Little brown surf-bather of the mountains!
Spirit of foam, lover of cataracts, shaking your wings in falling waters!
Have you no fear of the roar and rush when Nevada plunges—
Nevada, the shapely dancer, feeling her way with slim white fingers?
How dare you dash at Yosemite the mighty—
Tall white-limbed Yosemite, leaping down, down, over the cliff?
Is it not enough to lean on the blue air of mountains?
Is it not enough to rest with your mate at timber-line, in bushes that hug the rocks?
Must you fly through made waters where the heaped-up granite breaks them?

[215]
Must you batter your wings in the torrent?
Must you plunge for life or death through the foam?

THE PINE AT TIMBER-LINE

What has bent you,
Warped and twisted you,
Torn and crippled you?—
What has embittered you,
O lonely tree?

You search the rocks for a footing,
   dragging scrawny roots;
You bare your thin breast to the storms,
   and fling out wild arms behind you;
You throw back your witch-like head,
   with wisps of hair stringing the wind.

You fight with the snows,
You rail and shriek at the tempests.
Old before your time, you challenge the cold stars.

Be still, be satisfied!
Stand straight like your brothers in the valley,
The soft green valley of summer down below.
The Pine at Timber-Line

Why front the endless winter of the peak?
Why seize the lightning in your riven hands?
Why cut the driven wind and shriek aloud?

Why tarry here?

A LADY OF THE SNOWS

The mountain hemlock droops her lacy branches
Oh, so tenderly
In the summer sun!
Yet she has power to baffle avalanches—
She, rising slenderly
Where the rivers run.

So pliant yet so powerful! Oh, see her
Spread alluringly
Her thin sea-green dress!
Now from white winter's thrall the sun would free her
To bloom unenduringly
In his glad caress.
ON THE PORCH

As I lie roofed in, screened in,
From the pattering rain,
The summer rain—
As I lie
Snug and dry,
And hear the birds complain:

Oh, billow on billow,
Oh, roar on roar,
Over me wash
The seas of war.
Over me—down—down—
Lunges and plunges
The huge gun with its one blind eye,
The armored train,
And, swooping out of the sky,
The aeroplane.
Down—down—
The army proudly swinging
Under gay flags,
The glorious dead heaped up like rags,
A church with bronze bells ringing,
A city all towers,
Gardens of lovers and flowers,
The round world swinging
On the Porch

In the light of the sun:
All broken, undone,
All down—under
Black surges of thunder . . . .

Oh, billow on billow
Oh, roar on roar,
Over me wash
The seas of war . . . .

As I lie roofed in, screened in,
From the pattering rain,
The summer rain—
As I lie
Snug and dry,
And hear the birds complain.

MOUNTAIN SONG

I have not where to lay my head;
   Upon my breast no child shall lie;
For me no marriage feast is spread:
   I walk alone under the sky.

My staff and scrip I cast away—
   Light-burdened to the mountain height!

[219]
Climbing the rocky steep by day,
    Kindling my fire against the night.

The bitter hail shall flower the peak,
    The icy wind shall dry my tears.
Strong shall I be, who am but weak,
    When bright Orion spears my fears.

Under the horned moon I shall rise,
    Up swinging on the scarf of dawn.
The sun, searching with level eyes,
    Shall take my hand and lead me on.

Wide flaming pinions veil the West—
    Ah, shall I find? and shall I know?
My feet are bound upon the Quest—
    Over the Great Divide I go.

Harriet Monroe
POST ANNOS

Yolande dit, en soupirant:

"It is long since we met," she said.
I answered, "Yes."

She is not fair,
But very old now, and no gold
Gleams in that scant, gray, withered hair
Where once much gold was; and, I think,
Not easily might one bring tears
Into her eyes, which have become
Like dusty glass.

"'Tis thirty years,"
I said. "And then the war came on
Apace; and our young king had need
Of men to serve him oversea,
Against the heathen. For their greed,
Puffed up at Tunis, irks him sore."

She said, "This week my son is gone
To him at Paris with his men."
And then, "You never married, John?"

I answered, "No." And so we sate
Musing a while.

Then with his guests
Came Robert; and his thin voice broke
Upon my dream, with the old jests—
No food for laughter now; and swore
We must be friends now that our feud
Was overpast.

"We are grown old—
Eh, John?" he said. "And, by the Rood!
'Tis time we were at peace with God,
Who are not long for this world."

"Yea,"

I answered; "we are old." And then,
Remembering that April day
At Calais, and that hawthorn field
Wherein we fought long since, I said,
"We are friends now."

And she sate by,
Scarce heeding. Thus the evening sped.

And we ride homeward now, and I
Ride moodily: my palfrey jogs
Along a rock-strewn way the moon
Lights up for us; yonder the bogs
Are curdled with thin ice; the trees
Are naked; from the barren wold
The wind comes like a blade aslant
Across a world grown very old.

James Branch Cabell
THE APPLE-TREE

I saw the archangels in my apple-tree last night,
I saw them like great birds in the starlight—
Purple and burning blue, crimson and shining white.

And each to each they tossed an apple to and fro,
And once I heard their laughter gay and low;
And yet I felt no wonder that it should be so.

But when the apple came one time to Michael's lap
I heard him say: "The mysteries that enwrap
The earth and fill the heavens can be read here, mayhap."

Then Gabriel spoke: "I praise the deed, the hidden thing."
"The beauty of the blossom of the spring

And Michael: "I will praise the fruit, perfected, round,
Full of the love of God, herein being bound
His mercies gathered from the sun and rain and ground."

So sang they till a small wind through the branches stirred,
And spoke of coming dawn; and at its word
Each fled away to heaven, winged like a bird.
THE MONKEY

I saw you hunched and shivering on the stones
The bleak wind piercing to your fragile bones,
Your shabby scarlet all inadequate:
A little ape that had such human eyes
They seemed to hide behind their miseries—
Their dumb and hopeless bowing down to fate—
Some puzzled wonder. Was your monkey soul
Sickening with memories of gorgeous days,
Of tropic playfellows and forest ways,
Where, agile, you could swing from bole to bole
In an enchanted twilight with great flowers
For stars; or on a bough the long night hours
Sit out in rows, and chatter at the moon?
Shuffling you went, your tiny chilly hand
Outstretched for what you did not understand;
Your puckered mournful face begging a boon
That but enslaved you more. They who passed by
Saw nothing sorrowful; gave laugh or stare,
Unheeding that the little antic there
Played in the gutter such a tragedy.

Nancy Campbell
THE WATERFALL

O little misty waterfall,
Down from the sky-land blown,
Why do the mountains loom so tall
And why do the fir-trees moan?
O little wistful waterfall
How still is the evening grown!

Thine eyes are dim, little waterfall,
Thy voice is a faint, faint sigh.
Ah, must I follow thee, after all,
Away from the Land of the Sky?

Ellwood Colahan

THE SUMMER SEA

After the Japanese manner

Unbroken by a ripple, but yet drifting
Onward in long wide billows, vast and free,
Upon its bosom ship and shadow lifting,
Beneath the sunset lies the summer sea.

