

# Prize Awards

VOL. IX

NO. II

# Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

NOVEMBER 1916

Snow . . . . .	Robert Frost	57
To W. J. C. . . . .	Harriet Monroe	73
Old Folk-songs of Ukraina . . . . .	Florence Randal Livesay	74
The Kalina—Song of Departure—Ruthenian Lovers—My Field		
Four Japanese Paintings I-IV . . . . .	Arthur Davison Ficke	77
New Verse . . . . .	William Carlos Williams	81
Love-song—Naked—Marriage—Apology—Summer Song—The Old Worshipper		
Editorial Comment . . . . .		87
Truth and the Paradox—Poem-games		
Reviews . . . . .		90
Mr. Hagedorn's Clytemnestra—A Decade of Gibson—Tangled Trees—Stephens' Road to Dublin—Other Books of Verse		
Announcement of Awards—Correspondence—Notes . . . . .		106

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**Poetry**  
A Magazine of Verse

VOL. IX  
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NOVEMBER, 1916

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SNOW



HE three stood listening to a fresh access  
Of wind that caught against the house a mo-  
ment,  
Gulped snow, and then blew free again—the  
Coles,  
Dressed, but dishevelled from some hours of sleep,  
Meserve belittled in the great skin coat he wore.

Meserve was first to speak. He pointed backward  
Over his shoulder with his pipe-stem, saying,  
"You can just see it glancing off the roof,  
Making a great scroll upward toward the sky,  
Long enough for recording all our names on.  
I think I'll just call up my wife and tell her  
I'm here—so far—and starting on again.  
I'll call her softly so that if she's wise  
And gone to sleep, she needn't wake to answer."

[57]

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Three times he barely stirred the bell, then listened.  
"Why, Lett, still up? Lett, I'm at Cole's. I'm late.  
I called you up to say good-night from here  
Before I went to say good-morning there. . . .  
I thought I would . . . I know, but Lett—I know . . .  
I could, but what's the sense? The rest won't be  
So bad . . . Give me an hour for it . . . Ho ho,  
Three hours to here! But that was all up hill;  
The rest is down . . . Why no, no, not a wallow;  
They kept their heads and took their time to it,  
Like darlings, both of them. They're in the barn. . . .  
My dear, I'm coming just the same; I didn't  
Call you to ask you to invite me home."

He lingered for some word she wouldn't say,  
Said it at last himself, "Good-night," and then,  
Getting no answer, closed the telephone.  
The three stood in the lamplight round the table  
With lowered eyes a moment till he said,  
"I'll just see how the horses are."

"Yes, do,"

Both the Coles said together. Mrs. Cole  
Added: "You can judge better after seeing. . . .  
I want you here with me, Fred. Leave him here,  
Brother Meserve. You know to find your way  
Out through the shed."

"I guess I know my way.

I guess I know where I can find my name

Carved in the shed to tell me who I am  
If it don't tell me where I am. I used  
To play—"

"You tend your horses and come back.  
Fred Cole, you're going to let him!"

"Well, aren't you?  
How can you help yourself?"

"I called him Brother.  
Why did I call him that?"

"It's right enough.  
That's all you ever heard him called round here.  
He seems to have lost off his Christian name."

"Christian enough I should call that myself.  
He took no notice, did he? Well, at least  
I didn't use it out of love of him,  
The dear knows. I detest the thought of him—  
With his ten children under ten years old.  
I hate his wretched little Racker Sect,  
All's ever I heard of it, which isn't much.  
But that's not saying—Look, Fred Cole, it's twelve,  
Isn't it, now? He's been here half an hour.  
He says he left the village store at nine:  
Three hours to do four miles—a mile an hour  
Or not much better. Why, it doesn't seem  
As if a man could move that slow and move.  
Try to think what he did with all that time.  
And three miles more to go!"

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

"Don't let him go.

Stick to him, Helen. Make him answer you.  
That sort of man talks straight on all his life  
From the last thing he said himself, stone deaf  
To anything anyone else may say.

I should have thought, though, you could make him hear  
you."

"What is he doing out a night like this?  
Why can't he stay at home?"

"He had to preach."

"It's no night to be out."

"He may be small,  
He may be good, but one thing's sure, he's tough."

"And strong of stale tobacco."

"He'll pull through."

"You only say so. Not another house  
Or shelter to put into from this place  
To theirs. I'm going to call his wife again."

"Wait, and he may. Let's see what he will do.  
Let's see if he will think of her again.  
But then I doubt he's thinking of himself—  
He doesn't look on it as anything."

"He shan't go—there!"

"It *is* a night, my dear."

"One thing: he didn't drag God into it."



"He don't consider it a case for God."

"You think so, do you? You don't know the kind.  
He's getting up a miracle this minute.  
Privately, to himself, right now, he's thinking  
He'll make a case of it if he succeeds,  
But keep still if he fails."

"Keep still all over.  
He'll be dead—dead and buried."

"Such a trouble!

Not but I've every reason not to care  
What happens to him if it only takes  
Some of the sanctimonious conceit  
Out of one of those pious scalawags."

"Nonsense to that! You want to see him safe."

"You like the runt."

"Don't you a little?"

"Well,

I don't like what he's doing, which is what  
You like, and like him for."

"Oh, yes you do.

You like your fun as well as anyone;  
Only you women have to put these airs on  
To impress men. You've got us so ashamed  
Of being men we can't look at a good fight  
Between two boys and not feel bound to stop it.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Let the man freeze an ear or two, I say.  
He's here—I leave him all to you. Go in  
And save his life. . . . All right, come in, Meserve.  
Sit down, sit down. How did you find the horses?"

"Fine, fine."

"And ready for some more? My wife here  
Says it won't do. You've got to give it up."

"Won't you, to please me? Please! If I say please?  
Mr. Meserve, I'll leave it to *your* wife.  
What *did* your wife say on the telephone?"

Meserve seemed to heed nothing but the lamp  
Or something not far from it on the table.  
By straightening out and lifting a forefinger,  
He pointed with his hand from where it lay  
Like a white crumpled spider on his knee:  
"That leaf there in your open book! It moved  
Just then, I thought. It's stood erect like that,  
There on the table, ever since I came,  
Trying to turn itself backward or forward—  
I've had my eye on it to make out which:  
If forward, then it's with a friend's impatience—  
You see I know—to get you on to things  
It wants to see how you will take; if backward,  
It's from regret for something you have passed  
And failed to see the good of. Never mind,

Things must expect to come in front of us  
A many times—I don't say just how many,  
That varies with the things—before we see them.  
One of the lies would make it out that nothing  
Ever presents itself before us twice.  
Where would we be at last if that were so?  
Our very life depends on everything's  
Recurring till we answer from within.  
The thousandth time may prove the charm. That leaf!  
It can't turn either way. It needs the wind's help.  
But the wind didn't move it if it moved;  
It moved itself. The wind's at naught in here.  
It couldn't stir so sensitively poised  
A thing as that. It couldn't reach the lamp  
To get a puff of black smoke from the flame,  
Or blow a rumple in the collie's coat.  
You make a little foursquare block of air,  
Quiet and light and warm, in spite of all  
The illimitable dark and cold and storm,  
And by so doing give these three—lamp, dog,  
And book-leaf—that keep near you, their repose;  
Though for all anyone can tell, repose  
May be the thing you haven't, yet you give it.  
So false it is that what we haven't we can't give;  
So false, that what we always say is true.  
I'll have to turn the leaf if no one else will.  
It won't lie down. Then let it stand. Who cares?"

