BY the well in the desert I sat for long,
And saw the magpies, with black and white
chequered bodies,
Leaping from twig to twig of the grease-
wood
To look at the water spilled on the ground
By the herder who went by with three lean cattle
Climbing out of the blue and gold shimmer of morning.
There was the shallow well, with stones piled about it,
The coarse tattered rope, the battered tin bucket,
And the nose of my pony cropping thin grass not far off;
Then gray sagebrush and silence.
At the horizon
The heat rose and fell—
Sharp flickering arpeggios;
The wind started up somewhere,
Then stopped.
The blue smoke of my cigarette
Wavered and failed:
I was drowsing.
And it seemed to me in my dream
I was riding
To a low brown cluster of squat adobe houses
Under the brow of a red barren mesa,
Where the track of a wagon trail passed, dipped, and vanished,
By a corral with walls of rough plastered stone:
And I saw,
Looking down at the houses,
An Indian with a red sash, flannel shirt, and blue trousers,
And a red band about his coarse black hair.
Eyes black as an antelope
Looked up at me:
Sheep were feeding about him.
And I said to him, “Where do you come from?”
And he replied,
“From Nazareth, beyond the desert,
In Galilee.”
By an alley lined with tumble-down shacks,
And street-lamps askew, half-sputtering,
Feebly glimmering on gutters choked with filth, and dogs
Scratching their mangy backs:
Half-naked children are running about,
Women puff cigarettes in black doorways,
Crickets are crying.
Men slouch sullenly
Into the shadows.
Behind a hedge of cactus,
The smell of a dead horse
Mingles with the smell of tamales frying.

And a girl in a black lace shawl
Sits in a rickety chair by the square of unglazed window,
And sees the explosion of the stars
Fiercely poised on the velvet sky.
And she seems humming to herself:
“Stars, if I could reach you
(You are so very clear that it seems as if I could reach you),
I would give you all to the Madonna’s image
On the gray plastered altar behind the paper flowers,
So that Juan would come back to me,
And we could live again those lazy burning hours,
Forgetting the tap of my fan and my sharp words.
And I would only keep four of you—
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Those two blue-white ones overhead,
To put in my ears,
And those two orange ones yonder
To fasten on my shoe-buckles."

A little further along the street
A man squats stringing a brown guitar.
The smoke of his cigarette curls round his hair,
And he too is humming, but other words:
"Think not that at your window I wait.
New love is better, the old is turned to hate.
Fate! Fate! All things pass away;
Life is forever, youth is but for a day.
Love again if you may
Before the golden moons are blown out of the sky
And the crickets die.
Babylon and Samarkand
Are mud walls in a waste of sand."

CLIFF DWELLING

The canyon is heaped with stones and undergrowth.
The heat that falls from the sky
Beats at the walls, slides and reverberates
Down in a wave of gray dust and white fire,
Choking the breath and eyes.
The ponies straggle and scramble
Half way up, along the canyon wall.
Their listless riders seldom lift
A weary hand to guide their feet.
Stones are loosened and clatter
Down to the sun-baked depths.

Nothing ever has lived here;
Nothing could ever live here:
Two hawks, screaming and wheeling,
Rouse a few eyes to look aloft.

Boldly poised in a shelf of the stone,
Tiny walls look down at us,
Towers with little square windows.

When we plod up to them,
And dismounting fasten our horses,
Suddenly a blue-gray flock of doves
Bursts in a flutter of wings from the shadows.

Shards of pots and shreds of straw,
Empty brush-roofed rooms in darkness:
And the sound of water tinkling—
A clock that ticks the centuries off in silence.
RAIN IN THE DESERT

The huge red-buttressed mesa over yonder
Is merely a far-off temple where the sleepy sun is burning
Its altar fires of pinyon and toyon for the day.

The old priests sleep, white-shrouded,
Their pottery whistles lie beside them, the prayer-sticks closely feathered.
On every mummied face there glows a smile.

The sun is rolling slowly
Beneath the sluggish folds of the sky-serpents,
Coiling, uncoiling, blue black, sparked with fires.

The old dead priests
Feel in the thin dried earth that is heaped about them,
Above the smell of scorching, oozing pinyon,
The acrid smell of rain.

And now the showers
Surround the mesa like a troop of silver dancers:
Shaking their rattles, stamping, chanting, roaring,
Whirling, extinguishing the last red wisp of light.

John Gould Fletcher
SONNETS

COLOR

A blue-black Nubian plucking oranges
At Jaffa by a sea of malachite,
In red tarboosh, green sash, and flowing white
Burnous—among shadowy memories
That haunt me yet by these bleak northern seas
He lives forever in my eyes' delight;
Bizarre, superb in young immortal might,
A god of old barbaric mysteries.

Maybe he lived a life of lies and lust,
Maybe his bones are now but scattered dust;
Yet for a moment he was life supreme
Exultant and unchallenged; and my rhyme
Would set him safely out of reach of time
In that old heaven where things are what they seem.

OBLIVION

Near the great pyramid, unshadowed, white,
With apex piercing the white noon-day blaze,
Swathed in white robes beneath the blinding rays,
Lie sleeping Bedouins drenched in white-hot light.
About them, searing to the tingling sight,
Swims the white dazzle of the desert ways,
Where the sense shudders, witless and adaze,
In a white void with neither depth nor height.

Within the black core of the pyramid,
Beneath the weight of sunless centuries,
Lapt in dead night King Cheops lies asleep:
Yet in the darkness of his chamber hid
He knows no black oblivion more deep
Than that blind white oblivion of noon skies.

Suddenly, out of dark and leafy ways,
We came upon the little house asleep
In cold blind stillness shadowless and deep,
In the white magic of the full-moon blaze:
Strangers without the gate, we stood agaze,
Fearful to break that quiet, and to creep
Into the home that had been ours to keep
Through a long year of happy nights and days.

So unfamiliar in the white moon-gleam,
So old and ghostly like a house of dream,
It stood, that over us there stole the dread
That even as we watched it, side by side,
The ghosts of lovers, who had lived and died
Within its walls, were sleeping in our bed.
GOLD

All day the mallet thudded, far below
My garret, in an old ramshackle shed
Where ceaselessly, with stiffly nodding head
And rigid motions ever to and fro,
A figure like a puppet in a show
Before the window moved till day was dead,
Beating out gold to earn his daily bread,
Beating out thin fine gold-leaf blow on blow.

