

PZ

8

A566

De

FT MEADE
GenColl

Do You
Believe in
Fairies?

by
Leonora de Lima
Andrews



Class PZ8

Book .A566

Copyright N^o Do

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

Do You
Believe
in
Fairies?

by

Leonora de Lima Andrews



LITERARY COMMODITIES
25 West 43rd Street
New York, . . . N. Y.

PZ 8
A566
II

Copyrighted 1924
by
Literary Commodities



MAR - 4 '24

© CIA 777624

no. 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Little Girl.....	7
To Please Eight and a Half.....	11
The Music Charm.....	16
The Tale of the Fretful Child.....	17
Ballade for Believers in Fairies.....	26
The Revenge of Gobble-me-up.....	28
The Piper	35
Richard the Lion-Hearted	37
Daughter-Goose Rhymes	40
Beauty and the Beach.....	43
Sensations of Swinburning	46
Day Dreams	47
Rain in the City at Night.....	48
Christmas	49
Romantic Adventure into Religion.....	50
Sunday	58
New Year's Day	59
Silence	60
Bluffing	61
The Delicatessen Shop	62
Listening In	63
Mt. Riga Road	64
Rain	65
Growing Pains	66

Adolescence	68
To —	69
Fragment	69
To Marie	70
Freudianisms	72
The Old Man Speaks	74
Ballade for Moralists	75
Heaven at Last	77
The Future	78

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?

(A book of fantasy for grown-up children)

THE LITTLE GIRL

The little girl ran and ran and let the wind blow her hair until it stood out behind her as though it were wired. The air was so clear and blue that she thought: "If I jump a little I will land on the top of that mountain over there."

But she didn't jump. It would have been taking a mean advantage of the mountain, she thought. She would just fly up the side of it, much as she was flying along the road now. And when she had gotten to the very topmost part, she would not deign to look down upon all the silly people in the valley—the people who just went on working, and didn't have the sense to shout with joy because the sun was shining. She would reach up her hand, and feel the little fleecy cloud that was sitting so still and quiet, way up there. She would squash it between her fingers to see if it was wet or dry. And if it was dry, she would wrap it around her, to keep it warm forever, and would spend the rest of her days trying to catch, in a rose-colored bottle, the cold wind that went rushing past.

And so the little girl ran and ran.

The wind whistled at her speed. The dewy grass kissed her feet, and the cows in the meadows yawned as she passed.

Then she stumbled. A round smooth rock had rolled across her path: a granite rock, with specks that twinkled like bad men's eyes. It was an orthodox rock—the sort that rarely rolled from its ledge. It growled:

“Look at this astounding young person's behavior on a Sunday! The idea! A gentleman and a preacher should put an end to such goings-on.”

And so the smooth stone rolled in her pathway, and she stumbled and fell over it.

A discreet silence had settled over the countryside, just as though all the fields were on their best behavior. The rows and rows of conscientiously trained beets and onions drew themselves up in the pride of their posture. They too are very orthodox. They look down upon those of their vegetable brethren who have allowed themselves to be blown away from the straight and narrow path while still in the seed stage. It is fair, in a kingdom of stones, that these should do penance by eternal

excommunication from the pale. And thus pondering, in pious disgust, the beets and carrots were spending their Sunday.

The truant asparagus, long since reformed from rigid rows, was glorifying heaven in its own sweet way. It sprawled over the edge of its patch, as though to cover as much of the earth as possible—to be as near to her as possible. It does her honor, by dressing up in feathery finery to adorn her. It even catches the dew-drops, and rogueishly uses them as pearls; for it makes its religion a perpetual pageant to glorify nature, and it scorns the priggish severity of the onion elders who have carefully stored up all their dew, for the cultivation of orthopedic roots.

These were the extremes of the vegetable Sunday behavior, and they are interspersed with just such in between stages as the meadows show,—a sort of tired business man-ish relief from the droning haying machines, and the hard cobble-stone wall.

Over the vegetable kingdom the round stones rule in their smooth sly fashion, appearing in the furrows to retard the busy harrower in his task, and censoring the human children's play.

But past them all the Little Girl ran, laughing at the wind, brushing off the dirt that spotted her starched dress, and forgetting all about her bruises and scratches. On and on she ran, her eye fixed on the fleecy white cloud, her heart aching to fondle it, and her legs tireless in their never-ending race for the stars.

TO PLEASE EIGHT AND A HALF

First of all there was Mildred, who was eleven, and quite sedate. Then there were the twins, Eveline and Madeline, who were eight and a half and eight and a half and ten minutes old, respectively, and who liked stories.

“Can you tell ’em?” Madeline inquired anxiously. She was curled up in my lap, and when she spoke she wrinkled up her nose in a funny little way that hid the one freckle on its tip that was the only means of distinguishing her from Eveline.

“I’ll try,” I offered.

“Make it about goblins, please,” ordered Madeline.

“And fairies”, Eveline added.

“And real people, too,” suggested Mildred who was, as I said, eleven, and almost beyond fairies, which was rather a pity.

“Once upon a time” I started, and paused. A grown-up had interrupted us with some foolish grown-up question.

“Once upon a time,” again I began.

“You said that before,” objected Eveline.

“Yes’m,” accused Madeline.

“—Many, many years ago, there was a big forest, bigger than any you have ever seen.”

“Scuse me, Ma’am, I know where there is a biggest forest.”

“Well, this was even bigger,” I insisted. “So big, in fact, that the leaves were as large as—as the flowers on that chair ” I finished pointing to the exaggerated tapestry on the furniture.

“Now at the edge of the woods there was a little village, where a blacksmith lived, with his only daughter, Hope.

One day he sent Hope out into the forest to pick berries. As she went into the woods, by the little path which led from her house, there hopped out on it a little bunny—like the ones in the park, you know, excepting that this one had **two** tails. ”

(“Why?” asked Madeline.

“To clean out his house with, of course,” explained Mildred.)

“Now, although Hope had walked in the forest ever since she was a little girl, she had never, **never** seen a bunny with two tails. So she followed this one. Further and further

she went, and darker and darker it grew, but Hope did not notice this, for she was too busy watching Mr. Two-tails.

