

THE LARK



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The Lark; No. 17

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“Lo, here the gentle Lark, weary of rest!”

Venus & Adonis.

ON THE HEIGHTS: TWO MOODS.



LIDING THROUGH THE WINDOW OF SEA-
GREEN HEAVEN,

INNOCENT MISTY VAPOURS FLIT INTO THE
ROOMY HALL OF THE UNIVERSE,
EXHALING FROM THE FORMLESS CHIMNEY
CALLED SPRING, OUT OF SIGHT,
WHERE THE GOD ALONE, TRANS-
MUTES HIS POETRY OF BEAUTY.

THE OPIATE VAPOURS, IN FOAMLESS WAVES, ROCK ABOUT
THIS DREAMING SHORE OF APRIL-EARTH.

AH, THE MOTHER-COW WITH MATRON EYES UTTERS HER
BITTER HEART, KIDNAPPED OF HER CHILDREN BY THE
CURLING GOSSAMER MISTS!

SABRE-CORNERED WINDS BLOW!
CLOSE UP THY MOUTH; THY THIN-WREATHED LIPS
SHIVER IN THE WINDS!

ALREADY-COLOURED WORDS ARE COLOURED MORE BY THY
GOSSIP OF OTHERS.

CHANT THYSELF IN THE SNOW-WHITE MELODY OF MUTE-
NESS AND MEDITATION.

THY MOUTH IS LIKE A KEYLESS DOOR FOR THY MYRIAD
MISFORTUNES, AT LEAST IN THIS FLOATING WORLD.

BOLD WORDS BE DEAD! FOR OFTEN THE WORD'S LITTLE
MORE THAN NOTHING:

TIMID WORDS BE DEAD! FOR OFTEN THE WORD'S LITTLE
LESS THAN NOTHING:

GIVE THE WORD TO THE WORD; NOT LESS, NOT MORE THAN
THE WORD ITSELF!

SILENCE IS THE ALL OF SILENCE: STILLNESS IS THE WHOLE
OF STILLNESS.

BEHOLD, THE HEAVEN ABOVE IS EVER DUMB!—UNDER ITS
MUTENESS, THE SEASONS CHANGE AROUND;—THE
THOUSAND TREES GROW UP:

AND LO, THE NEVER-BROKEN CURTAIN-CANOPY OF HEAVEN
ARCHES CLOSELY OVER THE EARTH.

ALAS, IN THIS BIG CAGE OF THE UNIVERSE, WITHOUT AN
ENTRANCE, THY WORD, ONCE UTTERED, EVER ROAMS
AROUND THE WORLD WITH VOICELESS SOUND!

THE PRICE OF FAME:

Saturday Night, August 15th, 11 p. m.



HARRY dear, what do you 'spose I've been up to now? But you see I had n't any idea I'd get in so deeply when I started! It began this way—You won't be mad, will you? And I didn't have time to ask you about it 'cause he wanted it right away—I did n't even have time to wire you, for I only got his letter at two oclock, and mine had to go back in the four o'clock mail—To write a whole biography of you from Chaucer to the present day, in that time! of course it's in words of one syllable, and what I didn't know, I made up—It was very exciting.

Well, to begin at the beginning—I was reading the August Nightingale,—and by the way, if he does n't send back the photograph, you'll give me another one, won't you? And for him to insist so on having all your letters! Though he was really very nice about it. But to say Bunner's was the only Virclai in English! Of course I could n't stand that, having such a vivid recollection of yours in No. 18 and so I told him,—and in my impetuous way I asked him ——— The rest is too awful! I wonder if you will ever forgive me! I know how modest you are—much too much so, for your own good, Harry, really you are! But I am so proud of you, Harry, and I want people to know how bright you are. I know you will say horrid things about Samson and Delilah, when you see the September "Book Worm," and you'll think I'm perfectly shameless and can't keep a secret or anything, because I told about that time our canoe drifted away last summer on Naushon Island, but you were really so clever then, I just could n't help telling Mr. Sears about it, but I never thought he'd put it in till I saw the proofs. Really I blue-pencilled it, but he would n't take it out. Please write the minute you get this and tell me if you feel very bad about it!

Yours anxiously,
Marian.

