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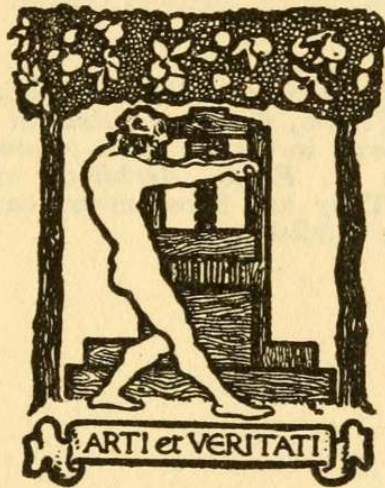




KING OF THE AIR

*and other poems by*

ELIZABETH CHANDLEE FORMAN



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THIS LITTLE BOOK I OWE IN GRATITUDE  
TO THE INSPIRATION OF TWO  
WHO LOVED TRUTH AND CHERISHED BEAUTY:  
MY PARENTS  
DR. HENRY CHANDLEE  
ANNA BETTERTON CHANDLEE  
OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND





# CONTENTS

## POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR

	PAGE
KING OF THE AIR . . . . .	9
THE THREE LADS . . . . .	11
MISSING . . . . .	12
MARCHING . . . . .	13
SONG: "SOFT WIND, SWEET WIND" . . . . .	15
THE BATTALION OF DEATH . . . . .	16
<i>I Cari Morti</i> . . . . .	18
"WHEN THE PEACE-BELLS RING" . . . . .	20
CADORNA'S RETREAT . . . . .	21
MOTHER AND CHILD . . . . .	22
THE DOVES OF VENICE . . . . .	24
IN DOVER TOWN . . . . .	26
MONCHY — CAMBRAI — ST. QUENTIN — LA FÈRE . . . . .	28
BUTTERFLY . . . . .	29
FIELD GREY . . . . .	30
GATES OF AMIENS . . . . .	32
VICTORS! . . . . .	34
THE TURN OF THE TIDE . . . . .	36
CROSSING . . . . .	38
THE BLUE STAR AND THE GOLD . . . . .	39

---

*Contents*

---

	PAGE
HIS LAST FLIGHT . . . . .	40
THE BELLS OF VICTORY . . . . .	42

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND MERMEN . . . . .	47
A CHILD'S FANCY . . . . .	48
SEA OF PEARL . . . . .	49
JOY . . . . .	51
INDIAN BOAT-SONG . . . . .	52
SONG: "THE SUN IS STRIDING THROUGH THE SKY" . . . . .	53
THE OLD WIND . . . . .	54
"NOT DEATH THAT MOST MEN DREAD I FEAR" . . . . .	56
THE VOICE IN THE FOG . . . . .	57
"OUT OF THE YEARS AND THE RAIN" . . . . .	59
CALM . . . . .	60
TO WILLIAM L. PRICE, ARCHITECT . . . . .	61
MORNING . . . . .	63
FIRELIGHT . . . . .	64
IN CAMP . . . . .	65
MOONLIGHT . . . . .	66
SONG: "THOU ART THE VIRILE MOUNTAIN STREAM" . . . . .	68
THE LITTLE GREY LANE . . . . .	69
SONNET . . . . .	70
ONE BOY LESS . . . . .	71

---

*Contents*

---

	PAGE
THE SHIPS OF YESTERDAY . . . . .	72
SONG: "MY LOVE IS DEAR TO ME" . . . . .	74
THE RIVER . . . . .	75
TO HENRY . . . . .	76
"WHEN THE ROSES ARE DEAD" . . . . .	78

PROSE

THE OLD VASE . . . . .	81
THE CHILD IN THE GARDEN . . . . .	82
A SOLILOQUY . . . . .	85
A STORM . . . . .	87
A MASKED BALL . . . . .	88
MY CHILDHOOD . . . . .	90
A FARM . . . . .	91
A MEMORY . . . . .	93
DEATH IN THE HOUSE . . . . .	95
THE MESSAGE OF A DAY . . . . .	97
THE WOLF (A CHRISTMAS TALE) . . . . .	100
THE MOOR-BIRDS . . . . .	105
FRANCE TO THE RESCUE (A TRUE STORY OF THE SEA) . . . . .	112



## POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR



## KING OF THE AIR

( To Lieutenant Horace B. Forman 3rd, )  
( U. S. Aviation Service, A.E.F., France )

Up and away, from behind those headlands green,  
He sails his ship in the sky!  
Steady and keen and true, with majestic mien  
He sweeps through reaches high.  
Now he floats on wide, still wings, now dips,  
And drops like a falling star,  
Only to soar again to the highest tips  
Of mountain peaks afar.

King of the air is he — and his royal train  
The crimson clouds of dawn.  
For an instant he's lost in a purple fringe of rain,  
Into a gold mist gone.  
His bright cloud-hosts salute him with fire and  
thunder  
As they march in review through the sky,  
So that the humble earth-folk tremble and wonder  
At the clamor and glory on high.

The winds are his trumpeters, sounding over the seas  
Their clarions loud and clear.  
At his crossing, the great waves chant wild har-  
monies  
For his listening soul to hear.  
He shames the birds of the land in daring and grace,  
And the swift-winged gulls of the sea.  
In splendid heights he rides with the sun face to  
face.  
A strong, bold king is he!

---

*King of the Air*

---

King of the air? — Nay, king of the world is he!  
Unbound by the narrow land  
He swings through broad, free spaces. The tyrannous sea  
Holds not with her iron hand.  
And his joy is greater than anything under the skies  
Felt since life began —  
For he joins to the passionate heart of the bird that  
flies,  
The thinking soul of a man.

*Siasconset, Mass., 5 August, 1918.*



## THE THREE LADS

Down the road rides a German lad,  
Into the distance grey.  
Straight towards the north as a bullet flies,  
The dusky north with its cold sad skies;  
But the song that he sings is merry and glad,  
For he's off to the war and away.  
"Then hey! for our righteous king!" (he cries)  
"And the good old God in his good old skies!  
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes —  
For I'm off to the war and away!"

Down the road rides a Russian lad,  
Into the distance grey.  
Out towards the glare of the steppes he spurs,  
And he hears the wolves in the southern firs;  
But the song that he sings is blithe and glad,  
For he's off to the war and away.  
"Then hey! for our noble tzar!" (he cries)  
"And liberty that never dies!  
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes —  
For I'm off to the war and away!"

Down the road rides an English lad,  
Into the distance grey.  
Through the murk and fog of the river's breath,  
Through the dank dark night he rides to his death;  
But the song that he sings is gay and glad,  
For he's off to the war and away.  
"Then hey! for our honest king!" (he cries)  
"And hey! for truth, and down with lies!  
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes —  
For I'm off to the war and away!"

*March, 1915, Baltimore, Md.*

## MISSING

(In memory of Emilio Delvivo, an officer in the Italian army, who died in the Trentino, February, 1916, for his country. He was just twenty-two years old.)

So, it's *your* turn to go, soldier, my soldier?  
"Missing," just "missing," the newspapers say.  
Who now will cherish the poor, grey-haired mother,  
Soldier, my soldier, so far away?

There you lie out on the cold, wind-swept mountain-  
side,  
Lost in a lonely grave under the snow;  
Just like the other lads killed for their country's  
sake!  
God called your name, too — *you* had to go.

. . . . .  
Dear little son of mine, soldier, my soldier,  
Such round, red cheeks you had, dimpled and gay!  
Soft little smiling babe close to my bosom pressed,  
What warmth of life was yours — just yesterday!

. . . . .  
The world will forget you, soldier, my soldier,  
How nobly you served and how bravely you died;  
Only the angels in heav'n will remember —  
And mother — dear soldier, with love and with  
pride.

*March, 1916, Haverford, Pa.*

## MARCHING

There's a marching through the night,  
There's a ring of many feet;  
There's a sense of quiet might  
Felt along the pulsing street.  
And through pulsing street and lane —  
While our aching hearts are dumb —  
Keeping time to beating rain,  
Echo fife and drum.

There's a marching through the day,  
There's a tramp of steady feet:  
Boys — yours and mine — so gay,  
Bravely march their death to meet.  
Death — with victory so dear —  
Will be theirs ere set of sun.  
Bugles, ring the triumph clear,  
Battle to be won!

There's a marching through the night,  
There's a press of many feet:  
Back-tide of the storm and fight  
Solemnly doth throb and beat.  
Throb and beat and vast recoil  
Racks the whole world's tortured breast.  
We, the women, sweat and toil —  
But our soldiers rest.

---

*King of the Air*

---

There's a marching through the day,  
There's a tramp of weary feet:  
Little children, through the grey,  
Dragging on in cold and heat. . . .  
Victory! Sound, drum and fife!  
Trumpets proud, peal every one!  
We have given the best in life  
That a cause be won!

*25 July, 1916, Siasconset, Nantucket.*

SONG: "SOFT WIND, SWEET WIND"

Soft wind, sweet wind, with the scent of red wild  
    rose,  
    Blowing swift across the heather, friend to wel-  
    come me —  
See! my hands are empty of the blossoms bright I  
    used to toss,  
    And my heart is not for playing by the singing  
    sea.

Soft wind, sweet wind, there's another field I know,  
    Where the flowers are crushed, and there are sad,  
    dread things to see. . . .  
When another summer sun flushes all the moor with  
    bloom,  
    Blow my soldier safely home across the singing  
    sea.

*8 July, 1917, Siasconset, Nantucket.*

## THE BATTALION OF DEATH

The Russian hosts are fleeing before their mighty  
foe!

They are scattered, lost and helpless, like wild,  
wind-driven snow,  
And the German guns are bellowing behind them as  
they go.

In vain the Russian cannon let forth a roar of scorn,  
And pour their death into those traitorous, broken  
ranks forlorn;  
No power can stem their mad retreat, or bind vast  
armies torn.

The citadel is taken without a show of fight,  
And the Germans throng the city. There'll be  
revelry tonight,  
And they'll cheer the Russian armies for their das-  
tard, sorry flight!

Then in the night the fortress-watch, half drowsing,  
is aware  
Of rumbling of swift hoof-beats, of a sudden  
trumpet's blare;  
And the great bell peals alarum, bugles call and  
torches flare.

---

*King of the Air*

---

There's crash of hoofs upon the stones across the  
city square!

There's fighting demon-wild tonight — shrill cries  
upon the air;

And many a drunken Hun is slain on threshold,  
bed and stair.

But those who worked this havoc are lying still and  
dead,

Their slender limbs all twisted, their white breasts  
stained with red,

A crown of dusty clotted hair upon each comely  
head.

The women's "Death Battalion" has come to wipe  
away

The disgrace of Russia's armies, the shame of this  
ill day.

And saints look down, all reverent; and men look up  
and pray.

For many a noble spirit from home and hearthstone  
warm,

Sweet maid and wife and mother — each well-loved,  
gentle form,

For pride of race — for Russia — lies dead in the  
night and storm.

O Russia's mighty armies, now turn and make a  
stand!

A new day floods the sky with gold and brightens  
your dark land.

Be men, for love of Russia — and this brave little  
band!

*August, 1917, River St. Lawrence.*

## I CARI MORTI<sup>1</sup>

Far away over the wide, wide sea  
There's a village small I know,  
Beside a lake in a quiet vale  
Where storm-winds never blow;

For a fortress strong girds it about  
With rocky peak and scaur.  
The smooth lake lies in silence deep  
And hears no din of war.

Upon each steep and terraced slope  
Shine out the plots of green;  
While far aloft against the blue  
The black milch-goats are seen.

The long lake glimmers, and the firs  
Stand watching, straight and still.  
The mountain torrents rush along  
To turn the droning mill.

