

Wine, there is a charming pathos of thought and expression, beauties remembered:

Here in the mud and the rain—
God, give me London again!
I would lose all earth and the heavens above
For just one banquet of laughter and love.

When my flesh' returns to its earth,
When my body is dust as my sword;
If one thing I wrought find worth
In the eyes of our kindly Lord,
I will only ask of his grace
That he grant us a lowly place
Where his warriors toast him, in heaven above,
With wine and laughter, music and love.

CITY TIDES. By Archie Austin Coates.
Doran; \$1.25.

THE OTHER SIDE. By Gilbert Frankau.
Knopf; \$1.

City Tides is a compound of the good and evil influences of Spoon River. At its best, this first book of Mr. Coates' is an honest, and often colorful, attempt to delve into the human consciousness and unconsciousness and select those rare things which are true beneath the illusions of the commonplace. At its worst, it is very thin stuff, psychologically and rhythmically. The poorer side is probably due to the fact that one influence other than inspiration and Masters played a part in shaping these creations: a newspaper "column." That sophisticated brother of the Poets' Corner does much, perhaps, to arouse the interest of the average reader in things literary; but there is, too, a tendency to "smartness" which is amusing on the way downtown, but which falls flat, for some reason, between the covers of a book. Scattered among the free verses of City Tides are a few rhymed lyrics and sonnets; and it is curious to note that when the poet thus restricts himself, he gains an intensity which is so often lacking in his other pieces. Felicitously illustrative of this is the first (and perhaps best) poem in the book—The Ticket-Seller, who rarely sees the faces of his customers, but more often their hands.

In his Conscription, Mr. Coates takes an attitude distinct from that in The Other Side. It might be said that the attitude of the American—Conscription was written when he was facing the draft—was that of the man who had learned about war from Over the Top, and the attitude of Mr. Frankau that of the man who had learned about war from war. There are blacker things than death, there are sweeter things than living, Mr. Coates romantically says in the prospect of the trenches. War, says the English soldier, is "dirty, lousy, loathsome. . . ."

Men disembowelled by guns five miles away,
Cursing, with their last breath, the living God
Because he made them, in His Image, men.

Versification plays a much larger part in Mr. Frankau's book than poetry. There is much capitalization of names and symbols, lending it a Kipling-esque effect when taken in conjunction with the meters. But there is a sincerity in many of the verses so passionate and whole-hearted that the impression is vividly made of a frank and rather fine nature instantaneously reacting against the false glamour of war when coming into the knowledge of what it actually is, yet not blind to its braveries and austerities. And in at least one poem, Music and