Poetry
A Magazine of Verse
Edited by Harriet Monroe

MAY 1917

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MAY, 1917

WAR

I

LAUGH to see them pray
And think God still is in the sky.
The little Christ whose name they say
Is dead. I saw him die.

They burned his house and killed his priest,
Just as the Bible saith.
We had no milk for little Christ
And so he starved to death.

II

There was a Virgin Mary made
To sit in church, all whitely sweet,
And hear our prayers. She smiled and played
All day with baby Jesus' feet.
Each day, our faces clean like snow,
Amid the candle-shine and myrrh
We children, standing in a row,
With folded hands would sing to her.

"O Mary, let thy gentle son
Come down with us today,
And be the blessed Holy One
In all our work and play.

I wish that we had prayed to her
To keep him safe instead.
She did not know about the war.
Now little Christ is dead.

III

The sun-waves floated past the sill
And buzzy, bumping flies.
My Mother lay all pale and still,
With eyes like Mary's eyes.

I promised her I would be brave
And help her, and I tried;
And all the things she asked I gave,
And never cried.
But at the end all I could do
Was, stop my ears and pray,
And hide my face. I never knew
The Christ would come that way.

IV

My Mother held me close to her;
I feel her one kiss yet.
How sweet she was, alone and dear,
I never can forget.

Her face was just like Mary's face,
As if a light shone through.
I took the Christ Child from that place
And ran. She told me to.

V

There were long, dust-gray roads to run,
And sticks that hurt my feet,
And dead fields lying in the sun,
And nothing there to eat.

The Baby Jesus never cried,
But with soft little lips and weak
Wee hands kept nuzzling at my side
And tried to suck my cheek.
VI

We slept beneath a bending tree,
The little Christ and I,
And woke up in the light to see
The sun lift up the sky.

And all the birds that ever were
Sang to the Christ Child then,—
Sweet thrush and lark and woodpecker,
Gold warbler and brown wren.

There were no bells for mass
Singing a little tune;
White faces lying in the grass
Were laughing at the moon!

VII

They made a little, lonely bed
Where it was cold and dim.
The baby Christ was dead, quite dead.
There was no milk for him.

Eloise Robinson
THE ANSWER

Wave, wave,
You seem to be dreaming—
Wave, wave—
In the sunbeams warm.
Wave, wave,
What are you, what are you—
Wave, wave—
Of the changing form?

I am a round bright beautiful wave.
All day with my ripples the shore I pave.

Wave, wave,
They say you are pitiless—
Wave, wave—
When the ships outroam.
Wave, wave,
They call you a savior—
Wave, wave—
When the ships come home.

I have no thought for a life or a grave.
I am a round bright beautiful wave.
Over the house the evening settled down.
The little phaeton stood before the door.
Out came her husband, strong and weather-brown:
"Why, Judith, what on earth are you waiting for?"
He stroked the pony—"And the boy—where's he?
I thought you'd gone."

"We were just starting, when
Will heard a droning, and he said to me:
'It's from the mine—I know the sound. The men
Forgot to shut things off—I'll go and see.
Mother, you take the reins and wait a bit—
I won't be long.' And now it's fully three
Long quarters of an hour, and here I sit."

"Will knows what he's about," said Alan. "Well,
There's time enough, Jude. Why it isn't eight!
You might stay out a little longer spell,
Taking the road around by Fostergate.
I'm glad he's learning how to run the mine—
Here we've a coal-mine right on our own place,
And it'll go to him. How keen and fine
He is!—it can't help showing in his face.
I thought he might come home half-heartedly,
Feeling himself too tall for us, somehow

[62]
Evening

Grown different in his ways, and wishing we
Could be more . . .”

“Alan, don’t talk nonsense, now!—
You might have known he’d always be the same.
They couldn’t make him love us any less,
Not all the colleges your tongue could name.”

“You’re right enough, you’re right enough, I guess.”

“He’d rather take his mother for a drive
Than be the governor of Illinois!
Now there’s the moon, as sure as I’m alive!
Alan, step back and see what keeps the boy.”

And Alan, young at fifty, straight and proud,
Strôde from the narrow box-path’s mossy tiling
Over the lawn where the cool branches bowed.
And he was humming to himself, and smiling;
For all the scent and sound of evening blended
In one voice, singing, “Our son!” The high grain-stack,
Crowned by the moon, where the long pasture ended,
Sang out, “Our son!” And his heart sang it back.

He entered through a doorway in the ground.
Down in the mine he groped his way about,
Calling, “Ho—Will!” There came no answering sound.
And still went echoing Alan’s shout on shout.
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Now like a menacing troop of giant foes
Dark in the mine loomed shadowy shapes of steel.
Dark in his brain a dream of dread arose.

A darker something whirled upon a wheel.

Aged at fifty, he came out. No more
Was any singing, for to him the air
Was hushed forever, and earth's lovely floor
Sent up in vain its fragrance everywhere.
Feeble and faint, at last he reached the lawn—
One thought, to be with her. He stumbled, fell,
And up again he staggered. On; oh, on!
He must make haste with what he had to tell.

She waited, waited, looking straight ahead,
Deep in a plan of trimming for a blouse.
He stood there—and she knew, before he said
The words: "Get down, dear—come! come in the house."

THE DOLL

The father
There's something strange about the child tonight.
I scolded her because she had forgotten
To fill the stove. She never said a word,
But stood and smiled, as if she might be dreaming.

[64]
This morning I went out to buy the dinner. I didn't like to leave her, so I took her. Well, she was tired from the time we started. I had to yank her by the arm and pull her. We went to see the window-show at Field's. Oh my!—the dolls! From the first, one held her eye—A girl, a life-size two-year-old, with a dress Hand-work all over, and silk socks and slippers. It couldn’t have cost less than fifty dollars. She looked, and couldn’t seem to turn away. At last she said: “I want to be its mother.” Then it came to me—what the doctor told us—Her heart was weak, and we must humor her. I said: “You'll get it for a Christmas present.” Anyhow I've had peaceful hours since then. She hasn't fussed, nor had a fainting-spell. That shows she can be all right, if she's a mind to. But what on earth'll we say to her to-morrow?

The father
We'll say how Santa Claus got stuck in the snow.

The mother
Now hark, I hear her humming in her bed! She always hums, and never sings out words.
The song they may not hear
I shall draw her very close to me,
With my love.
Oh, could anything more beautiful be
Dreamed of?
She is coming. I must wait,
I must wait.

