



# Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

MAY 1916

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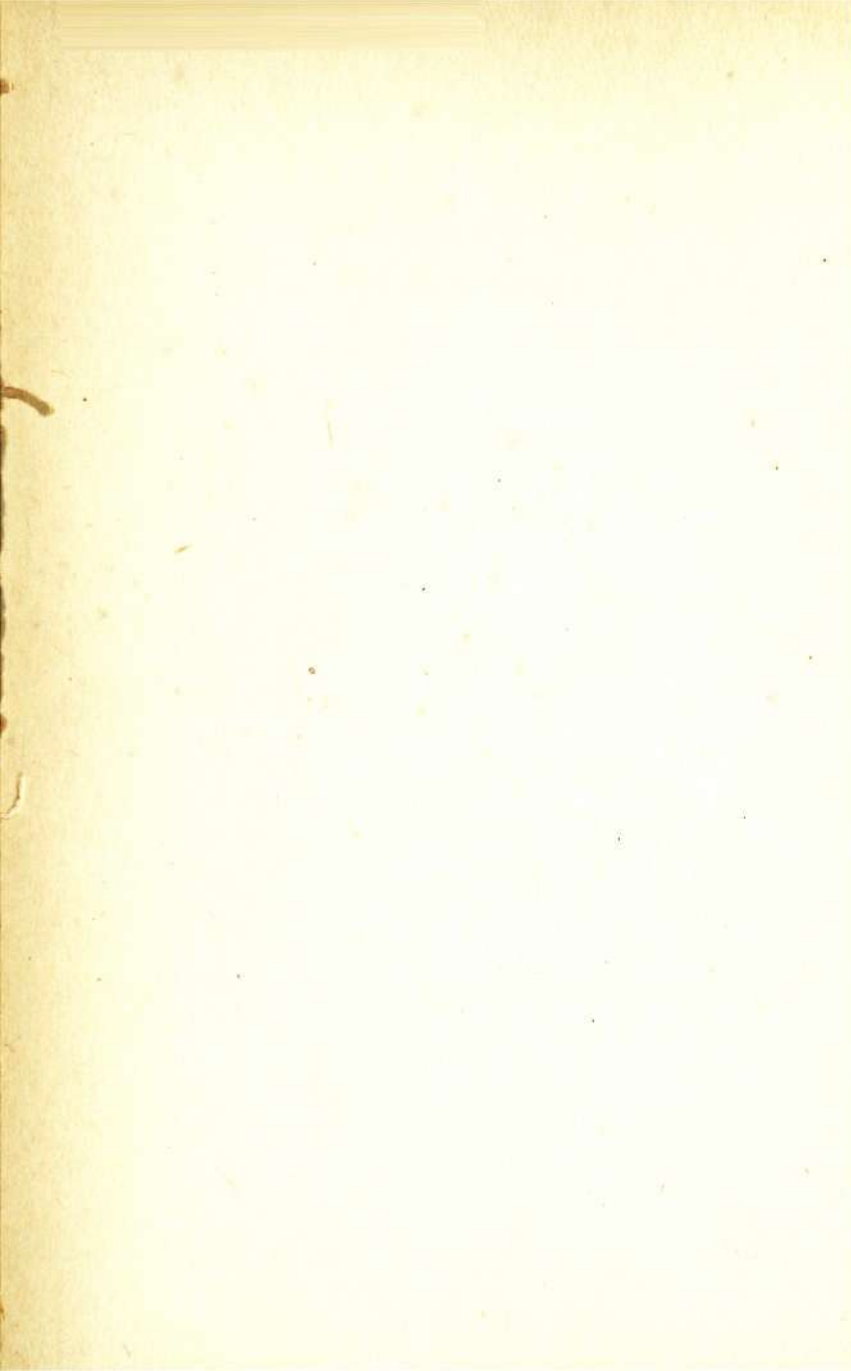
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MAY, 1916

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BALDUR



LD loves, old griefs, the burthen of old songs  
That Time, who changes all things, cannot  
change:  
Eternal themes! Ah, who shall dare to join  
The sad procession of the kings of song—  
Irrevocable names, that sucked the dregs  
Of sorrow from the broken honeycomb  
Of fellowship?—or brush the tears that hang  
Bright as ungathered dewdrops on a briar?  
Death hallows all; but who will bear with me  
To breathe a more heartrending lamentation,  
To mourn the memory of a love divided  
By life, not death, a friend not dead but changed?

Not dead—but what is death? Because I hoard  
Immortal love, that withers not, but keeps  
Full virtue like some rare medicament

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Hoarded for ages in a crystal jar  
By wonder-working gnomes; that only waits  
The sound of that lost voice, familiar still,  
Or sight of face or touch of hand, to bring  
Life, like the dawn whose gentle theft unties  
The girdle of the petal-folded flowers,  
And ravishes their scent before they wake:  
My love is like a fountain frozen o'er,  
But no returning sun will ever break  
The seal of that forbidden spring; no foot  
Invade the weed-grown pathway; never kiss  
Wake the enchanted beauty of the wood,  
And bid the wheels of time revolve again.  
Though one should walk the ways of life, and wear  
The sweet remembered name, yet he is not  
My playmate; no, the boy whom I have loved  
Died long ago; the man is nothing but  
His aging sepulchre.

And I, even I,  
Know in my deepest heart that I am not  
The boy who loved him; and I would I were,  
With a most bitter longing which there are  
No creeds to comfort. Do we madly feign  
The soul to be immortal? Fools!—it is not  
Even mortal, does not last the little space  
The body does, but alters visibly,  
And dies a million times 'twixt breath and breath.

Forever and forever and forever  
Outgrown and left behind and cast away  
The joy that was the blossom of the soul,  
And hours that were the butterflies of time.  
What though Elysian fields be white with light,  
Crowded with glorious forms, and freed from fear  
Or spoil or shock, how shall it profit me  
Aged with sad hours, to pass to them and meet  
Him as he is, removed and fallen and marred?  
Hath any God the power to give me back  
My boyhood; to undo this growth of years,  
In which I lose the sense of what I was,  
And take a different nature? We, self-wrapped,  
Conjure with dreams of immortality,  
And wit not that the spirit is yet more frail  
Than that which holds it. Constant is it in nothing  
But change; the transmigration of the soul  
Goes on from hour to hour, it does not wait  
The dissolution of our frame, but is  
The law of life, fulfilled in everywise,  
And we who fear destruction perish ever.

The soul—that vaulting speck, that busy flame,  
That climbing passion-flower, that god, that atom—  
It is the seeding-point of forces fed  
By earth and air and all we hear and see  
And handle. We take life and give it, but  
We may not keep it. Sooner might we hope  
To clutch the trickling moments in our palm,

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Take hold of the eternal pendulum,  
And bid the sun of our desire to stand.

Who can take comfort to foresee himself  
On unknown stages playing other parts?  
It is but treading through a wider maze,  
A wearier cycle. Would the butterfly  
Feel lesser anguish, as it fell, to know  
Some egg in which it wrapped the spark of life  
Was ripening in the dark, some day to break  
Its natal bonds and walk the earth enrobed  
With green and golden fur? Or is it worth  
The caterpillar's knowing, as it shrinks  
Within the coffin it has built, and dies  
Between the straightening walls, that they shall crack  
In ruin days or weeks or ages hence,  
And issuing from the dust a thing of light—  
Not it—shall drink the morning air and wave  
Its crimson banners in the sun?

A life

Of endless deaths, an immortality  
Of partings, is it worth being gifted with?  
Such is the life of nations; they last on  
In plant-like continuity, while the men  
Who make them fall like leaves and are renewed.  
We call ourselves the English people now,  
But they who fought till sundown on that hill  
In Sussex all those hundred years ago,  
And died where they had fought, and never knew



The end of it, what had they happier been  
To hear of the great Charter, and the deeds  
Of that famed Parliament that drew the sword  
Meteor-like forth in shuddering Europe's gaze,  
And spilt the blood of kings?

