

THE REBUILT-ARCHIVE READING EDITIONS



THE GRAPHIC

The Verse · Volume II

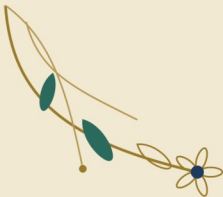


THE VERSE OF AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF LOS ANGELES
COLLECTED IN TWO CHRONOLOGICAL VOLUMES



1910 – 1918

LOS ANGELES



A Note on This Edition

This volume gathers 282 poems and verse items printed in *The Graphic* of Los Angeles from June 1910 through September 1918. It retains the generous definition of poetry used in the earlier reading anthology: original poems, reprints, fragments presented as verse, comic jingles, parodies, and other identifiable verse items all belong to the record.

The pieces are arranged by date of appearance. Each begins on a new page and carries its issue citation. Author names are normalized only where the identity is secure; otherwise the printed attribution is retained or the piece is marked Anonymous. Bracketed titles identify untitled fragments by their opening words.

Brief biographical notes follow poems where the author can be identified and information is available. Prose is retained only when it directly introduces or frames the verse; unrelated matter from the surrounding journal page has been omitted.

The surviving scans are the textual authority. The already completed 1904–1908 transcriptions are carried forward from the preceding visually checked anthology. Later pages were relocated with a new offline OCR pass, then reset in the established reading-edition format; the OCR served as a transcription aid rather than as the authority for selection.

The two-volume division is bibliographical rather than arbitrary. Volume I ends at the preceding journal-volume boundary in May 1910. Contents and author-index entries are linked to the poem openings in the electronic edition, and every poem links back to the author index.

Introduction

The second volume begins in June 1910 and follows *The Graphic* to the end of its surviving run in 1918. By then the weekly had become a more settled institution in Los Angeles: a journal of critical comment as well as society, politics, theater, music, books, commerce, and civic life. Its poetry retained the mixed character established in the earlier years. Original lyrics stood beside reprints, comic verse, sentimental songs, topical epigrams, patriotic pieces, parodies, and anonymous material drawn from the newspaper exchange. The result is less a procession of isolated masterpieces than a record of how verse circulated through the daily imagination of a growing Western city.

Caroline Reynolds is the central local poet of these years. In 1911 *The Graphic* devoted an admiring feature to the twenty-two-year-old Los Angeles writer, praising her imagery, emotional range, and technical ease. The quantity of her later contributions allows a reader to judge that claim across changing moods. “Indian Summer” compresses heat, scent, and suspended time into two sensuous stanzas; “In California: a Winter Garden” finds seasonal strangeness in roses, geraniums, sycamores, and pepper trees; “Call of the Open Road” and “Wanderlust” oppose the city’s enclosures to hills, forest, surf, and sea. Even when her diction belongs recognizably to the period, her best poems achieve a persuasive music and make Southern California’s landscape an active psychological force.

INTRODUCTION · CONTINUED

Other regional voices enlarge that map. Olive Percival—writer, gardener, photographer, bibliophile, and a distinctive figure of the Arroyo Seco arts community—appears in “After the Theater” and “In a Los Angeles Garden.” The first turns foggy city streets into an extension of the stage; the second makes a cultivated garden answer the surrounding brown hills and opal light. Pauline B. Barrington, a Pasadena resident who would become known for antiwar poetry, contributes the searching allegory “A Query.” Virginia Cleaver Bacon’s “At the Ruined Mission,” Madge Clover’s eerie “One Desert Night,” and the many California-season poems by Edith Daley extend the volume from theater district and garden to mission, desert, coast, and inland weather.

After 1914 the European war alters the pressure of the verse. Conventional tributes to soldiers and national purpose appear beside poems that register doubt, loss, or disgust. The anonymous “Ruth Mitchell’s Fine Poem,” with its jaunty “Billy, the Soldier Boy” refrain, is among the volume’s sharpest pieces: martial display gives way to bodily horror without relinquishing the popular-song cadence that makes the indictment bite. Such work sits beside nursery verse, love lyrics, jokes, devotional poems, and nature pieces because *The Graphic* never treated poetry as a separate province. When the weekly ended in October 1918, it left a remarkably varied record of the verse Los Angeles read, borrowed, joked with, and made for itself on the threshold of modernism.

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Volume II

The Verse

282 poems and verse items, in order of appearance.



The Fairy Hour

by **EVERETT C. MAXWELL**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 18, 1910 · VOL. XXXIII, No. 3

Aren't you glad that the day is ended
And I've come to the nursery alone?
Aren't you glad that the sun is fast sinking
And that all the wee birdies have flown?
For they've flown to the Land of Nodkin,
Each one to his little brown nest,
And we are alone in the firelight,
Alone in the land we love hest,

J°or this is the land of the Fairies,
And this is the hour they are real,
And I'll tell you the story about them
As from each dusky corner they steal.
So come and meet dear Cinderella
While I take off these play-begrimed clothes,
And there by the mantle is standing
The "ing of the *Magical Rose*."

Now off come the shoes and the stockings,
And here are ten chubby pink toes,
And we'll count the quaint little piggies
As each to his marketing goes.
I'd forgotten that foot was so ticklish,
Pll have to play careful I know;
"But this little pig went to market,
And this little pig couldn't go."

Now here is your snowy white nightie,
Rather hard to get into, you know,
But Pm sure the dashing Prince Charming

Will come if the night lamp burns low.
Yes, there he stands right by the table,
And he's hunting the Castle of Sleep
Let us play that you're Beauty he's seeking,
Now close your eyes tight and don't peep.

Did you feel that kiss on your forehead?
Well, that was Prince Charming, you see;
But, dearie, you haven't a notion
How much that good prince looks like me.
Don't you think that our fairy hour's lovely,
Much nicer than nurse's dull song?
Why, mother! the youngster is sleeping,
Tuck him snug for the night is so long.

Source scan page 3.

Everett C. Maxwell. Everett Carroll Maxwell, Los Angeles art critic and arts administrator. He wrote The Graphic's "Art" column, helped connect the California Art Club with the new County Museum, and became the first curator of the museum's art gallery.

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Crusoe, 1910

by **KATHARINE HARTMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 25, 1910 · VOL. XXXIII, No. 4

One lone palm and a stretch of sand,
Blazing white in the noontide sun,
While far to the horizon's hazy edge
Heat waves ripple and run.
The solitude of the desert lies
Heavy and dull on every sense;
Lips are dry and the pulse pounds hard,
And nerves are taut and tense.

The sun dips into the west at last;
The night wind comes with breath of the sea;
The Palm leaves stir, the stars shine out,
And "Friday" is here with me.
The smoke from his pipe is incense rare,
The cares of the day are forgotten quite;
And life is a smooth, untroubled stream
In comradeship and the perfect night.

Source scan page 4.

Katharine Hartman. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Woman's Lyric Club

by **R. C. M**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 25, 1910 · VOL. XXXIII, No. 4

(Los Angeles)

Voices rising, sweetly blending,
Chanting, sighing, half-suspending.
Softly, slowly, now imploring,
Rising now in high outpouring.
Vuces sweet aud gentle faces,
Bright with charm of many graces;
Brave young tones from maidens fair,
Mellow tones from silvery hair.

Uear their music, charged with splendor,
Glimpsing life that's true and tender;
Though the singers soon must part,
Songs like theirs live in the heart!

Source scan page 8.

R. C. M. The source identifies the writer only by these initials; no secure biographical identification has yet been established.

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A Query

by **PAULINE B. BARRINGTON**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 9, 1910 · VOL. XXXIII, No. 6

I'm only a little pool, left by a storm of rain,
On the face of a desert sear,
And I wonder why I'm here,
In this place so vast and drear—
For I'm only a little pool, left by a storm of rain.

II

I'm only a little flower, left by a gust of wind,
By the side of the king's highway,
And I wonder why I had to stay
Among the crowds that crush and slay—
For I'm only a little flower, left by a storm of rain.

III

I'm only a little soul, left by an unseen hand,
In a world of pain and woe;
Of mirth and joy, of friend and foe;
And I wonder why with them I go—
For I'm only a little soul, left by an unseen hand.

L'ENVOI!

When the lands and seas rush together,
When space rushes space to meet,
Shall the pool, the flower and little soul
Help to make God's plan complete?

Source scan page 3.

Pauline B. Barrington (1876–1956). American poet who settled in California after marrying in Pasadena in 1901, publishing widely in the Los Angeles Graphic and Los Angeles Times. She is remembered chiefly for her 1916 antiwar poem 'Education' ('Toy Guns'), later anthologized among women's First World War verse.

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Robert Burns

by **GERTRUDE DARLOW**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 23, 1910 · VOL. XXXIII, No. 8

[Died July 21, 1796]
Ah, dear dead poet,
Did you but know it,
Every year when this day returns,
Our thoughts are waking,
Our hearts are aching,
For our lost singer, 'for Robert Burns.

There are new voices,
And each rejoices,
And tells his tale in his own refrain.
But he must borrow
His song of sorrow;
He is not learned in the lore of pain.

To follow after
Your tears and laughter,
One must have passed the deep waters through;
And make confession
Of sad transgression,
To mingle hope and despair like you.

For none can move us,
Or search and prove us,
Unless he suffer the discipline
Which comes unbidden
From sources hidden
Under the thoughts of the heart within.

Source scan page 3.

Gertrude Darlow (born 1864). English-born Los Angeles librarian, poet, and book reviewer. She came to Los Angeles in 1893 and worked for the Los Angeles Public Library for more than thirty years; her verse later appeared in Lyric West as well as The Graphic.

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My Prayer

by **MINA DEANE HALSEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 23, 1910 · VOL. XXXIII, No. 8

To Thee, Thou God of all things wise and good,
I come with faltering step, to ask the way.
Most humbly, and in gratitude I would
But follow Thee from darkness into day.
'Che radiance of the cross beyond these clouds
Of earthly doubts and fears I fain would know.
Stretch out Thine arms, O God, and lift ine clear
from worldtiness, and all earth's mocking show.

Source scan page 4.

*Mina Deane Halsey (born 1873). American humorist, songwriter, poet, and self-publisher associated with Los Angeles. Her comic travel books *A Tenderfoot in Southern California* (1908) and *When East Comes West* (1909) turn the newcomer's experience of Los Angeles and its environs into vernacular satire.*

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When I Shall Say Good-Bye

by **MINA DEANE HALSEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 30, 1910 · VOL. XXXIII, No. 9

When I shall say good-bye to thee—
Good-bye to thee, my own—
I shall not care how dark the way,
Nor fear to go alone.
Thy blessed voice, thy words of cheer,
Have been caresses sweet;
My heart has been thy footstool, dear,
An offering at thy feet.

When I shall say good-bye to thee,
The sun will hide its face;
The glories of the heavens by night,
Will be untighted space.
I shall not know the bird's sweet song,
Nor marvel at its flight;
I shall not know the difference, dear,
Between the day and night.

When I shall say good-bye to thee,
Dead memories of the past
Will follow me like ghostly things,
And haunt me to the last.
Yet I shall launch my tiny bark,
And put far out to sea,
While drifting tides that lap my boat
Will chant my prayers for thee.

Source scan page 3.

*Mina Deane Halsey (born 1873). American humorist, songwriter, poet, and self-publisher associated with Los Angeles. Her comic travel books *A Tenderfoot in Southern California* (1908) and *When East Comes West* (1909) turn the newcomer's experience of Los Angeles and its environs into vernacular satire.*

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Good Night

by **KATHARINE HARTMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 17, 1910 · VOL. XXXIII, No. 16

{Song with castanets)
Adios, caballero,
 Dear heart, brave and true;
Buenos noches, Don Carlos,
 One red rose for you.
There's a kiss in the flower,
 Wear it near your heart,
Adios, my Don Carlos,
 For now we must part.

Orion is blazing
 Above in the sky;
The mocking bird sings
 In acacia near by;
Steps on the paseo,
 O, hasten, I pray;
Over the mountains
 Comes quickly the day.

Catalina will wait
 In the garden below
When evening comes—
 Dear one, quickly go.
My heart goes with you,
 With the rose on your breast;
Buenos noches, Don Carlos,
 Love whispers the rest.

Source scan page 4.

Katharine Hartman. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Virginia

by **LAURA CREIGHTON**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 1, 1910 · VOL. XXXIII, No. 18

(The Painting by Bodenhausen)

Lips that were warm yesterday,
With the kisses a woman gives once,
Just into womanhood wakened,
Today called upon to renounce
Life that had blossomed divine,
All chilled into silence and a still,
In a smile curved wistfully fine
For the future she might not fulfill.

One little hand to her breast,
Holds his picture in passionate grasp.
Love strong in death, for the waves
Had not power to loosen the clasp.
Slow creeping they gather and dash
To her feet in a torrent of spray;
Then, baffled, fall sullenly back,
To hurl in a fiercer essay.

Dead on the sands! Not the gold
Of the stars is as bright as the hair
That the night wind caresses to curls
On her brow. Could mortality wear
Fairer garb! Could the Angels of God
Bring vestments more beauteous than this,
To the soul that is yearning for earth
In the midst of their heavenly bliss?

Dead on the sands! All unmoved
In the tumult of water and wind;
Lashes close-furled over eyes
That looked on a world always kind.
Give her sepulture here by the sea,
For the sleep that is dreamless and long,
So she rests ere she wept overmuch,
Ere the minor crept into her song.

Source scan page 6.

Laura Creighton. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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A Mood

by GERTRUDE DARLOW

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 22, 1910 · VOL. XXXIII, No. 21

After the rain, the wind blew cool:
The clouds, like children out from school,
 Careened across the sky.
The fallen leaves, like hurrying feet
Came running down the country street,
As if they found their freedom sweet,
 Nor knew that they must die.

The trees were bending in the breeze,
To seek the sunflowers at their knees,
 And meet those bold, bright eyes.
But each swung lightly on her stem,
Held high her yellow diadem,
Nor even deigned to look at them,
 Not knowing beauty dies.

Nowhere on nature's shining face
A line or furrow could we trace,
 She had renewed her youth.
A sleeping beauty who awoke
The moment that her lover spoke,
And doffed her dull and dusty cloak,
 To stand revealed in truth.

Although we knew October here,
And felt the fading of the year,
 Our hearts still made reply,
"The summer we can recollect,
The autumn is in beauty decked,
The spring we gladly may expect,
 And hope will never die."

Source scan page 3.

Gertrude Darlow (born 1864). English-born Los Angeles librarian, poet, and book reviewer. She came to Los Angeles in 1893 and worked for the Los Angeles Public Library for more than thirty years; her verse later appeared in Lyric West as well as The Graphic.

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Restitution

by **CLARA M. GREENING**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 3, 1910 · VOL. XXXIV, No. 1

In youth's bright golden morning,
When earth was at its best,
I mounted on life's palfrey,
And rode into the West,
And at every inn by the wayside,
I was a welcome guest,

Like many an ancient minstrel,
I won my way with song;
With tales of mirth and laughter
I journeyed far and long,
And took the best on every hand,
Nor recked of right or wrong.

Now shadows of life's even
Fall purple by the way,
And journeying back along the road
Toward Home, at close of day,
At every inn by the wayside
I pay! pay! pay!

For scores of youth are heavy,
And this is recokning day;
And golden grain of harvest
I garnered by the way,
Must yield its toll to debts of youth
Contracted in life's May.

Source scan page 5.

Clara M. Greening. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Young America

by **MINA D. HALSEY**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 17, 1910 · VOL. XXXIV, No. 3

My head is full of Santy Claus
And lots of other things;
Of hobby-horses painted red
And flying things with wings
I want a great big soldier drum,
The kind that makes a noise;
want a sword and shoulder-straps,
The kind they give big boys.
want a great big rocking-horse
With real hair for a tail;
Want a man-of-war that fights
All other boats that sail,
want a gun that's sure to kill
An injun or a bear;
Want a box of candy, too,
And Santy, don't you dare
To come without an elephant,
A tiger and a moose—
Bring any kind of animal
You find a-running loose.

—MINA DEANE HALSEY.

Source scan page 8.

*Mina Deane Halsey (born 1873). American humorist, songwriter, poet, and self-publisher associated with Los Angeles. Her comic travel books *A Tenderfoot in Southern California* (1908) and *When East Comes West* (1909) turn the newcomer's experience of Los Angeles and its environs into vernacular satire.*

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The Triumph

by G. M. H.

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 31, 1910 · VOL. XXXIV, No. 5

In the years that are almost gone,
In the life that the gods approve,
Three things I have never known,
Anger, and fear, and love.

Only in storm-swept space
I have seen their work with the rest,
The sweat on a lifted face,
The wound on a sinking breast.

And still as I measured the three,
I have sworn with an equal mind,
That they never should make of me
The sport they made of my kind.

But, now as the night draws near,
And each man dreams at his door, -
And anger, and fear, and love
Are things he will meet no more,

I could wish I had met the three,
Betimes, in splendor and strife,
To have mastered them quietly
And drawn them into my life.

For as long as the years go by,
And the shadows pass and repass,
Whoever comes where I lie,
Will find their track in the grass;

And the sun must with tears be wet,
And the knees of the gods bent low,
Before a soul can forget
The things that it would not know.
Academy (London), Dec. 10, 1910.

Source scan page 15.

G. M. H.. The source identifies the writer only by these initials; no secure biographical identification has yet been established.

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Little Boy Soldier

by **EVERETT C. MAXWELL**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 28, 1911 · VOL. XXXIV, No. 9

Little boy soldier upon my knee,
Little Knight Errant with eyes that shine,
You're riding forth to your quest so fine,
But, O, Little Soldier,
You're mine, you're mine!

Little Boy Soldier so full of glee,
Little Sir Fearless with locks of gold,
The world to you is but four years old;
Oh, what joy my heart would hold
If it ever could be just four years old!

Little Boy Soldier with coral lips,
Little Free Lance without one scar,
Why must I yield thee to things which mar?
Why do the golden sands flow fast?
If childhood could only last and last!

Little Boy Soldier with restless heart,
Little wild bandit with spotless mind,
Surely to thee life will be kind.
But stay a little and rest a while,
For the future stretches for many a mile.

Little Boy Soldier with yielding lips,
Little Saint Faithful with ardent soul,
How swiftly the tide of years will roll!
I stifle the pain and yield thee thine,
But oh! Little Soldier, you're mine, you're mine!

Source scan page 5.

Everett C. Maxwell. Everett Carroll Maxwell, Los Angeles art critic and arts administrator. He wrote The Graphic's "Art" column, helped connect the California Art Club with the new County Museum, and became the first curator of the museum's art gallery.

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My Nursery Hour

by **EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 18, 1911 · VOL. XXXIV, No. 12

A plaintive leok, a little sigh,
And a mist of tears in your deep brown eyes,
Tell me plainer than words can say
That all has not gone well today;
So come lay your tangled head on my breast,
And tell me your trouble, and rest, and rest.

The day for me has been sad and long,
For I missed your chatter and laugh and song;
I longed for the touch of your lips on my face
And the clinging warmth of your long embrace;
Now alone by the fire at the hour we love best,
We'll forget our troubles, and rest, and rest.

Just back in the valley of bygone years,
Down the tangled path of joys and tears,
My own youth is calling so plain to me
That I know all the things that bring trouble to thee;
But safe in my arms with doubts all confessed,
Dream only of pleasure, and rest, and rest.

For you life's morn is so clear and blue,
And the storm clouds vanish like summer dew;
But the noon will bring its sorrow and care,
And the burden without me you then must bear;
Let me help you start on life's long quest,
Then I'll leave you to win, while I rest, and rest.

Source scan page 3.

Everett C. Maxwell. Everett Carroll Maxwell, Los Angeles art critic and arts administrator. He wrote The Graphic's "Art" column, helped connect the California Art Club with the new County Museum, and became the first curator of the museum's art gallery.