Nathan Haskell Dole
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

THE CRAG

Once I was a crag crowning the peak's sharp crest,
My red flanks bared to the golden sun,
My sharp-serried comb breaking the loose-textured low-fleeting clouds;

And once I was the sudden swift-moving shadow upon the crag,
Fallen from a white high-sailing cloud.

Once I was the cone-heavy tree upon the crag,
Tossing long needles in the wind,
Breathing sweet fragrance to the air;

And once I was the glistening spider's thread spun deftly from needle to needle.

These I was once—
Unthinking,
Untroubled by whence or whither or why;
Knowing not
Of yesterday, tomorrow, today,
Of loneliness, desire, or love, or joy:
Thus I was once.

And once I was the blue, blue sky above,
And made men glad.

Louise Mallinkrodt Kueffner

[226]
POEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH

ANNUNCIATION

Life,
The great Life,
Came unto me:
He of old ages,
The eternal,
The owner of all,
Came, and his word was for me,
Calling my name:
And the radiance of his presence shone about me.

With leaping heart I heard his voice
And the entering of his steps over my threshold:
Heard, and was not troubled;
Because it was known to me a long time
What answer I should make to Life.

With outstretched, quiet hands,
With unreluctant face,
I stood before him,
And let my eyes look into the eyes of Life:
And I gave, and delivered up to Life,
Myself:
Utterly.
Yielding me
As one yields and delivers to another
A dumb vessel.

Mighty and splendid is the presence of Life.
By a far road he comes
And travels a great way before
And sways the world.
I trembled to be near his glory,
But with unbowing head I stood before him,
With unbowing head and proud heart;
Knowing my service that I should perform to the honoring
of Life.
And in his dignity I was exalted.

Now for a term I am not my own,
But Life is my master:
And I dwell under his commandment,
Beneath the fostering of his wings.
Wrapped in the mantle of Life,
Patient, by ways apart, I go;
Bearing in my flesh his sign
That I am one of his chosen:
The instrument of his purpose; the way of his will.

Slowly day follows day,
Laying its hands upon me with invisible touch,
Molding my flesh;
And I tarry waiting upon Life
Until the use he purports for me shall be accomplished,
Annunciation

And his intent be fulfilled:
Until the wonder is wrought upon me that now possesses
my days.

THE NEW-BORN

I have heard them in the night—
The cry of their fear,
Because there is no light,
Because they do not hear
Familiar sounds and feel the familiar arm,
And they awake alone.
Yet they have never known
Danger or harm.
What is their dread?—
This dark about their bed?
But they are so lately come
Out of the dark womb
Where they were safely kept.
That blackness was good;
And the silence of that solitude
Wherein they slept
Was kind.
Where did they find
Knowledge of death?
Caution of darkness and cold?
These—of the little, new breath—
Have they a prudence so old?

[229]
RAIN AT NIGHT

Are you awake? Do you hear the rain?
How rushingly it strikes upon the ground,
And on the roof, and the wet window-pane!
Sometimes I think it is a comfortable sound,
Making us feel how safe and snug we are:
Closing us off in this dark, away from the dark outside.
The rest of the world seems dim tonight, mysterious and far.
Oh, there is no world left! Only darkness, darkness stretching wide
And full of the blind rain's immeasurable fall!

How nothing must we seem unto this ancient thing!
How nothing unto the earth—and we so small!
Oh, wake, wake!—do you not feel my hands clinging?
One day it will be raining as it rains tonight; the same wind blowing;
Raining and blowing on this house wherein we lie: but you and I—
We shall not hear, we shall not ever know.
O love, I had forgot that we must die.

SINCE I HAVE FELT THE SENSE OF DEATH

Since I have felt the sense of death,
Since I have borne its dread, its fear—
Since I Have Felt the Sense of Death

Oh, how my life has grown more dear
Since I have felt the sense of death!
Sorrows are good, and cares are small,
Since I have known the loss of all.

Since I have felt the sense of death,
And death forever at my side—
Oh, how the world has opened wide
Since I have felt the sense of death!
My hours are jewels that I spend,
For I have seen the hours end.

Since I have felt the sense of death,
Since I have looked on that black night—
My inmost brain is fierce with light
Since I have felt the sense of death.
O dark, that made my eyes to see!
O death, that gave my life to me!

ACTION POEM

A Song to Wake Your Dear in the Morning

I kiss the locks of your hair:
Do you feel me there,
Sleepy one?
I will put a kiss on your brow:
Are you waking now?
Won't you wake, sleepy one?

A kiss on your left eye; on your right—
Closed tight, closed tight!
Oh, you are a hard one to wake!

A kiss on your nose
Where your deep breath goes,
Sleepy one!

Now a kiss for each ear:
Do you hear, do you hear?
Wake, sleepy one!

A kiss for this cheek; a kiss for this:
How many kisses you will miss!
Won't you wake? Won't you wake?

Now I come to your lips that I love:
Oh, you are waking! You wake and move!
Sleepy one!

Sleepy one,
My kisses are done.
Oh, you are a hard one to wake!

Helen Hoyt
THE CITY

Haunted
By furtive fear of Heaven's wrath
For wallowing in the mire,
Each day,
With a coward's mockery of courage,
The city hurls a monumental oath
Of brick and mortar
Far up into the air.

These are the sky-tipped towers
Of terrifying height
Rising from the swamp-black wilderness of greed—
A frothy challenge to the gods
From snarling lips.

Max Endicoff
ON A WINDOW DISPLAY IN A WESTERN CITY

He changed the card, and pointed, and he twirled himself around
To show the sack suit's jaunty cut, "a twenty-dollar treat."
Behind the wide show-window's glass he ogled, strutted, frowned,
Disposed his collar, shot his cuffs, and twinkled, head to feet.
I stood amid the gaping crowd and watched him from the street.

That vest-adjusting marionette, that little lacquered slave
In serge and tweed without a crease, disported, deft and droll,
To coax our custom. Left and right he postured, pert or grave.
He arched his chest; he tried to smoothe—what creases from his soul?
I wondered if his underwear was one great thread-webbed hole!

A subtle pathos reached from him, for all his flashy strut,
We all would fain usurp the stage. 'Twas his heroic dream,
But warped by shrewd necessity; a climbing from the rut,
Like some bedraggled butterfly that crawls from grime to gleam,
However evanescent, where the public dump-heaps steam.

[234]
On a Window Display in a Western City

Tin cans and broken bottles often flash a diamond ray!
A little sun will dry the mire on wings that missed their mark!
I wondered whither went his bright-shod feet at end of day.
Did drink or drugs devour his soul? Perhaps in mornings dark
He crawled to some damp bench and stretched 'neath papers in the park.

Such thoughts contribute saving grace. Believe them? Lord, I must!
If voluntary choice were—this!—it turns the stomach, quite,—
Where once these streets were open range, horned cattle stamped the dust,
And, bronzed and brown, unknown to town's insane electric light,
Beneath the deep blue, star-pricked skies men rode the herd by night!

William Rose Benét
DEATH AND THE AVIATOR

Joyously he dips and flies,
Floats at ease in the windy skies
Where the changing cloud hosts run;
Fragile winged between earth and sun,
Strong in youth and seeming free:
And he rides, O Death, with thee!