Let no man say  
Life may yield other loves; because we loved  
At that age when to love is to be lost  
In them we love, and not with narrow eyes  
To purse up faults and merits. In that age  
We loved although we knew not how to love,  
Before the buds of sense had learnt to give  
Their sweetness up in fiery-fatal blooms  
And fruit forbidden. Childhood treads the heights  
Whither nor friends nor loves of later days  
Can reach, when friends are but acquaintances,  
And love's clear stream is muddied o'er with lust.

Forever and forever and forever  
Gone are the days and nights of fairyland;  
Days that were cups of summer, sacred nights  
Too sweet for slumber, hours like tears, on which  
The moonbeams peeped between the shuttered blinds  
Like children at a feast they cannot share.  
(O memories! Oh, to steal from paradise  
One more such moment, and then be no more I!)  
Those years and loves are gone, not to come back  
Till man can turn the wheels of life, and draw  
Creation in the thoroughfares of time.

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HOLIDAYS

As the tree puts forth its flowers,  
Time at certain seasons dowers  
Men with moments so delicious  
They forget all former hours.

Magic hints that wake the mind  
From the sleep that seals mankind—  
Raptures, tumults, yearnings, visions,  
Light that breaks upon the blind.

Charmed in circles of the sea,  
Island of love's mystery,  
There are old, pathetic secrets  
Only known to you and me.

Children of the summertide,  
Free from care and wrath and pride,  
We were happy while we wandered  
Up and down the long sea-side.

Round the seagull's rocky home  
Azure waves through fretted foam  
Glanced and glowed like lancet windows,  
Sapphire in an ivory dome.

Far afield a rain of light  
Washed the utmost sea-wave white;  
Heaved and rolled in blinding splendor,  
League on league of chrysolite.

Did we tread on beaten ground?  
Were the waves that rocked us round  
    Lapping on some isle of wonder  
Dropped within the coral sound?

Fainter than a cloud, the moon  
Floated up the sky too soon:  
    Round us on the brooding valley  
Slept the summer afternoon.

Every golden hour went by  
Like a bead of tracery  
    Strung upon an Indian necklace  
To enchant a sultan's eye.

How the stars, that hallowed night,  
Seemed to pulse with our delight,  
    Notes of some mysterious music  
That we dared not read aright.

Every star that downward fell  
Struck far off a mystic knell:  
    Then the whole wide heaven about us  
Boomed to silence, like a bell.

Something softer in the air  
Whispered to our hearts beware:  
    It was an enchanted region,  
And we might not tarry there.

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Long we sate and never spake,  
Lest the light illusion break.  
    We had fallen asleep together,  
And we could not bear to wake.

Never to that haunted shore  
Bid me bend my voyage more.  
    Bitter thorns are left to harvest  
Where we gathered blooms before.

FINIS

Like a great sunset drawn beyond the sea,  
    A visionary landscape framed in fire  
    Of earthquake cities, toppling tower and spire  
Downward through rifts and gulfs of phantasy.

So pass the memories of old love from me,  
    Never to thrill again that inward lyre  
    Aeolian, whose sad strains of sick desire  
These grosser measures breathe imperfectly.

There is no love but first love; all beside  
    Is passion's lightning or affection's moon.  
I floated once on that triumphant tide.

But stranded now among the wrecks and spars  
    I watch the night succeed the afternoon,  
And bide my sleep beneath the ancient stars.

*Allen Upward*

## MAY IN THE CITY

### THE NEWCOMERS

Spring has come in the city;  
And the sun and the rain,  
And a thousand spirits swarming from God knows where,  
Push the buried grasses  
And pull them,  
Calling: "Go out! jump out!"  
And these little ones break through,  
Wink at us and taunt:  
"We are naked, fresh, and green,  
And you are not!"

### LOVE-LYRIC

Stir!  
Shake off sleep!  
Your eyes are the soul of clear waters—  
Pigeons  
In a city street.

Suns now dead  
Have tucked away of their gold for your hair:  
My buried mouth still tastes their fires.

A tender god built your breasts—  
Apples of desire;

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Their whiteness slakes the throat;  
Their form soothes like honey.

Wake up!  
Or the song-bird in my heart  
Will peck open the shell of your dreams.

Sleep, my own,  
Soaring over rivers of fire!  
Sleep, my own,  
Wading waters of gold!

Joy is in my heart—  
It flutters around in my soul.  
. . . Softly—  
I hear the rosy dreams . . .

MIDNIGHT

Midnight. The air is still,  
And yet there seems to be a sound  
Brooding in it, tearing. I hear it  
With all my quivering body  
But not with my ears.  
Suddenly it bursts—muffled, hoarse, detached  
From any earthly object.  
It is spring  
Charging through the night.

*The Willow Tree*

THE WILLOW TREE

Willow tree,  
You are a little sea,  
With laving, foaming waves.  
I'll put my heart in there  
To float,  
To eddy in the eddies.

STORM

Storm,  
Wild one,  
Take me in your whirl,  
In your giddy reel,  
In your shot-like leaps and flights!  
Hear me call—stop and hear!  
I know you, blusterer! I know you, wild one!  
I know your mysterious call.

THE RED LIGHT

The red light is out.  
Sleep, gnaw your way  
In the dead-tired body  
And in the limbs which cry out.

Enter, dawn!  
Hop about, little bird of light!

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Hop gently, with upturned claws,  
Over the thrown-down body,  
Over the extinguished hair.

Tree which grows near the house,  
Spin and twine your shadows in there.  
Burn with your shadows,  
Wind around her your tendrils,  
Limpid god!

IN THE PARK

I am slowly wheeling my child  
In the swarming park.  
The sky sheds skeins of darkness  
As delicate as light.  
The stars curl in their coverlets  
And allow the thin light  
To drift from between their fingers.  
The moon, like an earnest priest,  
Seems bent on holy business.  
But the trees are capricious: they display or conceal  
Part of a torso or a knee, or reveal  
A poem of branches. The little water is thick with mystery  
As a lake in a forest. The grass  
Tickles my soles, and I can feel  
The earth under, rich  
Yet almost incoherent.



*A Hymn to Night*

A HYMN TO NIGHT

Come, mysterious night;  
Descend and nestle to us.

Descend softly on the houses  
We built with pride,  
Without worship.  
Fold them in your veil,  
Spill your shadows.

Come over our stores and factories,  
Hide our pride—our shame—  
With your nebulous wings.

Come down on our cobbled streets:  
Unleash your airy hounds.  
Come to the sleepers, night;  
Light in them your fires.

*Max Michelson*

TO A GOLDEN-CROWNED THRUSH

Hurled from a fairy catapult,  
Up like a song gone somersaulting,  
Up like a dream to the white moon vaulting,  
I hear your liquid voice exult.

Half to the moon I hear you sigh  
Like trees, and ripple on like brooks;  
The magic of the wild wood-nooks  
You shake out through the silver sky.

Oh, tell me, are you bursting so  
With secrets that the woodlands tell  
That you must hurtle from the dell,  
And up, so all the air shall know?

Are you a song and nothing else,  
Gone tumbling up the night of June?  
Is that your form against the moon,  
That trembles, palpitates and melts?

Now your crescendos, note on note,  
Like one last challenge wildly pour . . .  
And then you float to earth once more—  
Unseen, as dreams and silence float.

*Richard Hunt*

## SHEILA EILEEN

She wore a kirtle of bright cramoisie,  
A golden band her slender waist confined.  
The wise ones said that half a sprite was she—  
So light her foot—and lighter still her mind!