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

"I shouldn't want to hurry you, Meserve,  
But if you're going—Say you'll stay, you know?  
But let me raise this curtain on a scene,  
And show you how it's piling up against you.  
You see the snow-white through the white of frost?  
Ask Helen how far up the sash it's climbed  
Since last we read the gage."

"It looks as if  
Some pallid thing had squashed its features flat,  
And its eyes shut with overeagerness  
To see what people found so interesting  
In one another, and had gone to sleep  
Of its own stupid lack of understanding,  
Or broken its white neck of mushroom stuff  
Short off, and died against the window-pane."

"Brother Meserve, take care, you'll scare yourself  
More than you will us with such nightmare talk.  
It's you it matters to, because it's you  
Who have to go out into it alone."

"Let him talk, Helen, and perhaps he'll stay."

"Before you drop the curtain—I'm reminded:  
You recollect the boy who came out here  
To breathe the air one winter—had a room  
Down at the Avery's? Well, one sunny morning  
After a downy storm, he passed our place

And found me banking up the house with snow.  
 And I was burrowing in deep for warmth,  
 Piling it well above the window-sills.  
 The snow against the window caught his eye.  
 'Hey, that's a pretty thought'—those were his words.  
 'So you can think it's six feet deep outside,  
 While you sit warm and read up balanced rations.  
 You can't get too much winter in the winter.'  
 Those were his words. And he went home and all  
 But banked the daylight out of Avery's windows.  
 Now you and I would go to no such length.  
 At the same time you can't deny it makes  
 It not a mite worse, sitting here, we three,  
 Playing our fancy, to have the snow-line run  
 So high across the pane outside. There where  
 There is a sort of tunnel in the frost  
 More like a tunnel than a hole—way down  
 At the far end of it you see a stir  
 And quiver like the frayed edge of the drift  
 Blown in the wind. I *like* that—I like *that*.  
 Well, now I leave you, people."

"Come, Meserve,

We thought you were deciding not to go—  
 The ways you found to say the praise of comfort  
 And being where you are. You want to stay."

"I'll own it's cold for such a fall of snow.  
 This house is frozen brittle, all except

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

This room you sit in. If you think the wind  
Sounds further off, it's not because it's dying;  
You're further under in the snow—that's all—  
And feel it less. Hear the soft bombs of dust  
It bursts against us at the chimney mouth,  
And at the eaves. I like it from inside  
More than I shall out in it. But the horses  
Are rested and it's time to say good-night,  
And let you get to bed again. Good-night,  
Sorry I had to break in on your sleep."

"Lucky for you you did. Lucky for you  
You had us for a half-way station  
To stop at. If you were the kind of man  
Paid heed to women, you'd take my advice  
And for your family's sake stay where you are.  
But what good is my saying it over and over?  
You've done more than you had a right to think  
You could do—*now*. You know the risk you take  
In going on."

"Our snow-storms as a rule  
Aren't looked on as man-killers, and although  
I'd rather be the beast that sleeps the sleep  
Under it all, his door sealed up and lost,  
Than the man fighting it to keep above it,  
Yet think of the small birds at roost and not  
In nests. Shall I be counted less than they are?  
Their bulk in water would be frozen rock

In no time out to-night. And yet to-morrow  
They will come budding boughs from tree to tree  
Flirting their wings and saying Chicadee,  
As if not knowing what you meant by the word storm."

"But why, when no one wants you to go on?  
Your wife—she doesn't want you to. We don't,  
And you yourself don't want to. Who else is there?"

"Save us from being cornered by a woman!  
Well, there's"—She told Fred afterward that in  
The pause right there, she thought the dreaded word  
Was coming, "God." But no, he only said,  
"Well, there's—the storm. That says I must go on.  
That wants me as a war might if it came.  
Ask any man."

He threw her that as something  
To last her till he got outside the door.  
He had Cole with him to the barn to see him off.  
When Cole returned he found his wife still standing  
Beside the table near the open book,  
Not reading it.

"Well, what kind of a man  
Do you call that?" she said.

"He had the gift  
Of words, or is it tongues I ought to say?"

"Was ever such a man for seeing likeness?"

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

"Or disregarding people's civil questions—  
What? We've found out in one hour more about him  
Than we had seeing him pass by in the road  
A thousand times. If that's the way he preaches!  
You didn't think you'd keep him after all.  
Oh, I'm not blaming you. He didn't leave you  
Much say in the matter, and I'm just as glad  
We're not in for a night of him. No sleep  
If he had stayed. The least thing set him going.  
It's quiet as an empty church without him."

"But how much better off are we as it is?  
We'll have to sit here till we know he's safe."

"Yes, I suppose you'll want to, but I shouldn't.  
He knows what he can do, or he wouldn't try.  
Get into bed I say, and get some rest.  
He won't come back, and if he telephones,  
It won't be for an hour or two."

"Well then—  
We can't be any help by sitting here  
And living his fight through with him, I suppose."

. . . . .

Cole had been telephoning in the dark.

Mrs. Cole's voice came from an inner room:  
"Did she call you or you call her?"



"She me.

You'd better dress—you won't go back to bed.  
We must have been asleep—it's three and after."

"Had she been ringing long? I'll get my wrapper—  
I want to speak to her."

"All she said was,  
He hadn't come, and had he really started."

"She knew he had, poor thing, two hours ago."

"He had the shovel. He'll have made a fight."

"Why did I ever let him leave this house!"

"Don't begin that. You did the best you could  
To keep him—though perhaps you didn't quite  
Conceal a wish to see him show the spunk  
To disobey you. Much his wife'll thank you."

"Fred, after all I said! You shan't make out  
That it was any way but what it was.  
Did she let on by any word she said  
She didn't thank me?"

"When I told her 'Gone,'  
'Well, then,' she said, and 'Well then'—like a threat.  
And then her voice came scraping slow: 'Oh, you,  
Why did you let him go?'"

"Asked why we let him?  
You let me there. I'll ask her why she let him.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

She didn't dare to speak when he was here.  
Their number's—twenty-one? The thing won't work.  
Someone's receiver's down. The handle stumbles.  
The stubborn thing, the way it jars your arm!  
It's theirs. She's dropped it from her hand and gone."

"Try speaking. Say, 'Hello.'"

"Hello, hello."

"What do you hear?"

"I hear an empty room—  
You know—it sounds that way. And yes, I hear—  
I think I hear a clock—and windows rattling.  
No step though. *If she's there she's sitting down.*"

"Shout, she may hear you."

"Shouting is no good."

"Keep speaking then."

"Hello. Hello. Hello.

You don't suppose—? She wouldn't go out-doors?"

"I'm half afraid that's just what she might do."

"And leave the children?"

"Wait and call again.

You can't hear whether she has left the door  
Wide open, and the wind's blown out the lamp,  
And the fire's died, and the room's dark and cold?"

"One of two things, either she's gone to bed  
Or gone out-doors."

"In which case both are lost.

Do you know what she's like? Have you ever met her?  
It's strange she doesn't want to speak to us."

"Fred, see if you can hear what I hear. Come."

"A clock, maybe."

"Don't you hear something else?"

"Not talking."

"No."

"Why, yes, I hear—what is it?"

"What do you say it is?"

"A baby's crying!"

"Frantic it sounds though muffled and far off."

