood in the changed conditions of today, that is almost surely what the people of New York and of America really want. If they care enough to fight for it they will get it. And then for the first time the country will come to know the meaning of the word "entertainment."
A BUL FAIZI, the great Persian poet, one of Akbar's beloved counselors, has written, "Oh God, in every temple I see people that seek Thee. And in every spoken language I hear people praise Thee. Each religion says, 'Thou art one, without equal.' If it be a Mosque, people murmur Thy holy praise, and if it be a Christian Church, people ring the bell from love of Thee. Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister and sometimes the Mosque. But it is Thee, whom I search from temple to temple. . . . Heresy for the heretic; religion for the orthodox—but the dust of the rose petal belongs to the heart of the perfume-seller!"

In this expression of synthesis, in this declaration that striving for the Essence brings us to the heart of beauty, is captured admirably the impression given by the book "Altai-Himalaya"* by Nicholas Roerich, which has just appeared as "Archer" goes to press.

This book, as Claude Bragdon has written in his introduction, comprises the notes of Roerich as "they were inscribed on horseback and in the tent." Herein we have the heart of Roerich the artist, the revelation of Asia's beauty by the first great artist to penetrate her unexplored depths. As he proceeds upon his way, this vital seeker after beauty, this follower of a vision visible only to the elect, sets down these vivid and lasting moments, much as he takes out his sketch book and in a few decisive lines, immortalizes bits of landscape or immemorable fragments of thought.

Gradually these successive sparks of his trip flow into a continuous pageant touching all aspects of his journey. One sees Roerich approaching the threshold of Asia. Through Sinai and the Red Sea, catching the distant song of India, he brings us to India itself and travels the ancient trails of Aryavarta. He pauses at his first extended stop before the Himalayas, feeling the clear wind of the North and catching the breath of the "unseen life of the East." All this is woven into the web of India which Roerich paints for us with words. He visits the ancient monasteries; he follows the hazardous trails of the pilgrim and climbs the narrow paths to the mountain summits. He sees Asia in her sacred dances—dances reverberating as the ancient night-camps of the hordes of Jenghis and Timur. Kashmir next beckons to him and on the site of those great waves of surging and passing migrations, he continues his paintings.

The path goes on—across the Pass of Zoji La to the joyous country of Little Tibet. And it is here that Roerich feels the great synthesis of all Teachings, the interweaving of the ways of Christ, of Buddha, of Mahomet, of Confucius and other great Teachers who trod the paths of the East.

Over the great promontories he encounters the giant adversaries which have so rarely been conquered by westerners—the passes of Sasser, Khardong, Karakorum. One senses how, against blinding blizzards, against the persecutions of the Kashmirian dragon-like storms, the great moving body of men and of animals, slowly marches upon the mountain citadels, approaches them, finally surmounts them. It is a tense moment when the breath is held. Then begin the descents into the

* "Altai-Himalaya" by Nicholas Roerich, with Introduction by Claude Bragdon, Published by F. A. Stokes and Company, 1929.
desert. Thus Roerich continues his path, as Bragdon says, "like some indefatigable hunter, seeking the hidden truths, the unrevealed word, in point of fact; but knowing all the while that the things he seeks are within himself." So he progresses through Turkestan, througb Altai, through Mongolia, the Gobi, Tibet—back to Sikkim, his point of departure, traversing and capturing the heart of the East. Against the obstacles created by Nature and animals he proceeds, and in the succession of his days, and the night-camp fires, Roerich marks the rumors, the hopes, the tidings, which pass like a wind through the peopled and unpeopled spaces of Asia—pulse of the new hope and image of the future.

Wherein, one may ask, lies the essential quality of the book? In its rare beauty, in its arresting of the eternal essence of each moment. It is not strange that the artist should have caught the beauty of the future. Roerich conveys to us an implicit message that our world is a theater of the eternal. "Each reaches in his own way. One nearer, one further; one beautifully, one distortedly; but all are concerned with the same predestined. It is especially striking to see such consciousness at a time when not the printed page, but sound itself—the Awaited White Burkhan. The Mésanges or subtle silences. One perceives it like tones, drip from it and form a theme, a leit motif. Gradually through the seeming isolation of each anecdote and legend which Roerich cites, you detect a flowing as of some melody, and finally you realize that you are hearing the symphony of Asia, whose themes interrelate and intertwine, and at moments rise to thunderous fortissimos or subtle silences. One perceives it as an orchestration of many themes—the great prophecies of the future, the legends of Christ and Buddha eternal and lonely searchers; of Maitreya the Coming One, whose name is the summoning note of the Kalki Avatar. And the Chinese at the Bridge. The Moslems await the appearance of the Revealed Word, in point of fact; but know thyself have spoken to many people, then you know the reality of what is related. You understand why, of these sacred matters, one speaks only in the stillness of the evening, in quiet penetrating tones; why, if some one enters, do all become silent. But if you say to them that they may continue the conversation in the presence of the guest your words will be met with a reverent bow. And it is not you who receives the silent significant bow but the Great Maitreya Himself."
ARCHER

SYMBOLS OF THE ARTIST

Translated from the Norwegian of
Henrik Ibsen

By Charles Wharton Stork

THE MINER

Crash along your echoing way,
Tunnel, to my hammer play!
Through the live rock I must battle,
Till I hear the ring of metal.

In the mountain's dismal night
I see treasure beckoning bright:
Jewels glorious to behold are
Set where veins of ruddy gold are.

In the depths, too, there is peace,
Calm unvexed by time's caprice.
On! good hammer, downward breaking;
'Tis the mountain's heart I'm seeking.

To the depths, then! There is peace,
Calm unvexed by time's caprice.
On! good hammer, downward breaking;
'Tis the mountain's heart I'm seeking.

POWER OF MIND

Do you know the animal trainer's trick
Of teaching a bear so the lesson will stick?
He chains the beast in a brewing-kettle,
Then lights a fire close under the metal.

Meanwhile he cranks an organ that wheezes
"My heart's as light the summer breeze is."
Poor Bruin, tortured half out of his senses,
Can't keep still, so perchance he dances.

And whenever he hears that tune repeat,
A devil of dancing goes into his feet.
I've stood in a red-hot kettle, too,
What a blast of music the organ blew!

At the root of my nails is a piercing pain—
And I have to start dancing in verse again.

ARCHER

THE EIDER DUCK

In springtime the eider cleaves its way
North where a fjord looms leaden-gray.

It plucks the tender down from its breast
To fashion a warm and cozy nest.

But the fjord-side fisherman—heartless clown!—
Plunders the nest of its precious down.

The faithful eider, thus bereft,
Plucks more down to replace the theft.

Robbed yet again, in some nook of the shore
It feathers its dwelling yet once more.

But with the third time, outraged quite,
It spreads its wings in the cold May night.

And turns toward the south its bleeding breast,
South to the sunlands for warmth and rest.

A SWAN

My swan mysterious,
Thou white one that ever
Kept silence and never
Burst forth delirious.

Hushed with terror
O' th' slumbering demon,
Would'st thou dream on
The watery mirror.

WITH A WATER-LILY

See, beloved, what I've brought here,
With white pinions overwrought here!
On the tranquil streamlet floating,
Deep in reverie 'twas floating.

Home 'twould be to such a blossom,
If you set it on your bosom.
For beneath it, softly gliding,
Deep the current would be hiding.

Linger not beside the stream there!
Perl-fraught it were to dream there.
Lo, a sprite of treacherous power
Sleepless lurks behind the flower!

'Tis your breast, the quiet stream there.
Perl-fraught it were to dream there.
Sleepless underneath the flower
Lurks a sprite of treacherous power.

Yet with parting—
No fear could remain more—
No need to contain more
The tones out-starting.

As notes came ringing
Thy voyage was done, lo!
Thy death was singing;
Thou wast a swan, lo!
THE CENTENARY OF ROMANTICISM
1827-1830, 1927-1930
By MAUD DALE

By 1830 Paris had a small army of determined young men, many of whom had flocked to the city from the provinces. On the night of the famous premiere performance of Hugo's "Hernani," burning with his ideals, they took by assault the Theatre Francais, the very house of Molire and Classicism, and won an important victory for Romanticism. They battled, not only on the first night of "Hernani," but for thirty consecutive performances, against any expression of disapproval by Conservatives in the audience. This might sound delightfully like Opera Bouffe but later it became more serious. In a high state of spiritual exaltation these same young men accomplished that magnificent demonstration known as the Revolution of 1830; Louis Philippe was put on the throne of France. Fighting had been confined to Paris and the whole thing done in three days! Even the weather seemed to join in the fighting, offering their lives in devotion to country and love of liberty. The results affected spiritual exaltation these same young men accomplished th at magnificent demonstration known as the Revolution of 1830; Louis Philippe was put on the throne of France. Fighting had been confined to Paris and the whole thing done in three days! Even the weather seemed to join in the fighting, offering their lives in devotion to country and love of liberty. The results affected the whole world was to be swept up and carried along in the Romantic Movement. The Paris of those days was a most wondrous gathering of genius, talent and passionate enthusiasm and one re-visions the scene in the magic of such names as Ingres, Delacroix and Daumier; Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, those princes of romance; Saint-Beuve, De Vigny, de Musset, Merimee and Chateaubriand, poets, critics, belles-lettres; Thiers, Guizot, and Michelet, the historians; Heine and Stendhal from across the Rhine; George Sand and Daniel Stern, famous feminists of the day as well as novelists; Rachel, the tragedienne and La Malibran the Spanish singer; Cherubini, Meyerbeer, Rossini and Berlioz, who was creating a new world of music that Wagner inherited a quarter of a century later. Chopin had found his way to France from Poland and Liszt from Hungary. Liszt, young and poor, in a state of mental and physical dejection, just recovering from a severe illness, was in Paris during the Revolution of 1830. The booming of the cannons completely cured him and in a furor of improvisation, he arose from his bed and composed the Symphonie Revolutionaire and dedicated it to Lafayette who was still living.

It was Liszt who organized the celebrated Chopin surprise party with Delacroix, Heine, Meyerbeer, George Sand and, among the guests, the beautiful Madame d'Agoult who later was to desert Paris and her family to follow Liszt around the world, bear him three children, one of whom we know as Cosima Wagner. Liszt and Madame d'Agoult spent a summer under the protection of George Sand at her property Nohant in Berry when a great amount of conversation and work was accomplished. George Sand was always keenly interested in the lives of those about her and she never hesitated to use them or her own experiences and emotions in her books. This ardent and passionate soul, in the exercise of a free genius and a large liberty, achieved a success so remarkable it has not been equalled, even in these days of complete liberation of women.

The events and people she accumulated are of the highest distinction and importance. Many of the circumstances are now immortal. She was always deeply involved; attacking each situation with a confidence that seems to have made any attempt at resistance on the part of the more or less bleeding objects of her assaults quite futile. She recovered from these encounters with an added force that was to prove the event only a test of her strength and resistance. It is just in the degree of immortality attached to these adventures and George Sand's ability always to survive, that her greatest fame rests. The lives and letters of Saint-Beuve are the richer for the part she played in them; it is almost all of de Musset's poetry; while she managed to occupy large parts of Liszt's life she dominated the most of the whole productive years of Chopin's career.

Chopin had suffered from wretched health, nerves and melancholy from childhood and was in desperate need of the care and home that George Sand gave him for many years. Chopin turned for relief from his life to something in his own soil, much more beautiful and inspiring; it was the source upon which he drew, and the story of its treasure has been told in his wondrous, enchanting music. Liszt was a keen observer and has left us the most vivid description of Chopin. Delacroix has left us a portrait. Delacroix and Chopin were the best of friends although they never could agree on the subject of art, Chopin being a great admirer of Ingres' painting. Certainly the art of Ingres, still a little Classic, and the music of Chopin seem very close just as the music of Liszt resembles the art of Delacroix and is all Romantic.

A continued war was waged over the respective merits of Ingres and Delacroix by their admirers, not only during their lives but long after their deaths although it was impossible to compare them, each
being equally talented but in very different ways.

Delacroix was more interested in the Revolution of 1830, more so than Ingres, although they both were on guard in the Musee du Louvre during the night of July 31st when the fighting was at its height.

In the Salon of 1831, Delacroix showed his painting called “Liberty Guiding the People on the Barricades.” It was purchased by Louis Philippe who also decorated the artist. For the artists of today the greatest revelation of his genius is in his “Journal” and the “Essays.” When he wrote “I realised one day that a piece of white linen was green in its reflections and violet in the shade,” he stated a truth the Impressionists were to battle valiantly for fifty years later.

A vast history of this time has been told in the caricatures of Daumier, Guys and Gavarni. The most popular of the three was Gavarni, the droll, the dandy, the darling of the salons, who steps lightly across the scene, never stale or tired and always the humorist in his work.

Guys, rather dry, more interested in the trivial, the familiar, the modes, or the “correct thing” he had acquired during his years in London was, never the less, a fine draftsman and most reliable historian.

Daumier made life, human life, his passion, and his work was the story of human suffering, eternal and inevitable, beautiful in its helplessness, in its persistent struggle to survive in spite of wounds and deformities, even when the God in man had hidden in shame. Daumier was considered merely a caricaturist by his contemporaries who saw only his violently expressed political and social opinions and not the importance of his art. He was even obliged to accept the hospitality of Corot in the end, when, almost blind, without money and ill, he could work no longer.

In April of 1927 his “Wagon de Troisieme Classe” was sold in London for 912,000 francs and in May “La Blanchisseuse” was bought by the Musee du Louvre for 701,000 francs at the Paul Bureax sale in Paris. This last picture has beauty, harmony and charm in the noblest sense of these words. The figure of the woman mounting the steps from the river with her burden of laundry and tired child, is beautiful in its feeling of resignation, and peace in a labor done. The small clutching child has the charm of all innocent, helpless, trusting creatures. The figure of the woman silhouetted. Today we can see Daumier as one of the greatest artists of all time.

