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Edited by Harriet Monroe

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THE CHINESE NIGHTINGALE

A Song in Chinese Tapestries

Dedicated to S. T. F.

"HOW, how," he said. "Friend Chang," I said,
"San Francisco sleeps as the dead—
Ended license, lust and play:
Why do you iron the night away?
Your big clock speaks with a deadly sound,
With a tick and a wail till dawn comes round.
While the monster shadows glower and creep,
What can be better for man than sleep?"

"I will tell you a secret," Chang replied;
"My breast with vision is satisfied,
And I see green trees and fluttering wings,
And my deathless bird from Shanghai sings."

Then he lit five fire-crackers in a pan.
"Pop, pop!" said the fire-crackers, "cra-cra-crack!"
He lit a joss-stick long and black.
Then the proud gray joss in the corner stirred;
On his wrist appeared a gray small bird,
And this was the song of the gray small bird:

"Where is the princess, loved forever,
Who made Chang first of the kings of men?"

And the joss in the corner stirred again;
And the carved dog, curled in his arms, awoke,
Barked forth a smoke-cloud that whirled and broke.
It piled in a maze round the ironing-place,
And there on the snowy table wide
Stood a Chinese lady of high degree,
With a scornful, witching, tea-rose face . . .
Yet she put away all form and pride,
And laid her glimmering veil aside
With a childlike smile for Chang and for me.

The walls fell back, night was aflower,
The table gleamed in a moonlit bower,
While Chang, with a countenance carved of stone,
Ironed and ironed, all alone.
And thus she sang to the busy man Chang:

"Have you forgotten . . . .
Deep in the ages, long, long ago,
I was your sweetheart, there on the sand—
Storm-worn beach of the Chinese land?
We sold our grain in the peacock town
Built on the edge of the sea-sands brown—
Built on the edge of the sea-sands brown . . .

"When all the world was drinking blood
From the skulls of men and bulls,
And all the world had swords and clubs of stone,
We drank our tea in China, beneath the sacred spice-trees,
And heard the curled waves of the harbor moan.
And this gray bird, in Love's first spring,
With a bright-bronze breast and a bronze-brown wing,
Captured the world with his carolling.
Do you remember, ages after,
At last the world we were born to own?
You were the heir of the yellow throne—
The world was the field of the Chinese man
And we were the pride of the sons of Han.
We copied deep books, and we carved in jade,
And wove white silks in the mulberry shade." . . . .

"I remember, I remember
That Spring came on forever,
That Spring came on forever."
Said the Chinese nightingale.

My heart was filled with marvel and dream
Though I saw the western street-lamps gleam,
Though dawn was bringing the western day,
Though Chang was a laundryman, ironing away . . . .
Mingled there, with the streets and alleys,
The railroad-yard, and the clock-tower bright,
Demon-clouds crossed ancient valleys;
Across wide lotos-ponds of light
I marked a giant firefly's flight.

And the lady, rosy-red,
Opened her fan, closed her fan,
Stretched her hand toward Chang, and said:
"Do you remember,
Ages after,
Our palace of heart-red stone?
Do you remember
The little doll-faced children
With their lanterns full of moon-fire,
That came from all the empire
Honoring the throne?—
The loveliest fête and carnival
Our world had ever known?
The sages sat about us
With their heads bowed in their beards,
With proper meditation on the sight.
Confucius was not born;
We lived in those great days

Confucius later said were lived aright . . . . .
And this gray bird, on that day of spring,
With a bright-bronze breast and a bronze-brown wing,
Captured the world with his carolling.
Late at night his tune was spent.
Peasants,
Sages,
Children,
Homeward went,
And then the bronze bird sang for you and me.
We walked alone, our hearts were high and free.
I had a silvery name, I had a silvery name,
I had a silvery name—do you remember
The name you cried beside the tumbling sea?"

Chang turned not to the lady slim—
He bent to his work, ironing away;
But she was arch and knowing and glowing.
And the bird on his shoulder spoke for him.

"Darling . . . darling . . . darling . . . darling . . ."
Said the Chinese nightingale.

. . . . . .

The great gray joss on a rustic shelf,
Rakish and shrewd, with his collar awry,
Sang impolitely, as though by himself,
Drowning with his bellowing the nightingale's cry:

"Back through a hundred, hundred years
Hear the waves as they climb the piers,
Hear the howl of the silver seas,
Hear the thunder!
Hear the gongs of holy China
How the waves and tunes combine
In a rhythmic clashing wonder,
Incantation old and fine:
'Dragons, dragons, Chinese dragons;
Red fire-crackers, and green fire-crackers,
And dragons, dragons, Chinese dragons.' "

Then the lady, rosy-red,
Turned to her lover Chang and said:
"Dare you forget that turquoise dawn
When we stood on our mist-hung velvet lawn,
And worked a spell this great joss taught
Till a God of the Dragons was charmed and caught?
From the flag high over our palace-home
He flew to our feet in rainbow-foam—
A king of beauty and tempest and thunder
Panting to tear our sorrows asunder,
A dragon of fair adventure and wonder.
We mounted the back of that royal slave
With thoughts of desire that were noble and grave.
We swam down the shore to the dragon-mountains,
We whirled to the peaks and the fiery fountains.
To our secret ivory house we were borne.

We looked down the wonderful wing-filled regions
Where the dragons darted in glimmering legions.
Right by my breast the nightingale sang;
The old rhymes rang in the sunlit mist
That we this hour regain—
Song-fire for the brain.
When my hands and my hair and my feet you kissed,
When you cried for your heart's new pain,
What was my name in the dragon-mist,
In the rings of rainbowed rain?"

"Sorrow and love, glory and love,"
Said the Chinese nightingale.
"Sorrow and love, glory and love,"
Said the Chinese nightingale.

And now the joss broke in with his song:
"Dying ember, bird of Chang,
Soul of Chang, do you remember?—
Ere you returned to the shining harbor
There were pirates by ten thousand
Descended on the town
In vessels mountain-high and red and brown,
Moon-ships that climbed the storms and cut the skies.
On their prows were painted terrible bright eyes.
But I was then a wizard and a scholar and a priest;
I stood upon the sand;
With lifted hand I looked upon them

And sunk their vessels with my wizard eyes,
And the stately lacquer-gate made safe again.
Deep, deep below the bay, the sea-weed and the spray,
Embalmed in amber every pirate lies,
Embalmed in amber every pirate lies."

