

THREE POEMS

By Carl Sandburg

Cheap Blue

Hill blue among the leaves in summer,
Hill blue among the branches in winter—
Light sea blue at the sand beaches in winter,
Deep sea blue in the deep deep waters—
Prairie blue, mountain blue—
Who can pick a pocketful of these blues,
a handkerchief of these blues,
And go walking, talking, walking as though
God gave them a lot of loose change
For spending money, to throw at the birds,
To flip into the tin cups of blind men?

Is God, Too, Lonely

When God scooped up a handful of dust,
And spit on it, and molded the shape of man,
And blew a breath into it and told it to walk—
That was a great day.

And did God do this because he was lonely?
Did God say to Himself he must have company
And therefore he would make man to walk the earth
And set apart churches for speech and song with God?

These are questions.
They are scrawled in old caves.
They are painted in tall cathedrals.
There are men and women so lonely they believe
God, too, is lonely.

We Have Gone Through Great Rooms Together

And when on the dark steel came the roads
Of a milky mist, and a spray of stars,
Bunches and squares and a spatter of stars,
We counted stars, one by one, a million and a million.
And we remembered those stars as fishermen remember fish,
As bees remember clover blossoms, as crops remember rains.
And these were rooms too; we can so reckon.
We can always say we have gone through great rooms together.

THE READING OF THE CANDIDATES

The Bookman presents below a study of the literary interests of the three candidates for the Presidency. Each article has been prepared by a man who has long been a friend of the candidate he writes about and who has been actively connected with his work in recent years.

Herbert Hoover

By WILLIAM HARD

IT IS one of Mrs. Hoover's steadiest daily duties to try to keep the reading shelf beside Mr. Hoover's bed full of books. He does his general reading at night. He sleeps only between five and six hours nightly. He sleeps in two "takes"—one at the fairly early start of the night and one toward dawn. In the interval between the two "takes"—that is, from about two o'clock to about five o'clock—he has a splendid convivial party all by himself. He gets lemonade; he gets apples; he gets other fruits out of the California fruit baskets that are always handy in his house; and he reaches for books.

Mrs. Hoover undertakes to have them there. To that end she frequents old Washington book shops and ransacks the Congressional Library and reads numerous literary magazines and book sections of newspapers. She has a normal need of sleep and cannot keep ahead of her husband reading books; but she tries to keep ahead of him reading the book reviews.

He reads by subjects rather than by authors. He takes a fit of interest in Egypt or in Central Asia. He thereupon wants all the most authoritative books on Egypt or on Central Asia gathered in a line or in a heap at his bedside.

He happened to pursue his passion for Egypt for some four or five months. During that time he rambled or galloped over virtually all of the leading works on Egyptian history and civilization. Then the desire to spend his nights with the Pharaohs left him and has never again with any fervency returned.

He was smitten once with a severe thirst

for information about Genghis Khan. Nothing would satisfy him then but all the Genghis Khan literature extant. He devoured or swallowed it and became incidentally quite learned about Tartar settlements in Afghanistan. Suddenly he wholly abandoned Central Asia for something else.

In his younger years he for a long time gave his nocturnal reading hours to tales of travel. He became intimately familiar with the Asiatic journeying of Marco Polo. He read thousands upon thousands of pages of the explorations of English sailors as embodied in the publications of the Hakluyt Society. In fact it is said that Mrs. Hoover formed the view that her husband was the one complete consuming recipient of the Hakluyt Society's colossal reprinting endeavors.

In later years Mr. Hoover has transferred his interest considerably from history and travel to biographies or autobiographies of contemporary or recent statesmen. Of such books, since he has been a member of the American cabinet, he has run through hundreds.

He reads with immense rapidity; acquires few favorite authors; has little concern about bindings or "editions"; reads for information; and, if he has any final abiding favorite theme, finds it in the labors of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton in the laying of the foundations of American practical political and economic life.

Not long ago in a second-hand book shop in Washington, Mr. Hoover found a work entitled *Commerce of the United States in 1802 and 1803*, in some sixteen volumes. This, with its side lights on the results of Hamilton's policies, fascinated Mr. Hoover for several nights.

Mr. Hoover has also caused to be con-