"Its mother wouldn't let it cry like that,  
Not if she's there."

"What do you make of it?"

"There's only one thing possible to make—  
That is, assuming that she has gone out.  
Of course she hasn't, though."

They both sat down  
Helpless. "There's nothing we can do till morning."

"Fred, I shan't let you think of going out."

"Hold on." The double bell began to chirp.  
They started up. Fred took the telephone.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

"Hello, Meserve. You're there, then! And your wife? . . .  
Good! Why I asked—she didn't seem to answer. . . .  
He says she went to let him in the barn. . . .  
We're glad. Oh, say no more about it, man.  
Drop in and see us when you're passing."

"Well,  
She has him then, though what she wants him for  
I *don't* see."

"Possibly not for herself.  
Maybe she only wants him for the children."

"The whole to-do seems to have been for nothing.  
What spoiled our night was to him just his fun.  
What did he come in for? To talk and visit?  
Thought he'd just call to tell us it was snowing.  
If he thinks he is going to make our house  
A half-way coffee-house 'twixt town and nowhere—"

"I thought you'd feel you'd been too much concerned."

"You think you haven't been concerned yourself."

"If you mean he was inconsiderate  
To rout us out to think for him at midnight  
And then take our advice no more than nothing,  
Why, I agree with you. But let's forgive him.  
We've had a share in one night of his life.  
What'll you bet he ever calls again?"

*Robert Frost*

TO W. J. C.

*October 5th, 1848—September 19th, 1916*

Why is it, when they wreathe about your name  
Garlands of praise—cry soldier, diplomat,  
Lover of justice, statesman; and enrich  
The pillage of their hearts with bitter tears  
For your great heart that beats no more—  
Why do I see only that tilt of the lip  
And gleam of the eyes, the sudden whimsical smile  
That used to break the grand lines of your face?—  
And hear only some little tender word,  
Some love-joke tripping up our futile pride  
With doubt of human grandeur?

Sweet—oh, brave!

Oh, brave and sweet through the strange sun-shot maze  
You passed unwavering—holding out your hands  
To give and bless, freeing your eager mind  
In warm bold words, opening wide your eyes  
To see the light, follow the clearing path  
Out to great spaces.

Go—go forth! They win you.

I see you there against the sunset glow  
Waving your hand, smiling your quizzical smile.  
“What next?” I hear you say. Then the sun flaunts  
Its crimson to the zenith, and goes down  
To make another day. And you are gone.

*Harriet Monroe*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

OLD FOLK-SONGS OF UKRAINA

THE KALINA

Was I not once the red cranberry  
By the river flowing?  
My father's only child was I  
In his house growing.

But they plucked the boughs of the Kalina,  
They made great bunches.  
Such is my fortune—oh, unhappy fortune!

And on a day they married me.  
As I was bidden  
I married—and, my blinded eyes,  
Forever hidden,

The world grew dark upon that morning.  
Such is my fortune—oh, unhappy fortune!

Is there no river that I may drown in?  
Was there none other  
Than he, the youth to whom they wed me,  
Father and mother?

Rivers a-plenty can be found here,  
But dry the bed now.  
And youths—brave, gallant youths—are countless;  
But they are dead now!

*Song of Departure*

SONG OF DEPARTURE

*A bride of Bukovina speaks:*

Dear my mother, weep not—  
I shall not take all;  
See, the cows and oxen  
Leave I in the stall.

I take just black eyebrows,  
Only eyes of blue;  
And upon your table  
Tears I leave for you;

And the little pathway  
Where my footsteps fell  
While I brought you water  
Daily from the well.

*Her mother speaks:*

Pathway, little garden—  
(Ah, she must depart!)  
While I gaze upon you  
Faints my breaking heart.

RUTHENIAN LOVERS

“In the fields grows the rye, rye that is green, is green!  
Tell me, my lover, how livest thou, when never my face is  
seen?”

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

"Out in the fields, down-beaten, rye lies upon its face—  
So do I live without thee, the good Lord giving his grace."

MY FIELD, MY FIELD

*Fragment of a very old song*

O my field, my field!  
Ploughed with bones,  
Harrowed with my breast,  
Watered with blood  
From the heart, from the bosom—  
Tell me, my field,  
When will better days be?

My field, O my field  
By my grandfather won,  
Why dost thou not give  
Me the means of life?  
Bitter toil! with my own blood stained—  
My heart's blood is there!  
How bitter for me, my field,  
To look on thee!

*Done in English by  
Florence Randal Livesay*



## FOUR JAPANESE PAINTINGS

### I THE PINE BRANCH

*A Painting by Kenzan*

A pine-branch stretches out  
Across the silence . . .

. . . Grey silence, untroubled  
Until this living thing  
Smote it into music. . . .

The void is restless now.  
Silence shall be no more.  
Greyness shall be no more,  
Nor any peace.  
For a singing curve and color  
Have entered the vast dwelling—  
A life, singing  
Of the suns and the snows.  
Now the old gods tremble  
In their timeless halls;  
Now the far halls beyond Orion  
Are shaken with music.  
For this chord, living,  
This soul that knows not peace—  
This dream-dust—stretches out  
Across the silence.

II PINES ON A MOUNTAIN

*A Screen by Yeitoku*

Red pine-trunks!  
Immutable pines!  
Pillars upright under the grey sky!  
Pillars upright over the chasmed earth!—  
Upon these snow-heights  
Your downward sloping branches  
Point toward the human world  
Remote and troubled.  
But here on the ultimate ramparts  
Of the winter hills,  
Your huge columns  
Rise toward bleak heaven—  
Like an indomitable procession  
Of warriors, dark, green-crested,  
To whom the snows  
Are only wine and trumpets,  
To whom the winds  
Are only battle.

III THE WAVE SYMPHONY

*A Screen by Sotatsu*

Around islands of jade and malachite  
And lapis-lazuli and jasper,  
Under golden clouds,  
Struggle the grey-gold waves.

The waves are advancing,  
Swirling, eddying; the pale waves  
Are leaping into foam, and retreating—  
And straining again until they seem not waves  
But gigantic crawling hands.  
The waves clutch at the clouds,  
The near and golden clouds;  
They rise in spires over the clouds,  
And over the pine-branch set against the clouds.  
And around the islands,  
Jasper and jade,  
Their rhythms circle and sweep and re-echo  
With hollow and foam-crest,  
Infinitely interlacing their orbits and cycles  
That join and unravel, and battle and answer,  
From tumult to tumult, from music to music,  
Crest to trough, foam-height to hollow,  
Peace drowning passion, and passion  
Leaping from peace.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

IV BUDDHA APPEARING FROM BEHIND MOUNTAINS

*A Painting by Choga*

Two hills meet—  
Two dark green hills.  
About their shoulders  
Silver mists cling.

Slowly the gigantic  
Face of the Buddha  
In massive presence  
Looks over the hills.  
Tranquil his brow, unsmiling his lips;  
Filling the whole sky with his haloes of glory,  
He broods in a dream of gold.  
Measureless peace sleeps on his golden forehead;  
Measureless compassion  
Weighs on his eyes.  
Yet as I look  
It seems that his terrible hidden hands  
Even now are stirring  
To rend apart the hills—  
To divide the corrupt and cloven earth  
For the triumphal entry of his burning form.

*Arthur Davison Ficke*

## NEW VERSE

### LOVE SONG

What have I to say to you  
When we shall meet?  
Yet—  
I lie here thinking of you.

The stain of love  
Is upon the world.  
Yellow, yellow, yellow,  
It eats into the leaves,  
Smears with saffron  
The horned branches that lean  
Heavily  
Against a smooth purple sky.

There is no light—  
Only a honey-thick stain  
That drips from leaf to leaf  
And limb to limb,  
Spoiling the colors  
Of the whole world.

I am alone.  
The weight of love  
Has buoyed me up  
Till my head  
Knocks against the sky.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

See me!

My hair is dripping with nectar—  
Starlings carry it  
On their black wings.  
See, at last  
My arms and my hands  
Are lying idle.

How can I tell  
If I shall ever love you again  
As I do now?

NAKED

What fool would feel  
His cheeks burn  
Because of the snow?  
Would he call it  
By a name, give it  
Breasts, features,  
Bare limbs?  
Would he call it  
A woman?  
(Surely then he would be  
A fool.)

And see her,  
Warmed with the cold,

Go upon the heads  
Of creatures  
Whose faces lean  
To the ground?

Would he watch  
The compassion of  
Her eyes,  
That look, now up  
Now down,  
To the turn of  
The wind and  
The turn of  
The shivering minds  
She touches—  
Motionless—troubled?

I ask you—  
I ask you, my townspeople,  
What fool is this?

Would he forget  
The sight of  
His mother and  
His wife  
Because of her?—  
Have his heart  
Turned to ice  
That will not soften?

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

What!  
Would he see a thing  
Lovelier than  
A high-school girl,  
With the skill  
Of Venus  
To stand naked—  
Naked on the air?

Falling snow and  
*you up there—waiting.*

MARRIAGE

So different, this man  
And this woman:  
A stream flowing  
In a field.

APOLOGY

Why do I write today?  
The beauty of  
The terrible faces  
Of our nonentities  
Stirs me to it:



Colored women  
Day workers,  
Old and experienced,  
Returning home at dusk  
In cast-off clothing,  
Faces like  
Old Florentine oak.

Also  
The set pieces  
Of your faces stir me—  
Leading citizens:  
But not  
In the same way.

SUMMER SONG

Wanderer moon,  
Smiling  
A faintly ironical smile  
At this brilliant,  
Dew-moistened  
Summer morning—  
A detached,  
Sleepily indifferent  
Smile,  
A wanderer's smile—  
If I should

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Buy a shirt  
Your color, and  
Put on a necktie  
Sky-blue,  
Where would they carry me?  
Over the hills and  
Far away?  
Where would they carry me?

THE OLD WORSHIPPER

How times change, old friend,  
And how little anything changes!

We used to collect butterflies  
And insects in Kipp's woods—  
Do you remember?  
Now this wonderful collection  
From the Amazon  
Comes quite naturally  
For you to weigh and to classify.

Quiet and unnoticed  
The flower of your whole life  
Has opened its perfect petals—  
And none to witness, save one  
Old worshipper!

*William Carlos Williams*

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### TRUTH AND THE PARADOX



HERE are times when the beauty of life seems too keen to be borne, seasons of joy or sorrow when the chaos of people and purposes assumes processional dignity, and the babel of tongues becomes a choral song. It is as if one watched this earthly episode from some far planet of larger spaces and years, and saw its criss-cross of lines, its blots and splashes of color, merge into a noble pattern set for the delight of gods. From that vantage-ground lost meanings become clear: the amazing effrontery of birth, life's heroic and unsatisfied search, the sudden silence of death, the tumultuous movement of generations around the nigardly fruitful earth—around a whirling ball suspended in space as by a single hair, held to its course by an incredibly delicate balance of warring forces—all these become an act of the eternal passion, a thought of the infinite consciousness, a daring flight of the universal spirit.

To be a part of it all—to have lived in the solar nebula and resolved into the cloud-bound earth; to have quickened into the beginnings of life, and spawned and struggled through experimental ages; to have groped outward through fish and beast and bird, beating against barriers, blindly denying denial, unconsciously seeking consciousness; to be born at last into a being erect and sensient, who gathers and records knowledge, who feels beauty even to

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

the rapture of song, the ecstasy of art, who knows himself a little and gives that little away in love, who apprehends the truth a little in poignant suffering and joy; and finally to challenge the infinite with new demands, that would make of our life an antechamber and our death a gateway, that would round out the mighty circle of existence to the remotest agony of truth:—to be a part of this colossal movement is a destiny so sublime as to be beyond the reach of deliberate thought, conceivable only in rare and sudden emotions, that come unbidden in moments of intense illumination.

The mystery is not the greatness of life, but its littleness. That we, so grandly born, so mightily endowed, should grope with blind eyes and bound limbs in the dust and mire of petty desires and grievances; until we can hardly see the blue of the sky or the glory of the seasons, until we can hardly clasp our neighbor's hand or hear his voice—this is the inexplicable mystery, the blasting unreality, the bitter falsehood that underlies all the dark evils of the world.

H. M.

POEM-GAMES

On the evenings of November twenty-sixth and twenty-ninth Mr. Vachel Lindsay and Miss Eleanor Dougherty will give together at the Chicago Little Theatre, a presentation of a few of the former's poems, the poet chanting the words while the dancer interprets them. At least this will be the formula with *The King of Yellow Butterflies*, *The Tree of*

*Laughing Bells* and *The Potatoes' Dance*. In *King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba* and *Aladdin and the Jinn* the poet promises to take "a certain co-operative part in the acting, though never bringing myself forward as anything much more than the prestidigitator who brings the dove from the hat, or the ambassador between the poem and its interpreter." In the case of these two poems the audience is expected to join in the chorus, as many audiences have done in various towns, even without Miss Dougherty to lead them.

Last summer, when I saw an early rehearsal of these "poem-games," I found the performance very beautiful and novel. This was somewhat to my surprise, because I had feared an effect of incongruity. It was a gay and delicate blending of the two arts, like dancing to music or singing with an orchestral accompaniment.

For precedents one must go back to English folk games of the seventeenth century and earlier, which have died out in England, but which still survive among Carolina and Tennessee mountaineers: this according to Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, of the English Folk Dance Society and the Stratford-on-Avon School of Folk Song and Dance, who has been lecturing in this country. Recent studies of the verse-and-action games of these mountaineers have convinced him that they preserve intact English folk-games of the period of ancestral emigration to America.

Mr. Lindsay would seem to be working toward a new development of this art of long ago, which he enriches by using the dance in addition to gesture, marching and pos-

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

turing. Indeed, he says: "It is my hope that this work brings my verses a little nearer to the old precedents of folk-dancing and folk-lore." And it all follows the suggestion made to the Illinois poet by Mr. Yeats over two years ago—to "restore the primitive singing of poetry." *H. M.*

### REVIEWS

MR. HAGEDORN'S CLYTEMNESTRA

*The Great Maze and The Heart of Youth—a Poem and a Play*, by Hermann Hagedorn. Macmillan Co.

The long poem, in five parts, which opens this volume retells in full-swinging blank verse the old story of Agamemnon's return and death.

The poet's motive in using this ancient tale seems to be a new interpretation of the character of Clytemnestra. The queen kills her husband, not because she wants to but because she doesn't want to, not because she hates him and loves Aegisthus, but because she loves him and despises Aegisthus, with whom she had dallied for years merely to pass the time and dull her longing for her royal lord. She lays down the law thus to Aegisthus:

Not fear or love or you or Agamemnon  
Shall have the power to crush me or deride,  
Condemn me or forgive. I will not bow;  
I will not be raised up; I will not drink  
Mercy from any lips. My days are mine,  
And I will keep the government of them. . . .  
I am the Queen. I am not moved. I move.

