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MAGAZINE. VOL.
LXXXII, NO. 5, FEBRUARY,
1917, PP. 127-170**

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eighty-second Volume with the number for October, 1916. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduates, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 20th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Business Manager or his authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Business Manager.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the EDITORIAL MANAGEMENT of the periodical must be addressed to ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER, Chairman. Communications with regard to the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, to JAMES REED SANDERSON, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXXXII

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 5

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1917.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER SAMUEL SLOAN DURYEE
PERCIVAL GRAY HART ROBERT PAUL PFLIEGER
CHARLES MORTON STEWART, III.

BUSINESS MANAGER,
JAMES REED SANDERSON.

THE CORNERS OF THE FIELD.

IN that meritorious and little-known work, the Book of Leviticus, between a regulation regarding peace offerings and a commandment against stealing and lying, occurs the following passage: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger; I am the Lord your God." A further study of the code leads us to the conclusion that it was not the support of the poor and stranger but the effect on the chosen people themselves which primarily interested the divine lawgiver and we are driven to inquire why he should have urged this apparent incompleteness—this doctrine which seems so directly opposed to our favorite worship of efficiency. No one can read of the construction of the tabernacle and suppose that perfection of detail was a matter of indifference to the Children of Israel. No one can give the greatness of Moses the attention which so exalted a statesman deserves and not be aware that he was not only a man of high spiritual vision but of immense practical capability. That cool and careful assembly must have been conscious of the economic wastefulness of having the corners of the field unreaped, the vineyards ungleaned and of the fact

that the poor and stranger would have an easier time of it if they were to receive a portion of the scrupulously gathered harvest as alms than if they were left to forage for themselves. Yet the closing phrase of the commandment left no doubt as to the serious importance which they must attach to it. There can be only one reason: they were to be saved from the fate of the meticulous from the narrowing and hardening and soul-destroying of the pursuit of completeness of acquisition. Their ceremonials, their worship, their conduct toward God and man might be as complex as they would make it and must be as perfect as they could, but lest anyone should seek to reap the blessings of the Lord with too keen an eye—with too grasping a hand, God stood before them and said, "Thou shalt not." And so was secured to the people the divine gift of incompleteness and all its attendant virtues and benefits—generosity, imagination, leisure, romance.

There is much talk, in this day, of our inefficiency and there are many who believe that the cure is in a dogged attention to details which, when it shall have removed our petty failings, will have made us supermen. Very few dare, in these times, to plead for leisure, for culture, for impractical idealism. Yet is it not a little strange that we should fail to see that true efficiency or any other kind of greatness to which we may aspire is not to be created by a negative process of eliminating flaws? A character or a philosophy worth having can no more be made by such a method than could a statue by taking a block of marble and filing away the rough places. We must have an idea of the whole, a plan on which to work, and to that end we must have the emancipation from detail which gives us sense of proportion and capacity for inspiration. The definition of genius as an infinite capacity to take pains is certainly a thoroughly unsatisfactory one if we are to believe the expert accountant the greatest of geniuses. Surely we need for our hands and our minds and our hearts some spots aloof from the routine, some moments devoid of practical purpose, some unreaped corners of the field of our life.

In the sphere of education this is not only desirable and necessary, but possible, as it is not, alas! in too many other

walks of life. The much noted derivation of our colorless word "school" is not a mere curiosity, it is full of interest and significance. The antiquity which associated education with leisure was wiser than we who strive to make it synonymous with mental acquisition. The academic atmosphere, the academic calm, the academic attraction, are still desiderate and still within our reach. It is just this that Mr. Flexner ignores in his lately perfected machinery for the new ideal education. There was a man who lived in Mexico once, who had a valuable Swiss watch that was out of repair. Consequently he sent it to a Mexican watchmaker and waited hopefully for its return. After a protracted period of that result which waiting in Mexican affairs is sure to produce, he finally sent and demanded his watch, whereupon it was shortly returned to him apparently complete, though not going, and accompanied by a little pill box containing half a dozen watch wheels labelled "these were left over." It seems a little as though Mr. Flexner, having taken the exclusively complex thing we call education to pieces and put it together again on other lines, had been confronted with some ingredients which, as they did not fit into his machinery, he had been obliged to return to us as "left over." And these things for which he has no further use, it seems, are exactly what distinguishes college from business school, what keeps alive the individual imagination, what guards us from the menace of machinery. Far be it from us to take that extreme attitude so vigorously upheld by Mr. Boris Sidis, that the aim of education must be the production of geniuses and that the system which produces artisans is beneath the consideration of an intellectual man. Yet even that seems a more attractive ideal than the one which is approached by the careful exclusion of individuality and the abhorrence of the impractical. Of all the menaces to higher education in these days, surely the passion for the practical is the most insidious! It is the cry for complete utility, the demand for a full sight of the near foreground and neglect of the background, the temptation to get bread from every square inch of the field.

