

# THE LARK

NUMBER 19 ♦ 10 CENTS



"WELL SETT' ST THOU-FRIEND-THE LARK, BEFORE MINE EYES } The Purple  
MUCH EASIER TO HEARE. THAN IMITATE? -PHINEAS FLETCHER } Island

# *The Lark; No. 19*

*by Les Jeunes:*

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## ALONE IN THE CAÑON.



HE AUDIBLE FLAKES OF THE SNOWY  
COLDNESS, STIRRED BY THE SILENCE-  
BREAKER OF NIGHT,—THE HOARY-  
BROWED WIND, WANDER DOWN,  
WANDER DOWN THE SLEEPING  
BOUGHS UNTO MY CAÑON BED.

“GOOD-BYE MY BELOVED FAMILY!”—I AM, TO-NIGHT, BURIED  
UNDER THE SHEETED COLDNESS:

THE DARK WEIGHTS OF HEAVY LONELINESS MAKE ME  
IMMOVABLE!

HARK! THE PINE-WIND BLOWS,—BLOWS!

LO, THE FEEBLE OBEДИENT LEAVES FLEE DOWN TO THE  
GROUND, FEARING THE STERN-LIPPED WIND VOICES!

ALAS, THE CRICKETS' FLUTES, TO-NIGHT, ARE BROKEN!

THE HOMELESS SNAIL CLIMBING UP THE PILLOW, STARES  
UPON THE SILVERED STAR-TEARS ON MY EYES!

THE FISH-LIKE NIGHT FOGS, FLOWERING WITH MYSTERY ON  
THE BARE-LIMBED BRANCHES:—

THE STARS ABOVE PUT THEIR LOVE-BEAMED FIRES OUT, ONE  
BY ONE—

OH, I AM ALONE! WHO KNOWS MY TO-NIGHT'S FEELING?

## H. R. H., THE PRINCESS PERILLA:



It is one of a very limited edition that I have before me to review, a volume of sea-green sheets, bound in gold coloured damask, and stamped with the crest of H. R. H., the Princess Perilla of Quincy-Adams. I have used the word *review* in a literal sense, however, for it is no deftly phrased synoptic critique that I purpose, but an hour to myself and Perilla, rehearsing old moods, and gloating, miserly, over this golden store of letters, minted in the magic mind of my perfect correspondent.

Yet were I to take Perilla's missives for a thesis, what an essay might I not offer upon the lost art of letter-writing! There indeed, should be born a book bulkier than the volume before me. Such texts! Such epigram! Such versatility! Such exemplification of the Rules of this chiefest of intellectual sports! And when I speak of the Game of Correspondence, I mean that superfine phase where the writers are man and maid, and both unmarried. All other forms of the exercise, save perhaps the vagaries of intervirginal sentiment, partake of the commercial element. It is well to know the family news, as it is necessary to read the morning papers, but all such information is rather on the postal-card plane, fitted for inattentive perusal in the street car,—not to be saved for solitary feast, and devoured by candle light with catching breath and hysterical giggle. This will revolt your chaperones and graybeards I suppose, but young married couples, still a little in love, will know what I mean, though for them there is no longer the glamour of what Perilla calls "perspective." Not even the fact that one is reading Nietzsche with interest, can make of a letter the event that it was in the old stage-coach days.

And so I limit the true letter to the unattached, where it is the weapon of the epistolary duellist, needing for its mastery every wile of the Imagination. And when

## A PERSONAGE OF QUINCY-ADAMS:

the twain have neither seen nor heard each other, the principals bear compound interest to each other. The whole foundation of a friendship has to be laid—and that too, in the dark. Of the Princess that inhabits your castle in the air, you may never see more than the scarf waved from the window. The drawbridge trembles with her step as you escalate the wall, the door closes above you as you jump the stair,—your heroine is ever invisible, while you ransack a Castle of Surprises.

For it is true, Perilla has proved it,—the rational end of a letter is to excite—to create a sensation, pleasant if one may, shocking if one must, and in this book there is no page that falls short of the requirement. She has returned my envelopes (which were carelessly sealed) to all appearance unopened. She has mailed forty letters in a bunch, to rouse my lagging spirits. She has dedicated to me countless “farewell letters.” She has bidden me choose between the two sides of her character, and ordered me to return “A” or “B,” confident enough that I would open both. What indeed has she not done, to bait my interest with personalities audacious beyond description? She has masqueraded in a thousand sailing fancies, giving me a thousand views of her character, but whichever facet is turned to me, there is ever the flash of the diamond, revealing the same Perilla, through innumerable disguises.