It is a peaceful, homely scene  
When dark-blue shadows fall,  
And the mill-wheel stops, and the goats file home  
At the goat-girl's wild, clear call.

<sup>1</sup> "The Dear Dead." In a little village of the Trentino, a church-bell tolls every night, and the peasants say "*per i cari morti.*"



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*King of the Air*

---

From mountain pastures up above,  
With loads of fresh-mown hay  
The dogs drag down their wooden sleds.  
Rough children shout and play.

There's a clatter of clogs on the noisy stones  
To the chapel in the square,  
Where grey walls echo an old priest's chant,  
And vapors scent the air.

Down drops the dark and the lights go out  
Like sleepy eyes that close.  
The town and the lake and the guarding crags  
Are locked in deep repose.

But suddenly the still night wakes  
At the call of a deep, slow bell,  
That beats the air with solemn strokes:  
It tolls the dead men's knell.

It calls and calls to the dear, lost dead,  
It clamors in wild, wild pain.  
Its dirge peals out across the lake,  
And the hills sob back again.

It mourns and mourns for the dear, lost dead —  
Do the living people heed? —  
It prays for the men who still must die,—  
For the wounded, in their need.

That little village far away  
Where storm-winds never blow,  
Has its own throb of bitter pain,  
Its share of the great world's woe.

*August, 1917, River St. Lawrence.*

“WHEN THE PEACE-BELLS RING”

Do you mind the cottage, brother,  
Where the mother raised us boys,  
And October chestnuts roasting,  
And the simple, homely joys?  
You'll be tramping back, my brother,  
At the calling of the spring,  
And right glad will be your welcome home —  
When the peace-bells ring.

Do you mind the little village  
From the top of our big hill  
In the damp, sweet summer evenings  
When the fields are dim and still,  
And the lights of home are shining,  
And the sleepy crickets sing?  
You'll see them all again, brother —  
When the peace-bells ring.

Do you mind how Joan and Mary  
Waved us both a brave goodbye?  
And the pretty flowers they gave us,  
And the bright blue morning sky?  
You'll be marching back to greet them  
At the calling of the spring. . . .  
But I'll be on a far, far road —  
When the peace-bells ring.

*1 October, 1917, Haverford, Pa.*

## CADORNA'S RETREAT

Cold and weary, with sick, dazed brains,  
Lashed and numbed by freezing rains,  
Fiercely pressed by the German bands —  
And little to fight with but poor, bare hands —  
Italy's armies, crazed with pain,  
Run for their lives on the Lombard plain!

Only a little time ago  
They scaled vast heights of frozen snow,  
Their stout hearts braved iced peak and crest,  
Their arms were reaching towards Trieste.  
Strong souls, they strove with might and main —  
But now they die on the Lombard plain!

What men could do, they did. But they  
Were flesh and blood. Their lips were grey  
With deadly cold. They had prayed in need  
For guns — more guns — but who gave heed?  
They had called to friends for help in vain —  
So they fought with their hands on the Lombard  
plain.

Great-hearted lads of Italy's lands,  
Doing your best with your plucky hands,  
Hammered and bent by a brutal foe —  
We hail you heroes, wherever you go,  
And the world with plaudits will ring again  
When you make your stand on the Lombard plain!

*30 October, 1917, Haverford, Pa.*

## MOTHER AND CHILD

“ Mother, I see your face again,  
And your hair shines white by the lamp! ’  
“ Son, I dream thou liest in pain  
Through the night and the bitter damp! ”

“ Mother, why are your brown locks gone,  
And the smile in your clear, kind eyes? ”  
“ Son, I dream thou diest alone  
In a stark field under the skies! ”

“ Mother, I’m like a child that’s lost —  
I fear the wind in the cloud! ”  
“ Son, I dream that the fine grey frost  
Covers thee close in a shroud.”

“ Mother, there’s a wolf in the muttering pines,  
And a great bird circles above! ”  
“ Son, I dream of the moonflower vines  
On the eve when I first knew love.”

“ Mother, there’s pain, O Mother, there’s pain!  
Help me, angels of grace! ”  
“ Son, I dream of my soul’s rich gain,  
And the sun on thy new-born face.”

---

*King of the Air*

---

“Mother, O mother, I see a light,  
And you in a dress of gold!”

“Son, in Paradise this night  
Thee in my arms I’ll fold.”

“Mother, I hear a singing voice,  
A melody sweet and wild!”

“Son, it is time — thy hand — rejoice!”  
(The mother folds her child.)

*November, 1917, Haverford, Pa.*

## THE DOVES OF VENICE

In simple majesty it stands — the church of good  
Saint Mark!  
Bronze roof and gilded minaret shine by the  
watching moon;  
But on the silent water-ways the palaces are dark:  
Their empty windows dully stare into the waste  
lagoon.

The bare *Piazza* echoes with the sobbing of the  
tide.  
The lordly house of all the Doges waits, serene  
and proud.  
The ancient *Orologio* looks calmly down beside  
The old church-wall; but through its arch there  
flows no merry crowd.

And do we think of other times, when all the stately  
square  
Would ring with music when the band played  
waltz or barcarolle,  
And we would sit at Florian's, and dream, and  
linger there? —  
The moon about San Marco's dome would  
wreathe an aureole.

---

*King of the Air*

---

And can we still remember the doves — their happy  
flight

From windy *Campanile* and shadowy recess? —  
They flashed like messengers of joy across the  
summer night

To bring fresh hope to tired hearts, to comfort  
and to bless.

And still they flit serenely from dome to belfry-  
tower.

They do not heed the sound of guns, the tramp  
of marching men.

From spires aloft their watch they keep, and see the  
storm-clouds lower

With fearless eyes, with faith supreme, unknow-  
ing sin or pain.

O faithful doves, at some wild dawn where shelter  
could you find?

Men's violence would wound your tender hearts,  
your gentle eyes! . . .

*They* do not fear, they only trust; their thoughts are  
always kind —

And they shall eat from angels' hands in peaceful  
Paradise!

*May, 1918, Haverford, Pa.*

## IN DOVER TOWN

(March 21, 1918)

There's a wild gust sweeping through Dover town!  
It bellows and shrieks over meadow and down.  
It tears the blossoming fronds of the trees,  
It sears the flowers and kills the bees.  
Swarming storm-clouds mutter and frown —  
And a fierce gale leaps through Dover town.

Doors and windows clatter and shake.  
A great fight's forward, the Huns are awake!  
Reverberations of man-made thunder  
Fill shuddering earth and sea with wonder.  
Mists of battle come scudding down  
On the throbbing walls of Dover town.

Off to the east where thunder crashes,  
The sea is lit with scarlet flashes.  
Those red streaks threading the smoky pall  
Mark where our brave lads fight — and fall.  
Across the trembling tides of brown  
The war-fires flicker on Dover town.



---

*King of the Air*

---

Down on the quays pale women wait  
Silently at the grim sea's gate.  
With eager eyes they search the grey  
For the first dim ship from over the way  
That shall bring them back, as night steals down,  
What once were men — to Dover town.

Ah, youth! in the scorching flame of guns,  
Matching your skill with the might of the Huns,  
Testing your mettle and power and nerve,  
Giving up body and spirit, to serve —  
You have baffled praise, you have shamed re-  
    nown! . . .  
Then fling out brave banners, O Dover town!

*March, 1918, Haverford, Pa.*

MONCHY — CAMBRAI — ST. QUENTIN  
— LA FÈRE

(Palm Sunday, March 24, 1918)

Even this awful hour must have an ending,  
Even those iron frames must falter, fail.  
A mightier hand than theirs will clasp and hold  
them,  
And nature will prevail.

The thunder of their cannon shakes the ages —  
A thousand thousand belch their scorching  
breath —  
But on the seared field brother calls to brother,  
And foe is friend in death.

The golden dawn will brighten their dark meadows,  
The pitying spring will smooth their scarréd  
plain,  
And nature's yearning heart will ease, with blos-  
soms,  
The memory of their pain;

And in some happier age, this agony  
Of earth and beast and man, this battle old,  
Will seem, to children by the fireside playing,  
A story that is told:

A story of great deeds and valiant peoples,  
An epic where our noblest live again,  
A glad and mighty hymn that sings forever  
Their joy — without their pain.

*March, 1918, Haverford, Pa.*

## BUTTERFLY

Come, little butterfly, out into the sunshine,  
In the yellow sunshine, where the daisies dance!  
Come and play with me awhile on the smooth  
meadow.  
(Rough and bleak the meadows in far-off  
France!)

Here by this apple-tree (fallen are the blossoms)  
Somebody kissed me — just awhile ago.  
Breezes strewed the pink and white apple-blooms  
about us,  
Tossed the lithe branches gaily to and fro.

Here by this apple-tree — hark! pretty butterfly —  
Two strong arms I felt, a warm, warm cheek,  
And a heart that throbbed so wildly — listen, merry  
butterfly!  
(A grave away in France is far, far to seek!)

Come, little butterfly, out into the sunshine,  
In the yellow sunshine, while the summer lasts.  
Soon comes bitter cold, and long nights, and widow-  
hood. . . .  
Come and play with me awhile before the winter-  
blasts!

*March, 1918, Haverford, Pa.*

## FIELD GREY

(25 March, 1918. Before Amiens and Arras, after five days of battle.)

Field grey, and field grey,  
On, close-packed, they stream all day.  
Mow them down, mow them down,  
Mix them with the earth so brown.  
Scorch them with our flaming guns,  
Target fair — a million Huns!  
Field grey, and field grey —  
    Wither them away!

Field grey, and field grey,  
Let them hear our shrapnel play!  
Cut them low, cut them low,  
We treat weeds and Boches so.  
Root them out with sharpest guns,  
Target fair — a million Huns!  
Field grey, and field grey —  
    Scatter them away!

Field grey, and field grey,  
Forward still they pour all day,  
Falling 'neath our gunshots, crying,  
Gasping, sweating, bleeding, dying.  
Bold shock-troops, with fife and drum,  
On and on and on they come;  
Swinging on with tireless feet,  
Light and supple, strong and fleet,  
Bounding on with eager breath,  
Surging on to certain death.

---

*King of the Air*

---

Field grey, and field grey,  
Oh, the pity of this day!  
Atoms in a maelstrom wild,  
Hardly more, each, than a child,  
Who can blame them, loyal, strong,  
For a system that's all wrong?  
They are but the helpless tools  
Of a pack of monstrous fools!

But we cannot let them pass!  
They must stain the springing grass.  
They, who are the sport of fate,  
Shall not pass — we hold the gate!  
With our banners streaming high,  
We, too, know the way to die!

Field grey, and field grey,  
Pressing onward, night and day —  
Mow them down, mow them down,  
Mix them with the earth so brown,  
Stay them with our puissant guns —  
Valiant striplings, boy-Huns!  
Field grey, and field grey,  
Shall not pass this way!

*March, 1918, Haverford, Pa.*

## GATES OF AMIENS

For the honor of your flag,  
    Hold them, gates of Amiens!  
Though your timbers strain and sag,  
    Hold them, gates of Amiens!  
Hold them for your country's pride,  
For the heroes who have died,  
And for liberty world-wide —  
    Soldier-gates of Amiens!

Throbbing bars of flesh and blood,  
    Hold them, gates of Amiens!  
Now the war-tide is at flood.  
    (Hold them, gates of Amiens!)  
Soon their fierce war-lust will fail,  
And their savage hearts will quail.  
Right and courage must prevail —  
    Dauntless gates of Amiens!

Though with unimagined might  
    (Hold them, gates of Amiens!)  
They assail you day and night,  
    (Hold them, gates of Amiens!)  
And the rivers all run red,  
Choking with their thousands dead —  
Always finer draws fate's thread.  
    (Hold them, gates of Amiens!)