Piteous and a broken thing,
Solemn, slow, the mourners bring.
Crushed the torch and quenched the fire
Of his prophet's keen desire;
Where—oh, where the living flame?—
Spirit thou alone could'st tame?

INCONSISTENCY

Proud man, compact of fire and clod,
Doth logic lack, indeed;
Creates strong, swift and free, his god—
Then binds him with a creed.

Wanda Petrunkevitch
ONE LISTENS

I heard Death singing.
Lone was the darkening way;
The song was a glad song, ringing
Far, faint and gay;
But pale poppies were clinging
To the feet that went that way.

Gay, faint bugles of Death
Airily blowing;
Poppies of strange, cold breath
Frailly growing;
And around and above and beneath
A faint wind blowing.

A weak wind wearily blowing,
Like a blown winding-sheet,
That wrapped me in its dread flowing
From face to feet;
A wind that seemed as if blowing
Between the earth and my feet.

Far—farther than wonder
Could follow, or dreams,
The sunken sun lay under
The furthest streams;

[237]
Far beyond longing or wonder,
Or dreams.

Death's song like a nightingale's cry
Through that lone dark,
Pierced it, wildly and high;
And my heart said, Hark!—
'Tis the nightingale's cry!
Nay, said my soul, the lark!

But poppies impeded my treading;
Sleep and great fear fell upon me—
What dews of what cold shedding
Were these shed upon me?
Behind me no way for treading,
No way beyond me.

And gay, faint bugles of Death
Airily blowing;
Poppies of strange cold breath
Frailly growing;
And around and above and beneath
A faint wind blowing.

Louise Adèle Carter
BATTLE

THE GOING

He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone:
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone.

THE JOKE

He'd even have his joke
While we were sitting tight,
And so he needs must poke
His silly head in sight
To whisper some new jest
Chortling. But as he spoke
A rifle cracked . . .
And now God knows when I shall hear the rest!

[239]
NIGHTMARE

They gave him a shilling,
They gave him a gun;
And so he's gone killing
The Germans, my son.

I dream of that shilling—
I dream of that gun:
And it's they that are killing
The boy who's my son.

IN THE AMBULANCE

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans."

That's what he is muttering,
Making such a song,
Keeping other chaps awake,
The whole night long.

Both his legs are shot away,
And his head is light;

[240]
In the Ambulance

So he keeps on muttering
All the blessed night:

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans."

HIT

Out of the sparkling sea
I drew my tingling body clear, and lay
On a low ledge the livelong summer day,
Basking, and watching lazily
White sails in Falmouth Bay.

My body seemed to burn
Salt in the sun that drenched it through and through,
Till every particle glowed clean and new
And slowly seemed to turn
To lucent amber in a world of blue . . .

I felt a sudden wrench—
A trickle of warm blood—
And found that I was sprawling in the mud
Among the dead men in the trench.

[241]
THE HOUSEWIFE

She must go back, she said,
Because she'd not had time to make the bed.
We'd hurried her away
So roughly . . . and, for all that we could say,
She broke from us, and passed
Into the night, shells falling thick and fast.

HILL-BORN

I sometimes wonder if it's really true
I ever knew
Another life
Than this unending strife
With unseen enemies in lowland mud;
And wonder if my blood
Thrilled ever to the tune
Of clean winds blowing through an April noon
Mile after sunny mile
On the green ridges of the Windy Gile.

THE FEAR

I do not fear to die
'Neath the open sky,
The Fear

To meet death in the fight
Face to face, upright.

But when at last we creep
Into a hole to sleep,
I tremble, cold with dread,
Lest I wake up dead.

BACK

They ask me where I've been,
And what I've done and seen.
But what can I reply
Who know it wasn't I,
But someone just like me,
Who went across the sea
And with my head and hands
Slew men in foreign lands . . .
Though I must bear the blame
Because he bore my name.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

[243]
HO shall outwit death but he who builds, who sings, but he who creates beauty too beautiful to die?

It is morning in Peking. The Forbidden City lifts its yellow roofs to the sun, roofs that curve to their tips like a slim new moon and perch brave files of mocking animals. It is the third reign from the great founder of the dynasty—that conqueror of the world who destroyed his enemies and levelled their monuments, and who lies entombed in the Southern Hills, guarded by stone beasts and counsellors who hush the desert. Now have his son, and his son's son, magnificently reigning, commanded the builder, the carver, the painter, to erect and adorn new monuments more haughty than the old; and the poet to chant their glory in high words, to the sound of flutes and fountains.

Today a long procession winds over the bridge—the high-curving moon-marble bridge whose balustrade is curled into sea-foam and coiled into dragons. Below pink lotus flowers push out of the shining water, and beyond a slender tiled pagoda blooms in purple and turquoise out of the green. Little laughing boys pass by, bearing high poles with long pointed streamers that gild the wind. Men follow with banners—oh, hundreds!—silken banners that lift to the sun,
in patterned embroideries of many colors, the glory of him—the Emperor—and his ancestors. Banners round and square, banners blue and crimson, white cylindrical banners whose story never ends: borne by ivory-colored, slant-eyed men in silken coats aflare like rainbows.

And who are these bringing gifts? In the hand of one is a bowl glazed with the blue of forgotten seas: another holds high a long-necked silver swan, tall in its pride. In the carved box of another is rolled a landscape painted, in powder of malachite and lapis lazuli, with the dreams of ten thousand years. Another brings a vase in the four colors, pictured with ladies of an ancient reign, court ladies in trellised gardens, with kingfisher-feather jewels in their hair and rich robes enwinding their slow little feet. And others bear precious charms carved in turquoise and amethyst and emerald, or little ivory sages in lacquered boxes, or finely tapestried silken panels woven into fables of the phoenix bird. And one lifts high a wonder-work of moon-white jade, wrought day after day, life after life, into an image of Lord Buddha throned on the lotus, Lord Buddha with jasper eyes fixed in rapture, his right hand extending two fingers to bless the world.

But where are they going, these gift-bearers, attended by eunuchs in gorgeous coats, each worth a mandarin’s tribute; by palace guards mailed and sworded and terrible; by musicians ringing bells and beating drums, by hordes of retainers more gorgeous than poppies in the sun? And followed—yes
—by princes and viceroys from far provinces, each with his strange and splendid retinue?

They turn from the bridge into the lacquered walk, whose pillared roof, tiled without and painted within, answers with many colors the challenge of the sun. Slowly they file between the crimson columns, and draw near the bright roofs of the sacred dwelling, to prostrate themselves before the Dragon Throne, and lay their gifts in heaps beneath it. For is it not the birthday of the Son of Heaven—of him, the mighty and glorious, brother of the sun and sister of the moon, who shall possess the earth ten thousand years!

The gilded banners salute the sacred roofs of six colors, the roofs yellow and green, turquoise and heliotrope, blue-green and sapphire softly shining, with the little guardian animals ever pecking and prinking at the corners. They begin to ascend the low white steps to the Hall of Audiences, while the long procession lies winding like a serpent back through the walk, over the bridge, into the wood and beyond.

