

STAR DUST
A JOURNAL OF POETRY
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SCHOLARSHIP

This is a copy of the Yearly articles in the Boston Evening Transcript, published this November for the 25th time.

Mr Braitnwaite has also written articles and reviews for this paper which total thousands of pages ...

S.M.

FISK
UNIVERSITY

FELLOWSHIP *Dr - D.C.*

April 21, 1930

Dear Mrs. Mirick: I am happy to inform you that the Julius Rosenwald Fund has made a grant-in-aid to William Stanley Braithwaite for the year 1930, of one thousand dollars (\$1,000). This we are charging against our fellowship funds and are ready to make payment on it in any way that seems most helpful. My suggestion is that payments be made in quarterly installments throughout the year.

I am writing of this to you rather than directly to Mr. Braithwaite since correspondence concerning him has come to us through you and since you may be able to use our offer in obtaining other assistance for him and in making the funds most useful to him.

Very truly yours,

ERE:MS

EDWIN R. EMBREE

Mrs. Edith Mirick
Star-Dust
3314 Newark Street
Washington, D. C.

SCHOLARSHIP

30 Epswick Street
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Miss Mirick: I am glad to endorse, without any qualifications, anything that you are doing in behalf of Mr. Braithwaite, whose letter I am returning with this. He has worked for years against almost overwhelming odds, and I wonder sometimes that he is still active. I can say nothing of his character and his industry that is not altogether to his favor. I believe him to be one of the very few people who should be advanced. His problems and his racial difficulties are almost too great for ~~one~~ ^{me} to understand, except in the vaguest sort of way.

Let me tell you how much I appreciate your distinguished efforts, and how much I hope that they will not be lost. Fortunately, they cannot be entirely lost, for they have already brought results.

Yours very sincerely,

(signed) E. A. Robinson

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THROUGH THE YEAR 1929 WITH

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

The Twenty-Fifth Annual Survey of the Year in American Poetry and Annual Summary of Magazine Verse

Jenny kissed me when we met, Jumping from the chair she sat in, Time, you Thief, who love to get Sweets into your list, put that in!

If I begin this year's article with a quotation of verse I shall be quite in keeping with the subject dealt with, but I display the quotation as a memorial, an inscription if I may, at once more fluid and more adamant than the matter which concerns us. "Time, you Thief!" I cry, out of a soberer impulse than quickened the words through those lips of Leigh Hunt's that had been sweetened by the ecstatic congratulation of Jane Carlyle's kiss. Time has stolen twenty-five years of these annual articles on American poetry, "sweets" of a kind that may settle into a sediment at the bottom of the cup, or may have sweetened the brew of this quarter-century of American song. Who knows? For a certain, all one knows is that Time has stolen the Years; and though age has not yet laid too heavy a hand upon us, the vista down the corridors is dim and shadowy with the figures of dreams and the echoes of battles that raised a new standard over the citadel of art.

These annual summaries have been the germ, as is known, of an annual volume containing the text of the poems, listed as the Anthology of Magazine Verse in these columns. These yearly surveys preceded the book by eight years. But these articles, as with the book, have been intended to reflect the mode, tendency and quality of the current achievement in American poetry. On this twenty-fifth anniversary of these annual summaries, I want to comment on the performance.

I have never, from curiosity, or as a method of justification for the work, during the years it has grown—and bulged to the amazement, and sometimes to the censure, of critics—examined the total volumes of the anthology to note and appraise the changes and drifts in style and form, the spirit and substance, the transition, in a word, of the advance from the "old" to the "new" poetry, which our student-critics have declared to have evolved through the wide and intense practice of these years; and which, if this fact is indisputable, should have been reflected in these successive summaries and in the volumes of the anthology. Such a survey, however, has been accomplished by Mr. Clement Wood, and the results recorded, in his admirable work, "Hunters of Heaven, The American Soul as Revealed by its Poetry" just published. I quote Mr. Wood, with considerable satisfaction, I must confess, for a summary which carries an impregnable confirmation of the purpose for which this work has been carried on.

"The latest—and very unfinished—period of American poetry," writes Mr. Wood, can be measured with approximate accuracy by William Stanley Braithwaite's annual Anthologies of Magazine Verse. The first of these appeared in 1913; 1928 appeared this year. Sixteen years . . . Have there been apparent changes in this brief time?

"A word as to technique. There are 47 poems in the first Anthology; 498 in the second. Classifying as examples of the new technique, or an approach to it, all poems uttered in direct speech—the speech of practically all the race's great poetry—and as examples of the old, or an approach to it, all poems full of echoes, archaisms and stock poeticisms, we find, in the 1913 Anthology, there are 72 per cent of the poems in the old technique, and 28 per cent in the new; in the 1928 Anthology there are 28 per cent in the old technique, and 72 per cent in the new. The figures are just reversed. The new technique has increased 157 per cent in proportional representation, and 2763 per cent in actual number included.

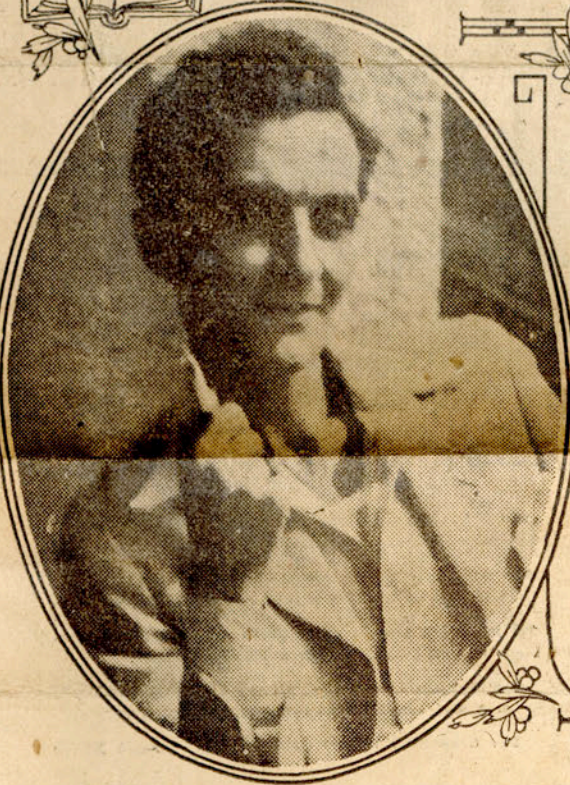
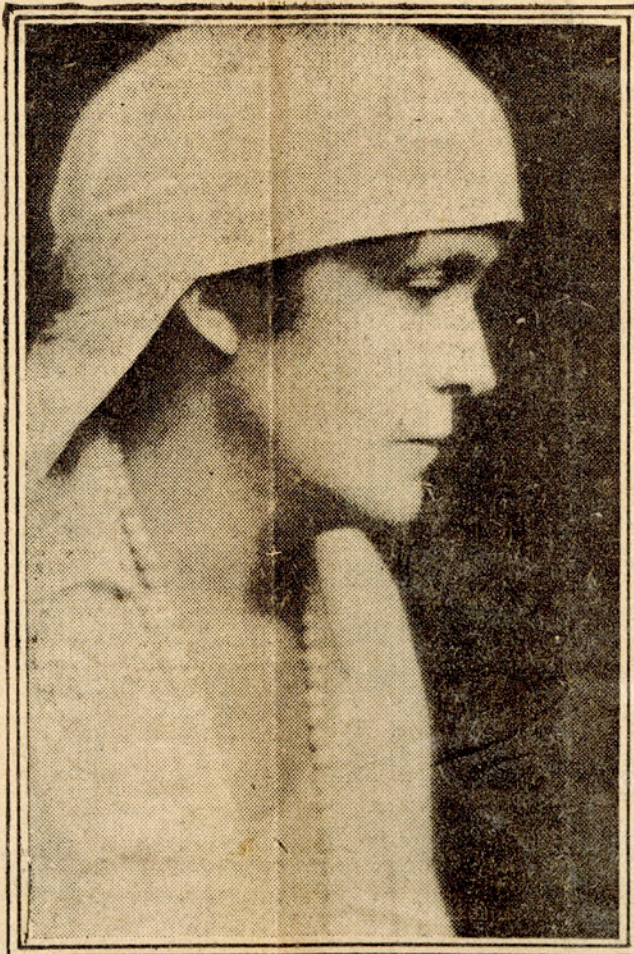
"There are six poems of poetic dis-

inction in the first book. All are in the new technique. There are 71 in the 1928 volume. All are in the new technique. "Braithwaite is keenly sensitive to the best in our poetry. These figures established that. He may be over-catholic in his inclusions; but he has shifted his emphasis from echoes to real poetry. He is an admirable anthologist, and his books are indispensable to a grasp of modern poetry."

I mention the compliment to confirm the deed. Taking, over a long period of years, to appropriate Professor Garrod's dictum, a "gay courage and generous risks," I have tried to make the successive summaries and Anthologies represent the development of American poetry during a period which, in 1929, closes its twenty-fifth year.

I want to recommend most heartily to the reader Mr. Wood's "Hunters of Heaven" for an interpretation of the poetry that America has produced during these years, and the poetry which the summaries and anthologies have represented in their selections. Mr. Wood's book does not merely cover this period; it begins with the crude American Indian songs and traces the growth of American poetry down to the present, revealing through the poetry, the soul of the American people. Of the contemporary era he writes, "These last sixteen years saw the inception of the World War, its conduct and ending, and has seen a troubled decade pass since then. Machinery, potent enough as it opened, is the trinity today: radio, airplane, television, talkies, mechanical robots, kelinators, panotropes, a thousand other inventions, have become commonplace. We have had a bawling, squalling nursery of poets during this time . . . Faintly echoing the past, singing the present more loudly, faintly using Einstein and Millikan as springboards. They paint a vehemently disintegrating today, sob for a fantastically unreal yesterday, stupidly limn tomorrow." All this have the anthologies reflected and registered.

The purpose of this work as fixed in the above summary is capable of escape from many readers because of the profusion of the material. It is rather a problem that confronts the critic of American poetry as a whole at this time, more bewilderingly than the samples in any specified collection. In such a collection as the Anthology, however, the captious have a way of misleading the unwary. It has to do not so much with an honest difference of opinion as to the value of a selection, which is to be respected, and capable of admiration, but with matters of modes and tendencies, and even of assemblage and its gaps.



For instance, a critic quite demolished the Anthology one year, and later in reviewing a certain poet's book, praised him as one of the foremost of contemporary poets, and signalled out for quotation from his book as the sum of his achievement, a poem which was in the Anthology he damned. It has been an easy thing for the captious to call attention to the editor's lack of discernment in omitting selections from certain leading poets; in some cases it could be pointed out that the poet had published no poems in the magazines for that year; this has been notably the case with Mr. Robinson and Mr. Frost, who have al-

ways gladly given permission to reprint available poems. With Mr. Aiken, Mr. Sandburg, and, in a minor treble, Mr. Tate, it has been different. The first two, for reasons of their own, for some years passed now, refused to grant the permission to reprint them. Mr. Tate, quite honestly and frankly, stated he did not care to have his poems included in a collection that contained so much "bad poetry." He confessed, I must add, to have found the "collection" very serviceable in leaner years. And so it goes with one, whether it is myself or another, who, with "gay courage" will "take generous risks." Let me quote Professor

Garrod in full upon this point, with two statements in their context: "are two characters of criticism which I account it dead," he says, "who has his eye always upon me can no more criticize than he can. And secondly, all good criticism is unanimous. It has noble partiality; it takes generous risks. After the end of criticism is, not to be right by whatever seems like to greatness. Put more simply, end of criticism is, not one's own, but someone else's."

The tone of much that has been written about poets and poetry du-

A Group of Original Poems

By Elizabeth Hollister Frost Author of "The Lost Lyrist"

The Closed Gentian

HAVE you forgotten How the canoe slipped out From under the boughs of our discontent.

To grasp at the closed gentian That waved its spherical Blue mystery to and fro.

I wish I had let you Open the mystery At the hidden heart of the blue!



Under the boughs of our discontent,
We dropped in the river all doubt,
With your brown body you leant
The Shawsheen that Fall
Un-begotten?

Feel ascending
Significant smell
Lotus opening its bud where the fish
Down the slight swell
Stream; feel the willow boughs swish
A stern;
You bending

Blue mystery to and fro,
Provoking your hand to split the miracle
To see the inside,
But I said, "No!
Wait the empirical."

After you were gone
The blue world settled
Around me like flesh of a flower,
Curved, cruel and blue petaled:
Within from the root rose the dour
*Infusion of gentian—
And darkness came on.

At the hidden heart of the blue;
If I had, Time might have written our hist
Different from this; I had presaged this ne
Death in life, startled strangeness
Had not beset you.

Now do the passionless petals
Of the world where you fare
Curve down and turn blue to you!
As these do to me? they leave me no air!
They hurt! the flower flesh settles
Relentless with blue. I cannot,
I cannot break through to you!

*Infusion of gentian contains a bitter principle used as a narcotic.

The Clematis

MEANED to pick a clematis,
And open swung a door
Ling to a dimension
Had not seen before.

The air was cold as ether
Upon the lip of sleep,
(If it was air), an alien dew
Fell on my frightened cheek.

I stood on nothing, but I stood,
The dark was all a-scare,
(If it was dark), it pricked my hands,
Lifted my listening hair:

Secrets sat on silences,
I bruised my brow against
The wings of birds that were not birds—
And then I fled from thence

Stumbling to find the clematis
That spilled upon the moor—
But someone on the earth side
Had fastened to the door.

Minutes, Days, Hours

ing myself against the minutes
Hoping they are solid
And will break me—

But they are transparent, they are fluid,
I fall through them
To the hours.

I ask the hours for sharpness
That I may destroy myself
Against them—

But the hours are brittle,
I break them, they do not break me,
I crash through them
To the days—

Minutes, Days, Hours—
Have you no resistance?
Where then can I find me
A strong adversary?

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WITH THE POETS



THE portraits represent: Upper left, Elizabeth Hollister Frost; Upper centre, Edith Mirick; upper right, Hale Jean Hammond. Lower left, Benjamin Musser; lower right, Leigh Hanes.

paralso: University is winning an ever widening distinction.

The year has been unusually rich in works on the art, substance and form of Poetry. Mr. Clement Wood's "Craft of Poetry," whose title implies its subject and scope, and his "Hunters of Heaven, The American Soul As Revealed by Its Poetry," in aim and achievement standing foremost: Miss Chilton and Mr. Agar's "The Garment of Praise a Necessity for Poetry," is an important contribution to the study of the spiritual vitalities and function of poetry; "The Cycle of Modern Poetry," by G. R. Elliott; Professor Brewster's "The Good Estate of Poetry" and Professor Garrod's "The Profession of Poetry," are works which bring to the subject a rich scholarship and independent opinions.

Of the year's volumes of poems there has been a large number of exceptional significance. The event of the widest interest was the publication of "The Further Poems of Emily Dickinson." Though a golden find for American literature, this volume has caused some controversy which should result in a definitive edition of the poems of Emily Dickinson. The outstanding success of the year can be accredited to Mr. Robinson for his "Cavender's House." Among other volumes, Robinson Jeffers's "Cawder, and Other Poems," MacKnight Black's "Machinery," Elizabeth Coatsworth's "Compass Rose," Elinor Wylie's "Angels and Earthly Creatures," Hardy's "Winter Words in Various Moods and Meters," Witter Byner's "Indian Earth," Edgar Lee Masters's "The Fate of the Jury," Genevieve Taggard's "Travelling Standing Still," Archibald MacLeish's "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish," Lucia Trent's "Children of Fire and Snow," Robert Haven Schaufler's "Hobnails in Eden," Elizabeth Hollister Frost's "The Lost Lyrist" and "Hovering Shadow," Benjamin Musser's "Riding at Anchor," Mark Van Doren's "Now the Sky and Other Poems," Caroline Giltinan's "The Veiled Door," George Elliston's "Cinderella Cargoes," Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni's "Red Kites and Wooden Crosses," Anna Hempstead Branch's "Sonnets from a Lock Box, and Other Poems" and Malcolm Cowley's "Blue Juanita."

□ ■■■■■ □

Two poets who have made exceptional progress in their work the past year, are Benjamin Musser and Ernest Hartsock. Both have written and published a great deal. In power of emotion and verbal subtlety, they seem to have arrived at a maturity which should advance them rapidly to a place among the most important of the younger American poets. Another fine poet who is steadily growing into a wider appreciation is Bert Cooksey. Unlike the first two poets mentioned, he has not yet published a book, but a "collection" of his poems published in the July number of Main Street, indicates the individual charm and delicate music which a book of his will possess.

