Vol. XLIII

MAY, 1914

## THE SMART SET

CLEVERNESS

Manuscripts to receive negret attention should be addressed. "Editor of THE SMART SET."

## CONTENTS

Florence Brooks YOU NEVER CAN TELL . . . . . . George Sterling THE HOUSE IN DEMETRIUS ROAD. Part II UNDER THE SNOW . . . . . . . . . . Richard Le Gallierne PAS DE TROIS Blins Carman and Mary Perry King 43 PRISON-MADE Freeman Tilden . . . . . . . George Catton . . . . . . . Ludwig Lewisohn . . . . 61 PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT THE WIDOW OF WASDALE HEAD. Play in One Act Arthur Wing Pinero . . . . Robert Loveman . . . . . ONE MAN TO EVERY FAMILY . . . . Evelyn Gill Klahr . Louise Driscoll . . . . . THE IOKE TOWNS OF AMERICA. Essay . . George laverne . . DEAD DREAMS . . . . . . . . . . . Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff THE WOMAN-AT-ARMS . . . . A MENIAL . . . . . . . . Louis Livingston . . . . Louis Untermeyer SUNDAY NIGHT . . . . . . DELICATESSEN Donn Burne THE CALL Faith Baldwin HAMIET AND THE AMERICAN STAGE . . . George Jean Nathan . . . 

WITY HE DIVORCED BER Peil Herry For 133
THE SIGNOR SEES AUPNINE H. B. CORRES 135
WILD SWANS.
SIEVEL STATE MARKET STATE S

IN THE CASE OF BRADNER

IOHN ADAMS THAYER President

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be repointed VFARI V SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 SINGLE COPIES 25 CENTS

Entered at New York Post Office as second class sual souter

Luxurd monthly by John Adorn Theyer Corporation

lest 452 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. WM. P. WOORHEES Security.

. Hugh Irish . . . . .

## THE CALL

## By Faith Baldwin

THE hard white road and the scent o' spring,
The sun and the driving rain,
The morning mist on everything,
The lure of the wanton gipsying,
Ah, lad, they are calling again!

Will ye leave the doubts, the aging care, The city streets, the stifling round, Find ye the courage to do and dare, Escape from the petty fears that snare, And wander the world around?

The delicate fury of April wind,

The ever-changing, mood-swept sea,
The strange new towns where one may find
New joys that leave no sting behind,
They are waiting for you and me!

Lead—and I follow, the good earth over, Forget the past—and live—today! Loosen the fetters and play the rover, Kiss then my lips—and be the lover; Dance out of April into May!

Young blood is calling—I never can stay— Will ve dare to be mine? Then come, lad—away!

