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NO. 6

The LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Lew Sarett | Ben Field

Alice Roger Hager | Miriam Allen deFord

Virninia Taylor McCormick and others

STAR DUST AND GARDENS

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The Lyric West

No. 6

A Magazine Of Verse

October, 1921

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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The Lyric West for October, 1921

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THE LYRIC WEST is a magazine of verse designed to foster the poetic development of the expanding West, though it will at all times be an open market for the work of all verse writers of all places. Those who believe in the purpose and power of such a magazine are invited to become Guarantee Subscribers by the payment of ten dollars toward a Guarantee Fund.

Lew Sarett

Thunderdrums

A Chippewa War-Medicine Dance

THE TRIBE SINGS:

'5 ees on the buckskin, beat on the drums,
Hi! Hi! Hi! For the Thunderbird comes;
His eyes burn red with the blood of battle;
His wild wings roar in the medicine-rattle.
Thunderbird-god, while our spirits dance,
Tip with your lightning the warrior's lance;
On shafts of wind, with heads of flame,
Build for us arrows that torture and maim;
Ho! May our ironwood war-clubs crash
With a thunderbolt head and a lightning flash.
Hi! Hi! Hi! Hear the Cut-Throat's doom
As our wild bells ring and our thunder-drums boom.

DOUBLE-BEAR DANCES:

nN Hi! Hi!
My wild feet fly,
For I follow the track
Of a cowardly pack;
Footprints here,
Footprints there,—
Enemies near!—
Taint in the air!
Signs on the sod!
Ho! The Thunderbird-god
Gives me the eye
Of a hawk in the sky!—
Beat, beat on the drums,
For the Thunderbird comes.

JUMPING-RIVER DANCES:

Nn O! Hear me shout,—
A Pucker-Skin scout
With a nose that is keen
For winds unclean.
Look! Look! Look!
At the distant nook,
Where the hill-winds drift
As the night-fogs lift
Ten smokes I see,
Of the Cut-Throat Sioux—
Ten ghosts there will be,—
Ten plumes on my coup;
For my arms grow strong
With my medicine-song,
And a Pucker-Skin scout
Has a heart that is stout.
Beat, beat on the drums,
For the Thunderbird comes.

GHOST-WOLF DANCES:

jas Ho! Ho!
In the winds that blow
From yonder hill,
When the night is still,
What do I hear
With my Thunderbird ear?
Down from the river
A gray wolf's wail?
Coyotes that quiver
And slink the tail?—
Ugh! Enemies dying,—
And women crying!
For Cut-Throat men—
One, two, nine, ten.
Ho! Ho! Ho!
The Spirit-winds blow,—
Beat, beat on the drums
For the Thunderbird comes.

IRON-WIND DANCES:

Over and under
The shaking sky,
The war-drums thunder
When I dance by!—
Ho! A Warrior proud,
I dance on a cloud,
For my ax shall feel
The enemy reel;
My heart shall thrill
To a bloody kill,—
Ten Sioux dead
Split open of head!—

Look! To the West!—
The sky-line drips,—
Blood from the breast!
Blood from the lips!
Ho! When I dance by,
The war-drums thunder
Over and under
The shaking sky.
Beat, beat on the drums,
For the Thunderbird comes.

THE TRIBE SINGS:

Beat on the buckskin, beat on the drums,
Hi! Hi! Hi! For the Thunderbird comes
His eyes glow red with the lust for battle,
And his big wings roar in the medicine-rattle.
Thunderbird-god, while our spirits dance,
Tip with your lightning the warrior's lance;
On shafts of wind, with heads of flame,
Build for us arrows that torture and maim;
Ho! May our ironwood war-clubs crash
With a thunderbolt head and a lightning flash.
Hi! Hi! Hi! Hear the Cut-Throat's doom,
As our wild bells ring and our thunder-drums boom.

Ted Olson

The Believer

He cursed the clinging bonds of flesh
That took such bitter toll,
And held within a cankering mesh
The thing he called his soul.

He deemed this life—its earthly kiss—
All beauty—all desire—
Thongs, holding him from other bliss
Heaven on heaven higher.

He deemed death but a somber dawn,
Soon burgeoning into rose.
I mocked him. Now that he is gone,
I wonder what he knows.

Wright Field

To a Skull

(Dey. laughest thou, perched there among the books
Wrought by man's hand and fathered by his brain?
I strive to write with humorous twist of pen—
But thy wide grin makes all my effort vain!

I turn to sorrow, and my pen drips tears—
I cannot keep my eyes away from thee;
Something sardonic, as if human woe
Thy humor mocked, is in thy ghoulish glee!

Religion's platitudes I next essay—
Sure sympathy thou'lt give me, knowing all—
Was that a chuckle, whisp'ring of the vault,
That seemed to echo from the fire-lit wall?

Is there, then, nothing real, a phantasy
Our dearest hopes, our deepest reverence?
Will we, too, laugh at man's credulity,
As at child whimsies, when we're summoned hence?

Will human sorrow and it's vaunted wit
Alike provoke that set, sardonic smile?
Will we, too, grin that twisted grin, to know
How man's best efforts were not worth the while?

Nay, nay, I will not have it so! Mayhap

Thy fleshless smile a tender one may be,
To know that God, the Humorist, hath played
His one great Joke in Death—that sets us free!

Ted Olson

Finale

Life is a thin, falsetto voice that mutters
Futile half-truths to which time gives the lie
Life is a little peevish wind that flutters
The somber curtains of eternity
Life is a blind ghost, beating at the portal
Of gates that close unyielding and slow;—
Oh, from the smouldering wrack of all things mortal
Give me one flaming dream before I go!

Thomas V. Calkins

The Sand Devil

I am the Sand Devil,
Gray god of the desert—
Swirling ghost of
The alkali flats.
Whirling dervish of
The sage brush country,
Ghostly dancer in
The gray mesquite.

‘ My delight is to torture travelers,
Hurling the hot sand in their eyes;
Laughing aloud at their thirsty tortures
Under the pitiless copper skies.
When they wander, hither and
yonder,
Seeking the water they will not
find—
How I laugh at the sight of their
agony
And burn their lips with the
scorching wind.
Then I blind them with burning sand
And sear their eyes with the heat of
hell—
Lean gray dogs that sneak along—
And laugh at their wild despairing yell.

Pierced and crucified by cactus,
Torn and ript with the cruel mesquite,
Die, you fool who dared to wander
To the Sand Devil's own retreat.
Come coyotes, whelps of the desert,
Lean gray dogs that sneak along—
Hasten now to your ghoulish banquet
Celebrate with your hideous song.
Come, you buzzards, hitherward flying,
Grim black scavengers of death—
Anticipate your feast of man-flesh
Come with your fetid, putrid breath.

I am the Sand Devil,
Gray god of the desert—
Swirling ghost of
The alkali flats;
Whirling dervish of
The sage brush country,
Ghostly dancer in
The gray mesquite.

Caroline Ainslie

Lonely Street

The souls that live in Lonely Street
Are wrapped around with walls;
They bend toward passing neighbor feet
And peer from narrow halls.

The souls that hurry by in fear
Lest they may miss their goal—
Ah, if they'd listen—They could hear
Soul calling unto soul.

Edward H. Pfeiffer

Caliban Aspiring

I, out of clay, in the mire
 Fashioned an image of thee,
Soul of my soul's desire,
 A hope and a faith to be.

Thou art a spirit: I know it.
 But I took the earthy sod,
The thing that was nearest, and through it
 I breathed my dream of a god.

Earth and loam were about me.
 All that I touched was clay.
But life was not life without thee,
 And my lips began to pray.

I clutched a clod in the mire.
 I wrought with impassioned hand
Of clay my soul's desire:
 But the spirit will understand!

Ben Field

Oil

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

For I must answer to the toast
Of jade-black oil. My glass is filled,
While wine, red wine that once was spilled
On festive boards, is but a ghost.
[raise it high, the viscid oil!
There is no Lethe in its draught;
No zephyrs from Arcadia waft;
It visions blackened hands of toil.

But through the glass the light now shines!
I catch the glint of molten gold,
The hues of caravans of old,
And ruby gleams from Eastern shrines!

I sense the God who understands
The needs of peoples, as He smiles
On valleys and unnumbered miles
Where He has hid the liquid sands.

Potential power for turning wheels!
To frustrate tyrants, set men free,

To solve the nation's destiny,
To drive strong ships with cleaving keels!

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

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

Emily Ferl

Reply to Melancholy

4 beer are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?"
Ah where are the pavilions of my youth?
The fragile fragrancy of Summer's bloom?
All fallen, said the poet, in the tomb,—
Lost to the long sweet cadence of our ruth.

Now wreathe we round this gaunt sarcophagus,
Now, moving softly, sing a verse for death;
For with last fluttering leaves, that, Summer past,
Leave twigs and branches bare to the late blast,
We too shall lie here pale, vacant of breath.

Young generation of the current year,
Laugh at the poet's sorrow. Beauty's close
Will never come—Eternity is here.
Ask him who sees within himself the rose,
Who knows immortal consciousness, he knows.

Sydney King Russell

Woodland Fear

L* love but pass this way again
And pause beside the cypress bark,
Shall you or I be here to mark
Her footstep, light as summer rain,—

Or, cowards made of sudden pain,
Shall we run lightly through the fern,
Dreading her face at every turn,
If love but pass this way again?

Sydney King Russell

Desire

A LL I want, that life can give me,—
Glow of evening, flush of morn,
Thrill of seasons ever changing,
Joy of linnet in the thorn.
Children's voices, bare of sorrow,
Hands to touch mine in the gloom,—
Gentle hands . . . and most of all,
Music in a quiet room.

Virginia McCormick

SORROW

Or, hold it close, it may not come again,
So dear a thing it is and all your own,
Soft-nestling like a bird that ne'er has flown,
Its breath exquisite, passionate, deep pain.

It is the flower your happiness has grown,
Whose fragrance, like a wordless, sweet refrain,
Shall follow you as sunshine follows rain
Or lie like mist against a mountain blown.

Virginia McCormick

Poems

Poems are but Earth's lovely moments held
By magic words in light captivity;
Moments whose glowing beauty seems to weld
Their own confining chains, or to set free
 Soul calling unto soul.
Such winged fancies, breasting time and space,
Light as a bird and fragrant as a flower,
That each swift runner in Life's hurrying race
May pause to make them his for one sweet hour.

Clark Ashton Smith

The Absence of the Muse

O Muse, where lingerest thou? In any land
Of Saturn, lit with moons and nenuphars?
Or in what high metropolis of Mars—
Hearing the gongs of dire, occult command,
And bugles blown from strand to unknown strand
Of continents embattled in old wars
That primal kings began? Or on the bars
Of ebbing seas in Venus, from the sand
Of shattered nacre with a thousand hues,
Dost pluck the blossoms of the purple wrack,
And roses of blue coral for thy hair?
Or, flown beyond the roaring Zodiac,
Transtatest thou the tale of earthly news
And earthly songs to singers of Altair?

E. G. Fitzbucke

Indian Summer

I know it was a morning such as this
When Alexander, despairing of new lands
To conquer, sat down and wept.
The Past, that vanguard of the present day
Peopled by poets of undying fame
Chronicled in song and verse,
Has left the Present bankrupt of new themes;
But with the Fall our thoughts in rythm run,
Clamoring for birth in words,
And though no new nor lasting line we write
The joy, of dear endeavor born, is ours.
To plow once more the oft turned earth of poesy.

Alice Rogers Hager

Japanese Cycle

CYCLAMEN (HACHIOJO)

LS very ancient days great ladies wore— a
O, much ere time of frocks and pinafore— a.
Long, trailing, slender robes of ruddy grace,
And each, her lovely face a
Shadowing soft, rose-petaled (Samothrace
Held nothing lovelier among men)
Framed with a perilous cap like wild-bird wings
Each knew her beautiful—or so Bard sings!
These slender, winsome ladies of wise lore.

In my old garden here their spirits swing
Upon their ancient ruddy stems,
And nothing in this foreign place contemns. yd
The little children, happy now as then,s
Flowers themselves, in games flash out and in.
Ah, my Exquisites! time, nor place, nor sin SS
Disturb your flowering; wiser still than men,
Knowing that beauty has the World to kin.

A SHRINE IN UENO a

Te" shadowing vistas under tall, old trees, oo
And row on row of gray, old, lanterned tombs, ©"
And, suddenly, where sunlight breaks the glooms,

A torii rising, green with memories:—

Memories of an ancient land and fine;
Memories of a creed that calls to prayer
Through priestly trappings and the shining flare
Of painted tapers, line on ivory line. 7

A call to prayer by slow, intoning bells,
Clear throbbing through the blue, translucent mist;
A call past acolyte and exorcist;
A call that from the deepest unplumbed wells

Of human spirits rises toward the light,
Past outworn horror and the blinded eye.
It is a very simple thing to die,
But not so simple to compel the night

To yield its darkness as a curving wing,
To fling its windows open to the soul.
How small a matter what we name the goal
So there is glory for our sheltering!

UME NO KI (THE PLUM TREE)

High on a rock the plum stands,
Barren yet in a time of snow;
O barren Rock and barren Sands,
Where is the month when blossoms blow ?

Winding, the river chants a song,
Sighing over the sands below:
“Cold is my heart, and the time is long—
Where is the month when blossoms blow?”

But the old tree shakes in the northern wind,
And laughs to itself through ice and snow:
“These of a little faith have sinned—
I know the month when blossoms blow.”

And thrusting forth to a chilly sun
Pale green buds in an eager row:
“Spring in my heart is never done—
Now is the time when blossoms blow!”

SHADOWS

FIR OSS this silvered peace a star,
 There where the bridge's span curves down;
And sleepily, an unveiled spar,
 Dipped to the challenge of the town—

O little Bridges, curving down,
 With fingers laced upon the tide,
Wearing this evening as a crown,
 And wintry sunsets like a bride

Who gathers cherries to her breast
 And shakes the petals gently free;
Her shadowy happiness the crest
 Of her young heart giv'n fearlessly;—

O little Bridges, shore to shore,
 With stars to smile when sunlight fails,
And quiet waters' unlearned lore
 Below your worn and stained rails,

These are the visions we must see
 When Orient days are past and done;
A shadow for a memory,
 And rosy silence after sun.

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Helen Runyon Bulknap

Correspondences

(De the moon rides high and gold,
And like some ancient herald bold,
The wind, loud trumpeting, proclaims her dignity.
So vast her realm of midnight blue
So free her messenger that sweepeth through,
My soul of sudden too is free!

O. J. Bowles

Aerial

jal LOWS now a swift, white river of wind,
Unchanneled, where the pinetree stands,
And makes its tall shape twist and bend
And washes clean its slim, green hands.

Through clumps of shaken cactus plant
The bodies of wild stallions gleam,
Their shimmering manes and tails aslant
With under rushes of the stream.

And upward through the pearl gray flood
There swims a flock of silver loon;
While, higher, motley foam drifts scud
Beneath the startled, shining moon.

O. J. Bowles

Clouds

Coops always seem such helpless things
When slapped by wind across the skies,
Or torn to feathery flecks and strings
If winds blow counter wise.

And anyone, observing, sees
With something that is almost pain
Their reaching down at roofs and trees
With fragile hands of rain.

Dorothy S. Lyndall

The Dancer

Or wind is a dancer
Trailing long, gray scarfs
Almost invisible
In light, high arabesques
She goes.

The wind is a dancer
Tossing scarfs of dust
In glee
Circling, looping, enfolding
Dust scarfs.
Flung with a laugh, caught with a flaunt
Mischief-loving, teasing dancer.

The wind is a dancer
She catches to her billowing scarfs of gray-black
Storm-black . . . storm-scarfs
Throws them triumphantly into the face of the sullen
 sun
Blinding him . . . hiding from his sight
The mischief
She is doing.

The wind is a dancer
Trailing
Long—gray—scarfs.

Dorothy S. Lyndall

The Moon

hie: Moon seems tranquil
Delicate—aloof
But have you seen her
In the clasp of Autumn
Grown ruddy
Like a buxom peasant girl
Who
Secretly
Greets her lover?

Bernardine Algert

Mist

Do droop the eucalyptus trees
Like dark castles in the mist;
Poppies are cold in the garden
And a curl of mist
Drifts through the keyhole
In the gate.

APRES-MIDI

Sun lies heavy on the sun-burnt hills
And wild honeysuckle drugs the senses
A blue sky pants above, bells murmur
Far away
And the world lies drowned in mid-afternoon.

CHINOISERIE

The wind sings in the willow tree
The river's at the flood,
A crookt moon hangs in the pale green sky
And heavy thoughts in
My heart.