Suddenly he disappeared, and left her standing in front of a great, green-grey stone. It was very dark, and poor Hope was very much frightened. I would have been, too. Wouldn't you?"

Three heads bobbed up and down energetically, and three pairs of eyes opened very wide.

"But she was a sensible little girl, and knew that the good fairies would help her. So she knocked on the stone. There started a whirring noise, as of wings.

"Say the magic word, and tell me your name" sang a silvery voice.

"Hope," said the little girl.

At this the stone opened, and she went into a beautiful little room, all lighted with fireflies and glow-worms. On the floor sat a fairy, busy mending a butterfly's broken wing.

'Do you live here all alone?' asked Hope, as she drank honey and dew-drops which the busy ants had brought her.

“Yes,” sighed the fairy sadly. “I used to live with the forest goblins—”

“But they are bad,” interrupted Hope. “Father has told me stories about them.”

“Not bad!” reproved the fairy “but they did not like me to help the wood-land folks. They made me come here, and said they would keep every one from seeing me. Nobody can enter without the pass-word, Hope. And I cannot be free until a prince comes to sing to me.”

“The next morning the blacksmith awoke, and called Hope to him, but of course she did not come. He was very much frightened and called out all the village folk to help look for her. Then a strange thing happened. The blacksmith looked at the wall of his hut, and saw a message appear in letters of gold which said, ‘Whosoever shall find Hope shall be made by the fairies a Prince, and shall be given a beauteous castle.’

“The villagers started out, and with them a little apprentice lad searched too. Now, of course, the goblins kept every one away from the great green-grey stone, but in spite of all the goblin’s enchantments the apprentice lad came to the house of the fairy, because he had

followed a little two-tailed bunny. And when he got there he was so happy he just sang, and sang, and as he sang his coarse village clothes fell off him and the royal robes of a Prince appeared in their place.

“And so he took Hope back to the village with him, and the fairy flew out, singing and happy to be free. At the village there was great rejoicing, and they feasted at the Prince’s palace for a month and a day.”

“Didn’t they get sick?” inquired Mildred.

“And a few years later they were married”

“And lived happily ever after?” asked Eveline, anxiously.

“And lived happily ever after!” I assured them.

THE MUSIC CHARM (A Tiny Tot Rhyme)

When the great man came to play
He didn't chase me far away,
But let me stand beside him so
That I could watch his fingers go.
I never, never saw him make
The very tiniest mistake. . . .
And, say, I saw that player look
At his **ten** fingers, **and** the book
At once! So I **knew** there must be
Some trick that he had hid from me!
And maybe, when he'd gone away
The spell that brought the tunes would stay!
So when I felt that nobody
Was bothering to notice me,
I looked about that piano
Inside and outside, high and low,
To find that music. Timidly
I pressed each finger on a key;
Ma said it didn't sound the same
It sounded queer and sounded lame,
But I don't care, because some day
I'll make him charm it so's to stay!
And then maybe **I'll** sit and look
At **my** ten fingers and the book!

THE TALE OF THE FRETFUL CHILD

There lived once upon a time, in the Land of Grown-ups, a very little boy. As soon as he was old enough to cry, which was when he was very young indeed, he began to cry for an adventure. But he always cried for it in baby-talk, which Grown-ups cannot understand because they have forgotten it; and so nobody knew what he wanted. They gave him milk, and they spanked him. They sang to him and they rocked him, and they even showed him how the wheels in Daddy's watch go round. But they did not give him an adventure, and so he kept right on crying, until bye and bye he came to be known as That Fretful Child, and everyone hated his parents.

Now there is only one person in all Grown-up Land who understands baby talk, and that is the Oldest Woman in the World. People say that she understands it only because she is so old that she has learned everything there is to know and is going back to begin all over again. And, since she is as wise as she is old, and equally as gossipy, she soon heard everyone talking about That Fretful Child.

She suspected that the baby wanted something very badly, and that that something was neither warm milk, nor a spanking, nor the wheels in Daddy's watch. And she decided to find out what it was that he did want.

So she put on her grey cobweb scarf, which makes her invisible, and climbed up the handle of her carpet sweeper, for she is a very modern Old Woman indeed. She grasped the handle of her carpet sweeper, right where the shiny part ends, said a magic word, which I have forgotten, and Higgelley, piggelley, before you might say "I spy" three times without winking, she was driving up to the home of the Fretful Child with a fearful clatter.

Now the Fretful Child's Mother was a regular sort of a Mother, excepting that on Sunday's she always used silk handkerchiefs, embroidered with storks, and folded in thirds, instead of the linen ones folded in quarters that she used every day. When she heard the noise, and saw the carpet-sweeper drive up to the door she became very much excited.

"Look, Timothy," she called to her husband, who is also the Baby's Father, "Look at the carpet-sweeper I have found outside of the

door.” In Grown-up Land, you see, carpet sweepers do not always wander about by themselves.

Timothy, however was not impressed. He only said “Un-huh”, and went on reading his newspaper.

So the Fretful Child’s Mother took in the carpet-sweeper, and put it next to the Baby’s crib, for safe-keeping. Then, because the baby was crying very hard indeed, she hurried away to get him some warm milk, and left him alone to drink it, for she had learned by experience that he could not cry while he was doing this.

When she had gone, the Oldest Woman hopped down from the carpet-sweeper, and took off her cobweb scarf, which made her visible. Then she looked at the Fretful Child over her dark green spectacles, and said:

“Google de Goo.”

Now the Baby was so surprised to hear anyone besides himself speaking his language, that he stopped swallowing warm milk, right in the middle of a gulp, and simply stared. But, although this is generally considered very rude, the Oldest Woman paid no attention to it what-

soever, and instead went right on to say something which translated means:

“What are you crying for, anyway?”

By that time the Fretful Child had stopped staring, and had finished his warm milk, and was able to tell her that he wanted an adventure, and that he wanted it badly.

Upon hearing this, the Oldest Woman became very serious indeed. She shook her head, and wiped away a tear which had settled on the rim of her green spectacles and was about to roll down her nose. Then she said:

“Doodle de doo,” which, as all babies know, means “You are very young indeed, but I will do the best I can for you.”