And thus it happened, on the eve of May,  
In spite of many a threat and warning word,  
She with the fairies nimbly danced away—  
And never any news of her was heard.

But when the summer rested on the glen,  
And birds sang, and the roses blossomed free,  
One said he heard a silver laugh again,  
And glimpsed a kirtle, gold and cramoisie!

## CARNAGE

Over the valley swept the Autumn flood—  
In showers of leaden bullets fell the rain;  
The firs swayed to and fro, drunken with pain,  
And wounded maples stained the earth with blood.

*Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson*

INDIANA

This is my Indiana—  
There where those long low lines of blue  
Lie soft against the sky  
Beyond the trees that mark the river's course.  
And here these fertile fields  
Level and vast—  
A mother earth indeed,  
Generous and sacrificial.  
Oh, I could kneel and kiss  
This rich black loam!

And here a gate that leads into a school,  
The gift of one plain man to generations.  
And over there the town upon the hill  
Where the ancient cross rises to our skies, too.  
Above the square of commerce  
The court house stands;  
And Indians, soldiers, and muses of the Greek  
Riot together on its frieze.

Here on this wide free road  
The farmer gives me greeting  
From his high seat atop a load of yellow corn.  
He lives, untroubled king, upon a free domain  
Where tasseled fields stretch to the sun.  
Those golden ears

Are symbol of the pact he keeps  
With Indiana.

Dear land of common good!  
Where on new soil  
The old world hopes are more than dreams;  
Where freedom, justice, opportunity,  
Wrested in blood and tears  
From the slow centuries,  
Are free, free gifts to all.

### AN OLD SONG

All day an old, old song  
Has echoed in my mind  
And will not be dismissed—  
A song that tinkles  
Of youth's endearing charms  
And love that will not die.

It clashes with the thoughts  
Of this iron time—  
Its chasms of hate,  
Its lines of cleavage,  
Its unsparing sight  
And bitter revelations.  
The plough is going through us;  
We are aghast and stern.

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Still tinkles faintly  
Out of a hundred years  
The sweetness of the little song.  
It sounds like some faint hidden brook  
In a lost fairy land  
Of the long ago.

*Daphne Kieffer Thompson*

FORGIVENESS

Now God be thanked that roads are long and wide,  
And four far havens in the scattered sky.  
It would be hard to meet and pass you by.

And God be praised there is an end of pride,  
And pity only has a word to say,  
While memory grows dim as time grows gray.

For, God His word, I gave my best to you,  
All that I had, the finer and the sweet,  
To make—a path for your unquiet feet.

Their track is on the life you trampled through—  
Such evil steps to leave such hallowing.  
Now God be with you in your wandering!

*Charles L. O'Donnell*

## SKETCHES IN COLOR

### COLUMNS OF EVENING

The evening seems the ghost of a purple-roofed house  
That once held repose.  
The leaning columns  
Seem to have pulled down the sky to their tops  
With long, unseen arms.

### HAPPINESS

The moon, like the ash-colored wraith of a candle-flame,  
Hangs bewildered, in a gaudy, blowing afternoon:  
So does your little joy hide itself.

The crippled sunlight drags its huge orange limbs  
Over a tiny, squatting hill:  
So does your joy pass over me.

At the end of a red, capering afternoon  
The dizzy trees bow slowly to the sun:  
So do I salute your happiness.

### SUFFERING

The morning lowers its fire-veined back  
And quivers beneath the edged feet of winds:  
So do you stoop to your agony.

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The air brushes up the fibrous souls  
Of flowers, and sprinkles them between  
The flickering-sleeved arms of lime trees:  
So does your sorrow whirl you apart.

The brocade-robed night staggers against the wall of the  
sky,  
And fiercely sinks its woe-turbaned head:  
So does your grief lean upon me.

A MAN TO A DEAD WOMAN

Shaking nights, noons tame and dust-quiet, and wind-  
broken days,  
Were hands modeling your face.  
Yet people—the best of them—glanced at you, and passed on.

And now, perhaps some of them meet to say little true  
things of you:  
Quickly weighing tiny stray chips of you—  
They who did not know you.

THE WINDOW-WASHERS

Kneeling on high, flimsy scaffoldings,  
Their lives measured by the strength of ropes,  
The window-washers liquidly mumble little songs,  
That are scooped away by the running air  
As flowers are swept up by racing children. . . .



*The Window-washers*

They descended, men whose skin is close over their bones,  
And whose hair is scant.

“Why have you grinning faces of wood,  
You who have been carved by the white sword of the wind?”  
But the window-washers stared and tapped their foreheads,  
And trudged off to drink much beer.

THE DEPARTMENT STORE

This squinting, moon-faced man is measuring lavender silk  
For a muffled, little-eyed girl.  
(Only the counter lies between them, but they do not see  
each other.)

This waxen-lipped girl, whose eyes are like burning silk,  
Is selling a frilled white waist  
To a sleepy-faced old woman in flaring clothes.  
(They are both secretly amused.)

And this middle-aged, iron-bodied woman is wrapping  
candy  
For a fat, delicate-faced man in black clothes.

Rarely do they peep above the low wall between them  
To look upon each other.

*Maxwell Bodenheim*

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PYROTECHNICS

I

Our meeting was like the upward swish of a rocket  
In the blue night.  
I do not know when it burst;  
But now I stand gaping,  
In a glory of falling stars.

II

Hola! Hola! shouts the crowd, as the catherine-wheels  
sputter and turn.  
Hola! They cheer the flower-pots and set pieces.  
And nobody heeds the cries of a young man in shirt-sleeves,  
Who has burnt his fingers setting them off.

III

A King and Queen, and a couple of Generals,  
Flame in colored lights;  
Putting out the stars,  
And making a great glare over the people wandering among  
the booths.  
They are very beautiful and impressive,  
And all the people say "Ah!"  
By and by they begin to go out,  
Little by little.  
The King's crown goes first,

Then his eyes,  
Then his nose and chin.  
The Queen goes out from the bottom up,  
Until only the topmost jewel of her tiara is left.  
Then that, too, goes ;  
And there is nothing but a frame of twisted wires,  
With the stars twinkling through it.

*Amy Lowell*

TO A FLOWER

Child whose fairy eye  
Is filled with azure dreams,  
Gazing on the sky—  
Youth today must bleed  
On battlefields and die.  
Thy loveliness, it seems,  
Is but a lie.

*Suzette Herter*

A LITTLE GIRL

I

I see a little girl sitting bent over  
On a white stone door-step.  
In the street are other children running about;  
The shadows of the waving trees flicker on their white  
dresses.

Some one opens the door of the house  
And speaks to the child on the steps.  
She looks up and asks an eager question:  
The figure shakes her head and shuts the door;  
The child covers up her face  
To hide her tears.

II

Three children are playing in the garden—  
Two boys and an awe-struck little girl.  
They have plastered the summer-house with clay,  
Making it an unlovely object.

A grown-up person comes along the path.  
The little girl runs to her  
Asking the same question, "Where is my mother?"  
The grown-up person does not make any answer.  
She looks at the summer-house and passes along the path.

*A Little Girl*

The little girl goes slowly into the house  
And climbs the stairs.

III

The little girl is alone in the garden,  
A white-haired lady of whom she is afraid  
Comes to find her and tell her a joyful thing.

The little girl runs to the nursery.  
The young nurse is doing her hair in front of the glass—  
The little girl sees how white her neck is  
And her uplifted arms.

Tomorrow they will be gone—they will not be here—  
They are going to find Her.  
The young nurse turns and smiles,  
And takes the little girl in her arms.

IV

The little girl is travelling on a railway train.  
Everything rushes by very fast—  
Houses, and children in front of them,  
Children who are just staying at home.

