

THESE THINGS SHALL STAY

BY HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

SOME things there are which change not—
As green leaves in Spring
And running water;
The beach in waiting silence fraught
With songs the salt winds bring
With strange sea laughter murmuring
Till they have taught her
Their shifting songs to sing;
At drowsy summer window ledges
Fingered winds that press and pass
And trample soft-foot through the hedges
Or poise a-tip-toe in the grass
Swaying along the pathway's edges;
The wet wind's breath on a gray beech bole;
The flash of sun on a swallow's wing;
The riot in a robin's soul
When love of earth has made him sing
At the middle moment of the dawn
Before day comes and the night is gone.
Song and love and wind and rain
Have been, are, will be again. . . .
Behind the wind's swift changes,
And the green leaf's growing,
A deathless spirit ranges
Beautiful past knowing
By day and by night. . . .
Roof-trees may fall
And granite moulder,
Old love take flight
And new love grow older.
These things shall stay,
None of these all
Shall pass away.

PALPITATING WOODPULP

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

GREATER far than the triumph of Ford in the automobile game, greater far than the triumph of Standard Oil in the lubricating business, greater far than the success of the motion picture, greater, I say, than all of these, is the triumph of literature in America. There are persons who can still remember the time when earnest dreamers declared that the solution of all ills lay in the education of the masses. Be that as it may, it is certain that the solution of one set of ills was accomplished with the education of the aforementioned multitudes—the ills which used to beset the purses of the authors, in days gone by. For the nation has learned to read, and those who read must have that which can be read, and those who write—well, they have seen their duty and have done it nobly.

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There has always existed the thing called popular fiction. It was known to us in an aggravated form as long ago as the time of the lamented Mrs. Aphra Behn, and even as far behind that estimable scrivener as the most careful of researchers would care to research. But it never, perhaps because of the mercy of Providence, has been so acutely present as it is now. It used to hide itself, to assume the outward appearance of modesty and shyness, and there surrounded it a general aura of unworthiness. People read it, of course, but they never gloated over the fact.

Now all that is changed. Popular fiction, being popular, must be good, by the fine rule which makes democracies out of mobs; and he who denies that it is good is branding himself as somewhat more than merely peculiar. But it is not only upon this peculiar bit of reasoning *a priori* that its goodness depends. Popular fiction, in this day and age, is good because it is well written, because it stirs the emotions it starts out to stir, because it fits the