

A Night With the Poets

By W. E. HILL



Just one of those earnest but ineffectual young men. Always getting up to make a motion or object to something in the reading of the minutes, and never heard or allowed to finish.



Mrs. Wohl-Wahl is a great celebrity hunter. "My dear," she is saying to Marian Scollop, whose poem, beginning "Last night, my own, I dreamed that you were cut up in little bits," was the sensation of the evening, "you must drop in for tea Sunday and read something to a few of my friends. I want you for the 1926 Poetry Anthology I am publishing!"



Mrs. Henry Connubial is acting chairman in place of Mrs. Morris Grosgraine, who, it seems, was asked to the "Follies" this evening and really couldn't decline. "I'm sorry," she is explaining, "but the motion is closed and I cannot welcome your objection."



Joe and Lorna are column contributors and see their stuff published, which is something these days. They work together. Last week they landed a poem in an evening paper. It ran:

*Mary is a little elf,
She never says, 'Kid, be yourself!'*



Cross section of an evening given over to the reading and discussion of current poetry. The gathered literati are becoming very restive. "After all," as the large lady at the right is thinking, "one can stand just so much, be it ever so exquisite!" The young man on the extreme right is asking the tailor-made young lady if she knows any one with influence. "Any one will do, so I can get a hearing!" "Well," replies the tailor-made girl, "I did know a proofreader, but she's not speaking to me now!"

The guest of honor at the annual open meeting of the Premeditated Poetry society (which has no affiliations with the Pre-nuptial Poetry league) is none other than Leroy J. Rue (at the right), editor in chief of "Uncle Ned's Outdoor Page for Boys and Girls" in the Woman's Household Delight, the magazine of a million homes. Mr. Rue will speak briefly on "The Magazine and the Home." It was the intention of the society to have Queen Marie as guest of honor, but she had a previous engagement, it seems.



Franklin and Leslie, the radicals, are great friends. Their poetry is very similar. All about gold, grinding steel, smoke and grime, crunching of bones, and disorganized labor. In fact, what one doesn't think of the other does. They are worried over jury duty. "Do you suppose I did wrong to vote?" asks Franklin. "They say," opines Leslie, "that teachers are exempt. Now, why couldn't I say I'm teaching you French, for instance, and then you could say that you are teaching me something—drawing, say. Then we'd both be excused." O, those boys are clever!



The poetess of passion, who would bring her matter-of-fact boy friend to a meeting of the Poetry society. At the end of every reading the young rascal whispers "So's your old man," very audibly.

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Poets are very sensitive. They hate to be misunderstood, even in the littlest things. Here's Lorenzo Belcher, the free verse boy, going home mad. You know Lorenzo's poem "Scars," the one beginning "Bruise thou my limbs, and strangle me, O Helen; and beat against my tired brain with coarse epithets." Well, some fool got up and said there were several rhymes in it. Imagine! When any one knows that Lorenzo never did a thing like that in his life.



Corinna Corinna Crabfoot, the thirteen year old wonder, has kindly consented to read a few choice morsels from her published poems. (Autographed copies on sale at the door as you go out.) There are doubters who think that Corinna never wrote "O the sea, the sea, O the cruel, crafty sea" all by her lonesome. "She must have been helped by her parents," they say. But those who really know Corinna insist that she did it herself. Because her parents, they say, are too dumb to be of any use whatsoever.