

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF
CLEVERNESS

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

CONTENTS

THE ASSAULT OF WINGS	Charles G. D. Roberts	1
VIRGIN ISLE	Florence Brooks	7
YOU NEVER CAN TELL	George Sterling	8
THE HOUSE IN DEMETRIUS ROAD. Part II	J. D. Beresford	9
UNDER THE SNOW	Richard Le Gallienne	42
PAS DE TROIS	Bias Casman and Mary Perry King	43
PRISON-MADE	Freeman Tilden	47
FORTY POUNDS OF GOLD	George Catton	55
HOUSES	Ludwig Lewisohn	61
PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT	Owen Hatteras	62
THE WIDOW OF WASDALE HEAD. Play in One Act	Arthur Wing Pinero	63
A SPRING SONG	Robert Loveman	82
ONE MAN TO EVERY FAMILY	Evelyn Gill Klahr	83
THE SEA	Louise Driscoll	88
THE JOKE TOWNS OF AMERICA. Essay	George Jayenne	89
DEAD DREAMS	Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff	95
THE WOMAN-AT-ARMS	Victor Starbuck	96
A MENIAL	Louis Livingston	97
SUNDAY NIGHT	Louis Untermeyer	104
THE TRIBE ON VACATION	Basil Macdonald Hastings	105
DELICATESSEN	Joyce Kilmer	111
IN A CELLAR	Donn Byrne	113
THE CALL	Faith Baldwin	120
HAMLET AND THE AMERICAN STAGE	George Jean Nathan	121
V—FOR VERA	Cid Carr	124
IN THE CASE OF BRADNER	Hugh Irish	125
WHY HE DIVORCED HER	Paul Hervey Fox	133
THE SIGNOR SEEKS ADVENTURE	H. D. Couzens	135
WILD SWANS	Skipwith Cannell	141
THE MULE DRIVER	Henry Herbert Knibbs	142
LE JUSTICIER. In the Original French	Jean de Kerleog	143
THE MIRACLE IN THIRTY-NINTH STREET WEST	George Jean Nathan	145
THE HARP, THE SACKBUT AND THE PSALTERY	H. L. Mencken	153

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VIRGIN ISLE

By Florence Brooks

I AM the isle of mystery out at sea,
 Lapped in a turquoise flood from gulfs afar,
 Illumined by a solitary star,
 Where lonely winds wail through ravine and tree
 And sigh unceasingly, O Love, for thee,
 Who wanderest fatally through froth and spar,
 Carried by mighty waters toward that bar
 Whereon fate's tempest casts thee unto me.

Oh, in what guise com'st thou unto this land
 Lying in unmapped freedom at thy feet?
 Shall this calm breast offer a barren fruit
 To thy sad lips? Is it a languid hand
 That holds the flower? Or shall the waters sing
 A mighty chant of conquest to a king?