)

Voices and an accordion sounded as if close by, though through the mist nobody could be seen. It was a workday morning, and I was surprised to hear music.

"Oh, it's the recruits' leave-taking," thought I, remembering that I had heard something a few days before, about five men being drawn from our village. Involuntarily attracted by the merry song, I went in the direction whence

As I approached the singers, the sound of song and accordion suddenly stopped. The singers, that is the lads who were leave-taking, entered the double fronted brick cottage because the sound of the singers. longing to the father of one of them. Before the door stood a small group of women girls

While I was finding out whose sons were going, and why they had entered that cottage, the lads themselves, accompanied by their mothers and sisters, came out at the door. There were five of them: four bachelors and one married man. Our village is near the town where nearly all these conscripts had worked. They were dressed town-fashion, evidently wearing their best clothes: pea-jackets, new caps, and high, showy boots. Conspicuous among them was a young fellow, well built though not tall, with a sweet, merry, expressive face, a small beard and moustache just beginning to sprout, and bright hazel eyes. As he came out, he at once took a big, expensivelooking accordion that was hanging over his shoulders, and having bowed to me, started playing the merry tune of "Barynya," running his fingers nimbly over the keys and keeping exact time as he moved with rhythmic step jauntily down the road.

Beside him walked a thick-set, fair-haired lad, also of medium height. He looked gaily from side to side, and sang seconds with spirit, in harmony with the first singer. He was the married one. These two walked ahead of the not remarkable in any way except that one of them was tall.

Together with the crowd I followed the lads. All their songs were merry, and no expression of grief was heard while the procession was going along; but as soon as we came to the next house at which the lads were to be treated, the lamentations of the women began. It was difficult to make out what they were saying; only a word here and there could be distinguished: "death . . . father and mother . . . native land . . ." and after every verse, the woman who led the chanting took a deep breath, and burst out into long-drawn moans, followed by hysterical laughter. The women were the mothers and sisters of the conscripts. Beside the lamentations of these relatives, one heard the admonitions of their friends.

"Now then, Matryona, that's enough. You must be tired out," I heard one woman say, consoling another who was lamenting.

The lads entered the cottage. I remained

outside talking with a peasant acquaintance, Vasily Orehof, a former pupil of mine. His son, one of the five, was the married man who had been singing seconds as he went along.

"Well," I said, "it is a pity!"

"What's to be done? Pity or not, one has

And he told me of his domestic affairs. He had three sons: the eldest was living at home, the second was now being taken, and a third (who like the second had gone away to work) was contributing dutifully to the support of the home. The one who was leaving had evi-

dently not sent home much. He has married a townswoman. His wife, is not fit for our work. He is a lopped-off branch and thinks only of keeping himself. To be sure, it's a pity, but it can't be helped!"

While we were talking, the lads came out into the street, and the lamentations she

into the street, and the lamentations, shrieks, laughter and adjurations recommenced. After standing about for some five minutes, the proother three, who were also well dressed, and cession moved on with songs and accordion ac-

Of the stories that are told

But I know that her belief

Is the anodyne of grief, And will always be a friend That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,

Just as poor as poor could be,

But her spirits always rose Like the bubbles in the clothes;

And though widowed and alone,

Who would keep her to the end.

While the baby, sopped in suds, Rolled and tumbled in the duds;

Or was paddling in the pools With old scissors stuck in spools,

She still humming of her Friend

Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds

Have their root in human needs;

And I would not wish to strip

Any hope that song can bring,

From that washerwoman's lip

Any song that she can sing,

For the woman has a Friend

Who will keep her to the end.

I will recount to thee, therefore, a like thin

which happened to myself when I journeyed

to a mine of the king, and went down to the sea in a ship of one hundred and fifty cubits in

length and forty cubits in width. Therein were

one hundred and fifty sailors of the best in

Egypt. They looked on the sky, they looked on the land, and their hearts were stouter than

They foretold a storm before it had come

and foul weather when as yet it was not. The

storm broke while we were upon the sea, be-fore we could reach land. The wind arose,

making a clamorous sound, and brought with it a wave of eight cubits. There was a piece of

wood against which I struck; but the ship per-

ished. As to those that were therein, not one

of them was remaining. I was cast upon an island by a wave of the sea. Three days I

passed alone with my heart as my companion, and I lay in the midst of a thicket, and the

my legs to know what I should put into my

is a wave of the sea." The trees cracked, the earth shook. Then I uncovered my face; I found that it was a serpent which was approaching. He was thirty cubits long, and his tail was more than two cubits. His body was covered with gold, and the rings around his eyes were as real "lapis lazuli." And the side

eyes were as real "lapis lazuli. And the side was more splendid than the front.

