

The Best Verse of the Week

Poems, Some But a Few Days Old, That Deserve a Longer Life

The Woman Who Understands.

By Gertrude Capen Whitney.

She makes no plans for you to fulfill,
The woman who understands,
She sends no unwished grist to your mill,
The woman who understands.
'Tis the thought she brings
That sings and sings
Into the heart of you,
Till it flows and glows
And finally grows
Into visions of dreams come true.

She sits and smiles from her easy chair,
The woman who understands,
And as she listens your plans grow clear,
The woman who understands,
She lays no claim
For heart or brain,
To what she is giving you,
'Tis her soul's fine grace
Gives you strength for the race,
The race that makes dreams come true.
From the Business Philosopher.

Slumber.

Anonymous.

Oh, any old guy can slumber
In a canopied, springy bed,
With mattress and quilt and blanket,
And a pillow under his head.

But the guy who'll get the slumber
Is the one who can roll up tight
And sleep on an eight-inch firing step
For the eighteenth part of a night.
From the Seventh Regiment Gazette.

A Colonial Memory.

By James B. Kenyon.

I heard her footsteps on the stair;
The silken rustling of her dress;
And forth there stole upon the air
The perfume of her loveliness;
Adown her gleaming shoulders streamed
Her cloudy tresses, dusk as night
And round her brow I saw, it seemed
An aureole of light.

And as she stood a moment, slim,
And tall and beautiful and kind,
The flaring tapers all waxed dim,
Chill sighs went past me on the wind.
They woke my heart; and suddenly
I knew, in that dissolving shade,
The ghost of a dear memory
That never shall be laid.

From Reed Voices. (James T. White & Company.)

At Parknasilla.

By Norreys Jephson O'Conor.

At Parknasilla blue the river lies
Beneath the bluest of all Irish skies;
Green rise the mountains from the river-breast,
Where wheeling sea-gulls for a moment rest,
And then dart upward with loud, mournful cries.

Over the islands the long twilight dies;
A heron, like a great gray figure, flies
Along the inlet to the star-bright west
At Parknasilla.

O place of beauty, which at least defies
Time's sovereignty! When will our happy eyes
Again behold those islands, shamrock-dressed
And garlanded with seaweed; last and best
The moon, like a huge Fairy lantern, rise
At Parknasilla?

From Songs of the Celtic Past. (John Lane Company.)

Granddaddy Dollar.

By McLandburgh Wilson.

Granddaddy Soldier is plumb full of fight,
Wants to lick Germany clear out of sight.
Fire in his bosom but snow on his locks,
Wrathful is he that the age limit mocks.

Granddaddy Workman is brimful of zeal,
Wants to help freedom with shoulder to wheel.
Railing is he at the fate that appoints,
Vim in his heart but a creak in his joints.

Granddaddy Dollar is chock full of joy,
Says he is feeling as young as a boy.
Young as the youngest of dollars is he,
Strong are his sinews as any can be.

Back in the sixties he pitched in the fray,
Labored for liberty, clearing the way.
Now with the youngest of soldiers and men
Granddaddy Dollar is joining again.
From The Little Flag on Main Street. (The Macmillan Company.)

Grandma Threads a Needle.

By Marietta M. Andrews.

Snowy hair and snowy cap,
Snowy muslin in her lap,
Grandma threads her needle!
Spectacles upon her nose,
On her brow a frown, that shows
She will thread that needle!

Dear old hands are worn and thin,
Eyes are not what eyes have been,
Grandma threads a needle!
Do not try to help her—no,
She's determined she will show
Who can thread a needle!

From Songs of a Mother. (E. P. Dutton & Company.)

A Prayer.

By "A Soldier's Wife."

Help me, O God, to keep before my eyes
The larger visions of this war; to be
Inspired each day by noble thoughts that rise
Of duty, honor, country, and of Thee.

Help me to think of war as one vast whole
Of human effort struggling toward the right,
Ever advancing nearer to the goal
Of freedom from the iron rule of might,
Lest I forget, and in my sorrow see
Only the face of him who goes from me.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Dream and Build.

By F. B. Grimes.

Heroes of the ages past
Dreamed their dreams from first to last;
Dreamed of danger, do, and dare!
In their castles in the air.

All the wonders ever wrought
Thro' the magic realm of thought
Came from primal plans, up there—
In the castles in the air.

So may dreams that come to you
Bring the things for you to do!
Born, inspired, and fostered, where—
You have castles in the air.

Dreamer, dream the night away!
Dream, but plan, and build to-day—
Something lofty, strong and real—
Fashioned from your dreamed ideal.
From Leslie's.

Bumble Bee, D. D.

By Ortha L. Wilner.

Beside a haughty fleur-de-lis
Grew a weed of gold.
Love, unsought, came stealthily
For the haughty fleur-de-lis.
Came a Reverend Bumble Bee,
Divined that love, unasked, untold;
Wed the haughty fleur-de-lis
To the weed of gold.

From The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology. (The Stratford Company.)

A Chevalier.

By John W. Gordon.

As brave and tender was Champlain
As any whom we treasure;
To him a soul was greater gain
Than empire's amplest measure.
The ways of tolerance he trod
When faith was cold and bitter;
He gave his life to France and God
To make a people better.
Each night the sky shall drop its stars
Into the crystal water
And write his name in golden bars
For all the ages after.

From A Voice of the Hills. (Capital City Press.)

Reconciliation.

By Werther Friedman.

Give me your hand,
Lift up your eyes,
I understand;
Love never dies!

Utter a word
If just a murmur
For love restored,
Firmer and firmer.

Sing your regret
In notes so sweet,
And never let
Discord repeat!

From Flashlights and Depths. (The Summit Publishing Co.)

Vive La France!

By Richard Butler Glanzer.

"France is dying."—Hindenburg.
If France is dying, she dies as day
In the splendor of noon, sun-aureoled.
If France is dying, then youth is gray
And steel is soft and flame is cold.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, she dies as love
When a mother dreams of her child to be.
If France is dying, then God above
Died with His Son upon the Tree.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, true manhood dies,
Freedom and justice, all golden things.
If France is dying, then life were wise
To borrow of death such immortal wings.
France cannot die! France cannot die!
From Beggar and King. (Yale University Press.)

On Being Ready.

By Grantland Rice.

The man who is there with the wallop and punch
The one who is trained to the minute,
May well be around when the trouble begins,
But you seldom will find he is in it;
For they let him alone when they know he is there
For any set part in the ramble,
To pick out the one who is shrinking and soft
And not quite attuned to the scramble.

The one who is fixed for whatever they start
Is rarely expected to prove it;
They pass him along for the next shot in sight
Where they take a full wind-up and groove it;
For who wants to pick on a bulldog or such
Where a quivering poodle is handy,
When he knows he can win with a kick or a brick
With no further trouble to bandy?
From Songs of the Stalwart. (D. Appleton & Company.)

Ave Aviator.

By Don C. Seitz.

I had this vision on a starlit night:
Standing alone upon the mountain top
When from the valley where camp-fires blazed
An aviator rose, birdlike and graceful,
Dropping beneath the cumb'ring clay of earth
Until he passed the level of the peak
And came into the radiance of the heavens;
Then from the cliffs roar'd an outpouring
Of shot and shrapnel, glowing in the gloom,
In brilliant lighting of the upper air
Through which the wing'd warrior moved
Like Sindbad's roc, replying to the fire.
High he flew, higher follow'd the shrapnel
Until it found him, darkening his flight.
The wreck of plane and engine fell to land,
But not the airman, for to him
The golden path to glory opened wide,
Paved with the tender sheen of moonbeams,
Over which he strode, deathless, immortal,
Into the company of all the heroes!
From In Praise of War. (Harper & Brothers.)

The Penguin Driver.

By Everard Jack Appleton.

At home, he drove a taxi.
A job he'd now disdain;
He's learning (on a queer machine)
To drive an aeroplane.
It doesn't fly—it glumps along
And bumps him, ev'ry chance;
His tumbling, rumbering Penguin
Out there—Somewhere in France.

It isn't fun to drive it,
But he's not out for fun;
He's going to learn to drop good bombs
Upon the no-good Hun!
And so, until he graduates,
He makes his Penguin prance—
His bumping, jumping Penguin
Out there—Somewhere in France.

As soon as he's a pilot
(And earned his Golden Wings)
He'll take the air on high, you bet,
And do some bully things!
The Prussians will be sorry
He ever learned to dance
With a rearing, tearing Penguin
Out there—Somewhere in France.
From With the Colors. (Stewart & Kidd.)

Footnote.

It has got so
It seems to be
An unpatriotic act
For a non-soldier
To wear a pair
Of whole socks.
From the Arkansas Gazette.