The Classic tradition had been imperialistic in its insistence that Truth and Beauty in the arts could not exist except within the forms and rules of the Classicism. The Romantics of 1827-1830, affirming their belief that while Truth and Beauty are eternal and unchangeable in their essence, they are revealed to man in many different ways and forms. They fought against intellectual imperialism for the right to a greater liberty of imagination and expression in which to interpret their particular vision of Truth and Beauty. They believed that the arts must find new forms to live in our ever-changing, plastic world.

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“H e’s a good sort, is Joao. He wouldn’t hurt a living soul—and honest! Why, he’s as honest as the day—honest beyond compare!” was what they all said of Joao Pereira.

Pereira worked in a government department. He had started as clerk to a notary public, then had gone into the boot and shoe business as shop hand in the A. Imperador dos Borzeguins store.

He left the boot store because he could not stand the business methods of the proprietor which were summed up in the old trade maxim: “Gato por Lebre” or “They’ll never know the difference”; and he had left the notary’s because he was perfectly hopeless at devising extras to fill out the legal emoluments of the worshipful registrar. Sily booby! He held strictly to the scale of fees as if they were the sacred tables of the law of Moses.

It was ten years since he had entered the civil service as an amanuensis, and he had never moved a step forward. No one took any interest in him—honest scruples, not pride, kept him from having recourse to the wiles so skilfully employed by his colleagues in the struggle for promotion.

“I want to rise by merit, legally, honestly!” he would say—and those who knew what life was smiled pityingly.

Pereira married early and for love—no other marriage motive appealed to him—and he had two grown-up daughters. His salary was small, the little family eked out by home toil. Dona Maricota made candy, the girls took in crocheting and he had two grown-up daughters. His salary was small, the little family eked out by home toil. Dona Maricota made candy, the girls took in crocheting —and thus they drew Life’s wain along.

They lived happily. Yes, happily! No vain ambitions racked them—and happiness, as we know, is less a condition of wealth than of the prudent submission of the humble.

“If there’s health, everything’s all right,” was the family motto.

Then one day a telegram came.

In humble homes the arrival of a telegram is a serious matter, dreaded as the almost certain announcement of misfortune. When the messenger knocks at the door and delivers the folded green slip, hearts beat fast.

“Lord! What can it be?”

This telegram, however, brought no bad news. Joao Pereira had an uncle living up country, and he had wired inviting him to act as sponsor at his daughter’s wedding.

It was an unexpected honor, and Pereira went gladly. He went second-class because he had never traveled first, nor could he afford to.

Well received, notwithstanding his old-fashioned black suit, he performed his task with due solemnity, cracked the usual jokes afterward with the bridal pair, ate his share of the wedding cake, kissed his niece, and the next day took his leave.

Uncle and the newlyweds, happy and contented, accompanied Joao to the station, but when they saw him put his bag in a second-class carriage, they protested.

“No, we can’t allow that, Joao! You must go first class.”

“But I’ll fix it. Here you are!”

-A Brazilian saying. The vintem is a copper coin.
João smiled. He thought of something clever the experts had overlooked: turning the hot smoke from the engine into the second-class carriages! Odd, they hadn't stumbled on the idea.

Then he called to mind the theaters, and he could see now that it was all the same thing. The gallery seats were meant to keep the spectators up there in remembrance of their odious and criminal condition.

"Poor, are you? Well, sit on that bench! Backache for yours—and don't holler about not seeing or hearing everything going on on the stage!"

Pereira was still philosophizing in this disconsolate way when the train entered the station.

Everybody got out in style, packages and grips carried by obsequious porters. He alone bore his—a small, cheap suitcase of imitation leather.

In the street the newsboys' crying reminded him that he had left a paper in the train.

Is it worthwhile keeping a newspaper which has been read? Yes, indeed, it is, and so much so that Pereira hurried back to get it. A bit of paper in the house always comes in handy.

On entering the empty Pullman his foot bumped against a package on the floor.

"Hello! I'm not the only forgetful one," he said to himself with a smile as he stooped to pick it up.

Whatever could it be? Curiosity is not the prerogative of women only. João felt the parcel, smelt it, and finally tore the wrapper slightly at one corner.

Money!

Plenty of money, a parcelful of money! Pereira felt a tremor pass through him; he blushed. If they were ever to see him—alone in the car with that parcel burning his fingers! "Stop thief!"

He forgot the newspaper and went straight off to look for the station master.

"One minute, please!"

The chief interrupted his work for a second, glanced round indifferently, and said, "Yes, what is it?"

"I found this parcel in the train. It is full of money."

At the sound of the magic word, "money," the station master sat up and, opening his eyes wide in one of the genuine surprises of his life, exclaimed almost pathetically:

"Money!"

"Yes, money," confirmed João. "I came up from Hymenopolis and, on getting into the station... ."

"Here, let's see it!"

João put the parcel on the table. The station master, spectacles pushed up on forehead, undid the twine, opened the wrapper, and, oh wonderful! it was indeed money, bundles and bundles of bank notes!

He counted them with giddy fingers.

"Three hundred and sixty contos of reis!*

The chief was frankly taken aback. He stared at the sternamente being in front of him. His jaw dropped. Then, rising from his seat, he said with a sincere ring in his voice:

"I want to have the honor of shaking hands with the most honest man I have ever seen. You are the personification of honesty, sir. Shake!"

João humbly shook hands with him and also with other officials who had approached out of curiosity.

"Your case," remarked the station master, "will become famous. I've been working in this company for thirty years and never heard of such a thing before."

* About $14,000.

Money lost is money gone for good, except when found by a... . By the way, sir, what's your name?"

"João Pereira."

"By João Pereira, the Honest Man."

João went out, treading on air. Virtue has its rewards, let them say what they like, and the consciousness of having done a worthy deed produces an indelible feeling of ecstasy. João really felt a good deal happier than if he had had those three hundred and sixty contos in his pocket, his forever.

Arrived home, he related the story to his wife without telling her, however, the amount of the find.

"You did quite right," she said. "Poverty with honor. A good name is worth more than riches. I always div this into the girls' ears and remind them of the example of our neighbor on the left who is rich but filthy as a pig."

João embraced her, moved, and the matter would have gone no further had the Devil not stepped in and prodded the curiosity of the good dame.

Dona Maricota, the embracing over, put the question to João:

"But how much was there in the parcel?"

"Three hundred and sixty contos."

The woman blinked half-a-dozen times as if something had blown into her eyes.

"H—h—how much?"

"Three hundred and sixty contos!"

Dona Maricota continued to wink for a few seconds, dazed. Then she raised her eyes to heaven and opened her mouth. The word "money" had never meant contos and contos of reis to her; in her poverty "money" was a hundred, two hundred, or, at the outside, five hundred milreis. On hearing the story of the parcel, she had figured on something like a few hundred milreis. When, however, it dawned on her that the amount reached...
the towering height of three hundred and sixty contos of reis, she had the greatest shock of her life. She stood there for a while stunned, with her head in a whirl. Then, recovering swiftly, she came at her husband with a hysterical scream, seized him by the collar, and shook him violently.

"Oh! You idiot! How could you give up three hundred and sixty contos? Why, not if an angel in heaven were to—Och! IDIOT! Idiot! I—di—di—di—"

And she collapsed in a chair, sobbing convulsively.

João was thunderstruck. He had been living all these years with Maricota without really getting to the bottom of her soul? He tried to see how her conduct was to think one should alter one's soul? He should have handed over the money in secret, so that nobody would ever have heard about it.

He said nothing but got up, took his hat, and went out.

At the office he found consolation. The girls smiled sarcastically and left the room, exchanging murmurs of contempt.

"Poor, foolish father! Too pitiful for any sympathy. Wouldn't it give you a pain?"

This undreamed-of disrespect from his daughters hurt João worse than his wife's contumely. Well, well! So this was his reward for a life of sacrifice spent in unwavering obedience to the dictates of honor! Insults from his wife, cen­sure and flouting from his daughters. Could he be in the wrong, after all?

Yes, wrong in one respect, he said to himself. He should have handed over the money in secret, so that nobody would ever have heard about it.

The papers next day published an ac­count of the affair. They praised Pereira's conduct warmly—a "rare and noble act," showing Sr. João Pereira to be the possessor of those fine moral qualities that are the foundations of the character of a nation.

His wife read the item out loud at the breakfast table—they were doing without dessert that morning—and then, turning to one of the girls, said:

"Candoca, take this newspaper article to your grocer's and see if you can trade it for half a kilo of marmalade."

João looked at her with infinite sad­ness. He said nothing but got up, took his hat, and went out.

At the office he found consolation. They received him with congratulations and flattering words.

"Your act is one of those that dignify the human race," said a colleague, grasping his hand.

Pereira shook hands, but listlessly now. He would have preferred them not to have taken so much notice of the matter.

They were all curious to hear the story from his own lips and crowded round him.

"Tell us how it happened, João."

"It's very simple," said Pereira drily.

"I found a parcel with money. It was mine. I delivered it up—that's all."

"Delivered it to the owner?"

"No, to the station master."

"Good. But, listen João, you really should not have handed over that money before knowing to whom it belonged."

"That's so," chimed in another voice, "not before knowing to whom it belonged and not before the owner claimed it. . . ."

"... and proved that it was his!" capped a third.

Joaó showed irritation.

"But what have you got to do with the matter, anyhow? I did what my con­science ordered me to do, and that settles it. I can't understand this kind of half-inch honesty you fellows preach, by God, I can't!"

"Don't be angry, old boy! We're only giving our opinion on a matter that's come out in the papers. You've become the topic of the day, you know, and topics can be discussed, can't they?"

The head of the department entering at this moment, the talk ceased. Each one settled down to work at his re­presentative desk, and João set to once more with a sour face and wounded heart.

At night, in bed and a bit calmer, Dona Maricota returned to the subject.

"You were too precipitate, João. You needn't have been in such a hurry to de­liver the parcel. Why not have brought it home first? I should have loved to see it and feel it, at least!"

"What an idea! See it, feel it? What for?"

"It would have been a treat for a poor wretch like myself who has never even as much as seen a five hundred milreis note. Three hundred and sixty contos. . . !"

"Don't take on like that, Maricota! We had enough of it yesterday."

"Can't help it, João. My feelings are too strong for me."

"But, listen, Maricota, tell me honestly from your heart—do you really and truly think I was wrong in doing what I did?"

"I think you ought to have brought the parcel home and consulted me about it. We would have kept the parcel until the owner claimed it and proved that it was hers."

"But it would have come to the same thing. The money would never have been mine!"

"It would have been yours in the mean­time, you silly! But there you are, you can never reason things out properly. Your head isn't right. And so we have to go on living this miserable life, eating the bread which the Devil has kneaded!*"

"Miserable life? When we've always been happy—never even realized we were poor!"

"Yes, but I realize it now, because it's only now that we've had a chance to be­come rich. It was a sorte grande**—a great gift that God sent us!"

"God!"

"Yes, God, and you have offended Him by thrusting it from you! We could have been rich people today, aiding charities, helping the sick—ah! so much good that we could have been doing! But this 'honesty' of yours. . . ."

"This honesty!?"

"Yes, yes, of course! There's a limit to everything, my good man. Take one,

* A Brazilian saying.
** First prize in the lottery.
and you're a thief; get a thousand, and
you're a baron, you know that very well!
Look at your companions—there's Nunes
who began just as you did in the registry,
and now he owns a car and has a house
of his own."

"But Nunes is a thief!"

"Thief, fiddlesticks! Then there's
Claraboia—he's opened a hat factory.
Miguel—just imagine, a man like Miguel
has bought a piece of land in Villa
Marianna."

"But Miguel is a counterfeiter, Marici
tona!"

"Stuff and nonsense! He has a clear
head, that's what's the matter. He knows
a thing or two. He's not a booby like
you!"

And there was no more harmony in
the home of the Honest Man. Farewell,
peace! Farewell, concord! Farewell,
humility! The place became a perfect
inferno. One heard sighs, laments, harsh
words on every side. Pereira had prac
tically lost his spouse. He could not rec
nove in the embittered, brooding crea
ture held in thrall by the visions the three
hundred and sixty contos had conjured
up his former gentle helpmate.

And the chorus that the pert, saucy
 tongued daughters formed with her:
"Climéne's dress cost five hundred
milreis. When shall we ever get one like
that?" "He-m! I don't know. People
sometimes find dresses in the street—not
one, but hundreds!" "What good does
that do, if you find them and lose them
again immediately?"

In the office, also, peace had vanished.
Every day they tormented him with gibes
and grieving.

A colleague came in one day and an
ounced:

"Say, fellows, I found a diamond
brooch in the street!"

"And you took it straight to the Chief,
didn't you?"

"No fear! I'm not a bloody fool! Took
it to the shop, it is. They gave me four hundred and fifty
milreis for it, and you're all invited to a big blowout on Sunday."

And, turning toward Joao with a sly
wink at the boys:

"You're coming, aren't you, Pereira?"

The martyr made no reply, pretending
to be absorbed in his work.

"Won't give us the honor, eh? . . .
He's an Honest Man, fellows! Privi
ted race, superior people, don't mix
with common folks. . . . Well, we're
going to licker up, we're going to drink
up the whole blooming brooch! We're
not all born to be calendar saints!"

And the worst was that ever since the
fatal find Joao Pereira found himself
being looked down upon socially. Rela
tives and friends got into the habit of
referring to him as a simpleton. If any
one suggested his name in connection with
business, a deprecatory smile was sure
to greet the motion.

"No, Joao won't do. He's a joke."

