

VOL. V

SEPTEMBER 1926

NO. 10

The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Noel Stearn | Siddie Joe Johnson

Katharine Allison MacLean | Belle C. Morrill

A. G. and others

THE ARTISTRY OF THE STANZA, X

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER YEAR

SINGLE COPIES 20c

The Lyric West

Vol. V, No. 10

A Magazine Of American Verse

September, 1926

Edited by Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw

This edition is set from a page-by-page transcription of a scan of the issue. The transcription makes no editorial decisions; the decisions are listed in the file that produced this book. The advertising is not reproduced.

Set by LyricText on 08 August 2026 at 04:47.

CONTENTS

<u>Indian Summer</u>	<i>Noel Stearn</i>	275
<u>Meridian</u>	<i>Julia Boynton Green</i>	276
<u>Ten O'Clock</u>	<i>Winifred Gray Stewart</i>	277
<u>Girls at Night in the Park</u>	<i>Louis Ginsberg</i>	278
<u>Life</u>	<i>Louise Stedman Bostick</i>	278
<u>"Not Wisely, But Too Well"</u>	<i>Joseph Upper</i>	279
<u>As I Like It</u>	<i>Siddie Joe Johnson</i>	279
<u>Nature's Harp</u>	<i>E. Richard Shipp</i>	280
<u>Night</u>	<i>Sydney King Russell</i>	281
<u>The Eternal Feminine—</u>		
<u>Lorelei Thoughts</u>	<i>Irene Stewart</i>	282
<u>Arena</u>	<i>Lois Donovan</i>	282
<u>Incompatible</u>	<i>Irene Stewart</i>	283
<u>When You Brought the Flambeau</u>	<i>Ethel Romig Fuller</i>	283
<u>The Little Owls</u>	<i>Katharine Allison MacLean</i>	284
<u>Reaction</u>	<i>Marie de L. Welch</i>	284
<u>Fantasia</u>	<i>Virgilio Luciani</i>	285
<u>To a Waterfall</u>	<i>Jane E. Waters</i>	285
<u>A Real Estate Agent Makes Inquiry</u>	<i>Alberta Bancroft</i>	286
<u>Santa Teresa</u>	<i>Sidney Drake</i>	287
<u>Our Campfire</u>	<i>Belle C. Morrill</i>	288
<u>Interlude</u>	<i>Sarah Bixby Smith</i>	289
<u>Israfel (Edgar Allen Poe)</u>	<i>Mary Brent Whiteside</i>	290
<u>The Hidden Side of the Moon</u>	<i>Mary Sinton Leitch</i>	291
<u>A Palimpsest</u>	<i>William A. Brewer</i>	292
<u>Fugitive</u>	<i>Y. F. Swain</i>	292
<u>The Artistry of the Stanza, X</u>	<i>A. G.</i>	293
<u>Index to Volume V</u>		296

The Lyric West
Editors: Mr. and Mrs. Allison Gaw

Yearly Subscription \$2.00 Single Copies, 20 Cents

Published Monthly, Except June and August, by the Editors

3551 University Avenue, Los Angeles, California

All Rights Reserved

All manuscripts should be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope. Otherwise The Lyric West cannot be responsible for their return

Entered as second-class matter, November 12, 1925, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1926, Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw.

Among Our Contributors

Mary Brent Whiteside is on the editorial staff of the *Southern Literary Magazine* and of *The Stepladder*. Her volume of verse, *The Eternal Quest*, published in London, was reviewed in the December issue of THE LYRIC WEST.

Virgilio Luciani, formerly of San Francisco, where he was engaged in newspaper work, has now returned to Rome, Italy. He is the author of a volume of prose poems in Italian, *Aspirazioni*.

Julia Boynton Green, a well-known sonneteer, is represented in Higginson's *American Sonnets*, in Crandall's *Representative Sonnets of American Authors*, and in the *English Poetry Review's Sonnets of Cities*. She has also contributed to *Century*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Munsey*, *Life*, and numerous poetry journals.

William A. Brewer, Jr., formerly business manager of the *Sacramento Daily Star*, has contributed verse to *Munsey's*, *Sunset*, and *Youth's Companion*. He is the author of a volume of verse, *Mavericks*.

Belle C. Morrill in addition to verse has written stories, essays, and plays which have been published in various religious journals. She is a member of the English faculty in Atlanta University, Georgia.

Of our twenty-four contributors in this issue one comes to us from Rome, Italy, one from Massachusetts, one from Pennsylvania, one from New Jersey, one from Virginia, two from Washington, D. C., one from South Carolina, two from Georgia, one from Wisconsin, two from Oregon, one from Wyoming, one from Texas, one from New Mexico, one from Arizona, and seven from California.

Noel Stearn

Indian Summer

The little gods of summer are sleeping in the woods,
The green gods, the lean gods,
Lie low beneath the leaves.
Each tree that stripped to cover them stands nakedly
 and broods
Or hushes little flippant winds,
Gay skirly, whirly, roguish winds,
Like Robin's roguish thieves.

The wee and merry windlets dance blithely o'er the
 beds
Of the green gods, the lean gods,
Who try to lie so still.
But hush — and hear the rustle as they raise their
 restless heads,
And listen to their sighing
Go following the flying
Wee winds beyond the hill.

For oh, they would be dancing as gay as gods of June,
The green gods, the lean gods,
For whom the winds are seeking.
But even while the solemn trees with bowing heads
 commune,
Sh-sh! — look! — a little godlet,

A twinkly-eyed young godlet,
A giddy little godlet,
From that green fern peeking.

Julia Boynton Green

Meridian

In languid sweetness suffering the sun,
 Lapped in the golden hush of summer noon,
The garden slumbers, breathing fragrantly.
Aerial whispers through the leafage run,
Somewhere the muffled monotone of a bee
Teases the silence — falters — and is still.

 Two drowsy mockers in the acacia croon.
A crested quail flutes richly from the hill.

Above the orchard earth, translucent, fleet,
Hover the glimmering rhythms of the heat.
 A finch rides down a dandelion stalk,
 And with his fitful bursts of tender talk
Pecks at the fairy sphere until he leaves
The central cushion clean. A wild dove grieves
 In some far thicket. Underneath a tree,
 Bedded in turf and smiling hardily,
The ruddy daisies pattern out its shade
In bright defiance of the impending blade.

On some nocturnal quest here crept a snail
 In all his plump and pulpy helplessness.
 Behind him, lightly scrawled for man to guess,
A mystic cipher, winds his silver trail.

A lily lights a nook, austere and cool —

A priestess pale with vows upon her lips.
In the scant luxury of a casual pool

Under the tap a happy sparrow dips,
A darling atom and a joyous chance,
Fulfilling sumptuously his frugal wants.

A pert jay in the live-oak shrills his orders.
The hollyhocks at half-mast in the borders,
Wallflowers, and slim blue spires of larkspur stand,
And salvia, a blazing signal brand.

A rose droops low her proud doomed head and bleeds
In bright slow crimson on the assembled weeds.
The pansy folk grimace like saucy mimes.
So high the foxglove rears above the hedge

Her shapely turret of a hundred chimes
That she reveals, beyond the flaring edge
Of the close bells, their darkly dappled throats.
Oh, for an ear attuned to catch their notes!

A garden is an Eden new at dawn —
The waking roses and the jewelled lawn.

A garden is Mab's own estate at night —
The sudden perfumes and the eerie light.
A garden is a bounty and a boon
Beyond appraisal, in the hush of noon!

Winifred Gray Stewart

Ten O'Clock

Crickets

In black lacquered shoes

Dance in the shadow of wood ferns.

They shatter white moonlight

With a quick little clatter

Of swift pirouetting.

Their brittle jet slippers

Make thin silver music

That chimes through the night,

While they stir the tall wood ferns

And dance, *clitter-patter*,

On carpets of old leaves and cold shining grasses.

Louis Ginsberg

Girls at Night in the Park

Alone I watch the girls that haunt the park.
The whiteness of each arm sucks up the dark.
Their curves drip honey and their eyes speak fire;
They sow the night with strange and wild desire
Till dreams come swirling in a sudden flood;
Their lips are dabbled red like red heart's-blood —
Sweet pomegranate lips that stain the dark,
While sorceries of their bodies drug the park . .
Their hair is pouring jet Cimmerian night
Cascading over breasts that glimmer white
Like opulent, luscious gourds . . . Their glances sink
Embedding in my flesh until I think,
Drunk with eternal woman of the world,
Of glories that around me are unfurled,
Of loveliness that's cloaked in wild desires,
Of riddles closely wrapped in sweetest fires,
Of Beauty struggling tangled in a mesh,
Of Beauty crying freedom from the flesh.

Louise Stedman Bostick

Life

You may enthrone your heart
In the petals
Of a rosebud,
Or form with it the nucleus
Of a snowball;
Inevitably
Both will perish.

Joseph Upper

“Not Wisely, But Too Well”

Like dogs about the table of a king

We eat your crumbs of kindness, idly thrown

To us and scornfully, or gnaw a bone

That you have left — lean memory of some thing

You said or did as monarchs do who fling

Small coins among a crowd. You do not stone

Us ever, and our bodies have not known

The lash; yet do we fear your chastening.

We are dependent on your better moods

For sustenance; we live from smile to smile

Like beggars asking alms, and so beguile

Dead life with little hopeful interludes;

Weave dreams of plenty which, forever vain,

Can sometimes quiet the loud tongue of pain.

Siddie Joe Johnson

As I Like It

I do not know what perfume Rosalind
Loved best of all in Arden's flowering ways,
And can but guess what fragrance the wind
Found as it touched her cheek those glamorous days;
I do not know what mystery of scent
Haunted the love-lorn dreams Orlando knew,
Making of them both joy and sacrament;
But this my knowledge compasses — that you,
The rain-sweet, whispering night we saw the play,
Were, somehow, like the lilacs I had known
In other rains. Half-sensed, their dreaming lay
About you, frail as fairy bubbles blown.
Since when, for me does Rosalinda wear
The fragrance of young lilacs in her hair.

E. Richard Shipp

Nature's Harp

In the Short Grass Land
When you “bed down” for the night
(The great blue “top” stretched tight
And a thousand lights burning)
Your saddle beneath your head,
The blankets drawn close
And the hobbled horses grazing,
You can, if you will,
Hear the Harpist play —
Play on a harp with a billion strings.

The soft wind, with nimble fingers,
Caressingly touches each string
Into sweet melody of silvery tone;
Individual artists,
Like grand opera stars,
Make their entrances and their exits;
The Harpist, undisturbed, plays on.

A disgruntled field mouse,
In high soprano, voices his troubles;
A mother bird draws the cover closer
As she soothes her children;
In a shivering tremolo
That echoes through the hills
A distant coyote runs the scale;

Somewhere a sheep dog sounds his warning
And an uneasy ewe calls her wayward lamb;
Over against the mountain
A lonely old dog wolf
Solos in a deep baritone
That rolls on and on
Like the sound of throbbing war drums;
And the Harpist, undisturbed, plays on.

At midnight, or near it,
A meadow lark rouses,
Trills three or four bars,
Then lapses into slumber;
And all through the night
With nimble fingers the soft wind
Draws a sweet melody
Of mellow silvery tones
Caressingly from a hundred million strings.

Sydney King Russell

Night

Night is more dear than any dream of days
And more to be desired than melting dawn;
Night is a mother with a thousand ways
Of bidding every wayward fear begone.
The roads of dream are many; where they lead
Night only knows, and she will scarcely tell
Save to her own — but when they cry their need,
She guides her children wondrously and well.
Hers are the stars, and the celestial spaces,
The secrets of the moon, and growing things
We know not of. Hers are the covered faces
Of clouds. Her hands are folded when she sings
Save when she calls some lost child to her breast
And draws his eyelids down, and bids him rest.