He opened his mouth to me while I was upon my stomach before him, and said to me: 'Who has brought thee, who has brought thee,

adow covered me. Then I stretched forth

I heard a noise of thunder. I thought: "It

I have seen her rub and scrub

On the washboard in the tub,

Cheered her with the monotone

Of the miracles of old;

companiment. One could not help marveling at housemaid," was the answer. the energy and spirit of the player, as he beat time accurately, stamped his foot, stopped short, and then, after a pause, again took up the melody most merrily, exactly on the right beat, while he gazed around with his kind, hazel eyes. Evidently he had a real and great talent

I looked at him and (so at least it seemed to me) he felt abashed when he met my eyes, and with a twitch of his brows he turned away, and again burst out with even more spirit than before. When he reached the fifth and last of the cottages, the lads entered and I followed them. All five of them were made to sit round a table covered with a cloth, on which were bread and vodka. The host, the man I had been talking to, who was now to take leave of his married son, poured out the vodka and handed it round. The lads hardly drank at all (at most a quarter of a glass) or even handed it back after just raising it to their lips. The hostess cut some bread, and served slices round to eat with the vodka.

While I was looking at the lads, a woman, dressed in clothes that seemed to me strange and incongruous, got down from the top of the oven, close to where I sat. She wore a light green dress (silk, I think) with fashion-able trimmings, and high-heeled boots. Her fair hair was arranged in quite the modern style, like a large round cap, and she wore big, ring-shaped, gold earrings. Her face was neither sad nor cheerful, but looked as if she were offended.

After getting down, she went out into the passage, clattering with the heels of her new boots and paying no heed to the lads. All about this woman—her clothing, the offended expression of her face, and above all her ear--was so foreign to the surroundings, that I could not understand how she had come to be on top of Vasily Orehof's oven. I asked a

The host began offering vodka a third time, but the lads refused, rose, said grace, thanked

the hosts, and went out. In the street the lamentations recommenced at once. The first to raise her voice was a very old woman with a bent back. She lamented in such a peculiarly piteous voice, and wailed so, that the women kept soothing the sobbing, staggering old creature, and sup-ported her by her elbows.

"Who is she?" I inquired. "Why, it's his granny; Vasily's mother, that

The old woman burst into hysterical laughter and fell into the arms of the women who supported her, and just then the procession started again, and again the accordion and the merry voices struck up their tune. At the end of the village the procession was overtaken by the carts which were to carry the conscripts to the District Office. The weeping and wailing stopped. The accordion-player, getting more elated, bending his head to one side and resting on one foot, turned out the toes of the other and stamped with it, while his fingers produced and stamped with it, while his lingers produced brilliant "fioritures," and exactly at the right instant the bold, high, merry tones of his song, and the seconds of Vasily's son, again chimed in. Old and young, and especially the children who surrounded the crowd, and I with them,

fixed their eyes admiringly on the singer.
"He is clever, the rascal!" said one of the peasants.

'Sorrow weeps, and sorrow sings!'" replied another. At that moment one of the young fellows whom we were seeing off-the tall one-came

up with long, energetic strides, and stooped to speak to the one who played the accordion.

"What a fine fellow," I thought; "they will
put him in the Guards." I did not know who

The old man raised his cap and bowed to me, but did not hear my question.
"What did you say?" asked he.

I had not recognized him, but as soon as he spoke I knew him at once. He is the hardworking, good peasant who, as often happens seems specially marked out for misfortune: first two horses were stolen from him, then his house burnt down, and then his wife died. had not seen Prokofey for a long time and re-membered him as a bright red-haired man of medium height; whereas he was now not red,

but quite grey-haired, and small.

"Ah, Prokofey, it's you!" I said. "I was asking whose son that fine fellow is—that one

who has just spoken to Alexander?"
"That one?" Prokofey replied, pointing with a motion of his head to the tall lad. He shook his head and mumbled something I did not understar 1.

"I'm asking whose son the lad is?" I repeated, and turned to look at Prokofey.