Then this did the noble lady say:
"Bird, do you dream of our home-coming day
When you flew like a courier on before
From the dragon-peak to our palace-door,
And we drove the steed in your singing path—
The ramping dragon of laughter and wrath;
And found our city all aglow,
And knighted this joss that decked it so?
There were golden fishes in the purple river
And silver fishes and rainbow fishes.
There were golden junks in the laughing river,
And silver junks and rainbow junks:
There were golden lilies by the bay and river,
And silver lilies and tiger-lilies,
And tinkling wind-bells in the gardens of the town
By the black-lacquer-gate
Where walked in state
The kind king Chang
And his sweet-heart mate . . . . .
With his flag-born dragon
And his crown of pearl . . . . and . . . . jade;
And his nightingale reigning in the mulberry shade,

And sailors and soldiers on the sea-sands brown,
And priests who bowed them down to your song—
By the city called Han, the peacock town,
By the city called Han, the nightingale town,
The nightingale town."
Then sang the bird, so strangely gay,
Fluttering, fluttering, ghostly and gray,
A vague, unravelling, answering tune,
Like a long unwinding silk cocoon;
Sang as though for the soul of him
Who ironed away in that bower dim:

"I have forgotten
Your dragons great,
Merry and mad and friendly and bold.
Dim is your proud lost palace-gate.
I vaguely know
There were heroes of old,
Troubles more than the heart could hold,
There were wolves in the woods
Yet lambs in the fold,
Nests in the top of the almond tree . . .
The evergreen tree . . . and the mulberry tree . . . . .
Life and hurry and joy forgotten,
Years on years I but half-remember . . .
Man is a torch, then ashes soon,
May and June, then dead December,
Dead December, then again June.

Who shall end my dream's confusion?
Life is a loom, weaving illusion . . . . .
I remember, I remember
There were ghostly veils and laces . . .
In the shadowy, bowery places . . .
With lovers' ardent faces
Bending to one another,
Speaking each his part.
They infinitely echo
In the red cave of my heart.
'Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart!'
They said to one another.
They spoke, I think, of perils past.
They spoke, I think, of peace at last.
One thing I remember:
Spring came on forever,
Spring came on forever,"
Said the Chinese nightingale.

Vachel Lindsay

SILENCE

I have known the silence of the stars and of the sea,
And the silence of the city when it pauses,
And the silence of a man and a maid,
And the silence of the sick
When their eyes roam about the room.
And I ask: For the depths
Of what use is language?
A beast of the field moans a few times
When death takes its young.
And we are voiceless in the presence of realities—
We cannot speak.

A curious boy asks an old soldier
Sitting in front of the grocery store,
"How did you lose your leg?"
And the old soldier is struck with silence,
Or his mind flies away
Because he cannot concentrate it on Gettysburg.
It comes back jocosely
And he says, "A bear bit it off."
And the boy wonders, while the old soldier
Dumbly, feebly lives over
The flashes of guns, the thunder of cannon,
The shrieks of the slain,
And himself lying on the ground,

And the hospital surgeons, the knives,
And the long days in bed.
But if he could describe it all
He would be an artist.
But if he were an artist there would be deeper wounds
Which he could not describe.

There is the silence of a great hatred,
And the silence of a great love,
And the silence of an embittered friendship.
There is the silence of a spiritual crisis,
Through which your soul, exquisitely tortured,
Comes with visions not to be uttered
Into a realm of higher life.
There is the silence of defeat.
There is the silence of those unjustly punished;
And the silence of the dying whose hand
Suddenly grips yours.
There is the silence between father and son,
When the father cannot explain his life,
Even though he be misunderstood for it.

There is the silence that comes between husband and wife.
There is the silence of those who have failed;
And the vast silence that covers
Broken nations and vanquished leaders.
There is the silence of Lincoln,
Thinking of the poverty of his youth.

And the silence of Napoleon
After Waterloo.
And the silence of Jeanne d' Arc
Saying amid the flames, "Blessed Jesus"—
Revealing in two words all sorrow, all hope.
And there is the silence of age,
Too full of wisdom for the tongue to utter it
In words intelligible to those who have not lived
The great range of life.

And there is the silence of the dead.
If we who are in life cannot speak
Of profound experiences,
Why do you marvel that the dead
Do not tell you of death?
Their silence shall be interpreted
As we approach them.

Edgar Lee Masters

THE IDLER

When he passed him by
  Where the maids were spinning,
They would drop their work and sigh,
  Deem him worth the winning.
Where he wandered they would follow,
Where the river reeds were hollow,
  Dancing to his tabor.
But the old dames laughed at him,
Gibed at him and scoffed at him,
  Called him idle neighbor;
And the maids, they blamed them all,
Mocked them all and shamed them all,
  Bade them get to labor.

When he roamed along
  Where the lads were sheaving,
They would heed his happy song,
  And, their sickles leaving,
Follow him, the mad-eyed rover,
Through the daisies and the clover
  Where the bees were lurking.
But the farmers hated him,
Bruised and mauled and baited him,
  Damned him for his shirking.

And the lads, they flouted them,
Cursed and cuffed and clouted them,
  Drove them to their working.

Now he lieth low:
  Where the trees are waving
And the breezes softest blow,
  There he hath his graving.
All the maidens sob and sorrow
For their love who knows no morrow,
  And the lads are grieving.
All the birds sing sad of him;
The old folk are glad of him,
  Curse his sweet deceiving,
Cry, "Well rid of him, God wot!"—
But their eyes grow dim, God wot,
  Harvesting and weaving.

THE POET

He sings of loves and tears to him denied,
  Of aspirations that he never knew.
  He is earth's mountebank and prophet too,
And of men's sorrows he is crucified.

Victor Starbuck

THE FISHER LAD

The sky is all of a change now, and over the sea there is red,
And swift as the wind the darkness has taken to wings and fled
To the far side of the round world where lovers are gladly waiting
For the soft breath of the night time to wander away to the mating.

The sky is all of a change now, in amber and red and gold,
And a clean, fresh day is dawning for all of the fisher fold;
And the white sail of my small ship is alive to the wind's wild pleading,
And the soft lap of the stirred sea is a sound in my heart song breeding.

The sky is all of a change now, and out on the tossing sea
I'll lay my course for the vineyard God made for the likes of me;
And the soft breath of the night time will find me treasure laden,
With a light step and a clean hand and a song for a fisher maiden.