*Mr. Hagedorn's Clytemnestra*

Unwilling to accept forgiveness and reinstatement from the man whom she loves and who loves her, she uses her baser lover to kill him.

Now this may or may not be a plausible modern reading of Clytemnestra's motive. It seems to me a bit strained, a motive which might lead to suicide but hardly to murder; and in its high-sounding presentation the old sculpturesque royalty of the queen seems to disappear. I wonder, in following it, whether, in spite of the Great War, we of this twentieth century have lost our approach to, our belief in, stark and simple tragic passion like that which the elder poets, and the world in general, long granted to Clytemnestra, Orestes, Judith, Lady Macbeth, and other famous murderers of history or legend. But my chief objection to Mr. Hagedorn's idea of Clytemnestra is not any questioning of his competence, or of the truth or falsehood, the strength or weakness, of modern studies of human motives; but a deep-rooted objection to the misuse, by any modern mind, of a great typical figure to express an idea contrary to that which it has always embodied, and to which it is, in a sense, sacred.

I own to extreme impatience when a modern poet would persuade us, for example, that Judith fell in love with Holofernes, or Jael with Sisera, before she slew him. Are there not enough amorous women in ancient and modern times whom our poets may study to their hearts' content? Why should they lay violent hands on these two warrior women, long sacred in the imagination of many nations as

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

expressing, to the extreme degree, the tribal impulse of patriotism? The warrior woman is an authentic type; examples of her may be found today much nearer home than Serbia, where she has been quite recently conspicuous in battle beside her brothers. Can our poets no longer recognize and appreciate this type, that they should violate the old biblical tradition and try to add two great Amazons to the long list of amorous heroines?

In the same way Mr. Hagedorn lays violent and sacrilegious hands on Clytemnestra. To the Greek poets, who created her out of more or less historic legend, she was a starkly simple example of the amorous woman who stops at nothing, even the murder of a king, to rid herself and her lover of an avenging intruder. These poets enshrined her figure indestructibly in that form; and any modern effort, even the ablest, to reshape her is as futile as would be the chisel of Rodin on the great portal of the cathedral of Chartres. Rodin, however, would know enough, and feel enough, not to attempt it.

There are modern women who might set forth effectively Mr. Hagedorn's idea, which is a good enough idea in its way. Only none of these has yet acquired a glamour which makes the world instinctively take the poet's word for her beauty and royalty, instinctively believe him when he tells us of "her enigmatic eyes," "the vast black night of her eyes," or of her

April moods

Of swan-like queenliness afloat on dreams.

The poet who chooses a figure long enshrined gives himself



*Mr. Hagedorn's Clytemnestra*

the advantage of the tradition even while he violates the tradition, and saves himself the trouble of complete creation.

Mr. Hagedorn's diction is fairly modern, in spite of two or three "deems"—modern enough to admit the word "daddy" on little Electra's lips. But the dialogue, of which most of the poem is composed, is undramatic; it misses the quality of speech.

*The Heart of Youth* is a picturesque mediaeval play with which the boys of the Hill School dedicated their out-door theatre last year. It is unpretentious, simple and sweet, and should be effective when played by boys or girls, or both. It ends with a fine moment, when the crowd, seeking and singing, "surge forth with torches into the night."

H. M.

A DECADE OF GIBSON

*Battle and Other Poems*, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Macmillan Co.

This book enables one to compare Mr. Gibson's present with his past, for the war poems are new while the six brief plays, which fill more than half the volume, were first printed in 1906.

Even at that time the poet had chosen his theme—the life of the poor in rural England, and had stript his blank verse down to the barest simplicity. Though the little plays—or, rather, dramatic episodes—are perhaps over-deliberate and their technique is yet not quite free, one feels in them

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

spiritual intuition and a depth of yearning sympathy with the harsh struggles, and keen joys and sorrows, of simple folk who live close to the niggardly fruitful earth and to animals. Ruth, coming home through the bitter snow to bear the child of a vagabond lover, bends lovingly over a weak little new-born lamb:

Ah, what a night to come into the world!  
Poor motherless thing! and those poor patient mothers!  
I might have known it was the lambing storm.

And Esther Shield, just wedded, undaunted by her mother-in-law's story of her own tragic marriage and prophecy of woe, turns in triumph to her ardent young mate, saying:

I shall bide.  
I have heard all, and yet I would not go,  
Nor would I have a single word unsaid.  
I loved you, husband; yet I did not know you  
Until your mother spoke. I know you now,  
And I am not afraid.

But still more interesting are the *Battle* lyrics—surer in technique, more mature in the handling of character. In fact, with the single exception of the Brooke sonnets, they are the truest and most poignant war poems we have had thus far from any English poet; expressing "the vast unreason of war" through the stark irony and savage simplicity of the common soldier's or refugee's reaction. Readers of POETRY will remember many of these withering songs, which, like a flame, light up the sudden and perishing emotion. Here is one they missed, called *Salvage*:

So suddenly her life  
Had crashed about that gray old country wife,

*A Decade of Gibson*

Naked she stood, and gazed  
Bewildered, while her home about her blazed.  
New-widowed, and bereft  
Of her five sons, she clung to what was left,  
Still hugging all she'd got—  
A toy gun and a copper coffee-pot.

The effect of this group of poems, like that of the finest American poem of this war, Miss Driscoll's *Metal Checks*, is to put out of date forever the romance, the glory, of battle—that ancient glamour which has been celebrated in song since Homer, and which Rupert Brooke, like a modern troubadour, set to the music of an ancient harp as he marched to his death. The poet who truly represents this age sings another tune. He expresses that bitter brooding in the depths of every heroic modern heart, the feeling that “in war,” as the *London Times* reviewer says, “there are no longer men, there is no longer man; there are only sports of chance, pullers of triggers, bewildered fulfillers of instructions, cynical acceptors of destiny.”

The book includes also, in the section *Friends*, the group of fine sonnets which we recently printed, and a few memorial and personal poems. Among the latter is this one, called *Marriage*:

Going my way of old,  
Contented more or less,  
I dreamt not life could hold  
Such happiness.

I dreamt not that love's way  
Could keep the golden height  
Day after happy day,  
Night after night.

*H. M.*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

TANGLED TREES

*Trees*, by Harold Monro. Poetry Bookshop, London.

Trees—the title makes me think of John Muir of happy memory, and his wonderful love of trees. It passed the love of brothers, it was a proud rapture of understanding, a mystic spiritual communion, like the intimacy of a mediaeval saint with archangels. Trees were his archangels, ranged in shining ranks about the throne of God; and mercifully gathering at their feet the races of men, and interceding for them with the Most High. From the little quivering aspen, tender as a fawn, to the *sequoia gigantea*, noble as a mountain, he knew them to their deepest secrets, and loved them in his deepest heart.

Well, Mr. Monro loves trees too, in his odd and ingenious way. He says:

Tree-life is like a corridor between  
The Seen and the Unseen.

Indeed, he almost "makes of their love an immorality."

Grip hard, become a root; so drive  
Your muscles through the ground alive  
That you'll be breaking from above your knees  
Out into branches:

Thus he forces himself into tree-life. Then—

The trees throw up their singing leaves, and climb  
Spray over spray. They break through Time.  
Their roots lash through the clay. They lave  
The earth, and wash along the ground.  
They burst in green wave over wave,  
Fly in a blossom of light foam:  
Rank following windy rank they come.  
They flood the plain,  
Swill through the valley, top the mound,

*Tangled Trees*

Flow over the low hill,  
Curl round  
The bases of the mountain, fill  
Their crevices, and stain  
Their ridges green.

But the poet kept "too much mortality":

They drove me forth. The angry trees  
Roared till I tumbled lean and lewd  
Out of that Paradise. The forest rose  
To scourge my wavering conscience, and pursued.

But, though driven forth, he—we—cannot escape them:

How beautifully they grow,  
Crowding the brink of silence everywhere!

Yet they leave their proper place—

They follow us and haunt us. We must build  
Houses of wood—

and fill them with "fragments of the forest"—chairs, tables,  
doors, etc. Others we put to sleep under railroad tracks.

And some, some trees, before they die,  
Carved and moulded small  
Suddenly begin—  
Oh, what a wild and windy woodland call  
Out of the lips of the violin!

Such is the argument of this curiously subtle poem. Original it is, beyond question, and sometimes beautiful; but Mr. Monro's forest would be too uncanny, too sophisticated, for John Muir.

By way of moral we have a cryptic couplet at the end:

And you, be certain that you keep  
Some memory of trees for sleep.

The book is a beautiful limited edition, all done by hand at the Temple Sheen Press. It has decorative wood-cuts—

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

at least they look like old wood-cuts—by James Guthrie, the designs a clever cross between Blake and Morris. Why do they do these things so much better in England?

H. M.

STEPHENS' ROAD TO DUBLIN

*The Rocky Road to Dublin*, by James Stephens. Macmillan Co.

To sit down to review James Stephens is much like being asked to furnish a recipe for making star-dust, or to analyze the shivering beauty of the dawn. His work has the peculiarly Celtic quality of existing in space, completely divorced from the world as we know it. His beauty comes to us faintly, filtered through the simple words of every-day speech, which yet, as he writes them, are no longer the words we know, but subtle, delicate, shimmering things, full of gray undertones, swift flashes of silver humor and wisdom from some other world. To the many who love his work it is something beyond reason and analysis, something to be accepted joyfully, as wild flowers and meadow larks are accepted, and loved as instinctively.

This for instance, called *The Secret*:

I was frightened, for a wind  
Crept along the grass to say  
Something that was in my mind  
Yesterday—

Something that I did not know  
Could be found out by the wind,  
I had buried it so low  
In my mind.

*Stephens' Road to Dublin*

Or this delectable bit, *The Fur Coat*:

I walked out in my Coat of Pride,  
I looked about on every side,  
And said the mountains should not be  
Just where they were, and that the sea  
Was badly placed, and that the beech  
Should be an oak—and then from each  
I turned in dignity as if  
They were not there: I sniffed a sniff  
And climbed upon my sunny shelf,  
And sneezed a while, and scratched myself.

*The Rocky Road to Dublin*, however, in spite of its beauty, goes to prove definitely what *Songs from the Clay* had suggested, that Mr. Stephens is more of a poet in his prose than in his verse. In the forever inimitable *Crock of Gold*, one of the most fascinating books in English, and in *The Demigods*, although writing in prose, he is the ideal poet, tender, mystical, witty—and quite himself. In his poetry he has not yet quite found that self. He remains a little uncertain. And why, oh why, has he altered the haunting little poem *Hawks*, published long ago in POETRY, to the present insufficient version?

Yet, as there can be only one Synge, so there can only be one James Stephens. Let us sing a little chant to the leprecauns in his honor!

E. T.

OTHER BOOKS OF VERSE

*Turns and Movies and Other Tales in Verse*, by Conrad Aiken. The New Poetry Series. Houghton Mifflin Co.

If Masfield and W. W. Gibson, Frost and Masters—the whole company of story-tellers in verse today—had never

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

written, there is small doubt that *Turns and Movies* would prove Conrad Aiken an authentic poet. But as it is, their unquiet ghosts stalk behind his work, Gibson most prominent in this volume, Masfield in *Earth Triumphant*.

This is the more unfortunate because Mr. Aiken has invention, vividness, compression and at times a pleasing lyric quality. His situations are real situations, swiftly told, his technique easy and effective. It is hard to say just where the authenticity seeps out, yet the total effect is that of a clever craftsman, working well in the medium of his day, yet never quite reaching to the heights.

The poems in this book are unusually even in quality, and it is difficult to choose between them. Perhaps *Discordants*, *Boardman and Coffin* and one numbered simply *XIII* are the most successful. They are too long to quote, but the following, *Duval's Birds*, is typical of the volume:

The parrot, screeching, flew out into the darkness,  
Circled three times above the upturned faces  
With a great whirl of brilliant outspread wings,  
And then returned to stagger on her finger.  
She bowed and smiled, eliciting applause . . .  
The property man hated her dirty birds.  
But it had taken years—yes, years—to train them  
To shoulder flags, strike bells by tweaking strings,  
Or climb sedately little flights of stairs.  
When they were stubborn, she tapped them with a wand,  
And her eyes glittered a little under the eyebrows.  
The red one flapped and flapped on a swinging wire;  
The little white ones winked round yellow eyes.

E. T.



*Other Books of Verse*

*Songs of Armageddon and Other Poems*, by George Sylvester Viereck. Mitchell Kennerley.

This volume is typical of the later Viereck, full of wind and words, and the lure of scented flesh. That the war poems should be propaganda, not poetry, is pardonable. Better poets than he have lost their vision of art in the hot breath of war. But that he who had in his youth one of the purest lyric gifts of our day, should come before he is forty to the feeble puerilities of the love poems in this volume, is indeed pitiful. In the grave of the flesh Mr. Viereck has buried his talent. For the rest a merciful silence is best. *E. T.*

CLASSICS IN ENGLISH

*The Poets' Translation Series I-VI.* The Egoist, London.

The translators of this series have an opportunity which most of them have neglected. H. D. is the exception.

Gilbert Murray has struck at Greek scholarship and done no good to English verse. Euripides for the working-man, at a shilling the play, in the style of fifty years ago—an ideal of socialism and popular education—Greek without tears. The only result can be still greater neglect of Greek in our schools. Why study Greek when an *adequate* translation can always be had, cheap and easy scholarship for the busy man? There are translations for the scholar—the splendid Oxford Aristotle—but these do not pretend to be literature. And what is scholarship is an introduction and commentary for the original, what is literature is enrichment of

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

English by contact with Greek, a criticism of one language by another, a fertilisation. But there is no substitute, no *adequate* translation.

Some of these translators have fallen into the abyss of Murray. Mr. Aldington's *Anyte* is good, but hardly ever steps aside from the path of Mackail. There is no use in merely multiplying translations of Greek epigrams which after all belong rather to the art of epigraphy than to literature. The Greeks, like the Italians, put intelligence upon monuments. If our tombstone artists could study Greek—but this is a divagation.

H. D. is a poet. She has at least avoided the traditional jargon prescribed for translators: she has turned Euripides into English verse which can be taken seriously, verse of our own time, as modern as was Swinburne's when it appeared. Her verse is a perversion of the opposite extreme. Swinburne is too fluid, H. D. too abrupt. The participle becomes an indicative; most of the "I saw" and "I heard" drop out; the chorus becomes an independent poem. Her type of verse makes her task the more difficult. It relies upon a succession of images; and the images of the Greek tragedian were made up of stock phrases rearranged. Thus she is compelled sometimes to lose contact with the original in avoiding clichés:

A flash—

Achilles passed along the beach . . .