The train cannot go fast enough,  
The little girl is saying over and over again,  
“My mother—my onliest mother—  
I am coming to you, coming very fast.”

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V

The little girl looks up at a great red building  
With a great doorway.  
It opens and she is led in,  
Looking all about her.  
A lady in a white dress and white cap comes.

After a long, long time  
A man in a black coat comes in.  
He says, "She is not well enough, I am afraid."  
The little girl is led away.  
She always remembers the words  
The man in the black coat said.

VI

The little girl is waiting in the big hallway,  
In the house of the white-haired lady,  
At the end of the path she can see the summer-house  
With its queer gray cover.

The hall clock ticks very slowly.  
The hands must go all around again  
Before the mother will come.

Now it is night,  
The little girl is lying in her bed.  
There is a piano going somewhere downstairs.  
She is telling herself a story and waiting—  
Soon She will come in at the door.

*A Little Girl*

There will be a swift shaft of light  
Across the floor,  
And She will come in with a rustling sound.  
She will lie down on the bed,  
And the little girl will stroke her dress and crinkle it  
To make the sound again.

Pretty soon the mother will step slowly and softly to the  
door,  
And quietly turn the handle.  
The little girl will speak and stop her  
Asking something she has asked many times before—  
“My Father?”  
But the mother has never anything to answer.

VII

The mother and the little girl are sitting together sewing.  
Outside there is snow.  
A woman with a big white apron  
Comes to the door of the room and speaks.

The mother drops her work on the floor  
And runs down the stairs.  
The little girl stands at the head of the stairs  
And cries out, “My Father!” but no one hears,  
They pass along the hall . . . . .

The little girl creeps down the stairs,  
But the door is closed.

VIII

The little girl is held and rocked—  
Held so tightly it hurts her.  
She moves herself free.

Then quickly she puts her face up close,  
And there is a taste of salt on her tongue.

IX

In a bed in an upper chamber,  
A bed with high curtains,  
A woman sits bowed over.  
Her hair streams over her shoulders;  
Her arms are about two children.

The older one is trying to say comforting things.  
The little girl wants to slip away—  
There are so many people at the foot of the bed.

Out of the window, across the yellow river,  
There are houses climbing up the hillside.  
The little girl wonders if anything like this  
Is happening in any of those houses.

X

Many children and grown-up people  
Are standing behind their chairs around a bright table,  
Waiting for the youngest child to say grace.



*A Little Girl*

It is very troublesome for the youngest child  
To get the big words out properly.  
The little girl interrupts and says the grace quickly.

The white-haired lady of whom the little girl is afraid  
Is angry.  
The little girl breaks away and runs  
To the room of the bed with the high curtains.

She rushes in—  
The room is empty.  
She comes back to the table,  
But she does not dare to ask the question.  
She remembers the great red building  
With the great doorway.

XI

The little girl is trying to read a fairy story.  
There is nobody in the garden,  
There is nobody in the house but the white-haired lady.

Someone comes to tell her her father is there.  
She does not want to see him—  
She is afraid.

XII

The front door is open;  
There is rain, and leaves are whirling about.  
A carriage with two horses,

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And a coachman high up, holding a long whip,  
Stands waiting in front of the door.

The little girl is holding on to the banisters.  
They take away her hands from the banisters  
And lead her to the carriage in front of the door.  
Someone gets in behind her,  
The carriage door is shut,  
The little girl draws herself to the far corner;  
They drive away.  
The little girl looks back out of the window.

XIII

The little girl is in a strange house,  
Where there are young men called uncles  
Who talk to her and laugh.  
A large lady sits by the table and knits and smiles.  
In her basket are different colored balls of wool—  
Pretty colors, but not enough to make a pattern.  
There is a curly soft little black dog  
That hides under the table.  
The uncles pull him out  
And he tries to hold to the carpet with his claws.  
The little girl laughs—  
But at the sound she turns away  
And goes up to her room and shuts the door.  
Pretty soon the large lady comes to her  
And takes her on her lap and rocks and sings.

*Mary Aldis*

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

DOWN EAST



MORE than three years ago, when POETRY was in its first volume, I went to New York to look over that part of the field, incidentally attending the third—or possibly it was the fourth—annual banquet of the Poetry Society of America, which had been founded in 1910. Last month I took another survey, including Boston as well, and it may be in order to record a few casual and desultory impressions of change and contrast.

In January, 1913, the art was still in the old era, and one saw few signs of a change of attitude among the constituted authorities. The voices most conspicuous today had not then been heard, except, in some instances, in POETRY—such voices as Masters, Frost, Lindsay, Sandburg, Tagore, Rupert Brooke, and the whole group of Imagists. Four numbers of POETRY had appeared, and one of *The Poetry Journal*, but the older magazines were still using verse as an end-of-the-page decoration, and the public was serenely indifferent.

Now all is changed. It is as though some magician had waved his wand—presto, the beggar is robed in scarlet. Indeed, the present danger may be that poetry is becoming the fashion—a real danger, because the poets need an audience, not fitful and superficial, but loyal and sincere. When six hundred persons willingly pay five good dollars apiece to

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feast in honor of Mr. Masefield, and hear him and certain American confrères exchange farewells, the public would seem to be awakening to some kind of an interest in the art.

And other evidences are plentiful. A well known poet tells this story:

The other day I went into Brentano's—for the first time in years, as it happened, to get somebody's poems. Now Brentano's used to keep its modern poetry on a little table away back in a dark corner under the stair, so to that modest corner I went. But when I reached it, I found no poetry, only shop-worn boys' books. "How is this?" I said to the clerk, "have you given up poetry altogether?" The man turned on me a withering glance—"Poetry," he said, pointing majestically, "is up in front."

And up in front I found it, in high piles on the foremost table; and moreover crowds of people, three or four deep, were reaching over each other to buy it.

And here is the testimony of a Chicago lover of the art:

Not more than five or six years ago I saw, in Putnam's big New York shop, a loaded table with a placard marked, "Modern Poetry—Ten Cents a Volume." "And we can't sell it at that price!" said the clerk.

Today I find a tableful of modern verse placed among the best sellers at McClurg's, and when I express satisfaction the man replies, "Yes, that's what Miss Monroe's magazine has done!"

In order not to claim everything, this leads me to that other evidence of the renaissance—its magazines. Is it possible that only three and a half brief years ago we were alone in the field? Now a new organ of the art strikes its chord every few months, and the air is a-quiver with projects still untuned. We have not only *Others*, the high-pitched instrument of the young *intransigents*, but *Contemporary Verse*, of Philadelphia, which speaks with a Quaker accent for youth's conservatism, since youth is by no means always a

radical. And now Mr. Braithwaite, over in Boston, is going to offer us next month *The Poetry Review of America*—no less—bringing to the service of this new sheet, of a format “as large as the *New Republic*,” his love of the art and prolonged study of its manifestations in America. And there are whispers of still newer schemes in the New York air.

As for the poets, they seem as numerous as sparrows through the cool spring sunshine, and almost as quarrelsome. This is not to deride but to declare! I have always admired the vigor and enthusiasm with which battles of the intellect are fought in Paris—their schools and groups, their cliques and labels, their solemn assumptions and fine distinctions—all the absurd machinery through which alone, after all, a great metropolis can stage her play and put her artists before their world. Well, here in our newer world we are beginning to learn the lesson. Perhaps the French cubist painters, who are now so numerous in New York, have brought with them a spark from the Parisian altar-flame; at any rate, our poets have caught fire, and an editor who would not be scorched by leaping flames must walk warily between the various groups with banners.

At a party given by the editor of *Others* these fires burned low, and this editor was able to attach faces and voices to long familiar names—like William Carlos Williams, Alfred Kreyborg, Skipwith Cannell, Horace Holley, Cloyd Head—without once being called down for an old fogey astray in a youthful world. The freshest topic was Zoë Akins' play, *The Magical City*, which was new at the

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Bandbox Theatre, and which apparently had "got across" the footlights to critics and public, and now to these various groups of young poets and artists.

Afterwards I saw the play, and was inclined to agree that Miss Akins had really achieved poetic drama from the rather difficult standpoint of modern romance. The feat was a bit acrobatic; now and again I thought the play was going to lose its precarious balance—not when the captain of industry spoke his stern few words to the much desired girl, but when the truly poetic poet stood dithyrambically speechifying at him with the murderous pistol in his hand. Yet in spite of this occasional excess of eloquence the lines were full of life and informal rhythmic beauty. And the play had that *sine qua non*, dramatic magic—it acted well, and rounded up with style to an unexpected and shapely climax. On the whole a most promising beginning for the young St. Louis poet-playwright.

Of a Tuesday evening the Poetry Society of America held one of its regular monthly meetings, with the president, Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, in the chair, and Mr. Lawrence Housman as guest of honor. Resolutions were passed in honor of the late Rubèn Dario, the great Nicaraguan poet who did so much to reunite the sundered fragments of the Spanish-speaking world, and whose dream of a closer Pan-American sympathy brought him to this country during the first year of the war and the last of his life. The speech of Dario's young compatriot, Señor Salomón de la Selva, made me understand, as never before, the importance of the poet

in Latin-American life, his power as prophet and leader. Will our statesmen, dreaming of Pan-Americanism, ever take this hint?

In Boston I attended a meeting of the New England Poetry Society, which happened to be entertaining the Harvard Poetry Club. I own to intense interest in the work of this latter group of students—twenty or more young men who have gathered together, without aid from the Harvard faculty, for the study—and practice—of modern verse. Many brief poems were read by eight or ten different authors, and their quality, as Mr. John Gould Fletcher and I agreed, was surprisingly high.

I wish I could remember names—in order to check them up when we hear from those young poets later. One of them read a sonnet or two which had real verbal and rhythmic magic. Two quatrains by another moved me. A young man from the West read a gay and slashing free-verse satire on Brattle Street, and another offered us a ballad of really distinguished quality, showing a feeling for recurrent tragic rhythms, and a delicate use of a varied refrain. In fact, I could scarcely overpraise the work of these students, or the enthusiasm which has carried them so far in the one short year since their club was founded. Young poets in other colleges should organize similar societies. And at last the various faculties will be compelled to take notice.

*H. M.*

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REVIEWS

CHICAGO GRANITE

*Chicago Poems*, by Carl Sandburg. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

In this American melting-pot the English language becomes the mother tongue of the sons of Perse and Slav and Swede; and through that language, and the literature born in it, more and more as time goes on, must blow tropic and arctic airs, winds from East and West, perfumes of Araby and salt spray from the northern seas. No prophet can measure the ultimate enrichment of our art through this enrichment of our racial strain. Provincialism will hardly survive, and our democracy of precepts and precedents—an Anglo-Saxon inheritance, like our language, from the patterned and fenced-in past—will have to expand to the larger tests of cosmopolitanism and human brotherhood.

From certain of these newer Americans and their sons have come of late at once the harshest challenge and the most idealistic appreciation of this incomplete, but urgent and hopeful, democracy which they find here. Such voices as Sandburg the second-generation Swede, Giovannitti the Italian, Rosenfeld the Yiddish Jew, Ajan the Syrian, are uttering at once the challenge and the ideal with a passion rare among poets of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Of these latter at this moment only Edgar Lee Masters, and C. E. S. Wood of Oregon, occur to me as bent upon the same business—in the deepest sense a poet's business—of seeing our national



life in the large—its beauty and glory, its baseness and shame.

Carl Sandburg has the unassailable and immovable earth-bound strength of a great granite rock which shows a weather-worn surface above the soil. Like such a rock, he has a tender and intimate love of all soft growing things—grasses, lichens, flowers, children, suffering human lives. One would no more question his sincerity than that of the wind and rain. His book, whether you like it or not, whether you call it poetry or not, is fundamental in the same majestic sense—it is a man speaking with his own voice, authoritatively like any other force of nature.

I remember the emotion with which I first read many of these poems—in type-written sheets sent to *POETRY* over two years ago by some friend of the poet. That first conviction of beauty and power returns to me as I read them again. This is speech torn out of the heart, because the loveliness of “yellow dust on a bumble-bee’s wing,” of “worn wayfaring men,” of ships at night, of a fog coming “on little cat feet,”—the incommunicable loveliness of the earth, of life—is too keen to be borne; or because the pain of “the poor, patient and toiling,” of children behind mill-doors, of soldiers bleeding in the trenches—all the unnecessary human anguish—is too bitter for any human being, poet or not, to endure in silence.

Mr. Sandburg knows his Chicago, and the book as a whole gives us the city in a masterpiece of portraiture. The town—its streets and people, its parks and broad lake and the sand-dunes beyond—the whole half-formed metropolis—

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is painted in broad vital strokes and rich colors by the loving unflattering hand of an artist. Here are a few details:

LOST

Desolate and lone  
All night long on the lake  
Where fog trails and mist creeps,  
The whistle of a boat  
Calls and cries unendingly,  
Like some lost child  
In tears and trouble  
Hunting the harbor's breast  
And the harbor's eyes.

USED UP

Roses,  
Red roses,  
Crushed  
In the rain and wind  
Like mouths of women  
Beaten by the fists of  
Men using them.  
O little roses  
And broken leaves  
And petal wisps:  
You that so flung your crimson  
To the sun  
Only yesterday.

Mr. Sandburg's free-verse rhythms are as personal as his slow speech or his massive gait; always a reverent beating-out of his subject. They are rugged enough at times—as when he salutes Chicago, “stormy, husky, brawling,” and sets her high among cities, “with lifted head singing, so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.” In some of the war poems his rhythms pound like guns boom-

ing, and when he talks back to the loud-mouthed Billy Sunday the swing of a smashing prose hammer is good enough.

But again, under softer inspiration, this poet's touch becomes exquisitely delicate. Indeed, there is orchestral richness in his music; he plays divers instruments. Such lyrics as *The Great Hunt*, *Under*, *Beachy*, *At a Window*, *The Road and the End*, have a primal, fundamental beauty, a sound and swing as of tides or bending grain. Many of these POETRY has had the honor of printing, but this one is new:

UNDER

I am the undertow  
Washing tides of power,  
Battering the pillars  
Under your things of high law.

I am a sleepless  
Slowfaring eater,  
Maker of rust and rot  
In your bastioned fastenings,  
Caissons deep.

I am the Law,  
Older than you  
And your builders proud.

I am deaf  
In all days,  
Whether you  
Say "yes" or "no!"

I am the crumbler:  
To-morrow.

The spirit of the book is heroic, both its joy and its sorrow. It says, "Keep away from the little deaths!"

H. M.

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THE INDEPENDENTS

*Catholic Anthology*—1914-1915. Elkin Mathews, London.

Compared to Mr. Braithwhite's annual poetry salon this book might be called a *Salon d' Indépendents*. We have Mr. T. S. Eliot's very interesting attempt to bring vorticism into poetry by breaking up thoughts, moods, scenes, into fragments, and making them play on one another. We have several pure-flame pieces from Mr. Masters' *Spoon River*. We have Miss Monroe's poem from Peking written in 1910, where we already see Poetry walking freely, with all the ropes and chains off. Walking?—I should perhaps say dancing, but I believe that sober thoughtful walking is a form of dance in itself. We have Harold Monro's real and "cute" *Cat* and interesting *Suburb*. And we have a very beautiful Williams—William Carlos Williams' *In Harbor*.