They were all convinced that Pereira
was out of touch with the times he lived
in. The secret of success is to be a man
of one's day and generation. . . .
Six months later the wretchedness in
the Pereira home was complete. Gone
all her former gaiety, Dona Maricota had
become thoroughly ill humored. She
lived in a perpetual sulk, neglectful of
domestic affairs, given over to sighing
and grieving.

"What's the good of struggling? We'll
never get ahead. Opportunity comes only
once and, if not seized, is gone forever."

This neglect of the home made the
financial burden heavier, for most of the
household arrangements had to be under
taken by Joao himself at extra expense,
WITH KAHLIL GIBRAN
By Mary Siegrist

IN Kahlil Gibran, the Syrian, there lives the spirit of the philosopher, the poet and the prophet. So finely do they merge that it is not easy to discover their separate identities. It would indeed be a thankless task to try to disassociate them. All have gone into the expansion of the consciousness of the poet-prophet as revealed in "The Prophet" and in his latest work, "Sand and Foam.

It is significant that, like Keats, who wanted the epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," so this singer writes:

I am forever walking these shores Between the sand and the foam. The high tide will erase my footprints And the wind will blow away the foam.

But as in the case of "Adonais," not easily will the "high tide erase the footprints" of this seeker. Already he is securely inscribed upon the tablet of human hearts. In his rounded, clean-cut cadences there is the translucent quality, the clarion call, of the prophet. To him life is fluid and forever changing. His rhythms move forward, ebb and flow in curving, recurrent wave-lengths. The outer world he sees as the divine raiment of the unseen reality. As he hymns the fragrance of the earth, the joy of seed-time and harvest, the beauty that "leads the heart from things fashioned of wood and stone to the holy mountain" his thought-forms, true to the rhythm of the ascending and descending life-forms, have all the arresting quality of the spiral. Like that great poet-painter, Nicholas Roerich, he too is consecrated to the establishment of a new world-order. He too is the champion of life lived from within, from the center of being. He is the poet of the "great unfear." He would have all aspiring ones hail life joyfully and accept gladly its joy and its sorrow. He taps deep the wells of consciousness; enters the "vital rhythms at their innermost sources." With fine, clean marksman-like he sends out the "blessed arrow" of his thought. He would have all men free, all men discriminating and living consciously in the god-self. He rejoices and suffers with every struggling creature that walks the world. He is never cerebral; his lines come singing the harmonious, finely cadenced song of the heart and the head. It is with the heart first that he recognizes and contacts his fellow men. His, too, is a part of the new gospel for humanity, one of tremendous sweep and challenge.

Like every "prophet of God in quest of the uttermost," Gibran has found much revealed of that "which lies between birth and death." What he writes therefore has the finality, the inevitability, the wisdom-beauty that truth alone can give. In The Prophet we have these lines:

And the elders of the city stood forth and said: Go not yet away from us. Suffer not yet our eyes to hunger for your face. And ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation. Now therefore disclose us to ourselves. And he answered, People of Orpheus, of what can I speak save of that which is even now moving within your souls?

Then said Almitra, Speak to us of love. The prophet then speaks these words of profound import:

When love beckons you, follow him. Though his ways are hard and steep.

And when his wings enfold you yield to him. Though the sword among his pinions may wound you. And when he speaks to you believe in him. Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden. All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your hearts and in that knowledge become a fragment of life's heart. When you love you should not say, "God is in my heart," but rather, "I am in the heart of God."

In this deep-visioned teaching Gibran is with those spiritually elect few who have taught the true inwardness and spirituality of love. Envisaging a greater humanity, he sees the individual harmonious and fully integrated only when, in the words of the old sage, "the inner and the outer are as one." He would have all men fling wide open the gates of their hearts; he would have them pray in the silences of their souls. In the exalted, ecstatic quality of his Song of Songs is indicated his glorified vision of what man in his god-self may attain to. In the insight of his utterance on Crime and Punishment we hear no less a master speak. In it he goes to the very taproots of consciousness. Jurors and judges as well as the rank and file of men may well ponder his words. In them lies the analysis and whereby, in a sense, the panacea for crime.

Like the ocean is your god-self; But your god-self dwells not alone in your being. Much in you is still man and much in you is not yet man. And of the man in you would I now speak. For it is he and not your god-self nor the pigmy in the mist that knows crime and the punishment of crime. Ofentimes have I heard you speak of one who commits a crime as though he were not of you but a stranger unto you and an intruder upon your world.

But I say that even the holy and the righteous cannot rise beyond the highest which is in each of you. So the wicked and the weak cannot fall lower than the lowest which is in you also. And as a single leaf turns not yellow but with the silent knowledge of the whole tree.

So the wrong-doer cannot do wrong without the hidden will of you all. Like a procession you walk together towards your god-self.

In this fundamental principle of justice, formulated as it were by the very mouth of the muse, lies a whole new world of jurisprudence.

On Freedom we have this paradox: You shall be free indeed when your days are not without a care nor your nights without a want and a grief. But rather when these things girdle your life and yet you rise above them naked and unbound. Vertily all things move within your being in constant half-embrace. And thus your freedom when it loses its fetters becomes itself the fetter of a greater freedom.

Always the Prophet tries to turn discord and the rivalry of the elements into oneness and melody, but he asks, How shall I, unless you yourselves be also the peacemakers, nay, the lovers of all your elements?

Among the hills, when you sit in the cool shade of the white poplars, sharing the peace and serenity of distant fields and meadows then let your heart say in silence, God rests in reason.
And when the storm comes and the mighty wind shakes the forest, and thun­
der and lightning proclaim the majesty of the sky, then let your heart say in awe, God moves in passion.

And since you are a breath in God's sphere, and a leaf in God's forest, you too should rest in reason and move in passion.

Kahlil Gibran would have us accept the seasons of the heart “even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields.” Much of our pain, he points out, is self-chosen. It is the bitter potion by which the physician within you heals your sick self.

Therefore trust the physician and drink his remedy.

More especially since “each must seek and find for himself, the vision of one man lends not its wings to another man.”

And of Friendship, who has said a more exquisite thing:

Your friend is your need answered. He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving.

And let your best be for your friend. If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know its flood also.

In your longing for your giant self lies your goodness: and that longing is in all of you. The truly good ask not the naked, “Where is your garment?” nor the houseless, “What has befallen your house?”

And again: What is prayer but the expansion of yourself? This temple is far naught but ecstasy and sweet communion. You shall not humble yourself nor beg for the good of others. It is enough that you enter the temple invisible.

Of Religion: Is it not all deeds and all reflections—a and wonder and surprise ever springing in the soul, even while the hands hew the stone or tend the loom?

Of Death: If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open wide your heart unto the body of life. For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one. Trust the dreams for in them is hidden the gate to eternity. What is it to die but to stand naked in the wind, and melt into the sun?

Of Beauty: People of Orphalese, beauty is life when life unvels her lovely face. But you are life and you are the veil. Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror. But you are eternity and you are the mirror.

Finally at evening: We wanderers, ever seeking the lonelier way, begin no day where we have ended another day; and no sunrise finds us where sunset has left us. You shall not deploure having known blindness, nor regret having been deaf.

For in that day you shall know the hidden purposes in all things. And you shall bless darkness as you would bless light. Fare you well, people of Orphalese. A little while and my longing shall gather dust and foam for another body. A little while, a moment of rest upon the wind, and another woman shall bear me.

Not only Almitra, but all those who hunger for the face of beauty, will remember these words of the Prophet and know their truth for every son of man: A little while, a moment of rest upon the wind, and another woman shall bear me.

In Sand and Foam, Gibran’s latest book of poems, parables and aphorisms, there is the same element of mysticism, the familiar endless vista, the same sense of sphericity of thought, of worlds within worlds opening out in ever new wonder.

These cadences, cryptic and oracular, are distillations of the poet’s own spirit. They are so sensitively modulated, have such depth and transparence of thought, that they lose nothing of the sense of horizons through their brevity.

Here, as earlier, he is the singer who sings Life’s heart and the philosopher who speaks her mind. His philosophy could be treated of in formidable tomes yet it can be grasped by the simplest child-mind. Always he stands reverent before the eternal mystery of man and the universe. He postulates no theories, advances no doctrines. He does not chart the way to the Holy City. Mere dexterity and cleverness he pities rather than despises. “Only once,” he says, “have I been made mute. It was when a man asked me ‘Who are you?’ Clearly he sees life’s endlessness, its timelessness: sees and bodies forth the whole journey of man. He is a veritable “planet with intelligent lives dwelling upon it.” This he sees as the goal of every man. He is an endless seeker and for his journey he takes the sword of silence. “Give me silence,” he cries, “and I will outdare the night.” Always he seeks the second birth of wholeness and harmony for every man.

He has I know not what large awareness, what gentle sureness, what luminous insight with which he penetrates the doors of his own spirit and those of the cosmos. He is withal leisurely and spacious as are his own spirit and those of the cosmos. He measures time by the movement of countless suns. “They measure time by little machines in their tiny pockets.” His appointments are with his own kindred—the spiritually great. Thus he is freed forever of the company of the small ones. “Now tell me, how could we ever meet at the same time and the same place?” he asks of these.

So largely, so genially does he envisage the uses of pain that he asks: “Do not the spirits who dwell in the ether envy man his pain?” Well he knows the cataclysms and metamorphoses of the spirit. He knows that “only love and death change all things.” He never loses faith in the justice of life for he realizes that the

“dreams of those who sleep upon feathers are not more beautiful than the dreams of those who sleep upon the earth. He is universal, never particular and sectional, declaring that the ‘poet’s mind and the scorpion’s tail rise in glory from the same earth.”

The sources of his poetry lie far within. “Poetry is not an opinion expressed. It is a song that rises from a bleeding wound or a smiling mouth.” Out of his wounds and out of his joy he makes his songs. They are timeless, freighted as they are with great words of the spirit, blown by great winds. For Kahlil Gibran sings to us out of our silence. He has listened to the voices of day and night, of the seasons, of the moon and the stars, of mountains and valleys, of oceans and winds and of the tides, of thunder and calm sails, and he has listened with infinite compassion to the heartbeats of humanity. That is why he has a voice for each. That is why he has gone so far upon the slope of the Blessed Mountain.

It is the highest mountain in the world. Should you reach the summit you would have only one desire, and that to descend and be with those who dwell in the deepest valley.

That is why it is called the Blessed Mountain.

To the latest work of Gibran, Jesus the Son of Man, there will be as many reactions on the part of readers as there are minds. For each man sees the divine Man of the universe through the lens of his own vision, circumscribed by the limits of his own inner experience and the arc of his own aspirations. Those who have been hungering for a poet-Christ—and a Christ could surely not be less than poet—will find in this work rare illumination, exaltation and beauty. Scientists and philosophers, theologians and thinking minds everywhere today, in coming a little closer,
ARCHER

But they are empty-handed
And they are not crucified with the great crucifixion.
And therein is their pain.
The world crucifies them every day
But only in little ways.
The sky is not shaken
And the earth travails not with her dead.
They are crucified and there is none yet to witness their agony.
Yet they would be crucified again and again
That your God may be their God
And your father their father.
Poet, Singer, Great Heart,
May our God bless your name,
And the womb that held you and the breasts
That gave you milk.
And may God forgive us all.

ARCHER

This symposium of the Son of Man brings one nearer not only to the vision and realization of the Man Jesus but to the ocean of Holy Breath. One feels anew that ‘we all are kin, each one a part of the great human heart,’ that ‘in due time the lowest and the highest will arise to walk in light.’

‘And I beheld the face of the thief who was crucified afterward at His right hand.’

FOLLOWING HOOVER ROUTE WITH ART

Following with art the route over which President Hoover carried diplomacy, Miss Frances R. Grant, second vice-president of the Roerich Museum, sailed on March 28 for South America, to spend several months following in President Hoover’s footsteps through Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina and other South American countries, visiting museums and art centers to establish closer cultural relationships between these countries and the United States. Miss Grant will represent not only the Roerich Museum but also the Society of Friends of Roerich Museum, the Master Institute of United Arts, and Corona Mundi, International Art Center.

Miss Grant intends to bring back examples of native creative expression and will invite South American artists to send their works for exhibition in this country and also to arrange for exhibits in South America by artists of the United States.

In a recent cable sent to the Roerich Museum, Miss Grant announced that Dr. Augusto B. Leguia, President of the Republic of Peru, had accepted to serve as an Honorary Advisor of the Roerich Museum.

Miss Grant is particularly well fitted for her South American mission. She was born in New Mexico and speaks Spanish and Portuguese fluently.

It may be, to the truth of the poet, are coming to emphasize more and more the conception of the poet-Christ as ensouled of the man Jesus. But even as seen from the inner world of poetry—the poetry of spiritual truth—the problem of understanding, of comprehending a life lived at such a height remains a baffling one. Yet all readers in search of the larger thought of the Son of Man, however much at variance their own preconceived views may be, will at least respond to the beauty there is in this orchestration, this full canvas, this towering pyramid—the work may be likened to each of these—and will find joy in these finer ethers of interpretation.

In this work Gibran has assembled the characters in the life of Jesus, his friends and his enemies, in much the same way as are those of the Arthurian legends, the Canterbury tales, Chanson de Roland, and others of the great epics. Friends and enemies—Jew, Persian, Babylonian, Greek, Roman—hold up before us the mirror of their own consciousness of Jesus. By the mouth of his kindred, by high priest, philosopher, shepherd, carpenter, logician, harlot, merchant, what not, Jesus is portrayed as he is glimpsed or misapprehended of each.