This community, moreover, is confronted with yet another problem of this character—the well-known Yale over-organi-

zation. Let a man discover himself to be one of a group all interested in the same thing, and, instead of taking it calmly and enjoying what there is in it, he makes them into an organization, forsooth, and by that simple process he transforms his interest into a mission, his group into a machine, his pleasure into a responsibility. Oh for some divine pruner to top off from the bodily academic the multitude of moribund societies that do so easily beset us! It is not that they are not all worthy enough of purpose. Eminently respectable they are and always just on the verge of making great transformations in undergraduate life. But is it worth it? Is it desirable that most of the finest intelligencies among us should be able to devote so small a fraction of their time to the pure delight of unpurposeful association with their fellow men because of the host of petty duties with which they are laden? How are we to defend an academic institution where reading is a self-indulgence and a somewhat rare one at that? The particular kind of waste of time to which we are addicted is not idleness but lost motion. For the college, at least, there can hardly be a doubt of the desirability of leisure, or repose of mind, of the unproductive pleasantness of dreams which widen into the transforming grandeur of visions. Some day we shall come to realize that, and the corners of our field will be full of color and of song.

Alfred Raymond Bellinger.

TRANSIENT.

The night I left,
We stood together there on old Pine Top,
Watching the little lake,—so far below it seemed a drop
Of water, glistening on a broad nasturtium leaf.
I had so many things to say—thoughts full of grief
At parting, but I left them all
Unsaid. For I knew well a breath might break the wall
That you had built so sturdily
Against regret to come with love for me.
I wanted it to stand awhile, that you might see
More clearly at its fall,
And understanding how it had kept out all
That love can give. Perhaps I was resentful—perhaps dumb
With injured pride, for you had called my love a transient, come
From woods and water and an open sky,
To vanish when we left them,—or to die
In crowded traffic. Still, I wondered that you didn't know
How things like these endure. And so
We waited, stilled and tense, to hear
The whistle, when the stage drew near
To take me to the train
And bring me into city din again.
Four wistful months without you!
Yet we waited there without a word,—we knew
Our sentient, inconsistent moods
And fought to keep down platitudes.

At last it came,
Sharp, shrill, insistent, like a flame
For welding steel. You drew your coat and made it cling
Closer around you, shivering.
"I guess it's time to go," you said,
And tried to smile bravely,—but you turned your head

That I might think you unafraid.
It wouldn't work,—you caught your breath, and swayed
Trembling against my arm.—And then
Came one brief, breathless moment, when
I held you close. I still can see
You looking down,—bewildered—after me.

And now to-night is here,—the four
Long months are past. It's strangely like it was before
You see, we're in a woods of dancing folk, beneath a sky
Of billowed bunting, studded here and there with shy
Little incandescent stars, that look
Like fairy eyes, strayed from a fairy-book.
—And water, too,—the shining floor
That seems half water and half shore,
And twinkles underneath our feet
To make the phantasy complete,
Oh tell me dear, can anyone
Find romance in a slide-trombone?
—Please favor *me*, and tell me how
Cotillions go,—why, there's the leader's whistle now—
You thought that, too?
I felt your arm
Tighten in quick alarm
Across my back again.
Don't be afraid—I'll never make the train.
I'm so *exultant*,—why, the crash of drums
Sounds like an old wall tumbling down. Then comes
The 'cello's sigh, to sweep it all away, and so
The dance is over. Oh and *now* you know
It must be true, or else you couldn't look at me
And smile so gladly, so confidently.
Look deep, Love, and you'll see the way
A lonely transient has returned—to stay.

Philip J. Q. Barry.