And I within my garret all day long
Unto that ceaseless thudding tuned my song,
Beating out golden words in tune and time
To that dull thudding, rhyme on golden rhyme.
But in my dreams all night, in that dark shed,
With aching arms I beat fine gold for bread.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
SPRING SORROW

There comes a time in the early spring of the year,
Before the buds have broken,
When sorrow lays its hush upon the world
In syllables unspoken:

Sorrow deep as the spheres of darkened moons,
The sorrow that blindly knows
The futility of all unfolding, and the fading
Of every flower that grows.

Cool is the earth with the drooping of unspilled rain,
And the imminence of tears.
The buds lie under the stifling bark of the twigs,
Suppressed with haunting fears.

The flowers are too deep beneath the fettered earth,
Too closely bound in coil
To raise the petals of their deluding beauty
Above the loosened soil.

The mighty winds of the winter have gone down—
No breath of motion stirs.
There is no flame of impulse anywhere;
Not even a bird's wing whirs.
Spring Sorrow

Weary is earth of the empty tumult of winter,
   Weary of the new weight
That presses against her heart for large release,
   Weary of futile freight.

These buds will blow away in the autumn twilight,
   Borne on the wind's cold breath.
These flowers will add the shining of their petals
   To the mould of death.

The vast gray tragedy of life lies bare;
   No spring flowers cover it.
No network of blossoms hides it from the eyes,
   No light lies over it.

A sadness, a spring sadness, touches the world—
   The sorrow that blindly knows
The futility of all unfolding, and the fading
   Of every flower that grows.

IN A CORRIDOR OF STATUES

(Chicago Art Institute)

They crowd about me, close and white and still—
These statutes. On their lips is vocal silence.
They frighten me with the depth of their unspoken wisdom,
And the vast presences of spectral thoughts floating
In the white, un-pupiled spaces of their eyes.
They look down upon me with the penetration of Sphinxes.
In the deep, unsentient regions of their soulless clay
They hold all the secrets which my living soul knows not.
Yet for a moment, a sunlit while, I rise
Above their white everlastingness!
I am rosy with life, dancing in the current of motion.
Their stillness intensifies my strength, my power!
For a little the great world is mine completely!
The Faun, chained whitely in his marble statue,
Yearns to leap out into the world with me.
He would rush, singing for joy, with me down the street.
King Arthur strains to march out into the city
With his sword and his buckler, and his eyes filled with the Grail.
But they are fast in their cases of clay, and I am free!
I will walk forth with the borrowed strength of their mystery.
I will walk on and on, until my gladness, my motion, my life
Are sealed like theirs in the silent wisdom of clay.
I will walk forth with the life-giving power of their beauty.

Julia Cooley
CONCERNING A NOBLEMAN

My friend felt pity
On the red battlefield
Where death and dying souls mingled.

The white face
Of a Japanese man on the ground
Held his eyes, like the resolute moon.

The white face,
The body without arms, without legs—
They moved my friend to speak:

"You suffer—
I am sorry for you.
May I help you?"

The wilful face
Rose from the ground,
Blooming into a flower of song:

"No,
I do not suffer—
I am Samurai."

The flower fell;
The petals blew away
Into the spirit of Japan.

[ 283 ]
CHAOTIC PEACE

I think of nothing—
My mind leaps from mountain to mountain,
The drifts upon calm water.

I hear nothing—
Only the waves and the winds,
Violent and caressing.

I feel nothing—
My blood runs under my skin
Like a forest-fire underground.

Caroline Dudley

THE RECLUSE

As evening creeps within the sheltered glade,
Trees turn to emerald, water to jade;
And on a branch a milk-white heron sits,
With drooping wings, silent and unafraid:
Like a great truth, within the gathering night,
Whose faint reflection streaks the depths with light.

Maria Elmendorf Lillie
PIERROT SINGS

The earth lies stark in its dreary shroud—
As dead as the buds that flowered in May.
The moon is wrapped in a fleeting cloud:
Oh, for the sound of your voice!

You had love in your voice
So thrillingly true
That the pipes of Pan
Were an echo of you!

My heart grows cold in fright of the blast—
Like the cry of a loon in a haunted house
Is the voice of the wind as it rushes past:
Oh, for the clasp of your hand!

You had June in your heart,
And beauty so rare
That the roses of God
Bent low in despair.

My soul is numbed by the chill of the night;
A mourner lone on a lonely hill
I stand and watch a phantom light:
Oh, for the touch of your lips!

John Pierre Roche

[ 285 ]
TO HIS LADY, PHILOSOPHY

I

The beautiful ladies of old time,
That walked like angels and were as fair,
Are dead and vanished, and no man's rhyme
Can paint them truly as once they were.
Like pale shadows in moonlight
Vanished they are upon strange ways,
Sudden as snow—Villon was right—
The beautiful ladies of old days.
But you stay always, you most dear;
Though the harlots come and the harlots go
Walking in pomp and in great show,
Still you are with me, still are here,
More faithful far in a thousand ways
Than the beautiful ladies of old days.

II

One thing I know most certainly—
You will not pester me nor chide;
You will not quarrel much, nor be
Unkind, or hasty to deride
When I am stupid with my dreams.
You will not cackle much nor joke
When I am dazzled by the gleams
To His Lady, Philosophy

Of fen-fires in a world of smoke,
Or somewhat silly and insane
About the making of a song;
Nor mock me that my face is plain,
Nor chide me that I am not strong.
Nay, kinder than a woman is,
You will not mock my vagaries.

III

When all my heart is laden down
With worldly worries, worldly fears,
You will not pucker-lip nor frown
Nor make me gloomier with tears.
You will not make my sorrow sad
With weeping and with wretchedness
When all the goods I ever had
Have vanished in the market's press.
You will not sob nor make a scene
When I come sadly home at night
To tell you that my hopes have been
Blown and blasted out of sight.
We two will light our pipe o' clay
And laugh and blow the world away.

John McClure

[ 287 ]
TWO POEMS

ON WAKING

Sleep, gray brother of death,
Has touched me,
And passed on.

I arise, facing the east—
Pearl-doored sanctuary
From which light,
Hand-linked with dew and fire,
Dances.

Hail, essence, hail!
Fill the windows of my soul
With beauty:
Pierce and renew my bones:
Pour knowledge into my heart
As wine.

Cualann is bright before thee.
Its rocks melt and swim:
The secret they have kept
From the ancient nights of darkness
Flies like a bird.
On Waking

What mourns?
Cualann's secret flying,
A lost voice
In endless fields.