What Perilla can find in my letters to so interest her, she alone knows. She says I amuse her. Surely to be able to amuse Perilla, argues no mean gifts. I fear I have won her by my very impertinence. I have rushed on. For the Princess is a Personage, in Quincy-Adams, and wont to say to one “*come*” and he cometh, and to another “*go*” and he goeth. I have heard that she has a glance that freezes, but I am safe from that, 3500 miles away; and after all, “it is n’t so much the gallant who woos, as the gallant’s way of wooing”; I have served my apprenticeship with lesser correspondents, and have learned at least three

## WHERE FOOLS RUSH ON:

tricks of the trade. Perilla has now forbidden me to stray in these green pastures, having at times suspected me of emptying the lees of my wit into other letters. But she need not fear. Perilla has no rival. I know all her favourite unpardonable faults, and I take all single men of my caste into my confidence, when I say that Perilla is one of the girls that insist that a flirtation shall be "artistic". I try thus to keep abreast of the ideal she has created, breaking loose at times to savour the game with incident.

As I turn the pages of Perilla's letters, I discover in their sequence, the art with which she has evaded me in my quest for a sight of her true self. She shows in turn, affection and contempt, anger, admiration, reserve, longing and spite. She has no one constant virtue save that of answering promptly, which, indeed, covers a multitude of sins in the epistolary calendar, since she writes twice, who writes quickly. And Perilla still has sensations in reserve, for, after three years of her correspondence, I still run upstairs in the dark to my room, my eye aimed unerringly at the precise spot where it should hit a sea-green envelope, when my match flares up. Sometimes, indeed, they are yellow paper missives,—frantic ten-word appeals,—and then, down town again at midnight, missing the last car, to wire her in cipher!

Perilla is often very reckless in the witchery of midnight, when, to be alone with one's mood (and a photograph) excites strange confidences in a young maid's breast. And when the flame has been kindled by the perfervid lucubrations of such an admirer as I, it must be a breakneck messenger that is sent in hot haste to flash back the fire. Perhaps we have been unwise at times, but

As far as the East is from the West  
So far hath He removed our transgressions from us:

And amid and around this bewitching letter-press, please imagine the most absurd of all possible illustrations. What sketches so charming as those by artists who do not know

## A GOSSIP ON BELLES-LETTRES.

that they can draw! Fancy a few criss-crossed lines, too, and artistic corrections (not too opaque), and, to you invisible, — ecstatic interlineations out of hand, — and you have what I, for one, cannot describe.

But the chief adornment of Perilla's style are the metres into which her prose swings at unexpected times, gracefully as a beautiful horse breaking into a canter, turning into a fragrant lane, of a sweet May morning. And it's Oh, for a sight of your smile, my dear, and it's Oh, for your lips once more! You're away my love, and I want you here, 'tis time for the Shadow to disappear, and the Form to enter the door!

Perilla has a versatile Muse, strictly feminine and very, very tactful. She can move me to the rashest replies with her galloping double rhymes and rattling Anapests, or make my heart burn with her slower measures. She is more than commonly sensitive to the lilt of poesy, and uses it with a rare precision. She is a Rondomaniac too, and says this form is forged for such clandestine amours as ours. Her phrases fall so easily into four-syllabled expressions, and we are so used to exchanging this artifice, that only the refrain and a few rhymes are necessary for one to catch the other's meaning, — meanings more strictly, for she is a purist, is Perilla, and insists upon the *double entente*. And here is one of her Railroad Rondos that the craft will understand without much effort, — I would not have others too inquisitive: "What do I care, — to-night: bright: own: throne: sight: excite: fright: alone: What do I care? Might: invite: atone: postpone: quite: What, do I care?"

Perilla asserts that her "letter-writing self" is a creature quite different from her common, or garden self, and that she writes me things she could never say. She might treat me cavalierly enough face to face, but she melts in a drop of ink, and her pen is a key to unlock secret doors never opened to friends on week days. I wonder if this is really so. And when we meet again, — and we must some time, for the world is narrow, — I wonder if Perilla will blush at the memory of all her pet names, and indiscreet verses!

## BALLAD OF THE EFFEMINATES:



OD made the summer for the hobo and the  
bummer chump,  
God made the winter for the sprinter and  
the pug,—  
And the man that likes it snowin' has a  
dam sight better showin'  
To be classified as thoroughbred, than any  
other mug!