Why do they halt and delay—a moment, a prayer’s length, hour after hour? Why do the long lines pause motionless, their rich robes and trappings a-sparkle in the sun? Why does the Son of Heaven linger alone in the anteroom, contemplative, absorbed, ecstatic?—the Son of Heaven, radiant with youth and power, his yellow k’o-sse robe woven with the twelve symbols of power, his brow adorned with the magic emerald carved long ago by his divine ancestors in heaven? Why does he not rise, and go forth to his dragon-carved throne, and take proud possession of his state—
while the long files approach and fall prostrate before him, and heap their gifts at his feet?

The Son of Heaven sits motionless in his yellow robe with its twelve symbols of power, his brow lit green by the magic emerald. Hour after hour he sits cross-legged, contemplative, while the long procession waits in the sun.

For the Son of Heaven is making a poem—a little poem in five lines which shall give sound and shape to the world.

H. M.

REVIEWS


Blank verse—unrhymed iambic pentameter—has been recognized as an expressive medium of intimate spiritual biography ever since the voice of Marlowe’s Faustus said to the dream-woman of his desire:

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

The dullness of most contemporary blank verse seems to be imparted by the author’s total failure to handle the extremely varied accent, and conversational intervals, of the line, with any vital understanding of its sovereign power in speaking the movement of meditation, the pacing step of absorbed revery, as it slowly turns a corner down the mysterious cloisters of the soul.
One recalls with pleasure the running parody, in Sheridan’s Critic, of blank verse as a mere grandiose record of outer event:

[Enter Governor with his hair properly disordered.]
A hemisphere of evil planets reigns,
And every planet sheds contagious fury!
My Spanish prisoner is ta’en. My daughter,
Meeting the dead corse borne along, is gone
Distract.

Though The Man on the Hilltop is written in unrhymed iambic pentameter, and by a contemporary poet, its first excellence is that it does express spiritual biography. It is the story of a man who has known as a child the injustice in the world. In this case, it is in the workaday world of mills and of courts that he has felt the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit from the unworthy takes.

These things—
Seen by a child who with his mother stood,
Three younger ones beside him, and looked out
Into the endless and appalling void
Of destitution—could not be forgot,
But needs must bend the corner of the mouth,
And sink the eyes to sparks in their deep caves.

He leaves the life of the forge, as he grows to be a man, and becomes a shepherd in the West. Here, though no longer struggling with poverty, he broods upon the history of his dead, of his scattered family, of the laborers of the earth, broods until his mind wreaks upon itself a doom which only the poet should reveal to his readers. The poem is a true tragedy told in fitting music, simple and sincere.

[248]
It must be confessed that on gathering from a glance ahead that the next poem was about “Theodorus, a noble monk of Athens,” “the old Abbot” and a “gray-walled monastery,” the reviewer began to suspect that here she might find a text chiefly woven of the same material as “My Spanish prisoner is ta’ en.”

It is true that *At Saint Stephanos* is marred by a few cannery phrases and lines:

> My approaching step
>   Echoed upon the drawbridge whose frail span—

Nevertheless, the general musical style of the poem has the interesting characteristic the first poem indicated, of evoking a mind’s biography.

*At Saint Stephanos* speaks—in the voice of Theodorus, the lover of beauty, the devotee of poets—with the tongue of a peculiar sympathy, not only for those who have longed to realize poetry in their own lives, but for the music-makers themselves, the dreamers of dreams, the builders and makers of the world forever.

Sympathy for the poetry of the world is indeed well spoken in tones of varying lightness and depth throughout the volume. As in *The Gentle Reader*:

> Why does the poet chose to sing?  
> No impulse ever stirred in me  
> The wish to make myself a thing  
> To which all mocking jibes might cling.  
> *Perhaps he sees more than you see.*  
> Why should this fool go crying out  
> The secrets of his soul? In steel  
> I case myself; nor care to shout
The things one does not talk about.
Perhaps he feels more than you feel.

If I had wisdom to impart,
I'd say the thing, and let it go;
Not trifle with a foolish art,
And make a motley of my heart!
Perhaps he knows more than you know.

These lines begin the third part of the book entitled, for reasons not very comprehensible, Grotesques: perhaps because it is the unfortunate custom of our country to introduce with a deprecatory gesture all verse not literal as well as all verse not solemn. ("Now I am going to be humorous—I know it is very queer in me.") I say unfortunate, because I believe the custom arises from the sad need of deferring to a wretched, morbid, not to say snobbish, wish on the part of hordes of American readers to like verse not because of its humor, music, wit, truth, keenness, ardor, generosity, nor for any other positive and attractive intrinsic quality on earth, but simply for its "importance."

We love pretentiousness. We are too self-important, and too pre-occupied with our own position as admirers of the largest assumptions in poetry, to perceive that there is more fire from the blue urn of day poured into the harmonious ironies of Heine, or Théophile Gautier's melodic grace in presenting the aloe tree, or Bunner's pitcher of mignonette on the tenement's highest casement, than in all the swelling periods of Stephen Phillips' Paolo and Francesca: and that the freshness of these more quiet and directly realized creations will be fragrant to the readers' perception long after
this “important poem” has gone where Byron’s *Doge of Venice* and Bailey’s *Festus* are.

To the present reviewer, the most vital poems in Mr. Ficke’s book are those not featured by an initial position, nor noticed in the title or announcements. Excellent as the two first poems are, they have rather the character of interesting achievement than of “the truth thy mother bore thee, born to utter.”

Of a more vivid musical presence are several shorter poems—most of them familiar to the readers of *Poetry*: three brief love-poems—*The Three Sisters*, *To a Child*, and *Fathers and Sons*; also *The Gentle Reader* and *A Cricket among the Grotesques*. First of all in its presentation of a striking individual endowment of the author’s, is the Swinburne elegy. This poem does indeed say “the truth thy mother bore thee, born to utter.” In its expression of sympathy for the poetry of the world, it has the flying scope, the forthright and singing candor, of a unique power.

Sympathy for the poetry of the world—the charm pours through the elegy’s imaginative admiration with a movement whose distinction none but those deaf to the speaking notes, the interval and echo of a musical page, can fail to hear.

We, the readers of America, especially need a sympathy for the poetry of the world. We especially need the tonic ability to take a long leap into the whole-hearted expression of truth, to plunge

soul-forward, head-long in a book,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth.

[251]
The Swinburne elegy is of peculiar value to us, belittled as we are by the ugliest fault of democracy—its disparagement of distinction, its dislike of unusual gifts, of large forces other than the large forces which are known to us all as the sharers of a mysterious mortal destiny. This jealousy of genius is democracy's meanest error. We may see it not only, nor even chiefly, in the thread-bare instances of the public neglect of Whitman and Poe. What is more serious is the narrow jealousy of genius which has led so many able American writers to pride themselves on their ignorance of all methods of expression other than their own. One wearies of all these clique methodisms and pharisaisms in our country.

I am master of this college; 
What I don't know isn't knowledge—

This is too often the attitude of our contemporary poets to poetry grown outside the island of their own manner. In Mr. Ficke's work we find another spirit. From this point of view poetry and criticism may both be congratulated on receiving a distinguished contribution in his gift of creative force in admiration.  