Francis Buzzell

A LOST FRIEND

I wish there could have been—
Strong, loyal, innocent —
But one hour long ago,
The you I thought to be.
  High watch on things unseen,
  Grave honor, pure intent—
  The soul I thought to know
  Gave all these things to me.

I could have made a grave
For that immortal hour,
For that immortal friend,
Still through my whole life mine.
  Purple and gold would wave
  Thought-flower, passion-flower,
  Above it, to the end
  Comforting-place and shrine.

But where your image stood
Oh, there was never you!
(My heart, whence it is gone,
Feels a tired, empty pain).
  You were a dream, a mood,
  Dim, wavering, untrue;
  A ghost that passed at dawn
  And will not come again.

THE NET

The strangers' children laugh along the street:
  They know not, or forget,
  The sweeping of the net
Flung to ensnare such little careless feet.

And we—we smile and watch them pass along,
  With those who walk beside,
  Soft-smiling, cruel-eyed:
We guard our own—not ours to right the wrong.

We do not care—we shall not heed or mark
  Till we shall hear one day,
  Too late to strive or pray,
Our daughters' voices crying from the dark.

THE SINGER AT THE GATE

Must I always sing at the gate to hearten the men who fight
For causes changeful as wind and as brief as the summer night?

Must I always herald the wisdom of Man who is blind, blind-led,
Of kings who rule for an hour and die when the hour is dead;

Of right that is wrong tomorrow, of truths that were last year's lies,
Of little strifes and upbuildings that die when a nation dies?

For all Assyria's captains are dead with the dead they made,
Dust of the gyve and anklet with dust of the casque and blade;

But wonderful dreams blow still in the swirl of a smoke new-gone,
As they blew from a fire at dusk for my brother in Ascalon.

And Rome is withered, and Hellas; but leaves in the wind bow still,
As they bowed for my brother's dreaming who sang by some dead god's hill:

For all of the mighty walls men have built to sweep down again
Are shadows of visions spun by some poet far from men.

I am tired of praising the deeds that are brief as a wind may be,
That change with the mocking turn of a year or a century:

I go to spin dreams in dark, that shall last until men are hurled
Out into the space of the Timeless with ash of a burning world!

THE LAST SONG OF BILITIS

Under dusky laurel leaf,
  Scarlet leaf of rose,
I lie prone, who have known
  All a woman knows.

Love and grief and motherhood,
  Fame and mirth and scorn,
These are all shall befall
  Any woman born.

Jewel-laden are my hands,
  Tall my stone above—
Do not weep that I sleep,
  Who was wise in love.

Where I walk, a shadow gray
  Through gray asphodel,
I am glad, who have had
  All that life can tell.

Margaret Widdemer

A CALL IN HELL

I have my best clothes on;
A card case in my hand,
And pain in my heart.

Some one, before I started
Out from the happy home,
Kissed me
On the unhappy eyes with his unhappy mouth,
And said, "Go out—have cheer—and see your friends."
The world goes on although we burn in hell.

Across the rutty roads that lie in ridges,
Striped and barred like the back of a beaten woman,
Past windows blinded with lace—
So one shall not look in
On five, ten, or a dozen covert lives
Like his, like mine, like ours—
For all we do the best we can
Under the complicated curse.

Past blighted corners of streets,
Where the winds of loneliness take me and twist me
Like a rag sodden with tears,
Forcing me to the shelter of strong houses
Where at least a door will open if I ring. . . . .

I hope no one will be in
For if they are kind to me I shall cry.

The door opens on Chinoiseries.
The mild white maid with many frills
Stands expectant.
There are curtains at her back
Hot and red—no gray.
It is the East in Cromwell Road,
The East where man is polygamous
And without reproach.

They were in and not too kind. . . .
The kettle hissed and I drank;
Then a parrot shrieked and I fled.

And I am back in the street.
Stranded. . . . . .
There are miles and miles of paving stones
Rectangular, with round bosses for the coal cellars.
They converge to a vanishing point
Before they turn and hit me. . . .
There is a cab, and home!
Home? What home?
The streets are kinder.

Violet Hunt

DANCERS

PALACE MUSIC HALL—(*Les Sylphides*)

To Nijinsky

The little white lambs frisk
And flirt their woolen panties;
In meek and sleek sweet patterns
They group about their shepherd.

Hola!
An elegant shepherd!

He trips like a young princess;
He has curls like a real Madonna.
And there he goes prancing
And dancing, and entrancing
A little pastoral lady.

But perhaps he is really a Panisk,
Running through tall white flowers
After a white mademoiselle butterfly.

He does not do it for money
As they other here have done;

He likes to jump and feel his legs.

And after all I think he is a fairy prince,
And the dance means that he has lost his kingdom
But that he will marry a king's daughter.

INTERLUDE

Blow your tin squeals
On your reedy whistle.

How they come
dancing,
White girls,
lithe girls
In linked dance
From Attica!
Gay girls dancing
in the frozen street,
Hair streaming, and white raiment
Flying,
Red lips that first were
Red in Ephesus.

Gone!
You—red-nose, piping by the Red Lion,
You?
You brought them!
Here, take my pennies,
"Mon semblable, mon frère!"

Richard Aldington

SISTER OF THE ROSE

When I love thee, O Beloved, it is with joy,
And laughter and song and sun;
And when I leave thee, O Beloved,
Thou art not away . . .
For I am gathering cherries in the tree-tops of thy meditation.

Thou art always with me, O Beloved, in terror and peace,
For thou sweepest through me like a great wind;
And thou leavest no dust behind nor anything foreign,
But pathways, pathways!—
That thy thoughts have followed.

I care not whether it be up or down, the way I go with thee,
For always it has a flower in the grass,
And a tree overhead;
And the stream of thy laughter flows ever along . . .
Oh, the slope of thy bosom is covered with clover in the morning!

Give me thy great flowers, O Beloved,
That open boldly to the moon!
And the strong sweep of the flood
Thou hidest in the ravines of thy sleep!

Thou art a daughter of the lightning,
And a sister of the rose;
Thy kisses are as keen as the grass at midnight,
And thy tenderness a bowl of new milk.

THE RAIN

My heart is a thread of silver in the rain.
And I am dissolved upon the roads;
My heart is a rock upon a hill,
And I glimmer like white boards.

The stars are waiting in a hedge,
And upon the grass are shining sentinels;
And the dusk that follows the rain is as a mother to her children,

Who weareth smooth the scars with her caresses,
And to her moderation subdues the sharp speech.

