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OUR MODERN EPIC—PARIS—REVIEWS—NOTES

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THE TWO KINGS

WE RIDE but slowly though so near our home."

King Eochaid* said, and he that bore his shield
Sighing replied: "What need have we for haste
Towards the hour for speaking of the dead?
My married sister put into my care
A boy of twenty years; — a mound and stone
Between the wood of Duras and Magai
Have been the measure of that care." But Eochaid,
Having no thought but for his queen Edain,
Outrode his troop that after twelve months' war
Toiled with empounded cattle through the mire,
And came into a wood as the sun set
Westward of Tara. Where in the middle wood
A clump of beech trees made an empty space
He thought to have given his horse the spur, but saw,

*Eochaid is pronounced Yohee.
Between the pale green light of the beech leaves
And the ground ivy's bluer light, a stag
Whiter than curds, its eyes the tint of the sea.
Because it stood upon his path and seemed
More hands in height than any stag in the world
He sat with tightened rein amazed, his horse
Trembling beneath him, and then drove the spur
Not doubting to have shouldered it away.
But the stag stooped its heavy branching horns,
And ran at him, and passed, and as it passed
Ripped through the horse's flanks. King Eochaid reeled,
But drew his sword, and thought with levelled point
To stay the stag's next rush. When sword met horn
The horn resounded as though it had been silver.
Horn locked in sword, they tugged and struggled there
As though a stag and unicorn were met
In Africa on mountain of the moon,
Until at last the unlocked horn had torn
Through the entrails of the horse. Dropping his sword
Eochaid seized both the horns in his strong hands
And stared into the sea-green eyes, and so
Hither and thither to and fro they trod
Till all the place was beaten into mire.
The strong thigh and the agile thigh were met—
The hands that gathered up the might of the world,
And hoof and horn that had sucked in their speed
Amid the elaborate wilderness of the air.
Through bush they plunged and over ivied root
And where the stone struck fire, while in the leaves
A squirrel whinnied and a bird screamed out;
But when at last he forced those sinewy flanks
Against a beech bole he threw down the beast
And knelt above it with drawn knife. On the instant
It vanished like a shadow, and a cry,
So mournful that it seemed the cry of one
Who had lost some unimaginable treasure,
Wandered between the blue and the green leaf
And climbed into the air, crumbling away
Till all had seemed a shadow or a vision
But for the trodden mire, the pool of blood,
The disembowelled horse. King Eochaid gazed,
And then, as terror-stricken as a child
Who has seen a garden image or twisted tree
In the half light, and runs to its own door
Its terror growing wilder at every foot-fall,
He ran towards the house his fathers built
On peopled Tara, nor stood to draw his breath
Until he came before the painted wall,
The posts of polished yew, circled with bronze,
Of the great door; but though the hanging lamps
Showed their faint light through the unshuttered windows,
Nor door, nor mouth, nor slipper made a noise,
Nor on the ancient beaten paths, that wound
From well side or from plough land, was their noise;
And there had been no sound of living thing
Before him or behind, but that far-off
On the horizon edge bellowed the herds.
Knowing that silence brings no good to kings,
And mocks returning victory, he passed
Between the pillars with a beating heart
And saw where in the midst of the great hall,
Pale-faced, alone upon a bench, his wife
Sat upright with a sword before her feet.
A kind mild woman had she been, who poured
Her beauty as the constellations pour
Their richness through the summer and the spring;
But now she had no mild and no kind look:
Her hands on either side had gripped the bench,
Her eyes were cold and steady, her lips tight.
Some passion had made her stone. Hearing a foot
She started and then knew whose foot it was;
But when he thought to take her in his arms
She motioned him afar, and rose and spoke:
"I have sent out into the fields and woods
The fighting men and servants of this house,
For I would have your judgment upon one
Who is self-accused. If she be innocent
She would not look in any known man's face
Till judgment has been given, and if guilty,
Because that were a guilt against her king,
Will never look again on known man's face."

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And at these words he paled, as she had paled,
Knowing that he should find upon her lips
The meaning of that monstrous day.