The mother
It's all because I let her go to school.
I never was a one for education
For children of her age. It gives 'em notions,
And sets 'em looking up too high at things.

The song they may not hear
My sweet child is like a flower's light.
So is She,
Wonderful Our Lady in the night
Near me.
She will help me sleep and wait,
Sleep and wait.

The father
I'll just go out and look along the street—
The men have stood all day there peddling toys.
I'll just go out and buy a top for her.
The Doll

The mother
Let her be satisfied with goose for dinner,
And a bag of candy from the school-house tree.

The song they may not hear
I shall hold my daughter's finger-tips—
How they shine!
I shall almost dare to touch her lips
With mine.
I must try to sleep and wait,
Sleep and wait.

The mother
How can we tell her?—that's what's bothering me.
How can we tell her, tell her?—answer that!
Oh, somehow I'm afraid to think of it—
The dark in her eyes I know she'll have to-morrow,
When she comes looking, and it isn't here!

Agnes Lee
PRAYER FOR SOPHISTICATION

Close all open things, O God!
Close the rose,
The throats of flutes and birds.
Close all eyes
To tears not yet fallen.
Close my heart:
Close all open things, O God!

STRANGERS

God,
I shall tell you:
I am seeing and seeing strangers
Who are not strangers,
For there is something in their eyes,
And about their faces
That whispers to me
(But so low
That I can never quite hear)
Of the lost half of myself
Which I have been seeking since the beginning of earth.
And I could follow them to the end of the world,
Would they but lean nearer, nearer,
And tell me . . . .
Pulse of Spring

PULSE OF SPRING

The spring has spilt a shining net
Of green-gold buds
Upon the boughs
Of this gray linden-tree.

The hyacinth has lit its torch of amethyst.

A robin sways upon a bow-curved twig,
And sweetly cries.

O spring, forbear!

OH THAT LOVE HAS COME AT ALL!

I am he who expects too much.
The high keen edge
Of dreams is not sharp
Enough; and the rose
Is not enough red.
I am tired with emptiness,
For love has not come swift enough.
But do thou weave, O heart,
A slender song:
Touched
That love has come at all!

[69]
TO A COOL BREEZE

You have come,
After sun-stung days,
As gold greatly wished—
Dearer
Than the loveliness of all songs.

Sweep over these arms,
This throat, this brow,
Parched with fire!

Mark Turbyfill

WOOD PATHS BY THE SEA

Who has gone before me, padding down the firm white sand?
Who has set first foot on the virginal soil?
All around is the delicate lacing of branches:
Leaf fits leaf, and vine links itself to vine;
The moss fringes the boughs on the edges of silence.
How shall I enter the stillness that the wind fears?
Who shall follow me into the tranquil gray of the unnoted pines,
Or watch me, when I go past the notched oak bushes?
Who shall wonder when the path circling the tiny grove
Marches to the edge of the world, or dies in a moss cushion?

[70]
Wood Paths by the Sea

Who shall follow me when I have made a path,
And where shall I dare to make one?
He who makes a path plunges a sword into the Eternal.

What is your will, doubter, hesitator?
Will you not do what others have done?
Be fearless, penetrate—there will be many to follow;
And, if not, the end of the path is silence.

THE HILLS

The hills repass me, the giant hills;
Crossing and recrossing each other like great animals,
Enormous circles closing and widening around me.
Here at the gully's edge I see their bodies
Shutting out the sky, processions of them—
Whither do they journey, whence have they come?
Humped camels, and the bulky rhinoceros,
Between them the sliding leopard,
And beyond again the stone-colored gray of the elephant;
All passing, all silent, touring the horizon,
To the dull music of the sun.
O endless procession, passing and repassing!—
Hunched bodies, and soundless music;
And the undulations, living, animal, against the sky!

Mary Eastwood Knevels

[71]
O bella, bionda sei come l'onda
Of cool sweet dew and radiance mild
The moon a web of silence weaves
In the still garden where a child
Gathers the simple salad leaves.

A moon-dew stars her hanging hair,
And moonlight touches her young brow;
And, gathering, she sings an air:
"Fair as the wave is, fair art thou."

Be mine, I pray, a waxen ear
To shield me from her childish croon,
And mine a shielded heart to her
Who gathers simples of the moon.

TUTTO È SCIOLTO

A birdless heaven, sea-dusk and a star
Sad in the west;
And thou, poor heart, love's image, fond and far,
Rememberest:
Her silent eyes and her soft foam-white brow
And fragrant hair,
Falling as in the silence falleth now
Dusk from the air.

Ah, why wilt thou remember these, or why,
Poor heart, repine,
If the sweet love she yielded with a sigh
Was never thine?

**FLOOD**

Gold-brown upon the sated flood
The rock-vine clusters lift and sway:
Vast wings above the lambent waters brood
Of sullen day.

A waste of waters ruthlessly
Sways and uplifts its weedy mane,
Where brooding day stares down upon the sea
In dull disdain.

Uplift and sway, O golden vine,
Thy clustered fruits to love's full flood,
Lambent and vast and ruthless as is thine
Incertitude.
A FLOWER GIVEN TO MY DAUGHTER

Frail the white rose, and frail are
Her hands that gave,
Whose soul is sere, and paler
Than time's wan wave.

Rose-frail and fair—yet frailest,
A wonder wild
In gentle eyes thou veilest,
My blue-veined child.

NIGHT PIECE

Gaunt in gloom
The pale stars their torches,
Enshrouded, wave.
Ghost-fires from heaven's far verges faint illume—
Arches on soaring arches—
Night's sin-dark nave.

Seraphim
The lost hosts awaken
To service, till
In moonless gloom each lapses, muted, dim,
Raised when she has and shaken
Her thurible.
Night Piece

And long and loud
To night's nave upsoaring,
A star-knell tolls—
As the bleak incense surges, cloud on cloud,
Voidward from the adoring
Waste of souls.

James Joyce

THE ABANDONED FARM

In this big house the dead walk. They are always cold.
And I am a young spirit that has strayed among the dead.

Outside the hills are wonderful. They are red with the sun.

I came here to seek the spirit of the mountains; and now my soul is slipping from me, for I find only the dead.

I look out of the window upon the great mountains. They are covered with snow. I feel the wind and the hot sun on the snow. Strange trees climb the mountains, like people seeking the heights. And my heart bursts, for among the mountains there are only the dead.

The dead walk in the big house. They are always cold.
And I am a young spirit that is lost among the dead.

William Zorach

[75]
When Earth stands trembling on the brink of June
Spring reads the writing on the sunset's wall,
And "Farewell" on the bright page of the moon,
While one by one in heaven's Cimmerian pall
Vague stars are lit for rites funereal.
She hears Night toll the hour of her farewell,
And seeks once more a breast whereon to die—
In the last wood to yield to Summer's spell,
That still dreams on with wide and tranquil eye
When the great huntress June doth rake the sky
And sow the world with heat, still sees its cool
Green image mirrored in the enchanted pool.

Past the low track where many a groaning cart
Has lurched above the beating of Spring's heart
She fleets, June's arrows falling swift and bright;
The creening curlew-wind wails, following,
The old wheel-wounds are filled with flowers to-night.
Her reels of gold, blue skein and yellow bead
Fall from her hand as wild and white she goes,
The poppy lacking still a golden thread,
Her needle pricking still the unfinished rose.

To-night the bluebells die, already wan
With prescience of her whose death is theirs;
Bluebell Night

A sheathing wing the solemn thicket bears,
    Though heedless birds sing on,
Though through the listening moonlight wanders still
The wide-lipped water talking in her sleep,
    And far beyond the hill,
Across the heaven's golden vast divide
The twilight rose nods to the lily moon
    Too old, too wise to weep,
They watch where Spring has fall'n, and see her swoon
With the long spear of Summer in her side.

The lean, swift bramble hastens o'er the stones,
A gipsy Autumn makes an emperor
Splendoured in purple, glorious in gold;
He heeds not April's tale so swiftly told;
And the young trees whom she may tend no more
Forget their cradle-songs in April's house,
And on Earth's shoulders take colossal hold,
Against the sun spread vast pavilions,
And stun the great storms with huge thunderous brows.

Only the playthings of the year that fade
Forgotten in June's savage, fresh desire—
The weaving-ends of April—shall be laid—
    Sweet slaves—upon her pyre.

From April's dying hand the jewels fall,
The hawthorn folds her frail embroidery,
The drowsy hyacinth puts out her light,
Gold-throated flowers that lured the pirate bee
Fade like old dreams across the face of night,
Of whom stern Day forbids memorial.

Something of Spring must die in us to-night—
Something the full-lipped Summer may not know—
The sharp, sad rapture, the impetuous flight
That finds all heavens too near, all heights too low;
When Dawn seems but a glittering rose to throw
To a mad world, and from Youth's beakers flow
The keen, the sparkling Daysprings of Delight!—

But not for ever! All that died to-night
Has heard one same sweet word, and knows that Change
Though seeming wild and strange,
Seeming to stamp its heel on all delight,
And giving Beauty only grace to die,
Shall bring a rich to-morrow; though Spring lie
Dead as the first faith in Youth's sepulchre,

She shall return, and glide—
A white swan moving on the green Spring-tide:
A snowdrop soon shall quicken in her side,
And round her lips a little sigh shall stir . . .
While loud December stamps the frozen ways
Leave her to dreamless nights and deedless days,
And strew the paling bluebells over her.

Muriel Stuart
THE BIRDS OF GOD

At dawn
Your thoughts, like birds of God,
Sang to you at your play.
Tonight
The horrid beasts of war
Have driven God’s birds away.

O child,
You are too young for fears,
And oh, too young for sorrow.
But clasp your little hands
And pray
That all God’s birds of yesterday
May sing again tomorrow.

THE DREAM GIFT

Rest, little child, on thy mother’s knee.
Softly she sings and weaves for thee,
Swift are her fingers over thy head,
Filmy and fine is the shining thread.
Sleep, my babe, while I weave and spin
A little dream to wrap thee in.
Rest, little child, beneath the vines;  
Shadow and gleam in the warp she twines:
So shall the garment, when it is done,  
Shield thee from cold and from the sun.

Sleep, my babe, while I weave and spin  
A little dream to wrap thee in.

Rest, little one, the petals fall;  
Thy mother broiders with them all:  
A fragrance to the mantle clings  
Which thou shalt bear at court of kings.

Sleep, my babe, while I weave and spin  
A little dream to wrap thee in.

Hush thee, my own, from out the bloom  
Bright wings have swept across the loom:  
Thy trailing raiment this shall be  
When back to heaven they welcome thee.

Sleep, my babe, while I weave and spin  
A little dream to wrap thee in.

LITTLE LONESOME SOUL

Through the pure ether  
And the heavenly air,  
A little wandering Soul  
Seeks everywhere its mother.

[80]
Little Lonesome Soul

The little stars will play with thee;
The moon thy pretty boat shall be;
The sun himself thy horse is he.
Angels will guide thee in thy flight
Straight to the gates of golden light.
Why dost thou hide thee in the night?

Through the pure ether
And the heavenly air
A little lonesome Soul
Seeks everywhere its mother.

It trembles at its tiny wings;
It fears the harp the angel brings,
Nor knows the song the angel sings.
It only wants, if it should cry,
To feel its mother's hand close by,
To hear its mother's lullaby.

Through the pure ether
And the heavenly air
A little lonesome Soul
Seeks everywhere its mother.

Frances Shaw
SPRING

A flicker of leaves
Across my book,
And a quavering bird-note,
Call me
To the window;
And there—
Is Spring,
Laughing up the slope
With jonquils
In her hair,
And teasing the thrush
Because his song
Is rusty!

MADRIGAL

My thoughts are flocks of little birds
That sing upon my lips all day:
Gaily they wing their joyous way;
My thoughts are flocks of little birds.

They have no need of empty words
To sweetly pipe their blissful lay;
My thoughts are flocks of little birds
That sing upon my lips all day.
Madrigal

Like dipping flight of little birds
Aflash among the fragrant may,
More silver-white than foamy curds,
Their wings make music all the day.

No shepherd boy with pipe astray
Flutes half so sweet among his herds
As do my thoughts, like little birds,
That sing their gladness all the day.

Mabel Linn

BATHSHEBA

The place was evil. Carelessly I gazed
Upon the shameless three, while one—the eyes
Of her who seemed the youngest searched my heart.
Pretty she was and wicked, but her eyes
Were more than half divine, blue more than gray,
And infinitely sad and desperate
Of all old virtue, like the flickering orbs
Of some lean wolf that haunts the misty glow
Of hunter's fire, and howls and moans for food—
Incarnate yearning. True, the girl was not
Honest or clean or good, and yet those eyes,
A thin blue-gray, stick in my memory.
A woman with such eyes I could have loved
Had love meant more to her and less to me.

Robert Calvin Whitford

[83]
AT THE THREE FOUNTAINS

Here, where God lives among the trees,
    Where birds and monks the whole day sing
His praises in a pleasant ease,

O heart, might we not find a home
    Here, after all our wandering?
These gates are closed, even on Rome.

Souls of the twilight wander here;
    Here, in the garden of that death
Which was for love's sake, need we fear

How sharp with bitter joy might be
    Love's lingering, last, longed-for breath,
Shut in upon eternity?

Arthur Symons
LOVE

Whence hast thou come? I have heard the night speak through thee,
I have heard the winds cry out at thy coming,
I have known the silent earth draw near with thee.

Thou hast brought close to me the terror of the skies,
Thou hast brought the fragrance of the white thorn blossom
And the cold strange darkness of the sea.

FOREBODING

Like a black shadow silence has fallen around us:
There is no stir in the heather, the birds are hushed,
And in the sun's eye the broad wings of a hawk.

Beloved, I have seen a sword-edged shadow between us;
I have heard the feet of one who brings death.

IN ABSENCE

I

O thorn tree, shake thy blossoms upon the wind;
Cover with leaves thy deep snow-laden boughs
That swiftly may sweet crimson berries ripen.

[85]
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My love has sworn when leaves and blossoms are faded,
And thy bare branches are held blood-red to the skies,
He will kiss grief and longing away from my heart.

II

The silver wings of the sea-birds flash and go;
The sea trembles unveiling itself to the day.
Why comest thou not? Why must I wait for thee?

Is love so gentle to thee that thou sleepest unwaking?
Is thy breath unhastened, thy brow dry and untortured?
Dost thou rather seek the me in dreams than here on my breast?

The beating of my heart has nightlong shaken my body—
So great an anguish is my longing that sight fails;
My limbs shudder with the bitterness of my desire.
If thou hastenest not death were easier to me than this.

III

Perchance I am truly dead at last, beloved,
And my body is lying still in some quiet place
And thou art weeping for me.
But I am one of the driven tormented dead
Whom the cold darkness sunders for ever from rest,
And this that consumes my heart is the pain of hell.

[86]
In Absence

IV

I remember thee, O beloved, as one dead remembers the living.
Faintly the sound of thy voice and thy laughter lingers about me,
Yet ever thy face is a star burning unquenched through my darkness.

Too far I have left thee behind me to know if love be forgotten,
For weeping and laughter and love have mingled their voices and ceased.
Only I hear the sound of great seas long since overpassed me.

Lo, I would sleep, beloved, lulled by uttermost silence;
Sleep with even thy face covered away and forgotten
Lost in a sleep unbroken by dreams or love or awakening.

Moireen Fox
MARS has descended from Olympus and is policing the domain of our national life. At once everything becomes different. All our emotions take on a change; our outlook brightens or darkens as the case may be. Our desires clarify themselves or suffer greater bewilderment; our wills slacken or intensify themselves. In a word we are remade. That which the intuitionists foresee comes to pass. A profound psychology is shot through us. We begin to move as one man, feel as one man. A spiritual unity electrifies us. We seem to be obeying the voice of God. Noble impulses, such as love for mankind, love for democracy, passionate eagerness for individual and national sacrifice, flame in our hearts. Visions of a regenerated world, a universal democracy, a nobler humanity; visions of a spiritual awakening at home flash their sun-lit wings before our eyes. For Mars has descended and is walking among us.

He jostles the Muses, singing and dancing in the Sacred grove. He plucks the short strings from the lyre of Apollo. He enters the market and scatters the traders. He grabs the boy in the pool room, snatches the cigarette from his mouth and marches him out to enlist. He routs the middle aged from places of comfort and commands them to tap unused strata of energy and to pursue life along higher and
Mars Has Descended

more strenuous levels. He says to the old: "Nothing is required of you, live or die as it may happen." But to the old who have been soldiers he says: "Tell them what I am, what I have done for you"" He takes Venus by the shoulder as a magnanimous policeman arrests a girl picket. No time now for the lascivious pleasing of lutes! Shakespeare knew the ways of the invincible giant. It is war. And all the gods and goddesses by command of high heaven are under the rule of Mars. Logic, reason, intellection fall down. They are the superstructures, built it almost seems by man out of that deeper self, the will, the soul, which controls juries, political parties, religious movements and nations moving to war, therefore oriented to the use of solidarity.

What does this? What is it? Is it the voice of God? Is there an end to which we are guided? Is there only a middle ground in the ages ahead, a relative value there, toward which our natures instinctively move and to which they emotionally react? Who knows? This cannot be judged by the reason. And fire cannot analyze itself. One thing is clear: we must act. Men cannot pause except in death, if they do there. And this is the secret. Amid this Pyrrhonism shines this star.

During the short term of Congress in 1861 many senators made speeches on the problem raised by the then seceded states, as to what could be done or should be done. As it is now, so it was then, the logician parted company with those who were acting by faith or through feeling. Senator [89]
Douglas' argument was most elaborate of all. "What can legally be done?" he asked. "The States have seceded, and legally seceded. What constitutional power can bring them back against their will?" None could and none did. The vision of The Union melted the shadows and shattered the cobwebs of logic. Mars had descended. And now who will listen to the protests of Senator Stone and Senator La Follette that Great Britain and Germany are in pari delicto as respects us and our rights? Only a minority at best. Who counts the cost of blood and treasure for this adventure? Only the few. For in calculating the gains and losses of a course like this who is wise enough to see where the balance tips? If democracy is menaced by Prussianism and we are for democracy, why not destroy Prussianism? What wiser thing is there to do in this world? Indeed, nothing is Quixotic for the World Spirit. If we had to fight the whole world for democracy why not do it? Here lies the fundamental question. There is an ideal, but it clothes the unrest of life, the aspiration for a solution of life. As Schopenhauer points out, life's problem is how to escape boredom. This is no frivolous statement. If it sounds so, the profound truth behind it robs it of frivolity.

Now that we are in the war, may heaven give us a thorough house-cleaning abroad and at home. Let us have a world clean-up economically and spiritually. But let us indulge the selfishness of doing something for ourselves while overturning the throne of the Hohenzollerns. May we be lifted on the way through this war to the becoming of a
truth living and a truth telling race. Let us become real. Do you, O Mars, rout crookedness out of our business, social and political life. It is time for every one to set about the business of abolishing poverty, along fundamental lines. All superficial remedies should go. Do you, O Mars, destroy the Age of Bluff in this republic with its fakeries, its imitations, its shallow philanthropies, its apings. Take Plutus and chuck him in chains. If we are strong enough to help the Allies let us be strong enough to be ourselves as human beings, as artists. Smash with your terrific club the rotten towers of superstition; cut down the vine on which sophistry and greed have engrafted political power and financial advantage. If the dream of God cannot be put to better use than these things, take away the dream. The spirit of man must be free. The aeroplane should be the precursor of wings for the soul of the race.

And you, O young boys of eighteen and twenty, athletic and fearless, eager for battle, leaving this strange mixture of tragedy and comedy for the immediacy of Eternal Presences, Death and the Great Inspirations, may your blood be the atonement for us, and for ours to come. You will pass in such numbers over the threshold between this life and what is beyond that the great echo of your steps may give us the proof that death is not death, and that this Reality here is a Dream, and yours the Reality. Whatever it be we cannot hold to any materialism of death when you have fallen. That conception must go with all that is done for it and in its name. Even the death of the body, that event

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which is made horrific by some religions, and in so doing is also made the source of their diversified influence, this must be blotted from our reckonings. The graveyard must be abolished. With wars over the world tearing to pieces the trappings of a stale carnival, with the man of science ready to clasp the hand of the man of vision, a great hour seems ready to strike. A new Revelation struggles to break through the mists and announce himself to man. For he who has found voices in the air through the wireless is not yet to be stayed in his upward climb. In the realm of Thought lies the great message of man's destiny. Its code badly understood, its vibrations but partly heard, have nevertheless agitated the world from all times. But who will say that an ear rightly tuned cannot deliver this message letter by letter and word by word? Edgar Lee Masters

COLONIALISM AGAIN

A just and even course being impossible in this world of passion and prejudice, we Americans find it difficult to avoid, on the one hand that loud-voiced provincialism which overestimates the local product; and on the other that soft-voiced colonialism which deprecates it, taking for granted its inferiority to that of elder and therefore wiser states.

Time was when the typical American had to feel either boastful or apologetic even about our scenery. He was either pointing with pride, in a grandiose gesture, to Niagara, or doubting whether the Yosemite could be justly compared

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Colonialism Again

with the Alps. That particular attitude has passed; our mountains and cataracts are now permitted to speak for themselves. Again, for a time we were tremulous about our industries, inventions, and other evidences of activity in commerce; but these also no longer suggest to us the European comparison.

It is only—or perhaps we should say it is chiefly—in the arts that the old assertive or deprecatory gestures may still be discerned. Having taken for granted our commercialism and materialism until any achievement in their name becomes a matter of course, we are still moved to self-suspicion by art. We can not yet take it on its merits, judge it honestly for ourselves as if it were sheep or potatoes, but must needs either brag or apologize, or timorously suspend judgment until the arrival of the foreign verdict.

On the whole provincialism is better than colonialism; it is better to brag than apologize. The indigenous artist inspiring the brag may be crassly cheap, in which case both he and the brag will be extinguished with no great harm done; or he may happen to be—Mark Twain, in which case the brag becomes the first note in the world’s chorus of praise, a note due to the young artist from his neighbors, and most encouraging in his ear. The brag, which usually comes from the average citizen, may be over-generous, but it is not hesitating and timid. It is the word of a man, or a crowd, not afraid to speak its own mind—even if a bit too anxiously, with a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude.

In colonialism, on the contrary, there is no generosity and
no courage. The deprecatory, apologetic attitude toward contemporary American art is more often to be found in the academic mind, the uncreative mind trained upon the past and living upon formulae. And as such minds, with of course starry exceptions, make up the faculties of our universities, much so-called "enlightened" public opinion, the public opinion of educated people, accepts their leadership as authoritative and makes little attempt to challenge it and exercise independent judgment.

Almost every season, for example, there are poets, straight from England, reading or lecturing in these parts. This is as it should be, of course; we can not get too well acquainted. But why a certain added deference toward the Englishmen, as compared with Americans of equal or superior quality?—a deference shown not only by complimentary amenities of one kind or another, but by the greater number of engagements at higher prices than are offered to the native bards. Why, for example, does a Dakota college summon Mr. Gibson when it has never, so far as we know, offered any recognition to American poets who outrank him?

National lines should not be drawn too rigidly in the arts, perhaps, but such acts of snobbishness tempt one to comparisons. Probably never, since this country was a nation, need she fear less than now such comparison between her rising or newly risen poets and those of Great Britain. One of ours, Mr. Masters, has succeeded in fusing the life of a whole region and period into a masterpiece of most original quality and epic value: will any one venture to predict, for
any of Mr. Masefield's metrical narratives, or anything else of that kind written by any contemporary Britisher, as long a life as for the *Spoon River Anthology*?

Again, Mr. Frost has given us dramatic narratives of New England life so vitally intuitive in their psychology, so profoundly and poetically imagined, of an art so delicately austere, that we should not know where to look for his peer on the other side of the water. Beside his highly individualized, living characters Mr. Gibson's seem puppets—the theoretic projections of a studious, intelligent, persistent mind achieving a level, forceful, but somewhat over-mechanized, art.

Also, as an interpreter of life more or less localized—a producer, let us say, since there is always a sense of pageantry in his art—who is there in England to place beside Mr. Lindsay? Who has so keen a sense of the glory of life in and through and underneath its fantastic rags and splendors? Who sees so clearly its many-colored symbols, its veiled lightnings, its blue immensities; and presents his vision in an art so simple and spontaneous and yet so studied and sure?—an art which creates its own mythology, as it were, rejecting all time-worn systems of the elder world.

Of course England—or rather Great Britain—has Mr. Yeats. She has still, fortunately, Mr. A. E. Housman ("The Shropshire Lad"), with whom we might match the late Emily Dickinson, as almost his contemporary, at least in publication. She has Mr. D. H. Lawrence, whose marvellous intuition of human feelings and reactions is expressed in a lyricism as searching and musical as Paganini's; indeed,
his art is not unlike the almost unendurable poignancy of a master violinist. She has those two purple-winged Celts, Messrs. Padraic Colum and James Stephens. She has Mr. Walter de la Mare, who has given us a few lyrics of extraordinary beauty. But are any of these recent British songs more magical, or more original and personal in their music, than certain free-verse lyrics of Mr. Ezra Pound or Mr. Carl Sandburg? And among the English free-verse poets, whether in the imagist group or not, who has the quality of these, or of those two American imagists, Mr. John Gould Fletcher and H. D.?