The ensemble of characters speak in sharply drawn contrasts. Fundamentally, in certain aspects, as set forth in the utterances of Jesus and of those nearest to him, the book is a philosophy, a philosophy of the author himself. The Madman and The Prophet are its natural precursors. Through years of study and meditation it must have grown and taken form and been raised up into this pyramid. What it will mean to readers will depend upon their states and stages of consciousness. On widely differing planes of consciousness there will be corresponding differences of conception, just as were those in the case of the blind men touching the elephant, for we are all blind in varying degrees before the mysteries, all purblind before the highest. Some will get back reassurance of their own conception, others will doubt or reject, still others be filled with the joy and wonder of a new portrait. And all alike will have the realization of noble poetry not less than symphonic in great portraiture. All those who, full of beauty, view with beauty, will find new flowers of truth.

In assembling the various faces of this portrait, Gibran has given to his characters a penetratingness which many of them, no doubt, did not actually possess. Certainly not the artlessness and satisfyingness of speech he has made native to spiritual truth. This intensification and clarification of powers lies within the province of the poet; he must give them a tongue. In this way dramatic truth is served. In its fullness and diversity of portraiture, its new insights and perceptions, the work will mark another crossroad in our enlarged understanding of the character of Jesus. For this poetic representation, many inner reconciliations and insights must have been born in the poet’s soul.

A symposium of the Son of Man is unique in literature. In it the theme has been so universalized and lifted to such a height of beauty that it will wing the conception of all those who have vision of the Master. If in the various characters we are given only flashes of the inner experience, the imagination fills in the silence. Winged are the words of a man from Lebanon nineteen centuries afterward:

The free men unshackled,
Sons of your mother earth and space.
They are like the birds of the sky
And like the lilies of the field.
They live your life and think your thoughts
And they echo your song.

Lebanon nineteen centuries afterward:

And all alike will have the realization of
Winged are the words of a man from
Lebanon nineteen centuries afterward:

The free men unshackled,
Sons of your mother earth and space.
They are like the birds of the sky
And like the lilies of the field.
They live your life and think your thoughts
And they echo your song.
he thought of it anxiously. When he had
troubled dreams, they always took
the form of seeing the Sioux discover
its hiding-place; or it lay before him faded
and broken. At such times, he would cry
out to his mother, like any other child:
"Ahi! Ahi!"

Then, Bright Star always came to him
through the dim glow of the lodge fire.
Holding his hands, she listened to his
dreams. When the story was done she
would sit for a time in booming silence.
The firelight showed the same dread of
mystery in her eyes which some of our
other artists have given to those of the
Madones. When the boy could endure
the stillness no longer he would whisper:
"Sing, oh little atira, 'Ahi, you Ponca!"

That was always their programme.
While Bright Star crooned the old chant
the boy slept again; but often, the sun-
rise found the mother still with wide and
weary eyes.

Perhaps it was the artistic influence
of Bright Star which drove Kiwuk more and
more to the pursuits of other youths.
In time he grew to the stature and ideals
of his people. When he had reached the
accepted age of manhood, he hunted and
fought with the best of the Pawnees.

A change of country meant a change
of methods. It was so easy to burn a
hollow in a block of wood that pottery
was almost forgotten. Soon nothing was
made but the cooking vessels; and even
these were rudely stamped in willow
moulds.

But a few specimens of the beautiful,
old-time art still remained intact and
were handed down as heirlooms.
Because of the Pawnee reverence for things
of antiquity, these old jars were con-
sidered second only to the Sacred Buns-
dles which, blackened by age and in-
umerable lodge fires, hung in their mys-
terious wrappings far back among the
rafter. One of the earliest things which Kiwuk
could remember was the appearance of
each of these old vessels, with the sun-
light glinting on the rain-cloud symbol
which ran in terraces across its variegated
surface. To his dying day he never for-
got that picture.
From the smoke-hole overhead, a single
shaft of light fell on the hearth and
seemed to put out the fire. Beyond this
small disc of sunshine, the lodge stretched
away into deeper and deeper gloom. The
child felt dimly the presence of familiar
objects. He was vaguely conscious of
the odor of buffalo-succotash. He knew
that his mother was singing, "Ahi, you
Ponca!" But all of these things served
only as a background for that beautiful
vessel on the hearth which Tirawa, Him-
self, had blessed with the sunshine.

That was the beginning of it all. A
passionate love of beauty in form and
color grew with the boy's stature. Some-
times he sat for hours and brooded over
a flower, a butterfly, or more often still,
the ancient rain-cloud vessel which had
grown to be the fetish of his childhood.

This old jar had become so much a
part of his life that in the wild nights
of the First Thunder, when he was fright-
ened by the mighty voice of Tirawa, he
could forget the raging storm outside by
thinking of its lines and colors. Often,
he planned improvements on the original
design.

When the semi-annual exodus to the
hunting fields took place, his greatest
worry was for the safety of this old
vessel. Whether the buffalo were plen-
tiful or not, seemed to him a small mat-
ter by comparison. He always went with
his mother when she cached it with the
other valuables which could not be car-
pied on the trail.

And through all the moons of absence
through a long evolution of form and
color. There had been hundreds—thou-
sands—of it, which to the mother's eyes
had seemed an endless array of different
objects. Kiwuk knew better. They were
all The Jar in the several stages of its
progress toward perfection.

Occasionally, though rarely, Kiwuk
would tell his mother of his work, even
if she did not understand. And Bright
Star would listen with a mind divided be-
tween incomprehension of his enthusiasm,
and pride in his confidences which were
shared with no one else but Chief Left
Hand of the Skidi Pawnees. He, it was,
who had taught Kiwuk the pottery which
in times far back had been squaw work;
and as such, contemptible.

"The Jar, oh light of the lodge," he
said to her one evening, "shall tell the
proud story of the Sun family. All the
people of all the moons and the winters
shall read it."

Bright Star gazed far away, beyond
the moving people, beyond the horses
and the outlying lodges of the Middle
Village. Her glance took in the count-
less fireflies which gleamed on restless
wings along the river.

"But the people come and go, like
those," she said with a gesture toward
the dancing lights, "and no one reads the
pots."

"Have I not read them, atira?"

"But you—you are different."

"Yes, I am different. So shall The
Jar be. Not covered only with emblems.
It shall tell a tale like the pictured robes.
Because of its beauty the tribes will read
it. They will read the story of the Sun
people. Why have the Pawnees never
put their tales in talking pots that will
endure? See now, our jar of the rain-
cloud, is it not old? Even Chief Left
Hand has told you. Yet it is not perfect.
It tells no story. But The Jar—it shall
last. Because of its beauty and its story
they will preserve it forever. The rain-cloud vessel is old—old. No man knows.

Have not the very chiefs of that day been forgotten? And yet it remains.

Aira, that is to live."

Bright Star heaved a secret sigh. She knew the intensity of his voice from of old. It was too dark to see, now, but she felt sure that his eyes were blazing like a warrior's in battle. What was this strange thing which Tirawa had fashioned in the giant of the Sun people? Why should The Jar mean so much? Because of it Kiwuk would not marry. Soon she would be a much old woman, and no grand-children would call joyously as she passed, “A-tik-a! A-tika!”

The long silence of Bright Star grieved Kiwuk and he asked wistfully:

"Is it not good, a'tia?"

"It is much good," answered the loyal mother, and Kiwuk was content. He stretched his lazy length along the breezy roof of the outer passage and turned his face to the sky. Numberless constellations of the eternal stars had come out to mock the transient fire-flies. Kiwuk watched them with the thrill which he always felt in their presence. Somehow they seemed to pulse in time to the buffaloes, the rain-cloud, the fire-light, which flickered uncertainly over the face of her sleeping child. First a delicate fragrance stole out from the robe, and then a great red jar emerged.

Kiwuk betrayed his interest by a deep sigh. Left Hand glanced up with quick comprehension.

"I do not wonder," he said kindly. "It is much good. The sweet-smelling clay of which you made it must have cost a fortune."

"It cost a fortune, a'tia, but it is good." Kiwuk went to his sleeping place and came again with a big bundle wrapped in a precious robe. Gently he pulled back the covering as a mother might from the face of her sleeping child. First a delicate fragrance stole out from the robe, and then a great red jar emerged.

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"It cost a fortune, a'tia, but it is good."

A long silence fell between them. Now and then, Kiwuk would stretch out a naked arm from beneath his robe and would turn The Jar without speaking. Even the fire-light, which flickered uncertainly over the beautiful vessel, failed to warp its outline. It was very good.

At last Kiwuk forced his mind, with difficulty, from his masterpiece.

"Is there news among the Skidi?"

"I do not know," answered Kiwuk. "Have you not heard, a'tia? Spotted Horse with many old braves goes on the war-trail tomorrow."

"Against the Sioux? There will be much glory."

"Against the Cheyennes. There will be much glory."

Kiwuk turned over and fixed his eyes on O-pir-i-kuts, which was his dream star. He waited. He wished to be early at the war-dance, but The Jar was first. As Kiwuk looked at it anxiously he was smitten with the dread of the artist, that he might die before his task was finished. Who could tell whether he would return from his meeting with the Cheyennes? He decided not to cache The Jar as usual. In spite of the risks, he would take it on the trail. Perhaps, when the chiefs would call a halt, he might find time for the painting. When that was done he could rest contentedly.

That spring the war-dance and the hunt-dance merged in one. Even then, it was very brief. A deep dread of the Cheyennes was upon the Pawnee people. By high sun of the second day after the herald's announcement, the summer hunt filed gloomily out across the withered prairie.

The straggling procession went a long way, and a long way, traveling far. At last, one morning at sun-up, faint signs of the buffalo were reported. The head chief called a halt while the scouts were sent out once more to reconnoitre.

Kiwuk was rich enough to carry a cowhide lodge for himself alone. It was one of the first in position. Bright Star was still working with the smoke-hole sails, when he went inside and shut the door-flaps behind him.

He knew that the scouts might not return before morning, for the moon was nearly full; and as yet, no one had seen the buffalo or the Cheyennes. The crucial hour had come. Now, The Jar was to be painted for the last time—if Tirawa gave success.

The hands of Kiwuk shook as he filled the pipe of sacrifice. After he had offered a smoke to each of the directions, and to the dead of the underworld, he gave four solemn pulls to the Father-of-all-things, while he repeated impressively the ancient formula of acknowledgment:

"This, that you dwell above. Alone you are ruling. This, that I am living my life."

"We also go against the Cheyennes."

"Have your scouts returned?"

"They have returned with word of many moving enemies."

"What brings the Cheyennes eastward?"

"It is the Bitter Hunger. In the time of growing, the rain came not. The green things died. The buffalo went afar. As you know, our hunting was poor. In the winter some of us went with tightened belts. Among the Cheyennes. Tirawa smote many, and they died. Now, the whole tribe moves toward our hunting grounds. The fight will tell who must starve—they or we. Even yet, the clouds are dry. The buffalo are few and scattered."

"It will be a bitter fight, a'tia. There will be much glory for the Pawnees."

"There will be much glory," agreed Left Hand.

Then, for a time, they sat in gloomy silence and blinked at the lodge fire which was beginning to smoke. At last, Left Hand spoke:

"The head chief says that we go two days beyond now for this summer hunt. It is very soon. We must beat the Cheyennes to the buffalo grounds. Already, the runners have been sent to the other villages. The heralds will announce it at sunrise."

"Hark, a'tia, what is that?"

A deep, booming, wordless voice made itself heard inside the lodge.

"Even now," answered Left Hand, "the head chief's herald is calling the news. Farewell. I go to the Skidi."
When the prayer was done, he collected his materials and began upon The Jar with feverish eagerness. Once, as he worked, Bright Star peeped between the door-flaps. Her anxiety had gotten the better of her knowledge that she was only a squaw. It was a time of stress in the tribe and she asked timidly:

“What if the people knew?”

But Kiwuk, although he did not scold her, waved her off imperiously. Day passed and darkness came, but the artist never left his lodge. Some of the people wondered, but none of them looked in, as they were free to do at other places. The young giant of the Sun people had a manner which held the curious in leash.

Darkness made the lodge fire necessary, but after it was lighted, the tent grew as hot as the desert at high sun in mid-summer. Great sweat-drops fell like dew from Kiwuk's naked body. But he was unconscious of heat, or hunger, or anything but his work.

That night went swiftly to Kiwuk, but later, Kiwuk heard through his absorption, the voice of his mother singing the wailing prayer which had been his own creation. For a moment they looked at each other in silent farewell. Then, Kiwuk turned on his heel and was off for battle, but he hesitated over the parting.

For the rest of the night, he tried to sleep but it was useless. Time and again he threw fresh branches on the fire that he might gloat over his masterpiece. Now, as he studied it from his pallet with hot, dry eyes, it was hard for him to believe that it was his own creation.

That night went swiftly to Kiwuk, but to Bright Star, it seemed endless. She did not interrupt him again, but she sat where she could watch his face and hands. Several times his big, naked body heaved to and fro in the fire-light. At his feet the little, whispering flames struggled upward toward the wonderful Jar which had absorbed so much of the maker's life that it had grown to be more than clay and pigment. To Kiwuk, it was something that could feel and understand.

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with Left Hand in his great arms, his speed had increased marvelously. Only once, he paused. That was when he discovered the renegade, Yelping Coyote, hiding from the battle in a tall bunch of blue-stem grass. Kiwuk gave the coward one flaming glance and passed on.

Yelping Coyote turned sick of dread. But the young giant who had caused all of this anguish had forgotten the episode. His mind was filled with visions of The Jar. As soon as he had given Left Hand to the women, he turned and looked across the prairie. Far away he could see the vanguard of the victorious Pawnees headed for camp. There was no reason, then, for joining them. He could go on to his lodge with an easy conscience.

A few minutes later, he dug up The Jar and carried it into the lodge. Once, while he painted breathlessly on the sun, he thought that he heard some one at the door. He was so engrossed that he did not look up in time to see the sneering face of Yelping Coyote. If he had, perhaps, the charge of cowardice might never have been brought against him.