Then she:
“You brought me where your brother Ardan sat
Always in his one seat, and bid me care him
Through that strange illness that had fixed him there,
And should he die to heap his burial mound
And raise his pillar stone.” King Eochaid said,
Gazing upon her with bewildered eyes:
“If he be living still the whole world’s mine,
But if not living, half the world is lost.”
“I bid them make his bed under this roof,
And carried him his food with my own hands,
And so the weeks passed by. But when I said,
‘What is this trouble?’ he would answer nothing,
Though always at my words his trouble grew.
And I, that I might find and stub it out,
But asked the more until he spoke these words,
Weary of many questions: ‘There are things
That make the heart akin to the dumb stone.’
Then I replied: ‘Although you hide a secret,
Dearer than any that the dumb stone hides,
Speak it, that I may send through the wide world
For medicine.’ Thereon he cried aloud:
‘Day after day you question me, and I,
Because there is such a storm amid my thoughts
I shall be carried in the gust, command

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Forbid, beseech and waste my breath.' Then I:
'Although the thing that you have hid were evil
The speaking of it could be no great wrong;
And evil must it be, if done 'twere worse
Than mound and stone that keep all virtue in
And loosen on us dreams that waste our life,
Shadows and shows that can but turn the brain.'
But finding him still silent I stooped down,
And, whispering that none but he should hear,
Said: 'If a woman has put this on you
My men, whether it please her or displease,
And though they have to cross the Loughlan seas
And take her in the middle of armed men,
Shall make her look upon her handiwork
That she may quench the rick she has fired, and though
She may have worn silk clothes, or worn a crown,
She'll not be proud, knowing within her heart
That our sufficient portion of the world
Is that we give, although it be brief giving
Happiness to children and to men.'
Then he, driven by his thought beyond his thought,
And speaking what he would not though he would,
Sighed: 'You, even you yourself could work the cure.'
And at those words I rose and I went out
And for nine days he had food from other hands,
And for nine days my mind went whirling round
The one disastrous zodiac, muttering
That the immedicable wound's beyond
The Two Kings

Question of ours, beyond our pity even.
But when nine days had gone I stood again
Before his chair, and bending down my head
Told him, that when Orion rose, and all
The women of his household were asleep,
To go — for hope would give his limbs the power —
To an old empty woodman's house that's hidden
Close to a clump of beech trees in the wood
Westward of Tara, there to await a friend
That could, as he had told her, work his cure,
And would be no harsh friend.

"When night had deepened
I groped my way through boughs, and over roots,
Till oak and hazel ceased and beech began,
And found the house, a sputtering torch within,
And, stretched out sleeping on a pile of skins,
Ardan; and though I called to him and tried
To shake him out of sleep I could not rouse him.
I waited till the night was on the turn,
Then fearing that some labourer, on his way
To plough or pasture land, might see me there
Went out.

"Among the ivy-covered rocks,
As on the blue light of a sword, a man
Who had unnatural majesty, and eyes
Like the eyes of some great kite scouring the woods,
Stood on my path. Trembling from hand to foot
I gazed at him like grouse upon a kite,
But with a voice that had unnatural music
'A weary wooing and a long,' he said,
'Speaking of love through other lips and looking
Under an alien eyelid, for it was my craft
That put a passion in the sleeper there,
And when I had got my will and drawn you here,
Where I may speak to you alone, my craft
Sucked up the passion out of him again
And left mere sleep. He'll wake when the sun wakes,
Push out his vigorous limbs and rub his eyes
And wonder what has ailed him these twelve months.'
I cowered back upon the wall in terror
But that sweet-sounding voice ran on: 'Woman,
I was your husband when you rode the air,
Danced in the whirling foam and in the dust
In days you have not kept in memory,
Being betrayed into a cradle; and I come
That I may claim you as my wife again.'
I was no longer terrified, his voice
Had half wakened some old memory,
Yet answered him: 'I am King Eochaid's wife,
And with him have found every happiness
Women can find.' With a most burning voice
That made the body seem as it were a string
Under a bow, he cried: 'What happiness
Can lovers have that know their happiness
Must end at the dumb stone, but where we build
Our sudden palaces in the still air

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Pleasure itself can bring no weariness,
Nor can time waste the cheek, nor is there foot
That has grown weary of the whirling dance,
Nor an unlaughing mouth, but mine that mourns,
Among those mouths that sing their sweethearts' praise,
Your empty bed.' 'How should I love,' I answered,
'Were it not that when the dawn has lit my bed
And shown my husband sleeping there I have sighed,
'Your strength and nobleness will pass away.'
Or how should love be worth its pains were it not
That when he has fallen asleep within my arms,
Being wearied out, I love in man the child?
What can they know of love that do not know
She builds her nest upon a narrow ledge
Above a windy precipice?' Then he:
'Seeing that when you come to the death-bed
You must return, whether you would or no,
This human life blotted from memory,
Why must I live some thirty, forty years,
Alone with all this useless happiness?'
Thereon he seized me in his arms, but I
Thrust him away with both my hands and cried:
'Never will I believe there's any change
Can blot out of my memory this life
Sweetened by death, but if I could believe
That were a double hunger on my lips
For what is doubly brief.'

"But now the shape,

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My hands were pressed to, vanished suddenly. I staggered, but a beech tree stayed my fall, And clinging to it I could hear the cocks Crow upon Tara.”

She had fixed her eyes Upon Kind Eochaid’s face, who lowered his face And touched her forehead with his lips and said: “I thank you for your kindness to my brother, And for the love that you have shown your king, For that you promised, and for that refused.”

Thereon the bellowing of the empounded herds Rose round the walls, and through the bronze-ringed door Jostled and shouted those war-wasted men, And in the midst King Eochaid’s brother stood. He’d heard that din on the horizon’s edge And ridden out to welcome them, and now, Giving his hand to that man and to this, Praised their great victories and gave them joy Of their return to that ancestral house.

*William Butler Yeats*
INDIAN SUMMER
(After completing a book for one now dead.)

(O Earth-and-Autumn of the Setting Sun,
She is not by, to know my task is done!)
In the brown grasses slanting with the wind,
Lone as a lad whose dog's no longer near,
Lone as a mother whose only child has sinned,
Lone on the loved hill . . . and below me here
The thistle-down in tremulous atmosphere
Along red clusters of the sumach streams;
The shrivelled stalks of goldenrod are sere,
And crisp and white their flashing old racemes.
(. . . forever . . . forever . . . forever . . .)
This is the lonely season of the year,
This is the season of our lonely dreams.

(O Earth-and-Autumn of the Setting Sun,
She is not by, to know my task is done!)
The corn-shocks westward on the stubble plain
Show like an Indian village of dead days;
The long smoke trails behind the crawling train,
And floats atop the distant woods ablaze
With orange, crimson, purple. The low haze
Dims the scarped bluffs above the inland sea,
Whose wide and slaty waters in cold glaze
Await yon full-moon of the night-to-be.
(. . . far . . . and far . . . and far . . .)
[11]
These are the solemn horizons of man's ways,
These the horizons of solemn thought to me.

(O Earth-and-Autumn of the Setting Sun,
She is not by, to know my task is done!)

And this the hill she visited, as friend;
And this the hill she lingered on, as bride —
Down in the yellow valley is the end:
They laid her . . . in no evening Autumn tide . . .
Under fresh flowers of that May morn, beside
The queens and cave-women of ancient earth . . .

This is the hill . . . and over my city's towers,
Across the world from sunset, yonder in air,
Shines, through its scaffoldings, a civic dome
Of piled masonry, which shall be ours
To give, completed, to our children there . . .
And yonder far roof of my abandoned home
Shall house new laughter . . . Yet I tried . . . I tried . . .
And, ever wistful of the doom to come,
I built her many a fire for love . . . for mirth . . .
(When snows were falling on our oaks outside,
Dear, many a winter fire upon the hearth) . . .
( . . . farewell . . . farewell . . . farewell . . .)
We dare not think too long on those who died,
While still so many yet must come to birth.

William Ellery Leonard
TO A MOCKING BIRD

O Singer of the twilight solitude!
When moss-veiled oaks sigh at my weary dream,
Beside the sullen heron-haunted stream,
Thy laughing voice begins its gay prelude,
Mocking the boding owl with mimic scream;
Then o'er the hushed lagoon the night mists brood,
Till, sudden, throbbing with beatitude,
Rises thy vesper hymn of love supreme.
No old-world myth, no tragic love refrain
Dost thou to everglade and bayou tell;
So joyous is thy high exulting strain
My sad heart wakes to hope beneath the spell.
Faint grows the memory of passion's pain,
Forgotten is the song of Philomel.