She told him that there are very few places where adventures still grow wild, for they have all been collected many years ago by a group of people called “Famous Persons”. However, she did know of one adventure tree that was just beginning to bear fruit. It was quite far away, but all that one needed to get there was a silk handkerchief embroidered with a stork. Now this was very fortunate indeed. For you see, the baby knew that once a week his Mother used to wipe his tears off with a silk handker-

chief, and he remembered that something on it sometimes used to bite him.

“It must have been a stork,” exclaimed the Oldest Woman, and at this she became so excited that her eyes twinkled behind her green spectacles.

In less time than it takes to tell about it, the baby was flying through the air on his Mother’s silk handkerchief, with his eyes tightly closed, and the Oldest Woman was astride a carpet sweeper. He could feel the wind blowing through his hair, and the stars snapping at him as he went whizzing past. All the time the Oldest Woman kept saying magic words, and telling him not to open his eyes whatever he did, so that it all sounded something like this:

Hoity toity, keep them shut,
Ali pali poo,
Flutter, gutter, down he’ll clut
Sniggle, snaggle yo-u-u-u-u
O-o-o-o-w
You-u-u-u-u

And all the voices of the night owls and snapping stars echoed

You-u-u-u-u-u-u-U*U*U*U!
Until the Fretful Child felt very pale indeed.

When at last the Oldest Woman told him that he might look, he found that they had flown all the way to Nowhereland. He knew it was Nowhereland, by all the Nothings standing about. There were tall Nothings, and short Nothings, and fat Nothings, and thin Nothings, and they were all kept in order by Nobodies with grey dresses on. These Nobodies are very much like the people in Grown-up Land. Excepting that, as you will notice when you look at them very closely, their faces are made up entirely of cheeks.

The Fretful Child stared about very hard indeed. Then, because he couldn't see any adventure tree, he was just beginning to take a long breath in order to cry. But he stopped short, just as his face was beginning to turn from pink to purple. For, right in the midst of the Nobodies stood the most beautiful adventure tree you ever saw. Its pale blue branches were weighed down to the place where the ground would have been, if there had been a ground in Nowhereland. And from even the lowest branches there hung luscious adventures that were dark red, and just right for picking. All about lay others that the wind

had blown down, or that the Nobodies had picked, tasted, and thrown away. But they had missed the very best of all. And this was perfectly natural, when you stop to think that the Nobodies have no eyes, and their faces are made up entirely of cheeks.

But the Fretful Child was not a Nobody. He had eyes. He saw the red adventures dangling there, and he squealed and crowed, and did all the things that fretful children never do. And then he picked one.

Now it is strange to tell about, but as soon as the Fretful Child bit into that adventure, he stopped being a Fretful Child, and became a Regular Boy. Even his skin, at that very moment forgot how to change from pink to purple, as it used to when he wanted to cry.

When the Nobodies felt what he was doing, they became very angry indeed, and shouted Nonsense at him, and threw Nothings at him. But these did not hurt him much, and so he went right on eating his adventure.

The adventure did not taste at all the way he thought it would, and it puckered his mouth all up. So he tried to hold his breath to make his face change from pink to purple, but it

wouldn't do what he told it to. And then he knew that the adventure must have done something to him. He was not sure, but he strongly suspected that it must have changed him into a Regular Boy. So he stopped crying, even before he had let out the tiniest bit of a sound, and he smiled all over instead. And thereupon the Nobodies, feeling that some thing just hadn't happened, dropped their nothings on the spot. And a brand new adventure bloomed on the tree, where the one the Fretful Child had eaten hung.

He squealed in glee, and looked around for the Oldest Woman, but as she was as wise as she was old, and equally as gossipy, she must have ridden away on her carpet-sweeper to tell her friends about it, for she was not to be found.

Just as he was wondering where she could have gone to, he felt a tugging at his right arm. It was the embroidered stork. Without a minute's delay he climbed upon the handkerchief, stuck out his tongue at the Nobodies, which shows that he was a Regular Boy, and, higgelley, piggelley, before you might say "I spy" three times without winking, he was back in his own little crib.

His Mother was just coming to get the carpet-sweeper, which she had left beside the crib, for, you see, in Grown-up Land time passes much more slowly than in Nowhere land. There was a great to-do when she found that it was gone, but just as she was growing very excited about this, she noticed that the Fretful Child had stopped crying, and this made her even more excited (but in a different way) so that she forgot all about the carpet-sweeper. She rushed in to tell Timothy, her husband about it; but he was reading the newspaper, and only said "Un-huh".

Soon all the neighbors came in to find out why That Fretful Child had stopped crying, and his Mother proudly told them that she had given him warm milk.

Whereupon all the neighbors shook their heads and opened their mouths very wide, and went home to feed warm milk to their Fretful Children, as they have been doing ever since.

BALLADE FOR BELIEVERS IN FAIRIES

All dressed up in our best we ride . . .
From Adam's Square and Harvard too
And read the ads there for our guide
To see what other people do;
Or if a paper we glance through,
At night time, when our curls we comb
This lonesome thought our souls imbue
"Have you a fairy in your home?"

Or when the little folks decide
To play a game of house, or two,
And roles amongst them they divide . . .
John is papa, and mama's Sue . . .
Alas the parts are far too few
And those left out in anguish foam
Till someone brings this thought anew
"Have you a fairy in your home?"

A poor stern father has denied
To sweet sixteen a dress that's new,
And sweet sixteen has vainly tried
And valiantly her suit to sue . . .

She sees her older dress must do
Then finds it in a fashion tome
Some thoughtful fairy brought to view . . .
“Have you a fairy in your home?”

L'Envoi

O, Pollyanna, here's to you—
I'll greet you, if you chance to roam
My way, and ask when I am blue
“Have you a fairy in your home?”

THE JUSTIFICATION AND REVENGE OF GOBBLE-ME-UP

(A Story for Children with Appetites,
and for Children Who Do Not Eat.)