What rejoices?
My voice lifted praising thee.

Praise! Praise! Praise!
Praise out of trumpets, whose brass
Is the unyoked strength of bulls;
Praise upon harps, whose strings
Are the light movements of birds;
Praise of leaf, praise of blossom,
Praise of the red-fibred clay;
Praise of grass,
Fire-woven veil of the temple;
Praise of the shapes of clouds;
Praise of the shadows of wells;
Praise of worms, of fetal things,
And of the things in time's thought
Not yet begotten.
To thee, queller of sleep,
Looser of the snare of death.

[ 289 ]
AT HARVEST

Earth travails,
Like a woman come to her time.

The swaying corn-haulms
In the heavy places of the field
Cry to be gathered.
Apples redden, and drop from their rods.
Out of their sheath of prickly leaves
The marrows creep, fat and white.
The blue pallor of ripeness
Comes on the fruit of the vine-branch.

Fecund and still fecund
After æons of bearing:
Not old, not dry, not wearied out;
But fresh as when the unseen Right Hand
First moved on Brí,
And the candle of day was set,
And dew fell from the stars' feet,
And cloths of greenness covered thee.

Let me kiss thy breasts:
I am thy son and lover.

Womb-fellow am I of the sunburnt oat,
Friendly gossip of the mearings;

[ 290 ]
At Harvest

Womb-fellow of the dark and sweet-scented apple;
Womb-fellow of the gourd and of the grape:
Like begotten, like born.

And yet without a lover's knowledge
Of thy secrets
I would walk the ridges of the hills,
Kindless and desolate.

What were the storm-driven moon to me,
Seed of another father?
What the overflowing
Of the well of dawn?
What the hollow,
Red with rowan fire?
What the king-fern?
What the belled heath?
What the drum of grouse's wing,
Or glint of spar,
Caught from the pit
Of a deserted quarry?

Let me kiss thy breasts:
I am thy son and lover.

Joseph Campbell

[ 291 ]
His father had a large family
Of girls and boys, and he was born and bred
In a barn or kind of cattle shed.
But he was a hardy youngster, and grew to be
A boy with eyes that sparkled like a rod
Of white-hot iron in the blacksmith shop.
His face was ruddy like a rising moon,
And his hair was black as sheep's wool that is black,
And he had rugged arms and legs and a strong back,
And he had a voice half flute and half bassoon,
And from his toes up to his head's top
He was a man, simple but intricate;
And most men differ who try to delineate
His life and fate.

He never seemed ashamed
Of poverty or of his origin. He was a wayward child
Nevertheless, though wise and mild
And thoughtful; but when angered then he flamed
As fire does in a forge.
When he was ten years old he ran away
To be alone and watch the sea and the stars
At midnight from a mountain gorge.
When he returned his parents scolded him
And threatened him with bolts and bars.
Then they grew soft for his return, and gay,
All Life in a Life

And with their love would have enfolded him;
But even at ten years old he had a way
Of gazing at you with a look austere
Which gave his kin-folk fear.
He had no child-like love for father or mother,
Sister or brother;
They were the same to him as any other.
He was a little cold, a little queer.

His father was a laborer and now
They made the boy work for his daily bread.
They say he read
A book or two during these years of work.
But if there was a secret
Between the pages under the light of his brow
It came forth. And if he had a woman
In love or out of love, or a companion or a chum,
History is dumb.
So far as we know he dreamed and worked with hands,
And learned to know his genius's commands—
Or what is called one's daemon.

And this became at last the city's call.
He had now reached the age of thirty years,
And found a Dream of Life and a solution
For slavery of soul and even all
Miseries that flow from things material.
To free the world was his soul's resolution.

[293]
But his family had great fears
For him, knowing the evil
Which might befall him, seeing that the light
Of his own dream had blinded his mind's eyes.
They could not tell but what he had a devil.
But still, in their tears' despite
And warnings', he departed with replies
That when a man's genius calls him
He must obey no matter what befalls him.

What he had in his mind was growth
Of soul by watching,
And the creation of eyes
Over your mind's eyes to supervise
A clear activity and to ward off sloth.
What he had in his mind was scotching
And killing the snake of Hatred, and stripping the glove
From the hand of Hypocrisy, and quenching the fire
Of Falsehood and Unbrotherly Desire.
What he had in his mind was simply Love—
And it was strange he preached the sword and force
To establish Love, but it was not strange,
Since he did this, his life took on a change.
And what he taught seems muddled at its source
With moralizing and with moral strife;
For morals are merely the Truth diluted,
And sweetened up and suited
To the business and bread of Life.
And now this City was just what you’d find
A city anywhere—
A turmoil and a Vanity Fair,
A sort of heaven and a sort of Tophet.
There were so many leaders of his kind
The city didn’t care
For one additional prophet.
He said some extravagant things
And planted a few stings
Under the rich man’s hide.
And one of the sensational newspapers
Gave him a line or two for cutting capers
In front of the Palace of Justice and the Church.
But all the first-grade people took the other side
Of the street when they saw him coming,
With a rag-tag crowd singing and humming,
And curious boys and men up in a perch
Of a tree or window taking the spectacle in,
And the Corybantic din
Of a Salvation Army, as it were.
And whatever he dreamed when he lived in a little town
The intelligent people ignored him, and this is the stir,
And the only stir, he made in the city.

But there was a certain sinister
Fellow who came to him hearing of his renown
And said, “You can be mayor of this city—
We need a man like you for mayor.”
And others said, “You’d make a lawyer or a politician—
Look how the people follow you!
Why don't you hire out as a special writer?
You could become a business man, a rhetorician—
You could become a player—
You can grow rich. 'There's nothing for a fighter
Fighting as you are but to end in ruin.'
But he turned from them on his way, pursuing
The dream he had in view.

He had a rich man or two
Who took up with him against the powerful frown
That looked him down.
For you'll always find a rich man or two
To take up with anything—
There are those who want to get into society, or bring
Their riches to a social recognition;
Or ill-formed souls who lack the real patrician
Spirit for life.
But as for him he didn't care, he passed
Where the richness of living was rife;
And like wise Goethe talking to the last
With cab-men rather than with lords,
He sat about the markets and the fountains,
He walked about the country and the mountains,
Took trips upon the lakes and waded fords,
Barefooted; laughing as a young animal
Disports itself amid the festival
Of warm winds, sunshine, summer's carnival—
With laborers, carpenters, seamen
And some loose women.
And certain notable sinners
Gave him dinners.
And he went to weddings, and to places where youth
slakes
Its thirst for happiness, and they served him cakes
And wine wherever he went.
And he ate and drank, and spent
His time in feasting and in telling stories,
And singing poems of lilies and of trees—
With crowds of people crowded around his knees—
That searched with lightning secrets hidden
Of life and of life's glories,
Of death and of the soul's way after death.