Irene Stewart

Lorelei Thoughts

The time will come. I too shall swim bright streams
With milken ivory limbs to fin my soul,
And you will cry, “O lovely fish, that gleams
Beyond my dream!” — Thus will I take my toll
Of your sweet wonder. While you yet amaze,
I’ll have you brought before me by a slave,
And torture you with many a rose-thorned phrase
Before I kiss your face beneath a wave.
Through all the days we’ll play while a Sun-god lights
The weedy pools to golden green — no more
Enchanting days could be than these; our nights
We’ll sleep in a coral house with a moonstone door.

 This timeless time will come and never end;
 Until then, fated one, be just my friend.

Lois Donovan

Arena

What do you know of me, who only see
My scarf of crimson, which I daring flaunt,
Flinging it laughing in the face of life. . . .
A challenge . . . and a taunt?
How do you know, how white behind it all —
How void of courage, tremblingly, I stand —
Who only see me stamp, and fling, and shout . . .
Daring the bull up to my outstretched hand?

Irene Stewart

Incompatible

Ah well, and if you heaped a pyramid
Of jeweled images, and if my clouds
Of thought slid past the brilliant planes and gathered
Nothing of your colors in my shrouds?

Reproach me not. As mist can hold but transient
Tints, and you insist on pigment stains,
I fear that we must part. Old nacre moons
May gall the throat. . . but time will file such chains.

Our severed mouths may rest on loneliness,
Or other lips may flower in the night.
(Choose those which bleed more easily than mine.)

Angry? Ah, good-bye, and *don't forget to write.*

Ethel Romig Fuller

When You Brought the Flambeau

When you brought the flambeau
Of love into my heart
Illumining my shyest thoughts,
I set one place apart —

An old grey-moated castle,
And doughty drawbridge too,
Which might be lifted at command
Between my dreams and you.

Nor have you ever guessed, dear,
That when I seem most fair,
I've lowered the portcullis
And climbed the turret stair.

Katharine Allison MacLean

The Little Owls

O have you ever heard at dusk
The little owls a-calling,
A-calling from the wood at dusk, so wavering and sad?
'Tis like a grieving bairnie,
A shivering, wailing banshee,
A pitiful young lassie
Lamenting for her lad.

O have you ever lain awake
And heard the owls a-calling?
The little mournful owls that call all through the
 summer night?
And have you ached for someone,
Or ever wept for someone,
Or maybe prayed for someone
Until the weary light?

If so you've ever stood with him
And heard the owls a-calling,
'Tis best to kiss him then and there and know that it is
 done;
For look you, he may ride away,
And going, he may bide away,
And you may dance, his bridal day,
With yet another one.

Marie de L. Welch

Reaction

Now the young passion for shadowy hyacinths,
Rain-cooled violets, secret crocuses,
And the dark cyclamen is done;
Earth woos larkspur, gayer than circuses,
Bolder than blue-jays, drunk with the sun!

Virgilio Luciani

Fantasia

The sea and the sky were a bubble that night;
A drifting bubble, drifting through Paradise. . . .
A bubble of blue, of air, of waves, of stars!
I was lost to the world but not to the heavens!
The psalms of the church, the funeral notes,
The cries of my lovers were still in my ears.
I saw my sepulchre scented with roses
Amid angels of marble in the field of the dead
Wet by the light of the moon. . . .
My shroud of mortality had the odor of earth,
The odor of grass, the odor of leaves
Wet by the dew of dusk.
But among all the dead I alone felt the fire
Of intangible life, yet of palpitant youth
Like a flash of delight. . . .
My eyes pierced afar —
Afar through the vapors of mystery,
Into the kingdom of space,
Into the soul of eternity!
And nude from the tomb, nude as God made me,
Chaste like the dawn, in the flesh of my birth,
I flew! I flew into the bubble,
The drifting bubble, drifting through Paradise. . . .
A bubble of blue, of air, of waves, of stars!

Issue p. 285 · Scan p. 17

Jane E. Waters

To a Waterfall

The mountain proud unbinds her silver hair
And flings it, free and rippling, to the hem
Of her green garment, singing softly there
As sunlight crowns her with its diadem.

Alberta Bancroft

A Real Estate Agent Makes Inquiry

Would you rather live in a new house
That knows nothing but hammer and nails
And the oaths of lazy workmen
And stones and plaster and pails?

Or would you rather live in an old house,
Built since many a day,
Acquainted with tears and laughter
And work and children's play?

You would have to think of your manners
If your house were young and new;
For you have to show it all the things
A mistress ought to do.

It's different with an old house:
A scene upon the stair
And it shrugs, "It really was much worse
When John was murdered there."

Whereas a scene before a house
That's young and green and new —
Straightway it gets the notion
Of acting that way too.

A new house must be taught the songs

It sings its folks by night.
That cannot be avoided:
It is a legal right.

Whereas, if you live in an old house,
You hear it all acroon
At dusk or early morning
Or late afternoon

With a hundred little lilting songs
It heard before your day
From its many, many mistresses
Who now have passed away.

But there's this to be considered
In choosing old *or* new:
With an old house you must take the chance
That it may sniff at you,
Which is a thing (I know for a fact)
An old house loves to do.

So, lady, either way you choose,
You've much to gain
And much to lose.

Sidney Drake

Santa Teresa

Before a plaster church, bedecked
With flowers like a fair,
Grow such a many tiny palms
Within a white-walled square,
Old ladies must have parked their fans
As they passed in to prayer —
Then later, gaily gossiping,
Strolled home and left them there!

Belle C. Morrill

Our Campfire

O my Beloved!

Do you know what the fire of our love is like?

Not the timid flame of a flickering candle,

Not the wild embrace of a forest fire,

But the radiant glow of a camp fire

In the deep, dark woods.

No common taper has lighted it,

But one from the hearth of God;

No common fragrance — balsam, and pine;

But spicier fire-wood still —

Tenderness, faithfulness,

Rising in holy incense to the quiet stars of God.

Draw nearer, my Beloved!

Far from the cutting blasts of icy tongues —

And when your heart is warm once more,

Shall we alone bask in the welcome blaze,

Watching the embers glow?

Or shall we pile the fragrant boughs so high,

And dig the fire-pit deeper, broader,

Until new energy leaps to the skies?

Shelter and warmth by day for wind-swept souls,

A torch by night for those who lose love's way?

O hush, Beloved!

The topmost spark of all is the smile of God!

Sarah Bixby Smith

Interlude

How still my house this twilight!
No sound without or in —
Just the ticking of an ancient clock
Upon the stair.
My bedroom fireplace
Is black and bare.

Now come my little children
Creeping from their nest
In my heart.

Before a glowing fire
I hold a naked baby in my lap —
Happy baby,
Kicking free of day's attire.
Bright-Eyes at my knee
Asks a story,
The fire light on his hair
A shining glory.
From the bath come shouts and splashing,
Boys scrubbing toes
And making soapy billows;
Now down the hall
They're dashing,
Racing, scuffling,
Flinging pillows.

Quick, boys, a kiss!
Good night!
Back into bed each one goes,
Into my heart, tucked out of sight.
Turn on the light!
The past is gone,
It's *now* again;
The front door opens. . . .
Here come my men.

Mary Brent Whiteside

Israfel

Edgar Allen Poe

He stood within the cloisters of the gods,
But knew no ritual of theirs,
Nor any prayers.
The shadows at his questing feet
Wavered and coiled and beat
In rhythms of dark ecstasy and pain
Through tortured heart and brain.
When came an answer from a guarded door,
He heard the terrible whisper: "Nevermore."

*Yet hands less steady and with slighter grace
Have lighted candles in the holy place.*

He was a star that lost its quickening sun,
Yet held an echo of the speech
That angels teach —
Words in which beauty must confess
Some touch of holiness
For past and present and all time to be,
If perfect beauty is divinity.
So, if he went in darkness through his years,
A sunless orb among the singing spheres — . .

*Yet, clear as stars are in a moonless night,
His genius shines, an ever-burning light.*

Mary Sinton Leitch

The Hidden Side of the Moon

Last night, the known world all forgot,
Where mist lay frail on sea and dune,
I climbed from the hills of Camelot
To the hidden side of the moon;

To the hidden side of the still, serene,
And mystic moon where blow
Tall amaranth flowers no eye had seen
And lilies of fire and snow;

Lilies of fire and snow that swayed
As the ghosts of songs forever unsung
Came drifting by them: I watched afraid,
No word on my stricken tongue;

No word on my tongue for the wind in my hair
Of music unuttered and tales untold,
And sudden the breath of unanswered prayer
Smote strange on my heart and cold;

Smote strange and cold in the eerie night. . . .
May my soul forget full soon — full soon —
Those ghostly gardens of lost delight
On the hidden side of the moon!

William A. Brewer

A Palimpsest

See, over there, the hills — a living page
 On which time's story prints in green and blue,
Initialed with a clump of flowering sage
 And paragraphed with meadows showing through.

The legend neatly centers in the space
 Provided on this leaf of antique weave;
And for an illustration there's the grace
 Of trees full-budded and about to leave.

The capitals, illuminated, are
 The russet trunks of vagabond madrones;
Above the text, the clear-face evening star
 Refers to footnotes set in gaunt gray stones;

And then, to show the printing's of the best,
It's deckle-edged with trees — a palimpsest!

Y. F. Swain

Fugitive

The wind is hurrying south tonight,
To the amorous south the wind is hurrying;
With hair unbound she flees the northern hills
And snow flurrying.

Across the dark she flies on naked feet,
And but an echo of her passing lingers.
Her breast is hungry for the southern seas
And the palm's warm fingers.

The Artistry of the Stanza

X

Masked Balance

The criterion of the music of stanzaic structure, as of all verse form, is necessarily its effect on the ear. Yet the primitive conditions of song and recitative chant under which poetry arose has given way to our modern highly literate civilization, in which most reading, of poetry as well as of prose, is silent, a matter of the eye only. On the musical side of lyrical poetry especially, our modern civilization and habits place us somewhat in the position of the musician who, in the quiet of his room, silently reads an orchestral score, and in order to apprehend the composer's purpose must inadequately reproduce in his unaided imagination the effects of melody, harmony, and poignant tonal contrast intended for rendering by a hundred vibrant instruments. The interpretive imagination, under ideal conditions of talent and training, can go far — Beethoven, in his later years, composed some of his finest works when so deaf that he could hear neither the orchestra that played them nor the tumultuous applause of the audience that had listened. But who will believe that even Beethoven did not grievously regret his inability actually to hear that which he had conceived? And it is probably true that the silent reader of verse usually loses far more of the sound effects that compose the art pattern with which he is concerned than the competent score-reader does of his, since the message of the printed notes to the musician is purely musical and on that he must concentrate, for, missing that, he gets nothing. The message of a poem, on the contrary, has two phases, the intellectual and the musical, and the silent reader may satisfy himself with the intellectual content of word and sentence, and remain totally unaware that the verse has

intricate and subtle musical effects that the author carefully designed as a part of the complex whole.

Incidentally, it may be observed that our modern dependence on mere print is one reason for the worse than mediocrity of much of the *vers libre* that has flooded the English-speaking world in the last few years. Such free verse has been written to appeal to the eye only; it could never have been composed in a day when poetry was customarily received through the ear. When *vers libre* is good, its line division meets the test both of intellectual phrasal emphasis to the vision and of musical phrasal significance to the sense of hearing. Here, as elsewhere, thought and form must be organically related if the product is to be Art.

But our immediate concern is not with *vers libre*, but with the stanzas of lyrical verse. For these the chief importance of the distinction between the mere eye-appeal of silent reading and the ear-appeal for which poetry is primarily intended lies in the fact that the aural (or heard) effect of Balance, the most important of the creative art-principles basic to stanzaic construction, is frequently masked in the printed form by setting up the stanza with a line-division that visually misrepresents and distorts its sound rhythms.

The motive for this varies. Thus, in Thomas Jordan's grim old drinking song, *Coronemus nos rosis antequam marcescant*, we find:

Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
 All treasure's uncertain,
 Then down with your dust!
In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

Here clearly what appears at first sight to be the seven-line $a_4 a_4 b_4 c_2 b_2 d_4 d_4$ is to the ear merely the simple six-line $a_4 a_4 b_4 b_4 c_4 c_4$, and would be so printed if in this case, as usually, the printed visual image were designed to mirror the aural. The only gain in breaking the fourth line in the compositing is, possibly, the attainment of a certain increased appearance of vivacity, wholly factitious.

In Longfellow's little *Serenade* in *The Spanish Student* a similar effect becomes organic because adequately motivated.

Stars of the summer night!

Far in yon azure deeps
 Hide, hide your golden light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Here the fourth and fifth lines are really metrically one, together exactly balancing the dactylic dimeter of the second line. The split form as printed, however, is artistically justified as suggesting, together with the final *Sleeps!*, the musical *diminuendo* and *rallentando* with which the serenade is supposed to close.

But in general, when such printed distortion of the stanzaic balance occurs, it arises from a desire to emphasize to the eye the presence of rhymes that otherwise might be missed on account of their metrically internal position. A beautiful case of this is to be found in Herrick's exquisite *To Daffodils*.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay
 Until the hasting day

Has run
 But to the evensong;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you or anything.

We die
 As your hours do, and dry

Away
 Like to the summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

This intricate printed form exactly mirrors the intricate rhyme scheme: $a_4b_3c_4b_3d_1d_3c_1e_3a_4e_3$. But combine the four short lines into two tetrameters, thus: $a_4b_3c_4b_3(dd)_4(ce)_4a_4e_3$, and it is obvious that for the ear the rhythmical balance structure is the familiar line-length rhythm, 4-3-4-3-4-4-3, in which the alternation of the 4's and 3's has the very simple sequence of the taps and pauses in the ordinary marching drum-beat. This rhythm the printed form deserts in order to represent to the eye a secondary effect of *rhyme*-pattern overlying the *metrical* fundamental; but in studying the stanza we must recognize this fundamental line-length balance that the visual form disguises.

In our following discussions it is probable that we shall not infrequently have to unmask such apparently intricate forms in order to reveal the actual simplicity of balanced structure that gives them their basic smoothness and fluent charm.

A.G.

Index to Volume V

POETRY

A Bookworm Speaks	<i>Lori Petri</i>	79
A Day Went By	<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	102
Advice to a Lover	<i>Sydney King Russell</i>	39
African Sunset	<i>Helen von Kolnitz Hyer</i>	15
After Rain	<i>Louis Ginsberg</i>	135
After Storm	<i>Sigrid Sittig</i>	186
Alabaster	<i>Raymond Kresensky</i>	264
A Lad of Londonderry	<i>Pauline Curran</i>	82
A Lady's Way	<i>Jane Morrill</i>	25
Amalfi, Italy	<i>Dorcas Davis</i>	54
Animal	<i>Beulah May</i>	204
Another Sunset	<i>Helen Lockwood Coffin</i>	100
<u>A Palimpsest</u>	<i>William A. Brewer</i>	294
A Parable of Deepness	<i>Vachel Lindsay</i>	35
Aphrodite	<i>Anne Persov</i>	99
Apparition	<i>Harold Vinal</i>	173
April Madness	<i>Ruth Aughiltree</i>	188
Arachne	<i>Edith Mirick</i>	5
<u>A Real Estate Agent Makes Inquiry</u>	<i>Alberta Bancroft</i>	288
<u>Arena</u>	<i>Lois Donovan</i>	282
Ariel	<i>Frances Hull Topping</i>	169
A Sea Diver Speaks to His Inland		
Love	<i>Walter Evans Kidd</i>	74
<u>As I Like It</u>	<i>Siddie Joe Johnson</i>	279
A Silver World, This—	<i>Ethel Romig Fuller</i>	103
A Song for a Lark	<i>Francis Wierman</i>	233
A Song for Rosetime	<i>Snow Longley</i>	222
Assignation	<i>Maud Elfrid Uschold</i>	197

A Stranger in Judea	<i>Alice Harriman</i>	108
At Emerald Bay	<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	255
At Figueroa	<i>Anna Catherine Markham</i>	255
At San Juan Capistrano	<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	4
At the Tamborine	<i>James Henry Woodruff</i>	112
A Woman on the Shore	<i>Mildred Fowler Field</i>	259
Beach Musings	<i>Ruth Clay Price</i>	160
Bells	<i>Katharine Washburn Harding</i>	137
Bitter Creek	<i>Geraldine Seelemire</i>	176
Burnt Offering	<i>Katherine D. Kendig</i>	259
By the Carib Sea	<i>Edna Worthley Underwood</i>	166
Carmen	<i>Grace Randall</i>	145
Chanson	<i>Joan Dareth Prosper</i>	44
Children	<i>Leslie Wallace</i>	232
Christ-Mass in June	<i>Orpha M. Gardner</i>	225
Chromatic	<i>Challiss Silvay</i>	49
Cinquain	<i>Ruth Clay Price</i>	256
City Rivers	<i>Frances Wierman</i>	79
Compatibility	<i>Margaret Duncan Dravo</i>	143
City Sunrise	<i>Winifred Davidson</i>	138
Dawn	<i>Homer G. Gane</i>	206
Dawn Songs from the Uplands	<i>Leetha Journey Probst</i>	198
Death at Dawn	<i>John Jenkins</i>	136
Defiance	<i>Mollie Prager</i>	81
Desert Cry	<i>Effie Whyte Watt</i>	174
Desert Thirst	<i>Samuel Alexander White</i>	140
Desire	<i>Daisy E. B. Parrent</i>	50
Diathesis	<i>Grace Stone Coates</i>	226
Dragon Flies	<i>Helen von Kolnitz Hyer</i>	14
Dramatic Poet	<i>Chard Powers Smith</i>	254
Dreams of Morning	<i>Ethel Brodt Wilson</i>	199
Earthquakes	<i>Rosamond Eddy</i>	43
Ecce Homo	<i>Beatrice Harmon</i>	3
Echoes	<i>Nadine Booe</i>	235

