

THE HOKKU WINNERS

By Kwaw Li Ya

Most delicious Mr. Editor:

I AM altogether delighted to see that upon this occasion the golden-tongued poets of the Occident were able to confine their Hokku birds to the cage of thought. Nearly all of them, in their Hokkus, suggested the subject, a maiden deciding between love and duty, and basing her decision upon the omen of a bee alighting upon a rose.

But alas! The arrangement of short and long syllabic quantities is still very puzzling to the VANITY FAIR poets.

For example, Miss Winifred Waldron, 1219 Randolph Street, North Glendale, Cal., wrote as follows:

"Bringer of pollen,
Tender task is thy love-flight!
Love is my duty."

What phrase magic! How like a spider's web glistening with dew in the early morning sunlight! But one syllable is long where it should be short,—the word "flight." What a pity! For the solution of the girl's decision between love and duty is so cleverly managed.

B. A. Keiser, Washburn House, Northampton, Mass.,



Decorations by Gordon Aymar

A FEW COMMENTS

By the Judge of the Contest

also saw the same solution, but in his verse, too, there is a faulty line—the last.

"Love is my duty—
Give, O Heart to the king-bee,
Wine of thy 'deep soul.'"

AND so, Mr. Editor, I have decided to give the first prize to Miss Alice Maxwell Appo, 11 Dominick Street, New York. She has caught the delightful spirit of Hokku-concentration and she has the feeling for quantities. Her choice of duty over love is sweetly suggested. She said:

"Toler of ages,
Culling sweet-ss with labor,
I thy disciple."

The second prize is awarded to Arthur Powell, of Stratford, Conn. His Hokku, too, is very Hokku-worthy.

"Passionate flower,
Yielding sweets to thy lover,
God smiles upon thee!"

Honorable mention goes to Winifred Waldron, A. J. Gude, T. L. Ryan, B. A. Keiser, Helen F. Driver and Kenneth F. H. Underwood.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAFÉ

Why It Exists in Paris and Not in London

By Arthur Symons

WHEN my French friends come to London they say to me: Where is your Montmartre, where is your Quartier Latin? We have no Montmartre (not even Chelsea is that), no Quartier Latin, because there is no instinct in the Englishman to be companionable in public. Occasions are lacking, it is true, for the café is responsible for a good part of the artistic Bohemianism of Paris, and we have no cafés. I prophesy in these pages that some day someone, probably an American who has come here by way of Paris, will set back the plate-glass windows in many angles, which I could indicate to him, of the Strand, Piccadilly, and other streets, and will turn the whole wall into windows, and leave a space in front for a *terrasse*, in the Paris manner, and we shall have cafés like the cafés in Paris, and the *prestigitateur* who has done this will soon have made a gigantic fortune. But meanwhile let us recognize that there is in London no companionship in public (in the

open air, or visible through windows) and that nothing in Cafés Royaux and Monicos and the like can have the sort of meaning for young men in London that the cafés have long had, and still have, in Paris. Attempts have been made, and I have shared in them, and for their time they had their entertainment; but I have not seen one that flourished.

I remember the desperate experiments of some to whom Paris, from a fashion, had become almost a necessity; and how Dowson, the poet, took to calmen's shelters as a sort of supper-club. Different taverns were at different times haunted by young writers; some of them came for the drink and some for the society; and one bold attempt was made to get together a *clénacle* in quite the French manner in the upper room of a famous old inn. In London we cannot read our poems to one another, as they do in Paris; we cannot even talk about our own works, frankly, with a natural pride, a good-humored equality.

They can do that in Dublin, and in an upper room in Dublin I find it quite natural. But in London even those of us who are least Anglo-Saxon cannot do it. Is it more, I wonder, a loss to us, or a gain?

THIS lack of easy meeting and talking is certainly one of the reasons why there have been in England many great writers but few schools. In Paris a young man of twenty starts a "school" as he starts a "revue"; and these hasty people are in France often found among the people who last. In London we have had nothing like the time of Victor Hugo, when Baudelaire and Gautier and Gérard de Nerval and men of obscure and vagabond genius made the cafés of Paris vital, a part of themselves, a form of creative literature. That life is what London has in itself the genius, the men and the material, to be; but of the men of our time only Henley and John Davidson loved it enough to strike music out of it.

THE LAST AWARD OF S. O. S. PRIZES

VANITY FAIR'S Prize Department of Department

IN the October number of VANITY FAIR, Mrs. A., on returning home after having spent several days at the country house of Mrs. B., has scarcely entered her own front door when she is called to the telephone.

"So you've got back safely!" says a voice which, over the wire, sounds exactly like that of her sister.

"Yes, I have—and I never was so glad to get home in my life. I've been bored to a frazzle for three solid, endless days," replies Mrs. A., with intense feeling.

"Oh! Indeed! I'm exceedingly sorry!" comes back to her in tones that, as the receiver at the other end is hung up, she now recognizes with an awful thrill as those of her hostess, Mrs. B.

Problem: What next?

As Mrs. A. had, in the unanimous opinion of the five judges of this department, committed a species of social murder, it was ob-

viously up to her, after the long sanctioned custom of all homicides, to prove a convincing alibi. Many of the contestants, on the other hand, were of the opinion that it would have been possible for her to call up Mrs. B. after the telephone had been so curtly cut off, laugh merrily and then declare that she had recognized her voice and had merely been playing a "little joke."

Perhaps—perhaps; but at best it would have been rather coarse work. Mrs. B. might have been persuaded to emit a somewhat metallic sound of mirth at the pleasantry, but of course she never would have believed it to be one, and, unlike death, it would have left a decided sting. No, an alibi, as they say of certain medicines, was clearly "indicated," and it was thereupon decided that the most dramatic and interesting one had been proved by Mrs. Alexander Nettelroth, of Speed Lane, Louisville, Kentucky, who said:

MRS. A. instructs her household forever to deny her prompt arrival. Immediately she motors back to the station and, in a convincing imitation of frantic excitement, telephones to Mrs. B., "My dear, I'm still at the station. I've lost my pearls—either on the train or in your limousine. Won't you please look and telephone me here at the station at once, at booth six?"

The second prize was awarded to Carl Strokirk, of Montour Falls, New York, who suggested that in thanking Mrs. B. by letter for her delightful hospitality, Mrs. A. should insert a paragraph like this:

"Although I was hours late I got back safely. My sister Caroline was waiting for me at home—and not in the best of humors after three most boring days at the X's. It was no consolation to her that I had had such a perfect time with you."

Charles M. Flandrau.