Edith Wyatt

CHAP BOOKS AND BROADSHEETS

Verse by new poets should always come to us in the way that Mr. Harold Monro and those associated with him choose to send it out from the Poetry Bookshop—in books small in bulk and small in price (a shilling or sixpence), and with a format that barely shows the machinery of production. This way is the right way: young writers eager about poetry, with some praiseworthy verse accomplished, should not be compelled to wait until they have bulk enough for stiff covers and firm binding. The three writers who have still their names to make have been given the advantage of appearing in an unpretentious and attractive way.

James Elroy Flecker is not one of the poets for whom unpretentious covers are demanded. The Bridge of Fire, Forty-two Poems, The Golden Journey to Samarkand, contained some of the best poetry written by the younger English poets. His fame was secure when he died—alas!—in January at the age of thirty. His Ballad of Iskander was an astonishing poem for a man in the twenties to have written. It printed itself on my mind when I read it five years ago. With his definiteness, with his sure accomplishment, Flecker was very much a French poet—a Parnassian. The movement towards free rhythms did not affect him at all. If one wanted to show that to create a sense of unloosed life, it is not necessary to break up poetic forms—nay, that it is wiser to use the most restrained forms—one might give his translation of Albert Samain’s poem about the dancing girl:

The revel pauses and the room is still:
The silver flute invites her with a trill,
And, buried in her great veils fold on fold,
Rises to dance Pannyra, Heel of Gold.
Her light steps cross; her subtle arm impels
The clinging drapery; it bursts and swells,
Hollows and floats, and bursts into a whirl:
She is a flower, a moth, a flaming girl.
All lips are silent; eyes are all in trance:
She slowly wakes the madness of the dance,
Windy and wild the golden torches burn,
She turns, and swifter yet she tries to turn,
Then stops: A sudden marble stiff she stands.
The veil that round her coiled its spiral bands,
Checked in its course, brings all its folds to rest,
And, clinging to bright limb and pointed breast,
Shows, as beneath silk waters woven fine,
Pannyra naked in a flash divine!

Many of his contemporaries would have been induced to express this abandonment by metrical irregularity.

These last poems are worthy of the fine and brave poet that James Elroy Flecker was. His poem on the war, *Burial in England*, is splendid in its lift above vulgar appeal:

Our foes—the hardest men a state can forge,
An army wrenched and hammered like a blade
Toledo wrought neither to break nor bend,
Dipped in that ice, the pedantry of power,
And toughened with wry gospels of dismay:
Such are these who brake down the door of France,
Wolves worrying at the old World's honor,
Hunting Peace not to prison but her tomb.

It is a foe's but a generous foe's judgment. His appeal to his own countrymen is generous, too:

But young men, you who loiter in the town,
Need you be roused with overshouted words—
Country, Empire, Honor, Liege, Louvain?
Pay your own youth the duty of her dreams!

[254]
And it is good to know that this poet, dying at thirty in the miserable days of war, was able to write:

Broader than Earth
Love stands eclipsing nations with his wings,
While Pain, his shadow, delves as black and deep
As he e'er flamed or flew.

Frances Cornford's verse has been known in Cambridge (England) circles these few years. The poems in *Spring Morning* are really songs of innocence—simple, happy, unintentional verses about a dog, a walk, a child's dream, a wasted day, about dawn, morning and evening. The woodcuts in the booklet are quaint and old-fashioned, and quite in the spirit of these childishly-serious poems. This is a sheaf of verses that will make a pleasant accompaniment for one's daily thoughts.

The *Contemplative Quarry* is in the opposite spirit. Here is woman claiming experiences for herself, songs for herself. The intention of the writer has put her emotions awry, and her songs are hard and twisted. The quarry is woman; the object of her continuous contemplation is man, the pursuer. The booklet is provocative, and it has a suggestion that the writer will rise out of a world that causes her a little amusement and much exasperation.

If I had peace to sit and sing,
Then I could make a lovely thing;
But I am stung with goads and whips,
So I build songs like iron ships.
Let it be something for my song,
If it is sometimes swift and strong.
Miss Wickham's verses might be answers to belated advances in *Songs* by Edward Shanks. Mr. Shanks does not know he is belated, and he writes with assurance of meadows, and maids that may be clipped and kissed therein. His songs show good accomplishment, although they are all kept on the youthful-erotic plane. He has listened eagerly to the old English songs and ballads, and he has the wood-pigeon notes they have when they speak of a love that is not tragical. But why should he have re-written *The Maid's Wager*? These songs are eager and have a feeling for meadows and sunlight and summer days.

New verse is sometimes printed in *The Broadside* that Jack B. Yeats produces monthly, but he gives more often specimens of the old anonymous songs that are still sung on the roads and in the streets in Ireland. His *Broadside* is a two-leaved pamphlet, hand-printed with three pictures, one of them colored. It is the pictures by Jack B. Yeats that make it valuable. The ballad-singers, tinkers, pugilists, circus people and obscure adventurers of all kinds that he has given us form a gallery of vital and original types. The present *Broadside* has one of the Irish "secret" songs about Napoleon, with a ballad by a modern Irish writer. The illustrations—gaunt Irish houses, spirited horses, eager youths and imaginative-looking peasants—belong in every line to a fine and personal art.

*Padraic Colum*

I have before me three books. They are what the reviewers call “little books,” meaning anything which does not cost five shillings. In this case they are all “good,” and none is distinguished. True, none of them treats of the war, but on the other hand none of them is as interesting as Edgar Master’s last book, none has the tang of J. S. Eliot’s newest work, or of that of Orrick Johns at his best.

In no case do I wish to offer the young (?) writers advice. The reviewer does, as a matter of course, usually start to offer advice. If you see a man like Johns, who hits the bulls-eye about one time in six, but hits it, you of necessity want to offer advice. If a new, presumably youngish, poet convinces you of his personality, his impulse, and constantly mars his effects by flaws of surface, by gaucherie, there is a certain kind of purely technical advice which can be offered by someone longer in the lists, and which may even be accepted and do no harm, or very little harm, or even some good. The gist of it is to make the young writer more constantly aware, more vividly aware, of his medium. I think such advice can scarcely ever be given to advantage save by someone who believes in or admires the work which he is striving to correct or guide forward.

That aside, I have before me three books, each in a different fashion:
Mr. E. Scotton Huelin is up to date; he might have been reading Tagore and the imagists. He writes mostly *vers libre*.

Mr. H. F. Sampson might have been reading Swinburne and the nineties.

Mr. Cecil Garth might have been reading Browning.

All of these men are poetic, they all have a right to sing. Mr. Huelin is pictorial and somewhat pale in emotion; he will drag in his "little self of yesterday." I suppose he is the new poet of the season, *the* new poet of the season. And Mr. Sampson is vigorous. And Mr. Garth—oh, well, I like Mr. Garth, but I can't admit that he has yet learned to write.

And I sit here in the sun feeling that I am doing these poets an injury in not "getting up an enthusiasm." They are, I believe, the pick of the season. I am in each case convinced of the sincerity, of the poetic nature, of the writer, and there, I suppose, is an end of it. You can't call them writers of promise; they simply don't promise. In the case of Eliot, of Johns, one can take a reasonable chance on the future.