Achilles had strapped the wind

About his ankles . . .

Euripides says only that the women saw Achilles swift-running, swift as the wind. It would be impossible to find

equivalents for *swift as the wind* and *swift-running* and escape redundancy. This sort of improvement is permissible, but only marks time: it does not *enrich* English from Greek. And in a few cases, where Euripides' style is merely bald, the alteration is not an improvement. "I keep the memory of the assembled army" becomes "My mind is graven with ships" with obvious loss of dignity. And in the translation—

There is no power but in base men  
Nor any man whom the gods do not hate—

the meaning is completely perverted; Euripides has made the characteristic remark, that men should not strive to be illustrious (in "virtue" in the Greek sense) lest they bring down on themselves the *invidia* of the gods. Again,

Each man is marked for his toil,  
Much labor is his fate,  
Nor is there any new hurt  
That may be added to the race:

is not only a similar mistranslation, but fails to rise quite to what is the emotional crisis of the play.

Still, it is a great deal to have translations that one can read, translations into the language of contemporary verse, even if H. D.'s monotonously short lines with excess of stops and defect of connectives are sometimes tiring to eye and ear. And often she does succeed in bringing something out of the Greek language to the English, in an immediate contact which gives life to both, the contact which makes it possible for the modern language perpetually to draw sustenance from the dead:

May no child of mine,  
Nor any child of my child,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Ever fashion such a tale  
As the Phrygians shall murmur  
As they stoop at their distaffs  
Whispering with Lydians  
Splendid with weight of gold . . . .

The translations of Sappho and Leonidas do not deserve mention. Some of the Latin poetry of the Renaissance which Mr. Aldington gives us is translated for the first time, and some may be found in Mr. Pound's *Spirit of Romance*. Mr. Flint has done a service in translating the *Mosella*, but is not a "boat propelled with oars" the same thing as a row-boat?

T. S. Eliot

*The Divine Comedy*, translated by Henry Johnson. Yale University Press.

It is assuredly an honorable ambition that prompts one to the difficult and ungrateful task of translating metrically the entire *Divine Comedy*, line for line; and it is an honorable procedure to "rely solely," as Professor Johnson has done, "on one's control of the English medium, unaided." He has indeed been as "faithful" as he claims. More: he has shown himself sturdy, dogged, ploddingly, professorially persistent. He has made a real campaign, like the British in Picardy—a trench a day, a town a week; and on page 436 he reaches duly the church triumphant and the *luce eterna*.

But a line-for-line translation of Dante must always tip toward prose. The verbal glamour is necessarily lost; the finely-woven chain of the *terza rima*—a web of steel and of flowers—is sacrificed no less. We are likely to have, when all's done, not the carved marbles of a Florentine duomo,

but only a plain, neat, four-square edifice in colonial brick; not samite or cloth-of-gold, but simple serge or cheviot; not beccaficos or peacocks' tongues, but just everyday roast beef and boiled potatoes. It cannot be said that the present translation seems less conscientiously humdrum than one in prose (such as Norton's), or one on the same line-for-line plan (such as Longfellow's), or one in short paragraphs of literal prose, corresponding to each *terzina* (such as the co-operative version issued by Dent). Indeed, it would not be difficult to go farther and indicate passages where Professor Johnson has renounced advantages of epithet and rhythm rightly his. Briefly, here as elsewhere, the *Unbeschreibliche* does not get itself *gethan*.

The present volume is absolutely without notes, except for a few pages devoted, curiously, to the translation of Latin phrases. However, in conjunction with another book of the right sort, it might serve a useful lexicographical purpose. Alongside of some good Italian text that has a liberal provision of notes both grammatical and historical—old Bianchi's, let us say—it would become a real help, as a pony or even a dictionary, for the American student who has taken up Dante a little before being prepared for him.

A handsome volume, inside and out.

H. B. F.

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

Each year our November number bears a special and difficult responsibility—the awarding of prizes. This year the editors and advisory committee of POETRY are enabled, through the generosity of three lovers of the art, all of Chicago, to award three prizes for poems printed in the magazine during its fourth year—October, 1915, to September, 1916. The first prize is restricted to a citizen of the United States; the other two, of which one is for a lyric, make no distinction of nationality.

From this competition poems by members of the editorial staff are withdrawn, the members represented this year being Alice Corbin Henderson, Henry B. Fuller and Ezra Pound. Poems by Mr. Yeats are not eligible, because of his very gracious declination of our Guarantors' Prize the first year. Messrs. Sandburg and Lindsay, who received the Levinson Prize in 1914 and 1915, are not eligible again for that award. And translations are not considered.

The HELEN HAIRE LEVINSON PRIZE of two hundred dollars, offered by Mr. Salmon O. Levinson, of Chicago, for a poem, or group of poems, by a citizen of the United States, is awarded to

MR. EDGAR LEE MASTERS

of Chicago, for his poem, *All Life in a Life*, published in the March number. One member of the jury, while concurring in the award to Mr. Masters, votes for the poem *Arabel*, in the November number.

*Announcement of Awards*

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered by a guarantor for a poem or group of poems, is awarded to

MR. JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

for his *Arizona Poems*, published in the March number. Mr. Fletcher is a cosmopolite whose residence is difficult to state. As a child he lived in Little Rock, Arkansas; he studied at Harvard, but left before graduation to travel abroad; and since the war began he has lived chiefly in Boston. At present he is sojourning in London, where he recently married a young English lady.

The last of our three prizes has given the jury the most trouble of all, their first votes scattering through five or six of the year's twelve numbers. In this emergency the members fell back upon the simplest definition of a lyric, and remembered the prize-donor's stipulation that, in case of doubt, the prize should be awarded to a poet comparatively young and unknown. Therefore:

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered by Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, of Chicago, for a lyric poem, is awarded to

MISS MUNA LEE

of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, for one or more poems of the group, *Foot-notes*, published in the January number. The jury is divided as to the particular poem to be honored, numbers III, IV and VII being favored.

Miss Lee was graduated in 1913 from the University of Mississippi, and, on removing to the newer state, she took

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

a post-graduate course at the University of Oklahoma. She made her first public appearance as a poet with *Foot-notes*.

Certain poems published this year by previous prize-winners deserve special mention, in the opinion of the jury: the *Poems of W. B. Yeats* (February); *The Great Hunt* and *Our Prayer of Thanks*, by Carl Sandburg (October); *King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba*, by Vachel Lindsay (June); *Summer Dawn*, by Constance Lindsay Skinner (January); and *Three Travellers Watch a Sunrise*, by Wallace Stevens (July).

Besides these, the following poems receive honorable mention:

*Baldur*, by Allen Upward (May).

*1777*, by Amy Lowell (August).

*Epigrams*, by Rabindranath Tagore (September).

*Sunrise on Rydal Water*, by John Drinkwater (December).

*A Breton Night*, by Ernest Rhys (April).

*Refugees*, by Grace Hazard Conkling (November).

*Love-lyric*, by Max Michelson (May).

*Conversation Galante*, by T. S. Eliot (September).

*Images*, by Richard Aldington (October).

*Strange Meetings*, by Harold Monro (September).

*Charcoals*, by Maxwell Bodenheim (November).

*Sacrifice*, by Frederic Manning (July).

*Sonnets*, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (March).

*Songs*, by Sara Teasdale (October).

*Cross Patch*, by Horace Holley (April).

*Eastland Waters*, by Agnes Lee (February).



*Announcement of Awards*

*In Summer*, by Clara Shanafelt (June).

*On Waking*, by Joseph Campbell (March).

*The Lace-maker of Ypres*, by G. Tucker Bispham (February).

*Make No Vows*, by Grace Fallow Norton (December).

CORRESPONDENCE

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

*An imaginary conversation between two lady poets on the plains of Arizona, after perusing each other's manuscripts.*

Said Mina Loy to Muna Lee,

"I wish your style appealed to me."

"Yours gives me anything but joy!"

Said Muna Lee to Mina Loy.

L. U.

NOTES

Mr. Robert Frost, of Franconia, N. H., is well known as the author of *A Boy's Will* and *North of Boston*. His publishers, Henry Holt & Co., will issue his new book of poems before Christmas.

Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke, of Davenport, Iowa, is also well known, his more recent books of verse being *Twelve Japanese Painters* (R. F. Seymour Co.), *Sonnets of a Portrait Painter* and *The Man on the Hill-top* (Kennerley). January is the date set for Mr. Ficke's new book, *An April Elegy and Other Poems*.

Florence Randal Livesay (Mrs. Fred L.) of Winnipeg, Manitoba, is also familiar to readers of POETRY. A book of her Ruthenian translations—or adaptations—will soon appear.

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Dr. William Carlos Williams, a young physician of Rutherford, N. J., has been published in POETRY since its first year. He is represented in the first imagist anthology, *Des Imagistes*.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

#### ORIGINAL VERSE:

- Mothers and Men*, by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer. Houghton Mifflin Co.  
*Greek Wayfarers and Other Poems*, by Edwina Stanton Babcock. G. P. Putman's Sons.  
*The Book of Winifred Maynard*. G. P. Putman's Sons.  
*La Première Aventure Céleste de M. Antipyrine*, par Tristan Tzara.  
*The Son of Merope and Other Poems*, by Antoinette de Coursey Patterson. H. W. Fisher & Co., Philadelphia.  
*Polyclitus and Other Poems*, by Rowland Thirlmere. Elkin Mathews, London.  
*Twelve Occupations*, by Jean De Bosschère. Elkin Mathews.  
*Riders of the Stars*, by Henry Herbert Knibbs. Houghton Mifflin Co.  
*After Hours*, by Wm. Frederick Feld. Loyola Univ. Press, Chicago.  
*The Two Worlds*, by Sherard Vines. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Eng.  
*The Iron Age*, by Frank Betts. B. H. Blackwell.  
*The Burning Wheel*, by Aldous Huxley. B. H. Blackwell.  
*The Glory of Toil*, by Edna Dean Proctor. Houghton Mifflin Co.

#### PLAYS:

- The Pine-Tree—with an Introductory Causerie on the Japanese Theatre*, by M. C. Marcus. Duffield & Co.  
*The New Morn—English Diplomacy and the Triple Entente: a Phantasmagoria in One Act*, by Barrie Americanus Neutralis. Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago.  
*The Tidings Brought to Mary*, by Paul Claudel; translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill. Yale Univ. Press.  
*King Saint Olaf*, by Gustav Melby. Richard G. Badger.

#### PROSE:

- Modulations and A Spray of Olive*, by Stanhope Bayley. Elkin Mathews.

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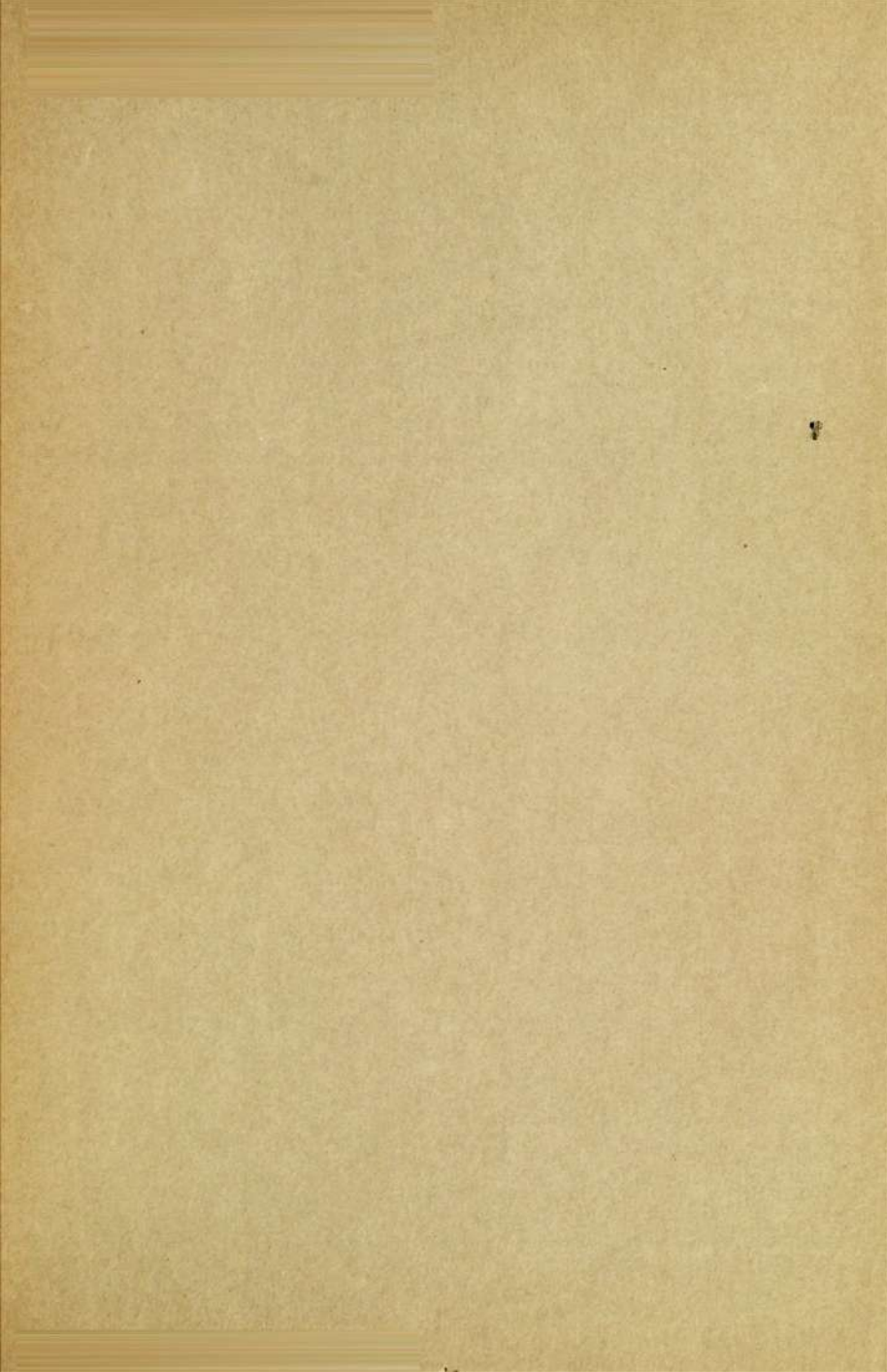
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