

pictures by d'Asselin and Girieud, and the finest Vlamincks that I know, recalling the large, dismal landscapes of the great suburb. Nor must we forget the canvas of Henri Doucet, a very dear friend of Duhamel who never was able to fulfill the whole measure of his talent before he was killed in Ypres at the age of thirty.

Although it is not customary to regard Duhamel as a man of wide reading or a humanist, he is one, none the less. We owe to him an *Anthologie de la poésie lyrique française*, published at Leipzig in 1924, which marks at once his learning and his taste. The selections from each author are preceded by

a note upon him borrowed from one of his contemporaries or his peers. No need to add that Duhamel owns many very beautiful books. He can caress an admirable Montaigne, a sumptuous Amyot, a magnificent Froissart, and a Monstrelet that anyone would envy. Nor must we fail to note that he thumbs the pages of Littré's dictionary, of which he keeps a copy both in the city and in the country. Every year he rereads *Le Rouge et le Noir* — which I do not think is mere sentimentality on his part, for he knows better than anyone, this friend of living humanity, that books are the most living part of the human race.

SIMPLE AGE

BY ALEXANDER GRAY

[Poetry]

WHEN I was young and looked abroad,
My heart's desires were two:
There was so much I thought to learn,
So much I meant to do.

Now in my simpler age I count
My heart's desire as one:
There is so much I would forget
Of all that I have done.

THE ELUSIVE TREASURE¹

BY IRETSKII

[V. IRETSKII is a modern Russian story-writer rising to prominence.]

If you drive up from Stara Balka along the hillside, and then turn off to that narrow village-road which makes a long detour to Bakhmut, in the district of Kharkof, you will see on your third mile — or perhaps on your fourth — several cavelike excavations. They are not close to the roadside, but some distance away, so that many pass them without noticing them. In any case, a stranger would give them no thought, thinking them sand or gravel pits. But just ask a native for information. He will tell you at once that these excavations were dug for no such prosaic object, but in search of a hidden treasure. Since times immemorial people have hunted here for a treasure which is plainly marked on an authentic chart, but has never been found.

No wonder, either, that they have hunted. What man accustomed to toil for a few kopecks a day can resist the temptation to gamble on sudden wealth? The kopeck earned by the sweat of the brow is good, but the one luck gives you for nothing is better. The one you earn goes for bread, but the one fortune throws you sweetens your life. That is why the country people keep up the long quest — some with a prayer, some, as the gossip goes, with the help of Satan, who can pick every lock and discover every hiding-place. And whoever has once tasted the sweet poison of the treasure-

¹ From *Dni* (Berlin Conservative-Socialist Russian-language daily), April 5

dream will remain a cave-digger all his life.

Nichipor Babaryka was one of those stubborn diggers. As soon as spring came, streams thawed in the ravines, and the earth emerged from under the snows, he would leave his house and wander from *kurgan* — ancient burial-mound — to gully or hill-slide to see if the earth had not mayhap disgorged something from her jealous depths. Like a pensive crane, he stalked across all the steppes; he had been to the *kurgany* of the olden-time robbers near Saratov; he had dug in the sands near Kerch; he knew how to recite many charms, and was even in possession of the miracle-working grass called *spryg*; but he had never found a treasure. Once he unearthed five ancient, heavy five-kopeck pieces. He thought it was a sort of omen — a first sign. But it was also the end of his discoveries. He lived in hopeless poverty, hardly keeping his family alive by working winters as underclerk or watchman; and all his tireless searching, which weighed down his soul with a sadness heavy as a stone, had yielded him nothing but the nickname 'Earth-digger' and a feverish flame in his eyes. Upon his deathbed he spoke to his son:—

'Look for it, thou. It may be written that thou shalt find it. If thou findest it, thou shalt be among men. If not, thou shalt live all thy life in misery. There's no other way.'

The son, Philip, disregarded this injunction, since happiness does not lie in treasures. He went to the factory. They taught him how to swing a ham-