

ness, makes me laugh very much now.

"The Ladies of Lyndon" was published in the autumn of 1923 and for me that publication realized an ambition which I had cherished for more than twenty years. Nobody bought the book and few reviewers praised it, but these little matters could scarcely daunt me. From early

childhood I had wanted to write a "story" and now, in what seemed to be my extreme old age, I had actually done it. The success of my second novel and of the play written round it has been very enjoyable. But I have never walked on air again, as I did on that November day in 1923. These moments do not come twice.

THREE UNKNOWN LYRICS BY HEINRICH HEINE

(Recently discovered among the papers of one of Heine's contemporaries by Dr. Schade of Berlin. The unrhymed line in the second poem is a peculiar touch.)

Translated by Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

I

COME, all thy sorrows bringing,
Thou golden night and cool,
When mirth and joy are ringing,
The heart is all too full.

It is when we are lonely
That we are least alone,
And heaven and earth then only
Open and are our own.

II

I FOUND a flower-like maiden,
With golden locks a-blowing.
I said — O blossom glowing,
Wilt thou not be mine own?

But she breathed: All blossoms flower
So that our eyes enjoy them,
Not that our hands destroy them —
You must know that, my Sir Poet —

III

IN every street I hear it,
The song I made for you,
The bloom is off my love song,
And off my loving too.

It is the fate of poets
To give unto every man,
And so they resemble each other
Poet and courtesan.

SOME POETS ARE SHORN NOT PAID

Anonymous

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The anonymous writer of this article is fairly well known as an editor of a prominent periodical, a contributor of light verse, etc., to various magazines and newspapers, and has one volume to his credit. He has also been guilty of writing one revue and many lyrics for musical comedies, although his name apparently was quite unknown to the firm of publishers to whom he refers in his article.*

BARNUM said there was one born every minute, and although it is many years since his famous pronouncement was uttered, I am inclined to believe the output still keeps up. It must, or there couldn't be so many publishers ready to "take a chance" with unknown poets. Some time ago one of these philanthropic souls carried on a most illuminating correspondence with me displaying such a sublime faith in human credulity that I think it my duty to give it to a palpitating world. For obvious reasons I am omitting both the name of the firm and my own.

It all began with a little poem of mine which appeared in a well known monthly. It was a harmless enough thing, and Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Untermeyer, F. P. A., and Frost have often written better. But somehow or other some subtle inner quality it possessed, unknown to me, caught the fancy of this particular firm of publishers and they wrote this enticing little note to me:

DEAR SIR:

We have been impressed by a poem from your pen in . . . , which leads us to suggest the possibility of our bringing out a volume of yours if you have sufficient available material at hand.

If you have nothing at hand at the present time to submit to us, and are not likely to have anything available in the near future, will you not kindly advise us to that effect, so that we may dismiss such a possibility from our immediate plans?

Hoping, however, that your reply need not be in the negative, believe us

Very truly yours,

Appreciating the astuteness of publishers who could thus discern the genuine afflatus, I sent off with almost unseemly haste a batch of my collections and in the note accompanying my delicate offerings I inserted a query or two regarding the — er — terms upon which my mental buds might be made to bloom, so to speak. In a few days the following found its way to my desk:

DEAR SIR:

Reverting to the manuscript of verse, let us say in response to your inquiry concerning terms that we should not be in a position to speak definitely without having your manuscript in hand. We wrote only on the strength of one or two contributions from your pen which we had seen, and we should naturally not like to commit ourselves in any way previous to an examination of your complete or available material. As to our noncommittal attitude at this juncture, let us explain a little further.

It not infrequently happens that we have submitted to us and examine with satisfaction manuscripts which are obviously good enough to be published, and wholly worthy, in fact, of being issued in book form. Sometimes, however, the material which we are most interested in personally, and which is most deserving, it may be, of book publication, is not such that, for one reason or another, we think (whether mistaken or not) the public will appreciate enough to buy to a sufficient extent to make the financial risk of publication wholly justifiable. At times we are certain that a book will go; sometimes we are doubtful about it; and again, at other