God makes the thunder for the women-folk to wonder at,—  
God makes it lighten just to frighten who He can;  
But the kid's in need o' nursin', if he's shocked at honest cursin',—  
I'd rather see him tough as Hell, than only half a man!

Fig leaf, loin cloth, deer skin or battle paint,—  
Red, black or yellow, he's a man although he's nude;  
Bird coat, Cowes coat, sack, frock or cutaway,—  
A twenty to a nickel, he is nothin' but a dudel!

Milk-sop, Willieboy, sissy, dandy, tenderfoot;—  
The best of 'em is tailor made, there's more upon the shelves;—  
Rough, tough, mucker, mick, hoodlum or Bowery;—  
If there's any good among 'em all, they done it all their-  
selves!

God forgive me, foul o' mouth,— God forgive me, blasphemous!  
The devil made me hate a prig, (I'm glad he done it, too!)  
If they're frightened of the storm, let 'em get in where it's warm;—  
A-holdin' hands and kissin' is the work for them to do!



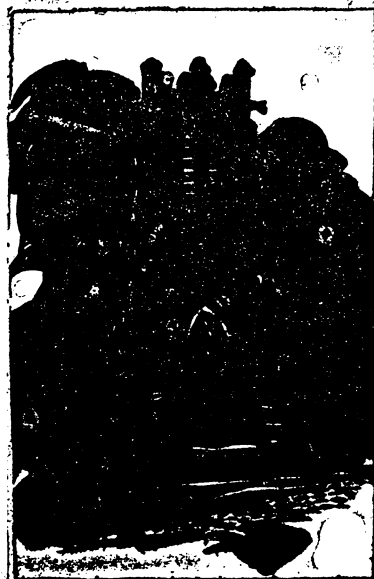
# D ♦ R ♦ E ♦ A ♦ M ♦ S



THE PORTRAIT PAINTER



THE DECORATOR



THE ARCHITECT



THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER

## VIVETTE'S HOSPITALITIES:



HOW little we know about the city, after all," said Vivette, after a hot half-hour over the map. "Only two pins south of Lark Street, and as for Millamours, and out that way, we just don't know anybody!" She had been sticking pins into the map, as I finally discovered, to locate her acquaintances,—black pins for the men and white ones for the women.

"Robin," she said, "If we are to succeed in our enterprise we must widen our acquaintance. Here are blocks and blocks of arable, pinless land; we need these streets, Robin; I tell you we must plant pins!"

"But how widen our acquaintance?" said I. "How use these streets? How plant pins?"

"And you, the Director of the Romance Association?" she said, sadly; and then taking a piece of chalk, she ruled the map into half-mile squares, and stuck a pin in the centre of each.

"I suppose you will admit that some one lives at each pin," she said.

"For the sake of the argument, and barring vacant lots,—yes," said I.

"The argument is, that we must know these pin-people. Here are—let me see—ten; five for you and five for me. Think of the possibilities, Robin; the chance of new and picturesque adventures with untried types. Each one the hero of a fresh romance! I grudge you your five pins, Robin!"

"Shall you call?" I interrupted.

"We must reconnoitre," she said, seriously, puckering her brow, as she struggled with the plot. "This is no mere detecting,—no, I shall give a dinner!"

Now, at this time, the Association was in funds, and, as Vivette persuaded me of the importance of the investment, I fell in with the project, and gave her *carte blanche*, which,

## A GAME OF TEN PINS:

with Vivette, was taken literally, as I afterwards saw by the stubs in her cheque-book. Yet it pays to make Vivette happy. We were keeping up several establishments at that time in several different parts of the city; but Vivette would have none of them, and she insisted, besides, on my not knowing any of the details she had arranged for the banquet, so, that until the evening, I did not even know the rendezvous. My part was to provide five guests to represent the five squares she had blocked out for me, and to see them safely to the dinner.

I wish I might proceed logically in my tale, and describe the day I spent in doing that duty; how we parted gayly on Echo Street, she going North and I South; how I plunged fortuitously into one melodrama after another; how I picked and chose my picturesque guests and led them captive to the feast. But all this, and much more, must be left untold for the present, for some day I shall publish the unexpurgated Memoirs of the Association, where, too, Vivette's experiences shall have a place. For it rained Romance on her that day. She came and went through the quarter, and gathered her company, as did the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, in Bagdad.