Time makes amends usually for scandal's breath,
Which touched him to his earthly ruination.
But this city had a Civic Federation,
And a certain social order which intrigues
Through churches, courts, with an endless ramification
Of money and morals to save itself.
And this city had a Bar Association,
Also its Public Efficiency Leagues
For laying honest men upon the shelf
While making private pelf
Secure and free to increase.
And this city had illustrious Pharisees,
And this city had a legion
Of men who make a business of religion—
With eyes one inch apart,
Dark and narrow of heart—
Who give themselves and give the city no peace,
And who are everywhere the best police
For Life as business.
And when they saw this youth
Was telling the truth,
And that his followers were multiplying,
And were going about rejoicing and defying
The social order, and were stirring up
The dregs of discontent in the cup
With the hand of their own happiness,
They saw dynamic mysteries
In the poems of lilies and trees:
Therefore they held him for a felony.

If you will take a kernel of wheat
And first make free
The outer flake, and then pare off the meat
Of edible starch, you’ll find at the kernel’s core
The life germ. And this young man’s words were dim
With blasphemy, sedition at the rim,
Which fired the heads of dreamers like new wine.
But this was just the outward force of him;
For this young man’s philosophy was more
Than such external ferment, being divine
All Life in a Life

With secrets so profound no plummet line
Can altogether sound it. It means growth
Of soul by watching,
And the creation of eyes
Over your mind’s eyes to supervise
A clear activity and to ward off sloth.
What he had in mind was scotching
And killing the snake of Hatred, and stripping the glove
From the hand of Hypocrisy, and quenching the fire
Of falseshood and unbrotherly Desire.
What he had in mind was simply Love.

But he was prosecuted
As a rebel, and as a rebel executed—
Right in a public place where all could see.
And his mother watched him hang for the felony.
He hated to die, being but thirty-three,
And fearing that his poems might be lost.
And certain members of the Bar Association,
And of the Civic Federation,
And of the League of Public Efficiency,
And a legion
Of men devoted to religion,
With policemen, soldiers, roughs,
Loose women, thieves and toughs,
Came out to see him die;
And hooted at him, giving up the ghost
In great despair and with a fearful cry!
And after him there was a man named Paul
Who almost spoiled it all.

And protozoan things like hypocrites,
And parasitic things who make a food
Of the mysteries of God for earthly power,
Must wonder how before this young man's hour
They lived without his blood
Shed on that day, and which
In red cells is so rich.

Edgar Lee Masters
MR. JOHN MASEFIELD'S lecture on English Poetry was to me both stimulating and suggestive. The phases of English poetry he touched upon revealed the personal quality of the poet himself, that union of strength and gentleness, of harshness and beauty, which he identified with the English climate and temperament.

In speaking of the beginnings of English poetry, Mr. Masefield said that it was made by a rude war-faring people for the entertainment of men-at-arms, or for men at the monks' tables; that at the time of "the new learning" the poet's audience became divided into two classes, the lettered and the unlettered; and that in some sort the two classes had persisted until today. As he read from the poetry of Robert of Gloucester, from Chaucer, from John Davies, from Gray, and as he spoke of Wordsworth and Blake as modern poets who had striven to speak directly to the soul of man, I began to feel how conscientiously Mr. Masefield had himself striven to bridge the gulf that has separated poetry from the people. His choice was significant of his personal vision; he did not mention Burns, who was surely a popular poet; he mentioned Tennyson as appealing to that middle class which has perhaps lost feeling through education; and he spoke of Browning and Swinburne as men who rebelled against the complacent acceptance of this class, but who drew
a large share of their inspiration not from life but from books, or from a passionate brooding upon the life of the past.

The subject of the poet and his audience has been worn almost threadbare in these pages, but it is a subject which, because of the gulf between them, will be eternally discussed. And the gulf is bridged in some sense whenever a poet wins his own particular audience, however small the little clan may be. But in a larger sense, and in the sense of Mr. Masefield’s remarks, it seems to me that the poet will have his audience when he comes to his audience. Perhaps it was the attitude of the poet that changed with the “new learning.” The early poet won his audience, if need be, with a sword, or like Hanrahan, with his back to the wall. He did not shun life or any phase of life, and he did not build encrusted sentences in an archaic language which only a lettered man could understand.

As I listened to Mr. Masefield speaking before the Literary department of the Chicago Woman’s Club, I could not help wishing that he were speaking to men—to the members of the Commercial Club or the City Club. I fear that I shall be accused of not being a good feminist, but I simply mean that poetry is a man’s art as well as a woman’s art, and that the poet ought to speak directly to men now as he did at the monks’ tables, or in the lull between battles on the trodden field. And he ought to speak directly to men of action as well as men of meditative thought, to men to whom poetry is of life and action and not of books.
Some of us have had misgivings lately because poetry has seemed to be passing into a new and unfamiliar realm—a realm where the old standards of beauty are apparently neglected and the old gradations lost. But perhaps poetry is simply regaining its lost kingdom. In its new simplicity of diction, its use of the speech of today, and in its direct approach to life, poetry is once more addressed to a living audience. It is only recently that I have pierced the archaic literary disguise of Dan Chaucer which he wore for me at school, and discovered how common and colloquial he was, how he described what people wore: a wrist-watch it might have been; or how they ate, and what actual contact they had with actual life. And ever since then I have been thinking what a good time he and Edgar Lee Masters would have on a pilgrimage through the United States!*

In becoming readable and in dealing with life, poetry has again addressed itself to its audience, in the wider sense. And if the poet comes to his audience, the audience will come to the poet. This is not, of course, meant in any popular sense. There will always be the refined beauty, the spiritual gauge above the common level. Mr. Masefield has attained it—not in The Widow in Bye Street, Daffodil Fields, The Everlasting Mercy, so much as in The Wanderer, in Biography, and in those shorter poems in which an ascetic spirit—tasting the beauty of life with a stoic thrill—sings of the pride of defeat and death.

*A coincidence, not a plagiarism!
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

LITERARY PRIZES

America, the most opulent of nations, the most interested in the arts, the most anxious to excel, the most liberal, the most gracious!

This reflection is given off from my mind by two announcements which reach me this morning.

One of the DeGoncourt prizes has been awarded to M. Rene Benjamin, and the Prix Lasserre has been given to Charles le Goffic.

I need scarcely remind the reader that for some centuries Paris and London have been the centers of the world’s literature. I believe I have pointed out as contributory causes to this effect the treatment accorded to writers in both cities. In England almost any writer of unusual talent who has not systematized and commercialized his production, can get support from the state: first, by pension for life; second, by temporary relief from a royal fund for that purpose. The pensions are announced publicly. The special donations from the royal fund are never published; they are known only to the recipient, to such people as he chooses to tell, and to the two literati of good standing who vouch for his desserts. Not only many of the best writers, but many of the writers who later in life have made very great commercial successes, have enjoyed this bounty in bad seasons and times of stress (late and early).

For this reason it is more likely that a man will turn his thought toward permanent writing in England than in
Literary Prizes

America. Permanent writing does not bring an immediate cash reward, at least it is not likely to. In America the whole strain is on the aspirant. In England the strain is shared to a certain degree by institutions.

London and Paris have other advantages, advantages which America can not compete with until her civilization has been enriched by the presence of generations of excellent writers; but in this matter of cash there is no excuse for our country lagging behind.

France is so poor that I have heard French officials complaining that they can't get funds to catalogue their national library efficiently. The Prix Lasserre is eight thousand francs (sixteen hundred dollars).

The other bit of news to which I referred is in The Times the report of a sale of manuscripts, etc., in New York. It seems that Mr. John Lewis has purchased an extra-illustrated copy of the Pickering edition of the Compleat Angler (1836) for the sum of $1,650. It is obvious that Mr. Lewis is not competing with DeGoncourt and Lasserre, and that America has as yet no serious intention of competing with London and Paris.

E. P.

WHEREFORE THE POET?

From “Democracy” — (unpublished)

Wherefore the poet? What good does he do? Is he not a trifler, and something of a nuisance?

[ 305 ]
Well, are not you and I triflers, and more or less nui­sances? What have we to show to prove the contrary?

Oh, we are practical, sensible men? You are quite sure of this? You will stand on your record?

Well then, if that is so, what is the poet if not a trifler and a nuisance?

He is the man of VISION!
He sees!
He sees Life with eyes of Life.
And that is something you never have done, O practical man.

Oh! You thought the poet made verses! Oh! You can’t see what is at your elbow!
But the poet can.

True, some great poets have made verses. It just hap­pened that way. That was all. They happened to make verses instead of doing something else—just as you happen to be sensible and practical instead of being efficient.

This is new, is it?

There is a great deal new for you, O man on the street.
So the poet is the man who makes words rhyme?

No, the poet is the man who sees things rhyme. For rhyme is but the suggestion of harmony; and harmony is but the suggestion of rhythm; and rhythm is but the sugges­tion of the superb moving equilibrium of all things.

You do not see yourself move, O man on the street? Tell me, what do you see moving? Do you see anything moving?
Wherefore the Poet?

Do you see anything at all? Have you any vision? Do you see Life with eyes of Life?

Social reality is unknown to you. You have not caught a glimpse of it, O practical, sensible one.

And what is poetry? The very soul of adventure—the going forth, the daring to do, the vision of doing and the how to do—the vision which creates a situation. Hence is the poet ever the pioneer.

The spirit of poetry is the very spirit of mastery. Hence the poets of the past have been the masters of the multitudes of the past. And such is the case today. Why not?

Why should not those who see, drive those who do not see—when seeing is so easy?

Awake! O multitudes; for poetry is the highest of practical powers. It is not what you have supposed.

Awake! Louis H. Sullivan

REVIEWS

THE POETRY OF GEORGE STERLING

Beyond the Breakers and Other Poems, by George Sterling.
A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

The Pacific states are loyal to their own artists to a degree which other sections of this vast nation might well emulate. Because, in spite of the manifest danger of provincialism, art, like charity, should begin at home; indeed,
must begin at home if it is not to be a wanderer on the face of the earth, seeking forlornly an alien audience.

So it was a satisfaction to discover, everywhere along "The Coast," a devotion to Mr. George Sterling which was not alone enthusiasm for his poetry, but also pride in him as a personality and a possession. As California loves Keith and certain later painters because they were—and are—faithful interpreters of her beauty, so she rewards this poet for his love of her.

One can forgive her if she seems to overrate him. I own to my surprise on hearing one enthusiast call him "the greatest poet since Dante," and on finding him the only living poet whose words were inscribed—along with Confucius and Firdausi, with Shakespeare and Goethe, on the triumphal arches of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. I rubbed my eyes—had I been blind and deaf? In 1909 and 1911 I had read *A Wine of Wizardry* and *The House of Orchids* without discovering a poet of the first order. Manifestly, I must re-read these books, and add the poet's first volume, *The Testimony of the Suns*, and his latest, *Beyond the Breakers*. All of which I have done.

Now, if I can not quite rise to the Californian estimate, at least I find in Mr. Sterling a gift, a poetic impulse, which might have carried him much further than it has as yet. His first long poem, *The Testimony of the Suns*, does indeed make one feel the sidereal march, make one shiver before the immensity and shining glory of the universe—this in spite of shameless rhetoric which often threatens to engulf the
The Poetry of George Sterling

theme beyond redemption, and in spite of the whole second part, an unhappy afterthought. Already the young poet's brilliant but too facile craftsmanship was tempted by the worst excesses of the Tennysonian tradition: he never thinks—he deems; he does not ask, but crave; he is fain for this and that; he deals in emperies and auguries and antiphons, in causal throes and lethal voids—in many other things of tinsel and fustian, the frippery of a by-gone fashion. He can smother his idea in such pompous phrasing as this:

Shall yet your feet essay, unharmed,
The glare of cosmic leaguers met
Round stellar strongholds gulfward set,
With night and fire supremely armed?

And yet this is the poet, and this the poem, capable at times of lyric rapture:

O Deep whose very silence stuns!
Where Light is powerless to illume,
Lost in immensities of gloom
That dwarf to motes the flaring suns.

O Night where Time and Sorrow cease!
Eternal magnitude of dark
Wherein Aldebaran drifts a spark,
And Sirius is hushed to peace!

O Tides that foam on strands untrod,
From seas in everlasting prime,
To light where Life looks forth on Time
And Pain, unanswered, questions God!

What Power, with inclusive sweep
And rigor of compelling bars,
Shall curb the furies of the stars,
And still the troubling of that Deep?

[ 309 ]
Shall Godhead dream a transient thing?
Strives He for that which now He lacks?
Shall Law's dominion melt as wax
At touch of Hope's irradiant wing?

Are these the towers His hands have wrought?
Dreams He the dream of end and plan
Dear to the finity of man?
And shall mutation rule His thought?

If I dwell upon this early poem, it is because the best and worst qualities of the poet are in it. His later work never gives us such a hint of grandeur, or falls into deeper abysses of rhetoric. *A Wine of Wizardry* leaves me cold. I don't care whether

So Fancy's carvel seeks an isle afar
Led by the Scorpion's rubescent star,

or whether

She wanders to an iceberg oriflammed
With rayed auroral guidons of the North.

In fact, I cannot follow the poor lady's meanderings through a maze of words. And although the next book, *The House of Orchids*, contains a good poem in simpler diction, *The Faun*, and two or three fine sonnets, especially *Aldebaran at Dusk*, it does not fulfil the promise of the first volume. Nor does the latest book.

*Beyond the Breakers* begins thus:

The world was full of the sound of a great wind out of the West,
And the tracks of its feet were white on the trampled ocean's breast.
And I said, "With the sea and wind I will mix my body and soul,"
The Poetry of George Sterling

Where the breath of the planet drives and the herded billows roll."

And so the poet went swimming:

The great embrace of ocean was closer than love's can be;
Its clasp was sharp on my limbs, yet went I supple and free.
The breast of the deep upheaved as a mother's under a child—
Terrible, tender, strong, imperial, undefined.

Why doesn't this "get across?"—why is it just a little absurd? For surely there is a poem in a swim—for a poet who doesn't try to be sublime!

The truth is, this sort of pomposity has died the death. If the imagists have done nothing else, they have punctured the gas bag—English poetry will be henceforth more compact and stern—"as simple as prose," perhaps. Against the Victorian excesses we might quote the rhetorical advice of Tennyson's Ancient Sage in favor of another kind of temperance:

Nor care
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous looms;
Nor roll thy viands on a luscious tongue,
Nor drown thyself, like flies, in honeyed wine.

When Mr. Sterling learns to avoid the "luscius tongue" and the "honeyed wine," he may become the poet he was meant to be.

Indeed, there are a number of poems in the book which give us hope. The compactness of the sonnet form is evidently good discipline for this poet's muse, for I find six beautiful sonnets. It is perhaps distinction enough to have [ 311 ]
written Respite, Kindred, To One Self-slain, At the Grand Cañon, The Night on the Mountain, The Muse of the Incommunicable, and this, the first of the Omnia Exeunt in Mysterium series:

The stranger in my gates— lo! that am I,
And what my land of birth I do not know,
Nor yet the hidden land to which I go.
One may be lord of many ere he die,
And tell of many sorrows in one sigh,
But know himself he shall not, nor his woe,
Nor to what sea the tears of wisdom flow,
Nor why one star is taken from the sky.

An urging is upon him evermore,
And though he hide, his soul is wanderer,
Scanning the shadows with a sense of haste—
Where fade the tracks of all who went before:
A dim and solitary traveler
On ways that end in evening and the waste.

It goes without saying that there are lovely lines, couplets, or quatrains on almost every page. But besides the above sonnets, the poems which seem to me most simple, sincere, and beautiful are A Possibility, In Babylon, Winter Sunset, and this, The Last Days:

The russet leaves of the sycamore
Lie at last on the valley floor—
By the autumn wind swept to and fro
Like ghosts in a tale of long ago.
Shallow and clear the Carmel glides
Where the willows droop on its vine-walled sides.

The bracken-rust is red on the hill;
The pines stand brooding, somber and still;
Gray are the cliffs, and the waters gray,
Where the seagulls dip to the sea-born spray.
Sad November, lady of rain,
Sends the goose-wedge over again.

Wilder now, for the verdure's birth,
Falls the sunlight over the earth;
Kildees call from the fields where now
The banding blackbirds follow the plow;
Rustling poplar and brittle weed
Whisper low to the river-reed.

Days departing linger and sigh;
Stars come soon to the quiet sky;
Buried voices, intimate, strange,
Cry to body and soul of change;
Beauty, eternal fugitive,
Seeks the home that we cannot give.

H. M.

A POET OF THE 'NINETIES

Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson. The Macmillan Co.

For some undivulged reason the American edition of this book is published without the preface written by the editor of the volume, Ezra Pound.

The following passages taken from this introduction furnish an excellent criticism of the poems of Lionel Johnson; and we quote them here in place of a review:

A traditionalist of traditionalists, his poems are criticism for the most part. One might almost say they are literary criticism in verse, for that is the impression which they
leave, if one have laid them by for long enough to have an impression of the book as a whole, and not a confusion, not the many little contradictory impressions of individual poems. . . . His friends, with the sole exception of Mr. Yeats, seem to regard him as a prose writer who inadvertently strayed into verse. His language is formal. It has an old-fashioned kind of precision that is very difficult from the sort of precision now sought, yet, in the dozen places where this stately and meticulous speech is moved by unwonted passion, Lionel Johnson has left poems as beautiful as any in English; as in the poem:

Fair face gone from sight,
Fair lips hushed in death,
Now their glad breath
Breathes not upon our air
Music, that saith
Love only, and things fair.

Or in the poem to O'Leary:

From Howth to Achil, the glad noise
Rings: and the heirs of glory fall.

Or in the poem to Oliver Georges Destrée:

In Merioneth, over the sad moor
Drives the rain, the cold wind blows;
Past the ruinous church door,
The poor procession without music goes.

The curlew cries
Over her laid down beside
Death's lonely people:

Johnson's verse is full of inversions. Having held out for a uniform standard of appreciation, having insisted that one
should weigh Theocritus and one's neighbor in one balance, I cannot, for the sake even of courtesy, cast that standard aside. I do not, however, contradict it when I say that the natural speech of one decade is not the natural speech of another. In 1590 it was the fashion of the court to parley Euphues. Shakespeare's characters use a florid speech to show their good breeding, and "Multitudinous seas incarnadine" probably got as much applause *quia* magniloquent as a witticism of Wilde's *quia* witty. In 1600, people were interested in painted speech. It was vital. It was part of the time. For a later age it is rank affectation. Some say the "nineties" spoke as they wrote. I have heard it said that "A generation of men came down from Oxford resolved to talk as prose had been written." They had, presumably, the conviction that the speech of life and of poetry should be the same. They were quixotic. They loved the speech of books and proposed to make daily speech copy it.

Men of the renaissance had done something like this. They wrote excellent Latin, but daily speech did not follow it. Lorenzo Valla wrote invectively as Johnson might have written elegiacly, "*linguam latinam magnum sacramentum est.*" And, indeed, Johnson wrote Latin, as beautifully as Flaminius, so far did his reverence lead him. He would have been content always writing Latin, I think, but failing that he set himself the task of bringing into English all that he could of the fineness of Latinity. He wrote an English that had grown out of Latin. He, at his worst, approached the Miltonian quagmire—the old error of supposing that
an uninflected language can be written according to rules of order fit for an inflected speech and for that only.

Yet, because he is never florid, one remembers his work, or one thinks of his work in one's memory, as if it were speech in unruffled order. One does this in spite of his inversion, in spite of the few treasured archaisms, in spite of his "spelling it chaunted."

One thinks that he had read and admired Gautier, or that at least he had derived similar ambitions from some traditional source. One thinks that his poems are in short hard sentences. The reality is that they are full of definite statement. For better or worse they are doctrinal and nearly always dogmatic. He had the blessed habit of knowing his own mind, and this was rare among writers of his decade. In fact, the "nineties" have chiefly gone out because of their muzziness, because of a softness derived, I think, not from books but from impressionist painting. They riot with half decayed fruit.

The impression of Lionel Johnson's verse is that of small slabs of ivory, firmly combined and contrived. There is a constant feeling of neatness, a sense of inherited order. Above all, he respected his art.

From the Elizabethans to Swinburne, through all that vast hiatus, English poetry had been the bear-garden of doctrinaires. It had been the "vehicle" of opinion. For Swinburne it was at least the art of musical wording. For Johnson it was the art of good writing. The last is a rare thing in England.
In the midst of enthusiasms one thinks perhaps that, if Gautier had not written, Johnson’s work might even take its place in Weltliteratur, that it might stand for clearness and neatness. In English literature it has some such place, with the writings of Arnold and of Christina Rossetti. His attitude toward the past was pragmatical. He seemed to regard what had been as good, or as, at least, bearable. His taste was catholic. There is no use regretting this fault—he had its virtues. The Post Liminium is a complete world of culture; his own, wrought out of worthy things. His mind was openly receptive. This gentleness sets him apart from our decade. But if he was traditionalist, he was so in the finest sense of that term. He really knew the tradition, the narrow tradition that is, of English, Latin, and Greek. This intelligent acquaintance with the past differentiates him from the traditionalists of his time, and of ours.

He would, for instance, have welcomed good vers libre; he would have known how the Greeks had used it. You could have discussed with him any and every serious problem of technique, and this is certainly a distinction among “the poets of England.” He might have differed from your views of good writing, but he would have believed in good writing. His hatred of slovenliness would have equalled your own.
NEW ANTHOLOGIES

*The Quiet Hour*, selected and arranged by Fitz-Roy Carrington. Houghton Mifflin Co.


Mr. Carrington brings to his task as anthologist the same rare sense of selection and discrimination that distinguish him as a collector and connoisseur of fine prints. This, in a time when taste, as an artistic canon, is more or less in abeyance, is worth recording.

In *The Quiet Hour* Mr. Carrington has selected from old and modern poets poems largely of a reflective mood and suitable for reading by both young and grown-up people at the twilight hour. The poems are arranged under the separate headings, *Cradle Songs, Infancy, Childhood, Night, Sleep, Charms* and *Dirges*, and the book is illustrated by reproductions of rare prints and engravings of the authors included. Those who have enjoyed, as I have long enjoyed, Mr. Carrington's other anthologies, *The King's Garland, The Queen's Garland, The Shepherd's Pipe, and The Pilgrim's Staff*, will welcome this new volume.

The new anthology edited by Miss Rittenhouse is a companion volume to her *Little Book of Modern Verse*, issued last year. The arrangement is chronological, beginning with Philip Freneau and ending with Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who died recently. The modern selection of course was more
fully covered by the preceding volume. Anyone who sets out to make an anthology is sure to face a certain amount of objection; the choice is always personal, not only on the side of the editor but of the reader as well, who would like to include poems not included or leave out poems included; but the first requisite of retrospective anthology is that it should be fairly representative, and as this book seems to fulfil this condition, there is little room for carping. If I miss one or two favorites, I am also reminded of several poems which I had forgotten. Of course there is much that one would like to leave out. But an anthology is a good deal like a museum, whose directors are often more afraid of a blank wall than of poor painting. As historical links, certain poets no doubt deserve to be remembered. Nevertheless, I should like to see a director or an anthologist courageous enough to make a collection on a purely aesthetic basis.

The general plan of Mr. Braithwaite's anthology improves from year to year. This year it is more inclusive in scope than formerly, having covered a larger number of magazines, and the result is a certain improvement in the quality of the poems published. The arrangement of the book would be much better if it presented the poets in alphabetical order, rather than according to a fancied grouping by subject.

The editor gives what he believes to be the best poems of the year 1915, and out of the eighty-eight poems republished, I find twelve that reach a high-water mark, as many more that give me pleasure, and about the same number of
serious omissions. As I said last year, Mr. Braithwaite's yearly summary of poetry is an important feature of the *Boston Transcript*, which should be adopted by one paper at least in every city. Perhaps instead of a yearly summary, a column or two each month reprinting the best poems of that month, would be better. Newspapers please copy.


A. C. H.


In *Les Poètes de la Guerre*, forty-odd men and one woman, some of whom are youthful soldiers as well as poets, and others are poets too old for military service, are represented each by one, two or three war poems. These poems may have appeared already in French magazines, but not before August, 1914. Théodore Botrel, laureate of the
bivouac, Edmond Rostand of elegant idiom à double entente, Paul Fort, the optimistic Prince of Poets, and the Comtesse de Noailles, each of divergent mental habits from his brother poets, are for once bound together in the accustomed yellow covers of French literature. Schools are forgotten, nationalism has for the moment succeeded symbolism, and the patriot supplanted the paroxyste.

