Mamba's Daughters

would not be wise to stay. Saint can wait if he wants to and join us later. It is different, less complicated, with a man.

aristocracy-overseers - poor-whites lost in her own reverie. "The boy," filled the dark, then the curtain of how distinguished he is looking now— taking proper care of him? He's such swirling mists and vague half-lights. so like his father—a Wentworth a restless sleeper — needs watching; Instantly the mood of the play was silly of me to sit here crying when he's so absurdly like Saint. It is good re-established, fixing the watchers in I'm so happy—when the fight is all to know that once, at an important attitudes of rigid expectancy. over—when my children have won. . . turning, you thought straight, acted Dawn ag., in, but no longer the red What a sensitive profile he has—a for the best, threw your weight on of an old despair. A thin, essential of the St. Cecilia Society-youngest your child will have every comfort- massed towers of a metropolis.

And on Wentworth's left, with the them with a mysterious beauty, then smooth ivery of her shoulder brush- plunging the audience into interstel-

aristocracy—overseers — poor-whites lost in her own reverie. "The boy," filled the dark, then the curtain of sprang from its lethargy, while the final act drew up on a stage of taking proper care of him? He's such the final act drew up on a stage of the woman climbed triswirling mists and vague half-li*hts. ing his broadclott sleeve, sits Valerie, lar night. The slow throb of music

thoroughbred-a success-a manager the right side . . . Good to know that radiance breathed upward behind the on the board. . . . Valerie-a fitting every chance-that your husband is gathered strength, spraying out like mate for my boy—lovely now with happy—respected—successful. . . . the corona of an aurora, gilding the that smile on her lips—living in the Lissa! What a strange upside-down towers, then dominating them. The memory of the music, no doubt-well, pl ce the world is . . . Mamba! That music caught the mood of the sky. she's of the new generation, perhaps night when she took Saint and me The arresting dissonances, the sharp she gets more out of it than I do. . . to her church. . . I knew then that syncopations of the early acts, were A good mother to my boy's son—a I had to have bim. . . . Funny old no longer individually evident but good daughter to me. . . Shall I go thing, Mamba—knew my heart before seemed to merge into a broader, irbehind the scenes with Saint after- I did-wanted to help us along. . . restible current of sound. The rhythm, ward? Shall I take Valerie instead The wedding. . . . The boy! Is he too, was no longer a thing separate. right after the curtain and leave him missing me? Wish I knew more about It became a force as indistinguishto follow? . . . These new Negroes— Miss Jones—still she was well recom- able and pervasive as the life current. so different — wouldn't understand mended—looker competent. . . Will It was a fundamental law that movwho I am—something awkward might he sing, I wonder, or paint—or write? ed light, music, the sway of the happen—expect to be addressed as —It means so much to his father. . . . crowd, the passage of time, in a con-Mr. and Mrs., no doubt—No, I could—But I'm not so sure. . . . Dad's fail-certed and inevitable progression. n't manoge that. . . Now, Lissa, she ure! Yes, but money makes such a The artificial declamations of operatwould understand with her Southern difference—gives talent its chance, ic convention were gone. The cast raising. . . . But the others! No, it We're secure now—Saint—the boy . ." was reduced to two elemental forces. The crowd with its heavy massed rhythms and reiterated choruses was Slowly the light in the big audito- the body, and the single transcendrium commenced to ebb, dimming the ent mezzo-soprano that soared above modern decorations and endowing it was the spirit, aspiring, daring, despairing, lifting again. The move-ment became faster. The voice com-

menced to lift the chorus from its al. like a storm of beating wings, inertia and carry it alone on short, Then the curtain shot downward. daring flights. Then, in a final acceleration, the scene soared toward its tremendous climax. The light, the movement, the music, merged into

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African Bedtime Stories

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WHITE CHILDREN, by Blaise Cendrars.
FAYSON and CLARK, Lad. Else.

In so far as the title of this book states that its stories are for "little white children" it is a mismomer.
There is interest on its pages for little black as well as for little men this volume would appear as the men this volume would appear as the Uncle Remus stories appear to Ein-

As a matter of fact, there is no ear-As a matter of fact, there is no earmark in this group of stories which distinguishes them from the commonly known type of fable, made famous by Aesop and in modern times by Uncle Remus. If there is a distinction to be made it must be based on the unusual excellence of Mr. Cendrars' collection of stories.

The volume was written for juvenile readers but one ventures to say that the juveniles had best keep their copies carefully concealed from soph-

night to amuse themselves and to keep watch against the beasts who roam."

It is difficult to understand what interpretation the author intends to distinctiveness of the volume.

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hard.
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