---

*King of the Air*

---

For your city's steeples, towers,  
Hold them, gates of Amiens!  
For its fountains and its flowers,  
Hold them, gates of Amiens!  
For a little child to play  
Safe and joyous on its way —  
Hold them, hold them night and day,  
Gallant gates of Amiens!

Welded firm, with nerves of steel,  
Hold them, gates of Amiens!  
Hearken to the world's appeal!  
Hold them, gates of Amiens!  
And the glad, exultant bell  
In Time's belfry-tower shall tell  
How you held surpassing well,  
Noble gates of Amiens!

*March, 1918, Haverford, Pa.*

## VICTORS!

(24 June, 1918)

Hail to the conquerors! Crown them with bay!  
Italy's armies are victors today!  
Stout-hearted, strong-handed, dashing and bold,  
They've driven their foes out of every stronghold.  
They rule the Piave from mountain to sea.  
Then hail to the soldiers of brave Italy!

Like an avalanche sweeping from mountain to plain,  
The Austrian hordes had assaulted amain!  
But their strong ranks were broken, their units fell  
fast,  
Their legions were bended like trees in a blast.  
Austria's armies, bleeding and blind,  
Whirled and fled like leaves in the wind!

Silent, pale Venice, now sing and be glad!  
The fierce bands are fleeing — no loot have they  
had!  
The pearls on thy bosom shall never be theirs,  
And safe thy white doves shall breathe thy soft airs,  
For the great robber-armies are routed this day.—  
Then call from thy belfries and bid men to pray!



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*King of the Air*

---

Hail to the conquerors! Crown them with bay!  
Tower, *castello*, flaunt banners today!  
Florence, Ravenna, Verona and Rome,  
Make ready to welcome your noble sons home!  
They have won the world's honor from sea to far  
sea.  
Then hail to the heroes of brave Italy!

*26 June, 1918, Haverford, Pa.*

## THE TURN OF THE TIDE

(The Great German Retreat, July 18- )

The tide that was at flood now turns.  
While breakers toss their crests on high  
And reach out hungry arms, the sky  
With amber dawn-light glows and burns.

A new day gilds each seething wave.  
The tide has turned. A force unseen  
Presses the charging hosts of green  
That wildly clamor, vainly rave.

And like this tide, another turns —  
A tide of horses, men and guns.  
Oh, slow and thick the red Marne runs  
Past slimy mosses, clotted ferns.

Back over ruined meadow, town  
Smirched by its track, the foul tide flows.  
It finds no beauty: each garden rose  
Was long since torn and trampled down.

It finds no shelter: the homesteads dark  
Stand roofless 'neath a smoke-stained sky  
Where bloated vultures wheel and cry.  
The fields are heaped with corpses stark.

---

*King of the Air*

---

Back rolls the tide through the heavy weather  
O'er bodies of boys and dead old men.  
Shuddering, moaning with horror and pain  
The living and dying drift back together.

Woe and death on the dark crests ride  
As they flood the world. . . . But I dreamed this  
night  
From Heaven there stretched a hand of light  
Which stilled forever the rolling tide.

*31 July, 1918, Siasconset, Nantucket.*

## CROSSING

All through a summer afternoon  
Strange-tinted troop-ships, seaward bound,  
File past the island light; grim, grey,  
Their convoys press them round.

They seek no dark, concealing fog  
To hide them on their open way.  
The sky is bright. They feel no dread  
Of those who lurk for prey.

All through a summer night they pass,  
Sending across the level tide  
Flash following on flash, to show  
How all in safety ride.

And many and many another night  
They'll swing across the surging deep,  
Tossed by the winds and stormy seas,  
While we in quiet sleep.

And many and many another night,  
Their hearts unshaken, on they'll go,  
Knowing no fear, with will intent  
To meet a deadlier foe.

Nor fear must we who watch them stream  
So boldly, gallantly to sea.  
God guides them through the storm and dark  
That cross to set men free.

*Siasconset, Nantucket, Mass., 8 August, 1918.*

## THE BLUE STAR AND THE GOLD <sup>1</sup>

*He* did not linger and wait  
For his country to see the right!  
He went as a volunteer to France  
When we said it wasn't *our* fight.  
And into the great war-game,  
Not counting nor heeding the cost,  
He threw the strength of his splendid youth;  
He played with death — and lost!

The blue star high in our window  
Is stained and old and dim;  
We'll make it dazzling-bright today  
With gold — to honor him.  
The years may dull the symbol  
Our eager hands have made —  
But the star of love on the flag of our hearts  
Is gold that cannot fade.

*Haverford, Pa., 21 October, 1918.*

<sup>1</sup> In loving recognition of our son,  
Lieutenant Horace B. Forman 3rd,  
of the U. S. Aviation Service, A.E.F., who for a year  
and a half served as a volunteer with the French and  
American armies abroad. He died in France the four-  
teenth day of September, 1918, aged twenty-four years.  
In the words of his former French captain (Capitaine  
Robert, Centre d'Instruction des Élèves Aspirants, Issou-  
dun): "*Il est tombé en brave au champ d'honneur, pour  
la France.*"

## HIS LAST FLIGHT

Up to the azure sky he flew,  
So straight and sure, so swift and true,  
    Away, away,  
    On wings of grey —  
With a joy we never knew.

He loved old earth in this autumn-time;  
But his fine, free spirit bade him climb  
    Up and away,  
    On wings of grey,  
To a higher air and clime.

He lived and felt, in one short span,  
All joys that fall to the lot of a man.  
    Away, away,  
    On wings of grey,  
A gay, wild course he ran!

And then one day when life flowed strong  
In his bold young heart, with a laugh and a song,  
    Away, away,  
    On wings of grey,  
He sailed the skies along,

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*King of the Air*

---

Till he came to a gap in the azure bright;  
He darted through, he sped from sight!

Away, away,  
On wings of grey,  
He soared on his last glad flight.

How full, how rich such life, to fly —  
For a pure ideal — right up to the sky,

Away, away,  
On wings of grey —  
And gloriously to die!

*25 October, 1918, Haverford, Pa.*

## THE BELLS OF VICTORY

In the still, cold night a message came  
That kindled our land to leaping flame:  
“ A truce is signed — the fighting’s done —  
The last shot fired — the great war won! ”  
From eastern shore to western sea  
Shout forth the bells of victory!

We hear the solemn music break  
From dusky hill and sombre lake,  
Dim way-side chapel, minster tall,  
Dark ships within the harbor-wall:  
The bells proclaim with wild applause  
The winning of a mighty cause!

Earth trembles, and the shadowy air  
Quivers with volley and trumpet’s blare,  
Horn, whistle, siren, bugle, drum!  
We try to cheer — our lips are dumb:  
Too sound they sleep across the sea  
To hear our bells of victory!

Friend and foe alike they rest  
In shallow ditches, breast to breast.  
Their bloody toil and pain are done;  
They sleep forever — while the sun  
Up-rises on a world new-born  
In peace, this holy autumn morn.



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*King of the Air*

---

We hear afar the thrones crash down —  
Gaunt famine wail from town to town —  
And haughty, ruined nations' cries  
For mercy! — Did *they* mercy prize? —  
Downward he falls — the blind, lost Hun:  
No place for him in the golden sun!

But for that band that barred the way  
In Belgian fields, one summer day —  
Those peerless troops of France who died —  
*Contemptibles*, the flower and pride  
Of England — Gallant Italy. . . .  
And those who bridged a vast, strong sea —

Heroic dead beneath the grass  
Who brought this miracle to pass,  
This first day of a thousand years  
Of peace — we've reverence and tears.  
They gave themselves to make men free:  
Great souls who won this victory!

A glory lies on autumn hills!  
The solemn pæan swells and thrills!  
Strong winds sweep down November skies —  
And on the world a glory lies;  
While through our hearts peal full and free,  
Transcendent bells of victory!

*11 November, 1918, Haverford, Pa.*



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



## SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND MERMEN

You can hear the breakers booming up above,  
With a dash and crash and roar upon the shore;  
Oh, the onward, surging, heaving tide we love,  
As it foams along with mighty rush and roar.

There's a wild and gladsome madness in the waves,  
And the merry dancing combers crested white;  
There's a joy to dive and splash among the caves,  
And to hear the gale a-howling in the night.

Then we'll swim and leap away through the spray,  
And we'll sport among the wonders of the deep;  
Up on earth their hearts are sad — but ours are gay,  
For the sea's eternal youth we ever keep!

## A CHILD'S FANCY

All around the house it goes;  
It drags its feet across the grass;  
It shakes the panes, it creaks the door —  
Yet I can never see it pass.  
It scrapes and rustles 'gainst the wall;  
It moves the filmy curtains white;  
Upon the stair I hear it fall;  
It slides across the floor at night.

Yes, all night long it creeps about  
The house — and yet it's not the wind,  
For wind can moan, and it is dumb.  
It gropes and slips — it must be blind.  
Nor is it swish of swirling leaves,  
Or crackle of some old dead bough.  
It's just not anything at all. . . .  
But listen — you can hear it now!

And all the day it bends and sways  
The hollyhocks beside the wall;  
It mounts the roof with shuffling steps;  
It slams the shutter in the hall.  
Indeed I don't know what it is —  
It isn't dog, or cat, or mouse. . . .  
And I'll be glad when it is gone —  
This thing that goes around the house!

## SEA OF PEARL

Sea of pearl, with thy rainbow splendor  
Misted over with veils of spray,  
Glimmering sea, all rosy and tender,  
Fresh in the shine of the new spring day,  
Sea of pearl,  
Sea of pearl,  
What dost thou bring to the heart of a girl?

“ A sparkle of light and a ripple of laughter;  
A sprinkle of foam on the breeze of the spring;  
A little kiss — with a rainbow after —  
A belt of coral, a golden ring. . . .  
Sea of pearl,  
Sea of pearl,  
This do I bring to the heart of a girl.”

Sea of pearl, all grey in the gloaming,  
Flecked with gleams of shimmering light,  
Through thy brightness the dusk is roaming,  
Over thy beauty looms the night.  
Sea of pearl,  
Sea of pearl,  
What dost thou bring to the heart of a girl?

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*King of the Air*

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“ A shell brimful of tears do I give her;  
A wreath of dark sea-weeds forlorn;  
My passionate surge in her breast forever —  
The throb of ages yet unborn. . . .  
Sea of pearl,  
Sea of pearl,  
This do I bring to the heart of a girl.”



## JOY

Joy! for the frolicking wind comes rollicking  
Over the bare, brown hill.  
The dead leaves swirl and dance and whirl;  
Gay flags of cloud the skies unfurl  
To welcome the morning chill.

Oh, I am away with joy today  
Beneath the wild, free blue!  
My swift feet run the hills upon,  
And the whole world's filled with the wind and the  
sun,  
The wind and the sun . . . and you!

## INDIAN BOAT-SONG

Onward rushes the river stream,  
    (Row, my brothers, on bending oar!)  
Ruddy and wild in the red moon's gleam;  
    Hark! the waves on the rocky shore!  
    (Row, my brothers, on bending oar!)

Where is my love, O whither away?  
    (Row, my brothers, on bending oar!)  
She floats in the marsh-mist curling grey,  
    Her voice shrills in the breakers' roar.  
    (Row, my brothers, on bending oar!)

My love, she sings in the whistling wind;  
    (Row, my brothers, on bending oar!)  
Her kiss is sweet, her smile is kind;  
    She waits for me when day is o'er.  
    (Row, my brothers, on bending oar!)

Across the dark she calls to me;  
    (Row, my brothers, on bending oar!)  
Her eyes shine wild from rock and tree;  
    Her face gleams white from the river-floor.  
    (Row, my brothers, on bending oar!)