E. P.
OUR CONTEMPORARIES

OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY

The Dial, according to precedent, casts the obloquy of its disapproval upon the rare and unusual book that has in it the springs of life. This time it is Mr. Masters' Spoon River Anthology. Mr. Raymond M. Alden objects to its deliberate unloveliness; Spoon River, he thinks, must be a place peculiarly accursed, since it furnishes such an extraordinary study in mortuary statistics! As a proof of this, he recounts the "cruel and unusual" means by which the people in the first half of the Anthology met their death. Well, not all people come to a natural death, whatever that may mean. Perhaps if Mr. Alden would stop to count up, he might be as appalled as I was, on making this test, to realize how many friends and acquaintances have not died the peaceful death of old age.

But the spell of romanticism is still as potent upon death as upon life. We may measure the critic not only by what he condemns, but by what he praises. Mr. Alden turns from Mr. Masters' "deliberate unloveliness" to the wordy artifice with which Mr. Thomas Hardy glosses the sinking of the Titanic.

And as the smart ship grew
In stature, grace, and hue,
In shadowy silence grew the Iceberg too.

Alien they seem to be:
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later history.

[259]
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Or sign that they were bent
By paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august event.

Till the Spinner of the Years
Said "Now!" And each one hears
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

With all Mr. Hardy's poems to chose from (many of them, by the way, very much akin to Mr. Masters' poems in spirit, the bitterly ironic spirit which expresses, while it masks, a passionate idealism) this selection is certainly enough to "jar two hemispheres!"

Much might be said of this type of criticism, but what is the use? People will continue to read it under the conviction that only the dull is sound, and that only those critics who uphold the old at the expense of the new (although half their effort is given to proving that the new is very old), are the real conservators of human progress.

Naturally the Imagists come in for their share of condemnation. Mr. Alden says:

Even if we have serious suspicions as to the probable value of these experiments, we should try to understand them; and for this reason it is a cause for satisfaction that there should be initiated a New Poetry Series, designed to represent the work of the latest generation in small, well-printed volumes, modestly priced.

Here we have the customary pat for the publishers, whose work is so much more important than that of the poets they print. Mr. Alden does not follow his own advice, he does not really try to understand the work of the Imagists. And
for the better understanding of the public, he presents what he considers to be the blemishes.

Is Mr. Alden's criticism of a type to guide or instruct in any way the professional craft of poets? I do not think so. Its tendency is simply to discourage the public. No art gallery—and an art gallery serves the best function of criticism—strives to collect only the worst examples of a painter's art.

The Dial is one of the few journals in America devoted exclusively to the interests of literature. It is a sad commentary on the present state of criticism that it should be recorded of The Dial, as by Mr. Owen Wister in The Atlantic, that it recognizes merit only after the fact. For the initial recognition, genius must look to other tribunals.

A. C. H.

WHITMAN AMENDED

We are indebted to the New York Call for the following editorial:

DOWN WITH FREEDOM!

Being an attempt to aid F. P. A., Don Marquis, Berton Braley, the Poetry Society of America, and others too humorous to mention, in their favorite pastime, "Suppressing Free Verse."

How can we best help the good cause?

We shall not—as in their custom—prove the infinite superiority of the regular forms by turning To Be or Not to be or I didn't Raise my Boy to be a Soldier into vers libre, polyrhythms, or any other Whitmaniacal curiosity. There is a better way. By rewriting Whitman, Oppenheim and the rest as poetry, a clear case will be made against these "modern" irrationalities.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

For instance—Whitman, in a misguided moment, rough-hews this fragment:

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Far-sweeping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.

On being turned into poetry this would appear:

Lusty, cool-breath'd earth, keep smiling,
    With your sleeping, liquid trees,
    With your shine and dark beguiling
    Rivers, yes, and trees;
Down the elbowed heavens piling
    Gay with apples and with plums
All a-blossom—keep a-smiling,
    For your lover comes.

That's the stuff, eh? Real poetry! "The singing line," "the lyric lift," and all that.

Here's another prosy series of jottings by Whitman:

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And a cow crunching with depressed head surpasses any statute,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.

Longfellow or Cale Young Rice would have plucked from the lyre some such dulcet strains as these:

    To me each leaf of grass that grows
    Is mighty as a ranging star;
Each running blackberry that blows
    Would shine in heaven halls afar;
The browsing cow within the vale
    A statute easily excels—
While any mouse the cheeks would pale
    Of sixty trillion infidels!

That ought to convince all doubters!

[262]
CORRESPONDENCE

TWO POEMS BY RILKE

Dear Editor: In the article on Modern German Poetry, by Mr. Reginald H. Wilensky, in the February number of Poetry, the author gave considerable space to the profound and delicate Austrian poet, Rainer Maria Rilke. Among the examples of Rilke’s poetry quoted was Die Erblindende, which I had never seen before and was immediately tempted to translate into English. Believing that it may possibly interest the readers of Poetry, I am sending you this translation, together with one of another poem by Rilke, Menschen bei Nacht. 

Margarete Münsterberg

GROWING BLIND

She sat, like all the rest of us, at tea. 
It seemed at first as if she raised her cup 
Not quite as all the others held theirs up. 
She smiled, her smile was pitiful to see.

And when we rose at last with talk and laughter, 
And through the many rooms with idle pace, 
As chance would have it, strolled from place to place—
Then I saw her. She slowly followed after.

Restrained, like one who must be calm and cool 
Because she soon will sing before a crowd; 
Upon her happy eyes, without a cloud, 
The light fell from outside, as on a pool.

She followed slowly, hesitating, shy, 
As if some height or bridge must still be passed, 
And yet—as if, when that was done, at last 
She would no longer walk her way, but fly.

[263]
PEOPLE AT NIGHT

Nights were not made for the crowds, and they sever
You from your neighbor, so you shall never
Seek him, defiantly, at night.
But if you make your dark house light,
To look on strangers in your room,
You must reflect—on whom.

False lights that on men's faces play
Distort them gruesomely.
You look upon a disarray,
A world that seems to reel and sway,
A waving, glittering sea.
On their foreheads gleams a yellow shine
Where thoughts are chased away.
Their glances flicker mad from wine,
And to the words they say
Strange heavy gestures make reply,
That struggle in the buzzing room;
And they say always, "I" and "I";
And mean—they know not whom.

POETRY AND THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

Dear Poetry: Do you remember how, when the pinch of war began to be felt in Europe, letters poured in upon you from the poets there? They contained one cry: "Protect the arts! To you in America falls the task of keeping the flame alight, for we are ruined."

The Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco had an unusually favorable chance to respond to the cry of the artists of stricken Europe. But whatever it may have done for the other arts, it has done practically nothing for the poets. Aside from the fact that Mr. Markham is to write an "offi-
cial poem,” there is no recognition whatever of the fact that poetry exists. It is true that as an architectural decoration of the archways certain quotations from Confucius and Walt Whitman are used, and to these the directors point triumphantly. It is significant in this connection that no commercial exhibit is accepted which was in existence at the time of the St. Louis exposition.

