

they couldn't be, since Karlsruhe is an open city, is not fortified, and is of no military importance whatsoever. The fliers threw their bombs on the All Souls' day procession, on the unusually large throngs of passers-by, and on Hagenbeck's circus."

BILLY SUNDAY'S NEW YORK CAMPAIGN

CLOSING WITH A RELIGIOUS demonstration, "the most remarkable ever seen in New York," according to a member and supporter of the campaign, Billy Sunday ended his ten weeks' work in New York. Twenty-five thousand persons were reported present at the final meeting in the Tabernacle, and a farewell was given by people who "jumped upon the benches, cheered, applauded, waved hats and handkerchiefs, and a mighty chorus of voices took up the shout: 'Good-by, Billy, God bless you!'" The number of trail-hitters registers 98,264, and this his supporters declare to be the most successful campaign in the evangelist's career, judged by the number of converts or by the public appreciation expressed in the free-will offering. This amount totaled \$110,000 and is said to be "more than twice as large as any previously reported in the evangelist's campaigns." Of this sum the percentage which is usually apportioned to Mr. Sunday as his personal compensation will be divided between the Red Cross and the Army Y. M. C. A. "Billy Sunday literally worked for nothing but glory in New York." These are the outstanding figures of the campaign about which there was much preliminary pessimism. Answering the question as to what he has done for New York, *The Tribune*, of this city, reports him as saying:

"I have delivered God's message to as many as I could reach. I have caused some of them to stop and think and pledge themselves to repent. I can't guarantee they'll repent; there's more hope for them, tho, than if they hadn't received the message. I've started things in New York; I've given hope to Churches that had none; I've done my bit as well as I can.

"It's up to the ministers now to save the souls that have indicated they want to be saved; I've turned over the names and addresses of thousands—I don't know how many thousands—of men and women who have given evidence of a desire to repent. These names have gone to the ministers in the districts where these people live; it's up to the ministers to keep them in the Church."

There is said to be no means of knowing how many sincere converts are included in the thousands of trail-hitters. We read in the *Tribune's* news columns:

"A great many undoubtedly have been deeply moved by the evangelist and have pledged themselves to obey his injunctions with the greatest sincerity and firmness of purpose. Hundreds of others have trod the sawdust trail 'as a joke,' 'because it's part of the show,' or merely because they found a certain amount of 'fun' derivable from the experience.

"Numbers carried the joke so far as to sign cards as converts, giving fictitious names and addresses and frivolous misstatements of their religious intentions. The percentage of genuine converts is estimated by the Sunday campaign committee to be at least 80; other estimates are from 60 per cent. to one-half, while less kindly critics of Sunday's evangelism express the belief that not more than 10 per cent. of his trail-hitters are 'good Church prospects.'"

Mr Sunday pays his compliments to New York and gratefully revises his first impressions. He declares that when he first saw the big building he believed "they were right when they called it the 'graveyard of evangelism.'" Further:

"No, sir, I didn't have any ambition to come here. But I did have an ambition to go where the Lord wanted me to go, and so I came and I knew the Lord would see me through.

"I was scared stiff until I got into the Tabernacle, where the folk were jammed in so hard you could hear the planks creak. They looked good to me, and, say, I found them easier to preach to than any I ever got up to talk to. They seemed to want to hear about God. I think New-Yorkers are keener than country folk; they are more used to seeing and hearing new things; they catch on quicker. They are so appreciative and responsive that it just drags the best out of you to preach

to them. I couldn't give them any Class B stuff; not even when I was tired and wanted to.

"I shall never forget New York and the fine people I have met—people of prominence in business and society women. Say, the way some of these society women have worked in our women's meetings! I didn't think much of society women as a class, but I've got to revise that. They worked day in and day out, and no 'you pat me and I'll pat you' stuff, either.

"I found New York ready for the Word of God. The city has shown me that it is not the heartless metropolis it is so often pictured to be, but that its multitudes are not the proud, God-defying sinners they are supposed to be, but intensely human, lovable creatures of sin who don't glorify the devil and his works. New York has shown me that its Great White Way is not the pathway to hell that many believe. I know that many who walk the pavements of Broadway are as close to God as I am.

"And then New York has done for me what I shall never forget. It has opened up its homes to me and showered me with the noblest and kindest hospitality that I've ever met with. I've met some of the biggest men in America here and they've shaken my hand and said they were glad to see me. And I've been glad to find them Christians for the most part, and all of them eager to have the Word of God spread out over the city.

"New York has given me more faith in men, in God's word, and in myself. I am sorry to leave, even for the West, which I know so well."

Two opinions on the effect of Mr. Sunday's words on the liquor-traffic are worth quoting. One is from Mr. William M. Anderson, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York:

"I would say that the one thing which he has done and which can never be undone is, first, to create sentiment against the liquor-traffic, helping many people to realize for the first time its real iniquity, and making the traffic more horrible to those who have long vaguely recognized that it is evil; and then, secondly, he has developed a conviction in the minds and hearts of his hearers and those who read after him that it is not merely enough to hate the liquor-traffic or to be against it, but that it is everlastingly up to them to do something against it—specifically, to vote against it when the opportunity arises.

"It is not true that every city where Mr. Sunday has held a meeting has voted dry, because frequently other issues have come in; but most of them have, and under anything like normal conditions the influence of a Sunday revival is sufficient to turn the tide and carry the election dry where the vote otherwise would have been very close. . . . Experience shows that whatever Mr. Sunday's contribution to the antiliquor fight, it 'stays put.'"

Mr. Hugh F. Fox, secretary of the United States Brewers' Association, declares that "the brewers, as brewers, have nothing to say." And—

"so far as I have heard, Billy Sunday had no opposition from the saloon-keepers. Probably a good many of their patrons have been to hear, and maybe hit the trail; but, as in other cities he has visited, it is not likely their habits have changed much. When he talks about 'booze' he really isn't hitting very many people. Probably 75 per cent of his hearers take a glass of beer or wine occasionally, or even many of them habitually, but very few take more than is good for them."

Mr. Sunday will take a holiday before his next evangelistic work, tho even this may be curtailed to admit of visits to the army training-camps. It is even reported that Washington authorities have asked him to make a trip to the fighting countries on the Western front. We read:

"The idea of carrying the Gospel to the American troops has been on Sunday's mind, he said yesterday, ever since war was declared by the United States. George Sunday, Billy's son and campaign manager, discuss the idea with the Washington authorities during a recent visit to the capital, and Billy's project was warmly encouraged.

"When the British war-commission was in this city recently General G. M. T. Bridges and other members of the body discuss with Sunday the possibility of his going to England to preach. Sunday then said he would like to undertake the work if it could be made to fit in with his engagements in America."

CURRENT - POETRY

THE Baltimore *Sun* is so fortunate as to have as a regular contributor a poet as imaginative as he is prolific. Mr. Folger McKinsey writes probably more verse and certainly more good verse per week than any other poet writing English. His "Maryland Musings" column is always well worth reading—there is humor in it, the verses are cleverly turned, and every now and then there is a flash of real poetry. One of the latest successes of "The Benztown Bard," as Mr. McKinsey is called, is this delicate little summer-time fantasy.

THE LITTLE SILVER DAWN

BY FOLGER MCKINSEY

The little silver dawn
Has come dancing to the sill,
And her little silver feet
Are upon the fairy hill—
For it's May upon the meadows
And the moon of May divine
Lends her silver to the morning
That her feet with dawn may shine!

She may be but a vision,
But I raise my head to see
How she ever laced those tangles
Of her hair in yonder tree.
For its little leaves are dancing
In the silver of the sun,
And again the old romancing
Of the summer has begun.

I think she is a child
That was wandering on a cloud,
And she laughed and sang so wild—
More than children are allowed—
That they sent her down to earth
With her music just to show
How immortal is the mirth
That the Heaven-born children know.

I was lazy till she came,
But I jumped right out of bed,
And went dancing like a flame,
While she danced a bit ahead.
Oh, I'd never known the May
As I knew it once again
In that silver dawn of day,
And I cried aloud: "Amen!"

The little silver dawn
Did not linger on the sill,
Nor upon the dewy lawn,
Nor upon the blossomed hill,
But the world went out to follow—
Like the plowman with his plow—
And the dreams that fill the hollow
Rode in joy upon her brow.

Here is another reason why "newspaper verse" is no longer a term of disparagement—an admirable sonnet which we find in the "Poems Worth Reading" column of the *New York Sun*. Mr. Clinton Scollard's art seems to grow stronger with the passing of the years.

HEYDAY

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Youth has its heyday, when the cymbals chime,
And every road is bright with beckonings;
The morning rises on auroral wings,
And eve descends as to a dancing rime.
Whate'er the season, seems the year at prime,
With love and song and voice of viol-strings;
Life is a capering jester, one who flings
His quips and laughter in the face of Time.

Youth has its heyday—such a shining page,
Unshadowed, lit by many a halcyon ray.
Its birthright, its inalienable heritage;
Shall we not, friend, whose locks are tinged
with gray,
Forget in dreams the heavy hours of age,
And tread again with Youth the primrose way?

In "The Road to Castaly, and Later Poems" (The Macmillan Company) is much that is fanciful, much that is musical, much that is true and beautiful. But this might be safely said of many volumes of verse published this season. The distinction of Miss Alice Brown's poetry is its originality; Miss Brown is remarkable for her power of finding new themes and of saying new things about old themes. Here is a poem about which many pleasant things might be said, but the reader of many books of verse is moved to call special attention to only one of its virtues—its originality.

THE VIOLIN

BY ALICE BROWN

At midnight, when the desert choked his heart,
I burned my violin, to warm the child.
But when day dawned, more hostile than the night,
The child was dead, still huddled in my robe,
And I, a naked man, crouched there alone
Beside the ashes of the violin.
The only living things in that wide waste
To heed me were the wind, and the red sun
Crowned in the east, implacable as God.
So we, the wind and I, buried the child,
And sowed the ashes of the violin
Into the eddying sands, that thus his heart,
When it should turn to dust, might gently blend
With music's heart, in mystic alchemy.
Then I arose and, mated with the wind,
Went billowing forth. And when at last I came,
Tho late, too late, since now the child was dead
And water would not serve, to the green isle
Where grew a fronded tree, I ran to it,
And cried up into it, "Are you the wood
That violins are made of?" But the tree
Kept silence, and I cried no more to it.
So I sped on, and over intervals
Of sterile waste, sought me out other trees
That, being distant, seemed perhaps more kind.
But every one, when I had put my cry,
"Are you the wood to make new violins?"
Gave the one answer: stillness, with a wild,
Confused, unfriendly murmuring of leaves—
As if they knew how violins are made,
And shunned the sacrifice, the blinding ax,
The saw, the long endurance, and the task.
Then I made mows at them and, laughing, jeered:
"O fools! I who have given my violin
And lost the guerdon, in my poverty
Mock at your sun-warmed opulence that feeds
And hoards, to feed again." So I rushed on
Into the concave dark beyond and sat,
Knees to my chin, my mantle over me.
The gemmed and violet arch hung there above
Less black than that still pool within my heart.
All night I stayed, my dry lips babbling forth—
"The child is dead. My violin is dead.
The child, since he was made to image God,
Must live in heaven. But my violin
Is dead." The minutes greatened into hours,
Infinite hours plucked from eternity
And set in time, wild lights to blind and hurt,
Until, at the last dwindling point of dark,
My strength broken down, my mortal lance broke,
too,
Against God's will, and warm tears wet my face.
My stark defiance melted, and I lay
Abased upon the ground. Then suddenly
A thrill, one long wild note in sweeping curve—
The bow upon the strings. And trooping in,
Another violin came rushing in,

Another, and the deep sustaining bass
Surged under them, and buoyed them up
In full tumultuous flight, as ocean bears
His flock of sails, or winds uphold the birds.
Out of the violet dusk the violins!
But when the crowdingsun-raysarrowed through—
I felt them striking on my mantle folds—
The horns began, in red warm ecstasy,
And over all I heard, now at the last
My ears being well attuned, a child's clear voice,
Singing a song, all "Gloria! gloria!"

When I was drenched and sated, soul and veins,
With the swift ravishment, the certainties,
The crowning recognition, music-born,
It ended—not three full chords,
To say, "This is the end,"—but lessening,
As if it would not cease, but was removed.
Betook itself somewhere a long way off,
And there went on unwearied with the child.

By way of contrast, here is Miss Brown in another mood and exhibiting her power in another branch of her art—making exquisite lyrical epigrams. In the first of the poems there is something of Landor's tragic smile.

A DEATH-MASK

BY ALICE BROWN

Fine sweet lady, lady fine and sweet,
Keep thy pleasant secret, for mortal ears unmeet.
Almost thou betray'st it, looking all the while
Back to earth and earthly tremors with that dear,
still smile.

Ay, sweetheart, thou knowest 'tis a merry jest
To find thy doleful going so infinitely best.
Yet lock thine eyes and lock thy lips in marble
imagery
Lest they let fall one luring word to draw us after
thee.

FLOWER MARKET

BY ALICE BROWN

Roses, pinks, and gillivers—
Who'll buy? Not I.
They make me homesick for the field
And flowery sweets the gardens yield.
I'll sit, frost-bit, till spring,
And then I'll go a-garlanding.

Little waves from the Orient are provided by Ezra Pound in his translations of the "Noh" drama, the classical stage of Japan. Here in "Suma Genji" the chorus describes the dance of Genji:

THE DANCE OF GENJI

The flower of waves-reflected
Is on his white garment;
That pattern covers the sleeve.
The air is alive with flute-sounds,
With the song of various pipes
The land is aquiver,
And even the wild sea of Suma
Is filled with resonant quiet.

He came down like Brahma, Indra, and the Four
Kings visiting the abode of Devas and Men.
He, the soul of the place.
He, who seemed but a woodman,
He flashed with the honored colors,
He the true-gleaming.
Blue-gray is the garb they wear here,
Blue-gray he fluttered in Suma;
His sleeves were like the gray sea-waves;
They moved with curious rustling,
Like the noise of the restless waves,
Like the bell of a country town
'Neath the nightfall.