

# TO HER OWN GIRLHOOD

BY EDA LOU WALTON

**S**TRANGE that those tiny breasts  
Knew mountains for their pain;  
Imaged within that brain  
Some harsh peak tore its way  
Loose from the dark earth's core.  
Even while earth more green  
Each luminous Spring, more lean  
Each traversed Winter grew,  
Seasons but piled up mountains  
And you knew their weight.  
And you could sleep with mountains,  
Nor debate  
How body was more spirit or more death  
With every taken breath.  
And you could hold aloft your little hand  
Uncrushed beneath the burden of a land  
Thousands of feet uplifted from your palm,  
Your dark eyes then so calm  
Though each eye held a mountain in a pool.

How could you stray from this most cool,  
Most delicate remoteness? Was a kiss  
Earthquake which cast all height  
Into a sea?  
O rounded breasts that could not keep the light,  
O hands so fragile now, O empty eye  
Imageless now of wonder!  
Loveliness lost forever  
That the winged heart may hover ever  
Low to the sea-like lover  
Nor assay the heavenly way,  
Now is your burden greater than the weight  
Of all the mountains circling the sun,  
For she who slept with mountains is not one  
To find her rest  
Breast to a lover's breast.

# CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

*Newspaper Training.*—The tradition, fondly cherished in certain quarters, that newspaper training is one of the greatest and most valuable boons that a human being can enjoy, remains with us. Propagated largely by old reporters who have never succeeded in getting out of the business and who, at fifty-five or so, are still covering the exploits of Ida von Claussen and the bigger and better fires, the legend has served not only as a philosophical anodyne for themselves but as something with which to impress cubs just out of college and with enough money to set them up at the speakeasy nearest the shop or older fellows lodged by fate in trades theoretically less romantic. The successes in newspaperdom, the important editors, departmental heads and special writers, are seldom heard to exude the bosh, save on such occasions as they are invited to speak at banquets and wish to indulge themselves in a bogus superiority complex by way of lording it momentarily over the adjacent bankers, automobile manufacturers and other such more opulent and hence condescending fellows. For they know all too well that what goes by the name of newspaper training may be all right in the way that a preparatory school education is all right, and a good thing for men who are willing to be underlings all their lives, but that they themselves would never have got anywhere if they had not had the capability, sense and gumption to bring and add to it a dissociated skill variously acquired from other sources.

Star reporters very seldom mount to the big newspaper jobs. Newspaper training may be excellent for a man if he doesn't waste his time at it too long. It teaches him certain things that are undeniably

useful. But, if he sticks to it in active practice, unless he happens to be one man in a thousand, it will deaden his higher faculties almost completely and inevitably turn him into a humdrum slave who pathetically deludes himself that because he knows a measure of the inside of the world's affairs he himself is a figure in those affairs.

It is said that newspaper training teaches a man how to write. It does nothing of the kind. Try to think of any of the conspicuously talented and successful writers in America today who actually learned anything about their craft in a newspaper office. It is said that it teaches a man speed. It does. But of what avail, outside of newspaper reportorial work, is this speed? It is said that it makes a man apt at quick character analysis, that it teaches him how to appraise his fellow men and their pretensions. Does it? Where will you find men more goatlike in their susceptibility to frauds than nine-tenths of the newspaper men? It is said to impart a valuable cynicism based upon experience. Yet its very graduates who are most often pointed to by newspaper men themselves, from Richard Harding Davis to Sam Blythe, have succeeded on the score of a mellow and pervasive optimism. It is said that it teaches accuracy. In such elementary things as reporting exactly the number of persons killed in a railroad accident or the amount of money collected toward a statue of Otto Kahn, it may be said to do so. But if there is more inaccuracy in any other field of human endeavor than one regularly finds in the general newspaper appraisals of human, ethical, philosophical, sociological or political phenomena, I should be happy to have it brought to my attention