En Tour, A Song Sequence	<i>Alberta Bancroft</i>	190
Episode	<i>Julia Birk</i>	177
Ere Twilight Comes	<i>A. M. Stephen</i>	172
Eucalyptus Leaves	<i>Ruth Clay Price</i>	201
<u>Fantasia</u>	<i>Virgilio Luciani</i>	287
Felis Domestica	<i>Richard Dustan</i>	204
Flame	<i>Edith Mirick</i>	72
Forests	<i>S. Bert Cooksley</i>	144
Forgotten	<i>B. Y. Williams</i>	38
Four and a Picnic	<i>Portia Martin</i>	246
Fragment	<i>David P. Berenberg</i>	174
From off the Bay	<i>Frances Hull Topping</i>	80
Fugitive	<i>Y. F. Swain</i>	294
<u>Girls at Night in the Park</u>	<i>Louis Ginsberg</i>	278
Green Corn Dance	<i>Sarah Marie Cook</i>	40
Hai-Kai	<i>Jacques Le Clercq</i>	205
Harbor Dusk	<i>Verne Bright</i>	130
Hearing Debussy's "L'Après Midi d'un Faun"	<i>John Jenkins</i>	78
High Treason	<i>Mollie Prager</i>	144
His Lordship in Heaven	<i>Anne Zuker</i>	232
Humming Bird	<i>Hazel Kuno</i>	235
Hymn to the Rockies	<i>Margaret Tod Ritter</i>	102
In a Cathedral	<i>Alaine Boswell</i>	45
Incantation	<i>Lucy Hale Sturges</i>	107
<u>Incompatible</u>	<i>Irene Stewart</i>	283
<u>Indian Summer</u>	<i>Noel Stearn</i>	275
In Heaven	<i>Grace Reini</i>	77
Inhibition	<i>Joseph Upper</i>	81
In Memoriam	<i>Elizabeth Painter</i>	206
Interpretations After Music	<i>Grace E. Bush</i>	159
<u>Interlude</u>	<i>Sarah Bixby Smith</i>	291
<u>Israfel (Edgar Allen Poe)</u>	<i>Mary Brent Whiteside</i>	292
It Was Not Me You Cared For	<i>Charles Wharton Stork</i>	131

January	<i>Sigrid Sittig</i>	103
June in the Arctic	<i>Elizabeth Chabot Forrest</i>	224
L'Alouette	<i>Mirza French Mackay</i>	228
Le Jongleur	<i>Mable Holmes Parsons</i>	161
<u>Life</u>	<i>Flora Arnstein</i>	229
<u>Life</u>	<i>Louise Stedman Bostick</i>	278
<u>Lorelei Thoughts</u>	<i>Irene Stewart</i>	283
Mater Dolorosa	<i>Lori Petri</i>	231
<u>Meridian</u>	<i>Julia Boynton Green</i>	276
Message	<i>Margaret Widdemer</i>	245
Metal	<i>Margaret Skavlan</i>	234
Miracles	<i>Idella Purnell</i>	19
Misgiving	<i>George Maxwell</i>	111
Montana Lake	<i>Robert E. Wade, Jr.</i>	132
Moon	<i>Y. F. Swain</i>	227
Moon-Men	<i>Don Gordon</i>	16
My City	<i>Read Bain</i>	12
My Motherland	<i>Sarah Bixby Smith</i>	233
My Songs	<i>Louis Ginsberg</i>	252
My Soul	<i>Irene Stewart</i>	174
<u>Nature's Harp</u>	<i>E. Richard Shipp</i>	280
Needlewomen	<i>Helen Adele Rodgers</i>	115
<u>Night</u>	<i>Sydney King Russell</i>	281
<u>Night Ride</u>	<i>Mildred Plew Merryman</i>	13
<u>Night Song</u>	<i>Geraldine Seelemire</i>	324
<u>"Not Wisely but Too Well"</u>	<i>Joseph Upper</i>	279
Nude Sleeper	<i>Joseph Upper</i>	22
Offering	<i>Geraldine Seelemire</i>	21
Old Houses	<i>Mary Brent Whiteside</i>	11
Omega	<i>Jacques Le Clercq</i>	136
On a Wild Jack-Rabbit	<i>J. Corson Miller</i>	83
<u>Our Campfire</u>	<i>Belle C. Morrill</i>	290
Our Younger Singers	115, 145, 177, 206, 235, 265	
Out of the West	<i>Neeta Marquis</i>	262

Outside the Village Church	<i>May Williams Ward</i>	222
Pampas-Bloom	<i>Bessie Pryor Palmer</i>	101
Paso del Norte at the Rio Grande	<i>Ben Field</i>	51
The Pearl of a Summer's Sea	<i>Leslie E. Baird</i>	9
Perfect Happiness	<i>Evelyn B. Brownell</i>	221
Perhaps	<i>Charles Howard Marsh</i>	18
Plant Salvia for Me	<i>Molly Anderson Haley</i>	109
Pro-Cathedral	<i>Mary Brennan Clapp</i>	10
Purple Mists	<i>Noel Stearn</i>	156
Purple Veins	<i>Mildred Fowler Field</i>	52
Query	<i>Noel Stearn</i>	253
Quest	<i>Douglas Whitehead</i>	95
Rainy Sunday	<i>Margaret Duncan Dravo</i>	175
<u>Reaction</u>	<i>Marie de L. Welch</i>	286
Remonstrance	<i>Robert Haven Schauffler</i>	110
Resurrection	<i>Gertrude Farwell</i>	185
Resurrection	<i>Joseph Upper</i>	23
Risus Solis	<i>Noel Stearn</i>	215
Romany	<i>Harvey Sellers Dye</i>	6
<u>Santa Teresa</u>	<i>Sidney Drake</i>	289
Scherzo	<i>Joan D. Prosper</i>	256
Sea Song	<i>Julia Clara Birk</i>	265
Seeing	<i>Naneen Burnap</i>	177
Sequoia	<i>LeRoy McLeod</i>	96
Shelley in Our House	<i>Jo Hartman</i>	202
Ships of the Desert	<i>Herbert Rose</i>	56
Silences	<i>Ethel Brodt Wilson</i>	264
Silver	<i>Mirza French Mackay</i>	73
Silver Music	<i>Anne Hendrickson</i>	203
Silver Night	<i>Jessica Powers</i>	125
Some Mothers to Some		
Daughters	<i>Sara Foss Wolverton</i>	230
Songs of Time, Space, and Values	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i>	218
Sowing the Hemp Seed	<i>Alice Whitcraft Forsyth</i>	48

Spring	<i>Sigrid Sittig</i>	187
Spring Inspection	<i>Vincent Jones</i>	176
Sunset	<i>Louise Stedman Bostick</i>	223
Swimmer	<i>Geraldine Seelemire</i>	137
Symbols	<i>Franklin N. Wood</i>	185
Telegraph Operators	<i>M. Rainsford Haines</i>	196
<u>Ten O'Clock</u>	<i>Winifred Gray Stewart</i>	277
That Day	<i>Elinor Fuller</i>	145
The Army of Occupation	<i>Alberta Bancroft</i>	260
The Artist Receives Notice of a Bequest	<i>Patterson Green</i>	8
The Critic	<i>Mavis Clare Barnett</i>	170
The Dryads	<i>Lilian White Spencer</i>	66
The Ghost	<i>Hugh W. Ramsaur</i>	257
<u>The Hidden Side of the Moon</u>	<i>Mary Sinton Leitch</i>	293
The Interloper	<i>Ruth Aughiltree</i>	26
<u>The Little Owls</u>	<i>Katharine Allison MacLean</i>	286
The Lotus Pool	<i>Anne Zuker</i>	139
The Loveliest Things	<i>Miriam Allen de Ford</i>	37
<u>The Night Wind</u>	<i>I. D. Perry</i>	201
The Oil Field	<i>Harrison Giddings</i>	115
The Orient Visits New		
York	<i>Chi-Hwang Chu and Edna Worthley Underwood</i>	104
The Poet	<i>Robert Schauffler</i>	252
The Romantic	<i>David P. Berenberg</i>	75
The Sculptor	<i>Jane Morrill</i>	24
The Sea at Carrenage	<i>Annice Calland</i>	75
The Sea Invades the Hills	<i>Mary Sinton Leitch</i>	225
The Snare	<i>Sydney King Russell</i>	133
The Song Unsung	<i>Jamie Sexton Holme</i>	129
The Spanish Exile	<i>Floy Bernice Palmer</i>	158
The Trail	<i>Edna Davis Romig</i>	186
The Voice of Francis Drake	<i>Ethelean Tyson Gaw</i>	42
The Wall	<i>LeRoy McLeod</i>	200
The Watch-Maker Muses	<i>Louis Ginsberg</i>	41

The Witch Maiden	<i>Beulah May</i>	83
The Workman	<i>Beulah May</i>	251
Thirteenth Labor	<i>Jacques Le Clercq</i>	261
To a Breasted Mountain	<i>Margaret Tod Ritter</i>	47
<u>To a Waterfall</u>	<i>Jane E. Waters</i>	287
To Fo—Passé	<i>Paul Eldridge</i>	27
To J—	<i>Charles Howard Marsh</i>	189
To Llasta	<i>Adrian Huffman</i>	165
To Omar Khayyam	<i>Clark Ashton Smith</i>	216
Translations of Original Japanese		
Tanka	<i>Yorozu Tsurumi</i>	263
Two in a Seaside Garden	<i>Beatrice Harmon</i>	126
Two Unlamented	<i>Ted Olson</i>	173
Unto the Hills	<i>Doris Clute</i>	249
Variations and Fugue on a Well-Known		
Theme	<i>Justus Grun</i>	141
Vision	<i>Margaret Widdemer</i>	65
Voices	<i>Virginia Stait</i>	76
Weaving	<i>Winifred Gray Stewart</i>	253
Wells of Spring	<i>Louis Ginsberg</i>	187
When	<i>Ariel Royal</i>	257
When Next You Come	<i>Natalie Flohr</i>	20
When Sunset Called	<i>Portia Martin</i>	55
<u>When You Brought the Flambeau</u>	<i>Ethel Romig Fuller</i>	283
Who Cannot Hear	<i>Ruth Aughiltree</i>	155
Wild Poppies of California	<i>Agnes Kendrick Gray</i>	223
Winter	<i>Anne Hendrickson</i>	157
You are Flame through my Heart	<i>Doris Lucile Bradley</i>	195
Youth	<i>Grace E. Reeves</i>	265
You Will Remember	<i>Clifford Gessler</i>	172

PROSE

Announcement of Prize Awards	60, 90, 153
------------------------------	-------------

Between Editor and Reader	32, 63, 92, 123, 183
Books Received	64, 154
Book Reviews	91, 120, 152, 211, 242, 272
Gottfried Hult, a Hunter of Symbols	<i>R. T. Thompson</i> 60
Our Younger Singers Announcement	122
Prizes now in Competition	154
<u>The Artistry of the</u>	
<u>Stanza</u>	<i>Allison Gaw</i> 28, 57, 84, 116, 146, 178, 207, 236, 266, 295
The Neurosis of Poets	<i>Muriel Wright</i> 181