Owen F. Aldis
SEA AND LAND

An ocean wind came in at break of day.
I saw it span the level water floor
And gain the bare hills of a listless shore
That in the yellow sunlight waiting lay.
I saw the blue sea coming o'er the gray
As sweeps across a life unstirred before
A breath of new creation evermore
To blow in fresher currents on its way.
On came the breeze, its forward gusts outflung
Fanwise in eager haste to reach the strand.
And oh the sweetness of the first breath drawn!
It is a common thing, but seldom sung,
This blessed meeting of the sea and land,
The great sea-freshening of the world at dawn.

Herbert J. Hall
AN AEROPLANE AT STONEHENGE

We stood at Stonehenge as the evening fell.
A mist had gathered and the reddened sun
Glowed like an altar-fire upon the edge
Of Salisbury Plain. The aged stones,
To whom our thousand years of fear and hope,
Of war and peace, were but as yesterday,
Merged into the shadows. The solemn night,
The mystery, the burden of gray Time
Awed us to silence. And then, from the heart
Of that age-wonted stillness sprang and grew
The iterant throbbing of an aeroplane;
And over our Druid world the marvel sped
And vanished.

With the breaking of the spell
Our thought turned to the gradual perfecting
Of this, the century's new gift to man,
With all its ruthless toll of human life;—
And suddenly the place in which we stood
Grew peopled with strange forms. A priest was there
With naked blade; and prone before him lay
A victim on whose pallid face was writ
The passion of a willing sacrifice.
And spirit unto shrouded spirit spake:
"I give; ye gain; but shall it always be
That life must take its wage of life, and men
Must die that Man may win the goal he seeks?"
And as we turned away, the mighty stones
Seemed dumbly questioning the quiet stars.

Edmund Kemper Broadus

TO THEE

White foam flower, red flame flower
On my tree of delight.
Lean from the shadow
Like singing in sorrow —
Pale flower of thy smile, flame flower of thy touch,
In my night.

CAPRICE

Who will be naming the wind
That lifts me and leaves me;
Swelleth my budding flame,
Fouly bereaves me?
From the land whose forgotten name
Man shall not find,
Blowest thou, wind?

Clara Shanafelt
THE OLD HOME

They've torn the old house down, that stood,
Like some kind mother, in this place,
Hugged by its orchard and its wood,
Two sturdy children, strong of race.

The shrubs, which snowed their blossoms on
The walks wide-stretching from its doors
Like friendly arms, are dead and gone,
And over all a grand house soars.

Within its front no welcome lies,
But pride's aloofness; wealth, that stares
From windows, cold as haughty eyes,
The arrogance of new-made heirs.

Its very flowers breathe of cast;
And even the Springtide seems estranged;
In that stiff garden, caught, held fast,
All her wild beauty trimmed and changed.

'T is not the Spring that once I knew,
Who made a glory of her face,
And, robed in shimmering light and dew,
Moved to wild music in this place.
How fair she walked here with her Hours,
Pouring out colors and perfumes,
And, with her bosom heaped with flowers,
Climbed by the rose-vines to its rooms.

Or round the old porch, 'mid the trees,
Fluttered a flute of bluebird song;
Or, murmuring with a myriad bees,
Drowsed in the garden all day long.

How Summer, with her apron full
Of manna, shook the red peach down;
Or, stretched among the shadows cool,
Wove for her hair a daisy crown.

Or with her crickets, night and day,
Gossiped of many a fairy thing,
Her sweet breath warm with scents of hay
And honey, purple-blossoming.

How Autumn, trailing tattered gold
And scarlet, in the orchard mused,
And of the old trees taking hold
Upon the sward their ripeness bruised.

Or, past its sunset window-panes,
Like thoughts that drift before old eyes,
The Old Home

Whirled red leaves and the ragged rains,
And crows, black-blown, about the skies.

How Winter, huddled in her hood
Of snow and sleet, crouched by its flues;
Or, rushing from the stormy wood,
Rapped at its doors with windy news . . .