But what else could the stern old head chief think, when Yelping Coyote led the returned warriors to Kiwuk’s door and drew back the curtain? There sat the young giant calmly finishing a freshly painted vessel. As the door-flaps parted noisily, Kiwuk looked up in amazement. His jaw dropped when he saw the massed faces of the head-men grim with war-paint and stained from battle. His expression looked guilty to the warriors. The head-chief asked him how long he had been back from the battle.

Kiwuk answered that he had returned only now, with the wounded Left Hand. The head-chief made a gesture of dissent. He told Kiuk that no one had seen him in battle since high sun.

It flashed into Kiwuk’s mind that what the head-chief said was true. It must have been about high sun when he and the Skidi were cut off from the main body of the Pawnees. Now, no one was alive who knew, except Left Hand and he was still unconscious.

A cold sweat broke out on Kiwuk’s forehead. But he could not believe that they would think him a coward. He looked anxiously at the faces in the crowd. At last, his glance settled with a glint on Yelping Coyote. He understood the origin of his trouble, now; but he knew that it was impossible to escape suspicion by charging another with cowardice. The more he thought of it, the worse his case appeared. Why had he not gone back to meet the warriors? For the first time in his life, his eyes were full of bitterness as they rested for a moment on The Jar.

“But the people will tell you,” he pleaded, “that only now I have brought in Left Hand.”

“Will the people tell us where you have been since high sun?”

“The people cannot tell. I have been with Left Hand. Have the warriors seen Left Hand since high sun?”

“The warriors have not seen him. He has lain long wounded in battle. You have not.”

Kiwuk had a raw gash on his shoulder, but he turned it from his accusers. Warriors, before this, had been known to inflict themselves in the hope of escaping death. In the awful silence which followed, Kiwuk’s mind worked in a panic. Suddenly, he remembered a thread of evidence.

“The scalps?” he cried. “The scalps!”

He turned with a quick hop toward the pallet—too near the door—and took them as Kiwuk had left his trophies. Suddenly he stepped and shook with abject terror. The scalps were gone. To this day no one knows the mystery of their going. The absence of this evidence suggested a new suspicion to the headmen. It was true. If Kiwuk had fought faithfully, even until high sun, he should have scalps. Not one was producible.

When the fathers marched back to the council lodge, Kiwuk went before as a prisoner in disgrace. During the discussion of his case nothing but incriminating evidence came to light. It was remarkable, how many insignificant things arose to accuse him. Something, too, of the prejudice which had been felt against him in his hermit-like childhood, revived again.

At any other time, the action of the council would have been more deliberate. But the warriors were fresh from a bitter conflict and could not abide the shirk. Because of the Pawnee victory, the tribal pride ran mad in its arrogance. The head-men were not fit to sit in judgment. But they did.

Kiwuk was condemned. Until the next night, he was to be bound to a dead tree in the center of the village that he might serve as a horrible example. At sunset he must die by the arrow.

The sentence was a surprise to the people. They had expected a more terrible ending. Whether a weakening had taken place in favor of the criminal, or whether it was out of respect to the blameless and illustrious Sun people, no one could tell. But Kiwuk was grateful for the boon of a decent execution. During the council he had learned to hope for nothing better.

Now, his only chance for life lay in the recovery of Left Hand; but when they led him forth, the Skidi chief was still raging in delirium.

While the head-men were preparing the rawhide thongs under the cottonwood, Kiwuk stood beyond the little fire with folded arms. Behind him, the rising moon served to accentuate the majesty of his great body and the spirited poise of his beautiful head. Calmly and silently, he waited, ignoring his accusers.

When the guards bound him, unresisting to the tree, the people were strangely quiet. Only the rid-rad of the village, or visitors from the other bands, jeered and mocked. Kiwuk looked down upon them all with haughty eyes and made no answer.

Late at night, when the people had gone for rest after the battle, Kiwuk glanced for the first time at his mother’s lodge. He saw neither light or smoke. He listened, hoping to hear Bright Star chanting the old Pawnee prayer. But in the stillness of the night, no crying arose to Tirawa. Then Kiwuk knew, what he had dreaded to learn, that Bright Star was smitten past relief.

The only sounds which the night wind bore to him were the distant drone of the head-men at the council lodge, and the tramp of his sentries. At last, he missed a pair of these passing feet. Looking around, he saw that one of his guards had stopped beside him. The man was Yelping Coyote. When he was sure he had been recognized, he came nearer and whispered:

“I did not think. I did not know, oh chief of the Sun people! Hark you! When the fathers have gone from the council and the moon is dark, I will kill Shooting Fire. He guards with me. Swift horses wait across the river. We go to the Kicke-hak-i band three sleeps from here. Is it good?”

Kiwuk made no answer. He longed
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to kick the little Yelping Coyote. But his feet were bound.

"Is it good? Is it good?" insisted Yelping Coyote.

At last, in desperation, as one who brushes off a bothersome fly, Kiwuk answered:

"It is not good. It is much bad. Where are my scalps?"

"I do not know, oh chief of the Sun people! I do not know!"

And there was an element in the whining voice which rang true to the waiting ears of Kiwuk. Because of it, the condemned hero partly forgave the escaped coward.

"Will you not go to the Kit-ke-hak-i, and live, oh my chief? Will you not go?"

"I will not go. Stand back or Shooting Fire will speak of you to the fathers."

The threat was effectual. Once more, two pairs of passing feet resumed their march. Kiwuk was left alone until morning.

At sunrise the people began to swarm by again. The awe of watching a bound helpless—and the people laughed.

"This," cried the head-chief, "is the thing for which he left the battle. Shall the Pawnees be shamed by a reminder of the coward?"

"They shall not be shamed," roared back the rabble. "It is much bad. They shall not be shamed."

For one instant, The Jar, in the lifted hands of the head-chief, shone in all its matchless splendor. Then came a sickening crack. At Kiwuk's feet, lay a pitiful heap of worthless clay fragments.

The people looked up tauntingly; but the victim hung limp and white and unconscious. The worst had happened. What must follow, was meaningless to Kiwuk. Through all the long hot day, when the sun poured down mercilessly upon him, Kiwuk saw nothing but the ruin at his feet. He neither ate nor drank. For three days, he had not slept. He had toiled like a slave and fought like a catamount. All to no purpose.

Tonight he must die the death of a coward. And yet these things might have been endurable, if The Jar had not persisted.

Now the Pawnees could never read the proud story of the Sun People through all the coming moons and winters. He had lost, not only his life, and honor; but also, his immortality among men. Oh! if sunset would only send the arrow!

But the hour of execution was still far off. The people mocked on, and on. The heat grew more intense. Countless flies tormented his wounded shoulder. The rawhide thongs ate deeper and deeper into his swollen flesh. And the fragments of The Jar cast a glare of reflections into his scorching eyes.

His suffering became so intense that he grew unconscious of his surroundings. He did not notice when the sky was overcast with sudden blue-black clouds. He did not hear the growing growl of thumbs.

"Kiwuk!" demanded Left Hand in a firmer tone.

"Rest brother," answered the head-chief, "I—of whom you ask—is not mentioned among the Pawnees."

Left Hand raised himself on a shaking elbow. His eyes glared at them like a wolf's from the darkness.

"What!" he growled. "What has Kiwuk done?"

His tone of accusation nettled the head-chief and he answered tartly:

"He dies at sunset for cowardice in battle."

"Not Kiwuk!" cried Left Hand in a voice that was shrill with anger. "Coward? It is not true. For half a day he fought with me and my handful of Skidi. We were cut off from the rest of you. He killed many Cheyennes. He put the others to flight. When I fell, only he of all my warriors was left standing. He was still slaughtering the Cheyennes. A coward? Kiwuk? You lie!"

The head-men knew Left Hand too well to doubt his word. They sat in perfect silence while he raged on at their stupidity.

"You are no wiser than squaws," he shouted above the jarring thunder. "Now, I shall tell you something more—you! blinder than owls in the daytime! Is it not known to you, from the times far back, that the Pawnees would one day have a leader who would free them, forever, from their greatest enemy? The old men have told their sons for generations. Is it not so?"

"It is so, Left Hand," humbly acknowledged the head-chief.

"Hark you, then. That man has been born. He has walked among you. You saw it not. By what sign was he to be so much big, and so much beautiful?"

The fathers looked at each other unconsciously. They sat in perfect silence. They did not notice when the sky was overcast with sudden blue-black clouds. They did not hear the growing growl of thumbs.

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of the boiling pot over the fire. Then, a fearful crash of thunder made them draw their robes over their heads. In the minds of all ran this same thought: "Tirawa has smitten." When they looked up again they saw old Left Hand stagger toward the door.

"He goes to free Kiwuk," they whispered among themselves, and they arose and followed.

Out through the driving rain stumbled the Skidi chief. He went, as if by instinct, toward the dead cottonwood. The head-men followed silently. Their manner so impressed the people as they passed that the whole tribe turned out in the downpour and joined the straggling procession. When at last they stopped before the cottonwood tree, a sudden murmur of awe and fear ran among the people.

"Tirawa has smitten." When they looked where your chief hangs dead. Atius, Tirawa, have mercy upon this people! Tirawa! Atius, Tirawa!"

The bitter wail for help arose on the hushed air to Father, God. Perhaps He heard, for the storm ceased; and beyond the heads of the bereaved people, the clouds parted, showing the setting sun. It was the hour of execution which Tirawa had forestalled.

The last rays of the sun lingered lovingly on the great drooping figure of the young hero, and touched his still face with preternatural beauty. As the people gazed in stricken awe, they realized that no more, forever, would come their "Leader to Victory."

And the Pawnees had purged themselves of genius.

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**AUNT MATILDA'S IMMORTALITY**

*By Margaret Cooper McGiffert*

SIDNEY ALDEN'S interest in making sketches of Mary, "the pretty Waldo girl," was taken for granted by the three sisters; but when he wanted to paint a real portrait of Clare, she could not help asking why.

Alden answered with an amused smile, before he said, "Because—I have an idea that it will bring me luck!" But he had no premonition of what it would really bring. He only knew that he needed luck badly enough, for he had barely been able to make a living and he wanted intensely to succeed.

Older artists had commended his ability to paint; his difficulty lay deeper than the colors he knew how to blend. He was handicapped by a perception inconveniently acute. It was not that he magnified moles or made a prosopera man look like rare beef; but he saw the essential self through the outward appearance, and it had not been his fortune to find many men, with money to pay for portraits, who were willing to be painted like that.

More sophisticated artists told him that he quarreled with his bread and butter unnecessarily, for his uncanny insight was a private self-indulgence which fed on the faults of others. A Chinese phrase was then in vogue, and they contended that every man has a right to "save his face" and that the portrait painter is justified in helping him to "save" it.

Alden would have been glad to see the problem so simply. On the surface there was no reason why a millionaire should not have his face painted as attractively and harmoniously as his house. But there were plenty of other men who could do that job effectively, without hurting something deep in themselves. He knew that he had his full measure of faults; but one thing real had been given to him which he could not sell without dishonor.

So he had done his best work for people who could not pay him, had painted pot-boilers for magazine covers, and had received an occasional commission in which he could tell the truth.

In his hunger and thirst for reality, as well as for beauty, the idea of Clare's portrait had occurred to him. There was nothing in her face that he couldn't paint —if only he were able to do it; and the sittings, with their renewal of old associations, would take her away from the blighting atmosphere of Aunt Matilda.

As he made his preparations for the portrait they talked about the pleasant village among the hills, where they had grown up in neighborly friendship until his ambition had led him to New York.

Now Uncle Henry's odd bequest had brought them together again in a region of old red brick houses, haunted by the struggles of young artists and writers, among whom a few old-fashioned families had kept their belated homes.

Alden called the house that had been left to the Waldo girls, "the most home-like place in New York," in spite of the fact that Aunt Matilda was a part of their inheritance. As he studied Clare's face he thought of the change that had come into her life through her uncle's will. From his grandmother he had heard the whole story, as Clare could not know it, for her mother had died before the girls were grown, and had never been inclined to talk about the domineering old woman.

Aunt Matilda had left Summerfield so long ago that she was merely a vague tradition to Alden's generation. The old...
est member of a large family, she had
outlived them all, even Uncle Henry, the
youngest, whose sense of duty had brought
her to New York to be cared for, after
his wife's death made it possible. He
had been kind to his wife's three orphan
nieces, and had believed that their re-
sourcefulness could make good use of the
house in town and an income, even with
the encumbrance of Aunt Matilda, which
his own nieces and nephews had refused.

Alden's grandmother had felt that some
one ought to warn the Waldo girls. Their
house under the elms in Summerfield was
the most attractive place in the village for
their friends; with Jane's housekeeping,
Clare's teaching, and Mary's music les-
tions, they had been able to make ends
meet. "Some one ought to tell them that
they are better off as they are," his grand-
mother had said.

One or two of the oldest inhabitants
had hinted that Aunt Matilda had made
her own family miserable, but their tales
were too grotesque to be credible to warm-
hearted girls who had learned to discount
gossip. Clare had taken a kindergarten
course and believed that, in those earlier
days of strict discipline, Aunt Matilda's
somewhat original temperament had not
been given sufficient opportunity for self-
expression. Jane and Mary were less
sympathetic, but in their buoyant inno-
cence they all felt confident that if they
were good to the poor old soul they
could make of her a dear old lady.

After several months of mollifying
Aunt Matilda, Alden feared that his grandmothe had been right. He would
not have believed it was possible for one
selfish old woman to make the existence of
three, kind-hearted girls so uncomfortable.
Now in repose Clare's face had a troubled look which made him
relinquish, after all, to paint her portrait.
But when he began to talk about "old
Times," her eyes danced and her humor
bubbled, as unconsciously as if Aunt Ma-
tilda's devouring egotism had never laid
its clutches on her mind.

