

**THE DAILY NEWS AND LEADER
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LITERATURE.

A LIGHT BLUE BOOK.

"Cambridge Poets. (1900-1913)." An Anthology chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard. Heffer and Sons. 5s. net.

As is to be expected, there is a good deal more verse than poetry in this collection. We are glad to have Mr. Rupert Brooke's "Grantchester," A fine sonnet by Mr. Aleister Crowley, and Mr. J. E. Flecker's "Golden Journey to Samarkand." Mr. Martin D. Armstrong writes sincerely, and Mrs. Cornford has the gift of lyrical epigram, but the general standard is not very high. Of those whose work we have not met before, F. W. Stokoe and E. N. da C. Andrade are names we look forward to seeing again. Here is the last verse of a poem by Mr. Andrade, in which he compares a violin with himself:

What sounds should I, so complex more,
Constructed with such artifice,
So full of wonder and device,
Surrounded with such happy store
Of miracle to celebrate,
New visions sprung with each new date,
Of fields unknown, and paths untrod,
What sounds should I then resonate
Beneath the urgent hand of God?

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch writes an interesting preface defending the present flood of verse on the ground that "it is with poets as with bricklayers—if you get a thousand to work you are likelier to discover genius than if you get a dozen." True enough. For our part we would have all men come to a knowledge and practice of poetry: but are not modern anthologists a little over-courageous in snapping up every line that has a resemblance to poetry while it is as hot from production as snapdragon sultanas? Not that anthologists mind burning their fingers occasionally, but a young poet may have difficulty in keep-

ing a level head when he is constantly met by the flattery of being presented in half a dozen anthologies almost simultaneously.