It lived. The house was part of us.
It was not merely wood and stone,
But had a soul, a heart, that thus
Grappled and made us all its own.

The lives that with its life were knit,
In some strange way, beyond the sense,
Had gradually given to it
A look of old experience.

A look, which I shall not forget,
No matter where my ways may roam.
I close my eyes: I see it yet—
The old house that was once my home.

Madison Cawein
WANDER SONG

I pass with Time from place to place,
Like Time, return no more;
Always a new, immortal face
To greet me at the door.

Friends alter not, nor love grows cold,—
No change in life is rung;
For me the old were always old,
The young are always young.

I pass with Time from place to place,
Like Time, return no more;
Always a new, immortal face
To greet me at the door.

ALONE

I walk the streets restless, unknown,
Then back to this one room, alone.
I turn and fret in aimless quest
And fruitless yearnings unexpressed.
I curse the silence of the years;
And life-long worries grow to fears
And fierce regrets none understands —
Feeling my life slip through my hands.

[20]
QUATRAINS

GOD SAID
God said: "The hero's part, to play it,
The flowers of life, the good of ill,
Are yours if you but say, I will"—
And do you know? I could not say it!

TO THE SPHINX
O Spirit of the Changeless Past,
What think'st thou of our present state?
Thou look'st quite through us, and beyond —
The eyes of Death gazing at Fate.

LIBERTY
A thousand years ago begun
The fight for liberty,
A thousand battles have been won —
And still we are not free.

LIMITATIONS
We look through telescopes to see
Infinity;
And with the blocks of time build up
Eternity.

FEAR
Fear gave the antelope its speed,
The bird its wings;
And half the world is saved by flight
And fear of things.

[21]
THE FAITHFUL
As the kneeling Mussulman
To Mecca turns to pray,
So my heart, dear, turns to thee
And never turns away.

TO KNOW AND NOT TO KNOW
Not to know is Hate
That in cruelty wreaks its fears.
To know is Love,
And Pity is Love in tears.

THE DESERT
Stricken by the hand of Fate,
All things, motionless, await
The rain that never comes; no hope
In cloudless skies. Far westward slope
Low bastioned hills without a tree,
Dead-guarding some dread mystery.

The land lies far in weary miles,
Under the sun, across the sands.
An aromatic scent beguiles—
Of sage, sole plant in arid lands.
From desert floors, wind-swept, arise
Dust clouds like smoke unto the skies.

Alfred Hitch
EDITORIAL COMMENT

OUR MODERN EPIC

ONE who goes to Panama with eyes not too narrowly focused must see, in the making of the Canal, the proportions of a great myth. Prometheus the fire-bringer, Ulysses the wanderer, Siegfried the dragonslayer, are not more typical of humanity in heroic action and heroic hope than this modern piercing of the Isthmus. And as truly as the heroes of myth were dreamers surrounded by magic and mystery, who must exert their little human strength in league with the gods, so do these modern adventurers reach out into the unknown with their diabolically perfect tools, making not only a waterpath for ships but a new highway for the fate of nations.

Even in our wide-stretching centre of the continent, where Atlantic and Pacific are three thousand miles apart, the effort to bring them together carries a certain poetic glamor. But as one escapes from under the New York skyscrapers and sails southward into tropic seas, the poem grows in dignity, finally culminating in epic grandeur in the presence of the work itself. On the boat there are always people whose talk opens unknown lands. A Yankee banana-planter, a Peruvian mining engineer, the New York president of an Ecuador railroad—through
the experiences of such as these South America emerges from the map to take significant and aggressive life, life which must dominate some future era; and the Central Americas, with Mexico as well, act out an immediate melodrama, staged by certain familiar Interests who, under the pressure of government control, are beginning to find life too dull in the United States. All these countries to the south, hitherto abstractions to most of us Europe-wanderers, are suddenly full of events and big with potentialities. We behold destiny stretching her long arm southward from the chosen seat of our security, and Our Canal becomes the focal point in the politics of the coming age.