In Mr. Leigh Hanes, we have another poet rapidly advancing to the front. A poem of his "Song of the New Hercules," which appeared in Miss Monroe's magazine, must be given a place beside two other great questioning poems of our era, the "Renaissance," of Miss Millay and the "Earth," of John Hall Wheelock. It is the titular poem of a forthcoming book by Mr. Hanes, a book full of delicate artistry, dealing with implications that glimmer like an aura around the shapes of common objects.

I can only note the appearance of Miss Margaret McGovern upon the poetic scene. Mr. Rollo Walter Brown, who sponsors her book, "The Lost Year," acquaints us with a conquest over circumstances by this young girl, which alone should win our respect; but the poems absorb that respect in the admiration we have for a quality of mind and a brightness of expression which are uncommon. Miss McGovern has that authentic something possessed by the true poet which is indubitable even in its hesitancy.

The poems of E. Merrill Root show the increasing power of vision which the more recent of his work has attained. Mr. Root's new volume, "Bow of Burning Gold," announced for this autumn, should advance him as one of the most passionately prophetic of the younger poets. Poems by poets less familiar are to be read with expectancy for their future work. Such poets as Dorothy Kruger, Albert Edwards Clements, Stanley J. Kuntz, Hale Jean Hammond, Ruth Pitter, Edith Mirick, Wilson MacDonald, James J. Ryan, Otis Peabody Swift, and W. Force Stead, may potentially be the luminaries of another day.

Anthology of Magazine Verse on
Following Page

current year is in this spirit. There has been much controversy, but over different matters than those that occupied the critics a few years ago. The writers who were quite trenchant at that time, have mellowed. They are a bit older, it is true, but this accounts less, I think, than the fact that one learns sooner or later that the tide of Aesthetics or the time of Standards are not to be hurried.

A frontal attack upon the "little" poetry magazines, has been one of the interesting controversies of the year. The poetry "business" has, it appears from certain writers, taken on in common with other activities, a phase of "racketeering." Mr. B. A. Botkin's article in the Southwest Review, Mr. James Rorty's, in The Nation, and Mr. Bruncken's, in The North American Review, are worth attention for a kind of historical emphasis which they possess. In Mr. Henry Harrison's new periodical, Poetry World, Mr. Ernest Hartsock has an illuminating article on that much-talked about and unjustly abused habit of poets publishing at their own risks; and Mr. Benjamin Musser summarizes the aesthetic practices and cults with clarity and justice. It's an excellent commentary to the theme which Mr. Max Eastman handles with such irony and scorn in his articles on "The Cult of Unintelligibility."

In the meantime, as concerns the "little poetry magazine world," they come and they go, as I have had occasion to report in these articles, year after year. Two new ones have sprung into being at Washington. Star-Dust, edited by Edith Mirick and John Lee Higgins, and Carillon, edited by Caroline Giltinan, Anne M. Robinson, Catherine Cate Coblentz and Courtland Baker. From the University of Oklahoma comes Folk-Say a Regional Miscellany, edited by B. A. Botkin, an ably conducted publication devoted to the interest of folk-literature. The Poetry World sponsored by Henry Harrison, is something altogether different from anything we have had in the form of a poetry magazine, a sort of combined Vanity Fair-New Yorker of the poetry magazine world. After a year of Japm, The Poetry Weekly, Mr. Musser's daring venture, I cannot but declare its truly significant literary success. Next to Miss Monroe's Poetry, it has yielded more excellent poetry than any other magazine. A word must also be said for Pasque Petals, a persistent little magazine published in South Dakota, which in the quality of its material has improved very noticeably this past year. Mr. J. C. Lindberg is to be credited for this showing, with the able assistance of Margarette Ball Dickson, who as a teacher of creative literature at Val-

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BENJAMIN MUSSER—Benjamin Musser is a very unique personality, and in spite of which, he is a very fine poet. Submitting a ream of data for this sketch, he concludes: "Just boll it down to this: Ben Musser is a strange elf, hardly human and a mass of contradictions; writes passable verse but is a better editor, is a Papist but doesn't believe in anything; his god is Poetry." Being a man of contradictions is accounted for. Of a Pennsylvania ancestry—English, Welsh, Swiss and Lower Palatinate—since 1681, including both Quakers and Episcopallians (an only brother is an Episcopal clergyman), he began his education in an Episcopal boarding school, continued at an Episcopal academy, then the Brooklyn Latin School, Nashotah Seminary (Wis.), St. Joseph's College (N. Y.), with special studies at Harvard. After a period as managing editor of a magazine devoted to current events and literature, Mr. Musser bought Contemporary Verse, and became its chief editor and publisher. To this he added Japm (Just Another Poetry Magazine), The Poetry Weekly, the first weekly magazine, which rounded its first year last July in a literary, if not financial, triumph. Editorially associated with a number of poetry magazines, Mr. Musser is also a member of a large number of poetry societies here and abroad. He lectures widely on poetry and with fine success.

LEIGH HANES—Leigh Hanes was born at Montvale, Virginia, Dec. 24, 1894. He holds a B.A. degree from Hampden-Sydney College, and an LL.B. degree from Washington and Lee University. He has published in various of the leading magazines, and his first collection of poems, "Song of the New Hercules, and Other Poems," is announced for publication this fall. His remarkable poem, "Song of the New Hercules," would, except for its length, be reprinted on this page, for with Miss Millay's "Renaissance," and Mr. Wheelock's "Earth," it is one of the three profoundly questioning poems of our era. A member of the Poetry Society of America, and secretary of the Poetry Society of Virginia.

HALE JEAN HAMMOND—Hale Jean Hammond was born at Kosciusko, Miss., educated in the common schools, and by a private tutor in languages. She contributed to the four-volume "History of Woman Suffrage in the United States," edited by Susan B. Anthony and Ida Husted Harper, has completed a history of Oklahoma, soon to be published, and with Lucia Trent, Ralph Cheyney, Benjamin Musser, and others, is one of the authors of "Symposium on Poetic Technique." She has worked widely in journalism, as an editorial and feature writer, and a constant contributor of prose and verse to magazines. Author of "Seven-Years-Old," the first volume in the projected "Gamme Book Series," she is publishing this fall a collection of exquisitely symbolic poems entitled "Sun-Dial."

UNIVERSITY

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE

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 ADAMS, WALTER R. Sun Porch. Japm. The Poetry Weekly
 ADLER, FREDERICK HERBERT. Loan. Contemporary Verse
 November Woods. The Gypsy
 To One Who Feels Old-Age. Scepter
 ALYEA, DOROTHY COLLINS. Oregon. Poetry. A Magazine
 of Verse
 Here Is a Face. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 ALLEN, EFFIE ALGER. Bereavement. Poetry. A Magazine
 of Verse
 Song of the Hearse. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 ALLING, KENNETH SLADE. This Is a Sea. Voices
 Gulls on a Rowboat. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 ANDERSON, N. D. The Two Houses. Westward. A Magazine
 of Verse
 ANGELITA, B. V. M. SISTER M. To Our Lady in Winter.
 The Commonweal
 ARNZEN, RICHARD. Arlidge Abandoned. Interludes
 ASHLEY, LILLIAN A. Foreboding. American Poetry Magazine
 Lassitude. The Circle
 AUSTIN, MARY. Three at Carmel. The Saturday Review of
 Literature
 BAILEY, MARGARET EMERSON. Higher Mathematics. Harper's
 Magazine
 BALCOM, NANITA MAC D. Secret Garden. Poetry. A Magazine
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 Harvest. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
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 BARKER, S. OMAR. Hot Iron. Cowboy Stories Magazine
 BARROWES-DONALD, H. C. Landholder. Voices
 BARTON, MARIE. Attar. Kaleidoscope
 BELLAMANN, HENRY. The Woman of the Dunes. The Yale
 Review
 BENNETT, WILLIAM ROSE. Mighty Is Man. The Nation
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 BITTNER, NELSON DEL. Ships. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 BLACK, MACKNIGHT. Tide. The Bookman
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 BOSTELMANN, CARL JOHN. Love Song. Bozart
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 BOTKIN, B. A. Track Lover. Southwest Review
 BOWERS, MILDRED. James Marsh. Poetry. A Magazine of
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 BRADFORD, GAMALIEL. Rhyme. The Lyric
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 Glee. Voices
 Then and Now. Voices
 BRANCH, ANNA HEMPSTEAD. To a Dog. The Saturday
 Review of Literature
 To My Black Kitten. The Saturday Review of Literature
 BRIGHT, VERNE. April Moments. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 Fiddler's Green. Muse and Mirror
 Fantastic Interval. Contemporary Verse
 BROWN, STEVEN. Riverbank Blues. Opportunity
 BROWNIGG, SHIRLEY. The Dark Song. Poetry. A Magazine
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 BRUNCKEN, HERBERT GERHARD. Lazarus. Silverloom.
 Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 BRUNER, MARGARET E. Window Shopping. Contemporary Verse
 BURNS, COLETTE M. Firs at the Market. The Cleveland
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 BUSHBY, D. MAITLAND. Admonition. Palo Verde
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 CARROLL, ELLEN M. On Such a Road. The Gypsy
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 CHAPMAN, JOHN JAY. Last Words. Scribner's Magazine
 CHEYNEY, RALPH. God Through Machine. Japm. The Poetry
 Weekly
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 CHRISTMAN, W. The Winter Woods. Voices
 CLEGHORN, SARAH N. An Orchard Notion. The World
 Tomorrow
 Sonnet of Wonder at Light. The World Tomorrow
 CLEMENS, ALBERT EDWARD. Ghosts of Conquest. Japm.
 The Poetry Weekly
 Salt and Wind. Japm. The Poetry Weekly
 COATES, GRACE STONE. As It Is. The Harp
 An Old Woman Speaks. Japm. The Poetry Weekly
 COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH. The Caravan and the Shakers.
 The Empress. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 Winter Rune. The Saturday Review of Literature
 On a Night of Snow. The Saturday Review of Literature
 COBLENTZ, CATHERINE CATE. Barbed Wire of the Desert.
 The St. Nicholas Magazine
 Boxwood Hedges of the South. The St. Nicholas Magazine
 COE, KATHERINE HUNTER. Soul Freedom. Cincinnati Fine
 Arts
 COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM. Night-Hawk. The Saturday
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 The Ram. The Bookman
 Humming-Bird. The Yale Review
 COLEMAN, ANITA SCOTT. Black Baby. Opportunity
 COLWELL, LEWIS. The Gorilla Grieves. The Century Magazine
 CONANT, ISABEL FISKE. Young Poet. Voices
 CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD. Monastery of Holy Mary
 (Mallorca). The Commonweal
 Mallorca. November Hurricane. The Commonweal
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 COOKE, LE BARON. Sounds. Town and Country
 The Singer. The North American Review
 Whiffs. Town and Country
 COOKSLEY, BERT. Beggar's Sonnet. The Nation
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 Counterpoint. Voices
 Margin Note. The Gypsy
 COON, MARTHA LUTHERLAND. Pahaasapas. Pasque Petals
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 Reality. The Signet
 CROOK, KILE. Memorial to Larry. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 CULLEN, COUNTIE. Two Poets. Opportunity
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 Birds in Snow. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 DALY, GEORGE B. Squaw Corn. Pasque Petals
 DAMON, FOSTER. Family Portrait. The Atlantic Monthly
 DAVIS, H. L. Rivers to Children. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 DAVIS, JULIA JOHNSON. Apple Cider. The Lyric
 DE BRA, LEMUEL. When God Laughs. Bozart
 DEFORD, MIRIAM ALLEN. Prelude to an Execution. Poetry.
 A Magazine of Verse
 DETT, R. NATHANIEL. The Snow. Opportunity
 DEWSON, F. A. Psalm. I Will. Unity
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 DICKSON, MARGARETTE BALL. Even His Feet (A Laurel
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 Fantasia of Winter. The Saturday Review of Literature
 DRACHMAN, JULIAN M. Longings. The Dial
 You Must Choose, Gentlemen. Japm. The Poetry Weekly
 DRESBACH, GLENN WARD. Ice Harvest. Voices
 Woodland Incident. Poetry. A Magazine of Verse
 Spade Song. Contemporary Verse
 Mountain Air. The Commonweal
 DUGGAN, EILEEN. Annunciation. The Commonweal
 EBLE, JESSIE G. The Quilt. The Prism

ELLISTON, GEORGE. Country Autumn. Centre College Magazine
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 Cupped Hands. The Gypsy
 ENGLE, PAUL. Greece and the Bloodrot. Japm. The Poetry
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 ENGLE, VINCENT. For Thomas Walsh (1875-1928). The
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 FERRIL, THOMAS HORNSBY. Answer to a Young Mountain.
 New York Herald-Tribune Books
 FLANAGAN, DOROTHY BELLE. Bhdn Boone. Bozart
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 FLANNER, HILDEGARDE. Ascent. Poetry. A Magazine of
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 The Treasuring Willow. The Dial
 FROST, ROBERT. Acquainted with the Night. Virginia Quar-
 terly Review
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A Group of Poems

Sonnet of Wonder at Light

LIGHT has a life that moves in all directions;
 At the same time, light plunges east and west.
 Light always wandering, always lies at rest.
 Boundlessly straight, it bends back in reflection.
 See how light shapes its body to the heavens!
 How it can pour like milk, how it can pierce
 Like needles! Light is calm, and light is fierce.
 Mixing with none, all things it tints and leavens.
 Light seems to move so rashly, so severely;
 And yet it handles leaves with softer care
 Than curling water, or the waving air.
 I think it shows infinity more nearly
 Than any other life, excepting death.
 —It might be called the universe's breath.

The World Tomorrow Sarah N. Cleghorn

Amanda's Garden

AMANDA'S garden (she must have been to blame)
 Came up at springtime like wayward flame.
 Amanda was reproachless and definitely chaste,
 But wanton tiger lilies blazed at her waist.
 At the kitchen window which should have been quiet
 Hollyhocks threatened incendiary riot;
 And near the ash-can, abode of vanished fire,
 Golden-glow at autumn burned like fresh desire.
 While by her gate, where swains were wont to linger,
 Rose bushes beckoned with a blood-red finger.
 Something must be wrong, all the neighbors said,
 With a girl who likes so much yellow and red.

The Greenwich Village Quill Edith Mirick

Small Town

ANYTHING can happen	When a gate swings wide	And no one sees	Oh, anything can happen,
When the silver crown	And the shadows stalk	And no one hears	Anything at all,
Of the moon is laid	Side by side	When the silver keys	The moon drop her ring
On a small town;	On a cool walk.	Turn the locks of years,—	Or a star fall.

The Lyric Leigh Hanes

Sun-Dial

A HARD-FLUNG path to a spot where white stones piled
 To commemorate; a hard-flung path away
 To a faltering step. From the kingdom of undefiled,
 To the Christ-pain, gripping like steel, going, or stay,
 Strove in my heart. But white in the fecund grey,
 Rooted an atavism. Wind tense and wild
 Hurlt the halt feet of me; set my lips in motion to pray:
 O sweet is the call of life to the unborn child!
 It might have been night in a garden; dawn on a hill;
 A goat-skin flagon of precious wine, my veins
 Set a coming, to going; I, famished, and fearing to spill
 Its wonder too soon, as the too full cloud spills the rains.
 But the white stones slept, knowing not late, nor soon,
 It might have been midnight . . . the sun dial
 said it was noon.

The Oracle Hala Jean Hammond Bozart

Sonnet to a Silver Dollar

HERE in my palm I hold a metal disc,
 The root of evil and the fruit of good—
 The garrulous, mad goal of mortal risk,
 The breaker of the bonds of brotherhood.
 Upon its face is blazed: "In God We Trust."
 The God who drops the dollars in our hands,
 The God who lets us grab the pauper's crust,
 And winks to see us strangle heathen lands.
 Here in a nest of stars a lady's face
 Scowls into distance without mirth or mercy.
 Who can she be? Nike of Samothrace?
 Diana? Atalanta? . . . Nay, but Circe
 Disguised in laurel like a nymph divine,
 Still at her trick of turning men to swine!

Ernest Hartsock

Last Words

THE breezes of returning Spring	I'll no more strive to be a man;	The more I probed, the more I found
Blow kindlier than before:	Cold world, bad world, Adieu!	The Evil's deeper source.
The robins hop, the sparrows sing	I've done you all the good I can	I digged—the truth was underground;
More sweetly than of yore.	Or ever mean to do.	Star-gazed:—"Twas cosmic force.
For O, the gliding seasons swim	In fact—I say it in your ear—	And as the baffling years slipped by
And bear me on their rippling brim	It was a grand mistake, I fear,	The streams of hope were running dry
To my not-distant shore.	To try to better you.	In their meandering course.