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My West

by **EVERETT C. MAXWELL**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 10, 1911 · VOL. XXXV, No. 2

Sing me the song of the mountain stream,
The song of the open plain:
Greet me with breezes edged with brine,
And blow me the canyon rain.

Mine be the light of the desert stars,
My compass the yucca's spine;
Let careless youth and love come back
Like breath of the fir and pine.

I long for the shrill of the coyote's bark
And the scream of the vulture's cry;
May my sunset come in the western land,
And my grave in the sage brush lie.

Source scan page 2.

Everett C. Maxwell. Everett Carroll Maxwell, Los Angeles art critic and arts administrator. He wrote The Graphic's "Art" column, helped connect the California Art Club with the new County Museum, and became the first curator of the museum's art gallery.

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June in California

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 17, 1911 · VOL. XXXV, No. 3

The brilliant bouganvillaea flaunts its royal purple
bloom, :
And velvet-petaled roses fill the garden's trellised
room.
The foothills golden shimmer with yellow poppies
spread,
And the creamy, dreamy yucca lifts its many-flow-
ered head.
Wild lilac clouds of lavender the shaded canyons
drape,
While languorous matilijas in robes of silken crepe
With incense orjental waken dreams of chiming
bells
In distant eastern temple;
swells
From joyous mountain river as a bird's love song
is heard
In branches gently swaying by
breezes stirred.
Magnolias, sensuous, blossom
and pine,
In the sunny western Eden with its wealth of palm
and vine;
The nights are silver-lighted and the sea and sky
commune
In this glorious California, in the radiant month of
June!

Source scan page 4.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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That Old-Fashioned Bucket

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 1, 1911 · VOL. XXXV, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

How dear to the heart are the scenes of our child-
hood,
When fond recollections present
But orchard nor meadow
wood
Resemble the objects my infancy knew.
The wide-spreading skirt and the crinoline nigh it.
The long sweping train that collected the dirt:
The gown of my mother of ample proportions,
And even the pocket that hung in the skirt,
The handy old pocket, the dandy old pocket,
The old-fashioned pocket that hung in the skirt.

Source scan page 5.

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Fame

by **W. W. CATLIN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 9, 1911 · VOL. XXXV, No. 15

Said a honey bee to a busy flea:
“What an awful chump you are!
You hop and hop, and seldom stop,
Yet never travel far.

“Tf yowll watch me you'll quickly see
The way I gather honey;
I pass my hours in robbing flowers
While summer days are sunny.”

Then said the flea: “It's plain to see
That you can never thrive!
You pass your hours in robbing flowers
That men may rob your hive,

“Youre not so hot! You're soon forgot!
But men remember me;
For every day I hear them say:
‘Where is that cursed flea!’”

Source scan page 4.

W. W. Catlin. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Lest She Regret

by **LILIAN DU BOIS WHEELER**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 16, 1911 · VOL. XXXV, No. 16

Oh! dare we aim the idle jest,
Or deem it other than sublime,
When one idea consumes the breast
Of fifty patriots at a time;
The happy thought that women (bless 'em!)
Shall not have ballots to distress 'em,

No creatures of inferior caste
Are these whose fevered lungs are loosed;
Stern lungs that uttered in the past
One only slogan—"Buy and boost!"
Of such as these one dare not say
That chivalry is cheap today.

Ah, no! These fifty pregnant souls
Are sworn to champion home and beauty;
No female prancing to the polls
Shall woo these Lucii Junii Bruti.
Contra, they ask us, where the blazes
Do women get these futile crazes?

They know the world is fraught with guile,
That suffrage breeds a coarsened grain;
That man, proverbially vile,
Exploits his vote for private gain.
And shall such motives, only more so,
Inflame, they ask, the female torso?

Shall she whom cautious nature planned
For dignified domestic cares
Come bouncing in and take a hand
In government's supreme affairs?
Perish presumption such as hers!
The game is not for amateurs.

For her the stationary tub,
And gossip, red in tooth and claw;
For her to babble at the club
Of Ibsenlinck and Something Shaw;
For her to soothe, with antic toys,
An offspring's fractured equipoise.

Content with coiffure and cuisine,

And fashion's transitory glories,
Why should she care a jumping bean
Or for suffragium or honores,
Or shirking nice domestic matters,
Harass the scalps of poor standpatters?

What need for woman to contrive
For public life's elusive boons,
When altruistic lawyers thrive,
And patriots who keep saloons?
And how can she remain a queen
When she is bucking the machine?

Strong arguments, my friends! And lent
A twofold strength by glowing souls
Whose record shows a common bent
For being absent from the polls;
Who never risked their country's weal
By an excess of civic zeal.

But, O, can chivalry be dead,
Except to these illustrious few?
Do they alone, when ail is said,
Know what the world is coming to,
When woman kicks across the traces,
And hits the more exalted places?

Appalling thought! Can we be wrong
Who greet with Philistine guffaws
The band of champions, fifty strong,
Who for our wives' sake bid us pause,
Crying, "O, swat the suffragette!
Lest she regret! Lest she regret

Sh—Sh—Sh!
Within the League of Fifty's camp
No sound of fife or drum,
And as the loyal come and go,
The countersign is "Mumm."

All day and night, with noiseless tread,
A speechless sentry stalks;
Why all this "golden" silence
When they say that "money talks?"

Source scan page 3.

Lilian Du Bois Wheeler. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Connoisseur Speaks

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 21, 1911 · VOL. XXXV, NO. 21

ANONYMOUS

[In the manner of R. B.]
One-half of me is all for havings,
The cunning, meretricious gauds
That your really artistic soul applauds.
These Bartolozzis—superb engravings!
Satisfy certain aesthetic cravings;
And yonder pretty Dresden simperer
Played the deuce with a young man's savings,
When I ran across her in 'eighty-five;
And this Blue Hawthorne—Ming was emperor,
When it bloomed in the Hang Chow craftsmen's
hive.
(The silvery blossoms seem almost alive!)
Haronobu, a maker of swords,
Carved these netsuke; this vinaigrette
Sweetened Paris' rag-tag hordes
In the nose of the luckless Antoinette.

"Few combine the means and the taste!"
True, I grant; and the art that flings
In the lap of the world these beautiful things,
Had lost its gaiety long ago,
Grown hollow-bellied and presbyter-faced,
Failing the largesse of those who know,
And have the precious counters to waste.

"Ah," you say, "but what boots a copper
Of your crapulous, hole-in-corner spending
To the starving guild of the children of light,
Who, wing they never so fair a flight,
Must keep one eye on the butcher's chopper,
And pay in dross when their wings want mend-
ing.
The price you
Satyrs.'
Of wine ne'er joggled a single swallow
Down the dusty throat of some thirsty fellow,
Who long since ceased to think of such mat-
ters."

Source scan page 5.

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Ode to a Sea Maiden

by **C. H. BRETHERTON**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 28, 1911 · VOL. XXXV, No. 22

fin the manner of Keats}
Salt sister of the nymphs; shy habitant
Of weedy caves and pleasure gardens cold,
Lit by dissolved beams that fall aslant
Through quivering deeps of amethyst and gold,
Or where, amid her thronging masts, of old
Sea girt Atlantis heard the ocean rave
At her sea walls, or where palmettos wave
It sunlit bays by gleaming sand bars shoaled;

In what immortal fancy hadst thou birth,
By pantheistic imagery wreught
Into the harmless magic of the earth
Of old by artless wisdom gravely taught?
-What sailor in his noonday slumber caught
Thee in his net, and drew thee from the deep,
And watched thy wide eyes waken from their
sleep,
Then thought thee gone, nor knew that he but
thought?

Haply some poet by the Ionian shore,
Or student, Truth's confined votary,
His blood afire with salt winds and the roar
Of waves immeasurable, pictured thee,
Poseidon's daughter, floating on the sea,
Half fish, half maiden, weed and glistening foam.
And in thy hand a shell incrustated comb,
And on thy lips an ancient melody.

Spirit of elfin beauty, dimly traced
Before the mind's imaginative eye
By windy caverns and the embattled waste
Of ordered billows swinging to the sky,
How many have dreamed of thee, have seen
thee lie
Sunning thy snowy sides and glittering tail
On chartless reefs in seas without a sail,
Ringed by blue water and infinity.

Or by rock guarded pools all emerald green,
With waving weed and branched coral strewn,
Or huge basaltic buttresses that lean
O'er beaches white beneath the risen moon,

Or where the deep sea fishes lie at noon,
Sun girdled wrasse and winged albacore,

By some Pacific isle's volcanic shore,
Or delta's estuarial lagoon.

Fair child of Fancy, clothed in strangest role,
Ocean and womanhood divinely blent;
Vitality eternal, in a soul
By no emotion aged or overspent;
Thus have men dreamed thee, Nereid, ill content
With dull fruition of the world's desire,
Of earth compounded and celestial fire,
Of deathless joy the pure embodiment.

And we that see thee sometimes, whether a dream
Or sentient being we shall hardly know,
If in the tumbling waves a white arm gleam,
Or they were voices heard a while ago
In the mid-deep, or the salt winds that blow
Sea dirges desolate, or if a form
Glittered a moment through the driven storm
From derelict spar or southly drifting floe

Source scan page 7.

Cyril H. Bretherton. A poet and prose writer whose California-themed work appeared repeatedly in The Graphic, including "At Point Pinos." Although contemporary bibliographies record his publications, a secure full biography has not yet been established.

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To Arms!

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 18, 1911 · VOL. XXXV, NO. 25

ANONYMOUS

[The Socialists declare that the establishment of equal suffrage has insured a victory for their candidates in the coming municipal elections. This rumor is confirmed to a certain extent by the reports from the various registration centers, where the Socialist registration is remarkably heavy.]

O mother, lay the meat ax down;
Put on your Billy Burke!
The war of votes is on in town,
And who are you to shirk?
Up then, and strike a thirsty blow
For Alexander, Shenk and Co.

Set from your knee the unspanked child
And let the waffles burn!
The trifling arts that once beguiled
Must yield before the stern
High duty that is yours today,
Servandae reipublicae.

Hark how the war-cry of the "Wets"
Inflames the Eastside gorge—
"Nix on these Prohibition bets!
The ax for Uncle George!
Out on the man who dares to close
Our liquid haunts of light repose!"

But loud above the stricken field
Sounds one imperious note,
Blown by the gentlemen who wield
The Socialistic vote,
Their oriflamme the blood-red robe
Of him whose private name is Job.

Hark! through the stillness and suspense
Their heady war drum rolls.
Whence come ye, jolly Satires, whence,
A-prancing to the polls?
What Thracian orgies of reform
Are come to take the town by storm?

See, Union Labor leads the van,
Unshaven men but stern;

Each with a pifflicating plan
For getting all they earn.
'The rear is occupied by svelt
Communists from the alfalfa belt.

And by each propagandist stout
Cavorts a faithful spouse,
For all the petticoats are out
On Reason's last carouse,
And no divided views obsess
The Socialist and Mrs. S.

And brave as Christian martyrs were
Before the Roman rage,
Miss 5. has faced the register
And lied about her age,
And conscious now of social class is
Perusing Marx upon the Masses.

Resistless as the rising flood
Goes forth a whisper wild:
"The Socialist is out for blood!
So are his wife and child!"
Their choice is Harriman, the subtle,
Accompanied by Mr. Tuttle.

Then rise, O mother dear, be swift!
Put on your outdoor hair.
Good Government requires a lift,
And you must do your share.
Who knows but your immediate vote
May rescue Uncle George's goat?

What! shall they oust the man we love
And put another there?
Shall alien whiskers float above
That hardshell patriot's chair?
Shall we be ruled by paltry fellows
That sport no fragrant whiskerillos?

Shall he who helped us pay the debt
Of unregenerate days,
And like a second Moses set
Our feet in prosperous ways,
Who stands for all that's safe and clean—
Shall he be rushed to the tureen?

Not while the citizen retains
His civic equipoise;
And Freedom rings upon the plains
Of Californian Troys!
Not while the Owens river washes

Through San Fernando's beans and squashes.

Then, mother, hang the frying pan
Above the kitchen sink.
The time has come to play the man,
And who are you to shrink?
Up, woman, up! Arise and smite
For Uncle Alec and the right!

Source scan page 5.

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Indian Summer

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 2, 1911 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 1

An autumn day that glimmers like a jewel set
Between a yesterday of gray, a morrow drenched with rain;
A day when lingering summer bares her luscious breast,
That all the earth the fountain of her love may drain.

A day of scented winds that breathe a rhapsody
Beneath the throbbing passion of a dreamy haze;
Of roses, warm and fragrant, red as wounded hearts—
A rich, rare day of life and love—a day of days.

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Sweet Books of Mine

by **RICHARD LE GALLIENNE**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1911 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 2

When do I love you most, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore
Austerely bent to win austerest lore
Forgetting how the dewy meadow'd shine
Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old romance where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?

Yea! ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
To whispering twilight, in my little room
And eyes read not, but, sitting silently
 feel your great hearts throbbing deep inquire
And hear your breathing 'round me in the gloom

Source scan page 1.

Richard Le Gallienne (1866–1947). English poet, essayist, critic, and novelist associated with the literary 1890s. A prolific contributor to periodicals, he was known for lyrical verse, belletristic essays, and books on literary life.

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In California: a Winter Garden

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 23, 1911 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 4

The roses, heavy-headed with their shining pearls of dew
Bow low along my garden path—a memory of June
The melancholy mignonette is redolent and sweet
A silver sickle in the sky, there swings a ghostly moon

The reckless red geraniums that climb the garden wall
Flaunt gaudy buds and blossoms from their frames of velvet
green
They splash their scarlet pools of flame upon the brown-ribbed
fence
And riot in a blazing mass above my window screen

A gaunt and leafless skeleton, dull gray--a shadow thing
The sycamore stands wearily---a lifeless withered husk
And, rustling in the winter wind that stirs its laughing leaves
The coral-berried pepper tree makes merry in the dusk

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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January in California

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 6, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 6

In cloudy mantle, silver-gray, full-bosomed, tender-eyed
Each throb of joy so deeply sweet it trembles into tears
Her wind-voice crooning lullabies where sad December died
Earth goes the way of Motherhood adown the path of years
The travail pain of yesterday the mother earth forgets---
For January's tear-wet eyes are rain-sweet violets!

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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In California

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 13, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 7

Beneath the dome of Nature's home
She greets the passing guest
And spreads a feast from dawn-hued east
To sunset's golden west
To him she shows the mountains rose
Of sunrise mystery
And leads afar till twilight star
Is mirrored in the sea

Leaf-shadows yearn above the fern
And jade-green myrtle twines
Where violets grow, and, singing low
A silver river shines
If near or far, by sun or star
She breathes a symphony
Soft winds that sigh, and sea and sky
In perfect harmony

In Nature's home with sun-kissed dome
She gives the passing guest
Each golden hour a memory flower--
Each day, a day of rest

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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Inconstancy

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 20, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 8

eR erent ar C
The sun, the wind, the rain-
Rain, sun and wind again !
These three, the passing hours-
And lane
And clover-scented meadow-land
On every hand
t
Knee-deep with flowers !

The wind, the sleet, the snow-
Snow, sleet and wind ablow!
These three, the passing hours-
And lo!
The sudden kiss of Death
Within the wind's inconstant breath !
And lane and scented meadow-land
Denuded stand-
Bereft of Flowers !

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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At Glen Alpine, Lake Tahoe

by **GARRETT NEWKIRK**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 27, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 9

In sunshine on the sloping rocks I lie
Gray granite by the ages grooved and worn
And view the quick oncoming of the stream
Mid giant boulders from the mountains torn
Bright wavelets glance about the mossy stones
A cascade near is rhythmical and sweet
The troutfish gleam within the shadowy pools
While flowers and grasses smile in each retreat

Green fringing yonder bank, the alders wave
And willows bend, with ferneries glancing through
And, rippling swift upon this little shoal
Are all the tints that Titian ever knew

And, all around the marvel of the trees
High, stately pines, and silvery firs agleam
The aspen gray with happy, dancing leaves
All faithful guardians of the enchanting stream

Through spires of green along the horizon line
The white clouds rise and float upon the west
As if the priests of Nature's holy shrine
Were burning incense on the mountain crest

Source scan page 1.

Garrett Newkirk (1848–1900). American physician and poet whose verse was gathered in Rhymes of the States and other collections. His poems often joined humor, regional observation, and popular moral reflection. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Gray Mist

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 3, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 10

Through a ghost-gray mist on a stormy sea
A laden ship drifts heavily
But what to me the weal or woe
Of ships that come or ships that go
If mine come not to me ?
Though a mist of pain on a wild heart-sea
The barque of life drifts heavily
I mourn, though ships may come or go
As the years forever ebb and flow---
A dream-ship---lost at sea !

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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Her Request

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 10, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 11

I burn my waxen tapers at thy blessed shrine
And ask a boon of thee, O good St. Valentine

A little time ago, within my breast
The fast-locked heart of me lay quietly at rest
Then love came knocking---ah, to see his roguish eyes
Grow soft with tenderness, to hear his yearning sighs !

Sweet pain it was, dear saint, and yet I was afraid
And would not let him in---and now I am repaid
For love turned brigand then, and stole my coward heart
And left within my empty breast his poisoned dart

I do not ask my own heart back, sweet Valentine
It has no place within me now, it is not mine
But, gentle saint, in suppliance I bow my head---
Let Love retain my heart and give me his instead

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Soul-Racked

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 17, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 12

How slowly ticks the clock, a sullen, patient loom
That weaves the warp of time---how slow, how dully slow
How long and dark the night, how deadly still the room
Yet sounds with phantom feet that softly come and go
But, Love, how short the night, how easy borne the pain
Of throbbing, aching brain and eyes that may not weep
If on my cheek your hand might rest as it has lain---
If I might have it so---I would not pray for sleep
Without, the creeping fog steals through the sleeping land
Her hair of misty gray entwining field and fold
Her garments flutter by, I hear her searching hand
Seek entrance at my pane, with fingers wet and cold
Dear Heart, if you were near, how sweet to feel the breath
Of fog against our cheeks, to hear the rising wind
I would not fear her hands that tremble as with death---
Your arms would hold me close, and fear would lie behind
How slowly ticks the clock! Dear God, can'st thou not hear
My soul's impassioned prayer that it shall have release?
The whole world seems asleep, my dear ones breathe so near
And I, alone, awake, but ask for sleep's deep peace
Dear Heart, if you but lay upon my breast again---
Your dear head cuddled close within that hollow deep
That God hath given us to cradle babes and men---
If I might hold you so, I would not pray for sleep

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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February in California

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 24, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, NO. 13

February's maid is young, wide-eyed and wondrous fair
A filmy veil of mist enwreathes her wind-blown golden hair
Robed in clouds of silver-gray---edged with gold and rose---
On dancing feet of silver rain the maiden blithely goes
Upon the hills she scatters dreams of promised poppy-gold
And gives to every orange flower a golden dream to hold!
Wakes the meadows, newly green, to dream of ripened wheat
While violets open dewy eyes and blossom at her feet
The February maiden brings to vale and hill and streams
A gift of tender joyousness---a sheaf of golden dreams!

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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Ballad of a Soul's Reserve

by **ERNEST MCGAFFEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 2, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 14

I have traversed the forest wide
 Crossed the pass where the eagle screamed
 Forded rivers with pack and guide
 Epics read by the lightning themed
 Climbed the peaks by the glaciers reamed
 Over the boulders' tumbled delf
 And there, however I was esteemed
 No one knew me except myself
 I have tested the city's pride
 Walked the streets where the people streamed
 Known of life on the seamy side
 Inner haunts where the vile blasphemed
 Counted lights that at midnight gleamed
 Reckless ever of fame or pelf
 And there, however I planned and schemed
 No one knew me except myself
 I have gone with the outbound tide
 Over waves by the moonlight creamed
 Held my watch with the hopes that died
 Songs and visions that thronged and teemed
 Steered my course by the stars that beamed
 Wandering far like a restless elf
 And there, however I fought or dreamed
 No one knew me except myself
 ENVOY
 Prince! when from bondage I'm redeemed
 And death has laid me on the shelf
 However I spoke, or sung, or seemed
 No one knew me except myself

Source scan page 1.

