LEGREE'S big house was white and green.
His cotton-fields were the best to be seen.
He kept strong horses and fine swine.
He had cool jugs of cider and wine.
His garret was full of curious things:
Books of magic, bags of gold,
And rabbits' feet on long twine strings.
But he went down to the Devil.

Legree he sported a brass-buttoned coat,
A snake-skin necktie, a blood-red shirt.
Legree he had a beard like a goat,  
And a thick hairy neck and eyes like dirt.  
His puffed-out cheeks were fish-belly white,  
He had great long teeth and an appetite.  
He ate raw meat 'most every meal,  
And rolled his eyes till the cat would squeal.  
His fist was an enormous size  
To mash poor niggers that told him lies:  
He was surely a witch-man in disguise.  

*But he went down to the Devil.*

He wore hip-boots, and would wade all day  
To capture his slaves who had fled away.  

*But he went down to the Devil.*

He beat kind Uncle Tom to death,  
Who prayed for Legree with his parting breath.  
Then Uncle Tom to Eva flew,  
To the high sanctoriums bright and new;  
And Simon Legree stared up beneath,  
And cracked his heels, and ground his teeth:  

*And went down to the Devil.*

He crossed the yard in the storm and gloom;  
He went into his grand front room.  
He said, “I killed him, and I don’t care.”  
He kicked a hound, he gave a swear;  
He tightened his belt, he took a lamp,
Went down cellar to the webs and damp.
There in the middle of the mouldy floor
He heaved up a slab, he found a door—
   And went down to the Devil.

His lamp blew out, but his eyes burned bright.
Simon Legree stepped down all night—
Down, down to the devil.
Simon Legree he reached the place,
He saw one half of the human race;
He saw the Devil on a wide green throne,
Gnawing the meat from a big ham-bone,
And he said to Mister Devil:

"I see that you have much to eat—
A raw ham-bone is surely sweet.
I see that you have lion's feet;
I see your frame is fat and fine,
I see you drink your poison wine—
Blood and burning turpentine."

And the Devil said to Simon Legree:
"I like your style, so wicked and free.
Come sit and share my throne with me,
And let us bark and revel."
And there they sit and gnash their teeth,
And each one wears a hop-vine wreath.
They are matching pennies and shooting craps,
They are playing poker and taking naps.
And old Legree is fat and fine:
He eats the fire, he drinks the wine—
Blood and burning turpentine—
Down, down with the Devil;
Down, down with the Devil;
Down, down with the Devil.

II JOHN BROWN

(To be sung by a leader and chorus, the leader singing the body of the poem while the chorus interrupts with the question.)

I've been to Palestine.

What did you see in Palestine?
I saw the Ark of Noah—
It was made of pitch and pine.
I saw old Father Noah
Asleep beneath his vine.
I saw Shem, Ham and Japhet
Standing in a line.
I saw the tower of Babel
In a gorgeous sunrise shine—
By a weeping-willow tree
Beside the Dead Sea.
I've been to Palestine.

What did you see in Palestine?
I saw abominations
And Gadarene swine.
I saw the sinful Canaanites
Upon the shewbread dine,
And spoil the temple vessels
And drink the temple wine.
I saw Lot's wife, a pillar of salt
Standing in the brine—
By a weeping-willow tree
Beside the Dead Sea.

I've been to Palestine.

What did you see in Palestine?
Cedars on Mount Lebanon,
Gold in Ophir's mine,
And a wicked generation
Seeking for a sign;
And Baal's howling worshippers
Their god with leaves entwine.
And . . .
I saw the War-horse ramping
And shake his forelock fine—
By a weeping-willow tree
Beside the Dead Sea.

I've been to Palestine.

What did you see in Palestine?
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Old John Brown,
Old John Brown.
I saw his gracious wife
Dressed in a homespun gown.
I saw his seven sons
Before his feet bow down.
And he marched with his seven sons,
His wagons and goods and guns,
To his campfire by the sea,
By the waves of Galilee.

I've been to Palestine.

*What did you see in Palestine?*
I saw the harp and psaltery
Played for Old John Brown.
I heard the Ram's horn blow,
Blow for Old John Brown.
I saw the Bulls of Bashan—
They cheered for Old John Brown.
I saw the big Behemoth—
He cheered for Old John Brown.
I saw the big Leviathan—
He cheered for Old John Brown.
I saw the Angel Gabriel
Great power to him assign.
I saw him fight the Canaanites
And set God's Israel free.
I saw him when the war was done
John Brown

In his rustic chair recline—
By his camp-fire by the sea,
By the waves of Galilee.

I've been to Palestine.

*What did you see in Palestine?*

Old John Brown,
Old John Brown.
And there he sits
To judge the world.

His hunting-dogs
At his feet are curled.

His eyes half-closed,

But John Brown sees
The ends of the earth,
The Day of Doom.

**AND HIS SHOT-GUN LIES**
**ACROSS HIS KNEES**—

Old John Brown,
Old John Brown.
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III KING SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

"And when the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon, . . . she came to prove him with hard questions."

[This chorus is an adaptation of the tune, You shall be free when the Good Lord sets you free. It is supposed to be sung at a camp meeting of thousands of colored people, the crowd weaving and dancing and humming after their accustomed manner.]

Interlocutor. The Queen of Sheba came to see King Solomon.
Men's Leader. I was King Solomon.
Women's Leader. I was the Queen.
Congregation. You shall be king and queen,
  Reigning on mountains green,
  Happy and free
  For ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s.

Interlocutor. K...i...n...g . . . Solomon he had four hundred oxen.
Field Hands. We were the oxen.
Congregation. You shall feel goads no more,
  Walk dreadful roads no more,
  Free from your loads
  For ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s.

Interlocutor. K...i...n...g . . . Solomon he had four hundred sweethearts.
Women's Chorus. We were the sweethearts.
Congregation—(delicately). You shall dance round again,
  Cymbals shall sound again,

[116]
King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba

Wild-flowers be found
For ten thousand years . . . y...e..a...r...s.

Interlocutor. And every sweetheart had four hundred swans.
Women's Chorus. We were the swans.
Congregation—(delicately). You shall spread wings again,
Fly in soft rings again,
Swim by cool springs
For ten thousand . . . y...e..a...r...s.

Interlocutor. K...i...n...g . . . S...o...l...o...n . .
K...i...n...g . . . S...o...l...o...n . .

