

A PAGE OF VERSE

SPENDTHRIFT

BY DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

[*The New Witness*]

O WIND, you are a spendthrift,
To scatter so much gold;
You've squandered all my savings
Amassed from wood and wold.

The garnets of the rowan,
The copper of the beach,
The amber of the maple
Are now beyond my reach.

You crept into the valley,
With silent, slinking stealth;
And then with wild extravagance,
You wasted all my wealth.

On finding so much treasure,
You raised your voice in glee;
And now no leaf remaineth
Upon each naked tree.

O Wind, my spendthrift playmate,
'T was wrong to take my gold;
For now my lovely valley
Is very bare and cold.

THE RUIN

BY RICHARD HUGHES

[*The Spectator*]

GONE are the colored princes: gone
echo: gone laughter.
Drips the blank roof: and the moss
creeps after.

Dead is the crumbled chimney; all
mellowed to rotting
The wall-tints, and the floor-tints, from
the spotting
Of rain; from wind, and the slow appe-
tite
Of patient mould, and of the worms
that bite
At beauty all their innumerable lives.

But the sudden nip of knives;
The lady aching for her stiffening lord;
The passionate-fearful bride,
And beaded pallor clamped to the
torment board;
Leave they no ghosts, no memories by
the stairs?
No sheeted glimmer treading floorless
ways?
No haunting melody of lovers' airs,
Nor stealthy chill upon the noon of
days?

No: for the crumbling walls have long
forgotten
What passionate hearts beneath the
grass lie rotten.

Only from roofs and chimneys pleas-
antly sliding
Tumbles the rain in the early hours;
Patters its thousand feet on the flowers,
Cools its small gray feet in the grasses.

DAISIES

BY A. A. LE M. S.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

HUMBLE daisies do not fear
The footsteps of the changing year:
They are too low to feel them there.

The straight and haughty lily-train
Is arched and ruinous after rain;
But daisies will perk up again.

The daisy, closer to the earth,
Knows more of simple happy mirth,
And simple laughter is most worth.

Then I will build a little cot
And plant it round with bergamot,
With almond and forget-me-not:

But I will have a lawn behind
With nothing but the daisy kind,
The sisters of a simple mind.

There will I live, and when I die,
But in a shallow grave I'll lie,
To bear the daisies company.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A FILM CELEBRITY ABROAD.

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN — he of the feet and the moustache — is taken more seriously abroad than in the United States, in spite of his undeniable popularity here. A radical labor newspaper, the London *Daily Herald*, upon the occasion of his return to England, has actually had a study of his life made, with all the sober seriousness of Sir Sidney Lee investigating Shakespeare, and treats its readers to a full column of biography. This is perhaps comprehensible, since the actor is an Englishman and professes to be a Socialist; but one is scarcely prepared to find *L'Esprit Nouveau*, an aggressively 'high-brow' French magazine devoted to the arts, printing a long and serious critical discussion of the art of 'Charlot,' with casual references to Michael-Angelo, Tintoretto, Rubens, Titian, Haydn, Shakespeare, Molière, Scribe, and Racine. In this article, the author, M. Elie Faure, declares that

Charlot is the first among all mankind to create a cineplastic drama which is only cineplastic, in which the action does not illustrate a sentimental fiction or any intention to moralize, but makes a monumental whole, projecting from the inner realms of being his personal vision of the object in its visible form and its material and sensible milieu. This is a very great thing, it seems to me, a very great event, analogous to the concentration in themselves of all the colored elements of space by Titian, of all the sonorous elements of duration by Haydn, to create their own soul and carve them before us. . . . Charlot appears to me a poet, even a great poet, a creator of myths, of symbols and ideas, the *accoucheur* of an unknown world.

The *Morning Post*, a highly conservative London daily, — to which a

Spanish journalist through an amusing blunder recently referred as 'the Moaning Past,' — looks with scant approval upon the enthusiastic welcome of Mr. Charles Chaplin by his English admirers. In the course of a long editorial, it indulges in this ironic comment:

Art at last has come into its own. The reception given to 'Doug' and 'Mary' was a sign, and the frenzy with which the arrival of 'Charlie' is being awaited is confirmation. The old King Charles had a head, the new King Charles has two feet. And what feet! He is probably the greatest artist that has ever lived. Look at his bank balance — the simple offerings, the adoring homage of multitudes. Far be it from us to intrude upon the calm and seclusion of a Celtic holiday, but we certainly think that for such an occasion in the history of art the Prime Minister ought to return to London at once. The nation demands it. Mere Cabinet Ministers can be haughtily summoned to Inverness, but 'Charlie' is not a Cabinet Minister. Even Mr. Lloyd George's glamour pales before the glow of the universal idol.

*

THE SHYNESS OF KNUT HAMSUN

AN interesting bit of gossip about Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian novelist who became world-famous after the Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to him, appears in the *Manchester Guardian*. The novelist is, it seems, the shyest of men, though this is scarcely what one would expect from one who has seen as much 'roughing it' as Hamsun. The writer in the *Guardian* says: —

Among literary men of the present day the palm for shyness must surely be given to Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian. He has never seen even his publisher, but transacts all his business with him through the mails.