His face was puckered and his jaw trem-

"He's mine!" he muttered, and turning away and hiding his face in his hand, began to whimper like a child.

And only then, after the two words, "He's mine!" spoken by Prokofey, did I realize, not only in my mind but in my whole being, the horror of what was taking place before my eyes that memorable misty morning. All the dis ointed, incomprehensible, strange things I had seen suddenly acquired a simple, clear, and terrible significance. I became painfully ashamed of having looked on as at an interesting spectacle. I stopped, conscious of having acted ill,

and I turned to go home.

And to think that these things are at the present moment being done to tens of thou-sands of men all over Russia, and have been "Whose son is that one? That gallant fel"Vasily's daughter-in-law; she has been a low?" I asked a little old man, pointing to the
"Vasily and treacherously deceived! "Whose son is that one? That gallant felmeek, wise and saintly Russian people, who are

## An Unpretentious Poem

Suggestive to some extent of Tom Hood, and yet charmingly original, the following unpretentious little poem, "The Washerwoman's Song" which has become familiar to hundreds of readers, and which has grown yellow in many a scrap-book, was first published under the pseudonym of "Ironquill." Its excellence along with the excellence of other lines given to the world by the same anonymous writer, created a curiosity as to the author's personality, which eventually discovered him to be Mr. Eugene F. Ware- ex-Commissioner of Pensions for the United States of America. The

> In a very humble cot, In a rather quiet spot, In the suds and in the soap Worked a woman full of hope; , all alone. In a sort of undertone. With a Saviour for a friend He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening alone, I had heard the semi-song, And I often used to smile More in sympathy than guile; But I never said a word In regard to what I heard, As she sang about her Friend Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee, Working all day long was she, As her children, three or four, Played around her on the floor; But in monotones the song

THE OLDEST SHORT STORY KNOWN

or at other places where folks do congregate,

not excepting the excellent tea rooms of Vic-

toria, are the vintage of 48721/2 B.C. Nay, we

should say that MOST of the stories so heard

are of such vintage. And, moreover, the tellers have not the grace to admit the honorable age

of their products. Such is not the case with the

following yarn. It is admittedly old, the oldest on record, in fact, and, if any of our readers

wish to doubt the statement, they may com-

municate their doubts to us and we shall be

glad to have them set forth. This story, all about an old pack tar who, in the reign of Pharaoh, found a wonderful island, was recent-

Pharaoh, found a wonderful island, was recently translated for the London Spectator from an ancient Egyptian manuscript in the state-museum at St. Petersburg. History saith not whether it was ever submitted to an editor; therefore we know not if it was accepted. We do not youch for the truth of it, as it was told by a sailor. With these form and the state of the stat

by a sailor. With these few preliminary re-

the capital; they have taken the mallet and

driven in the mooring-stake, and the ship's cable has been laid on land. They praise and

thank God, and every man embraces another. Our soldiers have returned in safety; not one

of our warriors is lost, for all that we reached the uttermost parts of Nubia, and have now passed the island of Senmet. See now, we have come home in peace; we have reached

me home in peace; we have reached our

Be glad, O prince! See, we have reached

marks, we launch forth into the tale:

Many of the stories one hears at the club,

little one, who has brought thee? If thou hasten not to say who has brought thee to this island, I give thee to know that thou shalt be in ashes, becoming somewhat that cannot be seen. Speakest thou to me? I hear it not. I She was humming all day long, "With the Saviour for a friend, am before thee, and thou knowest it not." took me in his mouth and bore me off to his He will keep me to the end." resting-place, and laid me down without harm-It's a song I do not sing, For I scarce believe a thing

## A CASTLE OF DREAMS

What is the tale that I love best? Tell, O tell it at last for me, Waves that wash the golden west And that old castle by the sea.

The clump of thrift that we carried home Still blooms on our own grey wall for me, Bright as it nodded above the foam In that old castle by the sea.

There a tale that never was told choes, and crowns with light for me Ruined towers on the sunset's gold And crags that crumble over the sea.

A ruined castle where no one dwells, A haunted castle of dreams for me, And all around it sinks and swells The thunder-music of the sea.