Once upon a time, in the days of long ago, when ogres and giants were as plentiful as policemen, and when the ocean was dotted with desert islands, there lived a Giant whose name was Gobble-me-up. As you may have guessed, he lived on one of these islands. All about him stretched ocean, and ocean, and more and more waves; but they didn't bother him at all. He just lived there alone, and was very happy.

He was a great, large, burly giant, who would have stood over six feet tall in his stocking feet, if he had worn stockings. He had round red cheeks, and dancing blue eyes, and his hair curled itself up into "irrepressible locks" just like your favorite hero's. He was comfortably fat, and when he laughed he shook all over, just the way the dessert that we have on Sunday does.

As I said, he was a very happy giant indeed, and he used to laugh and shake all over a

very great deal. You see, he never realized that he was all alone on his island, because he had never known what it would be like to have someone there to play with him. Every morning when he had finished his rhubarb, he used to walk along the seashore, dabbling his toes in the soapy waves, and singing:

“Gobble-me-up is my name,
A Happy Giant am I . . .
And I always feel just the same . . .
And I’ll sing this song till I die.”

When he came to this point he would always whirl about on his left heel three times, and clap his hands above his head.

Now at the particular moment when my story would be beginning if I hadn’t wasted all this time talking, Gobble-me-up was just setting out for his morning walk. He was tossing his head in the breeze . . . it was the first day of Spring, you see . . . and he breathed in the ozone, and enjoyed it, because he didn’t know that it was ozone. And, according to his habit, he began to sing:

“Gobble-me-up is my name. . . .”

when all of a sudden three clams that were lying on the beach opened their shells very wide, and laughed, in perfect rhythm:

“Ha! HA!! HA!!!”

Gobble-me-up looked about in surprise, and the clams continued to laugh in a way that was rude, even for clams.

Then Gobble-me-up became very angry . . . no self-respecting Giant likes to be laughed at. He shook his curls at them, trying to look very fierce indeed. At last he sputtered:

“WHAT do you
Mean
By
Talking to
ME
Like that?”

(He was so angry, you see, that he leaped into free verse, a thing which had always been against his principles.)

When the clams had laughed until they could laugh no more, and had rolled over in the sand to wipe the perspiration off their

shells, the most imposing clam answered him.

“Ha! ha!” she said (I am quite sure it was a “she”), “the idea of a giant who only eats rhubarb . . . he! he! . . . the idea of his being called Gobble-me-up!”

At this all the other clams went off into wild gales of laughter, and snapped their shells to show how very funny they thought it was.

Gobble-me-up was perplexed. He didn't quite know what they meant. But they did not intend to leave him in any doubt about this. They explained immediately, interrupting each other, and acting in a way that was very rude indeed.

They said that he ought to be a “very-cannibal-and-wear-a-red - sash-and - whiskers-and-eat-up-little-boys-and-girls” (they said it quickly, like that) and that he ought to go around muttering dreadful things like:

“Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishmun,”

instead of reciting his silly little rhymes. They said that he should flourish a tomahawk, and dye his hair black, or at least train it to stand up on end. In fact they abused him hor-

ribly, telling him that he was ruining the time-honored reputation of the race of Giants. Any Giant, they said, to be worthy of the name, should endeavor to represent all the Giants on every occasion. He, they said, was an unsatisfactory specimen, and therefore deserved to be squelched most effectively. This they felt to be their duty, and unpleasant though it was, it had to be done.

After this last remark, they sighed sadly, and retired into their shells.

From that moment on, Gobble-me-up was a changed giant. He hardly ever laughed, and when he sang his little song he put it in a minor key, which shows how very sad he was. Every morning he spoiled his rhubarb by weeping salty tears into it.

He felt that he really must do **something**.

He sat down on a log to think about it. He turned his toes inward so that they might console each other. He dug his elbows hard into his knees, and held his forehead in his hands. Then he said to himself:

“The clams win out,
Without a doubt,

I've simply ruined my rep . . .
I must fix this,
Or else, I wis,
I'll have to get some pep."

This last thought seemed to appeal to him a great deal, even though the rhyme wasn't very good.

But as he pondered it, he had a more awful thought. How could he act like a blood-thirsty Giant, and go about killing men, when he was the only creature that was anything like a man on the island?

It was a most disturbing idea, and for three days it bothered him. He grew paler, and proportionately thinner. He did not weep into his rhubarb now, but left it strictly alone.

And then he found a solution, and worked it out in a manner truly worthy of a Giant. This was what he did:

One night, when the moon was hidden and the stars were yawning and dropping off to sleep, one by one, he crept out along the beach. Without a sound, he crept up behind the three sleeping clams. Stealthily he reached out his left hand, took the youngest by its little neck

and squashed it. Noiselessly he stretched out his right hand, and grasped the second one. And with a maddened shriek of triumph he grabbed up the last clam, before it could snap its shell at him.

With an exalted countenance, he pranced up and down the beach, shouting his paean of victory, so that the stars stopped blinking, and the moon peered around the corner of a cloud to listen:

“Gobble-me-up is my name,
A Fearsome Giant am I,
I’ve a dreadful awesome fame,
Which nobody can deny . . . !
Gobble-me-up is my name,
No Giant is madder than I . . .
Ha! Ha!! Ha! Ha!!
No Giant is madder than I!”

Whereupon he sat down on his log, and, one by one he ate the clams.

It didn’t matter at all that he had indigestion the next day. He knew that he really was an honest-to-goodness Giant, and the thought made him laugh and shake all over, just as he used to do in the good old days, before the clams had tried to disillusion him.

THE PIPER

The valley is clad in a misty white fog,
Where the Sun God dares not intrude,
The hoots of the night owls have dulled and
 have died,
And the whimpering night winds brood.

Over the purple-topped rims of the earth,
Riding a proud little breeze,
Are tinkling pipings that whisper that Pan,
Away from the haunts of humdrum man,
Has led forth the day from the seas. . . .
Dancing and prancing o'er grove and o'er hill,
Rollicking, frolicking, gay,
Glad in the fragrance, and glad in the dawn,
And proud to be leading the day.

The grey gnomes that live in the fog hear his
 pipes,
And they hide in their thick weeping veils,
And they dwindle and melt at the sound of his
 mirth,
When his cloven hoofs dance in the dales.