As he put in the background he thought
of a crystal stream in the woods at home,
where they had picnicked many a time.
On its changing surface there was a slim-
ner of silver and gold, brown and green,
with glimpses of blue sky. It had fas-
cinated him, even in the fun and nonsense
of their irresponsible youth, and he had
gone back alone to paint it. But he never
could paint the musical murmur with
which, in the silence, it talked and sang
to itself. That was Clare. Under the
surface which reflected the moods of her
friends, there was something that brought
harmony into the discords of life, as he
had found it.

While he watched the ripples of ex-
pression on her face, he remembered that
people called Mary "beautiful," and
Clare merely "good-looking." They could
not see that, without Mary's regularity of
feature, she had the beauty that shines
from an inner source, perpetually re-
newed. He could paint her deep-blue
eyes, her brown hair, brightened by glints
of red and gold—even her mouth—but
not her vivid charm. And now, as he
wondered how he could catch even a pass-
ing gleam, he saw something that he had
never known in the years when they had
met every day.

She had forgotten Aunt Matilda, the
picture and the painter had passed, for
the moment, out of her mind; and he
saw the quality that sang—under the
changing surface.

The look was gone before he could
touch the canvas with his brush; but he
had it indelibly in the vision that was
the real part of him. He would remem-
ber it as long as he lived.

Clare smiled and asked what made
him so sober. "My portrait is not a
matter of life and death!" she reminded
him.

"I suppose I'm too serious about my
work," he answered. "If I took it more
easily I might get better results. The
'light touch,' you know."

"I think your things are beautiful,"
Clare told him. "It's wonderful to feel
that I grew up with a genius."

"Sometimes I'm afraid I'm merely pig-
headed," he confessed. "If I could see
what people want me to see, I might suc-
cceed. But unless I paint what I see my-
self, I feel dishonest."

"I think I understand," she responded.
"People are so used to their own faces
that they don't know how they look, and
their friends look at them with indulgent
eyes. But isn't it possible that friendly
eyes are the most truthful?"

"That depends on the friend," he re-
turned. "My idea of friendship is some-
thing that keeps one up to one's best, and
doesn't flatter one's weakness."

"Like the Spartan mother!" she agreed
teasingly.

He began to paint her as he saw her,
and her face reflected his concentrated in-
terest. It kept her, uniting, in the pose
that he had chosen, and her expression
now did not matter for his insight went
deeper.

His lips tightened at the thought that
this radiant life had been darkened by
Aunt Matilda's aggressive gloom. The
other girls were more self-protective.
Jane's idea of making a home for Aunt
Matilda, to provide her with a com-
fortable bed, appetizing food and pleasant
surroundings. Mary, with no effort at all,
could make arrangements of filmy old lace,
which transformed Aunt Matilda's appear-
ance, and smile sweetly, with her mind on
her own affairs, when Aunt Matilda spoke
to her. Clare tried to talk to her, which
was what the deaf old woman wanted
most, yet when Aunt Matilda's accumu-
lated resentment burst into scathing words,
she was the victim.

Suddenly it seemed intolerable that Clare
should endure such ugliness, while he
looked on, unable to help!

"You're tired, Sidney!" Clare said.
"Don't you want to rest?"

He drew himself up with a long breath.
"I'm not tired. But I'm afraid you are.
. . . If you're sure you don't want to rest
I'd like to go on, for I've got hold of
something."

Clare's responsiveness, which carried
her into other lives, left her open to attack;
but Aunt Matilda's cruel instinct could not
really hurt her, for she had the magic that
builds a new world out of perplexing frag-
ments. He was so intent on his vision
that his hand caught it unconsciously, and
the picture seemed to grow of itself. She
did not need anything that he could do
for her, even if he had been successful;
but he needed what she had.

"Don't try to paint me—if it's an im-
possible job!" Clare said.

"It's the most interesting thing I ever
tried," he answered.

When the portrait was finished and Al-
den came to hang it, Jane and Mary made
a special occasion of its reception into the
family circle. Jane had provided the best
dinner she could plan, Mary had arranged
the flowers with her unfailing eye for ef-
fect, and the quaint old house was appear-
ally homelike by firelight and lamplight.

But Aunt Matilda, as usual, occupied the
center of the scene, determined to hear
everything in spite of her deafness. She
liked "young Alden" but she did not hesi-
tate to tell him what she thought of Clare's
portrait. "All that fuss over such a mess
of paint!" she said disdainfully. "I used to
get better pitchers than that with my
tea-store tickets, before Brother Henry
took me away from my own home. It's easy to see that you'll never be a artist. Why don't you git a real job? You're likely 'nuff, fer somebody to hire you, ef you'd try to git over your idle ways!

Alden managed to laugh, as if he had heard her gibes for jokes; but Clare flushed painfully, and the others girls were almost as uncomfortable, though they had sufficient experience with Aunt Matilda to be hardened.

The delicious dinner, eaten under her watchful eyes, tasted like saw-dust and ashes, for every attempt at conversation was interrupted by her harsh demand: "What's that you say? I didn't hear you, say it again! . . . What are you laughin' at? Tell me, an' I'll laugh, too!"

Then she would turn her baleful eyes on Clare, and insist on being told; only to say, when Clare's voice failed in her effort to explain: "Ef you didn't numble your words, I could hear all right."

"It's no use, Clare!" Jane would remind her, when Aunt Matilda called for interpretation. But the ravenous old voice would shriek and croak until an answer came.

To Alden it was a horrible feeling that her envy of Clare had become her dominant passion, as though the girl's charm had robbed her. But Clare could not see it. His idealistic vision had seemed triumphantly real, but face to face with the exasperating facts, he could not help feeling that they were tearing Clare's endurance to tatters. And he couldn't save her. He was a failure!

He knew that the girls, with all their common sense, felt responsible for Aunt Matilda. They could give up their inheritance and go back to their own house and their own life in Summerfield. But what would happen to their helpless charge? She was not an ordinary old woman in her second childhood, who could not be committed for lunacy, unless one would receive her. In everything that concerned her own welfare she was preternaturally keen, and it would take a squad of policemen to carry her, shrieking and in every nerve! How can they stand it?

All his happiness in painting the portrait had been swept away by Aunt Matilda's tempestuous egotism. In the studio, his idealistic vision had seemed triumphantly real, but face to face with the exasperating facts, he could not help feeling that they were tearing Clare's endurance to tatters. And he couldn't save her. He was a failure!

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The soft color deepened in Clare's cheeks. "You're so good that I'm ashamed to tell you what I came for!" she exclaimed. "The portrait has given her an idea. She thinks you can 'catch a likeness' and—she wants you to paint her portrait.

In his astonishment Alden could not think of an answer, and Clare went on without waiting. "I know it's an imposition. She would worry the life out of you. But she has set her heart on it, and she's making us all miserable. Of course she would pay for it, but that doesn't make it any the less a tremendous favor that we are asking of you. I wouldn't do it, if it didn't seem so terribly important."

"How can I paint her?" he asked, involuntarily.

"You can do anything with your brush," she told him. "She doesn't know how she looks. Just paint an attractive picture of old age, with her coloring and features. The more you idealize it, the better it will like it.

"Then she doesn't want a portrait?"

"The more you idealize it, the more she will think it's a good portrait. . . . She wants to be remembered after she is gone," Clare explained.

Her voice moved him more than her words. It was the first favor she had ever asked of him, and he sat like a dummy, choked by his helpless love for her! "Of course I'll try!" he said huskily.

The light in her eyes made anything seem possible. "I can't tell you how much of her insistence." she said emphatically. "And every time you yield to her, you make her more set and tyrannical.

"It's a hard situation," Alden responded. "I wish I could help you to find a way out. But it looks like the Gordian knot, with no solution—unless you cut it!"

"We couldn't do that," Jane answered. "But it makes it worse to be sympathetic. Clare tries to spare her feelings but Aunt Matilda hasn't any feelings, except determination to prove her importance by hurting other people. You have no idea how hard it was for Clare to ask you to paint the portrait. But she had to do it, because Aunt Matilda threatened to ask you herself, and tell you all the reasons why you ought to do it for nothing."

"I would rather do it for nothing!" Alden said quickly.

"Of course you would! But that isn't the point. She has plenty of money. Uncle Henry left her more than she can ever spend. But she has always wanted to get everything for nothing. And this time she is not going to do it. Clare feels that as positively as I do."

"It would really hurt us all, if you wouldn't let her pay for the portrait," Clare told him. "I would rather have you refuse to paint it. She's afraid to trust her money in the bank, and she keeps it in old stockings, stuffed away in her bureau drawers, or hanging up behind the clothes in her closet; and she'd never miss five hundred dollars—if you'd be kind enough to charge her that amount. We can ask this favor of you, because we've always been friends. But if the portrait is too hard an undertaking, I'll try to get the idea out of her head."

"I'll do my best," he promised at once. "But I couldn't accept more than a hundred dollars."

Aunt Matilda wanted to be painted in her favorite seat, between the fireplace and the window, commanding the street and the room. "We'll make it a study in tones," Alden remarked, as he prepared his palette for the first sitting. "The ivory tint of her skin, with the touch of pink in her cheeks, the silvery light on her hair, her gray-blue eyes, and that filmy scarf—against the mellow, old-fashioned background—that's good. Very good!"

He was trying to conceal his dismay over the task. It would have been easier to write a glaring falsehood and sign it with his own name. He must lie—in a medium that was more sacred to him than words. Even if he had never known her or heard her story it would have been impossible not to read it in her face.

He was relieved when the girls left him alone to struggle with his problem, though Aunt Matilda began at once to pour out her complaints. "The girls act as if they was the hull family—jes' becuz Brother Henry took pity on 'em an' offered 'em a home with me. I've lived here twenty years, yit they think folks come here jes' to see them. Mary was pleased enough with the pitchers you made of her, an' Clare's turrible proud of the good looks she thinks she's got! But when I wanted my pitcher took, you'd a thought it was a crime!"

Alden looked at her helplessly and tried to smile. "It's all right, you!' he shouted. "You're going to have your picture!"

"But I want a good one—nice and smooth—not all messy, with the paint slapped on. An' I want it to look like me—all alive like Clare's, an' folks 'll say, 'Why, that's Aunt Matilda? an' he be so pleased?'"

"I'll do my best," he assured her loudly. "I told Clare that you'd be proud to paint my pitcher," she answered complacently. "But she's cruel, cruel hard! She don't care for anythin' in the world but her own selfish pleasure. They're all like that. Once I could a settled 'em an' hed my own way. But now I'm gittin' old, an' they're all against me!"

The memory of Clare's theory about Aunt Matilda's lack of self-expression, brought a smile to Alden's lips even in his perplexity. Self-expression had been her curse. No one had been strong enough to curb the trampling temper, which had victimized her parents and driven her brothers and sisters away from home. Now she was too frail to be aggressive except in speech; but her self-pity made the atmosphere even more unendurable.

For a moment he wondered what would happen if he painted her truthfully. She had keen eyes and would see the result. Would she fly into a rage that would kill her? Or would it stimulate her tenacious vitality to avenge her injured vanity on Clare? Painting an honest portrait would be equivalent to flinging a stick of dynamite into a family group that trusted his friendship. But such a step would yield to her clamor, to pacify her. He must pacify her for Clare's sake. Her features were well-formed, her complexion was good. Superficially she was the picture of old age; protected, given the best bed in the sun­bureau, the softest seat by the fire, the clearest and most carefully-shaded light at her left hand; cared for as if
she were loved. He could paint her like that, eliminating her expression. He could treat the coloring as if it were an invisible veil, softening and obscuring what lay beneath. He could lie. But he would rather starve. His brush was busy, painting in the background, while his thoughts and feelings contended like tangible antagonists. To save Clare from continual annoyance, he was doing what he would not have done for any millionaire in America. Was that an excuse? Had he any right to violate his ideal, even for her? It was his personal honor, the deepest thing in his nature. He had wanted many things and had been willing to work for them; but he had denied himself, to keep his instinct for truth untarnished. ... Was it possible that there was something deeper—pity, compassion? This unhappy old woman, who had never understood, shut, he might be able to ignore her expression—but it was printed on the empty air.

As he stared intently at his problem, forgotten phrases, heard so often that they had no meaning, came into his mind. The words were like golden light, coming up out of the darkness, hovering before him, as he painted Aunt Matilda's portrait with deft fingers. Jane came in at the end of the first sitting. "Don't look at this until it's finished," he cautioned Aunt Matilda as he laid down his brush. "I've only been trying to catch a likeness, but he made my lace scarf look real nice. Well, any way, all arranged." "But what would become of Aunt Matilda?"

"I wouldn't care what became of Aunt Matilda," he told her recklessly. "Yes, you wouldn't," Clare answered, with a smile that made Aunt Matilda possible once more. When the picture was ready for Aunt Matilda's inspection, she walked up close and stared at it. "Is that me?" she asked. "I can't see anything but paint." "Stand here, and then you can see it," Alden said.

She followed his directions and gazed at it in silence. "It's turrible hard times this year!" Her voice broke plaintively.

Clare came in just then, and flushed to the roots of her hair. "Please, Sidney, don't pay any attention to her! It's all arranged."

"I should think you would give up the whole thing!" he burst out irrepressibly. "And go back home—where you could keep your own family of flies!"

When the portrait was hung in the conspicuous place that Aunt Matilda had selected, she began to adjust herself to it. She spent long hours before it, gazing intently; she wandered about the room, looking at it from every angle. "It ain't good," she finally announced, "but it looks alive an' it's comp'ny. I don't blame young Alden. He done his best, but he ain't much of an artist. He ain't no hand to ketch a likeness, but he made my lace scarf look real nice. Well, any way, folks I 'low who it's meant fer, an' I'll be remembered."

