



# ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE

1916-1919

*The Verse Writers' Club  
of Southern California*

DIGITAL READING EDITION

First published by Harr Wagner Publishing Co., 1919

## A Note on This Reading Edition



The Verse Writers' Club of Southern California published *Anthology of Verse*, 1916-1919 in 1919, followed by a second anthology in 1923-24. A third club-sponsored collection, *Anthology of Southern California Verse*, appeared in Los Angeles in 1930. Together the three books preserve a substantial record of the club's early literary activity.

This reading edition resets the first anthology from the public-domain scan. The wording and spelling of the printed book are retained. Obvious OCR failures have been checked against the page images; where a long poetic line was broken only by the narrow measure of the original page, it has been restored as a single line. The source reference above each poem gives the original printed page and the corresponding scan-page convention used in this edition.



*1919 · First anthology    1923-24 · Second anthology    1930 · Third club-sponsored anthology*

## ORIGINAL DEDICATION



THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO THE  
ONE WHO HAS BEEN OUR PRESIDENT DURING THE FOUR YEARS OF  
OUR EXISTENCE AS A CLUB,  
GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN

# Original Acknowledgment



Acknowledgment is hereby made to the following magazines and newspapers for the use of the following poems which have appeared in their pages:

ON HEARING AN ETUDE BY BORTKIEWICZ

Los Angeles Graphic

PAULINE BARRINGTON

CAPRI · AT FOUR O'CLOCK

Los Angeles Graphic

BELLE COOPER

WIND OF DAWN · WHEN DAWN COMES · LEXINGTON · THE KNITTING SONG

The Argus · San Diego Sun · The Woman's Magazine · Youth's Companion

GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN

YUCCA ON THE HILL · A LEGEND OF THE SNOW

Los Angeles Times · Genesee News

SARA EARL

GIPSY COMPENSATION

The Overland

BEN F. FIELD

DAFFODILS AND SPRINGTIME

Los Angeles Times

ESTELLA WILLIAMSON

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## Fate

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*Belle Cooper*

A ship sailed through the Golden Gate,  
Outlined 'twixt sea and sky;  
The victim of a cruel Fate,  
Who heard its last, lone cry?

Oh, traitor waves, whose ebb and flow  
Reflect the sky above,  
How could you strike so harsh a blow,  
And drown my sailor-love?

The seagulls revel in your spray,  
While sunlight gilds the sea;  
The fishers come and go each day—  
My love comes not to me!

Still sapphire skies at sunset glow;  
Sea-drift is tost ashore:  
Still fisher-boats ply to and fro—  
My love comes nevermore!

### SONNET

## The Vintage

---

*Belle Cooper*

In Tuscany the vintage-season reigned;  
From trailing vines festooned o'er maple trees,  
And lightly swayed by the September breeze,  
The purple grapes were cut by peasants trained,  
Then piled in baskets, and in vats wine-stained  
Were trod by stalwart men bare to the knees,  
And laughing maids who swayed with grace and ease;  
Soon naught but blood-red must and pulp remained.

A cruel fate? 'Tis but the plan divine;  
Throughout all Nature life and death are fused;

The grapes must needs be crushed before new wine  
Gives forth its life; so hearts are often bruised  
Before the everlasting wine wells up—  
A font of strength to brim Earth's loving-cup.

ISSUE P. 8 · SCAN P. 10

◆ ◆ ◆  
RONDEAU

## If I Had Wings

*Belle Cooper*

If I had wings, I'd fly away  
To daisied meads in sunny May;  
To Alpine vales where sunset-glow  
Crimsons the lofty peaks of snow:  
Wherever summer reigns I'd stray.

I'd linger where cool fountains play,  
Or watch bronzed reapers mow their hay;  
I'd hover where red poppies blow,  
If I had wings.

I'd fly afield the livelong day;  
But when I'd viewed the earth's array,  
Homeward again I'd gladly go,  
For home is heaven—as wanderers know!  
I'd still return where Love holds sway,  
If I had wings!

ISSUE P. 9 · SCAN P. 11

## In Warwickshire

◆ ◆ ◆  
*Belle Cooper*

I see the lordly peacock plume and preen  
On lawns beneath the stately castle walls;  
The partridge rustles by in meadows green;  
The blackbird from the hawthorn hedges calls;  
On shimmering pools the wild duck sails serene,  
In Warwickshire.

Long lines of willows dip in Avon's flow;  
Alders and hedges of dark yew abound;  
The meadowsweet and tansy perfumed blow;  
Pigeons a-sunning sit; the rolling ground  
Is dotted here and there with stag and doe,  
In Warwickshire.

Mid scenes like these the heart forever sings,  
As sang the Bard of Avon; ne'er shall cease  
The echo of his songs. Sweet solace springs  
Where gables, turrets, dovecotes shed their peace;  
The lyric joy of Nature lends one wings  
In Warwickshire.

ISSUE P. 9 · SCAN P. II

◆ ◆  
SONNET

## Capri

*Belle Cooper*

Set like an opal in the turquoise sea,  
And bathed in glowing rays of molten gold,  
Fair Capri lies, beloved since days of old.  
Her storied villas rise in majesty  
On rugged crags; and many a grey-green tree  
Nestles in vales where joy reigns manifold.  
I gazed upon her charms, and saw unrolled  
All the dear dreams of my lost infancy.

Capri, I left thee with profound regret,  
For thou to me art truly Paradise;  
No lovelier spot mine eager eyes have met!  
Though far I roam, unbidden tears will rise  
Whene'er my roving thoughts turn back to thee,  
Dear precious isle, bright gem of Memory!

RONDEAU

## At Four O'Clock

*Belle Cooper*

At four o'clock I sip my tea  
With maid demure—how dear to me!  
Her lips are red, her brow may-fair  
Is crowned with braids of sunny hair;  
To my fond heart she holds the key.

The china's fragile, rare as she;  
I lift my tea-cup wistfully,  
And kiss the cherries painted there,  
At four o'clock.

I love her in the sunlight's glare,  
I love her when the candles flare,  
But best with her I love to be  
At teacup-time. Does she love me?  
My doubts shall be dispelled in air  
At four o'clock.

## From Père la Chaise

*Belle Cooper*

'Tis but a withered little rose  
I send to you from Père la Chaise;

The fondest lovers the world knows  
Sleep there at rest through endless days.  
I stood today beside their tomb—  
Dear Heloise and Abelard—  
And from the rose-bush plucked a bloom;  
Each dainty bud was dew-bestarred.

I oft recall, dear heart rose-red,  
Your parting words of love and cheer;  
Your eyes, though filled with tears unshed,

Yet counselled courage, banished fear.

Till I return, this little flower  
Better than lilting song of bard  
Shall speak, my Heloise, each hour  
Of thy true love, thy Abelard.

ISSUE P. II · SCAN P. 13

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## Daffodils and Springtime

*Estella Williamson*

Up through the ground, with their bright fluted frills,  
'Mid broadswords of green come the gay daffodils,  
And tipping their cups full of sunshine, they bring  
In radiant beauty the message of spring.

All nature now glows in a marvelous way  
As a song fills the air with its vibrating sway;  
And music floats upward, while each living thing  
In its own given way tells the glories of spring.

But beauty is fleeting and soon must obey  
The touch of the power that bids it away;  
Too soon summer breezes unfeelingly fling  
The petals whose gold slipped away with the spring.

Yet silently out from the gay daffodil  
Has floated the message that stays with me still  
And bids me look upward to Him who can bring  
From the ashes of ages the wonders of spring.

ISSUE P. 12 · SCAN P. 14

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## Spring

*Estella Williamson*

The earth is attuned to a great rhythmic power  
That shines in the heavens and blooms in the flower.  
The sleeping bulb 'wakens, the bird tries his wing,  
Earth bursts into blossom and we call it—Spring!

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Bubbles

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*Estella Williamson*

With rosy cheeks and merry eyes  
Alert for happy play,  
The children with their bubble-pipes  
Are radiant and gay.

See how they dip the snowy foam  
In roguish rivalry,  
Or blow the filmy bubbles  
With tireless energy.

And as they grow bewitchingly  
With ev'ry breath of joy,  
The sunbeams in gay colors  
Paint each iridescent toy.

Then just a toss of little hands  
And off they sail with grace,  
Like rainbow-tinted aeroplanes  
Or tiny worlds in space.

On, on they sail while laughing eyes  
Are watching from below,  
Too soon, like days of happy play,  
To disappear—although,

The earth itself is a shining ball  
That swims a shoreless sea,  
And life a limpid bubble, fraught  
With immortality.

## My Inspiration

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*Jay Dwiggins*

Into my life, then sadly tempest tossed,  
With harbor, helm and anchor lost,  
Dancing she came with footstep light.  
Perplexing doubts she put to flight;  
Kindled anew imagination's fire;  
Illumined my soul with infinite desire.

## A Legend of the Snow

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*Sara Earl*

All day long the wind was silent, for its boisterous work was done.  
And the clouds, a gloomy curtain, hid the glory of the sun.  
Then I thought of buried flowers—of the lily's dewy sheaves,  
With the purple violets buried under black and sodden leaves.  
But a flake of lustrous whiteness from the heart of twilight fell,  
Then another and another, 'till they covered hill and dell.  
Pearly wreaths and fairy garlands on the naked boughs had grown,  
And the hut was made a palace, and the broken stile a throne.

Then between the leaden vapors shot the sparkle of a star,  
And a-down the silver silence came a voice so faint and far  
That I strained my ears to listen to its music sweet and low,  
As it told this wondrous legend of the falling of the snow.  
“In the garden of the angels all the blossoms that have died  
Bloom again, but pure and spotless as the garments of a bride;  
And the flakes that softly flutter o'er the ramparts of the skies  
Are the leaves of milk-white roses from the bowers of Paradise.”

## Christmas, 1917

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*Sydney Sprague*

Weary, world-sick, I turn away  
From pleasure's pomp, from wealth's array,  
And gazing through the ether far  
I search for but a single star  
And watch and pray.

The star I search for is the one  
That made the Persian leave the sun  
And with two other wise men haste  
O'er mountain, desert, dreary waste  
Till journey done.

I long such pilgrimage to make,  
Leave sun, moon, earth, all for the sake  
Of that one star and through the night  
A pilgrim be, till on my sight  
The day doth break.

Oh, watchers, you with sight undimmed,  
Oh, virgins with your lamps well trimmed,  
Shines that star once more o'er the land?  
Has earth been kissed by angels and  
Their song been hymned?

A clear voice breaks upon my ear:  
"Peace to the earth, to men good cheer.  
Look up with eyes of faith and see  
All beaming hope and purity,  
That star is here."

The sun long since had disappeared.  
The moon was veiled as though she feared,  
The stars were raining fast to earth.  
The voice said, "'Tis for this star's birth  
That Heaven is cleared."

Then rose from out the murky night,  
Cheering, illumining my sight,  
A glorious orb and, as it came,

It put all other stars to shame  
By its pure light.

It beckoned me, I followed till  
I saw it rest upon a hill  
And with a beam it pointed down  
To one small European town  
And then stood still.

Oh, city, do I see in thee  
The Christ of peace that is to be?  
From out this wild, chaotic night  
Will wise men come to find the light  
Of unity?

Oh, star, give me the vision clear!  
Oh, voice, attune my ear to hear!  
The star shone brighter through the blue.  
The voice came ringing loud and true,  
“That day is near.”

I looked abroad and lo, behold,  
Not three, as in the days of old,  
But wise men came from near and far,  
Whose wakened eyes had seen the star—  
A thousandfold.

From every race, from every land,  
The people coming hand in hand.  
The drums were muffled, flags were furled,  
I saw a strong, united world  
As God had planned.

From Asia’s past antiquities,  
From the new world beyond the seas,  
The East and West met at the gate  
With one kiss blotted out the hate  
Of centuries.

Lord, as one prayed of old, I pray  
Mine eyes have seen, now grant I may  
Depart in peace. Does Heaven mean  
Aught else than this? For I have seen  
The better day.

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## The Wooden Cross

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*Esther Yarnell*

There is a little wooden cross  
That marks a soldier's grave;  
The trees above their branches toss;  
The grasses 'round it wave.  
I know that life is meant to give,  
But, oh, I loved him so.  
I know through death we sometimes live,  
But this I also know—

A little homely wooden cross  
Is all that's left for me.  
I know his death to me is loss,  
However else it be.

And when I think how nations count  
Their gains in blood and gold;  
How rulers see their treasures mount,  
Through agonies untold—

I ask, O little wooden cross,  
Is this defeat again?  
Is this another treachery  
Of masters unto men?

But were I sure a better day  
Were coming through my loss,  
I think that I could carry then

The little wooden cross.

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## Unsung

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*Esther Yarnell*

A song welled up within my heart—  
A happy song of sunny skies.  
I wandered down a narrow street—  
I saw the hunger in the eyes  
Of a grimy ragged little boy,  
Stifled was his childish joy—  
He was so tiny, wan and young,  
My happy song died on my tongue.

A song came to me in the night—  
A song of love and youth and pride.  
I walked along a dim lit street;  
A painted girl brushed by my side.  
Her haunted look I still can see;  
She pressed so very close to me.  
She was so old for one so young;  
My song of love was never sung.

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## City Bound

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*Esther Yarnell*

My life is cast in such a petty way  
That what I dreamed to do, I have not done,  
And what I hoped to win, I have not won.  
My little tasks are fixed from day to day;  
Each somber year wears on to slow decay.  
In narrow streets that scarcely see the sun,  
Within dead walls, the weary moments run—  
The stifling city holds me in its sway.  
Oh! I would live as Titans lived of old,

Laugh with the crackling pines and thunder's roar;  
Race with the lightning's flash and whirlwind bold;  
Drink dry the torrent's stream and ask for more.

My night song would be music of the spheres;  
My span of life would be a million years!

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## Longing

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*Joy Bennett*

If I could paint the glorious sunset glow,  
Scarlet and gold;  
If I could show the wonders I have seen  
And never told;  
If I could play the music that I hear  
Borne on the wind,  
And all the thousand melodies so long  
Sealed in my mind;  
If I had but a thrilling voice to sing  
My love for you,  
The poignancy and sweetness of my song  
Would prove it true.

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## Gone

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*Jessie Yarnell Kimball*

As he gazed into my eyes  
I looked past him; where the light  
Gemmed the dew on a violet white,  
Just to hide the quick surprise  
As he gazed into my eyes.

As he took me by the hand  
Did he say that I was fair  
As the violets in my hair?  
I seemed scarce to understand

As he took me by the hand.

Then he softly breathed my name,  
"Shall we always be staunch friends?"

"True, true friendship never ends.  
Ours will always be the same."  
Then he softly breathed my name.

Then he quickly turned to go  
(Ah! he crushed the violet too),  
It was only then I knew  
That I love him, love him so;  
Not until he turned to go!

ISSUE P. 21 · SCAN P. 23

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## Maidenhair Fern

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*Jessie Yarnell Kimball*

Why are you pressed within this ponderous book,  
Dainty maidenhair fern?  
Did childish fingers find you in some nook  
Where soft winds waved your fronds by shady brook  
With never sun to burn?

Or did some happy bride from her bouquet,  
Dainty maidenhair fern,  
Tuck you between these leaves, then go away  
With one she loved upon that wondrous day?  
Would that I might learn!

Perhaps some lonely mother put you here,  
Dainty maidenhair fern.  
I know it is a fancy strange and queer,  
But it almost seems a loving mother's tear  
Upon you I discern.

Ah! On the margin here's a name—'tis Bess—  
Dear and dainty fern.  
'Twas in the tender note when she said "yes"!  
I put you here myself—Well, I confess  
I'm very glad to learn.

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## Wind of Dawn

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*Grace Atherton Dennen*

Wind of dawn, you frolic in  
At my casement curtain thin,  
Till I hurry to look down  
On the red roofs of the town.  
Dew on grass and vine and tree,  
Light-winged smoke that beckons me.  
Hills that wake along the sky,  
Flushed with wonder drawing nigh,  
Wonder of the day new-born—  
Bid you welcome, wind of dawn.

In the city all about  
Blank walls shut the glory out,  
Tired bodies dreaming there,  
Faces grim and gray with care,  
Eyes that laugh and eyes that weep,  
Darkened eyes all sealed in sleep.  
Blow their heavy dreams away,  
Thick with dust of yesterday.  
Blow their casements to the morn,  
Call and wake them, wind of dawn.  
Here is new day just begun,  
Here is splendor of the sun,  
Shining hours that go in light,  
Hope and promise infinite.  
Hours for work and love and laughter,  
Planting that shall bloom hereafter.  
Night of terror or despair  
Brightens into dawn somewhere.  
Still is chance for love and laughter  
In the light of God's hereafter,  
Still from threat of night withdrawn  
You come singing, wind of dawn.

## From a Workshop Window

*Grace Atherton Dennen*

I see from the window of the workroom  
Two trees that rise into the air.  
All day I watch them and I wonder,  
They reach up their arms like a prayer.  
I know the dark streets below them,

Sullen crowds and strange, hoarse cries.  
But I and the trees have forgotten,  
Lifting brave heads to the skies.

Margot and Gemma at their sewing  
Chatter and quarrel and tease.  
My soul reaches up on tiptoe  
To talk with the tall, brave trees.

## A Knitting Song

*Grace Atherton Dennen*

Over and under, up and through,  
Stitch upon stitch in the lengthening rows,  
Yarn of khaki or yarn of blue,  
Day after day the knitting grows.

Who is the one shall wear my work?  
Lad of America, lad of France?  
Pray he be young with eyes of blue,  
With the eagle's look in his steady glance.  
Into the stitches I will weave

· Prayers of a woman's tenderness,  
Whispers of hope and high desire,  
Holy thoughts that shall guard and bless,  
Till they shall fold him and shield him from harms  
Like the sheltering clasp of a mother's arms.

Over and under, hopes and fears,  
We weave our hearts with the yarn of gray.  
Love and sacrifice, triumph and tears,  
Row upon row the livelong day.

Who is the one shall wear my work?  
Soldier of England or Italy's strand?  
Pray he be steady and strong of soul,  
Lost in the mists of No Man's Land.  
Pray he be gentle with maidens all  
For the sake of her who is knitting here.  
Kill as he must, but not in hate,  
Fighting the wrong till the right appear.  
Stitches of mine, weave holy charms  
To keep him, body and soul, from harms.

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## The Coming of Dawn

*Grace Atherton Dennen*

Midnight—the black, dead vast of night—  
Rain dripping slow on the sod,  
Fear of the future, darkness-born,  
Doubt of myself and God.

A sudden flush on the face of night,  
A veil from my soul withdrawn,  
A bird-note, thrilling the silence through,  
And after that—the dawn!

ISSUE P. 25 · SCAN P. 27

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## Enchantment

*Grace Atherton Dennen*

Last night I saw a little child  
Who spelled her lesson from a book,  
Some tale of Perseus bold. I smiled.

The unready tongue, the puzzled look

Groped amid names so rich in sound,  
Linked with a meaning so profound.  
And then I saw a rapt surprise,  
I saw a glory flood her soul.  
Wide swung the gates before her eyes,  
She glimpsed the far-off, shining goal  
Where height on height revealed at last  
The immortal, beauty-haunted past.  
It was an hour of ecstasy  
And earth was fair and life was good,  
While hand in hand we wandered free  
And fancy led us where she would.  
Once more, with hers, my soul winged home  
To isles of Greece and hills of Rome.

ISSUE P. 25 · SCAN P. 27

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## On the Hill

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*Grace Atherton Dennen*

Red doom of night,  
Red flare of dawn.  
Now grows the shuddering light.  
The dim day rises on  
The stalking-ground of Hate.  
The guns will not abate.  
The dead lie sprawled about me,  
In the hollow of the hill.  
Wounded, I stagger on  
Till death shall find me out  
And I, like them, lie still.

Here on the hill  
What do I see?  
A barren crest that I know  
And a tree;  
Once in another dawn—  
What a lifetime ago!—

We two carved our names on that tree  
And left them so.

Ah heaven, to find them now—  
In this hour of fate,  
When the world reels down to Hell  
Torn by the fangs of Hate!  
If she had failed me,

Had she been less than true,  
I must lie down with these,

In the reek and the dew.

But since she waits afar,  
Steadfast and like a star,  
Even in this hour I know,

Here where her feet have trod,  
Here, on this mangled sod,  
That Love is real as Hate,  
And somewhere there is God.

ISSUE P. 27 · SCAN P. 29



## Ghost Cities

*Grace Atherton Dennen*

There are cities where no man dwells,  
By the bleak and desolate plain,  
And the wind their story tells  
In the land of little rain.  
Secrets of blood and sorrow,  
Secrets of those who failed,  
In these cities that have no morrow,  
Where the last, dim dawn has paled.

They were built by the lure of gold,  
They were filled with a frenzied life,  
Where a man must get and hold  
By the law of gun and knife.  
Days that were mad with hope,  
Nights that were wild and wan,  
Where the passions of men had scope,  
Where they dreamed and strove, and are gone.

Never was land so lonely  
As these cities of rock and plain.  
Wolf and coyote only  
People their streets again.  
The Four Winds tell to the waste  
The waste to the Four Winds tells  
Of those who dreamed and passed,  
Of the cities where no man dwells.

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## Lexington

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*Grace Atherton Dennen*

O quiet, dreaming town of Lexington,  
Robed in the stately splendor of your trees,  
Fair peace is yours beneath the summer sun,  
A calm distilled from passing centuries.

Within their burial place, your quiet dead  
So long have slept that grief has spent its day.  
Around the crumbling gravestones overhead  
The flowers, all flushed with laughter, have their way.

See how the green where strong men fought and died  
Smiles on young lovers and their fancies sweet,  
And the bronze Minute Man forgets his pride  
To watch the children playing at his feet.

Stern, haunted battle ground, how peaceful grown,  
Red are the fields of Argonne and the Aisne,  
Mangled for freedom even as your own,  
Yet they shall smile beneath the sun again.

## I Hope That I Remember

*Grace Atherton Dennen*

They gave us shore leave for awhile today,  
A score of us came up here to the city  
And found the opera, Madame Butterfly.  
So I learned the tale of Cho-Cho-San.  
They tell me that the singing was a marvel,  
I do not know—I only saw her face,  
I saw them break her heart, I watched her die—  
I had not known how women love before.  
I had not known with what a holy thing  
A man plays fast and loose.  
I hope that I remember.

I hope that I shall see her as she lay  
So white, so crushed, so lovely, like a flower,  
And feel the fire that raged up in my heart,  
And feel the tears that crept into my eyes.  
I hope that I remember.

I hope that I remember how he stood—  
That officer who wore the uniform  
I now am wearing—  
That hound, with lips that smiled and eyes that wooed  
And tongue of lying promises.  
And how some woman murmured low behind me,  
“If only he were not American!”  
I hope that I remember.

We go next week, tomorrow—who can say?—  
On to the front. There will be many girls,  
Odd, foreign girls, with foreign eyes and graces.  
A man must know the surge of primal passions  
Before he learns to kill—  
I hope that I remember Butterfly—  
I hope that I remember.

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## In Memoriam

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*Grace Atherton Dennen*

Dear, with the dear remembered grace of youth,  
Generous, with outflung hands in joy to give,  
Soul of high chivalry that bled for truth,  
Name writ in gold among the names that live,  
America.

O pure young Galahad of later days,  
Like his, your spirit leaped to hear the cry,  
"Follow the Christ, the King!" By thorny ways  
You sought and found your grail, nor feared to die,  
America.

Ah, tragic tale of youth and sacrifice,  
Touched with sad loss, yet what immortal gain,  
Your radiance lightens our uplifted eyes,  
But our hearts break, remembering your pain,  
America.

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## October in New England

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*Sarah Pulver McLean*

With jewels twelve on thread of gold  
Time's rosary is told;  
We count them carelessly, until  
A magic one comes white and still,  
A gem with blood-red dash of fire  
Like smouldering flame of earth's desire,  
The opal of the year.

Deep in your warmly glowing heart  
Amber and blue appear;  
Like brooding haze of mellow lights  
On barren uplands, with the night's  
Rich azure, softened by the gleam  
Of yellow moon, whose chilly beam

Speaks of a dying year.

Ah! we would stay thy rapid flight  
And dream, thy circle white  
Holds tender promises of May,  
The passion of a summer day,  
The golden tint of ripening corn,  
White glory of a winter morn,  
Rare jewel of the year.

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## San Gabriel Valley in Winter

*Sarah Pulver McLean*

Oh, winged steed, I conjure you to come,  
And carry me through this thrice blessed land  
Whose air exhilarant shall purge the soul,  
And leave in place of darksome thoughts  
The haunting memory of odors sweet  
From fragrant groves; where snowy cups uplift  
Their waxen lips to catch the sun's warm kiss  
In magic crucible whose alchemy  
Gives to the lips that thirst a golden draught  
Of wondrous brew; Oh, star-winged steed, I would  
That cunning of the limner's art were mine,  
That I might paint the glory of the sky,  
The tender blue of landward-reaching seas,  
The purple majesty of snow-crowned peaks  
That in a sunlit splendor gird this vale,  
Whose emerald beauty like a jewel lies  
So fair and soft within the satin lap  
Of some resplendent goddess of the air

## I Wonder

---

*Sarah Pulver McLean*

I wonder if the heart of things  
Beats to a fierce, relentless will;  
Or if the sweep of angel's wings  
With truest peace its chambers fill.  
I wonder if the shrieking winds  
That fury wreak on land and sea  
Are answer to earth's hideous sins,  
Or harmony's great rhythmic plea.  
I wonder if the dawns and eves  
A mandate stern perforce obey;  
Or does Aurora decked with wreaths  
Lead them abroad on flower-strewn way.  
I wonder if the rocky peak  
In bitter, grim defiance stands;  
Or does the earth's soul mutely speak  
To heaven thus, with suppliant hands.  
I wonder if the souls of men  
Can truly fix the bounds of wrong;  
Can measure right to farthest ken,  
Or tell if each to each belong.  
I wonder, and my wonder grows  
  
At baffling things below, above;  
Yet mystery its crown bestows  
In man's unfathomed heart of love.

## The Yucca

---

*Sarah Pulver McLean*

A tall, white lance of purity  
Piercing the heart of unbelief!  
On craggy mountain side,  
Or desert waste,

Drenched by the dew,  
Made strong by blasts  
From out the wind-god's mouth,  
Pitiless suns  
Nor biting cold  
Can stay its urge  
Toward the blue.  
Through ages old its stands,  
A tall, white lance of purity,  
Piercing the heart of unbelief.

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## Te Deum Laudamus

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*Sarah Pulver McLean*

On the spring winds soft and vibrant,  
Tremulously drawing near,  
Come the pulsing notes beginning  
The Te Deum of the year.

"We praise thee," is the carol  
Birds of passage blithely sing,  
Faintly echoed by the pallid,  
Star-faced snowdrop of the spring.

Then the strain grows louder, clearer,  
"All the earth doth worship Thee,"  
As each tiny blade upsprings, and  
Tender green clothes shrub and tree.

Until the "Heaven and earth are full"  
Of the sweetness of the song,  
Bird and bee and wealth of blossom  
All its harmonies prolong.

Comes the rich and lingering cadence,  
"Day by day we magnify,  
Till the last full note, "I trusted,"

As the ripened harvests lie.

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## Cinema Shadows

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*Sarah Pulver McLean*

I saw a palace yesterday. Within,  
Without, the magic of man's handicraft  
In carven pillar and in stately arch  
Was seen. Four hundred years had passed  
Since they had wrought, at some great lord's demand,  
For her, whom he loved best, this lordly pile.  
I saw the brimming moat, the flowers rare,

Nodding and laughing in the sun, while trees  
Their lacy shadows cast on velvet sward,  
And for a space my spirit walked with her,  
The famous beauty, who in time long gone  
Came by the oaken door down curving path  
To pluck a rose for her embroidered vest;  
I saw the jewels at her lovely throat,

The high-piled, powdered hair, the slippered feet;  
I heard the rustle of her silken gown,

The laughter in her mellow voice that called  
To strutting peacock on the wall; I turned  
At her gay nod and smile to follow on  
For farther wondrous sights, when in a flash

The palace and its lady fair were gone,  
And from the darkness of my seat I saw  
A ribald crowd in holiday attire  
At Saragossa's yearly festival.

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## Mariposa Lilies

---

*Sarah Pulver McLean*

They stand on mountain slopes whose faces seem  
Atilt to catch the morning's first warm gleam,  
Or last faint glory from the setting sun;

Their wondrous robes are by the fairies spun,  
For every color of the earth and sky,  
Enmeshed by magic, in their garments lie;  
Hues caught from purple shadows of the night,  
A dash of fire, and the shining white  
Of day's full splendor, while a shell-heart pink,  
With gold and violet from suns that sink,  
Embroider all their vestments. Thus they fling  
Out on the winds that with them laugh and sing,  
A veil as lovely as the misty stars,  
Hiding with beauty nature's age-old scars.

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## The Rattlesnake

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*Ernest McGaffey*

Close-coiled within a rounded swale  
I hid my figured, mottled scale,  
Inlaid like to a coat of mail.

A little hawk in noonlit air  
Poised high upon a hidden stair,  
And poising hung and fluttered there.

And underneath a dome of brass  
I heard men's footsteps slowly pass,

Crisp-rustling through the prairie grass.

Against the summer's quivering blur  
Dry as the shrill cicada's chirr,  
The silence felt my rattles whirr.

My eyes were cold with vengeful ire  
My red tongue leaped, a point of fire,  
And death was held in my desire.

Quick as my menaced warning sang—  
With poison-sac to hollow fang,  
Like arrow from a bow I sprang

To strike; and with the grasses blend:  
But who shall now my marring mend?

Was this the man you called your friend!

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## Mavourneen Asthore

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*Ernest McGaffey*

On the keys of my heart let your touch be as light  
As mid-summer dew, or the first drops of rain,  
For they thrill at the touch, be it ever so slight  
With passionate echoes of pleasure or pain,  
And the sound of your voice, like the wind on the heather  
That scatters sweet music across the wide moor,  
Floats out on the night as we sit here together,  
Mavourneen—Asthore.

From above, where the fairy-folk dance on the turf  
We can hear the faint click of their gossamer shoon,  
And below us the roll of the incoming surf  
Beats time with the harp of the Man in the Moon,  
In the dim, distant years we can never tell whether  
'Tis joy or 'tis sorrow that fate has in store,  
But what will it matter, if we are together,  
Mavourneen—Asthore.

Not a thought, not a hope, not a wandering breath  
Of this night-wind above us but whispers of you,  
And let time bring its changes, in life or in death  
I cannot be other than tender and true,  
And if we can just walk through the wide world together  
If I can have near me the face I adore,  
It's little I'll care then for storm or rough weather,  
Mavourneen—Mavourneen Asthore.

## A Spectator

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*Snow Longley*

I sit in my place in the gallery  
Where the benches are hard and bare,  
And a perilous draft from the exit  
Is blowing across my hair.

My hat is at odds with the fashion,  
My coat is worn shiny and thin,  
And my gloves are enforced with patches  
To keep my fingers in.

Painfully hoarded carfares  
Have paid the price of my seat;  
But who wouldn't forget in Paradise  
The aching of mortal feet?

No lover sits beside me,  
My day of dreams is done;  
The returning seasons bring me  
No new thing under the sun.

But over across the footlights  
I see life swirl and shine,  
And the radiant things denied me  
Are mine, mine, mine!!

It isn't the stage-worn actor  
Who finds the joy of the play;  
Its story has ceased to charm him,  
He's grown cynical and blase.

But unfriended here in the gallery  
My pulses throb and sing;  
I drink in the rapture of living.  
The play—the play's the thing.

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## A Moon Fantasy

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*Snow Longley*

As past mine eyes the golden globe of night  
Majestic moves, nor passing seems to move,  
Save that the somber shapes of shrub and tree  
Cast changing shadows on the meadow's dial,  
I seem to see across the heavens tread—

In the moon's wake, as ripples on the deep  
Follow the ship, yet ever seek the shore—  
A pallid company who walk in pairs,  
As though to gain that sphery ark of love  
And leave behind them life's tempestuous flood;  
While memories of earthly nights long past,  
Like the faint perfume of a faded rose,  
Stir their wan pulses to remembered loves.

On such a golden night the self-same moon  
That now rides high and skirts the Milky Way,  
Followed with glistering gleams the ill-starred ship  
In which fond Paris bore his Helen home;  
And they two, circled by the watery waste  
Wherein their past and future were engulfed,  
Drank to the deep the Lethean cup of love.

Nor did the friendly moon withdraw her beams  
That night when Theseus slew the Cretan beast  
In that dark maze where but a slender cord  
Told of a world of light and love outside,  
Awaiting him who had performed the deed.

On such a night of heav'n-sent radiance  
Did Antony his dusky queen embrace,  
While they two sat, beneath the changing moon—  
Nor had a care if empires rose or fell,  
So only that their love should never wane—  
In the deep shadow of the Pyramids.

Nor do these early fancies tell that love  
Was ardent only when the world was young.  
The moon's fair beams ne'er shone upon a tryst

Where love met love with more of am'rous glow  
Than Juliet's balcony when her lover sighed.

And under other skies young hearts beat deep,  
And pulses thrilled to the love ditties sung  
By that fair gallant who, to outward sight,  
Was prince of love, although his halting speech  
Was but an echo from the prompting lips  
Of that bold soldier, of ill-seeming guise,  
Who waited in the shadow, while the light  
Of love rained o'er his all-unworthy friend;  
For love, like moonbeams, casts a shadow deep.

But fairest of all nights was that whereon  
The golden chariot of the moon swung low,  
To leave its freight divine within a wood  
Where slept Endymion, most blest of men,  
All unsuspecting his impending fate.  
He dreamed, he stirred, he couched his gold-crowned head  
Upon the bosom of his goddess love,  
That yielded human-wise to its impress;  
And though the pensive moon may wax or wane,  
Be queen of night or leave to stars her realm,  
Still sleeps Endymion in his shadowed bower,  
And ever dreams the golden dream of love.

Yet not alone; to every man who loves  
And finds return, a radiant goddess stoops  
To pillow on her breast his heart's desires,  
Folding the human in divine embrace;  
And at her invocation love's sweet dream  
Will last forevermore.

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## The Worker

*Snow Longley*

I see her stand, her straight ungirded form,  
Eloquent eyes and features set awry,  
Her plain-hung clothes, disdaining fashion's law,  
Alike forgetting art's more subtle sway,

As though she scorned to win by woman's wiles  
The points that should be settled mind to mind;  
Yet wearing the chaste charm of lofty aims  
And the strong will to suffer for those aims  
That consecrate the soul of motherhood.  
A worker-bee, one framed to strive and serve  
In daily, unromantic commonplace,  
Nor stir the tender passion for herself.  
And yet one wishes, knowing all her worth,  
Her grace of mind and dignity of soul,  
That blood like this might make the nation strong,  
In veins of generations yet to be.

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## Disenchantment

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*Snow Longley*

You seem a figure strange to me tonight—  
A sordid being clothed in commonplace.  
No gleam of glory lingers on your face  
From love's transfiguring light.  
Or am I changed? Or was the gleam that shone  
A torch Olympian, by whose transient ray  
A godlike glamor touched the common clay—  
A splendor not its own?  
Surely it was no earthly lover took  
My yielding self in that divine embrace!  
Some fabled god impressed your form, your face,  
And wooed me with a look.

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## Philosophy

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*Snow Longley*

Brave little blackbird  
With your saucy tread,  
Who would dream that your concern  
Is earning daily bread?

Who guess that 'neath your merry chirp  
Echoes the low refrain,  
Every day and all the day,  
"Gain, gain, gain "?

"Life is sweet," your message runs,  
"Sweet on any terms;  
I am glad to pay its price—  
Worms, worms, worms!"

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## Late Love

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*Snow Longley*

Dear love, the Indian summer comes again.  
The winging birds that southward turned their flight  
Are ling'ring on their way, instinct disarmed  
By the glad show of summer that they see  
The trees still leafy with slight hint of change,  
The sunshot arrows, luminous and warm,  
And we two, lovers, in the garden close.

O happy birds, an instinct in our hearts  
Tells us the days of love are briefer grown;  
For us life's sap has sunk to rise no more,  
Spring's tender leafage tinged with somber hue;  
Faded alike our early untried faith,  
Which deemed its happiness a thing apart  
From life's unfailing law of change or loss.

And yet, I would not ask youth's poignant joy,  
Give this calm cadence for spring's lilting song;  
By every cup of sorrow we have drained,  
By every bitter pang of lonely youth,  
By every stir of unfulfilled desire,  
We know the value of this fleeting hour.  
Draw near, beloved, it is still the day.

## The Vagrant

---

*Snow Longley*

I've the feet of a vagrant this morning;  
They follow the pipes of desire  
To where, on the smouldering hillside,  
The glow of the Autumn flames higher;

Away from the haunts of the city,  
Where the grim gates of industry close,  
Beyond, to the lure of the highroad  
And the bypaths that vagrancy knows.

My mind is a vagrant this morning,  
The lamp of the student burns pale  
In the gleam of the rich amber sunlight  
That pours over hillside and vale.

Is knowledge a thing of the cloister?  
Parnassus itself was a grove!  
I've cut my mind loose from its tether,  
In the fair fields of fancy to rove.

My heart is a vagrant this morning.  
The ties that enthralled I forswear—  
I'll forget for an exquisite moment  
That Love is the handmaid of Care.

Shy creatures that crouch in the wildwood,  
The birds wheeling southward above,  
Late flowers a-bloom by the wayside  
I'll endow with the wealth of my love.

But when twilight's gray cloak shrouds the lowland,  
And the early stars silver the blue,  
With my feet in the staid path of habit,  
My heart will come home, dear, to you.

---

## Hail and Farewell

*Sarah Pulver McLean*

Standing upon the threshold of the place  
That seers and prophets ever call most blest;  
A place of perfect progress, perfect rest,  
I pause, and backward turn a tired face  
With lingering glance, yet thankful that the race  
Is nearly run, and from a heart made brave  
I thank the God of life, nor death, nor grave,  
Can separate my soul from His rich grace.

O comrades dear, unto this hour I bring  
A memory of happy seasons past;  
When all our thoughts were held in rhythmic spell  
That beat and blossomed like a radiant spring,  
A harbinger that somewhere spring will last,  
And we no more shall say, Hail and farewell.

---

## Mars

*Blanche E. Greenough*

He strode across the rock-girt coast of Time,  
Upon whose shores he had attained to prime:  
Encrusted with the crater's lavic soil,  
Exhaling fumes to stifle and despoil:  
His huge feet sought the ocean's virgin bed,  
Its slumbering waters angered at his tread,  
And heaving agitations stirred its breast,  
As hip-high toward the fertile land he pressed:  
The peaceful scenes that lay along his path,  
Were smitten with his lightning-forked wrath.  
He summoned Death from out his icy cave,  
And in hot words a bloody compact gave;  
He summoned forth the hordes of hate and flame,  
And upward o'er the brink of hell they came.  
And now, while groans and tears replace man's mirth,

And dark deeds drain and desecrate the earth,  
He looms both Lord and King, and his command  
Reverberates throughout the stricken land.

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## The Goblet

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*Grace Wallace*

I lift to my lips the goblet of life, and sip cautiously;  
The wine of life is strong.  
Those others, drinking, full-throated, from upturning goblets,  
Are they, alone, the wise?—  
They know to savour life.

Or does it matter not  
Whether we drink full-throated, or in sips?  
The wine of life is sweet—  
The glass is small—  
And each is offered one.

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## Yucca on the Hills

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*Grace Wallace*

The yucca tall are the gravestones all  
Of high hill-wandered souls;  
The shafts point still up the rude worn hill  
Where they sought their sun-lit goals.

Some climbed half way and stopped to play  
Near the heather's blushing bloom;  
While some, lower grown, straying alone,  
Were caught in the fir's grey gloom.

Where the summits wear noon's gold in their hair  
The perfume is wafted me  
Of the highest climbed and the least earth-grimed  
Of the beauteous company;

But none have gained, nor with beauty reigned

Upon its mystic heights;  
And none could gain, though they strove in pain  
Their few brief days and nights.

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## Old Mothers

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*Grace Wallace*

Old mothers are like Greek vases:  
They are worn and fragile, and very beautiful.  
Their thoughts are like the figures of antique tracteries,  
Tender and gracious, half effaced by time.  
Old mothers are like Greek vases:  
They are very beautiful.

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## Spring Rain

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*Ben Field*

“I’m awful tired of snow an’ cold  
An’ stayin’ in because I’m told.  
All winter, over the window sill,  
I’ve seen it snow an’ it’s snowin’ still.  
You see I can stand on my high tiptoe  
An’ press my nose right up to the snow,  
With only the window pane between—  
Oh, there is the rain! an’ the grass’ll be green!

“I wonder where the snow flakes stay  
When the rain begins to splash that way.  
Big drops are coming down outside:  
One drop got in an’ then it got dried;  
Before I ’member my mamma an’ dad  
I lived in a place that I wisht I had  
Right now to take my dolly to,  
For the stars came down when the rain was through  
An’ the little ones twinkled an’ the big ones shined—  
They were painted yellor like a punkin rind

An' they fell on the grass 'til the grass was lit;  
But mamma says I 'maged it.

“When the rain’s all done I’m going quick  
To hunt for frogs in the meadow creek.  
The robinses stomachs ’ll all be red  
An’ I’ll hear ’em talk an’ talk overhead,  
An’ the blossoms on the apple tree  
Will all bust out an’ be fair to see.  
An’ O, I’m glad spring rain’s appeared  
An’ winter’s gone with his frosty beard,  
For I won’t have to stay in the house an’ be still,  
With my chin pressed tight on the window sill.”

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## Gipsy Compensation

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*Ben Field*

They buy and sell and barter,  
Back in the crowded street,  
While you and I are wandering  
Where stream and forest meet,

Adown the poppied hillside  
And through some forest door,  
Where vines reach up to mistletoe  
On gnarled old sycamore.

You are a gipsy princess  
And I your cavalier,  
We do not buy nor barter—  
'Tis love for love, my dear.

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## A Vision

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*Ben Field*

At the first the great God made the heavens and earth  
And a blessing was sent unto men—it was light—  
And the day was as fair as the star-jeweled night,  
For the sun and the orbs were fresh from their birth.

Then the youth of the earth saw the maids who were fair  
And their love was a part of the plan that was good,  
And the hardships of life and the pain were withstood  
And the song of the shepherd was heard in the air.

God prospered the world that He made with His hand,  
That he made and cradled out of the gloom,  
And when it was mad He saved it from doom,  
Through the Wayshower, Christ, His Son in the land.

Time passed in years and long centuries then  
And the earth was made o'er by the magic of will:  
Enlightenment ruled, invention, and still  
God waited, for chaos should come once again.

The races, the kingdoms, the men in the world,  
Were cursed with illusions and branded with hate;  
The Babylons burned, the bludgeons of fate  
Were forgot in the armies that tyrannies hurled.

At the first the great God made the heavens and earth—  
In the end are unleashed the passions of men:  
Let Him send His fair Son to the earth once again,  
For bloodshed has silenced the little child's mirth.

Now the armies and navies are called to disband!  
Now the soldiers come out from their trenches and guns!  
Behold, here's a man who shines like the suns!  
It is He! 'tis the Christ with peace in His hand!

The king, the president, dictator and chief  
Have met the fair Christ, their hands are a clasp:  
O God, great Jehovah, they've crushed down the asp!  
And the people are shouting, forgetting their grief!

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## Arjuna

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*Florence Parker Bornholdt*

I am the flute lilt of love  
Blown through liana leaves;  
I am the tinkle of notes  
From anklets golden with joy,  
And those who sit in the court  
Where the gloom of the carob falls  
Will see the flash of my feet.  
I am the rain moon's breath  
Hung in the mango trees;  
I am the lamp on the ledge  
Lit by a watchful hand,  
So the shoremen who tug at the ropes  
And strain through the river's mist  
Will see the gleam of my light.  
If the lips should fail the flute,  
If the wick should not be fed,  
Then I am the jarring notes  
On the bony feet of Hate;  
I am the rain bird's cry  
Wailing its heart in the heat,  
A feeble fallen moon in the tangled mango trees.  
But Keshava knows of the court  
And the shoremen who strain through the mists.

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## Louana

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*Florence Parker Bornholdt*

Sun-burnished braids of breeze-blown hair,  
The form sun-kissed to olive hue,  
The two brown breasts unbound and bare,  
The shadowed eyes and lips that drew  
My very soul to soul of you.

The arms that lift and lips that meet  
In secret sacredness and pain,  
The passion wild, the pulsing beat  
Of heart that answers heart again,  
Yet trembling lest our love were vain.

Was mine the fault that you should leave  
Your sea-girt palm and beach of sands?  
Mine is the sorrow and I weave  
Of black sea-weeds, funereal strands  
And stretch to the sea my empty hands.

Why do you come and stand apart  
And haunt me with your shadowed eyes?  
I reach to clasp you to my heart—  
My lips are pressed to phantom sighs  
And I embrace but smothered cries.

O Light that lingers through the trees,  
O Wash of Low-tide from the main,  
O Palms, soft sighing in the breeze,  
Why must I smother hope in pain  
And reach my hands to you in vain?

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## Comprehension

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*Florence Parker Bornholdt*

When morn is come  
I'll lift my hands up to the sun  
And pray.

The dawn-rimmed steepes  
Will know me when the valley sleeps  
At day.

Then I'll run down  
To dance within the gardens of the town  
Where fountains gleam;

And all day long  
My life will be the lilt of song

And dream.

I saw one night  
A child beneath a factory light,  
And tiredly  
Its hungry eyes  
Reached out for some vague paradise  
To me.

Then my glad heart  
Was saddened by an unknown smart  
Of grief and fears:  
I clasped the child  
Who wondered at me as I sobbed and smiled  
Between my tears.

O Dawn and Hill—  
Have you been waiting for me still  
This long?

But hungry eyes  
Have come between me and my skies  
Of song;

And love denied  
Has beaten on its prison bars and cried  
In woe.

My voice is mute;  
Though broken are the cord strings of my lute  
I know  
What prayers and songs were born of,  
Long ago.

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## The City

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*Florence Parker Bornholdt*

it's the rattle, rumble, roaring of the wheels,  
The crowded corner where the newsboy cries;  
it's the shrieking of the whistles and the peals  
Of Sabbath bells that ring to smoky skies.

it's the make-up and the footlights of the stage,  
The auto-party voices in the nights;  
it's the laughing o'er the wine cups at old age  
And the leering, luring glitter of the lights.

it's the poverty, the squalor of the streets,  
The tenements, the sweat-shops and the shame;  
it's the pride of wealth that rides on cushioned seats  
And the toy house of the men who play the game.

it's the velvet-bosomed loneliness in lace,  
Flowers, love and music and champagne;  
it's the hunger and the yearning in the face  
That's pressed against the window streaked with rain.

it's the stock exchange where fortunes pitch and reel,  
A dim-lit passage where some lone soul cries;  
it's the jubilee of whistles and the peal  
Of Sabbath bells that shout to slit of skies.

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## On Hearing an Etude by Bortkiewicz

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*Pauline Barrington*

Come gallop down the wind with me  
Beside the sea.

The storm clouds are his flowing mane,  
His flying tail, the sheets of rain,  
The pale foam blows along the shore,  
The waves pursue him with their roar,  
To stay his hoofs forevermore:  
But he goes on with thundering shock  
Above the surge and hidden rock,  
And leaves them there alone  
To fret and moan.

Salt and bitter is the sea,  
But we who ride, ride high and free  
Come, gallop down the wind with me!

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## Secret Thoughts

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*W. H. Bainbridge*

What man but does in secret entertain  
Some darling sin, from which he will not part?  
'Til driven by its heritage of pain  
Is forced at last to tear it from his heart?  
W. H. BAINBRIDGE

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## Balboa, California—Where Breakers Meet

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*Katharine Bainbridge*

Where Breakers  
Meet

Where breakers meet, the green and blue  
Are beckoning to me and you;  
They seem to say, " Won't you come too,  
And dive these depths of changing hue?"

The dancing wavelets, sparkling white,  
Are tipped with sheen of silver bright.  
A patch of seaweed at my feet,  
Where all the little ripples meet;  
A ledge of rocks at left of me,  
O'erhangs the foaming, deep green sea.

The scene that lies before my gaze,  
Falls off into a purple haze;  
The cliffs rise high unto the sky,  
They stretch away beyond the day.  
The vast horizon's circling arm,  
Gives ocean her mysterious charm.

Sand-pipers patter at our feet,  
Gulls and sea-swallows, curlews meet.  
The billows roll and dash and foam,  
They seem to say, " Old Ocean's Home."  
Around the bend where all is still,

They rest from turbulence and will;  
Then turn again with welcome sweet,  
To greet the tide where breakers meet.

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## The Lily Pond

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*Virginia Burton Bradley*

A quiet pool of limpid water  
Where the lily-pads unfold,  
Cradled on its shining bosom,  
Lily-blooms of waxen mold.

Shadow-mirrored in the water,  
Like Narcissus fair of old,  
Each repeats its radiant beauty,  
Pink and lilac, white and gold.

Tassels of the tall papyrus  
Far above them swing and sway,  
While beneath, the lurking gold-fish  
Rest awhile, then sport and play.

Crystal dew-drops glint and glisten,  
Spangling lily, leaf and bud,  
And a tiny world is imaged  
In each dainty jeweled stud.

Pretty pool, when I am weary,  
When life's sorrows make me sad,  
I am rested by your calmness  
And your beauty makes me glad.

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## Chinatown

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*Virginia Burton Bradley*

Lazy, sleeping Chinatown,  
Done in tones of red and brown,  
Where the mongol sits and schemes,

Smokes his friendly pipe and dreams.

Scanty windows high and square,  
Courting neither light nor air;  
Narrow walks of olden style,  
Ample, though, for single file.

Houses built of dingy bricks,  
Alleys, blind, that play you tricks;  
Mystic signs of tarnished gold,  
All tell Chinatown is old.

Not a tree to shield or shade  
Homes too intimate with trade,  
While the grouchy cobblestones  
Add to traffic's creaks and groans.

Picturesque old Wong Chung Wing  
Gossips with his friend Wah Hing;  
Each is garbed in Chinese blue,  
Each retains his long black queue.

Step within this merchant shop,  
Pride of portly Sing Lung Hop;  
He will show fine sandal fans,  
Teas in gaily painted cans.

Cups and bowls of Canton-ware,  
Ginger-jars, enamels rare,  
Jade, inset in rings and pins,  
Ornate coats for mandarins.

See, we wake a shy surprise  
In the coal-black almond eyes  
Of the children 'round the door  
Of the narrow, musty store.

Lazy, sleepy Chinatown,  
Done in tones of red and brown,  
Where the mongol sits and schemes,  
Smokes his friendly pipe and dreams.

## Songs of a Corn Field

*Virginia Burton Bradley*

### SUMMER

I love the gentle  
among  
rustle  
Of wind the corn,  
It takes me back across the years  
To the place where I was born;  
I walk again the rolling road  
Between the fields of maize,  
And hear the rhythmic music  
Along their furrowed ways;  
I see the tassels tossing  
Like plumes of pallid gold  
Or tufts upon the helmets  
Of crested knights of old;  
I sense the joy and cadence,  
It mingles in my song—  
A melody of summer  
That cheers me all day long.

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### REFRAIN

Then blow, gay dancing breezes,  
Awake the pipes of Pan,  
And tune your reeds in harmony  
With summer's tuneful plan;  
Now swell your glad crescendos  
That sing and die away,  
Go call the birds and bring the bees  
And make a merry day.

### WINTER

When autumn days are passing  
It makes me far from glad  
To see these self-same corn-stalks  
All shivering and sad,  
Like poor old palsied pilgrims,—

Gray palmers thin and spent,—  
They watch and wait and mutter  
With crooked backs and bent;  
Grown garrulous and restless,  
With voices reft of tune,  
They sigh their woes to him who heeds,  
From frosty noon to noon,  
Their vestures torn and faded  
Mate crowns a rusty gray,  
This desolation haunts me  
And steals into my lay.

#### REFRAIN

Then blow, ye chilling breezes,  
Along each bended reed,  
But you'll not wake the concord  
Of joyful summer's meed;  
You swell your shrill crescendos  
That break and die away,  
The birds are still, the bees are gone—  
It is a winter's day.

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## The Will-o'-the-Wisp

*Virginia Burton Bradley*

Oh! the will-o'-the-wisp is a sprite of the night  
And he lives in the mists of the moorland.  
How he laughs as he leads you with glimmering light  
Till you sink in the maze of the lureland!

Now he creeps from the depths of some dark, lonely bog  
With no ripple of sound on the stillness;  
Or he floats as a wraith that is shrouded in fog,  
Like a spirit unhappy and will-less.

Having stolen a star from the hosts in the sky,  
He has fashioned a reed for a handle,  
All to lead you astray from the pathway nearby  
With a glow like a cottager's candle.

Oh! then trust not the wiles of this wandering elf,

He who leads you in glee from the highway  
To the doom that awaits you in spite of yourself,  
If you chase phantom lights in the byway.

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## The Aviator

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*Virginia Burton Bradley*

Iris herself was not swifter than I  
Winging my way in the limitless sky,  
Up where the star-daisies blossom and fade,  
Up where the thunders of heaven are made,  
Far from the mundane in realms of my own—  
Mine by pre-emption this uncharted zone;  
Never a track to confine me in space,  
Never a civic law limiting pace,  
Never a hill nor a mountain to climb,

Gaily I race with my friend Father Time.  
All of life's sordid is transiently lost,  
Earth is a beautiful picture embossed.  
Leveled by distance, a stately chateau  
Seems but a toy or a doll-house below.  
Spiraling upward and now dipping down,  
Speeding my way I pass city and town.

Pulsing with life, every sinew a-thrill,  
Free as the eagle I ride as I will;  
Landsmen may plod and the tar sail the sea,  
But the sweep in the vastness of space is for me.  
Death, though he lurks where my aeroplane swings,  
Yet will I trust in her wonderful wings.

## Love's Lament

*Virginia Burton Bradley*

I miss your sweet familiar voice  
Whose music made my heart rejoice;  
Oh, how I miss your daily tread,  
The golden halo 'round your head.  
Life is a night without a dawn  
Since you are gone, since you are gone.  
This wondrous world was made for you,  
Each lovely thing beneath the blue;  
The very birds forget to sing,  
There is a gloom on everything.  
The sun has ceased to gild the day  
Now you're away, now you're away.  
I miss your sunny, smiling face,  
Your wit, your charm, your winning grace;  
Your laughing eyes so blue I miss,  
Your rose-bud mouth I loved to kiss.  
The days, the years to come are dread  
Since you are dead, since you are dead.  
I see you in your empty chair,  
I hear your light step on the stair;  
Oh, for one word, one fond caress,  
To reach me in my loneliness,  
That I may look beyond the cross,  
And bear my loss, and bear my loss.

## The Busy Bee

*Virginia Burton Bradley*

Busy buzzing honey-bee  
Drenched with morning dew,  
Sipping sweets from fairy-feasts  
While the day is new,  
  
Dip down deep in nectar sweet

Draining to the dregs,  
Reck not pollen paints your back—  
Gilds your slender legs.

Velvet-vested visitor  
Poaching on my place,  
Rainbow rays ride on your wings—  
Glint from gauzy lace.

Golden bands for girdle-belt,  
Jeweled orbs for eyes,  
Are you vain of summer sheen,  
Wondrous one and wise?

Work till daylight fades to dusk—  
Night shades screen the sun—  
Take your sweets, your pollen pack,  
Treasures fairly won,

Circle, soar, then swift and sure,  
Wing your wild way home,  
Safe to store your honey-hoard  
In the dark celled comb.

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## When de San' Man Comes

*Virginia Burton Bradley*

Li'l Mirandy Antoinette, mammy's honey lam',  
Lay yo' haid upon mah breas', sweetheart dat yo' am,  
Listen fo' de San' Man's steps comin' slow and sof',  
He steals roun' at sleepy time wif his big boots off.

### REFRAIN

Hush a bye, mah honey baby,  
San Man's late tonight,  
Pore ole man he shore am busy  
Aftah candle-light.

Now he scatters silver san' till yo' shet yo' eyes,  
(An' he allus fros de mos' at de chile dat cries).  
Some one's shore approachin' now—mus' be dis same man,

Kiss yo' mammy sweet good night, den she'll hol' yo' han'.

Dar ole San' Man, dat's enough, baby's fas' asleep,  
Trablin' in de land o' dreams whah no troubles creep.

I has squandered time enough on dis little coon—  
Guess ah'll tuck her in de bed whah ah'll follow soon.

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## Bre'r Rastus Leads de Meetin'

*Virginia Burton Bradley*

I is moved to preach dis ebenen'  
On "De Potency ob Sin"—  
How de ebils dat surrounds us  
Sets about to haidge us in.

When God made us from de dus'-heap,  
Breaved in us de breaf ob life,  
It wuz nevah His intenshuns  
We should stoop to sin an' strife.

I proclaims de Lawd will punish  
All de folks dat lie an' steal—  
Ef yo' cain't affoahd de lux'ries,  
'Limate 'em from de meal.

Ef yo' has wrong inclunashuns  
When some neighbah's hen strolls by,  
You mus' change yo' mode ob feelin'—  
Turn you' thoughts from chick'n-pie.

Pray foah zeal dat's all-consumin'  
Not to backslide an' fergit—  
God will plunge de wicked niggah  
In dee deep an' fiery pit.

Ef yo's moved to share de blessin's  
Dat de Lawd bestowed on you,  
Keep one han' in uttah dawknness  
Ob de acshuns t'otha do.

Cogitate de ten comman'ments,  
Read dem ovah one by one,

An' you'll bask in apperbashun  
As de rose basks in de sun.

When I tramps de streets ob glory,  
Streets all paved wid shinin' gold,  
I shall hope to find among us  
Ebery black-sheep ob de fold.

Pondah well de things I tells yo',  
Ruminate on what I say;  
Mobilize to fight de debbil—  
Rise up, bre're'n, let us pray.

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## Summer Symphonies

*Virginia Burton Bradley*

### MORNING

Gnomes of darkness and of shadow,  
Minions of the night, are gone;  
Cheerful echoes, waking, answer  
To the heralds of the dawn;  
Sylvan music of the ages,  
Bursting from wee vibrant throats,  
Choruses an obbligato  
For the mocker's matchless notes;  
Dancing breezes, velvet-slippered,  
Bearing incense for the morn,  
Scatter from their silken tresses  
Perfumed sweetness, summer-born;  
Jewel-spangles gem the grasses,  
Rosy lights begin to play;  
This, my symphony as sunrise  
Wakes a sleeping world to day.

### NOON

Sunshine tracing cool, deep shadows  
In the leafy willow-wands;  
Water-lilies, waxen crested,  
Resting on the pools and ponds;  
Crystal buds that burst to blossom

In the iris-tinted fount;  
Poppy-cups brimful of sunshine,

Like the stars—too thick to count;  
Ragged-robins, limp and languid,  
Waiting for the wooing breeze—  
El Dorados for those hunters—  
Butterflies and honey-bees;  
Image these and other beauties,  
Multiply a hundred-fold—  
Lo, my symphony at noontide  
When the sun is spilling gold!

#### NIGHT

Silent are the sounds of traffic,  
Sobbed away in undertones;  
Earnest frogs hold friendly council  
In their haunts among the stones;  
Mystic moon reflects her double  
In the polish of the pool  
Where the lily-buds are sleeping  
In toy cradles soft and cool;  
When the mystery of shadow  
Bids the errant fancy play,  
Swaying boughs are dancing wood-nymphs—  
Every leaf conceals a fay;  
When the magic of the moonlight  
Turns to silver filigree  
All the gold and jade of noontide,  
This, my evening symphony.

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## California Bluejay

*Ben Field*

I know a flashing bluejay,  
With eager pointed beak  
And snapping eyes that dart and play—  
His flight a sapphire streak.

He is our own attendant,

A brilliant gaudy knight,  
Whose feathered coat resplendent  
Inflames the mountain light.

We love the wild hill sagebrush,  
Sweet sagebrush, cool and brown,  
And when we're there and love hush  
O'er the canyon settles down,

On gipsy woodland wild bed,  
He preens his brilliant vest  
And cocks his tufted bright head,  
For he too loves a nest.

He has a brigand's bold way,  
He steals the crumbs we'd throw:  
I know a flashing bluejay  
And that's not all I know.

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## My Thoughts of Thee

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*Blanche E. Greenough*

Beloved,  
My thoughts of thee  
Are like rose petals,  
When soft, summer zephyrs wing them,  
And with gentle flutterings  
They sink to rest,  
On the warm earth's breast.