The comparison need not be pushed further; if American critical and cultural authorities would only do their own thinking, it would not have to be emphasized at all.

The most flagrant recent instance of colonialism on the part of a group of people in authority was the award last year by Yale University of the Henry Howland memorial prize of fifteen hundred dollars, for distinguished achievement in literature, to—not Rupert Brooke, since he was not on earth to receive it—but to his heirs.

In the first place, such a prize belongs to the living. Any post-mortem award, however just otherwise, is the mere expression of an afterthought, the tardy endorsement of an account definitely closed by death. If the prize is to have any constructive or provocative value, it should be adventurously given, not only to the living but to the most living among our present-day literary artists; to some man or woman still in the arena, to whom it would be an immediate
encouragement, and possibly an immediate financial help.

Second, it should be given to an American. In England there are government pensions for men of letters, and other suitable rewards. This little biennial purse given by Yale is hardly a Nobel Prize to make a noise throughout the world; rather it should be regarded as an opportunity to assert our faith in our own, and make life a little more joyous for some poet we have faith in.

By awarding this prize to the memory of Rupert Brooke, one of the oldest American universities puts itself on record as believing that two or three sonnets, re-expressing a mediaeval ideal of heroism, outweigh in importance the work of Mr. Masters, of Mr. Frost, or of any other American poet, however forward-looking his vision, however rich his music. It puts itself on record as bound to the past, as a docile recorder of emotional English opinion, as unaware of the trend of modern thought and art, blind to what is going on around us.

H. M.

WORDS AND THE POET

An Address Delivered to the Poets' Club of London, December, 1916

In all psychology there are few things so interesting and certainly nothing so important as the working of the spirit of the poet. A poem is the finest achievement of the human spirit, the manner of its coming into being the most impor-
tant theme of which the science of the spirit can treat.

The appreciation of poetry is the most personal thing in the world; and it is forever changing. It changes not only with each generation of men; but it changes perpetually in each man. The poems which move deeply a lover of poetry in his youth rarely move him as deeply in later life. In the end probably only the finest poetry will move him at all, if, that is, his spirit has undergone its due training and purification in the ordeal of his life.

Doubtless there are many lovers of poetry who will be deeply moved at sixty by the poem which moved them deeply at sixteen. But these are lovers of poetry of the average, men of the ruck; and with the ruck great poetry has nothing to do. Great poetry is not even for the few. It is for the very few.

But for my own part—and in this matter I speak only for myself—I shall all my life long demand that whatever idea the poet is expressing, he shall find for it its fullest musical expression, that he shall give me the most beautiful music of words. All my life long I shall enjoy a few poems of Catullus more than all the Aeneid.

For me the idea expressed by the poet is really of less importance than the music of its expression. I do not mean at all that verses in which a trivial idea was most musically expressed would have any importance for me. They would not move me. A poet does not express trivial ideas. If he did, he would not be a poet. But I do not hesitate to assert that if a noble idea fails to obtain its full musical expression,
it had better have been expressed in prose. Indeed it loses force, if its poetical expression is not wholly admirable, from the effect of pretentiousness produced by the unsuccessful attempt to express it in poetical form produces.

The eternal opposition is not between the lovers of the verse of Mrs. Post and the lovers of the poetry of Keats; it is between the lovers of Keats and the lovers of Shelley; between those who demand that a poet should all the while be busied with beauty and those who demand that he should chiefly be busied with ideas; between those who hold that he is a seer because he is a poet and those who hold that he is a poet because he is a seer. Between these there is an infrangible barrier; and like all the truly infrangible barriers, it is wrought of bars finer than gossamer.

The failure to find the full musical expression of their ideas spoils utterly for me some of the most highly esteemed poets of recent years. They leave me quite cold. And I have a strong feeling that their failure is their own fault. Either in an access of modernitis, seeking at any cost to be new, and fearing lest the accusation should be brought against their music that it is an echo of the music of dead poets, they have shrunk with such abhorrence, or such timidity, from fine melody that they have fallen to the opposite fault and gotten their music thin, or even discordant.

For example, in all the work of Walter De La Mare, Francis Thompson, and John Masefield, I believe that nothing moves me but De La Mare's poem *The Listener*. But then its music is not thin. The idea is uncommonly subtile
and delicate; and it finds expression in a subtile and delicate
music. In the other two it may be merely a failure of poetic
genius. Indeed, Francis Thompson somewhere bewails the
fact that his muse was a sullen mistress. But I have a feel­
ing that it is not wholly a failure of poetic genius, but that
they have deliberately refrained from the full musical expres­
sion of their ideas; that they are in truth akin to those mod­
ern musicians who strive with so strenuous a cleverness to
produce music without melody.

It is all a part of that queer malady, “Modernitis,” with
its queer striving to produce something new. Of course every
great poet has produced something new. Genius always does
produce something new, whatever its sphere, thought, beauty,
or action. Newness is a very hall-mark of genius. But that
newness is never the result of a deliberate attempt to produce
something new. In poetry and art it is the result of striving
for beauty. Beauty attained is always a new thing. Indeed
the moment you set out to produce something new you con­
fess yourself second-rate.

On the other hand there are few men more tiresome than
the verse-writer—he is never a poet—who expresses his ideas
in other men’s music; and it is the ordinance of heaven that
his ideas shall be as original as the music he steals. It may
be that the music of Swinburne is as the music of Gounod;
but when another man expresses his ideas in Swinburne’s
music, his music is as the music of Herman Finck. Yet it is
little less tiresome to have no music at all.

Now do not suppose that I demand a luscious music.
Words and the Poet

There is more than one poem of Baudelaire, or of Villon, for which I would cheerfully give all the orotundities of Victor Hugo. And for the lines:

I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch where through  
Gleams that untravel'd world whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move,

I would cheerfully give all the *Idylls of the King*.

There an eternal idea finds its full musical expression; and the music is quiet.

Neither again do I always demand the great idea, nor even the very clear idea. I get my fill of emotion—and after all it is the function of poetry to move me—from lines in which the idea is almost mystical, from such a stanza as:

*And through the hours of night the jewelled foam,*  
*Torn by the winds from the adventurous seas,*  
*Flies back before my galleons driving home*  
*To heap their treasure on the magic quays.*

*I may not sleep till high upon their spars*  
*I see the pale hand of the morning gleam;*  
*I need not sleep, for love has won the stars*  
*To make the world my dream.*

And that brings me to the root of the matter, to the magic and mystery of words.

We have lived in a stupid and ignorant age, besotted by the ideals of all the tradesmen, an age which has forgotten—if indeed, it ever knew—that words are magical things: that there is a lost word which, could a man but find it, would make him master of the stars in their courses and controller of the sun. In this magic of words the poet must be an adept.

In the dark ages it was believed that Virgil was a great
enchanter; and that legend held the truth. It is not enough for the poet to delight and teach us; he must also be an enchanter and enchant us—opening for us the path to ecstasy.

And how rarely does he rise to that height!

I remember once a writer of verse telling me at the end of dinner, with gentle satisfaction, that he must now be going home, for he proposed to write six hundred lines of poetry that evening. Six hundred lines of poetry in an evening! None of the great poets has written six hundred lines of poetry in six years. I doubt that I could find six hundred lines of poetry in the _Odyssey_. Some of the greatest poets have produced a hundred lines of verse for every line of poetry they wrote. I sometimes wonder if any great poet ever wrote thirty consecutive lines of poetry.

How then does a poet become an adept in the magic of words, and rise, himself enchanted, to the height of enchanting others?

I believe that the chief fact in his development is that he lives very much with words. Indeed, he lives far more with words than with ideas. He is forever considering words, brooding upon them, enjoying them, appraising them, accepting them, rejecting them. It is only natural that after a while his underself should become a surging sea of words, striving to burst up through the barrier into his consciousness. Often, I suspect, they are battling with one another, the poor and ugly words hindering the emergence and forcing back the beautiful words, to the infinite distress of the
Words and the Poet

poet, for that battle between words is the main part of his travail. Sometimes the right words, the beautiful words, gain the victory and flow up into his consciousness. Then, himself enchanted by them, he rises to the height of enchanting others, and opens for them the path to ecstasy.

For the aim of all enchantments is ecstasy, that standing outside oneself in a freedom, always too brief a freedom, from the prison of the flesh.

Of all the means of producing ecstasy, the true ecstasy—I account the ecstasies induced by wine or drugs spurious ecstasies—man has found words the most potent. The enchanter enchanted himself and his disciples by the sound of words, by sonorous incantations prolonged. They were a chief part of the processes of magic. The Roman church, wisest of the churches, induces the religious ecstasy by the sound of words, literally by the sound of words chanted or muttered in a forgotten tongue. And she reinforces that sound with music and incense, even as the chanter reinforced his incantations with the scent of burning herbs, sweet or pungent. The oriental saint induces his religious ecstasy by gazing at his navel, and murmuring the word Om till the bonds of the flesh fall from him. The poet uses words in the same manner as the enchanter and the religious to induce ecstasy in himself and set the feet of others on the path to it.

Words then are magical things; and I have more than a suspicion that it is not the poet who is the master of words but words who are the masters of the poet. The poet does not make his poems nearly so much as his poems make them-

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selves. He begins with the idea doubtless. Where does it come from? Assuredly not from his conscious intelligence. Then come the words; and they build up and beautify the idea almost out of its original semblance. For words so beautiful that they have lingered on the tongues of the generations have acquired exquisite significances and illuminating connotations. They have become powers drawing to themselves other beautiful words, growing together into poems. The spirit of the poet is their vehicle; his brain may join their flats; but no straining effort of his conscious intelligence built the structure. It came from his underself.

Consider in this matter the amazing significance of Kubla Khan. It is one of the finest achievements of Coleridge; and he did not write it. He wrote it down. If anything ever came out of a man’s underself, that did. His conscious intelligence was in abeyance during its coming to birth.

I believe that that happens in the case of all poetry. Often I believe that the poet writes verse as a preparation, writing on and on to tune his spirit as it were. Then the moment comes: he yields himself almost passively to the magic words whose flow this preparation has made easier; and the poem rises like the towers of Ilion. He is no more than the vehicle; and the true poetic frenzy is uncommonly like a trance.

Edgar Jepson

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REVIEWS

THAT WILDER EARTH


Padraic Colum is one of the most gifted, if not the most gifted, of the younger Irish poets. James Stephens, I think, has never surpassed his first small book, *Insurrections*. Was it not more distinctive, was it not more Irish, than any that he has published since? Some of the other younger Irish poets have seemed to echo Mr. W. B. Yeats, as was indeed quite natural; but Mr. Colum by no means wears the mantle of the older poet. Whereas Mr. Yeats' own dreams are usually reflected in his poems representing peasant life, or whereas Mr. Yeats almost always sees the peasant through the glamour of "old mythologies," Mr. Colum gives us the peasant as nearly as possible in the peasant's own terms, and with a direct, concrete touch. Of course the distinction is not water-tight, nor meant to be. Mr. Yeats' old woman making the fire at dawn, when "the seed of the fire gets feeble and low," is as direct as possible; and Mr. Colum's poems are not untouched by the glamour of tradition and "the thought of white ships and the King of Spain's daughter." How else could it be, and he a poet?

However, the reader who turns to Mr. Colum's poems with this distinction in mind will realize something of his
artistic method. He has identified himself with his subject, and his own personality is not obtruded except as it is incidentally revealed. This is the method of genuine "folk" poetry—be it Greek or Irish or of any race at all. Such poetry has the solidarity of life, of the hills or of the earth itself, and the title *Wild Earth* is indeed appropriate. This title, it may be mentioned, is taken from a smaller collection of poems, a little brown book issued by Maunsel in 1909, which I remember with regret—I lent it to a lady who was expecting a visit from Padraic Colum. According to her, he took the book and cut it up for copy for the present volume! In this edition I therefore recognize something of my own lost property in several of the poems. Among these are *A Ploughman, A Drover,* and *An Old Woman of the Roads,* which have been quoted in several anthologies.

I do not mean to indicate by what I have said that Mr. Colum’s poems are entirely objective, or that, being objective in method, they do not serve to convey subjective and personal emotions. There are many beautiful poems in the book that give us the sense of personal vision and passion. *The Wayfarer* (published in *POETRY*) is one of these. There is much primal feeling—I know no other way to name it—in all that this poet writes. His poems take hold of earth and do not let go. This is a feeling which does not recognize division between nature and man or between man and man. It is a feeling which makes ridiculous the publisher’s paragraph on the cover of this book: “The poems in this volume are among the best recent attempts to get into the hearts of
That Wilder Earth

the simplest poor, to exalt them by truth and not by con
descension. They express no surprise at finding greatness in
the humble." Isn't that paragraph appalling? Yes—
appalling.

The Irish have that tenacity of primitive feeling and
understanding of life, that depth which makes culture pos-
sible, which is retained by only a few peoples, as against
system and efficiency and all that sterilizes experience, char-
acteristic of the dominant nations today. This is what makes
Irish literature so rich and vital when it is consistently self-
expressive. Poets of other races seem to have to acquire, or
to be especially gifted with, what an Irishman has naturally
—a sense, that is, of the real values of life, which easily
becomes poetic, as against an artificially fostered appreciation,
which may be merely literary. If the smaller races are
doomed in the general trend of what we call civilization,
then civilization is that much poorer.

Among the new poems published in this book, The Old
Men Complaining, with its hint of Mr. Yeats' old men by
the thorn trees, but in an entirely original vein, is one of the
finest. It gives us the old men railing against the waste,
luxury and idleness of youth—an eternal theme:

I heard them speak—
The old men heavy on the sod,
Letting their angers come
Between them and the thought of God!

The Three Spinning Songs and The Ballad of Downal Bawn
have delightful rhythm. In short, Mr. Colum is an artist
with the conscientiousness of a thorough craftsman, and his

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touch is always authentic. I have not mentioned his humor, which makes him doubly sympathetic—of course there is no real sympathy without humor; but that goes without saying. His work is a definite contribution to Irish literature; it is a permanent contribution to English poetry. A. C. H.

MORE STORIES IN VERSE


Those who have enjoyed Mr. Gibson's other books will find their expectations not disappointed in Livelihood, with its friendly working people, its stories of their hardships, their fortitude and humble satisfactions.

There is a certain monotony in the poet's method of storytelling. His dramatic instinct and experience lead his plots toward compactness, but otherwise have a limiting, cramping influence. An adherence to the old "dramatic unities" seems to dominate the poems. Each story may show on its stage only one period of time, one place of action; and more than that, the author, for further bondage, has added an extra unity of his own: that the characters in the story be limited to one. The other characters appear through this one, through his meditating recollection. It is through this meditation that we learn of the character's past life, what he has been before the curtain rose: after it has risen the hero is alone on the stage, save for the wraiths that outline themselves from his talk; and the scene does not change. One scene, one character: that is the rule. Two of the sketches
are exceptions, having each a pair of characters; but even in these the author’s habit is always obliging him to handle one person at a time, so that there is an effect of balancing balls, and when one is up, the other is down, or lost.

In poem after poem this same one-man, one-scene method is carried out till it grows irksome. There is a sameness too in the atmosphere, the sympathy, with which Gibson surrounds his characters. One grows tired of its sweetness and “wholesome”-ness. It is to be hoped that a poet of so much power as Mr. Gibson will not let his art, unaware, drift into habits of either form or feeling.

H. H.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

OTHERS REDIVIVUS

Others, contrary to the fears of its lovers, has not “ceased publication,” but still continues to shed its undimmed light upon a sombre world. At one time, it is true, there was talk of suspending for lack of funds; but this misfortune was averted, and the lack of an October and a November number was made up for by the size and quality of the one which appeared in December. This number—nearly fifty pages—was devoted to William Carlos Williams, Alfred Kreymborg, and Maxwell Bodenheim; printing some of the best poems these three have written. The publication now appears not as a monthly magazine, but irregularly in pamphlet form, and devotes its present issue to the “Spectric School.” An Irish number, an Italian futurist number, and
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others are in preparation. An important contribution of this magazine to the art world was the printing last August of translations from poets of South America. In these days when we talk of internationalism it is well to remember the forces of art.  

H. H.

BROADSIDES

The Brick Row Print and Book Shop of New Haven is issuing a series of publications called Brick Row Broad­sides which promise to be of unusual interest. Each one is a single sheet, on good paper, well printed and hand colored, with a certain distinction unusual in American publications. Each one contains a single short piece of prose or verse, which, to judge from the first two, will be well selected. No. I contains The Cherry Tree Carol, an old English Christmas ballad which was found in the Ken­tucky mountains. No. II contains the death speech of the Irish patriot Thomas MacDonagh. Good luck to them!

E. T.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Under Correspondence in our March number we printed a note by Dr. Gordon in which he quoted a “corn-grinding song of the pueblos” as the rhythmic pattern for his poem Night. We regret that no acknowledgment of the authorship of the poem was given. The translation is by Miss Natalie Curtis, and appeared in her splendid volume The Indian’s Book.
NOTES

Miss Eloise Robinson is a recent graduate of Wellesley and a resident of Cincinnati. She has published a manuscript edition of the poems of the seventeenth century divine, Joseph Beaumont, and has contributed poems and prose to a number of magazines, although this is her first appearance in POETRY.

Mark Turbyfill is a young Chicago boy, just out of high school, whose poems have so far appeared only in The Little Review and in local publications.

Miss Mary Eastwood Knevels, a resident of West Orange, N. J., is working with the Russell Sage Foundation, and is doing philanthropic work. She has published only occasional poems in the better magazines.

James Joyce is a young Irishman, better known perhaps as a novelist than as a poet. His recent book Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, published by B. W. Huebsch, is making a decided stir.

William Zorach is well known as one of the younger, more radical painters of New York, although heretofore he has published little or no poetry. He is a Russian, having come to this country at the age of four.

Miss Muriel Stuart is a young Scotch girl who has lived the greater part of her life in England. Her work has recently begun to appear in the English magazines.

Mabel Linn is another young Chicagoan who has published little as yet.

Robert Calvin Whitford is instructor in English at the University of Illinois. He has published practically nothing.

The work of Arthur Symons, the English poet and essayist, is too well known to need introduction here. Readers of POETRY are also familiar with the work of Moireen Fox, a young Irish poet, and of the two Chicago poets Agnes Lee and Frances Shaw (Mrs. Howard Shaw).

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:
Films of Blue, by John Ingram Bryan. Tokyo Kyo Bun Kwan.
Glad of Earth, by Clement Wood. Laurence J. Gomme.

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*Oeuvres Poétiques* de Jean de Lingendes. Imprimerie de L'Université.
*A Highland Regiment and Other Poems*, by E. A. Mackintosh, M. C. John Lane Co.
*The Dance of Youth*, by Julia Cooley. Sherman, French & Co.
*These Times*, by Louis Untermeyer. Henry Holt & Co.

PROSE:

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