And then Panama, the ridiculous little republic which, by a twist of Roosevelt's wrist, rose to the honor of providing a background for our epic! Colon and Panama, the drowsy little palm-fanned, African-peopled villages between which, from ocean to ocean, the Colossus stretches its stern length! The contrast strikes a note of grotesque humor in the poem, records the abysmal absurdity of human ambition. And the delicate blue ripple of hills along the horizon, the tangle of green jungles at one's feet, the serene beauty of Gatun Lake, which is spreading over half the Isthmus as if by a happy afterthought of Nature—these are fine details, each worthy of a perfect phrase.
Thus the pilgrim is adequately prepared. In his imagination the project has won strange aspects, far vistas, before he follows the flight of locks at Gatun, or climbs out of the new gorge and up the ancient hill at Culebra. If he is wise he talks with everyone he meets—rivetters, concrete-mixers, wire-stringers, commissary clerks, steam-shovellers fighting slides, physicians fighting microbes, designers planning new terminal towns, and the big chief himself whom all these others adore with an almost feudal loyalty. In their smiling faces and eager voices he recognizes the old spirit of derring-do; here for the moment he finds the frontier of the world. The adventurous, the imaginative are here, writing our modern epic of peace with heavier tools than sword or pen, in materials more solid than words or blood.

And they are heroically conscious of what they do. Somehow they have caught fire; from least to greatest they show the gleam of it in their eyes. They are shoulder to shoulder in the van of the race, working in a spirit of high romance to fulfil the edict of four centuries and the august command of the veiled and beckoning future. True, they invoke all the resources of many sciences, fitting the parts of their huge machine together in orderly obedience to the most newly discovered laws, and explaining the inexorable working of them in the modern Greek of their electro-hydraulic jargon; but not even themselves do they deceive with this mechanical exactness, this materialistic definition. Beyond the deed, for all
these rapt enthusiasts, is the miracle; beyond the fact is the mystery; beyond the mere daily labor which digs the ditch and rears lock-chambers, is the prophetic enthusiasm which foresees something vaguely grand in this new world-venture, which beholds destiny beckoning from the lofty tip of every steam-shovel, and a new era opening with the swing and surge of those mighty gates.

These men on the Isthmus, performing seven thousand labors of Hercules with their giant tools, removing mountains and uniting oceans in a mood of lyric rapture—these men, our strong compatriots, are poets, in imagination and idealistic motive if not in words.

Will the articulate poets prove worthy of them?

H. M.

PARIS

The limitations of space forbid our giving anything like a complete or adequate chronicle of contemporary French publications. Those who desire such a chronicle should follow M. Duhamel's fortnightly rubric in the Mercure de France, and they should subscribe to L'Effort Libre, Les Bandeaux d'Or, La Nouvelle Revue Française, or some other French magazine.

I have just finished a series of critical articles on French verse (The New Age, Sept. 4 and following). I propose to give here merely a summary of my conclusions.

I think if our American bards would study Remy de Gourmont for rhythm, Laurent Tailhade for delineation,
Henri de Régnier for simplicity of syntactical construction, Francis Jammes for humanity, and the faculty of rendering one’s own time; and if they would get some idea of intensity from Tristan Corbière (since they will not take their Villon in the original), there might be some hope for American poetry.

If our writers would keep their eye on Paris instead of on London—the London of today or of yesterday—there might be some chance of their doing work that would not be démodé before it gets to the press. Practically the whole development of the English verse-art has been achieved by steals from the French, from Chaucer’s time to our own, and the French are always twenty to sixty years in advance. As the French content and message are so different from the American content and message, I think the Americans would be less likely to fall into slavish imitation and would learn hardly more than the virtues of method.

Tristan Corbière is dead. His work was known to Verlaine and to Richepin, yet he can scarcely be said to have been published until the nineties. He is gaunt as the Breton coast, where his personal appearance had earned him the nickname of an ankou (a corpse). Verlaine compared him to Francois Villon, not without reason. He is not Villon, but he is poignant and very much himself.

The work of M. Henri de Régnier has the fineness and the limitations of Greek vase-painting.
M. Remy de Gourmont has made a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of rhythm-structure in his very beautiful Livre de Litanies, now contained in Le Pèlerin du Silence.

The satires of M. Laurent Tailhade are altogether uproarious and delectable.