Ernest McGaffey (1861–1941). Ohio-born American poet and lawyer who practiced in Chicago and later lived in Los Angeles. His numerous verse books include Poems of Gun and Rod (1892), Poems of the Town (1901), Cosmos (1903), and War (1939).

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Gray Clouds

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 9, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 15

Gray clouds---
Gray clouds and rain! Ah, me!
So much of gray the gold enshrouds
Of day's sweet mystery !
And yet, perchance, if always bright
And warm the golden sun
Its shining were not tempered right
And a frail life begun---
A fragile flower of early spring---
Might fail of blossoming!

Gray clouds---
Gray clouds and pain! Ah, me!
So much of gray the gold enshrouds
Of life's sweet mystery !
And yet, perchance, if deepest joy
Were life's, without gray pain's alloy
Who knows but sympathy's fair flower
That blooms within a shadowed hour
In sorrow's mist of tender spring
Might fail of blossoming ?

Clouds and rain! Life's mist of pain!
God knoweth best---For nights of rest
Are sweeter after days of pain
As earth rejoiceth after rain !

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the *San Jose Poetry Club*.*

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Revery

by **JAMES W. FOLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 16, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 16

Old songs,—
So simple and so sweet
Wrought in melodious measure
Each with its cherished treasure
Of recollection—joys not quite complete
Yet endlessly renewing
A happiness, too fleet
Gone past pursuing
Save in these phantom palaces
These tinkling urns and chalices
Where dreams abide, each bringing
Its joy of singing,—
Old songs!
Old books,—
So well-beloved and worn
Comrades of mine,—together
Long nights of wintry weather
Dog's-eared and torn
Yet ever telling over
The freshness of the morn
The scent of clover
Homes of those first, fresh glories
Of Youth,—the ever blessed stories
Of unspoiled life and laughter
Whose dreams come after,—
Old books!
Old friends,—
So loyal and so true
With praises generous, or frank with chiding
Yet ringing true, and steadfastly abiding
Old friends, yet new
With rediscovered splendor
So patient and so tender
Mellow and sweet, like luscious fruits, whose dress
The royal purple is of kingliness
How long they grew
Upon this vine of loving and forgiving
To be the very grape and wine of living!
Old friends!

Source scan page 1.

James W. Foley (1874–1939). American newspaper poet and editor associated with North Dakota. His accessible sentimental, humorous, and inspirational verse circulated widely in newspapers and appeared in many popular collections.

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Lament of March

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 23, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 17

So brief, so brief life's little day---
The fragrant, violet springtime way
No recompense for travail pain
Of cloud-racked sky and falling rain!
The blossom-children born to me
Sun-cradled on the orchard tree
It breaks my mother-heart to leave---
I go, O, Year, but deeply grieve !
The orchard-blossoms ne'er may know
The mother-month who loved them so
Their tender, sun-warm, summer-kiss
My eager loving lips shall miss---
And bluer skies than mine shall see
My blossoms' fruit maturity !

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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Love's Miracle

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 30, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 18

My garden drooped and died beneath the sallow sun
The roses lost their fire in shrouds of ashen dust
All day the hot wind blew from bending hills of dun
My lillies bowed their heads before the scorching gust

Then through the haze of dusk there came the springtime rain
Across the stirring leaves and through the flower beds
Its cool lips kissed the rose until she blushed again
Its tender fingers paused to lift the lilies' heads

All night its soothing tears fell on the thirsty grass
(I heard its broken sob throughout the midnight gloom)
And, lo! a miracle at dawn had come to pass—
The garden that had died was sweet with bud and bloom

My heart a garden was, high-walled with phantom fears
Its flowers buried deep, shut out from sun and rain
Its roses faded gray beneath my burning tears
Its lilies blackened stalks beneath my gusts of pain

Then through the pall of dusk there came the breath of spring
The springtime of your love—O, faint, sweet ecstasy!
As wakes the woodland life when nesting robins sing
So thrilled my heart to you that day you came to me

The sunlight of your eyes, your love like gentle rain
Have made my garden bloom—its graves are green with grass
And though the springtime fade and winter come again
The blossoms will not die, their fragrance will not pass

Though I may watch you go with summer's dreamy haze
Or autumn's golden glow may mark our paths apart
Yet I shall tend my blooms, remembering the days
You wakened into life the garden of my heart

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Call of the Open Road

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 6, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 19

have heard the Pan-pipes playing
Where the forest-god was straying
Through the winter-sodden greenwood, deep with husks and leafy
mold
have seen his goat-hoof traces
In the bare and wintry places
Where the sunlight through the branches showered sheen of
gleaming — gold
have seen the dryads springing
From their tree trunks, heard them singing
High and sweet the song of springtime; gypsy lilt and wild refrain
And beyond the sea-marsh rushes
Where the surf-foam hurls and hushes
have watched the nymphs of Neptune dancing to the mad sweet
strain
Where the ribboned road is reeling
have seen him slily stealing
Fleeting o'er the dawn-gray hilltops, dancing ere the day began
Shall my heart take pause to reckon
When his lifted fingers beckon—
Nay, the Open Road is calling—I go forth to follow Pan!

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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The Way to Galilee

by **J. W. FOLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 13, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 20

Christ, all these creeds of theirs and mine!
These winnowed weeds of word and sign!
These mummeries of form and place!
Lives there in these Thy gentle grace?
 Wilt Thou not come again, to be
 The Truth that lighted Galilee?

Christ, all this guilt! This panoply!
Was Thy blood spilt to ransom me
Or canonize the thorn and cross?
Creed deifies this ash and dross
 So wilt Thou come not soon, that we
 May learn the way to Galilee?

Christ, all this show! This pomp of kings!
When Thou wert low with simple things
When fields abroad Thy temples were
And Thou of God the minister!
 Wilt Thou not come again, to prove
 The simple faith of human love?

Christ, far, how far from Calvary
Thy temples are—the creeds there be!
This rise and fall of creed on creed
When Love is all the Faith we need!
 Christ, wilt Thou come again and be
 Our Guide, to find us Calvary?

Source scan page 1.

James W. Foley (1874–1939). American newspaper poet and editor associated with North Dakota. His accessible sentimental, humorous, and inspirational verse circulated widely in newspapers and appeared in many popular collections.

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In the City Park

by **CHARLES H. MEIERS**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 20, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 21

Amid the quiet coolness of the park
Away from all the city's toil and strife
Sometimes I sit and scan the Book of Life
Reviewing both the bright side and the dark
While counting each mistake and credit mark
And when I note the many errors rife
The thoughts of which pierce through me as a knife
The fire of self-love dwindles to a spark
I see the folly of all selfishness
I feel the peace that only those may know
Who understand the music of the birds
The power of God, and fear not to confess
The smallness of us mortals here below
Who cannot fully paint one thought in words

Source scan page 1.

Charles H. Meiers. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Braggart, Man

by **J. W. FOLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 27, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 22

How must these ancient forest trees
Hear pityingly this braggart, Man
Say: "These are mine---and these---and these!"
When in the hoary years that span
The life of them, that ancient shade
Has swept above the turf and mound
Where bones of boastful men were laid
To moulder in this graybeard ground

How must these ancient acres hear
In pity as these age-old trees
This braggart, Man, whose doom is near
Say: "These are mine---and these---and these!"
When deep, an hundred feet below
The bones of boastful claimants rust
An hundred thousand years, and grow
A part of this ancestral dust !

Source scan page 1.

James W. Foley (1874–1939). American newspaper poet and editor associated with North Dakota. His accessible sentimental, humorous, and inspirational verse circulated widely in newspapers and appeared in many popular collections.

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When the Robin Comes

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 4, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 23

Earth lies wrapt in dreams---asleep---
While tender shadows softly creep---
Ghost-flowers of yesteryear that come
When murmuring low the wild bees hum
In upland meadows, dewy sweet
In wind-swept groves the trees repeat
What full-banked streams are whispering
And meadow-larks with rapture sing
The while a blue bird makes reply
A soft white cloud goes drifting by---
And violets open deep-blue eyes
In new-born wonder to the skies !
Earth softly sighs and gently stirs---
Across the vaulted blue there whirrs
In upward flight a red-breast bird---
A robin---springtime's living word
In nature's flood of tender speech !
By waterways the birch and beech
Burst into leaf! A wild plum tree
Voices in bloom its ecstasy !

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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Homing Time

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 11, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 24

The fields are carpeted with green, knee-deep in waving grass
The sunlight slants its paling beams where shrouding
 shadows lie
The cupping sky is like a sea where white-foamed breakers mass
And far beyond, the placid bay is like a cloud-flecked sky

The lowing cattle patient wait before the pasture bar
And from the grayness of the downs the cottage windows
 gleam
A mother calls: 'Tis homing time, and faint and clear, afar
The sound of children's voices purl in rippling, crystal stream

The lilac's purpling cloud is lost as dusk creeps o'er the hill
But still its fragrance fills the air with perfumed breath of
 spring
The mist comes in across the dunes---a weeping mist and chill
But in the shelter of a bush the drowsy thrushes sing

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Ashes-Of-Roses

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 18, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 25

At dawn the far-horizon glows
A dewy, fragrant, crimson rose
But hours fly and roses die---
And in the tender sunset sky
The twilight-gray discloses
A shadow-flush of moming's blush---
 Ashes-of-roses !
In youth the far-horizon glows
Aflush with passion's crimson rose
But years go by and love-dreams die---
And in the tender sunset sky
Life's twilight-gray discloses
Love's shadow-flush in memory's hush--
 Ashes-of-roses !

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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Spring-O'-The-Year

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 25, 1912 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 26

O Spring-o'-the- Year is a maiden
A maiden of tender mien
With a glint in her unbound tresses
Of gold and rainbow sheen
Where Spring-o'-the-year is singing
The primrose ways are sweet
Both shine and shower follow
The lure of her dancing feet !
She sings when the days are sunny
And weeps when the skies are gray---
Her eyes are the eyes of April
But her song is the breath of May !

O Spring-o'-the- Year is a maiden
A maiden of tender mien
She loves with the love of women
And will not choose between
The sun with its golden kisses
And the moon with its silver touch

She is mad with the lust of loving---
With loving over-much !
Of love her eyes are telling
Of desire her red lips croon---
Her eyes are the eyes of April
But her heart is a rose of June!

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876-1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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At Gray Dusk

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 1, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 1

Gray dusk! Heart of Mine, and a road across a hill
Deep grass! Roses' breath! and a twilight perfumed, still
West wind! Brooding sky! and a gleam of sunset's flush
Bird notes! Slumber songs! and the night's enthralling hush
Dim stars! Singing bells from the church beside the sea
Ships' lights! Mewing gulls, and a mist above the quay
Men's songs! Mighty chants! and the chain-clank on the docks
Stark cliffs; Whirling spray! and the breakers on the rocks
Dark sails! Shadow ships against the sky-line limned
Mystery ! God seems near, and our eyes with tears are dimmed
Strong hands! Tender eyes, and the vibrant pulses thrill---
Gray dusk! Heart of Mine, and a road across a hill

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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My Homing-Doves

by **MADGE CLOVER**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 8, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 2

Like homing-doves I send my thoughts to thee
Upon the wind. They fly o'er land and sea
Unwavering. Against the barrier formed
By the blue mountains they spread their pinions
Wide and higher soar. If to earth they fall
Where, with bared breast against the cruel ground
They wounded go, yet ever is God's voice
Heard over every sound: "Fly on, white heart
Thy quest is far to seek!" They gather up
Their strength and, undismayed, still journey on
"Till in the silent night they find thee, hid
I know that sometime, as I watch the day
Die upon the sea, freighted with thy love
My homing-doves will fly fast back to me

Source scan page 1.

Madge Clover (died 1934). The literary name of Mabel Hitt Clover, a journalist, poet, playwright, and critic. She worked with her husband, Samuel Travers Clover, on The Graphic and later Los Angeles Saturday Night; her "In Carmel Bay" was included in Golden Songs of the Golden State (1917).

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Women Who Walk Apart

by **EDITH DALEY**)

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 15, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 3

Breathe a prayer, O ye women who walk apart, fl I I
In the way that is straight and true
Breathe a prayer for the souls of the women outcast
Because of the things they do
O ye, who are clasping close to your hearts
The flowers of Love and Trust, i
ee Turn aside for a moment and say a prayer q Hh)!
For these women bowed down in the dust ; I I
Of the broad highway that leads to death. i
Around them are venomous things
Where never a whisper of Love is heard, j I
And memory burns and stings
They were even as you at the start of Life
Fairer, more richly endowed
Look now, how they rise but to fall again
Their garment of Hope a shroud!
Ye women who know not such terms as men
And primitive passion's sway---
Turn aside for a moment to throw to them
The sop of your pity, I pray!
Hug to your bosoms your prattling babes---
But know that the least you can do, s
Is to thank your God in Heaven above
That temptation has passed by you! Li Q

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the *San Jose Poetry Club*.*

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The Gray Ghost

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 22, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 4

A pale crescent moon like a silver scar
On the soft, tender breast of the sky
A faint little far-shining friendly star---
And a white cloud drifting by
The purple of violets on the hills
With silver agleam through the gray---
Like mind shadow-spaces that memory fills
With the stardust of yesterday
A shimmer of gold in the rose-red flush
On the sails of a ship in the west
Lowflying, the gulls in the deepening hush
Fold storm-tried wings and rest
An old, old path through the gold and rose
In the sound of the sea-waves' moan
I go by the way that remembrance knows---
But I follow it not alone!
Wraiths of the past, a frail spirit host
Wander into the sunset with me---
I walk hand in hand with the pale gray ghost
Of the woman I meant to be

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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The Master Singer

by **W. H. ANDERSON**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 29, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 5

Some poets ate born unto feeling
Some poets are born unto thought
And some have the gift of revealing
And some sing great songs that are fraught
With the uplift of Nature's best teaching
Where the human can glimpse the divine
And some of their songs are heart-reaching
And some many song gifts combine
But once in the aeons of ages
The spirit of all that is best
A wisdom too wise for the sages
A music that breathes of the blest
Is blent to a rhythm so splendid
Is rhymed with a spirit so strong
That Time and Eternity blended
Acknowledge the Master of Song !

Source scan page 1.

W. H. Anderson. A recurring poet in The Graphic, represented by four poems in this anthology. The common initials do not permit a secure identification, and no reliable biographical record has yet been matched to this contributor.

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Unresponsive

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 6, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 6

The Spring has come, the Spring has gone
Ah, wistful-eyed and sweet was she !
When first she came across the hills
I heard her calling---calling thee !
She sought the rose-walled orchard path
Where birds sing low a threnody
And drifted it with apple blooms---
Forever calling---calling thee!
She touched with silver-green the hills
Where goes the honey-laden bee
She scattered gold a-down the slopes---
Forever calling---calling thee !
She lavished bud and bloom and scent
Upon the poppy-sodded lea
She laughed and danced and sang---and wept
Forever calling--calling thee!
And I had thought when came the Spring

Thou, too, wouldst come---that it must be
That thou wouldst wake from death to hear
The Spring tide calling---calling thee!
But Spring has come, and Spring has gone
ISN ne ae ie ae one home to me;

x

And thou, who loved the Spring so well---
Thou couldst not hear her calling thee !

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Three Quatrains

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 13, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 7

LIFE

Mt. Pisgah---grey Gethsemane---
Dawn-hope and midnight-fear
A rapture and an agony---
A smile---a tear !

NIGHT

A dreary midnight, deep and dark
Without one star above
Were not so drear, so deep and dark
As life bereft of Love!

LIFE'S TENDEREST GIFT

Our hearts enshrine in memory
Through all the changing years
Life's tenderest gift to you and me---
Love's sympathetic tears

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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Etching

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 19, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, NO. 21

The sunset paints the western sky, the meadow lands grow dim
The purple mists of twilight creep adown the foothills' rim
The tinkling bells of lowing kine sound faint and clear afar
And through the rosy veil of clouds there gleams the evening star

Beneath the shelter of the eaves the mourning pigeons brood
The clean west wind sings low and sweet---a twilight interlude
And down the quiet country roads, through fields of brown decay
The sad-eyed Summer softly goes into the fading day

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Rainbows

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 2, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 23

Clouds on the distant hilltops
The hilltops newly green
But over the rain and shadow---
A rainbow's radiant sheen !
The shadowy hills of the future
Are gray with darksome fears
But arching the far horizon---
Hope's rainbow in our tears !

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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“Rise”

by **ERNEST MCGAFFEY**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 9, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 24

Under the shadows of a cliff
Crowned with a growth of stately pine
An angler moors his rocking skiff
And o'er the ripple casts his line
And where the darkling current crawls
Like thistle-down the gay lure falls
Then from the depths a silver gleam
Quick flashes, like a jewel bright
Up through the waters of the stream
An instant visible to sight---
As lightning cleaves the somber sky
The black bass rises to the fly

Source scan page 1.

Ernest McGaffey (1861–1941). Ohio-born American poet and lawyer who practiced in Chicago and later lived in Los Angeles. His numerous verse books include Poems of Gun and Rod (1892), Poems of the Town (1901), Cosmos (1903), and War (1939).

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Love's Litany

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 16, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 25

There's mist o' the morning upon the sea—
A salt white mist, like the tears of the world
A keen wind blows and the surf is gray
Where the crashing combers are caught and hurled

But dawn o' the morning is in our hearts
A dawn exultant with love's new day
A song on our lips, and your hand in mine
And the low, dun hills seem sweet with May

There's gray o' the noontime above the sea—
A dull, dim noon and a sullen Sky
The white gulls wheel to the Swirling waves
The bar moans low and the curlews cry

But red o' the noontime is in our hearts—
The hot sweet noon of a summer's day
Your eyes are warm with the light of love
And the low, dun hills seem sweet with May

There's chill of the evening upon the Sea
A stark ship frets at its anchor chain
The road is dark and the keen wind blows
And in from the night comes a breath of rain

But peace of the evening is in our hearts
The twilight peace of a lovers' day
The rain is soft on our lifted eyes,-
And the mist-wrapped hills seem sweet with May

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Prisoners

by **EDITH DALEY**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 23, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 26

Within a narrow casement
A caged canary swings
OF sun, and sky and freedom
It swings and dreams and sings!

Upon the bird---unseeing---
A woman's glances rest
Her empty arms are folded
Across a barren breast
The tender face uplifted
A benediction beams---
Blind and old, of motherhood
She rocks and smiles and dreams!

Source scan page 1.

*Edith Daley (1876–1948). Ohio-born California poet, journalist, and longtime city librarian of San Jose. She published the verse collection *The Angel in the Sun* (1917), wrote for the *San Jose Evening News*, and served as president of the San Jose Poetry Club.*

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Petition

by **SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 30, 1912 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 1

I do not ask Thee, if today be dark
To change it all and make it fair
As I step forth to toe the mark
I ask not that the burden I must bear
Be taken from my shoulders---leave it there!

yee
i

But this I pray Thee for with all my might---
My humble prayer Thou canst fulfill
And give the world its own way still---
Let me, if it be dark today
Keep hoping that tomorrow may
Be bright

Source scan page 1.

Samuel Ellsworth Kiser (1862–1942). American journalist, humorist, and newspaper poet, best known for his work at the Chicago Record-Herald. His syndicated light verse and the popular “Sonnets of an Office Boy” reached a national audience.

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Winds of the West

by **ROBERT V. CARR**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 7, 1912 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 2

Oh, the west winds, the wild winds, glad
vagrants and free !
They sing of the lure of the long trail to me
They sing of a bluff, a lone wolf on the crest
And the tang of the sage from the wastes
to the west
Oh, the west winds, the wild winds, a mad
symphony
That shouts of the smoke of the line camps
to me!
Till out of my soul bursts a passionate cry
“Oh, I come, I come home, for thy bondman
am I.”