She had done his best to paint her as a dear old soul, loved and sheltered in her old age; but he had taken his critics patiently. "I'm going to touch it up a little more," he explained. "I think you'll like it better then."

"Ef it ain't good, I won't pay for it," she warned him. "One o' these days I'll die—an' that'll be the end o' me! I want to be remembered when I'm gone."

The girls were radiant with admiration for Alden's art. "I wouldn't have believed you could make it look like Aunt Matilda, and yet look so nice!" Clare said in overflowing wonder.

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Her unexpected philosophy relieved the tension in which the girls had been living. She saw that the portrait was lighted up each evening, and every one that came to the house had to study it with her and listen to her criticism. But gradually the picture that was always there became more necessary to her than an audience. "It seems' if it talked to me," she often said, as she sat before it in her favorite chair. And Clare, who had tried so hard to put herself in Aunt
Matilda's place, felt thankful for the companionship that the lonely old woman had found in the portrait.

During Aunt Matilda's process of adjustment, Clare's portrait was favorably hung in a Spring Exhibition, where it attracted the attention of a distinguished man, and reminded him that in his boyhood he had hunted and fished with Alden's father. His wife was equally impressed by the picture, and Alden was asked to paint his portrait.

"You have painted my husband as I see him," she said after the final sitting. "I never imagined that any one had insight like yours."

The portrait gave Alden his opportunity, for his new friend was one of the best known men of his day, and the picture was widely acclaimed. Commissions followed more rapidly than he could fill them, and he was able to choose the subjects that he could paint sincerely. He was also able to marry, though saving Matilda's place, felt thankful for the company of his new friend and instilled interest in Alden's work, he came upon the portrait and turned it to the light. His deep-toned exclamation drew Alden's attention. "Don't look at that!" he cried.

"Don't look at it!" Van Alstyne ejaculated. "I wouldn't have believed you could paint such a picture!"

"It's a disgrace, I know," Alden growled. "But don't rub it in."

Van Alstyne stared at him. "Do you mean to say that you don't know this is the best thing you've ever done?"

"I mean to say that it's my blackest failure—my one consummate falsehood," Alden returned. "I couldn't tell the truth, so I painted surfaces and made the picture a lie."

Van Alstyne studied it with eyes that seemed to bully other people into submission. It's the temperament that feels its own unreasonableness."

Alden's gloom was not lightened. "You're awfully good to take an interest in my attempt to make the best of an impossible bargain. But the fact remains that I can't bear the sight of it!"

"If you don't like to have it about, let me take care of it," Van Alstyne suggested. "I'd give anything to discover your secret. But I can't understand why you don't see what a tremendous thing you have done."

A few years later Alden had another surprise, which he talked over with his wife.

"It is what Aunt Matilda would want," Clare said. "She wanted her portrait to be seen. That was her hope of immortality."

"She didn't know how she looked!" he reminded her.

"But she loved that picture, in spite of her complaints. It was the greatest comfort she ever had." So Alden yielded to the urgency of the outer world in the spell of the picture. Few of them had insight like Van Alstyne's. They could not have told what he saw there, besides the pathos of old age. But something aglow pierced them, with a personal warning. An occasional observer penetrated even farther below the surface that Alden had meant to paint —until he found himself murmuring, "He was moved with compassion!"

The impression made by the picture deepened as the years passed. Professors lectured on this "marvelous work, combining the deepest insight, the most unswerving loyalty to truth, and the tenderest feeling." Artists sent their pupils to study it, as "Sidney Alden's most characteristic work, and the turning point in his remarkable development." Critics called it "the one American portrait in which realism and idealism are perfectly blended." But Alden still disliked to hear it mentioned.

Visitors to the gallery never passed the portrait without stopping. Some merely said: "How wonderfully alive! There's genius in every stroke of the brush. The subject doesn't matter when a man can paint like that."

Others looked at it in silence, walked away, were drawn back, and sat down before Aunt Matilda's portrait, forgetting the surface that Alden had meant to paint. The compassion redeems it. Have you ever really looked at it?"

"I've been ashamed to!" Van Alstyne set it on an easel, and Alden studied it with eyes that seemed to see it for the first time. "I did just what I tried not to do!" he confessed. "It was unpardonable—to take advantage of her helplessness, her childishness."

"But her childishness softens the effect," Van Alstyne assured him. "There's nothing personal about it; it's a study in human nature. She never concealed herself, even when her intelligence was keenest. It's the temperament that feels itself the center of the universe, and tries to bully other people into submission. It's the tragedy of egotism, wrecked by its own unreasonableness."
LAYING OF CORNERSTONE OF ROERICH MUSEUM, MARCH 24, 1929

The world-wide interest in the new skyscraper home which the Roerich Museum is building at Riverside Drive and 103rd St., New York, was forcefully demonstrated by the thousands of congratulatory messages which were received by the Museum on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone on March 24th, and the hundreds of distinguished guests who attended the ceremony. Among those who accepted invitations to be present were the representatives of about twenty foreign countries, and several representatives of the leading museums and institutions of learning of the United States.

The exercises preceding the laying of the cornerstone took place in the rotunda which, upon completion, will be the Hall of Nations. The hall was decorated with the flags of all nations and the platform was gay with hundreds of floral tributes which had been sent by friends of the Museum. All seats were taken before the exercises began and late comers filled the rear of the hall and the sidewalk outside.

Honored Guests

The honored guests and speakers were received by Mrs. H. Robinson, Mrs. E. J. Bistran, Mrs. Lionel Sutro, Mrs. Sidney Newberger, Mrs. R. Rubino, and Mrs. D. E. Grant, and included:

Dr. Christian Brinton, Honorary Advisor, Roerich Museum; Hon. Rafael de Casares, Consul General for Spain; Rev. Jules Chauppen, Representative of the French Government; Dr. A. Colmo, President, Argentine-American Cultural Institute; Mrs. Chester Dale; Hon. D. M. Dow, Commissioner for Australia; Dr. Roman Dyborski, Representing University of Cracow, Poland; Hon. H. Fay, Royal Norwegian Consul General; Hon. Luis E. Feliu, Consul General of Chile; His Excellency Orestes Ferrara, Ambassador from Cuba to the United States; Hon. Enrique Gennettier, Consul General of Panama; Hon. Andres Gomez, Consul General of Colombia; Dr. Forest Grant, Art Director, New York City High Schools; Miss Frances R. Grant, Vice-President, Roerich Museum; Mr. Louis L. Horch, President, Roerich Museum; Hon. R. Liraire, Charge d'Affaires, Legation de Haiti; Mr. M. M. Lightman, 1st Vice-President Roerich Museum; Mrs. M. M. Lightman, Director, Master Institute of United Arts; Dr. R. V. D. Magoffin, President, Archaeological Institute of America; Mr. W. J. Moore, President, American Bond and Mortgage Company; Hon. Mario del Pino, Acting Consul General of Cuba; Hon. P. R. Rincones, Consul General of Venezuela; Dr. Charles Wharton Stork, President of the Society of Friends of the Roerich Museum; Mr. Henry M. Sugarman, Architect; Dr. James Sullivan, Assistant Commissioner for Higher and Professional Education, University of the State of New York; Hon. John Q. Tilson, Congressional Representative of the U. S. 3rd District, Connecticut; Mr. Theodore Weicker; Hon. T. Tileston Wells, Royal Consul General of Roumania; Hon. G. R. de Ycaza, Consul of Ecuador.

At the termination of the addresses, Mr. Horch carried from the platform the four-hundred-year-old Rajput casket which was brought from Tibet to be laid in the cornerstone. The casket is of hand-wrought iron with an intricate design elaborately inlaid in gold and silver and is perhaps one of the only caskets of its kind in this country. In the casket were sealed, by Professor Roerich before the casket left India, photographs of the Roerich Expedition into Tibet and other data concerning the history of the museum.

"With a trowel especially engraved for the occasion, the Hon. Mr. Tilson spread the cement on the cornerstone which sealed it into place.

Following the laying of the cornerstone a luncheon was tendered to the Guests of Honor at the Claremont Hotel.

Messages From Well Wishers

Harvey Wiley Corbett, architect of the Master Building, presided at the meeting, and after a brief address in which he stressed the unusual character of the building, read a few of the thousands of messages received by the Museum on this auspicious occasion, a few of which are quoted below:

"With all my heart I wish the Directors of the Roerich Museum the greatest success in the realization of the great work they are doing in the interests of world peace."—Professor Albert Einstein of Berlin.

"I feel highly honored by your invitation to be present at the laying of the cornerstone which you intend to dedicate to the spirit of brotherhood and cultural relationship. That has long been one of the leading interests of my life. It would give me the greatest of pleasure to attend in this new and important fashion to the forces of human betterment. Unfortunately official duties will confine me to Washington on the date of your ceremony, much to my regret, but all my good wishes go with you in this ambitious new enterprise you have undertaken. As we grow in material wealth, it is all the more necessary to keep alive our knowledge and love of the beautiful things of the spirit and mind, otherwise we are in danger of losing the world and losing our souls. It will gratify every high-minded American who has the destiny of his country at heart to see and listen in this preservation of culture and intellect, a body of people and an organization as efficient and vigorous and enthusiastic as yours. In whatever direction your endeavors reach out, I wish you a great and every growing success through the years. After all, while this is a time of danger to things of the spirit, the time is also propitious in aspect. You
and your association are such leaders. May you build not only this building, but a great new movement among us for the love of the beautiful and may both endure to serve our people and bring more life into their lives."—James J. Davis, Secretary of the Department of Labor.

"I wish to take this opportunity to commend you and those of the Roerich Museum working with you for what they are accomplishing. You and they do well to honor Nicholas Roerich by the construction of this Master Building. With the spirit that has made America great in the nations of the world, he has done untold good by his art and his work, and has made this country the better for having lived and worked in it, by helping Americans more and more to appreciate the beautiful by which they are surrounded. Thank you most heartily for the courtesy of your invitation and I trust the occasion of the cornerstone laying will be a most successful and enjoyable one."—W. L. Jones, United States Senator.

"It is a source of keen regret to me that official duties at Washington will deprive me of the pleasure of being with you on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of your new building. Permit me, however, to take this opportunity to congratulate the officers of the Roerich Museum on the important work that they are doing in developing closer cultural relations between the United States and the nations of Europe and Asia. The work which the Museum is doing means an important contribution to closer international understanding."—L. S. Rowe, Director-General of the Pan-American Union in Washington, D. C.

"For Nicholas Roerich and his art, I have the greatest admiration and respect. The exhibitions of his work, which I had the honor to conduct in various museums of this country, have had a most stimulating effect on American art."—Robert B. Harshe, Director of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Messages from the following were also read at the cornerstone-laying exercises: Governor Larson of New Jersey; Senator Scholl of Minnesota; President Campbell of the University of California; President Stockton of Cumberland University; President Zoob of the University of Akron; Professor Martin Knudsen of Copenhagen; Professor Halpaan Strom of Oslo; F. Doumercque of the Conservatory of Algiers; Frederic S. Kenyon of the British Museum; Rector Professor Sihle of the University of Riga; H. E. Vaile, Auckland Institute and Museum, Auckland, New Zealand; F. W. Fitzsimmons, Director Port Elizabeth Museum; J. H. MacFarlan of the University of Melbourne, Australia, and others.

The editors of the Archer, believing that the many glowing tributes uttered at the cornerstone ceremony by the speakers deserve crystallization in print, and will be of special interest to those readers of this magazine who were unable to attend the program, herewith record excerpts from the various addresses made on this occasion.

Extracts From Speeches

The Honorable John Q. Tilson, Majority Leader of the House of Representatives, said in part:

"From the very earliest times of which we have any historical trace whatever, men have been inclined toward the aesthetic. In the rude dwellings of the cavemen, we find that their walls carry examples of their efforts in the direction of portraying the beautiful, and in the mounds and tombs of races long since forgotten, we find evidences of their efforts to express themselves for the beautiful. Down through the ages we must admit that ignorance and superstition and intolerance have played havoc with art, but always we have found that those occasions were transient and temporary, and they were always in the end superseded by a devoted civilization which in a more qualified form attempted to restore the work of art.

"This building is not only a monument to Roerich, but a monument in a nobler
and a higher sense to the true and the beautiful. Nicholas Roerich needs no monument. His works are his monument and these will live when the steel supports of this building shall have rusted away and every stone of it crumbled back to dust, because Roerich lives in and through the work that he has produced.

Praise Roerich as Philosopher

"I like to think of the philosophy of this great artist because he is a philosopher, as well as an artist. I like to think of that beautiful illustration he gives of an entrance to a Russian village, where he says that the best entrance to the village, the best counterignis, is a song, and the more pleasing the song, the better the reception, and if further evidence is necessary, if a certificate is necessary, then a drawing or a painting, or a picture of some kind is the best certificate of entrance to those villages. He is kind enough, after his travels, which are broad and expansive in our west, to say the same things about our people, because in our people whether thoroughly trained or not, he found the same innate sense of the beautiful.

"I like to think of what is going to be the result of this building and what it is to contain. A Master Institute of United Arts. Think of it, instead of all branches of art going on their separate ways, and perhaps antagonizing each other, to be brought together, so that each can support the other, so that sculpture, painting and music can all come together, whatever may be their branches! "This is a monument supremely worthwhile... and I am glad to join in congratulating those people who have given so much that this monument might be erected. No one can participate in exercises of this sort without feeling the debt of gratitude which the people all over the country owe to such persons, not only to the great genius whose name it bears, but to the officers and members of the Society of the Friends of this Museum, who give of themselves and their substance so liberally, that a monument like this may arise and continue to exist."