The hills have risen in a colored coat,
And the oak split to its root laughs at Heaven.
The fields are dimpled like a young infant,
And the brass bowl of the sun drips honey—
The fields are open like a flaming poppy,
And the sun blooms like a rose.

Feet sound upon the road. Oh, the good sound of feet upon the roads!
O my heart!
Have you drunk your fill of the rain for nothing?

THE BATTLE OF MEN AND GOD

From age to age the spirits wage
Their endless strife with God,
The spirits that are brave and strong
And will not stoop nor plod.

From age to age the spirits lose,
For God lifts high his Hell
And strikes their struggling hands to earth
And scatters them pellmell.

Men have but two hands and a brain
And wills that often veer;
God stands upon the topmost plain
And wields the sword of fear.

God owns the cops and mighty shops
And drives the motor cars;
But hungry men still mock his power
As deserts mock the stars.

From age to age do stricken men,
Who yet shirk not to be,
Withstand the onslaughts of their God
As rocks withstand the sea.

THE HAUNT

When night comes I fold my wings,
  I must sleep.
When night comes I do not wake
  And do not weep.

I drop down like dust that falls
  By the roads,
Where with green irreverent feet
  Pass the toads.

When night comes the phantoms rise—
  Fear and Lust;
Over me they pass like toads
  In the dust.

When night comes I call no bride
  To my bed,
Fearful lest I give men life
  Who are dead!

Orrick Johns

COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

THE RENAISSANCE

"All criticism is an attempt to define the classic."

I—THE PALETTE

No one wants the native American poet to be *au courant* with the literary affairs of Paris and London in order that he may make imitations of Paris and London models, but precisely in order that he shall not waste his lifetime making unconscious, or semi-conscious, imitations of French and English models thirty or forty or an hundred years old.

Chaucer is better than Crestien de Troyes, and the Elizabethan playwrights are more interesting than the Pléïade, because they went beyond their models.

The value of a capital or metropolis is that if a man in a capital cribs, quotes or imitates, someone else immediately lets the cat out of the bag and says what he is cribbing, quoting or imitating.

America has as yet no capital. The study of "comparative literature" received that label about eighty years ago. It has existed for at least two thousand years. The best Latin poets knew Greek. The troubadours knew several jargons. Dante wrote in Italian, Latin and Provençal, and knew presumably other tongues, including a possible smattering of Hebrew.

I once met a very ancient Oxford "head," and in the middle of dinner he turned to me, saying: "Ah—um, ah—poet. Ah, some one showed me a new poem the other day, the—ah—the *Hownd of Heaven.*"

I said, "Well, what did you think of it?" and he answered, "Couldn't be bothered to stop for every adjective!"

That enlightened opinion was based on a form of comparative literature called "the classic education."

The first step of a renaissance, or awakening, is the importation of models for painting, sculpture or writing. We have had many "movements," movements stimulated by "comparison." Flaminius and Amaltheus and the latinists of the quattrocentro and cinquecento began a movement for enrichment which culminated in the Elizabethan stage, and which produced the French Pléïade. There was wastage and servile imitation. The first effect of the Greek learning was possibly bad. There was a deal of verbalism. We find the decadence of this movement in Tasso and Ariosto and Milton.

The romantic awakening dates from the production of *Ossian*. The last century rediscovered the middle ages. It is possible that this century may find a new Greece in China. In the meantime we have come upon a new table of values. I can only compare this endeavor of criticism to the contemporary search for pure color in painting. We have come to some recognition of the fact that poets like Villon, Sappho and Catullus differ from poets like Milton, Tasso and Camoens, and that size is no more a criterion of writing than it is of painting.

I suppose no two men will agree absolutely respecting "pure color" or "good color," but the modern painter recognizes the importance of the palette. One can but make out one's own spectrum or table. Let us choose: Homer, Sappho,

Ibycus, Theocritus' idyl of the woman spinning with charmed wheel; Catullus, especially the *Collis O Heliconii.* Not Virgil, especially not the Æneid, where he has no story worth telling, no sense of personality. His hero is a stick who would have contributed to *The New Statesman.* He has a nice verbalism. Dante was right to respect him, for Dante had no Greek, and the Æneid would have stood out nobly against such literature as was available in the year 1300.

I should wish, for myself at least, a few *sirventes* of Bertran de Born, and a few strophes of Arnaut Daniel, though one might learn from Dante himself all that one could learn from Arnaut: precision of statement, particularization. Still there is no tongue like the Provençal wherein to study the subsidiary arts of rhyme and rhyme-blending.

I should want also some further mediaeval song-book, containing a few more troubadour poems, especially one or two by Vidal and Marueil, six poems of Guido's, German songs out of Will Vesper's song book, and especially some by Walter von der Vogelweide.

I should want Dante of course, and the *Poema del Cid,* and the *Sea-farer* and one passage out of *The Wanderer.* In fact, some knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon fragments—not particularly the Beowulf—would prevent a man's sinking into contentment with a lot of wish-wash that passes for classic or "standard" poetry.

So far as the palette of sheer color is concerned, one could, at a pinch, do without nearly all the French poets save

Villon. If a man knew Villon and the *Sea-farer* and Dante, and that one scrap of Ibycus, he would, I think, never be able to be content with a sort of pretentious and decorated verse which receives praise from those who have been instructed to like it, or with a certain sort of formal verbalism which is supposed to be good writing by those who have never read any French prose.

What one learns from other French poets, one might as readily learn from Voltaire and Stendhal and Flaubert. One is a fool, of course, if one forego the pleasure of Gautier, and Corbière and the Pléïade, but whether reading them will more discontent you with bad writing than would the reading of Mérimée, I do not know.

A sound poetic training is nothing more than the science of being discontented.

After Villon, the next poet for an absolutely clear palette, is Heine. It takes only a small amount of reading to disgust one, not with English poets, but with English standards. I can not make it too clear that this is not a destructive article. Let anyone drink any sort of liqueur that suits him. Let him enjoy the aroma as a unity, let him forget all that he has heard of technic, but let him not confuse enjoyment with criticism, constructive criticism, or preparation for writing. There is nothing like futurist abolition of past glories in this brief article. It does not preclude an enjoyment of Charles d'Orleans or Mark Alexander Boyd. "Fra bank to bank, fra wood to wood I rin."

Since Lamb and his contemporary critics everything has been based, and absurdly based, on the Elizabethans, who are

a pastiche. They are "neither very intense nor very accomplished." (I leave Shakespeare out of this discussion and also the Greek dramatists.) Or let us say that Keats very probably made the last profitable rehash of Elizabethanism. Or let us query the use of a twentieth century poet's trying to dig up what Sidney himself called "Petrarch's long deceasèd woes."

Chaucer should be on every man's shelf. Milton is the worst sort of poison. He is a thorough-going decadent in the worst sense of the term. If he had stopped after writing the short poems one might respect him. The definite contribution in his later work consists in his developing the sonority of the English blank-verse paragraph. If poetry consisted in derivation from the Greek anthology one could not much improve on Drummond of Hawthornden's *Phoebus, Arise.* Milton is certainly no better than Drummond. He makes his pastiche out of more people. He is bombast, of perhaps a very high order, but he is the worst possible food for a growing poet, save possibly Francis Thompson and Tasso.

Goethe is perhaps the only one of the poets who tried to be colossi unsuccessfully, who does not breed noxious contentments. His lyrics are so fine, so unapproachable—I mean they are as good as Heine's and Von der Vogelweide's—but outside his lyrics he never comes off his perch. We are tired of men upon perches.

Virgil is a man on a perch. All these writers of pseudo *épopée* are people on perches. Homer and the author of the *Poema del Cid* are keen on their stories. Milton and Virgil

are concerned with decorations and trappings, and they muck about with a moral. Dante is concerned with a *senso morale,* which is a totally different matter. He breeds discontentments. Milton does not breed discontentments, he only sets the neophyte trying to pile up noise and adjectives, as in these lines:

> Thus th' ichthyosaurus was dubbed combative . . .
>
> Captive he led with him Geography . . .
>
> Whom to encompass in th' exiguous bonds . . .

There is no end to this leonine ramping.

It is possible that only Cavalcanti and Leopardi can lift rhetoric into the realm of poetry. With them one never knows the border line. In Leopardi there is such sincerity, such fire of sombre pessimism, that one can not carp or much question his manner. I do not mean that one should copy the great poets whom I have named above—one does not copy colors on a palette. There is a difference between what one enjoys and what one takes as proof color.

I dare say it is, in this century, inexplicable how or why a man should try to hold up a standard of excellence to which he himself can not constantly attain. An acquaintance of mine deliberately says that mediocre poetry is worth writing. If mediocrities want immortality they must of course keep up some sort of cult of mediocrity; they must develop the habit of preserving Lewis Morris and Co.

The same crime is perpetrated in American schools by courses in "American literature." You might as well give

courses in "American chemistry," neglecting all foreign discoveries. This is not patriotism.

No American poetry is of any use for the palette. Whitman is the best of it, but he never pretended to have reached the goal. He knew himself, and proclaimed himself "a start in the right direction." He never said, "American poetry is to stay where I left it"; he said it was to go on from where he started it.

The cult of Poe is an exotic introduced via Mallarmé and Arthur Symons. Poe's glory as an inventor of macabre subjects has been shifted into a reputation for verse. The absurdity of the cult is well gauged by Mallarmé's French translation—*Et le corbeau dit jamais plus.*

A care for American letters does not consist in breeding a contentment with what has been produced, but in setting a standard for ambition. A decent artist weeps over a failure; a rotten artist tries to palm it off as a masterpiece.

[*To be continued.*]

NOTE.—I have not in this paper set out to give a whole history of poetry. I have tried in a way to set forth a color-sense. I have said, as it were, "Such poets are pure red . . . pure green." Knowledge of them is of as much use to a poet as the finding of good color is to a painter.

Undoubtedly pure color is to be found in Chinese poetry, when we begin to know enough about it; indeed, a shadow of this perfection is already at hand in translations. Liu Ch'e, Chu Yuan, Chia I, and the great *vers libre* writers before the Petrarchan age of Li Po, are a treasury to which the next century may look for as great a stimulus as the renaissance had from the Greeks.

Ezra Pound

NOTE *by the Editor.*—Probably every poet may, without ceasing to be selective, exercise a certain liberty of taste in choosing the "pure color" for his palette. Indeed, Mr. Pound implies this. A symposium on the subject would be interesting. Most English-writing poets would probably find pure color in Poe—not in *The Raven,* which was, after all, a kind of stunt—but in *Helen, thy beauty is to me,* and one or two other bits. And are there not gleams of clarity in *Kubla Khan,* in *La Belle Dame sans Merci,* even in *Lycidas?*

But certain Shakespearean songs and sonnets would be the basis of my palette.

H. M.

MODERN GERMAN POETRY

II

Over and above the main body of poets who have succumbed to the equivocal position of the poet in modern German society, one or two men stand out who have overcome their difficulties.

First comes Hugo von Hofmannsthal, unequal, chary of production, but surely a fine poet. He is touched with neurosis—has he not written *Elektra?*—but the disease has not destroyed him. He has inherited the best strain of the German tradition, its deeper and more significant melancholy, and by the force of his personality he succeeds in escaping the sentimental. I think the *Ballade des äusseren Lebens* among the best of his shorter poems:

Und Kinder wachsen auf mit tiefen Augen,
Die von nichts wissen, wachsen auf und sterben
Und alle Menschen gehen ihrer Wege.

Und süsse Früchte werden aus den herben
Und fallen nachts wie tote Vögel nieder
Und liegen wenig Tage und verderben.

Und immer weht der Wind, und immer wieder
Vernehmen wir und reden viele Worte
Und spüren Lust und Müdigkeit der Glieder.

Und Strassen laufen durch das Gras, und Orte
Sind da und dort, voll Fackeln, Baümen, Teichen,
Und drohende, und totenhaft verdorrte. . . .

Wozu sind diese aufgebaut und gleichen
Einander nie? und sind unzählig viele?
Was wechselt Lachen, Weinen und Erbleichen?

Was frommt das alles uns und diese Spiele,
Die wir doch gross und ewig einsam sind
Und wandernd immer, suchen irgend Ziele?

Was frommts, desgleichen viel gesehen haben?
Und dennoch sagt der viel, der "Abend" sagt.
Ein Wort, daraus Tiefsinn und Trauer rinnt.

Wie schwerer Honig aus den hohlen Waben.

Hofmannsthal is a link between classical German poetry and the modern European spirit. His poems are brimful of content. Compare with them the following two poems by Richard Schaukal:

PERSEPOLIS

Im blauen Mondlicht
baden weisse
hohe breitausladende Treppen.
Säulenschatten schweigen
auf den marmornen Stufen.
Leise
auf weichen Tatzen
schleichen Löwen
lüstern suchend
über die Stiegen.