Women's Leader. The Queen.. of Sheba asked him like a lady,
Bowing most politely:
“What makes the roses bloom
Over the mossy tomb,
Driving away the gloom
Ten thousand . . . y...e..a...r...s?”

Men's Leader. K...i...n...g. Solomon made answer to the lady,
Bowing most politely:
“They bloom forever thinking of your beauty,
Your step so queenly and your eyes so lovely.
That keeps the roses fair,
Young and without a care,
Making so sweet the air
Ten thousand . . . y...e..a...r...s.
Interlocutor. King Solomon he had four hundred sons.
Field Hands. We were the sons.
Congregation. Crowned by the throngs again,
You shall make songs again,
Singing along
For ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s.

Interlocutor. He gave each son four hundred prancing ponies.
Field Hands. We were the ponies.
Congregation. You shall eat hay again,
In forest play again,
Rampage and neigh
For ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s.

Men's Leader. Kin...g Solomon he asked the Queen of Sheba,
Bowing most politely:
"What makes the oak-tree grow
Hardy in sun and snow,
Never by wind brought low
Ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s?"

Women's Leader. The Queen of Sheba answered like a lady,
Bowing most politely:
"It blooms forever thinking of your wisdom,
Your brave heart and the way you rule your kingdom.
That makes the oak secure,
Weaving its leafy lure,
Dreaming by fountains pure
Ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s.”

Interlocutor. The Queen of Sheba had four hundred sailors.
Field Hands. We were the sailors.
Congregation. You shall bring spice and ore
    Over the ocean’s floor,
    Shipmates once more,
    For ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s.

Women’s Leader—(softly). The Queen of Sheba asked him
    like a lady,
    Bowing most politely:
    “Why is the sea so deep,
    What secret does it keep
    While tides a-roaring leap
    Ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s?”

Men’s Leader—(solemnly and ornately). K...i...n...g . . .
    Solomon made answer to the lady,
    Bowing most politely:
    “My love for you is like the stormy ocean—
    Too deep to understand,
    Bending to your command,
    Bringing your ships to land
    Ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s.”

Interlocutor. K...i...n...g . . . S...o...l...o...m...o...n.
    K...i...n...g . . . S...o...l...o...m...o...n.

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Congregation—(rapidly, with heavy accents). The teeth of all his chiefs were set with diamonds.

Field Hands. We were the chieftains.

Congregation. You shall be proud again,
    Dazzle the crowd again,
    Laughing aloud
    For ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s.

Interlocutor—(slowly and softly). K...i...n...g Solomon he had four hundred shepherds,

Field Hands. We were the shepherds.

Congregation. You shall have torches bright,
    Watching the folds at night,
    Guarding the lambs aright
    Ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s.

Men's Leader—(loud) and Field-hand Chorus—(softly).
    K...i...n...g Solomon he asked the Queen of Sheba,
    Bowing most politely:
    "Why are the stars so high,
    There in the velvet sky
    Rolling in rivers by
    Ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s?"

Women's Leader—(loud) and Women's Chorus—(softly).
    The Queen of Sheba answered like a lady,
    Bowing most politely:
    "They're singing of your kingdom to the angels;
King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba

They guide your chariot with their lamps and candles. Therefore they burn so far—
So you can drive your car
Up where the prophets are
Ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s.”

Interlocutor—(loud and full throated).

K...i...n...g . . . S...o...l...o...m...o...n . . .
K...i...n...g . . . S...o...l...o...m...o...n . . .

King Solomon he kept the Sabbath holy,
And spoke with tongues in prophet-words so mighty—
We stamped and whirled and wept and shouted,
 "Glory!"
We were his people.

Men's and Women's Leaders—(very softly and slowly).

You shall be wild and gay,
Green trees shall deck your way,
Sunday be every day
Ten thousand . . . y...e...a...r...s . . .
K...i...n...g . . . S...o...l...o...m...o...n . . .
K...i...n...g . . . S...o...l...o...m...o...n . . .

Vachel Lindsay
IN SUMMER

DEVICE

I

For a proud poet
The bitter chrysanthemum
Untamed by frost,
Spending gold in bleak weather.

II

Mine shall be
A lean geranium in a pot
Climbing the cottage pane.
Old leaves yellow and drop off,
New green puts out.
I like it for the pungent scent it gives
When you bruise it.
Though lacking sun it may never afford
A scarlet flower.

JEUNE FILLE

Beneath the ledges
Lie the pools—
Cupped in the ruddy rock,
Bright pools of mountain water,
Jeune Fille

Unimaginably clear.
There is no sky, no distance;
The friendly wood leans near.

In wet, luxurious moss I plant my feet,
Unimaginably white;
It pleases me to think of my white body here,
Released in fair water, to charm
A delicate lover.

PASTEL

She has a clear, wind-sheltered loveliness,
Like pale streams winding far and hills withdrawn
From the bright reaches of the noon. Dawn
Is her lifting fancy, but her heart
Is orchard boughs and dusk and quietness.

A GALLANT WOMAN

She burst fierce wine
From the tough skin of pain,
Like wind that wrings from rigid skies
A scant and bitter gleam,
Long after the autumnal dusk
Has folded all the valleys in.
SCHERZO

The elder's bridal in July,
Bright as a cloud!
A ripe blonde girl,
Billowing to the ground in foamy petticoats,
With breasts full-blown
Swelling her bodice.

But later
When the small black-ruddy berries
Tempt the birds to strip the stems,
And the leaves begin to yellow and fall off
While late summer's still in its green,
Then you look lank and used-up,
Elder;
Your big bones stick out,
You're the kind of woman
Wears bleak at forty.

I'll take my constant pleasure
In a willow-tree that ripples silver
All the summer.
And when the winter comes in greasy rags
Like a half-naked beggar,
Lets out the plaited splendor
Of her bright and glancing hair.

Clara Shanafelt
POEMS OF HAPPINESS

VISION

I entered the Cathedral—
Not a Gothic one, with broadly spreading arches,
But with dwarfed limbs, tortured
By economy.
It was draped in feeble mourning,
And a purple memorial to a ponderous bishop
Hung before the altar of Christ.

To the right was a candle-lit shrine,
Of raw colors.
Before it knelt a man—
Eyes closed, hands raised, lips moving—
A passion of prayer.

Perhaps he had been caught in a crime—
Was smitten with disease—owed money,
And was afraid.
Perhaps—perhaps—

But there was the faith—
Filling and surrounding him,
Filling the air, filling the church
With clouds of ecstasy.

And he crossed himself,
As if he marked the sign

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On his soul—
And on the world.