Source scan page 1.

Robert V. Carr. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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My Old Books

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 14, 1912 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 3

These are my friends, these worn and winnowed books
Each like a living thing of blood and breath
These are my friends in dreamy days in shadowed nooks
These are my comforters in stress of life and death
Here where their gentle faces smile at me
Mute in companionship---before my fire I sit
Feeling across my eyes a wind-blown breath of sea
Drinking the heady ale of broad and ancient wit
Here I may thrill once more with Love's sweet dream
Voiced in the haunting cadence of a poet's rhyme
Here I may watch the swords of battle gleam
Here may I mark the mighty march of Time
These are my friends---to feel the nuance of my mood,---
Soft whispering in the dusk of inglenooks
Each like a thing of soul within the solitude---
These are my friends---these worn and winnowed books

Fifth Annual Beak Nitaber I

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Spirit of the Child

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 21, 1912 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 4

There's scarlet holly on the streets, and silver mistletoe
The surging, jewelled, ragged crowds forever come and go
And here a silken woman laughs---and there a beggar asks---
And O, the faces, tense of lip, like mad and mocking masks
 (Who thinks of Bethlehem today and one bright star above?
 (Who sees the humble manger-bed where breathed the Child
 of Love?)

There's fragrant scent of evergreen upon the chilling air
There's tinselled tawdriness that shows beneath the sunlight's
 glare
There Want and Plenty, Greed and Pride---a hundred thousand
 souls---
And O, the weary eyes of them, hke du'l and lifeless coals
 (Who knows the town of Bethlehem once gleamed beneath a
 star
 (The wondrous light that shepherds saw who watched their
 sheep afar !)

And yet above the city streets---above the noise and whirr---
There seems to come a vagrant breath of frankincense and myrth
I saw a woman, worn and wan and on her face a light---
The look that Mary might have worn that other Christmas night
 (And as the little children passed, and one lad turned and
 smiled
 (I saw within his wistful eyes the spirit of The Child.)

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Envoys

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 28, 1912 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 5

One day we two must watch the waters wash between our ships
Yours will sail westward where the sunset glories lie; i 4
Mine will go eastward where the dusk's great shadow dips—
And I shall strain my eyes to watch your sail against the sky

O, but this world will seem an empty place when darkness falls
When I can see no longer that your eyes speak love to me
When I can hear no longer that your dear voice faintly calls
One last farewell across the wistful, twilight sea

O, but the night will throb with bitter pain—and yet, dear love
Always my heart will thrill in memory—that sunlit morn
When all the world was lit with rosy dawn, and far above
Glimmered the laughing summer sky, white-flecked with
clouds new-born

Dear, it was sweet to sail together in those dreamy days—
Laden with love; with close-clasped hands and touch of gentle
lips
Though now the fog-wrapped harbor lights mark different ways
Have we not known the joy of sending forth our ships?

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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In Paradise Walk

by **HERBERT P. HORNE**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 4, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 6

She is living in Paradise Walk
With the dirt and the noise of the street
And heaven flies up, if she talk
With Paradise down at her feet

She laughs through a summer of curls
She moves in a garden of grace
Her glance is a treasure of pearls
How saved from the deeps of her face!

And the magical reach of her thigh
Is the measure, with which God began
To build up the peace of the sky
And fashion the pleasures of man

With Paradise down at her feet
While heaven flies up if she talk
With the dirt and the noise of the street
She is living in Paradise Walk

Source scan page 1.

Herbert P. Horne (1864–1916). English architect, designer, typographer, poet, and art historian associated with the Rhymers' Club and the Arts and Crafts movement. His study of Botticelli became a landmark of Renaissance scholarship.

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Santa Barbara

by **CLARENCE THOMAS URMY**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 11, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 7

Stand here, and watch the wondrous birth of Dreams
From out the Gate of Silence. Time and Tide
With fingers on their lips, forever bide
In large-eyed wonderment, where Thoughts and Themes
Of days long flown pass down the slumbrous streams
To ports of Poet-land and Song-land. Side
By side the many-colored Visions glide
And leave a wake where Fancy glows and gleams

And then the bells! One stands with low-bowed head
While list'ning to their silver tongues recite
The sweet tale of the Angelus—there slips
A white dove low across the tiling red
And as we breathe a whispered, fond “Good night,”
A “Pax Vobiscum” parts the Padre’s lips
From “A California Troubadour.”

Source scan page 1.

Clarence Thomas Urmey (1858–1923). San Francisco-born California poet, musician, teacher, and drama critic for the San Jose Mercury. A longtime San Jose resident who also wrote as Feliz Jose, he published A Vintage of Verse (1897) and A California Troubadour (1912).

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The Laughalot Boy

by **SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 18, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 8

The Laughalot Boy is a glad little lad
Who lives in a glad little place
Where all the good people who meet him are glad
For just looking into his face
And the birds that sing there from the dawn till the night
Warble only such songs as give people delight
And as add to the joy
Of the Laughalot Boy
Who knows where the nests are, but never
Is tempted to rob or destroy

Oh, the Laughalot Boy always runs to obey
And he never is rude or unkind
And only good people go smiling his way
And hate never darkens his mind
The Laughalot Boy is a glad little lad
Who has many more joys than the boys who are bad
All the winds seem to go
As he wants them to blow
He finds the world pleasant, and gladly
Helps those who are making it so
From "The Land of Little Care."

Source scan page 1.

Samuel Ellsworth Kiser (1862–1942). American journalist, humorist, and newspaper poet, best known for his work at the Chicago Record-Herald. His syndicated light verse and the popular "Sonnets of an Office Boy" reached a national audience.

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After the Theater

by **OLIVE PERCIVAL**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 25, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 9

ie A night all fairy-fog, cool and gray
ie With buildings dark and vague as ghosts and grim
Men come and go in the tangled mist
t
Like shadow-pictures, delicately dim
ad 14 The player's mimic realm the real world seems
p ; And these but streets of half-remembered dreams

Source scan page 1.

Olive Percival (1869–1945). Los Angeles writer, photographer, gardener, bibliophile, and collector associated with the Arroyo Seco arts community. Her books include Leaf-Shadows and Rose-Drift: Being Little Songs from a Los Angeles Garden (1911), and her extensive diaries preserve a vivid record of the city's cultural life.

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At the Ruined Mission

by **VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 8, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 11

Did you see just then
Where the rose vines throw their shade
A man and a maid?
He kissed her! That wren
If she could, would tell the jade
Kissed back, and again
On her lips his fell
Ah, it is well!
Though barred by book and bell
At last Love rules the colonnade
And I wonder—when
The pale padres paced it slow
In the long ago
Were they more than men?
Where the crimson roses blow
Was there never then—
How the shadows dance!—
A sidelong glance
At Spanish maid? Perchance
But still, my dear, we do not know!

Source scan page 1.

Virginia Cleaver Bacon (1883–1930). American librarian and writer whose poetry and short fiction appeared in Western magazines. After study and library work in Oregon and California, she became a leader in adult-education librarianship and was appointed Oregon State Librarian in 1929.

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Yearnings

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 1, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 14

Ld
oe
Perhaps, the sloping hills are gray with rain today
With mist-clouds lying low where cupping canyons dip
Perhaps, the new-leaved trees are burgeoning in bloom
And droop their fragile buds beneath the rain's soft drip
sat
Perhaps, the cabin door stands wide for me today
Perhaps, the jeweled drops that gleam against the pane
Are red with firelight sheen and gold with candleglow—
iS And on the bending roof there comes the drip of rain
y
he jt Perhaps, the valley lights are haloed with the mist
fi al And o'er the meadow lands the brooding sky is gray
Perhaps—O, Heart of Mine, the soul o' me is sad
The rain is on the hills, and I am far away

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Plucked Roses

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 8, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 15

He plucked from the dewy bush a rose
That blushed in the garden bed
He laid it close to her warm white throat---
“Ah, give me thy lips,” he said
(The wind was soft with the bloom of spring---
The rose at her throat was red.)

He kissed the rose and the pulsing throat
“Nay, droop not thy modest head
My love for thee shall be true till death---
Ah, give me thy lips,” he said
(The moonlight glowed with a silver sheen
The rose at her throat was red.)

He kissed the rose and he took her lips---
Her lips that were sweet and red
‘And thou shalt be rose of the world to me
Till time is no more,” he said
(The moonlight faded across the sky
The rose at her throat was dead.)

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Afterward

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 15, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 16

It seems but yesterday we sat here—you and I
And yonder cushion resting in the easy chair
Still holds the hollow where your head was wont to lie
(I need but close my eyes to see you sitting there.)

The pipe you loved lies close beside an open book
The scent of nicotine still hovers in the air
The driftwood fire is purring in the inglenook
(I need but close my eyes to see you sitting there.)

The old piano's keys seem yearning for your hands
To fill the quiet room with music rich and rare
And in the dusk nearby the worn old stool still stands
(I need but close my eyes to see you sitting there.)

These things are all the same, but, dear, the fire is low
The dust lies thick upon the pipe and easy chair
The keys are mute—and O, I know, I know
That when I lift my eyes you'll not be sitting there

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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The Return

by **KATHERINE ELSPETH OLIVER**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 22, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 17

Spring! Time of the New!
Day of the fragrant things that bud and bloom
Day of the tender things that bloom and die
Time of the hope of little nestling things—
The hope and fear for little nestling things beneath warm breasts
Time of the songs that thread the waking night—
That thread the night with heart-ache and delight
Hour of strong wings that mount up to the sun—
Of fragile wings that fail and fall, beneath the sun
Spring! Time of the New!

Spring! Time of the New—the old, old New!
Whether the blossoms of this hour's birth
Or those young wings that glance above the grass
Or the sweet fulsome breath of sunnied' earth, or rapturous lark
—

All, all—the presence and the promise—all—are those
Sweet former things we knew, whose latter pain
The kind year eased awhile till thou, O, Spring
Dids't wake again the hurt

Source scan page 1.

Katherine Elspeth Oliver. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Mystery

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 29, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 18

With what mad magic have you wrought this thing ?
But yesterday I had not seen your face
And yet today my shy heart sings of you---
You kiss me and I thrill with sweet disgrace
But yesterday we two were worlds apart---
Nor dreamed my eyes would ever droop beneath your own
And yet today I know that all my life
My lamp has been kept trimmed for you alone

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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My Garden

by **EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 12, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 20

I go forth into my garden at morning when the freshness of
day is upon it. The phlox and the mignonette greet me, and [I feel
the brightness of earth is about me

Again I go forth at noon-day, when the gold of the sun hangs
like a veil o'er my lilies; and my feet stay in cool shadows, for it
is good to be comforted by nature

At evening I bring tired hands to my garden to lave them in
tansy and myrtle; I lean on the rim of the fountain and drink the
sweet scent of the rosemary

At night when the moon silvers my garden, I come to give
birth to emotions. I know that my drowsy companions will
whisper
naught of my secrets, for all about me the pansies are sleeping,
like
innocent maidens

Sing I the praise of my garden, at morning, at noon-day, at
nightfall; Chant I the hymn of the flax flower and gourd vine.. My
song shall rise like the incense of day dreams on altars of lilac and
sweet-briar

Source scan page 1.

Everett C. Maxwell. Everett Carroll Maxwell, Los Angeles art critic and arts administrator. He wrote The Graphic's "Art" column, helped connect the California Art Club with the new County Museum, and became the first curator of the museum's art gallery.

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Attuned

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 19, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 21

You played to me!

Dim through the open window gleamed the tree-arched,
twilight street
Red were the roses on the sill, their fragrance subtly sweet
Shadowed the fire-lit room, the dusk, enwrapped in mystery
deep
Breathed in the air the drowsiness of poppy-scented sleep

You played to me!

Hushed was the hum of voices, listening to dreams divine
Yet were we two alone in all that throng, your eyes held mine
Yellowed the keys—how soft your touch—with tenderness
profound
‘Weaving a web of melody with golden threads of sound

You played to me!

Ah! how it sighed and nppled in its reed-like melody
Whispered your heart to mime—you might not speak of love to
me
Yet as the surging sweetness of your music swelled anew
Beating against my yielding heart, ah, Love, I knew, I knew!

You played to me!

Dark was the street without, and gathering the evening gloom
Yet was there radiance within that dusky room
We should not meet again—must walk apart the long, long way
Yet we had drained the sweetest depths of love, that one dear
day

You played to me!

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Gray Day

by **MADGE CLOVER**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 26, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 22

Gray fog o'er sea and land
A footprint in the sand---
Ghostly birds that come and go
Moaning low

Golden sunlight breaking through
Showing promises of blue
A smile that lights my life
Then love---and you!

Source scan page 1.

Madge Clover (died 1934). The literary name of Mabel Hitt Clover, a journalist, poet, playwright, and critic. She worked with her husband, Samuel Travers Clover, on The Graphic and later Los Angeles Saturday Night; her "In Carmel Bay" was included in Golden Songs of the Golden State (1917).

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Two Songs

by **VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 3, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 23

Nay April, how give back your mirth
To your green harmonies how sing?
The saddest songs in all the earth
Within my ears and Heart still ring!

For, by your truant sunshine stirred
To echoes faint of dreams long gone
A song of love this morn I heard
From lips love's kiss ne'er burned upon

And, little, old, and all alone
The while your nesting birds were nigh
I heard a childless woman drone
A wistful, old-world lullaby!

Source scan page 1.

Virginia Cleaver Bacon (1883–1930). American librarian and writer whose poetry and short fiction appeared in Western magazines. After study and library work in Oregon and California, she became a leader in adult-education librarianship and was appointed Oregon State Librarian in 1929.

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Song

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 10, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 24

All the world is young and gay
May comes over the hills today
Fragrant breath and starry eyes
Deep as sunlit, springtime skies
Crocuses adown the field
Scorn her coaxing kiss—then yield
Rippling like the golden sea
In the wind's soft threnody
Daffodils in yellow mass
Light their flames among the grass
Mad with joy the mockers sing
All the world is blossoming
Love is born anew today
Over the hill comes blithesome May

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Dream of Summer

by **JOHN W. WOOD**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 17, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 25

O, golden dreams, when memory idly turns
To long past scenes, to thoughts of tender days
To glimpse of verdant woods, of dipping ferns
Where rippling stream sings amorous roundelays

I dream of meadows where the night dew's gleam
Where lilting thrushes mock the wild lark's cry
Of tasseled corn whose silken banners stream
Like elfin braids, athwart the azure sky

Of orchards where the apple blossoms blow
Where droning bees sip stores of nectar sweet
Where amber days in benedictions flow
And tangled clover trips the wandering feet

Of woodland deeps, where on long summer days
Come barefoot boys, their vagrant joys to glean
The swirling pool where lonesome pickerel plays
The cozy nook o'er which the willows lean

O, happy trick! that blots too eager years
And spans them o'er with fond alluring dreams
One magic touch and lo! Time disappears
And we forget what Is, for that which Seems

Source scan page 1.

John W. Wood. A named poet represented more than once in The Graphic. The common name has not been securely connected with a particular biographical record.

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Where Peace Abides

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 24, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 26

This is a place of peace—a leafy road that dreams at dusk
A sunset like a pagan pyre within the west
ty The first faint glory of the stars across the sky
A little wind that whispers low, ““O, tired heart, rest!”

This is a place of peace—of drowsy shades where one may feel
The pulsing heat of Nature’s heart against the breast
Lie in long grasses with the tree tops overhead
And hear the thousand voices of the brook that whisper, “Rest!”

This is a place of peace—the mist’s soft footsteps in the grass
The deep and fragrant winds that sweep from mountain crest
The tawny hills, serenely watching from their splendid heights
Uplift the soul and whisper, softly, “Tired heart, rest.”

Arrowhead, California

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly’s most frequent verse contributors.

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One Desert Night

by **MADGE CLOVER**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 31, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 1

The world is filled with pale, white light
And ghostly cries of driven souls
Go sobbing low!

Or, are they kindly deeds undone
That run to meet the morning sun?
Complaining so

Or little dreams left all undreamed
Because the eyes that they would close
Stare wide with woe?

Do mighty passions unappeased
Come here to ease their weight of pain
Oh, who can know?

This is the gathering place of winds
And all the sprites that ride the air
May come and go

Son.
ah

And I who lie the long night through
Usurp this empty world of space—
To peace a foe!

Source scan page 1.

Madge Clover (died 1934). The literary name of Mabel Hitt Clover, a journalist, poet, playwright, and critic. She worked with her husband, Samuel Travers Clover, on The Graphic and later Los Angeles Saturday Night; her "In Carmel Bay" was included in Golden Songs of the Golden State (1917).

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The Lessons

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 7, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, NO. 2

It took me such a little while to learn—
A tender, foolish word, the strong, sweet clasping of your hand
The clinging glance of eyes that only lovers understand —
And lo! my eager heart was taught to love and yearn
So short a time to learn, dear one, and yet
Since we two said goodbye, through all the silent days of pain
My anguished fight to still my need for you has been in vain
It takes so long to teach my heart how to forget
Ee '
fc bn

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Rondel

by **WILLOUGHBY RODMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 14, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 3

What are you dreaming, what are you thinking
 Baby eyes with the deep, far gaze?
Do you guess the secrets of coming days
Can you read their meaning, and look, unshrinking?

I feel my heart, as I watch you, sinking
 As my fancy into the future strays
What are you dreaming, what are you thinking
 Baby eyes with the deep, far gaze?

Do you face the sun of thought, unwinking?
 Can those little eyes bear that awful blaze
 Which bewilders. old heads with its dazzling rays
And sets the strongest old eyes a-blinking?
What are you dreaming, what are you thinking
 Baby eyes with the deep, far gaze?

Source scan page 1.

Willoughby Rodman. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Roses Are Dying

by **PAUL TRAVERS**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 21, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 4

Roses of June
Flitting so soon
Where do you go?
Over the prairie
Swift as a fairy
Bathed in a glow

Light as a feather
Skimming the heather
Where do you blow?
Hither and yonder
Carelessly wander
Tossed to and fro!

Wild-flower exquisite
Brief was your visit
Yet do we owe
To your advancing
Fragrance entrancing,—
More than we know!

Now you are dying
Zephyrs are sighing
Softly and low
Flowers that are fairest
Things that are rarest
Soonest must go!

Source scan page 1.

Paul Travers. The name is probably connected with Samuel Travers Clover's fictional reporter Paul Travers, hero of two books published before Clover acquired The Graphic. Whether Clover himself wrote this signed poem cannot be established securely.

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In a Los Angeles Garden

by **OLIVE PERCIVAL**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 5, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 6

wake and with bewildered eyes
Behold the summer, noonday skies
Lying in little blossom-flecks along the wall
It is a sign for me, I know
Of many heavens here below
Radiant, tender harmony awaiting all

SS

Brimming with the sweet of a tropic summer
Are the blossom-cups white of the magnolia tree
Drugged with dreams are they of enthralling sorrows

OF incredible joys,---by a far, far; moonlit sea!

Between the brown and oak-plumed hills
Is the hill of my dreams, desires

All day a realm of blue, blue mist
And at sunset all opal fires
Ah! the feet of the heedless its paths have found
But for me it is ever forbidden ground!

Source scan page 1.

Olive Percival (1869–1945). Los Angeles writer, photographer, gardener, bibliophile, and collector associated with the Arroyo Seco arts community. Her books include Leaf-Shadows and Rose-Drift: Being Little Songs from a Los Angeles Garden (1911), and her extensive diaries preserve a vivid record of the city's cultural life.

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Her Prayer

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 12, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 7

God keep you dear, so passionate my prayer
That He must surely listen as I sue
God keep you, dear---Ah, for myself I could not dare
To ask that in His mercies I might share
And yet before His throne my soul is bare---
For Love has taught me how to pray for you

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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In What Vale?

by **IOLA A. WILLIAMS**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 19, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 8

ae When sleep is with the lily
And death is on the rose
lag Ah, whither speeds their perfume?
And where their beauty goes
ae Who knows?