AUTHORS

Arnstein, Flora	229
Aughiltree, Ruth	26, 188
Bain, Read	12
Baird, Leslie E.	9
Bancroft, Alberta	190, 260, 288
Barnett, Mavis Clare	170
Berenberg, David P.	75, 174
Birk, Julia	177, 265
Booe, Nadine	235
Bostick, Louise Stedman	223, 278
Boswell, Alaine	45
Bradley, Doris Lucile	195
Brewer, William A.	294
Bright, Verne	130
Brownell, Evelyn B.	221
Burnap, Naneen	177
Bush, Grace E.	159
Calland, Annice	75
Chu, Chi-Hwang	104
Clapp, Mary Brennan	10
Clute, Doris	249
Coates, Grace Stone	226

Coffin, Helen Lockwood	100
Conant, Isabel Fiske	218
Cook, Sarah Marie	40
Cooksley, S. Bert	144
Curran, Pauline	82
Davidson, Winifred	138
Davis, Dorcas	54
de Ford, Miriam Allen	37
Donovan, Lois	282
Drake, Sidney	289
Dravo, Margaret Duncan	143, 175
Dustan, Richard	204
Dye, Harvey Sellers	6
Eddy, Rosamond	43
Eldridge, Paul	27
Farwell, Gertrude	185
Field, Ben	51
Field, Mildred Fowler	52, 259
Flohr, Natalie	20
Forrest, Elizabeth Chabot	224
Forsyth, Alice Whitcraft	48
Fuller, Elinor	145
Fuller, Ethel Romig	103, 283
Gane, Homer G.	206
Gardner, Orpha M.	225
Gaw, Allison	28, 57, 84, 116, 146, 178, 207, 236, 266, 295
Gaw, Ethelean Tyson	42
Gessler, Clifford	172
Giddings, Harrison	115
Ginsberg, Louis	41, 135, 187, 252, 278
Gordon, Don	16
Gray, Agnes Kendrick	223
Green, Julia Boynton	276
Green, Patterson	8

Grun, Justus	141
Haines, M. Rainsford	196
Haley, Molly Anderson	109
Harding, Katharine Washburn	137
Harmon, Beatrice	3, 126
Harriman, Alice	108
Hartman, Jo	202
Hendrickson, Anne	157, 203
Holme, Jamie Sexton	129
Huffman, Adrian	165
Hyer, Helen von Kolnitz	14, 15
Jenkins, John	78, 136
Jones, Vincent	176
Kendig, Katherine D.	259
Kidd, Walter Evans	74
Kresensky, Raymond	264
Kuno, Hazel	235
Le Clercq, Jacques	136, 205, 261
Leitch, Mary Sinton	225, 293
Lindsay, Vachel	35
Longley, Snow	222
Luciani, Virgilio	287
Mackay, Mirza French	73, 228
Markham, Anna Catherine	255
MacLean, Katharine Allison	286
Marquis, Neeta	262
Marsh, Charles Howard	18, 189
Martin, Portia	55, 246
Maxwell, George	111
May, Beulah	83, 204, 251
McLeod, Le Roy	96, 200
Merryman, Mildred Plew	13
Miller, J. Corson	83
Mirick, Edith	5, 72

Moon, Lois Burton	120, 152, 211, 272
Morrill, Belle C.	290
Morrill, Jane	24, 25
Olson, Ted	173
Painter, Elizabeth	206
Palmer, Bessie Pryor	101
Palmer, Floy Bernice	158
Parrent, Daisy E. B.	50
Parsons, Mable Holmes	161
Perry, I. D.	201
Persov, Anne	99
Petri, Lori	79, 231
Powers, Jessica	125
Prager, Mollie	81, 144
Price, Ruth Clay	160, 201, 256
Probst, Leetha Journey	198
Prosper, Joan Dareth	44, 256
Purnell, Idella	19
Ramsaur, Hugh W.	257
Randall, Grace	145
Reeves, Grace E.	266
Reini, Grace	77
Ritter, Margaret Tod	47, 102
Rodgers, Helen Adele	115
Romig, Edna Davis	186
Rose, Herbert	56
Royal, Ariel	257
Russell, Sydney King	39, 133, 281
Schauffler, Robert Haven	110, 252
Scollard, Clinton	4, 104, 255
Seelemire, Geraldine	21, 137, 176, 324
Shipp, E. Richard	280
Smith, Chard Powers	254
Silvay, Challiss	49

Sittig, Sigrid	103, 186, 187
Skavlan, Margaret	234
Smith, Clark Ashton	216
Smith, Sarah Bixby	233, 291
Spencer, Lilian White	66
Stait, Virginia	76
Stearn, Noel	156, 215, 253, 275
Stephen, A. M.	172
Stewart, Irene	174, 282, 283
Stewart, Winifred Gray	253, 277
Stork, Charles Wharton	131
Sturges, Lucy Hale	107
Swain, Y. F.	227, 294
Thompson, Roy Towner	60
Topping, Frances Hull	80, 169
Tsurumi, Yorozu	263
Underwood, Edna Worthley	104, 166
Upper, Joseph	22, 23, 81, 279
Uschold, Maud Elfrid	197
Vinal, Harold	173
Wade, Robert E., Jr.	132
Wallace, Leslie	232, 284
Ward, May Williams	222
Waters, Jane E.	287
Watt, Effie Whyte	174
Welch, Marie de L.	286
White, Samuel Alexander	140
Whitehead, Douglass	75
Whiteside, Mary Brent	11, 292
Widdemer, Margaret	65, 245
Wierman, Frances	79, 233
Williams, B. Y.	38
Williams, Dudley	242
Wilson, Ethel Brodt	199, 264

Wolverton, Sara Foss	230
Wood, Franklin N.	185
Woodruff, James Henry	112
Wright, Muriel	181
Zuker, Anne	139, 232