Then he took his paper
And his hat,
And went to catch the trolley.
Oh, my dim eyes!—
How often divinity wears
A derby hat,
And carries
A sporting extra!

**FAIR WEATHER AND I HAPPY**

The sky, yesterday heavy as earth,
Made me alone bear its weight.
Today it flies—floats—
High as Thy mercies:
And where the light is most glorious
There am I—at the zenith—
Singing with the sun.

**HAPPINESS**

A blue sky, with the morning’s freshness in it;
A live wind on the hill-top blowing free;
The thin clear pipe of some close-perching linnet:
Beyond the hills the sunlight on the sea.

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A CHILD'S GRACE

Down in time for breakfast!
And a clean green dress,
And my hair
Curled in six—
Three on one side
And three on the other;
And I
Very well washed
All over.
Opposite me is the Baby
With his bib—
Pink
With white elephants on it.
And there is mother
And father;
And we bend our heads
Over our blue plates with oranges.
Our grace is silent—
You can talk that way, you know,
To God,
Though sometimes you have to scream
At Baby—
To make him pay attention
If he is playing, and you want him to come.
After grace is over
I feel quite new
And very clean.  

Rosalind Mason

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MAGIC

We passed old farmer Boothby in the field. Rugged and straight he stood, his body steeled With stubbornness and age. We met his eyes That never flinched or turned to compromise, And “Luck!” he cried, “good luck!”—and waved an arm, Knotted and sailor-like, such as no farm In all of Maine could boast of; and away He turned again to pitch his new-cut hay. We walked on leisurely until a bend Showed him once more, now working toward the end Of one great path; wearing his eighty years Like banners lifted in a wind of cheers.

Then we turned off abruptly—took the road Cutting the village, the one with the commanding View of the river. And we strode More briskly now to the long pier that showed Where the frail boats were kept at Indian Landing. In the canoe we stepped, our paddles dipped Leisurely downwards, and the slim bark slipped More on than in the water. Smoothly then We shot its nose against the rippling current, Feeling the rising river’s half-deterrent Pull on the paddle as we turned the blade To keep from swerving round; while we delayed To watch the curious wave-eaten locks;
Or pass, with lazy turns, the picnic-rocks.
Blue eels flew under us, and fishes darted
A thousand ways; the once broad channel shrunk.
And over us the wise and noble-hearted
Twilight leaned down; the sunset mists were parted;
And we, with thoughts on tiptoe, slunk
Down the green alleys of the Kennebunk.

Motionless in the meadows
The trees, the rocks, the cows.
And quiet dripped from the shadows
Like rain from heavy boughs.

The tree-toads started ringing
Their ceaseless silver bells;
A land-locked breeze came swinging
Its censer of earthy smells.

The river’s tiny cañon
Stretched into dusky lands;
Like a dark and silent companion
Evening held out her hands.

Hushed were the dawn’s bravados,
Loud noon was a silenced cry;
And Quiet slipped from the shadows
As stars slip out of the sky.

It must have been an hour more, or later,
When, tramping homeward through the piney wood,
We felt the years fly back, the brotherhood
Of forests took us—and we saw the satyr!
There in a pool, up to his neck, he stood
And grinned to see us stare, incredulous—
Too startled to remember fear or flight.
Feeling the menace in the crafty night,
We turned to run—when lo, he called to us!—
Using our very names he called. We drew
With creaking courage down the avenue
Of birches till we saw, with clearing sight,
(No longer through a tricky pale-green light)
Familiar turns and shrubs, the friendly path—
And Farmer Boothby in his woodland bath!
The woods became his background; every tree
Seemed part of him, and stood erect, and shared
The beauty of that gnarled serenity,
The quiet vigor of age that smiled and squared
Its shoulders against Time. And even Night
Flowed in and out of him, as though content
With such an element;
Happy to move about a spirit quite
As old, as placid and as confident.

Sideways we turned. All glistening and unclad
He leaped up on the bank, light as a lad,
His body in the moonlight dripping stars.
We went on homeward, through the pasture-bars.
Beauty shall not lead me—
No, on no more passionate and never-ending quests.
I am tired of stumbling after her
Through wild, familiar forests and strange morasses—
Tired of breaking my heart and losing my sleep, following
a fitful gleam.

Beauty, you shall fly before me no longer—
Smiling, looking back over your shoulder with beckoning
blushes—
Wanton, trickster, trifler with weak men;
Demanding all and giving nothing in return
But furious dreams and shattering visions.

Beauty, I shall have you—
Not in imagination only, but in the flesh.
You will pursue me with untiring breath, you will press
by my side wherever I go.
Even in the muddy squalor and the thick welter of ugliness,
You shall run to me and put your arms about my hips, and
cling to me;
And, try as I will, you will never be shaken off.

Beauty, I know you now—
And knowing (and loving) you, I will thirst for you no
longer...
Yes, I shall have you—
For I shall run on recklessly
And you will follow after!

Louis Untermeyer

MOON IN THE MORNING

What dost thou, so ghostly white
In the halls of day?—
Facing the triumphant light,
Reveler astray?

When thy silver court was kept,
Thou and thine were free,
And the sun, while dotards slept,
Did not spy on thee.

Scent of jasmine, voices low,
Dost thou seek them yet—
Lovers of the long ago
Thou canst not forget?

Day's gay banners all unfurled
Flaunt from sea to sea:
All the work of all the world
Calls the sun and me.
Moon in the Morning

Nay, thou shalt not bid me stand!
   Nay, I will not yield!
Strong to-day in my right hand
   Is the brand I wield.

Then aroint thee, shadow fly!
   Wherefore haunt me so—
Hanging mournful in the sky,
   Pale and loath to go?

Mary Eleanor Roberts

ECHO

Love said farewell, yet not with moan or tears
Did he recall the gladness of the years
We walked together. With a little laugh—
Ah, but no weeping ever could be half
So sad!—out from my open door he went,
His bowed wings torn, his breathing slow and spent.
And, though I know not whither he is gone,
I hear his laughter from the dusk till dawn!

Charlotte Becker
THE WOOD BROOK

Like some wild child that laughs and weeps,
Impatient of its mother's arms,
The wood brook from the hillside leaps,
Eager to reach the neighboring farms:
Complaining crystal in its throat
It bubbles a protesting note.

The wild-flowers that the forest weaves
To deck it with are thrust aside;
And all the little happy leaves,
That would detain it, are denied:
It must be gone; it does not care;
Away, away, no matter where.