Alice Corbin, in *One City Only*, gives her heart to us entirely for a while, laying bare every nook and cranny of her mood.

In Mr. Rodker's interpretation of a young girl's passion—the drawing of her heart, and the fear in it, before she submits to her lover, and the terror and happiness after—a study purposely misnamed *Twilight* and *Lunatic*—I do not find the reverence for sheer truth which I find in Tolstoi's treatment of these situations, nor the gentleness and tenderness of Maeterlinck, by whom this poet seems to be strongly influenced. It is carelessly read Maupassant; or Bourget and worse.

## *The Independents*

I liked both Carl Sandburg's—*The Harbor* and *The Road and the End*. In the latter the poet allows the subject to carry him to a certain extent instead of his carrying the subject; but the reader is carried along just as strongly. The pulse of the line in *The Harbor* is normal; in *The Road and the End* it is a little fast; yet I think Mr. Sandburg is better in these rhythms than in his later and slower ones, where he is often a little monotonous.

The selection from Mr. Kreymborg's works does not do that writer justice; the poem about the toothless pirate is much better than the one in this volume. Orrick Johns' rather crude symbols are not to my taste. Nor am I entirely satisfied with "M. B.", our Chicago friend Maxwell Bodenheim. In my opinion this writer seems to believe that his readers are not deeply critical, and does not perfect his work. It is perhaps less noticeable in *In Old Age* than in *Crucifixion*, for instance, where he begins with a concrete image and ends with a cliché. Allen Upwards' *Chinese Lanterns*, in spite of their new wisdom, seem to have something hoary in them—like all good lore.

Douglas Goldring's tapestry story makes one who has not read anything else of his wonder what that fellow has up his sleeve. There is an interesting experiment in conversation-poetry by T. E. Hulme; and a preface-poem by the W. B. Yeats of 1916, who is a somewhat different poet from the earlier Yeats, a poet of deeper wisdom and more austere rhythms.

Of the selection from Mr. Pound—well, whenever I read

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him I seem to forget for awhile what I am reading and think of the man—of his self-abnegation. He is to me the most interesting figure in the recent awakening of poetry. Like Cézanne he always seems to say, "I am nothing—my work is everything." What Cézanne would have said with a scowl and in different terms, Mr. Pound cries out with a "damn you!" perhaps: "Do you think this piece too simple, crude, thin? But —— this is the way!" He will translate another writer instead of writing something of his own for you to admire, if he believes it will show you the way. He will be vulgar, noble, profane, just to show you. One only wishes that he would stop brooding about himself in his weaker moments, and forget the legend that he is so much disliked.

Of course one misses many writers he would like to find. To me a collection of modern poems is incomplete without H. D. and four or five other writers.

I do not quote anything from the book because I believe every intelligent person interested in poetry should own it.

*Max Michelson*

TWO BELGIAN POETS

*Maurice Maeterlinck*, a Critical Study, by Una Taylor.  
Dodd, Mead and Co., New York.

*Poems by Maurice Maeterlinck*, done into English by Bernard Miall. Dodd, Mead and Co.

*Poems of Émile Verhaeren*, selected and translated by Alma Strettell. John Lane, London.

*Two Belgian Poets*

*The Cloister*, a Play in Four Acts, by Émile Verhaeren,  
translated by Osman Edwards. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Maurice Maeterlinck and Émile Verhaeren are both vital figures in the literature of their country; in fact, they cannot be far from the same age. For twenty years English-speaking people have been familiar with Maeterlinck's works; he has been a force in their literature, and has given to their poetry and drama a new infusion of life. Yet Verhaeren, writing in French for three decades, influential among French writers everywhere, and conspicuous in the new movement in poetry—Verhaeren, who has bared the bleeding soul of the Belgium of today, has only recently been at all widely translated into English. Of course we have heard of his genius for years, but he has not been a master in our thought, a name upon every English and American tongue, as has Maeterlinck. We must look for a reason.

The author of *America*, when asked what, in his opinion, caused the widespread affection for his song, replied that he was sure it was the word *my*. He said that he had at first written *Our country, 'tis of thee*, but that this line hadn't the right go. He changed the universal to the more intimate word, and the song became famous.

Verhaeren paints splendid landscapes, flaming narratives, large beliefs, larger hopes, gives out a wealth of sound and color, makes ennobling pictures of life's every-day. Maeterlinck enters the very sanctuary of self, touches its inmost problems—terror, love, dread, sacrifice, sickness, death. Thus

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to humanity in general, humanity not yet emancipated from self, he naturally makes the stronger appeal.

From the first Maeterlinck was fortunate in his translators, for Richard Hovey put a poet's enthusiasm and sympathy into his version of the early plays, plays whose magnificent promise none of his later works has quite fulfilled. Alfred Sutro has done almost as well with his later works. Now Miss Una Taylor, in her *Critical Study*, shows herself especially fitted to wrestle with his inscrutabilities, to pierce his subtleties, and give us, on the whole, a right estimate of his work. She could deal with her subject comprehensively even without the aid of her wide knowledge of other subjects. She is at home with Juliana of Norwich, with Serenus de Cressy, with Novalis, the latter so near to the heart and mind of Maeterlinck. She keeps well in march with the great Belgian in her philosophical analysis—her exhaustless, I might say her fatiguing, researches into the mystic. In considering the earlier dramas, she lays stress upon the malady of humanity tingeing their symbolism, and says too little of their matchless beauty. For in spite of dank moats, pestilential marshes, sickly minds, these earlier plays have a far greater charm and significance than we may find in any of Maeterlinck's other work. Though heavy with Greek fatality, though we may liken each play to a bas-relief of a group of little weeping Attic sirens, they are a fresh and absolutely authentic presentation of the attitude of imaginative youth toward the vague panorama of life, and they live forever with the magic dews of dawn still wet upon them.



Mr. Miall faced a formidable task when he undertook to put all the Belgian's poems into English verse. Maeterlinck's manner is admittedly involved, and it seems as if this translation often made him more obscure than he really is. If we were at sea in the French, we are more at sea in the English. In spite of the translator's assurance that he is literal, he is not always so—how could he be? Yet in many of these poems he has made the charm of the original show through the veil of translation, and we can see that he has brought to his task the mind of a scholar and the insight of a poet.

It is a requisite, I think, for a good translation of poetry, whether it be of the same metrical construction as the original or not, whether it be in verse or in prose, that no thought and no image should be added to the thought and image of the original. Maeterlinck wrote a few poems of such simple and unclouded diction that a child could apprehend them. Now, clothed in English, we find their simple patterns elaborated, filmed over, to meet the metrical exigencies of another tongue.

In *The Academy* several years ago appeared a call for translation into English verse of a little song by Maeterlinck, the text of which was printed in its Paris letter. This song was from a volume first published under the title of *Douze Chansons*, and it is, perhaps, the simplest lyric Maeterlinck ever wrote. Many replies were received, of which *The Academy* printed two. I have kept these as a reminder of the difficulties to be met in trying to slip into one language the thought of another. Let us consider the last stanza:

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Et s'il m'interroge alors  
Sur la dernière heure?  
—Dites-lui que j'ai souri  
De peur qu'il ne pleure . . .

Now see the differences and evasions in the English, particularly in the last two lines. This is the version by W. G. Fulford:

And if he should question still  
Of the closing sleep?  
—Tell him, tell him that I smiled,—  
Smiled—lest he should weep . . .

This is the second, by E. C. M. Dart:

Can I tell him of the last  
Late swift hour ere yet thou passed?  
—Only say my smiles so gay  
Flashed to keep his tears away. . .

And here is Mr. Miall's later version, as printed in the book before us:

If he ask me of the hour  
When you fell asleep?  
—Tell him, tell him that I smiled  
Lest my love should weep . . .