Behind it throng the fir-clad hills

Where many a song-bird built for me, And the deep ravines and the sparkling rills Of the little land by the western sea; Glens of fern where I used to dream, And all the dreamers dreamed for me:

Whisper of wings and waves agleam Shadow of boughs and shine of the sea. Bound the poets in faery gold, But none, but none so fair to me

Of that old castle by the sea. Yours the tale and but half begun, Cast aside; but it stands for me Strong and sure in the noonday sun And washed by the great eternal sea.

As one dear tale that never was told

Father, the page of your tale untold Shines bright for your son, shines bright for me.

As it shone for the child that was eight years A castle of dreams by the singing sea.

The pink thrift nods on its crumbling walls, There are forests of flowers on its cliffs for me, And caverns below where the sea-tide calls, And white sails drifting out to sea,

And a grass-grown moat where the children

Listen for me, listen for me; For there do my childhood's feet still stray By the little paths above the sea,

Winding paths that end on the sky, E'en as the tale half-told for me-The dream that died and that cannot die Till the old grey castle sink in the sea. -Alfred Noyes.

### INBORN

Adam—What are you doing to that fig leaf?
Eve—Altering it, of course. It's all out of style.—Smart Set.

# Mr. Shaw and Aristotle

Mr. George Bernard Sraw was recently accused of "leaving Aristotle out" in his work-manship. Mr. Shaw recently explained himself in a letter to the London Times as follows: "Leaving Aristotle Out"

Sir-The writer of the article under the above heading challenges me so repeatedly and pointedly that it would be discourteous to pass his article over without a word of explanation. Let me briefly offer him the following assur-

1. I am no party to Mr. Granville Baker's demand for the omission of Aristotle. I take the greatest pains to secure "unity of impression, continuity, and cumulative force of interest"; and it is noteworthy that such mastery as I have been able to achieve has led me finalunities of time and place are strictly observed. And whenever I find a critic complaining that of drama, in which the my plays are no plays because my scenes do not jump from Jerusalem to Madagascar, and my playbills are not filled with such aids to the spectator as "Six weeks elapse between Acts and II. and two years between Acts II. and III.," I conclude that the critic has learnt his

business from Sarcey, and not from Aristotle. 2. I entirely agree that "right views, sound ons" are more desirable than "original views." At the same time, I regard a writer who is convinced that his views are right and sound as a very dangerous kind of lunatic. He is to be found in every asylum; and his delusion is that he is the Pope, or even a higher authority than the Pope. Original views, in the sense—the only possible sense—of being sincere, unaffected, unborrowed views, are at least humanly attainable. This point has been admirably demonstrated by no less able a critic than Mr. A. B. Walkley, to whose collected articles I would refer the author of your weekly notes on the theatre:

3. I most solemnly protest that I have never "told my critics how they ought to criticize my next play." I have told them repeatedly how they actually would criticize it; that is, by falling victims to "the psychology of the crowd" (Mr. Walkley will explain), and helplessly repeating a ridiculous litany first invented by the least competent and least literate among them, and having no relation either to the facts of the theatre or the science of criticism. And on every such occasion they have fulfilled my prophecy to the letter.

4. I am quite aware that my phrase "the vituperation of the Press" would be neither accurate nor grateful if the Press consisted of The Times, which is apparently the only paper your contributor reads. Unfortunately The Times is in this matter, as in others, an exceptional paper. Let me state one fact which speaks for itself. From Germany I have for years past received repeated and urgent requests to allow my plays to be produced in the first instance in Berlin, on the ground that the nnouncements of their unutterable tedium and disastrous failure which invariably follow their production in London makes it necessary to hold them back in Berlin until the verdict is forgotten. Your contributor is misled by that "handsome tribute from criticism" which consists in praising my old plays in order to throw into greater relief the infamy of my new ones. Thus "Misalliance" was unworthy of the author of "Getting Married"; "Getting Married" had none of the brilliance of "The Doctor's Dilemma"; "The Doctor's Dilemma" was

a pitiful falling-off from "Major Barbara"; and nobody could sit out "Major Barbara" without asking why the author did not give us another masterpiece like "John Bull's Other Island"— poor "John Bull," which first established the tradition that my plays are not plays, but mere talk! Substitute for these titles "The Marriage of Ann Leete," "The Voysey Inheritance," "Waste," and "The Madras House," and the story applies equally to Mr. Granville Barker. To say that "these reservations turn the whole praise sour for us" is quite true. They do.
When I am told that it is a pity that a man who only last year was so honest as I should have become a thief, a liar, a blackguard, an incendiary, and a murderer, and I lose some thousands of pounds and a great deal of credit to overlook the compliment to my previous good character. It may even show an appetite for "indiscriminate and fulsome praise." I cannot help it; I am built in that hypersensitive way. When I am held up to the world as a "go-as-you-please dramatist" I don't know exactly what is meant, and neither would Aristotle; but for the life of me I cannot feel as if were receiving "a handsome tribute from criticism." I actually prefer the downright