Now the King of the Day has awakened at last,
And has climbed to his throne in the sky,

And the world is astir in its workaday tasks . .
But Pan has gone merrily by.

Now a child who lives in the village lane
Hears the reed notes and tries to pursue;
Fast he leaps over rocks on the heath on his
way . . .

All of a sudden the piping is near . . .
Now it's lost to him . . . again, it is here . . .
For sudden Pan comes . . . e'er you grasp for
his cheer,
Sudden he's sung, and away.

Away from the heart of everyday folk
To the hills where the west wind blows;
Laughing and dancing and chasing the bees. .
(How dreary for them just to hum in their
hives!)

When the brown brook is gurgling, and sings
as it flows,
And the blood-red poppy smiles as it blows. . .
Over the hills, and away . . .
Smiles that Pan comes . . . e'er you see him,
he goes . . .
Sudden he's sung, and away.

AN INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

“I don’t like women,” said Richard of Brookline, and to prove it he sucked more violently upon a lavender lollipop.

Richard spoke with all the authority of one who has spent seven years living across the street from five fair ladies. One might mention that these seven years were his first spent anywhere, and that these fair but fearsome feminists ranged from six to sixteen. The locale was Brookline, and the time romantic summer—at this point my story begins.

Not long ago Richard wandered down the broad highway sucking upon his solitary lollipop, and wearing on his eyebrows the air of a world-weary capitalist. He did not offer to share his bounty with the ladies across the way, but did not object to having them watch him from their lollipopless porch. It was this haughty attitude that first made the Sleuth suspect him to be a woman hater.

And so the Sleuth set off upon his trail immediately, but Richard, like many a courtly gentleman, proved to be as diffident as he was bold.

“Why don’t you like women?” he was asked. And he replied:

“Because.”

“Because what?” the Sleuth persisted; whereupon Richard raised his eyebrows with an air of finality.

“Because I don’t,” he said.

“Don’t you like your Mama?” he was asked, and regarded the questioner scornfully.

“She isn’t a girl,” quoth he.

“But she probably was once!” The Sleuth hazarded a guess.

Alas, at this point Richard was called to bed. But the next day the argument was continued. It was after a nerve-racking game of puss-in-the-corner, when the assembled court had been astonished at the lion-hearted Richard’s chivalry. Twice had he surrendered his hard-earned corner to a fluffy little four-year-old blond. The Sleuth joshed him as man to man. But Richard smiled about it, and man-like waived present contingencies to speak glittering generalities.

“Girls,” he said, “are like fish.” But he omitted further details; and as he mused on the matter, his thoughts fell into metaphors.

“Like fish,” he repeated solemnly. And then he spied a crop of bobbed and almost masculine hair that was bouncing outside the hedge fence. “Or like hares. Some say that they are chickens, but I think that they are more like trees.”

“Because they wear fine feathers,” someone contributed.

“Certainly,” he agreed.

“But you don’t think they’re all shady, do you?” the Sleuth hastened to interpose.

“Most are,” he sighed.

And at this point he rose, to show that the interview was at an end, and, swinging his tin drum about his neck, he solemnly paraded down the block to that very masculine tune “Johnny get your Gun.”

DAUGHTER-GOOSE RHYMES

I

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Busily writing checks . . .
His partners grew lazy,
His balance hazy,
His creditors all became wrecks!

II

Flitter, flitter, little dime,
You can stay here a long time.
If I leave you as I oughter
Pretty soon you'll be a quarter!

III

Little Miss Millions
Longed to have billions,
And dreamed about trillions beside;
But while she was sighing,
Not working, just crying . . .
Her bank account dwindled and died!

Little Miss Penny
Didn't have any

Money at all, but she tried;
And so she kept saving,
And ardently slaving . . .
And she owned a house when she died!

IV

Ride in a taxi,
The Biltmore for lunch . . .
Eat . . . for the music
Will play while you munch.

Eat all you want to,
While large grows your dome . . .
For after you've eaten
You'll have to walk home!

V

Old Mr. Croesus
Was worried to pieces
To pay for the monthly rent . . .
For what with investments,
And bonds and assessments,
He found all his money had went!

VI

Ike and Mike
(They look alike)

Began to work together . . .
But Ike was sly,
While Mike ran dry . . .
So they struck stormy weather!

VII

Dickory, dickory, dock,
The ticker reported the stock,
Each bull a bear,
Brokers, beware
Dickory, dickory, dock!

VIII

“Hi diddle, diddle . . .”
“Hoorah, ich ga bibble”
The pawn-brokers chortle in glee . . .
The bankers all giggle to see the fun,
And int’rest mounts high as can be!

IX

Sing a song of sixpence . . .
A suitcase full of rye . . .
But that is meant for millionaires . . .
The rest of us go dry!

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH

Once upon a time before Caesar had conquered Britain, and therefore in the very early days indeed, there dwelt in southern England a princess named Talc. Her life was pampered and happy, just like the lives of all the princesses who lived a long time ago. Each day she sat by the edge of a pool of still green water, and allowed her handmaidens to comb her tresses (it was in the days, you see, when ladies wore tresses where most modern folk wear hair).

“I am very beautiful,” she remarked casually, glancing at herself in the pool, “but . . .”

“Yes, indeed, Madam,” chorused the handmaidens, who did not realize that she was about to say more.

“Silence, wretches,” snapped the princess, squirting water at them with a lily white hand, and thereby mussing up her image in the pool. Then she continued in a low tragic tone: “I have a blemish, I tell you. My nose shines. Poets have written of brilliant eyes and gleaming teeth, but not one has mentioned a glittering nose. Therefore I know that the perfect nose does not shine. My beauty is ruined. Ah

woe is me, ah woe is me!" An she bowed her head forward, sobbing so violently that she pulled the pigtails out of her handmaidens' grasp.

"No more," she roared at them, as they started to reclaim the lost tresses. And then she sobbed as though her heart would break, "Oh my blemish, oh my nose, oh my nose, oh my blemish. Throw away your combs. I am going to tell the sea of my woe. I am going to walk along the cliffs. You may follow at a distance."

