

ANTHOLOGY OF

MANUAL ARTS VERSE

LOS ANGELES · 1922

EDITED BY GROVE BROWN

DIGITAL READING EDITION · 2026

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Published by the Alumni Association
Manual Arts High School · Los Angeles · 1922

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Prepared by Brian Kim Stefans · 2026

EDITION NOTE

This digital reading edition presents the complete text of the 1922 *Anthology of Manual Arts Verse*: forty-nine poems by twenty-four student poets, preceded by the original foreword. It has been reset in a 6 × 9 inch format for comfortable reading and stable web delivery.

The source was a 73-page archival PDF whose photographic pages contain stains, soft focus, broken type, and damaged line endings. Every poem was checked against the scan. Obvious OCR substitutions, dropped words, and false line breaks were repaired. Historical spelling, dialect, punctuation, and purposeful indentation were retained, including usages that may look unusual today. Where the physical page itself had lost a few letters, a conservative reading was supplied from grammar, rhyme, and the surviving letterforms.

The new cover takes its palette from the school colors named in “Alma Mater”—purple and gray—on a warm paper field. Its grid combines the feel of a school window, a drafting board, and the measured structures of manual work. It is an interpretation for this edition, not a reproduction of a school seal or an undocumented historical emblem.

Original page references appear after each poem. The archival scan remains private editorial evidence and is not part of the public upload package.

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A NOTE ON THIS EDITION

In 1922, the Alumni Association of Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles made a small, confident book from poems its students had written over the previous eleven years. Only 250 copies were printed. The editors knew that school writing often disappeared as soon as the magazine, yearbook, or classroom sheet carrying it was put away, so they gathered what they called representative work into a volume that could travel beyond the campus. The result is neither a yearbook nor a formal literary history. It is a lively snapshot of what young writers in one Los Angeles school thought poetry could do.

The anthology opens with the school itself: its purple and gray colors, its walls at sunrise, its gardens and arcades at evening. From there it moves quickly outward. Ralph Cleveland rides toward the sunset, listens for Pan in a mountain brook, addresses the Pacific, and imagines Viking ancestry. Jose Rodriguez writes a sequence of tender sonnets and lyrics. Other students answer Stevenson, liberty, spring, night, the sea, flowers, work, memory, and childhood. Humor keeps interrupting the solemn moods: a tramp discovers that his stolen treasures are worthless; a student pleads with a merciful geometry teacher; a fashionable “French-Heel Lass” receives a mock blessing. The changes of tone are part of the book’s charm.

Reading these poems now also means meeting Los Angeles before the city had become the familiar literary setting it is today. Manual Arts High School appears as a place where shops, classrooms, sports fields, gardens, and literary ambitions shared the same ground. The title did not limit “manual arts” to making objects. In the anthology, craft includes shaping a stanza, catching the sound of a cricket, turning a school building into an evening picture, and testing inherited forms against local experience. Some poems reach for grand language; others are strongest when they stay close to a remembered path, a river, a schoolroom, or the peculiar weather of Southern California.

This edition preserves the book’s original order, spellings, dialect, and shifts in indentation. That includes forms such as “thru” and “thots,” as well as several apparent printing quirks. The source scan is rough in places: letters vanish into stains, line endings break, and the OCR frequently invents or drops words. The text here was therefore checked page by page against the photographed pages. Obvious scan and OCR damage has been repaired, while historical usage has not been silently modernized. Original page numbers are supplied discreetly at the end of each poem, so

a reader with access to the archival copy can return to the witness.

There is no single correct route through this little book. Begin with “Alma Mater” and “At Twilight” to see how students pictured their school. Follow one of the larger groups by Cleveland, Rodriguez, Frazee, Reinecke, or Jones. Or move among the night poems, which recur with entirely different moods. The anthology’s real subject may be the moment when private writing becomes a shared record. Twenty-four student poets, some represented by one poem and some by several, are present because the alumni decided their work should not vanish. A century later, the book still makes that invitation: open anywhere, listen for an individual voice, and let a local school collection widen into a map of youthful reading, ambition, humor, and place.

FOREWORD

Believing that much verse written by High School students has real merit, but is lost to the general public thru the manner of its publication, the Alumni Association of Manual Arts High School has brought together in this Anthology representative types of verse, deliberately including a few in noticeably lighter vein, written by students of the school during the years 1911 to 1922, inclusive.

Since lack of space forbids a complete collection of the work of the time covered, it is not to be assumed that verse omitted from this little volume is of lesser quality.

It is hoped that the efforts of the Alumni Association in publishing this book will meet with a response that will justify a larger and more comprehensive collection in the near future.

—Alumni Association of Manual Arts High School, 1922

RALPH CLEVELAND

ALMA MATER

The splendor of the rising day
In purple glory falls,
And bathes in liquid flaming fire
Thy opalescent walls.

All hail, our Alma Mater dear,
The purple and the gray;
All hail, our Alma Mater dear,
Forever and a day.

At eve the golden sunshine melts,
One last—one fond caress;
Then, sad to lose the sight of thee,
The slow sun sinks to rest.

O Manual, all our voices rise
In tribute to thy fame;
O Manual, may we ever bring
But honor to thy name!

Original page 6

RALPH CLEVELAND

THE TRAIL OF THE SUNSET

Old hoss, we've loped for many a mile,
On the road called Life,
We've swung along on the perilous pike,
Thru storm and strife;
And we're always together, in good or bad weather,
We're always a'lopin' along by ourselves,
On the trail of the sunset, far away,
Thru the silver and gold, the black and the gray,
Jest you and I, old hoss.

What care we for the world outside?
It's a bad old place;
As long as you're you, and as long as I'm I,
We'll run our race,
And we'll stick together, whatever the weather.
We'll hustle along by ourselves,
Till we're lost in the sunset, far away,
In the silver and gold, the black and the gray,
Jest you and I, old hoss.

And when we have passed thru the mist of years,
A-lopin' along,
When we've left behind the sighs and the tears,
And the laugh and the song,
We'll still be together, a-bravin' the weather,
And swingin' along by ourselves,
A-lopin' up over the Great Divide,
To the valley of Peace, on the other side,
Jest you and I, old hoss.

Original page 7

RALPH CLEVELAND

THE NAIAD'S KISS

I knelt by a brook in a mountainous wold,
Where the waters leap downward in fold on fold;
I thought of wild Pan as it chuckled along,
With a lilt, and a swing, and a catch of a song.
The cool of the hills threaded sweet in my veins,
As the green of the mold swept along in the lanes,
When the city lay dead in the dust 'neath the sun;
And the heart heard the call where the merry brooks run.
So I knelt by the brook, and I drank of its flow,
'Twas as sweet to my lips as the murmuring low
Of the winds as they soothingly blow thru the corn
In the soft blushing haze of a summery morn.

Original page 8

RALPH CLEVELAND

TO THE OCEAN

Roll on, thou mighty organ whose vast notes
Are the eternal poundings of thy surf;
Thy voice the heavens and their zodiac.
Thou voice of God,—sonorous tone,
Thy scale is from the sea-bed to the skies;
Thy pipes, the winds that moan across thy heaving bosom;
And thy muse—The Infinite.
Organ divine! roll thy immortal harmonies
Unto the boundless firmament.
Let thy majestic music be an hymn eternal,
Sounding Creation's anthem
Forever and Forever.

Original page 9

RALPH CLEVELAND

THE HUNTER'S SONG

Away, away to the mountain glens,
 Away to the silent places,
Away to the moss thatched secret fens,
 Draped round with filmy laces.

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho for the hunter's life,
 And the song of waters falling;
I hasten away from the world of strife
 For a voice in the woods is calling.

Gurgle of waters stealing, stealing,
 Over the stones and through the ferns;
Little foam castles wheeling, wheeling,
 Built by the falling waters' churns.

Away, away to the glints and glooms
 That blink the green trees under;
Away to the isles and thousand rooms
 Where the wood-elves dream in wonder.

Cool are the breezes sighing, sighing,
 In through the pine boughs straight and tall,
Faint as a whisper dying, dying,
 Faint as a far off hunter's call.

Bound of the deerhound fleeting, fleeting,
 Crack of the rifle sharp and sure,
Tense are the heartstrings beating, beating,
 Born of the wild in the hunter's lure.

Call of the wildwood brewing, brewing,
 Notes for the hunter's lilting song,
Sweet is a lover's wooing, wooing,
 And sweet is the hunter's ringing song.

Original page 10

RALPH CLEVELAND

A VIKING'S SON

A Viking's blood runs in my veins,
And kin am I to the mighty Danes
Who sailed their ships on the northern flood,
Daring the waves with their stubborn blood.
I feel the ancient clang of sword,
I see my kinsmen cross the fjord;
The battle-ax gleams in the cool grey dawn,
The hide-bound shield on the arm of brawn.
And I am there in the battle fray,
Hungry to feel the keen sword-play.
The biting steel leaps from its sheath,
A song of strife leaps from the teeth
Of warrior-kings, the sons of Thor,
Grim with the lust of greedy war.
I laugh as I see the foe go down,
Struck with war-god's deadly frown.
Dread vultures wheel o'er the field of dead,
Screaming their joy at the carnage red;
And I laugh aloud as the vultures fly
In the circling blue of the northern sky,
For I am a prince, a Viking's son,
Proud of my race, afraid of none.

Original page 11

RALPH CLEVELAND

CALIFORNIA

I know a place where the wind blows free,
Where the breezes croon in the redwood tree;
Where a brook leaps by, with a laugh and a
 cry,
And far overhead in the azure sky
Circles the bird of liberty.

I know a place where the daisies dwell,
In a cool, sequestered, fairy dell;
Where the skylark sings, as it gently swings,
Where the axe of the woodsman never rings
Through the leafy glades like a distant knell.

I know a place where the woods are deep,
Where the sentinel pines guard o’ever my
 sleep;
Where the wind-breath sighs, as it slowly dies,
When the round, yellow moon begins to rise,
And far through the heavens slowly creep.

I know a place where the poppies grow,
Where the honey-bee murmurs soft and low;
Where the streams are clear, and the foxes
 peer
From coverts of green at the shy, red deer,
In the land of the golden glow.

Original page 12

RALPH CLEVELAND

ISLE OF MISTS

I go to the Isle of Mists,
In a hazy sea afar,
Where never a mortal ship can sail,
O'er the white capped, foaming bar.

'Tis here where the lake lies sad,
Hid in the mist and the rain,
And the cataract leaps o'er the mountain wall
And turns into mist again.

'Tis here where the tall trees weep,
And hang their heads in woe,
And the black, black clouds are overhead,
And the sullen winds below.

'Tis here where the spirit dies;
The soul that despair has kissed;
For this is the Isle of the Broken Heart,
The shadowy Isle of the Mists.

Original page 13

RALPH CLEVELAND

To STEVENSON

Dreamer of dreams in a world of strife,
Vision wide for the good in life,
Seer of worth in the common lot,
Man of the high-born holy thought;
Heart-whole and child-pure,
Son of the land of heather-moor;
Weaver of fancy's luring web,
High tide, and no ebb.

Voice of the old-world majesty,
Voice of the new world minstrelsy;
Prose that slips, and runs, and glides
Fresh as the breeze from amber tides;
Gold true, and diamond fine,
Sweet as the breath of eglantine,
Woodland tang, and wildwood call
And graceful sweep of the waterfall;
Sombre sweet, with wholesome fun,
Child of the world is Stevenson.

Original page 14

JOSE RODRIGUEZ

SONNET, TO HELEN

In the twilight, in the early gloom of night,
Within sounds of flowing waters in the wood,
I often meet you, Helen. It is good
To see you there—mysterious, in the half-light
Of the star-strewn fields of heaven. And as bright,
As luminous, the serious eyes that brood
There in your passion-paled face beneath the hood
Held close about you, cloud-woven, white—
The fragrant memory of our love draws closer, when,
Dwelling in my dreams and fantasies, I often meet
You thus. The tender homage each the other rendered, then
I rehearse in my musings. And breathlessly allow my pen
To guide me once more thru the wonder-sweet,
Dim paths of yesterday, and leave the world to other men.

Original page 15

JOSE RODRIGUEZ

TO HELEN'S PORTRAIT

My little lady, sweet and fair,
How gracefully thou sittest there!
To me thou art the flower most rare
That ever graced the sylvan air.

So gently wistful are thine eyes—
Like misty depths of autumn skies
When Night reluctant fades and dies,
And mystic Darkness westward flies.

The chaste line of thy cheek is pure,
And sweet thy tender lips, demure.
What lover's heart could long endure
Against their wondrous, artless lure?

The dove-like vision of thy hands,
Whose touch my happiness commands!
They hold me fast by magic bands,
As if by wave of fairy wands.

Thy gentle image doth set free
The pinioned wings of Ecstasy.
My fettered fancy finds the key,
And liberty is once more given me.

Original page 16

JOSE RODRIGUEZ

SONNET, TO MY MOTHER

Thy slender shoulders bowed before the blast
Of ceaseless toil; thine eyes undaunted, brave,
Full of the mystic wonder of the love thou hast
Never denied and given free to those who crave,
I see thee now, my Mother. I have found at last
The sorrow of the reaping that the joy of sowing gave,
And the endless straws of gleaning now fear I, aghast,
Knowing that the last of them I'll gather in the grave.
But yet I know, where'er I turn, that thou'lt be there
With the words I long to hear, and the smile I've never seen
On any other lips. So gently tender and so rare,
Thou art my shelter and my refuge from all care,
Sweet Mother. The thought of thee, fearless, serene,
I cherish, for it makes the evil world about me fair.

Original page 17

JOSE RODRIGUEZ

SONNET, TO A BABY

At what dost twitter there, with roguish smile,
Thou happy babe? What comic thing dost see
That prompts those outbursts of cherubic glee?
And why, that sudden change to tearful wile
Used with such nicety of judgment to beguile
Thine anxious mother from her labor to amuse thee?
Thou surely knowest her weakness to perfection of degree
From whose young life thou'st made of sorrow an exile.
The mystery, the mighty wisdom thou dost hide
Behind those bits of clear heaven in thine eyes,
I, envious, grudge thee. In mine, died
That godliness a while ago. At my side
I find now grosser things. But in the skies
And babies' eyes my soul has found a guide.

Original page 18

JOSE RODRIGUEZ

To

Your memory is like a theme
 Forever singing in my heart.
And often in a dream
 Of some unutterable art,
It fills the air with vagrant
 Petal-laden breezes from the south,
With nards and spices fragrant,
 Like warm kisses from your mouth.
And when the day passes and the twilight
 Tiptoes out into the west,
It leaves me to the harmony of night,
 Knowing I shall find my joy in rest.

Original page 19

JOSE RODRIGUEZ

TRIOLET

(To a Little Friend, Aged Two)

Your loveliness gives birth to things,
Unutterable within my heart.
Your loveliness gives birth to things—
Ecstasies, that never skylark soaring sings,
Nor dewy Morning's freshness brings,
Nor any human art.
Your loveliness gives birth to things,
Unutterable within my heart.

Original page 20

JAMES DOOLITTLE

LINES ADDRESSED TO A MERCIFUL TEACHER

Poor, lowly, cowerin' scholar,
Oh! What a panic's in thy collar!
Thou need not study awa sae hasty
 With thy Geomitree!
I wad not see thy teacher flunk thee,
 With big red D.

I'm truly sorry teacher's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow mortal!

I doubt not whiles but thee may pass;
What then? Poor boy, thou maun live!
Do all thy studying right in my class,
 Is a sma' request.
I'll give a blessin' as you pass
 And never miss't!

Original page 21

BETTY DICK FRAZEE

“CHEER”

I would not pine
For there are those that love me,
I would not weep
For there are those that need my cheer,
I would not sigh
For skies are blue above me,
And there is music
Everywhere to hear.

Original page 22

BETTY DICK FRAZEE

CHANT TO THE IMPS

The devil is gray, the devil is red;
Sometimes he's alive and sometimes dead,
He's green and slippery like lizard's slime
Oh! the devil's a great old pal of mine.
He makes a bed of gleaming coals,
And stuffs in dead men's long-lost souls;
And he sings this song as he jigs about,
"I've stuffed you in and you can't come out,
Oh! I've stuffed you in and you can't come out!"

Original page 23

BETTY DICK FRAZEE

PENSTAMENS

Penstamens, gray and azure-eyed and tall,
Are fragmentary thoughts of poesy
Brought by a vagabonding breeze to me
And scattered here beside my old stone wall—
Chambers to hold the roving bees in thrall.

Full often at the golden noontide hour
I've heard the captives singing in their tower
And thought of David playing for King Saul.

O harbingers of Summer, I would make
My heart a'prison tower for vagrant song—
Where weird and wandering melodies might throng
Like thy fair clustering bells in Springtime's way—
Who knows, I might prove captor to a tone
Sweeter than David's music, or thy own.

Original page 24

BETTY DICK FRAZEE

NIGHT AND THE SEA

Night slunk down in the valley;
And hid in the bushes there.
The birdlings flew while the west wind grew
And sailed thru the mid-night air.
The clouds banked high in the murky sky,
Huddled over the sere gray lee,
When out of the west from the wild winds' breast,
Came rumbling the mighty sea—
Came rumbling and mightily fumbling
The wan white moon on his breast;
Then surged to the east like a man-hunted beast,
And broke on the cliffs' rugged crest.

Original page 25

BETTY DICK FRAZEE

A PRAYER

Oh! Sun in the east awake me
With thots for a better life,
Oh! teach me to love my labor,
To conquer the odds of strife;
To look with faith towards heaven,
To feel and to understand
The wonder of God's Creation,
The Wisdom of God's Command.

Oh! teach me to love my neighbor,
To do with my hands God's work;
To love, to learn and to labor
And never a moment shirk.
Help me to know the greatness,
Teach me to understand
The Wonder of God's Creation,
The Wisdom of God's Command.

Original page 26

BETTY DICK FRAZEE

To A BEE

Ah! Brown Brother Bee,
In your cassack of gold,
Some mystery lies hidden
In yon butter-cup.

Hesitate for a moment
On the gleaming threshold
And ask her the reason
She always looks up.

Drink deep of the nectar
From red roses' lips
The honey-dewed potion
The golden sun sips.

Then wash off thy stains
In the crystalline dew,
And dust off your garments
To start all anew.

Ah! Brown Brother Bee,
I wish I were you,
With nothing but flying
And flirting to do.

Original page 27

CLARENCE OSBORNE

THE WEAVER

I am a dreamer of dreams,
A weaver of gossamer strands,
I am a gazer in crystal streams,
A moulder of castles in sand.

You may startle me out of my dreaming,
You may call me a waster of time,
But the thoughts will come back a'teeming
And I'll dream the dreams that are mine.

You may sever my silken web so thin,
You may scorn my shimmering threads;
Yet through the days of my life, I'll continue to spin
'Till my soul and I are dead.

Muddy the stream with your wading,
Yet I'll stay by its edge and wait,
And the stream will clear, as day goes fading
Out at the western gate.

Wreck my buildings of sand,
Call them whims if you will;
Some day, I say, a house will stand,
A house on the highest hill.

So startle, sever, muddy or wreck,
I'll dream, I'll gaze, and I'll build,
And I'll not heed a disturbing beck
'Till death says my task's fulfilled.

For I am a dreamer of dreams,
A weaver of gossamer strands,
I am a gazer in crystal streams,
A moulder of castles in sand.

Original page 28

KENZO KUBOTA

SING, MY LITTLE CRICKET!

Sing, my little cricket!
The twilight grey is near;
At the grassy bank of a murmuring brook,
On the meadow green where the air is clean.
Sing, my little cricket,
In the heart of the nature dear!

Sing, my little cricket!
The silent night is deep;
The moon is smiling thru the crystal window
On a baby's face in peaceful sleep.
Sing, my little cricket,
Thy nature's promise to keep!

Sing, my little cricket!
The dawn is rising from the night;
When roosters crow, in a quiet hut
The mother is seen, working thru the dim light.
Sing, my little cricket,
For the coming sunshine bright!

Sing, my little cricket!
The windy day is old;
A youth is toiling in a russet field,
And plowing the barren soil at the wold,
Sing, my little cricket,
The youthful thot to unfold!

Sing, my little cricket!
Ever sweetly as a lover,
Ever in the morning, at the sunset,
Ever to the innocent, and to the striver.
Sing, my little cricket,
For life's melody forever!

Sing, my little cricket!
Thy song, being simple and clear,
Softly awakens the heart of a poet
With the eternal voices sweet to hear.
Sing, my little cricket,
In the heart of the nature dear!

Original page 30

GROVE BROWN

CHINATOWN

A small green god with incense curling;
Wierd blue lights cast shadows whirling;
Squint eyed youths beat tom-toms muffled;
Thru the joss-house fat priests shuffled.
 Night had just begun

In the den the smoke hung low;
A squeaky fiddle—A broken bow;
A soul was lost, an outcast made;
A youth unto the devil prayed;
 Night was almost done.

In the streets the wagons rattled;
In the gutters children prattled;
From the den a soul passed on;
From sordidness another gone.
 Day had just begun.

Original page 32

YNEZ LOWE

I LONG TO DANCE ON THE SEA

I long to dance from morn till night,
On the foam of the seething sea,
With head thrown back and tresses streaming,
Buoyant, bold, and free.
To skip and run, with the beams from the sun,
That glint on the waves all day,
And at night to float with the white birds winging
Over a moonlit bay.

What joy 'twould be, to dance on the sea,
On the foam of the seething sea,
With head thrown back and tresses streaming,
Buoyant, bold, and free.

Original page 33

JOHN JACKSON

HUMANITY, GENERATION AFTER GENERATION, WAGES A
NEVER-ENDING, HOPELESS BATTLE AGAINST AN UNCONQUERABLE
FOE

She points, with withered hand, into the future,
Her back is turned to hide the fading past;
She smiles, as men toil on into life's winter,
A cruel smile—she sees the die is cast.

So this is Fate, who sends men on life's journey
With promises of riches in the end,
Who, with her cunning ways and sly persuasions,
Leads men to seek for what lies 'round the bend.

And on they toil in eager expectation
Of what will be their own in days to come;
Their brows display the sweat of honest labor—
They work until their limbs are weak and numb.

The years take wing, and youth once strong and worthy
Is swiftly growing haggard, weak and old;
Not his to reap the harvest of his labors
But his to see the fast receding goal.

'Tis tired nerves bring droop into his eyelids,
He knows that he will soon be passing out,
And in his passing find that he was cheated,
Leaving behind uncertainty and doubt.

And Fate, so grim, stands resolute and scowling,
The years have gone the circuit once again
Fate has ever won by methods all confounding
The battle she has always waged with men.

'Twill always be, as long as men take chances,
And play the game with all the cards thrown;
Experience, howe'er cruel, can never teach them
They play for stakes that they can never win.

Original page 34

WENDELL PHILLIPS GLADDEN, JR.

'CAUSE I'S BE'N BORNED AG'IN

Ain't gwine er run wid sinners no mo,'
'Cause I's be'n borned ag'in;
Ain't gwine er steal f'om de grocer sto,'
'Cause I's be'n borned ag'in.

Tol' de preacher I's ter jine de ban,'
'Cause I's be'n borned ag'in;
Got mah eyes sot on de promis' lan,'
'Cause I's be'n borned ag'in.

Ah didn't kno' dis life wuz so sweet,
Tell Ah wuz borned ag'in;
Ah be'n baptized an' done washed mah feet,
'Cause I's be'n borned ag'in.

Done turned mah back ter de dance hall,
'Cause I's be'n borned ag'in;
Jest gwine er read 'bout David an' Saul,
'Cause I's be'n borned ag'in.

Ah have gibbed de Lord mah soul ter keep,
'Cause I's be'n borned ag'in;
Only waitin' fer dat peaceful sleep,
'Cause I's be'n borned ag'in.

Original page 36

WENDELL PHILLIPS GLADDEN, JR.

DREAMING

Oh what is so sweet as the robin's song
And the music of streams as they glide along?

The violets blushing beside my feet
Are lovely and tender and just as sweet.

And what is so soft as the friendly breeze
That quietly sings and sighs thru the trees?

Your voice and your smiles set my heart at ease
Seem softer and sweeter than all of these.

Original page 37

JO LEAVITT

NIGHT

To your calling I have answered, wondrous night.
All around thee clings the breath of blood-red flowers,
A white owl like a flake of moonlight
Floats across the sky.
Upon the soft, warm sand no step is heard,
Across the silver lighted valley
Lies a lake as black as ebony.
The bellowing of a deer in the distance
Or the squabbling of some bird for an instant in the thicket—
These only break thy silence, beauteous night.

Original page 38

HENRY REINECKE

IN REVERIE

It's very sweet by the river side,
Where tall green flags with purple tops
Bend to a current that never stops;
And the level country stretches wide
On either side to meet the sky,
A dim gray port for the meadow's tide.

Swift-pointed arrows, the swallows fly,
Dip their wings in the cold, clear stream,
Then circle far. And I have my dream!
To dream alone—'till my company
Becomes the winds of the night that stir
The tops of the poplars, straight and high.

And the silv'ry night is full of sighs—
Half-hushed whispers, that thrill and break
The deep-breathed stillness, as these winds shake
The leaves, 'till the wood's a conjuror
Of linked, lingering reveries
Of the shadowed past, and the days to rise.

Original page 39

HENRY REINECKE

PLAYMATES

When I am playing underneath a tree,
I look around—and there he is with me!
Among the shadows of the boughs he stands,
And shakes the leaves at me with both his hands.
And then upon the mossy roots we lie
And watch the leaves make pictures on the sky.
And then we swing from bough to bough—
And never fall? I can't remember now.
The games I played with him are always best;
And yet we cannot teach them to the rest.
For when the others come to join our play—
I don't know why—but joy has slipped away.
They ask me if we love—I cannot tell;
But no one else can play with me so well.

Original page 40

HENRY REINECKE

MEMORIES

Stillter than where that city lies asleep,
With fabled spires deep in the surging sea,
Stillter and dimmer than that windless deep,
The pale-flowered field of memory.

I walked there with the thoughts of long ago,
Dear thoughts and peerless of long-vanished days;
And one drew close—the fairest that shall know
Their path that follow down the faded ways.

“No more the blossoms o’er thy face,” it said;
“Now is it heaven, here, where pale flowers be;
On shall I wander, mingled with the dead,
But die not, love, since you remember me.

Original page 41

RAYMOND JONES

FOR LIBERTY

Out of the East one flaming morn
On a charger white as snow, new-fallen,
A brawny youth thru the mists of gray
Rode into the battle's thickest fray
Into the smoke and shot and shell,
Into that gaping, seething Hell!
And ne'er did he halt—his battle-cry
Rose to the clouds that floated on high,
Under the arch of the summer sky,
Knowing that his was to do and die.

And 'neath his swift steed's feet the sod
Flew fast and faster; spurred on by God
His place he took in the battle array,
And led in the charge that won the day
For Freedom and Democracy,
For Peace and righteous Liberty!

Into the West there limped that night
A riderless charger with robe of white;
Head bowed in sorrow for one who was gone,
Heart with the master that spurred him at dawn
He who had ridden for Liberty's sake,
With a sword in his hand and a life at stake,
And a prayer on his lips for God to take
His comrades thru till the battle's break!

And when God drops His veil o'er the strife;
When the World is re-born with a brighter life,
May He grant those who fought in Liberty's fight
A statue to shine thru the darkness of Night
To bring to the slave a new-freedom's right,
And beacon to all with Liberty's light!

Original page 42

RAYMOND JONES

AT TWILIGHT

In the purple of the sunset
Comes to me a picture fair,
Of shining walls and violet,
With crimson here and there.

And the fragrance of the flowers
Wafted on the air serene,
Gently floats from rose-clad bowers
O'er verdant beds of green.

The twilight shades advancing,
Softly veil the arches white,
With stately sweep, encircling falls
The velvet robe of night.

But the picture has not faded;
'Tis treasured deep within our hearts,
And fore'er we'll hold it sacred,
Our own dear Manual Arts!

Now swiftly on Time's brazen wings
The golden seasons come and go,
We leave thy halls for bigger things;
We reap what e'er we sow.

The busy changeul years have passed
Since we beheld that picture, rare;
New faces sail before the mast,
New voices everywhere!

Yet on and on Life sails
On the misty Sea of Tears,
Tho storm-tossed by un-numbered gales,
Triumphant thru the years.

Should we become disheartened,
May we not turn back to thee
And sail again with lightened hearts,
The Sea of Destiny!

Original page 44

RAYMOND JONES

NIGHT

Dusk, and the soft breeze sighing,
Caresses the lonely lea.
Dusk, and the white gull crying,
Floats over the misty sea.

Night, and the stars are gleaming
From the black abyss above.
Night—and the World lies dreaming
Of the morrow—peace and love.

Original page 46

RAYMOND JONES

THE ADVENTURES OF ANDY

The tramp at eve had eaten his fill
Of pies from off the window sill!
He'd also taken an ample share
Of jewelry, wine, and silverware!
Weary and tedious was his flight
Thru the long hours of the night.
But when in his faraway lair he was hid,
From the jewelry box he lifted the lid!
And gazed at the diamonds and jewelry there,
Bracelets, and watches, and silverware!
But behold! the diamonds were made of glass;
His golden jewelry had turned to brass!
The silverware filled his soul with disgust,
Where the silver should be there was naught but rust!
"Oh, I know now," he loudly sobbed,
"T'was a hock-shop keepers house I robbed!"
His sinking spirits he decided to prime,
In a "night-cap" or two, of the stolen wine!
But e'er the first couple of swallows he'd quaffed,
He threw down the bottle, strangled and coughed,
No "kerosene" wine could quench his thirst,
But he'd forgotten—t'was April the First!

Original page 47

PHIL REYNOLDS

SPRING'S A COMIN'

Spring's a comin' soft an' easy;
Snow's a meltin' in the hills;
Spring air's movin' sort o' lazy,
An' the wind now seldom chills.

Sure! it's sort o' cloudy weather,
Heavy fog a oozin' spray,
But the breezes know we'd rather
Have the sun out any day.

So they blow right stiff an' gusty
In the mornin' an' by noon
We can see the ridges rusty
Where the snow is makin' room.

For the blossoms of the mountains,
Primrose, pink, an' modest blue;
An' the springs are gushin' fountains,
Cool refreshin' pards, to you.

We sit dreamin' in the meadow,
While the snow bank clouds on high
Drift in billows castin' shadows
O'er the fields of sproutin' rye.

Sky's as blue between the whiteness
As that blue bird's breast up there;
You can see so far, the brightness
Makes you pause an say a prayer.

Well, you see at what I'm drivin',
'Taint no use to try to work
When the spring is young an' thrivin',
Why a boy's a natural shirk.

He can't spell or read or study,
In a school room all the time;
Place for him is by that muddy
Fishin' hole, with fishin' line.

Original page 48

MARY JANE BEEKMAN

THE VIOLET

“O, timid little violet,
Why do you hide your head?
Come sip the dew from golden cup,
And look to Heaven’s blue instead.

“Are you unconscious of your charms,
And hide your head in doubt?
Or are you mindful of some slight,
And stray away to pout?
Or, shy coquette! do you just want
Your charms to be sought out?

“Now tell me, pray, the reason why.
Let me not vainly call!”
Then softly Violet whispers back,
“I am afraid, that’s all.”

Original page 50

DON BULLIS

AN EPITAPH

Here rests a noble soul, who far
O'er topped the common herd,
And did his bit for common men
In deeds—not words.

With flights of speech he never tried
To put to shame the birds;
But strove to teach his creed of love
With deeds—not words.

He lived to teach those in whom
The milk of kindness curds,
That peace on earth can only come
Thru deeds—not words.

Original page 51

HELEN NEWTON

THE ROSEBUD

How fragrant is the rose
In the merry month of June.
How perfect is each petal,
How entrancing her perfume.

The sun beams down upon her
From his lofty home on high.
The sweet rose is so happy,
She does not hear a sigh.

A bud, beneath the rose,
Alas! is full of woe.
It is tired of being little,
It cannot wait to grow.

Gazing at the beauty
Of the big red rose, so rare,
She thought, "Someday will I
Be many times as fair.

The lords from lands afar
Will come to gaze at me.
Oh, when my time has come
What a charming rose I'll be.

The sun will seek to pierce
His way into my heart,
But petals tightly folded
Shall baffle all his art.

My beauty and my fragrance
Will travel with the wind.
A rose with such rich virtues
No one will ever find."

So dreamt the little rose-bud
Of days not far away.
When a person chancing by
Plucked her in passing play.

No more dreams little rose-bud,
No more she sighs to grow.
Her hopes have all been smothered,
They never more will glow.

Just as the rose-bud's visions
Wilted and died that day,
So do youth's fond fancies
Vanish and pass away.

Original page 52

JACK DU BOIS

FRENCH-HEEL LASS

Blessings on thee, little maid,
With thy cheeks of unnatural shade!
With thy henna-tinted hair,
And thy figure passing fair;
If cool wind should kiss thy cheek
Thy freckles from beneath would peek;
With thy red lips, redder still,
Kissed by lip-stick at your will;
With thy tunes of Dardanella,
And all dolled up to catch a fella;
With thy hose of silken sheen,
Oft' so thin scarce can be seen.
Blessings on thee, little maid,
The new for old, we would not trade.
In spite of all your faddy styles,
We are the victims of your wiles,
But wa'd the gods the giftie gie ye,
To see yoursel's as ithers see ye.

Original page 54

ELIZABETH GALLAGHER

NIGHT

The last sunbeams have scuttled home,
The chores are done and rest has come.
Night has cuddled the earth to sleep
And the sad old world has ceased to weep.
Mothers rock their play-tired children,
Who dream of fairies, and elfin kin,
As now and forever the moon looks down,
And caresses and smiles on the little town.

Original page 55

VIOLET WILSON

TO MY DREAM CHILD

Little elfish creature
Merry all day long
Teasing, prancing, dancing,
With your lilting song.

Swaying just beyond me,
Laughing in my eyes,
Playing pranks upon me
Planning some surprise.

If I could but catch you;
Kiss your impish lips,
Hold you fast one moment,
Clasp your finger tips,

Joyous elfish creature,
Joyous ever after
Little elfish creature
Sprite of fun and laughter.

Original page 56

VIOLET WILSON

THE WIND

Oh! Let me stand where the wild wind blows,
Sweeping the valleys and mounting the hills,
Swaying the pine tree and bowing the rose,
Throwing the brook into thousands of rills.

Oh! Let me feel the great rush of its power,
Whipping around me as onward it flies,
Rushing o'er plains to where mountains tower,
Bearing along the wild sea-gull's cries.

Oh! Let me know the uplift of strength,
Watching it plunging and breaking its path.
Over the meadow land's billowing length,
Spurting and lulling, a slave to its wrath.

And oh! As I watch it, I long to be free
From all of the worries and cares of the world,
To go, as the wind, the whole earth to see,
To scamper and dodge and merrily whirl.

Original page 57

LOUISE HACKETT

EVENING

In the shadows of the river,
Where the deep mists gather low,
When the night bird's at his courting,
That is when I love to row.

Where the river's cool depths ripple,
Lillies on its bosom rest,
'Neath the rushes, in the starlight,
Form an opalescent crest.

Thru the trees the lights shine dimly,
On the warm wind comes the knell,
Echoing softly across the water,
Of a sweet toned convent bell.

Farther, farther, down the river,
Softly floating on we go,
Ever drifting, as we wonder,
Why it is we love it so.

Original page 58

DOROTHY GILBRETH

SEEKING

I am not lonely, Love, as I might be,
Tho uncompanioned thru the world I roam.
For more than ever seems the earth my home
Since thou hast gone to dwell eternally,
In its dim shades, and tho I seek for thee
Nor find thee in the old familiar place,
Yet still there lives some semblance of thy face
In each wee flower that e'er looks up to me.

They are thy kin, and hence they must be mine,
These flowers, these grasses, and these leaves that reach
Toward me, like thy soul in those old days.
And I have learned to love their quaint ways.
And caught some syllable of their soft speech,
Still listening for that sweet voice of thine.

Original page 59

JOSEPHINE GIDLEY

EVENING PICTURE

At the close of day when the shadows fall
With dark'ning gloom o'er the white arcades,
And the sunlight gleams reflect their tints
In the window panes, then slowly fade
To a sombre lead hue and vanish away;
A silence as deep as the day is long
Fastens its charms on building and field,
And the halls in their emptiness breathe of rest;
The rooms with books and maps laid by
But echo the sounds of the closing day.

Across from the buildings the bleachers loom
And shadow the field in its loneliness,
And out in the shops are the belts and wheels,
But the whirl of their work is quiet at last.
In the garden the roses are covered with dew,
The paths are forsaken, the benches are bare,
For the evening has come when the life of the day
Must sleep in repose till the dawn of the new.

Original page 60

LIZABEL HEMENES

THE FALLEN MONARCH

On the rock coast of an ancient shore,
Where the great waves roll with a mighty roar,
Where the gulls swoop down with a piercing cry,
And the wild wind gasps in a pleading sigh—
On a promontory jagged and old
Paused the king of the forest, staunch and bold.
As the wolves dashed out from the underbrush
In a mad, scrambling, headlong rush,
With his great paws tearing the time-worn shore
He raised his prayer in a mighty roar,
Then the waters closed o'er a king dethroned
While the wolves and the wind a requiem moaned.

Original page 61

TEXTUAL NOTE

This edition was transcribed from the 1922 volume digitized from the Library of Congress copy and distributed through HathiTrust and the Internet Archive. The wrapper pages and automated text layer were useful for identification, but neither was treated as a reliable reading text. The photographed pages were the authority for wording, punctuation, stanza breaks, and indentation.

The scan's most visible damage occurs where type fades into stains or disappears at the edge of a word. Repairs include restoring lost letters and words in "The Naiad's Kiss," "Penstamens," "Chant to the Imps," "Playmates," and other poems; separating running headers from verse; and removing scan debris that the OCR interpreted as punctuation. Historical forms—including "northen," "contine," "gossomer," "criket," "thots," "thru," "cassack," "threshold," "Wierd," "Lillies," and "speach"—have been retained when the printed page supports them.

The source contents abbreviates John Jackson's long title as "Humanity and Fate"; the full title printed over the poem is used here. Jack Du Bois's surname appears with inconsistent spacing in the volume; the contents form is followed. Original page numbers refer to the printed book, not to the 73-page archival wrapper.

End of the digital reading edition