THE COMMENT OF AN OUTSIDER:



ALL great Musical Art has been, I believe, built upon the primitive song of the common people; from that it sprang and grew and flourished,—and in moments of langour, of uncertainty, the art has always drawn from these pastoral springs its refreshment and rejuvenation. This is instanced by the debt of all of the men who have lately given freer impulse to music;—Brahms,—Grieg,—Dvorak;—and yet, if all the men of musical gift, who might sing with the people are taken from amongst them, and set about learning their business in the Conservatory, and write but for the Concert Room,—for the Connoisseur, rather than for the people—making it all fine, expressing the passions of refined sensation,—ah! when the wells run dry, and there is no longer any singing in the fields and around the cottage fire,—what stamina will the great concert works have? what sinew and what blood to keep the Art alive and healthy?

The peasants all over Europe are still singing, and singing the songs of their fathers—but what of the songs of to-day? In England and in France the younger men on the roads are singing the songs of the London Music Halls and the Paris Cafés—songs written by jaded men of the town, with banjo on knee and cigarette in mouth, who strum out vulgar commonplaces which are imported for the joy of America. We admit that they are catching, we like them and we imitate them,—but when the time comes when we are to build up a National school of Music, shall we draw on these for our strength?

Not long ago an opportunity was given us to hear a programme of music by the young men who are writing music quite seriously in America. But when it was all over, who cared? Surely not the audience—more than that, I doubt if the composers cared. Where was the note that fired, the moment of self-forgetfulness, that stamps the genuine work of art? This had never come to them, and it never

WHO TAKES HIS OWN ART SERIOUSLY.

came to us. With the exception of two or three songs that had the singing quality, these compositions had been dryly and laboriously conceived in the mind, for the most part on literary foundations of actual text,—say,—the Marriage of Hiawatha, the Knickerbockers of New York—anything would serve us, so that we might say—“Now this little passage is to suggest the love of the Savage,—now how shall I render the fall of the cascade; and now, what else is characteristically free and wild? Ah, I will read “*the Native Races*,”—Eureka, here is something entirely new! The war-dance, the rattle of wampum, the barking dogs of the camp, here goes for a big sensation!” But never the dream, never self-forgetfulness,—never above all else, the song from the heart; all as dry as the bones of the great dead—the masters whose whole bodies were living harps in their hours of conception.

Thus is the work of the cultivated men who are contributing to a new school of music—the American School—the product purely of the modern scholastic ideal; literary, rather than musical. The populace has no share in it. That large working community that is the brawn of the world, does not attend concerts, and it is disregarded. Yet the people sing, and they will always sing—and the man who can give them a noble number gives them the greatest and truest of all the gifts in the world. For him his recompense will be, that having written such a song, he must for that interval have lived in inspiration of the highest kind given the humanist, and though his name be lost,—his work shall survive forever. And what are these names we live under, for a space of years, even though they figure somewhat handsomely in the catalogue of Peters or Schirmer? But to have one's songs given fresh life each morning on the lips of Youth, and at night to be crooned to the child, and to that child's child, years after,—why here is to have made a living thing in the world, and have given a way of grace to the men and women in it!

"A BOY'S WILL IS THE WIND'S WILL,
AND THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH ARE
'LONG, LONG THOUGHTS.'"



*WOULD I could drive the Chariot of the Day
In one triumphant charge from star to
star;—
Flash the white radiance of the Dawn
afar,
And wake this sleeping Earth from Death's
decay!*

I know not what I would that I could do;—
I hear a voice I cannot understand;—
My brain is empty, while my willing hand
Chafes at delay;—ah, would to God I knew!

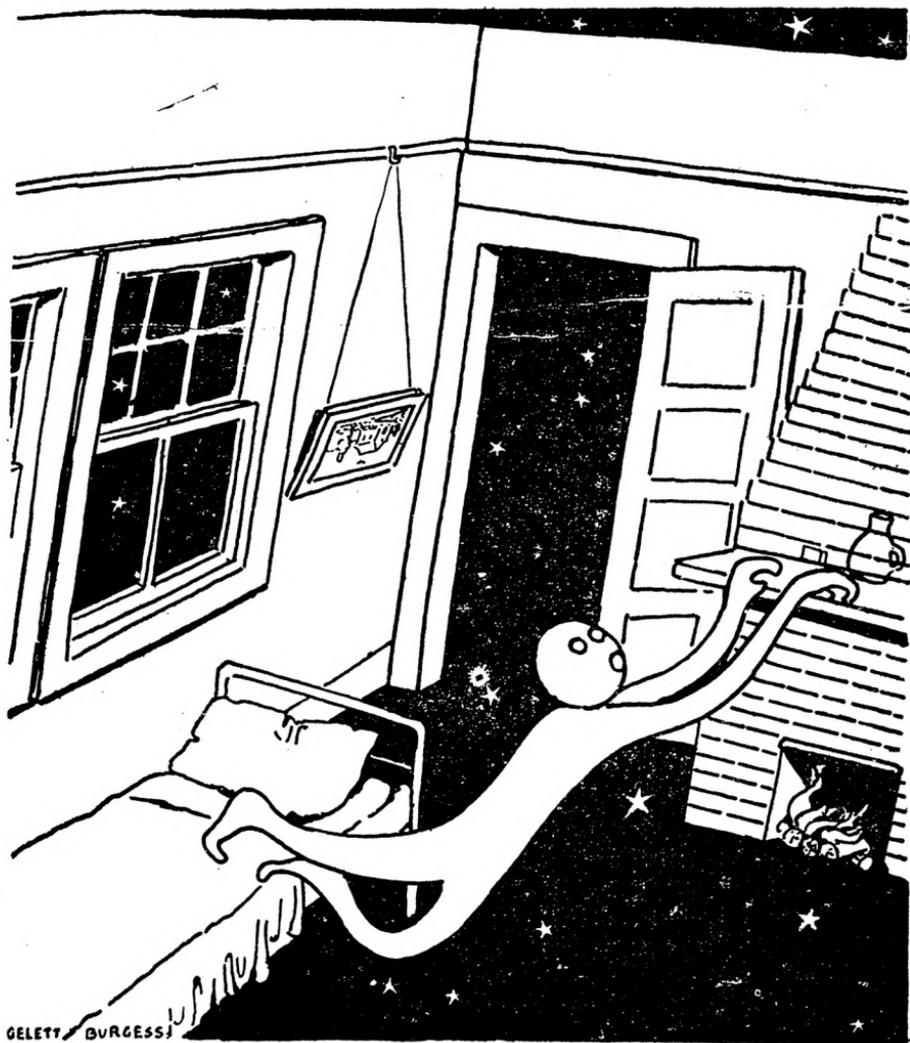
The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and wild;—
Between the upper and the nether stone
Must I be ground, until my soul has grown
Sick of the "wind's will," and become His child?

His, curbed and temperèd to a calmer strain,
Filled with a deeper power than I had dreamed;—
Must I forsake those hungry hopes, that seemed
Mid storm and stress, to heed nor joy nor pain?

God's will be done! (If God be over all)
He knows my young Ambition's sacrifice—
Yet though His high displeasure be the price
Once more I dare defy His will and call,

*"Would I could drive the Chariot of the Day
In one triumphant charge from star to star;—
Flash the white radiance of the Dawn afar,
And wake this sleeping Earth from Death's decay!"*

*I wish that my Room had a Floor!
I don't so much care for a Door,*



*But this crawling around
Without touching the Ground
Is getting to be quite a Bore!*

THREE STRINGS TO THE BEAU: OR,



ONCE there were three goblins that lived under a rock in the meadow. Heavens! but they were little, wrinkled, dimpled, green-grey capering knots of men,—tiny valetudinarians, who spent their whole time tickling each other's toes and spying at the goatherd in the fields. He was a sight too handsome, and a very valiant lad; he had killed many a wolf with one whack of his staff! No one knows how many love affairs he had on at one time. The mannikins feared him, for they were mischeivous little coward brats, and when the goatherd whistled through his teeth, and pointed his ten fingers at them, they would scamper away like roaches and hide under the rock.

The youngest goblin was a thousand years old. "It must be that knot of green ribbon in his cap that makes him so brave!" he said.

So that evening, when the goatherd was homing his goats, the three goblins snipped out, and followed him. Two of them made awful faces at him, and danced around among the kids till he jumped at them bawling, while the other snatched the green ribbon away, and ran miles with it before he dared to stop.

But the goblins could find nothing so wonderful in the talisman after all. They tried it in their own caps, each in turn, but not a man Jack of them dared venture into the field by daylight.

The goatherd spent two afternoons and a morning hunting for the ribbon, but he really did n't seem as worried about it as the goblins had expected, and one day he appeared with a *blue* bow in his cap,—just the shade that should go with brown hair and a white neck.

The second goblin was five thousand years old. And he said to the others, "He'll surely be as strong as a lion and as swift as a deer now. It won't be safe for us till after mid-

"TIS WELL TO BE OFF WITH THE
OLD LOVE."

night, and I shall put that green ribbon back under the oak, or he'll come after us, sure!"

Now the next week, if you'll believe me, there was still a different ribbon in the goatherd's cap. A red one, upon my word! And the silly boy would take it off, and smile at it, and pull the blue bow out of his scrip and grin at that too,—but when he found the green knot on the grass, he laughed right out loud, and kept the peeking goblins wondering at him all the rest of the week.

Now one day, while the goats were a-nibbling, and the goatherd was whittling out a willow pipe down by the lily pool, three sweet little maidens strolled into the field, each by a different path: one from the fir-wood, one through the reeds by the brookside, and one down the slope of the hill, over beyond the sweet-fern. One was fair, with light brown curls, one was dark, (not at all *too* dark) with sparky eyes, and one was a saucy little red-haired witch with *such* a pretty skin and snow teeth.

But when the bold goatherd saw them coming, all three at once, he ran with very pink cheeks, and hid behind the rock; and he did n't really quite get his wits back, till he saw three youths come gallivanting into the field, and pair off, two and two and two, with the maidens.

The third goblin was ten thousand years old. "It does seem enormous strange," he said, "that this courageous goatherd should be more afraid of three wee, weak, witty women-folk, than yonder strong, strapping striplings he has gone forth to meet!"

THE CONFESSIONS OF VIVETTE & CIE.,



HERE was not the least doubt in my mind that Vivette's scheme would succeed if she essayed it, though I knew she needed my incredulity to goad her into the verve necessary to carry it off,—for I knew my Boston,—loved it and feared it.

We got to Brimstone Corner early in the afternoon, while the Tremont Street blockade was inchoate, and by Vivette's own luck, there was a knot of newsboys by the Old Granary steps, all ready for what sport Fate or the Old Boy himself should offer. There was a Columbus Avenue car there, hanging fire, awaiting the starter's whistle, with the conductor astern, nursing his watch. I held the valise ready, and just as the two-bells rang, we boarded clumsily, delaying the car as much as possible to get a clear track ahead for the race.

"*Now!*" whispered Vivette excitedly,—and she flung a handful of coppers fair and straight at the boys on the curb. There was a jolly jingle of falling coins on the bricks, a shrill echo of ecstatic voices and a vicious scramble of intermingled limbs. As the car pulled away with a jerk, Vivette, clinging to the rail, aimed a bunch of nickels at the group waiting for the Depot cars and the crowd closed around the largess. A few on the outside caught view of the mad pair of us on the rear platform;—there was a yell from some of the men-folk, and a few started after us, but, wavered, fearful of a hoax.

"*Quick!*" cried Vivette, "the silver, or I can't hold them!" I passed out the small rolls and she sent dimes and quarters wide-cast into the passers-by. Then the crowd broke and ran;—men's pride fell off them with their hats;—the hunt was up. I conjured the conductor and trolley-man with seductive silver, while Vivette hung there reeling by the brake-crank, her cheeks aglow and her bonnet tilted, baiting the mob that closed in after the car, streaming from the sidewalk and the Mall in a long V;

HOW WE BOOMED THE MILKMAID.

men, women, children, boys, girls and yellow dogs. There arose a murmur among the throng of wayfarers, the outside strugglers took up the note, and the riotous in-fighters, crawling, sprawling, mob-tossed and abandoned, swelled the babel to a yelping falsetto.

By this time we were well down by Temple Place, and the side streets poured armies of jumping volunteers into the rout in our wake. There was a bobbling river of heads as far as the eye could stretch; the Common was swept with a lively flank movement of battalions trying to cut around ahead of the flying car; staid citizens were leaping from second-story windows; Boston was emptying her population into Tremont Street, like an ebb-tide in a racing channel. It was silver-dollar time by Vivette's clock, and she flew them right and left, and up into the air.

As we swung into Boylston Street, we saw the hordes of gallopers swarming through the Deer-Park and Burying Ground to head us off, and so at last we were fairly hemmed in at the Providence Depot, and became the still centre of a circling human cyclone. And then we attacked them with the "*Milkmaid*" greenbacks and fed that mob with decadent advertising matter, till the edition was exhausted; an hundred thousand notes were pocketed in that silly city, before the crowd realized our game. But before the fire-bells had ceased ringing, and by the time the patrol wagons, engines and ladder-companies defiled into Columbus Avenue, the four hundred thousand beggars had faded away like an August snow, yet not one of them but had discovered that a new journal had been started in Suffolk County.

And now, when we sit on the rocks by the sea-shore, Vivette and I, and watch the breakers roll in upon the beach, the foaming lines piling over each other's heads like wolf-packs, swept back swirling, by the undertow, charging, tumbling, roaring in and in again, Vivette smiles a little ancient smile, and says, "Ah, Richard, do you remember how we advertised *the Milkmaid*?"

FOG IN THE CAÑON:



*B*ANKED in a serried drift beside the sea
Rolling, wind-harried in a snowy
spray,

Majestic and mysterious, swirling free,
The ghostly flood is massing, cold
and grey;

Inland it marches, and at close of day,
Pearl-white and opal, sunset-hued with rose,
It storms the ridge, and then in brave array
The fog's dumb army up the cañon goes.

And now the forest whispers, tree to tree,—
Their grim defense is marshalled for the fray;
Pine, fir and redwood, standing cap-a-pie.
Down the long spurs and on the hilltops sway.
And now the misty vanguards, wild and gay
Ride down the breeze,—and now their squadrons close,
And sweeping like an ocean on its prey,
The fog's dumb army up the cañon goes.

The trembling bushes cover in the lee;
O'er the mad rout, the ragged smoke-wreaths play,
And scurrying cloudlets desperately flee.
On the low crests, the waving banners stay,
Now lost, now conquering, striving to delay
The riotous deluge;—yet in vain oppose,—
Height after height is carried, and away
The fog's dumb army up the cañon goes.

All night the battle wages, weird and fey,
And gallant woods dispute their phantom foes;—
But conquering, overwhelming with dismay,—
The fog's dumb army up the cañon goes.

THE PITFALLS OF MYSTICISM:



ONOTONY, C. P. R. R.,—a station and two small wooden buildings; a blank waste of prairie, a line of track, straight to the level horizon, a cloudless sky. The Ogden Express, (East-bound) is waiting upon a siding. A distant whistle, a faint hum, a vibrant roar,—a pounding, rattling rush of noises, and the West-bound Chicago Limited throws itself alongside the station, panting and throbbing. The air-brakes settle back with a long hiss, the escape-valve roars hoarsely, a cloud of vapour rising like the Genie emerging from the Bottle, while the locomotive drinks eagerly from the tank. Dusty travelers crawl from the coaches, and pace stiffly up and down the board walk, in the sunshine.

A young man with golf cap and cigarette, walks leisurely down the alley between the trains, and seats himself upon the steps of a vestibule of the Ogden Express. Directly opposite him is the platform of the last Pullman of the Chicago Limited. Through the door of this coach, enters to him, a young woman,—a lady, by every proof of face, dress and bearing. She holds in one hand a note-book of the Lectures of Vivekananda, and stands by the iron rail of the platform after glancing frankly at the young man. After a minute she speaks,—always in a low, dreamy, almost impersonal tone and manner. He is keenly sensitive, yet obviously restrained, as if uncertain of the niceties of his replies.

She: Are you, — what is called conventional?

He: I beg your pardon,—are you speaking to me?

She: To you—yes, in a way. To the individual You, not to the personal You, though. Do you know what I mean?

He: Why, yes, I think so;—yet if I do know what you mean, there is no need of asking such a question, is there?

She: That's very true. Still, it was such an effort to speak at all. You might so easily have misunderstood me.

He: You can trust me,—we are of the same caste, I assure you,—and there are some things that even a man knows by intuition.

OR, THE ASTEISM OF FATE.

She: You think so? Then you think we can say what we really think, without disguise, in these three minutes? The porter said we were to stay here only three minutes.

He: But why for only three minutes?

She: Ah, that's the mystery of it all! Why is it? Yet if it were for longer, I would never dare speak to you at all. But it has seemed so strange to me,—these flying glimpses of people;—like images seen in a flash-light picture, and then fading away into nothing. I could n't stand it. It seemed as if I must speak to some one, and say something *real*, and then be swept apart. What does it all mean? Do you think we have ever met before?

He: Why, yes,—I know it.

She: You feel it too? Oh, I wonder when! Perhaps thousands of years ago;—who knows?

He: But we shall meet again, shan't we?

She: Ah, yes,—perhaps;—thousands of years hence, may be. I wish I could feel sure of it!

He: I feel sure of it.

She: Do you? I wonder how we shall know each other! If I could only give you some word to know me by! Some message for you to keep! I feel as if you were on some passing star, and I trying to speak to you, before you were swept into space again. It's all like a dream! I wonder if you understand why I am talking to you like this!

He: I think I understand you better than you understand me.

She: Why? But there is the bell, and I shall never know—till the next time. Good-bye! See, your train is moving, you must hurry! Good-bye! Oh, oh! get on your train, *please!* Oh, you will be left! Why don't you go? You *must* go!—There, the train has gone! What do you mean? You must n't follow me, you will spoil everything. Oh, why did I begin this! What are you going to do?

He: I am going to Ogden. I hope you will forgive me!

She: But you were on the other train!

He: For three minutes only. I have been in this car, four seats behind you, ever since we left Chicago!