vituperation. 5. I greatly regret that your contributor should have succeeded in dashing the faith Mr. Walkley once had in my work. Mr. Walktey's very handsome tributes in Le Temps were the beginning of my literary vogue in France. Even when he seized the opportunity of a recent public dinner to make a quite unprovoked attack on the projected National Theatre, and to assure the public that he had allowed his obscurer fellow critics to convert him to the vulgar view of the work at which Mr. Barker and I are toiling—a view which I confess I cannot distinguish from the Rosherville view of a Beethoven symphony—I held my peace. I shall continue to hold it, because my percona and private feelings are entirely friendly to him. But it is my steady and impenitent purpose to "permit myself," whenever, like Mrs. Gamp, I feel so disposed, to do with his unworthy colleagues what Heine reproached Lessing for doing—namely, not only to cut off their heads, but to hold them up on the scaf-

G. BERNARD SHAW.

### WIDOWERS

fold to show the public that there is nothing in

It is a sad thing to be a widower. If a widower mopes around and won't mingle in society and refuses to take part in any little innocent amusements, the women say he s putting it all on for fear folks will think his

grief is not real. If he mourns for the conventional period and then begins to sit up and take notice, the women say he is a callous brute and they pity the woman who is foolish enough to marry

If he puts in all his spare time with his children, they say it is too bad he doesn't pick out some motherly women and marry her and give his children a real home.

If he doesn't spend all his spare time with his children, they say the poor little things are cruelly neglected, and that's what might be expected of a man, anyhow.

TRAIL-TALK AND (Richard

The Opening of th Since the publication der the Game Act for seasons during 1910, w other column, there has and criticism of the dec ing day for grouse shoo than it has been for the good sportsmen being a great mistake to open the First of October. these opinions were not as the powers that be, the framing of the regu anxious to do what was present and future spor forming their conclusi getting at the real opini tion to judge best of the in the various districts

However, as there see opinion against the oper earlier this year than come in from some dist and backward birds, by the birds the benefit of a ably, close down grous this year, or else keep same as in the last two be free from politics, and ance to the interests of s ing of a fair stock of bird be discussed without acri

The opening of the g on September 15 was umn last May, on the str servation of plenty of he with which I am acquain the strength of the hone good sportsmen who had

But we do not preten personally, whatever my the desirability or other shooting on a certain date to the opinion of others w differently, even though minority, and, if there is as to the wisdom of the all means give the birds

### The Pheasants, the Chi Sport

Speaking of game lav some years ago now, so, i of the Game Warden, it to me for evidence, besid hearsay anyway, and the tells me that that doesn't for the yarn:

They were two arden had had a long and weary deal to show for it. Drivi they paid a call on a prom district in which they had hope of getting a little They were observed by pulled up at his gate, to t der the seat of the buggy a bush at the side of the mystery which had to be After receiving his guest himself for a moment to freshment and seized the

cure and examine the my In it he found two hen der was out. Of course was to denounce the offen over to justice: but the dis saw his way to the admi poetical justice, and took dole out the punishment.

He knew his men, ar them, he apologized for tunately his stock of spitemporarily out, but he had milk. They drank the mil and there was no whiskey drunk the milk, they took and started for other part something stronger to be

On arriving in Victoria certain restaurant preside known and distinguished handed him the sack, with would see that justice wa paration of the pheasants, it contained, for their supp

Then they satisfied their after a good clean-up and a In anticipation of the en sults of their skill and th come they received was hat they expected. Inst face of the artist of the k vere accustomed to see, the mant Frenchman indeen, with samples of his choices the air cleared a bit and the word in, they enquired y what was the matter.

"Sacre blank, etc., etc. bring me crows to cook, an pheasants!"

The proprietor of the co they had been regaled w practicing before they ca rows in his orchard. It of a few seconds to make th and discovered what was iomebody had pheasant for ng, if not the men who sho