GEFAHR

Durch ragendes Schilf zum gelben Strom
Unter den breiten Palmenfächern
Schleicht mit grünen gierigen Augen der Tiger.
Erschreckt verstummen die jauchsenden Vögel:
Nur das Knistern und Rascheln der Gräser und Stauden. . . .

Heiss und müde zum Bade rüstet ein Hindumädchen.
Spielend senkt sie die schmalen Füsse
In die raschen schmeichelnden kühlen Fluten. . . .
Plötzlich lauscht sie, neigt die Stirne,
Die Augen horchen ins bange Schweigen,
Die Arme stemmt sie auf, zittert . . .
Hinter ihr steht und stockt mit dampfendem Atem der Tiger,

Sein glühender Hauch fliegt über die glänzende Schulter. . . .
Nur das Gurgeln der Uferwellen
Und einer Seele ängstliches Flügelschlagen. . . .

Schaukal's reputation is at least equal to that of Hofmannsthal. Indeed his *In der Heimat* is for some mysterious reason one of the best known modern poems in Germany. Perhaps because it is easy to memorize. Most of Schaukal's poems are not, in spite of their slightness. Hofmannsthal's best poems are charged with intense feeling; Schaukal is always cold and correct. He avoids, however, both the sentimental and the vulgar, and for this reason he surpasses most of his contemporaries. He has studied Heine intelligently, and realized one of the secrets of his art. Heine escaped the sentimental by the perfection of his artistry. The form of his poems is so crystalized, so complete and satisfying, that it invariably gives us an artistic pleasure. Schaukal lacks humor and strong feeling, but he has made himself a very skilful craftsman, and he has imagination—albeit of a somewhat

theatrical character. He has a sense of grace, rare in German, and he loves rococo parties and Venetian gondolas. He is popular because the Germans wallow in the picturesque. In a word Schaukal has nothing to say, but gives us the impression that he would say it charmingly if he had. And this is perhaps better than talking nonsense! Moreover he can, as we see in the poems quoted above, call up a picture, which remains upon the mind, after the fashion of a successful stage-scene. On these grounds he justifies the claims of his admirers who invariably term him "distinguished."

But the poet in Germany who has triumphed most completely over his milieu and whose thought is most closely in touch with modern thought in other countries is Rainer Maria Rilke. Born in 1875, one year after Hofmannsthal, he is the first German poet of his epoch. He has the artistry of Schaukal, and imbues his work with an emotional quality more rich, more subtle and more sensitive than Hofmannsthal. He too is much influenced by Heine:

INITIALE

Aus unendlichen Sehnsüchten steigen
endliche Taten wie schwache Fontänen,
die sich zeitig und zitternd neigen.
Aber, die sich uns sonst verschweigen,
unsere fröhlichen Kräfte—zeigen
sich in diesen tanzenden Tränen.

Here we have an obvious echo. But the bitter springs in Heine's temperament are absent; Rilke's spirit is gentler, instinct with a great faith and a strong hopefulness tinged with mysticism. I know nothing in Heine quite so moving in its gentle simplicity as:

DIE ERBLINDENDE

Sie sass so wie die anderen beim Tee.
Mir war zuerst, als ob sie ihre Tasse
eine wenig anders als die andern fasse.
Sie lächelt einmal. Es tat fast weh.

Und als man schliesslich sich erhob und sprach
und langsam und wie es der Zufall brachte
durch viele Zimmer ging (man sprach und lachte)
da sah ich sie. Sie ging den andern nach,

verhalten, so wie eine, welche gleich
wird singen müssen und vor vielen Leuten;
auf ihren hellen Augen, die sich freuten,
war Licht von aussen wie auf einem Teich.

Sie folgte langsam, und sie brauchte lang,
als wäre etwas noch nicht überstiegen.
Und doch: als ob, nach einem Übergang,
sie nicht mehr gehen würde, sondern fliegen.

Rilke has sly humor too. Witness the *Titelblatt* to *Die Stimmen,* or *Voices of the Under-men.*

Die Reichen und Glücklichen haben gut schweigen,
niemand will wissen, was sie sind.
Aber die Dürftigen müssen sich zeigen,
müssen sagen: ich bin blind;
oder, ich bin im Begriff, es zu werden;
oder, es geht mir nicht gut auf Erden;
oder, ich habe ein krankes Kind;
oder, da bin ich zusammengefügt.

Und vielleicht, dass das gar nicht genügt.

Und weil alle sonst, wie an Dingen,
an ihnen vorbeigehn, müssen sie singen.

Und da hört man noch guten Gesang!

It is just this attitude of Rilke's towards the under-man, free-minded but not sentimental, that places him in touch with modern thought. He realizes the place of the gentle and ineffectual in the scheme of things, and he neither rhapsodizes nor prates. He has no doctrines, only eyes that see and ears that hear, and deep feeling and hope that life will conquer in the end. I should have liked to quote in full his poems entitled *Aus einer Sturmnacht*. I can only quote extracts, but you will see the combination of power and sensibility that makes Rilke's poems so strangely moving. After the *Titelblatt* he plunges forward:

In solchen Nächten kannst du in den Gassen
Zukünftigen begegnen, schmalen blassen
Gesichtern, die dich nicht erkennen
und dich schweigend vorüberlassen.
Aber wenn sie zu reden begännen
wärst du ein Langevergangener,
wie du da stehst,
langeverwest.
Doch sie bleiben im Schweigen wie Tote,
obwohl sie die Kommenden sind.
Zukunft beginnt noch nicht.
Sie halten nur ihr Gesicht in die Zeit,
und können, wie unter Wasser, nicht schauen;
und ertragen sie's doch eine Weile,
sehn sie wie unter den Wellen: die Eile
Von Fischen und das Tauchen von Tauen.

In solchen Nächten gehn die Gefängnisse auf.
Und durch die bösen Träume der Wächter,
gehn mit leisem Gelächter
die Verächter ihrer Gewalt.
Wald! Sie kommen zu dir, um in dir zu schlafen,
Mit ihren langen Strafen behangen.
Wald!

. . . . .

In solchen Nächten wächst mein Schwesterlein,
das vor mir war und vor mir starb, ganz klein.
Viel solche Nächte waren schon seither:
Sie muss schon schön sein. Bald wird irgendwer
sie frein.

In addition to these poets of the major pretension Germany has others who content themselves with less ambitious aims. They imitate Heine for the most part. Sometimes they are incredibly poor and lifeless, as for example the lyrics of the well known Ricarda Huch; sometimes their work is charming, light and neatly phrased. Otto Julius Bierbaum, who died recently, was perhaps the most successful of these, and his collection of twenty years' work—*Irrgarten Der Liebe, Verliebte, launenhafte, moralische und andere Gedichte* —is one of the most attractive productions among the minor lights.

Reginald H. Wilenski

REVIEWS

Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries, with Miscellaneous Pieces, by Thomas Hardy. Macmillan.

The irony of fate, which has been the persistent subject of Mr. Hardy's art, is illustrated by his own destiny. We say, sing, paint, carve, build, only what we are. This poet, recording in many novels the pitiful play of men and women against the sardonic indifference of nature, voicing the cruel humor of life which maliciously thwarts its own joy, is an old man before he recognizes his deepest vocation, and turns to the muse's altar.

It is useless to wonder what we have missed through this tardy call to song. So many poets gave us their all in youth—Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Arnold, many another—that dawn seems the time for singing and it is difficult to understand this twilight voice of the sage. Yet in this case the inversion seems something more than a mere mischance—the irony covers a deeper meaning for those not satisfied with surface vision.

For Mr. Hardy's life has rounded slowly into shape, wrung out its essence tardily into music. He is as one who wanders long through stark bare country, up and down over sharp rocks, and comes at last, not to a mountain-top commanding great spaces, not to the Grand Canyon proud with glory, but to an eminence whence the country he has traveled loses its piecemeal littleness to gather together into a grave unity. There is no glamour, no splendor; the sky and the world are veiled with gray, and heavy clouds overhang the dim spaces beyond him. But there is a round earth to stand on, a sphered sky to breathe in, and a stern and solemn song to sing.

The indifference of nature becomes almost malice to this poet. In the "brake Cimmerian through which we grope" we may catch a fleeting futile moment of joy. But even joy's

> large luminous living eyes
> Regard me in fixed inquiring-wise
> As those of a soul that weighed,
> Scarce consciously,
> The eternal question of what Life was,

And why we were there, and by whose strange laws
That which mattered most could not be.

The poet makes God complain to man thus:

When you slowly emerged from the den of Time,
And gained percipience as you grew,
And fleshed you fair out of shapeless slime,
Wherefore, O Man, did there come to you
The unhappy need of creating me—
A form like your own—for praying to?

He emphasizes the ironic austerities of destiny with fifteen little incidents of common life, "satires of circumstance." Perhaps the last of these, the talk of a man at his wife's grave, is the most profoundly tragic:

"O lonely workman, standing there
In a dream, why do you stare and stare
At her grave, as no other grave there were?

"If your great gaunt eyes so importune
Her soul by the shine of this corpse-cold moon,
Maybe you'll raise her phantom soon."

"Why, fool, it is what I would rather see
Than all the living folk there be;
But alas, there is no such joy for me!"

"Ah, she was one you loved, no doubt,
Through good and evil, through rain and drought,
And when she passed, all your sun went out?"

"Nay, she was the woman I did not love,
Whom all the others were ranked above,
Whom during her life I thought nothing of."

In one or two poems we catch an echo of the epic theme of *The Dynasts*—the destructive futility of war. *Channel Firing,* in which dead soldiers of ancient wars sit up in their

coffins at the sound of guns, and find

> All nations striving strong to make
> Red war yet redder—

this might have been written last August instead of last April. And it more truly expresses the poet's feeling about war than the final war poem which repeats the conventional confidence that "victory crowns the just."

Mr. Hardy has been reproached often enough for harsh diction—such phrasing as "frilled by the numb of the morning," "fulth of numbers," "cold currents thrid," etc. But somehow the style suits the man and his subject, belongs to the bleak country he is travelling in. One must take him or leave him as he is in all his austere sincerity, this poet who, in the teeth of the chill gray wind, utters the truth of life as he feels it in music whose discords make a bitter tune.

H. M.

Open Water, by Arthur Stringer. John Lane Co.

Mr. Stringer has the over-heated enthusiasm of the convert. Having used rhyme and the usual metrical conventions since the days of *The Woman in the Rain,* he now, in an eloquent foreword to his latest book, discards them as "mediaeval apparel." The poet, he says, "must still don mail to face Mausers, and wear chain-armor against machine guns." "Rhyme has been imposed upon him," it is one of the "immuring traditions with which time and the prosodian have surrounded him." "Rhyme and meter have compelled him to sacrifice content for form, have left him incapable of what may be called abandonment."

This has a familiar ring. Milton himself was hardly more emphatic when he denounced rhyme as "the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre." To him in the seventeenth century, as to Mr. Stringer and others today, it was "a troublesome and modern bondage," of "no true musical delight," imposed on the art by mediaeval jinglers against the authority of the "learned ancients."

As POETRY has been a voice crying in the wilderness for freedom from trammels and conventions, urging the public to give rein to the poet's individuality, and accord him his own gait, whether it be rhyme or *vers libre,* it would be unbecoming to complain of the presence of this Saul among the prophets. But one may reasonably note that he does not wear the prophet's robes as though to the manner born. Mr. Stringer is not yet at home with free verse, which has its own boundaries and austerities. Poetry is no easier to achieve without rhyme and iambs than with them.

Many of these new poems seem too easily written. In none of them does one find such rhythmic beauty as Mr. Stringer attained in the blank verse of *The Woman at Dusk,* or such adroit and accomplished art as he revealed in that poignant narrative in quatrains, *The Girl Who Went to Ailey.* It may be that he will evolve a style in the new medium, but he does not yet convince us even by such resolute heroics as these:

God knows that I've tinkled and jingled and strummed,
That I've piped it and jigged it until I'm fair sick of the game

. . . . . .

But now I want to slough off the bitterness born of it all,
I want to throw off the shackles and chains of time . . .
Yea, I will arise and go forth, I have said,
To the uplands of truth, to be free as the wind,
Rough and unruly and open and turbulent-throated!
Yea, I will go forth and fling from my soul
The shackles and chains of song!

Alas, one can't fling them away, those shackles. The finest poems in this new book are those in which Mr. Stringer has clung closest to the old measures. *Sappho's Tomb* has a delicate trochaic movement which seems to follow the light steps of the searchers. *At Charing Cross* is persistently iambic in its solemn march. And the beautiful wistful *Protestations* is as regular in form and movement as if it rhymed. Its closing lines perhaps outrank anything else in the book:

Yet the end of all is written,
And nothing, O rose-leaf woman,
You ever may dream or do
Henceforth can bring me anguish
Or crown my days with joy!
Three tears, O stately woman,
You said could float your soul,
So little a thing it seemed.
Yet all that's left of life
I'd give to know your love,
I'd give to show my love,
And feel your kiss again!