Is it not time that poetry should stand squarely on her rights as a living art with a living message, and demand recognition alongside of painting and sculpture? Doubtless practical difficulties would present themselves in the matter of the choice of a jury and the method of setting before the public the poems selected. But these difficulties would be no greater than in the case of painting. And to the many distinguished visitors to the Exposition, not only from Europe but also from the newly awakened Orient, which is gravely examining our western culture, the lack of any recognition of one of the oldest and most reverenced of the arts cannot but seem significant. It will be difficult to explain to them that the official oblivion on the subject comes not from the lack of excellent material to be exhibited, but from lack of appreciation on the part of a local board of directors. The Panama-Pacific Exposition has lost an excellent chance. It remains for some future Exposition, perhaps the one contemplated in Japan, to be the first to house the lyric muse.

Eunice Tietjens
Mrs. Tietjens' very reasonable suggestion is being discussed with some asperity along "the Coast," where the paragraphers have had their usual profoundly humorous time with it. Mr. Samuel Travers Clover recently answered some of their objections in his Los Angeles weekly, The Graphic, of which Mrs. Tietjens, since her much regretted departure from the Poetry office, has become poetry editor. We quote a part of his editorial:

Mrs. Tietjens' argument that poetry is a "fine art," and in its present renascence a distinct feature of the cultural progress of our country, ergo, worthy of representation at a national exposition, strikes us as a sound postulate. Surely, she contends, largely considered, poetry is of as much ultimate value as poultry, which occupies more than an acre of space. As to the manner of exhibiting verse her suggestion is that a jury of contemporary poets, reinforced by a professor of literature from one of the universities, and, perhaps, an editor, would be fully as competent to judge the volumes submitted as are contemporary painters to judge the canvases. The volumes accepted could be ranged in book-shelves in a quiet room, where the public could browse at will. "Then," she adds, "since the music of the spoken word is half the magic, periodical readings could be given, either by visiting poets or by someone competent to read their works."

There is nothing bizarre or impractical in her suggestion, we submit. The plan of inviting our modern poets to a congress offers great attraction. With Percy Mackaye, Vachel Lindsay, the "Gospel of Beauty" protagonist; Edgar L. Masters of the Spoon River Anthology fame; Edwin L. Markham, George Sterling, our own John McGroarty, Harriet Monroe, Eunice Tietjens, and a score of other living poets of acknowledged merit in attendance, a successful gathering were assured. Then, too, Alfred Noyes might be lured to the coast and perhaps John Masefeld and Stephen Phillips. Popular? We venture to say the poets' section at the Panama-Pacific Exposition would be a loadstone of cultural traffic and repay all expense to the management a hundredfold.
Rhyme, supposing that all the poets leave you,
Where will you go to hide yourself away?
Is there no place where honorable Rhyme may stay,
No far elysium where Poetry will receive you?
Where do her veterans dwell, the outworn and gray?

Oh, many a long century you have lived content
In paired delights, or dancing sisterly dances;
Sounds beckoning to sounds like lovers’ mutual glances,
Sounds wedded with sounds and shades of sounds, well blent—
Poetry, what new devices will enhance your beauty
As Rhyme, old Rhyme, enhances?

Helen Hoyt

NOTES

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, of Greenway, Ledbury, England,
is well known as the author of plays in verse and of other poems
of English peasant life, published under the titles Daily Bread,
Womenkind, Fires, and Borderlands and Thoroughfares (Mac-
millan). Mr. Gibson’s poems would have had the lead this month,
except that their tragic subject seemed too grim an introduction
to a midsummer number.

Mr. William Rose Benét, of New York, who has also appeared
before in Poetry, is one of the editors of The Century, and the
author of Merchants from Cathay (Century Co.) and The Fal-
coner of God and Other Poems (Yale Univ. Press).

Miss Helen Hoyt, of Appleton, Wis., whom we introduced
two years ago, has not yet published a volume.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, of Boston, is well known as the
author of many books of verse and prose, and the translator and
editor of important works from many languages.

Others who, like Mr. Dole, have not hitherto appeared in
Poetry, are:

Nancy Campbell (Mrs. Joseph Campbell), of Dublin, Ireland,
author of Agnus Dei (Maunsel).
Mr. James Branch Cabell, of Dumbarton Grange, Va., though a journalist and novelist, has published no verse as yet except incidental lyrics in his novels.

Miss Louise Mallinckrodt Kueffner, formerly of Illinois and St. Louis, and now in the Vassar faculty, has published no verse.

Mr. Max Endicoff, of New York, has contributed verse and prose to The Masses and other socialist periodicals.

Wanda Petrunkevitch (Mrs. Alexander) of Saranac Lake, New York, has published verse in various magazines.

Miss Louise Adéle Carter, born in 1897 in Houston, Texas, and resident of late in Honolulu, has published verse in Texas papers and magazines.

Mr. Ellwood Colahan is a young, and as yet unpublished, poet, now resident in New York.

**BOOKS RECEIVED**

*Original Verse:*


Songs of Chaos, by Herbert Read. Elkin Mathews, London.

Sonnets to Sidney Lanier, by Clifford Anderson Lanier. B. W. Huebsch, Boston.


*Plays:*

Barbarians, by Robert DeCamp Leland. The Poetry-Drama Company, Boston.

*Translations:*

The Bibelot

A REPRINT OF POETRY AND PROSE FOR BOOK-LOVERS CHOSEN IN PART FROM SCARCE EDITIONS AND SOURCES NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

1895-1915

Twenty Volumes and Index Complete

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT

I. Old-style blue paper boards, uncut edges, white ribbed backs, labels in red and black, with end papers in facsimile of original cover design as issued, $50.00 net.

II. Dark blue Holliston Library buckram, gilt tops, flat backs, labels in red and black, $55.00 net. After October 1st styles I and II subject to advance in price.

III-IV. One hundred sets have been reserved for special binding to order only. In these sets a numbered and signed certificate with portrait of the editor in photogravure inserted. Half crushed Levant, gilt tops, uncut, $125.00 net. Half crushed Levant, gilt tops, uncut, with extra tooling and inlays on backs, $150.00 net.

On the Deferred Plan, sets are sold as follows and immediate delivery of all the volumes made when order is given:

For styles I and II, $5.00 down and balance at the rate of $5.00 per month.
For styles III and IV, $25.00 down and balance at the rate of $15.00 per month.

Write for special circular and mention Poetry Magazine

THOMAS BIRD MOSHER
PORTLAND, MAINE
EZRA POUND'S NEW BOOK

CATHAY: Translations by Ezra Pound. For the most part from the Chinese of Rihaku, from the Notes of the late Ernest Fenollosa, and the Decipherings of the Professors Mori and Ariga. Small crown 8vo. 1s. net.

SONNETS AND BALLATE of Guido Cavalcanti. Translated by Ezra Pound. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

In Two Volumes. 3s. 6d. net each.

EZRA POUND'S POEMS. Now first collected.
Volume I. Personæ—Exultations. Fcap. 8vo.

** May also be had separately.
Also, Ripostes, in decorated wrapper, 1s. net.

If we invite a foreigner of genius among us, we don't want to make him behave just like ourselves; we shall enjoy him best and learn most from him if he remains himself. So we think Mr. Pound has chosen the right method in these translations, and we do not mind that they often are "not English." The words are English and give us the sense; and after all it is the business of a writer to mould language to new purposes, not to say something new just as his forefathers said something old. So it is the business of the reader not to be angry or surprised at a strange use of language, if it is a use proper to the sense.