The work of M. Francis Jammes is perhaps the most varied and the most human. Its qualities are such that the two papers by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, recently printed in this magazine, might have been written for the express purpose of praising it. I am inclined to think that he is the most important poet in France, but my reading is not exhaustive and this must be taken as a temporary estimate.

M. Verhaeren is held by some to be the greater poet. M. Paul Fort has been elected Prince des Poètes. I do not wish to speak of M. Paul Claudel until I have had time to study him entire both in his prose and in his verse.

Most of the younger men would seem to be descended from these authors.

M. Jules Romains is perhaps the most commanding figure among les jeunes. He has, as they say, “changé la pathétique.” There is a very clear exposition of the Unanimist doctrines at the end of Les Puissances de Paris. I recommend the Poème Epique in Un Etre en Marche and the Prières in Odes et Prières.
M. Charles Vildrac has a charming narrative gift, and M. André Spire is something very like an Imagiste.

M. Henri-Martin Barzun stands apart from the rest and preaches "Simultaneity," which is to say, he wishes us to write our poems for a dozen voices at once as they write an orchestral score. M. Jammes has done something like this in Le Triomphe de la Vie. M. Barzun's ideas, as expressed in L'Ere du Dramé, are interesting, and L'Hymne des Forces moved me by its content and underlying force rather than by its execution. The proletariat would seem to be getting something like a coherent speech. This seems to me significant. Though M. Barzun's propositions may seem, at first, fitted for comic rather than for serious expression, I am not sure that he has not hit upon the true medium for democratic expression, the fitting method of synthesis.

Those desiring an introduction to a greater number of French poets are referred to: Poètes d'Aujourd'hui, by A. Van Bever and Paul Leautaud, pub. Mercure de France, 26 rue de Conde, Paris; Une Anthologie, pub. L'Effort Libre, Galerie Vildrac, 11 rue de Seine; and to F. S. Flint's notes in Poetry and Drama, especially the number for August, 1912.

I know that the most difficult part of approaching a foreign literature, especially the contemporary foreign literature, consists in finding what books to begin on. I know that I spent about four years puddling about on the edges of modern French poetry without getting

This list is not intended to be complete. I simply refer you to those books which are, among those I have had time to go over, the most worth reading. I have mentioned none that is not very much worth reading. M. Rimbaud is also very important, if you do not know him already. Among the younger men I should note Jules Romains: Un Etre en Marche (to be read before Odes et Prières; also prose works; Mercure. Charles Vildrac: Livre d'Amour; pub. Eugène Figuière, 7 rue Corneille. Henri-Martin Barzun: Hymne des Forces; prose, L'Ère du Drame; Figuière. André Spire: Versets; Mercure. Also Alcools, by Guillaume Apollonaire (Mercure), is clever.

Ezra Pound

In the initial poem of this book, Mr. Max Eastman presents, under the thin veil of a classic myth, a problem essentially modern; modern, that is, in the peculiar emphasis placed upon it by the majority of people who write about such subjects today.

Thyone, one of the younger Amazons, has fallen in love with a neighboring king, and, before the Queen of the Amazons and a council of her warriors, pleads to be allowed to relinquish war and indulge the milder passion. She spends a night thinking it over, however, and informs us of the error of her first impulse in the following nobly explanatory lines:

Oh I love to live!
The task and the adventure, toil and rest,
And mirth and the hot news of accident!
I love to live, impetuous, for joy
And woe, a life of action unto God!
Triumphantly I choose it! I renounce
My wish of love, my hope, my fruitful years!
For who would be the consort of a king,
Subduer of the earth, and be subdued?
Who would bring into this heroic world
A child, before she had gone forth to prove
That she herself was equal to the world?

This is the kind of sentiment that passes with many as the most advanced modern thought. "Before she had gone forth"—where? "To prove that she herself was equal to the world"—how? By retreating from it? It seems to be a part of certain modern socialist
propaganda to regard love as apart from life; as not in itself, perhaps, the one great conflict of life, and one not subject to conquest by negation. It is, rather, extremely doubtful if one may come to any fitting terms with life without first facing the conflict of love through experience. The world is, after all, not outside us, but within us.

But this is a question of personal philosophy, rather than of poetry. Other poems in the volume achieve a more definite poetic impression than this one, in which the reiterative iamb is awkwardly insistent. Notably three shorter poems—At the Aquarium, In March, and Diogenes; if it were not for these the general impression would be disappointing, especially as Mr. Eastman’s recent book, The Enjoyment of Poetry, had led one to expect so much. In this he gave us a singularly concise and intimate analysis of the psychological basis of poetry; it was, in fact, a definite contribution to the subject. But the poems of Mr. Eastman fail just because of his analytical attitude; the emotion is not direct, but deflected. He has written about the emotion; he has not presented it. Is it a fault of temperament? Is he appreciative rather than creative? Or is it a failure in adjusting, in focusing, in concentrating deliberately upon the poetic medium? Mr. Eastman knows well enough how to single out the words that give a sense of life. We wish that he would give us more of them in his poetry. At the Aquarium, and several of the other short poems
in the volume are worth innumerable children of Amazons and still-born apostrophes of heroes. We quote *At the Aquarium:*

Serene the silver fishes glide,
Stern-lipped, and pale, and wonder-eyed!
As through the aged deeps of ocean,
They glide with wan and wavy motion!
They have no pathway where they go,
They flow like water to and fro.
They watch with never-winking eyes,
They watch with staring, cold surprise,
The level people in the air,
The people peering, peering there,
Who wander also to and fro,
And know not why or where they go,
Yet have a wonder in their eyes,
Sometimes a pale and cold surprise.

*A. C. H.*

*Poems and Songs* (second series), by Richard Middleton.

Fisher Unwin.

These are the poems of a distinguished amateur who is nearly always a poet. And as amateurishness is the note of the time in contemporary England, it may be well contended that he expresses his decade. And surely few will reproach him that he cared little for the steely perfections of art, seeing that there is in his work so much that is sympathetic, so much that is human, and so much pathos that is in no way egotistic.

He wrote many poems that will not serve as models, but scarcely one without some touch of beauty that was distinctly his own, and interpreted by his own emotions. His poetry is primarily poetry of the emotions, and intended for readers rather than for the cold senate of
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

craftsmen. And so one finds this Carol of the Poor Children:

We are the poor children, come out to see the sights
On this day of all days, on this night of nights.

Our bellies are so empty we have no singing voice,
But on this night of all nights good children must rejoice.

We do rejoice, we do rejoice as hard as we can try.
A fine star, a new star is shining in the sky.

Lovers of Riley will go mad over him. He is artistically about as good as Symons and he proves that English poetry did not stop with the nineties. His first volume appeared posthumously in May, 1912. There can be no hesitation in granting him a permanent place among the personalities of English verse, among the post-Victorians.

E. P.

NOTES

The awarding of prizes is a responsibility which the editors of Poetry would willingly have delegated to some higher authority. But at present there is no great poet sitting in judgment, to whom lesser poets may appeal—none, that is, in America. Mr. Yeats, over in Ireland, stands high enough above the crowd to assume that position with dignity, but even if he were willing to pronounce the verdict, it would seem unfair that poets of the United States should have no voice in the awarding of a prize, or prizes, offered by our guarantors. And any
jury of American poets would include necessarily some of our contributors of the past year, who should be contestants rather than judges.

It seems best, therefore, that this year's prizes should be awarded by the editors and the Advisory Committee of Poetry, who of course will not compete. The announcement of awards will be made next month.

Of the poets contributing to this number Mr. Yeats and Mr. Cawein are well known to lovers of the art and readers of Poetry. Mr. Broadus also, of the University of Alberta, has been within our gates before.

Mr. William Ellery Leonard was class poet in 1898 at the Boston University, after which he took an M. A. at Harvard and other degrees in Germany. Since 1906 he has been in the English department of the University of Wisconsin, and has published several books of verse and prose, *The Vaunt of Man* (B. W. Huebsch) being his collected poems. His blank verse translation of Lucretius will soon appear.

Of the other contributors none has published a volume as yet, although Mr. Hall and Miss Driscoll have appeared in numerous magazines. Poetry has the honor of introducing Mr. Alfred Hitch, of Arizona, and Miss Clara Shanafelt, of Ohio. Mr. Owen F. Aldis also has published little as yet.
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By Max Eastman

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