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The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Horatio Warren | Anne Zuker

Harold Wesley Melvin | Josephine van Dolzen Pease

Hazelle Dillard and others

LEW SARETT, "SHAGGY RAMBLER" ESSAY

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The Lyric West

Vol. VII, No. 3

A Magazine Of American Verse

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The Lyric West

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Horatio Warren

For the Chinook

Wake, thou that sleepest! O'er the frozen plains
Too long, too long hath stalked the form of Death;
Too long, beyond the icy mountain chains,
The seaward lands withhold thy melting breath;
The weakened flock refuse the buried grasses,
The cattle starve on wind-swept bench and break.
Hurtling the snows of stormy upland passes,
The blizzard comes. O thou that sleepest, wake!

Look where the sun-dog, through his cloudy veil,
Of waxing cold and brooding tempest tells;
Hear, on the midnight, how, with fearsome wail,
The hungry packs besiege the barred corrals;
Unto the tyrant Dawn the woods deliver,
At each approach their toll of precious lives:—
Hark! in the grove beside the silent river,
How rings the ax his busy frost-slave drives!

O lifeless land! O sad, deserted ways!
The now twice lonely herder seeks in vain
His little comrades that, in bygone days,
Shared with his woolly charge the pleasant plain:
His earthen pile no more the badger raises;
Unseen, the jack-hare hugs the prairie floor;
No more the field-mouse weaves his pretty mazes,
Upon the powdered snow beside his door.

Where are the stacks that late so thickly stood,
 Studding the fertile bottoms far and wide?
Whither is fled the spring whose tiny flood
 The simple needs of man and beast supplied?
Deeper each day the useless trail lies drifted,
 Gone are the guiding marks of wheel and hoof,
Smothered the smoke that late at morning lifted
 Its cheerful summons from the ranch-house roof.

Wake, thou that sleepest! Stark, and still and dumb,
 On field and range our stricken treasures lie:
When shall thy wild, tumultuous legions come
 To rout these snows and clear this pitiless sky?
O for the first, warm touch on faces listless,
 Soothing, in anxious hearts, the stifling ache!
O for the onward sweep, unstemmed, resistless!
 Wind of the seaward lands, awake, awake!

John Russell McCarthy

Envy Not Granite

Man, brief ditty sung
 To a faulty tune;
Man, so very young,
 And gone so soon;

Envyng the hills
 With fleeting breath,—
Earth, alas, who fills
 Her middens with death;

Man, a shadow flung
 By a dead moon;
Man, so very young,
 And gone so soon:

Envy not granite
 Nor valley nor hill!
Envy no planet—
 Go grinning still!

Grain by grain the hills
 Go down to the sea;
Earth, dying, fills
 Her destiny.

Ethel Romig Fuller

This Mountain

And I shall have this mountain as memory
Always.

For sleepless nights
It shall be a cool pillow,
Moon-linen,
Quilts of dusks—
Satin, dull-blue, filled with down of shadows—
Water shall sing under ice.
There shall be soporific of pines,
Ancient winds,
Peace.

For moments of exultation
Dead rocks shall leap into space,
Madly.
At the mis-step of a glacier
Stable ground shall quake
With Brobdignagian tremors.
There shall be mutability of certitude,
Tragedy of triumph.

For vigil
There shall be thrill of an ascent;
Crevasses to skirt,
Aretes to traverse, step by step, by step,

Footholds to be hacked in green ice,
The tug of an encircling rope.
There shall be bubbles of steam
Blown from the lips of fissures,
And the sulphuric breath of a sleeping monster
And at length,
A dizzying last peak conquered—
The top of the world;
Heaven within the toss of a voice!

For joy
There shall be mountain-noon,
White-hot, white-cold;
Acres of glazed snow, sun-faceted;
Innumerable lava-green cataracts.
A dazzling hour,
And frangible.

For pain
There shall be anodyne of dawns,
Frosted-silver, rose;
Blue flowers at the edge of snow,
Avalanche lilies.
There shall be tortured trees at timber-line
Enduring. . .

For fever
Water dripping from snow,
Breath of snow.

For black sorrow

Glaciers dying, to give life to rivers;
Clouds, the avatars of waters lost in seas;
Beauty transcending beauty!
The Forever behind Forever!

Ethel Romig Fuller

Cynthia

Cynthia, when I think of you,
I think of lavender;
I think of dawns and pinks and dew,
Cynthia, when I think of you,
And ribbons knotted, palest blue,
In fichues of sheer gossamer—
Cynthia, when I think of you,
I think of lavender.

Snow Longley

Imitation

Upon her silverware the plate was thin;
Her near-silk garments, void of rustling, hung
In frugal folds; her brooch was painted tin.
By iron beds tricked out as brass were sung
The lullabies that still rang clearly out,
Vibrant with joy that makes all discord sweet—
Until there came one day the blighting doubt
That he who laid his service at her feet
Was all unworthy of the household shrine,
Just a clay figure with a slight veneer
Of bronze. She did not cower or repine,
But covered tenderly her secret fear
With patient loyalty as though to hide
With gold of love the earthy dross inside.

Snow Longley

Libraries

Here we may walk with prophets, minstrels, kings,
Transcending time to mock our mortal span
With mellowed life. The little that we can
Is multiplied by centuries. One sings
Of gods beyond Olympus till he brings
The hemlock's bitter cup. The march of man
Bold Science blazes back where life began,
And heavenly vision sweeps blind Milton's strings.

This is not stagnant death but pulsing flow
Of life; not marble but a living tomb
Where calm immortals, freed from fleshly bars,
Speak to us still, and bid our vain hearts know
They too were "moderns" when across the gloom
They flung their flaming protest to the stars.

Helene Magaret

Purgation

The fog and rain are one tonight,
The branches of a tree are stark
And motionless in silver light
Against the dark.

I lift my face, with tears unseen . . .
With half-closed eyes I breathe the mist,
And let the rain wash coldly clean
The lips you kissed.

Anne Zuker

Tapers of the Heart

The women of St. Marianne,
There in the town below,
One night of the year, on Christmas Eve,
Burn candles for their lads at sea.
Windows are set aglow
For André Beaupré, or Paul or Steve.
I see the lights that guide them home
Shining on the snow;
And I pray for the hearts that believe.

Like the women of St. Marianne,
There in the town below,
One night of the year, on Christmas Eve,
I burn a taper for you, beloved,
Who left me long ago—
Ah, longer than André, Paul or Steve.
How many tapers in my heart
Only God can know,
Have burned each day since I saw you leave.

Ruby Weyburn Tobias

As It Ever Shall Be

Why do I fear a little thing like you,
Fragile as a snow-star, or a pearl of dew?
Why should a finger of you, lightly curled,
Hold as in a tea-cup my fortune and my world?

Why should the flutter of an eye-lash brown
Above a rose-petal, hide a frown's frown?
How can a faint sigh snap a sword in two?
You, to melt a flint-heart, Virgilia,—you!

Husky hordes of warriors, terrible to see,
Fading in a moon-beam and a mystery;
Routed by a silence that puts their roar to naught,
Baffled by a girl's glance, shy, love-taught!

Caius, defiant, and the gods to bid him fight—
Strange, that a tear blots Olympus from my sight!
Pour then the wine to your new-born Victory,
And the armies you conquer, since you conquer me.

Reeves Axtell

The Cripple

Never an eagle flies
Where his shadow falls by my door;
Never the wild geese wing
 Their flight to a northern shore
But life seems a narrow thing—
Earth bound, hearth bound: Ah the sting
When the soaring eagle cries;
When the goose wedge cleaves the skies.

Mollie Prager

Impotency

I love the rain.
I want to dance it!
Sing it!
Paint it!

But I cannot
Dance
Sing
Or paint;
Therefore
I will write it!

I take up my pen
And write prettily:
“As a symphonic crescendo
The rain.”

Or:
“As a largo Benediction
From heaven
It comforts the earth.”

Or:
“The rain rushes down
Impetuously
As importunate lovers
Eager to be wedded
To the young grass blades.”

Basto!
I throw down my pen
To watch the wet
Plunge down
In graceful
Swoops and swirls.

But—
I cannot
Dance it,
Sing it,
Or paint it,
And alas,
Not even write it!
I can only love it.
But—who will know?

Frances Wierman

Grey Days

A day of fog brings its own loveliness
Of eerie kind,
Of gentle grey, cool, fawn with lavender
And black entwined;
Long wisps of cloud that break and shape themselves
To flocks of birds
That wheeling, slowly, write intangible
And cryptic words
Upon the sky. The trees are solemn gods
Met in conclave
And safely shielded from a curious world
In misty waves.
What ecstasy when suddenly the fog
Lifts and is gone!
Once more the trees are pyramids of green
Above—the blue! The Sun!

Harold Wesley Melvin

Infinity

Sometimes my thought is greater than the earth!
To-day I held the earth, a shining orb,
A twisting mottled ball within my palm.
I watched it glow and turn, a living pearl,
Shrunk from the vastness of its morning bulk
To a tiny opal sphere—at such an hour
I felt the sudden smallness of the earth,
Ashine with dawn, and dark with jet of night,
A plaything of the Sun; at such an hour
My dreams fold wings, my heart is still before
A solitude too vast for thought or song!

May Williams Ward

I See a Star

Not lightly do I say

I see a star.

Climax of my tiny eyeball's striving,

Ultimate attainment of a cubic inch of gelatine molded
in globular form,

The miracle called seeing pulls to utmost stretch

All elasticities of imagination

Along its intangible but steel-strong beam.

Not lightly do I say

I see a star.

I

See

A Star.

Lilian White Spencer

Pessimist

*Sympathy with pain is not the highest form of sympathy . . .
Anyone can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend but it
requires a very fine nature . . . to sympathize with a friend's
success . . . Sympathy with joy intensifies the sum of joy in the
world . . . Sympathy with pain does not really diminish the
amount of pain.*

The Soul of Man Under Socialism

Oscar Wilde

When my poor board is bare

They come

And each his pity's crumb

Lays there

And when my hearth is dark

With woe

They hasten to bestow

A spark.

But when my joy would feast

And share

They do not seem to care

The least

For proffered crust and bone:

Instead

I eat my banquet bread

Alone.

Helen P. Smith

Smoke

I was a golden flame that longed to light
The far green gloaming of a sunless wood;
I was the forked bolt that earthward yearned
To plumb the heart of a lonely pine.

Now I am a wisp of smoke,
Blue and thinly wavering,
Above the twisted agony
Of a blasted tree.

Amy Campbell

Blue

Lighting a spire of larkspur,
Flecking an opal's mood,
Clouding a clump of violets
Deep in a hawthorn wood;
Gestured above a sunset,
A cleansed, exquisite thing,
And for a breathless moment
Flashed in a bluebird's wing;
In forget-me-not clustering,
Misting a musing hill,
Lying on pensive waters
At cloud-shadows' will—
Faint, elusive, vibrant,
Tenderness to cling
Baffling all defining,
Full of remembering—

And in your eyes of waiting
At utmost perfecting!

Josephine van Dolzen Pease

Revelation

I saw a woman

Lift her young son up.

I knew how she would give her child

Her blood in a cup.

God is my Father,

Jesus my Brother.

At last some one said,

“God is my Mother.”

Charlotte Newton

Portrait of an Old Lady

Although she walks with halting step
She trails no banner of defeat;
For all the coffers of her heart
With golden mem'ries are replete.

She wanders down the garden path
And greets each flower with glad surprise;
And many things we do not know
Are eloquent within her eyes.

Each bloom has tender fingering;
She bends her head with coils of white;—
In twilight's calm untroubled hour
She wears an aureole of light.

Many voices whisper softly,—
She does not heed me when I call;
She has wrapped herself in silence
With the comfort of a shawl.

Page of Youth

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Julia Birk

Prayer

When Dawn shall slip her white fingers
Caressingly through the palms,
I shall awake.
There will be a new day;
There will be a new world.
I pray
There will be a new song in my heart.

(Long Beach High School, Long Beach, California)

Earl Mathis

Presence

List! Standing before me in the dark
I feel a thing! It's black, but hark—!
I think its eyes are soft as breath.

Come, I say; stand forth you, shade!
Not a mite am I afraid
To talk; come out! What are you? Death?

Why! You gentle guest, you're still
And shy as any mouse, yet fill
My room from crack in floor to height.

And thy gown! Thy gown's as soft and fine
As gentle ladies' silk; let's dine;
Come, I say; let's dine tonight!

(Los Angeles High School)

Richard Clifton Howell

Dim Prayer

*“—and the city breaths,
Heavy with incense, heavy with dim prayer.”*

Sophocles

The Friar was old;
So was the day;
The turret was his destination.

Hot wax dropped upon the floor,
And where it lighted,
It glistened, in that gloomy tunnel,
Like a black pearl on a dull grey satin dress.

Sandal-prints showed
In the smooth grey dust
On the turret floor.
The red gleam on the eastern wall was dying.
The silence was broken
By the murmur of dim prayer.

Look! the kneeling Friar falls slowly to his side.
The dust rises up about him,
Fills the twilight gloom with grey.
All is still; the night has come.
The Friar has gone; so has the day.

(Fullerton Junior College.)

Lew Sarett, “Shaggy Rambler”

By Hazelle Dillard

“God let me flower as I will!

A shaggy Rambler on the hill! . . .”

So prays Lew Sarett, having in mind the wild rose whose only trellis is the earth, whose only pruning knife, the wind; a plant flowering not in response to the coaxing influence of man, not, seemingly, in response to a definite plan of God, but blooming because of its own indomitable spirit,—a shaggy Rambler, delighting in the sacred intimacy of sun and rain and dew, in secret consorts with birds and guzzling bees.

The extent to which the poet realizes his own prayer is a matter of absorbing interest. Although he speaks with disdain of “hot-house nurtured columbines” and “waxen lilies,” Sarett is himself a product of our best schools and is a professor in one of our greatest universities. He claims to be

“Weary of the pruning-knife

That shapes my prim decorous life . . .”,

but except for the effect of that pruning knife on his life, Northwestern University would be deprived of a favorite professor, the lyceum platform would miss an interesting entertainer, and the poetry-reading public would never have heard of Lew Sarett. And if he had been weak enough to let the primitive, elementary passion for everything wild be educated out of his life, the result would be practically the same, for his love for the wilderness, for everything wild, is his most prominent characteristic. Thus we find that his personality is an interesting combination of the waxen lily and the shaggy Rambler; but his college training sinks into oblivion under the pressure of his untamed emotions. It is true that his education affects his style of writing, but he does not let it

polish his passion or make it aesthetic. He has thus attained to that which he most desires to be—a shaggy Rambler.

In many of his poems he makes a spirited revolt against society. He is not exactly radical in his beliefs, he does not attempt any reforms. His revolt is expressed in his sympathy for all wild creatures which have had their natural course of life hampered by man. His early life was exceedingly hard. It was not so much a man-to-man struggle as it was the conflict of a wild spirit crippled by misunderstanding, a great soul limited by environment as an eagle fluttering "With futile flying against the gilded bars." Possibly the best example of his revolt is "Feud." The poem is written to a "Poor wayward creature! O sorely harried deer," but the struggle pictured is symbolic of Mr. Sarett's own life. It is one of his later poems and expresses with great vehemence emotions that he has felt for many years.

"There was a day when coyotes of a pack,
Wolves of another hue, another breed,
With Christ upon their lips, set out to track
Me down and drop me, for my blood, my creed.

* * * * *

Bide with me, then, against the wolves' return,
For I shall carry on the feud for you;
And it shall be, to me, of small concern
If the wolf-hearts walk on four soft feet or two."

In the matter of religion, Mr. Sarett is entirely unaffected by orthodox creeds. His God is not a personal God but, admittedly, a wild, pagan god; yet the reader is led to feel that perhaps he knows more about a divine spirit, an ultimate being, than more orthodox followers who can easily cram their religion within the four walls of a church, "a box of God," as the Indian character, Pagan Joe, expresses it. When Mr.

Sarett says with all of the conviction of his soul that there is a God who controls the universe, he leaves little doubt in the minds of his listeners as to his own conviction. And it is this very sureness of a Cosmic influence that gives his poetry its greatest charm. About his poems is a mysticism, an intangible something, that creates for the reader, at least for the time, the mystical presence that is so living, so vital, and so real to him—a mystical presence that can almost be touched. From just where the impression comes and when it takes definite shape, it is impossible to tell, but it is not far wrong to say that it begins with the reading of the first poem and continues through the reading of the last, leaving the entire contents of the book in an atmosphere that is at once spiritual and paganistic, divine and unorthodox, vital and gripping. He does not grope for his God, he grasps Him; he does not feel blindly about for words to tell about his God, but tells of Him in words that fairly stab heartward. There is no doubt about him; there is conviction—bold conviction. In the closing scene of his highly praised Indian epic, “The Box of God,” he demonstrates this fact with great emotional intensity.

“Somebody—somebody’s there . . . O Pagan Joe . . .
Can’t you see Him? as He moves among the mountains?
Where dusk, dew-lidded, slips among the valleys
Soft as a blue wolf walking in thick wet moss?
Look!—my friend!—at the breast of Mont du Pere! . . .
Sh-sh-sh-sh! . . . Don’t you hear His talking waters? . . .
Soft in the gloom as broken butterflies
Hovering above a somber pool. . . . Sh-sh-sh-sh!
Somebody’s there . . . in the heart of Mont du Pere . . .
Somebody—somebody’s there, sleeping . . . sleeping . . .”

His poem “Let Me Flower as I Will” expresses better perhaps than any other one poem, his cosmotheistic ideals. In the first place, his supplication thoroughly disregards the Biblical example of complete surrender to a Higher Will. He

supplants the “not mine but thine” and “Thy will be done” of the Christian with “as I will.” But we do not feel that he is lacking in humbleness; it is merely a desire to get away from stilted, man-made conventionalism. His expression does not denote self-exaltation, but rather a fellowship and communion that tends to bring God and man to an equal level. He prays with the confidence of one who has had spiritual experience and there seems to be no reason for doubting that his prayer brings results. He is consistent; he prays for natural development, for individualism, and then does his part in cultivating it. As a result his poems are not warmed-over versions of subjects that have grown cold through much usage; each poem is a spiritual experience and has the fervor and passion of one who is in love with life. In the field of poetry he is a pioneer—a shaggy Rambler.

It is interesting to note the sources of Mr. Sarett's inspiration. In this study we again find him guided by his pantheistic god. He does not seek inspiration for creative work through companionship with his fellow-men or communion with a personal God; he goes to the wilderness

“A land of deep wet grass
And lazy water, a world of no distress,
No pain, no sorrow, a valley of contentment.”

There he enjoys the friendship of all his kindred-folk “that ever await my coming with high heart”; the setter bitch, the woodchucks, the crippled doe,
“All that blessed vagrom company
With whom I band myself against the world
And all its high concerns and tribulations.”

Mr. Sarett's view of death is also unconventional. He has written at least a half dozen poems on this subject. “The Great Divide,” one of the most widely read and quoted, is, according to Mr. Sarett's own statement, pantheistic in conception.

Never does he draw a picture of or suggest an after-life that is immortal according to the orthodox conception. He believes in immortality through mutation. In "Let Me Go Down to Dust" he takes the attitude that he is a "Child of earth, a kinsman of the wild" and that at death he will give his "worn body back to earth again." In "Look for Me" he says that he will come again "In the sap of the first puccoon" and "In the leopard-lily's shoot." And the poem "Deep Wet Moss" shows clearly why Mr. Sarett wishes to be just "a shaggy Rambler on the hill." There is peace, serenity, and quietness, a certain cooling effect as of fresh spring water. Quoted in full it reads:

"Deep wet moss and cool blue shadows
Beneath a bending fir,
And the purple solitude of mountain,
Where only the dark owls stir—
Oh, there will come a day, a twilight,
When I shall sink to rest
In deep wet moss and cool blue shadows
Upon a mountain's breast,
And yield a body torn with passions,
And bruised with earthly scars,
To the cool oblivion of evening,
Of solitude and stars.

"God let me flower as I will—a shaggy Rambler." Unorthodox? Yes. But as long as the blossoms are given to us in the form of such delightful bouquets as "Many Many Moons," "The Box of God," and "Slow Smoke," we are willing that other poets shall monopolize aesthetic beauty and orthodox faith.

Poets, Poetry and Perspectives

Salutatory

In assuming the duties and responsibilities incident to the publication of THE LYRIC WEST, we, the present editors, congratulate ourselves that the foundations of our temple were laid and the walls begun by workmen of such sound tradition in both scholarship and art as the late Grace Atherton Dennen,—who first caught the vision of its domes and spires—Roy Towner Thompson, and Dr. Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw, for this means that no faulty structure is there to be torn away before further building can go on.

Although the problems and perplexities have been taken over only after serious consideration, with at times a rather staggering feeling of inadequacy, the new workmen confess to a joyous sense of adventure more than anything else. No doubt certain sad awakenings are lurking around the corners of the future, but this business of being an editor is going to be made to yield whatever zest of experience it contains. We do not quite dare all the angels of heaven, all the devils of the beautiful Annabel Lee, or even all the poets from Grub Street to Carmel. That is to say, we cheerfully concede our limitations none-the-less as long as the bricks and mortar hold out, no one is going to have a better time trying to realize a satisfying design in poetic architecture than

The Editors.

New regimes, in poetry as in the dairy business or other pastoral pursuit, are predicated on innovations in method. With the realization that both the reading and the writing public—practically synonymous in Southern California at least—represent constantly shifting values and interests, THE LYRIC WEST has determined to test out an idea in relation to the production of poetry. Generally speaking, we should rather

favor the organization of Societies for the Suppression of Bad Verse than of further promotion projects. On the ground, however, that it is better to have suffered from over-production than to have prevented expression from one singer possessing divine potentialities, we shall open our pages this coming year to three groups of lyricists to be considered in classes by themselves.

First, we are setting aside two pages each month—instead of following the former policy of only an occasional page—to young writers below college age. So much work of sincere value is now coming from high schools over the country, inspired and encouraged by those teachers of high literary ideals and intense sympathy with youth who specialize in creative classes, that it seems wise to offer an assured field for publication to such work. Consequently, English students in secondary schools throughout the country are invited to submit material for the department. One of our editors offers the Nina Maud Richardson Poetry Cup to the school which will have been, at the end of the year, most often represented with published poems.

Our second group is one to which our hearts are also drawn—those efficient Miltons of the stock-exchange, the bank, the hardware business, the ranch, and the assorted professions who have remained mute and inglorious in the realm of artistic expression simply because no one expects them to be anything else. If creative energy is needed for the building of successful business—and who can question that it is?—why should not branches of that energy here and there be permitted to “waste” themselves in flower instead of being always pruned down into utilitarian fruit-bearing? Therefore, for the forthcoming year THE LYRIC WEST will set aside a single page each month to carry one poem by a man in the business or professional world,—that is, a man identified with some distinctly non-literary pursuit. For our January issue we

have on file such a poem, by one of the best-known business men on the Pacific Coast, which, however, will be read not merely because of its authorship, but because of the beauty and sincerity of the feeling it conveys.

Third, we are dedicating one more page monthly for a single poem, to the literary departments of Women's Clubs, knowing what genuine creative ability there is often expended without adequate recognition beyond the immediate group. Again we shall be glad, at the year's close, to extend some special mark of achievement to the club which shall have been most often represented, or to the one whose representative shall be judged to have submitted the most meritorious work.

It must be clearly understood that all poems offered for these departments will be chosen primarily for their value of content—their power in the interpretation of some phrase of life and experience in terms of the greatest freshness and originality. They will not, however, be considered by the same strict standards of technique which must necessarily be applied to the work chosen for the body of the magazine.

Owing to the volume of ordinary mail, the editors cannot enter into correspondence regarding these manuscripts, nor can they either acknowledge or return them. The publication of a poem will be the only indication of its acceptance. But the most thoughtful and impartial reading will be given each offering, in connection with the specific information regarding the author which must of course accompany it. And if no poem received for the month justifies publication, the page will be left blank.

Material is in hand for all but the Club Page. We await with pleasure some woman's contribution suitable for our January issue, which goes to press January 2.

A graciously inscribed copy of Carl Sandburg's "American Songbag" has come to our desk, one of the editors of THE LYRIC WEST having been privileged to assist in gathering together

some of the folk-songs, Negro singing-dances, and ancient bits of ballad which make up the unique volume. What though, in his kind published acknowledgments, the Songbag's editor—or, more accurately, some one of his clerical assistants—has confused our editor with her own mother, because of a misleading similarity of name? The honor of having shared with so true a poet and lover of his kind in the compilation of this priceless stuff quick with the life of a budding nation is reward of itself, independent of formal recognition. A special American Number of THE LYRIC WEST is now in preparation. in which extended comment will be given this new historical contribution to American art.

Friends who believe in the literary future of this southwestern corner of the United States, and who wish to uphold THE LYRIC WEST, the second-oldest poetry magazine now being published, as a factor in the development of that future, are invited to become sustaining subscribers by the payment of ten dollars a year.

At best only on a self-sustaining basis now, the magazine looks hopefully toward a time not too far distant when it may be able to resume a place among those fortunate publications which pay not merely for being printed and distributed, but pay by the page for all material used from outside contributors, as THE LYRIC WEST did for a brief happy while under its founder, Miss Grace A. Dennen.

Only an institution which is rendering public service is justified in asking public support. In a locality of sudden enormous growth, with accompanying wealth and unstabilized artistic conditions, is a publication set apart to tend the sacred flame of poetry useful enough to be not merely permitted, but encouraged, to keep on tending? Chicago has so endowed its organ of poetic literature, making possible the fifteen successful years which have just been completed for that magazine, with inestimable values contributed to the city as a

great center of art, as well as to individual writers who have stepped from the pages of POETRY into wider fields of literary influence.

Los Angeles, the heart—or at least two ventricles and an auricle—of the mighty Southwest, is, in its art-status, much where Chicago was ten or fifteen years ago. How many men and women of vision are to be found just now who appreciate the opportunity to help stabilize our literary future by timely help of a practical nature—as practical as ten dollars a year?

Who's Who in Lyric West

Horatio Warren, of Chicago, a “former school master,” herded sheep in Montana for several of the twenty-five years he has lived in the West.

John Russell McCarthy, many times noted in these pages as the author of poems and prose-books on out-of-door themes, is a Californian by adoption, and was a close personal friend of another nature-writer, John Burroughs.

Ethel Romig Fuller, possessor of “a husband, two sons, and a most happy home,” is a Portland writer who has often appeared in THE LYRIC WEST, in other California and Eastern publications.

Snow Longley has met with distinguished success with creative classes in poetry in the University of California, Extension Division, and in the Los Angeles High School.

Helene Magaret sends her contribution from a delightful location—Happy Hollow Boulevard, in Omaha, Nebraska.

Anne Zuker, a Southern Californian by birth, conveys the atmosphere of an extended residence in Europe in her present contribution to our pages.

Ruby Weyburn Tobias, of Beaverton, Oregon, publishes poems and children's stories in the YOUTH'S COMPANION, SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and other Eastern periodicals in the intervals of home-making and church work.

Reeves Axtell receives his mail at Tombstone, Arizona, but he claims the same vocation as Jacob, brother of Esau, who “punched cows for his daddy-in-law.” His interests are quite ample—“poetry, horses, and folks, and just living.”

Mollie Prager, of Los Angeles, who has appeared twice before in this magazine, reveals the authentic Southwest enthusiasm for rain.

Frances Wierman, of Burnett, California, writes, "I live five unpaved blocks from a bus—no phone, not even mail delivery—don't know a soul; so I ought to get some writing done!"

Harold Wesley Melvin is a professor of English at Northeastern University, Boston, his chief interests being "people, poetry, and mountains."

May Williams Ward persuades us that stars shine with the same luster in Belpre, Kansas, as in our own skies.

Lilian White Spencer has written much verse, an important Indian pageant, several plays, translations from the French, and a booklet on astronomy for the Nutshell Science Series. She lives in an old home in Denver, with her brother, their inherited housekeeper, and a cherished Airedale.

Helen P. Smith teaches in Converse College, for women, at Spartanburg, South Carolina, but this surely has no bearing on her confession that her secondary interest in life is an effort "to find, anywhere on the habitable globe, a quiet spot."

Amy Campbell's poem comes to us from Ontario, Canada.

Josephine van Dolzen Pease divides her residence-periods between St. Joseph, Michigan, and Chicago.

Charlotte Newton, of Nutley, New Jersey, is a writer of verse and children's stories for OUTLOOK, INTERLUDES, AMERICAN POETRY MAGAZINE, JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK, etc.

The Library Shelf

A suspicion seems to pervade the public mind that reviewers seldom read the works they review; and perhaps another suspicion, that no great good would come of it if they did. Of course clever and able writers do at times also review. And that, again, gives rise to two suspicions,—that the clever and able writers write reviews in order to display their own cleverness and ability, or they review books by other clever and able writers in order that their own new books may be duly reviewed by those others in turn. Our old friend, the vicious circle. However, we shall undertake to advise our readers of the appearance of new books by old favorites, and new books by possible new favorites. We may essay a comparative estimate, and we may offer a modest guess as to future evaluation. No reviewer can actually do more; none should do less.

Now, it seems, even the most cynical must admit that *When We Were Very Young* was no accident. Or, if it was, then the lightning has most certainly struck in the same place again. For *Now We Are Six* (Dutton's) is having a delightful career in homes and hearts throughout the land, and if this career lacks the element of fresh surprise which the first volume occasioned, to the wise it brings an even more complete surprise,—that any author can so nearly duplicate, without copying, his first success.

Yet after all, why not? Mr. A. A. Milne is a seasoned, experienced poet. He was the son of a schoolmaster, reared in the midst of books; he was a student in Trinity College, Cambridge, “mother of poets”; and he was for some years an assistant editor of PUNCH, “the best seminary for young poets ever set up in England.” He has, moreover, a complete realization that the writing of light verse is not necessarily a light matter. In an interview two years ago he told the present

reviewer that one of his great worries was correspondence from people who think that light verse is to be tossed off with a mere gesture, and who torment him with their specimens. Where the finished product shows most ease the writing has often shown most effort, as every poet knows. And even with a son like Christopher Robin and an illustrator like E. H. Shepard to help him, if Mr. Milne were not a master of light verse forms we would not all be chuckling over *Pooh* and *King John* and the *Knight Whose Armour Didn't Squeak*.

Samples of both strength and beauty may be found in Carl John Bostelmann's *Hedges, Hills and Horizons* (Henry Harrison), though many of the poems, we submit, the author himself will one day wish he had not included in the collection. "Hedges" and "Horizons," which help to name the book, are sincere in their thought and sure in their phrasing, but it seems that Mr. Bostelmann is at his best in dealing with the sea. *Ships*, if a bit reminiscent of Masfield's *Cargoes*, shows imagination. And *Men Are as Ships, and Ships Are Like to Men* deserves to be known and quoted. Thus the last stanza:

"Eyes can grow weary of a sight-worn land
And long to serve a wide-sea citizen—
Men are as ships, and ships are like to men.
The open roads are ever new and grand,
A salt wind shakes the cedars by the door,
Men sigh for seas, ships hunger for the shore.'

Pot-au-Feu, by Ethel Winger Doyle (Dorrance & Co.), is a crowded little volume, with its many titles arranged under some seven headings. A feeling for the sentiment concealed in every-day life pervades the whole, however, with a share of broader emotion. In *Fame* the poet phrases happily the eternal longing for that which one has not:

“At last I’ve reached a mountaintop
That no one else has scaled;
Far down, on many slopes below
I met all those who failed
To make the crest, returning slow
While evening sunshine paled.
Now I can see a valley view
With cities snuggling bright,
Where happy folk do to and fro
Among the houses white.
And on beyond are stretching plains,
Rich fields and rivers fair;
But most of all the cozy homes
Are what I notice there.
Ah, how the winds sweep through these crags,
And how they make a moan!
Who wants to dwell on mountaintops,
If he must live alone?”

Some satisfying bits stand out in Georgiana Thayer’s brief volume of brief verse, *Eve Passes* (Vinal), which is marked by a compactness of words and feeling. *Bread*; *Immortelles*, and *Walls*, are admirable examples, the following being taken from the last:

“Not his to hear the song she heard,
Nor share that white place where she stood,
Though he had given her, with a word,
The music and the holy mood.

What pipes and timbrels does he hear

To which she harkens not at all?
And who more lonely, being near,
Than souls that, groping, touch a wall?"

A Jewelled Screen, by Ann Hamilton (Vinal), is too reminiscent of certain leading women lyricists to excite any enthusiasm of discovery, but for all that, sparks of difference are struck. *Susie* and *Spring Song*, while very unlike, both create living pictures of old women, disreputable old women. And the sonnet to "Impressive lady, wise and strong of will, Smiling in crimson cape and scholar's gown", is worthy of comment.

The Winged Horse, the Story of the Poets and Their Poetry", by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill (Doubleday, Page & Co.), attempts an historical survey, with ample illustrative quotations, of the entire field of poetry. The editors began with the idea of adapting their exposition to the needs of children, but after the first few chapters the treatment becomes, perhaps unconsciously, more mature. The final result is a valuable reference work which contains material interesting and useful to the ordinary reader. The Greeks, the Romans, the Italians, the Anglo-Saxons occupy the earlier pages; thenceforth, with sufficient exceptions to justify the editors' original scheme, English poets predominate. And since the book is intended for the many rather than the few, and since it is distinctly the few who are familiar enough with foreign tongues to appreciate fully foreign poetry, this is well. When they approach American poets, Mr. Auslander and Mr. Hill run true to form: Whitman is the great voice (but do children ever understand, or enjoy, Whitman?), Poe and Lanier sing the most beautifully. One must applaud their praise of Emily Dickinson, however. And popular opinion will probably support their contention that Edna St. Vincent Millay is the leading American lyricist.

Close upon the heels of the phenomenal success of *Tristram*, over 50,000 copies of which have already been sold, comes the announcement by the Macmillan Company that a new five-volume edition of *The Collected Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson*, which includes *Tristram*, is now available in both leather and cloth.

New Books Received

In Pleasant Places, by Clara Mason Fox; Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Corporation.

Untamed, by Benjamin Musser; New York: Henry Harrison.

Gray Songs, by Mercy Baldwin; New York: Harold Vinal.

Poems, by Faith Wadsworth Collins; New York: Harold Vinal.

Wild Ginger, by Marion Ethel Hamilton; New York: Harold Vinal

Winged Victory, by Luella Glosser Gear; New York: Harold Vinal.

Kaleidoscope, by Dorothy Avis Kellar; Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co.

Outside Eden, by Gertrude Nason Carver; Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co.

Stained Windows, by Mary Esther Tull; Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co.