Maeterlinck has not said a word about sleep. But then, *hour* does not rhyme with *weep* in English. Not one of these three translators has said, simply and directly, what Maeterlinck himself said: "Tell him that I smiled, lest he should weep."

Maeterlinck's poems are the expressions of vague soul-conditions, pictured by azure glass, immobile lilies, poison-plants, symbolical growths, ennui, and he has made them exquisitely musical. These same soul-vaguenesses do not seem to yield in the English language the perfume of the

original. However, Mr. Miall has done wonders with Maeterlinck's intricacies, and many of his translations stand the test of tests—they read well in English. *The Hospital* might be an English poem; it is very strong, and in it the translator has caught the cunning of the master's word and image. *The White Birds* has all the listlessness and somnolence of *Les Paons Blancs*. In *Glances* we find the spirit of the original, and many another poem is admirable and impressive.

Miss Alma Strettell's version of some of Verhaeren's poems must be disappointing to anyone who opens the book eager for communion with this ardent spirit whose song has moved the world. There are here and there good lines, artistically chosen words, where we almost find what we are looking for. The author has followed the text of the original faithfully, yet her work is without flavor. Her paths are distinctly the paths of tradition. She never makes Verhaeren's rain or snow fall but she makes them fall *amain*. In her hands his mesh is never woven, it is woven *amain*. She has a childlike way of setting down words as if they were wooden blocks—"green banks steep," "far waves dim." *The Rain* is perhaps her best achievement; here she has caught the picture and the beautiful monotony of language to a certain extent. In *The Bell-Ringer* she has again almost succeeded—yet where is the shiver of the original, one of Verhaeren's most dramatic and wonderful poems? Why does she continually force the great man to pad out his lines by inserting the word *so*? Fancy Verhaeren padding his lines! In our search for the real Verhaeren, who is a master

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of *vers libre*, we are always halted and turned aside by some commonplace word.

Mr. Edwards is more successful with his version of *Le Cloître*, which, though written in 1899 and staged in 1900, was suggested by the poet's experiences in a monastery near Chimay in the early eighties. The play, which alternates prose and verse, is forceful and striking in its purpose. Parts of it suggest *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, and, as we read on through the sweetness and austerity, strains of Massenet's music seem borne along the lines. But in *Le Jongleur* we have only the fragrance and beauty of monastery life; in *Le Cloître* there are the fragrance and beauty, but also the fierce struggles of mind with mind, suspicion against faith, as the monks wrangle and argue. For even cloistral walls may not keep out the ferment of hate, revenge, anger, jealousy, where men gather to say complin, worshipping, not Christ, but each his inward idol. Verhaeren's own giant thoughts must have passed through many such dramatic upheavals before Catholicism dropped from him, and before he could make Militien say:

When faith fell, shadowing our shores, at length  
Came Science and sang her own Magnificat.

And before he could create The Prior, who sighed for—

Men of imposing race, who from their youth  
Are wont to dominate large tracts of time.

Surely Verhaeren, professedly no *symboliste*, has given us in the characters of this play many a symbol of the church: in the gentle boy-monk, service; in Balthazar, pride, and final atonement through sacrifice.

Today, when little Belgium has almost ceased to exist, it is extraordinary that two such poets should still be speaking for her, to remind us that a nation is measured, not by geography, or even by military supremacy, but by the genius and heroic spirit of her greatest men. A. F.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES

### A NEW SCHOOL OF POETRY

Replacing the outworn conventions of the I-am-bic school, we have now the I-am-it school of poetry. (NOTE: *Les I-am-its* are not to be confused with *Les I'm-a-gists*, who are already out-classed and *démodé*.) The following synopsis, telescoped from the new *Others* anthology, gives the salient features of the school:

#### I

I am Aladdin.  
Wanting a thing, I have but to snap my fingers.  
Yes, yes, I believe you . . . . .  
I could not doubt. . . . .

*Rob Carlton Brown*

#### II I-KONS

I broke . . . . .  
I named her . . . . .  
How can I serve!  
How can I be kind or unkind!  
. . . . .  
I shall pass over . . . . these . . . . .  
I shall crush them . . . . .

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I dislike men loving too many women . . .  
They are wrong . . . . I am right.

I will make new sounds  
and new jumps and gestures . . . .  
. . . . .

I will gobble up everything . . . .  
*Skip Cannell*

III SONG OF I GIRL

I am not afraid of my own heart  
I am not afraid of what . . . . .  
I am not afraid . . . . .  
. . . . .  
I am not afraid . . . . .

There are three of us (I's); the little girl (I) used to be; the girl  
(I-I) I am; the girl (I-I-I) I am going to be . . . . .  
*Mary Cora Davies*

IV

I am the possessor and the possessed.  
I am of the unborn.  
. . . . .

Am I then left . . . .  
Am I . . . .  
I who possess and am possessed  
Am I . . . . . ?

*F. Gregg*

V HERMAPHROD-I-TIS

Behold me!  
The perfect one!  
Epitome of the universe!  
The crystal sphere,—  
. . . . .

Behold me!  
The perfect one!  
The crystal sphere!  
Reflecting perfect sex,

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Reflecting perfect being,  
Reflecting God!

*A. Groff*

VI

I seek my revenge in the stars—  
The quiet knowing stars.  
I seek my revenge . . . . .  
. . . . .

Let those who rule, rule.  
They shall not rule *my* stars  
Nor *me*;  
For I am one with *my* stars.  
. . . . .

I laugh . . . . .  
I laugh . . . . .  
. . . . .

And I laugh . . . . .  
*A. Hardpence*

VII

It is not I . . . . .  
No, it is not I. . . . .  
*Alf. Kreymborg*

VIII

I measure myself  
Against a tall tree.  
I find that I am much taller  
For I reach right up to the sun,  
With my eye;  
And I . . . . .

*W. Stevens*

We regret to say the printer announces that there are no  
more I's in the font. *A. C. H.*

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### THE CRITIC'S SENSE OF HUMOR

In a recent interview in the *New York Times*, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, erstwhile editor of *The Century*, sums up his objections to what he calls the formlessness of modern poetry by an objection not based upon form, but spirit. This is what he says:

Now if anything is characteristic of the "prose librist" it is his lack of a sense of humor. A sense of humor is the finest critic the artist can have. Poetry, having the "high seriousness" that Arnold considers necessary to it, has not needed the guidance of the sense of humor, as for example, Wordsworth's great ode. But in the main a sense of humor is what keeps the poets as well as other people from making fools of themselves.

It is hardly true that a sense of humor will keep the poet from making a fool of himself; it will, however, permit the poet to *see* that he is making a fool of himself—from which he may derive a double satisfaction. If great poetry may be achieved without the guidance of a sense of humor, poetry is none the less great because of its presence; and if I had to choose between them as companions in the desert, I think I should take Chaucer and Shakespeare rather than Wordsworth and Milton.

But if "a sense of humor is the finest critic an artist can have," let's hope that the "prose librist,"—as Mr. Johnson calls Edgar Lee Masters, and also, by inference, Walt Whitman—let's hope that Mr. Masters tempers all the criticism he receives with at least as much humorous appreciation as that bestowed by this critic upon Mr. Masters' work.

Or is it possible that the "high seriousness" of criticism does not need the guidance of a sense of humor?



## NOTES

The editors regret that they must postpone until the June number the decision in regard to the one-hundred dollar prize offered for a one-act play in verse. The contest closed March first, but the reading of many plays requires time and careful consideration.

Mr. Allen Upward, of London, is the author of *Scented Leaves from a Chinese Jar*, which aroused intense interest when first published in *POETRY* for September, 1913; also of that revolutionary philosophical work, *The New Word*, and many romances.

Mr. Max Michelson, and Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, both of Chicago, have also appeared before in our pages. The latter's first book of verse will soon be published by John Marshall, New York.