She sprang to her feet, and hurried to the cliffs. She looked at the sea roaring on the rocks below.

"Oh sea," she moaned in her grief, "what would you do if you had a nose and it was shiny?"

As she was thus bewailing she stumbled and fell upon the smooth, soft, chalky cliffs. When she lifted herself up she found that her hands were covered with a white dust.

"Arabella!" she called to her handmaiden, "bring me a bowl of water."

Talc looked into the glassy surface of the water. Lo and behold her nose no longer

shone, but was white with a thick opaque whiteness!

“My beauty!” she exulted, “my beauty has returned! Arabella, you may get the comb and continue in the making of my royal pig-tails. Neither my nose nor my chin shines. I am truly beautiful.” And she rejoiced until the tears flowed down her face, making furrows in their whiteness.

And thereafter each morning the princess and her handmaidens could be seen prostrate upon the cliff, solemnly rubbing their noses in its smooth dust.

SENSATIONS OF SWINBURNING

I fly through the air . . .
Ah where, tell me where
Shall I land, when I drop?
Shall I splash? Shall I flop?
When I plunge in the sea . . .
Will the waves cover me?
Pause I here on the brink . . .
Will I float? Will I sink
Through the green, glassy waves . . .
Through the myriad of deep . . . ?
When I die, shall I sleep . . .
In the murm'ring sea caves?
Pray, is life fair enough . . . ?
Shall I plunge from the bluff
Take the ultimate jump?
And land there . . .
 . . . with a thump?

DAY DREAMS

“We had a table cloth, as white as the paint on the wall beside my kitchen stove, when it was new, five years ago. Ice tinkled in the glasses, but I saw every glass cloud up to hide the ice, because it costs an awful lot these days: They brought the turkey in,—it must have weighed twelve pounds. Its brown breast was so fat it seemed about to burst. It sizzled. Um. Then came the cranberry, all red and clear and quivery from its mold. A pianola played all the time, and we danced on the swell white tiles up to the cashier’s desk.

“I had on a picture hat, black velvet, trimmed with fur and cloth of gold, just like a movie star—that’s how I felt. Say, ain’t it queer, the things you dream about?”

A half a loaf of bread lay awry on a crumby and rumped and mended table cloth where the breakfast dishes were stacked in crooked piles. The room was dark . . . an oil stove in the corner made the hot air heavier. On the tubs, wrapped in towels, a tiny baby lay. The mother was speaking: and trying to wipe the wisps of hair out of her heavy eyes. She said: “Say, ain’t it queer the things you dream about?”

RAIN IN THE CITY AT NIGHT

The streets are black.
They shine.
And every light,
From lamp-post and from store,
Makes a golden path
Across the street.

Drops of rain
Spatter,
And trickle down
The glowing window panes.

Red and yellow,
With silver frosting.
That's all that I can see
In the windows.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas doesn't come on the twenty-fifth of December. It begins with the first cold, snappy day, when ladies, fur-coated, and with unaccustomed red noses patter down Broadway. Tall fragrant pine trees, their branches roped in, are piled on the curbs. There are little stacks of very, very green stands, leaning against a box of rosy cheeked apples. Delivery boys bustle about, much more energetically than ever before. In the windows cauliflowers and half frozen beets cuddle in a bed of red crepe paper in an attempt to keep warm and cheerful. Next door the fish-man has garnished his wares with holly and eked a "Merry Christmas" on the frosty window pane. On the corner the Salvation Army girl stamps to keep warm and tinkles her little bell.

And it's not even December twenty-fourth!

A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE INTO RELIGION

Once upon a time there
Was a little
Girl.
And she never read the
Bible, and when her fond parents
Decided that she ought to be
Religiously educated, she
Rebelled, and on Sundays developed
Colds—and so forth.
But—
When anyone mentioned
Saul or
Rachel or
Anything, she felt
Uncomfortable
And blushed
And giggled
And tried to
Change the subject, which
She couldn't always do.

And everyone accused her of not
“Having religion”

Until she fully
Believed it.

Bye and bye
When she grew older she
Began to wonder

What this **religion**
That everybody thought so much about—
That preachers preached about—
That revivalists ranted about—
Is.

And when she asked
People
Some carefully stroked their beards
And thoughtfully cleaned their spectacles
And said:—"It is
The divine life in the human soul" whatever
That is.

And some
Sat up straight
And promptly answered
"The natural gratitude to God for creating us
which makes us want to obey his com-
mands, in return," which
Was clearer, but sounded too much like a
Bargain.

And she asked some who had been
Brought up on
Catechisms and
Things.
And they
Looked shocked at the
Question.

Perhaps because they
Didn't know.

'And there were many
More answers
But
The girl thought
That, as there
Were so many and
So many people had
Bothered about it,
It must be pretty
Important and
Useful.

And so she looked
Up in card indices and
Read many
Deep books

And had many
Deep discussions
And things.

Finally she decided
That
Religion is a very
Personal thing,
And so
There couldn't be a
Single definition for
Everyone.

But as for herself, she
Considered it
One's idea of perfection,
The attempt to live up to this idea as an ideal,

And

One's attitude toward the world in trying to
do this.

And as for the ways of "getting religion"
She could not believe
That this should be
Thrust upon a poor defenseless

Babe, or that a mean advantage should be
Taken of his
Youth
By his parents, in biasing his
Later saner judgment by
Prejudicing him in favor of certain
Opinions that They
Happened to have.

She did not mean
That one should not read the
Bible, or obey general morals or
Know who Rachel was or
Be as uneducated, as
She. She meant that one should be
Left to oneself,
When it comes to thinking out
What his Motive in life,
And
Conception of perfection, and
Explanation of the big **whys** of
Life, and
Things
Like that
Are.

For one must get an
Understanding of such
Things
(If one is to have a **real** understanding of
them)
Either through
Much theory,
Or better,
By the experience which only
Living gives—
If you get what I mean.

But,
Thought the girl,
What is the use of
Worrying
About things like that
Anyhow?

