



Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

DECEMBER 1916

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DECEMBER, 1916

SLEEP



HERE do I go
Down roads of sleep,
Behind the blue-brimmed day?
No more I know her silvered sweep
Nor colors clear nor gray,

Nor women's ways
Nor those of men,
Nor blame, nor praise.
Where am I, then?

Oh, fragrantly
The airs of earth arise
In waking hours of light,
While vagrantly
Sea symphonies
Of changing sound surprise;

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Till for a space one goes
Beyond the salt and snows
And searching tides along the wide-stretched beach,
Beyond the last, faint reach
Of odor, sight and sound, far forth—far forth—
Where neither South nor North
Points down the roads unguessed,
Where East is not, nor West:
At night down roads of sleep,
Of dreamless sleep,
Past all the compassed ways the reason tells,
To unknown citadels.

Just as one turns, and while day's dusk-breathed blue
And music, many-dappled, merge in flight,
Half in a dream, one finds a tale is true
That down one's memory sings, still and light.
Just as the spirit turns,
Half-dreaming one discerns
Deeply the tale is true
That long ago one knew:
Of how a mermaid loved a mortal knight;
And how, unless she died, she still must change,
And leave his human ways, and go alone
At intervals, where seas unfathomed range
Through coral groves around the ocean's throne,
Where cool-armed mermaids dive through crystal hours,
And braid their streaming hair with pearls, and sing

Sleep

Among the green and clear-lit water flowers,
The sea-changed splendors of their ocean king.

Like hers our ways on earth,
Who, from our day of birth,
Would die, unless we slept—
Must die, unless for hours,
Beyond our senses' powers,
Down soundless space we leapt.

Beyond the deepest roll
Of pain's and rapture's sweep,
Where goes the human soul
That vanishes in sleep?

Down dreamless paths unguessed, beyond the senses' powers,
Beyond the breath of fragrance, sound and light—
As once through crystal unremembered hours
The mermaid dived who loved a mortal knight:
Far forth—far forth—
Beyond the South or North,
Past all the compassed ways the day has shown,
To live divine and deep at night down roads of sleep,
In citadels unknown.

CITY WHISTLES

To H. M.

Now the morning winds are rising. Now the morning
whistles cry.

Fast their crescent voices dim the paling star.

Through the misted city mainland, wide their questing sum-
mons fly

Many-toned—"O mortal, tell me who you are!"

Down the midland, down the morning, fresh their sweep-
ing voices buoy:

"Siren ship! Silver ship! Sister ship! Ahoy! Sister ship,
ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

"What's the stuff of life you're made from? What the cargo
you must trade from?"

From afar their onward voices break the blue,

Crying, "Bring your gold or barley! Come to barter! Come
to parley!

Ring the bell, and swing the bridge, and let me through."

Like some freighted ship that goes, where the city river flows,

Like a trading ship that questions, "Who are you?"

In among the river craft, as she rides by stack and shaft

Through Chicago from Sheboygan and the Soo.

"What's the stuff of life you're made from? What the
cargo you convoy?

Ring the bell! Swing the bridge! Sister ship, ahoy!"

At last
The twilight rises fast.
"Hard was the day!"
The questing whistles say.
Over wall and plinth, ascendant, smoke-wreaths, hyacinth,
 resplendent,
Curl and flow;
And many-voiced the evening whistles bay,
"Hard was our day."
The scaling whistles say,
"Our jarred and jangled day."
Then all their clamors blow,
"Great was our day!"
And sing a tale of fate untold and fugitive,
Something spacious, something mordant, something gracious
 and discordant,
Mean and splendid, something all our lives here live.
Down the midland mists at twilight, have you heard their
 singing sweep,
Where their far-toned voices, many-chorded, buoy—
And our mortal ways in wonder hail creation's unknown
 deep—
"Siren ship! Silver ship! Sister ship, ahoy!"

Edith Wyatt

MARTIN OF TOURS

"As I today was wayfaring"—

Holy, Holy, Holy!—low—

Said Christ in heaven's evening—

The Holies yet more hushed and slow—

"I met a knight upon the road;

A plumed charger he bestrode.

"He saw the beggar that was I—

Holy, Holy, Holy!—long—

Head and foot one beggary—

Holy, Holy, Holy!—song—

One that shivered in the cold

While his horse trailed cloth of gold.

"Down he leaped, his sword outdrawn—

Holy, Holy, Holy!—swells—

Cleaved his cloak, laid half upon—

Holy! now a peal of bells—

Shoulders that the cross had spanned;

And I think he kissed my hand.

"Then he passed the road along,

Holy, Holy, Holy!—laud—

Caroling a knightly song—

Holy! in the face of God.

Yea, Father, by Thy sovereign name,

Begging is a goodly game."

Charles L. O'Donnell

PROFILES FROM CHINA

THE STORY TELLER

In a corner of the market place he sits, his face the target
for many eyes.

The sombre crowd about him is motionless, inert. Behind
their faces no lamp burns; only their eyes glow faintly
with a reflected light.

For their eyes are on his face.

It alone is alive, is vibrant, moving bronze under a sun of
bronze.

The taut skin, like polished metal, shines along his cheek
and jaw. His eyes cut upward from a slender nose, and
his quick mouth moves sharply out and in.

Artful are the gestures of his mouth, elaborate and full of
guile. When he draws back the bow of his lips his face
is like a mask of lacquer, set with teeth of pearl, fan-
tastic, terrible. . . .

What strange tale lives in the gestures of his mouth?

Does a fox-maiden, bewitching, tiny-footed, lure a scholar
to his doom? Is an unfilial son tortured of devils? Or
does a decadent queen sport with her eunuchs?

I cannot tell.

The faces of the people are wooden; only their eyes burn
dully with a reflected light.

I shall never know.

I am alien, alien. . . .

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OUR CHINESE ACQUAINTANCE

We met him in the runway called a street, between the warrens known as houses.

He looked still the same, but his French-cut tweeds, his continental hat and small round glasses were alien here. About him we felt a troubled uncertainty.

He greeted us gladly. "It is good," he said in his soft French, "to see my foreign friends again. . . .

You find our city dirty, I am sure—on every stone dirt grows in China.

How the people crowd! The street is choked. *Nong koi chi!* Go away, curious ones! The ladies cannot breathe. . . .

No, my people are not clean. They do not understand, I think.

In Belgium, where I studied—

You did not know? Yes, I was studying in Bruges, studying Christianity, when the great war came.

We, you know, love peace. I could not see.

"So I came home.

"But China is very dirty. . . . our priests are rascals, and the people I do not know.

Is there, perhaps, a true religion somewhere?"

Behind his glasses his slant eyes were troubled.

"I do not know," he said.

We met him in the runway called a street, between the warrens known as houses.

A SCHOLAR

You sit, chanting the maxims of Confucius.
On your head is a domed cap of black satin, and your supple
hands with their long nails are piously folded.
You rock to and fro rhythmically.
Your voice, rising and falling in clear nasal monosyllables,
flows on steadily, monotonously, like the flowing of water
and the flowering of thought.
You are chanting, it seems, of the pious conduct of man in
all ages;
And I know you for a scoundrel.
None the less the maxims of Confucius are venerable, and
your voice pleasant.
I listen attentively.

CHINESE NEW YEAR

Mrs. Sung has a new kitchen-god.
The old one—he who has presided over the household this
twelvemonth—has returned to the Celestial Regions to
make his report.
Before she burned him Mrs. Sung smeared his mouth with
sugar; so that doubtless the report will be favorable.
Now she has a new god.
As she paid ten coppers for him, he is handsomely painted
and should be highly efficacious.
So there is rejoicing in the house of Mrs. Sung.

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THE MOST-SACRED MOUNTAIN

Space, and the twelve clean winds of heaven,
And this sharp exultation, like a cry, after the slow six thousand steps of climbing!
This is Tai Shan, the beautiful, the most holy.

Below my feet the foot-hills nestle, brown with flecks of green; and lower down the flat brown plain, the floor of earth, stretches away to blue infinity.
Beside me in this airy space the temple roofs cut their slow curves against the sky,
And one black bird circles above the void.

Space, and the twelve clean winds are here;
And with them broods eternity—a swift, white peace, a presence manifest.
The rhythm ceases here. Time has no place. This is the end that has no end.

Here, when Confucius came, a half a thousand years before the Nazarene, he stepped, with me, thus into timelessness.

The stone beside us waxes old, the carven stone that says:
“On this spot once Confucius stood and felt the smallness of the world below.”

The stone grows old:
Eternity is not for stones.

The Most-Sacred Mountain

But I shall go down from this airy space, this swift white
peace, this stinging exultation.

And time will close about me, and my soul stir to the rhythm
of the daily round.

Yet, having known, life will not press so close, and always I
 I feel time ravel thin about me;

For once I stood

In the white windy presence of eternity.

Eunice Tietjens

ENOUGH

I was born to those who longed for me

 Ere ever my life began;

I have glimpsed the soul of a woman,

 And fought the fight of a man;

I have reared a child, and thought of God:

 Now, Death, do what you can!

Winifred Webb

ON THE LAND

THE BLACK LAND

I will plough the land,
Turning up the black soil.
I will ride upon this heaving surface
As a boat rides upon the water.
Even as a boat
Cleaving the water with an eager keel,
I have run a furrow
Straight across the ridges.

I will sow down this field,
Scattering gems.
With both hands will I scatter
Quivering emeralds out of a bottomless pouch.

As I tread the loam
My feet sink deep.
The black earth embraces my ankles
And clings to my bent knees.

I sing as I go
Scattering emeralds.
The wind sings upon my lips,
And pearls stream off my neck and forehead.
I am bathed in a sweat of pearls.

Eyes straight forward
Rest on a brightening ultimate slope.

SUCCESSION

It is not as if I stood alone.
When I stop to rest the horses
And take a look at the sky,
It is not me
So much as my father
Stopping in the same furrow :
For I have his shoulders
And his eyes.

And when I stumped that field,
I felt as if I were his father,
Who cleared the first land
And built the house.
My father built on the ell,
But he slept himself
In his father's bed
In the old house ;
And that's where I sleep.

I hope my son will stick to the land.
I like to watch him plough
Upon that hillside,
And burn brush
Along the road.
It is as much me
As it is himself,
And as much my father
As either of us.

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THE RED LAND

In the autumn,
Bathed in gold-dust,
I shall strip the red land
Of a golden harvest.

Oh, fruitful as the red land
Bearing golden harvest
In the autumn,
Bountiful as the prairie
Heaving milky breasts
On flushed horizons!

My hand slackens
In the act of cutting,
While I lose myself
In these blue distances.

The scythe pauses
On the neck of the wheat
As my heart faints against
These flushed horizons.

I that have seen the sky,
In the time of reaping,
Between her breasts
In the wheat-field,
Sowing and reaping,
There I worship
The land!

Joseph Warren Beach

NOVEMBER ON THE LAKE MICHIGAN DUNES

The dunes are graves that shift and dance,
Showing a skeleton
When by the pushing wind's advance
Their coffin is undone,
And in the ribbed and bitter sand
A murdered tree puts out
A white limb like a ghastly hand,
A dead trunk like a snout.

The dunes are ghosts that line the beach,
Hidden and veiled and wild,
Now holding silence, each with each,
Now lisping like a child.
And to their speech the waves reply,
The wind and the low waves,
Whispering and wildly wondering why
They talk of ghosts and graves.

They are as graves, they are as ghosts,
They are as sphinxes set
For umpires on these desolate coasts
With life and death at fret:
Life with her grass and juniper,
Death with his cloud of sand,
She strives with him and he with her
Between the lake and land.

The poplars and the pines are hers
His are the sands and wind;
Sometimes his desperate breathing blurs
The air till she grows blind.
She clutches up the dune to seek
Sometime his throat to kill;
And always the troubled waters speak,
Always the sea-gulls shrill.

The wind is fellow once with Death,
Storming against the land;
He howls across the hills, his breath
Burdened with snow and sand.
The wind is fellow once with Life,
Sweeping against the sea,
Sweeping across the waves in strife
With Death for enemy.

Yet life and death and land and lake—
To him what things are these?
Whether the sand-dunes shoreward shake,
Fleeing the broken seas,
Whether the water be as glass
Or wild beasts without chains,
They change and shift and scud and pass,
Only the wind remains!

November on the Lake Michigan Dunes

Only the wind! The dead leaves flee,
Like smoke the blue lake fades,
The hills flow down into the sea,
And night and day like shades
About a carried lantern run,
Jigging alternately,
And star and moon and bolted sun
Slide crazily in the sky.

O God! The whole world, like the dunes,
Dances fantastic-wise
Down to what end, before what tunes,
Beneath what dancing skies!
And blown along like grains of sand
Ourselves must whirl and flee
Before a wind across the land
Into what open sea!

Howard Mumford Jones

TRENCH POEMS

MARCHING

My eyes catch ruddy necks
Sturdily pressed back.
All a red-brick moving glint,
Like flaming pendulums, hands
Swing across the khaki—
Mustard colored khaki—
To the automatic feet.

We husband the ancient glory
In these bared necks and hands.
Not broke is the forge of Mars;
But a subtler brain beats iron
To shoe the hoofs of death.
Who paws dynamic air now?—
Blind fingers loose an iron cloud
To rain immortal darkness
On strong eyes.

BREAK OF DAY IN THE TRENCHES

The darkness crumbles away—
It is the same old Druid Time as ever.
Only a live thing leaps my hand—

Break of Day in the Trenches

A queer sardonic rat—
As I pull the parapet's poppy
To stick behind my ear.
Droll rat, they would shoot you if they knew
Your cosmopolitan sympathies
(And God knows what antipathies).
Now you have touched this English hand
You will do the same to a German—
Soon, no doubt, if it be your pleasure
To cross the sleeping green between.
It seems you inwardly grin as you pass:
Strong eyes, fine limbs, haughty athletes,
Less chanced than you for life;
Bonds to the whims of murder,
Sprawled in the bowels of the earth,
The torn fields of France.
What do you see in our eyes
At the boom, the hiss, the swiftness,
The irrevocable earth buffet—
A shell's haphazard fury.
What rootless poppies dropping?
But mine in my ear is safe,
Just a little white with the dust.

Isaac Rosenberg

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MATERNITY

I am here, my beloved

Sturdy is earth,
Dull and mighty,
Unresentful.

Of her own fertility
Covering her scars
With healing green.

You cannot anger earth,
You cannot cause her pain,
Nor make her remember
Your hungry, querulous love.

At last your unwilling body
She tranquilly accepts,
And turns it to her uses.

EPITAPHS

I

Here lies a lady
Who smothered before she died—
Crushing every impulse of her soul
For prudence sake.
Only her body lived
To be buried.

II

Sacred to the memory
Of a genius who lied
From necessity, from pleasure, and from habit.
If this be his soul, this sturdy shade,
Perverse but virile even in death,
He will deny it.

III

Here sleeps
Earth's hungry child.

IV

Beautiful lady,
Even death is your courtly lover,
Bearing you in his arms to infinity
With tenderness.

V

Here lies a man
Who wasted in a hundred places
A bit of his soul.
Yet even now it has a certain life,
Like the vague sighing
Of a multitude of insects
Dancing in the twilight.

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VI

Her spirit, a shining blade
Piercing her breast,
Pierced even the veil of death.
And we who knew her know
It never can lie sheathed
In eternal mist.

VII

A man lies here
Who took sport seriously,
Forgetting life.
His soul, like a lost ball,
Lies happy as a field mouse,
Or a cricket,
In the long grass.

VIII

Here lies one
Whose glowing faith,
Shouting hosannas through the dark,
Shall see its God
Even as the sprouting grain
The sun.

Marjorie Allen Seiffert

RELIGION

In a far olden time
On the marge of some era Devonian,
When budding breezes began to sweep
The tops of the fern-tree fronds,
The little wild people clinging along the roots
Quivered with apprehension.
By and by they dared to look up.
"There is a Something there," they said.
"It is God," they cried,
And hid themselves.

By and by a mole crept along
And stirred the grass.
"It is God," the people said,
And shrank away terrified.

After some eons,
One who was akin to prophets whispered,
"Let us make for ourselves an image of God
Like a mole."
And they did so.

They made him like a cat, like an ox, like a serpent.
They devised a flying horse, a grifon, a dragon.
They imagined winged angels,
Guardian angels,

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Lost angels.

"These are gods and part-gods," they said;
"They live on a Hill in the Sky
On the top of the Great Mountain.
Sometime they will come down
And talk with us."

Time went on and I was born.
And I, too, heard a mystic breathing
Trembling delicately among the tree-tops.
I listened in a trance. And I said, "It is God!"
A little blind mole crept by my feet.
"It is the gentle touch of God," I cried in ecstasy.
But when I looked into your god-like eyes, my friend,
My heart almost stopped beating in its joy.
"Now do I verily see God!" I exulted.

GHOSTS OF PAST TIME

An interminable procession of ghosts of past time
Floats continually by me in my dreams.

And they all reach out their hands to me,
Warning, appealing, commanding.
A few seem benign;
But though their touch is soft as snow,
They have a grip like iron.

Ghosts of Past Time

Some were builders, and they cry, "Build like me!"
And some were wisecracs, and they demand, "Think like me!"
And some were poets, and they whisper, "Sing like me!"

I throw you off, O you ghosts of past time!
As for me,
I will work along your tiresome squares and cubes,
But I will not build like you, O builders!
I will eat your nauseous wisdoms, O wisecracs,
But I will not think like you!
I will move in your deepest rhythms,
But I will not sing like you, O poets!
Like myself only will I think and build and sing—
And not like any of you!
Even you, my veritable brothers
Who died but yesterday,
I am not thinking of you—
But of some one to be born tomorrow.

Martha Foote Crow

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THE COUNSELS OF O'RIORDAN, THE
RANNMAKER

The choirs of Heaven are tokened in a harp-string,
A pigeon's egg is as crafty as the stars.
My heart is shaken by the crying of the lapwing,
And yet the world is full of foolish wars.

There's gold on the whin-bush every summer morning.
There's struggling discourse in the grunting of a pig:
Yet churls will be scheming, and churls will be scorning,
And half the dim world is ruled by thimbleric.

The luck of God is in two strangers meeting,
But the gates of hell are in the city street
For him whose soul is not in his own keeping
And love a silver string upon his feet.

My heart is the seed of time, my veins are star-dust,
My spirit is the axle of God's dreams.
Why should my august soul be worn or care-tost?—
Lo, God is but a lamp, and I his gleam.

There's little to be known, and that not kindly,
But an ant will burrow through a five-inch wall;
There's nothing rises up or falls down blindly:
That's a poor share of wisdom, but it's all.

T. D. O'Bolger

MODERN LAMENTATIONS

GIVE AND TAKE

I gave you everything :
My sorrows amused you and my fame.
You gave me everything again :
Care, suffering, shame.

I gave you everything ;
I let you daub my love with filthy lust.
You gave me everything again :
Ashes and bitter dust.

I gave you everything :
Children, toil, gold.
You gave me everything again—
The purse of life is empty that I hold.

I gave you everything :
With jewels of song I made and left you fair.
You gave me everything again :
Old age, despair.

Now there is nothing more that I can give—
Useless to me now anything but the grave.
I shall pass out to the night, but you can live,
Unless you have flung away the things I gave.

THE EVERLASTING CONTRADICTION

Yesterday I borrowed thirty silver pence
From Judas: he gave them with a grin.
Today, O Christ, I kneel before your cross.

Yesterday the Magdalen came to me and said,
"I am starving." I answered, "First, to bed."
Today, O Christ, I kneel before your cross.

Yesterday the Virgin passed sorrowing in the street:
I flung a brick at her. Then, as was meet,
I bore her to the house of Caiphas.
Today, O Christ, I kneel before your cross.

Yesterday Pilate asked me for water: I must go.
He beat me, for the ewer trembled so.
Today, O Christ, I kneel before your cross.

Yesterday, today, tomorrow, I am vile:
You hang there motionless and dead long while—
In your eyes, nothing; on your lips, a smile.
The world is rotten: would 'twould crash and pile
Upon me kneeling yet before your cross!

BLIND PEOPLE

Each day when I try to cross the street,
I find I cannot go my way:
The street is too crowded with blind people.

They jostle me into gutters,
They fling me curses from livid lips,
They strike me with their heavy sticks—
They, the blind, hating all who see.

Yet they huddle and press upon me,
Fawning and saying sweet false things—
Whenever they would borrow my eyesight
To look for some penny lost in the gutter.

WHY THE WAR?

They went to a field, and there lay two swords and two
ploughshares;
And the first man said, "Plow, brother."
But the second man frowned, and growled, tossing his head,
"We must kill each other."

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"The fruits of earth are beautiful—flowers and fruits,
From the warm breast of earth, our mother."

"Flower and fruit are for fools who want them, and beauty
to boot!

We must kill each other."

"Then let us strive, if you will, but only in peace ;
In life let us conquer each other."

"Death settles the contest more quickly ; one cut will release :
We must kill each other."

"If death settles all, why then either fight or strive ?
Let us sit down on the grass and weep for each other."

"Because only so can the farce be played to the last :
Draw, brother."

John Gould Fletcher

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THEN AND NOW



THE holiday festivities are close upon us—Christmas, with its multiform invitation to worldliness confusing and obliterating its spiritual significance; the New Year, with its hope of fresh life through the cold, its gleam of sunshine over snow: both set with full dramatic intensity against the world's super-activities of peace and war.

As they approach in a glorious and confusing riot, the eighteenth century seems a satisfactory age to live in—some Jane-Austen village of narrow boundaries and prim ideals. The weaver and cobbler down the little street, bread and meat in the neighboring farms, splendor in the squire's mansion, and religion in the little old church whose bell pealed out a welcome on Sundays. The vast world lumbering in and out once or twice a week in the stage-coach from London, so many leagues away; bringing ideas in the *Lovers' Annual* or the *Gentleman's Magazine*. An orderly, finished world, with a definite social system in which one kept one's place, and a neat little round of duties and pleasures patterned against a pearl-gray background of leisure.

Instead of that, behold me—almost any me—in this particularly distracting season. We will pass over my particular business of editing a magazine—almost any business nowadays brings mail from the ends of the earth, a

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queer sense of intimacy with the antipodes! To me—almost any me—comes this autumn the election; and to the feminine me, in these parts, the exceeding great thrill of casting her first vote for president—the climax of soulful communings and quarrellings in the newly opened field. And after the quiet ballot in an alcove comes the swift rolling-in of states, like vast billows, through a stormy night of search-lights, tin horns, steam whistles and caterwauling crowds; and then the backwater tides of doubt for hours and days.

And through the clamor of politics sounds the call of the arts: the Art Institute opens new galleries—much more spacious than our magazine-gallery for poets—in which hundreds of painters and sculptors, from Maine to Oregon, speak for beauty with still voices, stretch out invisible hands appealing for recognition. And the new Arts Club hits us between the eyes by contrasting Sargent with Henry Dearth, the latest old with the newest new. Blow on blow is struck, ringing bell on bell.

Then there are the plays. Curtains rising everywhere: on *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and *Medea*, on *Henry VIII* and *Justice*—sermons, all of them, however they may conceal or betray it. And a French company—straight from Paris—is playing *Le Misanthrope* and *Sans-Gêne*. And little local companies are experimenting delicately—with Ben Hecht's dark *Dregs*, and Kenneth Goodman's gay harlequinade, *The Wonder-hat*, and with Maxwell Bodenheim's fine brief tragedy of the cosmos, *Brown*, in which the process of life is symbolized by colors, personified as women who

dance out the cycle of creation and sink into the embrace of brown darkness at last.

Also the call of music will not be denied—the orchestra, the recitals, the choral concerts. And the opera unrolls its gilded scroll—a mediaeval mummer using all the arts to pattern gorgeously the extravagant melodrama of his emotion.

The clubs, philanthropies, civic activities—these also are insistent demands, not to be denied.

Into this clamor of many voices, this ringing of many bells, comes the questioner. Suddenly our occidental civilization—the modern organization of society, of The Nation, for selfish ends; for greed, whose weapon is violence—is challenged by the Bengali poet and sage, Rabindranath Tagore, who now wears the international crown decreed to him since he first befriended us with his presence, and this magazine with his poems, four years ago. Something in his quiet dignity makes our over-activity seem absurd. Will there be any power left for life if we heed so many calls, try to follow so many paths?

In his lecture, *What Is Art?*, Mr. Tagore—or rather, Sir Rabindranath—was at the opposite pole from Tolstoi. Art is life's surplusage, her excess of joy, which she returns in beauty to her creator; essentially an act of rapture, of worship. And the tall Hindu, as he uttered his dithyrambic finale, was unconsciously an illustration of his theme—the ideal poet whose art has been one long devotion, springing from excess of concentrated spiritual life; the ideal poet

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of the orient, moreover, whose very presence is a wide-winged benediction of peace.

How many of our poets have learned the secret? What is it to me that I am fed, clothed and sheltered by a million hands in all the ends of the earth, and informed of the world's news by a million minds? What is it to me that I am speeded around the world in motors and steamers and trains, and through still larger domains in art and talk and books? The point is, do these things magnify life or obliterate it? How shall I live in and through, by and with, above and beyond, all these? H. M.

LAZY CRITICISM

The other day Mr. Max Eastman, editor of *The Masses*, stepped out of his own back door and into the front door of *The New Republic* to say what he had to say about *Lazy Verse* and those who write it. He couldn't, of course, have said it at home, without violating the laws of hospitality.

We sympathize with Mr. Eastman.

It is high time that a critic objected to *vers libre*, not on the score of rhythm—a phase of the subject endlessly debatable, but on the score of style, and for a few moments it looked as if Mr. Eastman were about to prove the one exception who would establish the intelligence of the tribe. But alas, no. Mr. Eastman compares “the new dilute variety of prosy poetry which is watering the country” to journalism—a comparison obviously insulting to the latter. For while journalism, generally speaking, may not be literature,

much of what Mr. Eastman calls lazy verse has not even achieved the level of a good piece of journalism. For instance, Mr. Eastman's apostrophe to a blank-book, which he submits as showing that all one has to do to make a poem today is to say something, does not really say much, and what it does say it says badly—it is not good journalism, although it is rhythmical and almost, if not wholly, metrical.

No, instead of indicating that what keeps journalism from being literature is exactly what keeps much *vers libre* from being poetry—and also what keeps much metrical verse from being poetry—and literature, Mr. Eastman falls into the very pitfalls that all the other critics have dug, and he even falls deeper in—buries himself like an exploding shell. For the total effect of his article is to put a halo about the head of anyone who writes metrical verse, however poor; to imply that there is some magic property in an arbitrary patterns, which of itself induces high powers or “the intense rhapsodies of art.” By direct inference from this article, all *vers libre* is journalism, all metrical verse literature—a conclusion hard to accept.

In fact, Mr. Eastman's article itself is an example, not of fine and discriminating criticism, but of that very slipshod journalism which he affects to scorn. He has the courage of generalities—a journalistic trait, but not of particulars; and criticism adheres in particulars. He lumps all the writers of *vers libre*, with the exception of Whitman, Blake, King Solomon, Giovannitti and Tagore, into the discard. Those who found schools, or who have the tag of

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a school, are necessarily inferior: a sweeping generalization— (and this from Mr. Eastman, who believes in the organization of labor, and the disorganization of capitalized gangs like publishers, etc.!)

What poetry needs today is a critic who has the courage to discriminate among his contemporaries, no matter with what schools their names may be associated, whether by accident or design; one who will uphold a standard of good style, a standard of literature, by which both *vers libre* and metrical verse may be judged, and accepted or rejected. It takes courage to criticize one's contemporaries, but a critic who ventures only along the secure routes of the past, or of accepted opinion, ventures nothing. Mr. Eastman has avoided the issue.

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Apropos of the aboriginal indolence of the writer of *vers libre*, it is interesting to quote what Mr. Littell has to say of Swinburne in the same number of *The New Republic* in which Mr. Eastman's article appeared:

Often you wonder, as you read on and on, whether his habit was not to start a poem with some fragment that occurred of itself, and then to make more fragments in the same metre, until his ear desired another metre, when he would take what he had written, choose a first stanza and a last, and let the others arrange themselves. What are they like, these long and structureless poems, as empty of meaning as of movement from mood to mood? They are like blown fires that spread without arriving, like champing swift horses always in the same place, like huge elusive bellying sails that the mind cannot furl. The emptiness is filled with lines that call and clang, with a rushing wind of rhythm, with a musical movement repeated and repeated until it gets into one's blood, and the pulse beats to its measure, and long after the wind has blown itself out the waves keep up their rolling and washing.

And yet it is the people who do not respond to this form of "rhapsodic trance" who are, Mr. Eastman says, "people so neutralized by effete parlor civilization that their vital organs are incapable of resounding to the fundamental trance-engendering stroke of the tom-tom. They are incapable of hypnosis. They are incapable of "naively falling asleep to dream." But is it not our effete parlor civilization that has produced this very verse with its empty, meaningless song? And if we demand a sharper sense of reality along with fundamental rhythms, is it then because we are stultified with civilization?

The difference between the hypnosis induced by this sophisticated poetry, and that of primitive poetry, is this: that whereas with primitive poetry the effect is produced by the reiteration of a single line or image, the sense of which is enlarged and intensified by repetition or by the "trance-engendering" beat of the tom-tom; with the kind of poetry spoken of above, the effect is produced by the rhythmical succession of phrases, the meaning and sense of which are lost in the mechanical drum-beat furnished by the verse itself. Take away the drum-beat of the latter form of verse and you have nothing left. Take away the tom-tom from primitive poetry, take away even the repetition of the phrase, and you still have the vital heart of the poem—the emotional image.

I can not follow Mr. Eastman's psychology. He implies that indulgence in *vers libre* is an example of aboriginal indolence; then he says that it is because we lack primitive

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qualities, because of "too much neural excitation and too little of the booming pulse of the blood", that we do not respond to the refinements of civilized verse. *Vers libre* is not, Mr. Eastman says, "a return to primitive, naive or simple styles of writing," but the height of effort at sophisticated stimulation of a jaded perception." But could it not be, is it not in fact, both?

To say that poets write the new free verse out of sheer indolence, to escape the restrictions imposed upon them by metrical rhymed verse, is nonsense. If anything, the metrical pattern offers a greater opportunity to the naturally indolent and lazy mind. At least it seems easier to disguise lack of thought and feeling when a conventional metrical pattern and a rhyme scheme are adopted. It is also foolish to think that *vers libre* is not "a medium offering a vigorous resistance of its own," simply because that resistance is less obvious. The poet knows that it is just as hard to write good free verse as it is to write good metrical verse. When either achieves the level of poetry, the distinction between the two is unimportant.

Marlowe and his contemporaries did not engage the medium of blank verse because it offered less resistance than rhymed verse. Poets really do not react against conventional forms for indolent or for journalistic reasons. There is always an artistic, a psychological basis for such reactions. The poet who uses *vers libre* is simply reacting against the kind of swaddling metrical rhythm suffocating the sense employed by Swinburne and other poets, and more especially

by their less gifted followers. The reaction against this stultifying, deadening cloak of rhythm is as natural, and as justifiable artistically, as was Wordsworth's reaction against poetic diction and rhetoric. This is not to say that everyone who writes *vers libre* is a poet any more than that everyone who writes metrical verse has a right to the laurels with which Mr. Eastman crowns him. If the medium of *vers libre* has seemed to offer to prose-writers an easy method of rushing into print as poets, it is nevertheless true that the hand of the prose-writer can invariably be detected in free verse; nor does the mediocre poet do a bit better in this form than in his more conventional patterns. (Mr. Eastman no doubt would deny the word "form" to *vers libre*. But *vers libre* has form exactly as clouds have form, and as infinite a variety of patterns, although none may be regular or narrowly symmetrical.) Certainly no greater amount of "aching feeling" is poured into free verse today than was formerly expressed with a fatal and glib facility through the medium of metres of every known variety under the sun. This I have every reason to know.

I am very, very tired of the futile discussion about the relative merits of *vers libre* and metrical verse. It really does not matter in which medium a poet chooses to express himself so long as he gives us real poetry, and I refuse to believe that either medium is too easy or too hard or too old-fashioned or too new to serve as a vehicle for the poet who is capable of using it.

A. C. H.

REVIEWS

MR. YEATS' NEW BOOK

Responsibilities and Other Poems, by W. B. Yeats. Macmillan Co.

Mr. Yeats' new volume contains the poems which have previously appeared in the Cuala editions of *Responsibilities* and *The Green Helmet*. Many of the short poems have appeared in POETRY and I have already written reviews of separate parts of the new volume. There is therefore little need of more than an announcement of the new and more convenient edition.

What strikes one on going through the larger book is the simple fact that Mr. Yeats has not "gone off". He is the only poet of his decade who has not gradually faded into mediocrity, who has not resigned himself to gradually weaker echoes of an earlier outburst.

The new poems, now that their bulk is equal to that of the two earlier volumes of poems, hold their own; they establish their own tonality. I do not mean that every poem is a masterpiece, or that every poem is important, or that every poem would start a new reputation for an author not yet known. But the collection as a whole is worthy of the collections that preceded it. There is a new robustness; there is the tooth of satire which is, in Mr. Yeats' case, too good a tooth to keep hidden. *The Coat*, the wild wolf-dog that will not praise his fleas, *The Scholars*, are all the sort of poem that we would gladly read more of. There

are a lot of fools to be killed and Mr. Yeats is an excellent slaughter-master, when he will but turn from ladies with excessive chevelure appearing in pearl-pale nuances.

We have all been bewitched with the "glamour", and the glamour is still there in *The Wind Among the Reeds* for those who still want it. But the light in *The Magi* and *The Peacock* is a no less valuable light, and born of a no less powerful magic. The ragged hat in *Biscay Bay* is a sign of the poet's relationship to his brother Jack Yeats, and a far cry from the bridles of Findrinny. But, despite such occasional bits of realism, the tone of the new book is romantic. Mr. Yeats is a romanticist, symbolist, occultist, for better or worse, now and for always. That does not matter. What does matter is that he is the only one left who has sufficient intensity of temperament to turn these modes into art.

Reveries Over Childhood and Youth, appearing in a uniform Macmillan edition, is written in a clearer and harder prose than most of Mr. Yeats' earlier prose books. One might announce it here as an extended annotation or appendix to some of his earlier poems. E. P.

OTHER BOOKS OF VERSE

A Marriage Cycle, by Alice Freeman Palmer. Houghton Mifflin Co.

I opened this book with some hesitation—would this strongly executive woman, whom so many thousands loved and honored, prove to have been indeed a poet?

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I need not have feared. And her husband, the editor, need not have apologized for the "incompleteness and raggedness" of some of these poems. It is true that certain ones show, by their uncertain technique, that she was starting timidly in a new adventure. Even these, however, have simplicity and sincerity, qualities which rise to perfect art in a few lyrics. Indeed, it is astonishing that a woman of such intensively literary training should have cast off all literary impedimenta in writing her poems.

The deepest beauty of a rich and noble nature—and, incidentally, the deepest beauty of marriage—are revealed in this *Cycle*, especially in poems like *The Dress*, *Summer Rain*, *Myself*, *The Last Anniversary*, and this fine lyric, *Parting*:

Dear love, it was so hard to say
 Goodby today!
You turned to go, yet going turned to stay,
Till suddenly at last you went away.

Then all at last I found my love unsaid,
 And bowed my head;
And went in tears up to my lonely bed.
Oh, would it be like this if you were dead?

H. M

London, One November, by Helen Mackay. Duffield & Co.

Most of these poems are in free verse. Yet there is form in Miss Mackay's freedom. *A House* is full of feeling and must make its appeal wherever it is read. The death of the son of this house in the war has just been told in London.

House, great house, how can you stay quiet like that,
When your only son is killed?
Why do you not cry out, cry out to London?

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Years, lives, stones, iron, rust, bones, mould and mildew of the centuries, call to this poet, and she voices their souls. *Roads Calling* is very lyrical and haunting. It has been said of a prose work by this author that it has the grace of Maeterlinck's delicate reveries, and this is true of many of her poems. *Wind and Shadows*, with its lure of the mystical, hidden, might have been written by Maeterlinck himself. *Train* is full of Maeterlinckian lines; take, for instance, these:

Terrible that the minutes go.
Terrible that the minutes never go.

God, make the train start!
Before they cannot bear it!

A carper might call Miss Mackay's poems reminiscent, for she takes frankly what past languages and literatures have offered to her, as our modern composers have not hesitated to take, for all their originality, the message of the ages. She knows her Bible, and often flavors her stanzas with a turn from the Litany. And we hear the Song of Solomon singing through her lines. If her reminiscence is excusable, it is because she has something to say. The following brief quotation is a fair example of her clear thought:

White moon of trees and towers,
Sailing, sailing,
So calm and high,
You look upon the France of war,
And the thing of all most cruel
Is your peace.

A. F.

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Collected Poems, by Condé Benoist Pallen. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York.

Collected Poems always has a large sound; but in this case the book does not reach up to its title. The first pages are devoted to *The New Rubaiyat*, written after the mellow pattern of Omar himself. Here the author's object appears to be to tell the lusty-lunged singer of the vine that neither his song nor his lesson is new and that his argument is false. *A Fable for Lydia*, *The Death of Sir Launcelot*, and other long poems follow, with here and there a short lyric. There are two dramas, *Agläë*, and *The Feast of Thalarchus*. All these titles give an idea of the author's range—the same lofty themes that have been treated from time immemorial. We come upon tritenesses, such as "earth's sweet acclaim." For those of a religious turn of mind this book will be of interest; to others it will be dull. Two sonnets, *The Babe*, are full of charm, however, and Mr. Pallen has two sonnets on the sonnet, hardly approaching Rossetti's *A sonnet is a moment's monument*, perhaps, but with good thought and poetical lines.

A. F.

The Child and Other Verses, by Mary Louisa Anderson. Knickerbocker Press, New York.

The Child, which gives this book its title, reminds me of the sort of poetry I used to write some ten or more years ago, and of the Christ-child poems that were written by many others some ten or more years ago. Have we advanced beyond or have we receded from those years, that this type

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seems to have lost its appeal to-day? But here is a thing that surely moves us—*Winds in the Marshes*, with its sweep of freshness; also these lines:

So walks the wonder up and down,
Still lovely and unseen.

In spite of "it does," "it doth," and such archaic phrasing, which mar much of this poet's best work, such lines as—

When you, white flower of my life,
Bloom out upon my dream—

and others of like fragrance, make atonement. The book leaves an impression of beauty and sincerity, and of power to catch and hold the dream. A. F.

The Christmas Trail and Other Poems, by Shirley Harvey.
Privately printed.

The Christmas Trail is a little book of college verse by a likable boy. The campus at night, tobacco, the crying melancholy of youth, speculations on death—these fill the pages. Yet there is an occasional lift to something beyond, and a humorous felicity of phrase that give good promise for the future. This for instance:

Here's to—
The little poets of little thought and song
Who sing so carelessly—and jog along,
Who without thought of critic or of gain,
Go spattering lyrics like an April rain!

E. T.

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SPECIAL EDITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Sonnets of Shakespeare, Variorum Edition, edited by Raymond M. Alden. Houghton Mifflin Company.

With this work—the first of the kind in its field—Professor Alden of Stanford University makes a scholarly contribution toward the celebration of the Shakespeare tercentenary. His book will serve to supplement the Furness variorum edition of the plays; indeed, it enjoys the countenance of the younger Furness, under whom that great enterprise is now continuing.

Professor Alden brings together everything that has been written about the *Sonnets* through two centuries. He does not attempt, however, to blend all these various rays of light into the one white light of truth. Are the *Sonnets* autobiographical, or imaginative, or esoteric? You may decide for yourself. How about their proper order, with its effect on the story they tell? Confusion—how much or little let the self-confident say. How are we to take the dedication—those thirty words which have produced more puzzled comment than any equal number of words ever put to paper? The data, the many arguments pro and con, are here, and you may form your own conclusion. How about the Dark Lady? “The ghost of Mary Fitton is not yet wholly at peace.” How about the Rival Poet? The Chapman theory, while the likeliest, “has been accepted with decidedly uncritical assurance.” Who, who is “Mr. W. H.”? “‘There is’”—here we quote doubly—“‘something sad about working over a vexed problem and getting in the end only nega-

tive results.'” But all the materials for treating every vexed point are present; so the reader may struggle for himself: the editor has “listened to all the schools of interpretation without having become a proselyte of any.”

A new era for the study of the *Sonnets* opened with the examination of the French poets of the half-century preceding Shakespeare. Mr. Alden is somewhat influenced—as who would not be?—by Lee’s *French Renaissance in England*, with its demonstration that most of the matter and manner in vogue during the Elizabethan sonnet-craze comes straight from Ronsard and his mates of the Pléiade, particularly Jodelle and Du Bellay. In these men we find the impassioned appeals to a high-born patron, the warning that youthful beauty will perish utterly unless it propagate itself; the promise of enduring fame through poetical celebration, and even the denunciation of a false mistress of dark complexion. The consequent view that the *Sonnets* were written in a kind of competitive following of a lyrical fashion of the Renaissance has naturally been bolstered up by the scientifically-minded Germans—by Wolff, for example. But even here our editor saves himself. Such critics, he feels, are “too little disposed to realize the extent to which an artificial form may express a real experience and be saturated by personal feeling.”

And here, it may be, is the way out. Shakespeare happened to be a great poet; and a great poet cannot keep up a mere literary exercise through an hundred and fifty-four sonnets. Grant that he began as the follower of a rather

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trivial and shallow convention: the instrument in hand presently showed itself worthy of better and deeper use. Say that our poet, with much in his heart and much on his mind, and possibly something on his conscience, began by splashing and frolicking idly with others on the edge of the vast sea: the waves beckoned, the waters became deeper and wilder, and soon he was involved, chin-deep or more, in a desperate life-struggle with real and rending passion—a struggle that, later, made possible *Hamlet* and *Lear* and brought him through, saved, to the reconciling amenities of *The Tempest*. Those who have lived in the *Sonnets* most deeply will not incline to accept any mechanistic or fictional or mystical mode of accounting for them.

The present volume, a high credit both to editor and publishers, must necessarily become part of every library whose owner accepts Shakespeare as Shakespeare and seeks to understand him.

H. B. F.

The Song of Roland, translated by Leonard Bacon. Yale University Press.

To the two hundred and ninety-two *laissez* of this ancient literary monument Mr. Bacon adds, by interpolation, a considerable number drawn conscientiously from other sources than the Oxford text. Let us proceed at once to *Laisse cxxxv*, in which Roland blows his first blast:

The mighty horn Count Roland hath put his lips unto.
He held it well within them, and with all his strength he blew.
And high are all the summits, and oh, the way is long,
But a full fifteen good leagues away they heard it echo strong.

This is a fair sample of the style, which can hardly be

said to start a new era in the translation of old epics. The translator "feels certain that a work like the *Song of Roland* is susceptible of many interpretations." Hence, despite the existence of "several excellent versions in prose and verse," he "has not hesitated to attempt one of his own." The effort shows much faithful industry, but not every reader will feel that it was rewarded.

H. B. F.

Madonna Dianora, A Play in Verse, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, translated from the German by Harriet Betty Boas. Richard G. Badger.

On the enveloping paper cover of this play, we read: "*Madonna Dianora* is *Pelléas and Mélisande* set to music." Why mar at the outset a book deserving of praise and confidence? In the first place, *Pelléas and Mélisande* is in itself the very essence of tone. In the second place, it needs no musical setting other than the exquisite gold of Debussy's opera. In the third place, how can one play be the musical setting of another play?

The translator, has brought feeling and art into her English rendering. The play alternates prose and blank verse. To go back to the suggestion of *Pelléas and Mélisande*—as a rule the Germans are matter-of-fact even in their love and romance, therefore Hofmannsthal's work, strong though it be, lacks the elusive, I might say, the stealthy, quality of Maeterlinck's. And how different is *Dianora* from our shrinking little *Mélisande*!—*Dianora*, who could, even when seized by the intense horror of approaching death, exult in flinging at her husband truth upon truth of her sin!

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This is a terrible little play, tense from start to finish. We come out of it as from a dark tangle of evil foliage, yet there remains to us, after the actual images have faded away, a haunting sense of beauty and fascination. *A. F.*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

I

Mr. Samuel McChord Crothers, in the October *Atlantic*, is much concerned over *The Gregariousness of the Minor Poets*. Not being a poet himself, he knows all about it, and dispenses the following pearls of wisdom:

He [The Poet] flourishes in what Milton describes as "a pleasing solitariness."

A poet does not need other poets to bear him company He sets his face toward the wilderness which he loves, and is content with the inspiration which may come.

There is nothing more delightful than the discovery of a new poet. We are eager to hear a fresh, unspoiled voice, and to be cheered by a variation on familiar themes. He comes with the dew of the morning upon him.

It is a sad day for the new poet when he hears the call of his kind. The coöperative effort seems to do little for the production of the kind of poetry which the world does "not willingly let die."

Et cetera. Mr. Crothers, as usual, dispenses with amiable garrulity the familiar platitudes of the stand-patter. We advise him to clip the wings of theory and come down to facts. Did Sophocles "set his face toward the wilderness he loved"? Did Shakespeare? did Molière? Goethe? Coleridge? Keats? Was their art a product of the wilderness—a miracle of isolation; or was it in each case merely the

highest tree in a forest—a climactic product of “coöperative effort,” of the group spirit, its sympathies and rivalries? Did Dante “love the wilderness”—the spiritual isolation—to which his contemporaries condemned him? did Heine? Burns? Blake? Is there any proof, or indeed any probability, that the art of these great men was improved by such isolation?—an isolation which was indeed, in each case, far from complete, as each one had his few sympathetic admirers.

And those Hebrew prophets whom Mr. Crothers knows all about—they may have gone into the wilderness, but did they stay there? They came back hot-footed to shout to the crowd and quarrel with the prophets of Baal.

II

POETRY, like all other periodicals and individuals who cherish the right, guaranteed by the Constitution, of free speech and a free press, would enter its emphatic protest against the attempt of the self-styled “Society for the Suppression of Vice” to suppress Theodore Dreiser’s novel, *The Genius*, one of the most powerful—nay, formidable—efforts of modern art to interpret modern American life.

Also, POETRY would protest with equal emphasis against influences more insidious and less out-spoken which seem to be working for the extinction of *The Masses*, perhaps the most stimulating of all the periodicals which stand for radical thinking in politics, sociology and art.

A clear path out of all their difficulties to these seekers for truth and beauty, who, unlike some of their opponents, never lack either sincerity or courage.

III

The Literary Digest of recent date says:

Basket-ball failed as a drawing-card at Brown University when Alfred Noyes was lecturing there on poetry one afternoon. The time of the two events coincided, and when the manager of the game ran his eyes over the vacant seats he called off the event and went to join the crowd that was listening to Noyes.

This is as it should be. We may have questioned the propriety of giving Mr. Noyes a Princeton professorship, but as a reader of ballads, from *Chevy Chase* to Kipling, he may be just the man to initiate the sportive undergraduate mind.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Under the auspices of this magazine the Chicago Little Theater will give this winter a series of lectures by poets. *Twelve Talks by Poets on Poetry* is the general title of the series, which it is to be hoped will stimulate interest in the art through personalities which cannot be exactly conveyed by the written word. Each poet will, in addition to reading from his or her own poems, speak of his method of work and his theories of the art.

In the first lecture, on November 19th, Miss Harriet Monroe presented the historical background of the new movement, besides reading from her own poems. In the second, on November 26th, Vachel Lindsay personally explained and illustrated his *Poem Games*. Padraic Colum, the Irish poet, will speak on December 3rd, and Witter Bynner on December 10th. Among the other speakers will

be Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, Arthur Davison Ficke, Eunice Tietjens, Mary Aldis, Florence Kiper Frank, and later in the season Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, the English poet.

The lectures are held at the Little Theater in the Fine Arts Building, on Sunday afternoons at half after four.

NOTES

Mr. John Gould Fletcher, of Arkansas, now resident in London, was recently awarded one of POETRY's prizes for his *Arizona Poems*. Mr. Fletcher's latest book is *Goblins and Pagodas*, and he is represented in *Some Imagist Poets* (both Houghton-Mifflin Co.). It will be noted that he has not abandoned the use of rhyme.

Miss Edith Wyatt, of Chicago, has contributed verse to POETRY, of whose Advisory Committee she is a member, and to other magazines; and she is the author of novels and other works. Mrs. Eunice Tietjens, since her recent return from China, has also been on the staff of the magazine.

Mr. Joseph Warren Beach, formerly in the faculty of the University of Minnesota and now resident in California, has appeared once or twice before in POETRY. Also Mr. Howard Mumford Jones, who left Chicago this year to accept an instructorship in the University of Texas. And the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell is in the faculty of the University of Notre Dame, Ind. Miss Winifred Webb, of Pasadena, has appeared in POETRY and other magazines.

Of the four poets new to our readers:

Mrs. Martha Foote Crowe, of New York, has published one or two books of verse and appeared in various periodicals. Marjorie Allen Seiffert (Mrs. Otto S.), of Moline, Ill., is known as a composer of songs, but has not yet published a book of verse.

Mr. Isaac Rosenberg, formerly a student of the Slade School of Art in London, is now a member of the British army in France.

Mr. T. D. O'Bolger, a native of Kilkenny, Ireland, came to this country at twenty-one, and for the past twelve years has been in the English department of the University of Pennsylvania.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:

- Californians*, by Robinson Jeffers. Macmillan Co.
Rhythmic Waves, by J. C. Churt. Elkin Mathews, London.
Men, Women and Ghosts, by Amy Lowell. Macmillan Co.
Completion of Coleridge's Christabel, by Edna Wahler. Cochran Pub. Co., New York.
Acrostic Sonnets and Other Poems, by J. E. O'Connor. Privately printed.
The Witch of Endor, by Robert Norwood. George H. Doran Co.
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