Mary Aldis (Mrs. Arthur T.), also of Chicago and a former contributor, has just published, through Duffield & Co., *Plays for a Small Stage*, and will soon follow it with *Flash-lights*, a volume of dramatic monologues in free verse.

The latest book of Miss Amy Lowell, of Boston, is *Six French Poets*, published by the Macmillan Co., who will bring out a new book of her verse in the autumn.

Antoinette de Coursey Patterson (Mrs. T. de H.), of Philadelphia, will soon publish her first book of verse.

Of the poets new to our readers:

Mr. Richard Hunt, of Boston, was for a while one of the editors of *The Poetry Journal*.

Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, of the faculty of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, will soon publish, through Laurence J. Gomme, New York, his first book of verse.

Daphne Kieffer Thompson (Mrs. H. D.), now of Muskegon, Mich., and Miss Suzette Herter, of New York, have published little as yet.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ORIGINAL VERSE:

*The Shadow Eater*, by Benjamin De Casseres. Alb. & Chas. Boni, New York.

*Songs and Satires*, by Edgar Lee Masters. Macmillan Co.

*London—One November*, by Helen Mackay. Duffield & Co.

*Echo and Other Verses*, by Newbold Noyes. Sherman, French & Co.

*Idols*, by Walter Conrad Arensberg. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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- Truns and Movies, and Other Tales in Verse*, by Conrad Aiken. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Songs From the South*, by John Ernest Adamson. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Gods and Heroes*, by J. Brookes More. Thrash-Lick Co.; Fort Smith, Ark.
- Yearnings*, by William Estill Phipps. Gorham Press.
- Profles*, by Arthur Ketchum. Richard G. Badger.
- The Open Road*, by Lucy E. Abel. Gorham Press.
- Wild Apples*, by Jeanne Robert Foster (Julie Ollivier). Sherman, French Co.
- General William Booth Enters Into Heaven, and Other Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay. Macmillan Co.
- Sea and Bay*, by Charles Wharton Stork. John Lane Co.
- Singing Fires of Erin*, by Eleanor Rogers Cox. John Lane Co.
- The Tongues of Toil and Other Poems*, by William Francis Bernard. Workers' Art Press, Chicago.
- Wolf's-Bane Rhymes*, by John Cowper Powys. G. Arnold Shaw, New York.
- Poems Descriptive, Narrative and Reflective*, by C. A. Doyle. The School Journal, Winchester, O.
- Phocion—a Dramatic Poem, and Other Poems*, E. A. Doyle. Privately printed.
- Battle and Other Poems*, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Macmillan Co.
- ANTHOLOGIES AND TRANSLATIONS:
- Others*, Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.
- High Tide—Songs of Joy and Vision from the Present-Day Poets of America and Great Britain*: Selected and Arranged by Mrs. Waldo Richards. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Gustaf Fröding: Selected Poems*, Translated from the Swedish with an Introduction by Charles Wharton Stork. Macmillan Co.
- PLAYS:
- The Great Maze—The Heart of Youth*, by Hermann Hagedorn. Macmillan Co.
- The Fairy Bride*, by Norreys Jephson O'Connor. John Lane Co.
- PROSE:
- Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*, by Vachel Lindsay. Macmillan Co.
- Shakespeare's Theater*, by Ashley H. Thorndike, Ph. D., L. H. D. Macmillan Co.

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Among the other articles is one by Alexander Bakshy, an associate of the Russian producer, Meyerhold, on *The Cinematograph as Art*. In this the author shows that the great field open to the "movies" has not even been discovered by the film producer of today.

**MR. CHARLES LEMMI** contributes a brilliant discussion of *The Italian Stage of Today*, not so much a study of the individual plays as an attempt to analyse and explain the forces at work in the present day Italian theatre.

The Hull House Players, an organization of more than local fame, is the subject of a brief history by its founder and director, **Laura Dainty Pelham**. Many other articles on current problems of the drama, reviews and bibliographies complete the number.

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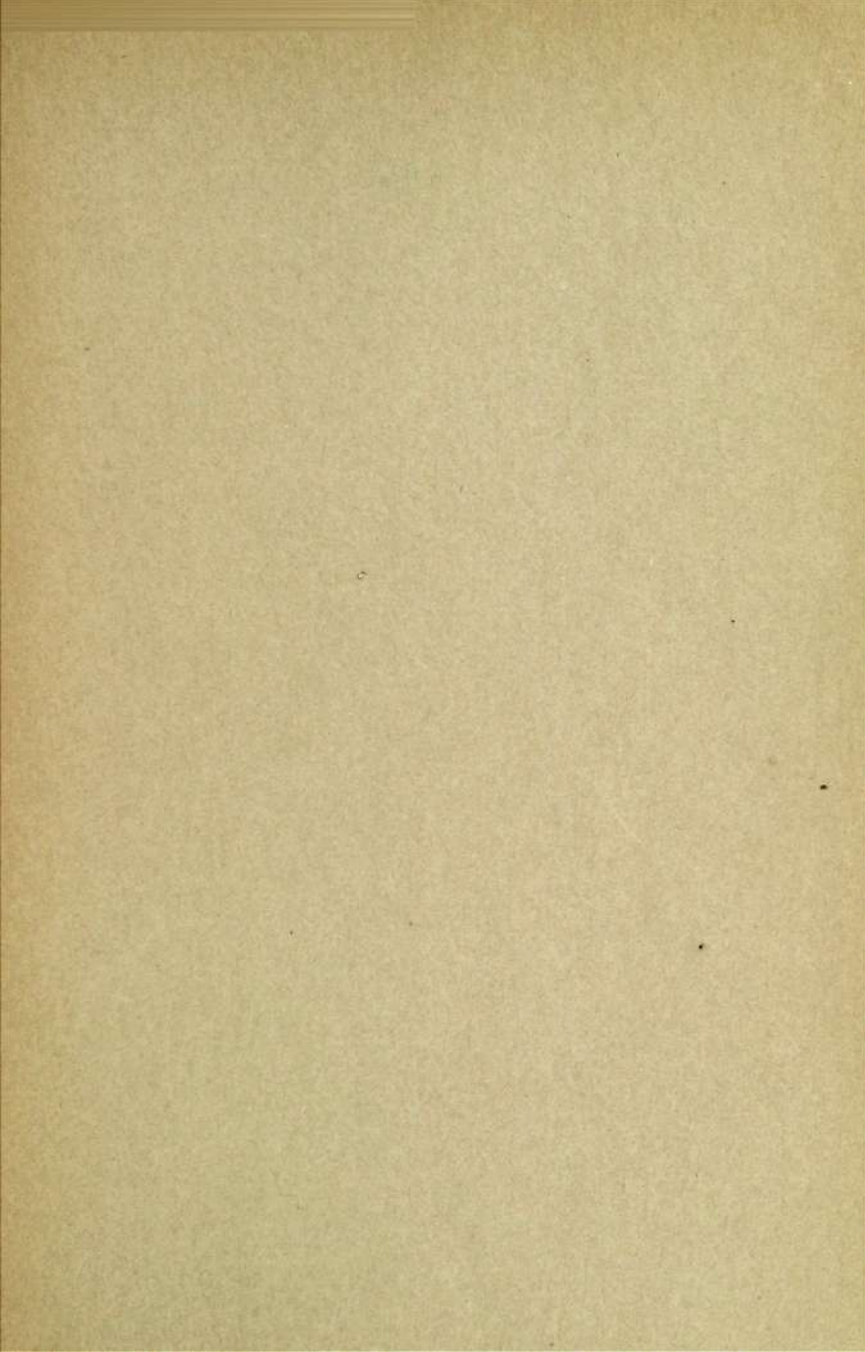
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