And then she
Realized how
People always turn toward
Religion
When they are in
Trouble; as the
Religious revival in
Europe now

Shows.
And she realized the
Comfort that they
Get
From it.
And after all
It is only natural that when
Material things
And means toward the real end
Go wrong,
And one feels blue,
That one should try to
Look ahead
And beyond
At the real goal,
And get
Cheered up,
By the confirmation that there is a goal.
And that is one use of
Religion.

And besides
People
Are apt to be too
Materialistic, nowadays.
And the very presence of ideals,
Or recognition of their presence,

Will lead one
Beyond
Such narrowness
And
Such binding materialism, and so
Will lead to
Higher ideals—
Hence
Higher strivings—
Hence
A better world—
Which is
An asset in itself,
If you get what I
Mean.

And this is the
Real
Use of religion.

And with this off her mind she felt better.

SUNDAY

A-top the palisades that touch the sky
Where friendly elms flirt with each passing
cloud,
There let me lie—with Heaven for my
shroud,
With Nature live, and close to Nature die.

I, too, would flirt with clouds that pass me by,
Holding my head aloft, my spirit proud,
Only by Nature's wrath shall I be cowed,
Only by hand of Providence I die.

For Art we live, since Art is Nature's toy,
Fashioned each man in mold almost the
same . . .
Religion, Nation, Race . . . are things of
name.

Cast these aside—God's playthings are for joy.

Amongst the waves that vainly slap the shore,
Please God, help me to carry on some more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

An evening dress in a window . . .
Sheer,
Crimson;
An ostrich fan beside it . . .
Soft
Willowy.

Outside the hard cold glass,
A woman.
Pale cheeked,
Red nosed,
Clutches a furless muff
And pulls her frayed coat collar
About her scrawny neck.

Gentleman in a high hat,
Tan gloves,
Yellow cane,
Fur coat.
Buys spring flowers
From a dirty-faced Greek.

Confetti in long yellow streamers,
Lying on the grey curbstone.
Shivering children
Rolling it up.

SILENCE

You think the house is silent when you're out?

The ticking clock
Obtrudes its measured beat,
Slower than before.
The windows knock.
'Way down the hall I hear a creaking door.

A tenseness in the air . . .
Someone behind me.
Frantically I try to think . . .
Of other things . . .
Of anything . . .
"This is mere nonsense . . .
Nonsense,
Nonsense . . .
The room **is** empty!"
Hush . . .
What was that noise out in the hall?
That brushing sound. . . ?
That creaking . . . ?

Oh, how can you think
The house is silent when I'm here alone?

BLUFFING

So that was Russian Art—A blotch of red
And yellow flames, and towers childishly
Drawn in thick lines, and curved as though
the walls

Were falling in. Scores and scores of these
Were crowded in a narrow frame, thick piled
That left us stunned, amazed—we could not
guess

From the queer Russian signs and mumbled
words

What we were meant to think the show was
for.

But going out, we coughed importantly
And then we said “Here’s a new tone in Art.”

While inwardly we wondered what **that**
meant.

THE DELICATESSEN SHOP

You must have noticed, on a Sunday night,
The line of husbands, forming on the right, . . .
A bent old fogey, and a spatted fop
Are rubbing shoulders in the crowded shop
Where lurid signs proclaim a pale green tea
Or shriek in praise of chicken fricassee.

Furtively they take their places in line
And meditate the where-withall to dine . . .
Then whisper it quite deprecatingly,
And steal away as humble as can be!

LISTENING IN.

(Recess in a College Corridor)

Footsteps paced down the hall—slow, meditative footsteps, with long intervals between them. Then there was a swish of skirts, and little pattering taps on the hard marble. Then both footsteps stopped, and I heard a high treble tittering, and a deep long-drawn out, but kindly roar. There was a clatter as though books had fallen on the floor—another titter, and rather a bored basso sigh. A bell rang. The pattering and swishing recommenced and faded out of earshot. The steady, determined strides drew nearer and nearer—and by that time the second bell had rung—and the door was slowly opened.

MT. RIGA ROAD

If I could draw—

The country lies

A beacon to my pointed pen,
Enticing me to sketch again,
Or paint the colored twilight skies.

If I could play—

I'd harmonize

The babbling brooks in mossy glen
Or sing the whispered words of men
Or wordless songs in misty eyes.

I wish that God had given to me
Expression that real artists show . . .
The power to understand and see,
Uplifted by the will to know.

Instead, I write my paltry stint,
Which usually isn't fit to print.

RAIN

Here's the pool, close to the lake
Where the humming rainbow flies
Seek their prey with myriad eyes,
Where the maple, touched with red,
Bends across the dusty pool,
Bathing in its welcome cool,
Sunspots break the veil of leaves
Like diluted drops of gold,
Cloud the pool with dust-like mold.

Now the sunspots fade away.
Buzzing flies hum louder still,
Tense the air hangs damp and chill,
And the maple's glittering leaves
Turn their silver-frosted backs
To the wind. A pine-tree cracks.
On its breast the first rain falls.
Drops like pebbles sharply pelt,
Widen to a ring, and melt.

GROWING PAINS

When I was a rosy, wide-eyed child
And the world was new to me
I tried to explore it with searching eyes
That knew no secrecy.
And I came one day, in my wanderings,
On a curtain of green and gold
With the deepest colors reflected in
Each mysterious fold.
And I tried to break through it, and tried to
go 'round
To pluck at the colors that shone,
But as I reached toward it, it vanished away.
And I cried in the forest, alone.

Seven years passed, e'er I saw it again,
All proud in my new-found teens. . . .
But I passed by the gate with a haughty
glance,
And I scoffed at its beckoning greens.

Seven years more, and I find it again,
In my own private fairy wood.
Its shimmering colors, and sun-flecked hues
Call me, as naught else could.

The gates are translucent. There, tinted with
rose,
Is the sapphire blue of a cloudless day. . .
And I know there are reaped the harvests of
love,
And I know there the children of happiness
play.

But I know that for me the gate is shut. . .
And I feel that I trespass on hallowed ground,
So I fix my eyes on the stones below,
And I follow the lone path, homeward bound.

ADOLESCENCE

Childlike still, we gaze at fleeting fairy
thoughts,
Childlike still, we cast pale shadows in the
air—
Civilized imaginations—weakling sparks
That we've folded fast in words—and buried
there.