Dr. A. Colmo, President of the Argentine American Cultural Institute, spoke as follows. "I come in a double character, first, as President of the Argentine American Cultural Institute, founded in my country one year ago for the betterment of cultural intercourse between Argentina and the States and specifically among other purposes, for the mutual interchange of expressions of Art. Secondly, as a citizen of Argentina, as a member of a people where, through circumstances of race, tradition, taste and collective education, Art is highly honored and is capable of manifestations of which we begin to feel proud.

"And I come with great pleasure. This act affords me the opportunity to pay due homage to a real artist such as Mr. Roerich is. When I say 'real artist,' I mean a great deal. In my opinion a true artist has always been a broad and synthetic spirit. The artist who doesn't know but his specialty may be a good artist but never will rank as a creator, as a man that makes epochs. I am thinking, for instance, of Dante, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Goethe, Wagner or Victor Hugo. Along their line Professor Roerich is following. He is known as a painter, but he is more than a painter. He is not only a great painter but a man of science, an educator and a philosopher. Even when he paints he goes far beyond, he speaks, he says something, he enlivens a problem, he evokes recollections and feelings, he obliges us to think with him and to interpret the attitudes and meanings of his figures, which are no more figures of humanity but symbols and part of a poem.

"This is the reason for his 'Master Institute of United Arts.' Like Beauty, Art is only one. To be sure, it presents itself in very different manifestations, but all of them are focused toward a common end. Consequently, to say the various arts are interdependent and must live connected, would be a commonplace affirmation. And when we find, as it happens in Mr. Roerich's general work, that above all, this art is correlated with science and religion, in order to cover all spiritual grounds and horizons of life, no wonder we see in Roerich's paintings new forms of expressions and we discover in him something of a mystic who, more than once consciously guided by deep intuitions, has to accomplish a mission and is paving the way for others to follow in his tracks.

"I come also with faith and confidence. Temples of art and beauty are needed everywhere, and the people of this great country have realized it a long time since."

"It is not difficult then to ask for all the blessings on the cornerstone of this magnificent future building and to predict what the Master Institute of United Arts, to which Mr. Roerich's name is attached, will become. There are at least two mighty forces on their behalf. On one side, Mr. Roerich's personal impulsion, example and name, seconded and fostered by the courageous and capable men of the Institute's staff. On the other the care and help of a people thirsty and longing for art and its supreme manifestation of beauty."

A speaker who interpreted the mission of Nicholas Roerich as an emissary of international tolerance and understanding, was Dr. James Sullivan, Assistant Commissioner for Higher and Professional Education, University of the State of New York:

"It is a pleasure to come here today, and a more than ordinary pleasure because we are paying tribute I feel to a man who represents an element in our world civilization: today which we know is sadly lacking. . . . I am putting before you some considerations in honor of this man who represents internationalism in its most profound sense... In this day of narrow-minded provincialism in religion and international politics, it is a pleasure to pay tribute to the protagonist of international-mindedness in not only all that pertains to art and literature but also to all world affairs."

"Our only hope," concluded Dr. Sullivan, "is that more men of the type of Nicholas Roerich will come here to teach us a sweet reasonableness and convert us to the point of view of respect for the customs, manners, art and literature of all the people of the world."

Citing Chile as one of the first South American countries to recognize the importance of the arts and sciences in human activity, Hon. Luis E. Feliu, Consul General of that country, pointed out that Chile has learned through its teachers that science and the arts belong not to one nation but are rather a world heritage. "It seems," said Mr. Feliu, "that the Directors of this Museum, which has passed from modest beginnings to well-deserved prominence, have thought as I have, in giving this event an international character, inviting distinguished guests from all nations."

"Art Has Only One Language

"The Directors have remembered, perhaps, that men hold to opinions and customs that are different, sometimes opposed, and that we speak languages that are unfamiliar; that when we try to express ourselves in a foreign tongue, we do it badly, that words fail us, our pronunciation impedes us. But when a musician produces a
sublime song, an artist takes his brush or a sculptor, his hammer and chisel, and paints on his canvas a marvelous landscape or creates from the block of inert marble a figure full of life, we do not need language to explain it, be we Americans, Europeans, Asians, Africans, or Oceanic;

all of us understand that a new work of art has been born, and our fantasy clothes the naked figure, fills with thought its ample forehead of stone, traverses in ecstasy the flowered paths of the landscape, or is carried by the strains of the music to heights beyond the horizon limited by space.

Rev. Chaperon Pays Tribute to Roerich

The Rev. Jules Chaperon, who represented the French Government, pointed out the influence of the French artists as seen in the work of Roerich. Rev. Chaperon said in part: "The work of Nicholas Roerich is like the rainbow. We see in it all the colors and all the tints melted together in a sublime harmony. The elements of this ideal splendor were concentrated in the Master's eyes during the years of his artistic formation when he was soaring above centuries and spaces like a royal figure of the prophet looking at the sunrise."

"It will be a flower with eternal beauty. It will not have feeling in dwelling, it will be beautiful as our great poet Emerson has said: "The fine blossoming of human aspirations without will feel that this flower expresses beauty in color."

Prof. Roerich also accomplishes—when you first look at it you think it must disappear, it is so like music; it seems to pass and yet it endures. This building will be the same; this building will be a sculptor, his hammer and chisel, and whenever you will look at it, you will feel that vibration; you will feel that harmony.

"It is a flower; it has color, and just as Professor Roerich has put music into painting, so this will express beauty in color. It will be like a flower when it is graded down, as it ascends from deep purple to gray, and then to shining white, which points up to the eternal sky, full of life and of beauty, as our great poet Emerson has so perfectly expressed it.

"It will be like a flower then... It will be a flower with an eternal perfume, with an eternal beauty. It will not have the mere curves of brick and mortar, but it will have a spirit, it will have a spiritual feeling in dwelling, it will be beautiful within and it will shed its radiance of beauty without.

"Those who live in it merely as dwellers, those who do not participate in its artistic life, will nevertheless feel its influence; and also those who gaze on it from without will feel that this flower expresses the fine blossoming of human aspirations and ideals in beauty, in permanent form."

Cuban Consul Speaks

Hon. Mario del Pino, Acting Consul General of Cuba, contributed a most happily phrased tribute to Roerich in an address presented during the luncheon given at the Hotel Claremont immediately following the program to speakers and honored guests.

"Since my diction is but patently deficient, doubtless it seems bold for me to risk my words in the presence of such a select and distinguished audience. I have been instructed by my Government to be present at this meeting, in which His Excellency, the President of Cuba, is deeply interested, and it gives me pleasure to comply with his request.

"I am encouraged by the reflection that in my country we have a veritable cult of whatever pertains to fraternity and love amongst nations, and that Cuba has always shown herself eager to uphold ideals of fraternity between all races and all creeds, ideals by which men are being guided to lives of greater spiritual depthness, of more thorough progressiveness, to lives more consonant with the teachings of those apostles who have preached the brotherhood of man."

You are acquainted with the transcendent works of Professor Roerich; you are familiar with his versatility, his originality in each field to which he has applied his knowledge; for the fruit of his genius has overflowed and spread through the continents. Through the multiplicity of modern evils he has decried the cardinal fault and has preached for its correction. He has preached with his voice, with his
pen, with his palette; out of the many-
sidedness of his genius he has borrowed here
a light and there another, and has set them
to glow where they were needed. Each
of his assaults against evil and disruption of
human ties is like the saints that drift
through his paintings beside still rivers, or
the great walls of a city; and his mission
is to enlighten, like the skies of his paint-
ings—those skies, striding with their im-
palpable clouds over wind-swept plains,
that pluck the flatness out of his canvas and
make the fabric vanish in actuality.

He is a man passionately in love with his
art. We do not know whether to admire
his great ideals.

“However, it is not my purpose to eulo-
gize Professor Roerich; for me to do so
would be unnecessary and presumptuous, in
the light of his formidable genius and the
recognition he has already attained. There
is nothing left for me save to express the
courtly good wishes of President Machado,
of Cuba, and of myself, for we feel in
every fibre that the laying of this corne-
stone inaugurates resplendent days of glory
for the imperishable art of Professor Roe-
rich—Professor Roerich, symbol of altru-
ism, of stupendous creative works: Prof-
essor Roerich, apostle of all ideals re-
lated to progress and fraternity and love
amongst men.”

Miss Grant Sees Museum as Site for
United Labor

An inspirational address by Miss Fran-
ces R. Grant, Vice President of the Roe-
rich Museum, was received with warm re-
sponse by the audience. “There is a tradi-
tion in the East,” said Miss Grant in open-
ing, “that the first community of human
was built by and up around the stone from
which man struck the first spark of fire, the
first light, and I think that today we are re-
living and recreating this tradition, because
we are not only laying a cornerstone here,
but we are striking the first spark of fire
from that stone, and around this flaming
stone may there grow up a community of
greatness, and may that community con-
tribute to the larger welfare of humanity.

It seems to me especially befitting that we
are meeting here today on this occasion,
within the walls of this hall, because when
this building was first conceived, and be-
fore the idea had even found itself crys-
tallized in mortar and brick, we had con-
ceived the idea that this auditorium should
be called the Hall of the Nations, and that
within this auditorium should be a haven
where all people should bring their best
yield and where everyone should be united
in a great creative labor. And we, who are
met here today, and who represent, either
by birth or by heritage, almost all of the
peoples of the earth—let us today dedi-
cate also this hall as the Hall of the Na-
tions, a great creative part of humanity.

And now for the cornerstone. It is
true that now the cornerstone is only a
symbol, but it is therefore the more potent
and the more important, because the lay-
ing of the cornerstone is like the kindling
of a great fire in the night, and all the
night passengers come to it for shelter
and for strength, and too truly we are
laying the cornerstone of this building, and
we are reaching for that larger theme,
which will reach out beyond the physical
walls of this building to all the world. And
let us, who are here present today, re-
dedicate ourselves and this building to the
cause which we have at heart; let us dedi-
cate it to the masters of all times whose
great services have been laid to human
progress and human welfare.

“Let us dedicate it to Nicholas Roerich,
whose spirit so permeates the foundation
of this building, and whose life has been
the great example of human aspirations
and human kindness of relations, and let
us dedicate it to all men and to all people
in the name of beauty, and may from this
building there flow out a great stream of
benevolence, and may it result in a sweeter
humanity, and in a better relationship
among the people. And in that new
renaissance and that new dawn, which we
all feel is to be, may this building and that
spirit that is within the building, serve its
courteous to the beauty of humanity, which
opens for all men all secret gates.”

The program of speakers came to its
conclusion with the following address by
Louis L. Horch, President of the Roerich
Museum:

“In the name of the Directors of the
Roerich Museum, permit me to greet all
you who are gathered here on this day,
which also marks the Fifth Anniversary
of the opening of the Roerich Museum.
In your presence here, we know that you
also share with us the deep gratification
of this moment, and we know that we
bring with us those thoughts of benevo-
lence and friendship, which provide the
true foundation and support of any insti-
tution.

Today belongs to the future, because
in laying a foundation, it is but natural
to look forward to the structure that will
tower over this foundation—and the
spirit that will abide within this structure.
But it is the past that in reality furnishes
the window to the future, and at this mo-
moments I cannot but glance back at the be-
ginning of the Institutions which are now
dedicating their new home.

“Let me for one moment, with you who
are gathered here, glance through that
window of the past, into the future. I
recall how these institutions had their be-
ginning six years ago, in two small rooms
in the downtown section of New York. It
was a simple beginning, but one which
was so fraught with sincerity of spirit that
it could not but flourish.

“They who were present at this foun-
dation, dedicated themselves to the belief
that in art, in the message of beauty, the
spirit of men finds its true outlet, and in the
attainment of that great consummation—
lofier happiness. That the cause
to which we were dedicated was a funda-
mental one, that those who gave so freely
their devotion to the work were justified,
was soon seen in the ready response of
the public to these institutions, in the
young people and in the artists who joined
our cohorts.
The Roerich Museum began mod-
estly, but has now become a Mecca to
Art Lovers from all over the world who
feel the impelling call and the illuminat-
ing message of Nicholas Roerich’s art and
philosophy. The Master Institute of
United Arts, begun with but a few stud-
ents, saw the legion of its students widen-
ing and the creative ideas becoming more
affirmed in its youth, and in the children
of its classes. Corona Mundi, Interna-
tional Art Center, which had dedicated
itself to the dissemination of art, is already
collaborating with the public schools, with
the American museums, with the public
libraries, the community houses, and thus
...
now when this casket shall be laid the casket swim across two oceans, seas in our worthiest thoughts and wishes. Let in the foundation of the new structure of through what countries it passed on its mountains! and the traces of the silver pat­
the unconquered stony ridges of the lofty with silver. May this iron recall to us there stands a casket of iron, patterned its rocky ridges. Against this background belongs.

Nicholas Roerich Sends Message

"In closing, I want to transmit to you the message sent from out the East to us by Professor Nicholas Roerich, to whose vision we owe this monument, and to whose honor we now dedicate it."

"The message is as follows:"

"Greetings to the Master Building."

"White, never surmounted, rises the "The message is as follows:"

"Let these—the Precious and the Beautiful—dwell unextinguishably within these walls. Let the united thoughts, as a creative stronghold, lend their power to the beneficent beginnings."

"Hail to the builders! Hail to the building! Its very name is adored by that conception, precious to the world, that of the Teacher."

Upon the conclusion of Mr. Horch's speech, Mr. Corbett, the Chairman, requested the audience to keep their seats until Mr. Horch should carry the casket containing papers sacred to the occasion and which was to be placed in the corner­stone, through the Hall. Mr. Horch was followed by the entire audience who witnessed the solemn procedure of lowering the cornerstone into place.