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MARCH, 1917

CITY PASTORALS

POEM TO BE DANCED

Can a poem say my heart
While I stand still apart?
I myself would be the song,
I myself would be the rhyme,
Moving delicately along;
And my steps would make the time,
And the stanzas be my rest.

What can I say with the words of my lips?
Oh, let me speak from my toes' tips
Of my treasure and zest!

Dancing, I can tell every sweet—
Slow and soft, soft and fleet.
Dancing, I can tell every ill,
All my inmost wish fulfil;
All my sorrowing I can heal.

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Oh, to reveal
With the bending of my head,
With the curving of my hand,
What no poem has ever said,
What no words could understand!
Things for a book too sad, too gay,
The verses of my feet would say;
Telling sorrow, telling delight
Into the very marrow of men's sight.

UNDER THE TREE

I have found a seat
At the foot of a tree,
All complete,
Made for me.
Smelling sweet
With the needles of pine.
I sit very fine
In the hollow here
Of my root-woven chair.

THE DANCER

Why are you gay, little tree,
That you dance on the hillside?
Holding out your delicate skirt,
The Dancer

Holding out your delicate fingers,
Tilting your little head when the wind comes blowing.

Softly,
Suddenly,
You will shake your twinkling locks,
You will leap and skip, little tree,
Tree on the hillside—
Lightly,
And twirl yourself away.

TO A VINE THE WORKMEN CUT DOWN

How will your greenness stay
Now your roots are cut away?
The little tendrils that climbed so high,
The little green leaves still fluttering in the sun,
Will shrivel and wither to dust when your sap is dry.
Your pleasant days are done.

Oh, you turned these bricks into a happy place,
Dancing and growing;
Dancing and throwing
The dancing grace
Of your shadows over the wall
When the winds made your little leaves stir.
When your shade was full of the call
And nesting of birds, you were happy hearing the whir
Of their wings.
Oh, wings and summer days
Will miss you; and men, whose treeless ways
You gladdened in the dusty town.
I wish that we could keep your pleasant sheen;
I wish you need not fade and be cut down.
But buildings are more worth than vines, you know,
Old vine. Forgive this wasting of your precious green:
Forgive us that we had to let you go!

ARCHES

Under the high-arching bridge
The shadow arch
Bends itself,
Curved
Down into the water;
And lies in the water
As motionless
As the arch above it is motionless:
Masonry of the dusk.

CONTINUANCE

What will you find
In the depths of the wind—
What does it hold?
Fold on fold on flowing fold
Clasp it, and your fingers press
Continuance

Only a soft emptiness;
Only air is in your hand.
Yet this nothing may command
The purposes of men and seas,
Ordering them with a mighty ease;
With that same, that ancient power
That was born in time's first hour,
In the beginning of change and days.
But never its strength delays
Or grows old, or will weary or rest;
Nor the years diminish its wild invisible zest.

SKY-HUMOR

How many and many
Since the world began
Have sung of your beauty,
Moon!—
Since the world began.
And now tonight
We call you ours,
Saying that your beauty belongs to us,
Dreaming that only ourselves
Have known your mystery.

Sometimes,
Under the hiding of the clouds,
Do you smile,
And laugh to yourself

[281]
At these people of the earth
And their imaginings?

Oh, but do not laugh at us unkindly,
Moon!
Remember how little time we live—
And you live so long!

THE LETTER

The words were beautiful,
Before I had read them.

I laid my fingers along the edges,
Over the fold your hands had folded—
I laid my face to the face of my letter.

Softly came down and closed in about me
A solitude,
A separate world;
In which was no sound or motion or being,
Only the whispering of the paper
Stirring to life in my brain.

All day I carried it
Against me,
Like a bird;
Against my heart where my life is,
Like a secret waiting in my heart,
Singing.
KIN

Do you also know it,
   Did you catch the beam?
Have you felt the fire,
   Has your day the dream?
Did you drink as I did?
   Was it long ago?
Does your memory of it
   Burn and glow?
Do you wait its coming,
   Wish it back again?
Have you known the rapture?
   Known the pain?

HEY NONINO

I will put on my gay dress,
My corals and locket;
On my hair a blue ribbon,
And my softest shoes.
I will go and dance
Where the mirror will show me;
I will go and dance
And turn myself and courtesy—
   (Oh, the mirror will be glad!)—
And courtesy way way down,
Spreading out my dress
To watch how it looks,
Spreading out my gay dress over the floor.

MEN-FOLKS

When I look at men, sometimes—
I can hardly tell how it is—
But when I see them,
Walking about,
Doing things,
Talking and planning,
So busy, so serious—
(Only children could be,
Only children,
So serious!)—
A feeling comes over me as if I were God,
And looked forth from a great distance
On all the humanness of the earth,
Compassionately.

Helen Hoyt
COUNTRY RHYMES

OLD YOUTH

There's nothing very beautiful and nothing very gay
About the rush of faces in the town by day,
But a light tan cow in a pale green mead,
That is very beautiful, beautiful indeed...
And the soft March wind, and the low March mist
Are better than kisses in the dark street kissed...
The fragrance of the forest when it wakes at dawn,
The fragrance of a trim green village lawn,
The hearing of the murmur of the rain at play—
These things are beautiful, beautiful as day!
And I shan't stand waiting for love or scorn
When the feast is laid for a day new-born...
Oh, better let the little things I loved when little
Return when the heart finds the great things brittle;
And better is a temple made of bark and thong
Than a tall stone temple that may stand too long.

THE DOOR

Love is a proud and gentle thing, a better thing to own
Than all of the wide impossible stars over the heavens blown,
And the little gifts her hand gives are careless given or taken,
And though the whole great world break, the heart of her is not shaken.

Love is a viol in the wind, a viol never stilled,
And mine of all is the surest that ever God has willed;
I shall speak to her though she goes before me into the grave,
And though I drown in the sea, herself shall come upon a wave;
And the things that love gives after shall be as they were before,
For life is only a small house and love is an open door.

THE TREE TOAD

A tiny bell the tree toad has,
    I wonder if he knows
The charm it is to hear him
    Ringing as he goes.

He can't have gone the journeys
    He tells me to go on,
Here in the darkness
    Of the cool, cropped lawn.

He cannot know the thrill
    Of the soft spring wind,
Or the wonder, when you walk,
    What will come behind.

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The Tree Toad

He hasn't seen the places
I'd break my heart to win,
Nor heard the city calling
When the cold comes in.

He sings away contented,
And doesn't leave his tree,
But he sets my blood a-going
Where his song will never be.