Chinese poetry has a wonderful humanity, like Chinese painting, and it is very free from artistic nonsense. The Chinese poet, at least in the great age of Tang, did not sit down to write poetry and lose his common sense in the process. He wrote to say something that was worth saying; and even in translation he interests us, like a man of experience talking seriously and without parade.

Mr. Pound has kept the reality of the original because he keeps his language simple and sharp and precise.—London Times.

LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET

Orders received through POETRY, 543 Cass Street, Chicago
Padraic Colum, the distinguished Irish poet and lecturer, says: "POETRY is the best magazine, by far, in the English language. We have nothing in England or Ireland to compare with it."

William Marion Reedy, Editor of the St. Louis Mirror, says: "POETRY has been responsible for the Renaissance in that art. You have done a great service to the children of light in this country."

CAN YOU AFFORD TO DO WITHOUT SO IMPORTANT A MAGAZINE?

POETRY publishes the best verse now being written in English, and its prose section contains brief articles on subjects connected with the art, also reviews of the new verse.

POETRY has introduced more new poets of importance than all the other American magazines combined, besides publishing the work of poets already distinguished.

THE ONLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THIS ART.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE. A subscription to POETRY is the best way of paying interest on your huge debt to the great poets of the past. It encourages living poets to do for the future what dead poets have done for modern civilization, for you.

One year—12 numbers—U. S. A., $1.50; Canada, $1.65; foreign, $1.75 (7 shillings).

POETRY

543 Cass Street, Chicago.

Send POETRY for one year ($1.50 enclosed) beginning

Name ........................................................................................................
Address .....................................................................................................
THE DRAMA
FOR MAY CONTAINED THIS INTERESTING MATERIAL:

THE CLASSICAL STAGE OF JAPAN
Ernest Fenollosa's Work on the Japanese "Noh." Edited by Ezra Pound.
"Noh" Dramas (from the Fenollosa Manuscript).
Sotoba Komachi
Kayoi Komachi.
Suma Genji.
Kumasaka.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF THE CENSORSHIP,
by Thomas H. Dickinson

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
by Remy de Gourmont

Authorized translation by Richard Aldington.

THE "BOOK OF THE PAGEANT," AND ITS DEVELOPMENT,
by Frank Chouteau Brown

ON THE READING OF PLAYS
by Elizabeth R. Hunt

A PYRAMUS-AND-THISBE PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME, with notes
by Eleanor Prescott Hammond

THE PUBLISHED PLAY
by Archibald Henderson

THE THEATRE TODAY—AND TOMORROW, a review,
by Alice Corbin Henderson

THE GERMAN STAGE AND ITS ORGANIZATION—
Part III, Private Theatres

ASPECTS OF MODERN DRAMA, a review,
by Lander MacClintock

THE JAPANESE PLAY OF THE CENTURIES
by Gertrude Emerson

A SELECTIVE LIST OF ESSAYS AND BOOKS ABOUT THE THEATRE AND OF PLAYS, published during the first quarter of 1915
compiled by Frank Chouteau Brown

The Drama for August will contain Augier's Mariage d' Olympe, with a foreword by Eugene Brieux; an amusing account of his experiences with Parsee drama, by George Cecil; a paper on the Evolution of the Actor, by Arthur Pollock; a discussion of Frank Wedekind, by Frances Fay; a review of the work of the recent Drama League Convention; a plan for an autumn community festival; an outline of the nation-wide celebration of the Shakespeare tercentenary, and an article entitled Depersonalizing the Instruments of the Drama, by Huntley Carter.

The Drama, a Quarterly
$3.00 per year
Bound Volumes :: :: of Poetry :: ::

Complete volumes of POETRY bound in buckram with Index and Title Page

Vol. I—October, 1912-March, 1913..................$6.50
(This price will soon be increased owing to the scarcity of Nos. 1, 2 and 4)

Vol. II—April-September, 1913.................$1.50
Vol. III—October, 1913-March, 1914.............$1.50
Vol. IV—April-September, 1914..................$1.50
Vol. V—October, 1914-March, 1915..............$1.50

Subscribers may have their copies of POETRY bound at a cost of 75 cents a volume.

SEYMOUR, DAUGRADAY & COMPANY
FINE ARTS BUILDING : : : : : CHICAGO
THE EGOIST
AN INDIVIDUALISTIC REVIEW

Subscribe to THE EGOIST and hear what you will get:—
Editorials containing the most notable creative and critical philosophic matter appearing in England today.
Some of the newest and best experimental English and American poetry.
A page of current French poetry.
Reviews of only those books which are worth praise.
News of modern music, of new painting, of French literary and artistic life.
A series of impartial studies in modern German poetry (began June 1st, 1915).
Translations and parodies.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Price fifteen cents a number; yearly subscription one dollar sixty cents.
Buy some of the back numbers. They are literature, not journalism.

OAKLEY HOUSE, Bloomsbury Street, London, W. C.
NEW BOOKS OF VERSE

DRAMATIC POEMS,
SONGS AND SONNETS

By Donald Robertson, Actor

"A book vibrating with feeling and brightened in every page with a glow of true poesy." — Edwin Markham.

"Turning from your Sonnets to another piece, 'The Dusty Road,' I am brought face to face with a big thing and can only thank you and congratulate you, which I do."

— Sir Alfred East.

"It is hard for me to say which I like best, they are all so fine." — Herminie Templeton Kavanagh.

8vo with photogravure frontispiece: Price $2.00. Postage 10c.

LYRICS OF A LAD

By Scharmel Iris

To write beautifully in a language not that of one's native land is given to few poets. Most of the contemporary American poets are at least one generation removed from Europe, Mr. George Sylvester Viereck being a distinguished exception.

But in the West is a poet who, born in Italy, has attained wonderful mastery over the speech of his adopted country. When he was but a boy, the lyrics of Scharmel Iris attracted the praise of Swinburne and Francis Thompson. Now they have been collected and published by Seymour, Daughaday & Co., with the title "Lyrics of a Lad." Mr. Iris's Italian origin has not kept him from writing in accordance with the best traditions of English poetry.

— Literary Digest, February 13, 1915.

SEYMOUR, DAUGHADAY AND COMPANY
FINE ARTS BUILDING : : : CHICAGO
TO THOSE INTERESTED IN THE
ARRANGING AND ISSUING OF
PRIVATELY PRINTED
EDITIONS OF
BOOKS

SHOULD you have in mind the printing or publishing of books of Prose or Verse, or of Memorial Books; or the printing of Announcements, Booklets, or Programs, your consideration of our facilities is respectfully requested before placing the work in the hands of the printer.

Manuscripts will be arranged for printing; decorations, illustrations, or portraits furnished or reproduced, and all work in connection with the proper finishing will be done by us in the best manner, and at moderate cost. Particular attention will be given to careful composition and perfectly executed presswork.

Our experience in such work is the result of many years in the publishing field.—In placing your MS. in our hands you secure the advantages of exclusive faces of type, initials, and borders made for our own work, and especially imported English and French book papers.

Samples submitted and references furnished.

SEYMOUR, DAUGHADAY & CO.
Publishers and Designers
Fine Arts Building, Chicago
To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman