MY PEOPLE

My people are gray,
pigeon gray, dawn gray, storm gray.
I call them beautiful,
and I wonder where they are going.

LOAM

In the loam we sleep,
In the cool moist loam,
To the lull of years that pass
And the break of stars,

From the loam, then,
The soft warm loam,
We rise:
To shape of rose leaf,
Of face and shoulder.

[1]
We stand, then,
To a whiff of life,
Lifted to the silver of the sun
Over and out of the loam
A day.

THE YEAR

I
A storm of white petals,
Buds throwing open baby fists
Into hands of broad flowers.

II
Red roses running upward,
Clambering to the clutches of life
Soaked in crimson.

III
Rabbles of tattered leaves
Holding golden flimsy hopes
Against the tramplings
Into the pits and gullies.

IV
Hoarfrost and silence:
Only the muffling
Of winds dark and lonesome—
Great lullabies to the long sleepers.
CHICAGO POET

I saluted a nobody.
I saw him in a looking-glass.
He smiled—so did I.
He crumpled the skin on his forehead,
    frowning—so did I.
Everything I did he did.
I said, "Hello, I know you."
And I was a liar to say so.

Ah, this looking-glass man!
Liar, fool, dreamer, play-actor,
Soldier, dusty drinker of dust—
Ah! he will go with me
Down the dark stairway
When nobody else is looking,
When everybody else is gone.

He locks his elbow in mine.
I lose all—but not him.

STREET WINDOW

The pawn-shop man knows hunger,
And how far hunger has eaten the heart

[3]
Of one who comes with an old keepsake.  
Here are wedding rings and baby bracelets,  
Scarf pins and shoe buckles, jeweled garters,  
Old fashioned knives with inlaid handles,  
Watches of old gold and silver,  
Old coins worn with finger-marks.  
They tell stories.

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

Among the bumble-bees in red-top hay, a freckled field of brown-eyed Susans dripping yellow leaves in July,  
I read your heart in a book.

And your mouth of blue pansy—I know somewhere I have seen it rain-shattered.

And I have seen a woman with her head flung between her naked knees, and her head held there listening to the sea, the great naked sea shouldering a load of salt.

And the blue pansy mouth sang to the sea:  
Mother of God, I'm so little a thing,  
Let me sing longer,  
Only a little longer.

And the sea shouldered its salt in long gray combers hauling new shapes on the beach sand.
REpetitions

REPETITIONS

They are crying salt tears
Over the beautiful beloved body
Of Inez Milholland,
Because they are glad she lived,
Because she loved open-armed,
Throwing love for a cheap thing
Belonging to everybody—
Cheap like sunlight,
And morning air.

THROW ROSES

Throw roses on the sea where the dead went down.
The roses speak to the sea,
And the sea to the dead.
Throw roses, O lovers—
Let the leaves wash on the salt in the sun.

FIRE-LOGS

Nancy Hanks dreams by the fire;
Dreams, and the logs sputter,
And the yellow tongues climb.
Red lines lick their way in flickers.

[5]
Oh, sputter, logs.
Oh, dream, Nancy.
Time now for a beautiful child.
Time now for a tall man to come.

BABY FACE

White Moon comes in on a baby face.
The shafts across her bed are flimmering.

Out on the land White Moon shines,
Shines and glimmers against gnarled shadows,
All silver to slow twisted shadows
Falling across the long road that runs from the house.

Keep a little of your beauty
And some of your flimmering silver
For her by the window to-night
Where you come in, White Moon.

EARLY MOON

The baby moon, a canoe, a silver papoose canoe, sails and
sails in the Indian west.
A ring of silver foxes, a mist of silver foxes, sit and sit
around the Indian moon.
One yellow star for a runner, and rows of blue stars for more runners, keep a line of watchers.

O foxes, baby moon, runners, you are the panel of memory, fire-white writing to-night of the Red Man’s dreams.

Who squats, legs crossed and arms folded, matching its look against the moon-face, the star-faces, of the West?

Who are the Mississippi Valley ghosts, of copper foreheads, riding wiry ponies in the night?—no bridles, love-arms on the pony necks, riding in the night a long old trail?

Why do they always come back when the silver foxes sit around the early moon, a silver papoose, in the Indian west?

ALIX

The mare Alix breaks the world’s trotting record one day. I see her heels flash down the dust of an Illinois race track on a summer afternoon. I see the timekeepers put their heads together over stop-watches, and call to the grand stand a split second is clipped off the old world’s record and a new world’s record fixed.

I see the mare Alix led away by men in undershirts and streaked faces. Dripping Alix in foam of white on the harness and shafts. And the men in undershirts kiss her ears and rub her nose, and tie blankets on her, and take her away to have the sweat sponged.
I see the grand stand jammed with prairie people yelling themselves hoarse. Almost the grand stand and the crowd of thousands are one pair of legs and one voice standing up and yelling hurrah.

I see the driver of Alix and the owner smothered in a fury of handshakes, a mob of caresses. I see the wives of the driver and owner smothered in a crush of white summer dresses and parasols.

Hours later, at sundown, gray dew creeping on the sod and sheds, I see Alix again:

Dark, shining-velvet Alix,
Night-sky Alix in a gray blanket,
Led back and forth by a nigger.
Velvet and night-eyed Alix
With slim legs of steel.

And I want to rub my nose against the nose of the mare Alix.

GARGOYLE

I saw a mouth jeering. A smile of melted red iron ran over it. Its laugh was full of nails rattling. It was a child’s dream of a mouth.

A fist hit the mouth: knuckles of gun-metal driven by an electric wrist and shoulder. It was a child’s dream of an arm.
The fist hit the mouth over and over, again and again. The mouth bled melted iron, and laughed its laughter of nails rattling.
And I saw the more the fist pounded the more the mouth laughed. The fist is pounding and pounding, and the mouth answering.

PRAIRIE WATERS BY NIGHT

Chatter of birds two by two raises a night song joining a litany of running water—sheer waters showing the russet of old stones remembering many rains.

And the long willows drowse on the shoulders of the running water, and sleep from much music; joined songs of day-end, feathery throats and stony waters, in a choir chanting new psalms.

It is too much for the long willows when low laughter of a red moon comes down; and the willows drowse and sleep on the shoulders of the running water.

MOONSET

Leaves of poplars pick Japanese prints against the west.
Moon sand on the canal doubles the changing pictures.
   The moon's good-bye ends pictures.
The west is empty. All else is empty. No moon-talk at all now. Only dark listening to dark.
GARDEN WIRELESS

How many feet ran with sunlight, water and air?

What little devils shaken of laughter, cramming their little ribs with chuckles,

Fixed this lone red tulip, a woman's mouth of passion kisses, a nun's mouth of sweet thinking, here topping a straight line of green, a pillar stem?

Who hurled this bomb of red caresses?—nodding balloon-film shooting its wireless every fraction of a second these June days:

Love me before I die;
Love me—love me now.

IN TALL GRASS

Bees and a honeycomb in the dried head of a horse in a pasture corner—a skull in the tall grass and a buzz and a buzz of the yellow honey-hunters.

And I ask no better a winding sheet
over the earth and under the sun.

Let the bees go honey-hunting with yellow blur of wings in the dome of my head, in the rumbling, singing arch of my skull.
In Tall Grass

Let there be wings and yellow dust and the drone of dreams of honey—who loses and remembers?—who keeps and forgets?

In a blue sheen of moon over the bones and under the hanging honeycomb the bees come home and the bees sleep.

BRINGERS

Cover me over
In dusk and dust and dreams.

Cover me over
And leave me alone.

Cover me over,
You tireless, great.

Hear me and cover me,
Bringers of dusk and dust and dreams.

Carl Sandburg
THE REAWAKENING

Green in light are the hills, and a calm wind flowing
Filleth the void with a flood of the fragrance of spring.
Wings in this mansion of life are coming and going;
Voices of unseen loveliness carol and sing.

Colored with buds of delight the boughs are swaying;
Beauty walks in the woods, and wherever she rove
Flowers from wintry sleep, her enchantment obeying,
Stir in the deep of her dream, reawaken to love.

Oh, now begone sullen care!—this light is my seeing;
I am the Palace, and mine are its windows and walls;
Daybreak is come, and life from the darkness of being
Springs, like a child from the womb, when the lonely one
calls.

TWO EPITAPHS

I

Ye say we sleep;
But nay, we wake;
Life was that strange and chequered dream
Only for waking's sake.
Two Epitaphs

II

O passer-by, beware!
Is the day fair?—
Yet unto evening shall the day spin on
And soon thy sun be gone;
Then darkness come,
And this, a narrow home.
Not that I bid thee fear;
Only, when thou at last lie here,
Bethink thee, there shall only be
Thyself for company.

Walter de la Mare
PRUSSIANS DON'T BELIEVE IN DREAMS
A.D., 1916

Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair!

Yesterday I went by chance
Down the by-road called Romance,
Past the wicked witch's grate
Just outside the village gate.
But the oven-fire was dead,
And I saw no ginger-bread
Youths and maidens propped with care
Up against the wall; and there
Was never sign of cat or toad,
Or broomstick with its eerie load;
Nothing but an empty thatch
Where bats and mice would scorn to scratch.

Past the gate within the town
Red-tiled roofs were tumbling down,
While the town-clock, smoky, dour,
Struck a melancholy hour—
(Though it used to run askew
And skip a century or two
As it chose, and spin around
Backwards if it liked the sound

[14]
Prussians Don't Believe in Dreams

Of an "In that foreign clime . . . ."
Or a "Once upon a time . . . ."
Tufted grass grew up between
Cobble-stones that once had seen
Fiddling gallows-birds, sad kings,
Golden swans, and stranger things;
Where once plodded merrily
'Prentices, gone off to see
The world, and with an artless ease
Bring giants suppliant to their knees. . . .

Then I saw far down the way
An old man, crippling, bent, and gray.

"My name is Hans," said he, and smiled—
"Hans in luck!—the Sunday child!"
Here was fortune come at last,
And Hans spoke up of what was past:

"Times have changed since I was young,
The Talking Oak has lost its tongue—
No more giants pass by here;
I've seen no dwarfs this forty year;
Youngest sons don't come to good
These days as their grandaddies would—
Who is left? you ask—let's see,
Why, Glück is left—and then there's me. . . .

[15]
"But Glück is gouty, tired, and gray;  
Cinderella died today;  
Both the tailor’s dancing elves  
Are statues left on dusty shelves;  
Snow White long has hobbled on  
Through scorning to oblivion.  
There’s one queasy snivelling hag  
Living still in rag and tag;  
But I don’t remember well  
Her name—it might be Rapunzel!"

Rapunzel, Rapunzel,  
Let down your hair!

TO A FRENCH AVIATOR FALLEN IN BATTLE

You laughed and said, “A zut!”—and in a trice  
Lifted Céleste in circles twice or thrice  
Above the hangar-roof—and then sped on  
And up, and shot away—and so were gone.  
And when they found you like a wasp beside  
The carcass of the Luftschiff, still you cried,  
“A zut, mes braves!” and laughed—and then you died. . . .

[16]
To a French Aviator Fallen in Battle

It may be best you came to ground that way;
For who knows where your vivid careless play
Of spirit and bravado might have led?
Some night you might have kept straight on instead,
And then at dawn perhaps, with some surprise,
Might have beheld the roofs of Paradise
Perched like Montmartre upon a little hill—
Speckless and gabled, fresh, and very still.

And you would twist and duck and hover down,
And circle round the walls above the town,
With saints and martyrs standing over-awed
To see you 'planing on the winds of God.

Perhaps you might come down at twelve o'clock
To puff a caporal and sip a bock.

Morris Gilbert
When I saw the hills before dawn,
They were of the texture of thin gauze—
The sky shone through.

Now they are molten hills.
Like metal on the lip of a crater they palpitate and change,
Radiant, volatile.
The iron ravines flare and glow;
Scarlet lava brims the arroyo channels;
Overflowing in rivulets
It glazes the flashing sand.
Caverns, purple-dark a moment since,
Are boiling cauldrons of light;
They seethe under a primrose vapor.
There are no shadows anywhere;
Only undulating ridges of flamboyant copper,
Boulders of brass,
Precipices dripping hot gold,
Incandescent peaks that quiver upward
And hiss at contact with the sky.

Can these be the hills I saw hanging like pale rose gauze
Against the door of the dawn?
SANTA MARIA DEL RIO

Give me crystal words
To tell you about the water that runs down the desert
leaving a wake of orange-trees;
And words made of opals
To tell you how the hummingbirds look and what the nightingales say.

THE MUSEUM

From the shadow of an inner arch looks down a god:
Condor-fringe binds his temples,
And his mouth is that of a serpent.
Intent,
He peers between square eyelids
To watch Lupe, the flower-girl from the cathedral steps,
Sell me jasmin del Gran Duque.

GULF VIEW

Between the striped walls of the canyon
BURNS a crescent of blue water, arresting, poignant:
Jewel-blue,
soul of opals and sapphires;
Feather-blue,
stain of indigo on the peacock’s breast;
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Flame-blue,
   color that hovers above the copper-saturated drift-wood in the beach-fire.
   And the tall white poppy down the canyon
Sways against the blaze
Like a ship.

**SPRING DAY**

The pomegranate tree at the foot of the garden
Stands close to the river.
Its blossoms stain the air:
They shake against the white water,
Wavering on the fluent brightness
Like the vermilion found with quicksilver.

**PATIO SCENE**

Pepe is sailing a ship
Across the fountain-basin of gold and white tiles.
The ship is a gardenia,
And the skipper is a small oblong beetle
In a jacket of chintz.

*Grace Hazard Conkling*
THE FUGITIVE

Fool, fool,
They can hear thy frightened feet,
And they poke fun at thee,
Or pity thee,
Or pity thee.
They can hear thy steps retreat,
Shuffling timidly.

Thy gait is hobbling and uncouth,
For stubborn is earth's clay;
There was a day,
There was a day,
When from the doom of its own youth,
Thy spirit stole away.

Do they not know thy spirit's home?
Thy spirit, glancing, glides
Beneath all tides,
Beneath all tides.
It is a coral under foam;
In the cool deep it hides.

For lo, the yielding element
Of immortality
Is like the sea,
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Is like the sea.
Do they not hear, in wonderment,
The tides enfolding thee?

**THE CROWNING GIFT**

I have had courage to accuse;
   And a fine wit that could upbraid;
And a nice cunning that could bruise;
   And a shrewd wisdom, unafraid
Of what weak mortals fear to lose.

I have had virtue to despise
   The sophistry of pious fools;
I have had firmness to chastise;
   And intellect to make me rules,
To estimate and exorcise.

I have had knowledge to be true;
   My faith could obstacles remove;
But now, by failure taught anew,
   I would have courage now to love,
And lay aside the strength I knew.

_Gladys Cromwell_
EASTER EVENING

Walking through woodlands and oncoming night
I saw His hair stream in the sky-line's red,
I heard His footsteps on the path which led
Out from the naked trees; while golden light
Shook from His seamless robe, that, rimpling, slight
As woof of dream-stuff, flamed across the bed
Of some low-gurgling brook. He was not dead—
His risen presence was a world's delight.

It was the magic of a night too fleet
That filled the valley with a foam of mist;
The scorch of cloud-banks that the sun still kissed,
And crunch of crinkled leaves beneath my feet.
I'd offer every breath I've yet to breathe,
Just to believe, O Master—to believe!

James Church Alvord
A WOMAN

She had an understanding with the years;
For always in her eyes there was a light
As though she knew a secret none might guess.
So calmly did she bear the weight of pain,
With such serenity accept the joy,
It seemed she had a mother-love for Life,
And all the days were children at her breast.

THE STRANGER

I am the lonely man the crowds pass by;
I am the listener in the dim-lit room above the street;
I am he who waits and knows not why.
O City, have you no gift for me?
Have you no healing word to speak,
No voice of all your many voices I can understand?
I have come a long way over roads that wounded;
I entered your streets with a dream in my breast.
Be not cruel, for I came to love you:
Show me a flower or the face of a friend!
TO AN OLD COUPLE

Wait a little while—
Death will answer to your nodding;
Like a friend he will come and find you,
Take you both and fold you from the sun.

Two old, tired people!
What does it matter to you now
That no one thing was completed,
Not even a single task set the early heart
Achieved in fulness?

Bow on your mute assents to life!
The years unravel the designs of youth,
Yet time brings at the last
The serene illusion of accomplishment.
When your two wrinkled hands meet in the night—
You know that all is well.

Wait a while—
The door will open.

Scudder Middleton
She winds embroidered praise around my ears,  
And hangs etched pearls around my neck,  
And twines red roses in my hair,  
Exalting the god she sees in me.

I bend valet-like my head,  
Taking the praise meant for him,  
The master born in her mind;  
And think, "Not unto me."

An ivory flute on black velvet  
Is your body;  
Its sound in the forest  
Your voice;  
A holiday of its fine tones  
Your eyes;  
And a red ribbon on the ivory flute  
On black velvet  
Your lips.

William Saphier
TOADSTOOLS

LOVE WAS DEAD ALL DAY

I have been a snob today;
Scourge me with a thousand thongs!
The crowds that passed me atoms were:
Plunge me into a vat of tar!
Love was dead all day.

Tyrant I had a feast of self:
Hang me from the city gallows!
His harem, pride and vanity:
Throw my body to Doodle Dandy!
Love was dead all day.

Let him tear my I from me,
Let him stick it on a pike;
Let him dance through every street
For all to jeer, for all to damn.
Love was dead all day.

Let him fling the selfish thing
Into the public pool of shame;
And raise a stone that all may read,
Those that live and those to come,
"Love was dead all day."

[27]
Do you wish to hear songs,
Silent songs—
Gone,
To come,
Or never to come?
No lane of fallen leaves,
However red or brown or gold,
However soft to the tread,
Is as caressing
As the hard gray flagstone
Of a city street.
Look at one and hear.

AGAIN

Softly—
Yes, that is her patter in the hall.
She has returned.

Eagerly—
Yes, that is her form in the door.
She is here.

Madly—
Yes, these are her arms.
This mouth is hers.

[28]
Tenderly—
Yes, these are her eyes;
Her eyes are these.

She loves me; she loves me still—
And a little more!

COURTSHIP

Graveyards?
I suppose they are—
Fun.
This fellow down here—
Who—
Whom did he love and—
She?—
Did she—did she have cruel—
Eyes?
Did she—oh, those trees!
Why do they hunch their backs and—
Sigh?
Did she—and that wind!
What makes him cramp his chest and—
Groan?
And that brook and the moon, those infernal clouds—
Didn’t she—didn’t she love him at all?
And those white-eyed, white-eyed stones!
Graveyards?

[29]
I suppose they are—
When she loves you—
Fun.
Ah, to be able to die!

SIR HOBBLEDEHOY

Hail, all hail, Sir Hobbledehoy,
Smashing pretty white homes
And pretty white lives
And pretty white dreams
And pretty white skies!
Hail, all hail, Sir Hobbledehoy,
Painting pretty red seas
And pretty red fields
And pretty red sins
And pretty red lies!
Hail, all hail, Sir Hobbledehoy,
Shaping pretty white stones,
Such big pretty, small pretty,
Round pretty, tall pretty—
Shaping such mountains of beautiful stones!

Science
Drove his plough—
So straight,
So strong,
So true—
Deep and far
Into the past
And turned it topsy-turvy.
Now,
We are frantically busy,
With all of our many hands,
Sowing the next past.

DIRGE

She came—
That wistful child—
On her way to red,
Deep red:
She came—
And they tried to tell him
She was Dawn.
She went—
That listless thing—
On her way to black,
Deep black:
She went—
And they tried to tell him
She was Night.

Alfred Kreymborg
EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE CITY AND THE TOWER

AND the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech.

And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there . . . .

And they said: "Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."

And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded.

And the Lord said: "Behold, the people are one, and they have all one language; and this they began to do, and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do.

"Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech."

So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth. And they left off to build the city.

Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth. And from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth.  

Genesis xi, 1-9

A jealous God was this plain-spoken God of Genesis; darkly shrewd, and with an abysmal, Rabelaisian sense of humor. Observe how neatly he puts his finger on the primal cause of his creatures' sublime audacity: it lies in the collective imagination of man—united and of one speech, "nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do." This collective imagination must be broken into bits if God is to reign secure on his throne: he must send
confusion of tongues to make men scatter abroad. And that was the beginning of nations.

The symbol is of an imposing grandeur. Men have been scattered abroad into nations ever since. It is as though that old jealous God were still on the watch, thwarting men’s efforts to get together, blasting them with racial rivalries, and confusion of tongues, and in the last resort wars.

Confusion of tongues—that wise old deity recognized the power of the word. He knew that nothing binds men together, and makes their imaginings grow into deeds, like a common speech. Today he must view with alarm the spread of the English language over the earth, realizing that such union in the word produces a mystic force “from which nothing will be restrained.” He sees widely separated peoples bound so fast by it that wars within become well-nigh impossible and wars without will surge against them in vain. He smiles at any war-lord’s effort to conquer the world, to conquer even neighboring nations, so long as a single language is spoken over half the globe—smiles indulgently, perhaps, knowing that even the war-lord himself feels the bitter truth, for is he not challenging this English word, this English kultur, and seeking to spread his own?

Certain aspects of this prevalence of the English word stagger the imagination. This word that is spoken in Australia and New Guinea, in South Africa and North America and the little mother isle—will it become the medium of an irresistible force, the vehicle of the collective imagination of men still unborn, the utterance of the song in their hearts?
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Will it establish a string of democracies, and set up their code of liberty for other nations? Will those who speak it be so united by mystic cords of sympathy that "nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do"?

The poet who uses English today addresses a larger potential audience than any predecessor of whatever race. He has a greater chance to become the mouthpiece of that collective imagination which even the gods can not resist. Think of the little isolated world that Homer addressed—or Sophocles, Virgil, Dante. Think of Shakespeare's little England, of Pope's little London, of the tightly guarded island ramparts around Coleridge and Keats. Today a wee small song in Winnipeg may be megaphoned to the ends of the earth, and a note struck in Oklahoma may ring brazen bells in Peking.

But just because his potential audience is so large our poet is in danger of losing it altogether. When London was a village, she could listen to her few singers; when New York was a colony, any singer at all was a miracle. But now all the poets of a thousand cities are striving to enchant the whole vast English-speaking world; and so that world hears only a confusion of voices, and listens to few or none. The danger is that the man of vision may be blasted by immensities—immensities of sound and silence, of crowds and emptiness, of truth and denial, hope and despair. The danger is that he may lose that primitive faith in life which leads men to build "a tower whose top may reach unto heaven" in order—listen to the proud and tragic reason—in order "to make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad"—into oblivion.

[34]
The old sublime audacity which shall challenge the Lord on his throne—that is what the modern poet needs, whether he speak in words or deeds. Power which shall gather up the tremendous modern forces and use them for love instead of hate, for union instead of separation; power which shall build a mighty tower to bring down heaven to earth. Then indeed an era will dawn which shall amaze the gods, for "nothing will be restrained from men which they have imagined to do."

But as yet that old jealous God of Genesis sits secure on his throne. How long must the tides of time roll on before he hears once more man's audacious challenge, before he comes down a second time to see "the city and the tower," and finds that "the people are one, and they have all one language"?

Perhaps by that time the mystic cycle of destiny may be rounded out to full completeness, so that he may be willing to take up his abode among men at last!

H. M.

VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

When the Nobel committee awarded the prize for literature for 1916 to the Swedish poet and novelist Verner von Heidenstam, this was greeted by the entire country with the same enthusiastic approval as when the choice some years ago fell on Selma Lagerlöf.

Probably no other country can boast of having two of the foremost among its poets humbly place themselves at the
service of the school. In The Wonderful Journey of Little Niels Selma Lagerlöf has depicted to Swedish children the country of Sweden with the great love she has for both, and with the wonderful poetic beauty which has given this epoch-making work a unique place in the book-world of the school.

Very different but of the same high literary value is Heidenstam’s book for school children, The Swedes and Their Chiefs. Bound to follow its instructive purpose, it is not a free poetic creation like Heidenstam’s other historic works, but exhibits on each page its author’s forceful style.

Heidenstam’s first books were all written in prose, but a prose that lies far from that language of everyday conversation and newspaper style which so many of his contemporaries had religiously adopted as an expression for true realism. With Heidenstam begins the literary Swedish renascence in which are counted such names as Selma Lagerlöf, Per Hallström, E. A. Karlfeldt, Oscar Levertin, and Gustaf Fröding.

Like Selma Lagerlöf, Heidenstam had passed the age of thirty before publishing in 1888 his first book, Years of Wandering and Pilgrimage. This was rapidly followed by the traveling sketches From Col di Tenda to Blocksberg, the novel Endymion, and the great heroic epos Hans Alienus, born out of a poet’s inspiration and a philosopher’s meditations about life, its ideal of happiness and its tragedy. Hans Alienus, the restless seeker of truth and beauty all over the globe and through all ages, is Heidenstam’s own youth spent in worldwide travels, with the longing for home hidden half
unconsciously in the depths of his soul; to return at last to the country of his birth, convinced of the vanity of any attempt to pursue happiness outside of his own soul.

Heidenstam then returned to the love of his early youth, lyric poetry, and published in 1895 his first volume of Poems, the most individual creation he had until then given. A "high song" in praise of high idealism, "of a national idealism so pure and full that the air itself sings with joyous expectation that every wife is to bear a Messiah."

Heidenstam's best known historic work is The Carolins, thirty-four short stories depicting the epoch, glorious in Swedish history, of Charles XII and his faithful warriors; but it is the masterly psychologic knowledge of human nature, from the fantastic and contradictory character of the King which runs like a red thread through the book, to the feelings of the small drum-boy, that gives to this work its chief interest.

Several other important historic works followed The Carolins; foremost among them The Pilgrimage of Holy Birgitta. In all these he has made Swedish history live anew in the hearts of his people, made it a real and cherished possession for old and young, not merely a dry science with innumerable dreaded dates and names.

But still, it is as a lyric poet that Heidenstam has given his country most. He has gradually reached a higher and wider horizon, but in spite of his aristocratic aloofness and the decidedly "unpopular vein" of his poetry, he has become the poet under whose banner the others have gathered in
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

the last decades. His works have become classic and are being published in cheap popular editions already during his life-time. Verner von Heidenstam and Gustaf Fröding, the two who wrought their intuitive philosophy of life into poetry of wondrous strength and beauty, and who incarnated the national character of their people in song and prose, stand foremost as representatives of the idealistic school of writers in Sweden.

Almost all of Heidenstam’s works have been translated into German, and several of them successfully into English. Svea Bernhard

REVIEWS

YOUTH AT WAR

Poems, by Alan Seeger, with an introduction by William Archer. Charles Scribner’s Sons.

This volume is almost the work of two authors; for the hand that penned Juvenilia was a very different hand from that which gave us Last Poems. If Alan Seeger had not fallen at the front, would the former collection have met with the consideration now accorded it? Could we, for instance, knowing nothing of the story of its author, give it the same heed that we give it now, when the glamor of a brave and chivalrous death is upon it? I think that this poet would be the first to ask that it be given the unbiassed judgment granted to the work of writers of less romantic career.

[38]
Youth at War

*Juvenilia*, well named, breathes youth in every stanza; youth in love with life, in love with love, color, sound, romance, pleasure; the virile but untried youth that existed before the war. Had Alan Seeger not gone to the front, had he succeeded in finding a publisher for his work when he took it to London in the summer of 1914, I think that his place as a poet would have been no higher than that of many others writing to-day. Many of these poems, although sincere, are over long, full of the literary manner of a past hour, not free from the influence of various masters. *The Deserted Garden* is rich with color, fragrance, imagery, and bears evidence of the poet's long sojourn in Mexico. *La Nue* is the embodiment of the *idée fixe* through which adolescence views the world at large. In treatment it suggests Gautier's *Contralto*. It contains beautiful lines—these, for example:

I watched thy white feet moving in the mire,
And thy white forehead hid among the stars.

*Paris* is the Paris soft with pleasure, keen in the search of the senses for beauty and love, and it sings one word—desire. In many of the poems he takes off his gloves quite frankly—another sign of youth! The *Juvenilia* throughout throb with the impetuosity of passion, joy, love, life, and may be characterized by this closing of *An Ode to Antares*:

At Earth's great market where Joy is trafficked in,
Buy while thy purse yet swells with golden youth!

In *Last Poems* we find the second author, the author emerged from his baptism by fire. The seeker whose every fibre of exuberant health ached for adventure has come at

[39]
last to its very heart. Yet here we have no morbid dwelling on the atrocities of war which other and less restrained imaginations have brought to poetry, but the manly singing of one who knows his battlefield. Stern they come to us, these poems, divested of rhetorical trappings, consistent, with one exception, in simple dignity and beauty. *The Aisne (1914-15)* rings vitally. The now famous *I Have a Rendezvous with Death* sings itself over with more and more of appeal. The sonnets here, while a few are of indifferent value, far surpass those in *Juvenilia*, the two entitled *Bellinglise* being the best. *A Message to America* is a childish mixture of glorification and vituperation, more journalistic than poetical, and is the one flaw in this otherwise noble collection. The *Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France* (to have been read before the statue of Lafayette and Washington in Paris, on Decoration Day, May 30, 1916) is so fine a thing that I wish I might quote the whole of it. Since my praise would be necessarily more or less a repetition of William Archer’s words, I will make him my spokesman:

Completed in two days, during which he was engaged in the hardest sort of labor in the trenches, this *Ode* is certainly the crown of the poet’s achievement. It is entirely admirable, entirely adequate to the historic occasion. If the war has produced a nobler utterance, it has not come my way.

In this *Ode*, as Mr. Archer points out, Seeger wrote his own epitaph:

Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;  
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours.

[40]
Youth at War

Through all of these poems runs the poet's blind acceptance of the war idea. To say that war produces nobility is one thing, to say that it is in itself noble is to show misapprehension of principles greater than human strength alone. And when poets come to emphasize this in their work a higher ideal of honor will stimulate mankind. Here again Mr. Archer has voiced so exactly the feelings I have had in reading all of these war poems that again I must quote from his understandingly beautiful introduction:

Some of us may hope and believe that, in after years, when he was at leisure to view history in perspective and carry his psychology a little deeper, he would have allowed, if not more potency, at any rate more adaptability, to the human will. In order to do so, it would not have been necessary to abandon his fatalistic creed. He would have seen, perhaps, that even if we only will what we have to will, the factors which shape the will—of the individual, the nation, or the race—are always changing, and that it is not only possible but probable that the factors which make for peace may one day gain the upper hand of those which, for perfectly definite and tangible reasons, have hitherto made for war.

A. F.

A FLOCK FROM OXFORD


This book presents itself in a pleasingly satiric cover, bright yellow, displaying a scraggy nursemaid and a makeshift perambulator. It is the proper sort of ink-pot to hurl itself in the face of senile pomposity. Here, however, the gaiety ends and the contents of the book have none of the lightness of Miss Sitwell's earlier couplet:
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

With children our primeval curse
We overrun the universe.

Of the nine contributors Wyndham Tennant has already been claimed by the war. One can not read his Home Thoughts in Levantie without being convinced that his loss is a loss to poetry as well as to those who knew him. It strikes me that real artists who have been plunged into the present inferno have written simply and without rhetoric, without any glorification of war. Gaudier-Brzeska wrote back from the front that the nightingales were still singing despite the bombardment. Tennant writes in similar vein:

Green gardens in Levantie!
Soldiers only know the street
Where the mud is churned and splashed about
By battle-wending feet.

Two roofless ruins stand
And here among the wreckage where the back wall should have been
The grass was trodden on.

. . . among the vivid blades
Of soft and tender grass
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels
That pass and ever pass.

Hungry for spring I bent my head,
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place,
Dancing with measured step from the wrecked and shattered towns
Away . . . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March

[42]
A Flock from Oxford

A-courtng on the leas;
And meadows with their glittering streams and silver scurrying dace,
Home . . . . what a perfect place.

The poem is written with prose simplicity; with the possible exception of "battle-wending" there is no over-decorative word. These properties are of more importance than the very much over-emphasized present question of free or regular verse.

Most of the anthology is in the older forms. Miss Cunard shows at times surprising closeness of thought, and a talent for epithets with her dwarfs "with slyly-pointed steps" and her aged abstractions, Love, Joy, Sin, "in solemn stage-learnt ecstasy." She uses the sonnet, like most poets at the beginning of their course, without recognizing that the sonnet is a peculiar costume. Like duck trousers or a scarlet hunting-coat, it is suitable on some occasions and not quite fitting on others. Few forms, save the classic quantitative measures, are a better drill-ground for one’s early effort, but a sense of form is not shown by trying to fit matter which is not essentially a sonnet into the sonnet-shell. Miss Cunard manages best in the sonnet Uneasiness. She abandons the form in From the Train:

Smoke-stacks, coal-stacks, hay-stacks, slack,
Colorless, scentless, pointless, dull;
Railways, highways, roadways, black,
Grantham, Birmingham, Leeds and Hull.

Steamers, passengers, convoys, trains,
Merchandise travelling over the sea;
Smut-filled streets and factory lanes,
What can these ever mean to me?
Both Sacheverell and Edith Sitwell show promise, the latter using alternate ten and six syllable lines with excellent rhythmic and tonal effect but with an inexcusable carelessness as to meaning and to the fitness of expression. The anthology closes with some excellent prose translations from Rimbaud by H. Rootham. We would welcome a complete translation in the same manner.

E. P.


This series is a rare example of the art of book-making which might long ago have excited Elzevirian envy. There is a quiet invitation in the refined colors of its paper bindings. The type within is no less a joy. Yet it brings us disappointment, for the greater part of its work is of amateur value.

Mr. Childe leads the adventurers, and takes and gives a certain pleasure by simple music of speech. Some of his poems suggest the days that brought forth Gray's *Elegy*. We could wish that one capable of writing *The Recognition*, a fine thing, and *The Fortunate Soul*, another, had refrained from such outworn plaintiveness of expression as "the heart of me," and from such outworn errors as "their strong limbs beautiful," or "the blue dusk cool."

[44]
And of Laughter That Was a Changeling has whimsical charm, and makes promises that are not fulfilled in Miss Rendall’s other poems. Her work also seems old-fashioned, and again we come upon the plaintive “of me”—they will do it! This author seems at her best in her child poems, although her Si-Chuanese folk-songs are interesting and have beauty. They are not translations, but original studies of a country she has known well.

Miss Duff’s work shows a pretty talent, such as one met in autograph albums twenty years ago. It is therefore surprising to stumble upon a good line now and then; and near the close of her book a poem called Jehane the Queen Breaks Silence, in the old classic language, shows thought and a good touch. Mr. T. W. Earp needs only a thief, a lady with a lute, a king surrounded by glittering queens, Olympus, Narcissus, etc., to weave his traditional patterns. His few short poems in vers libre, gathered under the sub-title Chisellings, appear to have more life to give us.

Fifth in the series is The Iron Age, by Frank Betts. Here we hark back to old times, their themes being treated in a Macaulayan manner, with flourish of arms and sounding rhymes and metres. It would take a decidedly new kind of poet to make us enjoy ourselves thoroughly in the company of Dionysos, Constantine, Louis XI and the Olympian deities—in spite of a preface by Gilbert Murray.

Dorothy Sayres, in her first Opus, moves on more or less archaically, and there are lyrical stanzas. Now and then the beginning of a poem makes us feel that we are really
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

about to find something out of the ordinary, and then it will fall just short of excellence. Yet such lyrics as *Pipes*, *Carol* and *Last Morning in Oxford* show promise.

At the outset of *The Soul's Defence* Sherard Vines, over-enamored of his rhyme, has rushed at it with such lack of regard to accent that, after all, he has almost lost the poor little thing. This is an unfortunate opening to a volume which contains some good poems—better as one progresses. *The Pack* is strong, and *A Drinking Song* extremely well sung. *The Grasping Peasant* is one of the best. It would seem as though the author, in advancing, grew bolder in thought, more daring as to form, casting aside tritenesses and careless rhymes that mar the first part of the work. There is even occasionally an almost brutal recklessness, as in *War-strike:*

> Last night we nearly killed a scab—the swine!—
> Kicked his face open. Did he pray or whine?—
> Not he!—but "Kill me if you like," he said;
> "I don't know I'd not just as soon be dead,
> With men like you stopping steam coal to feed
> Our ships in the cold sea—and all for greed!
> God! haven't any of you boys away
> In France there, fighting?"

In *The Burning Wheel*, by Aldous Huxley, we come upon the cream of the series. The work as a whole, while uneven, has more originality, more of the professional manner too, than have been evident in the other adventurers. Aldous Huxley has something to say and says it well. The title poem, which is in *vers libre*, is perhaps the least interesting thing in the book, this poet being more at home in the old paths. *The Mirror* is beautiful; also *The Complaint*. An
original little poem fills page 27. Its first line sped me to my dictionary, but the picture of the little house is suggestively agreeable:

Its windows throw a friendly light
Between the narrowing shutter slats;
And, golden as the eyes of cats,
Shine me a welcome through the night.

The best thing about *A Vagabond's Wallet* is its title. The contents of the wallet show a reflective mind, but the reflections are cast in outworn patterns of word and form.

There is something teasing about this little band of pilgrims. Their bright-hued garments and their alluring titles led us to expect so much! As it is, only two of them appear distinctly as bearers of promise for the future—Sherard Vines and Aldous Huxley. The work of these has flavor because it shows less conscious literary effort than we have found in the others, and it rewards our long search by flashes of genuine beauty.

A. F.

FROM INDIA


Perhaps because one catches flame from Arthur Symons’ beautiful introduction, through which shines the radiantly elusive personality of this young Hindu woman, these poems are strangely alluring.

They are subtle, delicately-wrought lyrics, self-conscious with the same quiet poise that pervades the Hindu classics, a poise that disregards with mystic certainty the confusing
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

sense of the plurality of the universe which colors so much western thinking, and finds in the simplicity which remains an essense of pure beauty. "We will conquer the sorrow of life with the sorrow of songs," sings the poet triumphantly in one of the most beautiful of these poems, and in the phrase sums up her dream.

The poems are rather unequal in poetic quality, but in the best of them, along with a true lyric cadence, burns an extraordinary vividness of feeling. In the following, called Ecstasy, this vividness mounts to what Symons happily calls an "agony of sensation":

Cover mine eyes, O my love!—
   Mine eyes that are weary of bliss
As of light that is poignant and strong.
   Oh, silence my lips with a kiss,
My lips that are weary of song!

Shelter my soul, O my love!
   My soul is bent low with the pain
And the burden of love, like the grace
   Of a flower that is smitten with rain:
Oh, shelter my soul from thy face!

At times the poems are more strongly nationalistic. This, called Leili, might almost, in its color and imagery, be an incidental lyric in Kalidasa's Shakuntala:

The serpents are asleep among the poppies,
The fireflies light the soundless panther's way
To tangled paths where shy gazelles are straying,
   And parrot-plumes outshine the dying day.
Oh, soft! the lotus-buds upon the stream
Are stirring like sweet maidens when they dream.

A caste-mark on the azure brows of heaven
The golden moon burns sacred, solemn. Bright
From India

The winds are dancing in the forest-temple,
And swooning at the holy feet of Night.
Hush! in the silence mystic voices sing
And make the gods their incense-offering.

Mrs. Naidu has made in The Golden Threshold a really valuable contribution, not only to our understanding of the modern Hindu heart, but to the annals of the English lyric.

E. T.

FROM CANADA

Lundy’s Lane and Other Poems, by Duncan Campbell Scott. George H. Doran Co.

In a book of conventional verse, beginning with a futile ballad, one meets now and then a mood of high austerity, fitly expressed. There would seem to be hidden somewhere, in this Canadian of the Scottish names, a poet capable of deep communion with nature—a fact which makes us regret all the more the lumbering and cumbrous imitations of Victorian imitations, and the tiresome banalities and trivialities, which usually content him.

Among the best poems are New Year’s Night, 1916, An Impromptu, parts of Spring on Mattagami, and this Night, which suggests ancient impenetrable silences:

The night is old, and all the world
Is wearied out with strife;
A long gray mist lies heavy and wan
Above the house of life.

Four stars burn up and are unquelled
By the low, shrunken moon;
Her spirit draws her down and down—
She shall be buried soon.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

There is a sound that is no sound,
Yet fine it falls and clear,
The whisper of the spinning earth
To the tranced atmosphere.

An odor lives where once was air,
A strange, unearthly scent,
From the burning of the four great stars
Within the firmament.

The universe, deathless and old,
Breathes, yet is void of breath:
As still as death that seems to move
And yet is still as death.

**H. M.**

**OUR CONTEMPORARIES**

**LA VOCE AND ITS POETS**

If Italy is producing any successors to Carducci, D'Annunzio and Pascoli, the most promising place to look for them is in the pages of *La Voce*, a semi-monthly review published in Florence.

Few competent critics would deny to Aldo Palazzeschi and Corrado Govoni their place in the first rank of Italian littérateurs of to-day; many would rate them the two best contemporary poets of their country. Both are regular contributors to *La Voce*, and the neighbors they find in its pages—such men as Sbarbaro, Papini, Benedetti, Onofri, Di Giacomo, Soffici, Luciani and Bastianelli—are of a quality to urge them on to always finer production. A writer of somewhat less reputation perhaps than Palazzeschi and Govoni, but one who has done work of very unusual merit, is Piero Jahier. Such men, supported by the prose writers, philosophers and
critics of La Voce, place it as the best literary review of the Italy of our time.

It was founded some eight years ago by Giuseppe Prezzolini, a vigorous essayist who combines scholarly attainments with incisive thinking, whether his subject be international affairs or art. Among his articles on the war may be found some of the most striking ideas that the present struggle has called forth. After directing La Voce for some time, Prezzolini turned the review over to its present chief, G. De Robertis, another essayist and poet of distinguished qualities. The political tendency of the review is strongly nationalist—though in a broad sense, and without any of that foolish nationalism which tries to establish frontiers in art.

On the contrary, one of La Voce’s most constant writers, the poet-painter Ardengo Soffici, was the organizer, in company with Prezzolini, of the first exhibition of the French impressionist painters held in Florence, for he has been a determined struggler for advance in all forms of art. He has repeatedly written in defense of the new movements in painting, has contributed to them through his own canvases, and has made very interesting researches in literary expression parallel with those of the modern painters. While combatting, at least in many instances, the excesses of the futurists, La Voce is distinctly modern in its whole viewpoint. Soffici and the philosophic writer Giovanni Papini, now one of its regular contributors, were the founders of Lacerba, the most advanced of Italian periodicals, at least in point of opinions. La Voce may now fairly claim to be the successor of Lacerba,
and whether considered for its splendid development of *vers libre*, its criticism or its philosophical and political opinions, it is such an expression of present-day Italy as no student can afford to neglect.

*Walter Pach*

**CORRESPONDENCE**

*Dear POETRY: Here are a few of my sensations—*

**ON READING THE BRAITHWAITE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1916**

All the poets have been stripping,
Quaintly into moonbeams slipping,
Running out like wild Bacchantes
Minus *lingerie* and panties.
Never heard of such a frantic
Belvederean, Corybantic,
Highly-tighty, Aphrodite,
Stepping out without a nightie.

Edward started with his tragic
Pan-Hellenic pantless *Magic*
(Page 14); and quite as bare
Mrs. Jean Starr . . .
In a mood as unsartorial
Leaves her *Clothes* as a memorial;
Like Carlyle at Craigenputtock
Dancing out to show her courage
(At 34 one has to sneeze,
For where, oh, where is her chemise?

And then, leaping like a roe-buck,
Comes athletic Victor Starbuck,
In among the water-lilies
Dipping like a young Achilles.
Then across the woods he scrambles—
Woods are never full of brambles—
And in raiment of Apollo

[52]
Correspondence

Sits all night in a damp hollow;
Like another drenched Ulysses
Scaring the Phaeacian misses,
Till progressive Nausicaă
Led him home to her deah fatah—
All the frogs were frightened green
(You'll find it all on 114).

What with running and with racing,
All the moonbeams worth the chasing—
Some of silver and some not—
What a night had Mora Scott!
Out of stars to leave behind
Ugolino on the wind,
Finding, spite of hell's alarms,
Firm lips, and Paolo's arms.

She and young James ought to run
(Out o' the Stars, page 31)
Sweet and naked in the sun;
Ruddy-cheeked and laughing-hearted
Till the last wild faun is started
And the white nymphs flee to cover
From their shaggy, laughing lover,
In that Red Month when the musky
Heavy grapes are amber-dusky,
Shot with ruby through and through—
(Oppenheim on 22).

These are only half the glories
Of these white Terpsichores
Who have fled their clothes to antic
Tunefully and so Bacchantic.
Even staid New England aunties
Go to call without their mantles,
And the price of stays and laces
Has gone down, they say, at Macy's.
Reckless earth-born Odell Shepard
Goes without his daily leopard
On page 30— (it's not bad,
But certainly Odell is unclad).
I've a niece named Elinore,
Just a baby, barely four;
And her parents, feeling pally,
Took her to the Russian ballet,
Where in baby mood, ecstatic
She approved them, acrobatic,
From *Le Midi d'un Faune*
To that white and wondrous *Swan,*
Cleopatra's eyes of jade
To that mad Scheherazade.

Then one morning my good sister
Pausing at her housework, missed her;
Elinore of yellow hair
Did not answer anywhere.
Down before the house she found her,
With admiring babies round her,
Clad in one small shoe and stocking
On her tiny bare toes rocking,
Pirouetting so sedately,
Chubby, funny, staid, and stately,
Gravely tripping the fandango
Or some Lilliputian tango—
All her baby body given
A white daisy unto Heaven.
When her mother stooped to fold her
In her arms, she could not scold her
(Though by this time all the neighbors
Had resigned their morning labors).

For my sister knew the answer
For this naked little dancer
Who had shocked the postman slightly
Pacing up the street so tritely,
Leaving letters at the door
Of the sprightly Elinore:
Had he known Braithwaite's Anthology
He had needed no apology;
All the constellations show it—
Elinore will be a poet!

*Willard Wattles*
NOTES

Only three of the poets represented in this number have appeared before in Poetry. Mr. Carl Sandburg, of Chicago, had the honor of initiating the Helen Haire Levinson Prize in November, 1914; and a year ago his first book, Chicago Poems, was published by Henry Holt & Co.

Grace Hazard Conkling (Mrs. R. P.), of Northampton, Mass., is the author of Afternoons of April (Houghton-Mifflin Co.).

Mr. Alfred Kreymborg, of New York, is the author of Mushrooms (John Marshall Co.), and the editor of Others, which, though no longer a monthly, has fortunately not suspended, but still appears from time to time.

Of the poets new to our readers:

Mr. Walter de la Mare, the well-known English poet who has been in this country most of the winter, is the author of several books of verse, of which the latest, The Listeners, is published in this country by Henry Holt & Co. In London, Constable & Co. are the publishers of this and Peacock Pie (1913), John Murray of Poems (1906) and Longmans, Green & Co. of Songs of Childhood (1902 and 1916).


Mr. Scudder Middleton, of New York, will soon bring out his first book of verse. Also Mr. Morris Gilbert, of Yonkers, N. Y., who is now a member of the senior class of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

Mr. James Church Alvord, of Littleton, Mass., has contributed to various magazines. Mr. William Saphier is a young poet and painter of Chicago.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:


Across the Threshold, by Baron Vane. Harold McNair, Middle­town, Pa.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

The Road to Caistaly, by Alice Brown. Macmillan Co.
Afternoon, by Émile Verhaeren. John Lane Co.
The Broken Wing, by Sarojini Naidu. John Lane Co.
The Call of Sorrow, by Charles V. H. Roberts. Privately printed.
Songs of Inexperience, by Beatrice Daw. Gorham Press.
The Widowed Earth, by Harry Alonzo Brandt. Gorham Press.
Poems, by Alan Seeger. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Verses in Peace and War, by Shane Leslie. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Stars and Fishes and Other Poems, by George Rostrevor. John Lane Co.
La Venus de la Habana, by Earl Leo Brownson. Gorham Press.
Riddles in Rhyme, by Marion L. Clarke. Gorham Press.

PLAYS:
Two Plays and a Rhapsody, by Katharine Howard. Published by the Author at San Diego, Cal.
The Locust Flower and the Celibate, by Pauline Brooks Quinton. Sherman, French & Co.
The Cycle of Spring, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan Co.

ANTHOLOGIES:

PROSE:
John Davidson—A Study of the Relation of His Ideas to His Poetry, by Hayim Fineman. Privately printed.

[56]
THE NEW POETRY
AN ANTHOLOGY

Edited by HARRIET MONROE
and
ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON

The purpose of this anthology is to present in convenient form representative work of the poets who are today creating what is commonly called "the new poetry", the poetry which, to quote from the Introduction, "strives for a concrete and immediate realization of life" and discards the theory, the abstraction, the remoteness found in all classics not of the first order. The volume includes selections from the work of one hundred poets, among whom are:

William Rose Benét
Rupert Brooke
Witter Bynner
Walter de la Mare
Robert Frost
Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
Ralph Hodgson
D. H. Lawrence
Vachel Lindsay

Amy Lowell
John Masefield
Edgar Lee Masters
Ezra Pound
Edwin Arlington Robinson
Carl Sandburg
James Stephens
Sara Teasdale
Rabindranath Tagore

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