Ah, if it knew what work awaits
Beyond the woodland's peace and rest,
What toil and soil of man's estates,
What contact with life's sorriest—
A different mind it then might keep
And hush its frenzy into sleep.

Make of its trouble there a pool,
A dim circumference filled with sky
And trees, wherein the beautiful
Contemplates silence with a sigh,
The Wood Brook

As mind communicates with mind
Of intimate things they have in kind.

Encircled of the wood’s repose,
Contentment then to it would give
The peace of lily and of rose,
And love of all wild things that live;
And let it serve as looking-glass
For myths and dreams the wildwood has.

THE DEAD CHILD

She made the garden her fast friend: then she
And it in Autumn faded quietly.
The sunlight went. And then they fell asleep,
And lay beneath one covering white and deep.

Now all at once the garden wakes to light:
And still the child sleeps on clasped close in night.
“Where dost thou hide?” the garden seems to purr,
And asks again and yet again for her.

The azure wind seeks softly for her face;
Peers in the house: “Come from thy hiding place!
Thou dost thyself a wrong! Where art thou gone?
Come let us see the new frock thou hast on.”

Madison Cawein
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DESIRE

I would send these dreams of yours and mine re-borning;
I would send our love out to seek noble flight—
Over the interminable mountains of the morning,
Over the endless oceans of the night.
I would put the lightness of it into laughter,
I would put the sorrow of it into song—
That should go echoing on for ages after,
That should make glad the world whole aeons long.
I would tell in deathless paint the glory of it;
I would tell in immutable stone its majesty—
To halo it and hold a light above it,
To temper it with immortality.

    I would spin it to the heavens, span on span . . .
    Were I but—oh, a little more than man!

THE DRINKER

Tired of the world and weary of its ways,
Lonely and old and broken now, he nods
Among the idols he mistook for gods,
A ruin in the wreck of yesterdays.
And since his mad past must be hung in haze,
Since he must fog his senses lest he think
How youth and hope and all were lost in drink,
Since he must never know how high he pays,
The Drinker

He sits and sips and gives himself to dreams,
Fond dreams wherein he sees himself again
The lad who thought that life was all it seems.
And now there is a glory in his eyes;
Forgotten are the bitterness and pain
Of the rue years—this is his paradise.

YOU CAME AND WENT

All as a bird sails through the silent night,
On swift wings bent,
Leaving a wake of music in its flight,
You came and went.

H. Thompson Rich
LAMENT

A daughter wails by the coffin of her mother:
   O my little mother! O my little comforter! O my little defender! Thanks unto your little hands that brought me up, thanks unto your little legs that walked beside me, thanks unto your mind that taught me, thanks unto your little mouth that spoke to me so kindly.

   Who shall speak to me kindly now, who shall teach me kindly? My little mother, who shall defend me now? to whom shall I complain now? with whom shall I speak? The cuckoo of the woods ceases to cry, but I never shall cease.

   My mother, you do not sigh any more. My mother, you do not groan, my little mother. Say a word to me, give consolation to my mournful little heart.

   All the night I am trying to talk to you, yet I hear not a word from my little mother.

   O my little mother, the little guest! O my little mother, the wanderer!

   Ah, they build for my little mother a home of white boards without a window of glass, without a door. You will not see, my mother, the sun rising, neither the sun setting.

   The last time, the last little short while now we are talking to each other. Oh, if I could, I would wake up my dear little mother.
Lament

Oh, when will you come to me, when will you visit me? From which country shall I await you? From which corner shall I greet you? Mother mine, day and night I shall walk, but I'll meet you nowhere, but I'll find you nowhere.

II

Ah, my little mother, you have left me, a little orphan, and now where am I to go, where am I to conceal myself, where find a shelter? Ah, every wind will blow on me now, every rain will find me now.

O my little mother, the summer will come, the cuckoo will cry in the woods, and I shall think that those are the words of my mother.

I shall come to the grave of my little mother, and there on the path I'll find the green grass growing and the white little clovers curling.

My father, my old wise head, will you recognize my little mother there? Oh, my father, meet my little mother, I pray you, take her by her white little hands, and place her on the bench of the Souls of the Dead.

O my little mother, say thanks unto your young little brothers and your little neighbors who build for you a new little home without windows and without doors. Oh, my little mother, how will you bear the new boards? Oh, how will you bear the brown earth on you?

From a Lithuanian folk-song—translated by Kleofas Jurgelionis
SOMEWHERE I have read a quaint old myth of a goblin who, blowing the fog out of his face, started a tempest which went careering around the world. Now and then I feel like that goblin. Is it possible that less than four years ago poetry was "the Cinderella of the arts"? Already a great wind is blowing her ashes away, and on the horizon are rolling dust-clouds which may conceal a coach and four—or is it an automobile?

For there must be some gift of the gods in the large and many-colored cloud of words which fills our eyes and ears. Never before was there so much talk about poetry in this western world, or so much precious print devoted to its schools and schisms. This is at it should be, no doubt. It may be evidence of that "poetic renaissance" which some of us profess already to be living in; or at least it may initiate that "great audience" which will be ready for the renaissance when it comes. A breach has been made, we may hope, in that stone wall of public apathy which tended to silence the singer ere he began. By and by he may win—who knows?—academic honors, prizes, travelling scholarships, admission to Arts Clubs and American Academies at Rome, even prices that would mean "a living wage."

The different points of view from which modern poetry may be regarded have been conveniently epitomized this
Various Views

spring in Chicago by a number of lecturers. We may pass over Mr. Masefield, because his talk did not touch upon his contemporaries, and come to the series given at the Little Theatre by Mr. Maurice Browne, Miss Amy Lowell, and Mr. Arthur Ficke.

Mr. Browne dealt chiefly with the spiritual austerities of the art. He warned us—the American people—that we were shirking truth, shirking life, and that our poets, with few exceptions, were too consistently expressing this attitude. He repeated the familiar—and, I think, essentially superficial—accusation that our ideals are wholly material, and compared our contemporary poetry unfavorably with that of England—a land which seemed to him, under the stress of war, vibrant with beautiful and noble song. Although some of us could not agree with this estimate of relative values, and even wondered whether the speaker had penetrated to the heart of our democracy, we were stirred by his plea for the primal simplicities, the austere aspirations, which underlie great poetry.

Miss Lowell was more specific. Her subject was the new movement in poetry, which began, she was gracious enough to say, with the publication of our first number, in October, 1912. She grouped the more significant first appearances around this date, Pound coming a little before, and Lindsay, Frost, Lawrence, Sandburg, Masters, the imagists and the Georgian group a little later. By the new movement she meant that definite separation from the Victorian tradition—that greater austerity of meaning, economy
of phrase and freedom of rhythmic movement—of which imagism, her special topic, became one important manifestation. The heredity of the new movement may be traced, she thought, in two streams: the imagists from Coleridge and Poe, through the French symbolists whom these two poets greatly influenced; and other free-verse poets from Whitman, who, though almost without prototype, may be considered something of an admixture of the ethical spirit of Wordsworth with the free, beauty-loving spirit of Coleridge. The speaker then presented, in her most brilliant and persuasive manner, her ideas of the laws and boundaries of imagism, confining her discussion of it chiefly to the group represented in the Houghton-Mifflin anthologies.

Mr. Ficke’s contribution to the symposium was a plea for the older forms. Free verse he thought an instrument of narrow range, and imagism effective only in the presentation of detached details, incapable of larger completeness. The poet finds freedom, he thought, only in chains; the closer his metric, the greater his joy in fitting his pace to the pattern of its measures.

And finally, before the Fortnightly, the oldest of Chicago’s women’s clubs, Mr. Witter Bynner disposed of the “new movement” altogether. Modern poetry—his topic confined him to British poets—began, in his opinion, with Kipling and the Shropshire Lad, it continues with Alfred Noyes and Masefield and Moira O’Neill (who is greater than Yeats!), and the dear public is always right about it. He was vagarious enough to admit that Mr. Hueffer’s On Heaven, though neither Kiplingesque nor Noyesy, is the
finest poem of the decade, but he worked off a long-cherished grudge against the imagists, hurling more adjectives at their devoted heads than one may find in all their poems. Mr. Pound especially was shown up as that son of shame, the good poet gone wrong—a dark mixer of poisons for the innocent.

It might be in order to submit—if the point were not too obvious—that much of Kipling, and possibly a very little of Alfred Noyes, will have the kind of permanent rank in poetry which Verdi and Massenet will doubtless hold in music, and that the Shropshire Lad must always be cherished as one of the pure singers, as exquisite in simplicity and clarity as a fine soprano voice; but that all of these, however valuable, stand outside the procession, "the movement." They are not the torch-bearers of the art, bringing a new motive and manner, passing on the flame to the future, like Tchaikovsky and Debussy and Richard Strauss in music. Probably it is too early to determine whether Masters or Sandburg, Pound or Hueffer, or any of the imagists whom Miss Lowell admires and Mr. Bynner despises, will be proved torch-bearers in this high sense. Some of us think that the wise future will accord that rank to a few of them. If not, then there are no torches aflame in the art at present, and no "movement" to talk about.

But in all the talk there is something which does not quite satisfy, still less inspire. No doubt the note of partisan ardor is the proper and inevitable thing; thus have the battles of art been fought from the beginning of time, whenever and wherever art has been vital and sincere. Yet I
find myself wishing for less seriousness, less dogmatism, less exactitude in the drawing of lines and definitions; and for more urbanity, more gaiety, more sense of perspective, more of that fundamental humor which recognizes that we human beings are all motes dancing in shade or sun, and that art is merely the push of certain particles toward the golden gleam of beauty. Is it not indeed, one of the true functions of art, as of religion, to keep man in his place, to rebuke his intense and absurd preoccupations with business or power, with love or war or glory, by reminding him of the infinite, revealing those vast spaces beyond the range of his marching feet, his reaching hands, his soaring spirit? Only thus, through intuition of his littleness, is he made aware of his greatness as a necessary motive in the universal scheme, and taken out of the dull and narrow range of unimaginative existence.

H. M.

THis CONSTANT PREACHING TO THE MOB

Time and again the old lie. There is no use talking to the ignorant about lies, for they have no criteria. Deceiving the ignorant is by some regarded as evil, but it is the demagogue’s business to bolster up his position and to show that God’s noblest work is the demagogue. Therefore we read again for the one-thousand-one-hundred-and-eleventh time that poetry is made to entertain. As follows: “The beginnings of English poetry . . . made by a rude war-faring people for the entertainment of men-at-arms, or for men at monks’ tables.”

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Either such statements are made to curry favor with other people sitting at fat sterile tables, or they are made in an ignorance which is charlatanry when it goes out to vend itself as sacred and impeccable knowledge.

"The beginnings—for entertainment"—has the writer of this sentence read *The Seafarer* in Anglo-Saxon? Will the author tell us for whose benefit these lines, which alone in the works of our forebears are fit to compare with Homer—for whose entertainment were they made? They were made for no man's entertainment, but because a man believing in silence found himself unable to withhold himself from speaking. And that more uneven poem, *The Wanderer*, is like to this, a broken man speaking:

Ne maeg werigmod wryde withstondan  
ne se hreo hyge helpe gefremman:  
for thon domgeorne dreorigne oft  
in hrya breostcofan bindath faeste.

"For the doom-eager bindeth fast his blood-bedraggled heart in his breast"—an apology for speaking at all, and speech only pardoned because his captain and all the sea-faring men and companions are dead; some slain of wolves, some torn from the cliffs by sea-birds whom they had plundered.

Such poems are not made for after-dinner speakers, nor was the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*. Still it flatters the mob to tell them that their importance is so great that the solace of lonely men, and the lordliest of the arts, was created for their amusement.  

*Ezra Pound*
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

NOTES ON THE BOOKER WASHINGTON TRILOGY

Ideas are raging through the brains of even the duskiest of the negro leaders, and one can handle for such an audience almost any large thought he thinks he understands. He can put it into negro poetry, I maintain, if he is man enough, and still have it negro poetry. But he must keep his manner bright-colored, full-throated, relaxed and tropical. By manner I do not mean dialect. There are innumerable Pullman porters who speak English in a close approach to the white man's way. But their thoughts and fancies are still straight from the jungle.

I have dedicated this trilogy to the memory of Booker T. Washington. Several years ago a band of able people from Tuskegee came to the I. N. G. Arsenal of Springfield, Illinois, and sang to an audience largely black, for the benefit of their school. The leader explained in plain white-man's English, that while there were trained musicians in the company who could do the average concert thing after the manner of white people, the music department of Tuskegee was bending such skill as it had to the development of the old plantation songs and camp-meeting spirituals, as a real basis for the future music of the race. So we had the original melodies, plus brains.

I have tried to assimilate their idea, in this Booker Washington memorial.

Simon Legree is an Afro-American grotesque, John Brown an Afro-American hero tale, King Solomon an Afro-American jubilee song. Legree is a serious attempt to record the
devil-fear that haunts the race, though it is written with a humorous close. *John Brown* records the race patriotism, with a flare of rebellion, *King Solomon* the race utopianism, with an overgrowth of the tropical.

Almost any reading negro, whatever his shrewd silence during working hours, is bound to remember *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with gratitude, and *John Brown* as well. He is bound to have an infinite variety of thoughts about them, grave and gay. And negro leaders of whatever faction hope for the day when their race will be truly redeemed. They look forward to it with the same passion that moves the other idealists of the world, but with an utterly different imagination.

Their year of jubilee is indeed distant. The *King Solomon* poem looks as far into the future as the *Chinese Nightingale* into the past, and may be considered its direct antithesis in many ways.

I am conscious that Booker Washington might have looked upon the mere titles and ostensible themes of these pieces with a certain good-natured irony; and I am not attempting to commit him posthumously to any of my views of his race. He was all for common sense, and friendship with good white people. He was for self-help and the attaining of the millenium one plain step at a time.

The stanza that directly applies to him is the one on King Solomon’s shepherds, for Booker Washington was certainly a shepherd of the sheep. A mere incident of his shepherding was the correct art theory of his Tuskegee
singers. Standing on that theory I offer this trilogy. Upon that theory I have tried to produce something that will interest the more sophisticated colored people as art first of all. I have left out dialect in the spelling as an irrelevant matter; and I have tried to leave out stupidity in the plot as no longer essential in attempting work tropical and strictly Afro-American.

V. L.

REVIEWS

MR. MASTERS' NEW BOOK

_Songs and Satires_, by Edgar Lee Masters. Macmillan Co.

This poet has been likened to Chaucer, and it may be that in nothing does the resemblance apply more than in his exuberance. Chaucer was no pruner and whittler; if the cost of parchment and copyists did not cut down his product in the fourteenth century, the multiplicity of books would not frighten him to-day. He would pour out his soul as freely and carelessly now as then, because of the overflowing of life from deep wells within him. And his public would have to take or leave what he might choose to give them—they could not dictate.

So Mr. Masters, now that he has found his public, refuses to coddle it. If _Spoon River_ was his speech to the jury in the great court-room of life, this new book is informal talking and story-swapping after the court has adjourned. The excited galleries would like to have the speech go on, but there is a time for all things: another masterpiece tomorrow
Mr. Masters' New Book

maybe—meantime let's talk about Helen of Troy, or Saint Peter, or the way God makes atoms and worlds, or Jim's rather plodding love affair, or my best beloved uncle, or any old queerness of this antic-loving planet. And talk he does—"very near singing," sometimes; and more entertainingly and with more variety than any other poet in seven counties—I mean countries.

Thus the new book is all kinds for all men—good, bad or indifferent, just as it happens. But if Helen of Troy is almost the worst poem which that long-suffering lady has ever had to endure, So we Grew together, and Silence, and Simon Surnamed Peter, and The Cocked Hat and William Marion Reedy, are fascinating, intriguing poems of beauty and passion; yes, and also, quite surprisingly, those three on legendary subjects—the two Lancelot ballads, which throw Tennyson's expurgated version into the discard by giving us the real Malory; and the finely intuitive Saint Francis and Lady Clare, which strips bare the impassioned soul of a nun, revealing her quaintly mediaeval, ecstatic religiosity.

Here, in short, is a big, all-round, profoundly imaginative poet. Not one of fine shades and nice selections, an exact student of his own art; but a real man and a generous lover of life, who is kindled to a singing flame by the mysterious harmonies and discords of the world. He lights up for us not only wide open spaces, but all sorts of odd tricks and dark corners; sometimes with a white fire of truth, and again, with smoky, earth-smelling, loud-crackling laughter.
And he speaks in our idiom. He is modern in our time just as Dante was in his, or Molière in his; like them at heart a haughty idealist, he also is bent upon pulling down the hollow shells of outworn systems which have thickened and darkened around the souls of men, and showing us how to build the new more democratic city toward which our steps are stumbling.

The absurdity and divinity of that morsel of dust and fire which we call a human being—what modern poet, what modern writer, expresses this with such uncanny intimacy as Mr. Masters? Was satire ever more searching than in *A Cocked Hat*—or, in a certain sense, more loving, as the best satire must be? Mr. Bryan's portrait—the majestic failure of his career—is painted for all time; and incidentally the facile ideals and weaknesses of the "typical American" are held up for his own sober second thought. And the same theme—the divinity and absurdity of man—is treated in a mood of serious sympathy in *So We Grew Together* and *All Life in a Life,* and in a mood of exaltation in *The Cry, The Conversation* and *The Star.*

There are those, strangely enough, who find in *Spoon River* a "shriveling of life," failing to see the fierce, white-hot idealism which vitalizes its bitter knowledge. Perhaps they may find it in this new volume. At any rate we may set down here for their benefit the book's concluding lines, from one of its most loftily beautiful poems, *The Star.* The passage is the prayer of "mad Frederick":

> Give me to understand, O Star,  
> Your inner self, your eternal spirit,

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Mr. Masters' New Book

That I may have you and not images of you,
So that I may know what has driven me through the world,
And may cure my soul.
For I know you are Eternal Love,
And I can never escape you.
And if I cannot escape you,
Then I must serve you.
And if I must serve you,
It must be to good and not ill.
You have brought me from the forest of pools
And the images of stars,
Here to the Hill's top.
Where now do I go?
And what shall I do?

H. M.

THE RADICALS


One cannot review this collection without connecting it with the magazine Others from which it is taken, so I may as well say that for its editor I have nothing but praise, and I believe that its most radical experiments—the works of Mina Loy, Rodker, Sanborn, etc.,—should be published. I assume that even Miss Monroe, whose editorial ideal evidently is for poems of more artistic permanence than many in this volume are, will agree with me that every lover of art, no matter what his own tastes are, should encourage the more experimental work too. Besides we have here many things for which we can only be grateful.

Pound's Shop-girl is lovely; the beginning is as good as some of the Chinese masterpieces he has recreated for us. In Another Man's Wife he has caught a delicate charm in the
bloom; it is an expression of a rare and pure artistic refinement. Arensberg's June and The Swan stand up well beside these. Graceful as the tilting of a bird is the greater part of Peter Quince, in spite of some slight technical defects in the construction. Some of Miss Crapsey's Cinquains are lovely. Kreymborg's Convention and some of his Variations, are with us to stay, no matter what form poetry may take in the future. Eliot's Portrait of a Woman, though reminiscent of Henry James, is skilfully done, and haunts the reader. I like it better than his Love-song of J. Alfred Prufrock, as here the writer is less interested in futuristic effects, and is trying to express the drama to the best of his ability. Francis Gregg's Quest is somewhat commonplace, and Iris is a lifeless imitation of H. D., but Perché is lovely, and, like H. D.'s poem about the rose in In the Garden, which appeared in Poetry, is a step into a new style. Les Ombres de la Mer has this quality in a lesser degree. Horace Holley's You possesses it too.

Mary Aldis' Three Sisters is interesting as a study of temperaments, and it has a charm of wistfulness hard to define. R. C. Brown, too, is interesting. W. C. Williams is not represented by as good work as he has had in Poetry, but his workmanship is almost always careful, and the spirit of his poems is always sincere. This remark applies to Carl Sandburg as well. I like also Helen Hoyt's unique Coignes and Homage; this latter poem has a quality which is hard to describe. Perhaps the popular term "dear" comes nearest. Mr. Ficke's poem would have been better without the in-
introduction. He has all of us, with our conventional ideas, for an audience, and does not need a special one. But I believe Mr. Ficke only feels really free when he has half a dozen or more chains around him.

But there are many things in this collection that are not beautiful, even if one takes the word in its most modern sense.

Skipwith Cannéll's preface of several pages is of some interest, but the poetry that one expects after so long a preface is not there. I may as well here express the startling opinion to which many poets will object, that repeating the Nietzsche which one has picked up from Bernard Shaw and newspaper gossip is not poetry. There was a real Nietzsche, and he has written much better poetry, though in prose form, than any of his "interpreters." The influence of Gauguin I could not find—unless it is in the spacing.

Of Rodker's contributions, Twilight and Lunatic seem the best, but they lack depth. It is book-impressionism. When one compares The Dutch Dolls with that somewhat disagreeable but sincere bit of work, W. C. Williams' Ogre, for instance, one can see how superficial it is.

Under the thin or thick veil of obscurity some of these poets are tempted toward a more or less delicate charlatanism, poor workmanship, vulgar smartness, etc.; then there are also the newest clichés, which save the writer real thinking; and one can only be grateful that poets do not more often and more fully take advantage of these opportunities.

Some of the writers in this volume are over tempted.
Robert Alden Sanborn is one of these. At the risk of being unfair to him I will take him as an example because I believe he is talented enough to be worth stirring up. The lotus "animate, winged for escape," though not new, is passable; "To the cupped hand of night" is lovely; but "Scooping green and pink stars out of the unknown abysses of space" is of the new clichés—it is in the air if you just reach out your finger for it, as much as any of the older ones. "The stem hinting of some old connection, forgotten scandal in the taciturn mud" is a dull, forced, and not clearly realized piece of writing—insincere. "Close as leaves fallen on wet grass" describes the situation there badly; it is taken almost bodily from Pound, and is brought in only for its "newness."

The quality and workmanship in Mr. Bodenheim's poems in this collection are much better than in his earlier ones; yet even here the poet can not always resist using the most puzzling and shocking pigment instead of the simplest and most suitable, as—"A filled chest unable to open itself," in a poem otherwise very good. In this manner there is the temptation to make a commonplace main idea do, as all of Mina Loy's poems, interesting as they are as an experiment, will prove to anyone who penetrates her color-jargon. I think "Evening in which they hang up the crude little Japanese-lanterns of their thoughts on the ever-swaying strings of their minds," is not any better than the same thought expressed more directly. The art-value of rope-dancing lies in the dance-rhythm only; in nothing else.
Taken as a whole, I think the volume interesting and stimulating. When one tries to realize clearly all the drudgery, toil and self-sacrifice involved in such pioneer editing, one must extend to Mr. Kreymborg hearty good wishes for success in his venture.

Max Michelson

THE BROOKE LETTERS

Henry James's last gracious service was to introduce Rupert Brooke—that being, "young, happy, radiant, extraordinarily endowed and irresistibly attaching," whose life in England and whose death among the Greek Islands have lately received such wide celebration. Mr. James first met Brooke in that delectable tract, the Cambridge "backs," and wondered what so splendid a setting could do with "the added grace of such a person;" wondered, too, why the youth, pointed out as a poet, should need to be a poet: why should he specialize—why be anything but his own attractive self?

Well, Brooke in his Letters from America is not a poet. He is a kind, humorous, intelligent young gentleman, somewhat puzzled in an alien field, trying to mix as far as may be, and hoping not to be unduly fastidious and difficult. His first encounter is of course with New York. He deals cautiously and forbearingly with its superficial aspects—its streets by day and by night. He lets off a set piece of his own on the town's electric signs, with such aids, mythological and philosophical, as are at the finger tips of a young uni-
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versity man, and it is only from farthest Ontario that he gives his real impression in one word—New York is "hellish." He does better with Boston than with New York, and better with Quebec than with Boston.

By the same token, he does better with the Canadian Rockies than with Eastern Canada, and better with Samoa than with the Canadian Rockies. He seems, in one phase, a child of nature, impatient with the repellent rawnesses of a new "civilization," and ever welcoming the simpler types and wider spaces that lie beyond. He treats the older Canada with an incisive, cursory disdain; one feels that, in noting its crudities and corruptions, he is but registering another deferred opinion on things upon our own side of the line.

Niagara, the Saguenay, the mountains around Calgary, the Indians, the sea-enwrapped Samoans—such are the things that stir his nature and bring the poetical phrases to his pen. Better these than the bumptious sophistications of our new cities; but better still than these the ripe, settled time-worn ways of his own native village. Brooke, like James himself, misses in new lands the "moral interest." Ours is a new world indeed; virginal; "a godless place." There are "no ghosts of lovers in Canadian lanes." It is possible, at a pinch, to "do without gods." But—"one misses the dead."

Caught between a citizen of Edmonton and one of Calgary, each boasting the growth of his own town in wealth and population, Brooke sends his thoughts back to Grantchester, which at Doomsday Book numbered four hundred
souls, but has now declined to three hundred and fifty. "They seemed perplexed and angry."

On the whole, a book not greatly important in itself; but welcome indeed as showing certain facets of a rich, vivid, attractive nature, and as helping to furnish forth a youth who, otherwise, would be none too heavily documented for the prized and permanent place he will hold in English letters.

H. B. F.

CORRESPONDENCE

I

Dear Editor: Looking over the new number of POETRY this morning—when I ought to be at work—I notice that you again suggest, as several times before, that college faculties are not interested in the present-day poetic movements, and I feel moved to enter a quiet protest. I will leave Yale and Mount Holyoke and others to speak for themselves, but here at Wellesley, founded by an enthusiastic lover of poetry, the late Henry F. Durant, we have, since those early days when we listened to the voices of Longfellow and Matthew Arnold, reading their poems on our chapel platform, down to this very year, in which seven poets—Mr. Masefield, Mrs. Marks, Miss Lowell, Mr. Dole, Miss Converse, Mrs. Evans and Mr. Lindsay—have read to us, held current poetry in honor. I have, too, a senior one-hour-a-week course in twentieth century poetry, giving the first semester to English poets and the second to American. Taking our English semester, for example, we have discussed in the classroom
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Meredith, Hardy and Bridges, Kipling, Newbolt and Noyes, Yeats, A. E. and Fiona McLeod, Masefield and Gibson, while the students made studies, embodied in typed papers that went the rounds of the class, of the younger men—each choosing her own poet—represented in the Georgian anthologies. Moreover, we take POETRY.

Katharine Lee Bates

II

Editor of POETRY: A. C. H.'s criticisms in your May number are amusing but childish. They ignore the fact (or do they juggle with the truth?) that the "I" used by the school of poets criticised is a vicarious "I"—a pronoun representing a type and not a person.

Alice Groff

III

To Sandburg:

Maybe I am an I-am-it.
But you and your You-are-it song
Have cracked my ear so wide and deep
That the blood of the world flows in
Drowning my me-love.

Sing,
Sing till the last dam falls,
And old blood, new blood, owner and all
Rush along in I-love.

Alfred Kreymborg
PRIZE ANNOUNCEMENT

Never has Poetry undertaken a task so difficult as this awarding of a prize in its one-act play contest. In the first place, we have to admit that none of the submitted plays unites under a single title our own conditions of poetic beauty, actability, and a subject either American or of modern significance through "life unlocalized." Among the six plays, sifted out of nearly an hundred, which seem to the judges most worthy of consideration, the choice must involve a compromise in one direction or another.

Only one of the six, The Lynching, is a straight treatment of a modern American theme. Another, The Daughter of the Sun, is a play of prehistoric legendary life and myth in Arizona or New Mexico. A third, The Garden, is a study of temperament, a symbolic presentation of life as it appears to the American young girl.

The other three plays are all exotic. One, The Shadow, is placed "somewhere in the East," and the motive is frankly Buddhistic, though the judges think they find in it an allegoric treatment of the present international problem—man's hesitation between the pacifist and the militarist ideals. In the other two, though the scenes are laid in San Francisco and Pennsylvania, the characters are chiefly Chinese; and it is these two, strangely enough, which, because of their poetic or dramatic quality, have seemed to the judges the chief claimants for the prize.

In their final decision the judges find themselves forced
to choose between a pretty and dramatically competent play on a tenderly human subject, and a strange and fantastic work of original genius, which, whatever its dramatic value, and however diverting or repelling its story, has extraordinary poetic beauty, and presents symbolically a profound truth of our mysterious earthly existence. As to its actability, opinions differ. Two or three experienced producers in the art theatre movement think that a stage production would clarify and intensify its subtle poetic significance and beauty; but most of the judges doubt if it would "get across" to more than a fraction of the audience. They feel, however, that it is an outreaching experiment; that, whether it is wholly achieved or not, the fire and light in it may blaze new trails; that in this formative moment of our poetic drama, when the future looks large before us and nobody can tell what it will bring forth, the original creative impulse should be encouraged. POETRY has stood from the beginning for the original creative impulse, for the outreaching experiment. Its course is not safe and sane, perhaps, but it must continue in this spirit—it must place its stake on human genius, and follow with a certain loyalty the wayward torch of beauty, even though ignorant where it will lead.

It is in this spirit that the judges award the prize of one hundred dollars, offered by an anonymous donor for a one-act poetic play, to

MR. WALLACE STEVENS

for Three Travellers Watch a Sunrise.

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The following plays receive honorable mention:


*The Daughter of the Sun*, by Marian Keep Patton.

*The Garden*, by Florence Kiper Frank.

*The Shadow*, by Perry B. Corneau.

*The Lynching*, by Miriam Allen de Ford.

The prize-winning play will be printed in either the July or the August number of *Poetry*.

One of the judges dissents from the above award.

NOTES

Mr. Vachel Lindsay, of Springfield, Illinois, is well known to readers of *Poetry*, which last autumn awarded to him the Helen Haie Levinson prize for *The Chinese Nightingale*. Mr. Lindsay's two most recent volumes are prose—*The Art of the Moving Picture* and *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty* (Macmillan Co.).

Mary Eleanor Roberts (Mrs. John B.), of Philadelphia, is the author of *Cloth of Frieze* (Lippincott, 1911).

None of the other contributors has published a volume as yet. Miss Clara Shanafelt, of Canton, Ohio, was represented in the imagist number of the London *Egoist*, as well as other numbers, and she has appeared in other progressive magazines. Mr. H. Thompson Rich, of Rutherford, New Jersey, was recently graduated from Dartmouth and has published verse in one or two magazines. Miss Rosalind Mason is a young Chicago poet, a graduate of Bryn Mawr.

Mr. Kleofas Jurgelionis is the editor of a Lithuanian paper printed in Chicago. Last year he published a translation of *Macbeth* into Lithuanian verse.

Our readers will welcome two posthumous poems by the late Madison Cawein.
BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:
The Road to Everywhere, by Glenn Ward Dresbach. Gorham Press.
The Victory, by Charles Keeler. Laurence J. Gomme.
Seven Sonnets and Ode to the Merry Moment, by Hiram Powers Dilworth. Privately printed.
Wintergreen, by Marvin Manam Sherrick. Badger.
Selected Poems, by Aaron Schaffer. Poet-lore Co.
At the Edge of the World, by Caroline Stern. Gorham Press.
Poems, by Najah E. Woodward. Poet-lore Co.

PLAYS:
Madonna Dianora, by Hugo Von Hoffmannsthal. Translated from the German by Harriet Betty Boas. Richard C. Badger.

PROSE:
Reveries over Childhood and Youth, by William Butler Yeats. Macmillan Co.
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