

THE WOOD MAZE

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

IN THE forest day by day
I and Bird-in-hand would play:
"Hide-and-seek," or "touch-and-go"
Kept us running to and fro,
Happy on forbidden ground.
Lovely dangers lurked around.

Thus, one day, her game began:
"Catch me! catch me, if you can!
"Catch me! catch me!" to her side
Running quickly, oh, I tried!
Saw her dancing up and down,—
Bobbing curls and eyes of brown.

Light of heart, and light of foot,
Sprang she from the hazel root,
Climbing through the hazel boughs
Up into the fairies' house.
There a moment cried her fill:
"Catch me! catch me!" Then was still.

And the fairies, green and gold,
Lighted down and took soft hold
Of my dear; and like a leaf
Up in air—oh! fairy thief,
Fairy thief!—away sprang she,
Never to come back to me.

In the forest now all day,
Watching how the branches sway,
All alone with mother-wit
Here beneath the boughs I sit,
And look up; and when the breeze
Stirs the leaves upon the trees,
Know that she is one of these.

"Catch me! catch me!" day by day,
That is what they seem to say,—
Fairy leaves of green and gold;
Light comes down, and takes soft hold,
Withers them; and then comes wind,
Shakes them: how the woods are thinned!

Underneath the hazel shade
Here a bed of leaves I've made.
Comfort, comfort, oh! come down,
Bobbing curls and eyes of brown,
Let us end as we began:
"Catch me, catch me, if you can!"

Leaf, I cannot tell apart,
Grief for thee hath stretched my heart!
Every leaf that I see fall
Now I love; I keep them all.
Little comforts—such a crumb!—
"Catch me, catch me!" down they come.

Long it takes to make the bed
Where together we'll be wed.
All alone with mother-wit
Here beneath the boughs I sit;
Down they come; and when the breeze
Lifts the last leaf from the trees,
I shall have her—one of these.

WHAT TO READ THIS SUMMER

In this year of grace, 1918, there is no summer season. People will look back on these years of war as unique in the lives of this generation, certainly, and in many respects as different from human experience at any other period of the world's history. The familiar attitude toward the playtime months of the year has vanished. No one is "going away" in the sense that the world and its concerns are to be forgot. We shall carry with us wherever we go the inescapable concern for the fortunes of a vast body of men and women engaged in a colossal enterprise. People are in no mood to forget or lose touch with this enterprise; and the means to remain with one's finger on the pulse, so to speak, are provided in the books that register every quickening beat of the world's arteries. Never before in the memory of man has the printer been so "mobilised" and made part and parcel of the war energy of a people. In this list are grouped some of the better things which men and women at home or abroad will want to read and re-read for better information as well as amusement.

WAR

IN OUR FIRST YEAR OF WAR. By Woodrow Wilson.

A companion volume to *Why We Are At War*. The second inaugural address, with the President's messages and addresses in the first calendar year of the war.

THE IRON RATION. By George Abel Schreiner.

The uncensored truths about war-time Germany and her allies—told by one who both stood in the bread-line and dined in a palace.

A FLYING FIGHTER. By Lieut. E. M. Roberts, R.F.C.

An American boy in France, his miraculous escapes and his brave work during his twenty-two months in the air.

OUTWITTING THE HUN. By Lieut. Pat O'Brien, R.F.C.

The exciting adventures of a young Chicago aviator who was taken prisoner by the Huns. This book tells of the seventy-two days of escape to Holland frontier and safety, of the hardships and perils he endured, and of the splendid way in which he "won out."

THE WINNING OF THE WAR. By Roland G. Usher.

A sequel to *Pan-Germanism*; it analyses

the objectives of the Germans and of the Allies, the nature of victory, the progress thus far made toward it, and the reasons why victory has been postponed.

THE REAL FRONT. By Arthur Hunt Chute.

An inner story of the war written by a man who was not only an actual combatant, but a trained war correspondent as well. It deals with life at the front as he saw it and felt it, with the hidden things within the hearts of the men.

CREDIT OF THE NATIONS. By J. Laurence Laughlin.

An interesting study of war finance up to the entrance of our country as a belligerent—a result of close study of the operations of England, France, and Germany.

WAR LETTERS OF EDMOND GENET. Edited by Grace Ellery Channing.

Charmingly boyish letters by the first American aviator killed flying the Stars and Stripes—the great, great grandson of the first Minister from the French Republic to the United States.

"OVER THERE" WITH THE AUSTRALIANS. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett.

A war book worth while; it writes fresh