Even this, however, is not so memorable as certain earlier poems by Mr. Stringer. Thus it is with some doubt that one wishes him a *bon voyage* on his new road. May he find masterpieces along the way! *H. M.*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

It is with deep regret that we record the suspension of *Poetry and Drama,* the interesting quarterly which has been spokesman for the art in England, as POETRY is in America. Under the able editorship of Mr. Harold Monro, with the co-operation of the group of poets centering at the Poetry Bookshop, this magazine was winning its way to a permanent place and established authority, when the war broke over the world, and made any such venture precarious or impossible. Mr. Monro hopes to resume publication early in 1916, provided the war is over.

The last number is a particularly good one, containing new poetry by M. Émile Verhaeren the Belgian, Messrs. Robert Frost and Ezra Pound—Americans, and eighteen English poets, including Messrs. Lawrence, Flint, Aldington and Davies. Mr. Hueffer completes his study of *Impressionism,* and M. de Gourmont has an article on *French Literature and the War.*

Perhaps it is not too late to call our readers' attention to the wholly admirable article on *Prosody,* by the Laureate, in the September number of the same periodical. This subject is usually so befogged by all who write about it that an intelligent—nay, an illuminating—word is more than welcome. *H. M.*

NOTES.

Mr. Vachel Lindsay, of Springfield, Illinois, needs no introduction to readers of POETRY, except for his revision of his name. His two books, *General Booth* (Kennerley) and *The Congo* (Macmillan), are aiding us to make his work familiar.

Mr. Lindsay wrote *The Chinese Nightingale* in Springfield and New York, between May and October, 1914, while his father and mother were in China visiting their son-in-law and daughter, who are medical missionaries at Lu-Chow-Fu. The poet, who has never seen China himself, says of the poem:

"The intention of the piece is to combine such elements of Chinese decoration and whim as are to be found by the superficial observer in the curio-store, the chop-suey restaurant, the laundry, the Chinese theatre. To these are to be added such general ideas of China as may be acquired in any brief résumé of their religion, their customs and temperament."

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, a Chicago lawyer, is the "Webster Ford" whose *Spoon River Anthology*, running in nearly thirty numbers of *Reedy's Mirror*, has proved the literary sensation of the year, and may prove a masterpiece in the wise judgment of posterity, to be cherished especially in this region whose people it so vividly presents. The Macmillan Co. will make a book of it in the spring. Mr. Masters'

earlier volumes are: *A Book of Verses* (1898), and *Maximilian, a Tragedy* (1902), besides prose plays and essays.

Mr. Victor Starbuck, also a lawyer by profession, lives in Orlando, Florida. A number of magazines have published his verse. "Violet Hunt" is an English poet.

With these three exceptions, our contributors this month have appeared before in POETRY. Mr. Orrick Johns, formerly of St. Louis, now lives in the country near New Haven. Miss Margaret Widdemer has removed from Philadelphia to Brooklyn. Mr. Richard Aldington is still in London as one of the editors of *The Egoist,* but he may be called to the front among the reserves. Mr. Francis Buzzell lives in Chicago. None of these has published a book of verse as yet, though the first three are well known through much-quoted contributions to the magazines. Mr. Buzzell is almost a newcomer.

. . . . .

Pitfalls yawn before the feet of an editor. Twice of late have we fallen in.

Conquered, by Miss Zoë Akins, which we printed last month, was published last spring in the *International,* through a mistake of one of the editors of that monthly, to whom it had been sent for private perusal. The poet, from whom we had previously accepted it, forgot to inform us at the time, and we, who usually read Mr. Viereck's cleverly ardent paper, apparently missed that issue.

The other error is more serious. The printer's devil is no fabulous creature of myth, but a real monster of sin and

malice. From our January issue he dropped the first line of *The Musicmaker's Child,* by Miss Miriam Allen de Ford, thereby doing his utmost to make the poem unintelligible. The first quatrain should read:

> Long time my mother lived in Culm,
> A maiden, waiting for a man to take her:
> Then, for the love of his blue eyes,
> She wandered after Weir the musicmaker.

The error, for which the editor apologizes to poet and readers, will be noted also among the errata after the title-page of Vol. V in the March number.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Efterladte Digte, by Agnes Mathilde Wergeland. Privately printed.
Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter, by Arthur Davison Ficke. Kennerley.
A Book of Common Verse, by Albert L. Berry. Privately printed.
Poems, by Geneva W. Harrison. Privately printed.
Life-Colors, by Adeline Hinckley. Neale Publishing Co.
Harpstring and Bowstring, by Ethel Wahl Harmon. Privately printed.
The Gift, by Sara Bard Field. Privately printed.
Thoughts in Verse, by John Bonus. Longmans, Green & Co.
A Vision of Reconcilement and Other Verses, by Edward McQueen Gray. Methuen & Co., Ltd., London.
Satires of Circumstance, by Thomas Hardy. Macmillan.
"Der Tag," or The Tragic Man, by J. M. Barrie. Scribner.
Daybreak, by Elizabeth W. F. Jackson. Privately printed.
Gleanings from Dixie-Land, by Effie T. Battle. Privately printed.
The Cosmos and Other Poems, by Herbert Goodell. Privately printed.
Ballads of Blyndam Town, by Robert DeCamp Leland. Paul Bailey, Amityville, N. Y.

SCRIBNER'S BOOKS

THE GRAND CANYON AND OTHER POEMS

By Henry van Dyke

This collection of Dr. van Dyke's recent verse takes its title from that impressive description of the Grand Canyon of Arizona at daybreak, which stands among the most beautiful of Dr. van Dyke's poems. The rest of the collection is characterized by those rare qualities that, as The Outlook has said, have enabled the author "to win the suffrage of the few as well as the applause of the many." $1.25 net; postage extra

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By Katharine Tynan

A collection of devotional poetry by an Irish writer whose verse and prose have won the admiration of thousands both in this country and in Great Britain. Among these poems are "The Christmas Babe," "Christmas Eve in Ireland," "God's Bird," "The New Moon at Christmas," "Michael the Archangel," etc. The book is unusually attractive in its binding, printing, and size. $1.50 net

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