When song has quit the swallow
Sy And laughter left the wren
When all the laugh, the singing,
Has faded down the glen;
What then?

So, when our words are faded
be And dumb what each one saith
Where rings the cry we uttered
ae Where sighs our kissing breath
In death?

Source scan page 1.

Iola A. Williams. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Summer at Catalina

by **JOHN W. WOOD**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 26, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 9

Here beneath low bending skies
Where the mists drift lazily
Lo, a magic island lies
On the breast of sapphire sea

By its foam-kissed crescent strand
Where the golden sunlight gleams
Zephyrs soft from Orient land
Fill the soul with magic dreams

Yonder mountains' hoary heads
Pierce the skies of tender blue
Down beneath these watery beds
wy Mysteries sleep the ages through

Laze long days in rare delights
Filled with tang of salty air
Thrilled with splendors of the nights
Lured by dawns of mornings fair

Far away from noisy town
Under heavenly canopy
Where the arching skies dip down
In the deeps of flashing sea
Cec oP ieee eet S aut asa)

Just a-loafing every day
Just forgetting days agone
Just a-watching dimples play
On the bay of Avalon

Source scan page 1.

John W. Wood. A named poet represented more than once in The Graphic. The common name has not been securely connected with a particular biographical record.

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Pan Triumphant

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 2, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 10

Gypsy heart, can you not hear, faint and far adown the glen
Muted notes of lilting reeds? Pan has found the road again!

Close your door to hush his song, draw the curtain at your pane
Hide your eyes within your books—Gypsy heart, 'tis all in vain!

You who sa'a that Pan was dead, nevermore his reeds should sing
Did vor think he would not wake with the first, shy kiss of
Spring?

'an has found the road again—hearken to the reeds' low call
Rippling waters, brooding birds, whispering trees—he sings them
all

Morning fires across the sky; morning dew upon the grass
Pungent breath of foam-fringed sea, where the distant white sails
pass

Hot sweet noons when blossoms blow; drowsy hum of brigand
bees
Pillowed head upon my breast; sleep beneath the arching trees

Hushed gray dusks when fireflies glow ; shadows where the
campfire gleams
Smell of woodsmoke in the pines; dreams and songs and songs
and dreams

Gypsy heart, the door swings wide; reeds ate rippling down the
glen
Ah, my heart calls low, to thine—Pan has found the road again!

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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In Passing

by **GEORGINA A. PAGET**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 9, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 11

I was your stepping stone
From the old love to the new---
I, who loved you alone
Was it I who changed, or you?
Now you stand on land with your own true lover
Poor stone, my heart, let floods flow over !
I was a desert well
Passing, you slaked your thirst
Was the water brackish, tell ?
Yet you found it sweet at first
Now you lave and bathe in the bounteous river
May sand-storms choke the well for ever

Source scan page 1.

Georgina A. Paget. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Old Pueblo Days

by **RONALD MAC DONALD**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 16, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 12

Where have they gone, those fair old days
So swift to pass and yet serene
te With step so. light, such pleasant ways
‘ And nights of song and laugh between?

my : Ah me! why could they not remain
To cheer my sad and weary heart
And bring again that sweet refrain
j o That bade all care and gloom depart?

Dolores mia, ’twas thy voice
Just now I heard when sounds were hushed
ye e ! And made my aching heart rejoice
That years and toil have almost crushed

in ; Pablo appeared,—but what of him?
(Best knife, they said, in Monterey)
Then he went back, but pale and thin
Rodeo >—yes, I rode next day

You threw him back his cactus bloom
And my pale rose you wore instead;
Ah me! that flowers should fade so soon,
O grief untold that you are dead!

Gracias a Dios, memory still
Can bring again the days of old
There thou art queen, and thy sweet will
Is mine till this old heart is cold

Source scan page 1.

Ronald MacDonald. A Western poet whose work in The Graphic includes lyrics of California and the Southwest. The name is shared by several contemporary writers, and no biographical identification can yet be made with confidence.

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Whence and Whither

by **GRACE HIBBARD**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 23, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 13

Whence came the summer day
Trailing its golden hair
Across the hills and fields?
Whence came the day so fair?

Where went the summer day
On wings of burnished gold
Of amethyst and flame
Beyond the headland bold?

Whence came the life that made
My life a summer day?
Whence went the soul that took
Light from my life away >

Source scan page 1.

Grace Hibbard (ca. 1835–1911). American poet and fiction writer, born Helen Grace Porter, whose writing career flourished after she came to California. A member of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, she published several California verse collections, including Wild Poppies and California Violets.

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In the Redwood Canyons

by **LILLIAN H. SHUEY**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 30, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 14

Down in the redwood canyons, cool and deep
The shadows of the forest ever sleep
The odorous redwoods, wet with fog and dew
Touch with the bay and mingle with the yew
Under the firs the red madrono shines
The graceful tan oaks, fairest of them all
Lean lovingly unto the sturdy pines
In whose far tops the whistling blue-birds call

Here where the forest shadows ever sleep
The mountain lily lifts its chalice white
The myriad ferns hang draperies soft and light
Thick on each mossy bank and watered steep
Where slender deer tread softly in the night
Down in the redwood canyons dark and deep

Source scan page 1.

Lillian H. Shuey. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Love's Forgetfulness

by **ROBERT BRIDGES**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 13, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 16

So sweet seemed love that April morn
When first we kissed beside the thorn, _
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change

But I can tell---let truth be told---
That love will change in growing old
Though day by day is nought to see
So delicate his motions be

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all

His little spring, that sweet we found
So deep in summer floods is drowned
I wonder, bathed in joy complete
How love so young could be so sweet

Source scan page 1.

*Robert Bridges (1844–1930). English poet and physician who served as Poet Laureate from 1913 until his death. His technically intricate lyrics and experiments in prosody culminated in the long philosophical poem *The Testament of Beauty*.*

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The Gnome Who Lives in a Tree

by **EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 20, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 17

A gnome lives in the roots of a tree close by my cabin door
And he tells me secrets of wondrous worth
As I pillow my head on the soft green earth
And watch the clouds sail by, sail by
And watch the clouds sail by

He has told me why the sky is blue, and why the hills are brown
And who gave the laurel its silver sheen
And made the leaves of the trees turn green
And why the brook flows on, flows on
And why the brook flows on

He can tell what the cricket is scolding about, and why the lizard
is shy
And he knows the fairy who comes at night
And dyes the autumn leaves so bright
And why the day brings joy, brings joy
And why the day brings joy
The gnome and I are the closest kin for the God of nature has
made us so
For we both love the canyon dim and old
In summer's heat or in winter's cold
And ours is the heart of the hills, of the hills
And ours is the heart of the hills

Source scan page 1.

Everett C. Maxwell. Everett Carroll Maxwell, Los Angeles art critic and arts administrator. He wrote The Graphic's "Art" column, helped connect the California Art Club with the new County Museum, and became the first curator of the museum's art gallery.

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The Desert Hour—Glass

by **EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 27, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 18

Gray dawn and a wild range
West wind and the wide sky
Red buttes and sage-brush
And the vulture's shrill cry

Haze on the mountains
Blue sands on the plain
A brass sun at noon-day
And the hiss of the rain

The crawl of mauve shadows
Painted brow of the dune
Red copper of evening
And the coyote's sharp tune

Far distance, vast silence
Low voices in the grass
The mystery of moonlight
While night clouds wane and pass

Source scan page 1.

Everett C. Maxwell. Everett Carroll Maxwell, Los Angeles art critic and arts administrator. He wrote The Graphic's "Art" column, helped connect the California Art Club with the new County Museum, and became the first curator of the museum's art gallery.

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Tonality

by **LUCILLE FURNISS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 4, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 19

Daybreak !—A thousand lances from the sun
Pierce through the foggy mantle gray
 Enswathing day!
Myriad pearls---hues opalescent
Flash colors, gay and evanescent
 Athwart the gray
And life and love and hope are bora
 This iridescent morn
 The day breaks—gay!

Nightfall!—Weird shadows creep across the gay
Stealing their warmth, and color gray
Their roseate hues with violet ray
 Pasteling day
Back to the sun—with loving care
Are drawn the pearls of the morning rare
 Back to its source—to another morn
 Of life and beauty—all enshorn
 Steals the soul away!
And life and love and hope are gone
 Into the gray
 Enshrouding day

Source scan page 1.

Lucille Furniss. A named contributor of poetry to The Graphic. Her surviving poems in this anthology show an interest in music and tonal effect, but reliable biographical information has not yet been located.

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Recompense

by **EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 11, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 20

As I stand at my window at evening
In my cottage alone by the sea
Afar on the azure horizon
My ship's sailing homeward to me

And in fancy I see in the moonlight
Its sails gleaming opal and white
And the foam on the crest of the billows
Like the heart of my bosom, is light

But a cloud floats over the heavens
And veils the fair ship from my sight
And behind the dim, distant horizon
It vanishes into the night

And alone I still stand by my window
Neath the noon and the mist of the sea
But down by the sand dune, a maiden
s waiting to welcome me

And soon we'll be happy together
In our own little realm on the lea
And there in the blaze of the twilights
We'll watch for my ships on the sea

Source scan page 1.

Everett C. Maxwell. Everett Carroll Maxwell, Los Angeles art critic and arts administrator. He wrote The Graphic's "Art" column, helped connect the California Art Club with the new County Museum, and became the first curator of the museum's art gallery.

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Futility

by **LUCILLE FURNISS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 18, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 21

Suppose the dewdrop in the night
Should miss the daisy, petalled-white,
 Of what avail?
Or, far too high for human eyes
Gleamed white the startracks through the skies,
 Above life's mael;
Or the sunbeam fail to guide aright
The struggle of the plant to light
 Through Time's dark veil?
Or, beyond the mists we'd fail to see
The promise of eternity;
And human effort miss the spell,
God's in His heaven and all is well;—
 Hope and faith would cease to be,
 Confronting such futility.

Source scan page 1.

Lucille Furniss. A named contributor of poetry to The Graphic. Her surviving poems in this anthology show an interest in music and tonal effect, but reliable biographical information has not yet been located.

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In a Restaurant

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 25, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 22

A swaying lad, inspired, his burning eyes half drenched with
tears unshed
His face uplifted to a vision—and the room grows still
The music steals across it like the rippling of a leaf-hedged rill
The voices flicker into silence, nor note the things they left
unsaid

Each dreams his dream—the shadowed eyes that gleam within
yon painted face
Are wistful now for country roads where apple blossoms blow
And o'er the brown and straggling fence the great oak trees
bend low
To whisper of the clean blue sky above their green leaf-lace

Each dreams his dream—the bent old man of evil face and twisted
mouth
Is transformed with the alchemy of some old memory
As though he walked again the path that winds through
Arcady
When life and love were young and fair, undrained by age's
drouth

Each dreams his dream—the fires of glory light the face of one
white maid
Her shy eyes droop beneath her lover's glance—yet
understand
And underneath the table yearning hand seeks yielding hand
—
They, too, have found their road to Arcady and walk it unafraid

Each dreams his dream--- the fragrance of a faded rose, a twilight
hush---
And then the music breaks; the clash of glasses fills the room
The voices shrill; the swaying lad from out his corner's gloom
Cries softly to a waiter, "Gee, I get 'em when I play that slush!"

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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White Chrysanthemum

by **GRACE HIBBARD**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 1, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 23

Last night beside my hearthstone
She sat in a snowy dress
The firelight touched her golden hair
With many a fond caress

She wore white autumn flowers
Like frozen stars they seemed
One flower she left, else I should think
Of angels I had dreamed

Source scan page 1.

Grace Hibbard (ca. 1835–1911). American poet and fiction writer, born Helen Grace Porter, whose writing career flourished after she came to California. A member of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, she published several California verse collections, including Wild Poppies and California Violets.

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California Violets

by **GRACE HIBBARD**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 15, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 25

On the Atlantic's shores the fierce north winds
I know
Autumn's brown leaves are scattering far and -
near
And flowers are withered by the frost's cold
touch
While violets are here

Here in the sunset land the tender grass
Is covering hill and dale with "living green,"
And fretted in---mosaics rare of blue---
Are violets between

And soon the golden poppies of this land
Will flame in splendid beauty everywhere
The roses and the jasmin sweet will fling
Their perfume on the air

Oh, come into this land so fair, and stay
While saow is on the pines and days are drear
Come, where the sun glints through the broad-
leaved palms
For violets are here

Source scan page 1.

Grace Hibbard (ca. 1835–1911). American poet and fiction writer, born Helen Grace Porter, whose writing career flourished after she came to California. A member of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, she published several California verse collections, including Wild Poppies and California Violets.

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Wanderlust

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 22, 1913 · VOL. XXXIX, No. 26

os Love locks the city's outer gates; the white streets chain the
soul of me
Love's arms are strong about me; yet—my heart is hungry for the
sea

My heart is hungry for the sea—the long, slow swell of green and
gray, ee '
The wet brown sand, the hanging cliffs, the sea gulls' cry, the
stinging spray

os My heart is hungry for the sea—the bay that curves beyond the
slips
ly And limned against a twilight sky the spreading sails of
outbound ships

ex My heart is hungry for the sea—the ceaseless tides that wax
and wane
The clean, salt smell, the clean, fresh wind, a thin cool mist of
silver rain

Love's tender words are sweet to hear—and yet above them comes
to me
ee) The surf's wild call—I must obey! My heart is hungry for the
sea

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Madonna Mia

by **ERNEST MCGAFFEY**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 29, 1913 · VOL. XL, No. 1

It may be partly true that Raphael—
Above whose tomb the centuries are piled—
By what he grouped of mother and of child,
Unconsciously in power did excel
All other painters; just what lends the spell
Which lingers in the eyes' expression mild,
That gives the love and longing reconciled
To his Madonna, history. does not tell.

I saw a picture painted here today
Like Raphael's: but fairer far to me.
In living colors framed against the grey,
Unutterable sadness of the sea;
Yourself, my love, your gold hair blown astray
And holding fast the baby on your knee.

Source scan page 1.

Ernest McGaffey (1861–1941). Ohio-born American poet and lawyer who practiced in Chicago and later lived in Los Angeles. His numerous verse books include Poems of Gun and Rod (1892), Poems of the Town (1901), Cosmos (1903), and War (1939).

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Mariposa Lilies

by **GRACE HIBBARD**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 6, 1913 · VOL. XL, NO. 2

She gave me a handful of lilies
Wild flowers from sunny hillside
Beautiful cups of gold they seemed
At the hour of eventide
But in the sunshine of morning
They opened---the beautiful things
The jewel-gemmed butterfly lilies
Had found and fluttered their wings

Source scan page 1.

Grace Hibbard (ca. 1835–1911). American poet and fiction writer, born Helen Grace Porter, whose writing career flourished after she came to California. A member of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, she published several California verse collections, including Wild Poppies and California Violets.

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Poetry

by **ELLA HEATH**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 20, 1913 · VOL. XL, No. 4

I am the reality of things that seem
The great transmuter, melting loss to gain
Languor to love, and fining joy from pain
I am the waking, who am called the dream
I am the sun, all light reflects my gleam
I am the altar-fire within the fane
I am the force of the refreshing rain
I am the sea to which flows every stream
I am the utmost height there is to climb
I am the truth, mirrored in fancy's glass
I am: stability, all else will pass
I am eternity, encircling time
Kill me, none may, conquer me, nothing can—
I am God's soul, fused in the soul of man

Source scan page 1.

Ella Heath. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Unfettered

by **MARY EH. COLERIDGE**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 27, 1913 · VOL. XL, No. 5

O Earth, my mother! not upon thy breast
Would I my heavy head in death recline
Would I lay down these weary limbs of mine
When the great voice shall call me into rest
Too well have I obeyed thy gay behest
Too eagerly have worshipped at thy shrine
The better part of all my life was thine
I used thee as a lover, not a guest
I would not make with thee my dying bed
Low, low, beneath thy lowest let me be
Far from thy living, farther from thy dead
From every fetter of remembrance free
Deep in an ocean cave, and overhead
The ceaseless sounding of thy waves, O Sea!

Source scan page 1.

Mary E. Coleridge (1861–1907). English poet, novelist, essayist, and teacher, and a great-grandniece of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Much of her poetry was privately circulated or published under the pen name Anodos during her lifetime.

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California Skies

by **CLARENCE THOMAS URMY**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 3, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 6

California skies !
Balm for the eyes!
Where orange groves or redwoods rise
By Shasta's snow, Diego's sand
Or old Diablo's dream-set land
By San Francisco Bay so blue
Or down some cypress avenue
Near Monterey; by lake Sierra-rimmed
Or yet afar in valleys vineyard-trimmed
On plain where Ceres waves her wand
Or where Pomona fond
And all her train in foothill orchards drowse
Under low-bending boughs---
Look up!
And from the turquoise cup
Drain dreams and rest !
Ah, none so blest
As one who, weary of life's endless quest
In this fair meadow poppy-pillowed lies
Day-dreaming, 'neath these California skies---
Balm for the eyes!

Source scan page 1.

Clarence Thomas Urmey (1858–1923). San Francisco-born California poet, musician, teacher, and drama critic for the San Jose Mercury. A longtime San Jose resident who also wrote as Feliz Jose, he published A Vintage of Verse (1897) and A California Troubadour (1912).

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After Omar Khayyam

by **W. J. LINTON**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 10, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 7

In childhood's unsuspecting hours
The fairies crowned my head with flowers

Youth came: I lay at Beauty's feet
She smiled and said my song was sweet

Then age; and, Love no longer mine
My brows I shaded with the vine

With flowers and love and wine and song
O Death! life hath not been too long

Source scan page 1.

W. J. Linton (1812–1897). English-American wood engraver, republican political activist, printer, and poet. After emigrating to the United States he established a press in Connecticut and became an important historian and practitioner of wood engraving. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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White Ashes

by **DORA G. McCHESNEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 17, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 8

See, but the urn we hold
Time-worn and thin
Where there was life of old
Delicate sin
Glory and love grown cold
White ash within

Here, in these ashes blent
Lovers and foes
Light joy and sorrow spent
Hushed to repose
Sleep among garlands rent—
Laurel and rose

Only the fragrance clings
The blossom flies—
Echo of laughter rings
Sobbing to sighs
The breath of dying things
Here never dies

Source scan page 1.

Dora G. McChesney (1871–1912). English historical novelist, poet, and biographer whose fiction often treated political and religious conflict. Her books include the novel Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse and studies of historical figures.

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Unrest

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 24, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 9

O, warm and red are the shaded lamps; and you on the hearth in
 your easy chair
 The firelight playing across your face and the smoke wreaths
 curling about you there
 Your dear eyes dreaming their gentle dreams—I love your eyes
 and the curve of your
 cheek
 The sweep of your brow and your strong, fine hands, the way you
 smile and the way you
 speak

The fire hums low to the wood-sprites' song and the rain-hands
 brush at the window sill, I
 The storm steeds race on the strand below, the wind cries out, but
 the room is still. : ;]
 The kettle murmurs a lullaby—but there in the dark is a sobbing
 sea
 And the night without is a thing of strife, but hark, how it calls to
 the soul of me!

O, warm and red are the shaded lamps; and you on the hearth in
 your easy chair
 And your arms would welcome me to your knee, and your eyes
 would smile as you held
 me there
 Within there is love and a singing fire; and out in the darkness
 the wind grows chill
 Within there is love and your arms—and yet, my road tonight lies
 over the hill

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Diffidence

by **GORDON BOTTOMLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 7, 1914 · VOL. XL, NO. 11

I longed to bring you flowers in Maytime
But all the rose-buds were unblown
I throbbed to see you through the daytime
But not till night-fall dared I near you
Lest you should learn that one could fear you
Gift I had none---
For you a rose, a rose alone

But June has wrought its old fulfilling
My heart is all a burning rose
And yet the nightfall vague and stilling
Brings me to you as hushed and often
My wonder's whirling glow to soften
For no one knows
What hides in its dim blue repose

Source scan page 1.

Gordon Bottomley (1874–1948). English poet and verse dramatist whose work drew on landscape, legend, and the northern English border country. Though physically frail, he maintained extensive literary friendships and published steadily for half a century.

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Valentine

by **JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPIE**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 14, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 12

The wise forget, dear heart
They leave the past
And play the hero's part
Brave to the last
They weep not nor regret
Calm are their eyes
Dear heart, the wise forget.---
am not wise!
OM LBL TU FRE EY Tr
Se Trew ee wee ee Pewee weet wee wee ee ee

Source scan page 1.

Jeannette Bliss Gillespie. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Mother-Cry

by **MADGE, CLOVER**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 21, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 13

Throughout a night that has no moon
hear the cry of a lonely loon
Beside the sea
Sitting upon an empty nest
She wails into the silent West
“Come home to me!”

A mother lone I sit and croon
Beneath the light of a burned-out moon
Beside the sea
I hark for steps that do not come
And cry until my heart is numb---
‘Come home to me !’

Source scan page 1.

Madge Clover (died 1934). The literary name of Mabel Hitt Clover, a journalist, poet, playwright, and critic. She worked with her husband, Samuel Travers Clover, on The Graphic and later Los Angeles Saturday Night; her “In Carmel Bay” was included in Golden Songs of the Golden State (1917).

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The Passing Years

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 7, 1914 · VOL. XL, NO. 15

Once when the glad Spring breathed her fragrant mists across the
bleak, bare land
And underneath the melting snows on sheltered slopes the
green of new grass sprang
Our hearts were thrilled with that blind ecstasy that only Youth
may understand
And all the world seemed tremulous with joy because in
woodland deeps the robins sang

And yet, this year, though Spring has touched with bud and
bloom the dewy, upland glades
Somehow, the grass seems not so green, nor skies so blue
where fleecy clouds are ranged
Though all the sweet sad magic of her touch is on the hills,
somehow, the glamour fades---
And yet the old, sweet mystery of Spring is wrought again, my
Heart; 'tis only we have changed

Source scan page 1.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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The Answered Call

by **JAMES MAIN DIXON**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 14, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 16

The swaying oceans rock from pole to pole
Cleft by a twofold continent; the twain
Reluctant partners, long to loose the chain
And to be seagirt, solitary, sole
See yonder bark speed onward toward her goal
Mid palm-fringed islands of the Spanish main
A grim wall bars her; must she strive in vain
To enter where Pacific waters roll?

Thwarted she lingered by the nearer shore
“Queen of the West,” thus came her plaintive call
“Unbar the door, break down the barrier wall
So I may bear, through a blue waterway
My freight unbroken, this my treasured store
To sunny Nippon and to far Cathay.”

Source scan page 1.

James Main Dixon (1856–1933). Scottish-born scholar, teacher, and author who worked in Japan and the United States. A professor of English literature at the University of Southern California, he wrote on language, literature, and Japanese culture as well as poetry.

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Her God

by FRANCIS CAROLINE WILLEY

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 21, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 17

I never thought, somehow, of God as strong
He always seemed so like a little child
Deep-hurt and lonely when his world went wrong
But, oh, so pure-eyed and so happy when he smiled —
I never thought, somehow, of God as strong!

I never thought, somehow, of God as brave
He always held the crutches of the weak
Filling with sympathy the open grave
And teaching little children how to speak—
J ~-ver thought, somehow, of God as brave!

I never thought, somehow, of God as God
He always seemed too fond of little things
Matching his sun and stars with goldenrod
Making his violets equal to his springs—
I never thought, somehow, of God as God!

Source scan page 1.

Frances Caroline Willey. An American poet whose work appeared in The Graphic and other periodicals; she later published poetry under her married name, Frances Willey Beebe. Firm biographical dates have not yet been established.

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Spring Comes A-Calling

by **RAY CLARKE ROSH**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 4, 1914 · VOL. XL, NO. 19

Spring knocks at the door of the year and cries

“I want to come in! I’ve a song for you

I’ve a kirtle green and a bonnet blue

And jewels of dew to dazzle your eyes

“I know where the first shy violet lies

In its cradle of moss—~and the May bloom, too!

I’ve a basket full of the flowers you prize

And fresh as the dawn when the world was new

“ve a charm that dropped from the autumn skies

Of the year ago, and with magic true

I will gild the fields where the gold wheat grew

And make you happy and wealthy and wise!”

Spring knocks at the door of the year and cries

“I want to come in! I’ve a song for you!”

Source scan page 1.

Ray Clarke Rose. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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At Sunset

by **CLARENCE THOMAS URMY**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 11, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 20

Over the tired world blows
Breath of the sunset rose

Wind in the redwood trees
Swept from the sundown seas

Gleam on the hilltop high
Caught from a jeweled sky

Dusk in the canyon deep
Shed from the wing of Sleep

Prayer in a censer swung
Incense from heart and tongue

Dreams in a purple boat
Sailing from ports remote

“Peace!” from a seraph fair
Floating through twilight air

Over the tired world blows
Rest from the sunset rose

Source scan page 1.

Clarence Thomas Urmey (1858–1923). San Francisco-born California poet, musician, teacher, and drama critic for the San Jose Mercury. A longtime San Jose resident who also wrote as Feliz Jose, he published A Vintage of Verse (1897) and A California Troubadour (1912).

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Interference

by **FRANCES CAROLINE WILLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 18, 1914 · VOL. XL, NO. 21

I had so many pleasant things to do today
Soe There was the welcome to my new pink rose
foe eee A word to you, some sunlit, daily tasks
SS : A book of rhyme and moon-drenched fantasy to read
Bd oes And all my personal dreams—

But, just an hour ago, one came
A peddler, to my door
a : : Unsteady, bleary-eyed, passionless
With pins to sell
I bought because my soul was sporting in the sun
And he was old
ee ; Then, as I bought, he smiled

Be : 2 I caught the tang of winds
b: In splendid lands that I knew nothing of
ei ree The smell of wine and sawdust rings
oy Forces in deserts and unusual seas
S Knowledge of hate and lotus loves
Lee And an accomplished disesteem of death
He flung me hint of a superior laughter
And impudence of all his conscious years

aid 7% I had so many pleasant things to do today
ae But, since he came, I only sit here, wondering

Source scan page 1.

Frances Caroline Willey. An American poet whose work appeared in The Graphic and other periodicals; she later published poetry under her married name, Frances Willey Beebe. Firm biographical dates have not yet been established.

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The Question

by **GERTRUDE DARLOW**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 2, 1914 · VOL. XL, NO. 23

E DARLOW

And so my gaze replies
Ah, the inscrutable eyes
Naught to those questioning
Of those who know, who are wise
eyes.
How they perplexed my youth
Only I feel again
The old, old ache and pain,
Seeking to learn the truth
Mingled longing and dread,
Struggling with vain surmise
All that cannot be said,
Starting at each surprise
Feverish desire, the quest
"Trying to find a clue
For the secret yet unguessed.
To all that was strange and new

As one watches the skies
Now, I have learned disguise
To see the dawn arise;
Glances from other eyes
Not knowing whether the day
Eager, baffled yet bold
Will turn to gold or gray;
Asking they may be told
My heart can scarcely brook
Make me long to disclose
The ardent, earnest look
Thorns that hide with the rose
Of those who search my eyes
But, O, it cannot be shown
Asking what life implies.
Each must gather his own

Source scan page 1.

Gertrude Darlow (born 1864). English-born Los Angeles librarian, poet, and book reviewer. She came to Los Angeles in 1893 and worked for the Los Angeles Public Library for more than thirty years; her verse later appeared in Lyric West as well as The Graphic.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The Mother

by **FRANCES CAROLINE WILLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 9, 1914 · VOL. XL, NO. 24

Ah, sweet is now
These dreamings in the shade
This garment making for an unknown, lovely shape
Whose trembling heart beats underneath her own
And gives her hint of ecstasy
Of well-filled arms, the joy of mother-caring
Ah, sweet is now
But sweeter shall be then!
When she shall see her childhood
That now she draws from roses and from laughter
And the brilliant skies with conscious need
Playing again beside her in the sun
Crooking its fingers through her hair
And kissing her with pouty, little lips
Almost has she forgot-how children think—
How she thought once—
And take their happiness with impudence
Talking of tangled stars, and living moons
In eye-wide innocence
Almost she has forgot how children think—
How she thought once—
Then, she shall know again!

Source scan page 1.

Frances Caroline Willey. An American poet whose work appeared in The Graphic and other periodicals; she later published poetry under her married name, Frances Willey Beebe. Firm biographical dates have not yet been established.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Gay Spring Returns

by **RAY CLARKE ROSE**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 16, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 25

Gay Spring returns, her glad face glowing
With the winsome smile of a year ago
And again in accents sweet and low
She murmurs of wilds where her blooms are growing

She rustles the folds of her garments, showing
A splendor of draperies new; and so
Gay Spring returns, her glad face glowing
With the winsome smile of a year ago

In her hand is a lilac bough o'erflowing
With billows of odorous bloom; but, oh!
Its green leaves lisp with a sense of woe
For flowers must fade and Spring be going—
Gay Spring returns, her glad face glowing

Source scan page 1.

Ray Clarke Rose. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



In a Pergola

by **CLARENCE THOMAS URMY**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 23, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 26

Far in the west the glory of the day
Fades o'er a redwood forest banked by hills
Wherein a fairy sisterhood distils
The dew of dreams in valleys twilight-gray
Come, dew of dreams, drift hitherward we pray
Sweet anodyne for grief and kindred ills
A benediction on the dusk that fills
This garden where dim ghosts of memory stray

Through paths of poppy, palm and eglantine
They move in long processional and slow
With smile and nod and kissing of their hands
Then disappear in one long, sinuous line
Where through the purple of the afterglow
A white star beckons toward elysian lands

Source scan page 1.

Clarence Thomas Urmey (1858–1923). San Francisco-born California poet, musician, teacher, and drama critic for the San Jose Mercury. A longtime San Jose resident who also wrote as Feliz Jose, he published A Vintage of Verse (1897) and A California Troubadour (1912).

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Her Barony

by A “ROMANY”

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 30, 1914 · VOL. XLI, NO. 27

The sun and moon and stars are mine
The greenwood and the sea
Then what care I for jewels fine
Castle or barony?

The beauty of the waking day
The glory of the eve
Are they not more than rich array
And wherefore should I grieve?

A sunset cloud shall be my gown
A star shall deck my hair
And these shall last when dust is strown
O'er all your wealth and care

Source scan page 1.

A “Romany”. The source prints this descriptive name or apparent pseudonym; no secure identification of the writer has yet been established.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[There in the middle of the Ho]

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1914 · VOL. XLI, No. 3

ANONYMOUS

There in the middle of the Ho
He was my mate
And until death I will go desolate
Ah, Mother! God!
How is it that ye will not understand?

Source scan page 5. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Ruth Mitchell's Fine Poem

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 20, 1914 · VOL. XLI, No. 4

ANONYMOUS

He marched away with a blithe young score of him
With the first volunteers
Clear-eyed and clean and sound to the core of him
Blushing under the cheers
They were fine, new flags that swung a-flying
there
Oh, the pretty girls he glimpsed a-crying there
Pelting him with pinks and with roses—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

Not very clear in the kind young heart of him
What the fuss was about
But the flowers and the flags seemed part of him—
The music drowned his doubt
It's a fine, brave sight they were a-coming there
To the gay, bold tune they kept a-drumming there
While the boasting fifes shrilled jauntily
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

Soon he is one with the blinding smoke of it—
Volley and curse and groan
Then he has done with the knightly joke of it—
It's rending flesh and bone
There are pain-erazed animals a-shrieking there
And a warm blood stench that is a-reeking there
He fights like a rat in a corner—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

There he lies now, like a ghoulish score of him
Left on the field for dead
The ground all round is smeared with the gore of
him—
Even the leaves are red
The Thing that was Billy lies a-dying there
Writhing and a-twisting and a-crying there
A sickening sun grins down on him—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

Still not quite clear in the poor, wrung heart of
him
What the fuss was about
See where he lies—or a ghastly part of him—
While life is oozing out
There are loathsome things he sees a-crawling

there
There are hoarse-voiced crows he hears a-calling
there
Eager for the foul feast spread for them—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The tocsin, and the sudden trumpet calls!

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 8, 1914 · VOL. XLI, No. 11

ANONYMOUS

Aria

Mars! Thou laggard god of war
Bid an end to cankered peace!
Shake thy flaming sword afar!
Send a Caesar, ill at ease
With the years of dull increase
Breed another Hamilcar
Chafing till the squadrons ride
Down the stricken countryside

Let the surly war drum's bark
Call the roll of pike and Spear
Bugles ringing in the dark
Wing the craven feet of fear
From the onset drawing near
Challenge answering challenge; hark!
Sounds the frantic call to arms
Down the trail of wasted farms!

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



There is something which I regret

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 15, 1914 · VOL. XLI, NO. 12

ANONYMOUS

The sack of abbeys, many a braw]
A score of knife-thrusts in the dark
Forced oft by fate against the wall
And years in donjons, cold and stark—
These crimes and pains seem far away
Now that I come at length to die
*Tis idle for the past to pray
(Tis hopeless for the past to sigh;)
These are a troubled dream—and yet—
For them I have but scant regret

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Captains and cut-throats, not a few

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 15, 1914 · VOL. XLI, NO. 12

ANONYMOUS

And unfrocked priests, a sorry crew
(How stubbornly the memory cleaves
To all who have befriended you.)
I drain a cup to them—and yet—
'Tis not for such I feel regret

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



It is a thing that I regret

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 15, 1914 · VOL. XLI, NO. 12

ANONYMOUS

Again I rode through Picardy
What time the vine was in the bud
A little maiden smiled at me
I might have kissed her, an I would—
I've known a thousand maidens since
And many have been kind to me—
I've never seen one quite so fair
As she, that day in Picardy
Ashes of roses, these—and yet—
These are the things which I regret

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[I am revolving in my brain]

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 22, 1914 · VOL. XLI, NO. 13

ANONYMOUS

I am revolving in my brain
This serious question: whether 'tis not best
That one turn humorist. The mind that seeks
Holiness, finds it seldom; who pursues
Beauty perhaps shall in a lengthened life
Find it perfected only once or twice
But if one's quest were humor—what rich stores
What tropic jungles of it, lie to hand
At every moment, everywhere one turns—
What luscious meadows for the humorist!

Source scan page 8. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Fold him in his country's stars]

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 7, 1914 · VOL. XLI, NO. 23

ANONYMOUS

Fold him in his country's stars
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low
Tn the clover or the snow
What cares he? he cannot know
Lay him low!

Source scan page 5. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Enough! Thou art mine!

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 21, 1914 · VOL. XLI, NO. 25

ANONYMOUS

Shall I shun thee, my prize 'un
My prince among fowls
The doctor said “pizen!”
But doctors are owls
On thy massive proportions
I cast but one look
Then banish precautions
And home to the cook!

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Soft odors arise!

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 21, 1914 · VOL. XLI, NO. 25

ANONYMOUS

O sound the loud tocsin
Then Jeave me in peace
While I wade to the hocks in
Bird, stuffing and grease!

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



There's room and to spare!

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 21, 1914 · VOL. XLI, NO. 25

ANONYMOUS

As bridegrooms the bride seek
With trembling and awe
From a bottle of Heidsieck
The cork I withdraw
Hail, nectar's own brother
In Paradise pressed!
And now for another
Thick slice from the breast!
ALGOL

* New England money—\$3.10

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Ready! Waiting for the call!

by **RALPH COOLE**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 21, 1914 · VOL. XLI, No. 25

Ploddine onward in His footsteps
Who shall dare deny them glory?
Men of God in deed and spirit
History's figures all sublime!
Kings in truth; Sweet love hath crowned them
May their memory live forever
Where their patient feet still wander
Down the "Kings Highway" of time!

Source scan page 8.

Ralph Coole. A recurring California poet in the later Graphic, with poems on war, night riding, and El Camino Real. No reliable fuller biographical identification has yet been established.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



At the gates of Panama

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 21, 1914 · VOL. XLI, NO. 25

ANONYMOUS

And the argosies are coming
From the land of king and shah
Oh, the wonder of our commerce
Of our factories and mills!

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[With us tonight is one on whom]

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 28, 1914 · VOL. XLII, NO. 26

ANONYMOUS

With us tonight is one on whom
God has conferred that best of graces
The gift that makes heart-flowers bloom
And fills the world with smiling faces!

Source scan page 6. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Than the free child of an untroubled mood

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1914 · VOL. XLII, No. 2

ANONYMOUS

Mother, was Satan uot
One of God's angels who aspired to be
Like God and fell and thus God thrust him forth!
O unimaginable fall of radiant
Armies to the abyss! Children of heaven
Made of its purest glory who were yet
Unsatisfied and whose great cry rang out
Whose cry of love rose in the halls of heaven
Help, Satan, help! We would be like to God!
See ye the dark defiance in her face?
God's might was shattered 'gainst his angel here
And human might was shattered and mine own!
Now she is dumb, but in my dreams I saw
Her radiant body white, for what I spake
Never to her I say to you this hour
I loved her
God fills the universe with his great name
But she is silent and no echo comes!
Ah, tell me what I know not, why the world
Did burst in two and the crack cleave my heart?
She stands today before her heavenly Judge!
What will he say, oh, what oppose unto
The proud and searching silence of her lips?
Will the great King ask her: Where is my ring?
And for her silence slay her, as I did
Again, that she arise defiant more
Unto new passions and to torment old?
Pain was her portion here, both pain and pride
As both are mine. And so—a long farewell!
Was she a flake of the infernal fire?
Then think, my lords, or seas of equal fire!
No wonder then that with a singed heart
The happy spirits to destruction crowd!

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



ned sultanas, of bronze torsos, of

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1914 · VOL. XLII, No. 2

ANONYMOUS

“flesh has the scent
Of an exquisite musk
From the amorous dusk
Of the Orient.”

Source scan page 23.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[You see the tripping dame could find no favor]

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 2, 1915 · VOL. XLII, No. 5

ANONYMOUS

You see the tripping dame could find no favor
Dearly she paid for breach of good behavior
Nor could her loving husband's fondness save her
Italian ladies lead but scurvy lives—

Source scan page 6. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



And from over the sea comes the croon

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 9, 1915 · VOL. XLII, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

O God! hear their crying and moaning
Those mothers and sisters and wives
You kings, with your millions and plenty
Can you pay with your gold for their lives?
Can you give back the son who marched forward
With a cheer and a huzza for you?
Can you comfort the mothers made childless?
Can you bring back the thousands you slew?

© silence your guns for a moment
And hark to their cry and their moan!
See the empty arms waiting and waiting!
Is it worth it, you king on your throne?
See their tears as they fall like a deluge
Can they wash from the land in a trice
The stain of the blood of its flower?
Ah, God! is it all worth the price?

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



—Ralph Coole

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 9, 1915 · VOL. XLII, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

Great words are on men's lips today
Symbols of greater things than they
Honor and Valor; Life and Death!
Of these we speak with bated breath
For when a word becomes a deed

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[But in an evil moment came]

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 16, 1915 · VOL. XLII, NO. 7

ANONYMOUS

But in an evil moment came
My friend, a holy man of fame
With sympathy he came to cheer
My fainting soul and hungry ear
But with him came that sinful lust
That worketh ruin to the just—
That overweening appetite
Demanding everything in sight
In glad surprise
His greedy eyes
Fell on my beauteous butterflies—
Those butterflies—
MY butterflies!

Source scan page 6. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



And planted the Redwood trees of old

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 16, 1915 · VOL. XLII, NO. 7

ANONYMOUS

And John o' the mountains says: "I knew
And I wanted to grapple the hand o' you
And now we're sure to be friends and chums
And camp together till chaos comes."

Source scan page 6.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



And of prim and proper gait

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 16, 1915 · VOL. XLII, NO. 7

ANONYMOUS

Tt is said that she can do
Fancy work and puzzles, too
Goodness me! now did you ever
Know a child so awfllly clever?
Yes! she does amazing tricks
With her little box of bricks!

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[ters. (“*Beasts and Super-Beasts.*”]

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 23, 1915 · VOL. XLII, NO. 8

ANONYMOUS

ters. (“*Beasts and Super-Beasts.*”
By H. H. Munro (Saki). John Lane
Co.)
Notes from Bookland
Sales of Rudyard Kipling’s “Just So

Source scan page 17. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[I kept my purpose while you lived. Shall I]

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 13, 1915 · VOL. XLII, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

I kept my purpose while you lived. Shall I
Be weaker, aow that you are dead, you things?
What can such reedy wretches do but dle
Standing against the purposes of kings?

Source scan page 8. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[P routs]

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 20, 1915 · VOL. XLII, NO. 12

ANONYMOUS

" P routs
All the splendid turbulent songs in your tm
The clarion notes!
For my heart rejoices and

Source scan page 8. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Deep in the meadows of the sky

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 20, 1915 · VOL. XLII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

They seek the shelter of the fold,—
The sunset shelter, barred with gold
The west wind sighs and softly sings
And sways to kiss the fragile wings
Of golden butterflies alight

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



But I can't pay the rent

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 3, 1915 · VOL. XLII, NO. 18

ANONYMOUS

OWNER

(Grimly): The house is well furnished?

TENANT

O, but you wouldn't touch that, surely?

Source scan page 6.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



It has an elevated sys-

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 8, 1915 · VOL. XLII, No. 23

ANONYMOUS

Tem and Board of Trade
A Drama League—O joy, O bliss!—
The stock yards—better whisper this—
And many manufactories

Source scan page 7.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



At Golden Gate

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 29, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 26

ANONYMOUS

Morning
A winter morn, with sun as warm
And pleasant as the sun of May
A sky that seems to mock the storm
Which spent its fury yesterday—
So soft, so blue, so calm, so fair
Could wrath have ever centered there?

Source scan page 6.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



High up the cliffs and fall away

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 29, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 26

ANONYMOUS

But sky and ocean softly blend—
The sun has kissed the dashing spray
And all the prisms wonders lend
Their hues, to deck, in fair array
A harbinger of sweet surcease—
The many-colored Bow of Peace

Source scan page 6.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



In their misty, rainbow spray

by **W. H. ANDERSON**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 29, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 26

Down the pathway of the sunset
Sails a stately home-bound vessel
Bathed in glory from the westward,—
Then the glory fades to gray

Source scan page 6.

W. H. Anderson. A recurring poet in The Graphic, represented by four poems in this anthology. The common initials do not permit a secure identification, and no reliable biographical record has yet been matched to this contributor.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Until throughout this California-land

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 29, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 26

ANONYMOUS

Jester To His Bauble
Ho, my dolly! Hey, my dolly!
We are ever blithe and jolly
You your cheery bells must ring
For the pleasure of your king

Hey, my dolly! Ho, my dolly!
You and I loathe melancholy
Gaily o'er the sward we glide
Grinnng, mocking, side by side

Ho, my dolly! Hey, my dolly!
You are Mirth and I am Folly
Gladdest of the glad are we
"Mid the court's mad revelry

Source scan page 6.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



ek Ok kk Ok Ok

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 29, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 26

ANONYMOUS

The god of war is drunk with blood
The earth doth faint and fail
The stench of blood makes sick the heav'ns
Ghosts glut the throats of hell!
* Ok OK kK OK OK
O what have kings to answer for
Before that awful throne
When thousand deaths for vengeance cry
And ghosts accusing groan!

Con Sordini
(With muted strings)
The harp-strings of life not a melody waking—
The broken chords tremble and wail for the dead
Since Power and Passion their blood-thirst are
slaking
And far from her citadel Reason hath fled!

Source scan page 7.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



But I'd rather not perish while you make your

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 5, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 1

ANONYMOUS

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said
John shook his head
"Indeed !—hum—ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?" John gave a nod
"Well, how? What then? Speak out, you dunce!"
"Why, then," says John, "we shook him once."
"Shook him! How?" Bolus stammered out
"We jolted him about."
"Zounds! shake a patient, man! a shake won't do."
"No, sir, and so we gave him two."
"Two shakes! od's curse!
'Twould make a patient worse."
"It did so, sir; and so a third we tried."
"Well, and what then?" "Then, sir, my
died."

Source scan page 3.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Of garments christened redingotes

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 19, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 3

ANONYMOUS

Don Quixote read romances till his wits
By nature weak, became extremely hazy
The modern reader quite collected sits—
It is the writer only who is crazy

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



For the Plato read by sweet Jane Gray?

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 19, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 3

ANONYMOUS

Ah, gentle thief!
I marked the absent-minded air
With which you tucked away my rare
Book in your pocket

'Twas past belief—
I saw you near the open case
But yours was such an honest face
I did not lock it

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[They say our books will disappear]

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 19, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 3

ANONYMOUS

They say our books will disappear
That ink will fade and paper rot—
I shan't be here
So J don't care a jot

Source scan page 5. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Rhyming Skit on Local Author

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 10, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 6

ANONYMOUS

I have found me the acme of grace
The Apollo-like gink of his race
*Tis G. Wharton Jimmy
In Greek-Roman “shimmy,”
With five tons of hair on his face

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



enemies, a love

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 31, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 9

ANONYMOUS

And though a girl presented him
With a white feather, he
Seemed pleased. "It makes a change,"
he said
"In button-holes, you see!"

Source scan page 16.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Oh, I know not if thou be son —

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 14, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

Strong Chief, Great Iisher, Law-of-\Woman
As thy father is
Or only Sorrow-Woman
Like thy Mother
JT only Know I love thee—
Thou Little One under my heart!
For thou didst move; and every

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



It is a heart-beat deep in the quiet hills

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 11, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 15

ANONYMOUS

Twilight people, why will you still be crying
Crying and calling to me out of the trees?
For under the quiet grass the wise are lying
And all the strong ones are gone over the seas

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Will just contain a lima bean

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 11, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 15

ANONYMOUS

How seems it, brother, you who are so old
To lie and squint with curtained eye
At these ephemera, born in the cold—
These human things, so soon to die?

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The self-same sun that heard your morning prayer

by **W. H. ANDERSON**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 11, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 15

Yearn as we may, great nature's mighty college
With all its laurels for the student's brow
Withholds from each the crowning gift of knowledge
And cramps its teachings to the earth-bound Now!

Source scan page 5.

W. H. Anderson. A recurring poet in The Graphic, represented by four poems in this anthology. The common initials do not permit a secure identification, and no reliable biographical record has yet been matched to this contributor.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



pany! — — — — .. S. T. C

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 18, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 16

ANONYMOUS

What blossoms shail I bring
Yvonne?
Not lily bells to ring
Another dawn—
So best for thee
Sleep endless be!

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Claude Duval was in Newgate thrown]

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 2, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 18

ANONYMOUS

Claude Duval was in Newgate thrown
Bor a crime that wasn't a bit of his own
And the beaks declared that decreed it should be
Duval should swing on the gallows tree
Higho, chivey, higho!

Source scan page 3. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Higho, chivey, higno!

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 2, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 18

ANONYMOUS

“The time hangs heavy” said Claude Duval
"Tis better to list to the wild birds' call
Than wait for the beaks with the darbies ringing
Which isn't the very best sort of singing.”

Source scan page 3.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Of this draught—Life's Tragedy!

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 2, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 18

ANONYMOUS

Whe will blame him that he kissed her?
Neither sweetheart she nor sister
Who, with brown eyes glancing merry
Lips as red as Richmond cherry
Taunted him across the clearing

Source scan page 3.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



And then, through their hearts.] may hear and know

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 2, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 18

ANONYMOUS

Tt was a homesick message that he sent—
The letter teemed with longings myriad
And then it seemed to us his mood he lent
And we, communing here together, said
His step ascends now the familiar stair
His voice breaks through the years of silence there
His books range on the old dust-laden shelves
The poets of his choice, their very selves
Seem peering from the long-neg!ected gloom
We hear reverberating through the room
His intonations as he read.”
But stay! A second message comes to hand
Flashed by the speaking wires across the land
“Your friend, your friend is dead.”

Source scan page 3.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



But I cannot tell from where

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 9, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 19

ANONYMOUS

Making everything afraid
Wrinkling up his little face
As he cries again for aid
And I cannot find the place!

Source scan page 3.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



When sanity is gone

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 9, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 19

ANONYMOUS

Tt lies in “Jub-Jub” lands afar
Where darkness draws the latch
Where Lewis Carroll’s “slithy toves”
The “frabjous” warriors catch

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Here's their health in a bottle of wine

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 23, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 21

ANONYMOUS

Sixteen trulls in a bagnio bright—
Here's their health in a bottle of wine
Heeding nothing of time's swift flight
Lights-o'-love of the mystic rite
Plying their trade by day or night
Money-getting their sole delight,—
Here's their health in a bottle of wine

Sixteen waifs to the market brought—
Here's their health in a bottle of wine
Prey in the traps of custom caught
Daughters long by their mothers sought
And wives whose marriages came to naught
So much merchandise sold and bought,—
Here's their health in a bottle of wine

Sixteen dolls of the bagnio clan—
Here's their health in a bottle of wine
Made on the paint and powder plan
One ran off with a business man

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Sixteen bawds in a bagnio grim—

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 23, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 21

ANONYMOUS

Here's their health in a bottle of wine
Tall and short and the plump and slim
Balanced here on the half-world's rim
What do they matter to me, or HIM—
GOD—in the lone grey distance dim,—
Here's their health in a bottle of wine

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Little Boy

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 30, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 22

ANONYMOUS

You are just turning three
Little boy!
Very charming to see
Little boy!
With a brave, eaver face
And your fervor aid
grace
Mark the stamp of your
Take
Little hoy!

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



—ERNEST McGAFFEY

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 6, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, NO. 23

ANONYMOUS

O, breezes of the western sea!
You are the very heart of me
Born of a deep so fathomless
Earth hath no language to express
Its sounding

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Here are some of Lady Gregory's titular works, brief-]

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 20, 1915 · VOL. XLIII, No. 25

ANONYMOUS

Here are some of Lady Gregory's titular works, briefly annotated: "*Poets and Dreamers*"; studies and translations from the Irish. "Raftery; West Irish Ballads," "Jacobite Ballads," "An Craobhin's Poems," "*Boer Ballads in Ireland*," "A Sorrowful Lament for Treland," "*Mountain Theology*," "*Herb Healing*," "The Wandering Tribe," "Workhouse Dreams," "On the Edge of the World," "*An Craobhin's Plays*," "The Twisting of the Rope," "*The Marriage*," "The Lost Saint," "*The Nativity*," "*Folk Studies*," "Literary Studies," "Plays," "*The Deliverer*,"

Source scan page 4. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Only awake when slim twilight

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 4, 1915 · VOL. XLIV, No. 1

ANONYMOUS

Plunges her body in the last blown spray of the sun!
Awake then, for twilight and dawn are your day
Therefore lie down in the long, dim grass and sieep
And I will blow my low pipes over you.’’

Source scan page 6.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



It was only city-folk were hard to Him and blind

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 18, 1915 · VOL. XLIV, No. 3

ANONYMOUS

Ay, He told of lilies and of grain and grass that grew
Yair things of the summer fields my good Lord knew
By the hedgerows ilowering there He laid His head—
it was in the country that my Lord was bred

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



the morning

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 18, 1915 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 3

ANONYMOUS

III

For what should the singer yearn
As a gift for his song?
To bear away on its gleaming pinions
‘Yhe griets of his tribe
d°or what pray?
To fold in healing about the stricken heart
As stars about the dark

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Edmund Mitchell's Rare Versatility

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 18, 1915 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 3

ANONYMOUS

Unrequited
All my soul flamed into love
At your ardent word
My heart flew swift unto your heart
As a homing bird—
My heart! My heart!

You took it, you crushed it, and then
You let it fall!
And now I've neither life nor love—
To you I gave it all
My heart! My heart!

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Whence came you here, and why?

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 25, 1915 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 4

ANONYMOUS

Thy stars in geometric form
Like gems in sets of three
Upon a stem of countless rings
Bespeak Infinity!

Source scan page 12.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Thy nectar on the air

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 25, 1915 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 4

ANONYMOUS

Fulfilling the unfailing law
Through nature everywhere :—
All that exist and good receive
Must just as freely share

Source scan page 12.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



All a woman knows

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 1, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

Jewel laden are my hands
Tall my stone above—
Do _ not weep that I sleep
Who was wise in love

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The nights were days long

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 1, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

That not until gray dawn
Could she fall asleep!
And my heart shrieked
Sharing her terror

Source scan page 6.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[You and I and a borrowed child—]

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 1, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

You and I and a borrowed child—
Little one, look at your Christmas tree!
Winds on the hill sob loud and wild
Yet come not to this room with me

Sprigs of holly and mistletoe
Small the cost, but the joy again!
Kiss, where berries swing to and fro
Love is God's one best gift to man

Little one, borrowed but for the hour
Joining our sweet mad round of glee
Minding me of a broken flower—
Mary Mother folds tenderly

At the Rainbow's End
We started for the rainbow's end
To find the pot of gold
I said, "What if it is too big
For both of us to hold?"

Source scan page 6. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Illimitation]

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 22, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 8

ANONYMOUS

Illimitation

I would that I had leave, how brief the space
To meet the real, the actual, face to face
To know what none has known; plainly to see
The soul of Truth in naked verity
To lift the mask of Seeming; tear aside
The cloak of Pretense and the robe of Pride
Clearly to gaze, though wonder-struck and mute
With unfilmed eyes, on Knowledge absolute:—
One look, how brief! and hence I'd ever be
The lone coequal of Infinity!

Source scan page 2. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



I see through the blur of my tears

by **RALPH COOLE**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 22, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, No. 8

We put them away—he outgrew them—
And down through the silence of years
They've lain in the chest with my treasures
The blocks and the wee woolly cow
And O, how the flood gates of memory
Break down as I gaze on them now!

I can feel his soft cheek as it nestles
Close, close to my breast with a sigh
And the chubby pink hands with their dimples—
I am singing the old lullaby
As I rock him to sleep in the twilight—
The brown eyes are watching my own
The tiny lips just like the petals
Of roses in Junetime half blown

Are smiling—the eyes droop in slumber
And Then I awake from my dream
I am sitting alone in my chamber
While down through the lattice a beam
Of bright golden sunlight is streaming—
I sigh as I put them away—
And a man's voice comes in at the window
“Hello! mother, dreaming today?”

Source scan page 5.

Ralph Coole. A recurring California poet in the later Graphic, with poems on war, night riding, and El Camino Real. No reliable fuller biographical identification has yet been established.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



I thirst!

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 5, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 10

ANONYMOUS

*Tis gone!
I thirst!
At Night
Banked is the blazing furnace
Of day's relentless fire
The sparks that fly in the starry sky
Are the last signs of his ire
Fear has fled, and the shadows creep
From out the quiet hills
The hurrying night wind sighing goes
With peace the silence thrills

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[You little birds, awake, awake!]

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 5, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 10

ANONYMOUS

You little birds, awake, awake!
And sing your sweetest strains
You burly buds, your bondage break
And scent the dewy fanes

Source scan page 4. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



But through the soul expressed

by **CHARLES G. BLANDEN**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 5, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, No. 10

My love! behold her, sirs, behold!
My voice, alas, how weak
The words I treasured to unfold
For joy I cannot speak!

Source scan page 4.

Charles G. Blenden. An American lawyer, writer, and poet whose verse circulated in newspapers and anthologies around the turn of the century. Reliable dates and a fuller account of his literary career remain uncertain.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



To fling one last rose down

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 12, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

A rose—a wild light after—
And life calls through the years
“Who dreams my fountains’ laughter
Shall fill my wells with tears.”

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



A Valentine

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 12, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

Though filled with gems and ruddy gold—
The golden sheaves of field and mart—
Of wealth no treasure-house can hold
Enough to buy a heart!

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[A Fear]

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 12, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

A Fear
Deep in my heart there's a little fear—
A little fear, half-grown—
It whispers, "in a coming year
You may be left alone!"

Source scan page 4. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Compels me to draw on the bit

by **W. H. ANDERSON**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 12, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, No. 11

What would you? A touch of the whip-lash
To urge to a canter at least?
Ah, well! we've grown stiff-kneed together
So pity and humor the beast!

Source scan page 5.

W. H. Anderson. A recurring poet in The Graphic, represented by four poems in this anthology. The common initials do not permit a secure identification, and no reliable biographical record has yet been matched to this contributor.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[I do not know the moment when your face —]

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 19, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, No. 12

ANONYMOUS

I do not know the moment when your face—
Your quiet face that scarce had won my glance—
Bloomed into loveliness. Some merest chance
A word, a touch, before me in that place

Source scan page 2. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Age upon age, have mated souls received

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 19, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 12

ANONYMOUS

The vision. Soul of my soul, have they believed
Even as we believe? Known as we know?
Have they, across the peaks of day and night
Beheld the dawning of the infinite?

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Mayhap, I never gave the boy]

by **CHARLES G. BLANDEN**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 26, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, No. 13

Mayhap, I never gave the boy
A chance to aim his dart
Mayhap his barb is only joy
The joy that's in my heart!

Source scan page 2. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

Charles G. Blenden. An American lawyer, writer, and poet whose verse circulated in newspapers and anthologies around the turn of the century. Reliable dates and a fuller account of his literary career remain uncertain.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Serene the silver fishes glide]

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 26, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 13

ANONYMOUS

Serene the silver fishes glide
Stern-lipped and pale and wonder-eyed!
As through the aged deeps of ocean
They glide with wan and wavy motion!
They have no pathway where they go
They flow like water to and fro

Source scan page 4. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Shining, an altar lamp, a guiding beacon's rays

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 11, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

Dorothy
Snatched like a wildflower at a sudden glance—
Poised at a hesitation in the dance
How gay and tender flies the gesture fine!
Finesse and naivete in every line
Childlike and womanly at once she seems
A purpose floating in the stuff of dreams
Her little buoyant head so proudly set
With all the simple grace of a Tanagra statuette

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Framed thy fearful symmetry?

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 18, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

* * *

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Los Angeles Graphic

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 18, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!”
So I sang the same again
While he wept with joy to hear

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight
And I plucked a hollow reed

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Between Men

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 18, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

With HOUSE PETERS, ENID MARKEY and A. BURT WESNER
Mack Sennett offers
SAM BERNARD in “BECAUSE HE LOVED HER?”
and another Keystone “PERILS OF THE PARK”

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



crossings the California railroad commission has just

by **MARY ALDIS**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 25, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 17

Barberries
You say I touch the barberries
As a lover his mistress?
What a curious fancy!
One must be delicate you know
They have bitter thorns
You say my hand is hurt?
Oh no, it was my breast—
It was crushed and pressed—
I mean—why yes, of course, of course—
There is a bright drop, isn't there?
Right on my finger
Just the color of a barberry
But it comes from my heart

Do you love barberries?
In the autumn
When the sun's desire
Touches them to glory of crimson and gold—
TI love them best then—
There is something splendid about them
They are not afraid
Of being warm and glad and bold
They flush joyously
Like a cheek under a lover's kiss
They bleed cruelly
Like a dagger wound in the breast
They flame up madly for their little hour
Knowing they must die—
Do you love barberries?

Source scan page 2.

Mary Aldis (1872–1949). American playwright, poet, and founder of an influential private little theatre at Lake Forest, Illinois. Her experiments in intimate theatrical production contributed to the early American little-theatre movement.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Pioneers! O pioneers!]

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 18

ANONYMOUS

Pioneers! O pioneers!
O resistless, restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love
for all!
O I mourn and yet exult
Pioneers!

Source scan page 2. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



O pioneers!

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 18

ANONYMOUS

O you daughters of the west!
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and
your wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Down a new-made double grave

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 18

ANONYMOUS

Lo! the moon ascending!
Up from the East, the silvery round moon
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom
Immense and silent moon

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



And the strong dead-march enwraps me

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 18

ANONYMOUS

O strong dead-march, you please me!
O moon immense, with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans, passing to burial!
What I have I also give you
The moon gives you light
And the bugles and the drums give you music
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans
My heart gives you love

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



If we did but know it

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, No. 21

ANONYMOUS

Did the years accumulate
With a careful leisure
And a choice deliberate
All that splendid treasure?

Source scan page 3.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The throned monarch better than his crown

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 21

ANONYMOUS

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



do cry

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, No. 21

ANONYMOUS

Full fathom five thy father lies
Of his bones are coral made
These are pearls that were his eyes
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
Ding-dong
Hark; now I hear them—
Ding-dong, bell!

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The final Act, the Curtain's fall

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 29, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 22

ANONYMOUS

What varied scenes do they recall!
When Comedy showed her laughing face
Or Tragedy stalked in woful case
When the thrilling tale of lite was told
Upon the "Burbank" stage of old

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



When love would come?

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 6, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 23

ANONYMOUS

Song of Life

There's a song in each life that we all must sing—
A wordless song with a world-old air
It runs the gamut from joy to care
And, oh! how its cadences surge and ring!

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



And mourns of sin and the length of days

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 6, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 23

ANONYMOUS

'Tis a song of laughter, a song of tears
A song of all that is best and worst—
Man in God's image, and man accurst—
The song of eternity's mundane years

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Sputtering within cans

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 6, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 23

ANONYMOUS

The fire-crackers pattered as they pop-pop-popped!
“Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers
“Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers—
Bang-bane Dae ae

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



shortest, and perhaps the most perfect

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 6, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 23

ANONYMOUS

I soar with the bird
I pulse with the tree
My soul is the cloud—
I love . . . I am free!

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



A wounded Tommy said

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 13, 1916 · VOL. XLIV, NO. 24

ANONYMOUS

"T thought I heard him singing
Is morning come so soon?"
'Twas only Tommy dying
Beneath the rising moon

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[A cloud of agony thy face]

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 27, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 26

ANONYMOUS

A cloud of agony thy face
Poignant the silence of gray
Lo! hear the golden cry that breaks it?
Rejoice! O Night
Thy Child is born—
The Day!

Source scan page 4. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



A smile like two blue ice-cliffs as they part.

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 3, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 26

ANONYMOUS

“Yes, they know me well
These young men, “That old dragon on the hill
Who gives such gorgeous dinners. Gods, his wines!
Fit for Apollo!”

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Night—]

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 3, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 26

ANONYMOUS

Night—
And a lone star bright
Over the sea
Wraiths in the moonlight white

Source scan page 6. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Comfort me! Is there no joy]

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 10, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 28

ANONYMOUS

Comfort me! Is there no joy
No love, no dream, that shall survive this
Hath this our isle no king but Caliban?
Are there no yellow sands where we shall
To greet the master of a timeless dawn?

Source scan page 2. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Wise Heloise, so nobly planned

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 10, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 28

ANONYMOUS

Who witnessed Abelard's despair
When for his love he was unmanned—
Whither have gone the much-tried pair?
And that false queen who did declare
That Burridan in sack be cast

Source scan page 2.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Song and Story, Wit and Music

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 10, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 28

ANONYMOUS

Happy hours _with those you know
Early next Thursday Evening come
Ready for the 'Passing Show'
Every "BEB" expects vou sure!

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



By Marguerite Wilkinson

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 17, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 28

ANONYMOUS

Streaming beneath the eaves, the sunset light
Turns the white walls and ceilings to pure gold
And gold the quilt and pillows on the old
Four-poster bed—all day a cold drift-white—

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



When his mammy ain't fotch him up no better'n that!

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 1, 1916 · VOL. XLV, No. 1

ANONYMOUS

Lord, 'twas me what spoiled that child, that done it
If you fatches a child up right, he'll stay right, sho!
Lord, you knows nobody but me begun it—
I done left the devil the open do!
Lord, you knows how I couldn't bear to cross him—
Onliest child I had—and now I's los' him!
Lord, you knows why he hadn't no pa to boss him—
And his mammy done fotch him up no better'n that!

Lord, they says they's sorry for me that bore him—
White folks' talk! and they says I's poor and good
Lord, 'ain't nobody got no pity for him
Scusing you! Ain't he paid the most he could?
Ain't he died, whilst they stood round him grinnin'?
Who done give him the flesh that done the sinnin'?
Who done started him wrong from the beginnin'?
Ain't his mammy done fotch him up no better'n that?

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



If his mammy'd done done her bounden duty by him

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 1, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 1

ANONYMOUS

He wouldn't a-had no time for getting bad
Lord, you knows howeome it could a-been him!
Lord, you Knows who left the devil get in him!
Lord, O Lord, don't hold nothing more agin him

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



A-flute in blithe June weather?

by **AGNES KENDRICK GRAY**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 1, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 1

And are the warm winds whispering
Through the live-long summer day—
“Thine Treland, green Ireland
Lies half-a-world away?”

Source scan page 6.

Agnes Kendrick Gray. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[They drank the wind's fierce draughts divine]

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 8, 1916 · VOL. XLV, No. 2

ANONYMOUS

They drank the wind's fierce draughts divine
Of snow-chilled, golden, heady wine
His eyes—the moon—the stars—their shine—
His kiss—
she missed her cue—
She saw again the smoke filled place
Her partner's strange distorted face
'As her skate hit his shoe!

Hundreds of fat feeding faces
Waiters pushing to their places
With trays of heaped-up food
“Say—What's the matter? In a trance?
This isn't any phoney dance!
Look sharp or else you lose your chance
They're plenty more as good!”

Source scan page 4. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



I keep you in my heart eternally

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 22, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 4

ANONYMOUS

You have been made a captive, O what bliss!
Though you have nothing lost, I much have gained
Though held fast in my soul, you're just as free
As when you gave me your first timid kiss

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



With you companionably close

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 5, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 6

ANONYMOUS

An@ while the hoyden breeze on emerald wings
Lets through the shimmering lances of the sun
And hums aloud for wantonness—we'll gossip!
Oh, not of sin or other grave concern

Source scan page 3.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Frances P. Elliott's novel, "*Pals First*,]

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 5, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 6

ANONYMOUS

Frances P. Elliott's novel, "*Pals First*,"
has been dramatized by Lee Wilson
Dodd and the play will be produced in
September

Source scan page 11. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



At Jupiter and Mars

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 12, 1916 · VOL. XLV, No. 7

ANONYMOUS

J shall fill my lap with roses
Gathered in the milky way
All to carry home to mother
Oh! what will she say!

Source scan page 6.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Give me your breath instead!

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 16, 1916 · VOL. XLV, No. 12

ANONYMOUS

To satisfy the Beggar
'Tis bit by bit I die,—
Awhile ago she left me
And did she pass you by?

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Misses not one at all

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 16, 1916 · VOL. XLV, No. 12

ANONYMOUS

Flis are the quiet steepes of dreamland
The waters of no-more-pain
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars
'Rest, rest, and rest again."
Louis Untermeyer in Poetry

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[We miss you, Brownie, very much—]

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 16, 1916 · VOL. XLV, No. 12

ANONYMOUS

“We miss you, Brownie, very much—
We know you fight to beat the Dutch
And give your corps a high-brow touch—
You know you quite believe in such—
Go on and fight to beat the Dutch—
We miss you, Brownie, very much.”
‘And Lionel follows with
“The world’s aglow with powder flame—
War reigns on land and sea—
We know not where to place the blame
Or what the end will be
And when war seems to threaten us
Or make some new advance
We think of brown men west of us
And Brownie, who’s now in France.”

Source scan page 6. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



To shine upon my stubborn mood

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 30, 1916 · VOL. XLV, No. 14

ANONYMOUS

Great hills that fold above the sea
Eestatic airs and sparkling skies
Sing out your words to master me—
Make me immoderately wise

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Enveloped in your cloak of snow

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 30, 1916 · VOL. XLV, No. 14

ANONYMOUS

Can you hear?
Temple of my night
Cradle of my day
Can you hear?

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



out any attempt at editing

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 14, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

Why?

“Swept in by the tide, and cast on Life’s bosom
Unwanted, uncalled for, an atom of chance
Groping and cursed by the sins of another
Hopelessly watching the gray years advance

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Here he is healed and whole

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 28, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 18

ANONYMOUS

This is his perfect hour. It can not stay
Yet shall he bear the balm of it away
Relentless ticket! He must go once more
Back to Gent's Furnishings in Arnold's store?
Even tomorrow he must go again

Source scan page 6.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Irradiates all their peaks and woods and snows

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 4, 1916 · VOL. XLV, No. 19

ANONYMOUS

Even so this various nation blends in one
As down the street the sacred banner goes
And every Frenchman feels himself its son!”
—MARY F. ROBINSON
“*Golden Book of Sonnets.*”

Source scan page 3.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[In “The Mexican” we enjoy the ease]

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 4, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 19

ANONYMOUS

In “The Mexican” we enjoy the ease
of pose and the intense heat suggested
Beautiful contrast of colors is shown in
“*Bull Whackers.*”

Source scan page 6. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Across the radiance of the moon was drawn

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 11, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 20

ANONYMOUS

In luminous clouds; and failed; and fell again
Wetting the tall-stemmed dahlias autumn-wan
And from the eave-troughs with a gurgling sound
Gushed; and was sucked in by the thirsty ground.”

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The poor little hound!

by **JOY BENNETT**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 18, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 21

And when I had dried him and fed him once more
That blamed litle beast made a bolt for the door
He was gone like a flash—and I saw him no more
The darned little hound!

Source scan page 3.

Joy Bennett. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Tenderly sung with sheltering smile

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 18, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 21

ANONYMOUS

Of your “starry gaze” and your “brow of snow”
And prayed there should never a breath defile
From a world without that is sad and vile
“Pure” and “secure” would have rimed, I know

Source scan page 3.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Your slim, strong shoulder against the wheel

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 18, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 21

ANONYMOUS

They'd have set your beauty within a bower
But we cannot spare you. We need you so!
You're a vital force; you are not a flower!
You are challenge and promise; peace and power—
Your starry gaze and your brow of snow!
—RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL
From “*Night Court and Other Verse*”

Source scan page 3.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Who would not find joy in this beautiful little lyric

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 18, 1916 · VOL. XLV, No. 21

ANONYMOUS

by Frances Shaw?
Who Loves the Rain
Who loves the rain
And loves his home

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[White's "Leonard Woman"]

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 18, 1916 · VOL. XLV, NO. 21

ANONYMOUS

White's "Leonard Woman"

Stewart Edward White turns from his
pursuit of early California history to his
African experiences for his latest tale
And while there are those who rise to

Source scan page 12. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



And when he went the war began!

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 2, 1916 · VOL. XLVI, NO. 23

ANONYMOUS

Flesh, and blood, and bone of me
O God, my lovely darling's dead!
I gave for faith and liberty
No woman's breast to hold his head!

Source scan page 6.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



In old incredible days before your birth

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 3, 1917 · VOL. XLVI, NO. 6

ANONYMOUS

“Life is a veil, its paths are dark and rough
Only because we do not know enough
When Science has discovered something more
We shall be happier than we were before.”

Source scan page 5.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



wise investment

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 17, 1917 · VOL. XLVI, No. 8

ANONYMOUS

A QUERY

I scan with wonderment her placid face
I, who am young, but met the livelong day
With ceaseless round of tasks, some sad, some gay
Shall I in time acquire her saintly grace?
Some day I too shall wear a cap of lace
And dress with simple art my tresses gray
But will my lips smile amid life's fray?
Shall I have strength nobly to run my race?

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[O, men from the fields!]

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 3, 1917 · VOL. XLVI, NO. 10

ANONYMOUS

O, men from the fields!
Come gently within
Tread softly, softly
O men coming in

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue!

Source scan page 4. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The Child's Heritage

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 10, 1917 · VOL. XLVI, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

And these shall deem thee humbly bred
They shall not hear, they shall not see
The kings among the lordly dead
That walk and talk with thee!

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The stars of Socrates!

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 10, 1917 · VOL. XLVI, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

Unaged the ancient tide shall surge
The old Spring burn along the bough
The new and old for thee converge
In one eternal Now!

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Be thine in life and death!

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 10, 1917 · VOL. XLVI, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

Unto thy flesh the soothing dust
Thy soul the gift of being free
The torch my fathers held in trust
Thy father gives to thee!

Source scan page 4.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



When Dad gits down his las' year's

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 12, 1917 · VOL. XLVI, NO. 20

ANONYMOUS

“Kelley,”
An’ kids string up their fishin’-poles
When Ma puts up her nex’ year’s jelly
Av we all crowd the swimmin’ holes
Now jes’ you bottle yer root-beer—
Cause summer’s nearly here

Source scan page 11.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Morning Dew

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 12, 1917 · VOL. XLVI, NO. 20

ANONYMOUS

A-tremble with cold, haunting fears
The garden's flowers are wet with tears
It was such a long, long night!
Such gruesome shadows gave them

Source scan page 11.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Interrogation]

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 21, 1917 · VOL. XLVII, NO. 4

ANONYMOUS

INTERROGATION

Where and how and why and what—
These are the questions that kiddies
ask—

Where and which and how

Source scan page 11. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



These are the questions that kiddies

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 21, 1917 · VOL. XLVII, NO. 4

ANONYMOUS

How and what and where
When can babies like angels fly?
Does God love my Teddy-Bear?
How do apples stick on trees?
Why does Rover scratch his fleas?
Where do the days of last week go?
Why does horsie stop at woa?
To answer these what a task

Source scan page 11.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



and eagerly said ‘I do!’”?”

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 29, 1917 · VOL. XLVII, NO. 14

ANONYMOUS

“Of course we believe in fairies!
Of course we know theyre true!
—Just think if you were a fairy
And no one believed in you!”

Source scan page 9.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Gigantic daughter of the West]

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 13, 1917 · VOL. XLVII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

Gigantic daughter of the West
We drink to thee across the flood
We know thee most, we love thee best
For art thou not of British blood?

Source scan page 8. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



A California Garden

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 13, 1917 · VOL. XLVII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

HAT so rare as this garden small?
White oleanders, magnolias fair
Swinging pale censers upon the air
All in the glory of bloom!
Humming-birds wooing hibiscus-flower
Myriad blossoms in tangled bower
Where sunbeams quiver and swoon!

Source scan page 28.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



By JO NEELY

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 10, 1917 · VOL. XLVII, No. 20

ANONYMOUS

“Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O’ er steps of broken thrones and temples. Ye
Whose agonies are evils of a day—

Source scan page 24.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Ballade of Fidelity to Poetry

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 1, 1917 · VOL. XLVIII, NO. 23

ANONYMOUS

ELF-LOVING and self-glorious we write
\ “For me the sack containing wealth untold
J wish to eat and drink with appetite
Can any man my share from me with-hold?
Lion am I. To me my dole of gold”
The gods have passed away and Mirth is dead
Art has declined. The Muse has perished
Or flies bare-breasted from each chilling breath
And is it you, my Mistress, that has said
“Why do I live?” For love of laurel wreath

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



In dominant arpeggio

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 1, 1917 · VOL. XLVIII, No. 23

ANONYMOUS

Resolving into chords full blent
Of solace, peace, and calm content
Crarence UEMY
And this one, called California
Blue, blue, April blue—
A drift of white, and a rift of blue
A dream of white and a gleam of blue
Blue, blue, blue!
Gold, gold, poppies' gold
A flare of gold, and a glare of gold
A hint of green, and a glint of gold
Gold, gold, gold!
Mary Caro.tyn Davtzs
Truly Golden Songs of the Golden State is an unusually
worthwhile contri-
bution to the book world. A. C, McClurg Co

Source scan page 30.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



with JACK BOYLE & KITTY BRYAN the Little Cheerup

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 15, 1917 · VOL. XLVIII, No. 25

ANONYMOUS

CLAUDE & FANNY USHER, "Fagan's Decision"
GEO. & DICK BATH, American Athletes
BURT, JOHNSTONE & CO., "Bluff"
GOLET, HARRIS & MOREY, Musica! Melange

Source scan page 27.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Captain Kidd, Jr

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 15, 1917 · VOL. XLVIII, NO. 25

ANONYMOUS

YOU'LL AGREE WITH THE CRITICS

Henry C. Warnack, Times: "*Captain Kidd, Jr.*," proves that the Morosco

is undoubtedly the best stock company in the world."

Florence Lawrence, Examiner: "Happiest sort of comedy Christmas."

Guy Price, Herald: "Cutest, merriest and best comedy of the season."

Monroe Lathrop, Express-Tribune: "A dandy story for kids of all ages."

Source scan page 27.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



[Memories of vanished years]

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 23, 1918 · VOL. XLVIII, NO. 9

ANONYMOUS

Memories of vanished years
Laughter stilled, forgotten tears—
These come when rain
Beats on the pane
And dusk from

Source scan page 14. Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



western valley

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 23, 1918 · VOL. XLVIII, No. 9

ANONYMOUS

But hark! Adown the misty lane
Ripples a merry, mirthful strain !
Our hearts find cheer
For there we hear

Source scan page 14.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Ralph Henry Barbour, author of children's books and romances

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 9, 1918 · VOL. XLVIII, No. 11

ANONYMOUS

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot
Fringed pool
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
"Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign
*Tis very sure God walks in mine."

Source scan page 13.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The Iluman

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 30, 1918 · VOL. XLVIII, NO. 14

ANONYMOUS

This be the verse you grave for me
Here he lies where he longs to be
Home is the sailor, home from the sea
And the hunter home from the hill.”

Source scan page 10.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



I threw down my pen in despair

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 30, 1918 · VOL. XLVIII, NO. 14

ANONYMOUS

The poem half finished before me
I erumpled and tossed to one side
Perhaps I'd been dozing a littl—
The words wouldn't come though I

Source scan page 21.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



By JO NEELY

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 6, 1918 · VOL. XLVIII, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

“What matter though my room be small
Though the red lamp-light looks
On nothing but a papered wall
And some few rows of books?

“For in my hand I hold a key
That opens golden doors
At whose resistless sesame
A tide of sunlight pours.”

Source scan page 11.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Yet like a beggar vainly seeking alms

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 20, 1918 · VOL. XLVIII, No. 17

ANONYMOUS

Never attained the winning of her charms
Sang of her graciousness in rhythmic sorrow
Hoped against hope, and ever sought to borrow
Balm for his soul in sighing sonnet-forms
Ah! but the rounded heaven of her arms!

Source scan page 8.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Ere the last echo dies within our ears

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 20, 1918 · VOL. XLVIII, No. 17

ANONYMOUS

A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
IT wonder at the idleness of tears

Source scan page 18.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



By JO NEELY

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 15, 1918 · VOL. XLIX, No. 25

ANONYMOUS

“When the sad soul, by care and grief oppressed
Looks round the world, but looks in vain for rest
When every object that appears in view
Partakes her gloom, and seems dejected too
Where shall affliction from itself retire?”

Source scan page 18.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Or lead us willing from ourselves to see

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 15, 1918 · VOL. XLIX, NO. 25

ANONYMOUS

Others more wretched, more undone than we?
This books can do;—nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live
They tell to various people, various things

Source scan page 18.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



To look up-

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 13, 1918 · VOL. XLIX, NO. 3

ANONYMOUS

Saving Tao.’
“Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe.”

Source scan page 26.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



there clings

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 7, 1918 · VOL. XLIX, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

To my remembrance of his ways
A memory of herds of sun
Pasturing quietly through his days
Until his life was done.”

Source scan page 16.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



COLOPHON

*The verse of The Graphic (Los Angeles), Volume II of two, 1910–1918.
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