Although Les Poètes de la Guerre is not of uniform literary excellence, it waves its prosodic flag with such ardor for France that it is a vivid illustration of an English poet's definition of poetry as "the blossom of human passions, emotions, language." The book is important not as an anthology of great poetry, but as an anthology of great emotions.

K. M. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

I

Extract from a letter:

Poetry must be as well written as prose. Its language must be a fine language, departing in no way from speech save by a heightened intensity (i.e., simplicity). There must be no book words, no periphrases, no inversions. It must be as simple as De Maupassant's best prose, and as hard as Stendhal's.

There must be no interjections. No words flying off to nothing. Granted one can't get perfection every shot, this must be one's INTENTION.
Rhythm MUST have a meaning. It can't be merely a careless dash off, with no grip and no real hold to the words and sense, a tumty tum tumty tum tum ta.

There must be no clichés, set phrases, stereotyped, journalese. The only escape from such is by precision, a result of concentrated attention to what one is writing. The test of a writer is his ability for such concentration AND for his power to stay concentrated till he gets to the end of his poem, whether it is two lines or two hundred.

Objectivity and again objectivity, and expression: no hindside-beforenness, no straddled adjectives (as, "addled mosses dank"), no Tennysonianness of speech; nothing—nothing that you couldn't in some circumstance, in the stress of some emotion, actually say. Every literaryism, every book word, fritters away a scrap of the reader's patience, a scrap of his sense of your sincerity. When one really feels and thinks, one stammers with simple speech; it is only in the flurry, the shallow frothy excitement of writing, or the inebriety of a metre, that one falls into the easy, easy—oh, how easy!—speech of books and poems that one has read.

Language is made out of concrete things. General expressions in non-concrete terms are a laziness; they are talk, not art, not creation. They are the reaction of things on the writer, not a creative act by the writer.

"Epithets" are usually abstractions—I mean what they call "epithets" in the books about poetry. The only adjective that is worth using is the adjective that is essential to the sense of the passage, not the decorative frill adjective.
I wish I could see a bit more Sophoclean severity in the ambitions of mes amis et confrères. The general weakness of the new school is looseness, lack of rhythmical construction and intensity.

Ezra Pound

II

Dear Editor: In the July number of POETRY Mr. F. S. Flint made a statement that shows insufficient understanding of the nature of the poet and dramatist reviewed. The statement is: “For the form of Claudel’s verse he is apparently indebted to Whitman.”

In each young writer who expresses himself in free verse it seems the fashion to hold Walt Whitman responsible for the irregularity of form, a fashion that, however correct collectively—for the crowd is never original—may be entirely at fault when applied to an individual. While Whitman’s influence is marked in certain poets, there is equal evidence in others that both expression and measure have been derived with Whitman himself, from the poetic arrangement in use centuries ago. The prosody of Paul Claudel, if it must be classified to satisfy our tiresome demand for orderliness in creative procedure, might well have been inspired by the literature of the Chaldeans, which dates back to the third century before Christ, or by that of the early Jewish psalmists, and be as far removed from the overcrowded pigeon-hole of “Whitman tenets” as it is possible for like minds and similar impressionists to separate themselves. Individualities may converge in utterance and at the
same time be self-visioned. Paul Claudel is epochless and he is not for the multitude. In these two attributes he is again like Whitman, but again not a disciple.

Kate Meldram Buss

III

Dear Editor: It is said that at the last meeting of The Twentieth Century Club in Chicago, Mr. John Masefield told his audience the stories of *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and other plays by Mr. Shakespeare. Presumably Mr. Masefield fancied—quite rightly—that his audience did not frequent the cinemas.

English authors, who write about us or lecture in this country, relate delightful stories of our intellectual naivété, and offer the same haphazard generalizations about us which were formed at home and which remain unmodified by experiences in lecture halls, Pullman sleepers, and hotel corridors.

Mr. James Stephens, and Mr. Edward Garnett, who have not, so far as I know, visited the country, measure the "shibboleths" of our criticism by some standard of the year of the Centennial. They take the police-censorship of journalism to be a real indication of the critical temper of the people.

Conditions here change more rapidly than the English critics realize. Mr. Stanton Coit's apologetic attitude toward certain phases of the genius of Walt Whitman and Swinburne is accepted perhaps too tolerantly by an amused American audience.

S. D.
NOTES

Of the poets represented in this number, four are familiar to our readers:

Mr. John Gould Fletcher, now living in Boston, will soon print his latest poems in the second volume of the anthology, Some Imagists (Houghton, Mifflin Co.).

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters of Chicago, author of the Spoon River Anthology, will soon publish another volume of poems (Macmillan).

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, of Ledbury, England, has published poems and plays, his latest volume being Borderlands and Thoroughfares (Macmillan). And Mr. Joseph Campbell, of Dublin, Ireland, is still too elusive in rare little volumes published by Maunsel & Co.

Of the five poets new to our readers:

Mr. John McClure, of Norman, Oklahoma, who was born in that state in 1893, has appeared in two or three other magazines.

Miss Caroline Dudley, of Chicago, is a sister of Miss Helen Dudley and Mrs. Dorothy Dudley Harvey, whose poems have appeared in Poetry.

Miss Julia Cooley and Mr. John Pierre Roche are also young poets of Chicago. And Mrs. Maria Elmendorf Lillie lives in Staten Island, N. Y.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Original Verse:
Songs From Hypnia, by Henry Courtenay Fenn. Willis Knapp Jones, Clinton, N. Y.
Cadences, by F. S. Flint. Poetry Bookshop.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

*The Middle Miles,* by Lee Wilson Dodd. Yale Univ. Press.

*Drawn Shutters,* by Beatrice Redpath. John Lane Co.

*Nantucket and Other Verses,* by Mary Starbuck. J. J. Little & Ives Co., New York.


*Anthologies:*


*Drama:*

*Melmoth the Wanderer,* by Gustav Davidson and Joseph Koven. Poet-lore Co.

*Plays,* by Anton Tchekoff, trans. by Julius West. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

*Prose:*

*The Life and Times of Tennyson,* by Thomas R. Leunsbury. Yale University Press.


*Pages Choisies, par Émile Boutroux (Série: Écrivains Français pendant La Guerre.)* Librairie Larousse, Paris.

*Imaginations and Reveries,* by A. E. The Macmillan Co.
Catholic Anthology

1914 - 1915

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T. E. H.
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To have great poets
there must be great audiencers too.

—Whitman.