It was in the Latin Quarter of the town that Vivette's address finally led me, with my retinue following in five cabs, charged with five hilarious drivers in no funeral humour, ready for any emergency. And behold, as we turned into Antarctic Place, here was another procession making a clattering headway up the street in as gay a mood as ours. We met fair and square in the middle of the block, to the giant interest of the small fry of the place, not to speak of half an hundred goggling heads out of window. I jumped out and found Vivette in a state of acute hysteria in the cab No. 1 of the opposing force. Together we engineered an armistice, to the great disappointment of the drivers; the cabs vomited forth our victims, and we proceeded, two and two, up a little court. If there had been

## TO BE CONTINUED:

a brass band it would then have struck up a stirring air. Very happily for us, we encountered a force of police at the end of the alley, for we were becoming sadly popular in that neighborhood, and there was a lively jostle in our rear, encouraged, no doubt, by the discharged cabmen.

Once within the cordon, we found ourselves before a large frame structure, blazing with lights, not only from the doors and windows, but from many extraordinary apertures, for it was a ramshackle edifice, in a very interesting state of decrepity. This building we entered, agog with apprehension,—Gerrish, Hopp, the Burglar's Wife, and the two corner-grocerymen in my tow, and Vivette, with her contingent, treading on our heels.

We were ambuscaded in the antechamber by two dense black slaves, who fell upon us, and blindfolded the whole company with great dispatch, and we were led prisoners to the interior, through a darkness alive with strange sounds and odours. But when we at last opened our eyes and stared at the apparition of that house, its whole interior scooped out like a Halloween pumpkin,—at the groves of blooming orange trees,—the darting humming birds and ribbon-trimmed paroquets rustling through the enchanted half-light, the plashing cascades, the parading monkeys, costumed with fantastic conceit, rattling their silver chains, and, under a huge silk umbrella, the round table, piled with a heaving sea of violets, navigated by fleets of fruit-laden galleys, the crawling glow worms that spangled the leaves; when we heard the sounds of soft-voiced viols and the plaints of nightingales in the shrubbery, and breathed the perfume of the censers swinging from the rafters; as these impressions came one after another, shocking us into a hushed surprise,—we sat there for a while like mutes bewitched. And Vivette, so gay before, so sparkling and so kind, seeing our emotion, cast down her eyes, and I saw them glisten in the candle-light.

And lo, though we had brought in the rag ends of

## IN THE ASSOCIATION'S MEMOIRS.

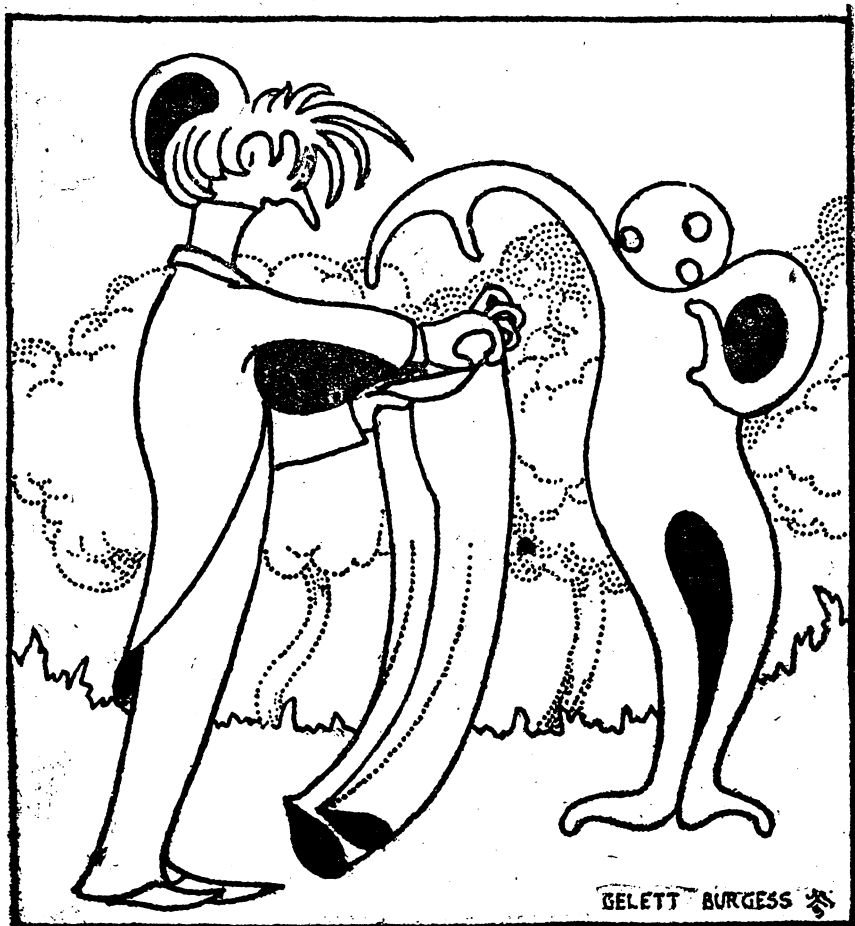
humanity as our guests, sordid, hopeless men and women, the exhilaration of this extravagance worked a miracle before our eyes. Our company rose to the occasion as souls emerge from dead bodies, and, as the play went on, they assumed the parts consistent with the feast; the wines untied reserve,— the table responded to the bounding spirits of Vivette, and we dined that night like Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal of Romance. It was an apotheosis that not even our hostess had expected.

Of the thousand diversions of that dinner, I have no time now to tell, even were you sufficiently credulous; not at any rate, of the shower that fell softly around us and the hoarse fluting of frogs as the entree was served — not of the huntsmen's chorus that brought in the game — not of the snow-storm that fluttered from the roof, and changed to a rattling downfall of rice-hail, as the ices were handed around — not certainly of the sudden darkness — the thunder, the red fire and the terrifying entrance through the floor of the devil with cognac-flaming coffee — for these were mere insignificant details of Vivette's plan. The talk was the main thing, and when the candles flared and the driftwood fire glowed iridescent, she plied the company with her craft, and set them chattering like a family reunited at Thanksgiving-time. One after the other they burst the bonds of discretion, and spelled us with their stories of the Great Adventure. But these tales, too, are among the Memoirs of the Association.

At last, by a secret signal, Vivette warned me that the end had come,— so we rose, and, walking on air, retreated to the vestibule. There was a sound of mallet-strokes as we reached the street,— a flight of birds from the opened windows,— a battalion of screaming monkeys galloped by us, and then, with a long rip and a crash, the roof fell in; the walls trembled and bowed, then threw themselves, with a roar, upon the debris.

“My friends,” said Vivette, “no one shall ever give a dinner just like this again.”

*I don't give a  $\sqrt{D^2}$   
For the Stuff you Denominate Hair*



*And your Fingers and Toes and your  
Neck and your Nose,  
These are things it Revolts me to Wear!!*

## THE LOSING OF MAMI:



AFTER a while we came to a very absurd country, where all the land was water, and the ocean was as hard as the rocks of Dundee. When we had climbed and stumbled till we were intensely weary, we sate down. "This is indeed a very miserable establishment of topographical peculiarities," said Mami.

Then all the fishes said, "O help us, for we are tired of burrowing through this solid sea!" and the birds said, "O help us, for we are tired of roosting on these sliding, slippery foam-trees!" But,—

"Go away with you. I have troubles of my own," said Mami.

Then Mami called down the stars from their sockets in thin space, and piled them three and three in a great heap by the shoreside, and lit them with blazing comets, so that they flamed up in a huge, hot fire. Then the ocean began to coagulate, and became a sticky mud, and the mountains melted, and when the whole mass ran together, then Mami said:

"Would you rather a whole lot of little islands in a very blue sea, or a large continent with rivers and lakes and plains, and high mountains running up and down the edges?"

"Make me a beautiful ocean, with a big island in the center," said I; "and all around set a circle of little islands, not too far away. And you and I shall live on the big island forevermore until I am tired, and then I will go and play with the girls on the little islands, one after another, until I have gone wholly around, and then I will come back and live on the big island again with Mami."

## *A BIT OF MODERN FOLK-LORE.*

Then Mami smiled with one eye.

And she pulled the gum apart, and watered it with her tears, and, taking lumps of world-stuff in her hands, she fashioned them into tiny balls, and kissed them and tossed them up into space, where they shone so brightly, that no one has discovered to this day that they are not the very stars.

But where Mami stood became a big island, while between us rolled a great sea, for I was left alone on one of the little islands with a pretty girl, but not so pretty as Mami.

And I travel around from island to island, playing with the girls on the little islands, but I can never get back to the big island, and that is where Mami is.

For, though I send many messages by the birds and the fishes, no word comes back to me from Mami, on the big island.