True, in the flashing of a spade.— Ah truth! whatever truth may be.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF SCIENCE

Grove Wilson Surveys Its Progress from the Earliest Days of Antiquity

The Human Side of Science, by Grove Wilson. \$4.00. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

EVERYONE is interested in either humanity or science. A few people are interested in both. Mr. Wilson seems to be one of these. It is to be regretted that his interest was not more scientific or more human. These sketches, short biographies of men of science from Thales to Einstein, would be much more effective if they were a little more serious. Sincerity is not a lost virtue, and a little more of it would be seemly in biography. Of the ancients there is not much to say that has not been said before. To

This sketch is typical of the treatment all these men receive at the compiler's none-too-sympathetic hand. Galen is shown to be the first physician to command a \$2000 fee. A few pages devoted to Roger Bacon give a faint picture of that extraordinary man. Tycho Brahe, William Harvey, and Kepler follow so quickly that they seem to tread on one another's heels. Mr. Wilson's frivolity is still rampant when he describes that London to which young Harvey went adventuring. "Not much of a city as cities now go, but doubtless looked upon with some pride by Harvey's contemporaries." The book abounds with generalities.

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 At the Grave of Keats. The New Leader
 WYLIE, ELINOR. Hymn to the Earth. The Saturday Review
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 YOUNG, KATHLEEN TANKERSLEY. Six Poems. Blues. A
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 ZUKOVSKY, LOUIS. Two Sonnets. The Dial.



IN THE LAND OF THE LAMA

An Account of the People of Tibet and the Survival of Their Customs

The Land of the Lama. By David Macdonald. With a Foreword by the Right Hon. the Earl of Ronaldshay, sometime Governor of Bengal and President of the Royal Geographical Society. With illustrations and a map. \$5.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

HOW the old life of primitive peoples may survive into our own time, even for nations in more or less of contact with modern civilization, is well brought out in this entertaining volume. It was written, moreover, by one so specially qualified for his task that he has succeeded in contributing much new material to our knowledge of Tibet, as well as a thoroughly "up-to-date" account of the

winter in such surroundings. Women have much influence, though education among them is rare; marriage takes place usually in early life, and soon after the birth of children talismans and amulets are "bound to some part of their bodies for protection from the evil spirits and demons." In subsequent chapters, two of which describe death ceremonies and funeral rites, Mr. Macdonald goes on to tell of dress fashions, of cooking, eating and drinking habits, and of domestic life generally.

From the story of medical methods in Tibet he passes to that of charms, omens

True, in the flashing of a spade,—
The twinkling of a star,—
A light from heaven would pierce the shade
And show things as they are.
But still I felt the world was sick;
For no one else would wield my pick
Or read my calendar.

Scribner's Magazine

Ah truth! whatever truth may be,
'Tis neither yours nor mine.
'Twill shine through taciturnity,
Through broken speech 'twill shine.
Then wherefore sweat to have one's say?—
To save what cannot pass away,
Or rescue the divine?

John Jay Chapman

I Cannot Live Away From Water

I CANNOT live away from water—a laughing
Brook like a child, a mountain lake as calm
As a mirror, a river deep and broad as charity,
A river you can stop at its birth with your palm.

Oh, but the sea! the sea with its myriad secrets,
The sea in its ceaseless quest for a nameless goal.
I thrill to a hill, commune with the moon and heartbreak
In beauty of night, but the sea, the sea is my soul!

It hurries on, with a song, in its search for something,
Then creeps back slowly without having reached, and moans:
It is I, that sea, with a song that turns to a shudder,
As I search and call, and crawl back over the stones.

So I can never live away from water.
Water and I have understood this well,
Sharing a goal and asking one question, knowing
If ever the answer comes, we shall not tell.

Jepm, The Poetry Weekly

Benjamin Mussler

A Dog Who Ate a Pond Lily

TURED of being my dog, and with grave anger
That there were only ivory bones to eat,
He left me for the pond, filled with a hunger,
Half memory, for some immaculate meat
To lay on his bright tongue—I saw him linger,
Fastidiously nose the shimmering heat,
And, as if suddenly grown brisker, younger.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Snap up a lily, living, flushed and sweet.
Like one frill sound the summer, softly muted,
Buzzed in his silky ear. A long, long while
He stood in reeds and godlike trance fast-rooted.
The taste of lotus made him strangely smile—
No more my humble dog, sad-eyed, four-footed,
He was Anubis wading in the Nile.

Winifred Welles

knowledge of Tibet, as well as a thoroughly "up-to-date" account of the Tibetans, their customs, religion, ways of living, social life and trade activities, such as, for detail and vividness, has not thus far been equalled. Mr. Macdonald was in Tibet for a much longer period than any other living European. For sixteen years Britain's trade agent in the country, he formed lasting friendships with people high and low, and shows himself as well informed on the subject of Tibetan politics and government as in the fields of folk-lore and religion.

At the opening of the book the geography and mineral resources of Tibet are described, as introductory to those more general themes that make up the bulk of the narrative. The government of the country is still autocratic, and so little has it advanced from former conditions that the officials, being paid very little salary, and that not regularly, have to depend for the greatest part of their income on bribery. With the ruler himself a "priest-king," the priesthood wields great influence in secular affairs and brooks no interference from laymen; the strength of Lamaism is meanwhile centered in the great monasteries, certain of which, whose inmates number thousands, exercise immense power because of, and not despite, such facts as that "innumerable gods, saints, demons and canonized evil spirits fill the Lamaist pantheon," and that while some of the lamas condemn themselves to lifelong imprisonment, others retire from the world to meditate in caves or huts in the mountains. The great majority of the Tibetan people are engaged in agriculture or in cattle and sheep-raising, while the inhabitants as a whole give themselves to trade. But there are "outcasts" in Tibet as well as in India, and they live in "hovels so filthy" that the author regards it as extraordinary how the

from the story of medical methods in Tibet he passes to that of charms, omens, amulets and black magic, telling—how the methods of cure include the placing of a small square stamp suitably inscribed on the seat of the pain, as well as how the Tibetans fashion small images of their enemies and thrust them through with needles, believing that the person meant in each case will "either die or suffer corresponding agonies." Among the punishments in vogue for crime are mutilation, amputation of the hands and feet, burning out the eyes of the accused, and many other forms of torture, women being flogged and tortured "in exactly the same manner and with the same severity as men." And after picturing the saints' days and festivals of the Tibetans Mr. Macdonald completes his story with details of their coinage, chronology, manufacturing and agricultural methods, and a closing chapter on the drama and music of Tibet.

E. N.

Major-General Sir F. Maurice has written a study of the principles of war as defined in the latest edition of the Field Service Regulations. The book is entitled "British Strategy," and will be published this month.

The Old Corner
Book Store

Members of Boston Century Club

50 Bromfield Street,
Boston, Mass.

Branch Store HOTEL STATLER

say that has not been said before. To be original, the author calls Archimedes "the first Yankee." What that may mean, no true New Englander can say. Little is known about Archimedes. Mr. Wilson is probably justified in assuming that he had a wife. "It's highly unlikely that so absent-minded a man could remain single." But it hardly seems necessary for Mr. Wilson to descend to the vulgarity of describing the "Eureka" incident (when Archimedes, you remember, dashes forth from the bath into the street with his stupendous discovery) as embarrassing to his wife.

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poraries.
The book abounds with generalities. To say that Lamarck was enabled to satisfy his youthful desire to be a soldier because "France was waging her usual war with Germany," and because "women are always anxious to rush men off to war" is hardly scientific. Nor can it be the whole truth to say that Faraday chose to study electricity because "it will not take me long to learn all that is now known about this strange subject because not much is known."

It is hard to be fair in estimating this book. Without doubt it took years of research to acquire, assort, and choose all the facts it contains. What a pity that these are not presented in a more serious manner. There is room in the world for humorous books, light books, and there is room for serious contemplation of the lives of the few men who ever learned to think. But it does not seem right that the two should be scrambled together into something less digestible and less attractive than an omelette. Can one give solemn attention to a writer who says, in a short biography of Pasteur, "Under the influence of this man (John Hunter) surgery became almost respectable. But it was, and continued to be until the time of Lister, one of the most hazardous of occupations—for the patient"? Or should one be thankful he avoided the vaudevilian word "customer"?

"If the Human Side of Science" is intended for the general reader, it will fail to reach an audience for the "general reader" is interested in frivolous humanities and sober science. A wise college student will find it pleasanter and more profitable to look up "lives" in an encyclopedia. There remains the high school student. He may be intrigued by an in-

ON THE 1929 ANTHOLOGY

Braithwaite

"For a full view of the scope of American contemporary verse Braithwaite's 'Anthology for 1929' must be read. William Stanley Braithwaite has been heroic in his task for American poetry. He is broadly inclusive, it must be admitted; but he never selects work below a recognizable standard. His new volume contains a surprizingly large quantity of distinctive and genuine poetry."

James Southall Wilson, in The Virginia Quarterly Review
January, 1930

"Each one will judge the contents of this book according to his own predilections. Whoever has a theory as to the nature of contemporary magazine poetry must prove it by the evidence in this volume. We still marvel at the unending patience and assiduousness of the compiler. For large as this collection is, it represents a choice from a far larger bulk of material. In the course of a year we read a good deal of verse ourselves, but nothing approaching the amount Mr. Braithwaite must read. It might well sicken him with poetry forever! And yet the large body of what he has chosen is respectably written. It is of great variety in theme and treatment. The collection is spade-work well-done for the future anthologists and historians of American poetry."

William Rose Benet, in Saturday Review of Literature, Nov. 23, '29

"One may easily pick out a hundred lyrics, sprung like particolored flowers from the very soil of the West and of the South and of New England, full of sentiment and fragrance, attesting to the general growth of genuine musical emotion, many of them worthy of keeping in remembrance. There are others inspired by travel abroad. It is remarkable how widespread this particular culture has become and Mr. Braithwaite deserves universal acclaim for his services during sixteen years in awakening such a spirit in our land."

Nathan Haskell Dole, in The Boston Transcript

COMMENTS ON THE 1925 ANTHOLOGY

"This work is deserving of financial support."—*George Steele Seymour.*

"Mr. Braithwaite has done more to bring first recognition to Poets than any other American of today."—*Journal of Education.*

"Mr. Braithwaite's 'Yearbook of American Poetry' offers a well-appointed shelter for scattered and homeless verse."—*Agnes Replier in The Yale Review.*

"To be named in Braithwaite's Anthology is the first claim a poet can stake on permanent remembrance. If he gets by this collector's discerning eye, he has a chance at more than ephemeral fame."—*Columbus, Ohio, Sunday Dispatch.*

"The labor, the pains, the patience that went into the making of this Anthology and Year Book must have been so unlimited and so dauntless that the mere thought of them arouses the wonder and admiration of any penman."—*New York Times.*

"Famous and Invaluable Series."—*The Nation.*

"Including as it does the Yearbook of American Poetry, the Braithwaite Anthology is essential to anyone interested in the poetry movement in America. The task of compiling these annual anthologies is a mammoth one. Invaluable both for reference and for sheer delightful reading."—*R.P.Harriss in The Archive.*

"I have always admired your energy and zeal in preparing these annual collections, but it seems to me that this year you have been even more successful than usual. I have been particularly impressed with the historical summary contained in your 'Introduction.' It sets forth certain tendencies of the last twenty-five years more plainly than I have seen them set forth elsewhere, and I am sure that your estimate of relative values will win recognition from those who are qualified to judge."—*Bliss Perry, Harvard University.*

"There is no question that Mr. Braithwaite's faithful devotion to poetry has resulted in the recognition of some of the best of modern American poets—he has given a dignity to our national muse that it sadly needed in the face of insular indifference and prejudice of too many British critics, who seem to feel that the slopes of Parnassus and the Vales of Tempe are all too beaten down already by British feet. . . . Far the best record we possess of the poetry of the last decade, and form a really valuable library of reference."—*The Commonweal.*

"Braithwaite's Anthology is a National Institution."—*May Lamberton Becker.*

"Represents the work of an unusual number of new poets."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

"No matter how pessimistic one may be about contemporary poetry the value of this book and the service of the editor cannot be over-looked. The annual Anthology has become an institution."—*The Literary Lantern.*

"The issue is a very complete one, showing exhaustive work in delving into the poetry of the year."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

"There comes to hand a volume like the *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1925*, by William Stanley Braithwaite, and the wonder grows that so much fine poetry can be produced in a land which we of the better minds have agreed has so completely gone to the radio and flivver dogs. All the more, therefore, is it a refreshing thing to turn the pages of this Anthology, and every now and again read, with a catch at the throat, what is authentic and beautiful poetry."—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

"Mr. Braithwaite's Anthology contains many hours of real joy. It is wonderful to see how many young writers, and those also who have already won a high reputation, pouring forth such vivid, generally wholesome interesting lyrics, ballads, narrative poems, dialect poems. Much of the best life of our day is reflected in these pages. Two hundred and forty names are represented and Mr. Braithwaite introduces them with his gentle friendliness in an appreciative article and he adds lists of magazines and other information which cannot help being indispensable for any ambitious poet. This is the thirteenth volume of his series and may he continue it for many years."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

"Mr. Braithwaite's generous enthusiasm for the currency of American verse and his diligence in reading it all, year after year—a labor plausibly conducive to neurasthenia as well as to an anthology—might well be expected to exhaust the field. The *Anthology for 1925* contains the usual and valuable index of poets and poems and lists of articles and reviews of poets and poetry, books about poets and poetry volumes published in 1924-1925, American magazines publishing poetry, winners of poetry prize contests—interesting appendices for the minute student of contemporary poetry; they will be useful also to the research scholar in the years to come."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM S. BRAITHWAITE
POET, CRITIC, WRITER, ANTHOLOGIST.
Extract from a Letter

"I was born in Boston, Dec. 6th, 1878. My parents were of British Colonial descent. Father died when I was seven; the family being Mother and four children, of whom I was the second and eldest boy.

Father was a proud man, upon whom luxury had smiled; indeed he was pampered by life, had been educated at the home college and in England. He did not approve of the public schools and, during his life-time, I was not allowed to start school. I was, therefore, over seven when I went to kindergarten; proceeded to the primary school (the only one from which I ever graduated) and continued in the grammar school until my twelfth year; when I left school for good and went to work regularly.

I began selling papers when I was between nine and ten years old. My brief school and newspaper-selling days were those of a frail, delicate boy, whose indomitable spirit led him to do whatever any other boy, however robust, would do. I had been sheltered during Father's life-time, not being allowed to play with other children; and, in consequence, when I went to school I was shy and frightened of the other boys. They were quick to perceive it; and if I did not succeed in escaping on the run as soon as the doors were open when school was out, I was properly slapped and kicked by the other boys.

This tortured school existence lasted above a year .. and then suddenly I found myself the king of the little school domain. I must tell you about it. Right after Father's death, I was conscious of a passionate love for my mother. Father, tho he started life with every advantage, and at his father's death came into a substantial legacy, died penniless .. and more, for there were debts. Mother went out to work and, on cold winter mornings, with snow piled high on the streets and sidewalks, I used to stand at the window as she left and weep. Father had been very scrupulous about his children's appearance; and, after his death, it must have been much in my mother's mind, because she was always careful to see me neatly prepared. And I took great pride in my shoes, which in those days of liquid dressing, were always brightly polished.

Well, one February day there had been a thaw and, in rubbers, I got to school with my shoes in their pristine glory. The biggest bully in the school was a boy named George (I do not recall his last name) and, if I had a dollar for every time he smacked my face .. well, the debts that are worrying me would soon be paid off. When I took my rubbers off in the school dressing-room, with a tender feeling in my heart for the clean, bright appearance mother had given my shoes, George, standing by, for some reason, could not approve of the clean shoes while all the rest of the children carried evidence of the February thaw. His own shoes were muddy and, with a taunting laugh, he rubbed the mud from his own shoes onto mine .. Fury possessed me! For myself I felt nothing. It was mother's labor of love that had been desecrated .. and, in that moment, my little life-time of fear dropped from me like a robe. I attacked George with all the vehemence that passion and anger can create, and tho George was a much larger boy than I, .. I whipped him thoroughly. His nose bled furiously and he was begging for help, when the teacher heard the commotion and, coming in, pulled me away.

In whipping that one boy, the bully of the school, I had conquered all the boys; and when school was out, at noon, they came and paid obeisance to me, telling me how much they had always liked me and didn't I want some "glassies" and so on. I am afraid, at that moment, I was not a good exemplar of the Great Non-Resister. Among some of those boys who were trying to effect a treaty were three or four who had made life very miserable for me, and one

especially, who never slapped, but kicked. Well, quick as a flash, I determined to confirm the conquest as much as possible and I went for those fellows. The boy who kicked ran .. and he was the one I wanted to punish. I caught him just as he reached his home .. and struck.

All my school mates were white. One boy, Tommy Ryan, used to taunt me for my color. Mother used to go to a near-by beach during the summer, hire a cottage and do laundry. She decided it was the only employment that would provide a sufficient revenue to maintain the family and permit her to stay at home and look out for the children. I used to go with my cart, get the laundry, and take it back when it was finished. We returned to the house on Pleasant Street, the day before school opened in September. When I was about ten, on returning from the street, between a fence on either side about seven feet high .. there on the right perched Tommy Ryan. He was a husky fellow. I shall never forget seeing him there with his disdainful haughty glance. As calmly as he sat there, when I approached, he called out, "Hello, nigger!" All I said was, "Will you stay there until I take my bag into the house?" "Sure", he said, "think I am afraid?" I ran into the house, left my little bag, returned, climbed the fence, pulled him and gave Tommy Ryan the worst beating he ever had. From that time on Tommy Ryan was my slave. He is now, and has been for years, a policeman here.

Oh, those brief school years! I played the best hockey on the Common, no boy had a surer hand with marbles, and in base-ball no boy thought of playing short-stop when I was around. And to fight was next to meat and drink! I had to fight! I was terribly underweight, and if any boy had ever hit me .. well, Phil Scott down at Miami the other night could have learned something in the fading-away technique. On the other hand, my punch was not so hard, but rapid and numerous, and wore away the resistance of the toughest opponent. And didn't Jerry Sullivan, whom I fought time and again, become a piece of lyrical leather I shall never forget!

But why go into all this? To give you a faint picture of the boy who, alone, had to fight his way to health, education, such success as he has won! At twelve and a half, I couldn't stand the burdens that mother seemed to be carrying to provide a living, so I left school and went to work. My first regular job was with a barber supply house. From there I went to Springer Brothers, a ladies cloak and suit house, opening and shutting the door for customers. In 1893, mother, instead of returning to Winthrop, went down to Newport. There that summer, I went to work as a brush boy in a barber shop, the best shop in town, whose patrons were men like J. P. Morgan, John Jacob Astor, etc. These men I have talked with, brushed their clothes, cleaned their boots. It was queer that Newport should see me on such differing ends of the social scale(?) Five years later, I was managing a book store for the Marquis de Logeret on Belvue Avenue, where the Vanderbilts, the Frenches, Harry Lehr, Astors, Chauncey Depuy, were patrons; where foreign noblemen would come in with their hosts .. and where I saw King Albert of Belgium, who as prince, at nineteen, was visiting Newport. I had a brief reputation "down the Avenue" for being an authority on books, one whose judgement could be trusted in recommending the latest ones.

These five years had marked a great development. In the Fall of 1894, when I returned from Newport, I went to work for Ginn and Co., school and text-book publishers. The position was to make three trips daily between the press and general offices with mail and proofs. In the meantime I had nothing to do, and the superintendant of the composing room gave me books to read. One day he asked me if I would like to become a printer, and replying yes, he set me at a case to learn the type. I learned it quickly, and was then given my first job to work on, a reprint of Southey's "Life of Nelson". In January, 1895, the press moved to new quarters in Cambridge. Those working days were long, from seven to six; and

winter mornings, I was at my case before the sun came up behind Beacon Hill. The first job Mr. Weinschenk gave me was a reprint of Keat's poems. As I looked out of the window one morning, with Keat's copy before me, I saw the "rosy mantlings of the dawn" break over Beacon Hill, and became a poet. Just as that fight with George did something, the magic of Keat's did something, too. It was as sudden, and as passionate, as consuming! One of my duties, beside sweeping the composing-room, was to take proofs of all the matter set up by the fifty odd type-setters. I always took an extra proof for myself, surreptitiously of course, and carried them home to read and study. These proofs, for some time, were my library. I wrote little verses and would put the type on the end of the galleys, and take proofs of them .. these were my first printed poems!

In the old days of hand-set type, the cases were always thickly powdered with lead-dust. One inhaled a good deal into the lungs. That compositers were tubercular was a common tradition in those days; and, catching a severe cold, a physician advised mother to have me leave Ginn. We went to Newport early that year, and instead of returning to the shop where I had worked the previous summer, I went over to Jamestown, with a man known as Bob Francis .. what a man he was! He had been a Senate barber in Washington, and his experiences of the Civil War, and the years following in Washington, were epical! He was a wicked old man tho, in a particular way, and his lyrical excursions into the realm of sex might have left a different impression but by the grace of God and my own pure idealism in reference to a woman. I was brush and boot-black with the stand on the hotel-piazza. I had two summers in Jamestown .. and the dreaming and reading and writing! The discussions with "my customers", guests in the hotel, on literature of the past and of the day; one man in particular, I recall, was a great reader; he would come and sit near my stand, and debate Tolstoi, for whom he had a passion; and Nordeau's "Degeneration" which was then the literary sensation .. but I mustn't go further into this .. not even to say much about Tommy Middleton, the "rich young man" of the period, who had traveled over the world; and when he discovered I knew so much about places I had never seen, wanted to take me the next winter with him when he went up the Nile. He promised me Italy because I had such a passion for Florence and wanted to see Rome and the Hill Towns. But mother would not let me go. We had our first difference the summer I went to work in the Barber Shop in Newport, because she insisted that I learn to be a barber for my livelihood. I told her that I would do anything I could to help support the family, but whatever I did was but the means towards an end, a literary life.

We stayed in Newport Winter and Summer, from 1896 to 1899. I worked in a Club, and during those years, laid the foundation of an education. How I read and studied! and wrote feeble verses. The winter of 1900 we spent in New York .. that winter! I had gathered an mss. of verses, and went to see Mr. Howells. We talked and that was all. Six years later he had me in to tea. Back to Newport the summer of 1900; Boston, winter 1901, and back to Newport permanently, working at the Club, until 1903, when I married and came to Boston.

It would take several chapters to record the years 1903-4-5-6. The first thing was to get my book of poems published; this I did in 1904, and that's a tale! I was sending out poems to the magazines all the while, which except for a rare acceptance, all came back. And now for the prologue to the Anthologies! I sent some verses to Harpers and recieved a cordial letter from Henry Alden Mills, a personal letter, mind you; and tho he did not accept any verse, he asked me to submit some more. Naturally I got a bunch off in the next mail and apparently when they reached the magazine office, they were put into an envelope with a "printed rejection slip" .. and by return mail! Well, that hit me a blow! Something was wrong in the "magazine poetic state of Denmark", I told myself .. I recieved the rejection on the first morning post .. and went out of the house over

to the Public Garden, and took a seat under the bridge by the pond. And there I sat all day until dark, pondering over the state of affairs in American Poetry, and its relation to the editorial world, and the world of public appreciation. When I left for home, hungry and mentally tired, I had worked out an idea for championing the American poet .. not myself but the art I loved. I went into the office of the BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, saw the editor, and outlined my idea for the poetry article, which last November, was printed for the twenty fifth time. These annual articles created a wide and dominating interest. Editors began to confess to me, that they made them take a different attitude towards poetic contributions. These annual articles ran for seven years before the first volume of the anthology appeared; each year I printed titles and authors of poems that would make such a collection, and people began calling for the book.

After the publication of my first book of poems I felt the necessity of following it almost immediately with another book of some kind. So I hit upon the idea of compiling a comprehensive anthology of the Elizabethan non-dramatic poems. I suggested it to my publisher and he approved. I did the work from April to August, and the book came out in November. It then occurred to me that the entire range of English poetry from the Elizabethans to the Victorians, should be collected in a series of four books. So the Georgian book was done next, then the Restoration, then the Victorian (the latter was never published). The four books were accomplished in three years, all the mechanical work (typing) as well as the reading and selections. They total about 4000 printed pages.

When the call for the Anthology of Magazine Verse became insistent, I proposed it to the publishers but none would take it. So I published at my own expense the 1913 and 1914 volumes. Ten, out of the seventeen volumes, I have not only edited but typed, distributed, being shipping clerk, errand boy, as well as editor. I have had a passion for this anthology work, and when I tell the full story of my experiences with it, it will be a surprising, and in many respects, an unbelievable story. But with the increasing volume of poetry written, the Yearly Anthologies have exacted a heavy toll of work; it takes nine months of each year to complete each book, during which time, it commands my complete attention, and this means working for weeks on end, from fourteen to seventeen hours a day. Every bit of the book I have to do myself, the reading and winnowing of thousands of poems, indexing, typing, proof-reading .. a hundred other things.

The achievement of this book, which leaves me each year an indebtedness, gives me only three months of the year to balance this deficit. With a fatigued mind and body, I turn to the most immediate source of income, reviewing, articles, for support of a family of nine. So it has been .. debts sinking me deeper, balancing me on the brink of disaster .. until with the finish of the 1929 volume, I crashed on the rocks below"

SCHOLARSHIP

P

February 13, 1930

My dear Miss Mirick: We have received your appeal for Mr. William S. Braithwaite, the colored poet and anthologist. In conference with Mr. Edwin R. Embree, President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, it was agreed that as much as Mr. Braithwaite is worthy, the scope of the Fund's work at present does not warrant a contribution such as you described in your letter.

You will, of course, realize that it is impossible for the Fund to comply with any appreciable number of the many worthy appeals sent to it each day. You will also realize that the policy of the Fund has had to be rather set and the work of the Fund kept within well defined channels. Emphasis is in the field of Negro education including elementary, secondary and college training, hospitals, the field of library service, and other minor fields which need not be enumerated in this letter. To go outside of these fields would set a precedent that would open up new fields which we could not hope to cover. For this reason, we are unable to help you in your efforts for Mr. Braithwaite at this time.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE R. ARTHUR

GRA:VH

Miss Edith Mirick
Star-Dust
3314 Newark Street
Washington, D. C.

Enc.

FISK
UNIVERSITY

Mr. Embree -

GRA				

Remarks:

Mrs. Braithwaite is
worthy - but what can we
J.P.F. do

GRA

Nothing - will you say so, politely
ERK and sympathetically

Mr Braithwaites books will be in all libraries and we can get letters from Edwin Arlington Robinson and others.

STAR-DUST

A JOURNAL OF POETRY

3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

2CS 2-11-30

Dear Mr Rosenwald:

I am told that you have been most generous in your aid and encouragement to members of the colored race who are contributing to the cultural advance of their race.

I am wrting therefore in behalf of the colored poet and anthologist, William Stanley Braithwaite, who has for seventeen years edited the yearly ANTHOLOGIES OF MAGAZINE VERSE, that make now an unbroken record of this poetic period from its beginning in 1912.

These books are invaluable as a record of the period, text books for teachers and students, reference books for editors and other anthologists.

Mr Braithwaite occupies a unique position in poetry of today and is known as the "maker of poets" for his word has grown so respected that his selection of a poet for inclusion in his anthologies is equiveiant to an admission of that poet to the upper circles of poetic prestige.

The work of these anthologies howeverwith the increasing volume of poetry being written, has come to be enormous, taking up all of Mr Braithwaite's time and giving him an insufficient sum in return to meet his expenses.

(over)

This has resulted in a slowly increasing mountain of debt which has at last buried him: and he now faces ruin, mortgage-foreclosure, loss of his house, (his valuable library had been sold for a song to Harvard) and the future of these valuable anthologies .. as well as his own future, looks black indeed.

I am collecting money among the poets of America... but poets, alas, are poor .. and the money dribbles in bit by bit in a heart-breaking way.

The sum of \$3000 is needed to save the home for him. *(we have now about \$500*

It would seem a wonderful thing if this splendid man could be put on or in some Foundation wherby he could pursue this splendid work without this awful financial stress upon him and threatening him as it has done always in the past. Is there anyway you can suggest towards such an end.?

But meantime there is the raising of the ~~sum~~ necessary to save the home before anything can be done further. Would it be possible for you to help this \$3000 Fund for Mr Braithwaite.?

His address is 243 Park Ave., Arlington Heights, Mass.

This is a most worthy cause you will see I know. Mr Braithwaite is of West Indian blood I believe and married a Virginia negress, I have heard. He has a large family of children I believe.

Sincerely

Edith Mirick

He has been asked by Harvard to write his memoirs for them.

February Seventh

Edith Mirick

FISK
UNIVERSITY

2-8

STAR-DUST

A JOURNAL OF POETRY

3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

2/13/32

To The Julius Rosenwald Fund:

Dear Sirs:

I have just addressed a letter to Mr Rosenwald's residence telling him if the distressing plight of Wm. S. Braithwaite, the colored poet and anthologist, who has for 17 yrs edited the YEARLY ANTHOLOGIES OF MAGAZINES VERSE, which make such a wonderful and complete record of the poetry of this Renaissance from its beginning in 1912.

Thinking Mr Rosenwald might be away at this time I am writing direct to you also, in hopes that there might be available a fund which could be used in the event of his absence to help in this case.

Repeating my letter to Mr Rosenwald: Mr Braithwaite occupies a unique and unusual position in the poetry world of today. He has seen the rise of all our big poets of today from their swaddling clothes and has kept the record of this rise in these complete collections which hold the best of the poetry of each year since 1912.

So much respect has his judgement come to be that the very selection of a poet to inclusion in his yearly volumes of poetry means their establishment on firm foundation in poetic circles.

(over)

FISK
UNIVERSITY

These huge volumes however take all of his time now with the increased volume of poetry being written and yet they do not bring in sufficient income to make ends meet.

With the result of a slowly increasing burden of debt that has at last brought him face to face with ruin: the loss of his home through mortgage foreclosure and the abandonment of the yearly anthologies .. his life work.

It would seem a splendid thing if this man could be put under the care of some foundation which could free him from financial stress by a yearly sum, that he might devote himself to this work; the continuance of this valuable series of books. And also get the books put on the best possible paying basis.

But meantime there is the present emergency to be met and we are trying to raise a sum of \$3000 to meet the payments necessary to save the roof over his head. It is slow work collecting this sum from poets who are always poor. I have raised only \$500 from among the poets of America. Could you help with this fund.

Mr Braithwaite's Anthologies can be found in any library; and we can get letters I am sure from such poets as Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, etc. The former has already helped him quite generously.

He is of West Indian blood and I have heard married a Va. negress and has quite a few children.

Sincerely,

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick.

February Eighth.

*He has been asked by
Harvard to write
his memoirs for them.*

FISK
UNIVERSITY

-ECS 219
 STAR-DUST
 A JOURNAL OF POETRY
 3314 NEWARK STREET
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

2-15-38
 SCHOLARSHIP

Dear Mr Rosenwald:

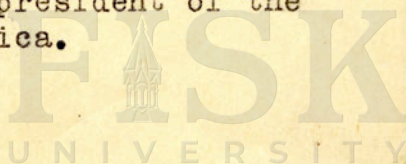
I am in receipt today of a letter from the Rosenwald Fund; that owing to the nature of the case (which does not fall under their jurisdiction) they are unable to help me in my effort to save Wm. Stanley Braithwaite, the colored poet and anthologist, from a mortgagee foreclosure threatening his home; and brought about by his long years of unremunerative labor on the YEARLY ANTHOLOGIES OF MAGAZINE VERSE now in their 17th consecutive year.

The nature of these volumes and their importance to this era of letters cannot be over-estimated .. and my fear is, that if something is not done, the work on these splendid volumes will have to cease.

I am wondering if you could personally, apart from the fund, do anything to help this really great and brilliant man from ruin.?

I am sending some Chicago poets of reputation to see you about this: Glenn Ward Dresbach, Lucia Trent, and Ralph Cheyney, all of Chicago and all of national reputation.

I am also sending under separate cover two letters: one from Lew Sarett, poet, lecturer and professor at North Western University; and one from Wm. Griffith of New York, president of the Poetry Society of America.



who has unsuccessfully approached the Carnegie Fund for a loan, for Mr Braithwaite.

At present the emergency is the need of \$2400 (I have raised \$600 among the poets for a temporary payment)

Could you possibly help by a donation or a loan for this fund?

If you wish I am sure I can get a letter from Edwin Arlington Robinson recommending Mr Braithwaite as in every way deserving of help .. and a man valuable to his generation.

It is heartbreaking to me to see this man go to ruin when he is doing so much good for all races and colors and creeds in the world of poetry.

Ofcourse the anthologies (and the work on them should be endowed or stabilized in some way .. but at present the terrible need is for money to meet this emergency.

Hoping that you will be able to help

Sincerely

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick

February Fifteenth.

SCHOLARSHIP

Braithwaite -
Wm Stanley

March 19, 1930

My dear ^{Miss} Miss Mirick: I must apologize for not answering your letter to Mr. Rosenwald before this. I have been on an extended visit through the East and have only recently returned.

As you may know, Mr. Rosenwald has been abroad for some weeks and will not be in Chicago until after the first week in April. It is rather rarely that he finds that he can help individuals - believing himself to be more effective in attaining his ends when he confines himself to relatively larger programs. Whether, due to the rather exceptional position of Mr. Braithwaite, he may be interested, I cannot say. I shall, however, be glad to present the matter to him sympathetically upon his return.

You mention the possibility of a letter from Edwin Arlington Robinson about Mr. Braithwaite. If such could be procured, I shall be glad to present it along with the other materials. You mention having Messrs. Dresbach and Cheyney, also Miss Trent, either call or write about Mr. Braithwaite. I have not heard from them as yet.

Very truly yours,

RAYMOND S. RUBINOW
Raymond S. Rubinow
Secretary to Mr. Rosenwald

RSR:VH
^{Miss} Miss Edith Mirick
Star-Dust
3314 Newark Street
Washington, D. C.



STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"List"
See ERG

Dear Mr Rubinow:

Thank you so much for your letter of today in regard to possible aid for Wm. Stanley Braithwaite, the colored anthologist, poet, and critic.

I am very happy indeed that there is even a faint possibility of help for him when Mr Rosenwald returns .. at least happy that you are willing to put the case before him personally.

The situation with him is very acute: three mortgages on his home, taxes, notes .. apparently a lot of wolf-like creditors hounding him until it is really pitiful.

I have a brief story of his life which I am copying to send you: a very moving and brave tale of achievement in the face of unparalelled odds; I have written Edwin Arlington Robinson today for a letter and I will also get you a letter from some one in Harvard University .. and perhaps too, the editor of the Boston Evening Transcript, for whom he has written for 25 yrs.

I will forward all this to you next week in time to present to Mr Rosenwald on his return from Egypt in April.

Several possibilities suggest themselves for his aid which I will enumerate as follows:

1. A fund or endowment under which he could work for a year or period of years. (Anthology or memoirs)
2. A grant of money to clear his debts about \$5000 (2000 would help.)
3. The purchase of his home, held under three mortgages, to be held in trust for him (but not given outright.)
4. You will understand the case more fully when you receive letters and his "brief biography"

His work has been mainly the editing of anthologies, and Harvard University has asked for his memoirs, but has no fund for him to work on.

He has sold his valuable library to Harvard but they also lack funds to pay him for this sale.

A grant might be made to Harvard for the "library sale" or the writing of the memoirs.

At present Mr Braithwaite has had to drop the editing of the Yearly Anthologies of Magazine Verse (in their 17th yr) and is working to support a family of nine (seven children) He is making daily needs but nothing to pay on debts.

Sincerely

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick
editor

March 21, 1930

In ref: Appeal for Wm. S. Braithwaite, colored poet and Anthologist, for endowment or aid in financial difficulty.

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SCHOLARSHIP

3/29/30

Dear Mr Rubinow:

I am enclosing with this letter, as per your suggestion, a letter from Edward Arlington Robinson (I hope you can read it, I had some difficulty and feel a little uncertain yet)

I enclose also a short story of the life of Mr. Braithwaite.

I will try to get a letter from some of the Harvard University authorities. (There will be little difficulty in this, as they they think very highly of Mr. Braithwaite at the University; and it is they who have urged him to write his memoirs for them, but lack the Fund for this work. I will send this letter later.

I enclose one also from John Hall Wheelock, of Scribner and Co., N.Y.City.

With these letters, I doubt if a visit from either Mr Dresbach or Mr Cheyney would add much weight to the plea, as neither rate as highly, ofcourse, as Mr Robinson and Mr Wheelock.

The Rosenwald Fund has a letter from Wm. Grigith, president of the Poetry Society of America, also a letter from Lew Sarett, professor at Northwestern University, and a lecturer and poet of note (from Chicago too).

These letters they still have at the Rosenwald Fund .. and in them both men spoke very highly indeed of Mr Braithwaite .. and recommended an endowment for him.

If wished, I can get other letters, I am sure.

As is stated in the letters, Mr Braithwaites principle work has been the Yearly Anthologies of Magazine Verse, volumes which have demanded a stupendous amount of work, with little financial return: the ultimate cause of his present terrible financial distress.

He has also edited, as his "life-story" tells, four anthologies, covering the history of poetry from the time of Elizabeth to the present day (one volume yet unpublished.

He seems to have a gift and an absolute passion for anthology work, for poetic research work; and it is in his love for this work, his attention to its absorbing and minute detail, that he lost his sense of far-vision, and allowed debts to heap upon him until he was crushed under them.

The memoirs which Harvard University has asked him to write (and for which they have as yet no fund with which to endow him for the work) would consist of his most vivid experiences with the best-known men and women of letters of this day; for he knew intimately Amy Lowell, E.A.Robinson, was well acquainted with Frost, Howells, brought Edna St.Vincent Millay from poetic

UNIVERSITY

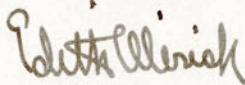
STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

swaddling clothes, walked the streets, hungry, with Vachel Lindsay. .. in fact has known more or less well, practically all the poetic figures of this literary era.

Let me know if there is anything more I can get in the way of letters of information. I will forward the letter from Harvard as soon as I get it.

With many thanks indeed to you for your very kind interest,

Sincerely Yours



Edith Mirick
editor

March 29th, 1930

I might add a word in regard to Mr Braithwaite's present condition financially, since the letter I wrote you was of a date sometime past.

I have succeeded by great effort, in raising \$1300 for him, and this sum kept the roof over his head, and helped to scare off a few of the most voracious creditors.

But taxes, mortgage interest, notes seem to be constantly due, money comes to me for him less and less frequently; and if help is not soon forthcoming there is no outcome but the "bankruptcy court", loss of home and all personal belongings, and ruin for himself, a wife and seven children.

At the advice of a lawyer-friend, I wrote to the half-dozen most voracious creditors personally, telling them that every effort was being made for Mr B. and that we would agree to keep them informed, if they would agree to cease active prosecution, until we had time to follow every possible trail that could lead to aid. I have to date (it is done within the week) recieved one courteous and favorable reply.

\$255 is due for taxes on nouse April 1st: and I have but \$187 for him .. and on May 1st \$650 interest on mortgages .. and it will be a miracle if I get that for him.

Do you think Mr Rosenwald would like one of the Yearly Anthologies to look over? If so I will have it sent on right away.

E.M.

P

SCHOLARSHIP

In re: William S. Braithwaite.

I am adding this quotation from a letter which may be of interest in showing the immense amount of patient genius the man shows in collecting the material for the Yearly Anthologies:

" You ask about my method of editing the Anthologies: ... From one to two hundred publications (monthlies, weeklies, bi-monthlies, quarterlies) are sent to me by the publishers: that is I am on their complimentary lists. They total many hundreds of separate issues. Then I receive hundreds and hundreds of clippings of poems, printed in newspapers, trade-papers, bulletins, etc., from the authors. My method is to read every poem in these publications, and mark them with one, two and three carats. After the poems have all been read and marked, I then type the titles and authors and dates of all the poems in these hundreds and hundreds of magazines (totalling with slight variations, from year to year, seven to ten and twelve thousand items) on index cards, a title to a card. Then I tear out the poems marked one, two and three carats, and paste them on the regular 8½ by 11½ manilla sheets; there are generally about two thousand of these poems. Then I arrange these poems alphabetically by authors, and begin the weeding process, reading them over and over, again and again, until I am quite certain of selecting the best of every type, mood, etc.

The sheets are then numbered, and table of contents made, and index of first lines. Sometimes this latter is made from the proofs; but it is best to make it from the manuscript to keep a working list of the selections at hand while the book is in process of manufacture, and for permissions. The Anthology of poems is the first to go to the printer. When this is disposed of, I go thru the magazines again to type the other indexes; the articles and reviews of books of poems and about poetry; then I consult all sorts of lists, publishers catalogues for the books of poems published. All these items are typed on separate index cards. When they are all finished, often some 20,000 items, I begin to arrange by authors, all the cards; this is the work of weeks, with each card numbered. The Year-Book is set up from these cards. Then comes the proof-reading and the hundreds of letters for permissions. And until the book is out of the Bindery and ready for distribution, there is not a minute thru the long days, of from 14 to 17 hrs, for anything else. Besides the regular letters of permissions, there are hundreds of other letters to authors in connection with their work. "

March 23d, 1930

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick

7

SCHOLARSHIP

April 3, 1930

My dear ^{Mrs.} Miss Mirick: Thank you very much for the material about Mr. Braithwaite which reached me safely. I think the letters you have submitted are quite ample for my purposes and there will be no need of a visit from Mr. Dresbach or Mr. Cheney. You refer to the possibility of the Harvard University authorities expressing their interest in having Mr. Braithwaite do his memoirs. This would be very valuable, if available. While I cannot hold out any hope to you at this juncture, I shall be glad to take up the matter with Mr. Rosenwald at the first opportunity.

Very truly yours,

RAYMOND S. RUBINOW

Raymond S. Rubinow
Secretary to Mr. Rosenwald

RSR:VH

^{Mrs.}
Miss Edith Mirick
Star Dust
3314 Newark Street
Washington, D. C.



April 6th, 1930

In re: Appeal for aid for
Wm. S Braithwaite
poet and anthologist

STAR DUST

3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Mr Rubinow:

I am enclosing this letter from Professor Bliss Perry, head of the Department of English at Harvard University, and former editor of the Atlantic Monthly, who is, I believe, one of the leading authorities of English in this country.

He did not, unfortunately, express any definite opinion in regard to the wish of the University to have Mr Braithwaite's memoirs, rather stressing the importance and achievement of the Yearly Anthology Series, and of his general accomplishments.

I have written him today to ask if I might have a letter with a direct reference to the idea of the memoirs, from such authorities as would be appropriate, and I am sure he will send this within about a weeks time.

I appreciate very much your kindness in this matter, and I realize, ofcourse, that you can do no more than lay the matter before Mr Rosenwald and leave the decision to him. And I thank you for this.

I note in the catalogue of the Rosenwald Fund that Mr Rosenwald does occasionally help in the "support of creative workers .. in their mature and creative periods" .. and the case of Mr Braithwaite might conceivably fall in this class; particularly as his race and color, as pointed out by Prof. Perry, bars him from such positions as his ability would indicate for him.

I think there is very little doubt that, were it not for Mr Braithwaite's race and color, a dignified, well-paying position of honor might easily be gotten for him .. but wherever I have tried it has been "Yes, he is worthy of a splendid position, but there is his color which bars him from this and that, etc." It is really very pitiful that the color of one's skin must limit and color the field of one's achievement and usefulness.

I thank you again for your consideration,

Very Sincerely

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick
editor

It is possible I may get a letter from the President of Harvard, Dr Lowell.

In re: Appeal for aid for Mr William S. Braithwaite,
poet, critic and anthologist.

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SCHOLARSHIP

Dear Mr. Rubinow:

I wrote Mr Braithwaite to find out just who asked him about the memoirs for Harvard University, and received the enclosed letter from the assistant Librarian, Mr Winship, written to Mr Braithwaite.

I have however written to both Dr Lowell, the president and Prof Perry, head of English Department, for a more substantial declaration of their wish for the memoirs.

In writing me, Mr Braithwaite enclosed a letter from Century Company of N.Y., which is rather of a historical document; as the date, 1912, indicates the letter to have been written the year in which the Anthology-Series was begun... and Mr Braithwaite writes me of this letter addressed to Andrew Carnegie (but never used):

"A good many years ago when I contemplated the Anthology, some interested friends sought to obtain Andrew Carnegies support for the work, and gave me letters of introduction to him. I never presented the letters, but plunged ahead with the work on my own resources. I came across these the other day when I gathered the material for the Collection"(The books, autographs, original Mss etc. sold to Harvard but which, to date, Harvard has been unable to pay him for)

I will receive other letters from Harvard within a week surely in regard to the writing of the memoirs for Harvard, and will forward them at once.

To date, I am holding the roof over his head, no more. I have his taxes raised for April 1st; and am at work trying to raise \$650 for a house payment May 1st. A check for \$250 from Ambassador Dwight Morrow has given me a start on this.

He has abandoned the Yearly Anthologies as I have said, and continues to make his daily needs at some sort of literary work, but nothing above this for debts. At the advice of a lawyer, I wrote the half dozen most ferocious creditors, and asked them to keep off a while, until I could get the man stabilized. They have temporarily withdrawn.

Sincerely,

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick
editor

April 9th, 1930

FISK
UNIVERSITY

In re: Appeal for aid for Wm. S. Braithwaite,
Colored poet, critic and anthologist.

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SCHOLARSHIP

Dear Mr Rubinow;

Thank you so much for the letter. I wrote to Professor Bliss Perry again; and told him that you would be glad to have the letter .. and doubtless it will be along soon.

He may be taking up the matter with Dr Lowell or other Harvard authorities before writing.

Meanwhile I have written directly to George Sully and Co., the Publisher to have a copy of the 1929 Anthology sent to you.

I appreciate greatly your interest and I want to assure you again, that I realize you are in no way accountable for the result of this appeal, and that all you can do is to place it in a sympathetic manner before Mr Rosenwald., when he returns. I thank you for this.

Very Sincerely

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick
editor

April 11th, 1930

ERE

Why not a conditional
offer of £2000 a year
to match + £2000 from Howard?
~~ERE~~ says Howard wouldn't do
it.

April 15, 1930

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr. Rubenau:

4/21/30
Mrs. Merrill has

asked me to send you a line
about Harvard's interest in Mr.
W. S. Braithwaite.

The present situation
is this. The library now has for
inspection and purchase Braithwaite's
collection of autograph letters from
American poets, and some of his
books. The price to be paid is
not yet settled, but there is a
fund available for these items,
and Mr. Winship, who is charge
of the matter, assures me this
morning that the sale will
undoubtedly go through.

Winship, and all of
us professors interested in American
poetry, are eager to have B. write
his memoirs of the last thirty

UNIVERSITY

years, based upon his unrivalled
knowledge of wool production
in this country. The library would
give him every facility, & would
supervise the undertaking; but
unluckily there is no fund
available for such a project,
and Wishik is so far unable
to discover a way of financing
it.

This is the situation in
a nut-shell. Braithwaite needs
help as urgently as any scholar
needs it, and he deserves it. But as
he has no "academic" standing (owing to
his race and lack of early
opportunities for college training)
he is not technically entitled to be
helped by the special funds which
are sometimes at the disposal
of our professors to aid them
in doing precisely what Braithwaite
is so well equipped to do!

Sincerely yours
Bliss Perry

SCHOLARSHIP

P

April 21, 1930

Dear Mrs. Mirick: In thinking about a regular post for William Stanley Braithwaite, we have wondered whether Harvard would be willing to give him a definite appointment, possibly in connection with the library, if a part of the funds were guaranteed. It seems to me that a connection with a library would be the natural one for a man whose work consists in the publishing of anthologies and who may engage in other literary activities.

We have occasionally shown a special interest in unusual individuals by helping to guarantee their support for a period of years. If Harvard would offer an official connection and if either Harvard or Mr. Braithwaite's friends could find a part of the money, I should be willing to recommend to our committee that we undertake a part of his support - say for a five-year period. I think we might be willing to consider paying one-half of his salary up to a total contribution from us of \$1,500 or \$2,000 a year. Of course I cannot promise this until the matter has been presented to our committee. I make the suggestion, however, so that you may be enabled, if you care to do so, to see if arrangements to this general effect could be made with the Harvard authorities.

Very truly yours,

ERE:MS

W.C. Edith Mirick
Star-Dust
3314 Newark Street
Washington, D. C.

EDWIN R. EMBREE

FISK
UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL
Breithwaite

April 23, 1930

Dear Professor Perry: Thank you very much for your letter of April fifteenth expressing the interest of Harvard University Library in Mr. Braithwaite. The Julius Rosenwald Fund has made a small grant-in-aid to assist Mr. Braithwaite in his current difficulties. The President of the Fund has also suggested the possibility of a conditional grant if a position can be arranged for Mr. Braithwaite in Harvard University Library. I am sending you herewith a copy of a letter from Mr. E. R. Embree, President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, to Mrs. Mirick in which this suggestion is made. I am sending a copy of your letter to Mrs. Mirick for her information.

Very truly yours,

RAYMOND S. RUBINOW

Raymond S. Rubinow
Secretary to Mr. Rosenwald

RSR:VH

Professor Bliss Perry
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Enc. 1



PSCHOLARSHIP Braithwaite

April 23, 1930

My dear Mrs. Mirick: I have received a letter from Professor Bliss Perry, a copy of which I am enclosing herewith for your information. I interpret his statement as meaning that the library people at Harvard are anxious to do whatever they can to enable Mr. Braithwaite to continue his literary labors. In view of their expression of interest, it would seem that they should be very eager to meet the suggestion of Mr. Embree of the Julius Rosenwald Fund in the letter enclosed herewith. I am sending a copy of Mr. Embree's letter to Dr. Perry and am hoping that between you two some arrangement may be made which will provide a post for Mr. Braithwaite at Harvard. I am enclosing also a second letter from Mr. Embree to you which will inform you of a grant-in-aid of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) made to Mr. Braithwaite. While Mr. Embree's suggestion is for quarterly payments, I am sure that if the immediate need is greatest, accelerated payment can be made if we are assured that it will be handled by some financially responsible person, such as yourself, who is participating in the straightening out of Mr. Braithwaite's affairs.

Sincerely yours,

RAYMOND S. RUBINOW

Raymond S. Rubinow
Secretary to Mr. Rosenwald

RSR:VH

Mrs. Edith Mirick
Star Dust
3314 Newark Street
Washington, D. C.

Enc. 3



To Mr Edwin R. Embree, President of Rosenwald Fund, Chicago
In reference to grant-in-aid to
Wm.S.Braithwaite, poet and anthologist.

4-29-30

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ERE	29	ERE	4/30

Dear Mr Embree:

Your grant-in-aid to Mr Braithwaite is most generous indeed, and I am deeply grateful to your Fund for the much needed help.

I am a little uncertain in my mind as to whether this sum of "\$1000 for the year 1930" is for use as an emergency fund for present difficulties; or if, in case of an endowment with a post at Harvard, this sum would form a part of his endowment for this year.

If it will form a part of his endowment in case of this being granted, then ofcourse it must be reserved for this use.

If however it is for emergency use, independant of the proposed endowment, I would use it judiciously for house payment and a fair part-settlement with creditors, who have generously witharawn their claims temporarily to give me time for adjustment.

In either case, it would be advisable, that the money be sent to me, in such installments as circumstances dictate; this to be decided by a survey of his indebtedness and house-obligations, which data I will have by the first of the week. While there is little doubt of his ability as an anthologist, critic and poetic-authority, there is every reason to doubt his practical ability to handle money-affairs.

If you will be kind enough to let me know which of the two conditions this grant-in-aid of \$1000 fits,; present emergency independant of enuowment, or part of a possible future endowment, I will then write you my best judgement of the disposal of the sum.

I have raised sufficient money to hold the home for him on the May first payment date (that is I have about a \$400 payment to make on the \$650 due) and that will hold the home until we can decide on the proper disposition of the grant-in-aid.

I hope I do not appear stupid, but \$1000 is a good deal of money and I want to be sure that it is used as is inteneded and to best advantage, to straighten out the tangled affairs of this poor poet.

My very great thanks to you,

Sincerely,

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick

Mr Braithwaite is still managing to make his daily needs but ofcourse nothing to pay on debts or the house.

To Edwin R Embree, President of Rosenwald Fund, Chicago
In re: proposed endowment of Wm S Braithwaite, poet and
anthologist with post in Harvard Library.
(endowment-in-part)

4-29-30

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ERE	2A	4/30
SCHOOL ARCHIVE		

Dear Mr Embree:

I think your idea of an endowment for Mr Braithwaite (in part) for \$1500 or \$2000 a year, in connection with a post or work at Harvard Library, is a very happy idea indeed.

I note Mr Rubinow has sent a copy of your letter in reference to this to Dr Bliss Perry at Harvard, and I will also get in touch with him on the subject.

I think there is very little doubt that the Harvard authorities seem to be anxious for the memoirs of Mr Braithwaite's past thirty years experiences in the literary world; so it resolves itself probably to this question: whether the money can be raised to increase the endowment sum which you suggest to a sum sufficient for his maintainance.

I am writing to two or three of the wealthy poets who have helped me in my efforts for Mr B. to see if they would be willing to help us on a five year programme such as you suggest. One of these poets has already expressed a willingness to help by contributing to such a fund if a start could be made.

It occurs to me also, that if the work for Harvard did not use all of his time, he could keep up the writing of articles and reviews in the evenings to augment the endowment sum. He is used to long working days (14 to 17 hrs.) and apparently has an enormous capacity for continuous grinding.

One 19 yr old boy is going to work now, and of his family of seven, one girl is finishing an art training and should soon take a job. At the end of five years, he should have only two dependant children, ..

His wife is a terribly hard worker, I am told, doing all the cooking, washing, ironing, sewing and house-cleaning for a family of nine!

I mention all this to show you that it might be possible for him to get along on less than the average man.

I am a little doubtful about Harvard being able to augment his endowment with a salary, as they seem to have no fund for this purpose as Mr Perry states, but we will see what they say; and in the meantime I will approach the rich-poets I have mentioned.

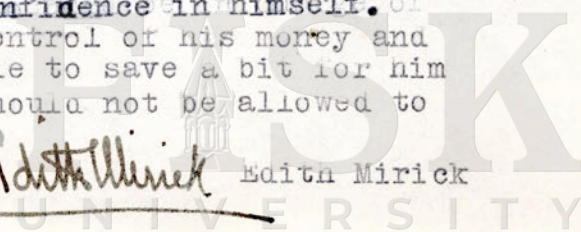
If he has time to earn a bit himself on reviews and so forth, it might be well for him to do so, even with a good endowment, for the sake of his moral fibre. It might keep up his confidence in himself.

I should like to be in control of his money and see if I might possibly be able to save a bit for him when the debts are paid. He should not be allowed to handle much money.

Sincerely

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick



In re: Appeal for aid in behalf of:
Wm S Braithwaite, colored poet and anthropologist.

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

H-29-30
Dear Mr Rubinow:

I am leaving open my letters to Mr Embree, so that you can glance over them and see if I have said the right things and gotten the right idea.

Then if they seem all right, please forward them to him.

I do feel very grateful to you for all you have done in lending a sympathetic ear to the troubles of my poor poet, and in presenting this matter to Mr Embree.

I am immensely grateful for the grant-in-aid, (of \$1000) but, as you see, from the letter, I am not just certain how this is supposed to be used, whether in connection with the endowment or solely for the relief of the present emergency.

You or Mr Embree will let me know about this. Then I will know how to proceed.

I have written to Prof. Perry; also to Mr. Braithwaite for detailed information as to his living expenses, and house-payments; also to several rich poets. I suggested to Prof Perry that Harvard might give Mr B. some humble post in the library that draws a salary of \$500 to \$1000, while he wrote the memoirs; it need not be known to anyone about position or salary .. merely that Mr B. was connected with the Library while writing the memoirs.

I will let Mr Embree know at once anything I hear. Shall I send the letter direct to him in this event, or through you?

With appreciation,

Sincerely

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick
editor

FISK
UNIVERSITY

SCHOLARSHIP

April 30, 1950

My dear Mrs. Mirick: In answer to your recent note, let me say that we intended the \$1,000 grant to be used — as much of it as is necessary — as an emergency fund to carry Mr. Braithwaite over his present difficulties, and so preserve him for what we hope will continue to be an active and useful career.

I am a little disturbed by your use of the term "endowment." I think I understand you to mean by this year by year support, but the word is used so often to mean a perpetuity from which only the interest is used that I wanted to make the matter perfectly clear. In principle, we in this office are rather suspicious of endowments in perpetuity. They seem to us to perpetuate, after a time, futile causes. At any rate, what we have in mind in the case of Mr. Braithwaite is at most a contribution along with others for annual expenses over a period of years.

We shall be very glad to handle payment of the grant-in-aid through you. I have no doubt that you can handle the financial arrangements very much better than Mr. Braithwaite could arrange them himself.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN R. EMBREE

ERE:DC

Mrs. Edith Mirick
STAR DUST
3314 Newark Street
Washington, D.C.

FISK
UNIVERSITY

SCHOLARSHIP

April 30, 1930

Dear Mrs. Mirick: I understand that Mr. Embree
has written to you and has
cleared up the doubts in your mind as to the purpose
of the grant-in-aid of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. I
think it would be quite all right for you to com-
municate any further information that you receive
about Mr. Braithwaite to Mr. Embree directly.

Sincerely yours,

RAYMOND S. RUBINOW

Raymond S. Rubinow
Secretary to Mr. Rosenwald

RSR:VH

Mrs. Edith Mirick
Star Dust
3314 Newark Street
Washington, D. C.

FISK
UNIVERSITY

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

SCHOLARSHIP

ENGLISH A
WARREN HOUSE

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

April 30, 1930

X

Mr. Edwin R. Embree
o/o Julius Rosenwald Fund
Chicago, Illinois

	ERE	5/2	MWS	5
			EBB	2

Dear Mr. Embree:

I wish to thank you, although tardily, for sending me a copy of your letter of April 21 to Mrs. Mirick dealing with the question of a definite library appointment at Harvard for Mr. Braithwaite.

I have just written to Mr. Rubinow that I have been interviewing President Lowell and the library authorities. They have appointed a committee to work out the details and I trust that everything can be arranged satisfactorily before very long. I assure you that all of us who are interested in Mr. Braithwaite and desirous of obtaining his services at the Library, appreciate most deeply your generous suggestion that the Rosenwald Fund may consider paying one-half of his salary. While I am writing personally and not officially in any sense, I believe that the problem is going to find a satisfactory and reasonably prompt solution. We are all most grateful for your interest in the matter.

Sincerely yours,

Bliss Perry

FISK
UNIVERSITY

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

ENGLISH A
WARREN HOUSE

RSR-0
ERE-EE
SCHOLARSHIP
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

April 30, 1930

P

Mr. Raymond S. Rubinow
Care of Julius Rosenwald
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Rubinow:

I am late in thanking you for your letter of April 23. It delights me to know that there is now a real prospect for a position for Mr. Braithwaite in the Harvard University Library. I have seen President Lowell about the matter and have also been discussing the whole thing with the Library authorities. They have set a committee at work upon the details and I trust that within a few days everything can be worked out satisfactorily. In the meantime I am most grateful for the interest you have shown.

Sincerely yours,

Bliss Perry

FISK
UNIVERSITY

SCHOLARSHIP

✓

STAR DUST

3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ERE	5		0
RSK			0

5/3/30

Dear Mr Embree:

I am stupid, doubtless, in my use of words. The words: endowment, grant, foundation, all mean technically nothing to me, so of course I use them rather wildly and indiscriminately.

I understand, however, perfectly your proposed plan for Mr Braithwaite which is: to place before your committee a proposal to grant Mr Braithwaite a sum of \$1500 to \$2000 a year for a period of five years, as a part of his support, if Harvard or Mr. Braithwaite's friends could find a part of the support necessary for his maintenance.

This seems to me, in every way, a wise proposal; for a longer or larger endowment might destroy his initiative and purpose.

I put the proposal before him (letting him understand that it was only being placed before a committee, and was not yet passed upon). He seemed happy indeed over the prospect .. and what pleased me, he seemed ready and willing to try to make up part of the sum himself, presenting certain very plausible schemes for doing this. One scheme in particular I will wish to tell you of, when I have time to copy the paper, and it consists of a plan to take a limited number of pupils in a correspondence course in " The Theory and Practice of Poetry". This is work which could be fitted into spare hours I know (as I do this work myself). As outlined, the course looked tremendously interesting and literally made me gasp at the man's easy and tremendous grasp of the poetry field of all times and all nations. He already has one pupil.

He is an astonishing man, and keeps me busy keeping up with the adventures of his busy high-powered mind. He seems to be full of "novels" .. but I must steer him away from these back to the "memoirs" which Harvard wants and has asked for. I enclose his letter on this subject which you may keep if you wish, as it will give you an idea of the enormous adventuresome mind he has. He has an enormous capacity for " disappearing" into his work. While he was busy mapping out this "Poetry Course", try as I would, I could get NO WORD out of him on any subject. He simply disappeared. Pretty soon after six weeks, came SPECIAL DELIVERY, the enclosed letter. The novels, as you see, are very much on his mind. But I can persuade him to put them aside for the memoirs if best: and it does seem best as it was the "memoirs" that we had in mind and that Harvard had in mind. He listens to me and will do what I say.

FISK UNIVERSITY

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

He is plainly a "research man" with an absolutely alarming capacity for detail. I should never have been able to understand and manage him, had I not been the daughter of an astronomer and mathematician and raised with men like Simon Newcomb, who would forget to eat if not constantly watched. And to give you some idea of his capacity for detail, I am enclosing also a letter (which you may keep) giving his method of editing the Yearly Anthologies. The amount of work and detail in this account made me fairly dizzy. I am doing all this to give you some idea of the character and capacity of this very unusual man.

Were it not for his color, he would make a brilliant lecturer and college professor, but that "color bar" and ofcourse his lack of college education is the stumbling block every way you turn. I have heard it mentioned that he is gives a very brilliant lecture.

I am delighted that the grant of \$1000 is for present emergency. I am so anxious to extricate him from the awful net of debt and start him on a safe and sane career.

I am now proceeding to find out from him a detailed account of his financial situation: house-payments amounts and when due, debts to whom owed and amounts. After I get this, I shall present this to you with my idea of what is best to do, as I want your advise and co-operation in the use of this sum.

My idea at present is to pay a certain percentage to the six creditors who were pressing him worst and who gracefully withdrew at my request to await a more suitable time; and to leave enough to cover house-payments for a safe distance ahead. I have not let him know I have the money. The minute he finds I have money, he wants it AT ONCE and never lets me know what he is doing with it. I do not trust him about money .. he is absolutely child-like in money affairs. My Father was that way but worked for a Government Observatory, so was safe, as his money came only so often and his house was furnished him.

In the meantime, if you will kindly keep the money (\$1000) in your charge, I will let you know as soon as I have my data collected. I have not heard from Harvard. I presume Dr Perry is trying to see what he can do.

My very sincere thanks to you,

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick

May the third
1930

I should add that I have a promise of \$250 for the first year, if your plan goes through, from a friend of Mr B. and will try to get other sums. Most of this will be needed for these awful debts. He has evidently lived for years on borrowed money.

BRISCK
UNIVERSITY

243 Park Avenue,
Arlington Heights,
Massachusetts.

March 23rd 1930

My dear Mrs. Mirick:-

Your special delivery came too late last night to get an answer off. I have filled in the data that you want and enclosing the sheet with this. In regards to the No. 6, the writ, papers, etc., are in ~~town~~ town at a lawyer's office, and I haven't the name of the attorney: this being Sunday, I cannot get it, but I will tomorrow and sent it on. I can't tell what a relief it will be to get these off my mind until they can be taken care of. Three hold judgments and executions, and have threatend within the past month to summons into the poor debtor's court--and why they have not~~y~~ heaven only knows.

It was very fine of the Harvard librarian to take up the effort of interesting the Carnegie Fund. The Collectin is still at the Library, and I have done nothing about it since receiving your letter not to offend them. *(Carnegie Fund turned us down.)*

I was much amused at the criticism you received about my manner of livingg and adornment. People who knows o little are always so extravagant in their opinions. I would like to know of ~~any~~ any one under the circumstances, and with the problems I've had to deal with, who could have managed half as well. In the first ~~place~~ place there is no one working in the field who would have been satisfied to do without the restorative and stimulating excusions which so nostalgic a kind of work demands; or who would have denied themselves so many things in harmony with the agitative mental quality of the art. And as for clothes (yes, I like good clothes, and I am always said to look well-groomed) well, I am finishing the SIXTH winter with an overcoat, that I bought a sale for EIGHTEEN DOLLARS (\$3 a winter for an overcoat), and have not bought a suit for two years, not shoes. Yes, to repeat, I am extremely sensitive as to one's personal appearance, and I clean and press the old garments, so as to give more to poetry. But that's over, once the ledger's clear: into my own poetry ad prose, the things I've dreamed of doing for a quarter of a century are going to be given a chance.

✓ You ask bout my method of editing the Anthologies --collection of magazines, reading of poems, typing, etc. From one to two hundred publications--monthlies, weeklies, bi-monthlies, and quarterlies--are sent me by the publishers: that is, I am on their complimentary lists to receive them. They total many hundred separate issues. Then I receive hundreds and hundreds of clippings of poems, printed in newspapers, trade-papers, bulletins, etc., from the authors. My method is to read every poems in all these publications, and mark them with one, two and three carats. This marking grades their merit: one, just passing the standard, two, of individual merit, three, of convincing distinction. The selections to go into the Anthology are assembled from the two and three carats. After the poems have all been read and marked, I then typed the titles and authors and dates of all the poems in these hundred and hundreds of magazines--totalling with slight variations from year to year from seven to ten and twelve thousand items--on index cards, a title to a card. Then I tear out the poems marked one, two and three carats, and paste them on the regular 8½ X 11½ manila sheets; there are generally about two thousand of these poems

2

Then I arrange these poems alphabetically by authors, and begin the weeding process, reading them over and over again and again, until I am quite certain of selecting the best of every type and mood, etc. The sheets are then numbered, and a table of contents made, and index of first lines. Sometimes this latter is made from the proofs; but it is best to make it from the manuscript to keep a working list of the selections at hand while the book is in process of manufacture, and for permissions. The Anthology of Poems is the first copy to go to the printer. When this is of, I go through the magazines again to type the other indexes; the articles and reviews of books of poems and about poetry; then I consult all sorts of lists, publishers' catalogues for the books of poems published. All these items are typed on separate index cards. When they are all finished, often some twenty thousand items, I begin to arrange by authors all the cards; this is the work of weeks, with each card numbered. The Yearbook is set up from these cards. Then comes the proof-reading and the hundreds of letters for permissions. And until the book is out of the bindery and ready for distribution, there is not a minute through the long days of from fourteen to seventeen hours for anything else. Besides the regular letters of permissions, there are hundreds of other letters to authors in connection with their work.

I am working on a brief account of my Father and Mother, which I hope to get off to you this week. Their lives were a bit of strange lore. And by the way, Bishop Hall (whom I knew as aboy at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, as Father Hall, the Church was a member of The Cowley Fathers of Oxford, England) who died the other day in Vermont, married my Father and Mother, officiated at my Father's funeral, and Christened me. The Cowley Fathers gave four bishops to the American Church, and all of them I sat under. Bishop Grafton, Bishop Hall, Bishop Osborne and Bishop Brent. The latter was Brother Brent to us Sunday School children, as he had charge of the Sunday School, and especially the boys and their activities. He read the funeral services for my youngest sister at the house on Pleasant Street, one bleak March day in 1894. Brent was the kindest man, for whom all the boys had a warm affection, and who could discipline with the mere richness of his voice: he never had to use a harsh word. I can see him now in his long ~~xxx~~ black robe with corded girdle tied and dropping in long ends down the side of his robe. These Cowley Fathers of that day were saintly men. When the schism in the Church came -- it was because the American Church wanted Father Hall to resign from the Cowley Fathers and succeed Bishop Brooks --- Brent went with Father Talbot and founded St. Stephens on Decatur Street, in the South End; and it was here that President Roosevelt found Brent and sent him off as Bishop of the Phillipines. -- It is all so different down there now. Fiona is the only one of my children I had Christened at St. John's. Below us here on the Heights, is a Mission of St. John's, and Father Powell, who is now the head of St. John's, comes out (he Christened Fiona), and he is to be seen, driven by one of the Sisters, in a car, over the hill, smoking a cigar -- I have never seen him without his cigar -- and somehow it irritates me. The old order certainly changeth!

You are so good in all you are doing!

*Katharine is much better,
Thank you, gov.*

W. S. Braithwaite

BRISK
UNIVERSITY

243 Park Avenue,
Arlington Heights,
Massachusetts.

May 1st. 1930

My dear Mrs. Mirick:-

I have so much to write you, and only snatches of time to write, that I am not waiting to despatch the full letter, but am interpolating this note as a signal. I'll get the letter completed in a day or two, and as I want to accompany it with some drafts of work I've made and set aside these years past, and which I have got to rescue from their hiding places. As I hinted in a note a week or so back, I am holding on tight to a shattered self, ready to leap the peak when it comes, and prevent a break-down. It's a kind of mental stunt I've tried time and again in the course of the last twenty years: when physical exhaustion can seem to bear no more, I escape the body and meet it around the corner, thus cheating a nervous break-down. But a bit of rest would certainly do me no harm after all these years of tense driving.

I am holding my breath hoping the Rosenwald grant goes through. It will put the first solid foundation I've had in my career. It would give me a chance to add substantially to my income. Whatever I made previously went into the Anthology hole, and then it was not enough, and now it can go into my living demands, and towards some sort of security for the future--that darkening side of the slope, which in another ten or fifteen years I'll be sliding down.

I want to send you the manuscript of a story I wrote nearly two years ago, and which I can expand to the required length for the Scribner's competition. Its ten thousand words now, altogether too long, for the average short story magazine requirements. The very few who have read it have been enthusiastic about it, and perhaps, you will tell me if it is really worth the other twenty or twenty-five thousands words necessary to complete it.

I want to send you the outline of the Trilogy to which I referred, and over which I have brooded these fifteen years. Nothing like it has been conceived, I believe, in American literature.

I have been preparing a Course on the Theory and Practice of Verse, and have already one student. I have persistently refused to give instructions on any scale, in the art of verse. I have been deluged with manuscripts and requests in the course of my career; now that the Anthology is a thing of the past, there is an opportunity to turn a pretty penny. It's a thorough course, and anyone taking it, no matter what their ability may be, will be a better poet. After the outline for the First Lesson, my student, only after a study of the first prescribed book for reading, wrote very enthusiastically, how "wholesomely ignorant" she had been. I am sending you the announcement sheet, and the outline for the first lesson. If this Course develops, as I am sure it will, wouldn't it be a striking thing for me to make a selection of the best productions by the students, and you devote an issue of Star-Dust to them. I can name a number of poems printed in books and magazines, that were written at my suggestion. I mean I gave the idea or subject for the poem, and criticized until the poem was right.

I wired you yesterday after receiving the checks for which as you must know, my gratitude was deep, asking you to send me the others, as they were sufficient to meet the important payment I had promised for this week. I do hope they will come by Friday or Saturday. The third mortgage note is not due until the third part of May, and I am working for it. Three new students in the Course

will take care of it. I have sent out a number of letters to correspondents out of the large batch sent in, who have written me for verse-criticism. If they are as enthusiastic~~x~~ as the student already enrolled, who accepted by a long night telegram, it will yield handsomely.

No, I have not had any word from James W. Johnson. In a moment of desperation during the preparation of the 1928 Anthology, Jim loaned me a hundred dollars, and I supposed he has that in mind. (Confidential: I arranged Jim's first book of poems for publication, found the publisher, and gave him a two column picture review in the Transcript, which no other person could have accomplished but myself; suggested, and kept after him to do "The Book of Negro Poetry," but--well, Locke, has scolded me a lot for my generosity--but I am glad to have done it!)

I want to do a poem that has been haunting me for your magazine, that begins,

On

On an island in the harbor a lone tree waves--
but whether I finish this or not, I shall slip into the envelope some poems to send you for your autumn number.

And I have been wandering that if I do work on the Memoirs first, why not, and I think it could be arranged, print batches of it in Star Dust?

Always gratefully,

William S. Braithwaite

In re: grant-in-aid of \$1000 to Wm. S. Braithwaite;
poet and critic.

5-18-30

8

STAR DUST

3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ERE	21	ERE	22
PSR		PS	0
SCHOLARSHIP			

Dear Mr Embree:

I have made as careful a survey as possible by letter of the most immediate and pressing of Mr Braithwaite's difficulties, and find that it will be advisable (in fact essential) to use the whole grant now, trusting to other sources for later needs.

These expenditures would be as follows:

Part payment on third mortgage due May 31st \$500
 Part payment to 7 creditors \$500
 (Details on last page of this letter)

The pressing nature of these debts I will explain (~~to show the immediate need for the sum.~~):

In regard to third mortgage: this is due to be paid off in full on May 31st (the sum of \$650)

I asked Mr B. to try to renew this but the premium was exceedingly high and the man refused the renewal, giving as the best terms: \$500 May 31st and the balance (\$150) on June 30th.

If I pay \$500 now, I believe I can raise the \$150 by June 30th.

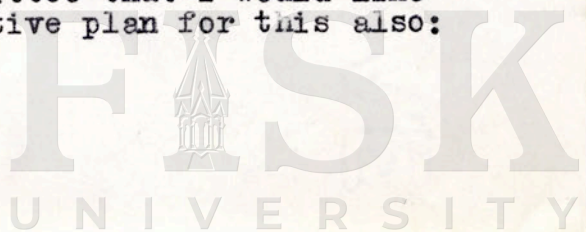
About the part payment on the debts: About April 1st, I found that Mr B. was being so harrassed by his creditors that he could not attend to his daily work for the worry; and every cent I would send him these men would hound out of him with threats of "debtor court" etc.

The result was, that I could not get house payments made because he was frightened into giving all to the creditors (the checks I was recieving in the collection from the poets of the country were made to his name and I could not have personal control of them.

I then took matters in my hands, got the names of the creditors, whose number was seven, and asked them if they would temporarily withdraw until I could make some arrangement to pay them something on the debts. This all seven very gracefully agreed to do.

Having done this for me, and so greatly relieved the stress on the last two montas of this affair, I now feel obligated to pay a small sum to each of them. If I do not do this I will lose their confidence and co-operation.

The settlement of this grant-in-aid hinges so closely upon my plans for the use of the five year grant which you are placing before your comittee that I would like to take up on next page a tentative plan for this also:



In re: proposed five year grant to Wm.S.Braithwaite
(\$1500 to \$2000 per yr for 5 yrs. in connect-
ion with memoirs for Harvard University)

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

My plan for the use of the five yr grant or annuity
as stated above would be this:

That I start for Mr Braithwaite at the Loan and Trust
Company of this city (Washington Loan and Trust Co.,
9th and F sts.) a trust fund to consist of the yearly
grant from Rosenwald Fund and any other contributions,
yearly or otherwise that I am able to get.

That this fund be handled by me for the best int-
erests of Mr Braithwaite, with a provision that in case of
my death during the five year period, the handling of the
Fund would revert to Rosenwald Fund or the the Loan and
Trust Co., at your discretion and decision.

That this sum be used to cover the house payments
which will then consist only of first and second mortgage:
amounting to \$855 per yr; and to pay a certain sum to the
seven creditors (a debt of about \$3000) which will be re-
duced to \$2500 by payments from the present \$1000 grant-
in-aid. This would demand a payment yearly of \$500 dividēē
among the seven to clear the debt in five years.

The remainder of the sum each year (about \$150 to
\$650 to be kept in bank as an emergency Fund in case of
trouble) An account to be rendered you of expenditures.

The sums I am collecting from friends (so-far
only a gift of \$250) would go towards wiping out an in-
debtedness only morally pressing (\$625) to the anthology
subscribers.

This would leave Mr Braithwaite only the necessity
of providing food and clothing for the family, which with
pupils in his poetry course, reviews, etc., he may be able
to do, as the memoirs will not take all his time. And I
can if necessary help out with the bank balance I will
have.

I do not think he is the sort of man who should be
relieved entirely of all responsibility towards the pro-
viding of an income for his family.

The matter of utilizing the help of the older child-
ren is being taken up by a friend of the family, a prof-
essor at Howard University here. And during this five yr.
period we plan to get the older children into a position
of independance off his hands at least.

Taking the children in detail:

1. Daughter 23, married a man with small salary, left her
18 mo. child with Mr Braithwaite to care for while she
takes a normal school course at Hunter College, N.Y.
2. Daughter 21 is marrying a man with a good salary this
year, and will take the 18 yr old boy with her in N.Y.
3. Boy 18 yrs. to study at Hunter College (free) while
with sister in N.Y.

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

4. This leaves Girl, 16; Boy 14; Boy 12; Boy 7; the oldest daughters Baby 18 mos (who will go back to her mother in 2 yrs)

Mr Braithwaite, owing to his own early hardships and lack of education, is absolutely unreasonable about the affairs of his children, wanting them to lead lives of "ease and plenty". So we have to work entirely thru the children themselves. We are trying now to get the boy to take a job this summer and earn his next year clothes. (The 18 yr boy)

I find out through the friends of Mr Braithwaite, that the family suffered actually last winter for lack of food and coal. It is really a very tragic and awful situation. He has apparently lived for years on haphazard work done between these vast Anthology labors, and on the sale of valuable Mss and books and letters.

The sale of the Library and Letter collection will bring him, I am told by Dr Perry \$2500 to \$3500, but I dont know when, and as this will fall into Mr Braithwaites hands I do not know to what purpose it will be put. This was sold I told you to Harvard University. It is too bad he cant get this money. I will try to get him to put it on his debts if I can

I have not any word at all from Dr Perry about what Harvard will do. I know they will give him co-operation about the memoirs. They have said that repeatedly, but I fear there is no fund by which they can pay him anything on account of his not being a college graduate.

However, I believe if you are willing to grant the \$2000 (or even the \$1500) five yr. Annuity, that I can get the man on his feet.

For one thing: the man who made the \$250 gift for the first year, in case of your grant going through, will I am sure give more when he is assured of the plan going through. He has only held back because he felt that "giving to him was like putting water in a sieve". If he is convinced of the sound basis of this plan of aid, he will give a yearly sum I believe. Most of Mr B's friends feel the same. All have helped to no avail because no sound plan lay back of their giving. Once your grant for the five-yrs goes through, I can get something more to add to it I am sure.

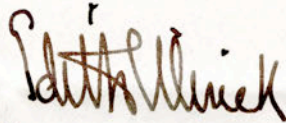
If possible I would like the \$1000 now, which I will

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

deposit in my bank and check out, I guess, as there will be no residue in this case. This is providing you approve of the plan of expenditure.

Hoping your comitte will feel that you can put the five year annuity ~~plan~~ into effect, and with many thanks for your kindness, I am

Sincerely



Edith Mirick

May the 18th
1930

I will be glad to have you write the Loan and Trust Company address on page 2 of this letter, and get credentials as to my responsibility.

They know our family well there as they handled my Father-in-law's estate there, are handling my husband's inheritance from his father, and are guardian's of my two adopted daughters inheritance, as well as of their education in case of our death.

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

To the Rosenwald Fund (Mr Embree)

Detailed account of proposed expenditure of the
\$1000 grant to Wm. S Braithwaite.

To William Tutin (holder of third mortgage) ...	\$500
Part payment due May 31st.	
To W.Hector Kollmyer(on debts of \$1220)	\$200
Provisions	
To J.D.Wetmore(on debt of \$435)	\$ 70
Merchandise	
To Barton I. Goldberg (on debt of \$419)	\$ 65
Merchandise	
To Jacobs and Jacobs (on debt of \$353)	\$ 55
Last Years Anthology 1928	
To Abraham Levy (on debt of \$276)	\$ 45
Last Years Anthology 1928	
To George Sully (on debt of \$184)	\$ 35
This years Anthology 1929	
To E.H.Cloney (on debt of \$150)	\$ 30
(operation for appendicitis)	
("For estate of Dr Lathrop")	
	<u>\$1000</u>

I would like to have this money as soon as possible.
These checks can be made out, as they stand, by you;
or the whole amount sent to me to be checked out as
detailed above, and receipts sent to you.

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick

In re: grant-in-aid of \$1000 to Wm. S. Braithwaite,
poet and critic.

ERE	21	ERE	22
PSR		PSR	0
SCHOLARSHIP			

5-18-30

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The pressing nature of these debts I will explain (to show the immediate need for the sum..):

In regard to third mortgage: this is due to be paid off in full on May 31st (the sum of \$650)

I asked Mr B. to try to renew this but the premium was exceedingly high and the man refused the renewal, giving as the best terms: \$500 May 31st and the balance (\$150) on June 30th.

If I pay \$500 now, I believe I can raise the \$150 by June 30th.

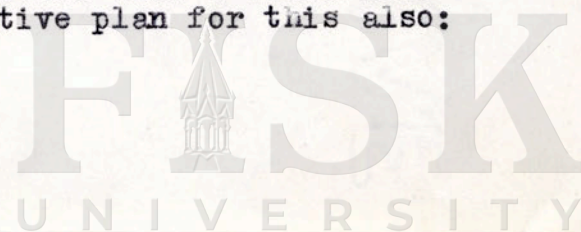
About the part payment on the debts: About April 1st, I found that Mr B. was being so harrassed by his creditors that he could not attend to his daily work for the worry; and every cent I would send him these men would hound out of him with threats of "debtor court" etc.

The result was, that I could not get house payments made because he was frightened into giving all to the creditors (the checks I was recieving in the collection from the poets of the country were made to his name and I could not have personal control of them.

I then took matters in my hands, got the names of the creditors, whose number was seven, and asked them if they would temporarily withdraw until I could make some arrangement to pay them something on the debts. This all seven very gracefully agreed to do.

Having done this for me, and so greatly relieved the stress on the last two months of this affair, I now feel obligated to pay a small sum to each of them. If I do not do this I will lose their confidence and co-operation.