THE HORNS OF PEACE

No man's life is open as the houses
Blindly he will build, houses of a dream;
Where many maids are running, clad in leather blouses,
Running with white legs into a stream.

Blow, blow the horns, clearer in the morning!
Never let the world hear, though the music wake
Leaves on the ash-tree and rose set thorning;
Let speech be over and no woman bake.

The ash-limbs are burdenless, the rose stands idle,
A-tremble with the horns blowing far and sweet;
And even an old man will dream of a bridal,
Seeing what he was when love was in his feet.
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Blow, blow the horns, farther growing clearer!
I have seen my life and love as a cloud
A star will thrust a face through coming nearer. . .
Never let the world hear a glad song aloud!

DILEMMA

What though the moon should come
   With a blinding glow,
And the stars have a game
   On the wood’s edge. . .
A man would have to still
   Cut and weed and sow,
And lay a white line
   When he plants a hedge.

What though God
   With a great sound of rain
Came to talk of violets
   And things people do. . .
I would have to labor
   And dig with my brain
Still to get a truth
   Out of all words new.

Orrick Johns
A BLUE VALENTINE

For Aline

Monsignore,
Right Reverend Bishop Valentinus,
Sometime of Interamna, which is called Ferni,
Now of the delightful Court of Heaven,
I respectfully salute you,
I genuflect
And I kiss your episcopal ring.

It is not, Monsignore,
The fragrant memory of your holy life,
Nor that of your shining and joyous martyrdom,
Which causes me now to address you.
But since this is your august festival, Monsignore,
It seems appropriate to me to state
According to a venerable and agreeable custom,
That I love a beautiful lady.
Her eyes, Monsignore,
Are so blue that they put lovely little blue reflections
On everything that she looks at,
Such as a wall
Or the moon
Or my heart.
It is like the light coming through blue stained glass,
Yet not quite like it
For the blueness is not transparent,
Only translucent.
Her soul's light shines through,
But her soul cannot be seen.
It is something elusive, whimsical, tender, wanton, infantile, wise
And noble.
She wears, Monsignore, a blue garment,
Made in the manner of the Japanese.
It is very blue—
I think that her eyes have made it more blue,
Sweetly staining it
As the pressure of her body has graciously given it form.
Loving her, Monsignore,
I love all her attributes;
But I believe
That even if I did not love her
I should love the blueness of her eyes,
And her blue garment, made in the manner of the Japanese.

Monsignore,
I have never before troubled you with a request.
The saints whose ears I chiefly worry with my pleas are the most exquisite and maternal Brigid,
Gallant Saint Stephen, who puts fire in my blood,
And your brother bishop, my patron,
The generous and jovial Saint Nicholas of Bari.
But, of your courtesy, Monsignore,
Do me this favor:
When you this morning make your way

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A Blue Valentine

To the Ivory Throne that bursts into bloom with roses because of her who sits upon it,
When you come to pay your devoir to Our Lady,
I beg you, say to her:
"Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing servants yet on earth,
Has asked me to say that at this moment he is especially grateful to you
For wearing a blue gown."

THE THORN

The garden of God is a radiant place
And every flower has a holy face.
Our Lady like a lily bends above the cloudy sod,
But Saint Michael is the thorn on the rose-bush of God.

David is the song upon God's lips,
And Our Lady is the goblet that He sips,
And Gabriel's the breath of His command;
But Saint Michael is the sword in God's right hand.

The Ivory Tower is fair to see,
And may her walls encompass me!
But when the Devil comes with the thunder of his might,
Saint Michael, show me how to fight!

Joyce Kilmer

[291]
A NUN

One glance, and I had lost her in the riot
Of tangled cries.
She trod the clamor with a cloistral quiet
Deep in her eyes,
As though she heard the muted music only
That silence makes
Among dim mountain summits and on lonely
Deserted lakes.

There is some broken song her heart remembers
From long ago;
Some love lies buried deep, some passion's embers
Smothered in snow.
Far voices of a joy that sought and missed her
Fail now, and cease . . .
And this has given the deep eyes of God's sister
Their dreadful peace.

Odell Shepard
WHAT THE ORDERLY DOG SAW

A Winter Landscape
To Mrs. Percy Jackson

The seven white peacocks against the castle wall
In the high trees and the dusk are like tapestry;
The sky being orange, the high wall a purple barrier,
The canal dead silver in the dusk:

And you are far away.

Yet I see infinite miles of mountains,
Little lights shining in rows in the dark of them—
Infinite miles of marshes;
Thin wisps of mist, shimmering like blue webs
Over the dusk of them.

Great curves and horns of sea,
And dusk and dusk, and the little village;

And you, sitting in the firelight.

II

Around me are the two hundred and forty men of B Com-
pany,
Mud-colored;
Going about their avocations,
Resting between their practice of the art
Of killing men;
As I too rest between my practice
Of the art of killing men.

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Their pipes glow over the mud and their mud-color, moving
like fireflies beneath the trees—
I too being mud-colored—
Beneath the trees and the peacocks.
When they come up to me in the dusk
They start, stiffen and salute, almost invisibly.
And the forty-two prisoners from the battalion guard-room
Crouch over the tea-cans in the shadow of the wall.
And the bread hunks glimmer, beneath the peacocks—
And you are far away.

III

Presently I shall go in.
I shall write down the names of the forty-two
Prisoners in the battalion guard-room
On fair white foolscap:
Their names, rank and regimental numbers;
Corps, Companies, Punishments and Offences,
Remarks, and By whom confined.
Yet in spite of all I shall see only
The infinite miles of dark mountain,
The infinite miles of dark marshland,
Great curves and horns of sea,
The little village;
And you,
Sitting in the firelight.

Ford Madox Hueffer

[294]
WHAT THE CIVILIAN SAW

Kensington High Street

It is all shiny and black, like bombazine or taffeta,
Or the satin of my grandmother’s gown, that stood alone
It was so thick;
A screen between us and knowledge,
That sometimes, when we are very good, gets on to the placards.

Past the screen of the dark the rain glissades,
Flowing down the straight damp palisades of the dark.

Faces against the screen,
Lamps of living flesh hung out in the storm
That has draped the world in black.
Here by the station an iridescent sheen,
Dazzling, not gay. And news,
Special; oh, “Special”!
What have they let through to us from over there—
For once?

Faces, news, on the screen,
And the hungry crowds weltering in the dark!
Here is the English translation
Of what goes on over there,
There where hangings are not black but red,
And the king of England is lying on the ground.

Violet Hunt Hueffer

[295]
WINDS OF MARCH

The bare boughs are alive within,
And the young buds are trembling and curious.

"NEWLY SEEDED"

It's for you, little bird, of course,
This sign is meant;
For you burrowing with your beak,
And shaking up sprays of dust.

Do you not know
How the earth held each yellow shining speck
Close to itself, feeding it, breathing on it;
And from each rain-drop
Picked out the winy pearl
For it to drink?

Hop away, little one; go find you a worm,
Which with its sleek body, alive, has rubbed
Against wet earth,
Has tasted the sunlight and the warmth;
Or some buzzing one with wings,
Drunk with the sun, whose breath
Blows it up today
And will blow it out tomorrow.
NIGHT MOODS

I

I am in your thin dark waters, night.

They reach up.
I splash and flounder.
I drown.

The waves separate, make way.
They touch playfully my shoulders.
They whisper gently.

II

The earth is melted.
I am vapor—
A wave of the waves.
I will rise with the wind.

The hunger of my heart
Is now a dusky hillock of vapor.
Night has blown
Her breath.

ON A WINDY AFTERNOON

Yesterday afternoon, on a short-cropped lawn,
I saw the feet of the wind which I have read of in books;
And it was like the glimpse of a woman’s bare feet
Hidden quickly.
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**OFF**

God,  
Over our ugly buildings  
Why did you bend out  
Your beautiful ravishing sky?  
Take it off!—  
Let them jag  
The emptiness.

**FIRE**

You contain more  
Than the red and the purple and the orange  
Which I see:  
If I dared to tear you to shreds with my hands  
I would find that you contain also water,  
And ice, and even blackish-brown earth,  
To make beautiful things with.

**KNOWLEDGE**

The craving of my body has been conquered.  
It no longer deceives my thoughts,  
Or colors them.  
Knowledge purer than flame  
Is in me, consuming me.

[298]
Coiled around you is he—
A little blacker than a shadow.

Before my lips reach yours
I have to push him from them.
That's why my kisses
Are so gentle.

He is also coiled around me.
Do you feel his scales as I?
Perhaps that's why we kiss at all—
I know so little.

You carry the dishes in your hands
But your thoughts are elsewhere:
As if you inwardly knew
That in your kisses is the glow
Of Sobietsky and the heroes;
That your body has the pungent taste
Which the willow-tree and the rose
Perhaps feel in the soil;
And that your hair carries the fragrance
Of the willow and the rose itself.

[299]
PORTRAIT

To H. M.

A small tree
Always surrounded by mist,
More often dark but sometimes light—
Very light, almost made of light.
Yet even then between the branches
There is shadow, a wavering gloom.

GONE

It was as though sunshine
Had been thickened
To a human form.

You have left traces
Of rose and orange
On the afternoon.

PLAYING HORSE

Mount, little one.

The horse trots back and forth.
Time is harder than water.

Nights, days, hours,
Shine

[300]
Playing Horse

Like pools of light.
Where were you, child?

The horse stumbles,
Little one.

TRAVELER

Miles and miles you traveled.

A wise brown bear
Rode you on his back;
Then a bird hopped along
Or flew in front and explained;
And a stone sent a bearded one
With a book.

In your small warm nest you heard
Bells rung delicately; and strange calls.

We built you a little house.
We hung up a sun and a moon,
And stars like apples.
The walls we painted red and blue.
We spread out carpets of Bagdad.
And three glasses with sweet wine
We stood in a corner.

Max Michelson

[301]
As I wandered through the eight hundred and eight streets of the city, I saw nothing so beautiful
As the Women of the Green Houses, With their girdles of spun gold, And their long-sleeved dresses, Colored like the graining of wood. As they walk, The hems of their outer garments flutter open, And the blood-red linings glow like sharp-toothed maple leaves In autumn.

DESOULATION

Under the plum-blossoms are nightingales; But the sea is hidden in an egg-white mist, And they are silent.

SUNSHINE

The pool is edged with the blade-like leaves of irises. If I throw a stone into the placid water, It suddenly stiffens
Sunshine

Into rings and rings
Of sharp gold wire.

ILLUSION

Walking beside the tree-peonies,
I saw a beetle
Whose wings were of black lacquer spotted with milk.
I would have caught it,
But it ran from me swiftly
And hid under the stone lotus
Which supports the Statue of Buddha.

A YEAR PASSES

Beyond the porcelain fence of the pleasure garden,
I hear the frogs in the blue-green rice-fields;
But the sword-shaped moon
Has cut my heart in two.

A LOVER

If I could catch the green lantern of the firefly
I could see to write you a letter.

TO A HUSBAND

Brighter than fireflies upon the Uji River
Are your words in the dark, Beloved.
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**FROM CHINA**

I thought:
The moon,
Shining upon the many steps of the palace before me,
Shines also upon the chequered rice-fields
Of my native land.
And my tears fell
Like white rice grains
At my feet.

**AUTUMN**

All day long I have watched the purple vine--leaves
Fall into the water.
And now in the moonlight they still fall,
But each leaf is fringed with silver.

**EPHEMERA**

Silver-green lanterns tossing among windy branches:
So an old man thinks
Of the loves of his youth.

**DOCUMENT**

The great painter, Hokusai,
In his old age,
Wrote these words:
"Profiting by a beautiful spring day,
In this year of tranquility,
To warm myself in the sun,
I received a visit from my publisher
Who asked me to do something for him.
Then I reflected that one should not forget the glory of arms,
Above all when one was living in peace;
And in spite of my age,
Which is more than seventy years,
I have found courage to draw those ancient heroes
Who have been the models of glory."

THE EMPEROR'S GARDEN

Once, in the sultry heats of midsummer,
An emperor caused the miniature mountains in his garden
To be covered with white silk,
That so crowned
They might cool his eyes
With the sparkle of snow.

ONE OF THE "HUNDRED VIEWS OF FUJI," BY HOKUSAI

Being thirsty,
I filled a cup with water,
And, behold!—Fuji-yama lay upon the water,
Like a dropped leaf! [305]
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**DISILLUSION**

A scholar,
Weary of erecting the fragile towers of words,
Went on a pilgrimage to Asama-Yama;
And seeing the force of the fire
Spouting from this mighty mountain,
Hurled himself into its crater
And perished.

**PAPER FISHES**

The paper carp,
At the end of its long bamboo pole,
Takes the wind into its mouth
And emits it at its tail.
So is man,
Forever swallowing the wind.

**MEDITATION**

A wise man,
Watching the stars pass across the sky,
Remarked:
In the upper air the fireflies move more slowly.

**THE CAMELLIA TREE OF MATSUE**

At Matsue
There was a Camellia Tree of great beauty

[306]
The Camellia Tree of Matsue

Whose blossoms were white as honey wax
Splashed and streaked with the pink of fair coral.
At night
When the moon rose in the sky,
The Camellia Tree would leave its place
By the gateway,
And wander up and down the garden,
Trailing its roots behind it
Like a train of rustling silk.
The people in the house,
Hearing the scrape of them upon the gravel,
Looked out into the garden
And saw the tree,
With its flowers erect and peering,
Pressed against the shoji.
Many nights the tree walked about the garden,
Until the women and children
Became frightened,
And the Master of the house
Ordered that the tree be cut down.
But when the gardener brought his axe
And struck at the trunk of the tree,
There spouted forth a stream of dark blood;
And when the stump was torn up,
The hole quivered like an open wound.

Amy Lowell
EDITORIAL COMMENT

HARD TIMESindeed

IN THE Contributors' Club of a recent Atlantic are some anonymous reflections upon Poets' Hard Times, reflections which sum up a familiar point of view about poets and poetry with convenient compactness. A few excerpts will present the gist of the argument:

These are hard times for the honest minor poet: not because, as Mr. George Moore adventurously asserts, art is dead under the curse of universal locomotion, nor because the singer is denied a just hearing by the public.

The honest minor poet wakes up in these days to find himself a child in a world of energetic, serious maturity. Even the daily headlines bring home to him that no one needs his songs of hills and leaves and clouds, of elfin things and gypsy feet, even of love and death, touched as they are in his music with the kind, deceiving shimmer of dreams.

With the nations reeling like drunken regiments, it is no wonder that the little singer finds himself beaten into humble silence. If he is honest, he knows that the world needs the burning insight and power of a prophet, or the simplicity of eternal childlike Truth. If he is not great enough in complexity to attain the one, nor great enough in simplicity for the other, he has nothing to say. His stars and brooks will stand the test only if somehow he can weave them into the vast troubled web of human experience. Pale pools, white birds, green fishes, blue gardens, are truly the playthings of an artistic moment; and 'all the little emptiness of love' is like a rose blown down the wind, unless he can give it the substance of life more mightily than any sweet-chiming words alone can do. Poetry cannot dabble in strange forms, nor try to spice itself to vitality with new labels for old devices. Now, more than ever, poetry must speak for itself.

It is because of this high necessity that the singer is cast back into silence. He is like a young person in a house of tumult and sorrow. He yearns to help, but he is dumb before the terrible or noble facts about him. If he utters himself, he is aware of in-
adequacy, and expects to be brushed aside. Even if sometimes he feels sure that his dream-knowledge sees deeper than the darkened eyes of his friends, he dares not insist, till Time has given him the right to be heard. He must grow up before he can speak. . . . Or, to put it more plainly, he must be great to be worth hearing. When he can never be great, nothing is left for him but silence, and wonder. He may always keep the wonder. . . .

His courageous silence will leave more sky-room for the great songs sure to come. His wonder will open to him some private port of Paradise, gleaming with the proud light of Truth.

This kind of talk is still heard in more or less authoritative places, although, like the phrase “minor poet,” it is somewhat out of fashion. I am not convinced of the heroism of that self-abnegating might-be bard, who is “cast back into silence” by “high necessity,” struck “dumb before the terrible and noble facts about him.” Were Coleridge, Keats, Shelley—many others—struck dumb by the terrible and noble facts of the Napoleonic wars?—yet these singers of “clouds and leaves and elfin things” were minor poets to their contemporaries. Did any one of them hush his “sweet-chiming words” to “leave more room for the great songs sure to come?” No, for he knew that the great song, the great work of art, is merely the highest tree of a forest, rarely an isolated miracle.

Let us get down to brass tacks. This being a strenuous age, of universal locomotion, war and other bedevilments, the world has no use, we are told, for the poet unless he is an Isaiah or a Hans Christian Anderson. One might as well say the world has no use for gardens, or dwellings, or symphonies, for sculptured friezes and monuments, for portraits and landscapes, for Venetian glass or Chinese rugs, for jewels
and laces, for club-houses and art museums. Because my
favorite painter is not moved to depict cosmic horrors like
Verestchagin, shall I bid him burn his brushes and take to
brooding in a corner? Because the mad world is at war,
shall no one play the piano, or plan a fair house, or dream by
a sculptured fountain under the tree? Or, Mr. Essayist,
“because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and
ale?”

The poet, in any primitive society or any well-organized
civilization, should be as much a matter-of-course as the
carpenter. No tribe, no city, is complete without one, and
the better he is the more effectually does he complete it. But
for any community to demand the ultimate perfection of its
poet, to expect him to be silent unless he can speak, like
Moses, from Mount Sinai, is as absurd as it would be to
forbid to a carpenter his tools unless he can at once, though
unpracticed and unappreciated, turn out Chippendale chairs.

Some reader may retort with another familiar sentiment—
“the true poet can’t be silenced.” But the trouble is, he can
be silenced—by starvation of body or soul, song-deafness of
his generation, or other obstructions; and there is nothing
more dangerous, more bitter and perverted perhaps, than a
silenced poet. If “no one needs his songs,” his “wonder,”
far from leading him to “some private port of Paradise,”
usually ends in toxic decay or some violent explosion, like
other suppressed forces.

But in a more profound sense the essayist’s point of view
is piteously wrong-headed, and piteously typical of much
wrong-headedness at the present hour. In such platitudes indeed, such tawdry thinking, lies the cause of this cosmic tragedy of nations; and every poet who sings of brooks and clouds, of elfin beauty, of love and death, thereby utters his heroic protest, helps to remind us of eternal truth. Are we to believe, forsooth, that this is "a world of energetic, serious maturity"—because men are riding in steamers and motor-cars, and building sky-scrappers, and killing each other by millions at the call of rotten dynasties and ideas? Forever and forever no! It is a world of overgrown children playing with expensive and explosive toys, of children who make friends across the world, and then madly mow each other down in a quarrel not their own, which would make any wise man laugh but for his bitter tears of pity. So hot with youth is the world that its soul—the common feeling of the crowd—is drawing our own reluctant nation into this furious game with a force that even the most illumined leader, though mature far beyond the people, would be unable to resist; even as the illumined Lincoln was compelled in his day to respond to the immediate call, and drive the dogs of war.

If the world ever grows up into "energetic, serious maturity," it will be because the common feeling of the crowd arrives at wisdom. And wisdom is now, as it ever has been, insight into the eternal verities of truth and beauty. Every artist who helps the world to see truth and beauty—be it merely by a pastel landscape, or a carved kitten, or a song to a butterfly's wing, "does his bit" toward reminding us of eternal verities, and thereby bringing the world nearer to
"serious maturity." He is an advance agent of civilization, that higher civilization which means wisdom, forbearance, humor, joy in life and magnanimity in death. H. M.

THINGS TO BE DONE

_Transportation is civilization._—Rudyard Kipling

First, _we should get the tariff off books._ The work of the American Free Trade League may be purely "economic and political"; it is outside the scope of our activities. But a protective tariff on books is an obstacle to the free circulation of thought and _must_ be done away with. "Transportation is civilization": that phrase is the most profound that Mr. Kipling has ever written. But the free circulation of thought is the very core and pulse of the matter.

The United States has a new law which permits and even fosters the importation of contemporary painting and sculpture. Is it anything but sloth and ignorance that leaves literature in worse condition than these other arts?

Second, _we should get a good copyright law._ The present law, framed in the interest of a few local mechanics, is also an obstacle to the free circulation of thought. Is there any reason why the United States should lag behind other countries in a matter of this sort?

Third, _let us learn more languages—let more people learn more languages._ The man who reads only one language is, intellectually, only half a man in comparison with the man of equal mental energy who can read two with comfort. All things are not written in one tongue.
Fourth, we should multiply translations. It is not everyone who has time to learn ten languages, or even two. Competition is of value even in matters of art and intelligence. The better the stock in the store, the more chance of finding what you need. We need more translations of French authors, not only contemporary but eighteenth-century authors. We need translations of German and Russian authors, many more than we get.

We need standards of comparison. All excellence has not risen out of one ant-hill. America is full of provincial people, who do not know that they are provincial, who are insulted if one calls them provincial; even though they have never stopped to inquire whether there are peculiar functions appertaining to provincials, and particular opportunities afforded by the very fact of provincialism, or whether it is a flaw to be, perhaps in part, overcome.

Fifth, we must try to think, at least a little, about civilization, centralization and its possible functions, the differentiation of individuals, and the function, advantage or disadvantage of such differentiation.

We should read De Gourmont, De Goncourt. We should not assume that Christ knew more than Confucius until we have read Confucius. We should mistrust the local parson and the local professor, remembering that lots of people, not so long ago, were brought up to believe in Carlyle and Macaulay. Nor should we assume that Darwin said the last word, or that Christianity is the religion of all the world, or that what we call Christianity would
have been recognized as such by most of our ancestors. Codes, etiquettes and moralities have wavered and varied. Irony is still set down as a “sin” in manuals of devotion. The last heretic was burnt at the stake in 1758. We are not yet out of the forest.

It is necessary that the art of poetry should retain all its liberties. The poet must be free to recognize the existence of ideas, whatever they are and wherever he finds them.

Questions for Meditation

Is America still a colony? intellectually? in all ways save in her political organization?

Is she self-sufficient?

What is the value of a metropolis? of several?

Is America importing art? and exporting artists?

Does she export “artists”, or merely promising embryos which hatch into artists elsewhere?

Does America want foreign books?

Does she originate? or does she merely multiply and dilute?

Is she bigoted? Is her bigotry a danger to the arts?

To what extent does she fear discovery and discoveries?

Is she mistrustful of invention simply because she has no critical sense? no standards whereby to measure achievement? Is this the reason for “booms” and for so many people of “promise” “petering out”?

How many of her authors consider quantity preferable to intensity?

E. P.
YALE DISCOVERS BLAKE

Selections from the Symbolical Poems of William Blake, edited, with an Introduction, by Fred. E. Pierce, Ph. D. Yale Univ. Press.

It is interesting to note that professors, pedants, and other critical persons are discovering that Blake was after all not so mad as his contemporaries thought, and that they have even taken to patronizing him in consequence. The moral is, that if a man of genius only waits long enough he will be sure of some recognition.

Blake’s recognition as a poet has been slow in arriving, because he is too much of the spiritual aristocrat for America, and too much of the imaginative man for England. In England there are still persons who think Blake mad, such as Mr. Comyns Carr and Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton’s small book on the subject may be disregarded. He considers Blake mad for the simple reason that he did not hold the same opinions as his own. In fact, Mr. Chesterton declares that Blake was mad because he was logical, whereas Chesterton is not. Everyone in England is mad, according to Mr. Chesterton, except Mr. Shaw and himself; and Mr. Shaw is mad because he is totally illogical, whereas Mr. Chesterton is logical or not, just as it suits him to be.

This, however, is a digression. Blake was a genius, and Mr. Chesterton is a journalist. Blake’s “madness” was perfectly reasonable, and extremely simple at bottom. He
believed that man was at one time perfect, but that he had fallen into imperfection and error because he preferred to exalt certain qualities over certain others, instead of living in eternity, as Blake called it (or as Spinoza might have called it, seeing all things \textit{sub specie æternitatis}). Thus Albion, the perfect man, first exalted his emotions over his intellect. Then his rebellious instincts got the better of the emotional judgments of his intellect, now hopelessly sentimentalized. Then his merely animal instinct for existence conquered all three, until at last his intellect, divorced utterly from all contact with reality, rebelled against the animal instinct in turn, and went out alone in a world of stony horror and of darkness—a charnel-house of materialism, to make laws for that world. All this is plain, and still plainer is Blake's intention when we grasp that he personalized these successive states under the figures of Urizen, Luvah, Urthona, and Tharmas, and their female counterparts. Thus Blake explained the story of the world under the guise of a myth.

But this is not all. Blake, like many other philosophers (William James, for example, and Spinoza), sought for a release from this endless circle of non-entity. He found it in three things: first, in the teaching of Jesus, whereby mankind is delivered from the charnel-pit of pessimism and negation through pity and forgiveness; second, in the doctrine of the Divine Right of Man, as taught in the French Revolution; third, in the endless creation of a world of Art, to set in opposition to the real world; a fortress-city which each

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man could build for himself, and where he could be "lord
and master in his own house."

Now, this is not madness. It is a philosophic system, as
valuable as any other, and whose grandeur is unquestioned. Blake, however, knew that philosophic explanations of the
universe are of no value unless tested. So he tested his by
living it. He became God as far as possible. Socrates and
he were brothers, and had talks together; and not only Soc­
rates but Jesus Christ and the angels, and even God Himself,"spoke" to him through the imagination and were seen by
him through "the mind’s eye."

Madness? No. Had Blake been really mad, he would
have declared that such vision was given to him alone, and
not to other men. But Blake insisted, as Whitman insisted,
that "what is true of me is every bit as true of you." So to
every man is given the Divine Power and Imagination, and
Blake spent his whole life urging others to use them. Is
there any spectacle more sublime than that of this poor man,
sneered and jeered at, painting and writing his visions all his
life long, that others might share them? "I have never
seen his hands idle, except when he was sleeping" said his
wife after his death.

So far Blake’s doctrine is all of one piece. Why is it
then, that in his Prophetic Books, in which he gave this doc­
trine to the world, we get not only confusion but contradic­
tion? It is because a scheme so vast as his was, is utterly
unrealizable by any one man. Our desires and imagina­
tions may be infinite, but the machinery of our bodies, our
"vegetable existence," as Blake would have called it, is limited, perhaps wisely; and so all our desires cannot be achieved. Were it otherwise, we would wear eternity as a garment, and we would have no further need for the material world, or for human existence. Yet Blake might have made his work more perfect, from a literary point of view, had he been a man to whom literature was the chief form of expression. But we know it was not. Blake was primarily an artist, a painter, and he lacked both the training, the time, and the inclination to weld the confused elements of his Prophetic Books into one great epic. We must take him, therefore, as an unequal poet, who planned a sublime structure, but who was unable through poverty, lack of education, necessity of winning his bread, and temperamental inclination towards another art, to entirely fulfill his plans.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to point out that no one will ever realize Blake's true greatness as a poet who has not read Vala through from end to end. Vala is Blake's supreme attempt at the epic. Never again did he attempt so long or so connected a composition, or one of the same breadth, Vala is the story of the death and regeneration of all mankind. The scene is eternity and the time during which the action is consummated is all infinity. Page after page and passage after passage of superb poetry are unrolled before us. At the conclusion, the effect may be somewhat confused: but we must admit that only two other poets in all history have ever dared to grapple with a theme of remotely similar extent. These are Dante, and Goethe in his Faust. And
we must remember that both of these poets show the same
tendency (to a lesser degree) as Blake's work: they present
rather a succession of scenes, than a closely connected whole.
We must remember also that Blake composed his work in
about as many days as it took Dante and Goethe years to
do theirs, and then laid this rough draft aside, never to re­
turn to it, except as a quarry whence materials for both
Jerusalem and Milton were obtained.

These later works were written for a special purpose.
Blake by this time had passed middle age. Oppressed by
poverty, stung by taunts of madness, abandoned by his
friends, Blake was anxious to vindicate his position as an
artist and a prophet. Both Milton and Jerusalem are
attempts to convert the public to Blake's theory of the uni­
verse, and like all such self-conscious attempts, there is more
thumping of the pulpit, more expostulation, more detailed
exposition, more symbolism, than poetry. Not that Jeru­
salem, in particular, does not contain much magnificent
poetry. But the whole scheme is unpoetic, with its divisions
into four chapters, addressed respectively to the Public, the
Jews, the Deists, and the Christians; and with its elaborate
and somewhat wearisomely iterated attempt to prove that
England is the spiritual Jerusalem, or regenerator of the
nations—an attempt carried out through an extended and
complicated symbolism of cities and states that taxes mind
and memory to the breaking point.

After Jerusalem, Blake was silent. Nothing proves the
deep sanity of the man, as well as his heroism, better than
the fact that he concluded after all that his deeper message was not for his day, and set himself again to art, with what glorious results everyone who has seen the illustrations to Job and Dante can testify.

When will the lovers of poetry and the students of Blake be given an adequate and a cheap edition of *Vala*—Blake's masterpiece? It is a disgrace to England and to America that nothing of the sort has been attempted. Blake is not a poet who appears to advantage in selections. It is to Professor Pierce's credit that he has given us rather longer blocks of *Vala* and *Jerusalem* than we so far have been accustomed to. But his volume, beautiful in typography, binding and paper as it is, is published at a price (two dollars) which sets it beyond the reach of the ordinary buyer. The recent Oxford Edition, priced at fifty cents, is in some ways more complete and more satisfying for the beginner.

Meantime there is the great Ellis-Yeats edition, as well as the late Ellis edition, both of which are now out of print and unobtainable. And in both of these the text, notably of *Vala*, is disfigured by emendations. *Vala* may be only a rough draft, but we want to read it as Blake left it. Let us hope that Professor Pierce will so far succeed with his venture that he will venture further and will give us the one complete poem of William Blake that, even in its rough and incomplete state, comes nearest to being a masterpiece of epic poetry.

*John Gould Fletcher*
This poet—this adventurer—goes through life with his mind and emotions burning. The flame lights up places darker than the night, and before it solid things melt. The earth and the grain and the flower which it bears, the cow which gives us milk, the good daughter and the bad daughter—all are a congealed mystic breath, and one thing is as simple and as wonderful as another.

The bad daughter!—the poet’s treatment of her is startling. It seems as if this Frenchman was the first human being to discover the truth which seems so evident after it is brought before one: that the human heart—the mystic piece of live struggling flesh—is of more importance than sin and virtue; that sin and virtue are, as compared to this real, live thing, a sort of external soil which might be washed off. Not even Tolstoi, who through all his life groped for this truth, reached this extreme tolerance, realized it so clearly. We catch a glimpse of this now and then in W. D. Howells, but not without some shade of snobbishness—it is the fine, lady-like heart that matters. Thomas Hardy and George Moore (in *Esther Waters*) have felt this, but only for the flesh-life of the woman.

To this reviewer, at least, it appears that the poet’s use of miracles is not so strained as it seems superficially. The resurrection of the child is dramatically genuine and truth-
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ful; even Ibsen would not have hesitated to use it. It shows a dramatic intensity which is breath-taking.

The language is modelled partly on the prophets and partly on the modern vers-librists, and even in the translation, which is excellent, its beauty is evident, as these extracts show:

"The sky is beautiful:" but this is a beautiful thing too and even worthy of God—
The heart of a man that can be filled, leaving no part empty.

Do not turn from me that face—
There are enough angels to serve the mass in heaven.

Or this bit of dialogue between an old man and his wife, before he starts on his pilgrimage:

Anne Vercos. The yes which will separate us now, very low,
As round as the oui that formerly made us one.
His Wife (speaking very low). Yes, Anne.

With his fire, perhaps this author carries also a faint cloud; but who would begrudge him this cloud, in which his sensitive soul dwells as in a beautiful garden?

Max Michelson

CATHAY AGAIN


The heroic narrative in verse, in which anthropomorphic gods and brawny heroes stride through countless cantos of hexameter, is necessarily out of vogue in these days of staccato short-stories in vers libre and pithy etchings that reduce a life to an epigram. Yet there is something in us that goes
behind the vogue, that escapes now and again from the stern censorship of our intellect and revels with a childlike glee in fierce bearded heroes with glittering swords, in lovely maidens in distress, in the color and gleam and swing of a crisp narrative in decorative verse. And as for the Arabian Nights, in whatever form we find them, it will be a mercifully long day before we lose our delight in them.

All these elements William Rose Benét has gathered together into a really enchanting tale in his latest book, The Great White Wall. He has called for his enchantment on all the ancient sources, on Kublai Kahn, on ancient Cathay, on Persia and India and Arabia; but the enchantment remains authentic, and Mr. Benét is at his happiest in evoking it. The lines are everywhere agleam with color, as in these, from the description of the army of Timur the Terrible on the march:

Pheasant feather and peacock plume from many a marching head-dress glitters.
Bows on backs, a crowd of archers bronzely swings along as one.
Herds of antelope, goat, and nihlgao straggle along the armies' fringes.
Mimics, sorcerers, and buffoons in parti-colored costumes pass.
Dancing girls with golden anklets trip in the desert dust that singes.
High upheld above their bearers, banners stream from poles of brass.
Over all the embroidered arms of Samarcand, the City Splendid: Lion and Sun and Three Great Circles, threefold realms that signify,
Blaze on a banner of gold brocade. And, densely by his troops attended,
Odmun, leading the Avant-guard, to a blare of terrible horns goes by.
Mr. Benét has avoided with real craftsmanship that pitfall of the narrative poem, a too regular rhythm. The framework of heroic measure is here, but so well does he halt and vary it that nowhere, even to the ear of the sophisticated, is the sense rocked to sleep in the cradle of the metre; and the ambitions and the love of Timur stand out almost as starkly as from prose. In the end too, while not losing the elaborate brightness of the key, he lends a note of human truth to the tale by having Timur's spiritual defeat come at the moment of his greatest physical triumph.

There is a distinct place in American poetry for Mr. Benét's jewelled stories, and it is to be hoped that he will give us more of them.

E. T.

OTHER BOOKS OF VERSE

The increase of public interest in poetry is shown by nothing more powerfully than by trade conditions—the number of interesting books of verse which are being published and apparently sold; and of anthologies, biographies, essays, etc., which belong to our province.

We propose to group together for brief mention now and then books which would justify more extensive notice if we had the space, or books whose authors have been so recently studied in our pages that there seems to be nothing especially new to say about them.

Here, for example, is The Quest, by John G. Neihardt (Macmillan Co.), a reprint of the best poems from his first
three volumes—1907-1912. We have reviewed at some length this poet's more recent books, and further pages would but repeat a certain feeling of disappointment. Some of these poems seemed quite "advanced" when they first appeared; but the art has gone a long way since then, and many poets have raced past Mr. Neihardt, perhaps because they carry fewer impedimenta. He is too much preoccupied with the "masterful male" attitude, and with a diction and technique which seem old-fashioned today, the inspiration not being keen enough to carry the archaisms. The Prayer for Pain is perhaps the finest poem in the book. The Hymn Before Birth gives this poet at his worst in the second stanza and his best in the last.

The Song of the Plow (Macmillan Co.), by Maurice Hewlett, is a rhymed "English Chronicle," dedicated "to England, long divided, now made one." It begins with 1066, and turns its flash-light upon the wars of the roses, the despotic kings, the commonwealth, Waterloo, and other imperial episodes, ending with a vision of the New Domeday—the present war and all that its patriotic sacrifices mean for England. Though Mr. Hewlett is a poet by force of his own will rather than that of the gods, this poem, a fit subject for his muse, presents its mediaeval episode picturesquely, and rises to an eloquent patriotic apostrophe at the end.

From the Hidden Way (Robt. M. McBride & Co., New York) indicates that James Branch Cabell, a new Virginia poet, has mediaeval loves not unlike Mr. Hewlett's. The
book is too long, but it contains a few poems of real delicacy, especially *One End of Love*, which POETRY printed under the title *Post Annos*; and perhaps *The Oldest Story*, whose last line, "But life remains life’s plagiarist," sums up, in a way, the spirit of the book.

Glen Ward Dresbach’s first book, *The Road to Everywhere* (Gorham Press), shows a dangerous facility, enriched now and then with a true lyric touch. *A Road Song* has a fine open-air feeling in it, a real shout and swing; while *Songs for a Violin*, and a few tiny songs like *The More I Know of the Ocean*, and, above all, *I Groped Through Blooms*, are exquisite. Several are familiar to our readers.

A sharp contrast is *Smoky Roses* (G. P. Putnam’s Sons), by Lyman Bryson. Here the pace is slow and heavy, and the poet, oppressed by modern miseries, strips his verse bare of ornament. *The Flood* is characteristic—a stark description of the death in mad waters of a mother, after a desperate effort to save her child. *Gratitude* has a similar stern sincerity, and now and then we have a good song in minor cadence, like *The Guest*.

A light and delicate touch has Antoinette de Courtsey Patterson. *The Son of Merope and Other Poems* (H. W. Fisher & Co., Philadelphia) is full of very fragile meshes, but they gleam with pale gold and soft color. *Danaide*, for example, is lovely.

*Horizons* (Four Seas Co.), by Robert Alden Sanborn, are first-fruits from a carefully tended garden. The poet has delicate intuitions, but not quite the necessary magic. If
only the sun would shine more brightly in his garden, and the winds blow through it, we should not care in what pattern it was planted. But *Lento*, in the imagist manner, is a pretty thing.

*A Hidden Well: Lyrics and Sonnets*, by Louis How (Sherman, French & Co.), is a book of quiet songs, genuine in their soft appeal because they present with a certain delicacy personal and intimate moods of feeling. Such poems as *A Message*, *Strangers' Charm*, *Mere Living*, and some of the sonnets, are reflective rather than emotional; not exactly lyrics, perhaps, but sincere and personal, and gracefully done.

Grandiloquent is a descriptive word for the style of Frederick Mortimer Clapp, in *On the Overland and Other Poems* (Yale University Press). He piles Pelion on Ossa of words, figures, rolling phrases; especially in the free-verse poems—a form which gives him too much freedom because the moment he cuts loose from the familiar iambic the meagerness of his rhythmic instinct becomes painfully apparent.

He is safer under the restraint of the sonnet form, yet even then the efforts at sublimity too often achieve mere bombast, as in the line,

The night is like a snake
Coiled lifeless on the twin vast brows of death—

One longs to suggest to certain poets a course of nursery rhyming to teach simplicity.

*H. M.*
In a recent Reedy's Mirror Vachel Lindsay has a few pertinent things to say on the subject of Home Rule for Poets. One of them involves the critics or poets who prolong the barren discussion of the relative merits of free and metrical verse. "It is," he says, "as dreary as the ancient scanning of the ward-school pedagogues," which, he insists, made many readers grow up to dislike poetry. He might have added that in many cases we have heard precisely this class protesting most loudly against vers libre—a case of poetic prudery, so to speak, indicating need of the services of a skilful psycho-analyst. Mr. Lindsay says further: "The new free verse requires an ear that is first elaborately trained in conventional rhythms—the people that like it best are apt to be those who love the old poets." This is discriminating, and true.

Mr. Lindsay also issues a challenge to American poets, very consonant with his own philosophy of life, to leave Bohemia at a suitable age—as one would leave college—and take up the life of a citizen of the larger world, be it in Springfield, Illinois, or Davenport, Iowa. And he includes a reminder to the poet's home audience that "it is absurd for utterly unknown labor leaders, politicians, merchants or bankers to insist that their local singer prove that he has won the admiration of the unborn of the whole wide world for all the ages to come, before he is privileged to
sing the local songs.” Properly distributed, he says, there is room for a hundred poets, one for each million inhabitants. This is a good deal like the dream of the proper distribution of wealth, but it is a good dream nevertheless. Meantime, however, I wish we could count on an audience of one million for a hundred poets, whether they are “snuggling in imitation Latin quarters” or planted out in the western cornfields. I wish we could boast that much.

A.C.H.

CORRESPONDENCE

A WORD FROM DR. GORDON

_Dear Poetry:_ A _propos_ of your aboriginal number, don’t you think the red man will be a motive of ever increasing importance in American art? Undoubtedly some day we shall have a truly American music, painting, and literature; and who shall doubt that the red man will infuse his genius into it? I believe in both the rise and fall of man. Primitive races, not having fallen so low as is possible under civilization, may be nearer to art, closer to the universal creative spirit, than we. The greatest discoveries in biology have been made from a study of the lowly forms of life. The Indian instinctively appreciates color, line, rhythm and tone, which constitute the alphabet of art.

May I offer a few notes, which should have been printed last month to explain certain phrases in my poems?

_South Star Trail_ means the Milky Way, which is the path of departed spirits. _Tirawa_ is the Great Spirit, the deity.
Sa-a-Narai means, "In old age walking the beautiful trail." In this poem: Red Moccasin is a name for the dove, because of its red legs; Shagwakwa is the mocking-bird; eye-strings are the optic nerves; standing within me refers to one's conscience. Also, certain lines refer to the myth of the First Mother, who ordered her bones burned and her flesh buried: tobacco sprang up from the bones, for the good of man's soul; and corn from the flesh, for the nourishment of his body.

The poem Night is built on the rhythm of a corn-grinding song of the pueblos:

Lovely, see the cloud, the cloud, appear;
Lovely, see the rain, the rain, draw near.

Who spoke?
'Twas the little corn ear
High on the tip of the stalk,
Saying, while it looked at me,
Talking aloft there,
"Ah, perchance the floods,
Hither moving,
Ah, may the floods come this way—
Wonder-water!"

Frank S. Gordon

A DECLARATION

Dear Poetry: I really mean this!

PATRIOTISM

Poetry, I would die for you.
If you were recruiting armies
I should not need conscription,
But gladly I would go to your banners,
And pin my heart against the bayonet of a foe,
Or suffocate, drowning in floods of gas
Horribly,
Or tangle my guts in barbed wire.
Any death, Poetry, for you—
Willingly.
But your demands of service are so difficult.

Helen Hoyt

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NOTES

Miss Helen Hoyt, born in Connecticut, and a resident of Chicago until her recent removal to Appleton, Wis., has been represented often in POETRY, as well as in Others, The Egoist, and other magazines. She received one of the two prizes awarded for lyric poems a year ago by The Trimmed Lamp.

Mr. Orrick Johns, of St. Louis, has also contributed frequently to the special magazines, and in 1912 he won the first prize in the Lyric Year contest. His first book, Asphalt and Other Poems, will soon be published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer, one of the editors of the Literary Digest and the New York Times, and author of Trees and Other Poems (Geo. H. Doran Co.), is also on the point of publishing a new volume, Main Street and Other Poems.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is now with the British army in France. His Collected Works were issued in 1914 by Max Goschen, London, and Antwerp last year by the Poetry Bookshop. His On Heaven, published exclusively in POETRY (June, 1914), is one of the finest poems we have had the honor of printing thus far. Mrs. Hueffer has appeared in POETRY and elsewhere, but has not yet published a volume.

Mr. Max Michelson, of Chicago, has appeared in POETRY, Others, The Egoist, etc., but has not yet published a volume.

Miss Amy Lowell’s Lacquer Prints will be included in the third (1917) annual issue of Some Imagist Poets, soon to be published by the Houghton-Mifflin Co. Miss Lowell wishes to express her indebtedness to Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke, for his prose translation of Streets, by Yakura Sanjin, which appeared in his Chats on Japanese Prints. The other poems in Miss Lowell’s series are not translations, but original interpretations.

The only poet new to our readers, Mr. Odell Shepard, of New York, will soon publish, through the Houghton-Mifflin Co., his first book of verse.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:
The Little Golden Fountain, by Mary MacMillan. Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati, O.
Castles in Spain, by Albert Fear Leffingwell. Privately printed.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

*Retr*ogression and Other Poems, by William Watson. John Lane Co.
*A Woman Free and Other Poems,* by Ruth. J. F. Rowny Press, Los Angeles, Cal.
*The Hour of Sunset: Poems,* by Paulina Brandreth. Privately printed.
*Songs of Childhood,* by Walter de la Mare. Longmans, Green & Co., London.

ANTHOLOGIES, TRANSLATIONS AND SPECIAL EDITIONS:
*A Standard Book of Verse,* printed for the English Club of Stanford Univ.
*Songs from the Hill.* Privately printed.
*Armenian Poems,* rendered into English verse by Alice Stone Blackwell. Robert Chambers, Boston.

PROSE:
*Art and the People,* by Otto H. Kahn. New York City Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Committee.
*The Rhythm of Prose,* by William Morrison Patterson, Ph. D. Columbia Univ. Press.
*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* by James Joyce. B. W. Huebsch.
*Glimpses from Agnes Mathilda Wergeland's Life,* by Maren Michelet. Privately printed.

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To have great poets there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman