

THE VERSE WRITERS' CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SECOND ANTHOLOGY

1923-1924



HARR WAGNER PUBLISHING CO. · SAN FRANCISCO · 1923-1924

DIGITAL READING EDITION

A Note on This Reading Edition



The Verse Writers' Club of Southern California issued its first anthology in 1919. This Second Anthology, dated 1923–1924, represents the next four years of work in the club's seven-year life. Its original foreword describes a critic-led selection process and notes that *The Lyric West* grew, to a considerable extent, from the club. A third club-sponsored anthology followed in Los Angeles in 1930.

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

Original Foreword

In presenting to the public the Second Anthology of the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California, I feel that the work of our members merits a favorable reception. The book represents the serious effort of the last four years, or that period in the seven years' life of the Club subsequent to the publication of the First Anthology.

The method of selection of poems excludes any manuscript not chosen by a final critic. The Club meets fortnightly. Critics' nights occur every third meeting during the season and all poems submitted by members are presented to the critic. From these he chooses about one-fifth, which he regards as the best. These poems are the ones that appear in the Anthology, and not a few of them have been published in magazines, particularly in Western mediums.

Many well-known members of the writing fraternity, from our own and other countries, have served the Club in the capacity of critic, notably Doctor Charles F. Lummis, Doctor Richard Burton, Doctor Paul Wood, Professor Louis Leakey, Doctor Allison Gaw, Doctor Raymond Alden, Doctor James Main Dixon, Mrs. Waldo Richards, Ernest McGaffey, Professor Ian Stoughton-Holborn, Bliss Carmen, Mr. Harr Wagner, Mr. Shorab (Persian lecturer), Lieutenant Lee Nichols, Rupert Hughes, Mr. Ward Stephens, Mr. John Curtis Underwood, and Cleveland Moffett.

The Lyric West is, to a considerable extent, the outgrowth of this Club. Grace Atherton Dennen, its editor and publisher, is President Emeritus of the Club, having been its founder, and president for six years.

The Sixth Annual Banquet of the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California, which was held in March, 1923, was a delightful occasion, and will be remembered among literary and social events of interest. At no time, probably, in the history of literature in the West, has there been such another assemblage at the banquet table of prominent Eastern and Western writers of poetry.

The Verse Writers' Club has presented, in lecture and readings, some of the leading poets of the day.

This year, 1923, the Club has had a bell installed, not far from Paris, in the village of Fauconcourt, near Aenzy-le-Chateau, on the Chemin des Dames. The bell is in honor of Fred S. Field of the 163rd Ambulance Company, 41st Division A. E. F., who gave his life for humanity in the World War. He was the son of Ben F. Field, charter member of the Club. The movement to install these bells in devastated villages of France was started by the late Dr. Wheeler, for

many years President of the Poetry Society of America in New York, and editor of Current Opinion Magazine. Bells have also been installed in memory of Alan Seeger and Joyce Kilmer and other patriots.

In conclusion, let me say that I think it doubtful if any period of seven years in the literary history of America has been more productive of creative art work than has been the last seven years. Especially is this true of the art of poetry. The Verse Writers' Club of Southern California has, I believe, been contributing much work of very real value to this poetic renaissance.

*BEN F. FIELD,
President.*

Original Acknowledgments

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THE LYRIC WEST

A Song of Three Harbors; The New House and the Old; The Widow Barker Votes; Pastels —
Grace Atherton Dennen

THE LYRIC WEST

The Violoncello — Estella M. Williamson

THE LYRIC WEST

Along The Bayous; Decision — Pierrepont Willard

THE LYRIC WEST

Winged Victory; Oil; Salton Sea; Passing of the Long Wharf at Port Los Angeles — Ben F. Field

THE LYRIC WEST

The Desert — Ethelean Tyson Gaw

THE LYRIC WEST

Three Hiroshige Prints — Pauline Curran

THE LYRIC WEST

Illusions; Mid-Atlantic — Snow Longley

THE LYRIC WEST

Calcutta; Pictures on My Japanese Fan — Mabel Phillips

THE LYRIC WEST

Duette; Tankas — Georgia Rowles

THE LYRIC WEST

The Badger and the Yaller Dog — W. H. Bainbridge

THE LYRIC WEST

To a Lady — Ethel Brooks Stillwell

THE LYRIC WEST

The Return — Ethel Brooks Stillwell

THE LYRIC WEST

The Shadow Trail; The Gardener — Harry Noyes Pratt

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

The Minor Poet — Ethelean Tyson Gaw

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Sonnets to Tennyson — Lenore C. Schutze

LOS ANGELES SATURDAY NIGHT

The Eagle of Mexico; Where Are You, Jeanne d'Arc? — Ben F. Field

LOS ANGELES SATURDAY NIGHT

Le Jour d'Amour — Ethelean Tyson Gaw

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Home Products Day — Grace Atherton Dennen

OVERLAND MONTHLY

The Bee Ranch — Grace Atherton Dennen

CAPRICE MAGAZINE

Caprice — Minnie Calvin Hurst

UNITY MAGAZINE

The Viewpoint — Lillian Williamson

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Painting on a Watteau Fan; Chinese Love Song; The Requiem of a Rose; Dawn on San Gabriel
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Babylonian Inscriptions — Mabel Phillips

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A Song of Three Harbors

Grace Atherton Dennen

I make a song of three harbors, three harbors that look to the
west,
Out to the dim, far places, to the lands old gods have blessed.
One feels the breath of arctic seas and one of desert sands;
And one flings wide its golden gate to the craft of a hundred
lands.

The winds that blow from these harbors finish a mighty span,
Blowing the far-led race of men back where the trail began.
And the ships that sail from these harbors, like links of a chain
unrolled,
Carry the newest of all things new to the oldest of all things old.

Westward the course of nations, westward the march of power,
From the first pale dawn of history to the new prophetic hour,
From the first man-slave begotten to the last man-god who dies,
They have seen the hue of promise in the light of western skies.

Men look to the east for the dawn of things, to the west for things
that are done;
But where shall we look, my brothers, when east and west are
one?
When we've reached the end of the western trail and the goal of a
myriad feet,
And how shall we read the meaning when the circle is made
complete?

◆ ◆ ◆

The Bee Ranch

Grace Atherton Dennen

Over the hills to Tropic
In the light of glowing skies,
And well I know where the canyon ends
And there the mountains rise.
The beckoning road leads on and out
Out to the canyon's rim,
Deep inlaid like a cup of jade,

With morning's gold abrim.

Over the hills to Tropico,
And Elspeth waits me there,
With eyes as blue as the wild buckthorn
And the sunlight caught in her hair.
Bees adrift on a sea of bloom
Gather their sweets for her,
And the orchard ways are a rainbow maze
And a sheen of gossamer.

Over the hills to Tropico
And the world left many a mile.
Only the tender blue of her eyes,
The shy, glad grace of her smile.
Only the sunlit, scented hours,
The murmurous hum of the bees,
The broken speech of each to each,
And the blossoming almond trees.

ISSUE P. II • SCAN P. 17



The New House and the Old

Grace Atherton Dennen

A fine new house is very grand with smoothly polished floors,
Fresh paint with never a finger mark and shining walls and doors.
The prim complacent windows arrayed in well-starched frills
Offers a decorous welcome across their spotless sills.

But I love most an old house mellowed by sun and rain;
I love to take an old house and make it live again.
To mend the roof and patch the walls and clean the chimney
place.
And smooth the stains and wrinkles from its kind old-fashioned
face.

It seems to be so grateful for every loving touch,
As one too long neglected whose heart has suffered much.
Refreshed again and strengthened, it learns to laugh and glow.
Forgetting in this sweet new life its long neglect and woe.

A fine new house is grand indeed, but sweeter far to me
To build new fires on old hearth stones and set their memories
free;
To learn the wonder and the hope of those who laid them first,

And all the rich experience, the hours that blest or curst.
Beneath that roof, before that fire, my spirit is aware
Of kinship with all others who joyed or sorrowed there.
And close around our common hearth the haunted silence clings
Bearing me soft unuttered speech of deep, eternal things.

ISSUE P. 12 · SCAN P. 18

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Sacrifice

William Griffith

With hands that now are idle
She wove a simple shroud
For something never mentioned,
Nor dwelt upon aloud;

She wove it without breaking
The silence of a thread,
Lest she be thought presuming
To interrupt the dead.

With what a gracious gesture
She motioned life away;
And beckoned to the darkness,
And bade adieu to day!

So... a defeated mother,
To whom much was denied,
With small reward in heaven,
Put happiness aside.

ISSUE P. 13 · SCAN P. 19

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The Widow Barker Votes

Grace Atherton Dennen

A score of us were lounging at the polls
When she came there.
Down at Chris Heywood's barn the polling place
And all the air
Heavy with smoke and talk, the usual din,
When the door opened and they brought her in.
No man of us but knew her, on the street

We passed her every day
In customary dress of decent black
And hair of faded gray.
Jed Barker's widow, poor enough to see—
What could the suffrage mean to such as she?

But she came toward us with determined tread
And proudly lifted head,
And in her face a hush as she were bent
Upon some holy sacrament.
We stared—almost forgot to smoke or talk.
There was a grandeur in her look, her walk.
It stirred dim memories of old pioneers
Of stalwart Molly Pitcher and the years
Of Valley Forge and the Republic's making.
Strange sudden memories to come breaking
Upon our comfortable way
Of managing election day.
As we had always done.
The polls seemed such an odd place to remember
Washington
And the frozen horror of that far December.

"What is your party?" So we questioned her
Putting the ballot in her outstretched hand.
"No party. Just the best man for the place.
We women want the best, you understand."
We looked each other, doubtful, in the face
As those who hear
Footsteps of some pale portent drawing near,
Though still remote.
Silent, we watched the Widow Barker vote.

ISSUE P. 14 • SCAN P. 20



Pastels

Grace Atherton Dennen

I.

Alice and Muriel
Down a dim and woodland way,
Azure and bloom of rose
Bonneted in silken gray.
White arms wound circlewise,
Mist of dreams in wide young eyes.

II.

White-starred and, dim is the magnolia tree
Where purple shadows are at close of day,
And friends have come to share the gracious hour.
In rainbow hues they rest upon the lawn,
A. shining pool of quiet comradeship
Stirred by ripples of laughter and of talk.
Thoughts like opening flowers,
Deep-hearted flowers of crimson or of white,
Float to the surface of the quiet pool
And blossom into beauty.
The jeweled stars come tiptoe up the sky,
Twilight stands on the hill-tops, and the day
Fulfills itself with heart-remembered grace.

ISSUE P. 15 · SCAN P. 21

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Home Products Day

Grace Atherton Dennen

Horns, blare of trumpets and the big, bass drum.
“Home Products Day” says one and claps my shoulder,
“That’s the procession coming—and the floats.
We’ll teach you much before the day is older
For every product of the town is there
And of the country round, a famous showing
Farm, dairy, orchard—we may well be proud,
No finer crops on record to my knowing.
Then the store windows, full of shine and color
And hung with streamers—there’s a brave array
Most of it made right here—a hustling centre,
We challenge all on our “Home Products Day.”

But I was looking at a carriage full,
A man of strong, bronzed face, a smiling woman,
Children with yellow heads and round blue eyes.
Here were home products rosy, warm and human.

“That keen eyed man,” the garrulous voice went on.
“Who’s riding with the mayor at the rear—
“See him, that fine silk-hatted gentleman?
We sent him on to Washington last year.
He put a bill through not so long ago.
“We’ve a great town,’ he tells them, and they know it.
So clever spoken—he’s our product, too.

The people like him and they're going to show it!"

But I was looking at that other face
Chiseled to glowing bronze by healthy labor,
The glance that met his fellows unafraid,
The willing smile that hailed him a good neighbor.
Product and master of the soil was he,
No politician, just a man set free.

ISSUE P. 16 · SCAN P. 22



Fettered

Harry Noyes Pratt

I have memories of far seas and strange, wild places;
I have dreams that I have dreamed and lost;
Dreams of wandering across the earth's wide spaces;
Of voyaging where wilder seas have tossed.

I have known for long the strange, sweet, tropic islands
Whose coral sands are flung as gleaming snow;
I have tramped, the rough and ragged northern highlands
Along whose crest the scudding gray clouds blow.

Dreams of forests deep and dark and strangely eerie,
Whose lonely aisles are quickened with no tread—
And of cities old and gray and very weary,
Whose roofless dwellings only house the dead.

I have memories, old memories that call me;
I have dreams I dreamed that once might be—
Still the day's prosaic fetters bind and gall me;
Hold me prisoner; I, who would be free!

ISSUE P. 17 · SCAN P. 23



The Gardener

Harry Noyes Pratt

I tend the flowers:
Humble my lot and yet content am I
Within my garden; here beneath His sky
God's flowers grow.
And all along the hillsides where

Their fragrant blossoms kiss the gentle air,
And soft winds blow,
I daily toil. And yet no toil is mine
For this my work is done for Love divine.
I tend the flowers:
I watch them grow and bloom and bear their seed.
The soft rains fall to meet their daily need;
Soft shines the sun.
The white clouds drift across the summer sky
And slow their drifting shadows pass me by,
As waters run
A-down the gentle slopes. I tend God's flowers
And happy watch them grow midst sun and showers.

God's gardener, I:
No worm or weed I have to combat here:
No drouth or storm is ever mine to fear,
Or winter's wind.
Each day new growth, new bloom, is mine to see;
Nor fading, blossoms here eternally.
And here I find
My work, my place; content I am to toil
Beneath God's sky; within my garden's soil
I tend the flowers.

ISSUE P. 18 · SCAN P. 24

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The Shadow Trail

Harry Noyes Pratt

Over the desert leads a trail,
Over the sand and the crumbling shale;
Past sage and mesquite and cactus gray—
Into the shadows of far away.

Just a faint, dim track on the desert floor,
So faintly hollowed, a trace, no more;
By butte and mesa, wandering by
To the shadowed hills that silent lie.
The trail is lonely; never a foot
Treads the sand by the mesquite root;
Never a sound but the whispering sand
Along the trail through this lonely land.

The moccasined feet that passed this way

Have rested from travel this many a day.
Their fires are ashes—their herds have fled;
They've travelled the trail to the land of the dead.

Only at night when the stars shine dim
I see far off on the desert rim
Horse-men passing, a silent train,
Down the slopes and up again;
Feathered warriors with arrow and bow
In long procession silent go—
Women passing with pony and pack,
Patient, plodding, with laden back.
Over the desert, into the night
Warriors and women pass from sight
Down the trail that they used to know,
The shadow trail of the long ago.

ISSUE P. 19 · SCAN P. 25

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Los Angeles, the Beautiful

S. H. M. Byers

(Musical Setting by Cadman)

Los Angeles, the Beautiful,
Behold her smiling there,
A bride that's just from fairy land,
With roses in her hair.
Above are skies of summer land,
And blue as blue can be,
And yonder are the mountain tops,
And yonder is the sea.

Last night I heard the mocking birds,
They sang the whole night through;
And beautiful Los Angeles
They sang alone of you.
They sang of palms and olive trees,
Beneath a summer moon,
Till all the roses seemed to sigh
That day should come so soon.
. 'Tis said whom fairies love the most
A pretty home they give
Somewhere in fair Los Angeles
Where they would like to live.

And so they come from everywhere
Out to the Golden West,
To find the city of their dreams,
Los Angeles, the blest.

MAJOR

ISSUE P. 20 · SCAN P. 26

◆ ◆ ◆

Winged Victory

Ben Field

Winged Victory!
I stand and gaze on thee
And in a dream
I see I see
Old Thrace,
The Thrace of long ago.
Entranced I climb her crags
And wander to and fro
Amongst her marble fanes.
O Samothrace!
What is thy secret dim?
What is thy mystery?
Unveil thy face,
Give love for love
And as I cry to Greece, to Troy,
To men and Gods of centuries dead,
Touch thou my lifted head
And let me see
Winged Victory.

ISSUE P. 20 · SCAN P. 26

◆ ◆ ◆

Thoughts

Joy Bennett

My thoughts of you are joyous,
Just little flitting things
That hover round me through the day
Like butterflies with wings
Of iridescent blue and gold,
Or daring crimson hue.

They bring much happiness to me,
Those little thoughts of you!

ISSUE P. 21 • SCAN P. 27

◆ ◆ ◆

Ugliness Contemplating Beauty

Ben Field

A drab, misshapen thing am I,
With sallow skin and halting gait,
Born of a dreary, winter sky,
Ordained to wait
On want and sickness and despair,
Inured to harshness, wizened face,
Sickened by air
Tainted; covered with tawdry lace.
My soul? They say I have no soul
And some I am not real at all—
My soul is like a broken bowl,
My joy is hate, my sweets are gall.

I

Ugly am and Ugliness my name;
But hark you well and I will put to shame
Those philosophic critics who declare
Polarity insures hate for things fair.

For in this tortured soul of mine
I know that what I do is for a day—
Truth lives though men may be supine
And Beauty is a thing I cannot slay.
I am her captive knight,
Her champion through the opposing years—
She is a thing of light,
Untouched by hate, scatheless from fears.

She is a girl who lives and breathes,
Her birth in that third place
Where matter breaks and ends, and wreathes
Itself like halos round a spirit face.
I call her and she comes in haste to me,
For I am that other pole, beloved, her own
And she, a vestal of immortality,
Would but for me be hidden and unknown.

◆ ◆ ◆

Questioning

Ben Field

The shadow of an old love
Went by me yesterday
And there were fleecy clouds above
As in another May.

It halted at the crossing near
And looked me in the eyes,
The shadow of a love, Dear,
That knew these summer skies.

And I can neither grasp nor kill
That ghost of long-gone days;
It fires my yearning passion still |
And lilt the old-time lays.

O shadow of that old love
Who, sorrowing, haunts me yet,
I

O shall find my old love
Or must my heart forget?

◆ ◆ ◆

The Two Seas

Elinor Manning Prescott

The black, unfathomed Sea of Death,
Upon whose soothing waves I thought to ride,

Held me a moment in its icy breath
And then—a lonely wreck—it tossed me far aside
To drift through endless time and tideless space,
With bruised consciousness of stress and strife.
Long ages passed. Feeling the sunshine on my face
I raised my eyes and lo! the Sea of Life.

◆ ◆ ◆

Ballade of a Golden Wedding

Ben Field

We joined our hearts, like clustered roses All abud in a fresh
bouquet,

In a swirl of love as pure as the snow's is, We joined our hearts in
life's young May.

And'twas fifty years ago today—

The maple trees their leaves were shedding, When we told our
love in the old, old way,

And O the bliss of our golden wedding!

Stand true! we cried till the last hour closes We will laugh and
work and fondly pray,

Though life be strewn with thorns or posies Our hearts shall
cleave and never stray, And after the toil came a roundelay,

And the way of love was fair with treading, And the years that
sped were blithely gay,

And O the bliss of our golden wedding!

Look back, dear one, as time encloses

This house of earth with a mist of grey,

Though the keeper rests and sometimes dozes, Love is as sweet as
in youth's heyday;

And still we are building our castles of clay,

That we take from the work we are never dreading, Like the poet's
thoughts we steal away,

And O the bliss of our golden wedding!

Envoy

Prince, we are crowned with laurel and bay As through love's
paths we are leally threading,

For joy has ever our lives held sway,

And O the bliss of our golden wedding!

◆ ◆ ◆

The Eagle of Mexico

Ben Field

I am the eagle exultant awake
In the

”
nation's wide abode,
I perch beside the rattlesnake,
I guard the Mexican road.
I scream to the empyrean's fire,
Fated am I and old;
Popocatepetl is my sire,
I love its torrents bold.

I love the cactus and in its shade

”
Lizard and snake and toad;
Winged is the watcher God has made I guard the Mexican road.
Haciendas and broad estates,
Herds on a thousand hills;
I hover over the mountain gates
And watch where the Yaqui kills.
Crumbling mission and Christian shrine,
Senorita and nun,
These are the trusts I
guard as mine,
With a watchfulness never done.

Oh, bells from the tottering mission spire!
Oh, Time with thy ceaseless goad!
With beak of steel and with heart of fire I guard the Mexican road.

◆ ◆ ◆

Jack-In-The-Box

Ben Field

Oh, I am Jack-In-The-Box,
Here in the festal throng,
With motley and paint that shocks
And a love for wassail and song.

I'm up, I'm up in the box!
I'm the Jack who livens the crowd!
You shut me with lid and with locks
And I'm up again, painted and proud.
Oh, I am Jack-In-The-Box!
And I laugh and I laugh again loud.

I'm Jack-In-The-Box am I,
With never a soul nor a shroud
And I mock at the world and I cry
Folly and fun to the crowd.

Oh, never a soul have I!
I'm baubles and painted wood,
My gestures are only a lie
And I do as I'm told I should.

Yes, I am Jack-In-The-Box,
Gay Jack-In-The-Box am I—
My fun at your heart door knocks
And I've made that fair lady cry.

But someday I think I'll wake
With a soul and a heart-beat too,
For that child with the frosted cake
Believes my antics are true.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Passing of the Long Wharf at Port Los Angeles

Ben Field

The monster thing has lost its grip,
The giant's strength is all but gone,
No more the steamer and white-sailed ship
Shall seek that wharf and rise and dip At noonday and at early
dawn.

'Twas like the body of a seal
And spanned the waves, mile long and great,
A servant of the common weal,
Athrob with continental steel
And ships that sought the western gate.

A golden spike was at the end—
The long wharf pointed to the sea
And typified a people's trend,
Where fertile lands and ocean blend
In elemental symphony.

◆ ◆ ◆

I Wonder Why

Estella M. Williamson

I have a something very queer
Away inside of me
That seems to talk like mother does
When I am bad you see
But when I'm good it keeps so still

I

That forget it's there
Until I'm bad again, and then I hear it everywhere.

◆ ◆ ◆

Oil

Ben Field

I hold it in a crystal glass
Against the sparkling banquet light,
Crude virgin oil as dark as night,
I hold it in a crystal glass.
For I must answer to the toast
Of jade-black oil. My glass is filled,
While wine, red wine that once was spilled
On festive boards, is but a ghost.

I raise it high, the viscid oil!
There is no Lethe in its draught;
No zephyrs from Arcadia waft;
It visions blackened hands of toil.
But through the glass the light now shines!
I catch the glint of molten gold,
The hues of caravans of old,
And ruby gleams from Eastern shrines!
I sense the God who understands
The needs of peoples, as He smiles
On valleys and unnumbered miles
Where He has hid the liquid sands.

Potential power for turning wheels!
To frustrate tyrants, set men free,
To solve the nation's destiny,
To drive strong ships with cleaving keels!

Raw energy to change the earth!
To bring bright gold to striving men,
Surcease of work and grime, and then
Soft sighs and love and children's mirth!

I hold it in a crystal glass
Against the sparkling banquet light,
Crude virgin oil as dark as night,
Enchanted in a crystal glass!

◆ ◆ ◆

Salton Sea

Ben Field

O glittering, heartless, fearful sea!
A man's last stand upon your shore!
On canyons lean and gray mesquite,
Where travelers die and spirits flee
And on the waves death hovers o'er,
The scarred hills grin from their retreat.

. No birds are joyous on your breast,
Nor tree nor flower adorns that beach:
A glistening, sparkling, cruel light
Comes stabbing from the awful west
And dances, while the eyes beseech
The hastening of the desert night.

O Salton Sea! dead apples yours,
*Till man defied your Circean chain
And saw the waste through prophet's eyes.
Now waves the harvest green and lures
Hot love to mate, while brawn and brain Have forced a gate to
Paradise.

◆ ◆ ◆

To France

Ben Field

When the Stars and Stripes went over to France,
Heigh ho for war and far romance!
Frenchman, Englishman, Belgian, Hun,
They fought for blood and they fought for fun;
But the Stars and Stripes flamed on the way
And spoke for man and a better day.

When the Stars and Stripes went over to France
A French girl gave it a loving glance;
An Englishman gave it a grim salute
And the Flag advanced on its war-torn route;
A hungry Belgian tightened his belt
And the blow was strong he grimly dealt;

A weary Italian lifted his eyes
And crossed himself, in glad surprise.
At Chateau Thierry and dim Argonne
Americans died -
the Flag went on.
And the Stars and Stripes met the rising sun.
And Frenchman, Englishman, Belgian, Hun Knew God was
riding with swift romancé, When the Stars and Stripes went
over to France.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Napoleon En L'Hotel Des Invalides

Ben Field

The tattered flags of Friedland
Range round that hushed and hallowed crypt;
The tattered flags of Yena there
Are loved and glorious emblems, dipped;
And clouds droop down over Paris spires And sun slants in
through ancient glass
And lights once more the sacred fires
Of days revered, whose embers pass
Like all things great or only fair.

And there young Inspiration kneels,
Long looking on that chiseled stone,
Where sleeps the mighty Emperor;
Then at his side, in splendor lone,
There stands an angel, by whose glance
All eyes are held and in whose voice
We hear the worship of great France.
His ringing words make men rejoice:
"Napoleon now fights God's own war!"

◆ ◆ ◆

Where Are You, Jeanne d'Arc?

Ben Field

Where are you, Jeanne d'Arc?
A groping world needs help in this grim hour;
Kingship and pomp of place have lost their power;
Warfare no more is glorious or sublime;
Indian and Mongol wait their conquering time.

Where are you, Jeanne d'Arc?
The saints would find you in your Domrémy;
Not France alone, but all mankind, would see You mount and
charge the mad world's Orleans gate, Lead on and free men
from destroying hate.

Crusaders fought for Christ, His Sepulcher,
You strove for France and kingly days that were;
But now the world implores some valorous shade:
"Come in His name and render Christly aid!"
Where are you, Jeanne d'Arc?

◆ ◆ ◆

Mignonette—A Kitten

Joy Bennett

Tiny hurricane!
Biting, fighting, hitting, spitting,
With her might and main;
Archly ambling, madly scrambling,
Like a thing insane.
Sleepy Mignonette!
Meekly purry, sleekly furry,
Such a little pet!
Wants her dinner, little sinner—
Just a baby yet!

◆ ◆ ◆

A Russian Girl

Pauline Barrington

A flowing flutter of whispering,
The women waited in the gloom
Of the overheated room,
To hear a Russian sing.

She came softly across the empty stage
In a little plain dress of gray,
With quaint silver beads about her throat.
She was such a tender age
As she sang her songs for us,
Like a chiming spring
High on the mountainside,
That tries to hide
Among the roots of some tall oak,
So frail and shy a thing
It seems to be,
And long the journey to the sea!
Next she came in rich brocade
Like flame, embroidered stiff with gold,
Whose train, a sinuous fold,
Curled about her feet.
The great Catherine smiled within her smile,
And in her eyes
Were all the knowledge and the lies
Of all the women, who give
And have intrigued to live.
She sang songs of her race,
And what I could not understand
Lay there inscrutable
In her face.

Then between two tall candles
That blazed a cross of fire for her,
She came writhing in peasant smock and sandals,
Struggling to break the chains
That had bound her for so long;
Whose weight bent and bowed her head.
She sang no song.
Only the piano murmured the “Pathétique.”
At last the chains fell away...

She was free. • amazed. • mad. • gay
She whirled in the light.. The light..
But her hands were strange to her,
Free yet weak!—
She wondered at them dazed, without sight.
Like a lost child, she forgot
That which she had come to seek.
She turned and came straight across the stage
And with a faith, a hope, an ecstasy,
Held them out to those rows of watching women
And to me.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Good-Bye! Good Luck To You!

Belle Cooper

He marched away in khaki clad,
A man, my stalwart soldier-lad;
And reading in his eyes of blue
His valor and his courage true,
Iwhispered proudly: " Son, I'm glad.
Good-bye! Good luck to you!"

But in the frenzied battle-fray,
Khaki grappling with field-gray,
My laddie, when the day was new,
Fearless kept Death's rendezvous;
And called as victors clove their way:
Good-bye! Good luck to you!"

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◆ ◆ ◆

Words

Joy Bennett

A little fleeting thought once came
To me at early morn,
A shy, elusive little thought
There in my mind was born.

I welcomed it with ecstasy,
And then with tender care

I sought for words to clothe it in,
(The little thing was bare!)
Some soft and silky little words
To swathe the fragile form,
With ardent, glowing sentences
To make and keep it warm.

Its dress must be original,
Symmetrical and sweet,
And sentences should be arranged
To fit the dainty feet.

Yet, when I had appareled it,
With all my loving care,
I scarcely knew my little thought,
I liked it better bare!

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◆ ◆ ◆

The Question

Joy Bennett

Oh is there not a heaven or some kind of kingdom come
Where all the little furry angels go,
Where some day they may talk aloud who while on earth were
dumb,
And live secure from injury and woe?

Where tiny martyrs who were caught in hideous maiming traps,
With none to heed their piteous cries of pain,
And died in drawn out agony, to make you warm perhaps,
May wear their own soft furry coats again?

Where all the outraged lions, and imprisoned tigers too,
May roam the forests once again at large,
And there forget the horrors of the circus and the zoo,
And brutal men who had them in their charge?

Where loving trust of faithful dogs may never be betrayed,
And poor deserted cats at last find bliss:
A paradise where all may dwell serene and unafraid,
Oh tell me, is there not a place like this?

◆ ◆ ◆

In Ireland

Joy Bennett

Do you know the little field with the honeysuckle hedge,
And the bank with the sweetbriar rose,
Where the shady lane meanders beside the marshy sedge, And the
creamy-white meadowsweet grows?

Do you know the hawthorn tree with its shower of snowy bloom,
And its prickly boughs as velvet black as soot,
And how it grows so low that there's hardly any room To creep
between the branches and the root?

One night when in that field, I found a fairy ring,
It was close to the hawthorn tree,
I hid and watched the little folk come out to dance and sing,
They didn't seem at all aware of me.

There were tiny little pipers with coats and caps of green,
And waistcoats red as any robin's breast;
And every little gossoon had his dainty wee colleen,
A-singing and a-tripping it with zest.
The moon was full and golden as you've often seen it there,
And everything was bright and clear as day;
Those merry little people were so blithe and free from care, Sure
they'd steal the heart of anyone away!

But a fairy ring is dangerous (or so I've heard them say),
And it isn't very wise to venture near,

I

So only stayed a little while, but I'll go back some day,
For the 'fairies laid a spell on me, I fear!

◆ ◆ ◆

Circe

William Griffith

She was a spirit in eclipse at noon,
Hidden and lost in solar hours of light;
Waning by day and waxing in the night,
Too soon she came, and then she went—too soon.
A sort of glory such as, seen in June,
Enchants the vision of an anchorite,
This woman made the darkness strangely bright,
Whose beauty shone on mortals like the moon.
Caresses such as hers are seldom felt,
Such kisses have been sought but rarely found,
Except by those who, goblinwise, have dwelt
Half in the air and half-way underground;
And who have clutched, been staggered and been hurled
Backward by that sham enemy, the world.

◆ ◆ ◆

Springtime

Joy Bennett

One day the Western Wind came and murmured in my ear,
“Come out into the countryside, for Mistress Spring is here.”
A haze was on the mountains, and sweetness in the air,
As I wandered through the forest I could sense her every where.

The fields were brown and barren, I could not find her there,
But up in a laburnum I espied her golden hair.
I saw her beck’ning fingers in the pussywillow trees,
I heard her elfin laughter as it floated on the breeze.

I found my lady Springtime, she was hiding in a wood,
Uncertain was her laughter, and capricious was her mood.
In a bed of periwinkles I discerned her lovely eyes,
Outrivaling the flowers, more blue than summer skies.

Her fascinating shyness, her tears and smiles combined
Bewitched me as I found her sometimes cruel, sometimes kind.
I followed where she led till she hid her blushing cheek
In the blossoms of a peach tree, growing by the creek.

◆ ◆ ◆

Drowsy Land

Joy Bennett

Come sail with me to Drowsy Land
Over the silken sea,
Where the waves are lapping upon the shore,
Waiting for you and me.

First we'll visit the land of Toys,
Ever so far away,
For all the good little girls and boys
Are welcome there to play.

Then let us visit Noah's zoo,
And see the monkeys there.
We might tell the hyena a joke or two;
Do you think we really dare?

The birds will sing, the dogs will bark,
The doves will softly coo,
We'll watch them go aboard the ark
Together two by two.

Next let us count the gray-white sheep,
One, two, three and four,
And now my Treasure's fast asleep,
He can't count any more!

Come sail with me to Drowsy Land,
Over the silken sea,
Where the waves are lapping upon the shore,
One, and two, and three.

◆ ◆ ◆

Eleanor of Aquitaine

Elinor Manning Prescott

Fair Eleanor of Aquitaine!
From out the dwellings of the dead,
From shadows dim with doubt and dread,
You walk with slow and stately tread
And air of calm disdain;
About you fall the trembling haze
And breathless charm of distant days,
The mystery of unknown ways,
Fair Eleanor of Aquitaine.
Gay Eleanor of Aquitaine!
In those resplendent days of old,
The sunshine melted into gold,
While mystic music round you rolled
In measured, sweet refrain;
And roses, faint with flame and dew,
Sprang from the earth as you walked through;
Sun, song and flowers were made for you,
Gay Eleanor of Aquitaine.

Sad Eleanor of Aquitaine!
Not all the pride of queenly power,
Not all the strength of battled tower,
Could fill with peace one lonely hour
Or sooth the path of pain;
Not all the blaze of pomp or place,
Not all the fairness of your face
Could change the heritage of race,
Sad Eleanor of Aquitaine.

Dead Eleanor of Aquitaine,
Your sins have vanished with the years,
Washed out by penitential tears,
Only your tenderness appears,

Your chequered loss and gain;
Serene you lie, neath sculptured rose,
Untouched by joys, unmoved by woes,
But conquered by the last of foes,
Dead Eleanor of Aquitaine.

◆ ◆ ◆

Prorogue

Elinor Manning Prescott

“Oh, not today,” I cried, “have I the strength to face my sorrow;
But Life is long and sometime, on some joyless, grey tomorrow,
Then I shall hold her fast and look into her tragic eyes,
And know that never yet was grief like mine beneath the skies.”

I filled my hands with work. The days went by and then the years,
Till one bleak, lonely night I said: “This is the time for tears—
For thought of my dear sorrow; I shall grieve as I have vowed,
Shall lift her tenderly from her encircling shroud,
And weep my fill for those far days of bitter gaunt despair.”
But when I turned to clasp her close, there was no sorrow there!

◆ ◆ ◆

The Violoncello

Estella M. Williamson

In the stillness of the mountain
Where no human foot had trod,
Stood a tall and stately fir tree
Intimate with thoughts of God;
Sentinel of many decades,
Ever green though crowned with snow.
Time had tempered it with music
Where no hand had drawn the bow.

It had caught within the fibres
Of each wide and wooded ring,
All the musical vibrations
That the Spring and Summer bring;
All the decrescendo pulses
That the Fall and Winter know,—
Lullabies and rare concertos
Where no hand had drawn the bow.

Birds had sung within its branches
Rhapsodies that filled the air,
Brooklets danced in happy measures
Breezes hummed an evening prayer;

All the music of the mountain
Of those days of long ago,
Left their echoes to awaken
When a master draws the bow.

For the One who gave the echoes
To the keeping of the tree,
Gave to man the love for music
And the key to set it free;
Led the artisan to fashion
From the fir of long ago,
The reverberating cello—
Made the hand that draws the bow,

Made the hand with touch of magic,
Waking through the sylvan rings,
Something from the fir that echoes
In the human heart and sings,—
Sings, while from the vibrant cello
Siren-like there seem to flow
Melodies that come from heaven
When a master draws the bow.

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As Through a Window Westward

Aurelia Wheeler Reid

Far to the west look
Through tasseled trees
And shrubberies
O'er the willow-hung brook

And see where twilight hides
In brilliant hues;
Of rose and blues
The sun his splendor hides

Cloud-like domes mural stained
view They grace

I

Vast heavenly space
There grandeur attained
is

Faint halos from the sun
On purpled hill
Remain, until

The earth and sky are one
Beyond my broad window unglazed

Earth's lullabies hush
Ere silence will brush
The strings of lyres and God be praised,

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◆ ◆ ◆

Capricious Day in April

Aurelia Wheeler Reid

I saw Day a-creeping far
Close beneath the morning star,
Capped and veiled, just like a nun,
Shedding tears, chagrined with Sun—
He was absent from the tryst—
Will she ever smile not kissed?
Cloud-like bands are on her brow
Black as gloom. Will she allow
In this gladsome month of spring
Flowers and birds alone to sing?

Now at evening's solemn hour
Sun appears in rosy bower,
Cavalier in crimson hue,
Day drops her veils and to view
Sparkles, dances, steals away
Over hills in bright array;
Smiling back, displays a blush,
Sun a wink and vivid flush.
They're gone! Ah, together gone!
Stars, dear stars, go follow on!

◆ ◆ ◆

To the Mocking Bird

Aurelia Wheeler Reid

The only brightness of the rain-drenched hours
Is your song 'midst the trailing flaming flowers;
I hear you pouring sunshine on the air
From the seclusion of your leaf-hid lair;
While all the world seems hushed and lost in gloom,
And mirth, the gay capricious sprite, in tomb, Forth with your
varied wealth of melody
The very sunbeams rush, ah, rapturously!
If there should be a challenge to the sun
And he should rift the clouds and then should none
But dancing sunbeams send to your drab side
To know which gives the cheer when rain-clouds bide,
The victory would be for you, oh bird,
You charm the world without a spoken word
And yield to man and bird on sunless day
The radiance of the sun in simplest lay!

◆ ◆ ◆

My Lady Love

Aurelia Wheeler Reid

I sent to her a red red rose
”
my lady love.
I penned no note,
The crimson rose was all the message which I wrote
The maiden whom chose I
my lady love.
She sent no missive in return, my lady love, I called to seek
Response, and I found it, a redder rose to burn
Upon her winsome cheek,
my lady love,
my lady love!

◆ ◆ ◆

The Guest

Aurelia Wheeler Reid

All summer long I had no guest within my home,
I was content -
because the sun
shone bright, birds sang.
By ones I counted out the days
‘neath bluest dome;
My laughter rivalled all the bells that softly rang.

Now midst the darkened shadows grim
I see a guest,
He’s crept within, I know not how, he’s crouching low I
Awaiting me when am tired, and need my rest;
He will abide with me, till God shall bid him go.

◆ ◆ ◆

My Mirage of Happiness

Aurelia Wheeler Reid

Across the desert, years and years, gazed, I Always seeking a
happiness not mine,
Despising dull long days of work. Amazed I One day saw a broad
gold road to twine Beyond my gate and narrow to a line
And lead into a mirror-lake, which blazed
Magnetic sunbeams. These held me, and ere I knew, but
wondered, what the sight might be,
Along the golden road I traveled. There”
I found no beauty, but a fiery glare,

Which closed my eyes, mirrored, that I might see |
My soul’s mirage of beauty Love, Home, Me.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Viewpoint

Lillian A. Williamson

(Published first in the Unity Magazine, 1921, and published in
card form by permission of the Editor of Unity Magazine) If
we focus on the blemish, Much of good will fade away;

And a beautiful conception
May appear as common clay.

If we look for truth and beauty,
Crystallizing them in thought,
We shall see with each new vision
Added wonders God has wrought.

If we view with loving kindness
Every act, however small,
We shall sense the joy of living,
For through love we conquer all.

◆ ◆ ◆

My Dreams are Silver Ships

Georgia Rowles

My dreams are silver ships
That sail through lilac winds to distant ports of call;
Their sails are made of cloth of stars,
And the waves of an amethyst sea break against my ships
Into mists of pearl.
We have sailed o'er the icy fiords of the moon, and down
Martian canals, whose waters are as red as the pomegranate's
blood.

I have lain in the spicy hanging gardens of old Babylon,
And dwelt on Montezuma's floating islands;
I have owned turbaned slaves of Nubian hue
Who fanned me with peacock feathers in magic glints
Of midnight, green and blue.

I have breathed the hearts of roses in Persia,
And listened to the thoughts the bulbuls sing;
I have walked down the lost land of the great Sphinx
And gathered violets wet with tears of night
Where now is only sands of fire.

I've read April poems writ with a pen of flowers
 On the hillside scroll, and danced
 With a leaf-green gypsy troll.
 The silent fingers of the far silver spaces
 Smote my soul with music stiller than the dead;
 Then my heart sang, and the song sped from star to star,
 On, on, on,
 Farther, farther, farther than light can follow
 With shining wings.
 In a coral pyramid, I saw a dead mermaid in a sarcophagus of
 pearl.

Sitting on the rotting rib of a fallen ship
 I have talked with the ghosts of mariners more ancient
 Than the city of Thebes,
 And they told me their strange white lore.
 And I have climbed the tall mountains that are under the sea
 By the phosphorescent light of the deep sea-ray,
 More beautiful than meteors.

Now my silver ships are all in port
 And anchored at the bar;
 Their star-cloth sails are furled
 And the lilac winds pass by,
 For I am chained, self-chained, being womankind,
 To the headstrong heart of a man.
 He loves the homeland, oranges, wine of corn,
 The scream of steel in busy factories,
 And the smell of gasoline.
 Wherever he goes my feet shall follow after him,
 Being womankind.

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Pictures on my Japanese Fan

Georgia Rowles

HOKKU

The Seventeen-Syllable Poem of Japan

I

Plum Orchard
 Lo, fragrant plum trees,
 Printing white script with flowers—
 Book of living leaves!

II

Springs
 Into brown earth-cups,
 Full of silver water, the
 Vain sky looks all day.

III

The Spider's Palace
 Wet with mist of night,
 A scarf of silken silver
 Loomed on the still grass.

IV

The Wishing Bridge
 Curved like a bow
 To the arrow—wishes are—swift
 White wings of prayer.

V

The Geisha and Her Kota
 Jet-haired maid, sing on,
 The old moon has a still tongue;
 Fear not, sing, love on.

VI

Sunset
 In the towering
 Sky-bronze, a quiet topaz bell,
 Lone Evening Star!

VII

Mount Fuji
 Lo, your sacred head
 Leans on restless clouds—ice-white,
 With a heart of fire.

VIII

Stars
 Bright like open doors
 To lit rooms—risen cities
 Greeting many guests!

IX

The Moon
 One white rose, the moon,
 On trellis of stars. Beyond
 The lofty blue way?

X

To the Samurai
Life is bloom of time,
Oh snow, spring, and souls, gone like
Old forgotten rain.

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Duette

Georgia Rowles

‘DAWN

Vast planes of smoke gray silence stir
Low drifting clouds like smold’ring fire
And thru the leaves the birds wings whirl
The snail curls in pearl tower a
Fair dawn lifts up her ruby bars
Rivers of rose thru amber float
For night has told her beads of stars
And dropped them from her ebon throat

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Dusk

Georgia Rowles

Hay colored hills to violet turn
And claw inged bats forsake their lair;
-w
God pins flow’r the young white moon a

In dying Twilight’s dusky hair

◆ ◆ ◆

Folk Fortune Telling

Georgia Rowles

Today I bent the mullein stalk by the blackberry vine;
Tomorrow if it's standing up I'll know his love is mine;

And when I turned my coffee-cup to drain on the saucer,
There in the grounds a letter found from a faithful lover.
I threw the Love-in-idleness on honeysuckle bushes,
And if it twines and grows thereon, time shall sing like thrushes.

This noon a bird flew past the door on wings of scarlet fire—
'Twas a sign, for red birds know who shall find their heart's
desire.

And now I'm going in the dusk to hunt the dawning moon,
And if I find her on my right, I'll see my sweetheart soon.

I've eaten ash cake baked in salt; my mother says 'tis true,
The man you dream of on that night will surely marry you.

◆ ◆ ◆

Tanka

Georgia Rowles

(The Thirty-one Syllable Poem of Japan) I LILACS I love the
lilacs Blooming in an old garden;
Their purple fragrance
A book of precious poems,
Writ on leaves of amethyst.

II

WATER-CRESS

Beds of water-cress,
Growing in the babbling run
Of a sulphur spring,
Bring back one shattered dream, yet
Green as bits of broken jade.

III

YOU GAVE ME A ROSE

You gave me a rose,
And now all the year is June..
In vain Winter's snow-

I think of you in roses,
Rich roses of Damascus.

IV

THE DIFFERENCE

Oh, cuckoo, crying
At night in the wind-swept tree,
Desolate, alone,
My own soul's grief is too keen
For the loud garment of words.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Mill Child

Georgia Rowles

Somewhere are apronfuls of goldy buttercups,
And purple-trouserred, yellow-faced Johnny-Jump-Ups.
Somewhere the frogs are singing to the water brooks
As they do in the pictures of the story books.
I hate the mill, and all the houses tall and brown,
That stand up and hide the green hills close to the town.
I hate the mill, its whistles, and its big loud gong,
And the turning spindles that wind thread all day long.
Mother's afraid, and says the boss is a hard man.
I'm afraid, too, that's why I work fast as I can.
He says, we'd best be glad to earn bread any day,
That there are more workers than is work any way.
He says he's not worried about work any more,
Nor cutting wage, with so many hungry and poor.
Bluebirds do not nest and sing in our mill's high eaves.
But caterpillars spin their graves on dry curled leaves.
A little girl flew away from her mill one fine
Blue night, to ride like a witch on the moon's white rine
Of light. They caught in the limb of a cloud, where they
Rock-a-bye with the stars in the high winds, and play;
The rine goes up, then down again—like Jack and Jill.
Christ, did little girls be only for—the mill?

◆ ◆ ◆

The Flight of the Spiderlings

Virginia Burton Bradley

Baby spiders floating
In the summer sun,
Aviator-waifs from fairyland,
Silver cords for ballast—
Gossamer new-spun—
Volant for a day, this midget band.

Tiny, twinkling spiders,
Swinging high and low,
Sport of any wind that wants to play,
Toys of tricky fortune,
Wafted fast and slow,
Drifting on your trackless, untried way.

Elfin are your aircraft,
Thistle-downy light,
Filmy-fine as silken shadow-lace,
One by one to vanish
In the loom of night,
Scattered by your exodus in space.
Daring baby spiders,
Vagrants of the air,
Faring forth to weave your wondrous nests,
Will you haunt my blossoms,
Each one wind a snare,
There await unwary wingéd guests?

◆ ◆ ◆

The Lace Maker

Virginia Burton Bradley

I have for my neighbor a spinner,
Who dwells where the holly-hocks bloom,
And night after night she is busy
At work at her gossamer loom.
A quiet and queer-shapen creature
A dwarf with a hump on her
back,
She weaves in an intricate pattern

The silk that she cards from a sack.
Her dress is the plainest of colors,
But never in tatters nor tears;
Her eyes are as bright as the morning
That peeps in my window upstairs.
The lace that she weaves with all patience, In delicate spiral design,
Is speedily wrought, and precisely,
From filaments gauzy and fine.
'Tis useless to search for this weaver,
For no one can tempt her with pelf;
The spinner -
Her lace is the web of a spider, the spider herself.

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◆ ◆ ◆

In my Silver Moon Canoe

Virginia Burton Bradley

Come sail with me on a limitless sea
In my silver moon-canoe;
We will float in the wake of the mariner sun
And his rosy rollicking crew.

We may tarry awhile at the City of Dreams,—
A city where nobody dwells,—
Then measure the miles on a velvety sea
Free from tides and from hindering swells.

We will carry no cargo of sorrow or pain
As we glide through this ocean of blue,
By the light of the stars, on a limitless sea,
In my silver moon-canoe.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Butterfly's Advice

Harriet F. Stryker

Just listen, all you pessimists,
To judgment sound and fair—
Don't keep on seeking trouble,
When there's no trouble there.

Be gay like me, and gather in
The good things stored for you;
You'll find most people are your friends,
You've no cause to feel blue.

Your views of life resemble most
Those of the worm you've spurned.
I know I've had experience
For I'm the worm that turned.

HARRIET FINCH STRYKER

◆ ◆ ◆

Dreams

Virginia Burton Bradley

When the busy day is ended
and the stealthy night shades creep,
I am wafted lightly, gently,
On the soft gray wings of Sleep.
. They transport me, Sleep-bound captive,
From the world of conscious thought
To a psychic realm of fancies
That possess my soul unsought.
Time is. measured not in cycles,
As in realms of conscious thought—
Naught depends on long transition,
Constant, instant, change is wrought.

I possess rare things and priceless
When I buy at Dreamland's marts,
Pearls and rubies, hand-spun laces,
Choicest wares from foreign parts.

Music that enthralls the senses,

Soft and sweet its tender tones,
Charms me with exquisite cadence,
Fleeting chords of psychic zones.

I

Free, mount to heights unfathomed,
Reached by swifter means than steps;
Then again I drop resistless,
Plunge unharmed to some vast depths.

But let radiant beams of morning
Flood my room with rosy light,
Slumber leaves me as he found me
Ere my mystic, occult flight.

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California

Virginia Burton Bradley

Where the north and south are mated,
And the east salutes the west,
Is the land of California,
Golden garden of the blest.

Here the amorous Pacific,
Stealing tints from rainbow rays,
Girdles round the stately mountains,
Filmy folds of sapphire haze.

While the sun forever smiling,
Spills its gold on poppied plain,
Gardens sweet with lime and orange,
Glory in its golden rain.

Desert-dunes of sage and cactus,
.Where the lone coyote wails,
Beckon to the bee-hive cities,
Woo the woody fern-fringed trails.

In the footsteps of the padres,
Winds the famous King's Highway,
And an amber chain of missions
Guides the pilgrim day by day.

Oh, the romance of these missions
With their palm-tree sentinels,

And their crosses, wan with waiting
For the rusty-throated bells!
Of the charms of California,
I could sing and sing again,
Sing the beauty of her women,
And the valor of her men;

Sing the splendor of her harbors,
Where the craft of commerce ride;
Sing her slender, laughing rivers, —
Silver threads that dip and hide.

Land of dolce far niente,
Land of music and of mirth,
Magic is her sweet enchantment,
Nearest heaven we find on earth.

ISSUE P. 61 • SCAN P. 67

◆ ◆ ◆

In Vindication of Death

Virginia Burton Bradley

Whose was the fancy, morbid and dull,
That pictured Death with a grinning skull,—
Specter uncanny, gruesome and gaunt,
Whose cruel joy is to scourge and taunt?
Sinister fiend with shivering bones
Who hides his jeers in his mocking moans;
Whose was the fancy, sordid and gray,
That pictured Death in this ghoulish way?
Death is a friend with a mystical spell
That frees the soul from its prison shell,
Rifting the bands of earthly embrace
And wafting the spirit exultant in space,
Pointing the path from jangles and jars

Death is the link, twixt heaven and earth,—
To music that steals down the highway of stars.

The master loosing life-webs from their looms;
Death is the link, twixt heaven and earth,—
The ultimate goal and fruition of birth.



Gathering Figs

Virginia Burton Bradley

High in the tree-top a-gathering figs,
I rifle the wealth of the unwilling twigs,
Stealing the treasures from leafy retreat, —
Purple-green beauties bursting with sweet.
Sunshine and shower, each filtering through,
Rendered them essence of honey and dew.

Up with my neighbors, the birds and the bees,
Mingling their music in different keys,
Filling my basket again and again, —
Food for the gods is still better for men.
Rich my reward and I whistle and dream
Of figs that are floating in honey and cream.



California Gold

Virginia Burton Bradley

Not all of the gold of the Golden State Is found in her mountain
mines;
It gleams from the boughs of the orange trees And the gay
bignonia vines;
It glows in the patches of poppies a-bloom That girdle the slopes
of the hills;
It beams from the bright-colored marigolds Apparelled in fringes
and frills;
It flashes in space on the butterfly's wing, Or the belts of the
banded bees,
Reflects from the thousands of jewelledballs
On the yellow acacia trees;
It glistens in honey of orange and sage
That drips from the golden comb,
And glitters and glints on the sanded shore
In its tryst with the wooing foam;

It shimmers in acres of mustard in bloom
That mantles the hill and the plain;
And gold may be found in the heart of the rose,

In the harvests of full ripened grain;
While summer and winter are radiant with gold
From the sun as it shines and shines.
Not all of the gold of the Golden State
Is found in her mountain mines!

ISSUE P. 63 · SCAN P. 69

◆ ◆ ◆

The Long Trail

Sara Earl

There's a trail that leads through memory's maze,
Down the aisles of the vanished years,
Where the faded spirits of by-gone days
Still throng with their smiles and tears.

And sometime at eve when the twilight's pall
Draws down from the star-lit sky,
From the gate of the past the bars will fall
And I shall slip quietly by.

Down the winding trail I'll wend my way
To the land where the old dreams are,
And I'll find the love of some cherished friend,
And the light of some long lost star.

MRS.

NOTE: This poem was marked "Sixth" among the many
bequests mentioned in the will of Mrs. Earl.

ISSUE P. 64 · SCAN P. 70

◆ ◆ ◆

Love's Coat of Mail

Sara Earl

Mid fragrance of the lotus bloom,
Love weaves on nature's mystic loom
A web of thoughts, hopes and desires,
Illumined by Promethean fires-
Fleece light as touch of baby hand
But stronger far than Vulcan's band.

The warp is of Arcadian dreams;
The woof like sunset's radiant beams,
When drifting on Elysian tide

With ideal spirit by our side,
We float afar to Eden's isle
And bask in true love's fondest smile.

The weaving of his cloth of gold
Is wrought by subtle art as old
As cycle of the Tyrian, sun —
The same deft hand, since time begun,
Has woven coat of silk or tow
And made for mortal, bliss or woe.

Life's shuttle in the hand of love
Can weave a shield, not death can move.
Sin's hand alone, with poisoned dart,
Can reach the wearer's trusting heart:
-No other foe can e'er assail,
Or pierce, love's golden coat of mail.

ISSUE P. 65 · SCAN P. 71

◆ ◆ ◆

What Have I of the Sea?

Florence Parker Bornholdt

They have untangled the trails of the sea
To capture its islands untold
And gathered the grains of another world
In vessels of silver and gold;
Yet what have I of the sea but a joy
That the tides and my wild heart hold.
What have I of the sea but a dream
That down to the Dawn-land goes
To gather the gold of the flaming sun
From the molten meshes of rose,
For cargoes of music and jewels of joy
In the ports that no man knows.
Mine are the gifts of the brave earth-streams
That kneel at the ocean's hem;
Mine are the truths they have winnowed and won
From the heights and the haunts of men;
The giving of strength and the taking of strength
For the giving of strength again.
The mast-run sea has given me paths
That lead where the white star sings;
Its vibrant winds have borne me afar
On the sweep of its fog-tipped wings

I

As follow the tides that follow the moon In its age-long
wanderings.

For I know that my soul has its ebb and tide
Like the ebb and flow of the sea,
And follows the moon of its love thru the dark
In a cycle of constancy
And comes to full when its moon is full
In that moment of mystery.

In that moment of mystery, O Love,
The flood tides sweep o'er my soul;
The winds lend large and the moon pours light
Out of its crystalline bowl;
My Sea confesses the greatness of God
As Dawn is up-rolled like a scroll.

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My Art Looks Up

Florence Parker Bornholdt

My Art looks up to the Art of God,
My Art lifts up its hands,
For breaths of His fragrant greatness
For intimacy with His plans,
For glimpse of His Artist soul at work
Among the waiting lands.

Poems of silent places,
Songs of the sentient seas,
Tender thrilling of music
Among the gossiping trees,
Books of the fields spread out
On the lap of the browsing hills,
Sculpture of winds on lava-cliffs
And paintings in mirrored rills.

Color is flaming with flowers,
Poppies and goldenrod;
Color of sun thru the slant of the rain
And brown in the strength of the sod;
Color and warmth and love
Are wrapped in the velvet of night
And darkness and dawn are revealed

As gentle twin-truths of the light.

Forms of the dunes that shift
Where the bright sand-flower clings,
Striving for root' twixt the width of the wind
And the wake of the sea that flings
Forms of foam on the shore
Embroidering the form of the land
While the flower shrinks as the waves reach up
To the restless form of the sand.

Songs, O Art of mine, harken!
Songs where the harebell swings
Songs from an aerial kingdom
Lifting on blue-gold wings;
Whisperings, cooings, coaxings,
Thrills of the cardinal's call;
Morning's astir at the edge of the wood
And Heaven a madrigal.

Around me is form and color
With rhythm back of the whole;
I know that the rhythm of beauty
Is naught but the rhythm of Soul.
I know that for love of His Art
He lives out the beauty He knows
And tints the songs of the singers
And tunes the lips of the rose.
My Art looks up to the Art of God
With the faith of a little child;
Surely this beauty is art,
Art, beauty undefiled;
Surely the soul of man
By an ultimate love is stirred
For Art is infinite Spirit
That's found an infinite Word.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Wild Birds

Florence Parker Bornholdt

Thru the mist Autumn haze of the Southland's drowsy days
Came a flutter of the wild birds from the North;
I thought my heart was still to the whirling, fluttering thrill Of
those brave wings that dared to venture forth.
I thought I had forgotten the ponds with cat-tails growing
The brakes a-quiver with the restless lift of wings,
The wild ducks flying southward from the reedy ice-fringed
marshes
And the clay-bank Colville rivers where the loon's cry rings.
Now it's huckleberry time on the sloping Cascade Range
And the sun slants thru the clearing of the pine;
There the rivers that I know plunge from banks of glistening
snow With a freedom and a fierceness and a sign.
I can feel thenight
muted mystery of the star-hid, shrouded,
And the silent, hovering presence of the snow;
Like a year-long yearning loosened fall its flakes to earth And I lift
my face remembering how loved it I long ago.
Tho the soft seas kiss the sands of the orange perfumed lands,
My wild heart lifts its wings and ventures forth—
O birds of sky and streams, O wings of wood-scent dreams,
You have carried me once more to find my North.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Malibu Hills

Florence Parker Bornholdt

I know a sweep of sunny hills where the curve of a coral sea
Curls and infolds the feet of the hills in a laughing ecstasy,
Riffles and runs and shouts to the hills in its leaping gaiety.
I know a greening slope of hills that lie like maidens fair
Wrapped in the sheen of gossamer dawn with flower-stars in their
hair,
While sea mists lift their lips of love and kiss them sleeping there.

The sun sears down and the poor hills lie barren and brown and
bold,
The hills grow gray and fold their hands like women dried and
old,
As keen winds ride with fog in their teeth when the heart of the
sea is cold.

Thru the change of the year, the sea and the sky, the riding of
wind and storm,
The hills wait there like patient souls who has each her sorrow
borne,
Her dream, her draught, her gray dead year with bent unyielding
form.

Then the warmth of the Spring and the earth thrills again with
the rain-drops seeking the soa,
The yearning of seeds, the coaxing of sun, and the little glad leaves
that nod
A welcome to light, a greeting to hills and a thankfulness to God.

Down thru the canyons the rivers run swift messengers of Spring
Telling of grass-love, tree-love, hill-love in the tumbling rocks they
bring
And the sea curls close to listen to the hill-songs that they sing.

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◆ ◆ ◆

The Sacred Song of Florian

Florence Parker Bornholdt

I fling out the net of Life;
The swing of the turning Earth
Will plunge you into it.
Joyfully I will deliver you
Unto perfection of Love.
Caught in my silken fold
I free you from former deceits,
Rip off your shining cloak
Whose lining is soiled and soaked
With: earthly stains of desire.

Imake you a golden faith
Woven of singing threads;
Your girdle shall be of the light
That lilies cast on the bank
Under the gloom of the trees.

I come to you with my gifts:
Jewels of joy for your hands,
Sandals of truth for your feet.
My jar I have filled for your thirst
From the fountain where music springs forth.

Sunken the pools of the Past
Forgotten the moon-haggard hills;
As Life encompasses Death
So Beloved do I
hold you
Unto perfection of Love.

ISSUE P. 71 · SCAN P. 77

◆ ◆ ◆

Voices of the Little People

Florence Parker Bornholdt

There are Little People calling, they are coaxing and are sighing,
Have been waiting for your whisper these long years;
They are listening in the night-time, and are laughing thru the
light-time
Waiting and a-smiling thru your tears.

O, their eyes are bright with sunshine and their hair is golden
laughter, And their lips, O Love, to feel them at your breast,
Pulls the restless soul together, frees the heart from selfish tether
And sets your songs to lullabies and rest.
By the Gate of Love they're standing with their chubby hands and
noses
Pressed against the panel of your fears;
And a tip-toe they are yearning for the Gate-lock's gentle turning,
Watching for your beckon these long years.

There are Little People crying, listen, honey, listen;
You can feel their tears upon your cheeks in sleep;
They have come for you to guide them and you long ago denied
them
And the way is dark for little homeless feet.

What is wealth and pleasant winning, the glitter and the passion?
These cannot ease the hunger in your breast;
For you'll hear their voices calling and their little

On the stairway -

footsteps falling
till you cuddle them to rest.

ISSUE P. 72 · SCAN P. 78

◆ ◆ ◆

The Siller on the Plate

W. H. Bainbridge

Midst the braes of “Bonny Scotland”
Garbed in heather's purple bloom,
Nestles peacefully a village,
“Bracken Dell ” its “ nom de plume. ”

In this village all were thrifty,
And, on Sunday, pious too,
But from “village sot” to parson
Each his neighbours’ failing knew.

Then one day an innovation
Brought a change upon the scene,
“T was the advent of a parson,
Young, and innocently green.

His first Sabbath service ended,
The collection gathered in
Seemed a poor remuneration
For a week of fighting sin;

So by way of education
In donation-coaxing ways,
Deacon Saunders told the parson
How they worked in former days.

“It was thus your predecessor
Kept the wolf outside the gate:
He just started the collection
Wi’ some siller on the plate.
So the contribution started
On the following Sabbath morn
With some “siller” on the platter
From the parson's pocket torn;

But, alas! for trusting mortals!
The sad truth I must relate,
When its rounds had been completed
There was nothing on the plate!

Then the deacon in his wisdom
Thus admonished parson Green:
"Wi' the wiles ye're not familiar,
Of this wicked world, I ween,

Nor those of your parishioners,
Guid honest folk enoo ',
But our auld parson always made
His siller fast wi' glue!"

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◆ ◆ ◆

The Badger and the "Yaller Dog"

W. H. Bainbridge

The halcyon days of Cactus Gulch are memories of the past;
Fond memories of a golden age, alas! too good to last!
When Roulette Pete and Poker Jim rode on the floodtide crest,
And every whiskey-joint in town rode with them, close abreast.
For untold wealth of gold was stored within the hills around;
At least it was reported so by those who sold the ground,
And sure enough a stream of gold poured in the booming town,
And kept on pouring till the dupes found out they'd been "done
brown."

Then one by one the whiskey-joints were closed or packed away;
But Roulette Pete and Poker Jim allowed they'd rather stay,
For there were still a few who hoped good times might come
again,
And others, while the booze was there, would certainly remain.

But trade was coming awful slow, and profits mighty slim;
"We must plan out some paying scheme," said Pete to Poker Jim,
"Before we're busted quite, and then strike out for pastures new."
Said Joker Jim to Roulette Pete, "I quite agree with you."

Next morn a notice made it known to whom it might concern,
Each able-bodied dog in town would have a chance to earn
A thousand dollars for the man who backed him with a "Five"
To pull a Badger from his den, and draw him out alive.
The Badger owned by Pete and Jim had weathered many frays,
And ne'er was from his barrel drawn by dog, in former days;
It was a cinch they'd surely win all cash that was put up!
The town-folks thought the job a cinch for any desert pup!

The contest day arrived at last, and never since the Boom

Had Cactus Gulch held such a crowd, there scarce was standing
room.

The barks, and yelps, and canine howls just rent the desert air,
For every dog the country owned was sure assembled there.
Through all the noise, excitement, fuss, expressed by man and
beast,

The Badger in his barrel snug, was not concerned the least;
But when his first opponent came he just crept further back,
With teeth and claws prepared for war, and waited the attack.
The first one to attempt the draw, a scarred and grizzled hound,
The hero of a thousand fights, for grit and might renowned,
With wisdom from experience gained first tried a flanking stunt,
But found no access to the foe excepting by the front.
A snarl, a growl, then in he dashed, the doughty deed to do!
A yelp, a howl, then out he backed, he'd met his Waterloo.
Dog after dog was put to rout by teeth and whirling claws;
They might as well have tried to fight a score or two buzz-saws.
The hopes of Pete and Jim rose high, all others tumbled down,
As that old Badger put to flight the last dog in the town.

Just then, while men and dogs were sore, and feeling awful mean,
A Hobo with a Yaller Dog appeared upon the scene!
A travel-worn and ragged pair, they made a sorry sight,
Both man and dog the last on earth to put up any fight;
But this was all the better for the boys would have some fun,
When the Badger landed on him how that Yaller Dog would run!
They told the wondrous story of the fortune waiting there
For any dog that could extract that Badger from his lair.

The prospect was attractive, so this relic of "has-beens,"
To enter for the contest, dug a fiver from his jeans.
The dog was promptly brought to face the task he should essay,
But with a howl of terror tried his best to break away;
The Hobo held him there until sent almost mad with fright,
Then whirled him round and pushed him in STERN FIRST
with all his might.

What happened in that barrel was both sudden and complete,
For like a flash that Yaller Dog went howling down the street;
But from that crowd of citizens there rose a mournful wail,
The Badger, with a bull-dog grip, was hanging on his tail!
There was no way to shirk the bet, the Badger sure was drawn!
The Hobo scooped the pay and left all Cactus Gulch forlorn.
That town is but a memory now, the desert stillness reigns;
But learn this moral from my yarn, "When muscle fails, try
brains!"

◆ ◆ ◆

The Hills of Hollywood

Katharine Bainbridge

Along the Hills of Hollywood I pass through many a day,
Sometimes they faintly show through mist, as I go on my way;
But when the morning hours have passed into the blaze of noon
They've changed their dress of misty grey, and now with
 sunbeams strewn,
The colors hidden by the mist
Are streaked in brown and gold, sun-kissed!

Along the Hills of Hollywood far as the eye can see
Are cottages and lovely homes, and gardens charmingly
Placed here and there among the trees for miles and miles along,
Empurpled by the summer haze; they wake a poet's song!
In shades of green and golden brown
They line the whole way into town.

The brown-green Hills of Hollywood have weathered many a
 year,
If they could tell the things they know, and we could only hear,
What visions of strange races gone into a hidden past,
When Dinosauria roamed their crests! Shall we join them at last
Leaving no trace for future years?
Dark shadows, watered by life's tears!

Strange thoughts, begone! the hills are there
The sun-beams pierce the crystal air;
And I am glad to change my mood
Along the Hills of Hollywood.

◆ ◆ ◆

In my Heart

Katharine Bainbridge

Deep in my heart lie hidden many things
If I should tell you what they are!
Sometimes it sings,
Sometimes 'tis glad and light with ecstasy;
Then heavy and sad with some strange prophecy.

Deep in my heart lie hidden many things

If I should tell you what they are!
Sometimes it sings,
Then prays the past may be forgot,
Those other days shall be remembered not!

Ah! days and months and weeks and years,
Give me myself, my real self;
Begone regrets and vain, vain tears,
Begone the tinsel and the pelf!

I

In tender love lose my fears
And find myself, my real self!
Deep in my heart lie hidden many things
If I should tell you what they are!
Sometimes it sings,
At last forgets there ever was a past;
With no regrets my heart, my heart sings on at last.

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Waiting for Sunset

Katharine Bainbridge

When, passing through the grounds of Soldiers' Home,
I see the men in khaki, grey, and blue,
Like wrecks of ships tossed hither by the foam
Of circumstances; some faces pale of hue,
And some are bronzed and ruddy with strong health
After a sojourn in this lovely place.
But for the greater part age creeps with stealth,
And wrinkles form a pattern like fine lace.
That sense of waiting there almost brings tears;
And then my eyes search out some sweet old face,
I try to read the tale of his past years
Which gave that touch of sweetness and of grace.
But still the men in khaki, grey and blue,
Wander with halting steps in twos and threes
About the roads, and all the long day through
Meeting old comrades from the storm-tossed seas
Of life, and now they're here at last to rest
From civil strife. Their country had their best!
They're ready for the Sunset-on-the-Hill,
And for the "Taps" which sounds God's "Peace, be still"!

Pictures by the Wayside

Katharine Bainbridge

I IMPRESSIONS'

I wonder why lilies grow
Near old unpainted houses!
Uplifting their dark green leaves
And waxen blossoms
Against the dead thought
That is there expressed!
Old houses
And white lilies.

II ON THE ROAD TO SAN DIEGO

A little bit of purple on the hills,
A little patch of yellow farther on;
Its green, its pink, its red!
With the blue sky overhead,
And the snow upon the mountains over yon!

To a Singer

Eulalee Tyrrel Fisher

I heard her lyric bird-like notes
Pervade the evening air,
But fancy said, "A merry thrush
Is what is singing there!"

I
And then heard a merry thrush
Warbling with all his might;
I really thought that Ellen Yaw
Was singing there that night.

◆ ◆ ◆

Diana of the Silver Bow

Pauline Garner Curran

I

Monsoon at Shono
Strong lines of pelting drops that pound
The tortured, dull-responding ground,
The somber sky—a lowered tent—
Over the bamboo forests bent,
Whose twisted, writhing tree tops loom
Against this blind, enclosing doom.

II

Bridge at Okasaki
Your pillars march across the sheet
With slow and rhythmic swinging beat,
Like music for my children's feet.

III

Snow at Kambara
Your snow expresses nothing hard or bitter,
But falls like a caress
Of gentle hands that bless;
So still—I dream of dusk,
Just faint with scent of musk,
When birds in bushes hush their twilight twitter,
And trees are lost in musing idleness.

◆ ◆ ◆

Three Hiroshige Prints

Pauline Garner Curran

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◆ ◆ ◆

Oh Wind A-Blowing

Eulalee Tyrrel Fisher

O wind that comes a-blowing, ever sighing, ever sowing
Fancies of some hidden isle, where perchance no feet have trod,
Tell me, wind a-blowing, ever sighing, ever knowing,
Of the secret beauties nestled there, secure, alone with God.

I would know of all the splendors glory fashioned, -, fair,
Of the heights and depths and wonders, visions iridescent, rare!
Tell me, wind a-blowing, ever sighing, ever knowing,
If immortals, blessed dear ones, are with God abiding there?

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◆ ◆ ◆

A Misty Day

Eulalee Tyrrel Fisher

I cannot see the hills the dappled hills,
That rise sublimely 'round my lilled vale;
A heavy pall of mist my rapture stills
And not a song-bird sings in all the dale;
The mists are chill.

I cannot see the hills, beloved hills
From which I gather strength to meet the days;

O ragged rain and blue-grey mist that fills
My world with muted gloom, lift banks of maze!
The rain is chill.

Be still my heart! Beyond the leaden skies
The golden orb of day in splendor, laves
Some beauteous hill, in floods of purple dyes,
And turns the fields to seas of silver waves;
My heart is still.

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◆ ◆ ◆

California Charm

Eulalee Tyrrel Fisher

There is no charm in all the world so rare
As fragrant winds that blow the Apriled-air,
O'er honey-laden orange groves and blooms,
Magnolia gay, wisteria flower festoons;

There is no charm in all the world so sweet,
The silver-fluted morns have wingéd feet;
With buoyant rush the Apriled air is May
And lo, my home-land charm remains alway.

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◆ ◆ ◆

The Call

Eulalee Tyrrel Fisher

Every wind that's kissed the tree-tops of the mountains over
yonder,

Every lark that comes a-sailing with its dizzy flag unfurled;
Tell me of the teeming hollows and the streams that swiftly
wander

Through the canyons, all a-flowering, sweetly scented,
dewy-pearled.

I can see the camp of brushwood, see the brake grown tall and
dense,

With the partridge-berry climbing o'er its leaning, falt'ring swing;

I

I can hear all life a-calling, can feel the silence tense;

O the longing, aching, yearning of the nomad's heart in Spring.

Every care is gone, forgotten, in the mountains over yonder,
Seems like all God's earth is Heaven and He's smiling on me there
If I drift along in mid-stream or I lie at night and wonder,
When the moonlight comes a-gleaming thro' the branches
everywhere.

ISSUE P. 86 · SCAN P. 92

◆ ◆ ◆

The Mountains

Eulalee Tyrrel Fisher

Mountains are like the souls of men
That rise and soar to empyrean heights;
Inspired and wooed by the spirit of stars,
And kissed by Heaven's myriad lights.

Like acolytes that tend the inner shrines
Where a Master's feet have hallowed and trod;
They keep the souls of men ensured
Fearless and free, to meet their God.

High and holy they stand alone,
The greatest monuments God has wrought;
Symphonies that urge the soul of man
To flights unknown, divinely fraught.

ISSUE P. 86 · SCAN P. 92

◆ ◆ ◆

The Desert

Ethelean Tyson Gaw

From the swirling dust of long dead worlds,
Lusterless, dun,
Dully folding,
With never a glint of allurements,
I have fashioned a vesture austere to hide my fair stretching limbs
When He comes wooing—my lusty, red-eyed, importunate lover,
Then Noon-day Sun.

But when comes the Other,
My Beloved, the wide-eyed, wonder-voiced Dawn!
Then stand I forth in a garment of excellent beauty,
A shimmering web I have hidden away
From the eons old when I held in my arms

The inconstant, tumultous ocean.
Over my straight white ivory limbs it falls,
This sea-shell's dream of a garland—
Roses, with hearts of silver,
Enmeshed in the gossamer wings of a swarm of little ghost violets.

So, arrayed for my Love,
My deep white breast athrob with the golden joy of his nearness,
I await, in the silence that sings,
My Lord of the Dawning.

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The Minor Poet

Ethelean Tyson Gaw

I climbed a holy hill
Sheathed in gold flame.
Down from that glory height
Wingéd I
came.

I saw the smile of God
Born of Love's eyes-
Caught in my web of song
Love fainting lies.
I heard the morning stars
Croon to the sea—
Could I but snare in words
That mystery!
| Oh, Psyche kissed my heart,
Phoebus my eyes,
But on my eager lips
Dumb magic lies!

◆ ◆ ◆

Le Jour D'Amour

Ethelean Tyson Gaw

Life sat sleeping beside the dewy highway
(Silver-misted curtains o'er the brooding silence drawn);
Caroling his mating song, across the rosy meadows
Love came riding out of the dawn.
Tender as the dawn-shine,
True as stars above,
Stronger than the North Sea storm—
Radiant Love!

Life trod bravely along the stormy highway
(Black the crashing tempest where the lurking shadows swarm);
Lifting his battle song, across the cloudy upland
Love came riding out of the storm.
Tender as the dawn-shine,
True as stars above,
Stronger than the North Sea storm—
Conquering Love!

Life walked proudly along the sunny highway
(Golden radiance flaming through the ruddy sunset bars);
Chanting his glory-song, across the purple hill-crest
Love came riding out of the stars.
Tender as the dawn-shine,
True as stars above,
Stronger than the North Sea storm—
Triumphant Love!

◆ ◆ ◆

Robbed

Ethelean Tyson Gaw

The United States Senate refuses to ratify the
Covenant." News Dispatch.
League of Nations
i
I rode at dawn a chevalier of God,
Lifting the blazon of a glad new day.
At golden dusk all proudly down I lay

On Flanders ' plains, beneath the trampled sod,
My winding sheet a starry web of dreams, Its woof, a world made
safe from war's red ban, Its warp, a deathless brotherhood of
man,
Its purpled fringe, of high hope's rainbowed gleams.
But knaves have stolen that knightly winding sheet,
Twisting its strands to make a trap of lies.
Scorned is the splendid Quest, the Dream forgot.
Shroudless I sink in ultimate defeat,
No chevalier of God on high emprise,
But—so much cannon fodder left to rot.

ISSUE P. 89 · SCAN P. 95

◆ ◆ ◆

Illusions

Snow Longley

I saw a floating petal
To earth impelled;
The image of a butterfly
My wandering fancy held.

And when I saw a butterfly,
An airy, vibrant thing,
It seemed some restless blossom
Had taken wing.

ISSUE P. 90 · SCAN P. 96

◆ ◆ ◆

Song of the Nile Maidens

Ethelean Tyson Gaw

(From the Drama “Pharaoh’s Daughter”)

Dawn-flames on thy waters quiver,
Oh my Nile, my golden river!
Tipt with fire thy billows leap
To kiss old ocean dark and deep.
Through sun-drenched sands down to the sea,
Roll on, roll on eternally!

Rainbow lances break and shiver
On thy breast, my golden river.
Lotus buds in beauty lift

Where thy sky-kissed billows drift.
Past ageless temples to the sea
Roll on, roll on eternally!

Life ye bring—a gracious giver
Flows the Nile, my golden river.
Deserts blossom at thy smile,
Heart of the world's heart, the Nile!
From topless mountains to the sea
Roll on, roll on eternally!

ISSUE P. 90 · SCAN P. 96

◆ ◆ ◆

Sweet Peas

Alice E. Henderson

Fragrant bonnets of rose, white, and lavender,
Lost on a pool of dark green leaves
By fairies
In flight from Dawn's inquisitive eyes.

ISSUE P. 91 · SCAN P. 97

◆ ◆ ◆

Requiescat in Pace

Snow Longley

This spot is sacred to our sacred dead.
From earth's wide reaches, girt with life, a space
Is dedicate to this, their resting-place.
May you who cross its precincts lightly tread,
For here you walk beside the swarded bed
Of vanished loves, on weathered stones may trace
A blurring record Time will soon efface I
To leave his sculptured word, "too have sped."

You who have gone beyond the reach of stars
And sun and winds and daisies in the grass,
Sure of your prophecy, serene in faith,
Out of your silence say to all who pass,
"You too will lie in peace, the earthly bars
Will soon be lifted; all will change save death."

◆ ◆ ◆

Down the Sloping Hillside

Dorothy Haddox

Down the sloping hillside, underneath the rain
When the day is breaking, I shall come again.
Come again as part of you, my beloved earth,
All your beauty shall be mine, in this second birth.
Wheat and flaming poppies, and the murmuring grass—
These shall speak to you for me, everywhere I pass.
I have only left you now because must, I I
But I can give back to you my unwilling dust.
It shall bring new life to you—in it there shall be
That of me that can be called immortality.

◆ ◆ ◆

The After-Glow

C. F. Holland

'Tis sunset's after-glow for us dear heart,,
And memory steals away this fleeting hour
To bring dim visions of the long ago,
When first I read love's message in your eyes,
And knew those rapturous days of joy we shared
With sorrow's bitter cup that bound our hearts,
And spun life's golden web of destiny.

"Tis sunset's after-glow,
And memory sings to me a melody,
Like strains of ever-silenced music sweet,
That echoes from some dim and distant shore,
And tells of love for you, dear heart,
At sunset's after-glow.

◆ ◆ ◆

Caprice

Minnie Calvin Hurst

Into my heart tonight came love,
Her flight coursed swift as a homing dove;
Light clinging as an elfin strand,
A loop of moonbeams in her hand,
And in her siren voice a strain,
Glad as blown windbells after rain.

With pagan lure, I reared a shrine,
Where censers swung of white star-shine.
But soon she taunted me and fled
To drift with shades of dreams long dead,
Fitful as ever the winds of fate—
And, oh, my heart is desolate!

◆ ◆ ◆

May I Be Strong

C. F. Holland

May I be strong to dare,
And daring face the sneers of men,
The ridicule, the lies, and then
Keep faith with self, the truth command,
Knowing they do not understand.

I

May be strong to serve,
And serving, may I help to bear
Each weary pilgrim's load of care,
And may I comfort those who mourn,
And heal each bleeding heart that's torn.

May I be strong to hope,
And hoping, may tomorrow's sun
Forever rise on victories won,
And may my faith be firm and true
In Him who maketh all things new.
May I be strong to will,
And willing, may His will be done,

And may my will with His be one,
And with His strength strong may I be
To love and serve humanity.
May I be strong to love,
And loving, if not loved; or when
In anger I'm reviled of men
May I return to each good will,
Forgive the wrong and love them still.

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At Sunset

Minnie Calvin Hurst

Day drifts on silver wings, lingering as though
Ensnared in opal dreams. The sun lies low,
Its slender rays athwart the lacquered crest
Of distant slopes. Over the waiting west
A myriad flaring prisms weave their light,
Like buoyant banners o'er the gate of night;
While in the deep blue luster of the sea,
Laced shadows poise on spent waves restlessly.

Now faint along the darkness, a thin sail
Glides gently down the calm, a phantom frail,
Aslant the luring ledge of mystery.
Still as a silken prayer-rug is the sea,
Save where a jutting arm of silver turf
Stirs the white movement of the sleepy surf
To gentle turbulence. The gray lights fall—
Dusk drops about me its relentless pall.

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Then Shall I Die

Dorothy Haddox

Then shall I die, whenever I can see
Wide meadows, grasses waving on a hill,
Beauty of wild flowers growing; and for me
These things exist, yet leave my pulses still,
When I must work, nor see before me grow

Some hope, some promise that my work may give,
Some happy dream fulfilled; then let me go—
Then shall I die, I shall not wish to live.

ISSUE P. 95 · SCAN P. 101

◆ ◆ ◆

To Edna

Roy Walter James

A faded leaf is skipping o'er the stones—
Now stops and clings within a crevice there;
A gust of wind among the cypress moans,
And popular trees wave slender branches bare;
While still I wait.
My garden gate
Is closed behind me there; and wall is grey
With leafless runners of the ivy vine,
Which with a breathless murmur seem to say:
"Those fair green leaves, once mine, O Wind, are thine,
Not green but grey, now lifeless lay, not mine."
So whisper I
To wind and sigh:
"Not mine, but thine,
O Wind, not mine,"
I sadly echo dying ivy vine."

The day is dying on a wind-swept world;
The leaves are dead against a wall of stone;
And here I am upon a cold bench curled,
And wait in my own garden all alone;
Still all alone.
Is that a moan
Within the hedge of trees; or garden gate
Upon its rusty hinges partly swung?
Are those her footsteps, by some twist of fate
Allowed to sound with sweetness here among
The blue-grey stones about my garden flung?
She comes at last!
I turn—a blast
Of wind has sinned;
All hopes are wrung
From me—on which my sinking spirit clung.

◆ ◆ ◆

A Dryad's Lament

Ethelean Tyson Gaw

(Apropos of the Eighteenth Amendment)

There's a miserere throbbing through the vales of Thessaly.
Like the immemorial crooning of the ageless weary sea
Beats its bitter lamentation on the wings of melody.
“Weep! For laughing Dionysus,
Madly dancing Dionysus,
Rosy, vine-crowned Dionysus
Reigns no more!”

There are shadows falling chilly where the amber clusters twine,
For the cold white powers have triumphed o'er the rosy god of
wine,
And they drive him from his vineyards, from his gold and purple
shrine.
“Weep for uncrowned Dionysus,
Wan and broken Dionysus,
Fallen, conquered Dionysus
Evermore!”

Sadly moves a long procession through Ionian valleys fair,
Dryads, oreads, fair bacchantes, nymphs with flower-wreathéd
hair;—
Swells the moaning chant of sorrow on the honey-laden air.
“Weep! For laughing Dionysus,
Madly dancing Dionysus,
Rosy, vine-crowned Dionysus
Reigns no more!”

And they follow where he journeys toward that cloud-wrapped
holy height,
Where the conquered gods are sitting in the misted starry light
Of their lost immortal glory through the long, unending night.
“Weep for uncrowned Dionysus,
Wan and broken Dionysus,
Fallen, conquered Dionysus
Evermore!”

Now across the sun-drenched pathway, silver-fringed the shadows
fall,
As the gates of high Olympus yawn to greet him last of all

Where the silent gods are thronéd in their glory-haunted hall.
“Weep! For cold and white Olympus,
Starry-bosomed, chaste Olympus,
Holds the golden Dionysus
Evermore!”

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◆ ◆ ◆

Evening

Portia Martin

A maze of wild rice shadows brimmed with after-gold, the marsh
lies hushed that has received the sun.

A heron to her drowsy nest drifts down the darkness like a
slumber song.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Three Vases on a Shelf

Dorothy Haddox

I—Dresden
Ornate and delicate, your maker's plan
(In memory of some lady of the court),
To group prim flowers like an old brocade
In faded pinks and blues. And so he made
A vase as fine and fragile as a fan.

I wonder what
II-Cloisonné
forgotten workman poured
Deep molten color, rainbow-tinted fire
Into the beaten copper for device.
A golden twisted dragon on bright blue
Or some fantastic monster that he knew
In half-remembered dream, or weird desire.

III—Satsuma
On a spring day one delicately wrought
At his hard clay, and so to his delight
He made a vase to springtime; here you see
Old Fuji's snowy peak, a cherry tree,
A balmy meadow and a bird in flight.

◆ ◆ ◆

Waiting

Snow Longley

Here in my garden where red lilies shine,
Life has wound its tendrils round this heart of mine;
Here in my garden ere yet the lilies fade,
Death shall find me waiting, smiling, unafraid.

◆ ◆ ◆

I am Aflame

Snow Longley

I am aflame with the joy of living!
There is no reason.
But across the sky white clouds are scurrying,
Driven by a singing wind,
Under my feet the brown sod
Is a-quiver with the rush of grass-blades,
And in a thicket I surprised a flock of blackbirds.
The copse was alive with their twitter.
When they flew, the sun
Burnished the fleck of flame on their shoulders.
The males were black and glossy-coated,
Their mates were dull and sedate,
As befits the guardians of the nestlings;
But in their tiny hearts the rapture of life
Pulsed alike in the male and the female.
Have you never felt it?
Then you have never lived!

◆ ◆ ◆

Bereavement

Snow Longley

It is not only those bereaved that lay
Their white-robed dead beneath the quiet sod,
And prayerfully commend their souls to God,
Who know the blighting of life's festal day.
Along the shadows of the common way
Lie broken dreams, dead hopes; the cov'ring clod
Conceals the form, by passing foot in-trod,
Or burned by passion's flame to ashes gray.
In the grim ritual of the Psalmist's woe, Assailing Heaven with its
grief age-old,
Sounds the lament of self-wrung hearts, for lo!
These wear the sackcloth of a loss untold.
It is the ashes of our dead desires
That bow the anguished head with their spent fires.
100 Anthology

◆ ◆ ◆

Rain

Portia Martin

Rain in the night,
Falling,
Falling,
Ever falling.
You are green
With the freshness of young plants,
The lushness of grasses.

You are red
With the glare of poppies,
The velvet of roses.

You are blue
With the faith of forget-me-nots,
The deep fringe of gentians.
You are gold
With the ripeness of wheat fields,
The gayety of jonquils.

. Rain falling upon the earth,
You are the loveliness of all things.
Tomorrow the sun will reveal your wonder.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Mid-Atlantic

Snow Longley

Sea and sky with a void between
Where great winds sweep,
And the God I had lost in the haunts of men
Here on the deep.

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◆ ◆ ◆

The Swing

Portia Martin

Jared ran under me,
Jared is tall,
I sped like an arrow that never can fall
Straight out into the light.

Peter ran under me shouting with glee,
I was a child on a frolicsome spree.
Backward I leaned, stretching, toe-tips to crown,
Till hairpins were scattered and locks tangled down.

Philip ran under,
Swift honey-sweet bees,
Dreams drifted far on the fragrant breeze,
Over the pasture brook,
Over the bars,
Over the daisies that twinkled like stars,
Over white thorn-apple trees.

Johnny ran under me, hair like a flame,
Orange and purple and red he came,
Purple and orange and red,
And I—
I was a cloud on a wind-wild sky.
Over,

And under,
And low,
Then high—
High as his long, strong arms could fling,
High, high, and higher,
Until the great swing
Seemed tempest, tornado, enveloping might
That whirled cloud and sun into dizzying flight.
Days flared to sunsets,
Sunsets hurled dawns.
Earth was a riot of tree-tops and lawns,
A riot of birdsong and freedom and fun
With Johnny's hair purple and red in the sun.

ISSUE P. 102 · SCAN P. 108

◆ ◆ ◆

In The-Moon-of-Red-Blooming-Lillies

Portia Martin

I was a bird at sunset time
Poised in mid-air
On silent wing.

To throbbing flame I sped,
Wings stained with glory
Fell before it,
And dropped, singing,
Over the world's edge.

A child in the night's darkness,
I climbed into a treetop
To regard the stars.

I was a tree at dawn,
The wind among my leaves
Vibrant with songs of birds.
I towered in exaltation to the sky.
My topmost branch
Enmeshed the morning star.

◆ ◆ ◆

Songs about a Garden

Dorothy Haddox

I

A Peach Tree Bent Before the Wind
The wind has turned this little tree—
She cringed at his rude strength and bowed
Her fragrant blossom-laden head
That matches a pink bit of cloud.

II

Canterbury Bells
Here's the first Canterbury bell—
Tiny, waxen, white.
The long, pale stem is a slender spire
And the bells will ring for the fairy choir
To give a fairy bride delight.
(Shake the dainty clappers well.)

III

The Rich Brown Earth
A thousand little rivulets
Have torn the graveled walk I pass,
And here there is a slimy road
A snail has trailed along the grass.
The rain has soaked the rich brown earth,
And when I turn my garden spade
I dream a many-colored dream
Of all the gardens I have made.

IV

Garden Calendar
I've seen them open, one by one,
The willow buds and hyacinths,
The daffodils and crocuses,
The blazing yellow marigolds
Have opened wide to see the sun.
I've watched them when they did not know
That anyone was near;
That's why I know, though you are gone
And you will never come again,
Spring must be here.

◆ ◆ ◆

Reunion

M. T. MacMillan

I could not see the beauty of the flowers;
The sun shone not; the sky was dull and grey;
The sea-moan seemed to echo in my heart
Through lonely seasons, since you went away.

None knew what poignancy of grief was mine—
I sought to hide it for your own dear sake—
That day you sailed away across the sea,
I smiled “Goodbye” but thought my heart would break.

But now the world is beautiful and bright;
The sun reflects its glory o’er the sea,
Making a shining road, on which your ship
Sailed straight into the harbor—and, to me.

Then blow the western winds—I care not now—
Again toss high the waves o’er restless sea!
Though clouds may come, my heart shall still rejoice,
For you, beloved, are safe at home with me.

◆ ◆ ◆

Peace

M. T. MacMillan

Oh! for a peace, a peace o’er all the world, Enduring as the hills of
God, Complete, vibrant and strong,
When love for all mankind shall reign supreme,
And right, in every land, o’ercome the wrong.

Call we this peace?’Tis but a mad pretenseA travesty so insecure
Can never satisfy-
The visions that were born in war’s travail
Exalted are. They must not, must not die!

Unless there come a world-love, great and deep, When selfish
dreams of avarice And gain shall be as nought,
And statesmen, who with clear, far-seeing eyes
Guard well world-liberty, so dearly bought.

All were in vain -

the mothers ' tortured hearts,
The age-old treasures, countless homes
Destroyed by ruthless hands,
The empty chairs of loved ones, who come not,
Whose dear, scarred bodies lie in distant lands.

Then come, unselfish love, into all hearts, Fulfilling thus the
Infinite Illimitable plan;
Then, not till then, shall come enduring peace,
The universal brotherhood of man.

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◆ ◆ ◆

In the Garden

Mabel W. Phillips

Softly, the pink rose spake
Unto the dragon-fly,
In the garden at twilight
Where the hibiscus bloom,
; Dreamed in the sun-laced corner;
“Great prince,
Bear me on thy wings
To thy island kingdom;

I

Am not beauteous to behold?
The color of love is my petals;
Fragrant my heart, and warm;
In thy temple garden beyond the sea

I

Would dwell at the feet of thy God,
Fujiyama.”
The dragon-fly hearkened,
Ever turning his jade eyes
To where the pale hibiscus nestled;
Her languid perfume
Stirred his sluggish blood;
Nearer he crept,
Fragrance enveloped him;
Passion inflamed him;
Slowly, the hibiscus drooped
Until her cool petals
Touched his fiery wings.

The petals of the pink rose

Dropped softly one by one
Into the pond of the lilies.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Song Before a Shrine

Portia Martin

Mother Mary by the wayside
Underneath an apple tree,
For Thy shrine
I bring fresh blossoms,
Dewy, fragrant;
Mary, see—
Blue forget-me-nots
I gathered—
Like Thy gown
And Diccon's eyes,
With a rosebud
For a guerdon
To the saints in Paradise.

Last night's twilight,
Sacred Mother,
Here
Beneath Thy apple tree,
Diccon whispered that he loves me,
Loves me, Mother—
Only me.

Then his kisses, Thy white petals,
Fell upon me, standing there,
Softly, gently, fell together
On my eyes, my lips, my hair.
Holy Virgin, gracious, tender,
Guardian of the apple tree,
If great joy be sin,
I pray Thee
Intercede with God for me.

If Thy gift this joy,
Maid Mary, Queen of Heaven,
Then, ah, then,
Bid him come again, sweet Mother,
Come again—

And yet again!

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Christ From the Temple Freed the Doves

Mabel W. Phillips

How great His mercy is to lowly earth,
With heart compassionate for every woe;
Nor shall the doves forgotten be by Him
That felt His touch and heard His accents low.

From out the temple's dark and noisome court,
They upward winged into the golden sun;
Nor stayed their flight until the far-off hills
Enveloped them in shadows one by one.

There in the morn the trees of Lebanon
Showed snowy white beneath slow-pulsing wings,
And forests once as dense as ebony
Woke to the brooding notes that nature sings.

I love to think of Him as being near
When in some quiet place doves' wings are spread;
Or where their circling spirals manna seek
Above the sod that knows His silent tread.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Calcutta

Mabel W. Phillips

The River
Draped in a nun's veil,
Silently the river glides
To secret meetings.

The Temple
The temple pearl-white,
One of Buddha's priceless gems
Clasping Asia's throat.

The City by Night
A nestling rosebud
Over which the shades of night

Spread cool, fragrant leaves.

The City by Day
A passion bloom
Into which pour hiving bees ‘
Seeking sweets to devour.

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SONNET

Painting on a Watteau Fan

Mabel W. Phillips

What glories are depicted on this fan,
What depth of hue and wealth of blossoms rare,
Reclining nymphs with floating perfumed hair
Their maiden forms within a clear pool scan:
Here shepherdesses trail their scarfs with Pan,
Who weaves of rosebuds garlands for the fair,
Whose honey-sweet the fragrant love-winds share
With marble fauns and shades Olympian.

Immortalized the hand that hereon traced
Undying Spring and Youth's triumphant heart,
The gold of dawn faint hints of crimson noon—
What slender palms this treasure rare has graced
What songs inspired in castellated mart,
When life was Love and claimed of Love its boon.

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The Mission Rose

Mabel W. Phillips

Each crumbling wall a story tells,
Each age-bent gnarled tree,
The faint chime of sweet vespers bells
Speaks of Time's mystery;
Of sandaled feet upon the road
Where brown-robed friars trod,
Though bent and worn beneath life's load,
The way led up to God.

Dear Mission of an older day,

Our heritage of love,
 Now legend wreathes your towers gray,
 And folds them as a dove
 Folds its soft wings as noon draws nigh, And dreams the hours
 long
 Till roused by evening's gentle sigh,
 Or some lone shepherd's song.

Yon rose some holy hand once twined
 Still sheds a fragrance rare,
 A link that all the centuries bind,
 A solace and a prayer;
 This lovely bloom beside the bell
 Whispers of Faith's pure trust,
 -Of buds that bloomed and seeds that fell,
 To raise it from the dust.

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On a Bouquet Found in a Sarcophagus

Mabel W. Phillips

Whose slender hands in Egypt long ago
 Plucked these now faded blooms for love's brief hour?
 Nile lotus and narcissus from the bower
 Of some great queen who loved their subtle glow,
 And twined them in a nosegay snugly so:
 The ebon breasts of Pasht, the pyloned tower
 Are dust with dust; not so each scented flower,
 That fancy grouped and strung with papyrus bow.
 Three thousand years and more of breathless sleep,
 As time sped by in chariots of wind,
 Race followed race and died of barren womb:
 Immortal dreams, it is for these we weep,
 The aspirations of all humankind,
 Embodied, spent, and withered in the tomb.

Long o'er that storied land has lain a pall,
 Deep shifting sands the desert's magic spell;
 Wave beating wave to vanish in the swell
 Of ocean Time's unscaled and scathless wall.
 Yet through the centuries echoes a footfall
 The sound of amber
 striking 'gainst a bell
 A throb of music vibrant in its knell-
 The voice of Egypt in her deathless call.
 Beauty imperishable is as dust:

Out of the tempest stilled upwing new notes
To weave new melodies from ancient strains,
A blossom broken or a carven bust:
Some theme long muted that in cadence floats
Will victory mark and crumble tyrants' chains.

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The Apache Trail

Mabel W. Phillips

The trail is old as man is old,
As yonder mount and sea;
O'er it the silent stars have watched
From out infinity.

Great mastodons have marked the dust,
Fierce storms their imprint laid:
These sands the ocean's waves have lapped
And jewels from granite made.

The birds whose wings have shadowed it
Are numberless as grain;
Upon its heart the crescent moon
The aeons through has lain.
Suns too have bronzed it in their flame:
The scarifying breath
Of poisoned winds has graven here
An epitaph to Death.

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Dawn

Mabel W. Phillips

San Gabriel Mission
The sun's warm rays steal through the vines,
Awakening bud and bird;
The clustered grapes above the bower
Are by its magic stirred.

Then all the air is filled with song,
With chant and hum of bee;
The trembling rose lifts up its head,

To sense life's mystery.
Slowly, like scarf of woven gold
Upon the altar stair,
The sunbeams pause, while chimes proclaim
The solemn hour of prayer.

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A Chippewa Indian Basket

Mabel W. Phillips

Of many fair, delightful things
Is this rare basket woven;
In tones surpassing bluebird's wings,
In song the notes the skylark sings,
The mystery of Beethoven.

These reeds have counseled newborn brooks, And lilies gently
fashioned;
They speak of dim and hidden nooks,
Of ancient tales not told in books,
Of life and love impassioned.

Herein is sealed the breath of pines,
A warrior's strength, a teepee's smoke;
Pale blooms that swayed a thousand vines,
Lie dreaming where this handle twines
To countless dreams invoke.

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Chinese Love Song

Mabel W. Phillips

By the shore of the lake,
Where the swan idly drifts,
The plum tree is blooming today.
All white is the earth,
With its petals of foam,
All fragrant the air with its kiss.
The bow of the bridge
Points a path as an arrow,
A lance in the flash of the sun.

Like the plum tree in April,
The dreams of my lover
Flame anew on the altar of Spring.

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The Requiem of the Rose

Mabel W. Phillips

I plucked a bud from a vine that was fading, Like a soi-devant
princess forsaken and old;
Its petals pale-grown like the first blush of dawning, When the
dreams of a century are written and told.

Pink of a delicacy Time had but borrowed,
Dim-grown and neglected midst forests of weed;
Long since the day it had known proud abandon,
In the kingdom of roses long since blown in seed.
'Tis but a hint of the bloom in its splendor,
When nourished and tended with masterful skill,
It flamed in a garden, the queen of all beauty— Sleep, tender one,
on the heart that is still.

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◆ ◆ ◆

The Spirit of Transportation

Mabel W. Phillips

I am the triumph of battles,
Dust of the endless ages,
Heart of the hearts of far suns,
The song of old Norse sages;
I am fulfilment of dreams
And the strength of keen desire,
My body is winged with steel,
Shod are my feet with fire.

Dark my brow and forbidding,
Eyes menacing and cruel
Glow in the snarling tempest,
Empires I carve and rule;
Trails I plow over mountains,
Rivers I hold in bound,

Leaping the foaming torrents,
An unleashed hunting hound.

Nor winds nor clouds my master,
Science am I, will-power,
Earth have I held embraced
Sport of a fleeting hour;
Product of Time, immortal,
Essence of unborn dreams,
Strength of the spirit of lightning,
Breath of the eagle's screams.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Babylonian Inscription

Mabel W. Phillips

Unless your heart be deaf to scorn,
Dare not the majesty of place;
Of purple, pomp, and circumstance,
But to the Eastward turn your face.

If you would tread within these walls, These streets of burnished,
glittering gold,
Fling off the mantle of your faith
And pass with men grown grave and cold.

If you here power seek and fame,
And the base gems that mankind loves,
Then set your jar within the gate,
But to the desert loose your doves.

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Fancies

Elinor Rees

The moonlight,
Falling on the leaves,
Makes silver blossoms;
The moonlight,
Falling on the waves
In threads of silver,
A magic lyre.

Oh, that I had fingers
That could gather
Fairy blossoms;
Oh, that I had fingers
That could fashion
Elfin music.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Old Lanes are Beautiful

Mabel W. Phillips

Old lanes are beautiful with leafy branches
Shading green nooks where timid violets bloom,
With verdant mosses twining round the tree-trunks
And starry jasmine lending sweet perfume.
At morn a silence all-pervading veils them
And wreathes them in the sunlight's golden maze,
A promise of the day's divine fulfilment,
Of fairy winds and all their laughing ways.
Old houses, too, embowered deep in: woodbine,
Through which peer forth the glinting window-panes,
Where roses nod at morning and at even
And little songs wing softly down the lanes:
Old orchard trees earth-laden with pink blossoms,
The soothing hum of myriad homing bees,
The breath of clover wafted from far meadows,
The paths of gold across the daisied leas;
The soft low tinkle of worn bells in pasture,
The clear, cool brook that winds beyond the wood,
Beneath the boughs of some full-scented cedar,
Where lacy ferns the ages through have stood;
Then, too, the peace of the slow-coming evening,
The waning twilight vivid in its glow,
The stars that creep so shyly from their fastness
Beneath far clouds like phantom wraiths of snow.

Old lanes are beautiful, for in them hidden
Sleep countless dreams long since beloved of youth,
The music of soft laughter and of footsteps
That passed this way into the vale of Truth:
For every fragrant petal that is flaunting
Today is seed of others no less sweet,
That marked the path for other tranquil lovers,

Even as these make beauty for your feet.

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◆ ◆ ◆

The Elfin Maid

Elinor Rees

The elfin maid from her fairy grot
Looked over the amber sea.
Her face was as fair as the lily bloom—
Oh, a winsome face had she.

The fairy grot was as sweet a place
As ever met the eye;
It was made of coral pink and white
That arched beneath the sky.

“And when will a sailor fair and strong
Come over the gleaming foam?
And when will a lover, tall and brave,
Come to share my heart’s dear home?”

And then on the ocean wave began
The perfumed breeze to blow;
On the ocean’s rim appeared a sail
As white as the riven snow.

The elfin maid cast a fairy spell,
The golden spray flew high;
The amazed stars half-blinked to see
The love ship sail the sky.

The elfin maid cast a wicked spell
Oh, sweet is elfin power;
The white sails drooped and fell adown,
As droops a withered flower.

The boat lay shattered near the grot
Where shimmering wavelets creep;
The sailor lad lay still and white;
No charm could break his sleep.

Ah, many a year has passed since then,
And the stars have grieved to see
The broken masts of the fairest ships
: That sail the amber sea.

The elfin maid has a sphinx-like face

As hard as the cliff's flint stones,
And the elfin grot is a horrid placeIt is paved with human bones.
The elf-maid looks over the blood-lit sea;
There's naught on earth she fears,
And yet when the perfumed breezes blow
Her eyes are full of tears.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Red Roses

Elinor Rees

Red roses
I cannot bear their scent;
Their breath
Blowing across my heart
Awakes a living pain.
They hurt me once—
It was long ago—
And yet—
It seems—
But yesterday.
It was a warm, soft-tinted room
With crimson roses heaped upon a chair.
But e'er that night was through
Their thorns had pierced my heart;
The fallen crimson petals seemed
Like drops of blood—
My blood.
Their heavy perfume
Made all my senses faint.
And so today
I cannot bear their fragrant breath,
Because a hidden thorn still eats a passage through my heart.

◆ ◆ ◆

Your Beauty

Elinor Rees

Dear, your beauty seems to me
A glimmering light on many-colored waters,
The evanescent charm of darting birds,
The filmy wings of butterflies;
Yours is the wistful charm of downy things.

I

Dear, should know your beauty with my heart,
Though I had never eyes to see.

◆ ◆ ◆

In the Temecula Mountains

Lenore C. Schutze

Behold the Miracle! From out the cup
Of circling mountains darkness flees abashed;
The mists pursued, by new-born sunbeams lashed,
Great frightened, white-plumed birds are winging up.

The mountain peaks are edged with silver lines
That cut, like sabre teeth, the coming day.
Light shivers through the opalescent grey,
Where silhouetted stand the slender pines.

A quiet Sabbath morn; the birds and I
In a great temple are the worshippers;
Its leafy wall each breeze, low-whispering, stirs,
And we are specks in vast infinity.
Be still. The miracle of dawn is shown.
Faint music sounds in aisles of woodland dim.
Kneel! Kneel! In adoration kneel to Him
Who by such wonders makes His Presence known.

◆ ◆ ◆

Cupid, the Blacksmith

Lenore C. Schutze

When Love welds two hearts in one,
Thoroughly the work is done,
Can not part in pieces twain
And be two whole hearts again.
Can not part with even break,
Ragged edges, many an ache,
Each one finding still a bit
Of the other left in it.
And in both a sorrow hidden,
Hidden deep,
That shall one day rise unbidden
From its sleep.

◆ ◆ ◆

Sonnets to Tennyson

Lenore C. Schutze

(Died October 6th, 1892)

I

A little, untaught bird will try to sing,
If but its cage is hung where it can hear
The warbling of a glorious songster near;
Scarce from its nest the helpless, half-fledged thing
Will imitate with foolish twittering,
And later, when it sings, in each refrain,
Will be some hint of that ecstatic strain,
That ever in its memory will ring.
The beauty of your verse made me rejoice.
I loved, with you, the music of the words I
And when tried to tell the melodies
The wind made when it whispered to the trees,
The waves' wild chorus with its clanging chords,
My song seemed but an echo of your voice.

II

The years are many since your spirit fled.
We grieve no more, you did not stay to hear

Your loved Britannia wail beside the bier
Of her brave sons, by countless thousands dead,
Nor see her rose and shamrock splashed with red.
You would have risen with a Viking's cry:
"Fight, Britons, fight, and if it need be, die,
Ere England's soil shall feel the conqueror's tread.
Oh! Poet, Seer, your charm is on us yet,
And still we read your verses, strong and fine.
Each one is finished with such artist's skill,
It ripples like a song bird's happy trill-
Still beauty-lovers bow before your shrine;
The years pass on, but we do not forget.

III

You plumbed the secrets of the human breast,
As one who casts his line into the deep,
Where all the surface smiles as if asleep,
And finds strong currents, so the world's unrest.
You fathomed, for yours was the spirit's test.
A smouldering ember, burst to sudden flame,
A conflagration, startling all it came.
The rage foretold by you, the world possessed.
The cage is broken. From its fast-locked bars,
Your soul escaped, through boundless ether floats,
A bird that flies upon untrammelled wings,
And to the rising sun, his matin sings.
Do you still sing? Oh! Master, let some notes
Come echoing back to us from distant stars.

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The Brown-Eyed Girl

Lenore C. Schutze

Now leaf-crowned Autumn clacks her castanets:
She dances merrily, the brown-eyed girl;
With ruffled scarlet petticoats a-whirl—
Piquant and saucy—Winter she forgets.

But he does not forget. He waits awhile,
Waits for this lovely thing of flame and rose;
Too soon to crush her deep beneath his snows,
He meets her challenge with his cruel smile.

Then dour November, she of faded charms,

Stalks boldly in and strips the dancing maid
Of scarlet gown and—bare and unarrayed—
She puts her shivering in Winter's arms.

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◆ ◆ ◆

The Unavailing Cry

Lenore C. Schutze

I

Roll back, oh, fast locked gate, and let
Me for one moment see her face,
All shining with its new found grace,
And at your bars I will not fret.

Just for one moment see my dead
Among the lilies, tall and white;
Or see her go, on wings of light,
God's errands, I were comforted.

In vain we call, nor wiser we,
Than one who cried in ages dim,
"Though I shall one day go to him,
My child will not come back to me."

II

A polished stone, no farther press,
It marks the boundary of two lands,
And challenging our questions stands—
She knows the answers, we but guess.

The many truths, whose fullest scope
She could not grasp, are now made clear,
And many things are hers, that here
Were but a longing, scarce a hope.

She hath seen God upon His throne,
She knows how look our loved and lost,
Who o'er the boundary line have crossed,
And if the dead may claim their own.

Of knowledge she hath wondrous store,
What she hath learned, if one would know,
He through a narrow gate must go,
That closing, opens nevermore.

III

I live the life of every day,
She is with all things bright and pure,
While I the conflict must endure
And see my robes grow soiled and grey.

Are spirits sent as ministers
To such as strive with failing might?
Who sometimes would give up the fight?
Send hers to me, dear God, send hers.

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◆ ◆ ◆

Indian Summer

Lenore C. Schutze

(To a Friend on Her Eighty-Fifth Birthday)

When frost has touched the leaves with unseen fingers,
To tell them that their falling time is near,
Then nature pauses and her beauty lingers
For Indian Summer, loveliest time of year.

And you, dear friend, who bore the harvest's burden
May sit and watch the lovely days go past
And hold your Indian Summer as a guerdon,
Well earned, the resting time for you at last.

And then will come the twilight. In the gloaming
You'll see the flash of long-forgotten eyes,
And friends who loved you and who wait your homing Beyond
the farthest gates of Paradise.

There night comes never, there awaits no sorrow;
Its joys have never yet been told nor sung.
There you will waken to a newer morrow,
Forever fair, forever strong and young.

◆ ◆ ◆

To San Diego

Lenore C. Schutze

Hail, Darling of the gods! Their gift we sing,
Yours is the boon for which men ever prayed,
Oh, Land! Oh, Land where flowers never fade!
The gods have given you eternal Spring.

Your pageantries of gleaming hours and days
As dancing girls they come with merry shout,
They toss with lavish hands their flowers about
Till color riots sets your world ablaze.
The Coronado Isles from ocean wave
Lift cameo shapes; each is a graven gem.
The Faithful* see the form of Christ in them,
In cloudwrought ceremonies waiting for his grave.
Here while your mist-cloaked mountains guarding stand
And Loma fends against the ocean waves

Here while your feet the tranquil blue bay laves,
You dream—Enchanted days! Enchanted land!

*The Spanish priests who came to "San " Diego in the Eighteenth
Century named these islands " Corpus Christi.'

◆ ◆ ◆

In Southern California

Lenore C. Schutze

All day I watch the white sails come and go;
The hungry tide runs lapping on the sands,
Like some strange, human thing that understands,
With prescience sure, its time of ebb and flow.

In fadeless green, behold the orange shine,
With paler gold the lemons fleck the trees.
Here roses riot with the honey bees,
And purple clustered grapes hang on the vine.

The mountains tower like guarding citadels,
And to the east their peaks are capped with snow
That gleams, pearl-tinted, in the sunlight's glow,
And far away are chiming mission bells.

And when the wan night draws her curtain down
Across it stars in slow procession creep;
Long lines of fire that glitter in the deep,
Reflect the lights in the far-distant town.

And did one say, in Heaven there is no sea?
The Californians view it and are blessed;
Its colors when the sun is in the west;
Its tides and storms; its awful majesty.

*Prize poem in Literature contest, General Federation of
Women's Clubs.

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Love's Legend

Lenore C. Schutze

Spring
The wheat-field green thinks not of Winter's cold,
Knows not that bird and worm shall take their tithe
Of ripened grain, nor dreads the reaper's scythe.
In days long past, before men called me old,
Youth held the scales by which I bought and sold,
When sunshine kissed my sweetheart's yellow hair,
My little sweetheart, innocent and fair,
Who thought of gold? Of any other gold?
We found a wind-flower in the early spring,
With waxen petals, like her temples veined,
And fastened in the laces on her breast
It lived its hour, the tiny fragile thing.
A token! Ere the last spring days had waned
Death found my fair, white blossom in his quest.

Summer
Done is the reaper's work. To drenching rain
And heat that scorches it the field lies bare,
A summer waste; no flower can blossom there,
The dusty stubble yellow must remain
'Neath burning skies, while long days wax and wane;
Above it thunders crash, with dreadful glare.
The lurid lightings rend the sultry air.
Soul tempests sigh away to mists of pain.
The tears in sudden showers brought their relief.
Then Love one day upon the stubble strayed

And saw my anguish, saw my vain regret,
Saw youth and summer given o'er to grief;
She said, "Life for such sorrow was not made
And now forget awhile, dear heart, forget."

Autumn

My head was whitened with the hoar frost's rime,
When Hope, once more, held out her arms to me.
A woman stately as a stately tree,
A woman in the splendor of her prime,
Loved me, the man grown old before his time.
Her crown of hair had tints of leaves, flame-bit,
When Frost's cold conflagrations have been lit
In maple forests, in a northern clime.
She too had loved. Inconstant, he came not—
Left her to wait through long and dreary days.
Now, comforted, we watch Life's Autumn go;
As we sit by the fire, sad hours forgot,
St. Martin veils the past in golden haze
And sweet on aftermath is sunlight's glow.

Winter

The young birds from the late-built nest have flown,
Our tired feet go slowly to the West,
The snows that drift upon my head and breast,
Tell me soon Death will claim me for his own.
I'll go with him and make no useless moan,
If at the last my eyes, grown dim, may rest
Upon the face of her I love the best—
On her dear auburn eyes—ripe chestnuts strown
On winter hearths when fires are burning red
Their color have—I'd pass so to the shore
Where dwells my love of long forgotten spring;
The cycle done, the grain is harvested,
The barren field the winter dreads no more;
The stubble covers many a dreaming thing.

◆ ◆ ◆

Consolation

Lenore C. Schutze

Pretty was the white rose
Hidden by the wall,
Envious of a red rose
Growing very tall;
Beautiful and fragrant,
Few could see her face
While the other flaunted
Color, charm and grace.
Dancing in the breezes,
Crimson, full of pride
Was she when a soldier
Chanced that way to ride.
Handsome was the soldier,
Dashing was his steed;
Saw the lovely flower,
Quickly checked his speed;
Reached up from his saddle,
Plucked the blossom rare,
Murmured: "Little Rosebud,
You are very fair. "
Rode all day nor noticed
When she fading, sweet,
In the dust was trampled
By his horse's feet.

In a quiet garden,
Hidden by the night,
Wee white rose unfolded
All her petals bright.
Sorrowing blue-birds whispered:
"Crimson rose is dead,"

And the envious blossom
Very softly said:
"It is better, maybe;
Had I been as tall,

I, too, might have flaunted
High upon the wall."

The Ruined Indian Mission

Lenore C. Schutze

I

Time the destroyer has not deigned to spare,
Though builders used for talisman a cross,
This church whose every stone was laid with prayer.
Each broken beam is California's loss.

II

Now all around it weeds grow thick and tall,
And in its sacred places, owlets cry.
The wind goes wailing through the broken wall,
Through nave and transept, open to the sky.

Listen to what the sad wind saith:
"Time shall the heavens together roll,
"Cause them to vanish as a scroll,
"All must decay and all must change,
"For old ways come the new and strange,
"And nothing that continueth."

III

There in the church, all clad in ghostly white,
Half hid in gloom, a saintly friar stands,
Something has stopped his soul in heavenward flight
And brought it back from the untroubled lands.

IV

His Indian devotees now fall before
Relentless white men, dreadful as the tide
Which rolls the kelp back on the ocean's shore;
Could he contented in his grave abide?

V

A shuddering whisper, just a spirit's cry:
"All that I builded here is in decay.
"My Indians—my children—perish, die;
"For them, oh, God, I gave my life's best day!"

The wind, the wind, cries that the strong
In time of Cain, and so today,
Have ever made the weak their prey;
The Indian falls before the White.
Shall might be right? Shall might be right?

How long, oh, Lord! How long; how long!

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◆ ◆ ◆

Margaret

Ethel Brooks Stillwell

How many patient years have gone their way
In countless circling thousands, spring by spring,
Each leaving its small precious offering
Of clearer vision, finer mind and clay;
How many vanished lives, or king or earl,
Or high born maid or lowly, piled for her
Their slow wrought goods and graces, still astir!
A fair fulfillment, Margaret, a pearl.
Ten thousand lovely women gave her grace
And charm and beauty and all loveliness.
Ten thousand sires have left their souls' impress
In that clear light that lingers on her face.
So long refinements of far gains are met
To form a flawless pearl, a Margaret.

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◆ ◆ ◆

A Father's Song To His First-born Child

Sydney Sprague

I wonder why Peter let me in,
Who waited so long outside,
Clutching my little bag of sin,
While the good, the famous, the wise, the fair,
Came confidently to enter there
At the gate I had not tried.

And Peter noticed my spotted dress.
He smiled as he turned away,
And I think he was weary with righteousness,
For he left the marvelous gates ajar,
And I slipped in, where the good souls are,
And Peter let me stay.

◆ ◆ ◆

Gates Ajar

Ethel Brooks Stillwell

I wonder why Peter let me in,
Who waited so long outside,
Clutching my little bag of sin,
While the good, the famous, the wise, the fair,
Came confidently to enter there
At the gate I had not tried.

And Peter noticed my spotted dress.
He smiled as he turned away,
And I think he was weary with righteousness,
For he left the marvelous gates ajar,
And I slipped in, where the good souls are,
And Peter let me stay.

◆ ◆ ◆

To a Lady

Ethel Brooks Stillwell

I think she has the most delightful speech
That ever fell from any woman's lips.
The lovely cadence like low music trips
As perfect accents follow, each on each,
Like ripples on some sheltered sunlit beach.
Her earnest thoughts go forth like clean rigged ships,
All gayly flagged with little flying quips.
Far ports such vessels will not fail to reach.
I love her winsome witchery of grace,
The changing lights that flit across her face,
The charming contour of her brow and cheek,
Her sudden smiles, her eye's quick kindling fire,
Her dauntless courage, and her sometime ire, I
But most of all love to hear her speak.



Incense Burning

Carrie W. Stryker

Tiny wisps from smoking censer,
Spirals rising through the air,
Offer fragrant supplication
As a substitute for prayer.
Dim horizon, incense haunted,
Shows where pagan fire was laid;
And the small, gray heap of ashes
Marks where sacrifice was made.

From the heart in adoration
Hopes and earnest prayers ascend.
Shall this sacrificial fragrance
Turn to ashes in the end?

CARRIE WOODWARD STRYKER



Rhapsodies

Carrie W. Stryker

Memory whose heart is dreaming
Of the days and friends of yore,
Finds a taper brightly gleaming
At your door, love, at your door.
Do you share the tender feeling
Memory declares is mine?
Do you know that I am kneeling
At your shrine?
Nothing less than death can sever
Hearts which memory holds true:
May forgetfulness come never
Unto you, love, unto you.

◆ ◆ ◆

First Love

Carrie W. Stryker

Memory whose heart is dreaming
Of the days and friends of yore,
Finds a taper brightly gleaming
At your door, love, at your door.
Do you share the tender feeling
Memory declares is mine?
Do you know that I am kneeling
At your shrine?
Nothing less than death can sever
Hearts which memory holds true:
May forgetfulness come never
Unto you, love, unto you.

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The Return

Ethel Brooks Stillwell

Have you seen the monkey flowers spilling down the mountain
hollows?
Do you know the dusty fragrance that is noon on Sunset Trail?
Have you seen the heat haze shimmer where the winding ribbon
follows
In and out the ragged ruffles, sheer above the shining vale?
Echo Mountain, wonder visioned, high and hot the slim trail
winding,
Still and cool the narrow canyon, purple shadowed Rubio.
Years ago, in golden summer,—bitter-sweet the swift
reminding!—
There I roved with Carmencita—years—and years—and years
ago.
Carmencita! Nimble footed, raven haired, sloe eyed and slender,
How I loved her flaming sweetness, red-lipped laughter clear and
low!
How I loved her dusky beauty, pride that brooked no tame
surrender,

How my hot young soul adored her,—years—and years—and
years ago!

Manuel, her brown young lover, nursed the jealous rage that tore
him,

Traced our steps one fateful morning, found us as the shadows
fell.

Swift the onset, brief the conflict; like a child I fell before him.
Carmencita crowned the victor—turned and smiled on Manuel.

All the sky was flaming sunset, all the vale was gleaming glory,
Silver veiled and purple shadowed all the depths of Rubio,
And the monkey flowers spilling down the ragged promontory—
And I left them there, together,—years—and years—and years
ago.

High and lone on Echo Mountain, where the pleasure trolley
passes,
Hangs a track man's flimsy cabin, where his nine brown niños
dwell.

Carmencita, old and stolid, in the cooling pine shade-masses,
Heavy armed and sombre featured, washing shirts for Manuel.

Does she see the green-gold valley curve its gleaming length below
her?

Does she see the monkey flowers spilling down the cliffs above?
Carmencita! Old and stolid! None who knew could ever know
her.

Love did this to Carmencita. Does she, then, remember love?

Does the old smile ever linger on those close-drawn lips, I
wonder?

Can those sombre eyes rekindle? If I whispered, would she know?
Does remembrance ever hover where the winding trail dips
under?

Carmencita! Madre.....Dios! Years—and years—and years
ago!

◆ ◆ ◆

The Mad March Wind

Carrie W. Stryker

The March wind blows, and blows, and blows,
In constant inconsistency
Its temperamental vigor shows
In purposeless insistency:
Awhile it drives, then whirls about
As if to put itself to rout;
In frenzy snatching strips of rain
To slash against the window pane,
While at the door
With deaf'ning roar
Is hurled disdain:—
Like flying fiend from mercy weaned
The March wind blows!

O'er all the tender budding things,
That early preen their leafy wings,
Is swept the cold remorseless breath
That dallies tauntingly with death!
While tortured trees, 'midst writhings sigh

Denuded, slain!—
To watch their broken children die,

O, wind o'Mars,
Such ruthless scars!
Such needless pain!

CARRIE WOODWARD STRYKER

◆ ◆ ◆

When I am Tired

Carrie W. Stryker

When I am tired,
I like to sit alone and dream and ponder,
I like to read awhile then idly wander,
Through pages fond, by frequent use made fonder, When am
tired. I
When I

am tired,
I like to let my mind recall those faces
I knew long since, and loved in other places,
And weave of them rare patterns like old laces, When I am tired.

When I am tired,
I like to think of rest in friendly bower,
When evening closes round me, like a flower
Enfolding dewy leaves at twilight hour When I am tired.

When I am tired,
I like to feel, from out its seasoned learning,
That life shall gain, somehow, with full discerning
That peace for which my restless soul is yearning Then I'm NOT
tired.

CARRIE WOODWARD STRYKER

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False Gods

Carrie W. Stryker

I gavejoyous
to youth full blossoming:
Its hopes high
and desires,
By adding flame to leaping flame,
Served well to feed Olympian fires.

I reaped at eventide, alas,
Not honors visioned through the years,
But such as Self had brought to pass
I gathered then midst futile tears.

CARRIE WOODWARD STRYKER



Philosophy

Harriet F. Stryker

If all our days were spring days
With never one of frost;
If all our ways were kind ways,
With never one chance lost
To help a struggling neighbor,
How perfect life would be!
What joy we'd find in labor!
What self-complacency!

If all our days were spring days
With never one of frost;
If all our ways were kind ways,
What effort would it cost
To help a struggling neighbor?
What reason would there be
To view our daily labor
With self-complacency?
HARRIET FINCH STRYKER



My Love

Harriet F. Stryker

(To Mary Millspaugh)
My love and I—
We travel off together—
In warm or freezing weather,
Wet or dry.
We go to see the fairies;
We play a whole day through
With brownies, gnomes or pigmies;
Some day we may take you.
Her eyes are like two clear pools Deep and blue;
With flinchless gaze they read my soul
Through and through.
They're mostly filled with laughter,

But like an April sky,
Sometimes they overflow with tears
That, April-like, soon dry.
We have a store of secrets My love and I-
She'll never tell a single soul,
Nor will I.
We never, never whisper,
We talk in accents bold;
But no one understands us
For she's only six months old.

HARRIET FINCH STRYKER

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The Call

Harriet F. Stryker

God looked into the silver glass of space
And a world leaped to view Him goldly back;
He fashioned curious figures cunningly
From clay that was discarded on earth's track.

And then He breathed on these the spirit's breath
And bade them go, and choose or good or ill:
For they were free—magnificently free
To strive—and curb their clay-desire with will.

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◆ ◆ ◆

The Glass

Grace Wallace

God looked into the silver glass of space
And a world leaped to view Him goldly back;
He fashioned curious figures cunningly
From clay that was discarded on earth's track.

And then He breathed on these the spirit's breath
And bade them go, and choose or good or ill:
For they were free—magnificently free
To strive—and curb their clay-desire with will.

◆ ◆ ◆

Imperishable

Grace Wallace

He mused:
“I don’t believe in love,
—I never did;
I loved to crush blue butterflies,
Trampling their wings:
I don’t believe in hate,
—I never did;
I had as soon trample a serpent’s head,
Careless of stings.

Now I am come to die,
(Their looks say so)
I wonder if this Power
That let me be
To work my will alike
With love and hate,
Will cut me swiftly off,
Or leave me free?”

◆ ◆ ◆

Immortality of Evil

Grace Wallace

He mused:
“I don’t believe in love,
—I never did;
I loved to crush blue butterflies,
Trampling their wings:
I don’t believe in hate,
—I never did;
I had as soon trample a serpent’s head,
Careless of stings.

Now I am come to die,
(Their looks say so)
I wonder if this Power
That let me be
To work my will alike

With love and hate,
Will cut me swiftly off,
Or leave me free?"

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Dream-Tracks

Grace Wallace

I sped along the track of an old dream
And stopped within a grove's uplifted shade;
The sun's rays lying on the languid leaves
Spattered the ground with myriad faery forms;
Before me rose a house long known in dreams:
Blotted against the portal's shadow-garment,
I watched the wee wild winged things in the trees;
A Juno-bird illuming emerald grass
Preened there and glittered in majestic calm.
I lifted the bronze knocker curious carved
Whose tongue, if it had had one, could have told
Old scandalous tales of lawless violence—
Eclipses of rude leaders by meek men
When finally they tired of being meek.
The knocker's brazen voice ran through the house,
Struck, ricocheted on grey gloom-paneled walls;
My heart beat out the query old as I,
"Shall I see her at last?" The door swung wide.
A bedizened lackey flashed from door-way space
Caparisoned in things a lackey wears—
Silk, scented velvet, buckles and gold lace.
He gazed into the tree-tops, turquoise-eyed,
Insensate seeming as a comic mask
While waiting for my mission. I inquired,
"My glowing vision.....would she see me now.....
In view of my long waiting for her sake?"
He opened his intently folded mouth—
Then on a sudden fading, took with him
Grove, palace, Juno-bird, wild creatures, hope.

The drooping sun drove gold into my room:
I wakened gazing into nested trees.
My saffron dinner-gown and peacock-fan
Lay near, while jonquils overran green bowls.

Across the bright lantana garden-hedge

The neighbor's butler, wooden-faced, in love,
Regaled my gold-haired Nora with some tale—
Then, on a sudden tinkling of a bell,
He vanished, swallowed up by the grey house.

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Fate

Grace Wallace

Nancy is my torment,
Corinna my delight,
Rosalind sweet as daylight spent,
And Joan lovely as night.
Joan would love me true and well,
Rosalind charm my life,
Corinna hold me in her spell But Nancy'll be my wife.

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Man Became Man

Grace Wallace

Man became Man
When the first dim-minded brute
Gazing upon a full-orbed Moon
Yearned poignantly
To hold forever in his heart
Its gemmed, white radiance:
And grasping a silex stone,
Throat hot,
Breast surging
In the travail-joy
Of re-creating Beauty,
Engraved a likeness of that Moon
Shining on the wall
Of his low cave.

◆ ◆ ◆

Little Golden-Haired Miss

Grace Wallace

Little golden haired miss
Of flower-like face
With lips made to kiss
And shy Naiad grace,
From your gilt picture-frame
Your eyes glow like the flame
Of a blest altar-taper in dim cloister placed,
Reflecting the virginal glory there traced In sweet Mary's face.
Forget-me-nots smiling in cool garden-close
When zephyrs' soft fluting disturb their repose,
And a shaft of gold light wakens love in their eyes.
They are like, though not fair as, your beauty that vies With the
charm of blue skies.

Poor flower tricked out in my studio-lace,
A trifle I paid you for painting your grace
When I
With its joy-bringing freshness of faery-like charm!
You're a princess by right and I'm filled with alarm think I might
harm

A golden haired miss
By placing her face
With lips made to kiss,
Her shy Naiad grace
And her eyes like a flame
In this gilt picture-frame.....--
For you're good as this beauty with which you are graced,
And you walk in the virginal glory I've traced In your uplifted
face.

The Sculptor

Grace Wallace

God stood and modeled his mystic clay
Beyond the barriers, time and space.
A Socrates, not yet in breath,
Lay by: He formed a Daphne-face,
And then an opal-lacquered fish,
Lizards and insects, monsters, men:
Called His work good, rested awhile,
Studied effects, and began again.

Decision

Pierrepont Willard

Oh, the call of the East is a maiden's call,
And you fain would turn again
To touch once more her shining hair—
To ease your heart of its pain.
With her smiles and tears she would lure you back
And bind you with silken bands.
Your lips may touch the bloom of her cheek,
And your hands imprison her hands.
But the call of the West is the low command
Of a man, and you must obey.
Patient he stands, with sunburnt hair
And eyes of steady grey,
On the rocky trail where the wild winds sing,
Where the torrents rage from the snows,
Above the gold of the ripened grain,
Where the lark pipes love to the rose.

When you hear that low, compelling call
Vain is the maiden's plea ---
With a resolute swing you take the trail
That ends at the western sea.

◆ ◆ ◆

“Central”

Pierrepont Willard

Oh! I am weary.
Your angry voice
Strikes through my aching temples
Like red-hot steel.
Oh! I am tired.
Through the long night—
While you slept—
I sat at Mother's bedside.
When her fever raged
I laved her forehead;
When she slept
I watched.
And now,
Through hour on endless hour,
I sit and take abuse,
Unanswering.
Who are you?
What right have you
To curse me?
(Is it less than that?)
Is it fault of mine
That this strange marvel,
This wondrous mechanism,
Should go wrong at times?
Pity! Have pity!
I am weary.
God! I am tired—
So tired.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Deserted Barn

Pierrepont Willard

See them playing hide-and-seek amid the shadows and the dust,
Up and down, back and forth, to and fro—
A troop of romping children in the old deserted barn—
The ghosts of the long, long ago.

If you'll listen very closely you will hear their merry shouts,
And the songs that they sang in days of yore,
For I can hear them clearly, and can see them thro' my tears,
As I stand with trembling knees at the door.

Old Dobbin seems to watch them with a dignified surprise
From his stall (where the dust has lain for years),
And Brindled Bess and Molly view with patient, wond'ring eyes
The pranks that they play with noisy cheers.

O happy, care-less children, you are scattered far and wide,
And your own children play at your knees,
While I wait here alone by the murky River's brink,
And tell again my treasured memories.

Golden harps and angel voices—ay, they're very well, no doubt,
And streets of gold that lead to crystal seas,
But I hope that over yonder I can sometimes steal away
Thro' the pearly gates and out where the bees
Are humming in the orchards, where the fragrant breezes blow,
Where old Dobbin roams, untethered, at his will
Near some old, inviting barn where the children come to play,
On the slope of a green, inviting hill.

Then I'll slip in very softly, lay aside my narp and crown,
And join again the children at their play,
And I'll surely know it's Heaven because I find them there,
And there, if God will let me, I shall stay.

◆ ◆ ◆

Along The Bayous

Pierrepont Willard

Sleep keepeth not her tryst;
But through my window, as the rails click by,
The languorous night stretches soft arms
That soothe and bless;
And, because no star's beam
Pierces the grey canopy,
A million fireflies—
Little brothers of the stars—
Flash their uttermost.
And gaunt trees, swathed in tattered moss,
March swiftly by,
Regiment on regiment,
Like ragged soldiers homing from the wars.
Sleep keepeth late her tryst,
And the stars fail,
But lo! I am content.