The settlement of this grant-in-aid hinges so closely upon my plans for the use of the five year grant which you are placing before your comittee that I would like to take up on next page a tentative plan for this also:



Julius Rosenwald Fund

925 S. Homan Avenue
CHICAGO

SCHOLARSHIP

To
Mrs. Edith Mirick

Star Dust

3314 Newark Street

Washington, D. C.

Payment Voucher No. 2209

Date May 22, 1930

Payment in full of scholarship grant made to William S. Braithwaite -- \$1,000.00

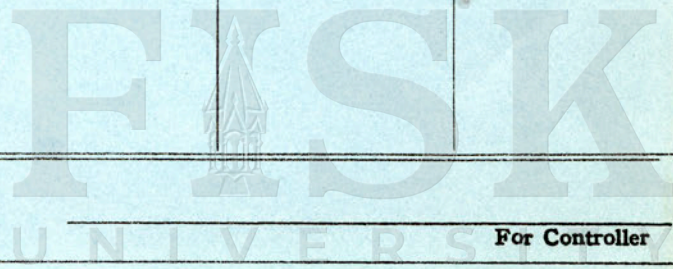
P. H. Cr. #1764

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
Working Capital Control			
Advance Payments on Appropriation (To be transferred to 2930-84)		\$1,000.00	

Prepared By
MCJ

Checked By

Posted By



For Controller

SCHOLARSHIP

May 22, 1930

Dear Mrs. Mirick: In accordance with your request I am asking our Comptroller to send you promptly a check for one thousand dollars (\$1,000), the full amount of our grant-in-aid to Mr. Braithwaite. We are very glad to leave the handling of this entirely in your hands.

As to the possible five-year grant, I am sure our group would not be willing to go into this unless Harvard, or individual friends there, were willing to go along with us on about a fifty-fifty basis. At any rate, that part of the matter must await the negotiations as to a post at the Harvard Library or elsewhere.

Meanwhile, without discussing further the possibilities for the longer aid, I am arranging to have the check for the present grant sent to you.

Very truly yours,

ERE:DC

Mrs. Edith Mirick
STAR DUST
3314 Newark Street
Washington, D.C.

FISK
UNIVERSITY

In re: Wm. Stanely Braithwaite,
Proposed 5 yr. annuity.

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ERE	26	Edg	
RSR		RSR	SCHOLARSHIP
SRA	6/10	GPA	

Dear Mr Embree:

I recieved this letter today from Dr Perry, which seems to indicate that Harvard is taking steps to co-operate with your suggestion for Mr, Braithwaite as to a post at the Library.

I find the long-hand hard to read, but I get from it that there is a proposal to give Mr B. some sort of position with the Library; and that this proposition is now before a committee, and has the approval of the president of Harvard, Dr. Lowell.

I will let you know as soon as I hear further about the matter.

With continued thanks for your kindness,

Sincerely,

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick
editor.

May 23^d, 1930

Mr Embree
I hope this goes through GPA

In re: Wm. S Braithwaite, poet and anthologist.

SCHOLARSHIP

STAR DUST
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Mr Embree:

I have recieved the check for \$1000,
(one thousand dollars) kindly given as a
grant-in-aid to Wm. S. Braithwaite, which will
be expended by the detailed account given you
in my last letter. And I will send you receipts
of these expenditures.

I am sure you are wise in asking that
Harvard (or Mr B's friends) co-operate with
you in the five-year **annuity plan**.

We should hear from Harvard soon and I
think things look favorable there for a post
of some kind for Mr B.

Should this fail, I will take up again
with Mr B's friends the matter of contributions
towards an annuity.

With many thanks indeed for your kindness, and
assurance of my complete co-operation with
your ideas and plans.

Very Sincerely

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick

May the 28th, 1930

	ERE	epz	ERD	o
	ERD	epz	ERD	o

FISK
UNIVERSITY

Julius Rosenwald Fund


925 S. Homan Avenue
CHICAGO

SCHOLARSHIP

Journal Voucher No. 259

Date June 27, 1930

William S. Braithwaite

Explanation	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
Scholarships and Fellowships	2930-83	\$1,000.00	
Appropriation Payments		\$1,000.00	
Working Capital Control			\$1,000.00
Advance Payments on Appropriations			
<p>Since \$1,406.25 of the scholarship grant to Walter H. Maddux has been allowed to lapse, there is a large enough balance in the current appropriation to take care of the grant to William S. Braithwaite made 4/21/30 and paid in full on 5/22/30 - Voucher 2209.</p>			
Prepared By MGJ	Checked By	Posted By	 For Controller

Until September 15th
Mountain Lake Park
Maryland

In re: Wm S Braithwaite,
poet, and anthologist.

STAR-DUST
A JOURNAL OF POETRY
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ERE	8	ES	2
SA	9k	sk	o
SCHOLARSHIP			

Dear Mr Embree:

This is only a short letter to tell you that I made every possible effort to find out from the Harvard Library Committee of three, what the decision was in regard to Mr Braithwaite's possible position or grant from them for research work in connection with the memoirs this coming winter.

But not a word could I get out of any of the three gentlemen, so I simply settled myself to wait until Fall, as I failed to get any offer of any sums of money from any of his friends towards an annuity.

Meanwhile, very fortunately, Mr Braithwaite was able to get the money for his Library this summer and that took the keen stress off the summer for him, and enabled him to meet his house payments in August.. and some minor debts.. while his major creditors agreed to keep quiet until the Fall.

I will let you know just as soon as I can possibly get an answer from Harvard as to their decision. though I fear his color and lack of college education are going to prove a bar here.

With many thanks for your kindness,

Sincerely

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick
editor

September 2d, 1930

In re: Wm, Stanley Braithwaite
poet, anthologist.

Oct 27th
1930

STAR-DUST
A JOURNAL OF POETRY
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

RE	29	EEB	12/4
		see attached note	
		f EEB	

P

Dear Mr Embree:

After this long wait, a registered letter from me brought this answer from the head librarian, Mr Potter, of Harvard.

It is surely too bad, but that is the situation the world over. Science has the big place nowadays .. and poetry occupies a little back corner.

I am convinced from several efforts that I have made that no five-year contribution can be gotten from individuals.

So this leaves me again at sea, in regard to any concerted plan for Mr Braithwaite.

I suppose there is practically no hope that the Fund under you will grant a small annuity (without the outside co-operation) of say even \$1500 a year, which would enable me to keep the two mortgages paid (\$850) and pay off in installments his debts still amounting to \$2500. Also the mortgage holders, it seems, expect a payment on the principle this year, I dont know the sum; but all that could be managed on the \$1500 a year, I am sure.

In case this could not be granted (and I realize chances are much against this) would it be possible to give him another \$1000 grant-in-aid, to pay something to the 8 creditors, and on the mortgages until I have a chance to approach two other Funds that have an especial interest in the dark races?

I am exceedingly grateful for all you have done for this unfortunate poet, and whatever decision you make, will be made I know in wisdom.

Mr Braithwaite is making ends meet somehow, I believe, but ofcourse pays nothing on the debts, and only met his August house payment (\$210) with great difficulty. I am sure without aid on the house payments and debts, it will soon mean loss of the home and bankruptcy.

With gratitude

Sincerely

Edith Mirick

Edith Mirick
editor



HARVARD · COLLEGE · LIBRARY

CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

ALFRED C. POTTER, *Librarian*
T. FRANKLIN CURRIER, *Assistant Librarian*
WALTER B. BRIGGS, *Assistant Librarian*
GEORGE P. WINSHIP, *Assistant Librarian*

October 21, 1930

Miss Edith Mirick,
Editor, Star-Dust,
3314 Newark Street,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Miss Mirick:

I have received your letter in regard to Mr. Braithwaite. I am afraid there is no chance of our giving him any position in the Library at the present time. As I think you know, we had expected to establish a new Poetry Room, so there was a possibility of his being employed in some way in connection with the growing interest here in poetry. Unfortunately, the plans for the Poetry Room have not been carried out, and it is impossible to say when it will be. Furthermore, we were unable to get any increased grant from the Corporation for this year, with which we could have compensated Mr. Braithwaite.

I regret very much that we cannot offer him any prospect of employment in this Library.

Yours sincerely,

ACP:P

Alfred C. Potter

	RSR	10/29	RSR	5/11
	JRA	11/10	GPA	
	ERG		12/4	ERE

Remarks:

I am inclined to give \$1,500 for next year with the fraud statement that that closes it so far as we are concerned -

ERE

Mr. Embree -

If not wholly inclined, I should like to discuss the matter with you

GPA

Agreed letter
ERG & GPA about
this to meet our job.

Mr. Embree:

SCHOLARSHIP

In re: William S. Braithwaite

I note your comment in regard to this matter and appreciate your desire to close what seems to be a rather involved and troublesome case. However, might it not be that we could still perform a useful service for Mr. Braithwaite and for Harvard by possibly offering the amount originally intended (\$1,500 to \$2,000 a year) for a year or so without matching, if Harvard University is willing to give him a place. This would take away from them the excuse of not having funds and would put squarely before them the issue of whether they will turn down a man of unquestioned ability on account of his color.

You have humorously referred to the fact that you have bought the first professorship of psychoanalysis in the world for the sum of \$3,000. In connection with Negro scholarships, we give aid to people who look like promising timber; would it not be a pity if we were to pass by this opportunity to release for further creative work a man who has an established reputation?

If you were to make any such grant, it might be specified expressly that Braithwaite was to work upon his memoirs which, we have been assured from various sources, would be a valuable contribution to American literature.

RSR:HJ
11/1/30

Robert S. Johnson

SCHOLARSHIP

December 4, 1930

Dear Miss Mirick: I have delayed answering your letter until we had talked the matter over in the office. All things considered, we feel that we cannot make any further contribution by way of grants-in-aid to Mr. Braithwaite. I hope very much that the Harvard people would stand by. It seems to me their responsibility rather than ours. At any rate, regretfully I have to say that we are not in a position to make a further direct contribution at this time.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN R. EMBREE

ERE:VD

Miss Edith Mirick
Star-Dust
3314 Newark Street
Washington, D. C.

FISK
UNIVERSITY

Dec 6th 1930

STAR-DUST
A JOURNAL OF POETRY
3314 NEWARK STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ERE	9	9RE	0
SCHOLARSHIP			
			paid 11/12

Dear Mr Embree:

I recieved your letter of the 4th of Dec-
ember, saying that you could do no more for Mr
Braithwaite.

You have been more than generous, and I
thank you so much for past kindness. I feel, with
you, that Harvard should have, and could have help-
ed in the matter.

They treated me with scant courtesy, (that
is the Library Committee,) not even giving me any
answer at all until I sent a registered letter ask-
ing for a reply. I feel a bit bitter over it. But
it cannot be helped and so I must seek other paths.

May I ask for the return of the letters of
E.A. Robinson, Bliss Perry, Wm. Griffith, and ~~any~~
such letters from Harvard that would help in my
appeal to other Funds,?

I shall approach two other funds especially
interested in the culture of the colored race; and
it is hard to get these laudatory letters again. I
do not like to approach these big men for other
letters. And the letters do help, in fact are nec-
essary for a proper approach.

My very sincere thanks to you for your helpful in-
terest and kindness, which helped so much in my ef-
forts in behalf of this unfortunate poet.

Sincerely

Edith Mirick

Could the letters be sent by registered mail for
safety?



SCHOLARSHIP

Braithwaite

LETTERS RETURNED TO MISS MIRICK ON DECEMBER 12, 1930

To Miss Mirick	From Bliss Perry	Dated April 5, 1930
To "	" E.A. Robinson	" Nov. 5, 1930
" "	" Bliss Perry	" May 22
" "	" Lew Sarett	" Feb. 5, 1930
" "	" William Griffith	" Feb. 10, 1930
" Andrew Carnegie	" R. U. Johnson	" Feb. 8, 1930
" Whom it may concern	" John Hall Wheelock	" Mar. 27, 1930
" Mr. Braithwaite	" George P. Winship	" April 9, 1930

249 Park Avenue,
Arlington Heights,
Massachusetts

Jan 30 Jan 49

January 27th 1933.

George R. Arthur, Esq.
The Roosevelt Fund,
4901 Ellis Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

SCOLARSHIP

Dear Mr. Arthur:-

I desire, with the approval and support of a number of eminent individuals acquainted with my services to American letters, to apply for a Roosevelt Fellowship which will enable me to devote myself to some literary work which has been pronounced of vital importance by a number of critical authorities.

I am asking if you will be so good as to furnish me with instructions as to the procedure in making the application, including such forms and blanks that are required to be filled in.

I shall appreciate it if you will grant me this information at your earliest convenience.

Thanking you most heartily, I am,

Yours very sincerely,
William Stanley Braithwaite.

FEB 10 1933



Fisk University
Nashville, Tennessee

SCHOLARSHIP

THOMAS E. JONES, PRESIDENT

	Prq	2	8	Prq	9

February 6, 1933

My dear Mr. Arthur:

I have received a letter from William S. Braithwaite asking me if I would not write to you in his behalf. He is anxious to have a scholarship on which to finish the work on two books that he is now trying to write. I wrote and told him that the prospects of a scholarship are not very bright at this time, but that, nevertheless, I would bring his case to your attention.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Braithwaite is in a rather dire situation and stands in urgent need of some sort of financial assistance. It would be a splendid thing if he could be tided over while he is finishing these books and so be enabled to extricate himself from the situation he is now in.

I am presuming to write about the matter in this confidential way because I know that you appreciate the great work in literature that Mr. Braithwaite has already done. I felt that his record and what he has already accomplished for the race would entitle him to your serious consideration.

With kindest regards to you, in which Mrs. Johnson joins me, I am

Yours very sincerely,

James Weldon Johnson
James Weldon Johnson

Mr. George R. Arthur
Julius Rosenwald Fund
Chicago, Illinois

JWJ:fmn

FEB 10 1933

FISK
UNIVERSITY

SCHOLARSHIP

February 9, 1923

My dear Mr. Johnson: We have received a number of letters from eminent people asking us to help Mr. ~~William S. Braithwaite~~ if possible. We have also received a letter from Mr. Braithwaite himself. We gave some assistance to him about three years ago. I am sure he would make an excellent case for help at this time in order to enable him to finish the two books referred to in your letter. Unfortunately, not only for Mr. Braithwaite but for many other good prospects, the Trustees of the Fund directed the Officers and Board to make no new commitments until the May meeting of the Board. At the present writing it looks very much as if the instructions will stand as they are after the May meeting. I am writing Mr. Braithwaite today a similar letter to yours in answer to his request for a fellowship application blank.

I hope the weather in Nashville is a little warmer than it is here today. When I came to work this morning the thermometer registered fifteen degrees below zero.

With best wishes, I beg to remain

Very truly yours,

GRA:VH

Mr. James Weldon Johnson
Fisk University
Nashville, Tennessee

George R. Arthur

FISK
UNIVERSITY

SCHOLARSHIP

February 9, 1933

My dear Mr. Moe: Absence from the city has delayed
an answer to your letter of January
twenty-fifth.

The Fund was able to help Mr. Braithwaite to a limited degree about three years ago. We, of course, recognize in him a person who is deserving of help and we regret very much that the Trustees at their meeting in November directed us to make no commitments in any field until the next meeting of the Board which will be held in May. We do not know at this time what action will be taken at that meeting with reference to scholarship grants for 1933-1934 or for grants in any field. We deeply regret that we shall be unable to help Mr. Braithwaite and shall so state in our reply to his letter requesting an application blank.

With best wishes, I beg to remain

Very truly yours,

GEORGE R. ARTHUR

GRA:VH

Mr. Henry Allen Moe
Guggenheim Foundation
551 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York



Atlanta University,
Box 333,
Atlanta, Georgia.

SCHOLARSHIP

February 3rd. 1936

file
Julius Rosenwald Fund,
4901 Ellis Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:-

In reference to the enclosed request which accompanied the Questionnaire you sent me, I am puzzled. I have never received, as far as I am aware, a Fellowship from the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

In 1930, the late Mr. Rosenwald personally, through a third party, made a personal contribution towards the liquidation of the accumulated indebtedness of the Anthology. And in connection with this matter there was a proposal made in which the Fund in association with Harvard University was to assume part of the salary for a position as custodian of the Poetry Room at the above-mentioned institution. But this arrangement was never carried through since the position was given to another gentlemen.

In 1932-33, I made an application for a Fellowship to ~~xxx~~ pursue the work upon an extended editorial and creative composition, which was not granted in accordance with the decision made by your Trustees because of the unfavorable conditions then prevailing.

The enclosed memorandum carries an insistence, as I remarked above, which puzzles me. If I am, in connection with my stay here at the University, a beneficiary of your Fund, I have not, and do not at this writing, know it.

Yours very truly,

William S. Braithwaite

FEB 10 1936

FISK
UNIVERSITY