I see her near, I feel her breath;  
    (Row, my brothers, on bending oar!)  
My dearest love, her name is Death. . . .  
    Oh, fierce the rapids rush and roar!  
    (Row, my brothers, on bending oar!)

## SONG

The sun is striding through the sky —  
And strongly on strides he;  
The warm sweet breezes shout for joy  
And kiss the blossomed tree.  
My sleeping soul awakes again,  
And sings — for love of thee.

The sky is all ablaze with light;  
The birds sing shrill with glee;  
The meadows shine with new fresh flowers,  
Bluebell, anemone.  
My quiet heart unfolds anew,  
And blooms — for love of thee.

The strong sun clasps the tender west;  
The stars steal out to see;  
To rest goes every happy flower,  
Each butterfly and bee.  
Once more my spirit looks to heaven,  
And prays — for love of thee.

## THE OLD WIND

The wind is gay and strong tonight  
As he sings upon the sea,  
And joins in the merry dance  
Of moonbeams, wild and free.

In mad caprice he leaps to land  
And runs along the shore,  
Springs up the cliff with lusty shout,  
And darts across the moor.

He rushes down the village street  
And calls, "Come out with me!"  
He shakes the doors, he raps the panes,  
And tries the folks to see.

The old-folks gather round the stoves,  
With crutch, footstool and cane;  
They huddle close and whisper, "There's  
That old wind home again.

"We think he's dead and gone — and then  
He's back across the moors,  
And makes our sagging rafters creak,  
And shakes our shrunken doors;

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*King of the Air*

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“ And knocks our tottering chimneys down,  
And tears our neat wood-bind,  
And makes our driftwood fires smoke; —  
Away, away, old wind!”

The old wind laughs, and slaps the panes,  
And capers in the street;  
Then bounds across the shining moors  
With footsteps light and fleet.

“ Ha, ha!” he jeers, “ Then what care I?  
Alone I’ll dance and sing.  
But I’ll torment those mortals old  
With nip, and pinch, and sting!”

So through the world he mocking goes —  
But cold and lone goes he;  
For nothing but the strange old moon  
Dares bear him company.

“NOT DEATH THAT MOST MEN  
DREAD I FEAR”

Not death that most men dread I fear,  
But only this: lest the refrain  
That merry waves sing on the shore  
Should never make me smile again;

Lest the unfolding of the leaves,  
The mist of green on bush and tree,  
Should lose the power to thrill my heart  
With promise of the good to be;

Lest, when the moon from summer skies  
Scatters her flowers across the land,  
My pulses should not leap for joy  
Beneath the touch of thy warm hand.

## THE VOICE IN THE FOG

Faint through the thickening wreaths of mist that  
garland the brilliant brow of the ocean —  
Ocean emerald-blue in the noonday, shining with  
changing, wavering sheen;  
Faint but clear o'er the foam-strewn tides that  
tremble and heave with eternal motion,  
Steals a strange monotonous murmur — the voice  
of one unknown, unseen.

On glide the fog-spirits, clouding the radiant noon-  
day, trailing their veils of whiteness,  
Twining and curling across the wide blue fields  
that glow with perpetual bloom;  
On they come, threading the dazzling gold of the  
noontide's quivering, shimmering brightness,  
Wearing a fabric of pearl and silver, fine mist-  
lace, on ocean's loom.

Booms the sea with its swing and swirl of heavy  
waves on the unseen beaches;  
Shrills the cry of the light-winged gull that is  
held in the net of fathomless gloom;  
But clearer ringing, there calls the deep insistent  
voice from the outer reaches  
Of boundless invisible billow and sky that lie  
beneath the fog's soft plume.

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*King of the Air*

---

The wild voice sobs a prayer for the ships that  
proudly pass o'er the treacherous surges;  
It sounds the knell of the mariners floating for-  
ever beneath the lonely tides.  
Steadfastly through the misty spaces, warning sea-  
farers — or chanting their dirges —  
The fog-buoy peals his faithful horn as high on  
the crest of the waves he rides.



“ OUT OF THE YEARS AND THE  
RAIN ”

Through the gloom of the brooding shadows,  
Through the cold mists of the night,  
You passed like a gleam of sunshine,  
Filling the room with light.  
Out of the years and the rain  
You came to my hearth again.

We sat by the fire together  
And talked as good friends do,  
Of books and work and playing,  
Till the sleepy clock chimed two.  
Out of the years and the rain  
You came to my side again.

You lit the little candle,  
And we climbed the same old stair,  
Your hand in mine, my dearest,  
My cheek against your hair. . . .  
Out of the years and the rain  
You came to my arms again.

And then, in the joy of loving,  
I woke in the moon's cold beam,  
And heard the night wind sighing. . . .  
And it was just a dream.  
Out of the years and the rain  
You'll never come again!

## CALM

The storm of yesterday is past.  
We hear no more  
The wild winds rave, the rude tides crash  
The rocky shore.

The lucent water, smooth and clear,  
Shows every line  
Of curling fern and sea-carved crag  
And tufted pine.

That small brown bird on fringed bough  
Of cedar green,  
Dreams silently. In caverns deep,  
Waves lap unseen.

The slow bee drones; the locust chants  
Its noonday prayer.  
A faint, far chime of church-bells threads  
The sun-sweet air.

Warm goldenrod in vivid bloom  
On ledges high,  
Glowes like a yellow cloud against  
The dark-blue sky.

Tomorrow's storm is not yet come;  
This gentle day  
Rests on the sad earth's breast, to charm  
Its grief away.

## TO WILLIAM L. PRICE, ARCHITECT

We loved you, friend;  
For all the beauty of the budding trees,  
And all the splendor of the autumn leaves  
Were in your breast.  
And now you rest  
In kingly state beneath October's bloom;  
Your tireless weaving on Life's throbbing loom  
Is at an end.

We loved you, friend;  
You were the Master-builder, and you knew  
Each line and angle to make strong and true —  
Column and frieze;  
Not lost were these  
In the clear vision of the work complete,  
The dream made real. Yet 'neath pure Beauty's  
feet  
Your art you'd bend.

We loved you, friend;  
For first you were a man. In you the tide  
Of life swept to the outer stars; and side  
By side with you  
Walked Love with you.  
To every living creature, great or small,  
Man, woman, little child — you loved us all —  
Your hand you'd lend.

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*King of the Air*

---

We loved you, friend.  
Do you remember how we've laughed with you,  
And lived and worked with you — and cried with  
    you?  
    Oh, keep us, dear,  
    Still very near;  
And let the lustre of your spirit rare  
Shine in our hearts — and make the world more  
    fair.

*We love you, friend!*

*October 18, 1916, Haverford, Pa.*

## MORNING

Up from the sea comes the radiant morning,  
Shining and white through the mists of the night.  
Over her broad breast gleam ripples like jewels.  
Far off, on rip and shoal, foam flashes bright.

Down on the dunes all the birds wake to greet her.  
Song-sparrow, sea-gull and sand-piper gay  
Make the air tremble with sweet thrills of gladness,  
While mighty waves, like a great organ, play.

Out on the sea there's a little boat stirring —  
Token of all a man's toil, a man's pain.  
Lonely boat, lost in the mists of the night-tide,  
Comfort and hope morning brings you again!

## FIRELIGHT

Red gleams of firelight, and tall clock ticking  
slow. . . .  
Through the quiet room soft shadows stealing to  
and fro. . . .  
Pine smoke a-curling in the deep fire-place. . . .  
And the fragrant, blessed warmth flushing all your  
face. . . .

Cold wind a-sighing in the poplar by the door. . . .  
Merry, elfish, ruby lights twinkling on the  
floor. . . .  
Icy twigs a-shivering against the roof-tree. . . .  
And your smiling, friendly eyes shining back at  
me. . . .

Through the frosted casement a picture chill and  
white  
Of snowy garden hedgerows and still moon-  
light. . . .  
In the dusk the trembling glow of logs that fade —  
and part. . . .  
But a light that cannot die streaming through my  
heart!

## IN CAMP

Come, friend — I miss you sore tonight,  
Your merry look, your hand.  
The little crickets cheerily sing,  
And fire-shadows dance in the sand.

What, never a note from the old violin?  
Now play me a tune, I pray,  
For the small white moon looks lonely and old  
Far up through the marsh-mist grey.

Come, friend! My ears are keen, so keen,  
I could hear your eager pace  
From the outermost star on the great highway  
That crosses the hills of space!

Ah! there's an echo! At last you're here!  
Are you hiding behind that tree,  
Watching me pile the spruce-logs high? . . .  
It's the night-wind answers me.

That old violin, with its joyous voice,  
Will sing me no songs again;  
But through my heart light footfalls pass  
Like the whisper of summer rain.

## MOONLIGHT

Moonlight through the years,  
Pure and calm and bright,  
Lays her tender hand of peace  
On the yearning night.

Moonlight on the sea,  
Tranquil, passionless,  
With her white and gentle touch  
Calms its restlessness.

Moonlight on the shore  
Lulls the windy dunes,  
Charms the little waves to sing  
Quiet, drowsy tunes.

Moonlight in the streets  
Of some sordid town,  
On each clumsy, crooked spire  
Sets a gleaming crown.

Moonlight on some poor  
Sleeping beggar old,  
Covers all his squalid rags  
With a coat of gold.



---

*King of the Air*

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Moonlight in the fields  
Where the wounded lie,  
Soothes the anguish of their souls,  
Helping them to die.

Moonlight on a grave  
Lingering awhile,  
Cheers the cold and lonely fern  
With her friendly smile.

Moonlight in a heart  
Floods the darkness there,  
Driving forth the bitter shades  
Of an old despair.

*Moonlight through the years,  
Pure and calm and bright,  
Lays her tender hand of peace  
On the yearning night.*

## SONG

Thou art the virile mountain stream  
That surges down to brim the sea.  
For gentle joy of thee I gleam —  
I am the pale anemone.

Above thy brink I reach to thee.  
Thou leapest past with shout and song;  
Thou strainest to the far, bright sea,  
And wilt not bear me, blest, along.

I cannot follow thy swift way;  
My frail hands wave a slow goodbye.  
A little cloud of silver spray  
Clings to me like a memory.

## THE LITTLE GREY LANE

Back again to the little grey lane,  
In the cool of the night, in the mist and the rain;  
The still little lane that is fast asleep.  
Back to the little grey lane again.

Over the hill there's a noisy town.  
Burning bright the sun beats down  
On toiling throngs, through long, hot days —  
Scorching bright on the weary town.

The streets are fine with banners gay,  
And flags from towered buildings sway.  
The city throbs with marching feet —  
And slowly onward drags the day.

Gay sounds the band in the dusty square,  
And hearts are reckless and faces fair  
When the smoking sun burns hot and low.  
The city pants in the sultry air.

Weariness hides in the city tall;  
And broken hopes; and sin; and gall;  
And loneliness that sears like the sun.—  
The music trembles over all.

Back again to the little grey lane,  
To ease the heart of pain, ah! pain;  
The grey little house in the misty street,  
To rest in the quiet, to dream again.

## SONNET

The singing of the wind that swings the tree,  
And flush of blossoms on an April noon;  
The shine of jewels that the winter moon  
Strews on the ice-locked lake and snow-rimmed sea;  
Full chords of mating birds' rich minstrelsy —  
Gay-voicéd warbler, or wild-throated loon —  
Brought me no joy. My sense to nature's boon  
Slept, till life's tide turned, tossing upward — thee!  
Thine was the smile that quickened my dull heart,  
And thine the word that brought my soul good  
cheer.

It was thy hand that guided on the ways  
Of earnest, happy striving. My weak art  
Is strong through thee. I needs must hold thee  
dear:

Thy friendship is the zenith of my days!

## ONE BOY LESS

There's one boy less in the world today;  
    (Oh, lad with the bright, bright eyes!)  
Keen to venture, brave and gay,  
Singing he's left us, he's gone his way.  
    (Oh, lad with the bright, bright eyes!)

There stands the tree he used to climb,  
    (Ah, lad with the winsome smile!)  
And its red leaves burn with the autumn-time;  
*Its* life is long, it's in its prime.  
    (Ah, lad with the winsome smile!)

Here hangs his hat in the closet dim,  
    (Oh, lad with the joyous voice!)  
And his glove and his reel and his football trim,  
And his first dress-suit — he was straight and slim.  
    (Oh, lad with the joyous voice!)

And here is the friend he used to love.  
    (Ah, lad with the heart of gold!)  
She'll cherish them all — the ball and the glove,  
And the reel — for the sake of the young, sweet  
    love.  
    (Ah, lad with the heart of gold!)

There's one boy less in the world today;  
    (Oh, lad with the soul of fire!)  
But there's one heart more to work and play  
And love, in the realms of the far-away.  
    (Oh, lad with the soul of fire!)

## THE SHIPS OF YESTERDAY

I stood upon the lonely shore  
And watched them sail away,  
West-bound, the fair, white-wingéd ships,  
The ships of yesterday.

Oh, swiftly sailed the ship of Youth,  
With flaunting colors gay,  
And mirth and music at her helm —  
Mad ship of yesterday!

The ship of Joy, with sails spread wide,  
Ploughed by with foam and spray,  
While laughter rang from stem to stern —  
Glad ship of yesterday!

With stately grace careened and skimmed  
Adown the wind-swept bay  
The ship of Beauty, rose-bedecked —  
Proud ship of yesterday.

And ah! the ship of Love passed by;  
With tears I prayed her stay.  
She held her sure and steady course —  
Rare ship of yesterday.

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*King of the Air*

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But slowly sailed the ship of Hope,  
    Into the distance grey;  
She plunged and veered, yet turned not back —  
    Bright ship of yesterday.

I stand upon the lonely shore;  
    The years go on alway;  
Far over seas have sped my dreams,  
    My ships of yesterday.

But see! the eastern sky grows bright,  
    And bright the dusky bay. . . .  
*They're sailing home around the world —*  
    Staunch ships of yesterday!

## SONG

My love is dear to me.  
The golden-rod blooms by the sea ;  
    The asters' hue  
    Is the sky's own blue —  
But my love's not here to see,  
Oh, my love's not here to see.

My love, I hold him dear.  
The wind sings sweet and clear  
    Its joyous song  
    All the day long —  
But my love's not by to hear,  
Oh, my love's not by to hear.

As slowly round they wheel  
At night the stars reveal,  
    All golden-bright,  
    Love infinite —  
But my love's not here to feel,  
Oh, my love's not here to feel.

The tides that swing and sweep,  
Peal sea-chimes slow and deep ;  
    And bright sea-beams  
    Fill all my dreams —  
But my love not here doth sleep,  
Ah, my love not here doth sleep.

A sun-rise cloud glows high,  
Like a rose, in the pearl-grey sky,  
    Till it drifts from view  
    In the misty blue.—  
So my love, my dear passed by,  
So my love, my dear passed by.



## THE RIVER

There's rain upon the river. The clear drops dance  
and sparkle;

Across the sky the rain-clouds trail their veils of  
misty lace.

Far down the smoking channel gleams out the  
birches' silver,

And sleek, bright fishes leap and play upon the  
river's face.

A gale is on the river. The stinging spray is flying;  
Big purple packs of wind-swelled clouds loom  
grim and dark and low.

My little boat, close-reefed, skims by like water-bird,  
white-feathered,

That gaily brushes dashing wave when whistling  
storm-winds blow.

There's sunshine on the river. The small waves  
laugh and gurgle

On jagged rock and crooked reef, on black-  
toothed, foaming bar.

The strong blue current sweeps along through  
windy, sunlit reaches,

To clasp the radiant yellow sands that glisten  
from afar.

There's moonlight on the river; and all the broad  
space shimmers

With ripples smooth of black and gold, with sheen  
of amber light.

Old thoughts of far-off, happy days come trooping  
back to mingle

With the fresh breeze on the river and the glory  
of the night.

## TO HENRY

Little thoughtful son of mine  
With the brown eyes tender,  
Like a young birch straight and tall,  
Shapely, lithe and slender,

Why dost leave thy games and play  
While the day still lingers,  
Earnestly to scan the sea,  
Holding fast my fingers?

Just a speck of misty sail  
Tips the rim of ocean;  
Is it pirate, buccaneer,  
Smuggler, "Flying Dutchman"?

Hopedst thou to see mermaids —  
Silver fins a-gleaming —  
And to hear their sweet, wild chant  
O'er the waters streaming?

Or is it a deeper thought,  
Born of dusk's commencing:  
Vision bright of ships of gold,  
Past our grosser sensing?

Child thou art — yet half a man,  
Although still unknowing;  
Canst thou then the future see,  
All the picture growing?

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*King of the Air*

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We've been friends and playmates gay  
Through the sunny weather;  
And grey twilight settling down  
Finds us still together.

But the years cast lightly by  
Passionate devotion;  
In some golden ship I'll sail  
To that greater ocean.

Some day, looking out to sea,  
By thy side another,  
Kiss her, dear — and I shall know  
That was for thy mother!

“WHEN THE ROSES ARE DEAD”

When the roses are dead and the garden is bare,  
And black is the frost,  
And the thin, withered leaves drift away through  
the air,  
And are scattered and lost;

When the wind blows keen, and love, like a flame,  
Has gone out in the gale,  
And there's no sport left in life's old game,  
And the playing is stale;

When the music and feasting are over and done,  
And the lights glimmer low,  
And there's not a soul thinks of you under the sun,  
Or cares where you go;

Then come to my brown, humble cottage at even:  
There are flowers to tend. . . .  
And the rose-tree blooms to the window of heaven  
In the heart of a friend!

PROSE



## THE OLD VASE

The old East India vase stood upon one end of the chest in a corner of the old garret, where it had stood for many years. The dust thick upon it was gently stirred by the breeze that blew in through the open lattice, and the summer sunlight streamed brightly into the room. The mice ran to and fro inside the walls of the old garret, and the door leading downstairs blew backward and forward on its leather hinges. After a while the mice ceased their clatter, and the only sound in the garret was the creaking of the door. Everything seemed to be watching and waiting for something, and even the dust on the vase wore an air of expectancy; for a stranger was coming to take the vase far away to a strange house in a great city. But the vase could not bear to leave its home in the old garret.

There was a step on the stair and the door stopped its creaking to listen. A strong breeze perfumed with honey-suckle blew in through the window, and seemed to bring sweet memories to the vase, for it moved slightly. There was a step outside the door. With a shiver the vase fell forward upon the floor, and when the stranger pushed open the door, there lay before him only the scattered fragments of a beautiful vase.

*January, 1895, Baltimore, Md.*

## THE CHILD IN THE GARDEN

It has always seemed a strange thing to Rebecca that love for the beautiful things in life should have grown up in her as a child; for she was not by nature observant of external things, being wont rather to reflect upon knights and dragons, ogres and chimeras — in short, all the folk and fairy-lore which her mother used to read to her out of fat, gilt-edged volumes, on winter evenings.

Her childhood was spent in a great city, except for a few months each year with her grandmother in an old colonial house in the country. These summer days were dreamed of by Rebecca all winter long; not for the joy that is the essence of summer days; merely for favorable opportunities of searching the heart of the woods for fairy-rings,— or of tracking imaginary dragons to their lairs under the hay-stacks.

Of the house where her grandmother lived she could have told you little. A tiny room she noticed dimly; — a bed with small colored squares on the counterpane; — big rooms where mirrors twinkled in the dusk; — a neatness and an orderliness all about, felt by the child rather than seen; — and a great garden, where she chased butterflies and ran races with her shadow.

Life was passing happily and peacefully enough for Rebecca, when one day a strange lady came



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## *King of the Air*

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to the house for a visit. This lady was tall and dark, with soft eyes, but interesting to Rebecca in only one respect,—as the possessor of an old accordion that uttered marvelously sweet and plaintive strains.

From this time the world was changed for Rebecca. Fairies and dragons were forgotten, as in the twilight she sat in a corner of the porch overlooking the garden, drinking in the rare sweetness of the melodies the lady played. Often something in her throat would swell almost to bursting; and once she ran far down the garden, in a passion of tears, in a paroxysm of home-sickness, of longing never felt before for familiar faces and her mother's voice calling her. So always in her mind there came to be linked with a certain sweet plaintiveness in music, a bitter pang of longing for well-known voices, mingled with an indefinable sense of twilight, and stillness, and warm growing things.

From her corner of the piazza Rebecca could see a bit of garden, which she began to notice little by little. At first she saw objects only vaguely—shrubbery, trees, a turn-stile. Later she grew to note the details of the picture, and especially the shapes of things: the straightness of the garden paths; the roundness of the goose-berries beneath the hedge shining in the moonlight; the fine tracery of slender willow-boughs against the sunset.

Combined with this perception of outline came a deep interest in the effects of light and shadow, especially light and shadow in their subtile shiftings. She saw how objects stood out blindingly, just before the setting of the sun; and how at the step

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*King of the Air*

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of night, soft black shadows fell beneath the flowers; and how, when the moon rose over the garden wall, the fluttering poplar leaves were always shifting from black to silver and back again.

So Rebecca grew to love the garden, in its quiet moods: in the late misty afternoons; in the purple twilights; when thin moonlight fell softly down upon the flowers. The accordion-lady was now left to herself, while Rebecca explored far down the glades and thickets where unseen things sang together, to where the yellow pears glittered like gold over the garden-wall. She felt how the whole garden seemed to beat and throb in a blending of many notes; and gradually above the confused murmurings she could discern distinct sounds: — cries of katydids and crickets; croakings of bull-frogs; the mournful hooting of a lonely wood-owl. The garden came to have a personality of its own, and seemed to be endowed with pulsing life. The walks and flowers and strong damp scents fell upon her sense like music, as sweet as the old accordion could play.

So there were born in the nature of the child two great loves: the love for music, and the love for the world of trees and flowers. And these two became so closely intermingled in her mind, that through her life a certain glint of light or fall of shadow would call up a certain plaintive note of the wind; while distinct images of music, rarely sweet, and winding garden paths, were inextricably woven about the setting of the blood-red sun and the rising of the golden moon.

*February, 1902, Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

## A SOLILOQUY

Never again at dinner shall I drink strong coffee. While my neighbors along the corridor are sleeping peacefully, I am wide awake, and my thoughts flutter through my brain like leaves on a windy day.— Over in the corner the cold white moonlight shines through the curtains, falling in a pale square upon the carpet. A tiny ray wanders to the laughing marble head of Pan upon the mantel, and glides along his delicate, merry features; for an instant his lips twitch, his nostrils quiver, his eyes dance in the shifting light and shade.— There is a charm about that mocking face. What fun it must have been to be a faun and to play all day long upon one's pipe, and to sing and dance on the moss in the green woods, and to pick white and blue violets for one's hair; and, at length, all worn out, to throw oneself down in the heart of the wood, and listening to the wood-pecker's tapping, and the deep breathing of the wild hinds behind the thicket, so to fall to dreaming.— But, after all, one would soon tire of such a life. One would miss the morning chapel bell, and basket-ball in the golden afternoons, and the excitement of the mail, and the midnight hours of study.— That reminds me that there

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*King of the Air*

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is a written quiz in philosophy next Monday. Heracleitus! Pythagoras! which is which? And who was the man who thought our organs and members were once all separate and flying through space — eyes without sockets and jaws without teeth? A hideous conception!

Sleep, will you never come? — That mouse — hear him! There is no use in his trying to eat a hole in the bread-box. But he is not like Parmenides, and does not know that nothing is real, and that the bread-box and the bread within are merely illusions. Happy mouse! — Now all is quiet, except for the soft tap-tapping against the pane of the ivy-leaves, peering in like little heads. — The face of Pan is white and still; perhaps he is dreaming of his brother fauns leaping under the blue skies. — Beautiful, clear skies they are — and the grass, so green — and flowers — songs of birds — rippings — a singing wind — I really think I am falling —

*1901, Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

## A STORM

All day long there had come a moaning over the harbor bar; and all day long fisher-folk had hurried through the streets, anxiously scanning the sky.— Now night had fallen, and a stillness hung over the old town like a great bird brooding with outstretched wings.

Faintly up from the sea there rose a kind of quivering sob that died away in a whisper. Again it rose, less faint, like the soft twitter of half-awakened birds. Still again it rose, now grown into a human voice, that wailing broke into a shriek. Down fell the storm, and with it a thick blackness, and the smell of dank sea-weed, and the taste of salt water, and a roaring wind. Rain fell that turned to hail, and dashed upon the stones with a deafening clatter.— Down by the wharves the broad waves seethed high, lashing the big piles in fury, while against the sky the spray rose like smoke. And always the sea-wind sang shrill, through the froth and foam.

Then suddenly back into the sea fled the storm, whence it had come; and again stillness fell upon the town, save for the far-off clanging of a fog-bell, and the booming of the waves on the harbor bar.

*1901, Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

## A MASKED BALL

At first, resting my chin on the rail of the balcony, I seemed to be looking down upon a flower-like mass of red roses, and blue violets, and white lilies, and to be hearing a gentle buzzing like bees in summer. Gradually I was able to distinguish different sounds — snatches of melody, laughter, gentle silken swishings, soft murmurings, chatterings, patterings, clickings of high heels on the polished floor. All at once there floated upwards the gay music of a waltz. The bright blossoms began to move in circles, bending, turning, undulating with the rhythmic measure, glistening and gorgeous where the yellow light fell full upon them, paler and more delicately tinted in the purple shadows of the distance.

They quivered, spun, skipped and whirled, a mass of confused forms and mingled colors. For an instant the yellow lights glinted upon a pink brocaded petticoat, a wreath of red roses, long yellow hair; then on dancing impish scarlet shapes with horns; or on a big black hat and tiny flitting feet; while above the music of the waltz rose brayings, and crowings, and neighings, and barkings, and screechings of whistles, and blarings of trumpets, and

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*King of the Air*

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howlings of cats. From one corner of the room came the faint, pungent odor of Japanese incense that rose in grey curls, and the sweet strong smell of Turkish tobacco.

Suddenly the music stopped, and the mass resolved itself into distinct figures: dainty shepherdesses skipping along with a scent about them of sweet clover and meadow-grasses; clowns jeering at haughty dowager duchesses sweeping by with high-arched brows; mischievous flower-girls tossing bouquets at quiet brown-hooded monks; pale nuns gazing sad-eyed at little red devils.

Then again the music swelled, and again the room was filled with a crowd of quivering, nodding, flower-like forms, here gleaming brightly in the dazzling glare and glitter of the yellow lights, there fading away into the shadows; while over all there trembled a light rippling of laughter like waterfalls in spring.

*1901, Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

## MY CHILDHOOD

There was a time when summer skies were bluer than they are today; when sea breezes were sweeter and fresher; when little white boats bobbed along with a jauntier air; when old ladies were all like dainty, cracked Dresden china; when to go to Sunday School was the worst of fates, and to the play the joy of life; when the birch-switch stood, with dreaded yet fascinating possibilities, behind the library door; when great-grandfather's clock used to groan in the middle of the night, inspiring a delicious sort of terror; when green apples flourished in pleasant prohibition, and skating at night on thin ice was pure delight; when ghosts and phantoms could be seen at any time down by the old stone mill, and in the silent winter nights the "haunted lady" used to wail; when a bar of moonlight was a magic girdle, to be shunned, and the green wood was the home of elves and pixies and gnomes; when tarts were flakier and cakes sweeter and flowers brighter and cherries riper, than nowadays; when every old man was a wizard in disguise; when the world was a place of vague realities and living dreams, to be loved and feared, with uncomprehended shiftings and interminglings of golden light and purple shadow — such was the far-away time of my childhood.

*1901, Bryn Mawr, Pa.*



## A FARM

It is high noon. The low white farm-house, the great red barn, the farm-yard and orchards, basking in the mellow warmth and misty brightness of the Indian summer day, seem half asleep. A puff of wind from across the meadows, leaving in its wake a faint odor of dank wood-leaves and sodden earth, rustles through the tall poplars about the house, and sends clouds of brown brush-smoke swirling among the tree-trunks.

Through the deserted farm-yard, with its gates and the broad doors of its well-filled granaries and store-houses and big red barn standing wide open, scurries a company of ducks, waddling in a straight yellow line to the horse-trough, where, in the absence of the lords of the barn-yard, they swim and dive and splash in the gurgling water.

In the orchard, silent, misty, scented with mellow fruitfulness, yellow leaves lie thick on the ground, and sometimes a big yellow apple, swollen almost to bursting with abundance of rich juice, falls to the ground with a soft thud, and lies shining in the warm sunshine like an apple of gold.

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*King of the Air*

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Drowsy murmurs come from over the garden wall: a humming of bees, a faint whirring of grasshoppers, a mournful singing of katydids — broken at times by the sharp creaking of the garden gate on its rusty hinges. A tall yellow sunflower and a crowd of scarlet hollyhocks sleepily nodding, blink down over the wall at a rabbit with his head through a hole in the fence, who wiggles his long ears and peers bright-eyed at a bit of cabbage-leaf. Suddenly a bush sends down upon his head a crimson shower, and away he scuttles, leaving a mist of dust and earth and flying crimson leaves behind him.

*Bryn Mawr, Pa., 1901.*

## A MEMORY

As we were driving, suddenly at a bend of the road there came to us the smell of heather in full bloom, from the distant hills, an odor sweet, dry, crisp, spicy and penetrating, that quivered like a butterfly on the warm breeze. The blood rushed to my cheeks; I leaned forward eagerly drinking in the sweetness; and my thoughts flew back ten years.

Again I was in a land of hills and heather — heather red, and blue, and brown, and pink, and faint yellow, that waved and nodded and fluttered without ceasing in the wind blowing up from the sea. The glittering sunlight flashed back from the bright colors around us as we wandered over the rolling moorlands; screaming seagulls flitted over the sand-dunes yonder; the little blue pools in the hollows of the hills, bluer than the blue sky, laughed when the strong salt breeze swept over them, and cat-tails on the brink knocked their heads together with faint, dainty tappings.— Across the shining heather came the muffled ringing of the bell-buoy and the noise of great waves beating the hard white sand. While up on the cliff the light-house stood

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*King of the Air*

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blindingly white and sharp against the turquoise sky.

Another bend in the road, and the sweet heather-scent had vanished. But all day long I seemed to breathe it in my nostrils; and all night long my dreams were of the heather-blooms and golden lights and salt winds and sea-sounds of long ago.

*Bryn Mawr, Pa., 1901.*

## DEATH IN THE HOUSE

Softly the afternoon sunlight streams across the wide hall, through blinds low-drawn, warming the pale tints of the walls. Quietly it glides from place to place, now casting a gleam up the broad stair, now lingering lovingly upon a bit of embroidery and a little silken bag — a woman's handiwork — left forgotten on the old sofa. Back and forth through the half-open door the breeze plays, waving the light curtains, and whispering in the great chimney of the fireplace.

It is still in the old house,— strangely still. The hurrying up and down of yesterday, the voices raised, then quickly hushed, the undercurrent of a great unrest — all are gone. Even the birds in the garden have ceased their chattering.

For Death is in the house. In the pure, pale dawn he came, and gliding up the stair, entered gently into an upper chamber where the mistress of the house lay in pain. But at his coming she smiled, and was at rest.

Longer grow the shadows in the wide, cool hall. The willows outside the half-open door, screening

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*King of the Air*

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the setting sun, wave their long tendrils of green-gold. The sweet evening scents from the garden are beginning to enter the house; the calling of katydids and crickets heralds the coming of night. The evening breeze makes music in the waving willows, and sings softly through the lonely passages of the old house.

But our beloved is not gone from us. Her voice is in the singing wind, her smile is in the radiant sky, her dear presence is in the scent of the garden roses. She is made one with nature, by whose mighty force she is held, in imperishable beauty, near us forever.

*January, 1910, Ardmore, Pa.*

## THE MESSAGE OF A DAY

Peace on the sea.

The waves ring gently, like little bells, on the shore.

From south to north the blue tide sweeps past the lonely beaches with a slow, steady movement.

A grey mist veils the far horizon, so that there seems to be no boundary between the peace of the sky and the peace of the sea.

Blue-grey sea, grey-blue sky, mingle their soft colors.

Through the far-off haze gleams a faint white line of breaking water — waves on an outer bar.

Rest beside the sea.

The long green beach-grasses wave in the wind.

Tall golden-rod swings long yellow plumes.

Little sprays of yellow bloom lie close to the sandy shore as though asleep.

The sun is warm and comforting and bright, and far above the horizon.

There is time to rest.

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*King of the Air*

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Love on the sea.

Love in the sky, on the green dunes with their gold.

Peace, and rest, and love.

Harmony of time and place;

Harmony of the sun and the shining shore;

Harmony of the chanting waves and the singing wind;

Harmony, which means love.

Love swelling the trembling bosom of the sea;

Filling the lithe beach-grasses and giving them strength to bend and sway in the strong breeze without ever breaking;

Making the golden-rod shine with a splendor brighter than gold.

Love flooding the heart.

Joy!

Joy for the peace, and the rest, and the love of this summer day.

Joy that fills and overflows the blue, calm sea and the warm, sunny shore,

And the troops of golden-rod that climb the cliff, joyously waving golden banners.

Joy to rest in the peace of the shimmering sands;

To listen to the music of the waves, that sounds forever and ever.

Joy to love.

There is no room in the heart for despair, or even pain, or any wrong.

Love and joy are supreme — and peace, and rest.



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*King of the Air*

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Then dreams.

Dreams of an infinite sea and an infinite sky of  
blue and pearl,

With a filmy mist blotting out all boundaries of  
space and time,

And joining ocean and sky forever in one beauty.

Dreams of peace on land and sea, and in the souls  
of men: eternal peace.

Dreams of infinite love in all human hearts; and  
after pain, always joy.

This is the message of one summer day.

*Siasconset, Mass., 16 September, 1918.*

## THE WOLF

(A Christmas Tale)

It was night in the forest. Heavy clouds curtained the moon, and a dull light filtered through the long avenues of pine and hemlock. Duskiy glimmered the winter snow, stretching far and deep into the secret places of the wood. The tall, sombre firs, laden low with weight of snow and sleet, spread out long arms like a company of great birds about to fly away into the wide, free spaces of the night.

It was very still in the forest. Not the crunch of a wood-creature's footstep, not the sharp snap of an icy twig or the gurgle of a stream beneath its frozen covering, broke the deep silence. The forest was sleeping under the shadowed moon.

Beyond the forest lay the vast, open steppe, barren and drear. Here, oftentimes, the wind would rage, and rush along, blowing the snow in clouds, and piling up thick, soft, treacherous drifts. All night long it would run over the plain, shouting in joy if by chance it espied a traveller toiling across the steppe. Pitiless it would fall upon him, pitiless as the ravenous, snarling wolves lurking in the black shadows of the forest.

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## *King of the Air*

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But tonight there was no wind howling across the desolate steppe. Silence deep as the forest's hush lay upon the waste. Dimly the moon shone down through its veil of cloud. Dimly shadows — shadows of the clouds, perhaps — floated across the snow, floated on and on until lost in the forest's gloom.

As the last grey shadow drifted into the wood, suddenly, on the thin, clear air rang out a long, quavering cry, that rose, and fell, and rose again, terrible and wild! It was the baying of the wolves.

The baying of the wolves! It struck terror to the heart of the man toiling over the steppe. He shuddered and crossed himself, clutching tightly something in his belt.

"The wolves!" he muttered, cursing under his breath. "It's death then, from all, man and beast!"

With labor the man ploughed his way through the snow towards the shelter of the forest. Sometimes, almost spent, he paused; but soon, doggedly, onward he struggled. Whatever menace the forest might hold, to gain the obscurity of the wood, to be lost in its dense defiles — this was his only chance for life; behind, death pursued him. At length he gained the brooding shelter of the firs: his goal was reached! Stumbling, he fell, and lay motionless, a dark blot upon the glimmering snow.

But he dared not rest. In spite of tingling feet, and aching hands, and a numbness at his heart, he dared not rest. He must go on. He must, with all his remaining strength, fight the drowsiness steal-

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*King of the Air*

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ing over him. He must forget his pain, and his hunger, and keep moving, moving, as long as he was able. And afterwards? — He fingered the thing in his belt and cursed again.

On, on he toiled, down the long avenues of fir and hemlock — hungry, weary, bitten to the quick with cold, his feet blistered, his hands cracked and bleeding,— on, on, through the long night. Sometimes he prayed, “Jesu, Son of Mary, give me one more chance to live!” Sometimes he cursed, “The Hell-dogs, hounding me like a wolf!”

He shivered, his teeth chattered, his brain reeled. Suddenly something pricked his deadened senses. Down a long, straight pathway of fir shone a tiny speck of yellow light. For an instant it vanished, then flickered again, beckoning. Energy returned to the man. Eagerly he strode forward, until in a little clearing he saw the outlines of a wood-cutter’s house. It was a small, rough cottage, but through its narrow window gleamed welcoming fire-light.

“Life!” the man whispered. His teeth gleamed wolfishly, and he grasped tightly the thing in his belt.

Creeping stealthily nearer, he peered through the window. Within, a night-fire on the hearth burned merrily. Flecks of shadow and gleams of fire-light danced and played and chased each other through the little room, quivering upon the rough board table with its mugs and jugs and loaf of black bread; leaping along the pewter pots on the shelf above the fire-place; flickering along great strips of pork and bacon hanging high from blackened

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*King of the Air*

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rafters; and pausing at last to tremble softly upon the checkered counterpane of a rude bed, which covered two sleeping figures.

The watcher without grinned, and clutched close the thing in his belt. He felt the casement — it opened to his hand. Life was his! With a savage gesture he drew from his belt a long, glittering knife. His hand was on the sill. . . .

A sound arrested him — a soft gurgling cry. The man peered and blinked, striving to pierce the shadows. In the dimness of a distant corner he made out a cradle rudely carved, and within the cradle, a little child, with chubby fists outstretched, smiling in its sleep. But this was not all! At the foot of the cradle, glistening with bright beads and berries and silvery bells, stood a tiny Christmas tree. And peeping through the topmost branches of the little tree, the image of the Christ Child smiled down serenely — smiled down upon the hearth-fire burning merrily, and upon the baby laughing in its sleep, and upon the checkered counterpane, and upon the wolfish figure crouching in the window; while all the time the ornaments of the tiny Christmas tree twinkled and nodded and blinked. The eyes of the outlaw smarted with strange tears. Softly he closed the casement and drew back into the night. With an oath he flung his knife far out into the snow.

But the man did not leave the window. With his face pressed close against the pane, thirstily he drank in the quiet home-scene. Gradually he no longer saw the child, or the cradle, or anything at all in the room except the wonderful little Christ-

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*King of the Air*

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mas tree. With all his soul he saw the little Christmas tree! But other things looked different. He saw a beautiful young woman sitting before the fire, and strangely, he was able to feel her soft arms round him, and her kisses on his cheek, and to hear her voice whispering "little son," and his own voice answering "little mother," in tones grown wonderfully young and sweet; while right beside him, within reach of his hand, sparkled and twinkled the marvelous little Christmas tree!

Long the man knelt upon the snow, in the bitter cold, seeing these strange things. Very quietly he lingered there. Perhaps he slept. Perhaps that was the reason he did not move, or cry out, or flee away, when from the heart of the dim forest rang out that wild cry — the baying of the wolves. The baying of the wolves! He had feared it before. Surely now he would spring up and knock on the window for help! Surely those within would shelter and protect the poor outcast!

But he did not stir. One by one, grey shadows, like the shadows of the clouds, crept closer, closer, circled about him, sniffed at him, snarled and snapped at him. . . .

Long after, the clouds uncovered the sky, and the moon flooded, with cold, clear light, the still forest, the quiet steppe. But no living thing was visible: the heart of the forest still held its secrets.— Inside the wood-cutter's warm cottage the kindly hearth-fire glowed and the baby smiled in its sleep; outside, the cold moonbeams flickered upon a bit of steel half buried in the snow.

*December, 1910, Ardmore, Pa.*

## THE MOOR-BIRDS

In a little circle of the moors, sheltered on all sides from the furious gales of winter, inland, and far from the wide reaches of the sea, nestled a tiny cabin. Its walls were all aslant from the stress of many storms; its deeply-scarred roof seemed about to slide off upon the ground; the whole cabin swayed and quivered when the breezes played upon it. But rude, dilapidated though it was, still it hung together, year after year, a blot of gleaming silver against the dusky moors. At its worn doorstep crimson swamp-lilies raised their stately heads in summer, while all about, masses of elderberry, sweet-fern and wild-rose bloom ran riot over the moors, scenting the air. And the voice of the unseen sea was never silent, softly whispering upon the summer breezes, thundering along the lonely coasts in the winter hurricanes.

One summer evening a woman stood in the doorway of the cabin shading her eyes from the rays of the setting sun. She wore a short dress of brown homespun, and a white cloth bound about her head. Her bare legs and arms shone with a deeper bronze than comes from sun and wind. Swiftly her black

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*King of the Air*

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eyes glanced from the western sky to the moors in the east. The air was soft, without a breath, the sky blue and cloudless; yet the sea held a menace in its tones. Filmy mist-wreaths, drifting in from the east, were beginning to curl and twine about the bosom of the moorland, creeping stealthily nearer and nearer, stretching out long white fingers into the sunset, blotting out the rise of purple hills beyond. Long and keenly the woman scanned the moors, the sky. Suddenly she stepped into the open and laid her ear to the ground. Then, with a short, guttural note of satisfaction she entered the cabin. A thin black thread from the broken chimney curled into the sky.

On and on the sea-mists crept, thickening the air, crawling down into the curves and hollows of the hills, spreading in a lacy coverlet over the low-lying bogs and marsh-lands, and joining at last in one unbroken mass of fog that settled heavy and close about the house. Presently in the distance sounded the music of sheep-bells, tinkling over the misty moors. The woman came to the door; the grey haze lay against her face like a blanket. She whistled sweet and shrill between her fingers, a few short, wild notes. Immediately she was answered on all sides by many bird-voices, that warbled merrily, mingling with the tinkle of approaching sheep-bells. One by one a little flock of shaggy sheep and goats filed into the sheep-fold before the house. Two small figures drifted out of the fog, their brown faces wet and glistening.

“You are late tonight, little sheep,” said the woman.



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*King of the Air*

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“The way was long and the fog thick, little mother. We might have passed the night in the mist if our moor-birds had not guided us home!”

“The bird-folk are always wise and kind.— Eat, now, for the night of fog is dark, and we have no light but the hearth-fire.”

The youngsters fell to eating, jostling and pushing each other in boy fashion. After supper they curled up on sheepskins before the flickering hearth-fire. Their mother, squatting beside them, told them stories of the days when many an Indian hamlet flourished on the island; and of Indian Big Jim, their father; and of how one night he was found dead at his own door-step, a bullet through his heart. They had buried him deep beside his little home-stead, and now crimson lilies flamed upon his grave.

“Some day, little mother, I will kill the man who killed my father!” spoke up the elder of the boys.

“Yes, little sheep, when the time is ripe, and thou art a man.”

The group fell silent, watching the ruddy glow of the dying fire, listening to the wind that whispered through the tall red lilies on the dead man's grave, and to the sea that echoed mournfully across the misty moors.

. . . . .

So passed peaceful days for the little Indian family. The boys would spend long hours in the open, pasturing their flock, caressed by sweet salt airs that were warm and spicy with summer sunlight. They loved the moorland with its glowing

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*King of the Air*

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carpet of flowers. They loved the singing of the moor-birds, and the eternal music of waves on the distant shore. Sometimes from the summit of a hill they could discern the faint shadow of a sail on the blue sea. Then they would fall to wondering about the great world, and would dream of sailing away in ships of their own when they should be grown.

One day there came jolting over the rough moor-road in a calash, a stranger from the distant town. The "Town Council" had decreed, he said, that the sons of Indian Big Jim must have schooling during the coming winter season. He was a Quaker, a kindly man, and he offered to take the boys into his own home. The mother could visit them from time to time, he said, and in the spring they would return to her.—So the matter was arranged.

. . . . .

Across the rolling moors, in the slanting September sunlight, two little figures walked hand-in-hand together. The sedges and cat-tails about the blue pools nestling in the hollows of the hills, nodded together; the ruddy fruit of the wild cranberry glistened in the sun; the many plants and wild-flowers, which even at this late season showed no shadow of decay, mingled their bright colors with the softer tints of the moors. The heather was deep and springy under-foot, and the air was heavy with the perfume of sun-dried sweet-fern and saffras. A little breeze from over the hill bore in its wake the smell of the sea, and from the top of the hill they could see the sea itself encircling the coast in purple majesty. It was one of those clear, drowsy days on the island, when the waves

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*King of the Air*

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crawl lazily over the shimmering sands, and nature seems to dream.

Silently, without words or tears, the children were bidding goodbye to their moors. For the last time they were drinking in the warm fragrance of the soft moor air; they were taking their last look at the mysterious sea, with its gossamer sails drifting afar. This was their hour. In a little while they would trudge behind the tinkling sheep-bells home, where their mother was waiting, and their father, in his quiet green grave.

It was bleak November. The Indian children were at school in the town; but they hated the strange ways of white-folk. Although the Quaker family treated them kindly, they would steal away to their little room under the eaves to talk in whispers of their mother, and of their sheep, and of the little cabin in the lonely moorland. They would not play with other children; they grew thin and listless.

One day they resolved to run away. Secretly, at dusk, they stole out of the town, and took the moor-road that stretched, bleak and desolate, across the island. The dusky moors were glimmering with autumn reds and browns, and the air was crisp with a delicate touch of frost. The children shivered as they hurried along. They hoped, by following the moor-road, to reach their cabin in a few hours. And then—the joy of home and their mother's arms!

The round white moon, smiling down upon the childish figures, began to shine brightly, pointing the

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*King of the Air*

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way. The sky was cloudless and serene. The only sound through the frosty air was the sighing of the lonely sea. The road stretched fair and plain be-

The Indian woman sat on her doorstep, watching fore them, and all was well.

the sunset fade, and the purple shadows creep over the moors, and the white moon begin to shimmer in the clear sky. It was a quiet evening. The woman was smoking her pipe and thinking of her little ones. She was very lonely. She was planning how she could sell her little stock of sheep and goats, and join her boys in the town before the winter season closed down.

The brown grasses and tall dead lily-stalks on the grave of Indian Big Jim began to rustle softly. The shimmering moon grew vague and nebulous. Deeper shadows came creeping across the darkening moors, a gloom fell upon the world. It was the fog! The woman shivered, and pulling her ragged shawl across her breast, went inside the cabin and shut the door. Thicker and colder grew the air; a trembling whiteness filled the night. No man could see his hand before his face; no child could trace a faint moor-track through the impenetrable brightness.

For three days and nights the fog hung heavy over land and sea. The sheep in the little fold bleated piteously; the moor-birds twittered plaintively. All day long the moors rang with the booming of great waves on invisible shores. The mother's heart ached; she lay awake at night; she spent hours staring into the smothering veil of mist.

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*King of the Air*

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One morning she awoke early. The moor-birds were singing as though their throats would burst. The sunlight was streaming into the house. It was very cold. The woman opened the door; before her stretched the line of purple hills, sharp and brilliant in the sunrise. The moor-birds kept singing; they flocked to her door. She threw them crumbs, but they fluttered away, looking back at her and calling.

“To-wee! to-wee! to-wee-e-e!” cried the little brown birds. They fluttered a few paces away, watching her with keen, bright eyes. “To-wee! to-wee! come with me!” they seemed to say.

The woman understood. She followed the birds up through the curving moor-slopes towards the sunrise. Not far away she found them — her little ones — lying beside a pool, where dry, dead cattails crackled in the chill wind. The children were cold. It was hard to unloose their arms, which encircled one another. The woman raised the small figures in her strong arms; she bore them upon her bosom, down into the circle of sheltering hills, home. She laid the little bodies upon the soft sheep-skins beside the hearth-fire. She chafed their hands and feet. From a cupboard she took a small bottle of liquor which she poured between their cold lips. Then she lay down beside them, holding them close to her warm breast.

An hour passed. Then two pairs of arms were raised, feebly, to embrace her; two little voices whispered “mother!”

Outside the cabin, in the brilliant autumn sunshine, the moor-birds were singing a joyous song.

*Siasconset, Mass., July, 1912.*

## FRANCE TO THE RESCUE

(A True Story of the Sea)

Our ship was the *Touraine*, bound from New York to Havre. On Thursday, October 9th, 1913, we were in mid-ocean. A strong wind had risen the day before, and increasing in fury during the night, now blew with the force of a hurricane. But the sky was blue and bright, the air cool and clear. In the clouds of spray that dashed upward from the ship's bows, rainbows gleamed and sparkled. It was a glorious day!

Suddenly our ship changed her course. She veered to the north, so falling into the very trough of the sea. Heaving and plunging, rolling and pitching, at the top of her speed she rushed along. For there had come a wireless message from the *Carmania* that the *Volturno*, two hundred miles away, was on fire and calling for help.

Two hundred miles away! Almost a day's journey. From eight o'clock that morning until ten at night the *Touraine* ploughed her way through great waves that threatened every instant to engulf her. Her every fibre throbbed and trembled with the terrific pounding of her engines. With a de-

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## *King of the Air*

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cided "lean" to port, and a heavy cargo, she would lurch over to her left side, lie like lead in the hollow of the waves with water sweeping her rails, and after an awful moment of uncertainty flounder painfully back to starboard. But she is a good ship and a steady, or she would never have brought us safe to the end of that wild journey. A stranger ship, seemingly risen from the sea, for a few hours rode by our side, bent on the same rescuing errand. It was a gallant race, this race with death. But the goal was far, and the *Volturmo*, prey of raging fire, sport of furious gales — God pity the *Volturmo*!

All day the *Touraine* toiled along, fighting wind and waves, pulsing, quivering, straining from stem to stern, but never faltering for a moment in her straight, sure course. And all day the bright sun shone, the mad wind sang, and a thousand brilliant colors glittered in the wild sea. But as evening fell the sky became overcast; thick clouds hid the moon; wind howled in the rigging; spray drenched the decks. Out in the dark, monster waves leaped and roared about the ship like living things. It was an awful night!

Toward nine o'clock it was reported that we approached the *Volturmo* and then, as the decks forward were unsafe, we were allowed to mount the Captain's bridge. From here we could see, low down on the horizon, a red mist, a nebula of fire. Out of the dark it seemed to be coming toward us, slowly growing larger and brighter, lighting up the sky. All at once there came a great red flare: there had been a tremendous explosion on the *Volturmo*! Was this the end, and after her noble effort, was our good ship to arrive too late?

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## *King of the Air*

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An hour after we had sighted the *Volturno*, we were standing by. It was a dark night; but by her own light — for she was still burning — we could plainly see the ravaged vessel, a mass of leaping flames fanned fiercely by the pitiless blast. All about her, in the form of a half moon, lay a fleet of great vessels brilliantly lighted, their lofty sterns heaving high in the air, their mighty bows plunging deep into the sea. They were watching and waiting, powerless to aid the doomed ship in the grip of the merciless gale. Low down on the water we could see tiny flashes of red and blue: life-boats signalling to parent ships; while majestically ranged back and forth a leviathan of the ocean, the *Carmania*, with her powerful searchlight making a safe pathway for the little boats. Sometimes the full moon, breaking through the pack of clouds, illuminated the scene with weird splendor, and showed that what had seemed at first an indistinct, glimmering mass on the poop of the *Volturno*, was in reality a crowd of struggling human beings. The six hundred passengers of the *Volturno* were still on board!

This noble fleet, with its splendid illumination, heaving up and down; in its midst the fiery ship, scarlet against the black sky; the clouds of drifting smoke, filling the air with a smell of burning; the fantastic mingling of moonlight and firelight; the stinging of the salt wind in our faces; the sudden warning whistle, as one vessel drifted too near another; and, over all, the roar of the storm, united in an impression terrific and never to be forgotten.

We did not know then that some of the *Volturno's* life-boats had been smashed like egg-shells in the



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*King of the Air*

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launching, and many lives lost. But our Captain knew, and he said to his men, "I cannot order you to man the boats and go out to the *Volturno*. It is more than risk. It is almost certain death. I do not command you — I ask for volunteers!"

Forty men responded. Instantly preparations were made to lower a boat. For a moment the small craft hung face to face with us, manned by a silent company. What must have been the feelings of those men, swinging high above that seething flood! But they gave no sign. At the Captain's signal, slowly the little boat began its perilous descent, the great ship reeling this way and that. If ever souls prayed with intense desire, we prayed God for those lives that night. At first the life-boat swung safely outward and downward, then, at a sudden lunge of the ship, fell crashing against her side. There were wild shouts as the men fought desperately with poles; there was a roar of leaping water and churning foam; at last the *Touraine*, with a long shudder, staggered back, and the life-boat, bow downward, dived like a bird into the sea and was borne away on the crest of a wave. A speck of yellow light gleamed out of the darkness: she was safe! Then we who had been leaning far over the ship's side, watching, with nerves tense, this wild drama of the sea, burst into cries and sobs, while shouts of "Bravo!" "Bravo!" drowned even the noise of the storm.

We were slowly manœuvering up and down, trying to remain near our small boats, when all at once something happened which froze our blood. Just as we were crossing the wake of the *Minne-*

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*King of the Air*

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*apolis*, suddenly, without warning, the big steamship began to move backward, thrashing the water with her powerful screw. Instantly our Captain blew his whistle and checked his course. But the *Minneapolis*, her giant stern towering above us, her mighty propeller whizzing in the air, backed surely and steadily upon us, as though to cut us in two. Those who know the *Touraine* will never forget her siren-whistle. Now it pierced the dark with an agonized shriek. But the other paid no heed.

So far the events of this night had seemed grotesque and fantastic, like images in a bad dream. Now, with the backward march of the *Minneapolis* and our own imminent peril, there came a sudden revelation of the reality of this horrible experience. It seemed that there was to be a second tragedy.

Nearer and nearer came the great steamship, her mighty poop with its murderous shaft now rearing aloft, now plunging downward with terrible momentum. We could see the horror-stricken faces of those who crowded her decks, we could hear the grinding of her propeller — she was upon us! Frantically she struggled: she lashed the sea, throwing out masses of hissing steam; she roared in her wild efforts. Wind and sea were against her, driving her back. But somehow, not fifty feet away, she stopped. Gradually she gained headway, until at last she was gone, in a cloud of steam and spray. It was a miraculous escape.

We had launched two other life-boats, and now, as there had been no sign of them for several hours, we began burning torches of colored fire, blue, white and red. Soon we saw a small boat coming along

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*King of the Air*

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at furious speed, driven by the blast. Now she swung high on the crest of a wave, now she was lost to view in the sweep of the seas. Somebody called out "*Combien?*" Faintly came the answer: "*Trois.*" A dozen men had risked death to save three!

But the danger to those brave sailors was not yet past, and the poor fellows, with bodies stiff and fingers frozen, were again driven to a hand-to-hand fight with the ship, staving off with poles and oars whenever a great roller hurled them against the vessel's side. Clear above the noise of seething waters sounded the cries: "*En bas!*"—" *En haut!*"—" *En arrière!*" A rope ladder was lowered, and the wretched castaways were dragged up, scarcely able to help themselves. A wave reached after one as he was hanging in mid-air, nearly carrying him away.

Our sailors told of the horrors on the *Volturmo*, seen at close range; the difficulties of approach, because of the intense heat, the suffocating smoke, and the danger of being sucked under her stern and cut to pieces by her screw. They described the tumult among the terrified passengers, who, scorched by the fire, were yet afraid to jump into the ocean to be saved. A few who had jumped overboard were picked up; one man, leaping into the boat, had broken his legs.

All through the night the work of rescue continued. The first life-boat started off again with a fresh crew. The second boat returned with seven saved. Once the crew of a strange life-boat came aboard with their half-dead passengers, and from

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## *King of the Air*

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cold and exhaustion were obliged to remain. Sometimes, through utter weariness, our men were forced to rest for a while before going back to their task. And all night long the *Volturno* burned fiercely in the howling gale.

In the cold dawn one of our boats brought in a load of children. Some were lifted to the decks by ropes fastened about their limp little figures; a baby was drawn up in a basket. Eager hands welcomed them. A miserable little band they were, crying piteously for their mothers and refusing to be comforted.

With the coming of daybreak the storm abated. The ocean was still extremely dangerous, but the difficulties were less because of the daylight. The arrival of the *Narragansett* with her cargo of oil, which she poured generously upon the waves, facilitated the work of rescue. By ten o'clock every soul had been taken off the *Volturno*; there was nothing more to be done. For a little while the ships rested quietly upon the sea, all headed toward the derelict; then as if at a common signal each turned about and went her way. A strange, impressive sight, the dissolving of this great fleet brought together in mighty conclave for humanity's sake. Soon the *Volturno*, still fiercely burning, was but a cloud on the far horizon. So we left her, the sport of the airs of heaven, the plaything of the sea.

Praise without stint is due all those ships who so generously answered the *Volturno's* call, who so unselfishly toiled through that terrible day and still more terrible night: to the *Seidlitz*, whose boats were in the sea when those of other ships standing

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*King of the Air*

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by feared to venture into the boiling waters; to the *Grosser Kurfurst*, the *Czar*, the *Carmania*, the *Devonian*, the *Minneapolis*, the *Narragansett*, the *Rappahanock*, the *Kroonland*; noble ships all. But for the *Touraine* every witness to her gallant conduct must wish to speak a special word. Honor to the brave commander of the *Touraine*, and to the other officers who so daringly braved the strong sea; honor to those forty sailors, rough men but true of heart, who answered so readily their Captain's call for volunteers; honor to the *Touraine*, the last — through no fault of her own — to come to the rescue of the *Volturmo*, yet the first to save a large number of her passengers; honor to the French people, who in that terrible test gave the world an example of heroism so splendid.

*January, 1914, Paris.*







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