



With Muted Strings

Translated, by Aleister Crowley,
from the French of Paul Verlaine
Drawing by Sydney Joseph

CALM in the twilight of the lofty boughs
Pierce we our love with silence as we drowse;

Melt we our souls, hearts, senses in this shrine,
Vague languor of arbutus and of pine!

Half-close your eyes, your arms upon your breast;
Banish for ever every interest!

The cradling breeze shall woo us, soft and sweet,
Ruffling the waves of velvet at your feet

When solemn night of swart oaks shall prevail,
Voice our despair, musical nightingale!

LE PETIT GUIGNOL—OF BROADWAY

ONCE again we are apprised of the fact that Autumn is here. All the old-fashioned signs point to it. But we should know even if our rural foliage were neglecting its annual contract; even if touring cars were not turning into sedans, and if women's clothes vendors were not holding advance sales of last season's furs dyed in next season's colors; even if society were not beginning to trickle into the city from Lenox and other outlying districts.

For the theatres have almost all opened—some, alas, for the second time—and the voice of the press agent rings throughout the land.

Experienced newspaper readers—especially of the Sunday editions—readers who like their news tempered with romance and optimism, with mystery and delightful improbabilities, re perusing the dramatic sections with a warm thrill of expectancy, and the certain knowledge that they will not be disappointed.

It is safe to prophesy that this year—as last year—many of our most prominent feminine players will interest themselves in War Charities, working girls, and the vote. We know the news will leak out that Miss So and

So, whose current husband is driving an American ambulance somewhere in France, is thinking of joining him at the front—and that she will limit herself to the thought. It is almost a *fait complet* that the chorus girls of certain musical successes (whether there are any, or not) will form a literary club, for purposes of dancing, and that the chorus men will take up the question of preparedness (for a siege of unremunerative rehearsals) by meeting daily on the stage for drill. We feel sure that several actresses will be arrested for speeding, and that many others will be torn between the movies and the legitimate.

Already we have heard the tragedy of one well-known theatrical figure, who has, so far, been unable to remove her bronze make up, because the ingredient for its removal is made in Germany, and cannot be extradited.

This is but the beginning. There will be more news, of equal interest from similar sources. Yoicks!

WHAT THE PLAYS WILL WEAR

DURING the coming *saison*, conservatism will be the keynote of fashions in plays. The cut of melodramas, *par example*, will

differ but slightly from those of a twelvemonth ago. Melodramatic heroines will preserve the suggestion of soldierly sparseness in the waist-line, and in the clothes-line, heroes will be worn with narrowish heads, white souls, and softish, brownish eyes. Aside from this, and the fact that dark-room revolver shots, faced with informal, flowing party-colored oaths are always *de rigueur*, there will be but a slight reflection of sombre, *militaire* Europe in melodrama styles.

Musical comedies will be cut a trifle lower this autumn than last, with belle-crowned choruses in which legs, worn somewhat more snugly than last season, will be the *coup de grâce*.

Despite their overpopularity last year, farces will still be *au fait*. Plain, gray-dullish, or patent-laughter jokes, with flat points, borrowed from the latest Parisian styles, plain poke, and slap-stick comedians, and the old-time, English one-garment baby—these are the foreshadowings of farce fashions for fall.

Bona fide comedy and drama are, as usual, under the ban.

Chapman Wright