Look: A' school of doves on silver-frosted
wings
Hold the sunshine for a moment as they fly,
Toss a vagrant shaft of sunbeams in the air
As they float across a shining turquoise sky.

For a moment there's the glitter of their
wings . . .
Just a moment . . . then the sunbeam melts
away
And the happy brightness of the turquoise sky
Has faded, like their silver wings, to grey.

TO—

Glorious love, if the passion were thine,
To thee I would open my heart and myself;
Yours is the spirit to whom I'd resign,
Yours are the arms I would rest in, in sleep.

Yours is the face I would look to for help,
Yours are the hopes that would buoy me, un-
 til
After our labors had won, or had failed,
Yours are the thoughts that would guide me
 on still.

FRAGMENT

Glorious Virgin, thine the light . . .
 The spark-fire of maternal love . . .
Of thine own self, hast thou made
 A Living God, thy Monument.

TO MARIE

Such a dainty little miss

Is Marie,

Whom I love to pet and kiss. . .

Sweet Marie!

Auburn hair in sunny wave,

Freckled face, now sad, now grave . . .

Would you teach me to behave . . .

Dear Marie?

You've culled learning from deep books,

Fair Marie,

A Phi Beta. . . and such looks!

Oh Marie!

That you set my heart a-flutter,

Not the wise words that you utter. . .

It's your charm that makes me stutter . . .

My Marie!

But though lyrics I indite you,

Fair Marie,

Ardent love letters I write you,

Still Marie,

You prefer to let me pine, dear,

Lonely hours have been mine, dear.

Oh your art is superfine, dear,

Dear Marie!

But I never give up hope,
 Of Marie,
Liberally I hand soft soap
 To Marie. . .
For I know when I grow older,
And my beaux affairs grow bolder. . .
By her tactics, I'll be colder
 Than Marie!

FREUDIANISMS

Then the fish all turn into girls, and the shimmery tale of the goldfish-in-chief changes into dance slippers. Soon her voice begins to call to you. It grows louder and louder. At last you realized that she is saying—

“Eight o’clock—time to get up!”

You heave a sleepy sigh and look at the clock. It says “eight o’clock” but it is probably fast. You turn over and try to remember that dream about goldfish. Or was it girls? Girls or goldfish? Goldfish or girls? They both begin with “g”. Queer, “g.” Stands for “goloshes” and “grapes” and “gloves” and—

“Ten minutes past eight”.

“All right” you drone dutifully. (But you know it isn’t all right).

You turn on your back and stare at the ceiling. There is no use in getting up yet. You would spend so much time just dressing and undressing. Think of the hours people spend in clothing themselves. If all those minutes were laid end to end they would probably reach from their elbows to—

And then the door bell rings, and someone says something about mail.

Mail!

That's different.

In a minute you are up and rushing into the hall-way.

“Mail!”

THE OLD MAN SPEAKS

I dare not come to you with virile phrase
 To tell you to give heed to what I say:
 To live your life in age-instructed way,
To light your dawn with sunset's fading rays.

I dare not wish to live again my days.
 I, too, was careless when birds sang in
 May,
 I loved to wander on the primrose way,
Untaught, I crashed through life's conflicting
 maze.

Reverance, sanctity, and holy awe,
 Your body's kingdom, and your soul the
 king.
 These are the messages of God I bring,
To keep your holiness without a flaw.

God gave to you the priceless gift of youth,
And I, unheeded, offer you mere truth.

BALLADE FOR MORALISTS

Sing me a lilting, laughing song,
Some spritely, springtime roundelay,
That's not too burdensome or long . . .
That hasn't got too much to say.
O sing of goblin, elf or fay,
And deck your verse with imagery
Just this remember: Make it gay . . .
O poet, do not preach to me!

Weave me weird tales of old Hong Kong,
Of China, or of far Cathay,
With pig-tailed heroes, called Hoo Chong
Who struggle in a tyrant's sway.
Be sure the setting of your lay
(If it should end unpleasantly)
Be very, very far away . . .
O poet, do not preach to me!

If to some antique, classic wrong
Poetic tribute you would pay . . .
Resound some martyr's funeral gong . . .
Awake the tears of yesterday . . .

I am not one to bid you nay,
But this I beg you earnestly
Don't tack a moral to your lay . . .
O poet, do not preach to me!

L'envoi

I only hope some poet may
Read this, and act accordingly,
Not tear into bits, and say:
"O poet, do not preach to me!"

HEAVEN, AT LAST

I staggered up the last step of the golden stairs and stood puffing and gasping. St. Peter came over to me and flapped his wings in my face. I noticed that the wings were all lettered—A.B.C.D.—I didn't look further.

"Your admittance ticket," he growled, and gloatingly fingered his keys. The largest was square and shiny—a Phi Beta Kappa Key.

I pulled a crumpled sheet of 8½x11 paper from my pocket. St. Peter took it, slowly looked at it upside down, then sideways, then right side up.

"Un-huh", said St. Peter at last, with celestial vagueness, "Un-huh", he repeated wisely.

"May I . . ." I whispered.

St. Peter turned around slowly, showing me a great expanse of wing.

"Close your eyes," he said, "and pull out a feather, and while you are about it, take one for each of your little friends."

"I can't see which one to choose, if I close my eyes," I objected most knowingly.

"It doesn't make any difference which one you choose," said St. Peter, "I only give them out as souvenirs. A feather doesn't really help you to fly. It just gives you confidence. The rest is up to you."

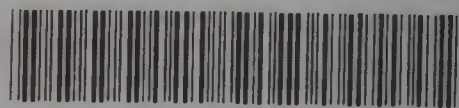
THE FUTURE

Far in the depths of the dark green sea
A forest of scrawny weeds
Imprisons a giant and holds him fast,
 Twine themselves round his knotted hand
 And chain him down to their sunless land
Where the waves rush raging past.

His face is hard with deep'ning lines,
And his eyes are glazed with slime,
Yet, deep in his heart there grows a hope
That he will be freed by time.

He is the God of Things to Be,
Chained to the floor of the thoughtless sea.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00025723181