Editha Howell

The Return

The breeze of dawn stirs thru the mist
Of sagebrush at my horse's feet;
The dimming stars send down to me
Their recognition in retreat.

The friendly mountain's hazy form
Still waits as I remember it,
Familiar as the trail below,
And old worn saddle where I sit.

Like faces of dear friends the sight;
Under its spell I drop the rein.
Faint rosy stillness warms my heart
And bids me welcome back again.

The fever of past years is gone,
The conflict of the crowded ways
And in the waiting stillness here
Peace comes, and love, as when one prays.

Paul Tanaquil

Two Men

When the red wine flows freely and the glasses clink,
When Happiness winks up at you from their broad
 brim,
Amid the riot of music and the sheen of light,
Your arm in his you link—
And your desire and your delight
Are all for him.

But when grey dawn steals in and finds you
 weary—weary,
When you see tawdry tinsel where bright gold should
 be,
And in its sterile harshness the grey, fog-bound city
Looms, desolate and dreary,
Your loneliness, your tender pity
Are all for me.

Miriam Allen deFord

At Night

par ET down your hair, Kathleen.
This room is full of blessed silences,
And I am weary, body, mind and soul.
Let your soft hair fall on my tired face.
Here in the quiet dark I shall forget
That once we loved each other, long ago.
Passion is dead now, and the patient night
Has covered us with shadow: we shall rest
Like friendly sleeping children, hand in hand.
Let down your hair, Kathleen.
You may be kind; I loved you once, but now
We can lie still together till the dawn.

Gwendolen Haste

The Stoic

sy" guessed there wasn't any time for tears
Because her heart had held them all unshed
While one by one her little hopes had fled
Down through those racking, windy, drouth-filled
years.

The frozen winter when the cattle died,
The year the hail bent flat the tender wheat,
The thirsty summers with their blazing heat—
She met them all with wordless rigid pride.

But when, sometimes, the children in the spring,
Searching through barren hill or ragged butte,
Would heap her lap with loco blooms and bring
Clouds of blue larkspur and bright bitter root,
Then would she run away to hide her pain
For memory of old gardens drenched with rain.

Grace Atherton Dennen

Pastels

I.

fs eee and Muriel

Down a dim and woodland way,

Azure and bloom of rose

Bonneted in silken gray.

White arms wound circlewise,

Mist of dreams in wide young eyes.

White-starred and dim is the magnolia tree

Where purple shadows are at close of day,

And friends have come to share the gracious hour.

In rainbow hues they rest upon the lawn,

A shining pool of quiet comradeship

Stirred by ripples of laughter and of talk.

Thoughts like opening flowers,

Deep-hearted flowers of crimson or of white,

Float to the surface of the quiet pool

And blossom into beauty.

The jeweled stars come tiptoe up the sky,

Twilight stands on the hill-tops, and the day

Fulfills itself with heart-remembered grace.

Esther Yarnell

The Sky-Rocket

I love a rocket whizzing through the air,
A fiery rocket with its trailing glow
Of garnet embers,—then the showering stars—
A thousand dazzling stars that come and go,
While crowds of eager people upward stare
With intermingled cries of “Ah!” and “Oh!”

I think I'd like a life of splendid days
To rend the noisy years like lightning bars,
And ending in some daring deed supreme.
Tomorrow and this wish may be a dream
And I shall ask for gentle guarded ways—
But now I love the rocket's fiery blaze,
I love its glory—and its sudden stars.

Julia Baynton Green

Comment

The following is a poetic summing up of the
conditions
which brought about “New Poetry.” We have heard
the matter explained many times and in many ways,
but
this is as satisfactory and comforting an analysis as
has
come to our notice. It creates a broad sympathy with
the
wanderings of the Winged Steed and a lively hope of
his
ultimate return to familiar pastures. For the sake of
those who have thought his case hopeless, I am
printing
the lines in this section of Comment:

LOCOED

ILD Pegasus! he has his innings now.
No more meek browsing daisied turf for him.
He feels enfranchisement in every limb.
Away with bit and rein—he will allow
Nor cinch nor saddle. But, in the old days, how
Divinely paced the creature round the trim,
Familiar, sunny paddocks! Cherubim
Might echo his soft nicker. He can plow,
And has, at worst. And as a circus steed

He is the cleverest of the hippodrome.
What witch-grass has he nibbled? Loco-weed
Has fouled his clover; therefore does he roam.
This is his transient madness—give no heed,
Some day, forespent and famished, he'll come home.

Another poem of interest because of the widespread knowledge of its author is the following, printed below. Major S. H. M. Byers is a soldier, poet and diplomat. He served four years in the Civil war, part of the time on the staff of General Sherman. While in prison in South Carolina, he wrote the famous song, "Sherman's March to the Sea," of which a million copies were sold. After the war he served for twenty years in the consular and diplomatic service in Switzerland and Italy. Major Byers has published many volumes of prose and poetry. THE LOST HEART
Lv lost my heart, a silly little thing; Yet all I had, and valued very high, Oh, you would know it in its wandering
Should some one find it, may be, passing by. _No, 'tis not lost, I know most where it is— Safe in yon harbor of my lady's breast, Beneath yon rose I saw her fondly kiss; O happy rose, to be so doubly blest. No, 'tis not lost; bring it not back to me— For see, that rose is but a secret sign— While on her breast that happy rose I see I know who has it—that lost heart of mine.

Virginia Taylor McCormick

Star Dust and Gardens

By Virginia Taylor McCormick

All the charm of an old Virginia garden permeates this little volume, sprinkled with the star dust of lovely thoughts and graceful lines. All the experiences that come to one in a sheltered garden are found here, no great dramatic moments, no intense and flaming passions, nothing to lead the poet into devious by-paths of Vers Libre or Imagist forms. The metres are conventional, the rhymes musical and pleasant. The subject matter is varied and shows both a vivid perception of beauty and an understanding of human emotions. It is a book to fill the reader's mind with quiet, gracious thoughts and lovely pictures, a good companion for leisure moments. The following lines from the poem "Poplars" illustrate these qualities:

How tall and slim and straight they stand
Yet bending to the summer breeze
Like gracious ladies, sweetly grand,
Incarnate once again as trees.

In gala dress of shimmering green
With silver lining peeping through,
They beckon to the sun or lean
To gather freshness from the dew.

* * * *

But sometimes there is deep content,
Maternal croonings lull to rest
With music low and eloquent,
The turquoise in a robin's nest."

Notes

The Lyric West announces with pleasure that, beginning with this October issue, it will pay for all contributions at the general rate of five dollars a page. Payment will be made on publication.

Another announcement which we are very glad to make is that of "The Esther Yarnell Prize" of one hundred dollars to be awarded for the best poem or group of poems printed in our pages before January first, 1922. This prize is an annual gift and will be presented on January first of each succeeding year. Further details of this award and the names of the judges will be announced later. In response to our request for the names of poems especially enjoyed, the following have received mention: April number, *Gaydiang*, by Ruth Comfort Mitchell; May number, *Come Home a Little While*, by Doris Packard; June number, *The Old House and the New*, by Grace Atherton Dennen; *The Grand Canyon*, by Helen Runyon Belknap; July-August number, *Song*, by Charles Lummis; July, by Edward H. Pfeiffer; *The Shadow Trail*, by Harry Noyes Pratt; *Decision*, by Pierrepont Willard; *The Tryst*, by Doris Packard; *In Lemuria and The Infinite Quest*, by Clark Ashton Smith; September number, *The Little Road*, by Ellen M. Mills; Autumn, by Dorothy Page; *On the Overland*, by Rolfe Humphries; *Autumn Rain and Forget-Me-Nots*, by Charles Goodman; *Risus Eram Positis*, by Weare Holbrook. The group of Chippewa Indian songs, called *Thunderdrums*, is of especial interest and value because its rythm is based upon the cadence used in the war dances of the Chippewas among whom the author, Lew Sarett, has lived for many years. The psychology of the poem, the symbols, the figures are true to Indian make-up. Mr. Sarett has lived and worked with the Indians for twelve years, he has been "blessed" by them and given an Indian name which means "Lone Caribou." He spent

the months of this summer among the Chippewas. Mr. Sarett is also a professor in Northwestern University, a lecturer on Indian life and a Forest Ranger. His poetry has appeared in Poetry, Contemporary Verse, The Bookman, and many other magazines.

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